

The Havercake Lad

AUTUMN NUMBER.

Regimental Paper

OF THE

1st Battalion



Duke of

Wellington's Regt.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

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THE HAVERCAKE LAD.

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1st Battalion 71st Highland Light Infantry, Crete	" "
1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, Crete	" "
	<i>&c.</i>	<i>&c.</i>	<i>&c.</i>

TESTIMONIALS—*From Regiments that have quite recently left the Island.*

Omdurman, September 10th, 1898.
Messrs. MORTIMER & Co., supplied the Canteen of the Battalion under my command during the year we were at Malta. I found the firm most obliging and helpful in every way and all articles supplied were of good quality. They also ran our Mess on first arrival and immediately before departure, giving every satisfaction at moderate prices.
P. HOWARD, Colonel, Commanding 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade.

Pembroke Camp, Malta
Messrs. J. E. MORTIMER & Co., Army and Navy Agents and Contractors, have supplied the 1st Gloucester Regiment with everything since the Battalion embarked from England, 1st November, 1893, the Canteen with liquors, and the Grocery Bar with Dry Goods, &c. They have also supplied the Officers' Mess, and made all arrangements on the Battalion landing, which were most satisfactory. All the goods supplied by the Firm are of excellent quality.
G. CONNER, Lieut.-Colonel, Commanding 1st Gloucester Regiment.

J. E. MORTIMER & CO. have supplied the Canteen of my Battalion with Beer, &c., since the arrival of the Battalion in Malta, in 1892, and have given every satisfaction.
Malta, 23rd June, 1894
G. L. C. MONEY, Lieut.-Colonel, Commanding Cameron Highlanders.

It affords me great pleasure to testify my high approval of the good work done for this Battalion by Messrs. MORTIMER & CO. since our arrival at this station. Messrs. Mortimer have supplied us with groceries entirely; with the quality of these and their prices I am quite satisfied. They are Agents for Messrs. Younger, whose Beer is not to be surpassed on the Island. I have always found Messrs. Mortimer equal to any emergency, and have implicit reliance in their capabilities of carrying through any reasonable demand.

I can strongly recommend them to the consideration of any Regiment proposing to serve in Malta.
Malta, 10th June, 1896. (Signed) F. LONGBOURNE, Colonel, 1st Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

Gentlemen,

Bermuda, December 8th, 1897.
I have great pleasure in testifying to the excellent quality of the supplies provided by your firm to the Regimental Institutes of my Battalion, during the two years in which it was stationed in Malta. I have also to bear testimony to the able and efficient manner in which the malt liquor was supplied during that time through your agency. I have always found your firm most courteous and obliging, and business-like in their dealings, and most satisfactory in every way to deal with.

I remain, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,
Messrs. J. E. MORTIMER & Co., Malta. (Signed) F. S. ALLEN, Lieut.-Col., 2nd Battn. Worcestershire Regt.

No. 4 Mountain Battery, R.A., Pembroke Camp, Malta, 4th January, 1898.
Messrs. J. E. MORTIMER & Co. conducted the Canteen of the Battery under my command during the time it was stationed in Crete, from April to December, 1897, and during that period gave entire satisfaction.
(Signed) H. C. C. D. SIMPSON, Major, R.A., Comdg. No. 4 Mountain Battery, R.A.

Messrs. J. E. MORTIMER & Co. have been our Canteen Contractors, for both wet and dry Canteens, during our three months' stay in Malta and eight months in Crete, and have given every satisfaction. Mr. H. E. MORTIMER has been the working agent, and at all times I have found him most civil and obliging, and willing to carry out my wishes and orders. The Beer and Stores supplied have always been good. During the stay of the Battalion in Crete, the firm had very great difficulties in carrying on the business to contend with. I have much pleasure in recommending the firm.
(Signed) R. H. MURRAY, Colonel Comdg. 1st Seaforth Highlanders,
At sea, en route for Egypt, s.s. "Nubia," January 7th, 1898.

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The Havercake Lad.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

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DOVER, 15th SEPTEMBER, 1899.

[Price 3d.]

EDITORIAL.

IT is the ambition of the *Havercake Lad* to improve itself in every possible way within its means. But at present the sale is not likely to rival that of the *Daily Telegraph* or the *Daily Mail*. To put it in plain English, the paper only just pays its way, and the sale is not so big—we will not say as it deserves to be—as we should like to see it. Communications and correspondence of all kinds affecting the regiment will be gladly acknowledged and inserted, and readers are requested to send in the names and addresses of anyone they know who takes an interest in the regiment and who would wish to be kept *au fait* with its doings through these columns. We should gladly like to see some illustrations to the letterpress as well as to the advertisements; but as everybody knows, illustrations are an expensive luxury. We have started in a mild way this number, as may be seen by looking at the head of this title-page. This represents “the centre part of the regimental colour of the 33rd Regiment, which was carried through the American War of Independence. It was retired in 1787 and deposited in the Parish Church at Taunton, where the regiment happened to be stationed when the new set was presented.”* We hope to be able again this year to give our readers a picture supplement with the Christmas number.

There are at the present moment members of the regiment in all parts of the globe, as the song puts it, “from Mandalay to Timbuctoo” (which is pretty near the mark). Several of them have promised to write to us and give us an account of their doings. In this way it is hoped the *Havercake Lad* may be a link between the widely scattered Havercake Lads. But so far no letters have been sent, except from the 2nd Battalion, or if they have, have been lost or mislaid in some of the wild regions through which they would have to pass. Let us trust that the next edition will be more successful in this respect.

We spent a very hot month on Salisbury Plain, where we all worked hard and got bronzed. It certainly was hot, and there were no rainy days to relieve the

* From Milne's *Standards and Colours of the British Army*.

monotony. Once or twice it looked very bad in the early morning, and we were ordered to parade in great-coats in addition to the other paraphernalia worn on such occasions; but it invariably turned out tropically fine and warm about half-an-hour after starting—and the last state of the man so arrayed was worse than the first! But on the whole the manœuvres went off very successfully, and to the undoubted benefit of all ranks. The cook-houses and the bathing place were triumphs of the Engineer's art and were highly appreciated. So were the parades in shirt-sleeves.

Turning to more recent events, the Transvaal crisis seems to divide with the Dreyfus case the attention and opinions of all military men. We have just heard that our next door neighbours, the 81st, have been ordered to Malta. We are enabled to put them up to a few tips in connection with that island fortress, which might be of some use to them. Dover and Malta always seem fated to be analogous. Of the troops ordered, or about to be ordered, to South Africa, there is a talk of this and that brigade. Why not have a Yorkshire or Lancashire brigade—if only by way of a change? The county of broad acres boasts of no less than twelve battalions of regulars, equal to any in the British Army, which might be counted on to render a good account of themselves, even though they may not wear a fancy kit. The idea is by no means a preposterous one, and is well worthy of the consideration of the authorities.

As regards sport, a full and detailed account of the cricket season that is just over will be found on another page. Football and hockey are the prospective games for the coming winter, and we hope to have some good games in both these branches. According to the latest advices we may expect to remain in Dover until January, when we hope to be shunted to Warley. This move—a prospective, not to say hopeful one—makes the arrangement of matches a matter of some uncertainty; especially as we have just heard that there are only two teams in Essex that play Rugby. So much the worse for Essex!

Last mentioned, but by no means least in importance, comes shooting (military shooting, we mean, not grouse, partridge, or pheasant shooting). The battalion is certainly contributing its full share in the latter direction, judging by the number of officers who apply for leave from August 12th onwards. Accounts of the musketry training for '99, as well as the performances of the selected eight, will be found in a separate paragraph.

We sympathise with our *confrères* in the other battalion in being sent away from their pleasant quarters in Bangalore to Burmah. We can only trust that they will find the latter place not half so bad as it is painted, and that like the hero of Kipling's "Mandalay," they will get to be very fond of it.

This opening paragraph has already exceeded its customary limits, so we will close it and leave our readers to regale their minds with more readable matter.

—:O:—

PIPE PUFFS.

OUR POET'S FAREWELL TO SALISBURY PLAIN.

Adieu, perfidious Perham Down,
Where we were baked so nicely brown;
Adieu, ye slopes of Sidbury Camp,
Long Hill, and others of that stamp:
Adieu, thou towering Beacon Hill
That made us feel so weak and ill;
Adieu to all the exercises,
Along the high road to Devizes!
Farewell, ye cursed tumuli,
Pits, rabbit-holes and all such fry;

Farewell, ye latent little thistles,
 That pricked our flesh like pointed missiles :
 Farewell, ye empty water-bottles,
 That tantalized our dusty throttles ;
 Farewell to all the patent tack
 We stuffed within our haversack !
 Good-bye, ye bugles and alarms,
 And other noisy calls to arms ;
 Good-bye, ye squealing bagpipes yelly,
 Disturbing sleep long ere reveille :
 Good-bye, thou *ballon militaire*,
 Unsightly onion in the air !
 Good-bye, ye cavalry and gunners,
 Good-bye, ye Bulford scarlet runners ;
 Good-bye, thou uncongenial piquet,
 Adieu, thou month devoid of cricket.
 Farewell, imaginary foe
 Who kept us hours on the go ;
 Adieu to all the beer we drank,
 Adieu, thou canvas bathing tank ;
 Adieu—in short—to Salisbury Plain,
 Let's hope we'll ne'er return again !

—:O:—

RED FACINGS.

NOW that there is a chance of regiments being given back their old facings, there seems no time like the present for agitating for ours. The 33rd was one of the three regiments in the service that wore red facings, the other two being the 53rd and 76th. At one time or another other corps have wore red facings, *e.g.* the 21st, 41st, 72nd, and 75th, besides the Sussex and other Militia Regiments, but the three above mentioned wore them from their foundation, and therefore have prior claim. It is all these regimental "cachets," so to speak, that encourage esprit de corps, not to mention popularise recruiting. It was announced in one of the service journals the other day, that the Government intended restoring to the Northumberland Fusiliers, Yorkshire Regiment, and Seaforth Highlanders their old facings. Would that they may do the same for us !

We extract this paragraph from Mr. S. M. Milne's *Standards and Colours of the British Army*.—

"With regard to regiments having red facings, sometimes the ignorant remark is made that their facings were lost on account of misconduct before the enemy ! Can anything be more absurd than to attach that story to the 76th or to the 33rd—the "Havercake Lads," heroes of Seringapatam and Waterloo ; the "great duke" himself was proud to wear these same red facings from 1793 to 1813 as Lieut.-Colonel, and afterwards as Colonel of the regiment."

[There is a portrait in Apsley House, of Wellington as Colonel of the 33rd, painted by Hoppner. Exhibited at the Guelph Exhibition in 1891. Ed. H.L.]

While we were at manœuvres, the following letter reached us from an anonymous correspondent in Stirling—

Facings—There are many soldiers who will note with satisfaction the answer given by the Under-Secretary with regard to regimental facings. Three regiments, it appears, have already applied for leave to resume the old colours which were stripped from their uniforms with so much haste and so little consideration by the reforming tailors. In every case the permission asked for has

been granted, and the 5th Fusiliers, the 19th Yorkshire Regiment, and the Seaforth Highlanders are to be allowed to discard the white and yellow facings, which had no meaning and no value for those who were compelled to wear them. [Newspaper cutting affixed to head of following letter. Ed. H.L.]

"The above news are welcome to some civilians (of which the writer is one), as well as to soldiers. The writer trusts that the Duke of Wellington's Regiment will "follow suit." He well remembers the old 33rd circa 1852, and a more dashing regiment than it then was, both officers and men, he never saw; and as regards uniform, the red facings then worn were grandly distinctive, although worn by two others, viz: 53rd and 76th. The officers at that time wore a close fitting light grey frock over their 'shell jackets,' with rolled collar, showing the red collar of the jacket with very handsome effect.

These were the days, no doubt, of military dandyism, when each regiment in the service had its distinctive *cachet* and a marked individualism; so different from the present, when *all are alike*, or nearly so, in uniform, and quite so in mufti and style!

The rank and file of the 33rd, at the period referred to, was largely composed of strapping fellows from the south of Ireland, and the Light Company and Grenadiers were indeed pictures to be remembered. The officers comprised such as Donovan, Winnington, Burke, Fitzgerald, Wickham, Lacy, Fanshawe, Thistlethwaite, and Wallis, not forgetting the gallant little Mundy ("Turkey Cock Effendi" of Scutari and the Crimea).

Very much of these halcyon days cannot possibly be restored, but surely the old *facings* might well be so." Stirling, N.B., July 21st, 1899.

An old coloured print, bearing date 1799, has been purchased by the Officers' Mess, representing an officer on the right of his division in echelon or diagonal position, the right in front. Underneath is written—"33rd Regiment of Foot, red facings, white lace, with a red stripe. The 41st and 53rd Regiments have also red facings; the 41st has a black stripe."

—:o:—

SUBALTERNS' SURPRISES—(No. 4).

SECOND Lieutenant Adolphus Fitzsimmons, of the Royal Mudshires, was, in his own opinion if not in that of his brother officers, a lady's man of the first water. Invincible at tea-fights, and indefatigable in his attendance at all social functions, he was by no means, however, an Admirable Crichton with a cricket-bat, a gun, or on a horse. At the time I am speaking of he was one of a party of guests being entertained by Lord Longacres, at his fine old country house in Northamptonshire. The visit was proving an even more agreeable one than the gallant officer had anticipated, in consequence of the presence of a certain Miss Leigh, a charming and well dowered young lady with whom he considered he was already making very considerable progress. They had only been staying in the house a week, yet it had already come to be looked upon as a regular thing that Miss Leigh should monopolise young Fitzsimmons—which she did whenever it suited her. After this brief term of delight, that never-to-be-forgotten week had passed on the wings of the wind, when the gay young soldier's peace of mind was destined to be rudely disturbed. On the following Monday night, arrived in time for dinner, another young warrior by name Gubbins, a spectacled youth who had just passed from Woolwich into the Royal Engineers. The faithless wench at once transferred her favours from Fitzsimmons to the more scientific branch of the service, leaving the unhappy infantry to gnash its teeth in silence. For two whole days Fitzsimmons bore this cruel defection on the part of his fair enslaver in pompous and dignified silence. He even avoided her of set

purpose, and flirted with other ladies of the party in order if possible to excite her jealousy. Finding this conduct unsuccessful, he cast about to see if he could not get a reasonable excuse for picking a quarrel with the successful and hated Sapper—who, by the way, was never tired of letting people know what a fine fellow he was.

Fitzsimmons determined to take into his confidence another of his brother officers who was also staying in the house. This officer was a quiet, unassuming, but closely observant man; still young, for he was not quite at the top of the list of subalterns, but possessing a head far beyond his years. Good all round and a general favourite he had also been very friendly with the fair Miss Leigh, but Fitzsimmons had no fears about his having any ulterior designs in that quarter. To him, therefore, he determined to appeal for assistance and advice. That very night in the billiard room he got his chance to speak alone with the man whose co-operation he wished to secure. For one cause or another everyone had dropped off to bed somewhat earlier than usual, and the two brother officers found themselves the only occupants of the apartment.

Now that the time had arrived for him to speak, Fitz didn't exactly know how to begin, but, clearing his throat with a small preliminary cough he plunged boldly into the subject which was firing his manly bosom with warlike thoughts.

"What do you think of our friend Gig Lamps?" he said, puffing quickly at his cigar; "got rather an exaggerated idea of his own importance, eh?"

"Ye-es," cautiously assented the other, watching his man with an amused smile.

Fitz saw that he must plunge deeper. "Now honestly, my dear Brabazon, isn't he an affected ass? Really he thinks that when he smiles a sickly smile behind those infernal spectacles of his, he can do anything with Miss Leigh—or—or—anybody else for that matter. I think she ought to be warned—I do indeed—that he's just the sort of idiot that would act like that with any pretty woman and mean nothing by it."

"Oh, I shouldn't take it to heart Fitz; I really shouldn't if I were you, I don't think the lady cares a brass farthing about him," replied Brabazon, allowing the smoke to curl lazily up from his lips and watching it ascend to the ceiling.

"You don't? Well I am very glad to hear it," exclaimed Fitzsimmons eagerly, "he's a pompous young fool who deserves to be kicked. What a charming girl she is though Brab, and they say she's got at least fifteen hundred a year. I've sometimes wondered why you didn't have a try yourself in that direction. But perhaps you're right, you never were much of a hand with the girls. Well now, what do you advise me to do?"

"My dear Fitz, it is really almost impossible for me to advise you on so delicate a subject. Why not ask the lady herself, boldly, to marry you?"

"H'm—er—well, I—I'll think it over. You say you don't imagine she really cares for young Gig Lamps. Are you quite sure of that?"

"I think you can make your mind perfectly easy on that score, Fitz. I'm sure she doesn't."

"My dear Brabazon this is splendid news, really. I'll think over your suggestion. Good night!"

And so saying, Lieut. Fitzsimmons started off to bed in a contented frame of mind. Brabazon gave a low quiet chautle, lit a fresh cigar, and settled himself down for a comfortable perusal of the "Man of the World."

* * * * *

Next morning a party of about a dozen strong started from the house on horseback to witness the work done by some steeplechasers of their host's. Miss Leigh was not there, but both her admirers were. Arrived at the training ground, Fitzsimmons, who fancied he knew a good deal about racing, quickly became absorbed in watching the gallops of the steeple chasers and drifted away from the

rest of the party. Immediately he had gone, Gubbins, who did not know that Brabazon and Fitzsimmons were in the same regiment, approached the former and opened fire.

"What do you think of our friend Fitz—something or other—what's the fellow's name? Eh! Oh yes, Fitzsimmons—sounds like a prize-fighter. Not thought much of in his regiment, I fancy. Very ridiculous his attentions to Miss Leigh, I think. Makes a complete ass of himself in my opinion. I cannot bring myself to think that a charming girl like that would give a second thought to an empty-headed conceited puppy such as he. No sir, she admires brains. Now Brabazon, they say lookers-on see most of the game; what is your opinion? Do you think Miss Leigh *can* care twopence about a fellow like Fitzsimmons?"

"Well, as you put it so directly to me, my dear sir, I may say that I—I feel quite certain she does not," replied the other hiding an amused smile, "but here is Fitz." And Brabazon moved off to join some others of the party, leaving the two rivals together.

On the homeward ride Brabazon noticed that just out of earshot of the rest, the two were evidently talking in an anything but amicable manner, and every now and then the voice of one or the other would be raised, so that a stray word or even part of a sentence would catch his own ear. "Pestering attentions sir—" "I'm sure, much against her will—" "flatly deny—" "bah!" "absurd young idiot—" "damned sapper—" Presently they joined different sections of the party, Fitzsimmons fastening on to Brabazon, to whom he at once unbosomed himself.

"I've challenged him to fight me a duel, and damme he *shall* fight me too," he began, speaking rapidly and with great excitement. "Will you help me, Brab, and be my second? You could arrange for us to meet to-morrow as soon as it is light enough to see. If we went down to the far end of the park, no one would be any the wiser till it was over."

"My dear Fitz," answered Brabazon, "you seem to forget that we do not live in the days of duelling. And in any case, even if you were such young idiots as to fight, I as your senior and brother officer could have no hand in it. Anyway you'll probably think better of it by the time you get home, and shake hands like good boys."

Fitzsimmons, however, swore that he would force the matter to a duel, even if they had to go to France for the meeting, and Brabazon finally consented with more or less good grace—for an idea suddenly entered his head, not to interfere, and recommend Fitzsimmons to put himself into the hands of one Charles Bantering, another of the house party.

Shortly after lunch, Brabazon sought out Bantering whom he knew to be exceedingly fond of practical jokes. To him he confided, amid yells of laughter, all the details of the quarrel between the youthful and warlike lovers, and the way he (Brabazon) proposed for the settlement of it by the duello. He also informed Bantering of what his own movements would be at the time of the encounter, and why it would be impossible for him to be present at it. A young doctor, a particular friend of Banterings, was detailed to act as Gubbins's second, and entered fully into the conspiracy then in process of hatching between the other two. The principal outcome of their deliberation was that the combat should be postponed from daybreak on the morrow, to the twilight about a couple of hours before dinner.

The following day at the appointed hour, four men might have been seen approaching the wall at that end of the park farthest from the house. Two of the men carried cases, obviously containing pistols, these were of course the seconds—Charlie Bantering and the young doctor. By dint of stupendous efforts they had composed their features with a settled expression of gloom and each carefully avoided the others eye, lest becoming gravity should fail them at the critical moment. Now to give him his due, Fitzsimmons, foolish though he was, was quite a well plucked one. Full of jealous fury, no thought of fear entered his head.

What he most earnestly desired and intended if possible to do, was to pot the Sapper and marry the young lady. Of course it was tacitly understood between the combatants that the vanquished should retire and give up all claim to the lady's hand. Gubbins was not quite so anxious for the fight to begin. It had taken the doctor all he knew by blarney, coaxing and even threats, to bring him to the scratch. Though in the first heat of his temper he had mentioned the word "duel," he never thought it could in these enlightened days come to pass, and had endeavoured to evade it in every possible way. The doctor had however stuck to him like a brick all day, and gave him no chance of giving any information. However here he was, and terrible as his state of mind was, he must perforce go through with the business like an officer and a gentleman. The seconds, after conferring a few moments, slowly and with elaborate care paced out the distance and placed their men. Whilst doing so, a sound of wheels rapidly passing on the other side of the park wall and a post-horn ringing sharply out, momentarily raised hopes in Gubbins' breast that an interruption might be at hand. But no, it was merely a dog-cart on its way to the station, and the hope of Chatham shut his eyes as he took the pistol proffered him by his second, and mentally gave himself up for lost.

The next moment a couple of pistol shots woke the echoes of the surrounding woods, and the seconds hurried up to their men. Gubbins had fallen, but in a singularly comfortable position. Interrogated as to where he was hurt, he replied that he was in pain all over his body, and requested to be removed to the house. Poor Fitz, who stood gazing at, as he supposed, his victim, suddenly threw down his pistol and ran up to the Hall, as he entered he met his host, Lord Longacres, with a letter in his hand, and evidently in a state of great excitement.

Fitzsimmons burst out with "Oh! Lord Longacres, how can I tell you? Poor Gubbins—" when he was fairly electrified by his host interrupting him with "Oh, Gubbins be d—d; here take this," and so saying he thrust a letter into Fitz's hand, jumped into a dog cart waiting for him, and drove off at a hand gallop for the railway station. As soon as Fitzsimmons had satisfactorily settled in his own mind that his host had suddenly become a raving maniac, he turned to the letter in some feeble hope of a possible explanation. He got it. The missive was as follows—

"Dear Lord Longacres,

No one can regret more than myself, any possible inconvenience to you or Lady Longacres that may happen from the step I am now taking, but I am sure that your good heart will find excuses for me when your natural anger has passed away. It is, I know, a poor way of requiting your hospitality, but as you have distinctly refused your consent to my marrying your ward, Miss Leigh, until she is twenty-five years of age, I felt that I had no option but to run away with her from your house. In order to disarm suspicion, my dearest Maude has conspicuously flirted with those two young fools, Gubbins and Fitzsimmons. In their youthful jealousy they are, at this very moment, engaged in a duel. We have taken care, however, to extract the bullets from the pistols before they fight. As we drive to the station, I will give them a short serenade on the post-horn, and trust it will not disturb their deadly aim. Once more offering you my sincerest apologies for any trouble this act of mine may put you to,

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

John Brabazon."

—:o:—

SECOND BATTALION LETTER.

TUESDAY, the 7th August, is a day we shall all remember, as it was destined to bring us orders which, in all probability, will affect the remainder of our stay in the East. It was on that day that a telegram was received

ordering us to take the place of the West Kent Regiment at Rangoon, and your readers may imagine it was rather a mild shock to us, who were congratulating ourselves on another year or more in our present quarters, with the prospect of a tour up North before returning home. A very pleasant programme, but one hardly likely now to be fulfilled. The arrangements for the move, so far as they are at present completed, are for C and E Companies, with a strong detachment from Wellington, equivalent to three companies in all, to embark on the 12th prox., and the remainder of the Battalion about the middle of October; the time-expired men being left behind here under the command of Lieut. Coode. The officers to accompany the first party will be Major Smithe, Captains Turner and Lloyd, and Lieutenants Noyes and Brunker. From this advanced party a detachment of 140 men is formed at Port Blair, in the Andaman Islands, two days' steam from Rangoon, and E Coy. has been selected to go there. It will be a novel experience, since it is one of the few places still unconnected with a cable—unless, indeed, we can indulge in some wireless telegraphy experiments—where one only gets a mail twice a month. There are compensating advantages no doubt, and what with boating, fishing, and hockey time should pass pleasantly enough.

Of Rangoon itself, we continue to receive many diverse accounts. Some say it a capital place, with everything to be desired—except a climate. On this point *all* are agreed; while others pull long faces, and seem to think we are subjects for commiseration rather than the West Kent's, who are moving on to Aden. Be this as it may, the writer of these notes spent twelve months in "the Crater" many years ago, and whatever Rangoon may prove to be he would not exchange places for untold gold. Any place is what you make it, and with good shooting, polo, and boating, and, *on dit*, most attractive society, there seems no reason to pity us just yet. We shall, one and all, be sorry to leave our present quarters, which are certainly among the best in India: but "the exigencies of the service," which have before now upset so many well-laid plans, are not likely to be set to one side, and it only remains for the "Duke's" to render as good an account of themselves in the land of flowers and pagodas as they have done here.

Our "season," which has just been brought to a close, and which we were fortunate enough to participate in, opened with the polo tournament on the 14th August. Eight teams entered, 2nd Lieut. Bally (1), Capt. N. G. H. Turner (2), Lieut. Whish (3), and Lieut. Coode (back) being our representatives; and in the first round we were drawn against the Madras Gymkhana, whom we defeated by nine goals to one sub., of which Turner was responsible for six, Whish for two, and Bally for one. As the score shows, the game was a one-sided affair throughout, and gave but little indication as to how we should play when we met a more formidable antagonist in the second round. This proved to be last year's winners, viz., the Golconda Lancers, from Hyderabad, by far the strongest and best mounted team that had entered. Our most sanguine supporters had not anticipated a victory, but we determined it would not be a walk over, and as events proved, it was one of the best games of the tournament, our opponents eventually winning by seven goals and three subs. to two goals, both of which were scored by Turner, who, together with Whish, played brilliantly throughout. The game was a faster and better contested one than the score would seem to show, for though the Golconda's were at no time hardly pressed, they were frequently forced to defend their goal, and the least bit of luck would have added two goals to our score, when on two occasions the ball hit the post but failed to go through.

The tournament over, so far as we were concerned, the next consideration was to get rid of the ponies to the best advantage, and our recent games having shewn what they were worth, buyers were not shy in securing them, and the whole were disposed of at very satisfactory figures (the top price being 1,000 shillings) as owing to the Burmah game being played on 12 3" ponies, it was of little use taking ours over. It will, however, be a long time before we get such

a useful lot together again, and it is always a matter of regret when a stud of good ponies has thus to be dispersed. A season without racing would in India be an anomaly, and ours was no exception to the rule, the stewards having provided an excellent programme of four days' flat and two days' steeple-chasing, so there was no lack of opportunity of making a bit, and though few of us found the winner of the "Cup" in Jack o' Lantern, a 12 to 1 chance, we most of us managed to bring back a little, in spite of the somewhat restricted odds laid by the local pencilers. A word or two about the burlesque, "Bluebeard," and these notes are done. When I tell you it ran for five nights to a most appreciative audience; that seats were as difficult to obtain as for the most fashionable play in town; that crowds were being turned away nightly from the doors, and that the local charities have reaped a rich harvest, it goes without saying it was an unqualified success. The piece, an old favourite, is written by Major Hobday, of the "Gunners"—I will not venture to try to specify to which branch he belongs now-a-days—and was put on by Capt. Corbyn, R.H.A., but the regiment was well represented in the caste, Major Trench taking the part of Ali Sloper, and very admirably he carried it out; Capt. Gibbs that of Shacabac, and Capt. P. A. Turner that of Azuwoz, while Lieuts. Whish and Brunker, and two attached officers, 2nd Lieuts. Torrie and Gilchrist, were useful members of the chorus.

2ND WEST RIDING REGIMENT v. 4TH HUSSARS.

This match was played on the 29th August, and as will be seen from the score, ended in favour of the Regiment.

WEST RIDING REGIMENT.			IVTH HUSSARS.		
Pte. Cassidy, c	Tanner b	Hey ... 11	Maj. Kincaid Smith, b	Manson ...	34
Lieut. Manson, l	b w	Reynolds ... 23	Pte. Hey, c	Manson b	Whale ... 4
Major Trench, b	Hey ...	5	„ Corbett, b	Manson ...	8
Sergt. Whale, b	Booth ...	65	„ Parr, b	Whale ...	0
Capt. Tanner, c	Turner, b	Hey ... 62	Sergt. Hook, b	Cartledge ...	5
Lieut. Robinson, b	Booth ...	0	Pte. Tanner, not out	...	46
Sergt. Bennett, l	b w	Booth ... 6	„ Reynolds, b	Manson ...	5
Lieut. Brunker, b	Hey ...	16	Capt. Lafone, b	Whale ...	1
Capt. Smith, b	Booth ...	0	„ Trevor-Booth, not out	...	7
„ Gibbs, not out	...	3	Sergt.-Major Burrell, did not bat	...	0
Pte. Cartledge, did not bat	...	0	Pte. Slaughter,	„ ...	0
Extras	...	13	Extras	...	13
Total	...	204	Total (for 8 wickets)	...	124

BOWLING ANALYSES.

O. M. R. W.					O. M. R. W.						
Reynolds...	...	17	5	48	1	Cartledge...	...	11	1	28	1
Hey	...	27	3	99	4	Manson	...	13	3	35	3
Burrell	...	3	0	26	0	Whale	...	15	5	33	3
Booth	...	7	1	16	4	Cassidy	...	5	2	13	0

—:0:—

CRICKET.

1st D.W. REGIMENT v. SUFFOLK REGIMENT.

Played at Dover, August 3rd. Scores:—

1st SUFFOLK REGT.		1st D.W. REGT.	
G. P. Newstead, b Venables	... 14	F. J. Siordet, b Webb	... 16
A. L. Allen, b Venables	... 0	F. S. Exham, c Webb, b Murray	... 4
Capt. Murray, c Mangles, b East	... 30	Pte. Venables, c Kent, b Murray	... 39
Major Graham, b East	... 1	E. V. Jenkins, c Kent, b Murray	... 32
Pte. Britton, c Wood, b East	... 9	W. E. Maples, not out	... 36
Capt. Browne, b East	... 4	Dr. Rilal, c Allen, b Murray	... 0
Dr. Morley, c Exham, b Venables	... 4	A. C. Wood, b Murray	... 2
Pte. Webb, b East	... 0	Cr.-Sergt. East, l.b.w. b Webb	... 12
„ Kent, b Venables	... 4	Lc.-Sergt. Mangles, c Morley, b Murray	... 18
„ Abrahams, not out	... 2	Pte. Coldwell, b Murray	... 0
„ Wilson, b Venables	... 6	Dr. Haigh, b Webb	... 1
Extras	... 6	Extras	... 15
Total	... 80	Total	... 175

1st D.W. REGIMENT *v.* R.A. (Dover).

Played at Dover, August 3rd. Scores:—

1st D.W. REGT.		R.A.	
F. J. Siordet, b Wilmot	... 4	Sergt. Davis, b Le Marchant	... 69
F. S. Exham, l.b.w. b Blount	... 5	Gr. Young, c East, b Venables	... 95
Pte. Venables, b Blount	... 0	Capt. Cameron, b Le Marchant	... 0
L. R. Acworth, c Young, b Blount	... 0	Corpl. Wilmot, run out	... 16
Major Le Marchant, c Wilmot b Blount	... 11	J. A. D. Langhorne, run out	... 13
E. V. Jenkins, c Masters, b Blount	... 14	H. Blount, b East	... 22
W. E. Maples, c Ormsby, b Wilmot	... 5	Sergt. Balch, b East	... 5
Lc.-Sergt. Mangles, not out	... 16	Capt. Merriman, b East	... 0
Cr.-Sergt. East, b Blount	... 7	„ Laird, not out	... 16
Lc.-Corpl. Sykes, c Merriman, b Wilmot	... 5	Sergt. Ormsby, b Le Marchant	... 13
Dr. Rilal, b Blount	... 1	Br. Masters, b East	... 1
Extras	... 7	Extras	... 27
Total	... 75	Total	... 277

1st D.W. REGIMENT *v.* R.M.L.I.

Played at Dover August 24th. Scores:—

R.M.L.I.		1st D.W. REGT.	
Capt. Mercer, c and b East	... 4	F. J. Siordet, c and b Renshaw	... 1
T. B. Shine, c Rilal, b East	... 0	W. E. Maples, b Williams	... 19
Sergt. Brown, b Haigh	... 22	Pte. Venables, c Seymour, b Renshaw	... 4
Capt. Morgan, b Haigh	... 84	E. V. Jenkins, c Shine, b Renshaw	... 16
Pte. Williams, l.b.w. b Haigh	... 0	F. S. Exham, c Shine, b Morgan	... 6
„ Ball, b Venables	... 31	Cr.-Sergt. East, b Morgan	... 0
„ Seymour, b Venables	... 7	Lc.-Corpl. Sykes, b Morgan	... 1
„ Renshaw, b Venables	... 0	Pte. Kelly, c Mercer, b Williams	... 1
„ Callum, c Haigh, b Venables	... 10	Dr. Rilal, b Williams	... 0
„ Francis, st. Maples, b Haigh	... 3	„ Haigh, c Brown, b Williams	... 0
„ Baldwin, not out	... 4	Pte. Coldwell, not out	... 1
Extras	... 10	Extras	... 19
Total	... 175	Total	... 69

1st D.W. REGIMENT *v.* FOLKESTONE.

Played at Folkestone, August 23rd. Scores:—

FOLKESTONE.		1st D.W. REGT.	
C. W. Blackall, c and b Kelly	... 23	F. J. Siordet, b Edwards	... 31
A. C. Edwards, c Maples, b East	... 110	W. E. Maples, l.b.w. b Edwards'	... 32
J. S. Buck, not out	... 66	Pte. Venables, not out	... 37
J. F. Hampson, b Venables	... 4	E. V. Jenkins, c Edwards, b Buck	24
C. G. Beasley, not out...	... 28	F. S. Exham, not out	... 2
		Extras	... 23
	—		—
*Total for 3 wkts.	231	Total for 3 wkts.	149

* Innings declared closed. Messrs. Sworder, Hammond, Oliver, Marks, Roberts, and Gossett did not bat.

1st D.W. REGIMENT *v.* ST. MARGARET'S.

Played at St. Margaret's, August 26th. Scores:—

ST. MARGARET'S.		1st D.W. REGT.	
Rev. F. Elwyn, b Siordet	... 5	F. J. Siordet, l.b.w. b Worsfold	... 8
„ H. A. Rhodes, l.b.w. b East...	15	W. E. Maples, c Banks, b Elwyn	... 16
L. W. Yearwood, c and b Siordet...	1	Pte. Venables, c Yearwood, b Pollard	25
H. Worsfold, b East	... 17	E. V. Jenkins, c Rhodes, b Elwyn	11
J. C. Banks, c Maples, b Siordet	... 2	F. S. Exham, c Yearwood, b Elwyn	0
P. M. La Coste, b East	... 4	Lc.-Corpl. Pettigrew, b Elwyn	... 0
W. Sherlock, b Siordet	... 2	Cr.-Sergt. East, b Elwyn	... 8
Dr. W. E. Pollard, b Siordet	... 9	Pte. Obee, c and b Woodhouse	... 3
C. H. Woodhouse, c Haigh, b East	9	A. C. Wood, b Woodhouse	... 5
E. Bearshaw, not out	... 1	Dr. Haigh, not out	... 4
L. Strauss, b East	... 0	Pte. Coldwell, c Pollard, b Yearwood	8
Extras	... 12	Extras	... 12
	—		—
Total	... 77	Total	... 100

1st D.W. REGIMENT *v.* SCHOOL OF MUSKETRY.

Played at Hythe, August 29th. Scores:—

SCHOOL OF MUSKETRY.		D.W. REGT.	
R. J. Grant, c Venables, b Haigh	... 6	F. J. Siordet, b Kerr	... 41
T. Stansfeld, b Haigh	... 2	W. E. Maples, b Moir	... 26
F. Swetenham, b Haigh	... 4	Pte. Venables, b Moir	... 7
M. Kerr, b Venables	... 13	E. V. Jenkins, c Thorpe, b Kerr	... 10
J. MacNab, b Venables	... 0	L. R. Acworth, c MacNab,	
B. T. Buckley, c Jenkins, b Venables	5	b Thomson	... 18
E. G. Thompson, c Jenkins,		F. S. Exham, c Brindley, b Thompson	8
b Venables	... 1	R. F. Gatehouse, b Kerr	... 0
H. C. Moir, c and b Haigh	... 15	Lc.-Corpl. Pettigrew, c Stansfeld	
G. F. W. Brindley, not out	... 23	b Kerr	... 0
H. Thorpe, b Venables	... 7	Pte. Coldwell, b Kerr	... 0
J. D. Ingles, b Haigh	... 1	Dr. Haigh, not out	... 4
		„ Rilat, b Kerr	... 0
Extras	... 3	Extras	... 21
	—		—
Total	... 80	Total	... 135

A RETROSPECT OF THE SEASON 1899.

The cricket season is now over, as regards regimental matches, and on the whole it may be considered highly satisfactory. In all, sixteen matches were played, out of which nine were won, four lost, and three drawn. This gives a percentage of 69·23 of wins in finished games; a distinctly creditable result, considering how seldom we were able to put our best eleven in the field. Of course, manœuvres caused a great gap in the cricket year.

The XI has been pretty evenly balanced all through, the "tail" often wagging to a great tune, but as is only natural, we have had our "off" days. Nothing but rank bad cricket can be urged in extenuation of our defeat at the hands of the R.A. and the R.M.L.I.; certainly the luck was not on our side, but all the same, the team seemed to get its tail down in a most disheartening manner. These two matches were far and away the worst of the four defeats. Of the remaining two, the first—the initial match of the year—must not be reckoned seriously, as we had a very unrepresentative XI. The defeat at the hands of the King's School at Canterbury was due partly to our being not at full strength, and partly to indifferent batting. Below will be found full details and statistics.

Total runs for : 2345 for 138 wkts. Average 16·99 per wicket.

Total runs against : 1942 for 141 wkts. Average 13·77 per wicket.

Highest score : for 286, against 277. Lowest score : for 67, against 50.

"Duck's eggs" : for 26, against 25.

We were dismissed for under three figures on four occasions; our opponents on six. No member of the XI. has made 100 this year, and one century has been made against us, viz: A. C. Edwards, 110 for Folkestone, on August 23rd.

Stands of fifty and over have been made on the following occasions:—

For.

Lieuts. Siordet and Exham <i>v.</i> New Romney	...	88 for 1st wkt.
Lieut. Umfreville and Pte. Venables, <i>v.</i> R.S. Fusiliers	79	" 3rd "
Lieuts. Siordet and Maples, <i>v.</i> School of Musketry	74	" 1st "
Lieut. Umfreville and Sergt. Mangles, <i>v.</i> New Romney	73	" 9th "
Lieuts. Siordet and Maples, <i>v.</i> Folkestone	69	" 1st "
Lieut. Tyndall and Pte. Venables, <i>v.</i> R.A.	67	" 3rd "
Lieuts. Tyndall and Exham, <i>v.</i> Colonel Heath's XI.	66	" 7th "
Lieut. Jenkins and Pte. Venables, <i>v.</i> Suffolk Regt.	63	" 3rd "
Lieuts. Acworth and Tyndall, <i>v.</i> L.N. Lancs. Regt.	63	" 6th "
Lieuts. Tyndall and Umfreville, <i>v.</i> Colonel Heath's XI.	61	" 4th "
Major Le Marchant and Pte. Venables, <i>v.</i> Dorset Regt.	50	" 2nd "

Against.

Sergt. Davis and Gunr. Young, for R.A.	...	161 for 1st wkt.
A. C. Edwards and J. S. Buck, for Folkestone	...	94 " 3rd "
Capt. Morgan and Sergt. Brown, for R.M.L.I.	...	73 " 3rd "
G. W. Finn and R. W. F. Glennie, for King's School...	...	55 " 1st "

THE AVERAGES FOR 1899.

Batting.

	<i>Innings</i>	<i>Times Not Out</i>	<i>Total runs</i>	<i>Highest Score</i>	<i>Average</i>
H. K. Umfreville	9	1	244	85	30·50
Pte. Venables	15	3	329	41	27·41
W. E. M. Tyndall	7	0	181	78	25·85
L. R. Acworth	9	1	199	56	24·87
W. E. Maples	7	1	140	36*	23·33
E. V. Jenkins	9	0	200	58	22·22
F. J. Siordet	15	0	265	51	17·66
F. S. Exham	15	1	187	51	13·35
Major Le Marchant	8	0	99	29	12·37
Clr.-Sergt. East	10	1	103	45*	11·55

	<i>Innings.</i>	<i>Times Not Out.</i>	<i>Total runs.</i>	<i>Highest Score.</i>	<i>Average.</i>
R. F. Gatehouse	4	0	36	31	9'00
Pte. Kelly	8	5	16	12	5'33
Pte. Coldwell	8	2	31	13	5'16
Lce.-Cpl. Sykes	5	0	19	7	3'80
Dr. Haigh	7	3	11	4*	2'75
Dr. Rilal	4	0	8	7	2'00

* signifies "not out."

The following have also batted: Lce.-Sergt. Mangles, 21, 18, 16*; Pte. Obee, 7,* 3; A. C. Wood, 2, 5; Lce.-Cpl. Pettigrew, 0, 0; Capt. O. Harris, 12; Sergt. Booth, 0; Sergt. Tungate, 4; Corpl. Harper, 3; Lce.-Sergt. Williams, 0; Cpl. Whitely, 0; Dr. Shea, 2.

Bowling.

	<i>Overs</i>	<i>Maidens</i>	<i>Runs</i>	<i>Wickets</i>	<i>Average</i>
Major Le Marchant	99'4	27	224	31	7'22
Dr. Haigh	39'2	7	118	12	9'83
Clr.-Sergt. East	114'2	26	343	31	10'41
Pte. Venables	130	26	349	29	12'03
F. J. Siordet	54'2	7	204	11	18'55
H. K. Umfreville	99'4	19	271	12	22'58

COMPANY CRICKET SHIELD COMPETITION.

This series of games has just been brought to a conclusion, and has resulted in E Company regaining the trophy they lost last year. There is no doubt they were the best company team, Clr.-Sergt. East and Pte. Venables being a most redoubtable pair of bowlers to meet. The draws were as follows—

1st Round:

(1). G v. E (2). B v. C (3). A v. H (4). D v. F

2nd Round:

Winner of (1) v. Winner of (2)

Final.

Results, First Round:

E beat G, scores—

G 128 (Lieut. Umfreville, 65, not out; Pte. Deland, 15; Dr. Shea, 12; extras, 20).

E 153 (Capt. Harris, 36; Lieut. Acworth, 29; Sergt. Booth, 25; Pte. Smith, 13; Pte. Venables, 10). East and Venables bowled best for the winners, and Lieut. Umfreville and Pte. Deland for the losers.

C beat B, scores—

B 76 (Lieut. Siordet, 39; extras, 15).

C 129 (Clr.-Sergt. Johnson, 43; Lce.-Cpl. Sykes, 22; Dr. Haigh, 14; extras 30). Haigh wrought most destruction for the winners, and Pte. Marshall and Lce.-Cpl. Gate for B.

H beat A, scores—

H 174 (Clr.-Sergt. Mangles, 54; Pte. Walker, 27*).

A 78 (2nd Lieut. Jenkins, 42).

F beat D, scores—

D 69 (Lce.-Cpl. Pettigrew, 31; 2nd Lieut. Gatehouse, 10*)

F 82 (Sgt.-Major Kerns, 17; Pte. Hemmingway, 22; Pte. Carter, 12). Lieut. Gatehouse, and Lce.-Cpl. Pettigrew bowled best for D, and Pte. Hemmingway and Sergt. Chittenden for F.

Semi-finals.

E beat C, scores—

E 144 (Pte. Venables, 65; Pte. Smith, 19; Clr.-Sergt. East, 16; Lieut. Acworth 11).

C 50 (Clr.-Sergt. Johnson, 16; Pte. Woodings, 9*). Dr. Haigh took most wickets for C, whilst East and Venables shared the honours for the other side.

H beat F, scores—

F 52 (Sergt. Chittenden, 19; Sergt.-Major Kerns, 12).

H 78 (Pte. Obee, 22; Lieut. Whitaker, 11; 2nd Lieut. Wood, 12). Clr.-Sergt. Mangles took nearly all the wickets for the winners, whilst Sergt. Chittenden, Pte. Hemmingway and 2nd Lieut. Oakes bowled best for the losers.

Final.

E beat H, scores—

H 50 (2nd Lieut. Wood, 19).

E 145 (Pte. Venables, 44; Clr.-Sergt. East, 19; Pte. Ward, 19*; Sergt. Booth, 12). Clr.-Sergt. East and Pte. Venables again divided the wickets between them, Clr.-Sergt. Mangles and Pte. Coldwell doing best for H.

—:0:—

TWELVE MAXIMS FOR YOUNG CRICKETERS;

OR HOW TO BECOME A FIRST-CLASS EXPONENT OF THE NATIONAL GAME,
*Being tips picked up by our "12th Man" whilst watching divers
County Matches.*

MUCH has been written lately about the large number of drawn matches, and many theories aired. Our "12th Man" here gives his views on the subject in the shape of tips to young players. We fancy these all-important lessons are not to be found in any work on cricket, so we give them to the public.—*Ed., H.L.*

1st Maxim. On arriving at the wicket take your guard. In order to do this, remove a bail and scratch the correct guard therewith. Then wipe the bail on your sleeve before replacing it. After that call up the umpire again to make sure he has not been deceiving you.

2nd Maxim. Leave your crease and carefully diagnose the wicket as far as half-way. Remove any loose blade of grass and tap the turf here and there with the butt-end of your bat. Vary this occasionally by stooping down and spanking it with the face of the bat.

3rd Maxim. Return to your crease and minutely scrutinise each fieldsman. Then never be in a hurry to receive a ball. Stop the bowler (for choice) in the middle of his run. An imaginary urchin walking in front of the screen will serve your purpose excellently.

4th Maxim. Spit periodically on your hand, or rub it in the dust; then twiddle the bat five or six times in your hand before finally taking up your position at the wicket.

5th Maxim. Always have a little joke with the wicket-keeper.

6th Maxim. Do not hesitate to leave your ground frequently during an over to pat the wicket.

7th Maxim. It adds to the general effect if you hire a telegraph boy to run on to the ground with a wire at the end of an over.

8th Maxim. If hit anywhere pretend that you are very seriously hurt. It insures a hearty round of applause from the spectators when you resume your

innings ; or in case you are out the next ball it furnishes a probable cause for your dismissal.

9th Maxim. Always have some little peculiarity of your own at the wicket. It helps the public to recognise you at a distance and with the naked eye.

10th Maxim. If put on to bowl, spend five minutes in altering the position of the field. Then employ the subsequent five minutes in bowling at short slip in order to unstiffen your arm.

11th Maxim. Never fail to take an enormously long run—the longer the better. After you have embarked on your run take two or three little skips and a jump. If you can do so with effect run sideways to the wicket, just dodging the umpire as you arrive.

12th Maxim. If you are fielding don't hurry across to your place at the end of each over or when a left hander comes in. Always take things leisurely and look dignified, not to say *distract*.

—:O:—

LETTERS HOME.

From Lieut. Wallis, 33rd Regt.; written from the seat of war in the East.

June 16th, 1854.

We understand that we are to proceed to Devna either to-morrow or Monday. I expect these orders and counter-orders are meant to deceive the enemy. Since my departure from home I have been quite well, and in fact so have been the whole of us, which is lucky considering the extraordinary climate we are in. The days are frequently as hot as the West Indies, but the nights chilly and damp. The reporter for the *Times* (Mr. Russell by name) came on board the Himalaya at Gallipoli and proceeded with us to Constantinople ; he is a very clever fellow and very amusing. He is at Varna at present.

Mr. Branigan still remains with me and is a very useful, steady fellow. He does not take charge of the pony, there are batmen appointed from the company for that purpose. That remarkable dog, Pepper, is still to the fore and appears to think campaigning rather good fun. He wages continual war with the natives. We all have circular tents—the captains one each and the subalterns one between two. We have to find our own carriage for these as well as for the forage, so that a pony has enough to do. We have plenty of field-days, marches, outlying piquets, etc., and quite enough to do. We generally go to bed at or about 8-30 p.m. and get up at 5 or 6 in the morning ; in fact it is too hot to sleep in the tents after the sun is up in the morning. We had a grand day here last Tuesday—steeplechases, flat races and other amusements, a curious sight for the natives.

June 20th. We have heard that a rascally and lying report has gone home to England that "the 88th and 33rd Regts. had been in action and were all slaughtered to a man." If this report reaches you I trust you will put no faith in it as it is a base lie invented by some scoundrel. We are all here, quite well and have not seen any enemy yet, although we are only fifty miles from them, and will be less to-morrow. For we leave this camp at five o'clock and march to Devna, about eight miles from this. You may tell any person that makes enquiries about me that I am a perfect "pictor." My hair is cut so short that it stands up like a brush : my face and hands are the colour of a pair of old brown gloves ; and my plain clothes get-up is very unique indeed—it consists of a pair of old blue trousers, a flannel shirt and an old shooting coat, and a wide-awake hat, and round my waist is a belt with a loaded pistol and ammunition. Altogether we look like Robinson Crusoe on an improved scale.

Camp Aladin, near Varna,
June 27th, 1854.

You will see by the heading of this that we have not yet moved. I informed you in my last that we were to march the next morning to Devna, but the order was countermanded the next morning. This is about the third time we have been counter-ordered since our arrival here. The authorities seem to have no fixed plan. Our latest news from the seat of war is that the Russians have raised the siege of Silistria and are retreating in all directions. Lord Cardigan and the cavalry stationed at Devna have been ordered to advance and watch their proceedings and to prevent their approaching our position. We have seen the gazette containing the promotion, and it is expected that Fanshawe will get the other company. I had a narrow escape of losing my pony the day before yesterday. The groom took him to graze and he broke away and galloped into the bush. We hunted for him all day and the following morning, and at last gave it up as a bad job; but a Turk brought him into camp in the course of the day.—(To be continued.)

—:O:—

MUSKETRY.

AS everyone knows the musketry year in England and other so-called temperate climates expires on October 31st, so we are very near its end. As it happens, this year England has been hardly a temperate climate, the summer (which we will call from June to September) being almost tropical. But unfortunately we had to shoot in the month of May, before the steady weather set in. "An excuse," everyone will say. And, according to the French proverb, "Who excuses himself, accuses himself." But still even so, all we have to accuse ourselves of is the fact that this year we have, both as recruits and trained men, and therefore generally as a battalion, shot very much better than last year. Comparisons are, always have been, and always will be, odious, and it is quite certain that "figures of merit" should not be compared. In fact we are told that the authorities do not compare them. Therefore it is obviously wrong to compare the performance of one regiment with that of another, who may have fired at a different time, in a different climate, with a different wind, and above all, perhaps, with a different and better rifle. Some regiments may have the Lee-Enfield; some may only have the Mark 1*; some may fire with '95 ammunition; some with that of the latest manufacture. Some may be blessed always with a recruit's (*i.e.*, right) wind; some may have a perpetual gale. Similarly it is very hard to compare companies who fire at different times—for one day's weather may make all the difference in the world.

But to confine ourselves to our own musketry, we are glad to see such a marked improvement in our shooting, and we can only regret that the elements did not admit of an even greater improvement, for the month that was allotted to us for musketry proved a real bad 'un!

We all know Lydd; we all know the beautiful early morning; and we all know the healthy (to everything except musketry) cap-full or half gale of wind that invariably arises as the sun gains power. And we all know the gallant efforts to shoot at 5 a.m. (*reveille* 4.30), and the weary waiting until the fog or sea-fret chose to clear away from the targets. And talking of targets, we all, or anyone who had to mark in the butts, knew those targets. They must have had a very violent attack of small pox at some time of their career; at any rate they were very badly pitted.

H Company again won the shooting shield, but not without a keen struggle, and next year we would like to see another company step up and win—but with a still greater score and with a still keener struggle.

One of the, if not the, greatest commanders the world has ever seen (Napoleon 1st) once said, "Fire is everything, the rest is of small account." Though of

course we must not neglect what Napoleon termed "the rest," we shall do well to remember and lay to heart the fact that "Fire is everything." Without this qualification the infantry soldier is useless, with it he is practically invincible.

We have now a miniature cartridge range in barracks, replete with every modern luxury, from the Bisley target to the white running rabbit, including the elaborate marking system that marks your bullseye as impartially as it marks your miss; and we are glad to see this shooting gallery so well patronised. Such practice is bound to affect and improve the shooting of next year and subsequent years.

This year the S.E.D. have started a competition cup between the regiments in the district, and our regiment has entered. So far the first match (the individual) has been fired simultaneously with our competition for the Queen's Cup, held under the Army Rifle Association rules. We sent a small party to Shorncliffe to practise on the Hythe ranges, and very well they did. After ten days' practice they weighed in with a score of 699, which made an average of nearly $87\frac{1}{2}$ per man. When we consider that when practising at Lydd the best VIII. only reached 79, this alone shows an improvement, and also the great advantage of being on or near a range with plenty of time to devote to shooting.

On the actual match day Lieut. Tyndall was highest scorer, with 94; next came Lce.-Sergt. Morris, with 93; and then Capt. Seaman, with 92. If, and there is always an "if," the wind had not changed while we were going back from 500 to 600 yards, goodness only knows what we might have made, for at the 200 and 500 yards' ranges we shot very well; but as the scores will show, it was at 600 yards that we "gave ourselves away." At any rate there is no need to despair, for on the afternoon of the day before the match, the VIII. averaged 92, and during the practice days Sergt. McGovern scored a 99 out of a possible 105, whilst Sergt. Booth made a possible at 500, and Lieut. Acworth made seven consecutive bullseyes at 600 yards. To finish we may quote a few more proverbs:—

1. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."
2. "Nothing succeeds like success." (And we consider any improvement a success).
3. "Rome was not built in a day." (Therefore we can't hope to come out top first time).
4. "It is better to have shot and lost than never to have shot at all." (Not quite correct but applicable).

The results of this year's shooting, which took place at Lydd in the spring, are as follows:—

A COMPANY.

Number exercised, 70. Figure of merit, 75—50. Marksman—Pte. H. Tatham, 111.

B COMPANY.

Number exercised, 70. Figure of merit, 69—46. Marksmen—Sergt. F. McGovern, 112; Ptes. E. Marshall, 109; H. Marsh, 108; A. Parish, 107; T. Perry, 106; A. Henderson, 105; H. Anderson, 105.

C COMPANY.

Number exercised, 73. Figure of merit, 66—46. Marksman—Pte. A. Ward, 105.

D COMPANY.

Number exercised, 73. Figure of merit, 73—47. Marksmen—Sergt. A. Berrington, 117; Pte. A. Blagden, 115; Corpls. J. Morris, 113; J. Bramley, 111; Ptes. F. Adams, 107; J. Rashbrook, 106.

E COMPANY.

Number exercised, 75. Figure of merit, 78—43. Marksmen—Clr.-Sergt. A. East, 125; Pte. S. Venables, 121; Lieut. L. R. Acworth, 110; Dr. J. Jepson, 109; Lce.-Corpl. S. Newroth, 108; Sergt. J. McMahon, 106; Pte. F. Ward, 106.

F COMPANY.

Number exercised, 74. Figure of merit, 79—43. Marksmen—Sergt. J. Watterson, 131; Ptes. J. Ware, 114; W. Lawrence, 112; J. Langford, 110; W. Norcliffe, 109; C. Smallwood, 109; J. Austen, 109; Dr. R. Smith, 107; Ptes. C. Hawes, 106; F. Warman, 105; W. Day, 105.

G COMPANY.

Number exercised, 77. Figure of merit, 80—49. Marksmen—Corpl. T. Sheridan, 123; Ptes. A. Mitchell, 115; C. Reynolds, 113; T. Hughes, 110; Lieut. H. K. Umfreville, 110; Ptes. J. Burrows, 107; J. Kifford, 106; Lce.-Sergt. H. Dyson, 106; Ptes. T. Harper, 106; H. Heap, 105; Dr. J. Rogers, 105; Ptes. J. Wiggins, 105; T. Wilson, 105.

H COMPANY.

Number exercised, 74. Figure of merit, 82—50. Marksmen—Dr. C. Shea, 142; Clr.-Sergt. M. Cassidy, 126; *Lce.-Sergt. A. Mangles, 122; Ptes. A. Mallinson, 122; W. Homer, 117; H. Richards, 116; Sergt. C. Teasdale, 113; Pte. J. McManus, 113; *Lieut. W. E. M. Tyndall, 112; Pte. O'Flynn, 111; Corpl. A. Worsnop, 110; Ptes. W. Eycott, 110; H. Thorn, 109; W. Avery, 107; Dr. G. Grover, 107; Ptes. W. Carty, 107; S. Martin, 107; H. Ming, 106; J. Spink, 106; C. Land, 106; W. Carney, 105; Sergt. C. Simmonds, 105; Ptes. C. Weaver, 105; T. Gibbins, 105.

BAND.

Number exercised, 45. Figure of merit, 81—51. Marksmen—Ptes. H. Cunningham (A Coy.), 131; E. Joyce (D Coy.), 114; J. Gawthorn (G Coy.), 110; T. Lewthwaite (G Coy.), 109; Corpl. J. Columbine (H Coy.), 109; Ptes. H. Neale (A Coy.), 109; C. Perry (C Coy.), 105.

1ST PARTY OF CASUALS.

Number exercised, 40. Figure of merit, 70—42. Marksmen—Ptes. G. Stickles (E Coy.), 114; W. Carter (F Coy.), 108.

2ND PARTY OF CASUALS.

Number exercised, 32. Figure of merit, 78—36. Marksmen—Pte. A. Bedford (F Coy.), 118; Sergt. F. Davidson (H Coy.), 106.

—:0:—

PIPE PUFFS.

[A correspondent sends us this "puff" as having occurred on the Dover Athletic Ground. This may be so, but we have our suspicions that it is uncommonly like one of old Tom Emmett's wheezes mentioned in W.G.'s new book, so we must take our correspondent's statement guardedly, to avoid being "run in" for plagiarism.—ED., H.L.]

Bowler (after three catches running, not running catches but simple sitters, had been missed off his bowling): "Well, there seems to be a blooming epidemic on this ground, but, thank goodness, *it isn't catching!*"

Talking of Tom Emmett reminds me of a yarn chalked up to his account whilst he was "coach" at Rugby School. I don't think it has appeared anywhere in print, but I am liable to correction. At the far end of one of the sides of the playground there was a Roman Catholic chapel, the bell of which was always tolled for a certain fixed period of an afternoon. One day Mr. Emmett sent round a most polite note to the padre, requesting that he would stop ringing the bell *as he could not hear the catches at the wicket!*

* Shot at Hythe.

Officer, on guest night, looking at band card while a selection is being played :
 " Surely, this is not Tannhäuser ? "

Mess waiter, handing dish, and mistaking the band card for the menu : " No, sir, it's red currant tart ! "

* * *

An officer, after a big beano night, was once being escorted home by his soldier servant in a wheelbarrow.

Sentry : " Halt, who comes there ? "

Servant : " Officer drunk in a wheel-barrow. "

Sentry : " Pass officer drunk in a wheel-barrow, and all's well ! "

* * *

During the recent manœuvres, one of the last joined budding field marshals was sending out his half-company as advanced guard. Voice No. 1 (from the ranks) : " 'E ought to 'ave said *advance*, not *quick march*. "

Voice No. 2 : " Oh, well, Rome wasn't built in a day ! "

* * *

Absent-minded officer (looking at *Daily Graphic*, in which is depicted the arrival of the Queen's zebras) : " Well, I see they have got those *zaribas* home all right ! "

(They will probably be judiciously dotted about Salisbury Plain.—ED., H.L.)

* * *

Favourite entrée during hottest nights on manœuvres—*pâtés de clam*.

* * *

At brigade piquet parade, Perham Down. Scene—Parade Ground. Time—Retreat. Field Officer, impatiently, to militiaman, who is struggling with his bayonet : " Now then, hurry up. Can't you fix your bayonet ? "

Militiaman : " No, sorr, *it's too durrty*. "

* * *

At recruits' musketry lecture. Instructor : " Now, O'Brien, can you tell me what is meant by a ' fine sight ? ' "

O'Brien : " No, sergeant. "

Instructor : " Oh, come, you must know what a ' fine sight ' is. Do say something. "

O'Brien : " Is it a fine sight you mean ? The finest sight *I* knows is fifteen men in mess, fourteen on pass, and duff for dinner ! "

* * *

A Colour-Sergeant was drilling a squad of militiamen, and during a " stand easy " he was delivering himself to his pupils in no measured terms. He wound up by saying, " I never saw such a crew in my life. You're like a box of blankety tin soldiers ! "

Voice from the ranks : " Was there a colour-sergeant in that box ? "

* * *

Sometimes invitation cards have curious addenda. An invite to an entertainment sent to a regiment during the summer encampment had this written in the corner—" Dress optional " There were more applicants than usual to attend this function.

* * *

Another invite from the Mayor and Corporation requested the honour of the company of Colonel — and officers of the — Regiment, *and Lady*. What offers ?

* * *

Sergeant (to squad fixing bayonets) : " Now then, you'll be a fortnight before you've got through the first motion, and time-expired before they're fixed. "

* * *

There was once a C O. who had a singularly consistent method of weighing off prisoners in the orderly room. After the crime had been read out and the evidences heard, the culprit was asked what he had to say. Some would answer

"Nothing, sir," in which case the C.O. stormed out: "You go and disgrace yourself and then have no excuse to make. Ten days C.B." Sometimes the accused, however, would venture on an explanation, in which case his judge would roar, "That will do! There you are, you do wrong and then come up and expect me to believe your yarns. Ten days C.B."

Young officer reading out the results of a "guess" at Judging Distance Practice: "Myself, 0; remainder, 2 each."

Wanted, as regimental pet, a tame lion, capable of being taught signalling.

From the Mounted Infantry course. Order heard: "Stand in front of your horses and dismount!" (It was only a case of putting the cart before the horse.)

—:0:—

REGIMENTAL NEWS.

APPOINTMENTS.

To be Lance-Corporals (unpaid)—

Pte. S. Newroth,	E Coy.	Pte. J. Kifford,	G Coy.	Pte. W. Austin,	F Coy.
" R. Oliver,	D "	" W. Avery,	H "	" F. Hall,	E "
" J. Standeven	A "	" J. Woodward,	H "	" H. Brown,	B "
" C. Hart,	D "				

To be Lance Corporals (paid)—

Lce.-Corpl. (unpaid)	Harrison,	D Coy.	Lce.-Corpl. (unpaid)	Oliver,	D Coy.
" "	O'Melia,	A "	" "	Standeven,	A "
" "	Mitchell,	G "	" "	Hart,	D "
" "	Moffat,	B "	" "	Kifford,	G "
" "	Ayrey,	F "	" "	Woodward,	H "
" "	Newroth,	E "			

To be Drummers—

Pte. J. Wisdom,	H Coy.	Pte. H. Evans.	A Coy.
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PROMOTIONS.

To be Corporals—

Lance-Corpl.	F. Medley,	E Coy.	Lance-Corpl.	C. Johnson,	E Coy.
"	T. Duffy,	D "	"	A. Schofield,	F "
"	F. Barron,	H "	"	E. Smith,	H "
"	D. Looney,	A "	"	J. Mason,	B "
"	J. Brennan,	D "	"	J. Teasdale,	D "

To be Lance-Sergeants (unpaid)—

Corporal J. Smith,	G Coy.	Corporal A. Worsnop,	H Coy.
" J. Wallace,	D "	" W. Morgan,	E "

To be Lance-Sergeants (paid)—

Lance-Sergt. (unpaid)	W. Theed,	A Coy.	Lance-Sergt. (unpaid)	J. Morris,	B Coy.
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To be Sergeants—

Lance-Sergt. J. Swales,	D Coy.	Lance-Sergt. A. Mangles,	H Coy.
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To be Colour-Sergeants—

Lance-Sergt. H. Dyson,	F Coy.	Sergt. A. Mangles,	H Coy.
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GOOD-CONDUCT PAY.

At 4d.—

Private F. Hill, D Coy.

At 2d.—

Pte. W. Swainson, C Coy. Pte. J. Bamberger, G Coy. H. Gentle, F Coy.

At 1d.—

Pte. G. Hartley,	C Coy.	Pte. T. Gilham,	A Coy.	Pte. W. Wetherden,	C Coy
„ J. Ramsden,	D „	„ J. Shaw,	F „	„ J. Woodings,	C „
„ F. Stead,	C „	„ W. Riley,	B „	„ A. Hatfield,	B „
„ T. Berry,	C „	„ J. Atkinson,	A „	„ W. Knowles,	B „
„ W. Wingate,	B „	„ J. Shackleton,	C „	„ F. Murphy,	D „
„ J. Darnbrook,	A „	„ J. Holgate,	C „	„ R. Smith,	D „
„ J. Cornish,	A „	„ J. Hunt,	C „	„ J. Whittaker,	D „
„ W. Clarke,	F „	„ S. Kilner,	C „	„ B. Smith,	F „
„ R. Flynn,	G „	„ T. McDermott,	C „	„ M. Hobbs,	D „
„ W. Rowan,	E „	„ H. Carney,	H „	„ A. Lower,	A „
„ J. Homer,	H „	„ H. Green,	C „		

EXAMINATIONS.

Officers.

Major F. M. H. Marshall has passed the tactical test for promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

Lieuts. A. M. Whitaker and R. N. Bray have passed in subjects (*c*) (*d*) and (*g*) for promotion to the rank of Captain. Lieut. Whitaker "distinguished" in Military Law.

2nd-Lieut. R. F. Gatehouse has passed in subjects (*a*) and (*b*) for promotion.

N.C. Officers.

The following have passed for promotion to the ranks specified:—

For Sergeant—

Corpl. J. Rollinson, A Coy. Corpl. R. Marks, C Coy. Corpl. T. Sheridan, G Coy.

For Corporal—

Lce.-Cpl. Schofield,	A Coy.	Lce.-Cpl. Teasdale,	D Coy.	Lce.-Cpl. Johnson,	E Coy.
„ Smith,	A „	„ Medley,	E „	„ Brennan,	F „
„ Mason,	B „	„ Duffy,	D „	„ Farnhill,	F „
„ Conway,	C „	„ Wilds,	E „	„ Woodey,	G „

CERTIFICATES.

Education (2nd Class)—

Corpl. F. Barron, H Coy.; Lance-Corpl. R. Wood, H Coy.; Boy F. Couchman, D Coy.; Boy G Babbs, B Coy.

Gymnastic—

Lieut. P. B. Strafford obtained a 1st Class Certificate at the recent Aldershot Gymnastic Course. Sergt. W. Annis, F Coy., and Lance-Sergt. W. Theed, A Coy., obtained 2nd Class Certificates at the same course.

Sergts. Cook and Chittenden are appointed Assistant-Instructors in the Western Heights Gymnasium.

Lance-Corpl. J. Pettigrew, D Coy., is permitted to remain in the Service beyond 21 years.

RE-ENGAGEMENTS.

To complete 21 Years—

Sergt. F. McGovern, B Coy.; Lance-Sergt. J. Columbine, H Coy.

EXTENSIONS.

To complete 12 Years—

Dr. J. Wisdom, H Coy.; Sergt. H. Teasdale, H Coy.; Lance-Sergt. J. Swales, D Coy.

The following Reservists have rejoined the Colours :—Ptes. H. Avey, and J. Townend.

DEATHS.

On June 26th—Pte. F. Davey, C Coy.

On August 6th—Pte. J. Travers, E Coy.

DRAFTS.

A draft of eleven Recruits joined the Battalion from the Depôt on August 5th.

A draft of six joined on August 22nd.

The following is a copy of a letter received by the C.O. from the Chief Staff Officer, S.E. District :—

“I have been requested by Major-General Sir Leslie Rundle, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., to express to you the satisfaction it gave him to have the battalion under your command at the manœuvres at Salisbury in his Division, and to acknowledge the great assistance you have given him.

Also to express his satisfaction at the state in which he found the battalion at his annual inspection.”

The Band performed selections of music during the Hythe Cricket week, and (like Monkey Brand) left a good impression behind.

REGIMENTAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

Owing to the Battalion being at Lydd for Musketry and the manœuvres at Salisbury Plain, there has only been one meeting of the Temperance Society. This took place last month, and the attendance in the room was not very large. Owing to the time of the year, the men take every advantage of the sea front, and the room being so small, very few men can be accommodated with seats. We hope to do something for the members during the winter months by getting up concerts and providing teas, &c.

We are glad to say the membership is still very good, viz., 295. Notwithstanding the month the battalion was in camp at Lydd and also a month at Perham Down—when the weather was very trying and the work very heavy—most of the total abstainers kept to their pledge.

—:O:—

NOTICES.

The *Havercake Lad* is published quarterly at the price of 3d. The dates on which it *should* be (but not often is) published are these: March 15th, June 15th,

September 15th, and December 15th. In order that communications may be published in the current number, they should reach the Editor not later than the 1st of those months. Orderly sergeants of companies will collect the names of men wanting copies; copies so obtained may be paid through the accounts. A certain number are also always obtainable from the grocery bar of the regimental canteen, and may be paid for in the same manner as the others.

It will save the editor considerable manual labour if correspondence be written in ink, on foolscap, legibly, and on one side of the paper only. A small margin also is desirable. Any M.S.S. will be returned to the contributor if desired.

Back numbers (from No. 4, December 1897) may be had on application to the editor.

The scale of charges for advertisements is as follows—

Full page	...	£1 quarterly.
Half-page	...	12s. „
Quarter-page	...	7s. „

(These prices are subject to a discount of 10 per cent. if advertisements for one year are paid for in advance).

All correspondence must be made direct to—

The Editor of the *Havercake Lad*,
Shaft Barracks,
Dover.

We shall be glad to exchange copies with any regimental papers that are not on our list. The receipt of the following is acknowledged with thanks—

“A.S.C. Journal,” “St. George’s Gazette,” “Black Horse Gazette,” “16th Q.L. Gazette,” “Green Howards’ Gazette,” “Suffolk Gazette,” “Dragon,” “Sprig of Shillelagh,” “Man of the World,” “Thin Red Line,” “Oak Leaf,” “Gordonian,” “One and All.” (These papers are placed in the Officers’ Mess, Regimental Library, and A.T.A. room in turn.

N.B.—Correspondents in distant climes are reminded that postal rates have been very considerably reduced of late, so that bulkier missives will be expected than hitherto.

All subscriptions or donations to the funds of the paper will be duly and gratefully acknowledged therein.

Men leaving the Regiment are requested to leave their addresses with the Editor, so that copies may be forwarded to them. Subscribers are requested to inform the Editor of any change in their addresses.

The Editor begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of £2 from Major P. B. Smith for copies sent out to the Library of the 2nd Battalion.





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West Riding Colours in Sashes, Ties, and Ribbons in Stock.*

SELECTIONS FROM NUMEROUS TESTIMONIALS—

To C. Pilcher, Military Tailor, Dover.

3rd February, 1898.

Mr. C. PILCHER has served the Regiment during the two years it has been stationed here, and has, as far as I know, given entire satisfaction. Personally I have had clothes made by him, and also he has altered a mess jacket for me, to the new pattern, and he has done it well. He is always very obliging, and has a good cutter, and his prices are very moderate. I have never heard any Officer say otherwise.

G. W. SWAINE, Captain, Mess President, 2nd West Yorks. Regiment.

Memorandum from the President Mess Committee, 2nd Battalion Prince of Wales' Own (West Yorkshire) Regt., Dover.
Mr. Pilcher. The Citadel, Dover, 4th February, 1898.

Before leaving this Station, I wish to express my entire satisfaction with the work you have turned out for me, both as regards the mufti and uniform you have made for me. I consider your charges have been extremely reasonable, and this appears to be the general opinion of all the Officers of my Battalion who have dealt with you. Your material and workmanship have been good, and I hope this letter may be the means of securing you the custom of the Officers of the Regiments who may come after us.

I remain, yours faithfully,

A. J. PRICE, Lt.-Colonel, 2nd West Yorkshire Regiment.

Mr. Pilcher,

Shaft Barracks, Dover, November 29th, 1898.

I wish to inform you how much pleased I am with everything I have bought from you. I have dealt with you now since 1889, and on all occasions the quality of the articles supplied have been excellent, and you have always been most courteous and obliging.

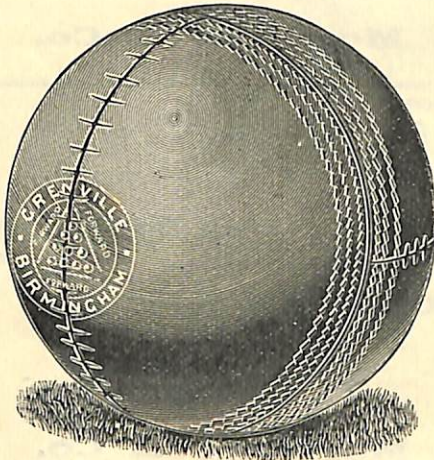
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THE HAVERCAKE LAD.

Mappin & Webb's

Challenge Trophies for all Competitions.



THE SKETCH, June 12th, 1895.

"The handsome football shield here illustrated was competed for by teams of the various British Regiments stationed in Egypt, and ultimately won by the 2nd Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment. Each member of the teams entering the final was presented with a characteristic medal as a souvenir. The trophy was designed and modelled throughout by Messrs. MAPPIN & WEBB."

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SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR **Officers' Messes, Sergeants' Messes & Coffee Shops**
AT HOME, IN CAMP, OR ABROAD.

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The Grocer says—"Its stimulating properties and aroma are practically equal to those of the finest freshly made Coffee. This preparation should meet with success."

The Grocers' Gazette says—"Having tested these preparations, we can speak confidently of their high qualities, both as regards flavour and aroma, and the sale of articles such as these should go far to remove the prejudice attached to Coffee Extracts."

The Grocers' Journal says—"We can recommend these Coffee Extracts."

The Epicure says—"Owing to the special process under which the Extract is made, it retains the flavour and aroma of Fresh Coffee."

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DOVER:—Market Lane and Queen Street.

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