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**THE LATE MAJOR ARTHUR EDWARD POOLE.**  
Senior Military Knight of Windsor.



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## EDITORIAL.

IT is August 11th, and one's mind turns to moors, guns and dogs, and we envy those who are enabled to indulge in the pleasures of grouse shooting, while we quickly dissolve in the steamy heat which accompanies the rise of the Nile. However, we are not dogs in a manger, and hearing that a very good season is expected, we hope that it will come up to expectations.

India is now looming large in everybody's mind, and opinion is somewhat divided as to the popularity of the move. Meerut is about the best station in India, and some say that it is a good thing to go to one of the inferior stations first, to get acclimatized and shaken down into the routine of the country; then to move to a good station in a condition to appreciate and take advantage of its amenities, which are somewhat wasted on a regiment newly arrived in India.

Most of us are about ready to move on

from Egypt now, as in two years one can see and do most things that a non-resident can attempt, though it is maintained by some that the third year is best of all.

\* \* \*

We all wish to express our deep sympathy with Lord Ednam in the loss of his wife in the air crash at Meopham. Lady Ednam was well known to many of us, and will be greatly missed by a very large circle of friends.

It was only last winter that Lord Ednam lost one of his little sons, the Hon. Jeremy Ward, in an accident with a motor lorry.

\* \* \*

We must congratulate Capt. and Mrs. Carver on the birth of a daughter (Gilian Honor) in London.

\* \* \*

The wedding of Mr. T. Moorhouse and Miss Diana Cooke took place in London on July 23rd. We all wish them the best of luck and happiness, and are only too sorry that they are not returning to the Regiment to help on the party spirit in India.

\* \* \*

Capt. Davy has taken an appointment at home, namely, Instructor at the Machine Gun School, Netheravon. We must also congratulate him on his promotion to Major.

\* \* \*

Major Roberts has left us, and is now living the life of a country gentleman at his new house, Acton Hall, Berkeley, Gloucester.

When the Regiment goes to India there will be three officers who will not accompany it.

Major Druce is leaving after thirty-six years' service with the Regiment, and we shall all miss him very much too.

Capt. Church is resigning, and is handing over his sword for a hunting whip, as he is taking up the Mastership of the Romney Marsh Harriers; and Mr. Ward is going to join his twin brother in the Bentley racing department near Welwyn.

\* \* \*

We are also sad to relate that over one hundred other ranks will be left behind when we leave the land of the Pharaohs. S.S.M.R.I. Haynes, Serpts. Hill, Young, Bishop, Haines, Matthews and Batt, Far.

Staff-Sergt. Colston, Farr.-Cpl. Clark, Sadd.-Cpl. Williams, Cpls. Hale, O'Smotherly, Humphries and Beament are the senior Warrant Officers and N.C.Os. we shall bid *au revoir*. Some twenty or more of the troopers are for cross-posting to the 13th/18th Hussars, and we may hear of them doing great deeds in that regiment.

It is our greatest wish that one and all—whether they are leaving the Army for civilian life or being transferred to another unit—will have the very best of luck and will remember that many of the serving "Shiners" will never forget them.

\* \* \*

As this is the last number of the GAZETTE before we leave for India, we take this opportunity in wishing them all the very best of luck and prosperity in their new spheres of life.

\* \* \*

We are proud to draw the attention of all our readers to the splendid successes of our Regimental cricket team. When we came out to this country our reputation as a cricketing regiment was very small indeed, but by the splendid efforts and encouragement of Capt. Gairdner and Mr. Dawnay, we have produced one of the finest cricket elevens that has been seen out here for a long time.

Last season we scored an outstanding success by beating the Royal Army Medical Corps and winning the Frank Cook Cup. This season we have already won the Command Cricket Cup, and we are in the final of the Frank Cook Cup. We sincerely hope by the time these words are printed that we have also been successful in winning that too.

It will be a great achievement for a cavalry regiment.



## ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

MOUSTACHES FOR HUSSARS ONLY.

EVENING STANDARD.

JULY 17, 1830.

PRICE 7d.

No. 990.

The Army.—H.M. the King (William IV.) has signified his desire that no regiments in the Service shall henceforth wear moustaches, except the 7th, 10th and 15th Hussars.

## THE LATE MAJOR ARTHUR EDWARD POOLE.

IT is with the greatest regret that we have to announce the death of another "Old Shiner" — Major Arthur Edward Poole. Major Poole was the son of the Rev. Thomas Poole, of Letwell, Yorkshire. As a boy he went to the old Blue Coat School in London, and afterwards to Cambridge University.

In May, 1873, after leaving Cambridge, he joined the Tenth Hussars, and served in the Regiment until 1901.

In 1882 on the death of Quartermaster W. King, he was appointed to Quartermaster, the Regiment at that time being stationed at Lucknow.

On the voyage home to England the Regiment landed in Egypt to take part in the campaign against the rebel forces under Osman Digma, and after the battles of El Teb and Tamaii, a special letter was sent to the Tenth Hussars from the Quartermaster-General of the Force congratulating the Regiment on the perfect state in which the camping grounds had been left. This letter was handed to the Quartermaster, to whose excellent arrangements, and devoted interests to the comforts of everyone throughout this campaign, the thanks of the whole regiment were due.

The rigours of the South African War were too strong for this splendid soldier, and he was invalided home; but scarcely had he arrived there when he was taken on the staff of the 1st Army Corps under Sir John French at Aldershot, remaining there until 1905.

On attaining the age limit he retired from the Army, and was appointed a Military Knight of Windsor on January 1st, 1906.

The call to arms for the Great European War of 1914-18 once again stirred his martial spirit, for we find him serving on the staff of the Western Command until he was demobilized in December, 1919.

He was well known in the Regiment as a good, all-round sportsman, very keen on cricket, often playing for the Regimental team. His favourite pastimes were shooting and swimming, in both of which he excelled.

Among the campaigns in which he served were nine years in East India, Egypt 1884, Eastern Soudan, South Africa 1899-1900 (where he was present at the Relief of Kimberley, Paardeberg, Poplar Grove, Hout Nek, Transvaal, Zand and Cape Colony).

On his death he was Senior Military Knight at Windsor, and many will miss his familiar figure in that town. One of his sons, Lieut. H. E. A. Poole, was killed at Zillebeke Lake in 1915 while serving with the 11th Hussars.

At the age of 80, this gallant old Tenth Hussar resigned his earthly commission and left us, leaving behind him the memory of a faithful soldier who had always endeavoured to serve his regiment to the best of his ability.



## OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATION.

THE Sixteenth Annual Dinner of the Tenth Royal (P.W.O.) Old Comrades' Association was held at the Cannon Street Hotel, on Tuesday, June 3rd, 1930. Lieut.-Col. The Viscount Downe D.S.O., C.M.G., was in the chair.

THE CHAIRMAN: Your Royal Highness, Old Comrades and Serving Members: I give you the toast of His Majesty The King, our Colonel-in-Chief. (Applause.)

I give you the next toast: Her Majesty The Queen, the Prince of Wales and the other Members of the Royal Family. (Applause.)

The next toast: Our Fallen Comrades.

I will now ask our Secretary, Mrs. Mackenzie, to read the Annual Report.

### SECRETARY'S REPORT.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, LORD DOWNE, GENTLEMEN: I know you are all feeling disappointed not to see Lord Byng here to-night. He really meant to come, and it is only because his doctors would not let him that he is not here. You will all like to know that he is much better, but he has a good deal of work before him, and it is so essential that he should not overdo himself the moment he comes back from his rest. He tells me he is sincerely sorry; he so wanted to come and see you



all once more, and it is only very definite orders from his doctor which prevents him. I know I may tell him from you how much we miss him, and trust that he may be with us next year, and for many years to come.

We have had various changes on our Committee this year, and we are to lose our chairman, Mr. Seymour, who has conducted our meetings for so many years. It is not at all easy to be a good Chairman to a Committee; so many qualities are wanted; tact, firmness, unselfishness, the power to keep the Committee together and make them keen to do their duties; he must be willing to take responsibility and, above all, he must keep us all in a good mood. Mr. Seymour had all these qualities. He made a most excellent chairman, and we shall find it very difficult to fill his place. I know I may thank him from you all for all he has done in the past, and we shall all hope to see him at these gatherings for many years to come, although he is no longer our chairman. His reason for resigning is only that he feels all the work entailed and attending meetings is more than he can do, especially as he no longer lives in London. I am sorry to say Mr. Power is in very bad health, and has not been able to attend our meetings; nor is he here to-night. He has been such a faithful Old Comrade, and so useful at these dinners, it is sad to see his vacant place. I am sorry to say Mr. Carroll is also very unwell, and obliged to resign in consequence. Mr. Slattery has had to leave London owing to his work, and Mr. Maher is too occupied to be able to serve. Mr. Desborough, Mr. Prattley and Mr. Lanham have kindly come to help us. We have tried this year to enlarge the activities of the Old Comrades' Association, and have some dances. A Sub-Committee was formed for this purpose, which consisted of Mr. Loader, the Chairman, Mr. Scarisbrick, the Secretary, Messrs. Prattley, Andrews, Vass and Slack, with Mrs. Mackenzie as secretary. We had two dances, which were very successful, and when all expenses were paid, there was £1 profit which was given to the Regimental Association. As I kept all the accounts and know exactly how the money was spent, I can tell you that the result was very satisfactory. Quite apart from the money

these dances brought a good many Old Comrades together, and friendships were formed, not only between the men, but also between their wives and families, and I can't help thinking that this was the real object we hoped to attain, and it is a great satisfaction to me to know that it met with such success. The sub-committee's work was quite excellent; it meant giving up a great deal of their leisure, and at the actual dances real devotion to their various duties and not too much fun. Lord Airlie and Capt. Wardell came to our last dance; we appreciated this so much; it is a help to feel that some of our old officers take an interest in us. These dances and our share in the combined Cavalry Old Comrades Parade in Hyde Park this year were so well supported, and I can't tell you how much pleasure it gives me to think that our Old Comrades' Association is a real live thing, and becoming more so each year. I must mention that a branch has been started in Canterbury. Mr. Davis and Mr. Burchell are the moving spirits there. They have the same object in keeping together, giving a helping hand where possible, and making that X.R.H. spirit felt. Ex-Sergt. T. Green is doing the same in Birmingham, looking up Old Comrades and helping to find them work.

Amongst the old friends who will not come again to these dinners, I must speak first of Col. Graham, whose tragic death was felt by so many. He was like a hero of romance, his wonderful horsemanship, "Broncho," and his charming personality had gripped the imagination, not only of England, but beyond, and he will always be remembered by the old Tenth as a Commanding Officer of whom they may be proud. Whether it is really such a tragedy to go out when one is on the top of the wave, I am not so sure; so few of us ever get there. The Old Comrades sent a wreath, which was all they could do to express their real sympathy with Mrs. Graham. I must also tell you that amongst those who have died this year the following have come to my knowledge: Sergt. Phelan, of Canterbury; Neal, of Northampton; Cox, of Woking; Morris, of Bognor; Buss, of London; Williams, of Walthamstow; Lees, of Portsmouth; Histed, of Greenwich; Johnson, of Salford; and Wray, of London,

who always supported us and did his best to find employment for us. Some of the money collected at these dinners has been used to send flowers for those, who are gone, and money was sent to Col. Greenwood for a wreath to be placed on our Regimental Memorial in Cairo. May I ask you to put a few more pennies in the boxes this year, and so keep our fund going.

I have had a sad letter from Q.M.S. Standing, saying we do not support the Regimental GAZETTE as we should. I hope any of you who can will subscribe; you will find particulars in the hall, and anyone can write to me if they are in difficulties about it.

The Regimental Association is working smoothly under Mr. Smeed. He has been very successful in finding work. There have been 89 applications for employment this year; out of these 69 have been placed by the Association, 11 have found work for themselves, 9 are unemployed.

I have had many letters from Old Comrades who cannot be with us to-night: Messrs. Quinn, Bingle, Bowers, Cole, Liddington, W. Green, Callaghan, Hopkins, old Mr. Rolfe, Bowkett, Boyd, Parker; (the combined ages of the last four amount to 330 years). They all send their greetings, and many include donations to our funds. Special messages, too, from Major Littlewood and Capt. Palmer; the latter sends 10s.

I should like to thank your Committee on your behalf for all their work. The dances, our share in the Combined Cavalry Parade, directing all the circulars, have kept them busy, and has been a great help to me.

I think you will also like me to thank His Royal Highness for so kindly coming to-night; it is such a great pleasure and honour to have him with us.

THE CHAIRMAN: Your Royal Highness and Old Comrades.—I received the following telegrams which I will now read to you.

"I sincerely thank the Old Comrades of the 10th Hussars for their birthday greetings, and wish them a very successful reunion. George R.I." (Applause.)

"The Regiment in Egypt wishes you a most successful evening.—The Regiment." (Applause.)

"With very happy recollections of the great friendship always existing between our two regiments. Wishing you a very happy evening. — Old Comrades, 9th Lancers." (Loud applause.)

"Good luck, and happy reunion.—Hopkins." (Applause.)

"Trust you will have a happy meeting.—Boyd." (Applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN: Your Royal Highness and Old Comrades,—I now ask Col. R. B. Fisher Childe to propose the toast to the Colonel, Officers, Non-commissioned Officers and Men of the Regiment.

COLONEL R. B. FISHER CHILDE (greeted with prolonged applause): Your Royal Highness, Lord Downe, Mrs. Mackenzie and Old Comrades,—I have had the privilege a good many years of saying a few words to you at these dinners. It is always a great pleasure, but I do get a shy moment when I think you have heard my voice so often. You have really heard my voice for fifty-six years, but after the greeting you just gave me—which goes through an old soldier's heart—I see you have not forgotten an old man and stick to the old firm.

Almost the first thing that this Regiment taught me was that a Tenth Hussar never forgets old friends, and I am glad to see one of my very old friends here. (Applause.)

I sometimes see smiles over your faces when I go back to the very old days. I am fond of doing it at times—the days before the flood. (Laughter.) But lately I am much more up to date. When last year I told you a story of Col. Wilson. That happened fifty-five years ago, so now I am quite up to date. I have always held that to keep a really good Regiment you must have three things: First, good Adjutants; second, good Non-commissioned Officers; third, good Commissioned Officers.

Now we have been extraordinarily lucky in our Adjutants. (Applause.) Our Non-commissioned Officers have been simply splendid—always the backbone of the Regiment, and always have had the true Tenth Hussar spirit; and they have done an enormous amount to keep this Regiment up to the highest standard. (Applause.)

Fifty-six years ago I was gazetted to the Regiment. It has done much for me. First it gave me the happiest of happy homes for 28 years. This is a big slice of anyone's life. She also gave me most of my past friends in life. Perhaps that is the best gift we can have. Then she gave me great luck in sport. Amongst other things, I won our old Regimental Cup five times. Four times on that wonderful old horse that someone just called out. The picture of that horse is in our hall, and it gives me pleasure every time I see it. In addition to these prizes there were many others throughout the country. Is it wonderful that I am grateful to this Regiment? I am sure she has done much for all of you. In June, fifty-six years ago, I joined the Regiment, and now I am going to ask our Hon. Secretary to accept a cheque for £100 from me for the Old Comrades' Association as a small token of my gratitude to this Regiment. (Applause.)

I will now propose the toast of the Colonel, Officers, Non-commissioned Officers and Men of the Regiment, and with that toast I couple the name of Major R. G. Roberts.

MAJOR R. G. ROBERTS, M.C. (responding to the toast): Your Royal Highness, Lord Downe, and Old Comrades,—You will all be sorry that Col. Greenwood is not here to-night to respond to the toast; he is not on leave until July. The honour has fallen to me as the next senior officer in England, to respond to this toast which you have so kindly drunk. As Mrs. Mackenzie reminded you, there are some of you unable to get hold of the GAZETTE, and there are others who do not get it, so I had better tell you something about our life in Egypt. We have now been there eighteen months, and we have been extremely happy. The 300 boys we took out with us now consider themselves old soldiers. They have grown enormously. Abroad, everybody is living together; there are not so many outside attractions. Everything pulls together much more easily than when in England. The boys are getting quite old, and they are learning that the horse is something more than a means of transport. Many of them are now using the horse for sport.

Col. Fisher Childe has set us a high standard; I think we can say we are doing our best to keep to that standard.

We have had our first experience of hot weather, and I think we thoroughly enjoyed it, particularly the men, because most of the work is over about midday, and they have the whole of the rest of the day, and though it may be too hot to play cricket, yet they are not doing military work. They have a good deal done for them to make life bearable. Each man spends a fortnight near Alexandria for absolute rest, spending most of the time in the sea. As a result of this the swimming of the Regiment is getting on, and also the water polo. We did not do marvellously in the Brigade Show, but we held our own. In the Shooting Trophy we came second; we were beaten by the 12th Lancers by one point, and their score was the highest that has ever been known. (Applause.)

Before dealing further with the Sport, I would mention that we started off with 300 Recruits, but this Autumn there will be only 160 men to go on with the Regiment to India. This is accounted for by various reasons, such as their length of service.

To return to the Polo, we had extraordinary misfortunes. Capt. Gardner broke his finger, rendering him unable to play, while Major Horne was injured by a fall some days before the Inter-Regimental. We were just beaten by the 12th Lancers. One of our teams won the Christmas tournament; in the Open Cup the Regiment were beaten by the 12th Lancers.

Turning to cricket, we took Cairo by storm last year. There is a "Frank Cook" Cup, and the R.A.M.C. have held this for many years. We beat them very easily in the final. This will not sound much, so I will just explain. These small Corps are out in Egypt for five years, but no cavalry regiment is there for more than two, so it is a very different kettle of fish. The small Corps are so thoroughly used to the ground and the conditions, and that is why I say it is more than it sounds when you hear we won the "Cook" Cup. (Applause.)

I will now call on the Serving Members to drink the health of the Old Comrades.

THE CHAIRMAN: I am going to ask Lieut.-Col. E. H. Watkin Williams to respond to the toast.

LIEUT.-COL. E. H. WATKIN WILLIAMS, D.S.O.: I feel very honoured to-night,

being asked to respond for the Old Comrades, because it seems to me that this Reunion of Old Comrades becomes a more important function year by year. (Applause.)

We believe that the spirit of our Regiment is something which can never change. When I saw the Regiment last at Aldershot I remember a very formidable array of motors, and I do not know whether I should have been surprised if I heard a trumpet on a Klaxon horn. We do not like changes, but you cannot have it both ways, and we should hate it like poison if the present members did not make the Regiment efficient.

In some things the Old Comrade cannot change. He has two articles of belief. The first he will always talk about, and it is his conviction that the Regiment is the finest in His Majesty's Army. (Applause.) His second article of belief he will never talk about, and this article is that whatever the Regiment may have done in the past or be doing to-day, it could never be so magnificent as when he was serving in it. (Laughter and Applause.)

When we sit together at these functions with a sprinkling of the present members, it brings home to us the honour of having served in the Regiment, and we know that to-day the Regiment is in safe keeping, and when it comes to the time for those who are serving to-day to hand in their Busby, they will receive a cordial welcome into the ranks of the plain clothes section of the Regiment.

On behalf of the old Tenth I thank you for drinking to the health of the members, and to the serving members I say, when you run up against difficulties, when the outlook looks uncertain, then you can depend on the confidence of a body of men with the Tenth Hussars' spirit, and such, the finest and best in the world. (Applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN: I will now ask Mr. Gerard to propose the toast.

MR. GERARD: Your Royal Highness and Old Comrades,—The toast I have to propose is that of our Chairman, Lord Downe.

I was an old soldier when Lord Downe joined the Regiment, and I remember his father, under whose command we spent so many happy days. I remember when Lord Downe became the Adjutant of the

Regiment, somebody said "I do not think he will do as Adjutant, he will have too much money." (Laughter.) That was a great mistake. I remember on one occasion my duty called me to the Orderly Room, and there I had the opportunity of learning more about Lord Downe than I may have had in other circumstances. The welfare of the men, and their comfort under the adjutancy of Lord Downe, was very near to his heart at all times.

In the South African War Lord Downe's zeal and courage was most prominently displayed. He had to find his way alone through the enemy's position to take a message to Lord Roberts. This was a pronounced success. In South Africa I had been praised by him, but at other times I was reprimanded. I remember a most diabolical telling-off, but when Lord Downe discovered there were extenuating circumstances he was most gracious.

I met with an accident, and Lord Downe insisted in depriving himself of one of the few comforts that he had. He made me use his pneumatic cushion. He may have forgotten this incident; I have not; and if I did not thank him at the time I am now most grateful.

I was disappointed that I was not able to attend his wedding, to which he had invited me, but I remember I was present at the meeting of the L.C.C., and I heard the name of Colonel Downe, and I heard the speaker say that she had been in his employ, and spoke of the happy time she had when employed by Lord and Lady Downe. This was very pleasing to my ears.

You have heard the expression, "Officer and Gentleman." Lord Downe is both, but I prefer to think of him as an Old Comrade and a "Man." (Applause, followed by "Jolly Good Fellow.")

THE CHAIRMAN: (greeted with applause): Your Royal Highness, Old Comrades and Serving Members, — When I was a very junior subaltern I remember I was sitting at the very lowest end of the table we had, and I wondered whether I should ever sit at the top of a table, but in my wildest dreams I never thought of presiding over a meeting such as this. I wish to thank you for the great privilege in asking me to preside at this Dinner to-night, and I am very pleased that my old



friend, Mr. Gerard, has proposed my health. He spoke of my past history, and about taking a message to Lord Roberts. Now I will tell you what he did. There was an unfortunate accident at Sanna's Post in South Africa, and Mr. Gerard was there in command of our transport. There had been losses at Sanna's Post, but Mr. Gerard got our ammunition out of the spruit, when all other units had failed to cross it. (Applause.)

Colonel Fisher Childe went back into past history. I served a comparatively short time in the Tenth Hussars, but I have been a Tenth Hussar in heart and soul for forty-three years. I remember in '87 in Aldershot, as an Eton boy, I went to my father and said I would never be happy if I was not a Tenth Hussar, and from that moment I have been a Tenth Hussar, and I shall certainly die knowing and feeling I am a Tenth Hussar.

My father commanded this Regiment, and died as full Colonel; and it is written on his grave. It is the one thing he wanted on his grave.

Well now, gentlemen, I thank you, and if there is anything I can do for a Tenth Hussar I will do it with all my heart. (Applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN: This is quite out of order, but I should like to drink the health of Colonel Lord Byng, I saw him last night, and, as Mrs. Mackenzie said, he was very disappointed that he could not be here to-night, but he had to obey the doctor. Well now, I ask you to drink his health.

The following officers were present:—

Lord Downe (in the chair), H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, Lord Airlie, Lord Nunburnholme, Col. Fisher Childe, Col. Crichton, Col. Waite, Col. Kearsey, Sir W. Bass, Major Roberts, Col. Barry, Major Gosling, Col. Alexander, Major Guthrie, Mr. Farquharson, Capt. C. B. Wilson, Capt. Davy, Major O'Callaghan, Capt. Wardell, Major Pillinger, Mr. Lowther, Mr. Wingfield, Mr. Mainwaring, Capt. Hignett, Major Hunt, Capt. Halls.

The following N.C.Os. and Men attended:—

Messrs. Anthony, Adams, Adamson, Barwell, Button, Bryan, Barnard, Benham, Burrows, Bridges, Boreham, Bull, Beaken, Burchell, Blackman, Beard, Bligh, Blackwell, Bentley, Bellingham, Bravington, V. Collinson, Cotter, Cottingham, Cambridge, Carroll, Culley, Cattanack, Curnock, Cox, Cates, Cowley, Cattell, Cooke, Coyle, Dolman, Dobin, Desborough, Denham, Dean, Dalsston, Davis, Davies, Dunk, Engleheart, Errett,

Ellis, Fisher, Finn, Foggarty, Foster, Fortey, Farrant, Francis, H. C. Fox, I. J. Fox, Gadby, Gater, Gerard, Gibbons, Gee, Gladwell, Gilbert, T. Green, Griffiths, Geering, Haigh, Hayes, Hall, Hambleton, Hartley, Harwood, Holder, Hadden, Hunt, Hartley, C. Horwill, Hawkins, Haylock, Hughes, Jennings, Jukes, Johnson, Kent, Latham, T. Loader, H. G. Loader, Lock, Luck, Lavey, Muir, Meader, McGillivray, L. Miller, Maltron, Mogford, Middleton, Moon, Mead, Matthews, Marshall, Menage, Maher, Mitchell, Methley, Newing, Neighbour, Northcroft, O'Connell, O'Brien, Pater, Perley, Price, Potts, Place, Richings, Rogers, Rouse, Rawlinson, Read, Standen, Stevens, Scarisbrick, Swadling, Salter, E. J. Smith, J. P. Smith, Simpson, Spoorle, Sagar, Seager, Stannard, Spence, Savage, Swain, Stroud, Sayers, Tuffs, Thompson, Thomas, Taylor, Tate, Vandyke, Wood, Welby, Whitehead, Ward, Whale, Warren, Whalen, White (Ginger), Webb, Andrews, Addison, Lawson, Potts, Parratt, Dunstall, Bell, Brown, Aldcroft.



## COMBINED CAVALRY OLD COMRADES ASSOCIATION.

THE combined Cavalry Old Comrades paraded in Hyde Park on Sunday, April 27th, and a wreath was laid by Lord Allenby on the Cavalry Memorial. The 10th Hussars Old Comrades were very well represented, there being about 100 present, and several officers. They fell in on our Standard (presented by the Dance Committee), and no regiment was better organized. This was due to the excellent arrangements made by Mr. Loader and Mr. Scarisbrick, who represent us on the Combined Cavalry Old Comrades' Committee. An order was issued this year that medals should be worn by all ranks, and the effect of the hundreds of Old Comrades, the sun shining on their medals was very fine. The procession was headed by the band of the Life Guards playing their march, and the trumpeters of this Regiment sounded the "Last Post" and "Réveillé."

I have attended all these parades since they were first instituted, and have never been so impressed as I was this year. No one could have seen the parade and heard the hymn, "O Valiant Hearts," sung by these hundreds of old soldiers without feeling that here was a fitting memorial to those who gave their lives in the war. Mr. Gosling, of the 9th Lancers, who is



Secretary of the Combined Cavalry Old Comrades' Association, is much to be congratulated on the extraordinary success of the organization.



## AN ENGLISHMAN IN EGYPT IN 1248.

IN the 13th century, when the crusades of Christian knights against the Saracens in the Holy Land were in full swing, Egypt became an important stopping place for the Crusaders, for, as that country was also held by the Saracens, it was considered by the Crusaders as fair game.

Richard, Hakluyt, a writer who collected and published all the known voyages of Englishmen up to his own time (1600), tells of one interesting experience in Egypt.

Lewis, King of France, went on the crusade, and on his way put in and captured Damietta, near Port Said, and leaving it under a governor, advanced eastward. Among his train was an Englishman, William Longespee, Earl of Salisbury, who had with him a considerable number of English followers. A quarrel broke out between the French and the English, and it may be as well to give its causes and results in the quaint language of Hakluyt:—

“The originall cause of this grude betene them began thus. There was not farre from Alexandria, in Egypt, a strong fort, or castle, replenished with great ladies and rich treasure of the Saracens: which stronghold it chanced the sayd William Longespee with his company of English soldiers to get, more by dexterity than by open force of arms, wherewith he and his retinue were greatly enriched. When the Frenchman had knowledge thereof they began to conceive a heart burning against the English soldiers and could not speak well of them after that.

“It happened againe, not so long after, that the said William had intelligence of a company of rich merchants among the Saracens, going to a certain faire, near Alexandria, having their camels, asses,

and mules richly laden with silkes, precious stones, spices, gold and silver, with cart loads of other wares, besides victuals and other furniture, whereof the soldiers then stood in great need. Longespee having secret knowledge thereof, gathered all the power of Englishmen unto him that he could, and so by night falling upon the merchants, some he slew with their guides and conductors, some he took, some he put to flight; he took all and brought it with him, loosing in all the skirmish but one soldier!!

“William and his companions, together with all the huge stores of booty and beasts of burden, returned to the camp, where all their captures were confiscated by the French, on the grounds that the skirmish was planned and carried out without their knowledge or consent. William defended himself by saying that what he had captured would have been shared by all, French and English alike, and that, therefore, it was only right that he and his followers should receive their portions. The French were adamant, and William had to accept their decision with as good a grace as possible.

“Some time later the keeper of Cairo promised to deliver the city to the French if they should defeat the Saracens. Lewis had insufficient men, so he was forced to re-distribute the spoil, giving the English their fair share. A treacherous Saracen pointed out an easy crossing place on the Nile, on the opposite side of which the Saracen army was drawn up. A French Earl, with his retainers, and Longespee and the English, crossed over quietly and utterly routed the Saracens in their tents. These, however, were by no means the whole army, and William and others advised the Earl not to push forward without support. The Earl, puffed up by his easy victory, calls William a coward. William replies: ‘Earl Robert, wheresoever you dare set your foote, my step shall go as farre as yours, and we go this day where you shall not dare to come neare the taile of my horse.’

“This boast was one which was amply justified, for the small party, attempting to take the village of Mansor, were attacked and surrounded by the Saracens.

“Then the Earle began to repent him of his heady rashness, but it was too late,

but, seeing William, the English knight doughtily fighting in the chiefe brunt of the enemies, cried unto him most cowardly to flie, to which the knight replied, 'God forbid that my father's sonne should run away frome the face of a Saracen!' The Earl then turning his horse, fled away, thinking to avoid by the swiftnes of his horse, and so taking the river Thafnis, oppressed with harnesse, was there sunken and drowned.

"Thus the Earl being gone, the Frenchman began to dispaire and scatter. Then William de Longespee, bearing all the force of his enemies, stooode against them as long as he could, wounding and slaying many a Saracen, till at length his horse being killed, and his legges maimed, he could no longer stande, who, notwithstanding he was down, mangled their feete and legges, and did the Saracens much sorrow, till at last, after many blowes and wounds, being stoned of the Saracens, he yielded his life. And after the death of him, the Saracens, setting upon the residue of the armie, whom they had compassed on every side, devoured and destroyed them all, insomuch that scarce one man remained alive, saving two templars, one hospitaller, and one poore rascall soldier which brought tidings hereof to the king."



## FLIES.

'TIS said that all created things  
Are made to serve a purpose;  
But what beats me,  
And I fail to see  
Why things are made to hurt us.

Now I've a grouse to ventilate,  
If I may crave your pardon ;  
So listen to  
My tale of woe,  
You'll see it is a hard 'un.

The cause of my unhappy state  
May sound to you a trifle;  
But if you knew  
What flies can do,  
Your scornful words you'd stifle.

"A common fly!! that's all,"  
you cry,  
"Why, he can't do much damage";  
But many can  
Turn any man  
Into a raving savage.

I find them in my morning tea,  
And also in my dinner;  
They worry me  
Incessantly;  
I swear I'm growing thinner.

They whirl about my head in swarms  
And drive me to distraction;  
I cannot see  
What there's in me  
To give them satisfaction.

When under my mosquito net  
I think I'm as safe as houses,  
But, bless my soul!  
Is there a hole?  
For one's got in my trousers.

I've hunted them with swat and whisk  
To decimate their numbers;  
But still they come  
With buzz and hum  
To spoil my noontide slumbers.

If they keep on I shall go off  
My head, with loss of reason ;  
A plaguey pest  
With fervid zest,  
They spoil my summer season.

A hundred traps are set about  
With jam, the cost? what reck's it;  
Alas, they'll know  
When in they go,  
The way to make their exit.

An interesting topic is,  
"Where do flies go in winter?"  
But tell me pray,  
Why can't they stay  
Where'er that is, in summer?

I can't go on; To take my life  
Is best in my opinion.  
A last faint cry,  
"Oh darn that fly!"  
And then sweet calm oblivion.

ANON.

## "LEST WE FORGET."

EXTRACTS FROM THE HISTORY OF THE TENTH (P.W.O.) ROYAL HUSSARS AND ESSEX YEOMANRY DURING THE EUROPEAN WAR, 1914—1918, BY LIEUT.-COLONEL F. H. D. C. WHITMORE, C.M.G., D.S.O., T.D.

(Continued from Page 10, Vol. X, No. 1, June, 1930).

### MANANCOURT, 1918.

THE Brigade remained at Elincourt until October 13th, when it marched west to Manancourt, halting for one night, the night of the 13th, at Banteux.

Banteux was not far from Vendhuile and the famous "Bird Cage" and Ossus Wood. It was, indeed, interesting to see the defences at the "Bird Cage" and Epéhy from the enemy point of view. It was evident that a very strong resistance had been put up by the Germans in this locality. Machine Gun posts, manned by five or six Germans were distributed along the positions. Some of the Germans were actually in the positions in which they were in before they were killed, with their hands in the act of firing the machine guns. Others were evidently killed whilst running forward with supplies of ammunition in boxes. The whole area was strewn with machine guns, ammunition, rifles, hand grenades, and clothing of all sorts, the whole place bearing the traces of very hard fighting.

The billets, or rather dug-outs, occupied by the Brigade at Banteux, may perhaps be described as some of the worst which have been met with during the whole campaign.

The march to Manancourt the following day was interesting, because it was across the battle area of the previous autumn, when our troops made so splendid a stand at Gouzeaucourt, and where the Guards' Division made their magnificent counter-thrust against the great German counter-attack, subsequent to the advance of the 3rd Army on Cambrai. In one place alone it was possible to count no fewer than six derelict tanks which had been abandoned during the engagement. All the ground the whole way to Etricourt was littered with war material,

and countless ammunition dumps, abandoned by the enemy. On arrival at Manancourt, the 10th Hussars soon made themselves comparatively comfortable in the huts which had been abandoned by the enemy, Headquarters being in quite new huts, which had only recently been built by the Germans, and left in a state of incompleteness.

All the villages were completely destroyed, and such places as Saily, Saillisel and Rocquigny, which had been destroyed during the concluding stages of the Somme Offensive in 1916, were almost indistinguishable as having ever existed at all.

There was much game about, both partridges and hares, and some very good afternoons, partridge driving, were obtained, officers and N.C.Os. of Squadrons turning out mounted to act as beaters. Fifteen to twenty brace of partridges, and seven to ten hares was by no means an uncommon bag for six to eight guns in the afternoon.

Major Buxton, who now commanded a Squadron of the Tenth Hussars, was usually the organizer of the shooting parades.

The Division remained in this area until November 6th, and many very interesting Brigade Field Days were organized by Brig.-Gen. Ewing Paterson, D.S.O., who was quite an expert in arranging short, interesting schemes.

All news that came to hand early in November was most encouraging, and it looked as if the war was nearly at an end. Orders were eventually received for the Division to move north, and on November 6th the Brigade marched in a deluge of rain to Marquion, this being the place which was the objective of the Regiment when forming part of the Canadian Corps Independent Force on September 2nd.

It was a dreadfully wet day and night, and everybody got wet through to the skin. Little or no shelter was to be found at Marquion on account of the destructive effect of the shelling of our own guns some weeks before. The horses, which were out in the open, were up to their knees and hocks in mud, and some saddles and equipment had to be dug out of the mud with spades before saddling up for the march on the following day.

On November 7th the march was continued north, *via* Aubigny-au-Bac, Douai, to Esquerchin.

Douai, although knocked about in places, was not in a bad state of dilapidation, and Esquerchin was a very comfortable billet, not destroyed at all, but there were no inhabitants in the neighbourhood, and every house had an unexploded shell concealed either in the cellars or lower rooms, which had been placed there for the purpose of blowing up the houses prior to the German retreat, but the retreat had been forced upon them so quickly that they were unable to carry out their intention.

On November 8th the Brigade moved to the area near Fretin, the 10th Royal Hussars being billeted at that place.

The inhabitants were all delighted beyond words to do anything for the British troops, and were all eagerly awaiting to know what would be the response to the terms of the Armistice offered.

It was during the march from Fretin to Gaurain-Ramecroix that news came through that the German Navy was in a state of mutiny, and that the Kaiser had abdicated. Everybody was in the best of spirits, and on arrival at Ramecroix the Regiment found the best of billets, and everybody delighted to do all in their power to make the troops comfortable.

Early in the morning of November 11th the reply to the Armistice still being uncertain, orders were received for the Cavalry to press forward as quickly as possible. Brig.-Gen. Ewing Paterson attended a conference at the Divisional Headquarters at 4 a.m., with the result that the 6th Cavalry Brigade received orders to push ahead as quickly as possible, and occupy the line Enghien—Soignies.

The 1st Royal Dragoons were the leading regiment, and the 10th Royal Hussars received orders to send out in advance two troops for the purpose of reconnaissance and gain touch with the enemy, who were rapidly retreating.

All along the road the civilian population were crowding back to their homes, handcars covered with National flags being drawn by young and old. Some had tramped for miles; all were tired, and everybody cheerful. Many inquired after the safety of their homes, and many

gave information as to the deplorable state in which the Germans were carrying out their retreat.

The main roads and railways were blown up at intervals; huge holes had to be filled in before it became possible to organize transport. It is safe to say that the last few hours of the world's greatest war will never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to survive the strain of four years and witness the event.

The Brigade reached Leuze at 10.30 a.m., and received the following message, brought by car, from Cavalry Corps:

"Hostilities will cease at 11.00 to-day, November 11th. Troops will stand fast on positions reached at hour named. Line of outposts will be established, and reported to Corps H.Q. Remainder of troops will be collected, organized ready to meet any demand. All military precautions will be preserved. There will be no communication with the enemy. Further instructions will be issued.

"Cav. Corps, 08.10.  
(Sgd.) G. Reynolds, Major."  
(To be concluded).



## DO YOU KNOW?

1. What is the National Debt?
2. What is a "greenback"?
3. What is the difference between a camel and a dromedary?
4. Is it right to say an article of clothing is "warm"?
5. What is the "All-red route"?
6. What are monsoons?
7. What the following expression means:—

"People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones."

For answers, see page 91.



Lazy people seldom gather riches.

\* \* \*

The real worth of a man is not to be measured by his rank any more than the genuineness of a coin by the impression upon it.





## THE ACTIVITIES OF "A" SQUADRON.

WE have known since the first GAZETTE was published that it was very carefully read by all ranks, and we have been very careful not to rub in our supremacy in most things, and our position as the most efficient Squadron.

As we have mentioned before we are composed for the most part of the strong, silent type, or rather we thought we were until a certain Squadron scribe made a statement which caused such an uproar that we have decided to be doubly cautious in future, having no desire to get our names in print as the central figures of a massacre, that massacre being ours.

But thereby hangs a tale, and for the benefit mainly of the offending scribe we recount it.

It was Friday, the day on which the Squadron Stores table is littered with gold in the form of piastres. Outside the Stores could be heard a well-known voice whispering (?) "Form up here the 'D's' and 'E's'."

At long last came the sweet purr of a 1902 Ford (1926, Asst. Ed.), a slam of a door, and out stepped Tony. Another whisper (?), a deadly silence, a few seconds pause, and then that well-known melody, "Top of the Roll."

In stepped the first man, reappearing a few seconds later not only with a smiling face, which proclaimed to the world that he had drawn a big 'un, but also clutching a book in his left hand.

At once the cry arose, "The 'GAZETTE' is out, lads."

The Squadron scribe discreetly withdrew into the sanctity of the Squadron Stores, where only a limited number of remarks on the excellence or otherwise of his efforts to fill the GAZETTE could reach him.

At last they came, those remarks of the critics; some pleasing, some we would rather not mention; but everything seemed passing fair until a loud voice exclaimed, "Well, of all the b—— cheek, look at this." Immediately a chorus of voices joined in, and "What is it, Bill?" could be heard on all sides.

It's that bloke of (?) Squadron! Look what he's put in here about being the Senior Squadron. What do you think of that, Tusky?"

Tusky was evidently a gentleman whose opinion counted, for there was a profound silence whilst he read the offending paragraph. After a while Tusky delivered his reply. Here it is: "Well, lads, that chap certainly has a hard neck, and we shall have to ask him who looks after the Old Comrades' Cup and the Regimental silver, but never mind, we'll fix them up at the swimming."

After various remarks from members of the group they eventually dispersed, but not before we began to fear for the future health of our contemporary.

We pass no comment on the advice of Tusky, but we are sure of one thing, and that is the scribe who caused the trouble will never truthfully be told that he suffers from an inferior complex. (Nice juicy disease, that!).

And now for the doings (not in the soldiers' sense, meaning money), but the doings of the Squadron.

During the last quarter we have completed our annual course, including "casuals," and the results have been really good considering that we still have a goodly sprinkling of young soldiers.

The final classification was as follows:—

Marksman	...	...	...	71
1st Class Shots	...	...	...	53
2nd Class Shots	...	...	...	12
3rd Class Shots	...	...	...	Nil

We do not know if this is the best in the Regiment, but we are content to know that we have done our share to maintain



the excellent standard of marksmanship of the Regiment.

The crowning glory of our efforts in the shooting was the notification from the A.R.A. to say we had won the A.R.A. Shield open to Squadrons of Cavalry Regiments abroad. Each member of the team has received a silver medal, and we have also received a large silver medal for the Squadron. This will take its place along with the ones we won in 1925-26 when we were second and third respectively.

We noticed on winning the Shield that it is the first time the Regiment has won it. Let us hope our marksmen will keep it with us.

Owing to changes in establishments, etc., we had to find a number of A.A.L.A. gunners, who after a few lessons from the S.I.M. did very well, the results of this course being very gratifying.

If they keep this up enemy aircraft will certainly watch their step in the next war.

Our revolver experts also maintained their high standard, the final result being: Qualified 26, Unqualified 1.

At the beginning of July our section leaders took their saddles out of dubbin, and spent a very busy three weeks telling each other how to read a map, what a ground scout ought to do, and numerous other pieces of information, which no doubt have done much to fit them for the work at present proceeding. Individual training this year will get everybody ready to enter the training arena at Meerut, ready for the fray, and fit to meet those criticisms one meets on joining a new station.

A new station, new fields to conquer, where everybody at first is looking for bad points and missing your good ones. May they look in vain!

During July the Regimental Swimming Gala was held, and as predicted in our last notes we did very well. The winners of the Individual Events will be found on the sports page, and it will be seen that our men were well to the fore.

In the team events we won all the races, and were third in the plunging and diving—a really wonderful performance that amply compensated us for our narrow defeat by H.Q. last year.

The Water Polo Cup also came into our possession, our team beating "C"

Squadron in the first round, and H.Q. in the final.

The cricket, too, is full of interest, our progress in the Small Units Cup being keenly watched, not only by our own men but by everybody in the Regiment. We have now reached the semi-final proper, and meet "H.Q.," Welsh Guards in a few days' time.

The teams we have beaten so far are "C" Battery, R.H.A., No. 30 Coy., R.A.S.C., "L" Battery, R.H.A., "H.Q.," 13th/18th Hussars; and a week ago we took a trip to Moascar to play the Staff and Departmental side—a very strong team. We won the match and spent a very pleasant two days, seeing the sights and bathing in Lake Timsa.

One of the many interesting things we saw was the mooring mast erected for the R100, the monster airship that has recently flown to Canada. The mast has been prepared for when the airship makes her trip to Egypt.

Our Squadron Leader, Major Horne, and Mr. Dawnay, both being on leave, our opponents in the Inter-Squadron Cricket Competition have had a much easier task than would have been the case had they been here. So far we have played five games, and of these have won two and lost three.

The leave period will soon be over; the last party of married families will take their holiday at Sidi Bishr next week, and there are only two more parties to leave for the Single Soldiers' Camp.

The officers at present in England will soon have to say good-bye to the Yorkshire Moors and Scotland, and hike back to this land of the Pharaohs. Maybe these lines of Burns will come to them:

*My heart's in the hie'lands, my heart  
is not here,*

*My heart's in the hie'lands, a'chasin'  
the deer.*

But those little notes of the Q.M.'s, saying "Don't forget, you're only allowed six hundredweight," will soon bring them back to earth. By the time they return we shall have entered on that most arduous of pastimes—packing up. Already we have had conferences at the Q.M. Stores, and have received volumes of instructions on what to do and what not to do. The next thing will be the painting of the blue diamond by that well-

known artist, the Squadron Storeman, and the usual inspections.

Unfortunately we have had to leave a lot of N.C.Os. and men behind who are to try their luck in civil life. We take this opportunity of wishing them the very best of luck, and hope that they will do well in their new sphere.



## INDIA.

### OUTSIDE CANTONMENTS (JUNGLING).

**T**O many the chief attraction of India lies in leaving the beaten tracks, in getting away from bungalow or barracks and living for a time an open-air life. Love of sport draws some of us into the wilds, and not a few, "fed up" with the monotony of cantonments, go away for no other reason than the desire for a little change, and come back all the better for it. It is not so easy now to get leave, nor is camp life always so pleasant as it was in the good old days of not so very long ago, but opportunities still occur, and wise men take them when they offer.

When out "jungling" alone, or with a few pals, you have to depend upon yourself entirely, and have no ready-made rules to help you. For this reason it is necessary to be more careful, especially as many things which seem quite harmless to those who know little of the country are really dangerous either to health or a good understanding with the country folk.

Drinking impure water is perhaps the most frequent cause of illness, and it is, unfortunately, impossible to judge from appearances whether it is good or not. If you cannot get water straight from a spring, be on the safe side and get it boiled. It does not improve it, as it seems to take all the "bubble" out of it, but most of its dangers are removed by this process, so it is wise to take the precaution. Even water from a hill stream must be suspected, especially when it runs near villages, and in the plains small tanks or ponds close to houses are often little better than cesspools. For much the same reasons milk obtained from villages should be boiled before use as well.

Do not be in too much of a hurry to choose your camping ground when you

arrive at your destination. Look around a bit and get the best place you can, and avoid spots near buildings or low ground if higher is available.

Men who are on shooting bent must, of course, take a copy of the shooting rules with them, but those who go fishing or only for a jaunt will be wise to do the same. They will find there some notes written by a great authority which are invaluable to every white man in the jungle. It is also best to have with you on all occasions someone who can speak Hindustani, although this is only obligatory in the case of parties carrying guns. It increases your comfort considerably and may save a dispute. Moreover, even when you are fairly good at the language, the Indian country bumpkin is often too frightened to try to understand you.

When out after duck, snipe, or other water-fowl, it is not uncommon to drop a bird into deep water. When this happens, do not insist on anyone who may be at hand going in to retrieve the bird if he appears to be unwilling or reluctant to do so. Tanks and ponds in India have not infrequently a thick growth of weeds at the bottom which throw out long shoots which clings round the swimmer's legs, and once they have caught him they give him but a poor chance of getting to shore alive. Many a man, British and Indian, has been drowned in this way.

Whilst on this subject it may be mentioned that there are quicksands and crocodiles in many rivers, and it is best not to bathe in them without some advice from local people as to whether it is safe to do so.

When there is a prospect of sport, it is wonderful what a lot of work one can do in the sun and not feel it, but all of us are inclined to drink too much on these occasions. Although not just at present referring to beer and spirits—their turn will come presently—but rather to such harmless liquids as water, cold tea, minerals, etc. It almost seems as if, when one is perspiring freely, it is no use having a drink at all; it only runs through you and comes out of the pores of your skin in the form of sweat as quickly as you put it down. It certainly does not quench your thirst, and whilst the more you drink the more you want, the less you imbibe the better you will stand the hard exercise. The keen shikari will soon find

out for himself that alcohol should never be touched before the sun is down. It is surprising what a small amount of strong drink is necessary to take all the "go" and energy out of you under a hot sun. A very little of it goes a long way—in the wrong direction. If you want to drink beer or spirits, wait till you have fixed up camp for the night, and then draw the line well on the right side.

Smoking is another thing which is advisable to cut down when out in the sun all day. It creates a thirst, and that is the very thing you want to avoid. Of course, there is no harm in a pipe or two in the evening; indeed, a few whiffs will often prove very soothing after a disappointing day, when sport has not been as plentiful as expected or arrangements have gone wrong.

The shooting rules contain rather a formidable list of birds and beasts which must be left alone, but when one looks into it there are really very few of them which matter to the sportsman. The greater part of the trouble with local people occurs over the shooting of peafowl, doves and pigeons. It is not worth the risk of getting into trouble by chancing a shot at them. Monkeys are, of course, very sacred, and, besides, there is no real sport in shooting one. It may be mentioned that it is not considered sportsmanlike to shoot pigs on open country where they can be ridden, and that does of all deer and antelope should always be respected.

In the shooting rules it is laid down that it is forbidden to trespass over crops, and it is as well to remember that the soldier who commits a breach of these rules which leads "to injury of person or property" is liable to be tried by court-martial and deprived of shooting for the remainder of his service. A few cases sometimes arise, however, when it is impossible to avoid going into the crops, such as when a winged bird or a hard-hit hare has taken refuge in them. To meet these, it is wise to take a few pice in one's pockets, for the application of a little palm oil has a great effect in soothing the wounded feelings of the indignant cultivator. Moreover, you get your money's worth out of the humble "tip," for it saves you from thinking afterwards you have been a bit hard on a man who cannot

afford to stand the damage as well as you can.

There are a hundred-and-one little tips about one's comfort in camp and the way to avoid friction with the country folk, which it is impossible even to mention here. Never try to take the law into your own hands, as it never pays; you immediately put yourself legally in the wrong, and are lucky if you do not have to suffer pretty severely in consequence.

#### RULES WHICH SHOULD BE CAREFULLY READ AND STRICTLY OBSERVED BY ALL BRITISH SOLDIERS PROCEEDING ON SHOOTING PASS.

No soldier is permitted to carry firearms for sporting purposes or join a shooting party without being in possession of an arms licence and a shooting pass (I.A.F.L. 1181) and a certificate authorizing the possession of fire-arms (I.A.F.L. 1181A). Copies of the "Game Shooting Rules" can be obtained regimentally, and should be carefully studied:—

(1) The soldier in charge of the party *must* always carry this pass, and will produce it whenever reasonably required to do so.

He *must* also be in possession of a copy of the Shooting Rules and any local civil rules.

(2) Shooting parties *must* camp only in the places named in their pass. They *must not* shoot outside a radius of five miles from their camp.

(3) One member of the party may remain in charge of the camp.

(4) When shooting the following *must* be remembered:—

*Don't* separate, unless you have an interpreter to accompany each party.

*Don't* get so far apart that you cannot easily communicate with one another or join each other at once if necessary.

*Don't* address or get into conversation with any Indian woman.

*Don't* shoot within 500 yards of any village, house, temple, or enclosure.

*Don't* trespass on or shoot over crops.

*Don't* enter villages, but send in your shikari or interpreter if you require supplies.

*Don't* shoot at (a) hinds, does, monkeys, or dogs; (b) any birds or animals shown as prohibited on your pass (c) peafowl or pig unless your pass gives you special permission.

F. E. C.



### CONCERNING "C" SQUADRON.

OUR last notes finished rather abruptly with some disparaging remarks about the typewriter, but this machine is still functioning, although more function is required on the part of our brains to give it work.

The result of the annual course of Musketry is not yet known, but we are very optimistic about our result.

The interest of all has now turned to cricket, in which sport we now only require to defeat "H.Q." to win the League Championship, after a very tight game with "A" Squadron. The result of the scoring was: "C" Squadron all out for 78, "A" Squadron all out for 63. This match was very exciting, as the scores denote. At one period of the game we thought "A" Squadron would have a walk-over, but the fighting instinct of "C" Squadron prevailed.

The Change-of-Air Camps are now in full swing, and the leave parties are coming back after fourteen days by the sea, looking very fit; also, the Married Families at Sidi Bishr appear to have thoroughly enjoyed their sojourn by the sea.

Individual training has now started, and all N.C.Os. are busy reading (not Edgar Wallace) and taking their Sections on practical work, after previously attending Cadre Classes under Lieut. Mainwaring, who has undoubtedly given them a sound basis to work on.

Our next event is the move to India, which is definitely fixed for October 4th. The change in the Squadron after October will be very great. We are only taking 78 N.C.Os. and men to India from our present strength of 136, and we shall be leaving behind old friends, from whom we are very sorry to part; also, from a military point, good soldiers, as the men we are leaving behind are men that have under eighteen months service to complete their period of enlistment; and we take this opportunity of wishing them every success on their return to England and civilian life.

We are all very sorry to lose our Squadron-Leader, Major R. G. Roberts, M.C., who has now officially returned to civilian life, and we wish him every success. Major Roberts joined us from the 7th Dragoon Guards in Canterbury, and he has been in command of the Squadron since 1922. Therefore, he is missed by all N.C.Os. and men. But changes have to occur; we cannot all join and finish together, and a friendship lost in the service after a number of years is a loss indeed, but we have a very able successor in Capt. C. H. Gairdner, who has now taken command of the Squadron.

Our next notes will be written in India, which country will, probably, give us more material for writing than Egypt, but one must make some excuse for closing down. Invariably the typewriter is to blame, but in this case information has run its course.

G. W. T.



The General got out of his car at the Guard Tent of a Territorial unit whilst on Annual Camp, and fully expected to see the Guard turn out with a scurry of feet and clatter of rifles, but he was rather surprised when the sentry took no notice of him at all, but continued to walk up and down.

"Don't you know who I am?" shouted the irate General. "Don't you usually do something when I am about?"

The sentry look rather amazed at this outburst, and began to wonder who on earth the little chap could be.

"My dear fellow," snapped out the General, "don't I look like anybody?"

"Well, I should think you are in the Band by the look of your hat," replied the sentry, grinning.



## A POLO TRIP IN CENTRAL EUROPE.

HAVING arrived in London from Cairo on a bitterly cold and miserable day towards the end of April, I was wondering how I could spend three months' leave during the "delightful" English summer, when I walked into the Cavalry Club and asked for my letters. Among them was a letter from an Austrian friend inviting me to go out as his guest to Vienna and Buda-Pesth and play polo, he, of course, providing the ponies. Needless to say, I didn't delay five minutes in wiring back that I'd come any time he liked.

On Saturday, May 24th, I left Liverpool Street Station at 10 a.m., crossed over by Harwich to Flushing, and was in Vienna by 9 p.m. on Sunday night. I was met by my host at the Imperial Hotel, and shown into a most palatial bedroom with a marble-tiled bathroom attached. He said if I didn't like this room I could have a better one, but I was quite satisfied.

Next morning at 9.30 we went out to try the ponies, which were stabled close to the polo ground about three miles out of the town through a delightful wood called the Prata. There are rides right through this wood, and one sees any amount of riding parties, hiring-out hacks being quite a profitable business. Four ponies were produced for me to try; we went up to the practice ground and knocked the ball about for two hours; my ponies seemed quite good, and I was well satisfied with them.

After a bath we lunched at the Imperial, which used to be one of the palaces of the Dukes of Wurtemberg, several of the hotel servants having been employees of the Wurtembergs; one old waiter in particular had been sixty-four years in service, and was a well-known character; his only job seemed to be to bring in frequent relays of bottles of iced water.

The Vienna Polo Ground is about three miles out of the town, between the Prata and the racecourse, very prettily situated, with a nice club-house at one end. We played a practice match the day after I arrived, and then played in tournaments the two following days; in fact, one played polo four or five days a week, which was very hard on ponies as it was

quite hot and it took a lot out of them: I played one pony eight chukkas in five days. The ground itself was very good and beautifully kept, and it was like playing on a billiard table after the rough Cairo grounds. There were a good many Englishmen playing, including Williams, of the C.I.H., handicap 9; John Graham, who was in the Greys, and three Indian cavalrymen, playing for a Hungarian: they all had high handicaps, but did not play up to them. Louis Rothschild ran a team, which included Tyrrel Martin, late 16th/5th Lancers, and James Pearce.

The team I played for, The Bendlers, was not a very strong combination, but we managed to win one tournament, The Vienna Senior Cup. To one not accustomed to Vienna's night-life it is rather trying. Everyone was terribly anxious to entertain the polo players, so one was asked out night after night, and as dinner hardly ever started before ten o'clock, and one generally went to some sort of party afterwards, it meant seldom getting to bed before three or four in the morning.

The great rendezvous of the polo players was at Zacher's, rather a famous hotel-restaurant. This place, up to about five months ago, when she died, was run by Frau Zacher, a very well-known character in the old Imperial days. This old lady was very particular whom she allowed into the restaurant, and all her clients had to have good credentials. In pre-war days it was the great place for the nobility and the rich young cavalry officers to meet and entertain their friends.

Whilst in Vienna I saw the Austrian Derby run, which is open only to horses bred in Central Europe, otherwise the conditions and the distance are much the same as in England. There was a field of fourteen, quite a good-looking lot, but rather on the leggy side. It was a very good race, heads and short heads between the first four horses.

The totalisator was in operation and doing a big business. Everyone in the Jockey Club stand was dressed in top hats and morning coats, and the ladies were equally smart. Among other things I saw a display in the Spanish Riding School. The training of the horses is up to a very high standard, and very much on the same lines as at Saumur, the difference mainly being that the Austrian



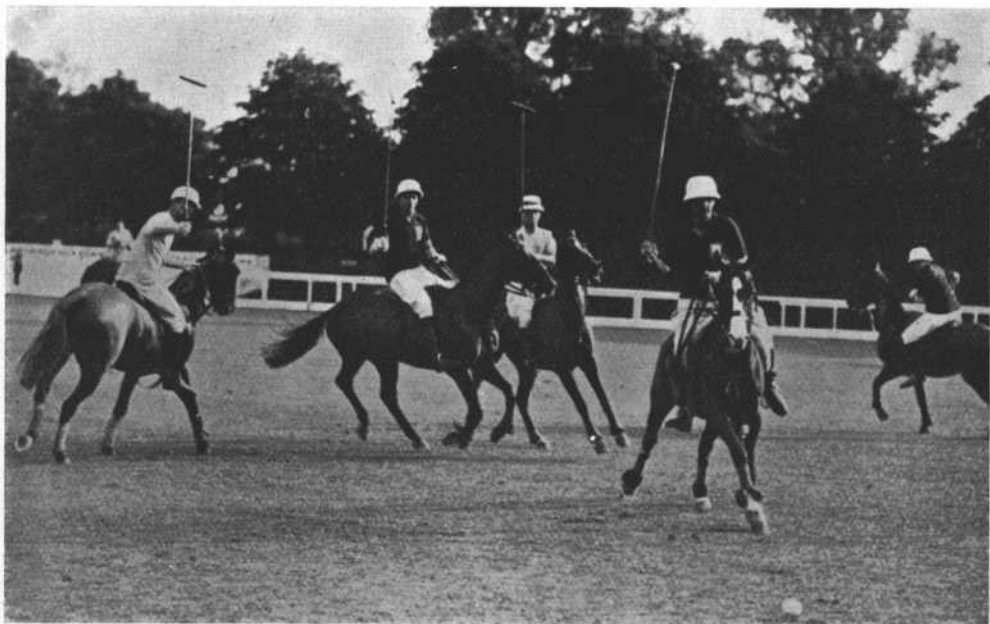
**THE BENDLERS.**

Major D. Richardson.

Bard Grendel.

Prince G. Fugger.

R. Weininger.

**A MATCH IN VIENNA.**

horses were a rather thick-necked, common type, and the riders' hands seemed rigid and the movements stiff and wooden, whereas at Saumur the horses are practically thoroughbred and the movements much freer and more elastic, and many more horses were shown in the school at one time.

Polo finished in Vienna on June 9th, and our ponies left next day for Buda-Pesth. I was given the choice of going to Buda-Pesth by air, car, or down the Danube. I chose the car, and my host kindly placed

On arrival at the Ritz Hotel, the first person I met was Charles Gairdner, who had just driven 400 kilometres from Trieste. He had come to play with the Duke of Mecklenburg, who runs the Buda-Pesth Polo Club, and is the prime mover in breeding polo ponies in Hungary.

To describe Buda-Pesth and the Danube at night would take a more able pen than mine, but from the roof of the Ritz Hotel, where I dined, there is a wonderful view of the lights on the river, and the old fort



THE JUNKERS MITROPA-RESTAURANT AIRPLANE.

his new eight-cylinder Lancia at my disposal for the trip. The distance was about 250 kilometres, and we expected to do it in five or six hours, but the roads in parts were very rough, and it was not until 10.30 p.m., and after two punctures, that we eventually reached our destination. Directly I got into Hungary what struck me most was the number of well-bred horses one saw working on the farms in carts and ploughs. One seldom met a motor car, and everyone seemed to be driving these thoroughbred horses, generally in pairs, and, incidentally, on the wrong side of the road, and as my chauffeur was driving fast we had some close shaves.

illuminated on the opposite bank and other fine buildings on the far bank of the river. Polo is making great strides in Hungary, and is much encouraged in the Army. John Graham, late of the Greys, is the Army Polo Instructor. Whilst I was there the Inter-Regimental was played, and each member of the winning team was given, by the War Department—a month's leave, 1,000 pengoes (about £35), and a polo pony. I can hardly see our own benevolent War Office doing the same thing. We played a lot of polo at Buda-Pesth. There were tournaments nearly every day, but the ground was so bad that accurate hitting was impossible; in consequence, the polo was never of a

very high standard, and, on the whole, rather disappointing after Vienna; but everyone was very kind, and one again did a strenuous round of parties and late nights.

I had heard a lot about Hungarian ponies, and was very interested to see them play, but, on the whole, I was rather disappointed. They are all rather narrow and leggy, and all seemed to have bad feet, and although some were quite fast none of them seemed to be handy or well-trained.

I was lucky enough to see my second Derby, as the Hungarian Derby was run on June 22nd, on a very fine course just outside Buda-Pesth. This course was started before the war, but was not completed until after. The stands are modelled on those of Longchamps, and everything is on a very grand scale. The race itself was a very good one, the field being all in a lump two furlongs from home, the winner eventually getting home by half a length. The field included several of the same horses which ran at Vienna, with the addition of three German horses, one of which won.

Polo finished at the end of June, some of the teams going in to play at Hamburg. As my leave was nearly over I decided to fly back to London by the German-Dutch route. I left Buda-Pesth at 6.30 a.m., and had a very nice trip to Vienna, following the course of the Danube. The visibility was good, and the country looked very pretty. At Vienna I had an excellent breakfast at the aerodrome, and embarked at 9 a.m. on the big Junker all-metal monoplane with three engines. The seats were very comfortable and food and drinks could be had on board. Very soon after leaving we ran into some bad weather, and it became extremely "bumpy," especially when crossing the mountains around Prague. The machine seemed to drop about 100 feet at times, and nearly everyone on board was air-sick. I must say that I was very pleased when we circled round and eventually landed at Berlin, half an hour behind our time.

After lunch I felt better able to tackle the next stage, Berlin to Rotterdam—four hours' flying. This time I went in a Fokker machine, a good deal smaller than the Junker. There were only five pas-

sengers, and the two pilots were Dutchmen. We left Berlin at 1.30 p.m., and had a wonderful view of the city, and then of the Wansee Lakes, where the Germans do all of their sun-bathing. This part of the flight was very steady and rather dull until we got to the Scheldt, where our pilot came down very low and seemed to be skimming the masts of the ships. Rotterdam was reached at 5.30 p.m., and at 6.30 I started on the last stage to Croydon, again in a Fokker machine.

This part of the flight was very interesting, as we flew over Flushing and then down the coast to Zeebrugge, where the mole and the blockships sunk in the mouth of the canal could be clearly seen. Then over Ostend, Middlekirke and Newport, right down to Calais, where we turned over the Channel and were soon over Kent; at 8.30 p.m. we landed at Croydon.

As I had never done a long flight before, this trip was extremely interesting to me; we covered nearly 1,200 miles in fourteen hours, a journey which by rail or steamer would have taken at least forty-eight hours. The noise of the engines became very trying after a while, although one is provided with cotton wool to put in the ears, also some chewing gum and a small paper bag.

D. C. H. R.



## MOTRING EPITAPHS.

Here lays the remains of "Gertie"  
Miller,  
Who thought he was Samson and hit a  
pillar.

\* \* \*

Philip "Don" lays under this thistle,  
He didn't heed the engine's whistle.

\* \* \*

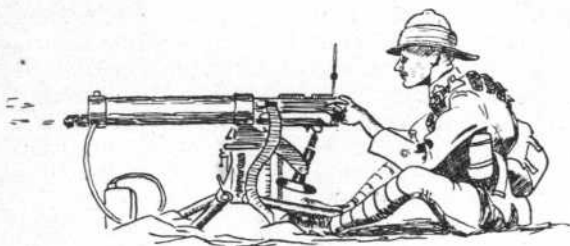
Here sleeps one Guy Horne,  
He rounded a turn without a horn.

\* \* \*

At ninety miles drove Eddie Ward,  
The gate was shut so Eddie soared.

\* \* \*

Under this heap is a pile of bones,  
All that's left of "Busty" Jones.



## SHORT BURSTS FROM THE MACHINE GUN SQUADRON.

**O**WING to the lack of variety in the past quarter's training, combined with the sparsity of glowing reports of our achievements and prowess on sports field and swimming bath, the matter available for the current issue of the *GAZETTE* is, as a famous few say on Fridays at about 10.30 a.m., "a bit on the short side."

Machine Gun and Rifle Training has been carried on without break since the beginning of April. The second-year gunners first entered the arena—not very picturesque at Abbassia, it is feared—and completed their machine-gun classification on June 16th. The result was very satisfactory, a squadron average of 280.68 being obtained, this being an increase of sixteen points over last year and seventy points above marksman. Rifle Training was carried out during the latter part of June, and one or two likely shots were discovered amongst the new arrivals. As we lost quite a number of our best shots on the last turnover, we shall have to call on them to uphold our last year's reputation at the Regimental Rifle Meeting, which, we hear, will not be held this year until after our arrival in India. At the time of going to press the first-year gunners are busily engaged daily tripping the light fantastic toe to that now familiar "E" Range to fire their preliminary practices. Good progress has been made by the majority, and it is hoped that when they classify they will attain the standard set by their predecessors.

All ranks were very sorry to hear that Capt. Davy will not be returning from leave at home, he having been selected for a tour of duty at the Small Arms School, Netheravon Wing, as an instruc-

tor in machine gunnery. However, our loss will be their gain, and we are sure that his practical ideas and experience on the cavalry branch of that weapon (both mechanized and mounted) will prove very beneficial to our arm of the Service.

We congratulate him on his promotion to Major, and wish him the best of luck and good fortune in his future career. May the day be not too far distant when we shall be able to welcome him back again to the Regiment.

Capt. Carver proceeded on leave at the beginning of July, and shortly after his departure we received the glad news of his being presented with a daughter. Congratulations, sir.

Both Capt. Hignett and Mr. Parbury have returned from leave, the former unfortunately contracting a bad attack of dysentery shortly after his return. Catching a severe cold whilst in hospital, he was discharged looking but a shadow of his former cheerful self. All ranks wish him a speedy recovery and return to perfect health.

Mr. Parbury, since his return, has proved himself a very useful cricketer, having played several good innings for the regimental team. He should be a great help as coach in India next season. We have been sadly in need of one since our arrival in Egypt, the net result being our position at the bottom of the Squadron Cricket League. However, we hope to rise to greater heights next season.

In the aquatic department this summer we have been more prominent under the shower bath than out of our depth in the Ezbekieh Baths. Losing most of our best swimmers and water polo players on the turnover, we fought this year with the odds against us. However, the few we had left who could swim, together with a couple of the new arrivals, did their utmost, but to no purpose. In the polo we were beaten for third place by "C" Squadron, and the irony of our fate lay in the fact that the majority of their team were trained by us last year.

Once more we are in the midst of preparations necessary for the change of our abode. Most of us have had our dose of inoculation, accompanied by that certain stiff and painful arm, and the not quite so certain painless 48 hours of excused duty (owing to the exigencies of the Service, it is regretted, etc). In the near future a



number of us will be turned into painters, decorators, and whitewashers, in order that the barracks may be left in such a state as befits the Regiment to which we belong.

The leave parties to Alexandria are now drawing to a close, and all who have so desired have been able to spend a well-earned fortnight by the briny. From the appearance on their return, of those who have availed themselves of this opportunity the change of air appears to give them that new lease of life necessary to carry on for the remainder of the summer.

We offer our congratulations to Sergt. Diamond and L./Cpls. Hall and Elington on their recent promotion, and wish them every success in the future.



### "THE MUD LARKS."

(Extract from "Punch," dated August 7th, 1918, and reprinted by permission of the Proprietors.)

THE scene is a base camp behind the Western Front. In the background is a gravel pit, its brow fringed with pine. On the right-hand side is a black hut, against one wall several cast-iron cylinders are leaning; against another several stretchers, behind it a squad of R.A.M.C. orderlies are playing pitch-and-toss that profit and pleasure may be the result. On the left-hand side is a well-filled cemetery. On the turf in the centre of the stage are some 300 members of that well-known family "Atkins." The matter in hand being merely that of life and death, those in the rear are whiling away the time by playing Crown and Anchor. Their less fortunate comrades in the prominence of the front are having a bit of shut-eye—in other words, are fast asleep propped up one against the other. Before them stand a Bachelor of Science disguised as a Second-Lieutenant. From the green-and-black brassard around his arm and the Attar de Chlorine and Parfume de Phosgene which cling about him in a murky aureal, one would guess him to be connected with the Gas Service and one would be quite correct—he is.

Lecture: "Ahem, pay attention to me, please. I am going to give you a little chat on gas. When you go up the line

one of two things must happen to you; you will either be gassed or you will not. If you are not gassed strict attention to this lecture will enable you to talk as if you had been. On the other hand, if you are gassed it will enable you to distinguish to which variety you succumb, and will be most instructive to you.

"There are more sorts of gas than one. There is the home or domestic gas which does odd jobs about the house at a bob a time, and which out here is fed to observation balloons to get them off the earth. There is laughing gas, so-called because of the fun the dentist gets from his victims whilst they are under his influence, and lastly there is Hun gas which is not a bit amusing.

"Three varieties of gases are usually employed by the Hun. The first of these is chlorine. Chlorine smells like a strong Sanitary Orderly of weak chloride of lime. The second on our list is mustard gas, so-called because it smells like garlic. Everything that smells like garlic is not mustard gas, however, as a certain British division which went into the line alongside some of our brave Southern Allies regretfully discovered after they had been sweltering for thirty-six long hours. The third and last is called phosgene. Phosgene has a greenish, yellowish, whiteish colour all its own, reminiscent of decayed vegetation, mouldy hay, old clothes, wet hides, burnt feathers, warm mice, polecats, dead mules, boiled cabbage, stewed prunes or anything else you dislike.

"All these gases have depressing effects on the consumer if indulged in too freely. The War Office has devised an effective counter-irritant the scientific wonder of the age, the soldier's friend, and Multum in Parvo, in short, the box respirator. Here you will observe I have a respirator box as issued to the troops.

"There are other kinds with lace trimming and seasonable mottoes worked in coloured beads for the use of the Staff, but they do not concern us. Let us now examine the ordinary respirator box. What do we discover? A new canvas satchel, knapsack or whatnot.

"This will be found invaluable for storage of personal knick-knacks, such as soap, knives and forks, socks, iron rations, mouth-organs, field-marshal's batons, etc. Within the satchel (knap-



sack or whatnot) we discover a rubber sponge-bag pierced with motor goggles, a clothes-peg, a foot of garden hose, a baby's teether (chewers among you will find this an excellent substitute for gum), a yard or two of twine (first-aid to the braces), a tube of anti-dimmer (use it as tooth-paste, your smile will beam more brightly), and a record card, on which you are invited to inscribe your name, age, vote and clubs, your golf, solo and ludo handicaps, complaints as to cooking or service, and any sunny sentiments or epigrams that may occur to you from time to time.

"Should you be in the line and detect the presence of gas in large quantities, your first action should be to don your respirator box, and your second to give the alarm. The donning of the respirator is done in five motions by the best people:

"1. Remove the cigarette, chewing-gum or false tooth or teeth from mouth or mouths, and place it (or them) behind the ear (or ears).

"2. Take the sponge-bag out of the knapsack (satchel or whatnot), and clap it boldly on the face as you would a mustard plaster.

"3. Fit on your mask by means of the clothes-peg.

"4. Work the elastics well into your hair.

"5. Swallow the teether, and carry on deep-breathing exercise as done by Swedes, sea-lions, etc., and suchlike.

"The respirator once in position, pass the good news on to your comrades by performing the fortissimo on one of the numerous alarms which every nice front line is liberally provided with, but please remember that gas alarms are for gas only, and do not let your natural exuberance or love of music carry you away, as it is liable to create a false impression. Witness the case of some of our high-spirited Colonials, who, celebrating a national festival (the opening of the whippet-racing season in New South Wales), with a full orchestra of Claxon and Strombos horns, rattles, gongs, shell cases, tin cans, sachbuts and psalteries and other instruments of music, sent every living soul in the entire army area stampeding into their small huts, there to remain for forty-eight hours without food, drink or benefit of the clergy. Having given you full instructions as to the

correct method of entering your respirator, I will now tell you how to extricate yourself. You must first be careful to ascertain that there is no gas left about. Tests are usually made (1) with a white mouse, (2) with a canary. If the white mouse turns green, there is gas present, if it doesn't there ain't. If the canary wags its tail and whistles, 'Gee, ain't it dandy down in Dixie!' all is well, but if it wheezes, 'The end of a perfect day,' and moults violently, beware, BEWARE! If through negligence of the quartermaster's department, you have not been equipped with either mice or canaries, do not start sniffing for gas yourself, but remember that your lives are of value to your King and Country and send for an officer. To have first of all the gas is one of the officer's privileges—he hasn't many, but this is one of them, and very jealously guarded as such. If an officer should catch you sniffing up all the gas in the neighbourhood he will be justifiably annoyed and get peevish.

"Now, having given you the theory of anti-gas precautions, we will now indulge in a little practice. When I shout the word 'Gas,' my assistants will distribute a few smoke bombs among you, and every man will don his respirator in five motions and wend his way towards the gas chamber, entering it by the south door and leaving it by the north door.

"Is it quite clear? Then, get ready—'GAS.'"

Four or five N.C.O. instructors suddenly pop up out of the gravel pit and bombard the congregation with hissing smoke bombs. The first rank wake up, spring to their feet in terror, and leg it for safety at a stretch gallop, shedding their respirators for lightness' sake as they flee. The rear ranks, who, in spite of themselves, have heard something of the lecture, burrow laboriously into their masks. Some wear them as hats, some as ear muffs, and some as chest protectors. The smoke rolls over them in billows.

Shadow shapes, hooded like Spanish Inquisitors, may be seen here and there crouched as in prayer, struggling together or groping about for the way out. One unfortunate has his head down a rabbit burrow, several blunder over the edge of the gravel pit and are seen no more. There is a noise of painful laboured

breathing as of grampuses in deep water or pigs with asthma. The starchy N.C.O. instructors close on the helpless mob and with muffled yelps and wild waving of arms, herd them towards the south door of the gas chamber, push them inside and push home the bolts. The R.A.M.C. orderlies are busy hauling the bodies out of the north door, loading them on stretchers and trotting them across to the cemetery, at the door of which stands the base burial officer beaming with welcome.

The lecturer, seeing the game well in hand, lights a pipe and strolls home to tea.



## OUR CATERER.

**W**E cannot miss this opportunity of saying a few words about our caterer—Aly Osman.

Aly Osman has supplied the Officers' Mess, the Sergeants' Mess and the Men's Mess for the past two years with everything that was required.

One had only to give an order, whether it was for a packet of pins or for a Nile steamer for a trip up the Nile, and it was supplied without fuss or bother.

Rattle the 'phone: "Aly, I want a taxi for a day's outing at my quarters at nine to-morrow," and at "nine to-morrow" the taxi was there.

Last December the Machine Gunners had him for their small camp during Machine Gun concentration. It poured with rain for two days, the cook's shelter leaked like a sieve, but the cook Abdul—a jewel amongst cooks—still carried on. You see he works for Aly Osman.

No matter what was ordered, whether for breakfast, lunch, tea or dinner, it was delivered.

At Mena Camp during blinding sandstorms Ali still managed to bring us food.

Camps, manœuvres, dances, jousts, afternoon teas, or trips up the Nile, he can cater for them all, and we have no doubt that if he was asked he could supply and cater for an airship trip to the moon. Nothing seems beyond him, and we sincerely hope that our caterer in India will be able to do the same for us.

Regiments may come,  
Regiments may go,  
But Aly goes on for ever.



## FLUTTERS FROM "H.Q." WING.

**M**UCH has happened since the last issue of our GAZETTE, the most important is the fact that our scribe is on leave enjoying the fruits of the sea and the sunshine at Sidi Bishr, Alexandria, and as the time is so short we cannot wait for him to return, so here goes. "Nothing ventured, nothing gained"; at least that is what we are told.

We heartily congratulate "A" Squadron on winning the Army Rifle Association Squadron Shield for cavalry abroad, and, of course, we pat ourselves on the back for running second. Quite an achievement for any regiment.

Sport appears to be the only item of interest to everybody at present, and there is keen competition between Squadrons just now, especially in cricket.

First of all, after many years, the Administrative Troop won the Inter-Troop Cricket Cup by beating "C" 4 in the final. We must admit that a very brilliant effort was made to give us a good game, but our bowlers proved too good for them. However, we take our hats off to L./Cpl. Mordaunt and Tpr. Lowe, who made such a good stand, scoring 30 and 26 runs respectively off our bowlers, and after about an hour and a quarter we managed to get them all out for 78 runs.

The opening batsmen for the Admin. were S.S.M. Rusbridge and Sergt. Clifton. Sergt. Clifton was caught out for 33, and was followed in by F./Cpl. Leggett, who, if he had played on, would undoubtedly have scored more runs than he did, but the fact was that we had won, and so declared with nine wickets in hand. S.S.M. Rusbridge was 44 not out and F./Cpl. Leggett 8 not out.

In the Inter-Squadron Cricket League we are holding a very good position, having lost up to date only one match. In this league points are awarded for the Old Comrades' Cup, and we stand a good chance of obtaining the majority.

We had an excellent run in the Small Unit Cricket Cup Competition, having reached the semi-final of our Group. We played No. 1 Company, Royal Corps of Signals, who knocked us out after a very keen game.

On June 14th the Wing held their Swimming Gala, and a very enjoyable afternoon was spent at Ezbekieh Swimming Baths. This was a kind of preliminary canter to find our representatives for the Regimental Gala. Our position in the latter contest proved that the time was not wasted.

The Regimental Gala was a great success, and everybody had an enjoyable time at Ezbekieh. The Wing came second to "A" Squadron, gaining 24 points to their 28. In the Inter-Squadron Water Polo some very exciting games were witnessed. We were drawn against "M.G." Squadron for the first match, which we won by three goals to one. At a later date we were pitted against "A" Squadron, the result being, after a very strenuous game, a draw, each side scoring one goal. In the replay we were rather unfortunate, and although "A" did not

have it all their own way we lost to them, the result being: "A" 2, "H.Q." 0.

The leave season is now drawing to a close, and men who have not been to Alexandria have something to look forward to. Those who have been have come back full of the joys of Spring, and nearly as black as the Ace of Spades. To tell the truth it was difficult to distinguish some of them from the natives of the land.

There is much to do just now in view of the Regiment's move to India. So far everybody is talking about it, but nothing is being done, except in the saddletree-makers' shop where, on inspection, one will find boxes of all shapes and sizes being renovated.

Quite a number of men are looking forward to their trip down the Red Sea, and so on to Bombay, and there are a few who are only waiting for a boat to take them the other way.

Going to a new country, where climate, mode of living and soldiering, etc., is different from that of Egypt, we hope to be able to give our readers something of a more interesting nature in our articles, as we are given to understand that shooting expeditions may be arranged for all.



## BROWN'S LUCK.

**A**DVENTURE? Brown had never had an adventure. Time after time, when it seemed he had suddenly dropped into something really hair-raising, it had fizzled out into quite a commonplace incident.

Take that time at Deauville, for an example. He had visited the Casino, and for a time had watched the gambling on the roulette tables.

He wouldn't try yet, he thought, but would watch a bit. His attention was attracted to a haggard-looking man on the other side of the table, who was plunging recklessly from number to number.

Ah! he thought, here is the last struggle of a ruined gambler. His chance had come at last. He would follow the advice he had read in a novel: whatever colour a losing gambler backs then back the

opposite. If he backs black, then you black red, and you are sure to win.

The losing gambler backed red, so Brown backed black. Black won.

The monotonous voice of the croupier went on. "*Faites vos jeux. Faites. Ne plus rien. Trois.*" Three wins. So it went on. Gradually the gambler lost all, whilst Brown won.

Now, thought Brown, it is time to watch for the *finale*. The gambler slunk away from the table, his right hand sunk in his pocket. Grasping a revolver, thought Brown. Carefully he followed, expecting any minute to hear a report and the thud of a falling body.

Suddenly the hand came out of the pocket and raised a bottle to the gambler's lips.

"Poison," said Brown, and sprang forward to wrench it from the gambler's hand.

Too late! The gambler took a long drink, and with a grin turned to Brown.

"Have a drink, mate," he said, and thrust the bottle into Brown's hands. *Martells Three Star Brandy.*

Another adventure had fizzled out.

Then there was that time in Loos in 1915.

The cavalry break-through had failed, and the Bleakshire Yeomanry had been sent up to Loos dismounted, there to carry out trench work, pioneer work, burial work, and any odd jobs that the infantry hadn't time to do.

One day a small detachment, including Brown, had been sent out to search the cellars from the Church to the Double Pylon and collect any spare "Jerries" that may be skulking there, and bury any bodies that they came across.

They were approaching the Double Pylon, when Brown saw a number of dead Germans; amongst them lay a sprucely-dressed officer.

Just my chance for a souvenir, thought Brown. Suddenly the Corporal in charge of the party spotted them.

"Brown," said the Corporal, "just pop over to that school and see if anybody is in there."

Another chance "gone west." Brown dearly wanted to search those dead Germans, especially that officer. He had been hoping for months that one day he would get a good souvenir, and he hadn't the

slightest doubt that the officer would have something in his pockets worth having. But what could you do! The Corporal said go, so off he went. Nothing there, not even an empty cigarette packet.

The trick had worked splendidly, for when he got back to the Corporal he was just pushing a gold watch and an Iron Cross into his breast pocket.

Just my luck, thought Brown.

On they trudged, when unexpectedly they came to a cottage which hardly seemed to have been damaged at all.

"This looks suspicious," said the Corporal. "We'll have a look in here. Brown, you take the lead, and we'll search the place." Just my luck, thought Brown, still doing the dirty work. He fixed his bayonet on his rifle and pushed open the front door.

Not a sound to be heard except the distant chatter of a machine gun. Then suddenly a shuffle of feet broke the stillness.

"The cellar," snapped out the Corporal.

Brown advanced and quickly descended the cellar stairs. Through his mind flashed imaginary fights with a cellar full of Germans. How many would he kill, or would they shoot him as he entered the cellar? No time to think that out, anyway. *Crash!* With a kick he burst open the door and plunged into the cellar.

What a sight! Not a single German to be seen, only an old woman about seventy, three or four children, a young woman, and a girl. *The heroine of Loos.* He didn't know that then; all he knew was that another adventure had fizzled out.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Great Advance had begun. The impregnable Hindenburg Line had been broken, and our troops were everywhere advancing. If luck held the cavalry would be in Le Cateau to-morrow or the day after, but for to-night they must stay at Bellinglise.

Horse-lines were put down, and everyone began to settle for the night. An occasional "Jerry" five-nine came crumping over, but why worry; it might be worse to-morrow.

Bellinglise had only been captured that morning, but the Hun didn't care whether any of his spies were left there or not. He'd had enough shelling in Bellinglise from us, and now he was slinging a few back.



Brown was lolling on his blanket when Morton and James strolled up.

"What about a peep round the dug-outs in the Hindenburg Line, Brown?" asked James. "We are bound to find some souvenirs."

"Righto, but I haven't got a torch."

"I'll lend you one."

James ran back to his saddle, and a few minutes later returned and gave Brown a torch.

"Come on, and no noise!"

Noiselessly they crept into the trenches on the edge of the canal. Nothing was to be seen except the sandbags of the parapet and the rusty tangles of barbed wire. Away in the far distance the *tackity-tac-tack* of machine guns could be heard. For a few minutes they stopped and, stepping on the firestep, looked back in the direction from whence they had come.

A dark shadowy mound in the near distance betokened the Tumulus, whilst further away Vadencourt could dimly be seen.

Morton grumbled. "To think of the number of times we've looked across to these trenches, and wondered what Jerry was doing, and now we're here and he has gone."

They scrambled down and, passing along the trench, soon came to the timbered shaft of a deep dug-out.

"Old Jerry's cunning," said James. "Look how he's made this shaft facing the rear so that our shells don't drop in them." He started down the steps. "Come on, you fellows, first down bags the first souvenir!" Morton was next and Brown last.

Just my luck, thought Brown; if I go down last I shall be unlucky again. Here's one to find another dug-out.

Letting Morton follow James, Brown hurried along the trench until he came to the shaft of another large dug-out. Down this he scrambled, and swung his torch around. It was a large, well-timbered dug-out, but souvenirs of any description seemed to be missing. Was his luck still out, thought Brown. No adventure, no souvenirs.

A few wire beds, a rough-made table and an old couch, relics of one of the houses in Bellinglise, was all that he could see. But suddenly, as his light flickered

around the walls, it picked out what seemed to be the entrance to an inner room.

Anything in there? he wondered. Stooping in the low entrance, he pressed the button of his torch. Slowly he circled the light. Nothing much here, either. Those lousy infantrymen must have had the pickings.

Suddenly he heard a noise from a corner, and the head and shoulders of a man appeared in the beam of light. His field-grey uniform seemed to show up the short mud-covered hair, and blood-spattered face. His eyes were glaring like a wounded beast at bay. In his hand he grasped a short saw-edged bayonet.

Mad; stark-staring mad, Brown thought—like a trapped wolf waiting to spring.

Brown's trembling finger released the pressure on the button. Inky blackness and silence. What could he do? He'd only got the torch. What use was that against a bayonet in the hands of a madman?

Stealthily he crept back into the bigger dug-out. His heart was pounding against his ribs. He pictured that terrifying figure creeping silently towards him. One spring, a thrust, and all would be over. He held his breath and crept slowly backwards. He put out his hand. Thank God he had reached the wall. Inch by inch he crept along it. Where was the shaft? Would he never reach it? Once there he could shout for the others. Three were better than one against an armed madman anyway.

Another long agony of suspended breathing and silent movement brought him nearer the shaft. He had heard no sound, but instinct told him that the madman had left the other room.

His fingers, searching the wall, touched the bottom post of the shaft. He paused. Finally he heard a voice in the trench above. One shout and they would be down with him.

He gathered himself for the effort. A stealthy movement broke the stillness. The German was coming. Faintly he heard a high-pitched drone, which rose to a scream, and then a roar like an express train rushed down the shaft.

A vivid flash burst in the darkness, and in that fleeting moment Brown saw facing

him in the middle of the dug-out that terrible blood-spattered face of the madman.

Like the swirl of a whirlwind something swept up Brown and hurled him to the ground. There came a crashing roar that shook the dug-out, and Brown collapsed in a heap. With a sickening thud something fell on him, and he felt a sharp pain in his thigh, as though a dagger had been thrust into him. Dazed and motionless he lay.

A sound in the trench crept into his numbed brain, and brought him shuddering to his senses.

He leapt wildly to his feet, throwing off the weight which had pressed him down. With a cry like a thing demented he sprang up the dug-out steps, tumbling into the trench as two dark figures raced towards him. With a heave they yanked him to his feet. With a groan he collapsed again. "Hullo, he's stopped something," said Morton, as the beam of his torch flickered over Brown's leg.

Slitting the breeches away, they deftly bandaged the wound, and between them started to carry him down the trench. "Cheer up, old sport!" said James, "you'll be in Blighty in a day or so. You've got a Blighty one there, and they're sending all stretcher cases straight through. You are a lucky bounder, Brown!"

Brown's luck had changed at last.

A.S.



## ROLL OF MEMBERS

OF THE REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION.

(Continued from page 2, Vol. X, No. 1.)

Cpl. W. Humphries.	Tpr. J. Ahearne.
Tpr. J. Brown.	Tpr. A. Deacon.
Tpr. L. Davis.	Tpr. C. Devonald.
Tpr. T. Easton.	Tpr. F. Fletcher.
Tpr. J. Gordon.	Tpr. A. Hicks.
Tpr. R. Hollier.	Tpr. A. 62 Jones.
Tpr. A. 60 Jones.	Tpr. V. 04 Jones.
Tpr. G. Johnson.	Tpr. J. Kirkham.
Tpr. R. Larman.	Tpr. R. McKay.
Tpr. R. Mitchell.	Tpr. N. Nichols.
Tpr. E. Parker.	Tpr. P. Putnam.
Tpr. J. Perry.	Tpr. A. 56 Smith.
Tpr. A. 51 Smith.	Tpr. T. Thompson.
Tpr. D. Torrens.	Tpr. G. Thomas.
Tpr. E. Wallond.	Tpr. T. Wells.
Tpr. W. Whittle.	

## "G-AAZJ" (ZJAY FOR SHORT).

ON June 20th, when Zjay was led out of her hanger, it was icy cold and very foggy; it was, nevertheless, decided to start.

Accordingly, at 11.55 a.m., on Friday, June 20th, Zjay left Heston, the only home she knew, and headed due south for a small gap in the hills close to Dorking.

The weather became worse and worse, and after flying "blind" for nearly an hour we struck brilliant sunshine, and arrived at Lympe. Here, to conform with the civil regulations, we circled low over the aerodrome, received the O.K. signal, and flew away, again to be lost in the blue horizon of the English Channel.

From Lympe we flew on to Cap d'Alprech, the French semaphore station, then altered our course and headed on the new bearing in the direction of Paris.

At exactly three o'clock we came to rest outside the Customs House at Le Bourget.

After dealing with the customs officials and their attendant documents, I walked over to see Zjay watered and fed. A swarm of French officials, French questions and French answers, in the midst of which she was trying to drink her fill of petrol, completed the picture.

We left Le Bourget again at 4.30 p.m., flying across the flat central plains of France, and it was not until after three hours' flying that the country became interesting. From then onward the mountains of the south of France, with the sun gradually falling in the sky, created wonderful lights and shades, presenting a magnificent sight from the air.

Finally, as darkness was descending, we arrived at Marseilles at 8.40 p.m., making seven and a half hours' flying, or approximately 640 miles for the day.

At the Aerodrome the following morning there was great excitement, as no less than two Moths had arrived from Lyons, the one piloted by Hook and Mathews, and the other by an English-speaking Italian, who was practising "cross countries," and was due back at Stag Lane (London) that day.

The excess of aerial traffic rather delayed the refuelling and customs

arrangements. However, after an hour's wait we were able to watch Hook's machine stagger off the ground with nearly seventy gallons of petrol on board and disappear on its six-hour voyage "across the brook," as Hook laughingly put it.

At 11.55 a.m. Zjay left the ground, and flying at 3,000 feet crossed over the high mountains separating Marseilles from Nice.

Perhaps Monsieur had forgotten his camera, this after examining his three suitcases. Yes, he had; how stupid of him!

What was to be done? Monsieur had not declared it.

Would he be so good as to sign the customs forms, and perhaps it would be all right, but they would ask M. le Commandant.

Yes, Monsieur would sign anything if



ZJAY.

Mr. King's Plane in which he flew to Egypt.

On from Nice, along the Cote d'Azur, Monte Carlo, Bordighera, San Remo, and Genoa in turn became specks in the distance, till at 3.30 p.m. Pisa was sighted.

After the cool air of 3,000 feet the atmosphere became hotter and hotter as Zjay circled round the aerodrome preparatory to landing; then there was the rattle of the undercarriage, and we were on dry land at Pisa.

Customs! Customs!

Had Monsieur any contrabands?

Of course not.

only he could be allowed some petrol for his machine and some food for himself—quickly!

Vite!

Presto!

Igri.

This was a typical scene at nearly all the Italian aerodromes.

Charming, but always the terrible delay.

Pisa was finally left behind at 5.15 p.m., and flying along the coast to avoid the high mountains we arrived after half an hour at Campigha. Here the course was

changed again, and we headed across the land in the direction of Rome.

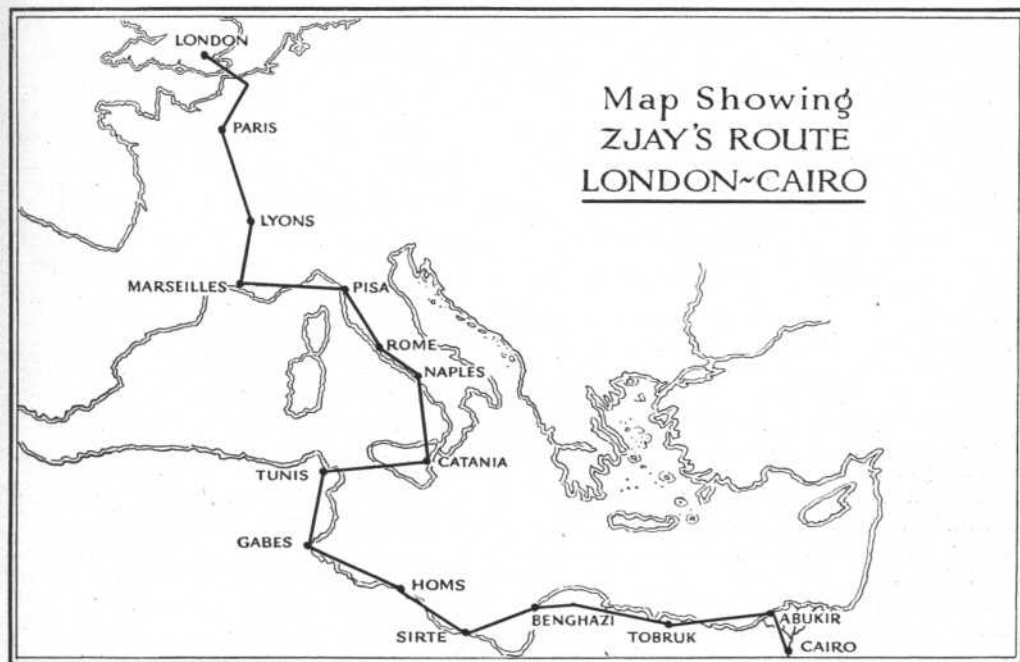
Aeroporto del Littorio is the Customs Aerodrome of Rome, and is very up-to-date in its appointments. There is one enormous hanger, the approach to which is up a steep incline, up which the ubiquitous Henries were to be seen towing aeroplanes to their resting places for the night. Added to this, there is a well-appointed hotel within 100 yards of the landing ground.

It is impossible to miss Naples as it is impossible to miss Vesuvius.

The efficiency of this place is best judged by the fact that it took exactly two hours to get petrol, which finally arrived in two stable buckets, with no filter, and the only method of pouring it in was the hit or miss system, there being no funnel available at Naples.

I have just remembered, it was Sunday!

We left Naples to arrive at Catania



Zjay enjoyed the next morning, as she was given quite a thorough inspection, consisting of a good wash down and cleaning such parts of her as the plugs, the petrol and oil filters, and generally seeing that she felt well, which she evidently did judging by the noise from her engine during the next stage of the journey.

The route lies entirely by land over the highest and most interesting mountains that we had yet crossed, and had anything happened they would also have proved the most deadly, as it is certain there is not a square inch in which to bring an aeroplane down without killing the pilot.

Naples!

three hours later. It was the best day of the whole trip; the sea was gloriously calm, and we were averaging nearly 100 miles per hour, with a strong following wind. When about half an hour from Catania we passed a large passenger-carrying seaplane, but were unable to make out its identification letters.

Ping! Buzz! Ping!

No one can mistake the significance of those sounds in bed without a mosquito net and at 2 a.m.

The *femme de chambre* staked her professional (?) reputation on the fact that the hotel had no mosquitoes, and consequently possessed no nets to deal with them. However, on being informed that the



occupant of room thirteen would remove himself to another hotel (actually there is no other in Catania), even at that hour, the net was produced, and the remainder of darkness was spent with a certain degree of comfort.

At 11 a.m. Catania was left behind, and at 11.30 we were out of sight of land, bearing due west for Tunis. It was long and wearisome watching the compass, watching the blue sea, and watching the blue sky.

Half an hour.

One hour.

Two hours.

At last, after two hours and a half—land, but it was not until 2.15 p.m. that we arrived at Tunis.

There lives at Tunis the most hospitable people we had yet met; but even here, amongst the French lingo, one could catch the sound of the word "Malish," as it was very hot and sticky at Tunis.

Lunch and drink were quickly forthcoming, supplied by a charming gentleman in a "straw boater," who must have been of some high rank, as any movement that did exist on the aerodrome, and there was extremely little, originated from him. We became great friends. But it was not until 5 p.m. that we were allowed to go.

At 7.30 p.m. the sun sank lower and lower in the west, and from then till 7.45 was a quarter of an hour that I never wish to repeat.

We actually circled Gabes at 7.40 p.m. No flares were lit, no wind indication shown, both of which are essential for a landing at night.

Finally pulling ourselves together, we came in to land. It was now or never, and right or wrong the pilot thought that now was the best.

Inky blackness came nearer and nearer; the ground appeared to be rising much too quickly. We were coming in much too fast, but too late now.

Then, as we touched the ground, a hand came out of the cock-pit to switch off the engine. The speed slackened and, with a jerk, we rattled over a tarred road and a ditch on the other side and came to rest. The thrill for the day was over and, happily, no damage.

As Sir Harry Lauder says, "It's nice to get up in the morning, but it's nicer to lie

in your bed," but Zjay thought that it was nicer to lie in your hangar after the previous night's experience, and refused to start till 7.45 a.m.; or was it the pilot who refused?

Sea to the left and sand to the right aptly describes the journey for that morning, only relieved by the fact that we had a *Continental Daily Mail* with us, which happily we had picked up at Tunis the day previous. After passing over Tripoli a landing was made at Homs for Customs and petrol.

Once again Italian territory, but no mountains, only the cruel desert and sand stretching for miles everywhere. Homs to Sirte completed the flying for that day; Tuesday, June 24th, with eight and a half hours' flying, the maximum for any one day on the whole trip.

In the journey log book, a document carried by all aircraft, there is the following entry for June 25th, under the heading Incidents and Observations:—20 m.p.h. head wind— $\frac{3}{4}$ -hour overdue at Benghazi—sand storm on starboard bow.

The distance is 210 miles over the sea, and at two and a half hours no land could be seen; another quarter of an hour and still no sign of the coast. In the next half an hour there was time, and ample time to think of all the possibilities to account for the delay; compass wrong, strong wind drifting us off the course were the two that stuck in the mind, and both ideas, combined with a thousand others, were calculated to make that half hour extremely unpleasant. When at last land was sighted there appeared the sandstorm like a huge red curtain ahead stretching anything up to 3,000 feet in the air, and several miles in length.

Flying near it we were conscious of a rattle like a hail storm, only many times worse. Then, turning out again and following the coast, Benghazi was reached.

Benghazi to Tobruk was a comparatively short journey, but interesting in that the route lies entirely across the desert with no outstanding landmarks of any kind. Correct use of the compass is the only method of traversing this type of country.

After landing at Tobruk I left Zjay for a moment to watch an Italian machine land. It was interesting, because he made

three attempts before coming to rest. Afterwards he told me that he thought his tyres had been shot away by the tribesmen with whom they are continually carrying on a guerilla warfare.

He was much surprised that I had not been shot at coming over from Benghazi, and described to me in vivid Italian the atrocities committed by these tribes to any plane they managed to bring down in the desert.

Soon after dusk I went to bed for an hour's "shut-eye," and was roused by the mess waiter saying that I had been invited to dine with the Commanding Officer in half an hour's time.

He was very charming and spoke very good English; in fact, one could not have wished for two more charming hosts than himself and his Adjutant.

The following morning we left at 6.45 a.m. in a thick fog which gradually lifted, and after about two hours we had glorious Mediterranean weather till we arrived at Abukir at 10 a.m.

Once again at an efficient English aerodrome we had no more worries.

To give orders for some adjustments to be carried out on Zjay, and know that they would be done, was a procedure that I had forgotten existed, and the reaction was sufficient to make me put my feet up and sleep.

We said good-bye to Abukir at 2.30 p.m. and landed at Heliopolis at 3.45 p.m.

There awaiting us was Zjay's second pilot, who, owing to the exigencies of the service had been compelled to come out by land. It was a great relief that I handed her over to be put away in her new home.



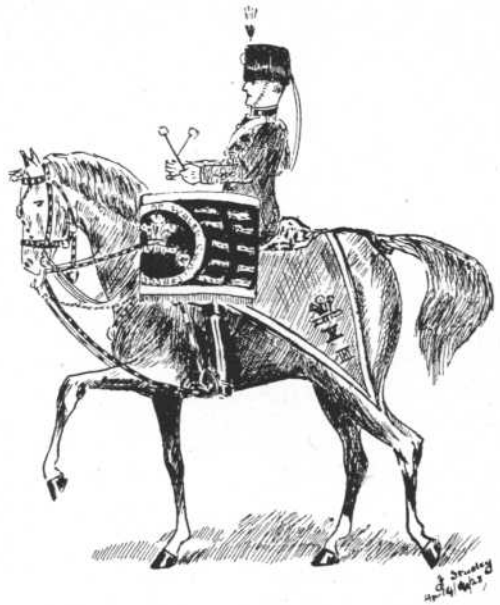
SQUADRON ORDERLY-CORPORAL (warning men for church): "Smith, church on Sunday."

SMITH: "What again, Corporal. I was on last Sunday."

SQUADRON ORDERLY-CORPORAL: "Can't help it; short of men."

SMITH: "Well, it is about time they took flags to church the same as they do on schemes."

When bad men combine, the good must associate.



## BAND NOTES.

IT is at this time of the year that we find it so hard to interest readers of the GAZETTE with news of the Band. It is true that we carry on as usual, but our life is so much of a muchness that to repeat the same would be boring to both writer and reader.

The Band journeyed to Alexandria *en bloc* for the holidays, and we enjoyed ourselves immensely, each according to his individual tastes. Contrary to our expectations we failed this year in the matter of cricket matches, for although the grounds were available, the opposition was lacking, and our spin bowlers (*sic*) were deprived of much needed practice. Still, we managed to pass away a pleasant fortnight, and eventually returned to barracks feeling fit and well. Sad to relate we suffered two minor casualties during our stay at Sidi Gaber. One person tried conclusions with a broken bottle, and his enforced stay in hospital was a token of his inability to force a draw. In fact he was rendered *hors de combat* for quite a while. The other injured person was Cyril, who, I'm afraid, will not give us permission to disclose any more lest he and his die of shock. We can say, however, that his pocket suffered more than he expected. The sun-tanning business

was not indulged in so much this year as was the case on our last vocation. Do we think that we are tanned enough, or has it dawned on us that we fall far short of the "handsome" type, and so desist from blistering our shoulders so that others may come forward and take our crown.

Our cricket this year has been very disappointing. In our first match, against the 12th Lancers' Band, the batsmen could not score with any degree of confidence, and although our bowlers returned good figures, we lost the match by a small margin. In the Troop Cup competition we did well until we met the Administrative Troop, and after playing them we ceased to have an active interest in the competition. The winners were indebted to Tpr. Dunk, who smote the ball all round the field for 45, which included eight boundaries. We offer our congratulations to the Administrative Troop on gaining the trophy, and hope that if we meet next year we shall be able to give them a better game.

F.C.B.



## THE LOST "C(H)ORD."

**W**ARNED one day for Main Guard,  
I was weary and ill at ease;  
My brain grew duller and duller,  
And I trembled at the knees.

For I'd lost my snow-white lanyard  
On a "blind" the night before;  
And I couldn't wangle another  
From the bloke in the Q.M. Store.

But I had an inspiration  
That came like a bolt from the blue;  
And I said "Amen" like a Christian,  
To the deed I was going to do.

Then I took the Corporal's tunic,  
And deftly removing the cord,  
Turned my eyes to heaven and uttered,  
"Forgive me, forgive me, O Lord."

ANON.



They only work when they have no money.

## SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

**B**Y the time these notes are in print, we shall almost be at the end of our Egyptian tour. It hardly seems a year since we stepped ashore from the *City of Marseilles*. We boast of being a nation of mariners, and of our sea-girt islands, yet sailing the seas comes amiss to most of us.

The change of Air Camp at Alexandria has been visited by most of the members, and what with cricket, social evenings, and being victimized by our "Phat" experts, the summer has soon passed.

Last season we reached the final of the Sergeants' Mess Cricket Tournament, but were unable to settle the issue until this year.

The Royal Artillery were our opponents, and they took first knock, and totalled 102. Our opening pair, Rusbridge and Clifton, each retired with a century apiece, and our innings was declared at 274 for 4. The Royal Artillery's second innings closed for 67, thus leaving us the victors by an innings and 105 runs. The cup now adorns our sideboard, and forms a welcome addition to our already large collection.

We possess in Sergt. Wilson a man with a flair for all things electrical, and he made a good job of the lighting for the All-Ranks Dances. The garden of the Mess has since received his attention, and our thanks are due to him for the transformation.

The efforts of S.S.M. Dearden and the F.Q.M.S. to remind us of Kew Gardens, despite the antipathy of almost the entire canine breed of the garrison, must also be commended. It has been quite a joy to sit in the garden in the cool of the evening and listen to the operatic gems wafted on the breeze from the men's canteen. More than gentle persuasion has been needed at times to prevent Alec from joining in some of the choruses.

Ananias was not renowned for his veracity, and his disciples are legion. One of our members, with a scholastic bent, has quite recently persuaded himself that he was formerly a member of a prominent Yorkshire Rugby Club. It was mainly due to him that one of the Australian touring sides did not return home unde-

feated. As Rugby is one of the very few games at which the Regiment has failed to shine, it would be a splendid idea to entrust him with the coaching.

Articles on big game hunting are always entertaining reading, and surely one should be forthcoming from our mighty hunter "Seniormeadow," attended by his faithful bearer "Queenie Richards"; he could often be seen stalking his quarry during the hour when sane humanity takes its siesta. India has often been alluded to as a sportsman's paradise, and the tigers (according to the M.G. Farrier) that use the troughs at Meerut will regret his arrival.

We accepted a challenge recently from our near neighbours, the Gloucesters. Darts, snooker and phat were contested, and by mutual consent the result was a draw. A suggestion that the rival Sergeants of Signalling run a 440 yards sprint around the football ground as a decider was vetoed, owing to the impossibility of finding a starter able to get them "off."

We are looking forward to our return cricket fixture with the 12th Royal Lancers. There is talk of making it a fancy dress affair, and should this materialize some striking costumes should be on view. We must take this opportunity of wishing "bon chance" to our unselected. That they prosper and grow fat and find their new surroundings congenial is the wish of all of us.

Jack has assured us that there are no windows at Meerut. He was very emphatic on the matter, and after reassuring us several times wound up with the sage remark, "No windows, no curtains, see!"

Since starting this journalistic masterpiece, a flower has appeared in our garden, so, notes or no notes, I am off to view this marvel of marvels "ere it is plucked in its infancy by Alec" for his "Violet Ray."

Orderly taps at the door of the Sergeant-Major's bunk.

S.M. (from inside): "Hullo! Hullo! What do you want?"

ORDERLY: "I have a verbal message for you, sir."

S.M.: "All right; put it under the door."

## RECOLLECTIONS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

THE tackling of that "fust class fighting man, the Fuzzy Wuzzy" at El-Teb was successfully concluded by the force under Sir Gerald Graham, V.C.

Our route now involved a return to the base at Trinkitat, stopping on the way at Tokar, a wretched-looking place, which we had been ordered to relieve. It had been rumoured that a large number of Egyptians had been surrounded there by the Sudanese tribesmen, as had happened at Sinkat and elsewhere.

On our approach we saw a quantity of spearmen hovering around, but no conflict took place.

At their release many of the Egyptians made frantic signs of joy. Some grovelled in the desert sand; others kissed and embraced the riding boots of the officers.

A large green flag was presented us (which I heard later was sent to Queen Victoria at Windsor), and we placed the lately besieged Egyptians in safety.

After this we moved on again, and I remember we spent that night at a bare spot in the desert called Fort Baker (though I do not know why it was so called) under arms, and just lying down as we were, and as we had done for several nights in the immediate past.

One or two other incidents happening on that return to the base come to my recollection.

It was on this very night I have just mentioned that I heard the voice of Major "Sutlej" Gough consoling a brother officer, "David, old boy," or Lord Airlie as he was to us. The latter, who had been on leave in England and was upset at having missed the fight at El-Teb, was saying how he had chartered a Messagerie boat somewhere, so as to rejoin the Regiment in time. Major Gough replied, "Never mind, you'll soon be in the thick of it again. It's not much fun for any of us. This is the eleventh night since I've taken these jack-boots off." This just shows the British officer as I knew him under service conditions, and I only hope he has the same qualities to-day.

I have recollections also of the Naval Brigade and their cheeriness. Often we would meet a group of these seamen on



their way back to the base, plodding in heavy "ammunition" boots, instead of being bare-footed as they were wont on the decks of their ships, and hauling their Gardner and Gatling guns, usually ankle-deep in the sand. In spite of everything, these sailors would always exchange a "cheerio" with us.

I remember one incident clearly. We had returned to the base at Trinkitat on the shore of the Red Sea, and, having seen to our horses, were taking a little time to ourselves and bathing, somewhat dangerously, among the sharks. Looking landwards we saw some sailors laboriously dragging their guns along the shore. At once a number of us rushed to assist, just lingering long enough to don helmets and shirts, and we helped them to drag the guns into camp. I remember also the appreciation of this act shown by Capt. Knyvett Wilson, R.N., who won the V.C. at El-Teb, and afterwards became Admiral Sir Arthur Knyvett Wilson.

Our rest at this place was short-lived, for the action of Tamaii followed about a fortnight after El-Teb, on March 13th, 1884. Our way to this place led us North, back to Trinkitat, where we embarked on the Red Sea to Suakim. Here we disembarked and set off inland in a north-westerly direction. At first we crossed open sandy desert, but as we got some fifteen miles inland scrub appeared, which necessitated careful scouting for Fuzzies, many of whom were armed with Remingtons captured from the Egyptians. Scrub gave way to rocks, gradually increasing in height, and from the high ones we were often subjected to sniping. Fortunately for us their marksmanship was bad, especially at moving objects, and we took care to pass through the many defiles at a sharp pace.

Late one evening we received the order to halt. The force bivouacked for the night behind a zereba, or defensive hedge made of scrub bush, and double sentries were posted. A few scouts from Major Gough's first squadron of the Tenth and some men of the 19th Hussars were sent on ahead that night to some high ground, from which we could observe a large valley.

We accomplished this so successfully as to be unobserved by the enemy creeping

about in the scrub below, and were able to return to the bivouac and give our information about the enemy to the General. He decided to attack early next morning, using a captured native as a guide.

Before describing the action I must say a word about our enemy. Just why and how he became our enemy was no concern of ours; but as Mr. Rudyard Kipling puts it, "Our orders were to break him, and, of course, we went and did it."

To describe him as "an injer-rubber idiot on the spree" only gives a slight idea of his extreme agility and energy. He was most skilled in the use of the spear and shield if his marksmanship with the Remington was poor—as yet.

His form of attack was an advance in mass, preceded by mounted chiefs. Their numbers were so great that the countryside was blackened. They covered the ground at a great pace, yelling and waving their spears. It was subsequently discovered that many of their mounted leaders carried two-handed swords and wore chain armour shirts and head-gear like that of the Saracens many centuries before.

Whether mounted or on foot, they showed no fear or hesitation before our gunfire and bullets, or at our steel blades. They had been taught that if hit by these, the bullets, etc., immediately turned to that which they wanted most—water; if killed by the British they themselves went immediately to paradise; or if they should kill one of us they would go there by the most luxurious "Pulman car" transportation.

Osman Digna, who, after the Mahdi himself, was at the head of the rebel force, was not made of such stout material. It was said that whenever things went against his force he would give his orders and then remove himself to some remote place and pray for success. He may have genuinely believed in this, but it appeared that he believed more in the principle of "Safety First."

The action of Tamaii took place on March 13th, 1884. Our strength was the same as it had been at El-Teb, less, of course, the casualties incurred at that battle and a few in the subsequent days' marching.

The cavalry, consisting of the 10th and 19th Hussars, were so disposed as to clear the ground to the front and flanks of the infantry square, and thus enable the latter to attack.

The infantry square was composed of the Black Watch, Gordons, York and Lancasters, Royal Irish Fusiliers, Royal Marines, and detachments from H.M.S. *Hecla*, H.M.S. *Euralus*, and other gun boats off Suakin. These last formed the Naval Brigade. There was also a camel battery of nine pounders.

The morning of the battle was clear and still. When the front ranks of our infantry appeared to have reached the foot of the slope ahead of them, the enemy suddenly emerged in enormous numbers from behind rocks, rushing and leaping in the air. They charged against our square, and, owing to the stillness of the air, the smoke and dust obscured them from view. There was a momentary panic, of which the Sudanese were quick to take advantage. Crawling on their hands and knees, under the very bayonets of the front rank and under the muzzles of the guns they penetrated to the inside of the square. Here they began to slash and stab our men in the back, and did terrible havoc. Owing to the confusion and cramped position our men could scarcely use their bayonets, and the savages, by their agility and skill with their shields, escaped serious injury.

First the York and Lancasters fell back in confusion behind the Naval Brigade, cutting the latter off from their limbers and ammunition. The sailors stuck to their guns bravely, but were forced to leave them in the end through lack of ammunition. They lost 3 officers and 11 men.

Panic spread rapidly, and shortly the whole of that Brigade were in retreat. Closely pursued by the enemy they retired some 500 yards before there was any sign of a check. At this moment a party of some half-dozen war correspondents attached to us passed along the front of the cavalry, who were drawn up in line in a position of readiness in rear. As they passed they shouted "They've broken the square." Then the cavalry advanced in line at a trot, which gradually changed into a steady gallop in close order. This made the enemy hesitate, which gave time

for our men to hear orders and reform. This they did well, but not a moment too soon, for the enemy, elated by his success, advanced again. Once again the cavalry did excellent service. Dismounting alternate men in the various squadrons they brought volleys of carbine fire upon the enemy, who were still doing their utmost to rally and advance again. But now our men rallied as at drill, turned about and began to advance towards the abandoned guns. These were recaptured by the Naval Brigade.

During this engagement the York and Lancasters lost several officers and over 20 men, while the Black Watch lost an officer and 60 men.

Although as Kipling said,

*"Big black, bounding beggar,  
You bruk a British square,"*

the British had mended it, and the "Cease Fire" ended a hard but successful struggle, even though the casualties had been heavy.

It was estimated that on this occasion the enemy had numbered between ten and twelve thousand. Osman Digna had adopted his "safety first" principle on seeing how things were shaping, and had issued his orders from the seclusion of the high rocks.

The main body of our force was then left behind to pursue Osman Digna further into the hills and blow up his ammunition supply, while Sir Gerald Graham, with an escort from Major Gough's squadron of the "Tenth" under Lord Alwyne Compton returned to Suakim (galloping most of the way) to cable the news of the victory to Queen Victoria.

It was not long before the whole force were again in Suakim before being dispersed.

The Tenth embarked once again on the "Jumna" and sailed for Portsmouth. The wounded and the wives sailed at the same time, but on a separate vessel equipped as a hospital ship.

There was a large crowd of relatives and friends to meet us on our arrival in England. Many of the officers' relations came on board, the Dowager Countess of Airlie, with her two daughters, being amongst these.

However, time was cut short as we were ordered to disembark and entrain as soon as possible for Shorncliffe.

On June 27th—a tremendously hot day even for those lately returned from India and Egypt—their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra) honoured the Regiment by coming from London to present the Sudan Medals.

The Regiment, in full dismounted uniform, was drawn up to form three sides of a square, leaving the fourth for a table on which were arranged the medals. The Prince, dressed as our Colonel-in-Chief, called out the names of each officer and man of the Regiment, and as he came up to the table the Princess handed him his medal, in as charming a manner to the smallest trumpeter as to the Colonel.

Their Royal Highnesses then had lunch in the Officers' Mess, and subsequently inspected the troop stables and some of the new quarters.

Another occasion with which I remember being impressed was an invitation for the whole Regiment to visit Canterbury from the Mayor and Corporation of that town. We went there by special train, and attended a Thanksgiving Service in the Cathedral. This was an impressive sight, as the sun shining through the beautiful stained glass windows fell upon our blue and gold uniforms, and lit up our burnished steel brilliantly.

After lunch we were free to roam about the town, being put on our honour to behave well. This, of course, was appreciated by all.

These "recollections" of mine have now brought the Regiment back to home service, and, since one station in England is very like another, it would be repetition to continue, so I will bring them to a close.

Since I've been no longer "on the strength" of the Regiment, I've kept near it, and have seen some reviews in the Long Valley at Aldershot. I also saw the Regiment off to South Africa one dismal night.

I'm no longer "on the strength"—true; but I have not left, really. Good-bye. Best wishes.

"J.W.D.T."

Edmonton,  
Alberta,  
Canada.

## A TALE OF A HAND.

THE scene is laid in Abbassia. The time early summer. The "person concerned" we will call Green. That, of course, not being his real name, but only the colour his countenance assumed one night.

In accordance with Green's customary habit he went one particular evening to see the second-house programme at the local cinema. Much to his satisfaction that great film "Claws of the Darkness" (three murders in each reel guaranteed), featuring Grimm Keiller and Dolores Stilletto, was showing, with a preliminary appetizer in "Red Hot Barrels," in which Arsenal Fuming shoots up the Point Four Five outfit and rescues—and meets his affinity in Riata—the bartender's daughter.

With three bars of chocolate and two oranges in his hat, upturned on the next seat, and a P.T.I size bag of peanuts undergoing mastication in his hand, our Green fellow let the thrilling film stories sink right into him. A filmy glaze came over his eyes—but that could have been the pea-nuts.

The lights came on. The show was over. Green collected himself and finding that he had neither a reeking knife nor a smoking six-shooter in his hand, heaved a deep sigh and departed for home. His thoughts dwelt on what he had seen to such an extent that he forgot to answer his name at the guard-room on entering barracks.

His bed space was probably the largest in barracks, for he had moved his bed on to the verandah in advance of everyone else. He was one of those people who like to achieve fame by breaking the ice on the Serpentine in midwinter, or rolling in the snow dressed in birthday suits. Eventually he slept, and with the exception of his snoring and the main guard sentry's footfalls everything was silent. That he dreamed, there isn't much doubt. The M.O. would say he must have.

Suddenly he was awake, his heart going like a donkey engine, and an icy chill running a relay race up and down his backbone. The waning moon shed a sickly light, and the silence was of a weird intenseness. Then something scuf-

fled and scratched on the verandah floor—just quietly—as though something was going to cover under his bed. His back hair crawled, and a fearful scream struggled for utterance in his throat. He tried, in a paroxysm of fear, to get up from his bed and run, but his body seemed fashioned of lead. Something held him down.

Agonized, he lay there. Then came the thought: "I am in barracks—as safe as if I were in a castle. Who would dare to come here and risk having to deal with a regiment of men. Darn it, I'm going to have a look round."

He placed his right hand on the edge of his bed in order to raise himself up, and it touched an object, deathly cold, clammy and soft. Gingerly his fingers explored its outline and contours, and with a flash his brain recognized it. A hand . . .

A hand it was, but to whom it belonged did not worry Green for more than a fraction of a second, for with realization he gulped a great sob, his head fell back on the pillow, and he found oblivion.

Then a little homeless puppy (much sought after by the Provost Sergeant), crept out from beneath the bed, where it had sought a resting place on Green's discarded socks, and made off down the verandah in search of some place where a few crusts might be found, and human beings did not frighten you by making queer gurgles in their throats.

Green awoke at "Réveillé" and gazed round him bewilderedly. He seemed numbed and cold somehow. What was wrong? Then he remembered his terrible experience. With untold relief he realized that the night was done and the comforting sun was bidding him to be up and doing.

He looked down upon the floor for his footwear, and then he saw it. Protruding from under his right side was a hand and an inch or two of forearm. Whose? Why, his own—the left one. In some strange manner he had placed it there and had slept on it all night. From the shoulder down the limb was "dead," and immediately he extricated it "pins and needles" plagued him so badly that he considered going sick. He told his troop sergeant as much in the hope of getting off "Réveillé" stables, but only received a flattening reply for his pains.

Green never goes to the pictures now, for some reason or other; neither does he sleep on the verandah. No, he bones and burnishes his kit without ceasing, and looks forward to the day when he will be able to write home and say, "Dear Mother,—In accordance with a wish expressed by you at the time of my attestation, I have much pleasure in informing you that I have been appointed Lance-Corporal."



## CORPORALS' MESS NOTES.

HAVING emerged, rather successfully, from a somewhat clammy and uncomfortable conflict with the "ketir" heat of another Egyptian summer, we will endeavour to give some account of Mess happenings since we last went to press.

Many of us have lost a few pounds in good solid flesh, and perhaps a few more pounds in good Egyptian currency, both losses due, of course, to the sweltering rays of "King Sol" and our activities in the field of sport. With regard to our losses in pounds, L.E., these can easily be accounted for by a close perusal of the rebate returns, which reveal a marked and mysterious connection between Thermometers and thirsts—Mercury and McEwans.

A very enjoyable Whit-Monday was spent with our friendly neighbours, the members of "K" Battery Mess, with whom we passed a pleasant day in the cricket field, followed by a "smoker" in the evening. A very keen match resulted in a draw, and, needless to remark, the "smoker" resulted in—well—"as it should have resulted." In addition to the usual talent, which is invariably revealed on these occasions, we were highly entertained by an exceedingly versatile guest, whose vocal and instrumental accomplishments verily took the "Regimental Biscuit," and in spite of a certain gentleman imploring us, in a sonorous voice, to believe otherwise, we were quite convinced that it would have not been at all nice to be "blinking well dead" on that evening, anyway.

We have much pleasure in recording a revival in the way of mounted sports. We have already held two Jousts with the Sergeants' Mess, and we venture to believe that our capabilities with sword



and lance (especially in the tent-pegging events) have afforded food for thought in higher circles. Both jousts were won by the Sergeants, the respective results being three events to one and two events to one. This augurs well for future contests in India, where we hope to attain more laurels in the saddle, and perhaps prove ourselves with cue and dart, providing that it is not too warm for these latter pastimes.

We extend a hearty welcome to the new members to the Mess folds, and congratulate those who have ascended to a further step on the renowned Roll. We shall all miss the presence of an old member in the person of "Bill" Williams, whose move to the "Corner House" has deprived us of an able and enthusiastic worker in the Mess, and a very worthy contributor to these notes, which, I am afraid, have suffered in consequence.

The time for our departure to India is rapidly drawing near, and we shall soon have to make our farewells to many members of the Mess and numerous friends in other units. Regarding those members who are not sailing East, some will be fortunate enough to catch the first boat (that one with the elastic sides) and others will have to remain on a little longer, but to one and all we bid our farewell, wishing them a bon voyage and good luck in the land to come. We trust that they will cherish many happy memories of good times spent with the "Shiners" in Egypt.



## CHRONICLES OF A CAR.

THE following are extracts from the diary which until recently was kept by a friend of mine. People who keep diaries are nearly always mentally unsound or, at any rate, abnormal, but poor George was quite harmless up to the time he bought this accursed car. It was not until then that I began to entertain grave fears for his sanity.

He has been in the Asylum just three weeks to-day.

*January 1st.*—Saw the bloke in the R.A.S.C. to-day, and spoke to him very seriously about buying his car. He took me for a run in it, and it goes very well indeed. If it does make rather a noise, it

holds together, and the engine was made by a famous American engineer named Henry. The bloke wants twelve pounds for it, but I can't afford all that. Said I'd think it over. Tom and Dick say that the thing is not worth twelve piastres, but I think they're after it themselves and want to put me off.

*January 4th.*—Hooray! I've got the Car. Couldn't beat the bloke down, but arranged to pay him three pounds down and the rest at a pound a week. He warned me that the gear lever wants watching, as sometimes when you want to get into top it slips and you land in reverse. He said when that happens the result is very interesting. I must watch this.

*January 10th.*—I'm not feeling so pleased with it as I was. Yesterday the battery broke. It didn't give out, it just broke, and threw corrosive liquid all over the shop, and some of it ran into the spare wheel recess on the running-board and burnt a big hole in the tyre of the spare wheel. I didn't discover this until late last night, when I had a puncture half-way to Heliopolis. I was so annoyed that I drove off, leaving my tool-box in the road.

*January 14th.*—I have promised to take Ethel to the Barrage to-morrow. I've thoroughly overhauled the Car, and find it's in rattling good order. Hope it doesn't rain to-morrow. I'm rather worried about a piston ring I found buried in the sand after I'd assembled the working parts, but don't think it matters much. Roll on to-morrow.

*January 16th.*—I don't care what anybody says, Ethel shouldn't have treated me like that. Was it my fault the exhaust pipe broke? Was it my fault the makers had run the pipe right underneath Ethel's seat? No, it wasn't, as every right-thinking man will agree. Anyhow, I think my driving through Cairo was little short of masterly. Except for that awkward beast of a nigger who badly dented the near-side wing, I made no mistakes at all. And if Ethel had wanted a lot of cushions she should have asked for them before we started. Well, as we got clear of Shubra Village, Ethel, who had been silent since we hit the nigger, said wasn't it getting rather hot? And then it struck me there was a terrible smell of overheated metal,

and only a mile or so on she saw smoke coming through the floorboards and started screaming. I thought the Car was on fire, so I stopped quick, and we both jumped out and stood on the side of the road to watch the Car burn. After about ten minutes Ethel started giggling, and said the Car must have been made out of the Burning Bush since it Burned but was not Consumed. Quite an unnecessary remark. Then the engine stopped of its own accord, and I took my life in my hands and went forward to investigate, and after burning myself severely found what had happened. We got a tow to the Barrage, and I left the car in a garage to have another pipe fitted. Ethel said she would come back by train because she only had the day off, not the week-end, and in the end I did too, because the fellow at the garage had only soldered the old pipe and it broke again.

*January 30th.*—Got the Car back to-day and had to borrow three pounds from the S.Q.M.S. to pay the man. Ethel cuts me dead now, and wrote to say that she couldn't come out in the Car again because it was bad for her heart. I don't care. I've still got the Car.

*March 6th.*—I've got into the S.S.M.'s bad books through no fault of my own. I said I'd fetch him from the Masonic Dinner last night, and found I couldn't start the car for hours and hours. When I did get it to go I got a puncture just outside the Main Gate, and was mending it when the S.S.M. came up in a taxi and said some unkind things. I was so agitated I left my jack in the road and hit the sentry on point duty in the back.

*March 10th.*—Touched 35 m.p.h. on the Suez road to-day, and could have done more but developed a speed-wobble. I must try to do 40 this afternoon.

*May 1st.*—Out of Hospital to-day. I don't care what anybody says, it was sheer bad luck. I bumped into the back of the Colonel's car and got my radiator cap jammed under his luggage grid and got dragged all the way from Mena House. I didn't get really hurt until he backed into his garage and telescoped me and my car against the wall at the back. There isn't much left of my car now, but I think I can raise ten piastres on the hooter.

*May 5th.*—Saw Ethel with that R.A.S.C. bloke out in a new car this morning. She

put out her tongue at me. I don't care. She never did understand me. I'm going out into the garden to eat worms.

This is the last entry in my poor friend's diary. Two days afterwards he was knocked down by a G.S. wagon when trying to dodge the R.A.S.C. bloke's car, and the irony of the situation quite unhinged his mind. They let him wear goggles and play with a hooter in the Bughouse, and he seems more or less content. But they say he'll never come out.

R. J. M.



## ANSWERS TO "DO YOU KNOW" ON PAGE 62.

1. The National Debt is money borrowed by successive Governments, the interest being paid out of general taxation. This debt was instituted when the needs of the Government compelled it to appeal for aid to the moneyed classes. In early times loans were secured on the King's or Queen's personal credit, but after the revolution of 1688 the credit of the nation replaced that of the Sovereign. Every war adds enormously to the amount of the debt. It is reduced in peace time by using sums of money set aside by Parliament for that purpose, and also by using surplus revenue.

2. A "greenback" is a treasury note issued by the United States Government. It is so called because the back of the note is printed in green ink.

3. There are two races of camels. The Bactrian and the Arabian. The former, which has two humps, is found in Central Asia. The latter has only one hump. The dromedary is a form of the Arabian camel, specially bred for speed. The comparison may be likened to the difference between a racehorse and an ordinary riding hack.

4. Clothing is often erroneously spoken of as being "warm." It has no warmth of its own, as may readily be proved by wrapping a piece of ice in a blanket. The ice will not become any warmer. A garment which prevents the heat of the body being lost keeps us warm, but it is not warm itself.

5. The "All-red route" is the route from England, across Canada, to Australia, etc. It is so called because it passes everywhere through British territory, which is usually painted red on maps.

6. Monsoons are seasonal winds which blow over the Indian Ocean and adjacent lands. The north-east monsoon blows during the winter months, from October to March, and the south-west monsoon from April to September. The north-east monsoon is caused by the cooler air over the land mass of India, passing to an area of lower pressure over the ocean, which retains its heat longer than the land.

7. This expression means that those who have faults of their own should refrain from criticizing the faults of others. (*Ladies take note!*)



## SWIMMING NOTES.

**S**WIMMING in the Regiment during our sojourn in this country has progressed tremendously from very small beginnings to, at the time of writing, one of the best swimming regiments in the Command. Interest in the sport was stirred up by the R.S.M., who worked with a will from the start, and can now look back with pride at the fruits of his early labours.

Our Aquatic Sports were held at the Ezbekieh Baths, and owing to the numerous entries the Fete was spread over two days, the first day being devoted to Individual Items, and the second period for Team Events. The Individual Items were, from a timekeeper's point of view, very satisfactory. Quite a few Swimming Certificates were awarded to those who attained the Regimental standard.

The under-water event provided the judges with an acute problem of how to see a swimmer under water that was voted thicker than soup, but not as tasty. However, by posting sentries on the high diving board as spotters, the race was swum off to everyone's satisfaction. The

real thrill of the meeting was the Open Relay. Four teams competed, the other contestants being the 12th Lancers, the 13th/18th Hussars, and the Welsh Guards.

The teams were got ready, and speculation was rife as to whether the home team could retain their trophy in the face of such opposition. We were soon to be enlightened.

From the start the home team got the lead on the first lap, dropped level at the second, and the third lap nearly gave us heart failure, for we dropped back two yards from the leaders. Fortunately we drew level in the fifth and sixth laps, and the last stretch was fought out with great excitement. Everybody seemed to be shouting at the poor unfortunates battling with the waves, and midst a great roar of cheering our man won by a touch from the 12th Lancers, who are reputed the best swimming unit in the Command.

The team events were fought out with the usual rivalry, the closeness of the points between each Squadron at the end of the day denoting how the interest was maintained from start to finish.

Our swimming teams have done very well this year. The 1st team finished third in the Polo League and fourth in the Relay. The 2nd team is still continuing its programme of games.

Now regarding these Swimming Certificates that are being awarded for what one might call Regimental standard times. Looking down the list, one is struck by the fact that nearly thirty certificates have been awarded to a small band of men who are well-known swimmers, and new names are few and far between. Surely this is small return for the hard work that has been done for swimmers in the Regiment. The R.S.M. knows the old swimmers, and is fully aware of their capabilities, and is on the look-out for new talent.

Now is the time for all budding swimmers in the Regiment to come forward and try to gain one of these certificates. The winning of one will not cost you anything, and not only will the award of one give you pleasure, but it will gladden the hearts of those who have the care of the Regiment at heart.

F. C. B.

## 10th ROYAL HUSSARS SWIMMING GALA.

INDIVIDUAL EVENTS. JUNE 26TH, 1930.

EZBEKIEH SWIMMING BATH.

Judge: GNR. MORTON, R.H.A.

*Open Relay* (Teams of 7, 1 length each of back, breast, under-arm side, over-arm side, breast, two of free style.—1, 10th Hussars (Time, 2 min. 23 sec.); 2, 12th Lancers. 10th Hussars, 12th Lancers, 13th/18th Hussars and Welsh Guards competed.

*One Length Full Dress*.—1, L./Cpl. Parrett (21 sec.); 2, Tpr. Rodwell (24 sec.). Limited to 4 per Squadron.

*One Length Back Stroke*.—1, Tpr. McDonald (22 sec.); 2, L./Cpl. Wass (22 3-5 sec.). Limited to 4 per Squadron.

*Three Lengths Free Style*.—1, Tpr. Fachie (66 2-5 sec.); 2, Tpr. Wright (68 4-5 sec.). Limited to 4 per Squadron.

*One Length Free Style, Boys*.—1, Boy 03 Jones (21 1-5 sec.); 2, Boy Rose (22 sec.). Unlimited. 8 entries.

*Two Lengths Breast Stroke*.—1, L./Cpl. Wass (50 1-5 sec.); 2, Tpr. Price (51 1-5 sec.). Limited to 4 per Squadron.

*One Length Under Water Race*.—1, L./Cpl. Marshall; 2, Far. Charlesworth. Limited to 4 per Squadron.

*Two Lengths Over-arm Side Stroke*.—1, L./Cpl. Parrett (45 sec.); 2, L./Cpl. Hicks (45 1-5 sec.). Limited to 4 per Squadron.

## INTER-SQUADRON WATER POLO.

*1st Round*.—"H.Q." 3, "M.G." 1; "A" 5, "C" 0.

*Final*.—"H.Q." 1, "A" 1; (Replay, "H.Q." 0, "A" 2).

*3rd and 4th*.—"M.G." 1, "C" 1. (This game to be replayed at a later date).

## 10th ROYAL HUSSARS SWIMMING GALA.

TEAM EVENTS. JULY 4TH, 1930.

*180 Yards Free Style*.—1, "A" Squadron (Parrett, Hogarth, 28 Smith), Time, 8 min. 52 sec.; 2, "C" Squadron (Alvis, Taylor, Sullivan), Time, 9 min. 12 sec.

*Variety Race*.—1, "A" Squadron (Wass, Hicks, Prince, Fachie), Time, 1 min. 20 sec.; 2, "H.Q." Wing (McDonald, Eames, Richards, Guest), Time, 1 min. 24 3-5 sec.

*Diving*.—1, "C" Squadron (Weston (1), Preston, Mourant); 2, "H.Q." Wing (Eames (2), Guest, McDonald).

*Relay, Free Style*.—1, "A" Squadron (Fachie, Wass, Hicks, Wright, Price, Jones, Prince), Time, 4 min. 4 1-5 sec.; 2, "H.Q." Wing (James, Forrest, McDonald, Guest, Humphreys, Richards, Eames), Time, 4 min. 25 sec.

*90 Yards Free Style*.—1, "A" Squadron (28 Smith, Fachie, Parrett, Wright), Time, 4 min. 48 sec.; 2, "H.Q." Wing (Richards, McDonald, Guest, Eames), Time, 5 min. 5 1-2 sec.

*One Length Free Style*.—1, "A" Squadron (Hicks, Wass, Fachie, Price, Jones), Time, 1 min. 20 4-5 sec.; 2, "H.Q." Wing (Forrest, Eames, McDonald, Richards, Guest), Time, 1 min. 38 4-5 sec.

*Plunging*.—1, "H.Q." Wing (Nowell 47 ft. 5 1-2 in., Richards, Humphreys), 134 ft. 6 1-2 in.; 2, "C" Squadron (Preston, Taylor 44 ft. 8 in., Lovis), 120 ft. 5 1-2 in.

*440 Yards Free Style*.—1, "A" Squadron (Smith (7-44), Parrett), Time, 15 min. 39 sec.; 2, "H.Q." Wing (R.S.M. Vokins, Kennard), Time, 17 min., 19 1-5 sec.

## 10th ROYAL HUSSARS SWIMMING GALA.

TEAM EVENTS. JULY 4TH, 1930.

EZBEKIEH SWIMMING BATH.

Scoring Each Event: 4, 3, 2, 1.

Event.	Squadron Teams.			
	A	C	M.G.	H.Q.
180 Yards Free Style ...	4	3	1	2
Variety Race ...	4	1	2	3
Diving ...	2	4	1	3
Relay Free Style ...	4	2	—	3
90 Yards Free Style ...	4	2	1	3
Free Style ...	4	2	1	3
Plunging ...	2	3	1	4
440 Yards ...	4	2	—	3
Total Points gained ...	28	19	7	24
Old Comrades' Cup ...	20	10	5	15

(Points awarded)



## SUBSCRIBERS.

## LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS WHO HAVE MADE OUT BANKERS' ORDERS.

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The Viscount Ednam.	Major R. Pillinger.
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Mr. J. O'Brien.	Mrs. B. Bushell.
Mr. F. Bower.	A. N. Other (who sent
Mr. W. A. Nisbet.	4s. 6d., but no name
Mr. T. Green.	or address).

◆————◆

## CRICKET NEWS.

THE Regiment has had a very successful Cricket season, as will be seen from the result of fixtures below.

The standard throughout the Regiment has improved enormously since we have been in Egypt.

Mr. Dawnay captained the team, and our successes were largely due to his performances on the field, and to his keenness and energy at all times.

Our success in winning the Frank Cook Cup last year was followed this year by beating the Welsh Guards in the final of the Command Cup by an innings and 197 runs. We must congratulate S.S.M. Rusbridge on having made 1,000 runs and taken 100 wickets in Regimental cricket.

All averages are given below:—

## REGIMENTAL CRICKET AVERAGES.

## BATTING AVERAGES.

	No. of Inns.	Times not out.	Runs.	Most in an Inn.	Aver.
Lieut. Dawnay	19	3	767	138	47.9
S.S.M. Rusbridge	28	5	1026	92	44.6
Lieut. McMullen	10	—	437	142	43.7
Capt. Gairdner	13	1	460	*82	38.3
Sergt. McNeill	28	6	566	*58	25.7
L./Cpl. Watkins	23	5	421	67	23.3
L.Cpl. Andrews	22	4	408	70	22.6
L./Cpl. Drury	17	3	282	*49	20.1
Cpl. Frisby	32	5	538	*104	19.9
L./Cpl. Forward	22	3	358	*48	18.8
L.Cpl. Locker	19	5	243	60	17.3
L./Cpl. Burchett	24	3	223	64	16.1

\* Denotes Not Out.

## BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.	Aver.
S.S.M. Rusbridge	328	79	795	100	7.9
L./Cpl. Forward	332	57	1145	95	12.
Cpl. Frisby	182	31	507	46	12.9
L.Cpl. Burchett	129	24	388	28	13.8

## REGIMENTAL CRICKET FIXTURES AND RESULTS.

v. Heliopolis S.C.	Won by 183 runs.
v. R.A.S.C.	Draw.
v. Gezira S.C.	Won by 5 wickets.
v. R.E's.	Won by 6 wickets.
v. Gloucester Regt.	Lost by 30 runs.
v. 216 Squadron R.A.F.	Won by 6 wickets.
v. Y.M.C.A.	Won by 101 runs.
v. R.E's., Egypt.	Won by 2 wickets.
v. Gloucester Regt. II.	Won by 10 runs.
v. Shell Company, of Egypt.	Won by 5 wickets.
v. R.T. Corps.	Won by 2 wickets.
v. Royal Signals.	Draw.
v. 2nd Bde., R.H.A.	Draw.
v. R.E's., Egypt (1st Round, Command Cup).	Won by 247 runs.
v. R.A.S.C.	Won by 6 wkts.
v. 13th/18th Hussars.	Draw. ("A" teams.)
v. Gezira S.C.	Won by 148 runs.
v. R.A.O.C.	Won by 37 runs.
v. R.A.M.C. (Egypt).	Won by an innings and 64 runs.
v. R.A.M.C.	Draw.
v. Maadi S.C.	Won by 4 runs.
v. R.A.S.C. (Semi-Final, Command Cup).	Won on 1st innings.
v. 1st Bn. Welsh Guards (Final, Command Cup).	Won by an innings and 197 runs.
v. R.T. Corps.	Won by 2 wickets.
v. R.A.O.C.	Won by 180 runs.
v. Cairo European Police Club.	Won by 98 runs.
v. Heliopolis S.C.	Won by 208 runs.
v. 208 Squadron R.A.F.	Won by 176 runs.
v. 12th Royal Lancers.	Lost by 2 runs. (X.R.H. "A" Team).
v. "H.Q." (M.E.) R.A.F.	Won by 8 wickets.
v. Gloucester Regt.	Won by 81 runs. ("A" Teams).
v. R.A.M.C. (Egypt) (2nd Round, "F.C." Cup).	Won by 9 wickets.
v. Welsh Guards.	Won by 117 runs.
v. Gezira S.C.	Lost by 30 runs.

The *Inter-Troop*, as usual, proved a very interesting competition, as results will show. "C.4," who were without the services of Lieut. McMullen, their Troop Officer, are to be heartily congratulated on their splendid performance in reaching the final with the Administrative Troop, who also had a battle royal in their game with the Band, and managed to scrape through with a two wickets' win.

Herewith names of teams (selected from):—

*Administrative Troop.* — S.S.M. Rusbridge, Sergt. Clifton, Sergt. Day, Sergt. Taylor, L./Cpl. Sutherland, Cpl. Daly, Trprs. Dunk, Millar, Guest, Wigley, Humphries, Cpl. Leggett, Trpr. Wall.

"C.4." — Lieut. McMullen, Trprs. Howland, Lockwood, Tracy, Lowe, Lansdale, Sergt. Elderfield, Trpr. Fairminer, L./Cpls. Smith, James, Far. Davis, L./Cpl. Mordaunt, Cpl. Humphries.

## DRAW.

1st Round.—“C.4” 233, “C.3” 96; “M.G.2” 77, “A.4” 96; “A.3” 138, “C.2” 124; “M.G.1” 53 and 112; “C.1” 53 and 77; “A.2” 40, Administrative 160 for 3 wks.; Sigs. 85, Band 207.

2nd Round.—“C.4” 222, “A.4” 77; “A.3” 89, “M.G.1” 90 for 3 wks.; Band 141, Administrative 144 for 8; “A.1” 81 for 7 wks., Transport 35.

Semi-Final.—“C.4” 60 for 3 wks., “M.G.1” 59; Administrative 101 for 6, “A.1” 91.

Final.—“C.4” 78, Administrative 84 for 1 wkt. Administrative won by 9 wks.

## COMMAND SMALL UNIT KNOCK-OUT CRICKET COMPETITION.

## 1ST ROUND.

“H.Q.” v. “D.” R.A.S.C. Won by 268 runs.

“C” v. 3rd A.C.C. Lost by 43 runs.

“M.G.” v. R.A.O.C. Lost by 9 wks.

“A” v. “C” Battery, R.H.A. Won by 2 wks.

“A” Sqdn., 10th Hussars v. Staff and Departmentals, Moascar. Won by 23 runs.

## 2ND ROUND.

“H.Q.” v. “30 Coy.” R.A.S.C. Won by 9 wks.

“A” v. “25 Coy.” R.A.S.C. Won by 144 runs.

## 3RD ROUND.

“H.Q.” v. “K.” R.H.A. Won by 114 runs.

“A” v. “L.” R.H.A. Won by 57 runs.

## SEMI-FINALS.

“A” v. “C,” 13th/18th Hussars. Won by 11 runs.

“H.Q.” v. No. 1 Coy., Signals Group. Lost by 53 runs.

## SERGEANTS' MESSES CRICKET CUP

## FINAL, 1929.

10th Hussars v. 1st Bde., R.A. Won by an innings and 105 runs.

## INTER-SQUADRON CRICKET TOURNAMENT.

## CONDITIONS.

1. The Tournament will be played on the League system.

2. Each Squadron will play each of the others twice.

3. Two points will be given for a win, one for a draw.

4. Any rank on the strength of a Squadron on 20/4/1930, and subsequent postings from outside the Regiment, will be eligible to play.

5. Games will consist of one innings only.

6. Kit will be drawn from Sports Office by first-named team.

7. Matches will be notified in Regimental Orders.

8. Results of matches will be forwarded to Regimental Sports Office by 9 a.m. the day after the match.

9. Each team will provide an umpire and a scorer.

10. The winning Squadron will hold the Shield for one year.

11. Games will be played on date and at time stated.

## RESULTS.

“A” 144, “C” 218; “H.Q.” 129, “M.G.” 82; “C” 102 for 2 wks., “H.Q.” 99; “M.G.” 66, “A” 146 for 2 wks.; “A” 112, “H.Q.” 197; “C” 233, “M.G.” 92; “H.Q.” 87 for 3 wks., “A” 47; “M.G.” 125, “C” 133 for 5 wks.; “A” 121, “M.G.” 34; “C” 78, “A” 63; “H.Q.” 113 for 4 wks., “C” 104; “M.G.” 77, “H.Q.” 79 for no wkt.

## INTER-SQUADRON CRICKET LEAGUE, 1930.

## FINAL PLACINGS.

Squadron.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drn.	Points.	Old Comrades Cup (Points Aw'd.)
“H.Q.”	6	5	1	—	10	17.5
“C”	6	5	1	—	10	17.5
“A”	6	2	4	—	4	10.
“M.G.”	6	—	6	—	—	5.

The winning teams (selected from):—

“H.Q.” Wing.—Lieut. Archer Shee, S.S.M. Rusbridge, Sergt. Clifton, Sergt. McNeill, Sergt. Day, Sergt. Haines, Sergt. Taylor, Cpl. Leggett, L./Cpl. Forward, Bdn. March, Bdn. Langton, Tpr. Millar, Tpr. Dunk.

“C” Squadron.—Capt. Gairdner, Lieut. McMullen, Lieut. Mainwaring, Sergt. Cordy, Cpl. Frisby, L./Cpl. Smith, L./Cpl. Locker, L./Cpl. Mordaunt, L./Cpl. Canning, L./Cpl. Mourant, Tpr. Snelling, Tpr. Clarkson, Tpr. Howland, Tpr. Lockwood, L./Cpl. Jones, Tpr. Lowe, L./Cpl. Mottram, L./Cpl. Andrews.



## Editor:

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## LATE SCRATCHINGS FROM THE EDITOR'S PEN.

**F**IRST, we must apologize if this number of the GAZETTE is deemed to be "skimpy," but we have endeavoured to produce it in time for it to reach the Regiment before we embark for India. Everyone is busy getting things ready to pack, and have very little time to take heed to that stonyhearted person, the Assistant Editor, and his "expedites" for copy. But the GAZETTE (or should we say the staff?) is also in a turmoil, for Capt. (now Major) Davy, our versatile Editor, has laid down the pen and picked up a machine gun, he having taken up an appointment at the Machine Gun School, Netheravon. But although he has relinquished the Editorship, we are very pleased to say that he is going to represent the GAZETTE in England.

\* \* \*

We are pleased to inform our readers that Capt. Carver, who so ably performed the duties of Editor whilst Capt. Davy was on leave, has taken over the duties of Editor.

\* \* \*

After careful consideration it has been decided that the GAZETTE will be printed in India after the arrival of the Regiment at Meerut, but up to the time of going to press we have not yet decided as to who shall be the printers. We shall publish the name, etc., of the new printers as soon as we can. We are exceedingly

sorry that there is no branch of Gale & Polden, Ltd., in India, as we should like to have kept them as our printers, but owing to the heavy cost for postage it has been decided to have the GAZETTE printed locally, and the few copies required for the Old Comrades, etc., in England, posted direct from the printers.

\* \* \*

We beg to bring to the notice of our readers the change of staff and addresses, etc.

\* \* \*

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## REGIMENTAL GAZETTE.

### LONDON GAZETTE.

The following extracts from the London Gazette are republished:—

Capt. C. K. Davy, M.C., to be Major, July 26th, 1930.

2/Lieut. H. S. K. Mainwaring to be Lieutenant, April 22nd, 1930.

Major R. G. Roberts, M.C., retired July 26th, 1930.

2/Lieut. S. C. T. Moorhouse resigned his commission, July 30th, 1930.

### EXTENSIONS AND RE-ENGAGEMENTS.

543815 Sergt. J. Garcia: Extended to complete 12 years with the Colours on 14/5/30.

543739 Tpr. R. Miller: Extended to complete 12 years with the Colours on 19/6/30.

315000 Farr./Sergt. W. Lewsley: To continue in the Service beyond 21 years until 17/5/32.

7816659 Sergt. S. Wormald: To continue in the Service beyond 21 years until 20/5/34.

534673 Sergt. A. Elderfield: Re-engaged to complete 21 years' Army service on 16/6/30.

534443 Cpl. F. Cutting: Re-engaged to complete 21 years' Army service on 15/7/30.

### PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.

The following promotions and appointments have been made with effect from the dates as stated:—

Appointed Unpaid Lance-Corporals, with effect from 17/7/30.

543739 Tpr. R. F. Miller.

545187 Tpr. P. Andrews.

546461 Tpr. H. Shirley.

546724 Tpr. A. Wright.

546818 Tpr. W. Rodwell.

6083212 Tpr. A. Fairminer.

2751290 Tpr. P. Fachie.

547903 Tpr. J. Swain.

294593 Tpr. W. H. Mourant.

2215501 Tpr. G. H. Fairfax.

548142 Tpr. H. R. Hallam.

548261 Tpr. H. J. Adams.

548245 Tpr. W. R. Jones.

548314 Tpr. J. Warner.

548346 Tpr. F. Noble.

548360 Tpr. C. Metcalfe.

548392 Tpr. S. Forrester.

548421 Tpr. M. G. Cotty.

6600 L./Sergt. T. Diamond: Promoted Sergeant with effect from 23/7/30, *vice* Sergt. Buck, discharged 22/7/30.

543091 Cpl. R. J. Williams: Appointed Paid Lance-Sergeant with effect from 23/7/30.

529494 L./Cpl. A. Eames: Promoted Corporal with effect from 23/7/30.

546725 L./Cpl. G. Jones: Appointed Paid Lance-Corporal with effect from 23/7/30.

529619 L./Cpl. C. Selby and 546659 L./Cpl. G. Higgins: Appointed Paid Lance-Corporals with effect from 5/8/30.

548372 Tpr. A. Elkington: Appointed Unpaid Lance-Corporal, 7/8/30.

### COURSES OF INSTRUCTION.

The undermentioned man attended the 26th Course for Regimental Instructors at the Egypt Command School of Education from 14/4/30 to 24/5/30, and awarded a Pass (Class I).:—

548314 Tpr. J. Warner.

### CERTIFICATES OF EDUCATION.

The undermentioned N.C.Os. and Men were awarded the 1st Class Certificate of Education at an examination held at Abbassia on 10/3/30:—

529171 Cpl. W. J. Frisby.

1668900 Cpl. S. T. G. Cobb.

543707 L./Cpl. G. Sutherland.

545612 L./Cpl. C. Wass.

545060 Tpr. T. Thompson.

548314 Tpr. J. Warner.

The undermentioned men were awarded the 2nd Class Certificate of Education at an examination held at Abbassia on May 12th and 13th, 1930:—

543852 Tpr. G. Ballinger.

548264 Tpr. C. Dixon.

548372 Tpr. A. Elkington.

546816 Tpr. H. Evans.

546460 Tpr. L. Jones.

548153 Tpr. R. Larman.

548338 Tpr. W. Dimmock.

546451 Tpr. H. Hadley.

547956 Tpr. J. Hall.

548233 Tpr. P. Hammond.

548413 Tpr. J. Sutherst.

3955977 Tpr. T. J. Snow.

546560 Tpr. S. C. Coles.

546787 Tpr. H. J. New.

547903 Tpr. J. Swain.

### EMBARKATIONS.

The undermentioned man embarked at Port Said on 20/7/30 to the United Kingdom for discharge by purchase:—

545327 Tpr. G. Beavers.

### BIRTH.

DANIELS. — On July 4th, 1930, at the Military Families' Hospital, Abbassia, to the wife of No. 7815984 Sergt. C. B. Daniels—a daughter (Kathleen).



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