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THE IRON DUKE

*THE MAGAZINE OF
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The
REGIMENTAL MAGAZINE
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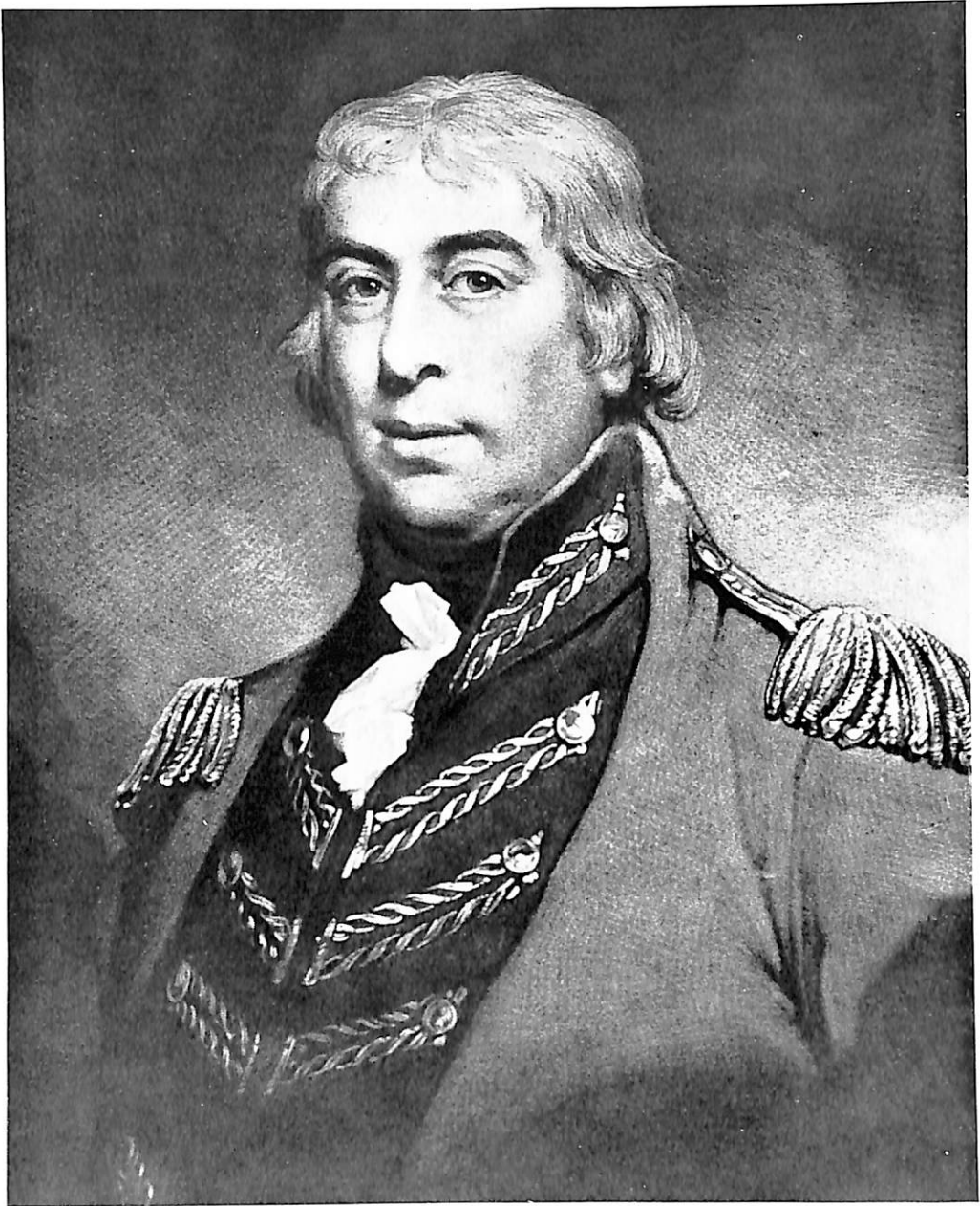
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GEORGE LORD HARRIS, G.C.B.

&c. &c. &c.

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THE IRON DUKE

EDITORIAL.

AS will be seen in their news, the 1st Battalion are to come home this year. They are due to leave Malta on 7th December, and to arrive at Southampton on 14th, where they will entrain for Bordon.

The date of the move of the 2nd Battalion to Multan was still uncertain when we last heard from them, but was expected to take place in October. We regret that we are unable to reproduce any of the photographs sent from the Battalion with their news, as they were unfortunately spoilt in transit. Some of them showed the fine swimming bath at Cherat, the inception of which was due to Lt.-Col. Christison.

The Colonel of the Regiment has followed his custom of paying a visit to the Territorial Battalions during their period of training in camp. He visited the Brigade, which now consists of the 4th, 6th and 7th Battalions of the Regiment and the Hallamshire Battalion, York and Lancaster Regiment, to whom we extend a hearty welcome. The weather was wonderful and the camp a great success. It is needless to say that the absence of the 5th Battalion was greatly felt.

The 43rd (5th Duke of Wellington's) A.A. Battalion, R.E., were in camp at Pembroke Dock, and General Turner paid them a visit during the early part of their training. He reports that it is just the same fine battalion, and bar certain changes in their uniform and equipment, in the way of searchlights, "listening-in machines," and numerous large lorries, just as much a battalion of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment as it ever was. Unfortunately the report of their doings in camp has to be held over to the next issue.

The same applies to the War Memorial which the 4th Battalion have had installed in their drill hall at Halifax. The unveiling is to be performed by the Princess Royal on 4th September, and a full report of the ceremony will appear in our next issue.

Major B. C. H. Kimmins, R.A., who has been Brigade major of the 147th Infantry Brigade since April, 1935, relinquishes his appointment in September, and is succeeded by Capt. J. H. C. Lawlor. Major Kimmins's departure is much regretted, as he has earned the regard of all ranks of the Brigade. We wish him the best of luck.

FRONTISPIECE.

THE Regiment is indebted to Lord Harris for the gift of an engraving of his ancestor, the first Lord Harris, who was the first Lt.-Colonel of the 76th Regiment. The picture, a photograph of which appears as frontispiece, is being sent out to the 2nd Battalion.

George Harris, first Lord Harris of Seringapatam and Mysore, was born on 18th March, 1746, and entered the Army in 1760, serving first in the Artillery. He was appointed Lt.-Colonel of the 76th Regiment on 20th October, 1787, and commanded it from 1792 to 1796. A full record of his service is given on pages 230 and 231 of "Historical Records of The 76th 'Hindoostan' Regiment."

1st BATTALION NEWS.

SINCE the last issue of THE IRON DUKE we have received orders to return to England. The move is expected to take place on 29th April, 1938,* when we are due to embark in H.T. *Nevasa en route* to our eventual destination at Bordon. There we shall succeed the 2nd Bn. The Cameronians, being relieved in turn by the 1st Bn. The Suffolk Regiment from Devonport. Such a late date for the move had not generally been expected. We had felt that January would have been the probable latest month, in view of the fact that we have to undergo conversion to a rifle battalion, and shall have to train, amongst others, *personnel* to man our mechanized first line transport. In consequence of such a late move there is much speculation as to how the Battalion will be situated and employed during the Aldershot Command training season, 1938.

The last four months have witnessed considerable activity within the Battalion. To begin with, there was the ceremony of "Trooping the Colour," which was carried out with four guards on the Palace Square, Valetta, the salute being taken by H.E. The Governor. The parade, which was very well carried out under the difficulties of a restricted space, appeared to be greatly appreciated by the very large number of spectators, who thronged every possible vantage point from which a view of the parade could be obtained. A photograph of the parade appears elsewhere in this issue.

On 16th July we marched out to camp at Ghain Tuffieha for a three weeks' period of intensive platoon, company and battalion training. The camp was not of the "holiday" variety, which has been somewhat usual in the past, and those men who expected a mere change of environment and a rest were to receive a great surprise. Some very valuable training was carried out in spite of the difficulties of low numbers, high humidity and a pretty hot sun. The opportunity was taken throughout the training of studying the tactical reactions to the new organization, the Battalion being temporarily turned into a rifle battalion for the period of the camp. The Battalion returned to barracks on 6th August fitter, and we hope, better soldiers than those that left three weeks or more before.

The remainder of the summer has seen much activity on the rifle range. The carrying out of the annual course presents much worry to the weapon training experts, owing to the wind which will blow with such force and on so many days that it is not considered fair for men to attempt to classify until it relents once more.

The annual combined operations with the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force to study the defences of the Island were carried out in June. Unfortunately the fleet was away almost in its entirety for the Coronation Review, and was therefore able to play only a very subordinate part, but it gave us the opportunity of practising other aspects of the Island's defences, which, if less spectacular, were of equal importance.

Finally, we must congratulate the Battalion athletic and cricket teams; the former put up a sparkling performance in the Command athletic meeting by forcing a tie for first place with the 2nd Bn. The Rifle Brigade, a unit with a very good record in this event, and having the advantage in numbers by being on the Colonial Establishment. The latter also put up a most consistent display in winning the Governor's Cup after surviving each successive round with a certain measure of ease. Accounts of both these events will be found on other pages of this issue.

* News has since been received that they will sail in H.T. *Dunera* on 7th December, 1937.

OFFICERS' MESS.

There are two factors that seem bound to make these notes below the usual high literary standard; the first is that the writer has never had to write such things before, and the second is that the sub-editor has said "Write lots, old boy, as we're fearfully short of copy." Very easy, oh, very easy. I wish it was him and not me. (That is a fair sample of my usual literary style.)

Looking at the notes in the last issue for some sort of inspiration, the usual joke about another bachelor gone wrong, lost his wits, taken the plunge, etc., is conspicuous by its absence, so we will start by wishing Lt. and Mrs. Beuttler the very best of luck. They were married on 20th April, but this journal has not before had the chance of offering them its congratulations. The reception was held in the Mess which, for once, lost some of its austere military appearance under masses of flowers, beautiful dresses and lovely women. This wedding reception stuff is harder to do than I thought. Anyway, the bride looked lovely, the party was a real good one and the Beuttlers finally made a "get-away" to Sicily.

At the beginning of June we were asked to give lunch to "about half a dozen Indian officers" of the Indian Coronation contingent. Those members of the Mess with service in India tried to remember their few words of Urdu, and there appeared an unofficial committee of ways and means to decide the menu. The lunch party was very pleasant and the party included Major Duncan of the Guides, a friend of the 2nd Battalion and other British officers, so the Urdu was not required.

We offer our condolences to Capts. Taylor and Orr in failing to defeat the examiners for entrance to the Staff College. It might be added, however, that they only failed to qualify by a very small margin of marks.

On Waterloo Day we had a hexathlon (that word gives tone to these notes although someone has said that it is spelt wrong) against the sergeants. The afternoon started with cricket—a big win for the officers which was entirely due to certain officers that the O i/c cricket had just been too "up stage" to notice, and continued with a relay swimming match. This must be explained. The idea was for each officer to swim against his opposite number in the Battalion—*e.g.*, the C.O. against the R.S.M. and so on. We were so good at this that a second lieutenant nearly found himself P.R.I.—another big win for the officers. Everyone went into tea in the Officers' Mess in great glee, the officers with a lead of two games and the sergeants knowing one better than that. After dinner we all met in the Sergeants' Mess, where the remaining four games—billiards, shove ha'penny, darts and ping-pong took place. The officers won the ping-pong but the sergeants won the other three events, and thereby forced a tie and felt that their honour was satisfied.

Lt. Strangeways and 2nd Lt. Harrison have come back from leave and a course, and are both, we hope, the better for it. 2nd Lt. Cartwright was also on leave but had the misfortune to be ill for a considerable portion of it. However we can offer our congratulations to him on the announcement of his engagement.

We have at last found a realistic way of getting out of range duties and battalion training. At the beginning of June whilst on the range Capt. Taylor gave a large shout of pain and disappeared from the range, only to come back to duty in time to wriggle out of battalion training. This brings us to camp. Camp. What a word! Let us leave it by saying that everyone is very fit and that the bar profits have gone up considerably. We have now got back and returned to the even tenor of our ways. Everyone is talking of leave and the few that cannot of the fun that they are going to have. Doubtless we will all enjoy ourselves somehow and somewhere.

An idea strikes me. The Army Council welcomes to its/their bosom any officer who is so misguided as to volunteer to do a job of work whilst on leave. Now rumour has it that there are keen members of the 2nd Battalion at home looking for something to do. Orderly bloke is coming round once in about five days, and the term captain of the week had better be changed to captain of the every other week.

We, like the rest of the world, have done something to perpetuate the memory of the Coronation and have presented two silverine bugles to the Drums. Further details appear in the Drums notes.

There have been several guest nights since the last number of *THE IRON DUKE*—admirals all. We are now reasonably certain of being protected for the rest of our stay in Malta.

Once upon a time, in our preparatory school magazine, there was a place where it said "Valete" and then some names and then—another word which we have now forgotten because of this mechanisation business—and then some more names. Anyway, 2nd Lt. Reynolds has arrived and we can say that word which we have forgotten and that we are glad to see him.

The Duchess of Wellington has very kindly presented to the Regiment one of the Duke's Waterloo medals. It appears that the Duke had no less than five such medals, which is not to be wondered at considering the number of uniforms and official garments that he must have possessed and worn. This medal is to be kept by the Battalion that is at home and will be the more valuable because of the lady who presented it.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

The even tenor of Mess life has been rudely shattered by the exodus of the Battalion to Ghain Tuffieha camp for a period of three weeks' collective (?) training. Mountain warfare was the order, and rumour has it that several members have been anxiously scanning their feet for signs of "goatitis."

On 18th June, Waterloo Day, which is now being celebrated annually by the Battalion in lieu of Paardeburg, the occasion was celebrated by the annual games battle between the officers and sergeants. The officers proved too good for us at cricket, and after entertaining the members to tea in the Officers' Mess they proceeded to show us how amphibious they were by beating us well and truly in the swimming race, chiefly through the previously hidden talent of Capt. Taylor, and some crafty tactics at the mooring buoy. In the games evening we just managed to hold our own, winning the darts, shove ha'penny and billiards, the officers showing surprising aptitude by winning the table tennis, dominoes and crib.

A very pleasant evening was had by all, and it is hoped that entertainments of this nature will become more frequent. The following day we travelled to Kalafrana and played the Royal Air Force Sergeants' Mess at cricket, being beaten by one wicket. Cooper and Ward opened with a fine stand of over 100, and sportingly retired with scores of 49 and 51 respectively; our side then hit out and were soon out for a score of 146. The R.A.F. proceeded to run up a steady score of 159 for 9 wickets. More of these fixtures would give our side the practice they need.

On 22nd June the Mess was entertained by the corporals to a games evening, all games being on the knock-out system with prizes for winning pairs. Battling on a wet wicket, the sergeants put up a valiant resistance but the majority of the prizes were carried off by the corporals.

Visits to H.M.S. *Hood* for a tour of the ship and to H.M.S. *Barham* to watch a 15-inch gun shoot were made by two parties from the Mess during June. These visits are very popular with members and it is a pity that more opportunities for them do not occur, as the competition to attend is tremendous. The outcome of the visit to H.M.S. *Hood* was a cricket match and games evening held at St. George's, with the petty officers of the ship. We distinguished ourselves by winning the cricket, chiefly through the lack of opportunity of the sailors for practice. The match was followed by a games evening, when the sailors, not to be outdone with bat and ball, showed us a few tricks with bottle and glass.

Since the last issue of these notes, three of our Mess celebrities have left us. Q.M.S. (O.R.S.) T. Norman, popularly known as "Owd Tom," has left us after over 28 years' service to take his chance in civil life. We take this opportunity of wishing Tom and his family the best of success in their new venture. Their departure was keenly felt by all. Our congratulations to C/Sgt. Beadnell on his promotion. He has deserted

us for yet another tour of three years with the Volunteer Forces at Malacca. Sgt. Cundall, our inimitable poet, has left us to undergo a vocational training course at Hounslow prior to discharge. Our monthly dinners will not seem the same without his regular topical contribution. We welcome Sgts. Roach and Whitehead to our ranks from the T.A.

DRUMS.

The silverine bugles mentioned in the June issue of THE IRON DUKE arrived early in May. They were used for the first time in public on the occasion of Trooping the Colour on the Palace Square on Empire Day. There is no doubt that these bugles improved the general appearance of the parade.

Once again our efforts in the sporting line have met with tremendous success, and the age-old combination of Band and Drums upholds its reputation for invincibility. This combination won the Battalion inter-company athletic championship, and from this L/Cpl. Flynn, Dmrs. Short and Smith were selected for the Battalion team which competed in the Command championships. We then went on to win the Battalion inter-company boat race in the face of formidable opposition.

Our cricket specialist, Dmr. Wilson, has certainly had a splendid season, both with bat and ball, and we congratulate him on being selected to play for the Army v. The Royal Navy. We can also more than hold our own at rifle shooting, as is evidenced by the fact that Dmr. D. Brown obtained the highest individual score in Headquarter Wing, and altogether the Drums' average was that of marksmen. We have several drummers in the "H.Q." Wing team, which is busy training for the A.R.A. Company Shield. I mention this fact as a reminder that despite our sporting abilities, we are still more than useful as soldiers, which after all is what we enlisted for.

We are now back at St. George's after three weeks of strenuous but enjoyable camp life. Apart from our work as intelligence section, we had great fun when acting as enemy during the mountain warfare exercise. As usual, we played alternately with the Band during the eleven miles' march to and from camp.

CRICKET.



At the time of writing these notes the first half of the cricket season is finished. The difficulty in Malta, as with many other places, is ground accommodation, and this is considerably affected by the presence or absence of the Fleet. The officers' ground at the Marsa is the only grass ground—the pitch is concrete—and on this ground all the matches in the Governor's Cup competition are played. Higher authority arranges, therefore, that this competition is finished by the end of June, which coincides with the return of the Fleet from reviews, spring cruises and other activities; which means that the Navy has a prior claim on the ground. During the second half the main event is the soldiers' cup in which the preliminary rounds are played on units' grounds and the final at the Marsa. During this period a certain number of games can be arranged against

naval sides at the Marsa, the alternative being our own ground which, if only because of the glare, would daunt the most ardent enthusiast. There are various adjectives to describe a pitch, and any keen cricketer reading these notes can take his pick when thinking of ours.

We have been in a curious position this year. Our ambition was to win the Governor's Cup, but we obviously could not lose sight of the soldiers' cup, so our team had to be a compromise between giving as many other ranks practice as possible, and putting our best team into the field. The one who suffered most was Lt. Davidson, but he had the consolation of playing in the final of the Governor's Cup, in which he made a valuable 34 and kept wicket very well without having had any previous practice this season.

During the month before the first round of the cup we played seven games, four of which were played at the Marsa. Of these we won six, our only defeat being at the hands of the Rifle Brigade. It is worthy of mention that in these seven games Capt. Taylor scored no less than five consecutive centuries. On bye-days the team had net practice and were introduced to fielding practice with tennis balls. To those who have not tried this form of fielding practice, it is worth attention. Bob Relf, the Sussex cricketer, used to employ it when he coached at Sandhurst, and it certainly produces some astonishing results. For the first day or two about one catch in ten is held, but after that things improve rapidly, and if it is continued, the general standard of fielding is considerably raised. We found, however, that there are some people who are constitutionally incapable of catching a tennis ball.

The Governor's Cup results were as follows :—First round, v. H.M.S. *St. Angelo*, won by 110 runs; semi-final, v. Fortress R.Es., won by 322 runs; final, v. R.A.F., won by 276 runs.

It is as well, here, to mention the conditions of the Governor's Cup. Two afternoons are allotted for each match, and if two innings have not been completed by both sides, the match is won on the result of the first innings. This makes a declaration by the side holding a first innings' lead extremely difficult if not downright stupid.

The outstanding player in the side has been L/Cpl. Dearnley. He is a fast medium bowler who comes a good deal faster off the pitch. He started the season by bowling an occasional off break, but latterly, has used his body very much more and the break occurs much more frequently. He has benefited by the new l.b.w. rule. He is a good bat with a very nice judgment of a short run and is an excellent slip field. His achievements in the cup matches speak for themselves :—33 wickets for an average of 3·5 runs apiece, 155 runs for an average of 39, caught 5 catches. He returns to civil life this year where we hope he will continue his successes. He will be greatly missed in all branches of sport. From the bowling point of view Dearnley's efforts at the time seemed to eclipse the rest. Lt. Cousens, however, bowled very well and produced a number of balls which were a complete mystery to the batsman but failed to get a wicket. His results were :—20 wickets for an average of 4·5 runs apiece and 113 runs for an average of just under 20.

Mention must be made of two other members of the team, Dmr. Wilson and Pte. Heap. Dmr. Wilson was not called upon to bowl after the first match in the Governor's Cup, for which he must blame Cousens and Dearnley. He is a slow round-the-wicket bowler with a very high delivery. He keeps a good length and is difficult to score off. He is a very good slip and a good hard-hitting batsman. Pte. Heap kept wicket extremely well, and the occasion when he stumped a man standing up to Dearnley, was worth going a long way to see. Very unfortunately he cut his hand badly just before the final and was unable to play. A week ago, however, he played for the Army against the Navy and "kept" very well indeed.

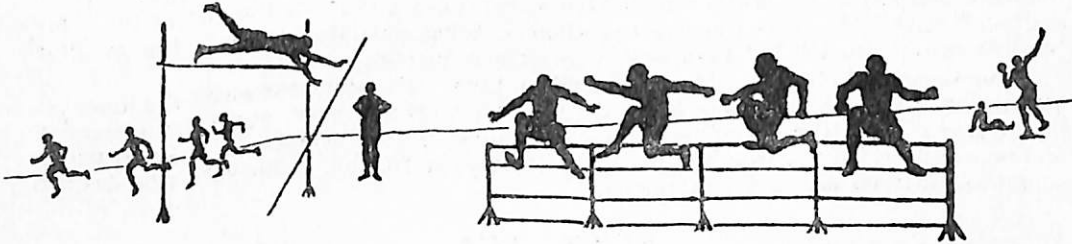
The fielding of the team was very good and there were very few dropped catches, certainly no real bad ones. The turf at the Marsa does not make for very clean ground fielding, but everyone obeyed the first and only rule of fielding and "got behind the

ball." To those who have not played on a concrete wicket, there is only one way to throw in and that is full-pitch. This was the least successful part of the team's fielding.

We were unfortunate in not having 2nd Lt. Reynolds out here in time to play in the cup. Within a week of landing he played for the Army against the Navy, making 52 and 48, taking some wickets and giving a very polished display of fielding. Incidentally in this match we provided six of the Army side, and Capt. Taylor was unable to play because of sickness.

To the pleasure of winning the Governor's Cup there is the added pleasure in the fact that this Battalion won it when last serving in Malta in 1898.

ATHLETICS.



On the whole, this year has been a most successful one. We began in excellent form by winning the open relay at the Rifle Brigade meeting from a large field of 12 teams; following this we won no fewer than seven open relays, remaining unbeaten throughout the season—a very creditable record.

In consequence, when the Command athletic meeting was held at the beginning of May, we had every reason to hope for the best results. From the outset there were only two teams who mattered—The Rifle Brigade and ourselves. The situation on the third and last day saw us leading by two points with the 4 by 440 event still to do. However, we could not win outright, the R.B.'s team running a fine race to draw level on points. Nevertheless a tie for first place was by no means disappointing; and the team is to be congratulated on its success after two less fortunate years.

We ended the season by entering our more promising performers for the M.A.A.A. championships. Again we exceeded our wildest hopes. Bdm. Wallis won the pole vault title, Pte. Kendall the half-mile, Pte. W. Smith the three miles, Arm./Sgt. Dickenson the 100 yards, the 220 yards and discus, beating the existing record by no less than 8 feet in the latter event.

Credit must go to the whole team for its most successful season. Arm./Sgt. Dickenson throughout worked extremely hard, his running and organisation generally being one of the chief factors in our success. Our thanks are due to his immense capacity for hard work; he has been invaluable. Ptes. Kendall, W. Smith and Bdm. Wallis, also Bdm. Stuteley, likewise trained hard and showed great improvement.

At the conclusion of the season the following were awarded their colours:—Arm./Sgt. Dickenson, Cpls. Barnett, Gresham, L/Cpls. Dawes, Flynn, Bagshaw and Bradley, Bdm. E. Smith, G. Young, Wallis and Stuteley, Dmr. Short, Ptes. Smith, Wyatt, Jackson (03), Jones, Ancil, Taylor and W. Smith.

LAWN TENNIS.

Lawn tennis is not a game which has taken up much, if any, space in this journal in the past. However, as rather exceptional facilities exist in barracks for this game, a few lines about our activities in connection with it may not be amiss.

Tennis in Malta is played mostly in the spring and autumn, the summer months being too hot to compete with the counter-attractions of the sea. During the 2½ years

of our stay on the Island the standard of play of the other ranks in particular has improved beyond measure, and quite a number of men, who would not previously have thought of playing, have taken up the game.

Early in the season a Regimental tournament was held for other ranks only, events being confined to singles and doubles. Quite a large entry was secured, and as a result the singles title went to Cpl. A. E. Hemblys, who beat Sgt. S. Gill in the final round. In the doubles a long drawn out final resulted in Cpl. F. Stringer and L/Cpl. C. F. Birch beating Sgt. E. Page and L/Cpl. F. Shevels.

Following up this tournament an inter-company half league was started. Each company was represented by three pairs (officers being included), each pair playing one set against each pair of the opposing team. Some good matches were played and some of the more inexperienced players should have learnt quite a lot. At the end of the competition "H.Q." (A) team ran out the winners, being separated by only the smallest possible margin from "B" Company, who were runners-up.

The Command championships were held in June. The standard especially amongst certain departmental units was distinctly high. However, in one event we succeeded in carrying off the title. This was the junior ranks' doubles (corporals, lance-corporals and privates), which was won by Cpl. A. E. Hemblys and L/Cpl. F. Shevels, who deserve congratulations on a sound performance.

RIFLE CLUB.

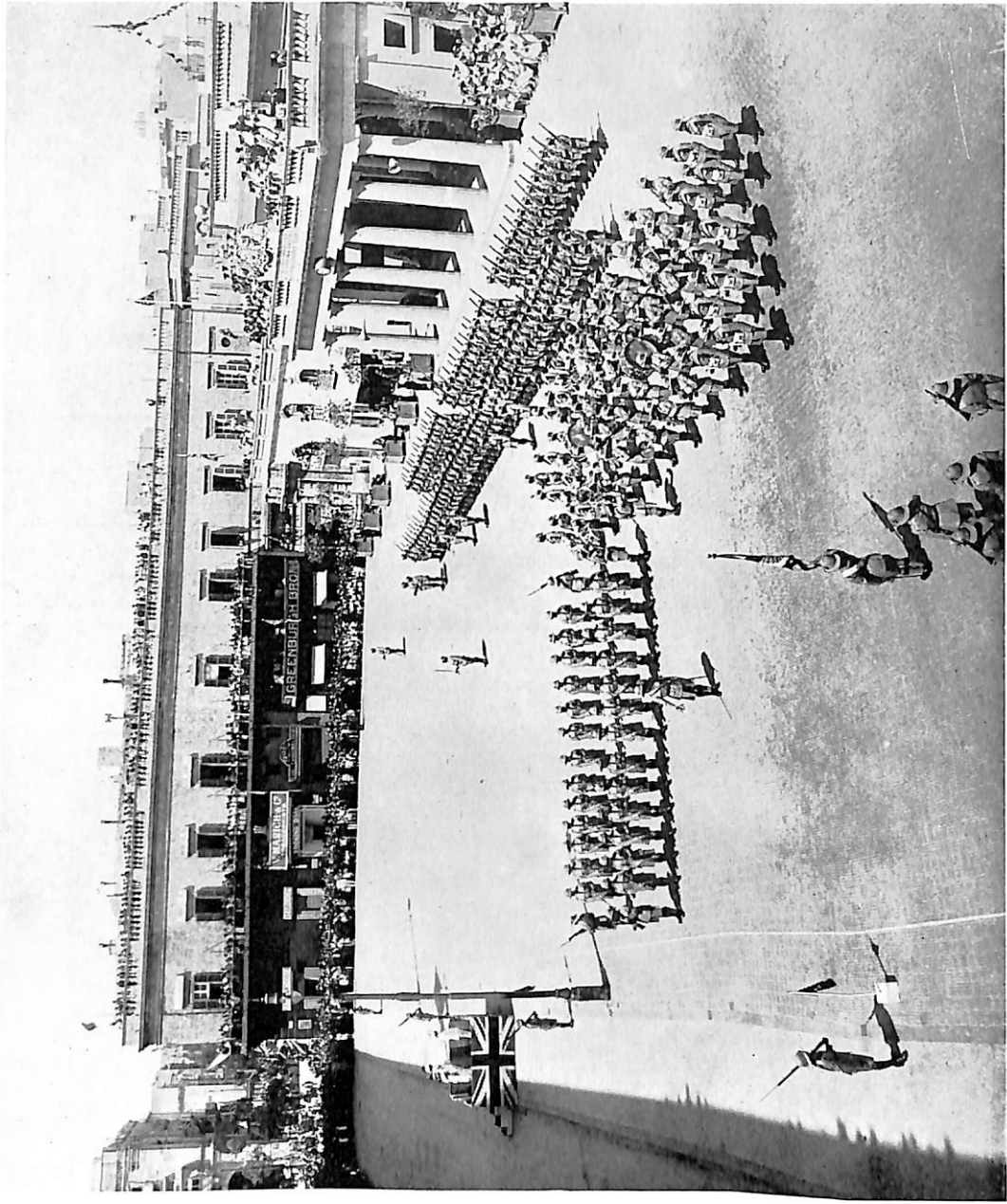
The following are the results of the A.R.A. (non-central) competitions for the year 1936-37, in which various of our teams took part:—In the Queen Victoria trophy we were placed sixth, the Battalion last year being tenth. The sergeants' team in The Royal Irish were placed eighth out of 53. A very good performance, but we hope to do even better this year. Our team in the young soldiers' cup did best of all by gaining fifth place out of 48.

Another few points and our pistol team would have been placed in the Duke of Connaught cup; it has improved its shooting steadily and we hope to do better this year. The machine gun cup team had an unfortunate relapse with their last detail, otherwise they would certainly have been well up the list.

At the time of going to print the officers have just fired the King George's cup and made the very creditable score of 455; this score registers 103 points improvement on last year's and we hope will prove a good omen for the remaining A.R.A. events yet to be fired.

2nd BATTALION NEWS.

IN our last notes we said that our next station was to be Multan; it still is, but the date as yet is a mystery to us. The Quartermaster's hair grows visibly whiter, but as he rightly says "We're used to quick moves and Headquarters have allowed for that." 3rd April was the date fixed for our Trooping the Colours at Nowshera, but as it chose to rain and rain that day it was postponed to 5th April. The ceremony passed off without a hitch, our District Commander, Major-Gen. Dashwood Strettell, taking the salute. On 9th April His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Robert Cassels, inspected the Battalion on parade, expressing himself as well pleased with all he saw. Soon after (at least so it seemed) we were packing up preparing for our annual sojourn to Cherat, "D" (S.) Company, as usual, remaining in Nowshera to fire its course. The Battalion left barracks 16.00 hours, 30th April, bivouacked in a nullah near Pallosai, continuing at 05.30 hours 1st May, and reaching Cherat by 10.00 hours; all well agree that it was by far the pleasantest march up, in fact we have now found the real solution; no one fell out or ever felt like it. Soon after, the heat descended on us, and with 123 degrees at Nowshera in June, we got the back-wash of it up here. Most of the old inhabitants



1st BATTALION TROOPING THE COLOUR AT MALTA, EMPIRE DAY, 1937.



1st BATTALION DRUMS.

Top row—Dmr. J. RICHARDSON, Dmr. A. SUGGETT, "KING'S COLOUR" 2nd Lt. THE EARL OF MORNINGTON, Dmr. H. CHILD, "REGIMENTAL COLOUR," 2nd Lt. HARRIS, Dmr. E. BUCKINGHAM, Dmr. J. GRAHAM.
 Second row—Dmr. A. TREMEER, Dmr. T. FIDMENT, Dmr. J. HARTILL, Dmr. J. MITCHELL, Dmr. J. SMITH, Pte. W. HOLDSWORTH, Boy B. COSTELLO, Boy J. ELLIS.
 Third row—Dmr. D. BROWN, Dmr. W. KIRK, Boy J. STANFORTH, Dmr. G. SHORT, Dmr. G. BANKS, L/Cpl. L. MILES, Pte. W. O'KEEFFE, L/Cpl. J. FLYNN, Dmr. E. BLAND, Dmr. W. MATHEWS, Dmr. R. YOUNG, L/Cpl. W. NOBBS.
 Fourth row—Dmr. H. BRUMFIELD, Dmr. W. WILSON, Boy S. MITCHELL, Dmr. A. COLES, Boy J. M. ELLIGOTT, Dmr. H. KILLIEN, Dmr. D. HOYLE, Boy R. TEBB, Dmr. H. BROWNE, Dmr. R. BERGER, Dmr. E. WITT, Dmr. J. CUNNINGHAM.
 Fifth row—2nd Lt. J. DAVIDSON, Lt. L. B. B. BEUTLER, Lt. D. I. STRANGEWAYS, Dr.-Major A. GOODWIN, Lt.-Col. W. M. OZANNE, M.C., Capt. A. H. G. WATHEN, Lt. P. G. L. COUSENS, Lt. W. SKELSEY, Lt. J. HARRISON.
Presentation Silver Sticks, Silver and Silverine Bugles and King Theodore's Drum.



1st BATTALION ATHLETIC TEAM.

Winners, with 2nd Bn. The Rifle Brigade, of Malta Command Athletic Championship.

Top row—Cpl. BARNETT, Bds. WALLIS, Pte. SMITH, Pte. TAYLOR, Pte. ANCILL, Dmr. SMITH, L/Cpl. BRADLEY, L/Cpl. DAWES.
 Second row—Pte. JONES, Pte. KENDALL, Dmr. SHORT, L Cpl. FLYNN, Cpl. GRESHAM, Bds. MILLER, Pte. SMITH, Pte. JACKSON, L/Cpl. BAGSHAW, Pte. WYATT.
 Third row.—Pte. HATTON, R.S.M. ALLSOPP, The C.O., Major GIBSON, Arm., Sgt. DICKENSON, Pte. YOUNG.

said they had never known it hotter, but then that happens every year ; anyway, with the help of iced lemonades, everyone seems to have survived it well, and the sickness in the Battalion has been negligible.

Coronation Day was celebrated in fitting manner by the population of Cherat. Elaborate decorations were everywhere, and a commemoration service was held at 9.30 a.m., attended by all the heads of the civil population and taken by the Commanding Officer. Afterwards distribution of food to the poor, sweets to the children, tea parties, Khattak dances, fireworks and, finally, a very good band concert all helped to fill up a memorable day. Many listened to the wireless relay from Westminster Abbey, getting varying results, some of them excellent.

"Busy" is our *nom-de-plume* each year here and this one is no exception to the rule. Individual and weapon training, specialists and others are hard at it ; the playing grounds full up, and dances, tombola or concerts most nights, and so the time goes on. Unfortunately for us, from the social side, most of our wives and families have been locked up in Khanspur for the summer, and those who are lucky enough dance with either H.L.I. or Dorsets' wives, the remainder with each other. Soon this year the trooping season will start and with it over three hundred disappear to home establishment or discharge. Several went home by the H.T. *Neuralia* (after bringing back the Coronation troops) and among them Sgt. Victor Prince, the cook sergeant for many years. He had served in this Battalion continuously for 15 years and rendered yeoman service when most needed ; he takes with him the best wishes of all ranks. Thanks to the untiring energy and optimism of our Commanding Officer, Cherat now boasts of a "Plage"—*i.e.*, a magnificent swimming bath, into which large numbers fall to cool themselves most days. Quite rightly is it frequently said that "Cherat is now worth living in." The rains have started and we hope will continue long enough to refill the bath with clean water.

Our congratulations to the under-mentioned on being awarded the King George VI Coronation Medal :—Lt.-Col. A. F. P. Christison, Capt. J. P. Huffam, V.C., Lt. and Qr.-Mr. J. Coulter, R.S.M. W. E. Brenchley, Bd.-Mr. A. J. Caldicutt, C.S.M. W. J. Stannard, C.Q.M.S. W. L. James, Sgts. F. G. Brown, G. Brown, J. Robinson, R. C. Caulfield, F. Kennedy, N. F. Medhurst, Cpl. (L/Sgt.) F. Haywood, Cpl. (L/Sgt.) A. A. Slater, Ptes. (L/Cpl.) E. Gale, J. Marshall, J. McKenzie, F. Newton (L/Cpl.) C. Murphy, Bds. C. F. Yarnold, Subedar Kirpa Singh, Armourer L/Sgt. C. G. E. Thomas (R.A.O.C. attached).

OFFICERS' MESS.

Springtime at Nowshera usually means a large exodus of officers and their wives to England and other places. This year we are fortunate, our only farewells being to Major and Mrs. Sayers who are on leave in Switzerland prior to being posted to the 1st Battalion. Our heartiest congratulations to him on his promotion and best wishes to her for a speedy recovery. They will both be sadly missed out here.

On 9th March we had the honour of dining H.E. the Commander-in-Chief in the Mess after his inspection of the Battalion. Preparations for the annual pilgrimage to Cherat started soon afterwards, and here we are in the same old Mess, but with a punkah this year and a place where you can wash your hands in comfort. Strange with what monotonous regularity B.O.R. says "Good, we'll have plenty of officers for training this year," P.M.C. corroborates and implies that messing will cheapen, and the result—Capt. Bishop to Nowshera as staff captain, Lts. Collins and Marrett on a gas course to Belgaum, 2nd Lt. Worth a boxing course at Kasauli, Bob Moran S.S.O. Cherat, and "D" (S.) Company still at Nowshera. Added to it the leave stakes, and our numbers are, as usual, sadly depleted. Worse to come, however—the annual rigger tour to Bombay and Calcutta starts during August, in other words, a further decrease of six or seven officers for the time being.

So far we have held two Regimental guest nights and one cocktail party, the latter

attended by our District Commander amongst others. The open tennis tournament just completed, we've managed to keep the "pots" in the family; last year it was Wortham, this year the Brothers Moran.

About a month ago we welcomed to the Mess Padre Pearson on his appointment as C. of E. padre to the Garrison. Our unanimous verdict is "Now we've got him we won't let him go"; he has only one failing and that is he puts years on us when driving with him in his car along these Cherat roads.

On 15th June we said good-bye to Major Fraser on his departure to home establishment; with him go our best wishes.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

We are once again back in our stronghold for the summer but with numbers somewhat depleted. This year most of our wives have been expedited to Khanspur, consequently there seems to be a steady stream of "leave wallahs" to that part of the world. Our dances have started again, and with the help of the Dorsets and H.L.I. wives are quite successful. Needless to say, we miss all the familiar faces of our own "better halves." Now that Victor Prince has departed to the Depot the Mess seems half empty; sadly do we miss him, in fact perhaps in view of all this he'll pack up and come out again.

Our congratulations to "H.Q." (A) team on winning both the inter-company billiards and snooker competitions. They were by far the strongest team competing. Our weekly hockey matches against the officers are under way again, with the result so far of one up to us and many more to play. We were delighted to hear that both C.S.M. Hemsworth and C.Q.M.S. Browne were settled in jobs in civil life, and were enjoying them. Our congratulations to the following on their promotion:—C.S.M. Robinson, C.Q.M.S. Holder and (Topper) Brown, Sgts. Robinson and Deighton and L/Sgt. Bartrop.

CORPORALS' MESS.

Since our last notes we have left the burning (or owing to Nowshera's position in the hot weather stakes should we say scorched) plains and have moved *via* Lover's Walk (Monkey Pass) to Cherat. Since our arrival two dances and a social evening have assisted in making life a great deal pleasanter for us all, especially the social when, for the first time in India, the Indian rope trick was performed in any Mess. The miracle workers were Fakir Heaney and his assistants Ghulan Hirst and Gusha Hill, not forgetting "Eastace" the bedding rope. The most violent sport we have played so far, as a team, has been basket ball. Our position on the ladder looks very bright indeed, we are the middle rung. In conclusion, we offer our congratulations to Cpls. Hirst and Kirwin, and welcome to the Mess the following lance-corporals:—Lee, Bellamy, Kaye, Wilson, Preston and Maddison; we hope they will be happy in their new environment.

COMPANY NOTES.

"H.Q." WING.—As usual, we have several changes to report. Capt. Kington took over the Company from Major Paton in April, Lt. Collins came to us as Intelligence Officer, C.S.M. Southall and now C.Q.M.S. Spink are transferred to us. To them all we extend our welcome. All groups seem unusually busy this year. The Band, at present struck off all duties for special training, produce concerts periodically in the evenings; these, combined with the singing of Bandsman Graggs, are much appreciated by large audiences. The Signallers are hard at it preparing for annual classification, the Drums also have their days full with practices and retreat beating once a week.

The playing grounds are full up each evening with usually at least one side of "H.Q." Wing shirts in evidence. We have just completed the inter-group football competition,

and congratulate the Signallers on winning it with a really well-balanced team. We are now starting the group hockey tournament with a view to picking our Company team. Evenings are fully occupied with tombolas, dances or practice for the athletic tests, details of which appear elsewhere. Our standard is not good, but we are improving and are keen to become King Kongs.

"A" COMPANY.—Since our last notes appeared we have seen the arrival of our new company commander, Major D. Paton. To him we extend a hearty welcome and hope that he will command and guide us for a long time to come. He has already acquired the hall-mark of an old Frontier warrior by his achievement in marching to Cherat, no mean effort as this is a very trying march. We regret the departure of Capt. Sayers who has led us in peace and war for a good many years. All ranks of the Company congratulate him on his promotion and extend to him their very best wishes for his future.

Cherat is the same as ever, and having already described conditions here in our previous notes, suffice it to say that we shall be very pleased to say good-bye to it. Our stay in Cherat is drawing to a close as we move to the plains on 17th July for five weeks' detachment duties. We have just completed our A.W.T. course and have managed to maintain our usual standard. This year we started an innovation during the firing; unlimited quantities of iced lemonades were taken down to the range daily, and the good shots in the Company ascribed their success to this factor; but sad to relate, the bad shots blamed the lemonades, saying "How dost tha expect chaps to hit yon target with t' hiccups?"

Another innovation in the Company has been the formation of a company concert party. A concert was held a few weeks ago and proved to be an outstanding success, so much so that we propose having a permanent concert party, and putting on shows at intervals. We appear to have unlimited talent, ably directed by C.S.M. Stannard as stage manager. More will be published in our next notes. It is regrettable from the point of view of the Company that we lose 75 of our old hands to the Army Reserve during the forthcoming trooping season; nevertheless we wish them the best of luck in civilian life.

It is with sincerest regret that we have to record the death of Pte. Paddy Ryan. He was most popular in the Company and was an outstanding sportsman. To his father we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

HEARD IN COMPANY OFFICE.

Private to C.S.M.: "Excuse me, Sir, can I have my I.G.S. Medal which was left in the office while I was in hospital?"

C.S.M.: "Here you are, my lad; did you shoot many Pathans to earn this?"

Private: "No, Sir, but I nearly shot old Victor, the cook sergeant, and got seven days' C.B. for it."

"B" COMPANY.—Since last we put pen to paper numerous changes have taken place within the Company; our company commander has once again gone, this time to be staff captain at Nowshera. C.S.M. Southall, after many years with us, has transferred his affections to "H.Q." Wing, and instead C.S.M. Robinson is posted to us; our best wishes to both. Also to the old hands who just managed recently to scramble on to the tail end of H.T. *Neuralia* on discharge.

Platoon competitions have been in full swing recently on the playing fields. No. 6 Platoon for the second year in succession won the athletic and also the tug-of-war cups. At present we are eagerly awaiting the result of the final inter-company football tournament between "D" (S.) and ourselves—quiet but confident. Our turn for the plains comes at the end of August and we look forward to it with more enthusiasm than in last July.

"C" COMPANY.—We are once again assembled in this health resort (Cherat) for the fourth and last time we hope, with weapon training completed and individual and

other training well on their way. At present we are heavily involved with rocks, stones and wiring, turning Cherat into an impregnable fortress. Next year, from force of habit, most of us will be doing the same at Sowerby Bridge, Luddenden and other salubrious spots, as we lose approximately half the Company time-expired. Sport of all sorts is in full swing; we had high hopes of winning the inter-company football tournament, but succumbed to "D" (S.) Company in the semi-final after a very good game. The inter-platoon football competition provided greater keenness than ever, being won in the end by No. 12 Platoon.

We welcome to the Company 2nd Lt. T. H. A. Kilner on transfer from the 1st Battalion. The congratulations of all ranks go to Sgt. Holder on his promotion to C.Q.M.S., also to Sgt. Robinson and Cpl. Ginns on additions to their families.

"D" (S.) COMPANY.—Since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE we have had to say good-bye to Major Fraser, who has commanded the Company since its inception as a machine gun company. He takes with him the best wishes of all ranks.

We have to record with great regret the death from small-pox of Pte. W. Norton at Nowshera on 5th June, 1937.

At present the Company has just completed the A.M.G.C. in Nowshera, and on 17th July joins the remainder of the Battalion in Cherat for a break of cool air.

We congratulate Capt. and Mrs. Owen on the birth of a daughter at Cherat on 31st May, and L/Sgt. and Mrs. Wardle on the birth of a son at Khanspur on 9th June. We also congratulate Cpl. H. Bartrop on his appointment to lance-sergeant. In June Pte. Murray left us for the United Kingdom; we wish him, and all the other "ex gunners" who went with him, all the best in civil life. Murray was a tower of strength to us in the athletic world, and his running powers will be very much missed next year.

In sport we have maintained our usual high standard. In April we won the inter-company seven-a-side rugby, and this month we are in the final of the inter-company soccer, and Nos. 13 and 14 Platoons are in the final of the hot weather inter-platoon hockey.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

To wind off our rather short season, we introduced an inter-company seven-a-side tournament. This was divided into two divisions, each company producing their first and second teams. Many exciting matches were witnessed in which some useful talent was discovered. In the senior division "D" (S.) Company, after having a very close match with "H.Q." Wing, met "A" Company in the final, who were fancied as likely winners, thanks to their speed outside, and their convincing victory over "C" Company by 23—0. After an even first half, however, due to some brilliant opportunism, "D" (S.) crossed the line five times to "A's" twice, eventually winning by 23 to 6.

The junior division also produced some very lively rugger, "B" Company meeting "D" (S.) in the final. After extra time with the scores at 6—6 "B" Company proved the more skilful side, scoring two more quick tries, making the final score 12—6. This is the first year "sevens" have been played, and considering the lack of knowledge and skill which is so essential in this type of rugger, it was a great success and most encouraging. We were greatly in debt to Col. Christison and Lt. Morton, R.E., for so kindly refereeing.

And now we are looking forward to our tour to Calcutta for the Bethall Cup and All India Tournament. At first it was suggested that we should enter the Bombay Gymkhana Tournament, but it was finally decided to concentrate on the All India. We have a very promising side on paper, but as usual in this part of India, match practice is impossible at this time of the year, which makes it extremely difficult to forecast how the side will settle down.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

A most disappointing season and no excuses. We were beaten by most other regiments in competition and friendly matches, and always owing to the same reason—namely,

individualism and "ballooning" the ball instead of keeping it on the ground; some day we'll learn and that perhaps soon. Our one bright spot is our boys' team—unbeaten after five games against the "Dorsetshire" and "H.L.I." boys, they've scored 23 goals to 4. Boy Dunn is their mainstay, and more should be heard of him in three months' time when he comes of age.

The inter-company tournament is just completed, and after 5 hours 25 minutes "D" (S.) Company managed to find the vital goal against "B" Company in the final. This of course necessitated four re-plays, with the score 0—0 each time until to-day's result. Teams as under:—"D" (S.) Company.—Ptes. Taylor, Johnston, Young, Cpl. Hird, L/Cpl. Madley, Ptes. Myers, Horton, Shaw, Parker, Davis, Ellis. "B" Company.—Ptes. Samples, Wootton, Cpl. Duncanson, Ptes. Smith, Wilson, Cooke, O'Shea, Diskin, Gilbert, McCombie and Wellings.

R.S.M. Brenchley refereed all games in the tournament, and really well did he carry out this unenviable task. Now we are setting about building up the Regimental team with non-"time-ex." material.

SPORT.

ATHLETICS.—In the last issue of THE IRON DUKE we published a photo of the 2nd Battalion team (winners of the Peshawar District meeting), but unfortunately no account was given owing to lack of time. Very briefly we intend trying to make amends.

The annual athletic meeting (individual) took place 8th—11th March, "D" (S.) Company winning the inter-company cup from "A" Company with 41½ points to 22½; L/Cpl. Crowther ("A" Company) was again winner of the Victor Ludorum Cup.

The "team" athletic meeting followed 22nd—23rd March, "D" (S.) again winning from "A" Company by 104 points to 100. From these meetings we picked our Battalion team for the Peshawar District sports; fortunately for us the Brothers Moran were fighting fit and in the track event we annexed three "firsts" and four "seconds," all team events. The field events were not so successful, with two "firsts," three "seconds" one "third" and one "fourth." Our congratulations to the whole team on their success.

EFFICIENCY TESTS.—An article appears elsewhere on this subject. Suffice it to say that new talent is rapidly being brought to light, and that we do not intend having such indifferent results in field events from now on. The keenness to learn is there, as witness the playing grounds every evening after games are over, and once we've mastered the correct technique, previous records should go by the board.

TENNIS.—Two new tennis courts have been built by the East End football ground for the use of corporals, lance-corporals and privates. These are full up daily and proving a great success. It is intended to hold an open tournament in the near future, and an American one later on.

BASKET BALL.—Two "pitches" are now on the guard mounting square and in use most nights. This game has become considerably more popular owing to the introduction of a ladder this year. There are 19 platoon teams in it, also one each from the officers, sergeants, corporals, lance-corporals and boys (the latter with a start of two goals in each game). We congratulate Cpl. Kenchington and his team of No. 3 Platoon who have worked their way up practically from the bottom of the ladder; having reached the top, they have now volunteered to start at the bottom again.

SWIMMING.—This is a new innovation, and if we had evening papers and posters "Swimming at Cherat" we feel sure would be called out by paper boys as the main news; so it is when one considers this is a small city perched up on top of a hill 4,500 feet above sea level. It was our Commanding Officer's inspiration, and we all have to thank him for making it a reality. The swimming bath is one of the catchment area tanks, 35 yards long and 25 yards wide, with a normal depth of 7 to 8 feet of water. No shallow end,

unfortunately, but we can't expect everything, and anyway, everyone should be able to swim. The bath is allotted daily either to companies, or married families for mixed bathing, and, needless to say, it is well patronised. Our swimming experts were off the mark quickly, and last week-end (10th—11th July) we sent a team to compete against The Dorsetshire Regiment at Landi Kotal. We lost by two events to five, also both water polo matches; still it was a really enjoyable week-end, and the result quite good considering the long lapse in swimming this Battalion has suffered.

TOMBOLA.—Is this a sport? For some "Yes," for others "We're still waiting," anyway it's still going strong on Tuesday and Friday evenings, and seems a permanent institution now.

MODERN BATTALION ATHLETICS.

Now that the new model infantryman has been evolved we must give proportionate attention to his training in his three essentials—the attributes of stalker, sharpshooter and athlete.

We cater for the first in our individual training and have a special chapter on field craft in our new "Infantry Training." We are getting a new weapon training course to teach the soldiers to shoot under more real conditions, but what are we doing generally to improve the soldier's athletic powers? The more the tendency to move troops in motor transport the more the necessity for all-round fitness, and nothing gives this quality quite so well as modern scientific training in certain forms of athletics.

The method outlined below not only aims at improving the physique and general fitness of soldiers, but is a valuable guide to the selection of individuals for athletic teams.

In the 2nd Battalion specialised athletic training has been organised in three groups: a running group, a jumping group and a throwing group. The running group comprises the 100 yards, the 440 yards and the one mile; the jumping group the high jump, the long jump and the hop, step and jump; and the throwing group the weight, discus and hammer. Experience over some years shows these events produce the best mental and physical balance.

In each event standard times and distances are laid down and labelled special, first, second, third and failure. A man can be tested once a month.

Now it is obvious that a scheme of this sort cannot be started without instructors, and as modern athletics never stand still it is unlikely that units will have many up-to-date instructors. The whole essence of the scheme is that men should be taught scientifically *from the start* how to run, jump or throw, and on P.T. parades their instruction should be just the same as in elementary weapon training or any other kind of individual training. We do not allow men to shoot in any style they like, so why should we allow them to use athletic styles that are obsolete?

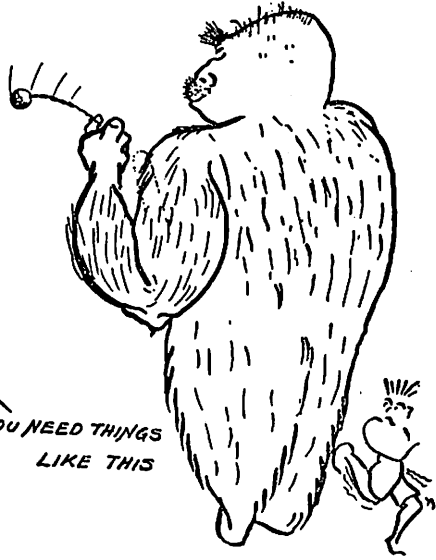
Any keen officer or N.C.O. with a little trouble can learn how to teach an event from the book, and suitable officers and N.C.Os. can be selected and told to learn how to teach a particular event, and then to teach the necessary instructors in each company. This stage may take up to two months. An instructor need not necessarily be a good performer himself, few people are, though most of them have been proficient in their time.

After three months' experiment in the 2nd Battalion some remarkable performances have been put up in the monthly tests. Men who have never done anything have come to the front because someone has taken them in hand and shown them how to use and develop muscles, wind or stride.

I should like to emphasise the point that the initial training must be sound. For instance, it is no use letting men jump or throw a hammer until you have got them not only into the correct technique, but have exercised the particular muscles they require. The stages and muscle exercises are all laid down clearly in the many handbooks on athletics that can be obtained, and on which companies and instructors work.

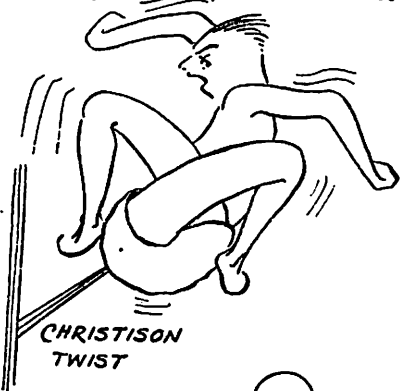


FOR THINGS LIKE THIS



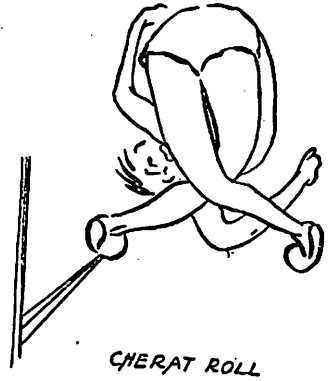
YOU NEED THINGS LIKE THIS

HIGH JUMPING NEW STYLES 1.

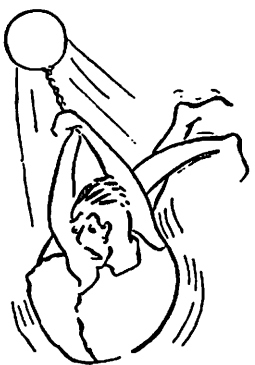


CHRISTISON TWIST

HIGH JUMPING NEWSTYLES 2

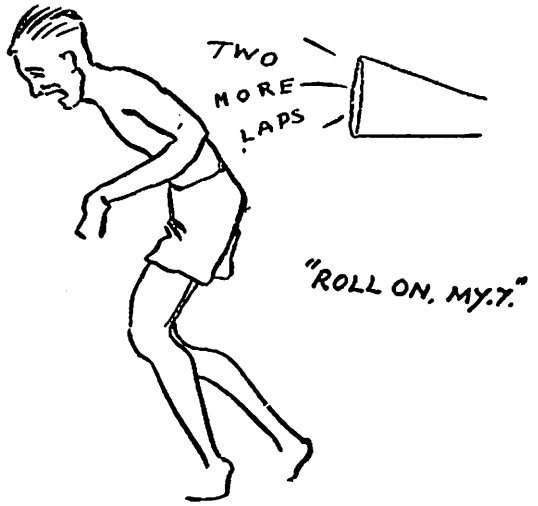
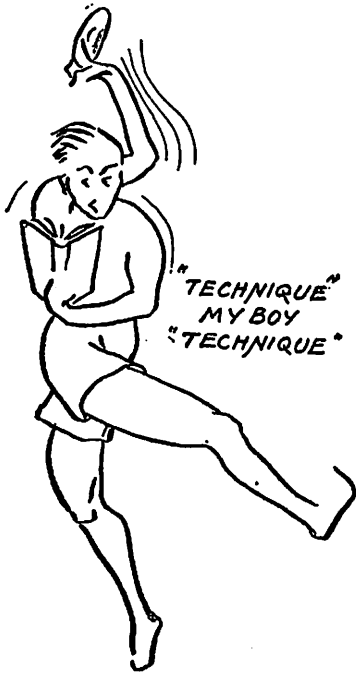


CHERAT ROLL

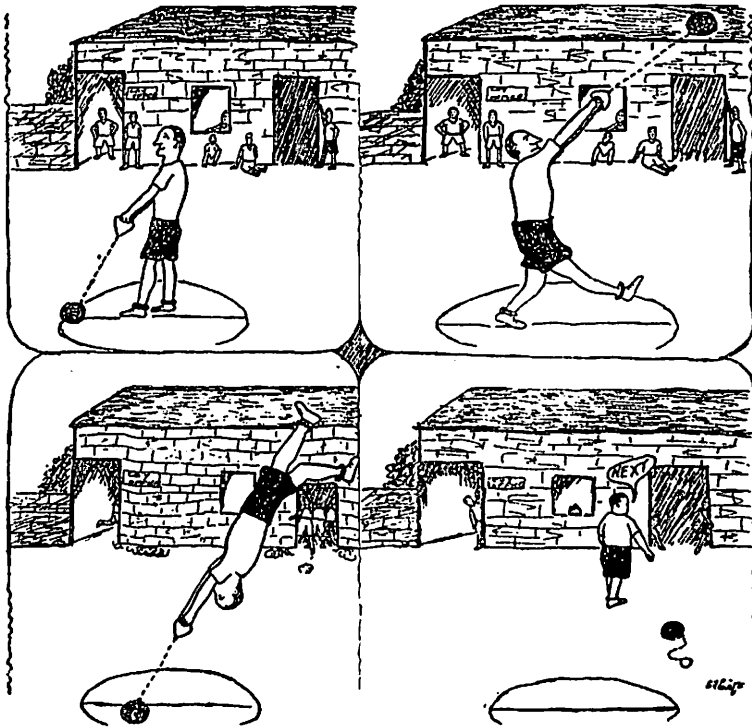


THE MAN WHO FORGOT HOW TO LET GO





DUGAN



It is most important that light weights should be used in the throwing group. You cannot teach a man technique with standard weights. For battalion work 12lb. is the maximum for shot and hammer (at a Depot 10lb.). The 12lb. weight is now standard for schoolboys and women, and a schoolboy discus is also made.

One difficulty instructors have to contend with is the soldier who says "I can 'scissors' over 5ft. 2ins., and I've always won with that height, so why should I learn a Sweeney turn or a Western roll?" or the man who puts the weight 37ft. off the wrong foot, and says he could never do it any other way.

It may take months to get them into the proper technique because they began wrong, but once you get them keen, and they get it right, those men will be jumping 5ft. 8ins. and throwing 42ft., and become your best disciples.

Nothing stands still in this new world, and unless we bring our athletic methods up to date we shall fall sadly behind. Some units have been doing this system for ten years.

Is it too much to hope that the Depot and the 1st Battalion may be inspired to co-operate by insisting that their athletes learn to run, jump and throw with modern methods of technique?

Once this system has been established in any regiment, it is there for good.

A. F. P. C.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS.

The unit telegraphic address of "Dukewell" has been registered with the Post Office Authorities in India for use at Cherat, Nowshera, Multan and Dalhousie. In future, when addressing telegrams to this unit, it will be sufficient to put "Dukewell, Cherat," or in cases of an individual, "Atkins, Dukewell, Cherat."

DEPOT NEWS.

IN a previous number I explained that the usual system of writing Depot notes was to get the R.S.M. to make a few jottings which were then expanded for publication. I have just returned from the rigours of the T.A. camp to find that the R.S.M. has behaved in the most unsporting fashion and gone on leave. I have therefore borrowed the C.O.'s desk diary, a curt but interesting document, which I hope I shall be able to understand.

The first note of any interest is "Area inter-Depot boxing—Pontefract" on 25th April. That of course is simple and explains itself, and can be left to the sports officer to elaborate.

On 12th May I find the words "Coronation—Parade." I think this is the shortest and least blatant announcement of the great event that I have seen. However, it conveys a good deal to me. From the Depot, Lt. F. R. St. P. Bunbury and seven other ranks marched in the procession, and Capt. F. P. A. Woods, Lt. A. H. P. Laurence and 43 other ranks lined a part of the route; the exact position was in Regent Street, about twenty yards north of the Circus. The processional troops were in camp in Kensington Gardens, and those lining the route were at Primrose Hill. Of the events of the day enough has been written already. Nothing untoward occurred in our section of the route, but since it was directly under the control of Capt. R. H. D. Bolton we were not surprised. We *were* surprised to find that Vine Street Police Station had blossomed forth as a most admirable canteen (wet and dry), for which all thanks to the Metropolitan Police; may all our visits to Vine Street be as happy.

There follows in the diary a succession of cryptic notes of this description: "S.A.A. and A.G. respirator inspection," "Howlett in p.m. (3)," "D.C.R.E.," "Leave," which indicated various visits and departures.

On 9th June, "King's Birthday parade." This was held as usual on the square, where the salute was taken by Colonel L. D. Daly, who afterwards presented Indian General Service medals to Major V. C. Green and other officers and men of the Depot.

18th June, "G.O.C.'s inspection." Major-Gen. Kelly carried out his annual inspection rather early this year, as the G.O.C.-in-C., General Sir Alexander Wardrop, leaves the Command in September and all reports have to be completed by that date. The G.O.C. was accompanied by Major Ellenberger.

On 26th June we kept Waterloo Day; we were blessed with beautiful weather and there was a large attendance of visitors. If the proceedings lacked any of their usual precision it was because the R.S.M. was stricken down that day by a strange malady and was out of action.

There was a very close struggle for the inter-squad shield which resulted in a tie for first place between Crimea and Hindoostan squads. An excellent display of physical training was given by a mixed squad, and this proved one of the most popular events. An excellent programme of music was provided by the band of the 43rd (5th Duke of Wellington's Regiment) Anti-Aircraft Battalion R.E.

On 15th July the Depot rifle meeting was held on the 30 yards range; by this time the R.S.M. had returned to such rude health that he scooped a good proportion of the prizes. He won the individual championship from Sgt. Whitfield (second) and C.S.M. Wood (third), a range prize in that event, and was second in the L.A. match with C.S.M. Wood, the winners being Sgts. Whitfield and Barrington. The recruits' individual championship was won by Pte. McVey, with Ptes. Foster and Palmer second and third. The sergeants beat the officers and the less said about that the better.

The "Army At Home" was held this year on 17th July and was of a somewhat different character from previous ones. This year, entrance to the barracks was by invitation only, and these invitations were sent to the parents and friends of men serving at the Depot. About 250 visitors came, and a programme similar to that of last year was carried out. The day was fine and it would appear that our guests enjoyed themselves.

On 3rd August the Quartermaster-General visited the Depot in connection with the re-building scheme, which apparently is to be made more comprehensive than we had anticipated.

Major Green and Lt. Laurence attended the 147th Brigade camp as umpire and staff captain respectively.

Finally we congratulate R.S.M. Coates, Q.M.S. Alexander and Pte. Marron on being awarded the long service and good conduct medal.

OFFICERS' MESS.

Waterloo Day was observed this year on 26th June and it was a summer's day. Regular visitors tell me this is an unusual occurrence. Despite the favourable weather, rather fewer guests than were expected turned up, the actual figure being about 80. We again had the officers v. sergeants relay; this was won by the officers by a small margin; there was much talk of an objection to the winners, an objection that most stewards would have upheld, but eventually the winners were allowed to retain their trophies.

We were again at home on 17th July for the official "Army At Home," when we had the pleasure of entertaining the Mayor and Mayoress of Halifax, the Mayor of Brighouse and other leaders of civic life in the neighbourhood.

There have been no guest nights in the Mess, but among those whom we have entertained at luncheon are the G.O.C. and Major Ellenberger, and Major-Gen. Gepp, the new M.G.A. Northern Command.

We welcome to the Mess Lt. R. K. Exham, who has come to the Depot for a tour of duty, and 2nd Lts. Stone, Mitchell, Clements and Taylor, all of the Supplementary Reserve, who have done their preliminary training here.

We congratulate Mr. F. H. V. Wellesley and Miss Nancy Saunders on their engagement ; Miss Saunders is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Saunders, of Westbury, Halifax.

A most kind invitation was received from Capt. Douglas-Pennant and the officers of H.M.S. *Iron Duke* to watch the Naval Review at Spithead ; unfortunately military duties (a court-martial in fact) prevented any of us from attending.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Waterloo Day was held this year on 26th June, that date being the most suitable one nearest to the 18th. A good day was in the offing and everyone took advantage of it. Things were up to date and a microphone and loud speakers were heard to bellow forth numerous announcements. It has been whispered that a member of the Mess was chosen to make announcements owing to his mellow voice, and has since been approached by the B.B.C. for employment (sweeping out the offices). The dance in the evening was a "bumper" success, some 250 guests being entertained.

The annual outing was proclaimed to be at the usual hunting ground of Blackpool (another success). It was noticed that many members took the opportunity to visit relatives in Blackpool. Many cousins and aunts were dug out and the usual greetings offered from their long-lost relatives.

Mention must be made of the officers' and sergeants' shoot, the result being a win for the sergeants. Our congratulations go to the member who won the wooden spoon. His statement of "Somebody has moved my sights" was taken with a pinch of salt.

Brighter cricket was instituted when the match "sergeants v. corporals" was played. Pairs were batting and bowling for 20 minutes each, and as a wicket was taken five runs were deducted. It was surprising the number that came out in debt. The result was a win by a narrow margin to the corporals. The officers then took up the bat and challenged the Mess to a game of brighter cricket. Needless to say, the result was a win to the officers by a narrow margin.

We have to say good-bye to W.O. Instructor Emsley, A.E.C. He will be remembered by many of our bridge fans for his famous forcing two no trumps. We welcome in his place Sgt. Davis, A.E.C., and wish him all success during his stay at the Depot. We welcome Sgt. Prince to the Mess and wish him all success in his new hunting grounds. Finally, we say good-bye to C.S.M. Hemsworth, who has gone to civvy life, and Sgt. Pye, who has transferred to the R.I.F., and we wish them both success in their spheres of life. Congratulations are offered to Sgt. Barrington who was married to Miss Bailey in May, and we welcome Mrs. Barrington to our fold.

SPORT.

CRICKET.—The following are the results of matches played up to date :—College of Resurrection, lost by 4 wickets ; Leeds Allerton, lost by 75 runs ; College of Resurrection, won by 50 runs ; Fulneck School, won by 13 runs ; Heckmondwike, won by 98 runs ; E. L. Nomads, lost by 181 runs ; Leeds Allerton, won by 9 runs ; Fulneck School, lost by 8 wickets ; Craven Gentlemen, lost by 10 wickets and 267 runs ; Cleckheaton Tradesmen, won by 4 wickets and 100 runs ; Old Modernians, won by 79 runs ; Halifax Borough Police, lost by 4 wickets ; Halifax Borough Police, lost by 7 wickets.

On the whole the weather has been very kind and it seems surprising to be able to report that not a single match has had to be abandoned. Admittedly, though, we bravely face the kind of weather which would quickly result in Lords' wicket being covered, and drive all sensibly-minded players to the shelter of the pavilion. In our case the "pavilion" can only house about four persons, so there is really no excuse to give in.

As can be seen from the above, the majority of matches have been won or lost by a big margin, with the balance rather in favour of the "lost." The less said about the

Craven Gentlemen fixture the better, except to remark that we were entertained royally and that of the two bats who did the damage, at least one had recently appeared in the Yorkshire side.

Our most consistent batsmen have been Sgts. Stork and Townend and Pte. Taylor, the highest score of the season to date being Sgt. Stork's 92 against the College of Resurrection. Cpl. Wadd and Sgt. Whitfield have also been useful contributors. Sgt. Stork and Pte. Taylor have been the mainstay of the attack in the field, and Q.M.S. Alexander, Sgts. Whitfield, Cpls. Wadd and Jackson have formed a useful second line. Of the recruits, Pte. Adams, although so far not very successful with the bat, has always shown the greatest keenness in the field and saved many valuable runs. The same can also be said about Pte. Hampshire. In addition, a word must be said about 2nd Lts. Taylor, Mitchell and Clements, all of the S.R., who are now at the Depot doing their preliminary training, and all of whom have been playing regularly. Mitchell is an impressive and very forceful bat.

Finally, report is made of the fact that the sergeants were handsomely defeated by both the officers and corporals, and that in the former match the Commanding Officer made his first appearance on a cricket ground since 1914. Admittedly he took no wickets, but his batting lived up to the impressive blazer he was wearing.

BOXING.—The inter-depot boxing tournament was held at Pontefract on 28th April. Unfortunately we were not able to turn out our best team, but managed to defeat the York and Lancasters in the semi-final by 11 points to 10 points. In the final we lost to the K.O.Y.L.I.'s by 13 points to 8 points. Most of the fights were very even and the score does not really express the closeness of the two teams.

Next year's tournament will be held at Halifax and we are hopeful of winning back the trophy.

REGIMENTAL MUSEUM.

Since the last publication of THE IRON DUKE we have to acknowledge with thanks the following :—

C.S.M. Wood.—Souvenir-box, Coronation.

Sgt. J. Holmes.—Marathi oil lamp.

Mr. Stovell.—Helmet badge and badge as worn on forage cap, 6th West Yorks.

In-Pensioner Garner, 33rd Regiment, Chelsea Hospital.—Metal badge, 33rd Regiment.

Mr. F. Mausell.—Metal hand warmer as used in Crimea.

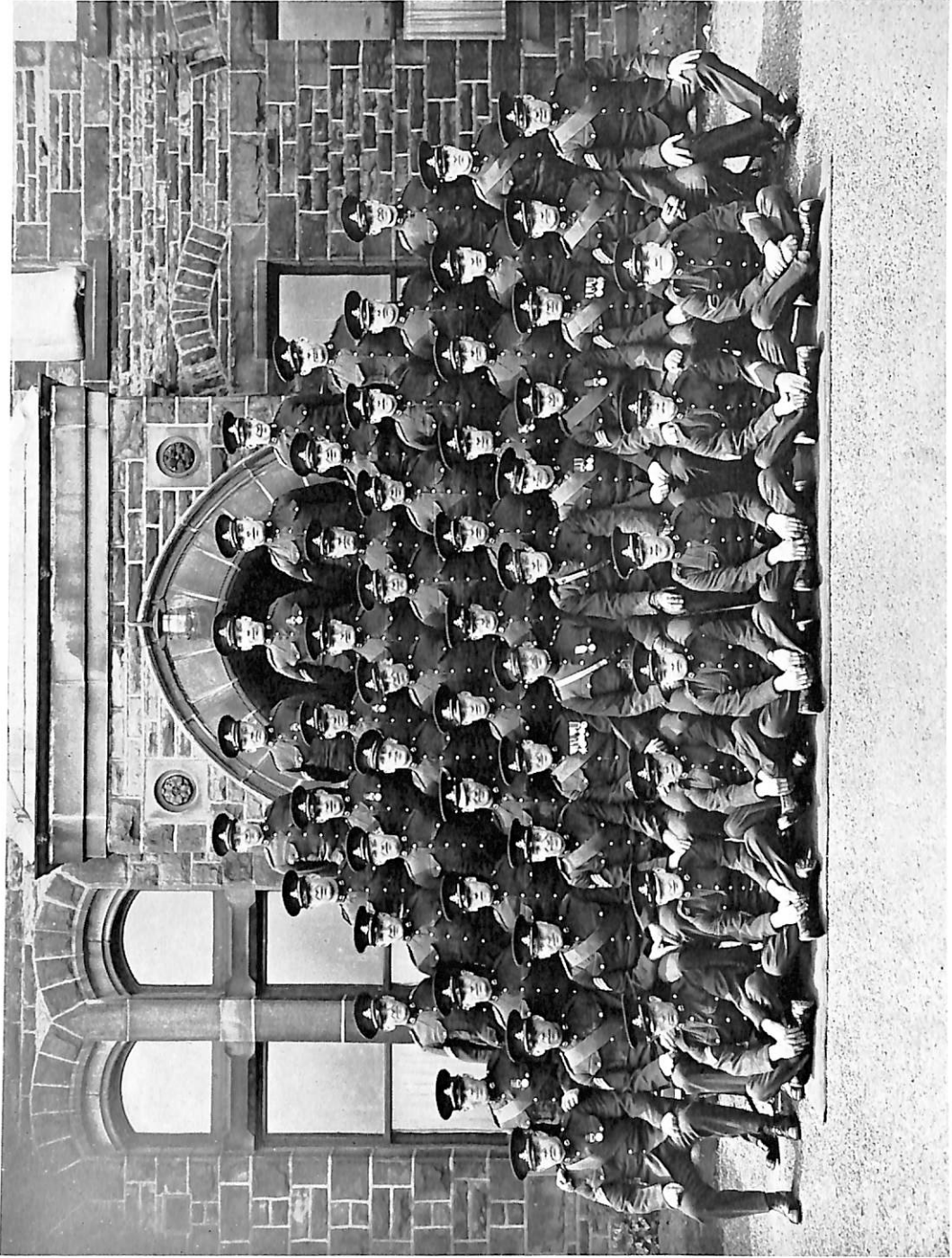
Presentations and donations should be addressed to the Officer Commanding Depot, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, The Barracks, Halifax, and these will be duly acknowledged.

SO WHAT ?

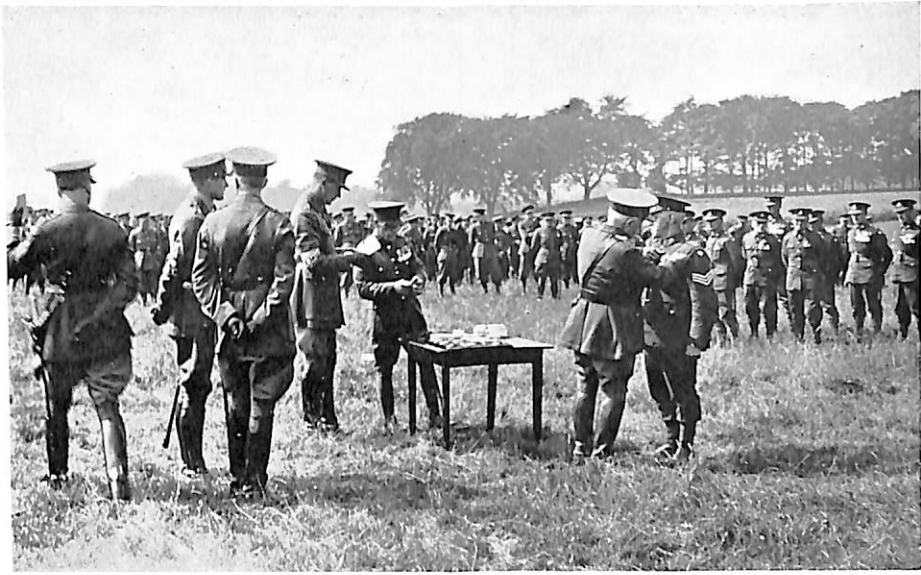
June, 1935.—The German guns are moved from the Depot cricket field to give place to shrubberies. I enthusiastically hail this as a gesture towards peace and encourage Mr. Eden in his good works, at the same time noting that change and decay are inevitable (see I.D., Vol. XI., page 129).

July, 1937.—The German guns, being in the last stages of disrepair and the steel industry being excessively short of material, they are sent to the scrap merchants to provide ——?

A. L.



DEPOT DETACHMENT WHICH WAS ON DUTY AT THE CORONATION.



PRESENTATION OF MEDALS, HALTON CAMP, 1st AUGUST, 1937.

Left to right—Bt.-Col. W. TOZER (Commanding Hallamshire Battalion Y. & L. Regt.), Lt. A. H. P. LAURENCE, Col. L. D. DALY, Bt.-Major B. C. H. KIMMINS, R.S.M. JOWETT, Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner, Sgt. COCKROFT (6th Bn. D.W.R.).



Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner, C.M.G., at Halton Camp, August, 1937.



Wedding of Cpl. C. Menzies and Miss G. V. Partridge (see page 200).

147th (2nd WEST RIDING) INFANTRY BRIGADE NEWS.

OUR annual camp this year at Halton, near Morecambe, in Lancashire, will probably stand near the top of the list in popularity for many years to come. The camp site was good, the training areas really excellent, and last but not least the weather was perfect from start to finish.

The training this year was of particular interest, owing to the change in the platoon organization from the old familiar four sections to three L.A. sections. In spite of many exercises and discussions before camp the new system appeared rather strange to most of us for the first day or two, but platoon tests were carried out on the Wednesday and Thursday, and by the end of the first week the change over was fully understood, and excellent results were noticeable.

Middle Sunday was a glorious hot day, and a parade service was held on the recreation ground with the four bands massed under the direction of Capt. Cole of the Hallamshire Battalion. Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner read the lesson and afterwards presented medals. The usual crowd of visitors were entertained to lunch and sports in the afternoon, and appeared to enjoy themselves thoroughly. We were particularly pleased to see Colonel Sykes and Major Laurence of the old 5th. Camp seemed strange without them, but everyone is delighted, though not in the least surprised, to hear that they are making a great name for themselves in their new R.E. searchlight rôle.

The Divisional Commander, Major-Gen. G. C. Kelly, saw the Hallamshire and 6th Battalions on Monday, 2nd August, and inspected the camp in the afternoon. On the Tuesday he saw an encounter battle staged between the 4th and 7th Battalions. Both were given an approximately equal distance to go, to seize a large hill in the middle of the training areas, and as so often happens in real war, the totally unexpected happened, with the result that the umpires were hard put to it to control the situation. Many valuable lessons were learnt and all ranks worked magnificently on a piping hot day.

On Thursday we had our second Brigade battle between the Hallamshire and the 6th Battalions. In this case the 6th were allowed to reconnoitre in advance a defensive position which the Hallamshires were required to locate and capture if possible. Unlike Tuesday, this battle went more or less according to plan, and proved yet again what a formidable proposition a well-sited battalion in defence can be. Camouflage was used by the defenders and much valuable instruction was gained.

The G.O.C.-in-C. Northern Command paid us a visit on Friday. He visited the Hallamshire Battalion and 4th Battalion on training and then saw the 6th and 7th Battalions march past into camp. The effect of the previous training and a succession of sunny days was most apparent, for the men looked hard and fit and worked most efficiently.

We were again splendidly served by our regular assistance *personnel*. For the first time we were provided with real mortars, and thanks to pre-camp classification of signallers and range takers, the experts were able to devote their attention to the more backward specialists, with the result that very satisfactory final classifications were carried out on the last Friday.

The results of the Brigade trophies competitions were as follows :—Rhodes Transport Cup, 6th Battalion (this was judged and presented by Colonel Rhodes himself) ; Burnett Riding Trophy, 7th Battalion ; Sugden L.A. Trophy, 4th Battalion.

With the departure of the 5th Battalion we now have the Hallamshire Battalion Y. & L. Regiment in the Brigade. They came with a big reputation which was fully justified, and having now served in every other Brigade in the 49th Division, we hope they will be as happy with us as we are glad to have them.

Major B. C. H. Kimmins finishes his time as Brigade Major in September and will be succeeded by Capt. J. H. C. Lawlor, D.W.R.

Altogether a happy, popular and successful camp which will long be remembered.

4th BATTALION NEWS.

ONCE again camp is over, but before writing of what was a most enjoyable fortnight we must refer to our rather distant activities of the spring and early summer.

The annual rifle meeting was held at Bradshaw range on 5th and 26th of June, with the following principal results:—Battalion Championship.—C.Q.M.S. Scott, "B" Company; 2nd, C.S.M. Gledhill, "A" Company, each with a score of 61 points, Scott being placed first by virtue of having obtained the greater score at the longer range. Sergeants' Cup.—C.Q.M.S. Scott, "B" Company. Officers' Cup.—Lt. and Qr.-Mr. G. Foster, score 41 points. Permanent Staff Cup.—C.S.M. J. Glasbey, score 50 points. Team Championships.—Sharrat Cup, "B" Company. Davis Bowl.—1st, "B" Company, 199 points; 2nd, "D" (S.) Company, 64 points. Saville Cup.—1st, "B" Company, 4mins. 30secs.; 2nd, "C" Company, 4mins. 50secs.

2nd Lt. K. E. White has been gazetted since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE, and we wish him long and happy service with the Battalion. In Cert. "A" examination, Part (2), 2nd Lts. J. Winter and R. W. Asquith were successful. Shortly before camp 2nd Lts. J. Brooke, P. A. Smith and J. H. S. Rawson attended a course at the R.M.C., Sandhurst.

Of those who represented the Battalion at the Coronation ceremony in London, medals have been awarded to Lt.-Col. Grylls, Capt. Bentley, C.S.M. Barr, Ptes. Bossett and Gladwin; Dm.-Major Millar has also been awarded this medal.

Annual training in camp began on 25th July at Halton, near Lancaster; 20 officers and 470 other ranks attended. Apart from bad weather experienced by the advance party, the whole fortnight was spent under conditions ideal both as regards the camp site and the really wonderful summer weather. The training carried out on the new three-section-per-platoon basis proved most interesting and much has been learned. The night operations were very successful and in marked contrast to the wet and muddy night experienced at Wathgill last year. On the "middle Sunday" Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner took the salute after the Brigade church parade. We were glad to welcome our Honorary Colonel, Colonel Walker, and many past members and friends of the Battalion.

The Sugden Trophy is again in our possession. In the Battalion competitions at camp the Mackintosh Cup (L.A.) was won by "C" Company, the Savile Cup (company drill) by "A" Company, the Denning Cup (company lines competition) by "A" Company, the football and cross-country shields by "C" Company.

The very beautiful War Memorial of the 1/4th and 2/4th Battalions is nearing completion. The Battalion will provide a guard of honour at the unveiling ceremony by H.R.H. The Princess Royal on 4th September.

SERGEANTS' MESS.—Congratulations to C.Q.M.S. Scott on winning the Battalion rifle championship and the Sergeants' Mess cup; at the same time we must sympathise with C.S.M. Gledhill who appeared to have the double event well in hand until the 500 yards point was reached, and a possible by Scott at this range robbed him of the championship.

We held our usual "at home" in camp on the middle Sunday and quite a number of ex-members and friends of the Battalion came out to see us; a very enjoyable day was spent, though the close proximity of Morecambe drew many away from camp at an early hour.

In spite of outside attractions, a very successful concert and smoker was held on the evening of Tuesday, 3rd August; the attendance of the Commanding Officer, of Colonel Goldthorp, and of all the officers, including those attached, was much appreciated by the Mess members; we can only hope they thought it worth while, though so far as one could ascertain they had "no regrets."

In conclusion, we wish to thank the members of the Sergeants' Mess, 43rd (5th Duke of Wellington's Regiment), A.A. Battalion, R.Es., for their message of good wishes received in camp. We miss them most who knew them best.

43rd (5th D. of W.) A.A. Battalion R.E. News.

FOR us this year's camp is still a coming event, which for a long time now has been casting its shadow before. It will be a camp strangely unlike those to which we have been accustomed, but one which we have no doubt will prove as great a success as those of the past. Our conversion has meant that we have had to break new ground, not only in the part of the country to which we are going, but also in the time of year at which camp, on this occasion at all events, is being held. We leave on the evening of Saturday, 21st August, for Pembroke Dock in South Wales, and return on Sunday, 5th September.

Any account of our activities in this issue is therefore necessarily confined to our pre-camp training. For the most part this has been of an individual and somewhat technical nature, relieved by the spasmodic appearances of target aircraft by day and, in suitable atmospheric conditions, by night. Night runs, which are the equivalent of our previous tactical exercises, have proved an enormous success, greatly enjoyed (whatever the weather) by all those privileged to participate in them, and particularly by those whose detachment happened happily to be sited near to the amenities of life.

Detachments are entirely responsible for their own interior economy and administration, subject only to visiting rounds, and one incident will show that the old spirit has in no way been lost or impaired in the process of conversion. On the occasion of a recent night run, the visiting officer, in the course of a number of questions designed to test the efficiency of the detachment commander, asked him if he had made satisfactory arrangements for the supply of water. "Water, Sir," replied the N.C.O. in blank amazement, "What for, Sir?"

Recruiting has continued to come up to expectations, the Battalion strength passed the 500 mark early in July, and enlistments are still proceeding at a satisfactory rate. A feature has been that considerable numbers of men who packed up on conversion have reconsidered their decision and have rejoined. These, together with the old soldiers who have come back, have provided an admirable stiffening to the new recruits, and have relieved us of the necessity of spending a disproportionate amount of time on elementary drill and discipline.

All the usual ceremonial and church parades have been held as in the past, and in addition four officers and 56 other ranks attended the Coronation parade in London of H.M. King George VI. His Majesty has awarded his Coronation medal to the following officers and other ranks of the Battalion:—Col. K. Sykes, Major J. M. Haigh, R.Q.M.S. N. Hobson, C.S.M. A. Hart, C.Q.M.S. V. Langrick, Sgt. S. Pearson, Spr. F. Hill.

The Battalion, perhaps for the last time, as musketry other than A.A.L.A. is no longer part of our regular training, was represented at the annual meeting of the Yorkshire Territorial Team and Rifle Association at Strensall at Whitsun, and the team of 372 Coy. (late "B" Coy.) is to be congratulated on winning the Wilson bowl and on being second in the Yorkshire Trophy competition.

We welcome 2nd Lt. P. B. Buckley and 2nd Lt. M. Jubb who have been gazetted to the Battalion and have been posted to 373 and 371 companies respectively.

After a brief interval for rest and recuperation the Officers' Mess has resumed once more its efforts on behalf of the future of the nation, and on this occasion our congratulations are due to Major R. C. Laurence on the birth of a son, and to Lt. S. J. S. Walker on the birth of a daughter. At the same time it is satisfactory to be able to record that the younger generation intend to follow the noble example set by their predecessors, and in this connection our heartiest congratulations are offered to 2nd Lt. C. B. Kaye on his engagement to Miss B. Dawson.

The Officers' Mess plate has been increased by the generous gift of a number of silver tankards, presented respectively by Capt. H. Harvey, on relinquishing his appointment as adjutant, by the company commanders on promotion, and by the subalterns. We are also grateful to our M.O., Major J. W. Hirst, for presenting to the Mess the medal of the Abyssinia Campaign, 1867-8, which was awarded to Pte. J. Booth, 33rd, Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

6th BATTALION NEWS.

MANY events have taken place since the last notes were written ; taken in the order of their occurrence, and reverting to the month of May, the never-to-be-forgotten Coronation celebrations take pride of place. The writer had hoped that one of the Battalion representatives who took part in the actual ceremony would have written an account of it as experienced on the spot, but once again it is proved to the "hilt" that the pen is mightier than the sword. The very interesting incidents experienced by the Coronation contingent, some of which were hardly military, would make good reading, but space forbids.

The Coronation contingent *personnel* consisted of Colonel J. S. Spencer, Sgt. W. Hawkins, Sgt. R. D. Jessop and Pte. G. H. Horner in the procession, and Capt. G. Fell, Lt. J. M. Horsfall and 25 other ranks lining the streets. At home, the Battalion commanded by Major E. H. Llewellyn, second in command, took part in Coronation Day parades at Skipton, Keighley and Barnoldswick.

Coronation medals have been given to Brig.-Gen. R. L. Adlercron, Hon. Colonel, Colonel J. S. Spencer, Capt. G. Fell, C.S.Ms. C. Crook, J. W. Barnes, J. W. Swallow, and Pte. G. A. Metcalfe, to whom many congratulations.

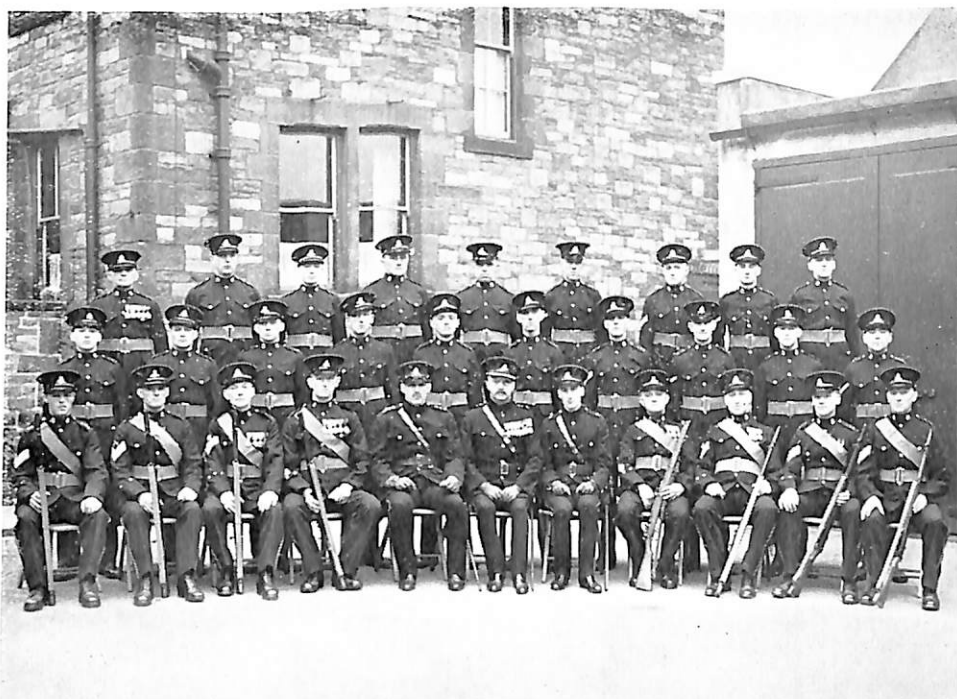
A few days prior to the departure of the Battalion Coronation representatives, on 7th May to be exact, the officers held a very successful ball at Keighley. The committee, with Capt. G. Fell in command, put their backs and their heads into the effort, and they will be rewarded by being given the same duty during the coming season. Very many old friends of the Battalion graced the proceedings with their presence, and we appreciate their continued interest and support in the well-being of this Battalion.

The Battalion Musketry representatives gave a good account of themselves at the Strensall rifle meeting at Whitsuntide. The Adjutant, Capt. C. K. T. Faithfull, retained the West Riding Association Cup, Major E. H. Llewellyn secured the officers' challenge cup and the Ebor competition was won by C.S.M. T. Uttley, who brought back the permanent staff cup. The officers' team was third and the Battalion was sixth in the Bingham shield competition. Fourth place in the all comers' open sight aggregate was secured by Sgt. R. D. Jessop with 120 points. Bronze medals for possibles were won by Major E. H. Llewellyn and L/Cpl. Burnett. Cpl. Lord was awarded a Coronation medal in the new Coronation competition. From a financial point of view the visit was a great success.

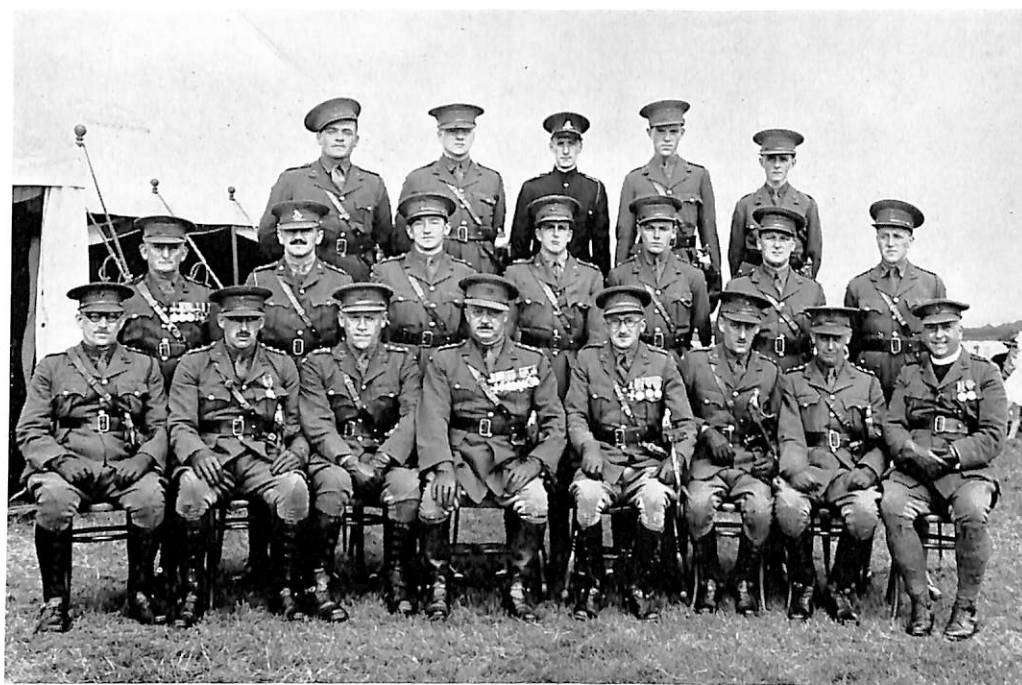
Whilst writing of such matters, the Bisley successes merit space. The Divisional teams, which included Capt. C. K. T. Faithfull, 2nd Lt. T. L. H. B. Macleod, Sgt. R. D. Jessop and L/Sgt. F. Helliwell of the 6th Battalion, gained (A and B teams) 5th and 7th place in the China Cup. The Battalion team was placed 7th in the Lewis gun match (Regular and Territorial). Individual prizes were won in many competitions, the best being the winning of the open sight City of London Corporation 1,000 yards by Sgt. R. D. Jessop.

At the Battalion competitions held at Oxenhope ranges in June, "D" Company won the High Sheriff's competition, and "B" Company won the L.A. match. "D" Company was awarded the Battalion Cup for the highest aggregate. Officers' cup, Major E. H. Llewellyn ; sergeants' cup, Sgt. Jessop ; permanent staff prize, R.S.M. C. Bagshaw.

CAMP.—The Halton camp will be recorded in the long list of training camps as one of the most popular and pleasant. The weather decided to do its part, and the day of arrival saw the commencement of an untarnished fortnight of perfect summer. The site was ideal and the Battalion marched into camp 20 officers and 420 other ranks strong.



6th BATTALION CORONATION CONTINGENT, 1937.



THE OFFICERS, 6th BATTALION, HALTON CAMP, 1937.

7th BATTALION.



Guard of Honour to Major B. C. H. Kimmins, R.A., the retiring Brigade Major of 147th Infantry Brigade.

Training consisted mainly of the handling of the new formations and the tactics dependent upon the new weapons and mechanised organisation. A good proportion of spare time was spent enjoying the amenities of the locality and revelling in the seaside adjuncts of a popular resort—Morecambe.

All the activities which go to make a successful training camp were good ; these included the actual training on the training area, recreation, sports, parades and "night ops."

The Battalion was located next to the Hallamshire Battalion, The York and Lancaster Regiment, and we got to know each other. We wish them all the best in their future connections with the 147th Infantry Brigade.

Middle Sunday was a delightful day and the holiday spirit was abundant. The day commenced with a Brigade drum-head service, conducted by the Rev. Capt. W. R. H. Wright, C.F., after which T.A. efficiency medals were presented by Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner to the following :—R.Q.M.S. A. Cutler, C.Q.M.S. G. Harwood, C.S.M. J. W. Swallow, C.S.M. C. Crook, C.Q.M.S. P. Colley, Sgts. F. Sims, W. T. Cockroft, W. Hawkins, L/Sgts. Ward, Haley, Pte. Hugill.

Visitors had by this time arrived from Skipton, Keighley, Haworth, Bingley, Barnoldswick and Guiseley districts. Seventy officers and guests sat down to lunch, among whom were Brig.-Gen. R. L. Adlercron, Colonel N. B. Chaffers, Colonel K. Sykes, Lt.-Col. Sir Norman Seddon-Brown, Majors H. Dixon, A. B. Clarkson, R. C. Laurence, Capt. Sir Donald Horsfall, G. W. Rickards, Esq., M.P. (Skipton Division), Mrs. J. S. Spencer, Mrs. E. H. Llewellyn, Mr. and Mrs. Fell, Mrs. Pawson, Mrs. Ogden, Mrs. and Miss Bairstow, Mrs. Kinder, Mr. and Mrs. M. Nutter, Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson and Mrs. Wood.

On the second Monday the Divisional Commander, Major-Gen. G. C. Kelly and staff joined us at lunch, and on the last Friday the G.O.C. Northern Command, General Sir Alexander E. Wardrop, did likewise. General Wardrop presented the Territorial efficiency medal to A/Cpl. J. Smith.

The Regimental Sports were as enthusiastic as ever, and as usual certain special events were so exciting that difficulty was experienced in keeping the spectators in their own domain. The officers again beat the sergeants in the traditional tug-of-war, and the junior officers for the second time beat the senior officers in the point-to-point over the Mess marquee ; the senior officers are getting too brittle. The Battalion won the Rhodes Cup for the best turned-out team of four company commanders' chargers. The transport officer and his *personnel* made a very praiseworthy effort.

Our Honorary Colonel, General R. L. Adlercron, honoured us with a visit which was pleasantly long. General Adlercron's real interest in the activities of the Battalion is very much appreciated. Among others who paid us official and unofficial calls were General P. A. Turner, Colonel F. Longden Smith, Lt.-Col. E. W. Stanyforth and Lt.-Col. G. K. Sullivan. The officers attending camp for the first time were Lt. A. G. K. Somerville, (awaiting gazette), 2nd Lts. R. Helme, T. L. H. B. Macleod, D. H. Smith and B. Hartley.

SERGEANTS' MESS.—We are bound to admit defeat in the traditional tug-of-war with the officers, probably owing to the sergeants having imbibed too many of Saml. Smith's "Taddies" before the pull. Next year we intend to have two neutral umpires to count continually the numbers pulling in each team.

Camp, from the point of view of the Sergeants' Mess, was very successful, and we have a great deal to be thankful for in having found an extremely good cook.

Our middle Sunday arrangements passed off extremely well, nearly 200 guests from all parts of the Battalion area being catered for. The feeding arrangements were a great success, for which most of the credit is due to A/O.R.Q.M.S. Ramsbottom, who is now serving with us as the Commanding Officer's clerk.

The Sergeants' Mess annual concert was held on Wednesday, 4th August, and a very pleasant evening was spent. We were more than pleased to welcome as one of our guests Brig.-Gen. R. L. Adlercron. We were also pleased to welcome the Commanding Officer and all other officers of the Battalion.

After the conclusion of the concert the traditional "Cardinal Puff" competition took place, and after an extremely prolonged effort, Lt. A. G. K. Somerville was elected as a new member of the Order.

A challenge thrown out to the officers at 1 a.m. to a point-to-point marquee race met with a series of groans but no competitors; we were therefore bound to claim a walk-over.

We congratulate the following on their promotion:—C.Q.M.S. R. D. Jessop, C.S.M. W. H. Ratcliffe, C.Q.M.S. M. Robinson, Sgts. F. Helliwell, H. Mooney, L/Sgts. R. Dodgson, H. Pickles, H. Taylor, A. Calvert, D. H. Reeday.

7th BATTALION NEWS.

WE made an effort this year to complete our musketry early, so as to leave more time for tactical training later. Unfortunately the rifle companies were allotted a wet and unpleasant week-end in April, in which they nobly persevered and produced quite good results. The machine gunners on the following week-end were more fortunate.

The early date gave more time for practice in preparation for Strensall at Whitsuntide, and at the end of the first day's shooting we felt that at last we were rewarded. In the standard test competition we had four out of the first five places—2nd Lt. Wilkinson first, Capt. Miles second, C.S.M. Thompson fourth and Sgt. A. Lockwood fifth—while L/Cpl. Greenhaigh tied for first place in the West Riding T.A. prize and holds the cup for six months. But that was the end of our successes; the following two days produced nothing better than some small money prizes, while in the Bingham and other team shoots we occupied a very modest position.

The Coronation must have its place in these notes, for, like other T.A. units, we were represented there. Lt.-Col. Hinchcliffe, R.Q.M.S. Smith, C.S.M. Lees and O.R.S. Firth marched in the procession from the Abbey and Major Howcroft, Lt. P. B. Tanner and 25 other ranks lined a portion of Regent Street. The processional troops had a long walk and saw very little apart from the crowds on the route, while the street liners had a very excellent view of the whole procession.

The outstanding recollections include the muddiest camps we have seen since 1918, standing in Regent Street under showers of sweets from the upper windows (a severe trial to military discipline), a collection of unheard of and almost incredible Colonial troops leading the procession, a body of Australian giants who halted opposite to us (and who had no scruples about making the best of the shower of sweets and fruit), some Guards marching in eights with a precision we had never imagined, a great burst of applause for Mr. Baldwin, some charming Princesses and Royal Duchesses, and finally, in the great golden coach, the King and Queen, looking very young and very serious. Then it seemed that the greater part of the British Army (consisting now, apparently, mostly of artillery) marched through. Before it was our turn to move it rained, and we reached our wet camp thoroughly wet through after a most interesting day.

Coronation medals were given to Colonel Mellor, Lt.-Col. Hinchcliffe, Major Howcroft, C.S.M. Lees, C.S.M. Smith, O.R.S. Firth and L/Cpl. Clarke, while Sgt. Laming also received one in his civil capacity.

About a fortnight later the Commanding Officer and our five latest-joined officers attended His Majesty's Levée.

Training included a Divisional T.E.W.T. in May and a Battalion affair with well-chosen H.Q. at Greta Bridge ; the schemes were not ambitious but rather simplified so as to give an opportunity of learning to handle the new three-section organisation. Another Battalion exercise at Morecambe in June enabled officers to see the training areas, and gave at least one officer a lesson in map reading which we hope will not be forgotten.

The new scheme of ten compulsory drills on dates selected by the C.O. enabled us to get most of the Battalion out on the moors one fine Sunday in July, and to do quite a good morning's platoon training.

It may be remarked that the new system of payment for drills to make up the £5 bounty has helped attendances to some extent but does not seem to have had the hoped-for effect on recruiting. Our strength in July was 483 other ranks compared with 484 in July, 1936.

A gloom was cast over the early days of camp by the death, under tragic circumstances, of our M.O., Lt. A. T. Halton. In his one camp he had proved a very popular officer, and we had looked forward not only to having his company in camp again, but also to seeing the improvement in his health which had been so marked during camp last year. Two officers went from camp to represent the Battalion at the funeral.

Of camp itself we can only write in superlatives. We had the best weather since 1926, if not the best since the war ; we had as pleasant a camp site as anyone could wish, and we had by far the best training areas we have ever seen. The available area was very large—almost as big as at Catterick—but, unlike Catterick, full of small features which gave a company commander a chance to make his training interesting. And Morecambe—the Mecca, it seems, of all Yorkshiremen—was only about four miles away.

The advance party had some rain to contend with, and we remembered stories of wet camps in this area told us by the 42nd Division. But it cleared on the Sunday, and not a drop of rain fell except at night, while we were in camp. The sun shone, and we fell at last for the fashion of shirt-sleeve parades which we had hitherto resisted.

Our strength in camp was 456 other ranks and every officer on the strength attended, a few for eight days, but mostly for the whole period. We had in addition attached to us the Rev. R. Street, Capt. Lawlor, who, we understand, is to be our Brigade Major next year, and Capt. Huxley of the K.O.Y.L.I., to whom we were much indebted for their help in training.

Training was rather more advanced than we have attempted in recent years. After a " platoon test " (of doubtful value) in the early days of camp, we advanced fairly quickly to Battalion schemes, and on one day to an inter-battalion exercise. Our range-takers did very well, four qualifying as first class and four as second class. Fourteen signallers classified, and we had for the first time a number of men trained in the Stokes mortar.

" Middle Sunday " was a great day ; there was church parade in the morning, when General Turner gave long service medals to our newest old soldiers, then the officers and sergeants entertained many guests, and the afternoon was filled with sports in which " B " Company, as so often, won the majority of events. We had with us our Honorary Colonel, Colonel Mellor, Colonel Sir Gilbert and Lady Tanner and Capt. Harding, and during the day we saw Colonel Sykes of the 5th Battalion, Brig.-Gen. Sugden, and other old officers of the 4th Battalion, and many old members of the Battalion from all parts of our area. We were honoured by a visit from the Mayor of Mossley, who appeared resplendent in his chain, and accompanied by the Mayoress, just in time for the lunch, which we fancy he had spent the morning in preparing for us. He faded from our view to re-appear as Sgt. Laming as soon as he could, but not before we had made it clear that we think a great deal of the Mayor of the chief town in our area.

One evening was devoted to saying good-bye to Major Kimmins who is soon to leave the Brigade. He was escorted to camp, dined and escorted back by a cavalcade which

surprised some of the peaceful villagers. We hope he may still think kindly of the Brigade!

Of competitions on the last day the most important—the drill competition—was again won by "A" Company. For the Burnett Trophy competition we had our regular Company Commanders and we again won it by a considerable margin. We also held the Rhodes Cup for a few minutes, but only as a result of some faulty arithmetic which was soon rectified.

We still retain our eight riding horses, but there is a clear tendency to use horses less and cars more. Our two trucks did good service, as did the five hired lorries which we had in addition. We foresee in future camps, when we have more of our own vehicles, a glorious outbreak of minor accidents, which will far surpass the by no means contemptible efforts of our old horse transport in providing matter for courts of enquiry. Our score this camp was only one, but we see great possibilities!

The Yorkton Regiment Perpetuated.

64th (YORKTON) FIELD BATTERY, R.C.A.

IN a previous issue we mentioned the re-organization of the Canadian Militia, and that under the new order of things the Yorkton Regiment ceased to be an infantry regiment and became instead two batteries, one an anti-aircraft machine gun battery, and the other an 18-pounder field battery, under the title of the 64th (Yorkton) Field Battery, R.C.A. As a result of this, the venue for the annual training camp was changed from the Saskatchewan training area, known as Dundurn, to the Shilo Camp in Manitoba. This place is situated about 120 miles west of Winnipeg, and is a splendid site for artillery work. Another change was evident in the reduced *personnel* which was permitted to attend the training camp, as the allotment for each battery was only five officers and nine other ranks, these latter to consist of specialists.

Being newly formed, and, as a natural consequence, almost entirely unacquainted with the ins and outs of the artillery game, we went to camp with much trepidation; but fortunately for us, the instructors assumed we would be very ignorant, so, with intelligent forethought, took up with us very elementary work. As a result of this attitude, we really had a most enjoyable and valuable camp, and came away most enthusiastic about the work.

Lt. Pat Gilbert, from our Battery, was innocently responsible for the prize boner which resulted in much amusement. "C" Battery of the R.C.H.A. had given a marvellous demonstration of taking up a position, and Capt. Sparling, of the R.C.H.A., having concluded an equally splendid explanation of the movements, asked the customary, "Are there any questions, gentlemen?" In the midst of the silence which followed, Pat quietly asked, "Can you please tell me the name of this little yellow flower?" Such a tactical error is positively appalling, and we can readily conjure up the most devastating results if the science of botany were ever to get mixed up with ballistics, trajectory, projectiles, and what-have-you.

We are pleased to report that, under the re-organization, Lt.-Col. S. L. Waterman has been named O.C. 17th Brigade, R.C.A., of which the two batteries perpetuating the Yorkton Regiment are an integral part. We must also congratulate Lt.-Col. Waterman on his success in the theory portion of his Militia staff course, and trust he will do equally well in the practical course which he has to take very shortly at Sarcee, Alberta.

Unfortunately, all changes produce the bitter with the sweet, and in this connection we are sorry that some of our esteemed fellow-officers had to be either retired or placed on the reserve of officers, as they could not be placed in either battery. We hope they will never forget the good days we had together in the past.

1st (YORKTON) ANTI-AIRCRAFT MACHINE GUN BATTERY, R.C.A.

Owing to a policy of either inflation or deflation (the writer has not yet been quite able to decide which), the formation of the 1st A.A. (M.G.) Battery, R.C.A., was, under the military term "re-organization," duly promulgated in General Order 194 of 1936, and "B" and "D" Companies of the Yorkton Regiment were called upon to give birth to the new unit. So on 15th December, 1936, the new "baby" was, by the same G.O., born; and, by the way, it still remains the one and only offspring of its particular breed so far produced from the labour-pains of the Canadian Militia.

Speculation was rife as to the meaning of the mysterious letters forming their nomenclature—viz. : 1st A.A. (M.G.) Battery, R.C.A. On arrival in Dundurn Camp for annual training last July one was suggested that indents be forwarded to Headquarters for sufficient bows and arrows and cross-bows to equip the battery with some means of protection, as they had arrived in an entirely defenceless condition, no rifles, bayonets or L.G.'s, not even pea-shooters. Asked how he got that way, and why the ancient weapons of defence, he replied that they evidently needed some lessons in algebra or they would know that the equation describing their identity resolved itself as follows:—A.A. and M.G. equals Ante-Deluvian Artillery, equals Bows and Arrows—whilst ancient machine guns could not mean anything else but Cross-bows. However, a few days after arrival they were equipped with the latest type of machine gun (Vickers) devised for the defence of the Realm.

The training strength of the unit while in camp was three officers (Major Lovell, Capt. Keller and 2nd Lt. Robinson) and 30 other ranks; and by the way, the orderly room sergeant reports that the camp S.M., evidently an old ex-Imperial (moustaches and all), was engaged in studying our "marching in state," and also observing the incoming troops with a mean and critical eye. Their deportment evidently did not please him . . . you should have seen him chewing his tusks—which one had to admit were a handsome set. Not able to stand the scene any longer, he exploded with the remark, "marching in state . . . Yes, marching in a hell of a state!!!!"

In the sports held just prior to breaking camp the Battery had one laurel to their credit—Gunner Gensick, "A" Section, exploded into action and won for us the welter-weight bout in the boxing event. Not a very creditable showing for the Battery but they promise to be better organized next year.

Contrary to expectation, there was no wet canteen. The look of disgust on the face of one ex-Imperial when he was asked to lubricate and was served with lemon-sour informed the world more plainly than words that, in his opinion, the Army was going to the demnition bow-wows.

The officers' and Sergeants' Messes were, however, more fortunate. Judge for yourself when it is told that the sergeants were assessed one dollar per member for the purchase of extras. The president must in civil life be a financier, for to the astonishment of all concerned he returned to each member ninety cents at the close of camp. Asked how he was able to accomplish such a miracle, he dryly remarked "lubrication," and on being asked to elucidate, he said, "The sergeants of the 1st A.A. Battery were a very industrious bunch when it came to drinking beer—hence the patronage dividend of ninety cents on their industry." Results: lots to eat, lots to drink, and 90 per cent. of the Mess fees returned.

Despite the fact that we should have gone to camp at Shilo in Manitoba, where the artillery train—we learned this about the time the camp broke up—we had a very pleasant time although it was extremely hot during the ten days; the temperature hovered between 90 and 100 degrees without a break each day, yet there were no casualties from the heat, which speaks well for the endurance of the troops.

33rd BATTALION (A.M.F.) NEWS.

IN all centres from which the Battalion is drawn the detachments of the unit played a prominent part in the Coronation Day celebrations, which in every case were marked by deep and whole-hearted expressions of loyalty to the Crown and to Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth.

The annual ball of the Battalion was held in the Tamworth War Memorial Town Hall on Coronation night. Over a thousand dancers, who came from all parts of the New England district, enjoyed themselves at what was the outstanding ball at Tamworth during the season, and the spacious gallery was crowded with those who preferred to watch the colourful scene below.

Other highly successful functions have been held at Gunnedah and Glen Innes, and the Armidale detachment is combining with the 12/24th Light Horse to hold their annual ball on 21st September.

Since the last notes were sent to THE IRON DUKE home training has continued in all centres. The musketry courses for the year ending 30th June have been completed. We congratulate Sgt. R. H. Mitchell, of Glen Innes, on being the best combined shot (rifle and light automatic) among the W.Os., sergeants and lance-sergeants in the Battalion, and Cpl. C. S. Gilchrist, of Armidale, on being the best combined shot among the corporals, lance-corporals and privates.

The best combined shots at the various centres were :—C/Sgt. W. Allen (Tamworth), C/Sgt. M. E. Light (Armidale), Sgt. R. H. Mitchell (Glen Innes), Sgt. E. B. Fishwick (Quirindi), and L/Cpl. L. N. Stanger (Gunnedah).

This year our annual camp of continuous training will be held at Raymond Terrace early in October, and promises to be a successful and interesting one. The work will include instruction in beach defence, which will be carried out near the southern entrance to Port Stephens. At the week-end 31st July-1st August several officers of the Battalion will visit the training area to commence the preparation of the tactical exercises.

H.M.S. IRON DUKE.

At Portsmouth,

31st July, 1937.

Dear Mr. Editor,

As was exclusively foretold in this column in your June number, the Coronation took place in London on 12th May. Our sailors were given a very conspicuous portion of the route to line, near Admiralty Arch, and have now reduced themselves to poverty by visiting every one of the cinemas at which they were reported to be starring. As I had no connection with their training or organisation, I can mention that several officer and other spectators remarked that the *Iron Dukes* were very smart and covered themselves with glory. Apparently they quite enjoyed their time up in London; the arrangements for their comfort and transport worked very smoothly, and, as one of them said, they even found they'd "turned up on the right day after all."

Our next notable activity was the Review at Spithead on 20th May, also a feather in my cap as a prophet. Before taking part we disembarked all our boys and steamed round to Torbay, where we collected nearly 300 cadets from Dartmouth. This arrangement acted to our common advantage because, while they got a good view of the Review and a week's interesting break away from their normal studies, we benefited by the extra man power, or rather boy power, available for cleaning brightwork and other useful jobs.

The berth assigned to us at Spithead, which could not have been bettered had the choice been our own, provided a splendid view of all the other vessels present. On the day itself, however, the visibility was limited to about two miles, and the far end of the lines faded away into the mists, so that any unimaginative visitors were probably prevented



V.C.B.

THE CAPTAIN, H.M.S. "IRON DUKE."

from realising the full size and power of the assembled fleets. A low ceiling of cloud also caused the cancellation of the final fly-past of the 'planes dipping in salute to His Majesty, which would have been most impressive. The newspapers doubtless had to scrap their headlines "Sun shines in welcome for newly-crowned King" and substitute "Grey skies and lowering clouds form fitting setting for Britain's grim steel walls," but no other real harm was done.

It is the little things that stick in one's memory for years, not the great, and these are those that I shall remember. Firstly, the cheering of the Russian battleship *Marat*. Everyone else was ordered to cheer in the form of three perfectly-timed staccato "Raahs." When the *Victoria & Albert* passed the Russian however, a voice through a megaphone gave an order and everybody cheered as at a cup final until another order told them to stop. It was most whole-hearted and effective. Secondly, the expression of horror on the face of a Pressman. He had boasted that his paper would be first with the news as he had brought carrier pigeons, suitably starved, for the purpose; it was pointed out that no sailor in his misguided kindness ever failed to feed any bird or beast he saw, and that the chances of a pigeon being able to take off at all after a couple of hours on board were very slight. Thirdly, the resounding cracks which rocket-sticks make when they come down at speed on to funnels and decks.

We feel that we are now getting to know some of your officers, where formerly the friendship between the Regiment and the Ship was historical rather than personal. We were delighted that Colonel and Mrs. Burnett and Capt. Miles were able to come on board as the Captain's guests for the Review, and hope they enjoyed the day. It is very certain that Capt. Douglas-Pennant and Lt.-Commander Linton thoroughly enjoyed their evening when they attended your Regimental dinner as guests of the Regiment on 11th June. They brought back most glowing accounts of the company, the food, the drink, and the arrangements, especially the kind thought (although the Captain suggests it may have been primarily inspired by self-interest) by which you excused guests from the necessity of making any speech.

Amongst other exercises in which the ship has taken part was the demonstration for the Royal Air Force Staff College from Andover on 17th June. In addition to the officers from the College this was witnessed by the King's Indian orderly officers and some 30 cadets from H.M.S. *Erebus*. The exercises consisted of attacks by destroyers, aircraft and a submarine as well as 6in. full-calibre firings. Everything went smoothly, although a couple of merchant ships decided to occupy the most inconvenient spot in the whole English Channel and thereby considerably embarrassed the destroyer attack.

Capt. Douglas-Pennant will be leaving us in October to take up an appointment at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and will be relieved by Capt. A. J. L. Phillips. Amongst other changes, although your letters will continue as heretofore, will be the departure of—

YOUR CORRESPONDENT.

[—whose lively letters will be much missed.—ED.].

Old Uniforms of the Regiment.

Lt.-Col. R. M. Tidmarsh has undertaken the onerous duty of research connected with the old uniforms of the Regiment (Regular Battalions), and we should be much obliged if anyone possessing sketches, documents or other information regarding the old uniforms would write to Lt.-Col. R. M. Tidmarsh, Greenhill, Hythe, Kent. It is particularly requested that letters on the subject should be addressed to Colonel Tidmarsh *before sketches or other matter are sent.*

REGIMENTAL DINNER AND LADIES' TEA.

The dinner was held at the Army and Navy Club on Friday, 11th June. We would ask our readers to forgive any errors or omissions that may be found in these notes, especially as regards the attendance at the ladies' tea, the fact being that the Hon. Secretary of the Dinner Club omitted to send in a report before departing for the wilds of Newfoundland, where he has successfully cut himself off from all communication.

The Regimental Committees were held in the Nelson Room at the Army and Navy Club on Friday, 11th June, at 3.10 p.m. Present :—Brig.-Gen. Turner, Colonel Pickering, Lt.-Cols. Huntriss and Trench, Majors Ince, Owen and Green, Capt. Bolton and F. P. A. Woods. The accounts of the Dinner Club were first presented, and last year's letters of thanks from Colonel Daly and Major Kimmins, who were guests at the dinner, were read. It was also announced that the Duke of Wellington, owing to a previous engagement, was unable to attend this year's dinner; however, Capt. Douglas-Pennant and Lt.-Commander Linton of H.M.S. *Iron Duke* had both accepted. The accounts of THE IRON DUKE were next presented, and it was pointed out that the balance credit in hand had gone down from just over £100 to £85 odd. This was simply owing to the fact that we had spent rather more money than we ought to have done on the illustrations and size of the magazine.

It was unanimously decided to continue holding the O.C.A. dinner on the night of the final of the Rugby League at the Union Jack Club. Capt. Bolton pointed out that he was sure it was important to keep to the same place so that our members would know where the dinner was and would thus be much more likely to attend. The Chairman read a letter from the Soldiers, Sailors and Airmens Families' Association, Officers' Branch Committee, asking if the Regiment would subscribe a further £5, as there were now two ladies residing at Queen Alexandra's Court. The Committee discussed the matter, and were in favour of acceding to the request; they were of the opinion that this should be a Regimental, not a Battalion matter. General Turner stated that the Memorial Pension Fund accounts had now been handed over entirely to the O.C.A., and further notices as to the accounts, etc., would be found in the O.C.A. notices. The Memorial Pension Fund still keeps a general control over the pensions, but the whole of the management is now transferred to the O.C.A. Major Ince stated that the Memorial Minster Fund accounts, and an account of what was being done, had been published in THE IRON DUKE, so that he had really little to say in the matter. Lt.-Col. Huntriss, the Chairman of our local committee, said that the cleaning of the Chapel had begun, the Colours had been safely put away for the time being, and the Chapel was full of scaffolding. He said that he had seen the result of the cleaning in St. Stephen's Chapel, on the other side of the Minster, and there was no doubt that it had been most successful. We were helping the Minster authorities with a donation of £100 towards the cleaning of our Chapel. Major Ince said there was a proposal to put up a set of gates in the R.M.C. Memorial Chapel, and he was getting particulars from the Sandhurst authorities. The Regimental Crest came up for discussion, and on this matter those concerned will receive a separate communication. The idea of a Regimental cricket week was discussed, but nothing was settled, and Capt. Bolton pointed out that there were many things to consider before settling on anything of the sort; to begin with, the expense would be very heavy; the matter was referred to a small sub-committee of the Chairman and Capt. Bolton. The matter of presentation of a picture for the R.M.C. Library and also exhibits for their Museum were discussed, and this was referred to a sub-committee of Major Ince and Capt. Bolton.

The tea was, as last year, held at the Ladies' Army and Navy Club, the following being among those present :—

Lt.-Col. E. A. Bald, Lady Belfield, Mrs. H. E. Franklyn, Capt. and Mrs. R. H. D. Bolton, Colonel and Mrs. F. S. Exham, Capt. and Mrs. K. G. Exham, Mrs. D. Firth, Miss Firth, Mrs. J. A. C. Gibbs,

Major and Mrs. V. C. Green, Capt. and Mrs. H. Harvey, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. A. Hayden, Lady Henniker, Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. C. V. Humphrys, Lt.-Col. E. M. Huntriss, Major and Mrs. C. W. G. Ince, Mrs. Vaughan Jenkins, Miss Pratt-Barlow, Mrs. J. V. Kirkland, Major-Gen. Sir Frederick and Lady Landon, Lt.-Col. K. A. Macleod, Lt.-Col. W. G. and Mrs. Officer, Miss Officer, Major R. H. W. Owen, Colonel and Mrs. C. J. Pickering, Miss Rivett-Carnac, Capt. and Mrs. R. A. Scott, Mrs. P. B. Strafford, Mrs. H. P. Travers, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. M. V. le P. Trench, Miss P. Trench, Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. P. A. Turner, Miss Turner, Brig.-Gen. W. M. Watson, Miss Horsfall, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. H. B. Wellesley, Miss Wellesley, Capt. J. Whitaker.

There was an attendance of 63 at the dinner, which included Capt. C. E. Douglas-Pennant, R.N., commanding H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, and Lt.-Commander J. W. Linton, R.N., who came as guests of the Dinner Club. The Duke of Wellington was unable to be present. Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner (the Colonel of the Regiment) was in the chair, and the following were also present:—

Major-Gen. Sir F. Landon, Brig.-Gen. W. M. Watson, Brigadier W. Hale Wortham, Colonels F. S. Exham, E. G. Harrison, E. N. Fortescue-Hitchins, C. J. Pickering, P. R. Simner, Lt.-Cols. E. A. Bald, B. J. Barton, E. C. Beard, F. A. Hayden, R. K. Healing, E. M. Huntriss, K. A. MacLeod, W. G. Officer, G. S. W. Rusbridger, R. M. Tidmarsh, M. V. le P. Trench, H. K. Umfreville, F. H. B. Wellesley, Majors C. Bathurst, St. J. T. Faulkner, V. C. Green, C. R. Hetley, E. R. Houghton, C. W. G. Ince, H. R. Kavanagh, S. Naylor, R. H. W. Owen, N. R. Whittaker, Capt. G. P. Bennett, G. H. Beyfus, R. H. D. Bolton, E. Brook, H. A. Crommelin, C. R. T. Cumberlege, J. H. Dalrymple, D. W. L. Daniels, K. G. Exham, J. E. Frankis, H. Harvey, W. Hodgson, A. W. H. Lawless, J. G. Lepper, A. E. d'E. Miller, C. A. O'Connor, C. Oliver, R. A. Scott, J. A. Whitaker, F. P. A. Woods, Lts. H. C. Bladen, F. R. St. P. Bunbury, R. K. Exham, B. L. Franklin, R. A. H. Gerrard, H. M. Hands, D. I. Strangeways, C. L. Troop, 2nd Lt. F. J. Reynolds.

After the loyal toast had been duly honoured, the Chairman rose to make his speech. He first of all read a telegram which had been sent to Their Majesties conveying the loyal duty and congratulations of all ranks of the Regiment on their Coronation, and a reply from His Majesty thanking the Regiment. He then read cables and telegrams from battalions and individuals.

He commenced his speech by referring to the musketry successes of our Territorial Battalions at Strensall.

He then mentioned the unveiling of the tablet to the late Colonel of the Regiment in the Memorial Chapel at York last October, and on the following Sunday, the naming ceremony of our Regimental L.M.S. engine.

The Chairman then referred to the fact that through the generosity of the Duchess of Wellington the Regiment had obtained one of the Great Duke's Waterloo medals, some half dozen of which were specially struck and presented to him. He mentioned that the arrangement as to the custody of this interesting relic was that it should be held by the home Battalion.

During the year under review the Regiment had received two donations, which had been equally divided between the War Memorial Pension Fund and the D.W.R. Retired Officers' Fund. The first was anonymous, and for the second we had to thank our old friend and keen supporter Major H. W. W. Wood ("Charles").

"Many things," he continued, "are happening in our Memorial Chapel; at present it is about to be 'washed and brushed up'; this is a literal fact, as soap and water is to make it look like new."

Other Regimental matters that are being considered were discussed during the proceedings of the Regimental committees held that afternoon.

"The 5th Battalion that was is now the 43rd (5th Duke of Wellington's) A.A. Battalion, R.E., and our Territorial Brigade camp will see them no more; but that is not to say that they are not every bit as much part of the Regiment as they were a year ago, and we hope they will always remain part and parcel of 'The Dukes.'"

The Chairman then said he would like to welcome Colonel Huntriss to the dinner as being the chairman of the local committee of our Memorial Chapel in York Minster, and because he had already put in a lot of most useful work in that capacity.

A new competition had been started in Australia for the most efficient battalion of the year, and our Allied Battalion, the 33rd A.M.F., had had the honour of obtaining the title in the opening year of the competition; the Chairman was sure everyone would join him in the heartiest congratulations to them on this great success.

General Turner closed his remarks by regretting the absence of the Duke of Wellington, owing to a previous engagement, and by offering to their guests, Capt. Douglas-Pennant and Commander Linton, of H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, their heartiest welcome, and the hope that they were enjoying themselves as much as the Regiment enjoyed having them.

THE OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS.

THE REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION.

(1st, 2nd and 3rd P.S. BATTALIONS).

The total income for the year ended 30th June, 1937, was £1,186 15s. 2d. and the expenditure £1,493 15s. 6d., the increase in the latter being mainly due to the purchase of £550 3½ per cent. Conversion Loan at a cost of £578 5s. 9d., and to an increase in the amounts paid for pensions over that for the previous year. The increase in income over that for 1936 is practically all due to the cash balance in hand of the Regimental War Memorial Pensions Fund being transferred to the Old Comrades' Association for accounting and disbursement, although the Committee of the former still adjudicate in the cases of applicants for vacant pensions of that fund.

There has been an increase in the number of pensions granted; one—temporary—from the War Memorial Pensions Fund, and three from the Old Comrades' Association Pensions Fund; each of £20.

There is a slight decrease in the aggregate amount granted to individuals over that for the preceding year, but the number of applications has been much less—201 against 247 for the year ended 30th June, 1936. One hundred and fifty-four applications were received from those, or dependents of those, who had formerly served with the 1st or 2nd Battalions; 103 were assisted by grants (£181 2s. 2d.) and 4 by loans (£16 10s. 0d.), 12 by grants from the Regimental Charitable Fund of the 2nd Battalion (£27 10s. 0d.); this includes two assisted by the Officer Commanding the Battalion (£6 10s. 0d.).

A total of £14 18s. 6d. has been refunded by those to whom grants have been made, and £16 10s. 0d. by those who have received loans. Of the others, one widow was referred to the Royal Patriotic Fund Corporation, and we have again to thank that Committee for kindly granting a pension. One was assisted by clothing only, one was found not to require assistance after the enquiry was made, nine not recommended, thirteen did not reply to queries, seven were not members and three outstanding. 3rd Battalion.—Nineteen applications, mainly wayfarers, of whom sixteen were assisted, (£6 2s. 10d) one was not recommended and two did not reply to queries. 9th Battalion.—Eleven applications, seven assisted (£23 13s. 0d.), one not recommended, two did not reply to queries, and in the other case it was found that the referee still held £2 of a former grant which had not been expended. 10th Battalion.—Six applications, five assisted (£12 9s. 9d.) and one outstanding. Five applications were received from men who were found to have served with our Territorial Battalions, four with battalions for which there are no funds—one of these (8th Battalion) was assisted with clothing—and three were found to have no connection with the Regiment.

The Committee have to thank Lt.-Col. W. G. Officer, Capt. A. E. Miller and C.S.M. T. McMahon for gifts of clothing.

The annual dinner of the Old Comrades' Association is due to be held in the Alexandra Café, Halifax, at 7 p.m. on Saturday, 9th October, 1936; tickets 3s. 6d. each. The general meeting will be held in the Depot Recreation Room at 5 p.m. the same day.

8th BATTALION.

A most enjoyable day was spent by all ranks of the 8th Battalion at the King's Review of ex-service men held in Hyde Park on 27th June, 1937. We left Bradford at the early hour (for Sunday morning) of 6.29 a.m.—the Halifax members left at 6.15 a.m.; you can guess for most of us reveille had been with the lark. However, all reported present and correct, even though some had turned up without breakfast and some had not even had "gun-fire" before starting.

After a pleasant journey and a substantial meal *en route* we arrived in London half-an-hour late, that is at 12 noon instead of 11.27 a.m. After a rather warm rush across London by Underground, we eventually arrived at our rendezvous at the Albert Gate, Hyde Park. Here we found Lt.-Col. G. H. Wedgwood awaiting us along with our London comrades, amongst whom were many well-remembered faces—C.S.M. J. J. Hart not looking a day older, and Sgt. F. W. Spratt, burly and genial as ever. As we were late, handshakes were brief but cordial, and we promptly fell in at the command of Lt. E. J. Readings, parade marshal for the day.

Colonel Wedgwood then took over command and marched us on to our parade ground; here we were pleased to meet Major R. R. Willis, V.C., former second in command of the Battalion. As we were now up to time and with some to spare we fell out, and a lively exchange of reminiscences began, and you can guess what they were like; some of us had not met since Suvla and time passed pleasantly and very quickly. I had the good fortune to meet a fellow-prisoner of war in Capt. F. Dyson, who was taken prisoner on 9th August, 1915, at the same time as Colonel H. Johnson and Major Travers were killed; Lt.-Col. F. W. Lethbridge was badly wounded at the same time, but fortunately his burly figure is still with us.

A thrill of expectancy ran round the lines to herald the King and Queen. How well they looked! Our enthusiasm was able for once to give itself full expression. We then had to wait quite a while for the great event, as we were amongst the last contingent to march past; but once we got started, how those boys marched—just as if it had been well rehearsed beforehand. To sum up, it was a wonderful event, and an experience like that will last a very long time.

Our numbers on parade were thirty-eight. Forty-two members and friends travelled from Bradford, and our full total present in the Park was seventy-two. For the first time since the war the 8th Battalion stepped out, and made a very creditable show. We hope to renew old associations with our southern friends on 19th and 20th March, 1938, at our re-union dinner and church parade. Lt.-Col. G. W. Wedgwood is chief guest, and we very much hope our old comrade, the Lord Bishop of Llandaff, will officiate at our church parade and dedicate our standard.

M. H. B.

[A correspondent points out a mistake that occurred in the last notes of the 8th Battalion. Page 105, line 4, of No. 37 of THE IRON DUKE should read "Brevet-Colonel R. J. P. Wyatt (late commanding 4th Bn. The Royal Sussex Regiment)."—ED.]

9th BATTALION.

Naturally so many of our members paraded with their local branches of the British Legion on Coronation Day that it is difficult to give a definite account of how many men were on parade in the various areas. A detachment of the 9th Battalion paraded in Halifax, but we hear that rain and bad weather rather spoilt the day.

We had two seats allotted to the 9th Battalion, one, a 15s. seat in the Mall, and another, a 2s. 6d. seat, for a wounded member. The latter was given to Mr. Greenwood, who was very badly wounded in the early days of the Battalion's history, and arrangements were made for his transport and housing in London. The 15s. seat, at the unanimous

wish of the Committee, was given to Lt.-Col. Huntriss, to be used by him or his nominee. It was offered by him to various officers who had done so much for the Battalion, but none of them were able to take it. Colonel Simner, for one, had a command seat in the Abbey. His chauffeur landed him there at 7 a.m. and picked him up at ten minutes to 7 p.m. (the writer was staying with him, so ought to know). Lt.-Col. Huntriss had the privilege, once again, of representing the Battalion. A magnificent show, and one to be remembered for ever.

There was a good muster of 9th Battalion officers at the Regimental dinner on 11th June—namely, Colonel Simner, Lt.-Cols. Hayden, Trench, Huntriss, Capt. Bennett, Miller and Lt. Bladen.

The King's Review in Hyde Park on 27th June was attended by twenty members of the O.C.A., headed by Lt.-Col. Huntriss, and including Capt. G. P. Bennett, D. H. Fletcher, C. E. Johnson and A. Marsden, and Lt. H. C. Bladen. Capt. A. E. Miller and C. H. Kimpton were unable to attend. The new O.C.A. flag was carried by Capt. Bennett on this occasion. At a recent meeting of the Committee of the O.C.A., Capt. C. E. Johnson was appointed officially as standard bearer for the future.

MEN OF MOMENT.

X.—The Editor.

Far off amid Machynlleth's snow-capped hills,
Where Pennal's seven cataracts plunge and
fall,
Where the pale leeks and paler daffodils
Bestrow the *gorsedd*, stands an ancient hall.

It is thy home, O much respected chief,
Thy home, O puissant Lord of Llwyn Celyn,
(A word, that to the best of my belief,
Rhymes moderately well with Plymouth Gin).

There sittest thou in judgement; at thy side
Hangs like a sword the Editorial flail,
Scourge of contributors. Ah, woe betide
Those absent-minded coves, who miss the
mail!

O'er more than half the world extends thy sway,
Wherever squatters squat, or diggers dig,
In Multan, Milnsbridge, Malta and Malay,
From Saskatchewan eke to Sowerby Brig.

Exiles on sun-baked steppe, in trackless sage,
In sangars high o'er Kabul's darkling foam,
Scent, in thy welcome black and scarlet page,
A breath from that cool paradise called
"Home."

Thine is an ancient land, where folk still tell
In whispers hushed of Merlin's magic lore;
And still recall how Penrhyndeudraeth fell
Beneath the poisoned darts of Rwyddygwaer.

Ten thousand Druids shall thy dwelling guard,
Ten thousand harpists chant for thy delight;
And bearded goat and over-bearded bard
Dance the *Eisteddfod* through the Cymric
night.

The pick of all the little hornéd sheep
That crop Llangranog's pastures shall be
thine;
And the great bees, that browse on Glaspwyll's
steep
Give of their sweetest honey for thy wine.

Thy board shall groan beneath the chumpest
chops,
That Aberdovey's abattoirs can boast;
The juiciest rabbit that o'er Menai hops
Counts it an honour to adorn thy toast.

When the last splendours of the sunset pale,
In every *pwylb* from Mwchwr unto Bwyllth,
Wild Wales shall pledge thee in great stoups of
ale,
"THE IRON DUKE'S Editor! We drink his
health."

"Much did we give to England in the past,
Lloyd George we gave, and anthracite, and
wool,
Tinplates and Tommy Farr. Now at long last
Yorkshire, look you, hath paid us back in
full."

Mounted Infantry in the South African War, 1899-1902.

(Continued from page 120, No. 37, June, 1937.)

In the last article we followed the Burma M.I. (2nd Bn. M.I.) from Bothaville in November, 1900, up to January, 1901, leaving them resting at Winburg. I will now return to the 1st Battalion M.I.

As a result of the severe casualty list incurred during the trekking and fighting over the last two months our numbers were greatly depleted, in fact we had only some 50 per cent. of the original old hands left; so the authorities decided that we were to remain at Kronstadt as part of the garrison and general utility troops, while a draft of new chums was to be sent by the Battalion and trained as M.I. A noble conception, but the fly in the amber was that there was so much to be done in the general utility line that "training" was practically an impossibility. Some men managed to sit on a horse—I don't say "ride"—naturally, but these were the exception, not the rule.

Some 40 N.C.Os. and men duly arrived, and only nine or ten of them had the faintest idea of staying "put" when, with great difficulty, they had been hoisted into the saddle. However, by means of good will and united effort, aided by hanging on anyhow—except by means of spurs—they were not permitted—we got the Company together; and I will say the men were wonderfully adaptable considering all things. The great drawback was that we were expected to do quite as much as a full-fledged and trained company of M.I. could have done. Take one instance out of many. In order to feed the troops and also to deny the enemy the use of the large number of cattle bred in what was chiefly a pastoral country, herds numbering some 70,000 head had been concentrated in the neighbourhood of Kronstadt. These were under the care of some tame Dutch and mixed nationality "conductors" so called; most unreliable people, who appeared to have some sort of loose connection with a "civil commissioner." These civil commissioners varied. Some, I believe, were extremely competent, but I never had the luck to meet them, and we fighting troops were naturally prejudiced against anything, civil or civilian, butting into our job. The civil commissioners also appeared to have authority over the intelligence branch, which was a bad error as the latter should have been an entirely military department. The reason of this was quite apparent. For political reasons the "war" as such was supposed to have ended with the capture of Pretoria and the return to England of Lord Roberts and the C.I.V. Somehow, brother Boer did not accept this political view and kept the pot boiling merrily until May, 1902.

It can be imagined that our work was not all jam, handicapped as we were by edicts from the civil commissioners, misleading reports by his intelligence branch, and the leakage of orders which was bound to ensue under such a system. The G.O.C. at Kronstadt, Sir William Knox, certainly did his best to protect the cattle from raids under most difficult conditions. To find grazing and water for these huge mobs of cattle necessitated covering an immense area of ground, and we were the unfortunate guardians. The Boers, very naturally, made attempts—not by any manner of means always unsuccessfully—to cut out cattle. There were also many unscrupulous free-lances about who were prepared to buy—at a price—herds when near the Basuto border, making a huge profit on them. These people, when caught, should have been shot on the spot, instead of which they were tried by a mixed commission of civilians, and one military member who was usually not allowed to express an opinion. The result was the offenders invariably got off, and repeated their deals over and over again to their great pecuniary advantage.

General Knox ordered me to establish cossack posts at various spots where observation was best. These posts consisted of one N.C.O. and six privates. In the event

of Boers attempting to cut out cattle, this party was designed to prevent them from effecting their purpose. As the Boers appeared to be fully informed about all our movements, they, prior to a raid, ringed the posts with anything from a dozen to fifty men, and rendered these guardians of the herd powerless to hinder them. Nevertheless, there were occasions when our posts detected the encircling (usually carried out under cover of darkness), and managed to send word in. When this was done I collected all the men I could raise and a really interesting scrap took place: fighting among the milling herds, firing from the saddle at moving targets, quite in the best style of the cattle rustlers in the Far West stories one reads in the American magazines.

It can well be imagined that there was little rest for men or horses under these conditions. There were only two of us (officers) for a time, and we had to divide the duty of visiting the posts into two watches, as one of us had to be in camp always to answer any sudden call. It meant a thirty mile ride for each of us every day, not to mention our many other duties. The rides, between the cossack posts, in a very undulating country with a lot of cover, were most exciting work. One never knew when one was going to meet the enemy, and many were the stalks which took place. Sometimes we did the stalking, but more often it was brother Boer who stalked us. We had learnt the game fairly well by this time, and the Boers made the great mistake of not taking us seriously, which played into our hands. The work was most exhausting, and in addition to rarely getting any sleep, the men suffered from practical starvation. Many went sick and the M.Os. said this was entirely due to short rations, never having time or opportunity of cooking anything properly, and the daily issue of groceries which prohibited having any reserve supply in hand. Bread, of course, we never saw; only biscuit, hardtack, trek ox and bully beef alternatively with a scanty ration of jam, tea and sugar; occasionally an issue of German dried vegetables, an abominable compound which an ox could not have digested. The M.Os. suggested "varying the troops' diet"—a splendid idea but quite impracticable under the circumstances.

As regards horses, during these months I had far too many, about 50 per cent. over establishment, which meant more extra work, feeding, watering, grooming and cleaning the lines. Truly it might be quoted that there was no repose for the wicked, so much so that one felt one would like to turn over a new leaf and be really quite good, if it meant a bit of an easy.

This strenuous life continued for some six months and I will quote an incident which, although of no importance, did give us a bit of our own back. Our G.O.C. had spent many years in India, and at times his liver must have worried him as he was most unreasonable—only at times of course. Christmas, 1900, duly arrived and we had made what preparations we could to give the troops something extra for the occasion, and to lighten duties as far as possible. Late on Christmas Eve an order came to proceed to the far side of Kronstadt with every available man, as the Boers were raiding cattle there. Off we went, only to find two drunken half-Dutch conductors and a third fairly sober. The latter informed us that the two drunken ones had fabricated this report to explain their absence from their duties with the cattle and their presence in Kronstadt. We returned and I made my report to the G.O.C., whose liver obviously was at its worst, and I was ordered to make a reconnaissance 20 miles out and see if there were any signs of Boers. On Christmas Day! Thus were our hopes dashed. We rode out a few miles and awaited dusk to return. During our wait I saw a crane and a goose on a dam (pool). I challenged Gatehouse to pot the goose—he did get it—a marvellous shot. A grey goose (wild) was found tied to the G.O.C.'s door that night. Much mystery and many enquiries were made as to who was the donor of so suitable a gift.

H. K. U.

A Glimpse of the Philippines.

We were down in the Philippines last winter, though it is never winter there. You know the Philippines. Stuck out in the middle of the Pacific. Lots of islands. Just like R. L. S. used to write about. Coral reefs and lagoons, coco-nut palms and bananas. No dusky beauties though, we are still north of the Line. Dusky beauties is "hoff."

Some of the places down there have queer names. Think of Ilo-ilo and Zamboango, for instance. Don't the names give you the desire to go and see the places? No? Well, perhaps you're right. There is a song which says that "The monkeys have no tails in Zamboango," and, by Golly, it's true. They wear trilby hats and grass skirts and they ride around on bikes. Everything is a queer mixture of New York and South Seas. I've seen a native funeral procession led by a yellow saxophonist. It's wonderful.

The Philippines were, at that time, in the middle of a gold rush. Gold has been mined there for years, and in fact, hundreds of years. The Spaniards used to get gold from there. Modern methods on the ancient mines have caused gold to become important again. It was our intention to visit a gold mine and our chance came when we arrived at Suragao. There is a name for you. Suragao. Makes me think of sugar-cane.

We came to Suragao in the evening during a flat calm. The sea was like a polished jewel and the sun hung over the shoulder of a palm-crowned hill. The whole island seemed to float on the water and one got the impression that the whole scene could be made to disappear if one were to make a sudden movement.

There was a crash and rattle from for'ard as the anchor was let go. Surprisingly, the island stayed where it was, but there was a terrific uproar from the shore. A great screaming and screeching as if thousands of devils had started a spot of wife beating. Actually the noise was that of parrot-like birds disturbed just as they had settled down for the night. They soon quietened down and all was still. The sun suddenly dipped and it was night, for there is no twilight in those latitudes.

Next morning was bright and fair and hot. The island was a mass of green from the mangroves at the water's edge, through a banana belt to the coco-nut palms that covered the hills. From seaward it looked like a sort of earthly paradise. Land mostly looks like that to sailors.

Our first move was to get in touch with the people at one of the mines. We had heard a lot about them at another island and had been asked to look them up. We found, to our surprise, that we could get a telephone message through to the mine from the village off which we had anchored. We did this and were instructed to get a car and "Come right on out." A car? Did places like this have cars? Oh yes, ask the Chief of Police. Off we went in search of this worthy and found him to be a short, fat, light-brown man with a perpetual smile. He produced a car—a real one—and said that he would go with us. He disappeared and presently came back strapped about with two huge pistols, largely, I fancy, for effect. Soon we were bumping through the village.

A straight street of beaten earth, on each side of which was a welter of palm-thatched, palm-walled huts constituted the village. Each hut was raised about five feet above the ground on poles, so that from any one place it was possible to look under the whole village. The population seemed to consist, mostly, of pigs, Such pigs! They were small and thin and razor-backed. Their bristles stood straight up along their spines. They could, and did, run like greyhounds—across the bows of the car. There were some chickens, too, and they all wanted to commit suicide by flying under the wheels of our juggernaut. It was a very gory journey.

Some human beings were seen—small yellowish-brown people with flat, cheerful faces. Some wore a mixture of Eastern and Western clothes and some wore hardly

any clothes at all. They did not seem to have to work, and anyway, why should they? They had pigs, chickens, palms, bananas and all kinds of fruits. Meat, drink and clothing were theirs for the taking—only they were too lazy to take it. Most of these people owned bits of land that the big American companies were mining on. The Americans paid them a rent and then sold them things they did not want and so got the money back.

We travelled gradually uphill along a very tolerable road and we passed through very lovely country. Though some of the trees were palms there were plenty of other kinds to lend variation to the scene. Birds of all kinds and colours flew in flocks. Great bunches of flowers were everywhere, brilliant scarlets, blues, yellows and staring whites. Nothing was subdued, all was aflame with colour. Huge butterflies hovered around in a leisurely way. Nothing moved fast excepting ourselves—and the pigs.

We turned off the road and ascended a steep hill where the road became a mere track. We passed the mouths of caves where, we were told, the Spaniards had mined for gold. This track was once used by them for their pack trains of laden donkeys and mules. They used to use slave labour, and would take the rock and crush it in crude fashion with big pestles and mortars. The dust that resulted was then blown about with palm leaf fans, and of course, the grains of gold would then be visible.

At last we topped the hill and began the downward journey. Our driver imagined that he was the original Jehu and did his best to destroy us, but miraculously, he failed. The view from the hill was very fine. The sea was below us, and between it and us was the forest-covered hillside. The green of the trees merged into the turquoise sea. Here and there in the water were light green patches which betrayed the presence of coral reefs, death traps for shipping. There was a strip of white sand edging the tiny bay. The whole thing looked like a lace-edged fan of blue with the handle away from us.

Soon we came to the mine where we were welcomed by the engineers. They were all Americans and they seemed pleased to see fresh faces—though ours were not very fresh after our visit to Cebu. (I never saw so much whisky shifted in so short a time as was shifted at that place.) We were loaded with newspapers, magazines and gossip, for we had been warned that these people were very lonely. A boat visited them once a month and that was when they got fresh beef. Fresh beef seemed to be an obsession with them, when they were not talking about *gold*. We promised that they should dine with us that very night and that they should have real fresh beef.

We spent a couple of hours looking over the mine and were led through galleries under the ground. The main shaft was dug straight into the hillside, and from it other passages led off in all directions and at all levels. The water rushed round our ankles and dripped from overhead. We hacked out pieces of gold-bearing quartz for ourselves. We gazed down and up and round. We watched gangs of natives at "work" and, with them, made a dash for safety when a dynamite charge was about to be fired.

When we emerged into daylight we went to the mill. This was a long corrugated iron shed full of machinery. It was built on the slope of a hill and great lumps of rock were poured in at the upper end while a stream of dirty grey sludge issued from the lower end. Of gold there was a half-handful to show for a full week's work.

The rock that was put into the mill was passed through a series of crushing machines, and it was continually in contact with a cyanide solution. This solution dissolved impurities. All the technicalities—and there were a lot of them—were rather lost on us, but we saw rock being crushed smaller and smaller until it became a thick mud. This mud became thinner as more solution was added. It was stirred and skimmed and strained and left standing. It was tortured and tormented in all kinds of ways. Then it was sieved through canvas by pneumatic pressure and the mud ran away and the metal was left. Gold, copper and all sorts. I don't pretend to be an expert in the matter, but as far as we gathered, this metal was then put under terrific heat and at various temperatures one or another kind of metal melted and so the gold was isolated. Once a month the

gold was made into a brick, they called it an ingot, and the boat came and took it away, leaving fresh beef for the engineers.

Tired, wet and dirty we climbed into our car and made the back journey. The engineers were to follow in their own car later on. Luckily daylight lasted until we were on the main road and we drove back under a moon that was the biggest I ever saw, except one—but that is another tale.

“ ARCO.”

WHAT A WORLD.

The days are growing evil,
The Times is waxing late,
 Lord Camrose bought the *Morning Post*,
 The world is full of hate.
 Herr Hitler's caught distemper,
 My petrol costs me more,
 Someone won a Test Match
 And I forgot the score.
 The Jews desire their Promised Land,
 The Arabs want it too;
 I think the earlier promise
 Was given to a Jew.
 The Russians flew an aeroplane
 And landed on the Pole,
 Lord Baldwin's gone to Aix les Bains,
 Selassie's on the dole.
 There's trouble on the Frontier

But roses round the door.
 Belisha's got the War House
 And Burgin goes on tour.
 I missed my bit of summer
 By going out to camp.
 “ Musso ” wrote to Chamberlain
 But didn't lick the stamp.
 I've backed a dozen losers,
 The Army's short of men.
 A Scotsman let his country down
 With a very early “ when.”
 Nudists are in season,
 Hikers hike the roads,
 I'm tired of writing nonsense
 To editorial goads.

SO there!

A. L.

Notable Family Records in the Regiment.

No. 12.—BOND.

(Continued from page 110, No. 37, June, 1937.)

(Sons of C/Sgt. Edward Bond.)

James Bond was born in Berwick-on-Tweed in the year 1850. I never saw this elder brother of mine, but I understand he was a very clever lad. At school in India he took all before him.

At one time he was struck out of the list of candidates for the final examination for the Survey Service on account of being under age. My mother said he came home broken hearted and she asked my father to take him to the Colonel of the Regiment and try to get him placed on the list, but he said he dare not, that orders had to be obeyed. However, my mother said she would take him herself. “ If you do, I don't know anything about it, otherwise I will get into trouble ” said my father.

At the interview the Colonel told Master James he was too young, but James persisted and said that he knew more than any of the other boys. The Colonel said he would see that his name was placed on the list, and was quite pleased at Master James's confidence. The Colonel's parting words were, “ If you pass, come and see me, and I will give you £20, and if you pass next year I will give you £10.”

At the examination Master James passed out top of the school, and when he went to report himself, the Colonel said, “ I can see by your smiles that you have passed.” “ Yes, Sir, not much trouble,” was James's reply. The Colonel congratulated him, gave him his £20, and said he had no idea that he had such a clever boy in the Regiment. Master James bought a horse and was posted later to the Great Trigonometrical Survey of India, where he earned good reports. He married at the age of 19 and had a large family, I understand. Except for a number of letters from him to his parents [extracts from which we hope to publish in a later issue—ED.], this is all the information I can gather.

Knight Alby Bond was born in the Regiment at Salford, Manchester, on 4th March, 1853, and enlisted in the 33rd Foot as a drummer boy (no date). He was promoted corporal in Lucknow on 23rd May, 1880, sergeant in 1882 and colour-sergeant in York 10th February, 1890. He married Miss Agnes Watt (who was my school teacher in Alva) in 1878; there were no children of the marriage. On joining the Regiment after marriage, Agnes was appointed school mistress of the 33rd. Knight and his wife served with them in India for about ten years. Agnes was invalided home in 1889 and went to Pontefract as school mistress to the K.O.Y.L.I. until the Regiment came home from Aden to York, when she rejoined the Regiment and took over the school. Meanwhile Knight had been posted to the Depot.

Agnes's service as Army school mistress dated from 14th January, 1880, to 1894, about 14 years. When the South African war broke out Knight made application to proceed with the 1st Volunteer Service Company. I know he was thought a bit aged at the time; however, he was accepted and went. After having served for about 36½ years, Knight took his discharge on 20th May, 1902, and joined the Corps of Commissionaires at Newcastle-on-Tyne and was sent for duty at Wallsend-on-Tyne, where he died in 1920, aged 67 years. He served 25 years with the Regiment and was colour-sergeant instructor with the 2nd Volunteer Battalion, Huddersfield. He was in possession of the South African Medal with four clasps. Agnes is still alive, aged 85, and lives with a nephew at South Shields.

Edward George Bond was born at Aldershot on 28th July, 1856. He married a Miss Stewart in Kelso, Scotland. There were two children by the marriage. Edward George presented himself for enlistment at one time but was rejected, heart trouble or something. He started off as a draper and the last I heard of him he was a salesman. He died in Kelso, Scotland, aged 70. His two daughters (Mary and Bella) are living at present in Australia. Bella is married and has four sons.

John Bond [writer of these notes], the youngest son and thirteenth child of Edward Bond, was born at Karachee on 7th February, 1868, his father and uncles being busily engaged in the Abyssinian campaign at the time. I enlisted at Kelso on 29th June, 1886, at the age of 18, was promoted corporal 29th September, 1887, sergeant July, 1890, colour-sergeant 5th September, 1894, volunteer sergeant-major 16th September, 1903, lieutenant and quartermaster 14th October, 1914, and captain 9th November, 1917.

I went in the first instance to Dumfries Barracks, which I think was the Depot of the 21st Royal Scots Fusiliers, and the recruiting officer was most anxious for me to join the 21st. They kept me in the barracks for about three weeks until they had verified my statement about being born and having a brother in the Regiment. I had quite a good time there. I visited "Bobby Burns's Cottage," "The Auld Brig O'Doon," and sat in an old oak armchair in a public house where Bobby Burns sat, sang and supped with his chums.

I was then sent to Halifax Depot and I think my Scotch accent at that time was very amusing. However, I did not get sent to India, but was retained at the Depot until the Regiment came home, and joined them on arrival at York.

During my young soldier days in the Depot I had many jobs, first as canteen waiter under Mr. Rice, who was in charge, Major Low being president. I was also Regimental postman (or donkey man). I nursed S.M. Cruthers for about three weeks, and also Q.M.S. Harte before they died, and I had other jobs too numerous to mention.

I met my wife, Miss Eliza Harris, at Bradford where the Regiment moved to from York, and we were married on 7th November, 1893. We had one son, Edward James (referred to later).

The Regiment moved to Malta in October, 1895, and while there I contracted Malta fever and was invalided home to Netley Hospital and later was posted to the 3rd Battalion at the Depot in September, 1898. After the South African war had broken out the

3rd Battalion were mobilised at the Depot and sent to Cork, and in January, 1900, were ordered to South Africa. I was rejected as unfit. I appealed to my C.O., but was not allowed to go and was made acting sergeant-major of the details left behind. We moved to Ship Street Barracks, Dublin, later, when Capt. Oliver was then a colour-sergeant with me. From there I was transferred temporarily to the permanent staff of the 6th Battalion at Skipton. Later I was recommended by the adjutant for a vacancy on the staff of the 1st Volunteer Battalion at Halifax and was posted to them in 1901. In 1903 I was appointed sergeant-major by the C.O., Colonel Land, on the retirement of S.M. Preece. When the Great War broke out, Col. Land was given command of the 2/4th Battalion and claimed Capt. Learoyd as his adjutant and myself as sergeant-major; later S.M. Bellew took over from me and I was promoted lieutenant and quartermaster. I had the honour and luck to be with the Battalion the whole of the war until demobilisation and did the best for them I possibly could. I was then appointed quartermaster to the 1/4th Battalion and remained with them until I retired in June, 1922.

I left Halifax in June, 1922, for Christchurch, New Zealand, where I landed on 9th August, 1922. I am still going fairly well, and have only lost a little of that "jump to it." I was 69 last February. I possess the long service and good conduct medal and the Great War medals, and was mentioned in despatches on 7th April, 1918.

Of my seven sisters, **Hanora Susannah** married Staff Sgt. Mussett, of the Army Service Corps, while on a visit to her brother Knight at York in 1901. She died in child birth on 30th January, 1903, aged 21. Mussett had seen service in Egypt from 1882—1889 and was in possession of the medal and bronze star. He died in 1902, aged 38. Their daughter, Nora, went on the stage, and the last time I saw her was at a theatre in Leeds where she was acting.

Kate Agnes, the youngest of the family, was born in 1874. She married Mr. Alfred John Hoare, in 1903, who had served for twelve years in the Royal Navy. After serving seven years in the Edinburgh fire brigade, he and his family (two girls) went out to Christchurch, New Zealand, in December, 1911. Mr. Hoare died in 1936 at the age of 59 and Mrs. Hoare resides at 55 Rochester Street, Christchurch, N.Z. Both daughters are married and live in New Zealand. I should like to say how much I am indebted to my sister Kate Agnes for her great assistance in compiling the records of the family. She has produced letters written before I was born and is in possession of many of the family relics.

(Grandson of C/Sgt. Edward Bond.)

Edward James Bond (Regtl. No. 10536), son of Capt. John Bond, was born at Wombwell, near Barnsley, on 16th September, 1896, and enlisted in the 2/4th Battalion at Halifax in March, 1913. (They nicknamed him "Dicky" after Dicky Bond, the Bradford football player). After a period of instruction at the Depot he enlisted into the Regulars on 31st March, 1913. I think he must have made (what is it they call it?) a mis-statement as to age, because he was only 16 years 5 months, and was in France with the 2nd Battalion before he was 18. But what can one expect? He must have heard me say (which I often did) that war was sure to take place with Germany at an early date. So he thought he would join up as soon as he could and be in at it like all the Bonds.

After spending a short period at the Depot he joined the 2nd Battalion in Dublin and went to France with them on 14th August, 1914, and served through the Retreat from Mons and advance to the Aisne. He was invalided home for a short period and again joined the 2nd Battalion in January, 1915. After being gassed at Hill 60, he was severely wounded by a grenade at St. Elois, and invalided home. The grenade burst about a yard away from him so he got a good share of it. In a letter to his mother written with his left hand he said, "I have been wounded in the right hand, wrist, elbow, neck, face and chest, so look out for plenty of bandages; but I am all right in myself, so don't worry." (The underlined amused me when I first read it.) He was discharged

THE BOND FAMILY

Second and Third Generation



Colour-Sergt. Knight Alby and
Mrs. Bond.



Capt. and Mrs. John Bond
and their son Edward.



James Bond.



Mrs. James Bond.

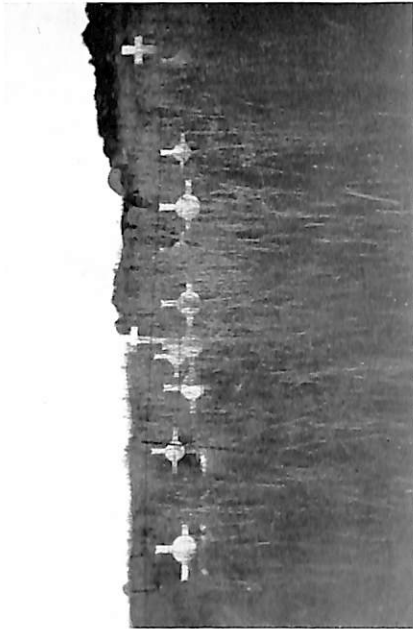


Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Mussett (née Kate Agnes Bond)
and their two daughters



Staff-Sergt. and Mrs. A. Mussett
(née Honora Bond)

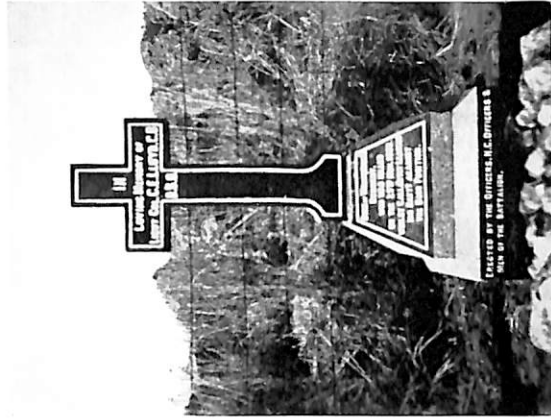
REGIMENTAL GRAVES AT RHENOSTER KOP, TRANSVAAL.



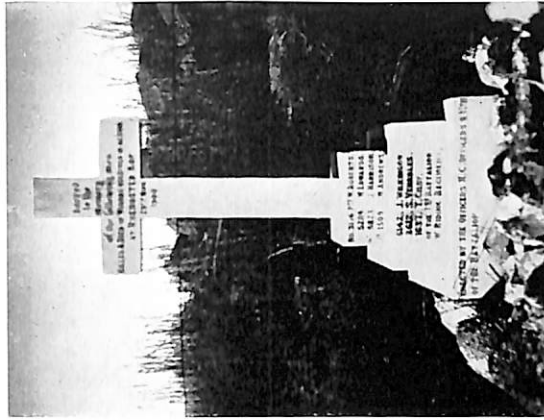
The Cemetery as the Rovers found it in April, 1937.



The same Cemetery a few hours after the Rover Crew had got to work.



Monument to Lt.-Col. G. E. Lloyd, D.S.O.



Monument to the Men of the
 1st Battalion D.W.R.

with the rank of corporal, no longer fit for war service, on 5th April, 1917, having served for three years with the Colours. After a few years in Canada, he went out to his sister in New Zealand, and is now employed as a motor mechanic and is a lieutenant in V. Squadron of the Legion of Frontiersmen (along with Capt. Walter Kilner, another Yorkshireman well known in the Halifax District).

(In a later issue we hope to publish Edward Bond's experiences in the War.—ED.]

(Concluded.)

Regimental War Graves at Rhenoster Kop, Transvaal.

The following letter has been received by the Colonel of the Regiment ; on behalf of the Regiment, we would like to offer our sincere thanks to Mr. Crofton and his Rover Scouts on the good work they are doing :—

“ 4th Pretoria (Hatfield) Rover Crew,
 “ 1158 Burnett Street,
 “ Hatfield, Pretoria,
 1.6.37.

“ Dear Sir,

“ Your letter to Mr. Murphy *re* graveyard at Petronella was handed to me for my boys to see. It is indeed gratifying to know that the work they are doing is appreciated.

“ My Rovers have been carrying out the work of keeping the outlying soldiers' graves in order for a year now and I have every reason to hope they will continue to do so.

“ It was a curious coincidence that, after reading your letter to my Rover crew, we went the following Sunday to a place called Rhenoster Kop, 63 miles from Pretoria, and there we found two monuments, one to Lt.-Col. Lloyd and the other to men of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. I enclose snapshots of these two monuments, as I expect you would like them. I also enclose two snaps to show what my boys are up against in this work.

“ You probably know that this part of South Africa is semi-tropical and we get our rains only during a few months in the year, and during these months the weeds and grass grow to an unbelievable extent.

“ Snap No. 1 shows the cemetery at Rhenoster Kop as we found it, grass three feet high and the crosses almost hidden. No. 2, taken a few hours after from the same spot, shows the effect of the Rovers' work. The other two snaps are of the two monuments I mentioned, and the inscriptions can be read with the aid of a glass.

“ From your letter I understand that you are publishing an account of our work at Petronella. Other regiments will see it and might like to know how the graves of their fallen (in the Pretoria district) are being kept. If they address their enquiries to me, I will probably be able to give them the information they require, and send them snapshots to show they are being looked after.

“ I am so glad you appreciate the work my Rovers are doing, and I will be pleased to answer any letters addressed to me.

“ Yours sincerely,

“ G. CROFTON,

“ Rover Leader, Hatfield Rover Crew.”

The Knights of Malta.

[A free translation by R. G. T. of extracts from "Malte," by kind permission of the author, M. André Maurois. Continued from page 118, No. 37, June, 1937.]

PART IV.—THE FINAL CATASTROPHE.

Napoleon Bonaparte, who thought of everything, had not overlooked Malta. In 1797, he wrote to Talleyrand: "Why don't we take possession of Malta. Four hundred knights and, at most, a regiment of five hundred men are the only defence of Valletta. The natives are favourable to our cause and are disgusted with the Knights, who can no longer maintain themselves but are dying of hunger. To further this I have confiscated their Italian possessions."

He had done more than that. He was in correspondence with a considerable revolutionary society in the Island itself. The Grand Master Hompesch felt himself surrounded by spies. He ransacked the Knight's lodgings in search of incriminating documents. In the Auberges there was much talk of the Rights of Man. Apopleptic old Balis were enraged to hear beardless youths assert that the Sovereign Order was incompatible with the progress of humanity.

When Bonaparte set out for Egypt in 1798, he had intelligence from his spies in Malta that the time was ripe. He insisted on the Directory authorising him to occupy the Island, "which," he wrote, "will sooner or later be grabbed by England, if we are stupid enough not to step in first." He realised that a conqueror, who aimed, as he did, at an Eastern empire, must advance by stages, consolidating his communications.

He got his authority. On 9th June, on board the *Orient*, in sight of Malta, he gave orders for the landing. Three frigates were to approach and lower boats on pretext of taking in water. Once landed, the commander was to issue a proclamation that the French would not interfere with the customs or religion of the country, and would especially protect the priests. Napoleon thought of everything.

An excuse for attack was needed. Napoleon demanded permission for his whole squadron to take in water. The Grand Master was bound to reply that the port was neutral and, by the Treaty of Utrecht, not more than four warships of any one nation could lie there at the same time. This provided the *casus belli*. "The Order refuses the squadron water of which it is in extreme need. General Bonaparte must obtain by force that which should have been given him freely in accordance with the principles of hospitality which are the basis of your Order."

There was no need of force; his reputation was enough. The people petitioned the Grand Master to capitulate and avoid the horrors of bombardment and sack. Priests carried the relics in procession through the streets, and the churches were full of terrified praying crowds. Hompesch, himself, had the promise of a pension and a principality if he surrendered. He asked for an armistice. Envoys were sent to the *Orient*. The sea was rough and they arrived in poor condition. It was midnight. In his cabin the little General, in full uniform, wrote silently, looking from time to time at the envoys who were being revived with rum and biscuits. At length, he read them the agreement which he had just drawn up. "What shall we call it?" he asked. "Capitulation would be offensive to the ears of such a famous Order. Shall we say convention?"

In fact, it was capitulation. Sovereignty over the town and forts was ceded to France. In return the Directory promised to "use its influence" to endow the Grand Master for life with an equivalent principality, with an annual allowance of three hundred thousand francs. The French Knights could return freely to France and would be given a pension of six hundred francs. "Six hundred?" the delegates protested. "Call it seven," said Bonaparte, drily, and the convention was signed.

Next day, with bands playing, the French soldiers marched up to the Royal Gate. Bonaparte installed himself in the building which is to-day the post office and, in six

days, completely re-organised the Island of which the customs had hardly changed for two thousand years. He drew up a constitution, formed a Maltese Legion, abolished slavery, implanted the principles of liberty, equality and fraternity, abolished titles and crests, and finally dissolved the Order and sold its silver plate to pay his troops.

Without a moment's hesitation he re-organised the finance, penal code and administration, and started a daily paper, the first in the Island. He proclaimed that the natives had been kept in a state of shocking ignorance, and founded fifteen primary schools which taught "arithmetic, navigation, French and the elements of the French constitution."

Meanwhile the Grand Master Hompesch put his house in order and assured the Citizen General of his gratitude and goodwill. The Order dispersed, the majority of the Knights going to Russia. Later the headquarters were to be established in Rome, at the Palace of the Order's old ambassador to the city.

After six days, the young god regarded his work and found it good. He handed over command of the Island to General Vaubois and re-embarked. He sent back to France the standards of the Order and the gold sword of La Valette. Before leaving, he inspected the battlements with his chief engineer, who commented on their solidity. "Yes," said Bonaparte, "it is lucky that we found someone here to open the gates for us. Had the town been empty we should have had considerable difficulty in forcing our way in."

But the meteor who flashed so brilliantly across the Maltese sky was scarcely to leave any trace. The soldiers of the Republic had but a brief honeymoon with the Maltese. To celebrate the 14th July, General Vaubois planted a tree of liberty at the foot of which were burnt all the titles of nobility. In his speech he exhorted the Maltese sailors to hunt down *les perfides anglais*. "Brothers of Malta," he cried, "open your eyes to your destiny."

But the brothers of Malta were unconvinced. Bonaparte had promised to respect their customs, but the Grand Master's Palace was now the *Palais Nationale* and new street names were redolent of the Republic. The soldiers broke down the knightly escutcheons; native feeling ran high at an attempt to sell the famous church tapestries by auction. Soon the small French garrison was hemmed into Valletta where they endured a two years' siege with courage but little hope.

It is an elementary principle of imperial strategy that a distant possession can only be held by command of the sea. When Bonaparte lost his fleet at Aboukir, the French in Malta were doomed. For some time the ownership of the Island was uncertain. By a transparent fiction it was in the name of the Kingdom of Naples that Nelson laid siege to it. Bonaparte then repented of having ejected the Knights of St. John, a neutral and inoffensive power, only to admit a powerful enemy. "I would sooner," he said, "see the English in Montmartre than at Malta."

By the Treaty of Amiens the Island was returned to the Order of St. John, but England always refused to ratify this clause of the treaty and nobody could enforce it. Eventually, in 1814, England was recognised as the true mistress of Malta. Above the portico of the main guard in Valletta is engraved:—

MAGNAE ET INVICTAE BRITANNICAE
EUROPAE VOX ET MELITENSIVM AMOR
HAS INSULAS CONFIRMANT

A.D. 1814

The author did not add that the voice of Europe and the love of the Maltese received considerable encouragement from the presence at Malta of a British fleet of unequalled strength.

(Concluded.)

The Naval Review, 1937.

The writer was one of the two very fortunate officers who were able to accept the kind invitation of Capt. C. E. Douglas-Pennant, D.S.C., commanding H.M.S. *Iron Duke*. As a fuller and more technical account is likely to be given in the letter from H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, I will confine my remarks to our own impressions and experiences of a day that was as memorable as we had anticipated.

The preliminary forethought and staff work for our personal convenience laid the foundations for a grand day; for we received detailed instructions as to route, car park, jetty, haversack rations, and even as to clothing, in which we were advised to take water-proofs but to refrain from wearing cloth caps. Fortunately the waterproofs were unnecessary.

Without encountering very heavy traffic we parked the car in the Naval Dockyard at about 11.30 a.m., and made our way to the jetty allotted to H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, which was only a short distance from H.M.S. *Victory* and from the Southern Railway jetty where was moored the Royal yacht. While waiting for our boat we had the good fortune to get an excellent view of Their Majesties and the young Princesses paying a visit to H.M.S. *Victory*.

At about 12.15 p.m., in company with other guests, we boarded one of the *Iron Duke's* steam pinnacles and made our way past the Royal yacht and out through a maze of craft of all descriptions, to the Fleet at Spithead. It was a hazy morning with the sun making every effort to come through, and my impressions are of the lines of grey shapes of the Fleet in the distance, while all around were power boats of all kinds and sizes going in every direction at an incredible speed. There was a slight chop on the water and I had some fun in trying to stand up and take moving pictures of the various craft which passed us.

Soon we arrived at the Fleet. We passed close to *Leander* and *Devonshire*, while a short distance away was the *Hood*, all three being painted the light grey used for ships on overseas stations. No less unmistakable than the *Hood* with her beautiful lines, was the famous silhouette of the *Iron Duke* in her more austere colour of a ship of the Home Fleet, and a magnificent sight she was with her bunting and gleaming brasswork.

We were met by Capt. Douglas-Pennant, and taken below to his cabin for cocktails. It was difficult to realise among the cheerful throng of guests that this was the cabin used by Sir John Jellicoe in the Great War before and during the Battle of Jutland, and later by Sir David Beatty.

In spite of the excellence of the cocktails, we soon went on deck, eager to see the other ships and to watch the continual flow of sight-seeing craft of every description: super yachts, dinghies, speed-boats, cabin cruisers, paddle steamers, and liners, all gay with bunting and enthusiastic occupants.

Iron Duke was anchored third in line in one of the centre lines, and from the quarter deck we had an excellent view of the following ships:—*Barham* and *Queen Elizabeth* (just ahead), *Hood* (astern). On either side of us were *Nelson*, *Rodney*, *Royal Oak*, *Ramillies*, *London*, *Devonshire*, *Leander* and *Frobisher*. We could also clearly see the leading foreign ships, which included the *New York* (U.S.A.), *Dunkerque* (French), *Moreno* (Argentine), *Marat* (Russian), *Graf von Spee* (German), while occasionally as the haze lifted we got glimpses far down the line of aircraft carriers and numerous smaller vessels. We were somewhat amused by the Russian *Marat*, with her bent funnel and hammer and sickle, being placed one ahead of the German pocket battleship flying the Swastika. We ruled out "official humour" as the culprit.

We were entertained by the ship's band and also by the boys' band, and after a very good buffet lunch we began to think of taking our places for the actual review by

THE NAVAL REVIEW, 1937, FROM H.M.S. "IRON DUKE."



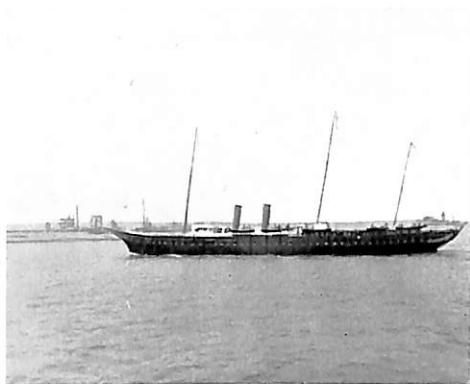
Capt. C. E. Douglas-Pennant, D.S.C.,
with friends.



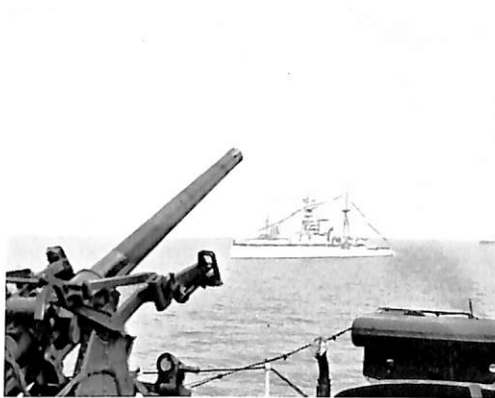
Colonel and Mrs. Burnett shortly after
coming on board



The Liner "Rangitiki" entering the lines.



"Victoria & Albert" passing between
"Iron Duke" and "Leander."



H.M.S. "Barham"
(bows of "Rodney" can be seen on right).



View of A.A. platform.

2nd BATTALION IN THE GREAT WAR.



2nd Battalion in the support line in front of Kemmel, December, 1914.



The late Lt.-Col. Tyndall, D.S.O. and the late
Capt. Ernle Taylor.



The late Capt. "Ginger" Ellis.

Snapshots taken by Col. E. N. F. Hitchins, D.S.O., M.C.

His Majesty. Armed with two cameras, I attached myself to some Press reporters who had a perch up the mast by the aft A.A. platform. From here we had a wonderful view, and I was able to get several good photographs, some of which appear opposite page 196.

At 15.05 hours, preceded by Trinity House vessel *Patricia* and escorted by *Enchantress*, the *Victoria & Albert* left the Southern Railway jetty for Spithead, and the Fleet fired a Royal salute of 21 guns.

At 15.30 hours *Victoria & Albert* entered the lines, and as she passed between each pair of ships, three cheers were given by the ship's company who had manned ship; the bands played the National Anthem while the guards of Royal Marines on the quarter decks presented arms. *Victoria & Albert* passed close to *Iron Duke* and between us and *Leander* on her way down the line. We could plainly see the King and Queen and the Princesses on the bridge. The Royal yacht was followed several minutes later by three or four liners, and after a lapse of about 90 minutes she re-appeared on our starboard side on her way back up the line, receiving *en route* a tremendous cheer from the Russian *Marat*.

At 17.10 hours *Victoria & Albert* secured to moorings at the head of our line, and at 17.40 hours the silence and the haze were rent by the roaring of hundreds of engines, and lines of aircraft in close formation flew over us. This fly past by the Fleet Air arm was a spectacular display of rapid movement in striking contrast to the motionless majesty of the Fleet. A few minutes later the lanes, which during the Review had been kept clear, were suddenly studded once again by the motley of strange craft, who appeared quickly and silently like a rapid growth of marine mushrooms.

From this time until 9 p.m. we amused ourselves by drinking the Captain's cocktails and watching the manœuvres and antics of the sight-seeing vessels and their occupants. At 9 p.m. Capt. Douglas-Pennant gave us a welcome, enjoyable and lavish supper, and then we again went on deck to see the illumination of the Fleet which was scheduled to commence at 22.00 hours. After a little hesitation on the part of the Russian ship, the whole Fleet was in complete darkness by 21.50 hours. Then at 22.00 hours, "Presto"!!! Every ship, mast, gun and spar was silhouetted by hundreds of electric lights. The haze had gone now, it was a fine clear night, and we could see the full length of the lines of ships, each picturesquely outlined against the blackness. A truly magnificent and unique spectacle, and one that none of us is likely to forget.

We were provided with a perfectly timed searchlight display, followed by a good selection of fireworks consisting mostly of rockets let off simultaneously in large numbers from the bigger ships, and some golden rain from the smaller vessels. In spite of all this nautical precision the evening was not without its humour. I do not refer to the B.B.C. announcer in H.M.S. *Nelson* whose eulogies can be well understood, but to efforts on the part of one foreign warship to co-operate with our Fleet's display in searchlight and fireworks. As each searchlight movement commenced, our friend would be left at the post and his frantic endeavours to catch up were enthusiastically cheered by a nearby rival. Nor was the foreigner more fortunate in his synchronisation of fireworks or in volume or choice of colour of his rockets. The climax was reached, when after a stupendous burst of red and blue rockets, fired 50 at a time and simultaneously from each British battleship, our friend replied with two green squibs. On this occasion I fear the applause was not confined to the nearby rival, but could be heard rippling across the water from every side.

So we came to midnight, a cup of hot soup, farewell to our thoughtful and generous host, and our journey back to Portsmouth, leaving the Fleet in silent darkness with the Royal yacht at the head of the line. After an amusing scramble over five drifters, we reached dry land and soon found our car park. So ended a wonderful day. We shall ever be grateful to Capt. Douglas-Pennant, not only for his hospitality, but for giving us the opportunity of being present on such a day in the most historic ship afloat.

"SELIM."

Damped Ardour.

Drawn up in two ranks along the river bank, we eagerly await the moment when we shall attempt our epic feat. For this morning we are going to cross the river by means of a string of duckboards on floats. Already the contrivance is being assembled by a fatigue party composed, according to the C.S.M., of the more sinful among us.

The work is carried out under the direction of an N.C.O. from the R.Es., whose expression of refined suffering suggests that he regards the instruction of Territorials as a deliberate outrage on a nature fitted for higher things. An attempt by Sgt. Plummer, however, to put him in his place reveals in an interchange of personalities that he has not yet lost the common touch.

A volley of oaths heralds the start, and then, with the working party lining either side of it, the bridge comes hurtling down to the water like a huge snake, headed by the C.S.M. representing the fangs and venom. A deliberate attempt to rush him into the river is only frustrated by an acrobatic dive to safety on his part, and a deafening uproar breaks out as the foremost assassins try to skid the bridge to a halt whilst vehemently protesting their innocence.

The launch proceeds with exasperating slowness. The leading gentlemen display a finicky desire to keep their feet dry, which those behind are loudly at a loss to understand. In an appeal for more speed, the R.E. darkly observes that under fire the entire working party would by now have been completely wiped out. The thought seems to afford him the keenest satisfaction. Sgt. Plummer, outspoken as ever, urges him to put a sock in it.

A frenzied outburst by the C.S.M. restores some measure of order, and gradually, section by section, the bridge is pushed out. Pte. Stubbs, whose untimely decease all agree will be least regretted, has been unanimously chosen for the post of danger on the leading float. It is his duty to secure the bridge to the opposite bank when, or if, he arrives.

The head of the bridge reaches the full force of the current and begins to swing dizzily downstream. Its unhappy occupant addresses the two men on the guide rope in pained tones. He is anxious, we gather, to air his opinion of them before going down to a watery grave. Fortunately, disaster is averted by the R.E., and the bridge proceeds once more.

Foot by foot it creeps towards the opposite bank, and then a hoarse shout of relief from Pte. Stubbs announces its arrival. Swiftly he makes it fast, and after a defiant glance in our direction, vanishes behind a bush to enjoy a well-earned smoke.

A subaltern is the first over, and considering that some sixty souls are earnestly praying for his downfall, he accomplishes the crossing with surprising nonchalance. Fired by his example, the warriors follow one by one. Some hurl themselves across, relying solely upon impetus to get them over; others proceed with elaborate caution; and one, for some unknown reason, does the journey on tiptoe with his arms extended and his tongue out.

And then comes disaster. Sgt. Plummer, whose fondness for always being the last to leave the Sergeants' Mess makes him subject to unaccountable attacks of giddiness, is seized with an attack right in the middle, and after a whirlwind struggle with the law of gravity, goes in with a resounding splash. In the roar of happy laughter that greets his performance, none rings out more joyously than that of the gentleman from the R.Es.

Sgt. Plummer comes up like a sounding whale, ejecting a shower of unwanted water, and clutching the bridge, begins to address the members of his platoon in a nasty drizzling sort of way. Their failure to dash instantly to his aid seems to have annoyed him.

The situation is grave, but as usual the hour produces the man. Our heroic C.S.M. skips lightly out on to the swaying bridge, and twining sausage-like fingers in the sergeant's hair, tries to yank him out. The idea is unpopular with Sgt. Plummer. Shedding both discipline and manners, he implores his rescuer to something-well desist. If, he

observes, the C.S.M. is desirous of obtaining a lock of his blankety hair for a sanguinary souvenir, the moment is inopportune.

The C.S.M., ever reasonable, transfers his attention to the fulminating one's belt ; but this is where all the weight is, and strive as he will he can only lift remarks out of the saturated sergeant.

The bridge, canting over at an alarming angle under their struggles, begins to break up. It parts near the middle ; Pte. Stubbs' insecure fastenings break free ; and to our consternation we see our two loudest warriors drifting helplessly downstream.

The R.E., his mirth conquered, frantically salvages what he can from the wreck. In sepulchral tones he begins to chant extracts from a price list.

But we are not interested in his woes. We watch our gallant C.S.M. perform feats of balance that would make Blondin himself sick with envy. In petrified silence we await the inevitable. All nature seems stilled. The very sun withdraws his shining countenance behind a cloud.

A crackling, sizzling oath heralds the final act of the drama. It is followed by a mighty splash. Our C.S.M. has gone in . . .

And are we sorry ? Well, perhaps not at the moment, but we shall be later. He'll see to that !

P. M. L.

Echoes of The Past.

The following letter from Major H. Hobbs, together with a copy of his interesting pamphlet "Scrap of Fort William Regimental History," has been received by Lt.-Col. Christison. We print below extracts giving details, not previously published to our belief, concerning both the 33rd and 76th Regiments :—

9 Old Court House Street,
Calcutta,

3rd June, 1937.

The Officer Commanding Duke of Wellington's Regiment, Nowshera.
Dear Sir,

Nearly ten years ago (30th August, 1927) Major McGuire Bate generously presented me with a copy of the Historical Record of the 76th "Hindoostan" Regiment to help me in compiling a history of Fort William.

Like so many projects, the "history" hasn't "come off," but various scraps of regimental happenings are being put on record by me. In the second number are two references to the old 76th which are not in your records so far as I know. I have inserted them in my matter and send a copy to you for favour of your acceptance. I am writing a monograph on a Calcutta character—Samuel Harraden—father of Miss Beatrice Harraden the novelist—and refer in that to your bandmaster of 140 years ago.

If I live long enough to compile my history of Fort William, I hope to have other matter crop up. As you know, the old-time writers considered it proper to avoid names or particulars about regiments—the "—th" being as far as they would let themselves go. Had one the time to put things together much interesting reading could be found, but life is too strenuous nowadays.

Yours truly,

H. HOBBS.

Extracts from "Scrap of Fort William Regimental History."

"Colonel Hayden's History does not contain this most creditable example of the officers and men of the 76th Regiment. 'In 1796 things were so bad in England owing to a threatened invasion by Buonaparte, that on July 26, the 76th Regiment at Dinapore, contributed to a fund for the defence of Great Britain. Officers gave one month's pay ; N.C.Os. and men, fourteen days. The regimental total came to £600. The 27th Dragoons

(afterwards the 24th), the 75th at Bombay, and the 74th at Wallajahabad similarly contributed and promised to come forward with an annual subscription as long as the war lasted.' "

* * * * *

" During the time the 33rd were in Southern India, the bandmaster of the regiment (a civilian in those days) harmonised and scored for his band ' Chundah's Song,' a tune to which a celebrated Hyderabad nautch girl used to dance. That was probably the first successful effort to arrange Indian music to Western notation."

Personalia.

The engagement is announced between Frederic Henry Valerian Wellesley, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Wellesley, of Colmer, Modbury, South Devon, and Nancy Evelyn, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Saunders, of Westbury, Halifax, Yorkshire. Mr. Wellesley is at present in Turkey, studying the language.

Another engagement recently announced is between William Neil, younger son of the late Brig.-Gen. R. N. Bray, C.M.G., D.S.O., and the late Mrs. Bray, and Cynthia, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gee, Uplands, Rothley, Leicestershire.

We offer our sincere congratulations to Colonel E. N. Fortescue Hitchins on his appointment as Signal Officer-in-Chief in India. Colonel Hitchins takes up his appointment on 17th February, 1938.

The wedding was celebrated at St. Clement's Church, Bradford, by the Rev. F. B. Allen, on 15th May, 1937, of Cpl. C. Menzies, Depot, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and Miss G. V. Partridge, of Bradford Moor, Bradford. Cpl. Menzies is the son of ex-Cpl. J. Menzies who served in the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the Regiment; and Miss Partridge is the daughter of ex-C/Sgt. J. Partridge who served for 15½ years with the 1st and 2nd Battalions and 5½ years as a sergeant-instructor with the 6th Battalion. Miss Partridge was born in the Regiment, and so may now be said to have rejoined the Colours. The best man was Sgt. E. J. Partridge, Royal Air Force (brother of the bride), who was born at Rangoon when the 2nd Battalion was stationed in Burma.

Cpl. Menzies joined the 2nd Battalion in June, 1920, and was transferred to the 1st Battalion in 1921. He is now on a tour of duty at the Depot. We offer our best wishes to the happy pair, a photograph of whom appears opposite page 169.

The Regiment was notably represented in this year's Royal Academy, for among the miniatures was one of the Colonel of the Regiment in full dress uniform, painted by Mrs. P. A. Turner. We offer our heartiest congratulations to Mrs. Turner on her success.

The following appeared in the *Commonwealth of Australia Gazette* of 8th April, 1937 :—

No. 1709 Warrant Officer Class II. W. T. Wilkinson, M.C., on discharge from the Permanent Military Forces on 17th January, 1937, is placed on the Retired List, 1st Military District, with the rank of Major and with permission to wear the prescribed uniform, 18th January, 1937.

Mr. C. J. Puplett writes that he has left Nova Scotia for an indefinite period and is now living at 765 Melrose Avenue, Verdun, P.Q., Canada. Mr. Puplett states that there are several branches of the British Legion in Verdun and Montreal and that he is endeavouring to get into touch with any old "Dukes" there may be in the district.

The snapshots of the 2nd Battalion in the line in 1914, which are reproduced opposite page 197, were very kindly sent to us by Col. E. N. F. Hitchins. We shall be very glad to receive any other war-time photographs of the Regiment that have not already appeared in the Regimental History.

The Adjutant of the Depot recently received a postcard from Mr. Sam Whitaker, who lives at Gildersome, near Leeds. He writes:—"Sixty years to-day, Saturday, 7th July, 1937, I took the Queen's shilling and joined your old Regiment at Halifax. I was in one of the two companies which opened the barracks at Highroad Well later on; I forget the date, I think it was October, 1877. I shall be 80 on 20th October, 1937, if I live long enough. My Regimental No. was 1098, 9th Brigade, Infantry of Foot." Best wishes to Mr. Whitaker.

Capt. Charles Oliver writes that he has heard that Mr. Pollock, who as a corporal in the 1st Battalion was employed in the Quartermaster's office, is now at Quetta, as manager of a Calcutta firm which is building the British infantry barracks there.

We welcome a new contributor to this journal in "Arco," who has two articles to his credit in this issue. "Arco" is a naval officer and son of a retired officer of the Regiment.

Some time ago we published a suggestion that readers of THE IRON DUKE should send a copy of it to some ex-member of the Regiment who was unable to afford to subscribe for a copy. A number of copies are sent out at the request of readers, and that these are much appreciated is instanced by a recipient, an ex-N.C.O. of the 1st Battalion, who writes to Capt. F. H. Baume:—"Many thanks for loan of magazines, it has been a pleasure to me. I have read and re-read them over."

An Old Lady's Recollections.

Apropos of Waterloo Day, Major Green has forwarded the following letter from Capt. S. J. Platt, late The Royal Ulster Rifles:—"One of my earliest recollections is of an old lady named Doherty, who was a nurse in our family. As a girl she had been employed as a nursemaid in London, and she saw the funeral of the Duke of Wellington in 1852. She often talked of the great spectacle, and one of her most vivid recollections appeared to be that of a visit to St. Paul's during, I think, the lying-in-state. It may, however, have been just after the funeral. She was immensely impressed by the sombre hangings and silver appointments of the Cathedral on that memorable occasion. Mrs. Doherty's husband was a soldier of the 33rd Foot and was present at the funeral. As a child I gathered that Doherty had been at least the regimental sergeant-major, but that must have been a little pardonable exaggeration on the part of the old lady. My childish impression was that the great procession consisted of Doherty, the 33rd, and others, but on reckoning dates I now conclude that the man was a young soldier at the time. He was Irish, I need hardly add that when his name is remembered; and he had a fondness for the national beverage, I believe; at all events, I recall my nurse's comment that 'himself would be takin' a dhrop.' 'A dhrop,' the Englishry will understand, is the vernacular for a tot of whisky.

Another interesting reminiscence of this long-dead old lady was that of seeing a review in Hyde Park at which the Duke of Wellington was present, as well as Queen Victoria, then a young woman. The Duke she described as 'a grey ould general' like others about him. The occasion concluded, according to her story, with a representation of part of the Battle of Waterloo and a charge by the Highland regiments, who had to

splash through great puddles, there having been heavy rains a short time before. The Highlanders, she said, were far from pleased at the effect on their uniforms. She herself, being unused to field days, had an experience like that which befell Mr. Pickwick on a similar occasion. She got in the way of the troops and was nearly charged over. This review, so far as I can judge, would be some time in the late forties. The gaiety of the soldiers, and their merry shouts at her to get out of the way, were things she mentioned—they show that the British soldier, despite his glazed wooden stock and general appearance of stiffness in those days, was as carefree and as fond of a lark then as he is to-day. None of us need have any doubt that the 33rd cracked many a joke on the slopes of Mont St. Jean, and thought Waterloo not such a bad show.

"These hazy recollections might, I thought, be of a little interest to readers of THE IRON DUKE. I wish I could add that Mrs. Doherty had told me she saw the Duke smile and that he was not so iron, but I am a very veracious person."

Interlude.

It all started because of a pig. The owner of the pig appealed to the Missionary and the Missionary appealed to the wardroom of H.M.S. *Hamburger*, a small warship which happened to be in the harbour. It appeared that not only was there a pig but there was also a tiger, and the two had come together to the detriment of the pig.

The wardroom Mess consisted of Number One, Pilot, Doc., Sub., Chief and Guns. As the ship was due to sail at 10.00 the following day, Pilot and Chief had to stand by their charts and engines respectively and were, therefore, unable to take part in the proposed tiger hunt. They assisted at the preliminary conference by reading extracts from papers which held forth on the ferocity of tigers and on their strength and leaping powers.

Tiny Tim, so called because of his great size, was on board. He is a brass-hatted soldier and was taking a sea trip for fun. He joined the advisory committee after having definitely refused to take part in the shoot. He pointed out that sailors couldn't hit anything and would very probably get their pants clawed, and, besides, the Germans had tried to shoot him for four years without success and he was blown if a gang of web-footed, ocean-going thugs was going to have the chance to do him in. Well, one could not blame him after looking at the array of weapons produced as suitable for tiger hunting.

The "Murdering Party" was to consist of the following:—One Missionary in charge of operations, Number One, Sub. and Guns. In addition, a Royal Marine who was taking passage was included in the party because he volunteered to hide the tiger. How or where he was to hide the thing was not clear for some time, but finally it appeared that, as he was a qualified butcher, he wanted to skin the brute, "if," he added, "you hit him." So: "All right, Butch., bring your pole-axe."

Number One had busied himself filing the points of some .303 bullets and now appeared with a twelve-bore, a Service rifle with bayonet fixed and fifteen rounds of his "Dum-dum" ammunition. Sub. provided a Verey's pistol, a .455 revolver, a rifle and an entrenching tool helve. Guns produced a home-made bomb and a length of string. The fuse of the bomb was of sufficient length to allow of five seconds burning, because it was calculated that if Guns could do one hundred yards in eleven seconds under normal conditions, he could do at least a quarter of a mile in five seconds when pursued by an infuriated and singed cat. At this point Tiny Tim caused a diversion by drinking Number One's gin by mistake.

When order had been restored, the plan of campaign was roughed out. The tiger lived in a cave amongst some rocks and there were some trees growing in the immediate vicinity. Obviously the first thing to do was to get the brute out of the cave. Once he was out, the alarm was to be raised and the tiger was to be detained until such times as the armament could be trained, laid and fired.

It was decided that when the party arrived at the scene of battle, breakfast would be poured out. Then the string was to be stretched across the front of the cave and it was to be knee-high to a tiger. Sub. was to be stationed near to, but clear of, the entrance. Number One was to take up position thirty yards in front of the cave with his assorted armoury at the ready. Butch. was to be up a tree, and the Missionary said that for his part he would be up two trees.

When Number One gave the signal, Guns was to ignite the fuse and hurl his bomb into the cave. He would then proceed at high speed in a direction at right angles to the tiger's probable line of advance. According to the drill, the tiger would now rush out and trip over the string. Sub. would raise the alarm by firing his Verey's pistol to indicate position of tiger. Number One would open fire with his rifle and so would Sub. The Missionary, as he had already seventeen tigers to his credit, was to be held in reserve in case the tiger broke through the barrage. The Missionary was to order "cease fire" as necessary, and then Butch. would descend and hide the tiger. Two green lights would be fired to inform Guns that he could now stop running. A snack would then be poured out.

That evening a message arrived from the Missionary. "Wife ill. Expect addition to family. Cannot take part in shoot." The Owner decided that the hunt could not take place unless an expert was in charge and he suggested Tiny Tim, who, of course, had got his tiger "before you whipper-snappers were unwrapped." Tiny Tim flatly refused on account of his health. It wouldn't be good for him to have to dig three graves in the middle of summer. The hunt was off. However, there was no reason why a dress rehearsal should not be held with the ship's dog doing duty as tiger, ball ammunition to be replaced by blank.

On the way from ship to shore the bomb was lighted and set afloat in an empty box. It went off with a very satisfying bang that would have scared the most self-possessed of tigers. An empty tin took the place of the bomb at the rehearsal.

A landing was made at a convenient spot and all proceeded to take up stations as ordered. What happened can be told in a few brief sentences.

On the signal being given, Guns threw the "bomb," turned to run, and fell flat over the string. The dog retrieved the bomb and licked Guns' face. Sub. fired his Verey's pistol and the cartridge set fire to a fisherman's hut. Number One fired all his blanks with great verve. Tiny Tim fell on his back and howled with joy.

The Missionary's wife had twins.

ARCO.

Field of Remembrance.

It is hoped to hold a service at the Field of Remembrance at Westminster Abbey this year, but details are not available at the moment. These details will be known by 1st October, and all those interested are recommended to write to Capt. R. H. D. Bolton (at address given below) who will send full details.

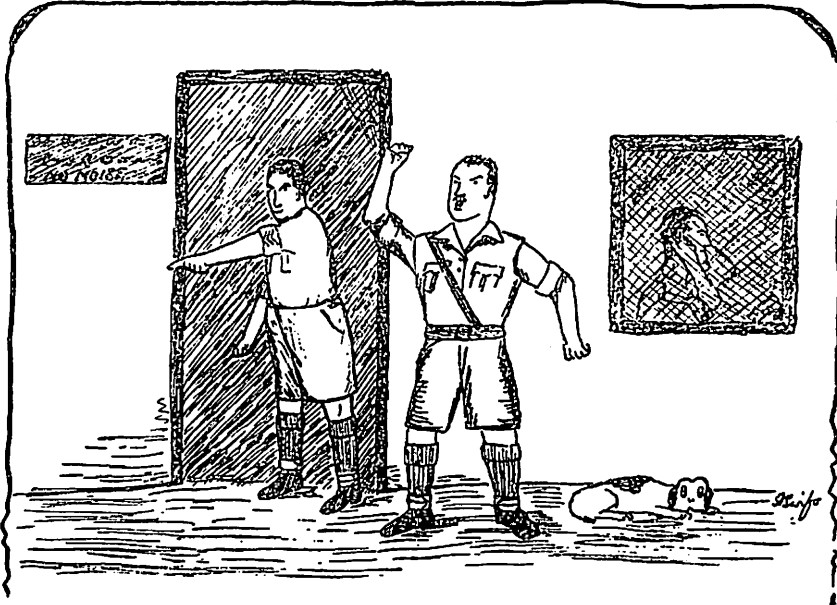
Any member of the Regiment wishing to have a cross planted on the field can do so by sending Capt. Bolton a nominal fee of sixpence for each cross. All money received is paid to the funds of the British Legion.

All letters should be addressed to :—Capt. R. H. D. Bolton, c/o New Scotland Yard, London, S.W.1.

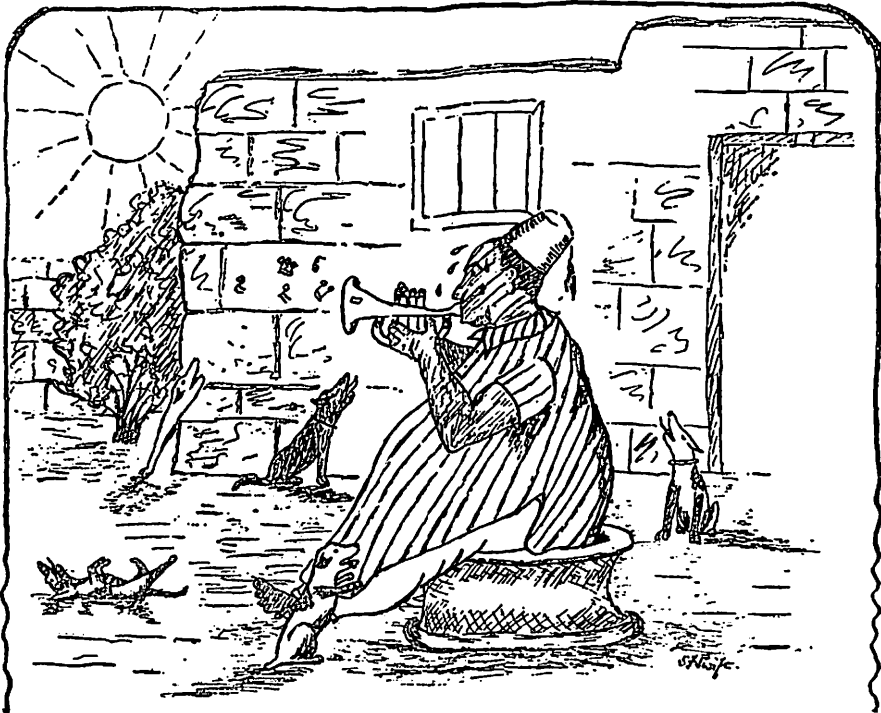
Late News.

We regret to record the death, after a very short illness, of Mr. Frank Armitage Potts, Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and an ex-officer of the 9th Battalion.

THE IRON DUKE



Scene: Cherat Orderly Room. Time and Date: 12.02 hours (c/o's orderly room 12 noon)
June 12th, the hottest day so far.



Assistant Surgeon—with Audience.

The Land of Missing Men.

By "MOUNTIE."*

(Reprinted by courtesy of the Editor of *The Wide World Magazine*)

Northern British Columbia is a vast wilderness containing mighty mountains that have never been named, great lakes few white men have set eyes upon, and forests that have not yet been surveyed. Its remote solitudes possess a lure of their own for certain types of adventurers, and many mysterious tragedies have occurred there. The author, by virtue of his position, has had special facilities for learning the details of these incidents, and here tells some remarkable stories of men who have disappeared in the Northern wilds. Names of persons and places have had to be suppressed or changed in certain cases, but the facts are matters of official record.

In the month of May, 1930, George Cameron, a farmer near Vanderhoof, in Northern British Columbia, had occasion to hire three men for the purpose of clearing land. Their names were Peters, Westphal, and Fredericks, and all of them were Germans. Peters was apparently the only one who could speak fair English; he was fair-haired and inclined to stoutness. Westphal and Fredericks were taller men, of excellent build, and obviously used to hard work. While the clearing was in progress Cameron occasionally engaged Peters in conversation, and learned from him that it was the intention of the three men to proceed northward on a prospecting expedition directly they had earned enough money to purchase supplies and equipment.

To Cameron it appeared obvious that Peters was the recognised leader of the trio and so, at the end of May, he gave him a cheque for one hundred and forty-nine dollars, covering the pay due to the three men. This cheque was cashed on 2nd June, and on the 4th the three men approached Harrison, a taxi-driver, and asked him if he would take them north to Stuart Lake, which is the end of the road and about forty miles from Vanderhoof. "All right," said Harrison, "you be at the Nechako Bridge at 3 o'clock this afternoon with your dunnage. I'll pick you up there." The evening of 4th June saw the three men camped on the shore of Stuart Lake, which is the first of a series of waterways leading into the Far North. Near them was the settlement of Fort St. James, consisting largely of Indians who have gathered about the fort of the Hudson Bay Company.

Some two or three days later the Germans entered the store of S. G. Ryall, on the shore of the lake, and interviewed the manager, a Mr. Smith. They bought from him two hundred lbs. of flour, fifty lbs. of rice, ten lbs. of beans, a sack of potatoes, and nine yards of canvas drill. "What are you going to do with the canvas?" asked Smith. "Make a tent-fly out of it," replied Peters. Further conversation ensued, and then Peters asked if Smith happened to have an old boat he could sell cheap. As it turned out, Smith possessed such a boat. "I've got one you can have for a couple of bucks (dollars)," he said. "The stern is damaged a bit, but you'll be able to put that right easily enough. Have you got any rifles? You'll need one at least."—"Yes; we've got two, a 30.30 and a .22." On the next morning, which was a Sunday, Smith went down to the shore of the lake to help the three men load their boat. While there he noticed the 30.30 rifle lying in the boat, but he did not see any other weapon.

The storekeeper watched them push off and begin to row towards the lake's inlet some twenty-four miles away. Prospectors were an everyday matter with him, and there seemed nothing to mark this departure as anything unusual, yet it was a prelude to such a tragedy as even the wilds seldom see.

At the head of Stuart Lake, where the Tachie River empties into it, lies the Indian village of Tachie, a mere collection of huts. Here one Cassiar Roberts, an Indian, saw the row-boat containing the three men pass by the settlement and enter the Tachie River. Cassiar noticed them particularly because few white men row nowadays, usually preferring to use outboard motors.

* "Mountie" is the pen-name of Mr. R. Horsfield, late of the 4th Battalion.—ED.]

Another Indian named Matiste—who, unlike most Indians, had an eye for business—also saw the Germans going past, and realised that sometime during the next day they would reach some rapids farther up the river. Knowing they would be unable to navigate this strip of fast water without help, he started off after them the following morning with his boat and outboard motor. Sure enough, he found the prospectors camped at the foot of the rapids, obviously at a loss how to proceed. Peters spoke to him:—"Say, can you give us a tow?"—"Sure! It cost you six dollars." "All right; it's a deal."

Matiste towed the boat up the rapids and about a mile beyond. Then he decided to go back home, and handed the towing job over to another Indian named Anatole. Late in the afternoon the two boats reached Trembleur Lake, but found it so rough that it was impossible to cross.

This being the case, the Indian steered a course into a small bay at the foot of the lake and suggested to Peters that they should camp. When camp had been made Anatole approached Fredericks and entered into conversation with him. Apparently Fredericks could make himself understood in English when he wished to do so. "I better go now before she gets rougher," said the Indian, looking at the lake. "Suppose you pay me now?"

"All right," answered Fredericks, and took a wallet from his pocket. The astute Indian noticed that it contained a twenty-dollar bill and a ten-dollar one—evidently Fredericks' share of the one hundred and fort-nine dollars after the expenses already incurred had been deducted. "That's all the money I've got, except for twenty-five cents," said Fredericks.—"Give me that, then," suggested Anatole.

The silver coin changed hands, and the Indian started off towards home. As his craft gained speed he looked back and saw the prospectors preparing to retire. For two of those three men it was their last night on earth.

On 13th June a tall man came down the trail from the North and walked into the Indian village of Tachie. On his back was a pack-sack; a rifle swung in his hand. Kicking away the Indian dogs that followed closely on his heels, he entered the small store of Cassiar Roberts. Cassiar recognised him as one of the three prospectors who had been at Grand Rapids Camp the week before—the man known as Fredericks.

"Where can I buy some moccasins?" asked Fredericks.

There were a few Indians present in the store at the time, and one of them answered:—"I have two pair I'll sell you."—"All right; you get them." A few minutes later the Indian returned with the articles, and Fredericks tried them on. "Big enough, both of 'em," he said. "How much?"—"Six dollars the two pairs."—"Good. I take 'em."

The German then paid the Indian with a ten-dollar bill, and received his change. The natives were pleased, for here was a white man who did not question prices and paid much more for things than they were worth. They stood about, hoping some more business might be done, and they were not disappointed.

"Where can I get a moose-skin coat?" questioned the German.

Cassiar, the storekeeper, smiled. "I got two," he said. He went out for a moment and, returning with two coats, placed them on the counter. Fredericks tried one on and found it too small. As he had put it on over his own coat Cassiar suggested that he remove the garment and then don the moose-skin, but the German did not wish to do this. He then tried the other coat and found that it fitted.—"This one fine. How much?"—"Eighteen dollars." This was at least twice what it was worth, especially when one considers that it was old and had a bullet-hole in it. But Fredericks paid the amount without demur and took possession of the coat.

Suddenly one of the Indians said to Fredericks:—"Where are your partners? Why you come back alone?" The German stared at him for a moment. "My partners?" he repeated. "Oh, two Indian boys take them farther north, across Trembleur Lake and up to Takla."—"Why you no go?" Fredericks placed his hand on his side. "I get sick right here, so I come back."—"Where you go now?"—"Fort St. James, I think."

While trying on the moose-skin coats Fredericks had laid his rifle on the counter,

and now Cassiar picked it up and looked it over with the eye of an expert. "Good rifle you got there," he said. "Mebbe I give you twenty dollars for him?"—"No; I pay thirty-five dollars for him myself."—"Oh!"—"Any Indian going down to the Fort to-morrow?" asked Fredericks. Here Matiste spoke up:—"I go in morning. I take you."—"Then I stay in your house to-night, eh?"—"Sure! You come now."

Matiste led the way to his cabin and indicated a bed where Fredericks could sleep for the night. Fredericks dumped his pack on the floor and took a seat on the side of the bed. A few Indians had followed him in, being anxious to see what this queer white man would do next. Behind the door, on a nail, hung an old black-fox skin slightly tipped with silver. It was a poor, badly-rubbed pelt that the trader had refused to take the winter before. The German caught sight of it and took it down from its nail.

"How's chances to trade my rifle for this skin?" he asked the Indian. Matiste must have thought him crazy, for he answered frankly:—"That fox no good. I no' want to beat you in a trade."—"That fox be all right in my country," returned Fredericks. "I fix him up so he shine fine and look like good fox. I give you my cartridges, too."

Here one is apt to wonder whether Fredericks was being foolishly generous or whether it had just occurred to him that it might be dangerous to carry this rifle farther. The reader must judge for himself, and must also form his own conclusions as to the queer way in which the German accumulated things that seemed useless and expensive.

Matiste agreed to the exchange, and the rifle and the pelt changed hands. More trading was to follow, for Fredericks saw an old pair of moose-horns just outside the cabin door and immediately took a violent fancy to them.

"Say," he said to Matiste, "I give you all my grub if you trade me those horns and a bed for to-night. How's that?"—"What grub have you got?" asked the surprised Matiste. "Lots of it. Two hundred of flour, lots of rice, some lard and beans. And there's a grub-box with some bits left in it."—"Where is all this?"—"We left it at the camp at Grand Rapids."—"And you give it me?"—"Sure!" Matiste was no fool; he produced pencil and notebook. "You write down in this book what you give me and where it is." The German did as the Indian suggested and Matiste carefully stowed the book away. Whether he was suspicious of the German or not it is impossible to say, but now he asked him the question that had been put to him before:—"Where are your two *tilllicums*?" He received exactly the same answer. Later the same evening Fredericks became the possessor of a bear-skin purchased from another Indian, which seemed to satisfy his appetite for souvenirs.

The following morning Matiste took him down to his boat, and as they left the cabin Fredericks turned to him and said:—"I tell you again. You get all the grub at Grand Rapids, and you can have the boat there as well. You take them and keep your mouth shut."—Matiste was puzzled. "Why you leave that boat there? Why you no come down in it?" he demanded.—"I got frightened; the river scared me. Maybe I'm going to hospital at Fort George or in Hazelton."

For some reason or other Fredericks changed his mind at the last moment and left Tachie in the boat of another Indian named Seymour, who took him down to Fort St. James.

That afternoon at 3 o'clock Fredericks walked into the store of Mrs. Fraser in Fort St. James. A little later a Mrs. Kosha, a German woman, came in and, naturally enough, a conversation began between her and Fredericks. She had just heard a report that a young fellow had been drowned in the North, but she told Fredericks not to worry about it, because the man was a Swede, and therefore could not have been one of his late companions. The woman noticed that Fredericks had a queer look on his face as she spoke to him, but she put it down to anxiety for the safety of his friends.

Just then a Mr. O'Meara arrived. He was the Forest Ranger for the district and, after talking awhile with Fredericks, offered him a lift down to the railroad station at Vanderhoof. The German gladly accepted, and that same evening the Ranger dropped him at the station. Later on he took a ticket for the east-bound train and, for a time, vanished from British Columbia. (To be continued.)

Obituary.

We regret to have to record the following deaths :—

FRICKER.—On 27th February, 1937, Claudia Fricker, wife of Mr. G. Fricker, late Band Sergeant of the 2nd Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Mrs. Fricker, whose maiden name was Roach, was born in Barbados of English parents, and was married there on 27th April, 1892. She accompanied her husband throughout his service with the Regiment. An account of Mr. Fricker's service was given in the family record which appeared on page 136 of No. 34 (June) of THE IRON DUKE.

WOOD.—On 28th July, 1937, at 20 Devonshire Place, W.1, after a long illness, Major Herbert William Wainman Wood, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Major Wood was born on 18th January, 1865. He joined the 2nd Battalion from the Militia on 6th May, 1885, and served with them in Bermuda, Nova Scotia, the West Indies, South Africa and Bangalore. He served as adjutant of the 4th Volunteer Battalion, The Essex Regiment, from September, 1898, to October, 1903, when he was posted to the 1st Battalion at York. He was promoted major on 23rd January, 1904, and retired on 6th September, 1905. On the outbreak of the Great War he joined up again, and served as D.A.A. and Q.M.G. of the 21st Division from September, 1914, to July, 1915, and D.A.A.G., Scottish Command, from July, 1915, to August, 1916, his remaining service being with the 3rd Battalion D.W.R.

The following is an appreciation of Major Wood by the Colonel of the Regiment :—
 "In Major H. W. W. Wood, better known to his contemporaries as 'Charles' Wood, the Regiment has lost a very good friend and one who took a keen interest in its welfare to the last. 'Charles' joined in the early eighties and, I've always heard, with such a large moustache that he was mistaken for a senior officer calling on the mess and addressed as such. When I joined in Halifax, N.S., he was one of the senior subalterns, and with Robbie Marshall kept the Mess very much alive; they always had some joke or 'plot' on foot in which the juniors were as often as not called upon to play subsidiary parts, if they were lucky enough not to be the 'butt' of the moment; but their jokes were always good natured. It was in Halifax, N.S., that 'Charles' met his wife Maggie Duffus, a toast of those cheery days, and it was while we were stationed there that they were married, and from that time on there was added another friend to the Regiment. It is often said of those who have gone that they were loved by all and that they never had an enemy, but I really believe that it may be said of Charles Wood; always cheery, amusing and full of fun, it would have been hard not to love him, and I use the term 'love' advisedly. He was a good sportsman, and keen on practically all games, which he played with the greatest enthusiasm. His dearest friend would never have called him a great soldier, but he was very popular with the men. Major and Mrs. Wood had one son, who joined the Canadian Army and who, after getting through the War safely and with credit, met with a very bad motor accident from which he eventually died. This was a terrible blow to both of them, and neither of them were really ever the same again. She died in Halifax, N.S., in July, 1935, and shortly after, he came to England a sick man. I may say he was a friend of mine from almost the day I joined, and I can honestly say one of the best. In the foregoing appreciation I have tried not to exaggerate his good points, and I think those who knew him will agree with what I have written."

Those who were serving with the 1st Battalion in India during 1908 and 1909 will regret to have heard of the death of Wing-Commander Sir Norman Leslie, Bt., C.M.G., C.B.E., at the age of 48. Leslie joined the 1st Battalion in 1908 on the unattached list prior to being posted to the Central India Horse. He served with the Battalion for the normal year and was very popular with all ranks. His career was a brilliant one. He served in France with the C.I.H. until 1916, when he transferred to the Royal Flying Corps, serving in Salonica and at the Air Ministry. After the war he was an Air Attaché

at Paris, passed through the Staff College with distinction, and then became Assistant Secretary (Air) to the Committee of Imperial Defence. After retiring from the Air Force he became joint managing director of Cable and Wireless, Ltd.

Our Contemporaries.

We have to acknowledge with thanks the following regimental magazines:—*The Covenanter* (May, July), *The Tiger & Sphinx* (June), *The Dragon* (May, June, July, August), *The Snapper* (May, June, July, August), *The Bugle* (June), *The London Scottish Regimental Gazette* (May, June, July, August), *The Hampshire Regimental Journal* (May, June, July, August), *The St. George's Gazette* (April, May, June, July), *The Tiger & Rose* (May, June, July, August), *The Light Bob* (July), *The Suffolk Regimental Gazette* (April, June), *Ca-Ira* (June), *The Lion & The Rose* (May, August), *The K.S.L.I. Regimental Gazette* (June, August), *The East Lancashire Regimental Gazette* (June), *The Sapper* (May, June, July, August), *The Royal Army Ordnance Corps Gazette* (May, June, July, August), *Links* (May), *The Wire* (May, June, July, August), *Our Empire* (May, June, July, August), *The Territorial Magazine* (July), *Aldershot Command News* (weekly), *Service* (W. Australia) (April, May, June, July).

Notices.

THE CORPS OF COMMISSIONAIRES' SAVINGS BANK AND THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THRIFT.

At the time when the Corps was founded in 1859 (shortly after the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny) the lot of the old soldier and sailor was truly lamentable, and one of the chief reasons which led to the prejudice against employing them in civil life was their reputation for thriftlessness—people became so accustomed to seeing the old soldier begging in the street, that they very naturally formed the opinion that as a class they were a lot of lazy vagabonds and quite unfit to employ in positions of trust.

The late Sir Edward Walter, who at the early age of 35 set out to tackle a problem which had exercised the minds of statesmen and philanthropists since the Wars of the Roses, realised that to overcome this prejudice against employing an old warrior it was necessary to prove, that given a chance, the old soldier and sailor was just as capable of standing on his own feet as anyone else, and also of exercising thrift.

In drawing up his rules for admission of men to the Corps he therefore made thrift one of the main tests of character and insisted that on joining the Corps a man must deposit a sum of money (varying with his rank, length of service, etc.) in the Corps savings bank and that he must continue to add a little to this every year throughout his service in the Corps.

From that day to this the principle laid down by the founder has never been departed from, and the result is that employers have the satisfaction of knowing, when they engage a commissionaire, that he is not a man of straw but a man who has had sense enough to lay by something against a rainy day; and it is also a fact that a man with a little money in the bank can do his work in a happier frame of mind and therefore do it better than the man who is always in debt and always worried about his finances.

Even from a purely business point of view it is an advantage to a man to have a substantial sum in the Corps savings bank for he receives interest at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum (compound), which is $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. more than paid by the Post Office Savings Bank.

The amount to be deposited on joining is not more than a man should reasonably be able to lay by during his time in the service—for instance, a sergeant (or petty officer) on joining the Corps has to deposit £15 in the bank, a warrant officer £20, a private or A.B., if in receipt of a pension, only £5.

Reservists who have not got a pension to fall back upon in bad times are required to deposit on a special scale—i.e., a single man deposits £10 and a married Reservist £20.

The savings bank is really a provident fund and many a man after perhaps 20 or more years in the Corps takes away on leaving a really substantial sum of money to help him in his old age—it is quite common to pay out sums of from £100—£400 to old members of the Corps when the time comes for them to give up work.

Another great advantage derived from the savings bank is the security offered to employers—the Corps guarantees every one of its members to the extent of £50, and naturally the employers set great store by this fact.

It is very, very rarely that a man lets the Corps down, but in a community of nearly 5,000 men there is bound to be an occasional black sheep and there has never been a case where the Corps has repudiated a claim made against it.

On 31st December, 1936, the deposits in the Corps savings bank amounted to the large sum of £215,500—and the trustees held securities and freehold property to the value of £266,000 as cover for the deposits—namely, a surplus of £50,000.

Presentation to the Army Vocational Training Centre, Aldershot.

The fitters' shop of the Army Vocational Training Centre at Aldershot was the scene of an interesting little ceremony on 22nd April when Mr. E. C. H. Shillaker, M.C., managing director of General Motors, Ltd., presented a Chevrolet chassis to the centre.

The presentation was made to:—General The Hon. Sir J. Francis Gathorne-Hardy, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., C.M.G., D.S.O., A.D.C., General Officer Commanding Aldershot Command, who was accompanied by Lt.-Col. B. H. D. Hurst, D.C.M., Commandant of the Army Vocational Training College, Aldershot, and Major W. T. Sargeant, representing the Director of Personal Services, the War Office.

Mr. E. C. H. Shillaker, M.C., managing director of General Motors, Ltd., made the presentation. He was accompanied by Mr. A. N. Lawrence, chairman of General Motors, Ltd., Capt. G. N. Vansittart, regional director, General Motors export division, Mr. R. Cartwright, director of General Motors, Ltd., and Mr. Charles J. Joyce, of Pass & Joyce, Chevrolet concessionaires.

Mr. Shillaker indicated that General Motors had followed with great interest the work done by the vocational training centres of the Army in equipping time-expired soldiers for their future occupations in civil life. In view of the increasing needs of the motor industry, the training of future operatives was an activity deserving particular encouragement.

General The Hon. Sir J. Francis Gathorne-Hardy, in thanking Mr. Shillaker and General Motors for this very generous presentation, paid a tribute to the Chevrolet which was well known to him from his own experience in many parts of the British Empire, where his duties had taken him during the last 43 years. He knew that in some countries a Chevrolet omnibus, made to carry 18 persons, was cheerfully providing transportation for as many as 40 persons at a time and that it did not seem to unduly worry this sturdy chassis.

The Army vocational training centres offer a valuable solution to one aspect of the recruiting problem and at the same time do a great service to industry in supplying craftsmen of skill to whom loyalty, discipline and punctuality are matters of course.

It is a very good thing that the great industries of this country now recognise the obligation which this work confers upon them. It is all the more highly to be appreciated that this world-wide organisation, GENERAL MOTORS, associates itself with this endeavour to train men so that they are better fitted to take their places in civilian life.

Lunch in the Officers' Club followed the proceedings.



Let me tell you the story of an R.A.M.C. private. He was a ward orderly, and naturally thought of taking up employment at which his knowledge would be of use to him. At the same time, during the latter part of his service, while he prepared himself to take up some form of nursing, he did not forget that this might not be open to him and he took steps to qualify for other employment. His first application was to the Home Office for a post in the Prison Hospital Service; there were no vacancies, however, and he turned to the Metropolitan Police. Here his height debarred him—and he used his second string. He secured a job doing typing and book-keeping, which he had studied in his spare time before he finished. He stuck at this for some time, still thinking of his original ambition, and was able, after a while, to obtain employment in the Public Health Department of the L.C.C. Here is the rest of the story in his own words:—

“ I realised that the job I had was not going to be much good in the future. The chance of a rise or of promotion was very small, and I could see that the best thing I could do would be to become the driver of an ambulance, and not just an assistant on one. I saved as much as I could, and a pal of mine taught me to drive a car. Then with his help and advice, I picked up a cheap second-hand car for about ten pounds, drove about a bit, and got to know the roads. Then, the first time a vacancy occurred for a driver, I applied for it—and got it. I could drive, and I already knew something about nursing and so on, and so I was able to get the job and keep it.”

This young man had made up his mind what he wanted and eventually got it, but he did not get it straight away. He made for himself a "second string," which got him his first job, and having started on that, he set out to make himself more qualified to go back to the kind of work he originally wished, at the very first opportunity.

I also spoke to this man about other aspects of "Civvy Street." "I miss the games I played in the Army. I get no chance of a game now, and little chance of watching one, and I certainly miss the comradeship I had all the time I was serving. However, I can still keep up with my Army friends; I write to them and see some of them occasionally. I find there's just as much discipline here, but there's a big difference. In the Service disobedience or bad conduct has its punishment according to a recognised plan—C.B. and so on; outside here you'll probably find that your pocket suffers by fines or you may lose your job, even."

He told me, too, that he had to work hard, but that he had often had a longer day and worked harder as a ward orderly in a hospital. The most important thing he had already learnt in the Service—punctuality. On his job he had to be ready to take out his ambulance at a moment's notice at any time. However, the drivers worked in pairs, which eased things up somewhat.

Another remark was "I don't think many men in the Service realise the great value that is placed on education outside, and few men understand quite how much they are really getting from the educational training they receive. Army life, too, gives a man plenty of chances of receiving education of a more general kind—about things that are going on all around him, and this gives him a pull over men outside who have not had the same opportunities."

And all this means simply—make up your mind what you want, prepare yourself for it, but have something else to fall back on, and don't be afraid of taking that until you can find the job for which you are really fitted.

From the General Secretary, National Association for Employment of Regular Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen, 14 Howick Place, London, S.W.1.

War Office Notes.

The War Office, London, S.W.1.

16th August, 1937.

KING EDWARD VII CONVALESCENT HOME FOR OFFICERS, OSBORNE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Osborne House, formerly the private residence of Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria, was presented to the nation by King Edward VII in 1902, and except for the State apartments, which have been reserved for exhibition to the public, was, at the wish of His Majesty, adapted in 1904 for use as a convalescent home for officers of the Navy, Army, Air Force and Indian Army.

All officers of the Territorial Army, the Regular Army Reserve of Officers, the Militia and Supplementary Reserve who require a period of convalescence after illness contracted whilst on service or in the normal course of civil life are eligible for admission.

Osborne House is ideally situated in well-wooded grounds sloping down to the sea. This situation, coupled with the almost complete absence of irksome routine, makes it one of the finest convalescent homes in the kingdom.

Accommodation is provided for 45 convalescents.

There is a resident house governor and medical superintendent and a large staff of visiting consultants. The duration of stay in the home is determined by the house governor and a member of the consulting staff, but officers may leave at any time at their own desire.

Each officer is charged 6s. a day to cover the cost of board and lodging and ordinary medical attendance. A small additional charge is made to cover the cost of special nursing or other special attention when considered necessary.

Electro-therapeutic treatment, including massage, diathermy, ionisation, ultra-violet and infra-red radiation, radiant heat and melted paraffin baths, is available when required at a nominal charge of 6d. a day.

Other amenities include an extensive scientific and fiction library, a nine-hole golf course (with resident professional), tennis, croquet, squash racquets, bowls, badminton, billiards, and a golf putting course. A motor car is available for long or short runs at a reasonable charge.

All officers resident in Osborne are honorary members of the Royal London Yacht Club, Cowes; the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, Ryde; the Island Sailing Club, Cowes; the Seaview Yacht Club, Seaview; the Royal Albert Yacht Club, Southsea; and the Royal Naval Yacht Club, Portsmouth.

Officers are asked to subscribe 3s. a week to the sports fund, and subscription to the Osborne Golf Club, of which they and their wives are eligible for membership, is 3s. a week for each member.

A private hostel for relatives, excluding children under 12 years of age, has been established in the grounds, and any officer desirous of bringing his relatives with him should communicate with the house governor.

Application for admission, which should be accompanied by a medical certificate from the officer's medical attendant, should be addressed direct to the House Governor, Osborne, East Cowes, Isle of Wight (Telephone Cowes 251), from whom any further particulars can be obtained.

ARMY LIST, 1937.

RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

REGULAR ARMY.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT.

Class I.

Lt.-Colonel.

✘ Rusbridger, G. S. W., *p.s.c.*
23/6/32

Majors.

✘ Bathurst, C., *M.C.* 18/7/19
✘ Price, O. 23/3/33

Captains.

✘ Scott, J. W. 23/3/29
✘ Crommelin, H. A., *a.m.* 23/6/29
✘ Rhodes, J. F. 24/11/31
✘ Pullan, J. 13/8/32
✘ Norman, L. P. 21/1/33
✘ O'Connor, C. A. 28/2/33

Lieutenants.

Stone, H. C. M. 4/2/29
✘ Coghill, J. G. 12/2/30

Class II.

Lt.-Colonels.

✘ Cholmley, R. S., *D.S.O.*
20/9/27
✘ Wilson, W. C., *D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., p.s.c.* 2/2/29

Majors.

✘ Bennett, J. 1/8/19
✘ Keet, H. G., *D.S.O., M.C.*
4/12/26
✘ Henniker, Sir Robert J. A.,
Bt., M.C. 19/5/27
✘ Mulholland, P. D., *M.C.*
24/11/27
✘ Owen, R. H. W. 23/3/29
✘ Kavanagh, H. R., *M.B.E., a.m.* 12/7/29
✘ Carey, R. O'D. (L) 13/6/30
✘ Rowland, C. 18/1/32
✘ Crane, M. E. 23/6/32

Captains.

✘ Oliphant, G. W. 4/9/15
✘ Bolton, R. H. D. 2/6/19
✘ Hill, F. H., *M.C.* 29/5/20
✘ Hazell, A. J. 8/6/21
✘ Stilling, N. A. 20/8/21
✘ Williams, O. G. 4/7/22
Farrell, V. C. [L] 3/2/24
✘ Naylor, S., *M.C. (bt. mai.)*
(War Office) 20/5/26
Hodgson, W., *O.B.E.* 4/2/28
✘ Robertson, T. W. 1/7/28
✘ Lennon, J. A., *D.S.O., M.C.*
24/4/29
✘ White, C. G. E. 4/12/29

Lieutenants.

✘ Baker, H. G. 10/6/15
✘ Lepper, J. G. 1/7/17
✘ Bradford, J. E. S. P., *M.C.*
1/7/17
✘ Whitaker, B. J. G., *c.o.*
4/11/17
✘ Hands, H. M. 27/4/18
✘ Mallett, J. A., *M.M.* 27/8/19
✘ Harpley, G. W. M. 23/11/19
✘ Swithinbank, T. G. 16/3/20
✘ Hawson, T. 28/12/20
✘ Allen, V. W. 21/9/21
✘ Pryne, A. L. 7/10/22
✘ Skinner, W. W. 18/10/22
✘ Rhodes, S. W. 30/10/22
✘ Barker, W., *M.M.* 9/11/22
✘ Atkins, F. 16/11/22
Haslock, C. I. E. 24/12/22

2nd Lieutenants.

✘ Capon, E. G. 4/2/18
✘ Willey, W. 19/7/20
✘ Pollard, J. E. 16/10/35

Class III.

Captains.

✘ Stirling, P. D., *O.B.E., M.C.*
(S.C.) 23/3/17
✘ Laughton, F. S. 30/5/20
✘ Cooke, J., *D.S.O., M.C.*
7/7/22

Lieutenants.

✘ Sampson, H. S. 10/6/15
✘ Colson, J. F., *M.C., M.M.*
26/8/18
✘ Ibbotson, N. R. 27/8/19
✘ Shaw, R. R. 28/11/22

TERRITORIAL ARMY.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT.

4th Battalion.

Class I.

Lt.-Colonel.

✘ Mowatt, Sir Alfred L., *Bt., D.S.O., M.C.* 31/8/20

Majors.

✘ Learoyd, G. W. I. 4/3/21
Aykroyd, G. H. 1/4/30

Captains.

Slater, J. McD. 7/3/29
Tetlow, W. S. F. 4/4/33
Milnes, J. G. 1/3/36

Lieutenants.

Lumb F. H. 23/7/29
Atkinson, C. A. P. 24/7/29
Hoyle, T. A. 23/2/30
Watkinson, G. 13/11/30
Sykes, J. M. S. 1/9/32

Class II.

Captains.

✘ Benson, G. W. 27/6/16
✘ Tetlow, J. L., *M.C.* 31/8/20
✘ Taylor, J. 1/9/20
✘ Kenyon, W. 20/12/21
✘ Park, L. 23/7/24
✘ Whillans, D. 26/9/24
✘ Pepperell, W. 1/6/25
Learoyd, P. M. 7/10/29

Lieutenants.

✘ Flatow, E. W. 1/6/16
✘ Smalley, A. G. 7/12/17
✘ Hyland, J. L. 30/7/19
✘ Hardy, C. 26/12/19
Hirst, R. S., 14/10/23
Lewis, D. H. 10/1/25

Quarter-Master.

✘ Shorthouse, W., *lt.* 1/2/26

43rd (5th D.W.R.) A.A. Bn., R.E.

Class II.

Lieutenant.

✘ Darwent, G. T. 1/9/18

6th Battalion.

Class I.

Lt.-Colonel.

✘ Chaffers, N. B., *M.C., T.D.*
16/2/25
bt. col. 16/2/29

Captains.

✘ Naylor, K. W. 16/2/25
Hield, R. H. 12/2/27

Lieutenants.

Sellers, H. M. 11/6/29
Birdsall, J. L. 22/3/30
Ibbotson, R. 13/11/34

Class II.

Majors.

✘ Dixon, H. 3/7/20
✘ Brighthouse, T. P., *T.D.* 1/4/30

Captains.

✘ Geldard, N., *D.S.O., M.C.*
30/11/16
✘ Walker, J. R. 14/6/17
✘ Somervell, A., *M.C.* 14/6/17
✘ Baldick, G. S. 24/8/21
✘ Mallinson, H. 1/9/21
✘ Clegg, A. H. 1/9/21

Lieutenants.

✘ Smith, A. P., *M.C.* 1/7/17
✘ Colc, E. C. 1/7/17
✘ Clapham, N. G. 1/7/17
✘ Dixon, E. 1/7/17
✘ Lister, J. H. 19/6/18
✘ Walker, H. A., *M.C.* 26/10/18
✘ Morris, A. E. N. 1/3/19
✘ Wells, H. 1/3/19
✘ Hoyle, C. G., *M.C.* 1/5/19
✘ Borwell, T. 18/6/19
✘ Robertshaw, F. 30/7/19
✘ Turnbull, W. 3/2/21
✘ Duckett, T. 18/5/27

7th Battalion.

Class I.

Captains.

✘ Blakeley, K. 25/2/25
Hickson, C. 5/10/29
Taylor, C. R. 29/4/36

Lieutenant.

Satterthwaite, J. 18/1/34

Class II.

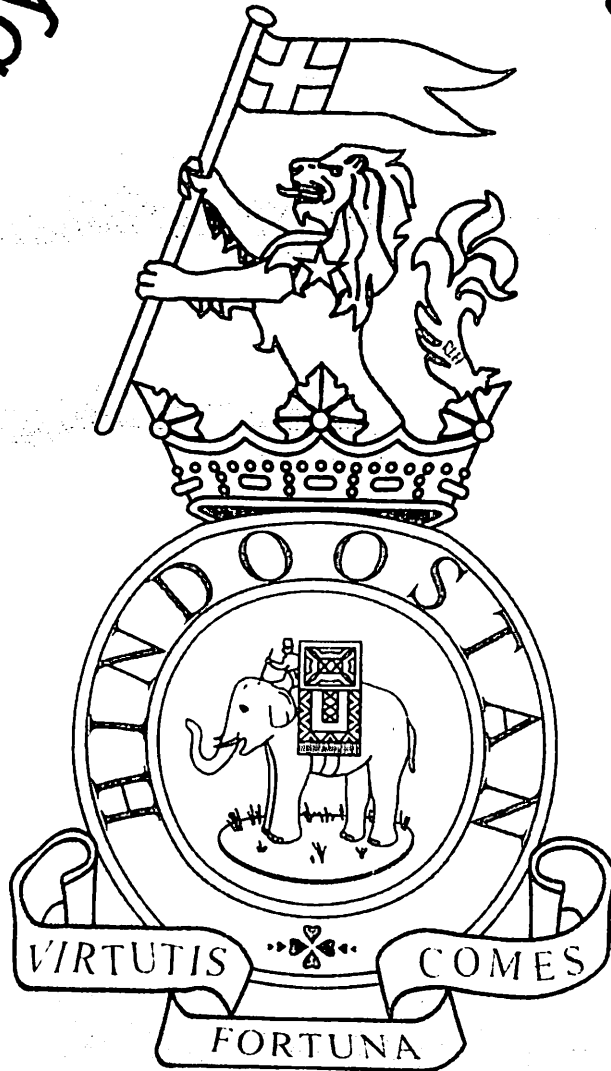
Captains.

✘ Lockwood, C. H. 11/1/16
✘ Ramsden, J. W. A. 1/6/16
✘ Pogson, W. C. 26/9/17
✘ MacKenzie, K. B., *M.C.*
20/11/17
✘ Barber, H. 1/1/18
✘ Lawton, C. *M.C.* 2/9/20
✘ Lawton, J. H. 2/9/20
✘ Sykes, N. 22/3/21
✘ Netherwood, H. S., *M.C.*
12/7/21
✘ Hayes, F. 18/11/21
✘ Taylor, E. W. 26/7/24
✘ Spencer, F., 22/7/25

Lieutenants.


✘ Charlesworth, J. H. 1/6/16
✘ Bailey, G. S. 14/1/18
✘ Brierley, J. I. 1/9/18
✘ Cowie, J. 1/2/19
✘ Carter, H. W., *M.C.* 26/3/19
✘ De Maine, H. C., *M.C.*
30/7/19
✘ Swann, T. H. 23/9/23
✘ Crossley, W. D. 14/5/25
✘ Walker, G. S. 18/11/26
✘ Chadderton, T. 8/11/28

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THE IRON DUKE
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S
REGIMENTAL MAGAZINE

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THE IRON DUKE.

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| Stamp. |

NOTE.—Please send this form when filled in to the Hon. Treasurer at the address given above.