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## EDITORIAL.

THE Monsoon, of which we had almost despaired of, has at last visited Meerut. Rain such as we have had some days has been an experience. The rain has filled the ponds to overflowing and has made it possible to swim the Squadrons horses, in preparation for our swim across the Ganges Canal, during Squadron training. This diversion appears to be popular both with men and horses.

The institution of the Mounted Sports Competitions, every Thursday, is welcomed. This should do much to improve the standard in the Regimental Mounted Sports next year.

The Cricket season is drawing to a close. The Regiment must be congratulated on having both H. Q., Wing & "C" Squadron in the final of the Strettell Small Units Cup. "C" Squadron won after a total collapse of H. Q., Wing in the second innings. Major. Gairdner returned just in time to play, but S. S. M. Rushbridge, who had

taken 5 wickets with the last five balls of an over against a Black Watch team in the Semi final, was away.

Major Gairdner, whom we must congratulate on his promotion, has just returned from England with Mr. Rothwell. From them we have been able to get some first hand news.

Their account of the depression and lack of confidence, amplifies what we have read in the papers.

We must also congratulate Capt. Miller on his promotion.

We are anxiously awaiting the arrival of Col. Norrie and we are prepared to give him and Mrs. Norrie a great welcome.

It is appalling to think that as many as fifteen officers have joined the Regiment since he was our Brigade Major in Aldershot only four years ago.

Many officers during this last three months have been taking their leave, shooting and fishing. They have done well.

Wingfield and Mainwaring brought back six ibex and two sharpin from Baltistan. Boord and Charrington have been successful with the bear in Kashmir. The former has made a name for himself throughout India, as a great bear shot! Roddick caught over one hundred trout at Kulu, one of which was the record for that place.

Carver in Kashmir has also caught his fair share. Miller is still in Astor trying to shoot Makhor, and Dawnay has gone to Baltistan after ibex, we hope their shoots will be successful.

Duveen has had a disappointing leave, shooting North of Mussoorie. He had bad weather, and sport was bad and he has unfortunately returned with a recurrence of the poisoning, with which he was sick before.

Major Hutchison and Capt. Harvey at Julmarg have been successful at golf and

playing together, represented the Regiment in the Golf-Regimental, in which they were beaten in the final.

We heartily congratulate Lieut.-Colonel Greenwood on his recent promotion to full Colonel, and to Major Richardson on his promotion to Lieut.-Colonel, and wish them every success in their new spheres of life.

We were sorry to read in the papers about Prince Henry's operation and were relieved when we received his telegram saying that he was going on well.

Mr. Wingfield, who has been away most of the summer at Poona, on a Signalling Course, returned to Meerut with a "Special". Such a thing has not been recorded in the Regiment for years.

Capt. Dawnay at Pachmarhi, on a Small Arms Course, obtained a "Distinguished". We congratulate them both.

The many Welshmen in the Regiment will be interested to know that a famous Tenth Hussar Colonel and compatriot of theirs', Major General John Vanghan, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., who commanded the Regiment in Rawalpindi from 1906 to 1910 is now President of the Wales Area of the British Legion.

He was in command of the guard of honour which received His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at the Royal Welsh show at Llanelly on 22nd July, 1931.

This guard of honour was on duty in the show grounds.

We always endeavour to keep ourselves free from politics, but the terrible calamity that has just befallen us has forced us to utter piteous cries of exclamation.

Our parliamentary representative in the Houses of Parliament was immediately instructed to vigorously protest against this inhuman cutting down of our pay, but unfortunately the poor fellow could not

make himself heard and we shall have to suffer the loss of our hard earned cash.

We can only sympathise with our readers and recommend that they follow the advice suggested by the following letter which came into our possession recently :—

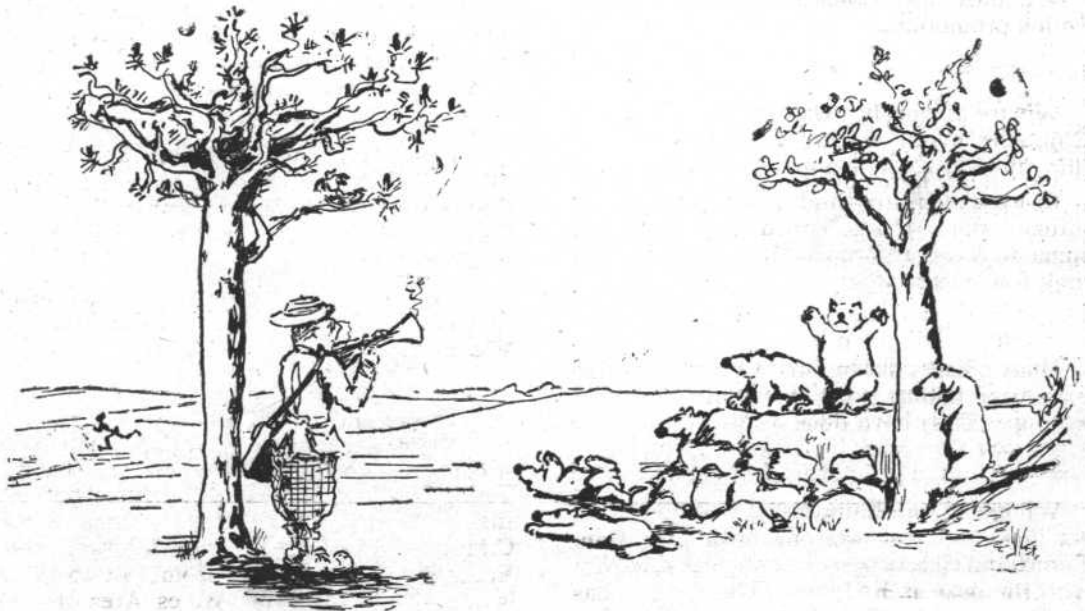
Dear Q.M.S.,

In view of the forthcoming measures of our enlightened Government as regards financial stringency, to which I do not wish to surrender myself, and having in mind the

prospect of doing a bit of haymaking in England next year, I desire, in order to have sufficient lucre to provide myself with a suit of corduroys and a pair of leggings, to accumulate credits by way of short pay, *i.e.*, Rs. 10/0/0 per week.

Will you kindly fix, and oblige your humble,

Swede.



'Then there were four.

## REFLECTIONS.

At eventide ere close of day,  
How good to watch the children play,  
The sight brings back the happy hours,  
We spent in childhood's sheltered bowers.  
Recalls to mind the times we had,  
When we were known as lass or lad.

The home made bat and rubber ball,  
The stumps chalked out upon the wall,  
The kit provider took first knock,  
His innings measured by the clock,  
A broken window gave a thrill,  
Poor father doubtless paid the bill.

What simple joys sufficed us then,  
When we were boys or little men,  
And all things have a rosy hue,  
Ere life's stern task was our's to do,  
From dawn to dusk no cares could mar,  
The joys life held with net and jar.

Oh time, could we thy course but stay,  
Or make thee linger on the way,  
We'd thus our youthful days prolong,  
Days full of merriment and song,  
But child or youth to age must hie,  
For time relentless passes by.

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## BALTISTAN

Early in the year we had decided to spend our leave in Baltistan after the elusive ibex.

So in the middle of July we arrived at Sunajar and introduced ourselves to Bahab Shah, for it was he who had made all our arrangements. We found everything ready, and that evening set off down the Jelum for Bundipur.

During the evening, we unravelled the problem of our staff, none of whom, with one exception, could speak a word of English. Habiba and Ahdoo the shikaris, compared favourably with Scotch gillies, both in appearance and capabilities! Of our cooks, we soon found that one did the work and the other the talking, but as he invariably spoke in three languages at the same time, he was unsuccessful in making us understand. Of the coolies "Sultana" proved to be a great character, and from his appearance, was at once christened "Browner-off-Benty", but it proved an in appropriate name.

From Bundipur our long march began. Almost at once, we had to climb up to 12,000 feet through the pine woods and then dropped down into a valley, up which we were to walk for three days. This bit of country was a mixture of Scotland and

Switzerland and the wild flowers reminded one of Spring in England.

At Burzil the easy going came to an end, if easy it can be called, for our feet were already badly blistered. Burzil Pass caused us considerable difficulty owing to the late snows. The night we spent just below the snowline in rain and hail, it was a great contrast to Meerut in July. Once over the Pass the Plains of Deosai stretched ahead of us. This is a high tableland, covered with grass and not a scrap of shelter from the bitter winds. All around were the snow capped peaks of the Himalayas. After three days march across these plains, we again climbed to 17,000 feet. This march was rather monotonous as we saw no life except mosquitoes and marmots, the latter being a small animal which sits on its hind legs and makes a noise like a policeman's whistle!

From the top of this Pass, which was the highest we reached, the view in all directions was magnificent. Then we dropped into a narrow gorge full of dog roses, down into the Shardu in the Valley of the Indus.

At Shardu we had a day's rest and in the evening we watched a most primitive polo match which appeared to have rules of its own, and in which at least twentyfive people were competing on ponies not more than thirteen hands.



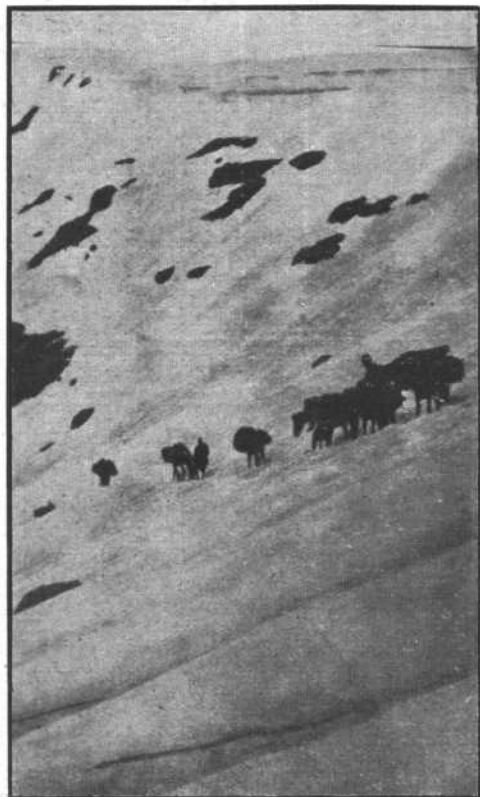
Here we changed our transport from ponies to coolies. We were sorry to say goodbye to our thirteen little tats who had done such wonders over the snow and rocks on to the Devai passes.

On the morrow we set off early to cross the Indus. This was done in an enormous barge which held about forty of us, our baggage and two ponies. It was towed half a mile up stream and then launched into the deep.

At this point, a prayer for our safe crossing was sent up by the crew and our coolies and having spun round once, we hit the far bank half a mile down stream.

Our path now lay up the Shigan Valley, the river Shigan being a tributary of the Indus. The Valley was narrow with high snow capped mountains on either side, the true home of the ibex.

There is a chain of tiny villages amidst a few acres of cultivation, and apricot trees throughout its length.



We had to cross the river once on rafts, made of sticks and blown up goats skin, a very unsafe boat to cross this fast flowing river. And then again by a rope bridge, which was a test of head.

Where the river emerged from seemingly endless glacier, we separated, to shoot on different grounds.

Wingfield went up the glacier, a day's march and having phenomenal luck on the next day, shot three good ibex out of one herd. They measured 49", 45", 42". However whilst this was going on, Mainwaring had almost equal luck, getting his three in four days, these measured 48" and 47", and 40", one having an amazing spread of 30". We then both spent a fruitless day after Sharpoo on the lower slopes and by good fortune met at the point where we had separated only a week before.

Now that we had got our ibex so quickly, we made a new place for the rest of our leave. We decided to look for Sharpin near the village of Shigan and if time was left, try for a black bear in Bundipur.

Having reached Shigan, local information said that they were all in one herd. We therefore decided to go in one party and shoot together. Rather a poor idea, but our luck held good.

Late in the evening of our first day, we found this herd. After a tricky stalk, we got to what we thought was thirty yards, but turned out to be fifteen. The herd bolted, and only one of us got off an unaimed shot. However after a suicidal tramp down the mountains, we each got one at long range. These measured 29" and 28". We were relieved at the way we had done.

The return journey was made easier by most of the snow having disappeared off the passes and the rivers being much lower also, our condition now was a good deal better.

The only event of interest on the way was the meeting of the winter supplies for the Kashmir Army in the outstations of Gilgit and Skandoo. These were being carried on some two thousand ponies, which made an impressive sight.

(Continued on page 49)

## ALFIE'S ESSAYS.

I have been accused of all sorts of dire things by the publication of these essays and as I am not very broad in the shoulders I am going to ask for help to bear the burden.

There are no doubt a great many of our readers who see and hear humorous things about various popular (or unpopular) people

in the Regiment and I should be very pleased to receive anything that may help to make these satires more readable.

I do not want this to interfere with "Things we want to know" but there are many humorous incidents in our lives that help to make life worth living and make enjoyable reading.

## "BOMBER"



## "BOMBER."

Cecil George Wells. Squadron Sergeant Major of "C" Squadron, known to some of us as "Billy" but more generally known as "Bomber".

Now this name has rather a vague meaning. Can it mean "Bombardier" the qualifying name of a certain Wells of fighting fame? I think not. I have never seen "Billy" box anything except perhaps a pair of overalls.

Was he a bomber during the War? I don't know. I have been unable to trace any

## "TAM"



## "TAM TAKES UP HIKING."

One cold and frosty morning in the middle of January 1892 there came into the world a smiling cherubic baby, born into the Goatcher family then resident in Brighton, Sussex.

After many serious talks he was given the homely name of George, but now is generally known as "TAM".

I have endeavoured to find the origin of this name of "Tam", but although I have applied to the Registrar of Companies at Somerset House, the local parson, the Chief

mention of this in the official war history in the British Museum.

That only leaves one other meaning and I will leave my readers to decide upon that.

He was born at that famous city Wadlam on the Wush I beg your pardon, I mean Woking, in the year 1894.

Now Mrs. What's your name he can't be forty yet, so do be careful what you say in the future.

After he had broken numerous slates and pencils, and had scrawled his name in various exercise books he said a fond farewell to his schoolmaster and picked up a body-brush and curry comb.

Yes, my dear, he became a groom. Of what I don't know. The Officer in charge of Records is so discreet in these matters.

After studying certain colourful recruiting posters he decided that the Army was the place for him. He wanted to wield a sword as well as a curry comb, so in September 1913 "Billy" startled his mighty home town by joining the 18th. Queen Mary's Own Hussars.

Wasn't he proud of himself. I should say he was. In fact when I saw him three weeks later he wouldn't speak to me. I didn't know him of course but even if I did, how could he speak to a "tin eye"?

I saw him later at Tidworth but there were certain gentlemen by the names of 'Posh' Lawrence, 'Micky' Horrigan, 'Paddy' Packfield, Roberts, and Myers, who kept us so busy we really didn't have time to continue our "tin eye" business. Then that bit of a struggle descended on us in 1914. I don't know what happened to "Billy" then, but I guess he found his way over the water to have a look at the merry old Hun and if possible pop a few rounds into him.

In October 1919 the War Office or some other such place, decided to send him to the Tenth. Of course we wrote to our members of Parliament to stop it, but what could they do? His death warrant had been signed and in the interests of the public nothing could be done. So he came.

In 1923 he became such a nuisance to the members of the Corporals Mess that

Constable, the Insurance Agent and Mr. Ridgaway I cannot solve the mystery. Perhaps some of my readers can help.

Now Tam is a true Sussex man and if you don't believe me ask him to say "surely" and you will "trulie" find it is so.

Soon this rotund youngster was trundling his hoop along the village streets and his fond parents realising the difficulty in choosing a career for him, put him to a trade of his liking, that of wheelwright.

Now according to the laws of ethics (or some other ics) one would naturally expect that he would join the Army Service Corps and continue taking spokes out of peoples wheels, but instead of that we find him enlisting on another cold and frosty morning at the beginning of January 1911, in that dashing Cavalry regiment, the 3rd, Dragoon Guards.

Believe me or believe me not but his weight at that time was 8st. 10lbs. I dare not tell you his weights now because a certain confrere of his has challenged him to a rotundity contest and I must not divulge any weights until the contest is over.

Now it is often said that a rolling stone gathers no moss and it is certainly true in the case of Tam.

In January 1912 we find him flitting to the 6th Dragoon Guards, then struggling his way through a terrific fight he had with the Germans, during which time he gained the Military Medal for bravery in the field, we find him taking up his abode at the Reading War Hospital on 8th April 1918, having stopped a "packet" in his left forearm.

In August 1919 we find him flitting again, this time to the 6th Reserve Regiment of Dragoons, a few days later to the 6th Cavalry Depot, then to the 6th Dragoon Guards and three years later to the 1st Royal Dragoons.

He had scarcely time to draw his pay in the Royals before he was posted to the Tenth.

He came to us as a Squadron Quartermaster Sergeant and he sure is a typical one.

At Newbridge in 1922 he joined the Ancient Order of Married Men and lived happily ever after.



they presented him with three stripes and shooed him away.

It just goes to show that a rolling stone does gather a stitch in time.

He then took a holiday at Weedon and came back looking fit and well and full of 'demi-voltes', 'go large', 'shoulder out' and other such enlightening words.

Whether he got a touch of the sun or not I do not know, but he suddenly blossomed forth as a member of the Suicide Club the Show Jumpers.

Yes by begging, borrowing or stealing a couple of horses he began to show us that some horses can jump without leaving their riders behind.

Some of his best displays were with a horse called 'Mousey' and I have no doubt that if he had 'Mousey' out here the competitors at the Delhi Horse Show would have to look to their laurels.

In October 1928 by his splendid display of tact and organisation in guiding and controlling "H. Q." Wing on that memorable voyage on the S. S. "City of Marseilles" he was allowed to throw his stripes away and adorn himself with "Crowns, large, G. M., 2".

His clubs are the S. M. 10 H, 32 North, and 25 South, and sport:—tennis, darts, shove halfpenny, and "Scissors".

It was whilst we were in Abbassia that he began asking various pipe smoking veterans mysterious questions about brands of tobacco, but it was not until volumes of smoke were seen pouring from Headquarter Squadron's office one day that the reason for these enquiries was elucidated. The clerk was found gasping for breath on the grass outside but after a short course of the "Dryman's Method" he quickly came to and smoked the rest of the tobacco which Tam had dumped in the wastepaper basket.

After careful consideration by the Medical Authorities, the Regimental Munshi and Ramghanditut, it was decided that the prickly heat of Meerut would be too much for Tam's graceful figure and he must therefore find a cooler spot, so he was banished to the hills of Dulikhet.

Whilst his challenger has been sweltering here on the plains Tam has been totting up rupees annas and pice as Pay Sergeant at the Hill Depot.

He got so used to the "ups and downs" of the Khuds that we were not surprised when we heard that he had taken up the noble sport of hiking. Soon he will be back amongst us and I have no doubt that he will keep us entertained for hours with his nerve shattering experiences on Mount Kamet.

His other sports are motorcycling, chicken farming, and tending the bar at All Ranks Dances.

His clubs are Queen of Clubs, Dirty Dick's and the Strand Corner House.

*(Continued from page 46)*

Five days were left for the bear, or rather five nights, as the moon was full and the plan was to shoot them in the crops at night.

Wingfield was lucky again and got an old she-bear on the first night after about twenty minutes wait. She was very heavy and fat and measured about seven feet just after skinning.

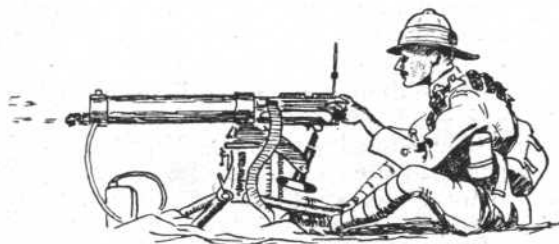
There was then extremely little daylight left and we were still about three hours from Camp. But after several qualms and

many nerve-racking slides in the dark, we reached it at about 9-0 p.m.

After this the luck changed and neither of us increased the bag, although we were out every night.

Thus six weeks of very pleasant leave ended.





## SHORT BURSTS FROM THE MACHINE GUN SQUADRON.

September in Meerut! As the Summer wore on it appeared doubtful whether it would be possible to produce even the shortest of bursts without the typewriter giving out for want of oil and water, or the man behind it dying of heat exhaustion. On the contrary, the present week of the aforesaid month finds us enjoying the most pleasant of weather after the rains, and after suffering from the inconveniences caused by prickly heat, boils and sleepless nights etc. the change is greatly appreciated. We feel quite sorry for our friends at home having only had one fine week-end in about twenty-four. India has its compensations after all, although we are afraid if this statement was put to the vote, it would not be carried.

Work and sport have proceeded without a break during the hot weather, proving the tale told us so often by the old Indian wallahs of "no work after 9-0 a.m. during the Summer" the greatest myth ever. Individual and Section Training has just been completed and we are now commencing Troop Training. On the 19th October we proceed to Firozpur for seven days Squadron Camp returning to Meerut on the 25th. The outing should prove a pleasant change and will give our younger element that necessary experience which will prove of great value at the Brigade Camp taking place from the 26th November to the 19th December. If the Clerk of the weather sees fit to provide us with the same brand as that which we had in October of last year the weeks camp should prove very pleasant.

Sport throughout the Summer has been as varied as the weather permitted.

Cricket and tennis have been well patronised and the Regimental Mounted Sports held on Thursday morning became quite a popular item. In the realm of cricket we have not distinguished ourselves. In the Regiment the Troop Competition has been completed, but none of our troops finished in the top flight. Our performance in cricket outside showed us to no better advantage. In the Brigade Inter Squadron etc. Tournament we succumbed to "HQ" Wing the Black Watch, in the second round after a most remarkable game. Batting first, the Squadron were dismissed for a grand total of 14. Excitement was great when the Black Watch wickets commenced to fall even quicker than ours had done, and they were 8 wickets down for 2 runs when a couple of loose balls presented them with another 10. This was but a flash in the pan and very shortly afterwards they were all out for 17, that being a sufficient total however for them to enter the third round. We heartily congratulate "C" Squadron on winning a 10th Hussars final, in which they defeated our "HQ" Wing.

We were unfortunate in losing the services of 2-Lt. C.G. Parbury who went home a few days before the Black Watch match. He will be greatly missed in the Squadron Cricket Tournament which takes place next month. All ranks wish him every success in whatever sphere he may seek his fortune and hope to welcome him back in the regiment at no great distant date.

During the past quarter we have welcomed Sgt. Davis and L-Cpl. Jones to the Squadron from "A" and hope their stay with us will be a happy one. The former will prove a welcome addition to our Mounted Sports department, which before long promises to be quite formidable. On the last two Thursday mounted sports meetings our officers team has won the Section Pegging and were followed last Thursday by another of our sections which ran a good second.

Sgt. Diamond, after taking the weight off his fuzee spring for five years, has departed to recuperate in the commissariat line, having been promoted to the exalted rank of Cook Sergeant. We wish him the very best and hope he will not be overcome by the sweet smiles (not available on "Bully" days) of the married ladies.

(Continued on page 52)



## FLUTTERS FROM H. Q. WING.

The signal Troop are at present at Dulikhet and they are not expected to return to Meerut until they have classified for the next year, so instead of being flutters from H.Q. Wing, it will only be notes from the Administrative Troop with a little stolen from the Band.

The Admin finished the Troop League by tying with "C" 2 and "A" 4 for the first place. The needle match between the Signal Troop and the Admin was won easily by the Admin, but they went on and lost to "A" 4, which also lost them the League.

The Wing did rather well in the Dashwood-Strettel Small Unit Cup, after reaching the final we were beaten by "C" Squadron. The wing were without the services of S. S. M. Rusbridge, the five balls five wickets man, and though we admit that "C"

Squadron fully merited their win, we are fully confident that had Mick been playing there would have been a different ending. We congratulate "C" Squadron on their success.

The Thursday morning Mounted Sports provided the Admin with another opportunity of shewing the remainder of the Regiment, what good practice cycle riding and pen pushing is for mounted sports. For August-September period the Admin gained second place in the Troops of the Regiment with 30 points. This was mainly due to the Quartermaster's staff, Cpl Brindle, Tpr Bettison, and the Wing storeman, Tpr Trembling, and not to a certain Sergeant, as some people think, who has just learned to ride a motor cycle. He has not yet persuaded it to take him round the Dummy, and All Arms Courses, we are all eagerly awaiting the time when he comes into action on it.

The Monsoon was late this year, but when it did break the monsoon pond was soon filled up. The Regiment took advantage of this to swim their horses, and the expert swimmers of the Band and Admin assisted the horses of the Wing to cross the pond, some say that the horses assisted the expert swimmers, and we are inclined to believe them.

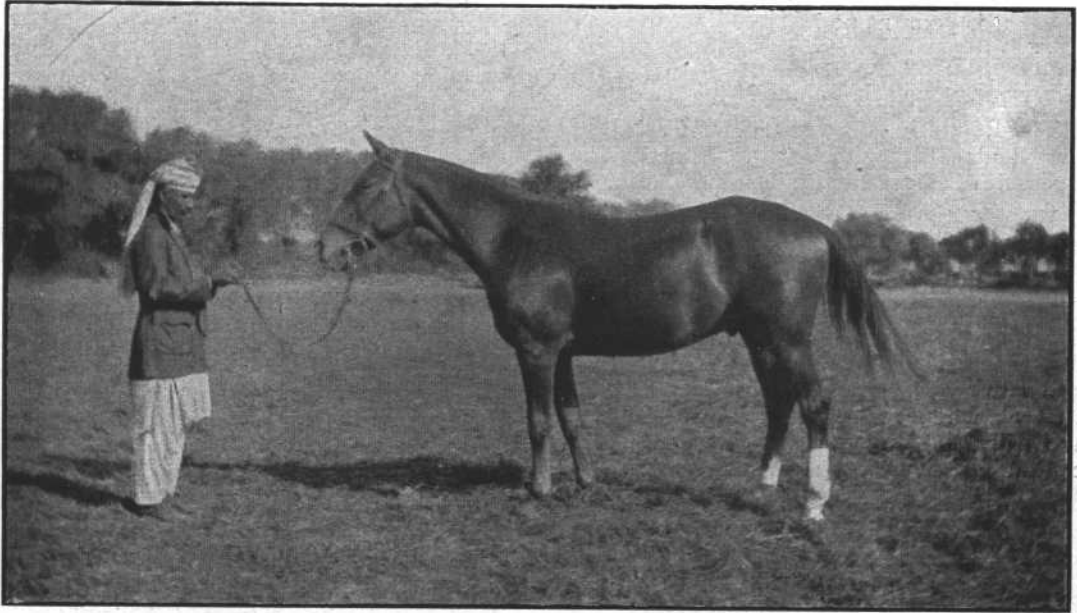
Nevertheless it was safely accomplished, and no one was the worse for it, unlike one Squadron who nearly had two men drowned.

We were given some water proof coats to test during the monsoon weather, some were and some were not water-proof. One unfortunate individual of our acquaintance had one of those that were not water-proof, and as it was always raining when he went out when he returned he appeared to have been bathing with all his clothes on. Needless to say he has not got a very high opinion of that make of coat, but we hear that the others were quite satisfactory.

The S. S. M. came out of Hospital and things started to move, he had one look at the Wing Office surroundings, and forthwith ordered that a garden was to be made. We started to make the garden and nearly changed our minds to build a house. The contractor who built these Barracks must have been an expensive builder, for he has buried as many bricks, as he has used to build the walls, but we believe with a little

*(Continued on next page)*

## HORSEBREEDING.



**A suitable type of Indian bred remount for British Cavalry.**

Chestnut gelding, foaled 1927, height 15 hands  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches, shank  $7\frac{3}{4}$  inches. Bred at the Renala Stud, Punjab, India.

Sire Juniso T. B. English by Junior.

Dam by Lovewood. T. B. English by St. Amant.

Grand dam by an Arab named "Galopin".  
Great grand dam by de Lacy T. B. English.  
Original dam.—Pure Indian.

*(Continued from page 51)*

perseverance and a hundred Mali's we shall soon have a garden outside the office.

We congratulate Cpl Bridge on his promotion to full rank, and we welcome under the shelter of the Wing, Sgts, Bradford, Diamond, and Allen and L/Cpl Eno, and extend our deepest sympathy to those who have left the aforementioned shelter for the cold, cruel world of a duty Squadron no longer can they say. "I cannot be there, my boss won't let me wear pants and putties."

We were also pleased to receive into the fold, L/Cpl Hall, of the Hampshire Regiment, who transferred to the "Shiners" on the first of September, may his stay with us be a long and agreeable one.



*(Continued from page 50)*

The powers that we are consistant in their endeavours to discover something lighter than the 28 lbs. Vickers we at present take off the pack and double 50 or 100 yds with.

Great would be the rejoicing in the camp if, as is most likely, this weight was reduced by half. What with the Madsen and now the Vickers Berthier light automatics, the old Vickers seems to be reaching the eve of a useful life.

Very little news has been received from old gunners. Tpr. Slinn, late M. G. Storeman, having settled in Northampton on completion of his vocational training course, writes to say he was sucessful in obtaining employment after two days at at home, but after a month was turned down owing to not being allowed to join the union. We all wish him the best of luck and prosperity in civilian life.

We should be very pleased to hear from any old gunners who would care to write.



## A SOLDIER'S CATECHISM.

What is your name ?

A soldier.

Who gave you that name ?

The Recruiting Sergeant, when I received the King's Shilling, whereby I was made a recruit of Bayonets, Bullets and Death.

What did the Recruiting Sergeant promise then, for you ?

He did vow and promise three things — First, that I should renounce all ideas of Liberty and all such nonsense ; Secondly that I should be well harressed with drill, and Thirdly that I should stand up to be shot at whenever called upon to do so ; and I heartily hope our Colonel will never call me into so perilous a condition.

Rehearse the Articles of thy belief :—

I believe in the Colonel most Almighty, Maker of Sergeants and Corporals, and in His Deputy, the Major, who is an Officer by Commandment and Commission, and rose in turn of promotion, suffered the hardships of the Field service, marching and fighting. He descended into trials, after the wars, he rose again. He ascended into ease, and seated on the right hand of the Colonel ; from whence he'll come to superintend the good from the bad. I believe in the Adjutant ; the punishment of the Guard Room, stopping of Grog ; the flogging with the cat and the certainty of these things everlasting.

How many Commandments are there ?

Ten.

What are they ?

The same which the Colonel spake in the Standing Orders — Saying — I am thy Colonel and Commanding Officer, who Commands thee in the Field and in Quarters.

1. Thou shalt have no other Colonel, but me.

2. Thou shalt not make to thyself any Sergeants or Corporals that is in any European Regiment above, or in any Sepoy Regiment below. Neither shalt thou salute them for I thy Colonel am a jealous Colonel and visit the iniquities of my men unto the third and fourth with stripes, and promote those who obey me and keep my Standing Orders.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy Colonel in Vain, for I will not call him a good man who shalt do so.

4. Remember thou shalt attend church parade ; six days thou shalt have the drill and field days, but on the seventh day thou shalt have no drill ; thou nor thy firelock, nor thy pouch, nor thy pouch belt nor ammunition, nor any of thy appointments for sufficient for these things, and I like to rest on that day, wherefore I order church parade, and attend it.

5. Honour thy Colonel and thy Major ; that thy comforts may belong in the Regiment you belong to.

6. Thou shalt not get drunk on duty.

7. Thou shalt not be absent from Drill.

8. Thou shalt not sell thy kit.

9. Thou shalt not come on parade dirty.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy Pay Sergeants coat, nor his place, nor his pay, nor his sword, nor his perquisites, nor his wife, authority nor anything that is his.

What do you chiefly learn by these Commandments ?

I learn two things ; my duty towards my Colonel and my duty towards my pay sergeants.

What is your duty towards your Colonel ?

My duty towards my Colonel is to believe in him, to fear him, to obey all his orders and all that are put in authority under him, with all my heart, to appear before him as a soldier, all the days of my life. To salute him and to submit to him all respects whatever. To put my whole trust in him and to give him thanks, when he promotes me, to honour him and his Commission, and to save him as a soldier.

Pay Sergeants.

My duty towards my Pay Sergeants is to attend to his directions ; to thank him for my pay and allowances and all supplies of clothing to boot, and give him back 5s/- in return. To sign all books and papers as required and to never doubt his word in anything.



## OLD COMRADES ANNUAL DINNER.

*The Old Comrades Annual Dinner was held on 2nd June this year, as usual and quite a number of "Old Shiners" attended.*

After the dinner had been safely disposed of the toasts and speeches commenced.

### THE CHAIRMAN.

Old Comrades (and I include in that Mrs. Mackenzie). There is a toast to-night that I am going to add to this list although it is not printed on your cards.

We are welcoming our Colonel after a very long illness, and I know that none of us would feel our evening had been complete if we did not express our joy at having him back in this re-union gathering. (*Applause*).

We hope that this recovery he has made is permanent, and that next year he will be able to take his rightful place and give the Toast in the Chair. We would wish he would devote a little more time to his own health instead of the interests of other people, but perhaps that would get us into hot water in high places.

We trust, in deference to his Doctor's orders, he will receive our good wishes in silence, and make no attempt to reply to the toast.

I am not going to make any speech about our Colonel, we know all about him, it is our business to know all about him, the name of Byng will be handed down to posterity as the names of Hill, Cardigan and Roberts and all the other great soldiers that make the history of the British Army, but to us old comrades of the 10th Hussars, there will always be a special thrill when we recall the fact that the great Commander of the third Army in France is Bungo, the Adjutant of by-gone years, and Lord Byng the Colonel of the Regiment to-day and please God for many years to come. (*Loud Applause*.)

Telegrams from His Majesty the King and others were then read by the Chairman.

### THE CHAIRMAN.

Now I am going to ask Mrs. Mackenzie if she will be so kind as to read the Report.

### SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Your Royal Highness, Colonel Williams, Lord Byng Gentlemen,

I want to tell you that Mr. Swadling has been elected Chairman of this Committee.

He has the great advantage of having been so long in the Regiment and is known to so many old Comrades. that I think we are fortunate in having him as Chairman, I feel sure he will carry on the good work of keeping us all together. Mr. Scarisbrick has kindly undertaken to be assistant Secretary, in the place of Mr. Miller.

I want to tell you a little about finance, as you know our officers kindly subscribe to the fund for this dinner and that is why we can give you such a good dinner for comparatively little. Sometimes I have been a little anxious as to whether I should be able to make ends meet which will show you that we have not much of a margin, but this year our old friend Colonel Fisher-Childe has given a most wonderful donation for the help of his old friends. £80 to the Regimental Association and £20 to our dinner fund, which relieves my mind as to the payment of bills and we have put a little by which you can use some day, perhaps to give the Regiment a welcome home, though I am afraid I shall not be here when that day comes. You will, I know, wish me to thank Colonel Fisher-Childe for you for his most kind and generous gift, and more especially for his love and interest in you all which made him give it.

I regret to say that some of our old Officers are not able to be here to-night, Lord Downe is kept away by business and sends his sincere regrets, Colonel Fisher-Childe and Colonel Alexander who have never before missed an Old Comrades Dinner, are not well enough and our dear Colonel Wilson is not here for the same reason. He tells me that he and Mr. Boyd who lives near him are going to have a private celebration to-night and we may be quite sure they will think of us. They seem to have many talks about old times and exchange stories which are sometimes passed on to me. I have had many letters from others who cannot be with us, many of them have also sent donations, which is very kind, Mr. Quinn never forgets us and I always receive 5/- from him. Our old friend Anthony asks me specially to send you his good wishes, he is too ill to come.

There is, I am sorry to say, a long list of those who will never come again. Mr. Glyn, one of our officers, Major Poole who was so well known, and two former members of your Committee, Mr. Power who sat

for so many years taking the money at our dinners, and, I think, one of the best known of all our old comrades, Mr. Carroll. Never were there more devoted X R. H. than Carroll and his wife.

Besides these, we have lost : Mr. Thomas, London; Wall of Rochester; Gorrington of Lewis; S. M. Hitchens of Hockley; Hartley, London; Potbury, Dover; Binge, London; Lester of West Ham; Hoare, Swindon; Jenner of Canterbury; Walton of Tring; Fraser of Dundee; Clancy of Blackburn; Hayter and Belding from Colchester; Fogarty, London; and S. M. Marshall at Nottingham, who was killed in an accident. I have sent wreaths from you to all those who let me know in time, and I have had many touching letters. I think it is a real consolation in many cases to the relations to know that the Old Tenth do not forget their comrades, these boxes on the tables are for this special fund so if you would put in a few pennies it will help to keep it going.

You all had circulars this year with the dinner notice asking if you were in favour of our trying to start local branches in order that old comrades might keep in touch with each other and if possible hold out a helping hand to any who need it. I think every one thinks the idea is a good one and now that we have your opinion we must go into the question and see if something can't be done about it.

I have had some unexpected letters this year from some of our war soldiers who had I thought quite forgotten us, one man, Tuffin, of A. Squadron says he would so much like to hear of his old comrades once more and seems to look back with some regret on those "jolly times". Another reason for local branches, I think.

We had a very bad day for our parade in Hyde Park this but year, in spite of this there were 54 men and three officers present, I thought that a very good muster as far as the men were concerned, so many from a distance were kept away by the weather, but a very poor number of officers, I don't like every other regiment to have more than we do. Perhaps they don't quite realise how much they mean to us, some one told me this year that the success of these dinners was so largely due to their presence, and I am sure it is so. May I thank them all and specially H. R. H. for

coming to night and ask them to make an effort about the parade.

Just one word about our Regimental Association of which Mr. Smeed is the Secretary. Our employment returns are I think extremely satisfactory considering the bad times through which we are passing. 116 have applied for work during the year, 80 of these have been placed, 13 have found work for themselves, 16 are unemployed. These 16 include 10 men who have not yet finished their time and some older men for whom it is increasingly difficult to find work. I have been told several times this year not perhaps by people of quite unbiassed opinion that no other Regiment has such a good Association as ours, this is very largely due to Mr. Smeed's energy and I think we should be very proud of him and grateful for all his hard work. I should like to thank him and also both Committees, also Mr. Loader for his work on the Committee of the Combined Cavalry Association, Mr. Scarisbrick and Mr. Gibbons for so kindly directing the circulars for me. Also Mr. Prattley and his band to-night, it is very good of them to help us.

**The Colonel, Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the Regiment,** proposed by Major G. E. Gosling M. C.

Lord Byng, Colonel Williams and Old Comrades of the 10th Hussars. It is the custom at these dinners that this Toast should be made by some eminent 10th Hussar. You only have to look along this table and you will see there are many. This year I think it is the exception that proves that to be a rule. However, here I am. (*Applause*).

You no doubt have this card on your table on which you see my name as a member of the Committee, but I promise you that I was not at the Meeting that selected the speakers this year. I assure you it is my misfortune (*Laughter*). I feel as nervous in the company as when I joined the regiment. Perhaps there are few in this room who know in what condition I was when I joined and no one has ever equalled it. I was asked to bring from England a cup that had been left at the Mess by Cook(?) On arriving at Bombay I lost everything. I searched hard and found the cup and as the train moved I recovered my sword. We went. I shortly saw a convenient hook

near the door to hang my clothes. I undressed, hung my things on the hook and went to bed. In the morning the "hook" was still there (*laughter*).

Now we all talk of the wonderful time we had in the regiment. That I am quite certain is a fact you will all allow, and I think I can stand up before you because I went through with the Regiment in one of its hardest times in the course of its history. That was during the War, and that is the only reason I feel I can stand up and face you.

I would mention that to-day is probably the culminating point of that. Next Sunday in the Chapel at Ypres the memorials will be unveiled, and in that Chapel will be names on the panel, of every 10th Hussar who lost his life in the Salient, and as you know there were many lives lost in that district.

Well, now we have dealt with the War. The other side of soldiering is Peace and we can only hope that the serving Regiment is carrying on. It has got a hard example to follow by what has been set before.

I have heard that Lord Valentia with H. M. The King was once passing Hounslow barracks and remarked that he very much liked the place, and when asked why, replied 'because I was hardly ever in there'. Some astonishment was expressed and he then explained that he had a most efficient Sergeant-Major who saw to everything. (*Laughter*).

Later on you come to the person to whom I addressed my speech and I must call him General Bungo. (*Applause*).

I have always heard that his happiest days were in the barracks square with his Regiment. (*Applause*).

With regard to our Chairman, I will bet there is no one who has served under him who has not been told "It's neither here nor there, but it wants damn well twisting into line." (*Laughter*).

Well then, you carry on with the record that the Regiment has got to live up to. Colonel Fisher Childe is not here. What a record in racing. Then Colonel Kavanagh at Cricket. Then at Polo, General Vaughan. That is what the Regiment of this day has to live up to. If they have keen young men there is no reason why they should not. I am not going to take away Colonel

Greenwood's speech, but when you hear what he has got to say, considering that they have hardly found their feet in the country, you will be proud of what they have done in the year. I am certain Colonel Greenwood will tell us the rungs the Regiment has climbed.

For the last time Colonel Greenwood I can address you as a serving 10th Hussar. Most of you know that Major Norrie will shortly take command. I know him well. Poor fellow, he married a cousin of mine (*laughter*) but he is a good fellow so I ask you to all rise to the toast of Colonel Greenwood of the serving 10th Hussars. (*Applause*).

"**The Old Tenth**". Proposed by Lieut.-Colonel V. J. Greenwood, M. C. (*Greeted with Applause*).

Lord Byng and Old Comrades of the 10th Hussars, I find it rather more difficult than usual to answer the Proposer to-night, because, although I am still serving the 10th Hussars on paper, it is quite six weeks ago since I bade them good-bye.

Since we last met, we have moved to India, and a very different regiment landed in India from what it was last year. No less than five officers found they could not go on, and 150 men, amongst whom were some key non-commissioned men. I had to start in India with three new squadron leaders, and 100 new men. We took over a good lot of horses. One horse we had had in the regiment when we left India before, it had a wonderful record. He was young when we left India but looking back on his sheet, he had done marvellously well, and won several prizes for jumping. The 4th Hussars had pensioned him off, and he wanders about the barracks doing what he likes and will continue to do this.

As you know, October in India is the drill season, and we had to get our horses and men right for camp. Everyone worked with a will, and we got to camp, but horse influenza swept over India and we had 400 down with this influenza and six died, so we got little soldiering that winter; it was rather disastrous. On the other side we had better chances. It is very different to what one found in Cairo. There is no inter-regimental rivalry in sports, everything is within the unit. The N. C. Os. have got to find their own ways of amusing themselves. We ought to have won the football, but we did not, we were beaten in extra time. I



suppose the reason was bad play, but I think there was a certain amount of bad luck. We won the jumping, and the Blue Riband prize of India. At Tent pegging we did very well and beat all the native cavalry.

**Polo.** As no Rajahs were buying ponies we got them at comparatively reasonable prices. We won quite a good Handicap Tournament in Delhi. We did not enter for the biggest event. We were told we put up quite a good show considering we had just arrived in the country.

As regards the Kadir Cup we got into the semi-finals, and if our men's horses had been fit I think we might have done better. I think that almost concludes what we have done. My successor is Major Norrie, the whole regiment knows Major Norrie (he was Brigade Major at Aldershot) and they are lucky to get such a good fellow, as he is on a Course, he won't get out there until September.

It only remains for me to call upon the two serving members of the Royal Tenth Hussars to drink to the health of the Old Comrades. (*Applause*).

#### **Colonel The Earl of Airlie M. C.**

Colonel Williams and Old Comrades, it is indeed a very great pleasure for one so young to be asked to reply to this Toast. I admit I face it with a good deal of trepidation and only once did a braver thing in my life, that was when I was in charge of an army of Territorials; (*Laughter*) they were in kilts. I did not know they wore nothing under their kilts. I gave them the order to take off their kilts and they did (*Laughter*), I think that is the bravest deed of my life and I would not like to do it again,

This is one time in the year when we allow a good deal of sentiment. When I left the Regiment I did not think it possible that I should get into the state of not being in the Regiment. Yet that blow came as other blows come, but every year we meet and talk of those times which we call wonderful, and the more we think of it, the more wonderful they were. Sometimes we meet a friend, and we have forgotten his Regiment and when he tells us we feel that that individual has not tasted the honey of life being in the Tenth Hussars. It was my privilege to be born in this Regiment, and I can say that every ideal brought into my life was, metaphorically speaking, at the

knees of the Regiment, and from those with whom I had the honour to serve. To me it was Father, Mother, Sister, Life's long friends, and I am voicing the feelings of the Old Tenth in thanking Colonel Greenwood for his kind words and having drunk our health. As long as we can leave our Regiment in hands like his, we have nothing to fear. (*Applause*).

#### **The Chairman.**

Proposed by Captain The Lord William Scott, M. C.

Two of our speakers this evening have apologised for having to speak; I will give you the reason. Last year, I complained that some of our younger members had nothing to do but listen and the time had arrived when the younger should have the chance to speak. Mrs. Makenzie said, "So many want to speak, but we give the privilege to the older ones" (*Laughter*), "but we will see what we can do about it". A month ago I got a letter saying I was going to be *allowed* to speak and propose the Chairman's health. She referred to him as Colonel Watkins; I guessed at once whom she meant. (*Laughter*). To us Old Comrades he is always known as Watkin, and although he may be called Colonel Williams, we always look upon him as Watkin. I believe it is my privilege, and *opportunity*, to say a few things about him. (*Laughter*).

The Old Tenth who served with him will never forget his face; Colonel Williams was as much part and parcel of the Regiment as the evening Hymn. To some of you younger ones I will give a few details. Many things I could say, (*laughter*) but only two this evening—he is going to speak next. (*Laughter*).

First, that Colonel Williams always has been a loyal friend, not only to the Regiment, but to every individual who has served with the Regiment. (*Applause*).

Secondly, to you who have not served with him, but only heard of him as one of those in the dim past when officers really were officers. To see him sitting there now, so benign, his face wreathed in smiles, you would not believe a harsh word could escape his lips, but I can assure you of one characteristic, his power of giving a reprimand I know. (*Laughter*). There were no half measures about him. When he had finished with you, you felt a far humbler fellow than when you first met him.

As it is his turn to speak next, I will say no more, and I would ask you to drink to one of the finest fellows the Tenth Hussars ever had. (*Applause*).

#### Response by the Chairman.

Brother Tenth Hussars; Lord William Scott was once a Subaltern of mine I rather wish he was still. (*Laughter*) Nevertheless I feel very highly honoured by having my health drunk by a community such as this. There are some who would describe this society as merely a sentimental attachment to the Regiment—they would be very wide of the mark.

The Regiment taught us how to soldier, but when we left it we found it had taught us something more important. It taught us how to live, and any community, in these

hard times when the ship of state is difficult to steer, a community like ours, that has been brought up on the principles of discipline and optimism, must be a hall-marked asset to the country, and to those whose duty it is to govern it. (*Applause*).

I ought to say something about myself now that my health is drunk, but somehow I feel that at this hour of the evening and in these surroundings I might exaggerate. I know Major Pillinger is here and that his memory is unchallenged in the Regiment. and I know he would back me up in anything I say. (*Laughter*).

When I look in the glass to-morrow morning, many of the wrinkles will have disappeared. I feel twenty years younger, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart. (*Applause*).



### 10th, (P. W. O.) ROYAL HUSSARS ASSOCIATION.

#### NINETEENTH ANNUAL REPORT,

*From May 1st, 1930, to April 30th, 1931.*

The Committee begs to submit the Nineteenth Annual Report to Subscribers.

At a Committee Meeting, held on June 1st, the Accounts were passed; these showed an increase of income over expenditure. This was due to donations and increased subscriptions which were kindly given during the year. The Committee wish to thank all those who have so helped in this way.

Grants have been made in the usual cases of sickness, old age and inability to work, also in some cases of unemployment. The best means of helping those who are unemployed is first to find them work, and then help them to pay off arrears of rent, etc., and so give them a fresh start. We have, occasionally, men arriving in London with no money and only the clothes they stand up in. Lodging and food has to be found for them until they can get work; some of these men are poorly dressed and clothing must be provided before they can be sent to employers. If anyone has any old clothing which would be suitable for these men, we should be very grateful if they would be good enough to send it to Mrs. Mackenzie, at 33, Pembroke Square, Kensington, W. 8.

Loans have been made to help men who were in temporary distress, or in difficulties

in their business. Satisfactory efforts have been made to repay these.

During the year there have been 116 applications for employment, Permanent work has been found for 80. 13 have found places for themselves, 23 were unemployed at the end of April. The Committee feel this is very satisfactory and wish to thank all those who have helped to obtain work for our men. Owing to so much unemployment at the present time, it is exceedingly difficult to find work for all those who apply to us, and we should be grateful if anyone, knowing of vacancies, would apply to the Secretary.

The Committee would like to ask all old Officers to refer to the Association any appeals for help which may be made to them personally. These appeals are often fraudulent, those who apply not having served in the Regiment, and in any case it is wiser that full investigation should be made before help is given.

The Old Comrades wish to thank all those who have so kindly subscribed to their Dinner Fund.

Balance Sheets of both funds are added to this report.

W. T. SMEED,

*Secretary,*

81, SCOTT ELLIS GARDENS,  
ST. JOHN'S WOOD, N.W.5.

## 10th, ROYAL HUSSARS ASSOCIATION.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS from 1st May, 1930, to 30th April, 1931.

RECEIPTS.		£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE.		£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Balance at Bank at last Account...	295	13	0					Grants ...	...	250	1	10			
Cash in hand at last Account ...	2	3	8					Loans ...	...	79	0	0			
					297	16	8						329	1	10
Subscriptions—H. M. The King...	5	0	0					Office Expenses—							
Officers ...	176	6	0					Stationery and Printing	...	14	0	6			
N.C.O.'s and Men	5	6	6					Postage	...	11	8	9			
Regiment	31	11	0					Typewriter, Repairs	...	0	14	6			
Donations—					218	3	6	Travelling	...	2	0	6			
Col. R. B. Fisher Childe	80	0	0					Advertisements	...	2	4	4			
Anonymous	50	0	0					Bank Charges	...	1	15	2			
Lt.-Col. W. L. Palmer	10	0	0					Rent of Office	...	20	16	0			
Anonymous	25	0	0					Lighting and Heating	...	4	0	0			
P. Harrup	0	10	0					Telephone	...	10	12	6			
					165	10	0	Salary of Secretary	...	80	0	0			
Loans Repaid					42	15	6						147	12	3
Refund of Income Tax					24	13	6	Balance at Bank	...	468	18	11			
Interest on Investments—								Cash in hand	...	0	15	2			
£800 Funding Loan at 4%	24	16	0										469	14	1
£700 L. C. C. Stock at 3%	16	5	4					Balance at Bank as per							
£950 War Loan at 5%	44	6	0					Bank Pass Book	...	£478	19	11			
£939 18s. 10d. War Loan at 5%	46	19	10												
£886 2s. 10d. War Loan at 5%	36	16	2					Less Cheques Nos. 474414-5							
£372 15s. 0d. Consolidated								not presented	...	10	1	0			
Stock at 4%	11	11	2							£468	18	11			
£200 War Loan at 5%	10	10	6												
£200 Canada Stock at 4%	6	4	0												
					197	9	0								
					£946	8	2						£946	8	2

Examined and found correct { EVERARD BARING. 12/5/31.  
P. F. SEYMOUR. 3/6/31.

## 10th, ROYAL HUSSARS OLD COMRADE'S ASSOCIATION.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS from 1st August, 1930, to 31st July, 1931.

RECEIPTS		£.	s.	d.	EXPENSES.		£.	s.	d.
Balance in Bank at last Account...	47	7	1		Printing and Stationery	...	12	15	0
Cash in hand at last Account ...	1	12	6		Postage	...	6	8	8
Donations—					Committee Room	...	0	18	0
Col. R. B. Fisher Childe	20	0	0		Medals and Badges	...	5	1	6
Regiment	5	0	0		Wreaths	...	3	5	6
Various	3	7	0		Expenses incurred for Combined Cavalry	...	0	10	0
Subscriptions	75	3	0		Dinner	...	67	8	8
Badges Sold	2	7	0		Waiters	...	5	0	0
Collection for Wreaths	2	8	3		Band	...	2	0	0
Dinner Tickets	33	0	0		Reporter	...	3	3	0
Interest on Deposit	1	5	6		Refunded (paid in error)	...	2	0	0
Profit on Combined Cavalry Dances	0	18	8		Paid to Deposit Account	...	30	0	0
					Balance in Bank	...	52	8	5
					Cash in hand	...	1	10	3
							£192	9	0
Wreath Money in hand	£3	10	8						
Wreaths	3	5	6						
	0	5	2						
Collected	2	8	3						
Total in hand	£2	13	5						

## SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

Yet again, out of a coma we rise to do the urgent bidding of the Assistant Editor, who must be a "stout fella" to be able to be so persevering in this weather.

Since our last appearance in print life has run smoothly enough, but with few incidents worthy of special note, except for two tennis-at-homes which we gave to the Masonic and A. F. I. Club respectively.

The evening with the Masonic was marred by a dust storm. Travelling at Schneider Trophy speed a whirling cloud of dust swept players and spectators from off the courts, cups and saucers off tables and the M. C. off his rocker. Further play was impossible and several adjourned to the swimming bath where, under the glow of our camp lamps, some cooling took place. Also a little swimming.

Nothing disturbed us when we had the A. F. I. Club as visitors. Some good games were played, followed by billiards and cards in the Mess.

With the return of families from the Hill Depot on 6th October, social life in the station will re-attain normality, and the cooling of the atmosphere will resurrect in us a new interest in all things.

A sigh of relief will go up from the married members on the "glorious 6th", which will be quite well understood. Keeping two homes throughout the summer (or three, if you include the Mess) is no little financial strain, not to mention the many acts of loving care which have been missing since April! Socks requiring darning, shirts devoid of buttons, no matches in the cupboard and divers other deficiencies, all will be made good.

On the subject of finance, our next issue will find us reduced in pocket, or rather the majority of us. However, in a fairly short space of time it is likely that we shall have forgotten our one time "wealth" and be fully accustomed to the new scale. Less beer is indicated.

Two new members have joined the Mess, namely L.-Sergeants Wass and Upshall, who have been duly initiated into the mysteries of "Pokey Die". We trust they will continue to throw good 'flops' in the Mess for many years.

Training is now at its height. Troop Sergeants and other gender are full of what they've done, what they're doing and what they're going to do. Some have (it is understood) reached a state of perfection, while others say that the position is hopeless and never have they seen.....etc.

The Inspecting Officer's remarks and comments will be received with as much interest as would a Cup Tie result!

We look forward to the Collective Training with anticipation of some good anecdotes for the Gazette. Everyone knows what S. Q. M. S's are like on horseback!

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*Overheard.*—(The Regiment has recently been practising the entraining of horses.)

"Oh, that's nothing. Why, when (X) Squadron entrained at (Blank) in 1921, we were all in the train and locked up within four minutes, and we could have done better than that if the Squadron Leader hadn't dropped his whistle."

We passed the speaker the salt.



## A LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

I had such a nice letter from a friend of mine the other day—at least I think he must be a friend because he asks so many questions about me and seems so interested in where I live and what I earn and so on.

I was rather surprised at first when I received the letter but when I saw his name and read through his long epistle I can realise how friendly he is.

He calls himself H. M. Inspector of Taxes and kindly asks me to reply to his letter within twentyone days.

I think it is very kind of him to allow me three weeks in which to answer his letter because my friends usually grumble if I do not reply to their letters within a week. One of the first questions he asks is, have I written to him from any other address.

Now I can say "No" to this with an easy conscience because we are not allowed to write personal letters from the Office and I cannot afford to keep more than one private house.

Then he asks how much income do I get from my trade, profession or vocation. Now



that is kind of him-I wonder if he is going to ask the boss for a rise for me. I asked him myself the other day and all I got was "Get out". He also asks me if I get any income from wound or disability pensions. Well I did ask when I was in the Army for a disability pension as I had no back teeth and could not chew the biscuits but they did not grant me one so I suppose they are making soft biscuits now. Then he wants to know whether I get any interest on bank deposits etc.

Well I have £6-1-2 in the Post Office Savings Bank, I wonder what the interest on that is. I must go and see the Manager about it.

His next question is "Income from Dominion and Foreign Securities and Possessions".

I don't know what he means, so I am sure I haven't got any.

Then "Other Profits-Letting Furnished House". That was easily answered. How could I let a furnished house-I have only got one and even that is not fully furnished. We haven't got a soap rack on the bath. When I read his next question I thought he was asking rather too much.

"Wife's Income"-now does any man know what his wife earns. I have often seen my wife wearing a new hat or dress but I am sure I never paid for it.

He asks a group of questions then all about partnership, ownership of land, occupation of land and so on. I think he ought to see my Landlord about that.

Then he wants to know if I pay any ground rent, but I cannot, I haven't any ground. Do I pay interest on mortgage or loan? Now I wonder if Smith wants any interest on that ten bob I borrowed last week.

I then have to tell him my wife's name, but I shall have to look this up in the family bible, because I think she has a silent Christian name.

If I am a widower and have a female relative living with me who is employed by me?

Well I am not exactly a widower although my wife doesn't come home some nights, and my Mother-in-law lives with me but she only darns my socks and puts my slippers to warm.

Then there is a claim for relief in respect of children and step children.

I shall have to ask him for some more paper as he has only left me space for six names and I have ten to write altogether.

I am glad he asks me about Life Assurances because I am insured in the Prudential but I was told by the Pearl agent the other day that I ought to be insured with them. Perhaps my friend will tell me.

He ends his letter by asking me if I have told the truth and stated the correct amount of relief I think I am entitled to. Well I think that is rather unfriendly because I am sure he knows that I belong to the Young Mens Truth League and I do need the £100 relief to buy a second-hand car I saw in the town yesterday.

He did not say when he would answer my letter but I suppose I shall hear from him soon.

\* \* \* \* \*

### "LUCK".

In May 1914 I set out on leave to try to achieve the purpose of that of almost every subaltern in India—"To shoot a tiger". I spent the first three weeks at the dak bungalow at BUNDIPUR, which is on the main road from MYSORE to OOTACAMUND and close to the MYSORE boundary.

One day I set out about 4 a.m. to try and shoot a bison. My native tracker found a fresh track of a solitary bison soon after dawn, and going at a steady pace for some six hours we thought we must be pretty close to him.

Suddenly we heard a commotion approaching then we saw a wild dog, then another and the whole forest was disturbed with a pack of some 8 or 10 wild dogs hunting a cheetah or bison.

The shikari said that we might as well go home as everything would be disturbed for the rest of the day. I was by this time pretty well "cooked" and as quite ready for a rest: but loud were my curses on the devilish wild dogs for spoiling my sport.

A drink, a sandwich and a short rest and then we set off on a two hours tramp through the magnificent bamboo forest back to the bungalow.

The bamboo in the forest are wonderful : great big clumps 40-50 ft. in circumference stretch up their feathery fonds to the sky. Underneath, the ground is covered with their fine leaves which form a thick soft carpet.

No sooner had I sat down to my late lunch at 3 p.m., when my bearer told me that a coolie had come in to say that a tiger had killed a cow on the main road a hour or two ago.

I said " rubbish, you are a budmash and deserve to be beaten, tigers don't kill on the main road in the middle of the day ".

He persisted in his story, so, after lunch I got out the car and motored some 3 to 4 miles along the main road. There, sure enough, in the ditch was lying a cow with its neck twisted into a queer shape and without any doubt it was dead. Approaching carefully, so as not to disturb the ground around, we could see quite clearly the track of a big tiger.

The story was that two men had been driving some hundred cows and bullocks along the main road through the forest to market. Suddenly they had heard a commotion in the front of the herd. They rushed to the front and found themselves suddenly confronted by a tiger which was dragging one of their cows into the ditch. Whether the tiger or the men were the more frightened I did not discovered. Anyhow the men yelled at the top of their voices and the tiger dropped the cow and bolted into the forest.

Obviously the tiger was an old one, who was very hungry or he would not have killed in this fashion. The chances were that he would return that night.

On the other side of the road were some fine big trees, so leaving my shikari to supervise the building of the machan, I motored back to the bungalow for tea. After tea, taking my '465 double barrel rifle, also some cushions and a rug to make myself comfortable, I motored down the road. Leaving the car 100 yards up the road from the machan, I clambered up into it and made myself as comfortable as possible. It was a fine evening and there were lots of birds to watch as they gradually settled themselves down for the evening, at sunset.

A car hummed down the road in front of me and two men carrying wood passed below my perch, little suspecting my presence. Gradually all was still and only the bats fluttered about in the moonlight.

The moon was about 10 days old and lit up the road and the ditch, all was in the shadow of the overhanging bamboos.

I could just distinguish the cow lying half in the low ditch and tried in vain to see anything beyond.

About 8 o'clock I thought I could see the cow moving. Then I could see two eyes and shadowy form just over the cow and the cow was again moving slightly. A steady aim at a shadowy form and *bang*. The flash of flame in the moonlight seemed very bright and I could see nothing for a second, only I could hear a roar from the ditch.

Again a roar and another. A second shot and all was still. My first shot had broken the tiger's back.

A shout to my boy and the shikari and they came to help me down from the tree. My boy was greatly excited, as on hearing the tiger roar, he confessed that he thought the tiger must have jumped into the tree after me.

I brought the car down and as it had a large platform at the back of the two seater, the tiger was lifted on to it and gaily we motored home to dinner.

Next morning, before we skinned him we measured him, and found he was ten feet five inches long.

In the middle of this operation, arrived Major W....., who was on his way out to try to shoot a tiger.

For years and years he had tried to get one and had never succeeded, whereas I had got one on my first shoot.

Just beginners luck !



## OBITUARY.

No. 402470 Tpr. R. Robson "Machine Gun" Squadron, joined the Scots Greys at the end of 1928 and a year later was transferred to the 4th Hussars.

In 1930 when the Tenth relieved the 4th Hussars here, he was transferred with some more of his comrades to us.

The heat of this Summer seemed to try him severely and it was thought advisable to send him to hospital so that endeavours could be made to combat the depression which seemed to be settling upon him.

The effort of the nurses and the doctors were unsuccessful and on 4th July he died of melancholia.

The following day he was buried with military honours in the Meerut Cemetery.

We beg to offer our deepest sympathy to his parents and relatives.

We learn with deep regret of the death of Lieut.-Col. William Eustace St. John, D.S.O., late B.S.A., Police, whose death occurred recently at Bath, England.

Lieut.-Colonel St. John joined the 10th Hussars in 1889, serving with that

Regiment until 1896, when he joined the B. S. A. Police as R. S. M.

He was appointed to commissioned rank in January, 1899, and promotion to Captain followed in 1901, when he was appointed adjutant.

Lieut.-Colonel St. John served in the 1896 Rebellion and later in the South African War, being awarded the Rhodesian 1896 medal and the King's and Queen's South African medals with three clasps.

In November, 1914, he resigned from the B. S. A. Police with the rank of major, and proceeded overseas on active service.

During the Great War he commanded the Bucks Hussars (Yeomanry), being awarded the D.S.O. and Legion of Honour for his services.

Colonel Hoel Llewellyn, Chief Constable of Wiltshire (at one time a brother-Officer of Lt.-Col. St. John in the B. S. A. P.), represented the Commissioner at the funeral, and kindly laid a wreath on the grave on behalf of the Corps.

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*(Continued on next page.)*

We deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. Charles Boyd who died at his residence at Hythe last July at the age of 82.

No. 1287 Bandsman Charles Boyd enlisted on the 13th January 1871 and served with the Regiment for 14 years.

This period covered the Afghan Campaign of 1879 and the Egyptian Campaign of 1884 both of which involved considerable hardship for everyone who took part in those operations.

Boyd was one of these hardy foemen, possessed of a spirit which nothing could damp and he would always come up smiling after the greatest privations.

After discharge this great old soldier was no less daunted in the battle of civilian life. After many vicissitudes he obtained the situation of catering manager to the firm of W. J. Bush and Co. at their Hackney Factory and for many years most ably assisted by his wife he served them well and faithfully.

At the age of 76, still active and alert he decided to retire. The firm kindly settled a pension upon him and his wife in reward for their long and faithful services and Mr. and Mrs. Boyd went to Hythe to enjoy several years of well earned rest.

During the Great War 1914-18 although well over 60 years of age he ably discharged his duties as a Special Constable in the Metropolis.

He never missed a reunion of his old Regiment or any parade of Old Tenth until the age of 76.

During the many years Boyd was employed in London he was a most ardent worker for the Regimental Association and Dance Committee. His enthusiasm for his old Regiment knew no bounds, nothing was too much trouble. To him there was no regiment like it and to help in any way or do a kindly act for any past or present Tenth Hussar was his creed. 'Once a Tenth always a Tenth' was his motto.

To Mrs. Boyd we extend our heartfelt sympathy in her great loss.

## STRAIGHT FROM THE FORGE.

Have I been in India long, Sir ?  
Well eleven long years and more,  
Have ever I bagged any Tiger ?  
Why yes, Sir, well over a score,  
Did ever they give me much trouble ?  
Well I can only recollect one,  
I had to kill him with my jack knife,  
As the bearer had mislaid my gun.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Have ever I pegged with a lance, Sir ?  
'Gainst natives alleged to be hot,  
Why yes, Sir, I once ran at Delhi,  
And easily beat the whole lot.  
They'd buried my peg in the ground, Sir,  
There was nothing at all to be seen,  
So I had to locate it by map, Sir,  
Which I did, and then drew it out clean.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Was ever I on the Frontier, Sir ?  
You've asked me one now. oh ye God's,  
I suppose you'll be meaning the Khyber,  
Why I held it against fearful odds.

They could only come one at a time, Sir,  
And my hammer was all that I had,  
But I blocked up that pass with their corpses,  
For a staff man that was'n't too bad.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Have I managed to pick up the language?  
Rather funny you asking me that,  
For to me it comes second nature,  
To what they call " Bolo the Bat ",  
I believe that I give of my best, Sir,  
Should a horse tread on one of my feet,  
In language that's fearful and fluent,  
No student of " Urdu " could beat.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Did ever I soldier at home, Sir ?  
Oh yes I'd a spell at the " Shot ",  
But I'm lost Sir without my old topee,  
Give me a country that's hot,  
Where a thirst is'n't easily slacked, Sir,  
Where a man looks askance at a gill,  
Oh yes we've a bar in the mess, Sir,  
Thank's very much Sir, I will.  
\* \* \* \* \*



## AN EXTRACT FROM "MUTINY MEMOIRS".

BY

A. R. D. MACKENZIE, C.B.

(Continued from Page 162, Vol. X. No. 4.)

"Oh God, Sir!" he exclaimed. "the troopers are coming to cut us up;" "Let us then stick to-gether," I said, "two are better than one." For a moment he hesitated. Then, looking back, the sight of a small cloud of dust approaching rapidly from the distance, overcame his resolution, and he rushed through the gate into the grounds of my bungalow, and scaled the wall between them and those of the next house. Instantly a small mob of budmashes, prominent among whom I recognised my own nightwatchman, attacked him. The chowkidar thrust at him with a spear as he was crossing the top of the wall, and cut open his lips. To my joy he fired one barrel of the gun he was carrying, and shot the brute dead. He then dropped on the ground on the other side of the wall and disappeared from view. Later on will be found his subsequent adventures, for I rejoice to say he escaped with his life.

At this moment, an infantry sepoy, armed with a sword, made a sudden swoop with it at my head. I had not drawn my sword, and had only time to dig spur in to my horse's flank, forcing him almost on to my enemy. This spoilt his aim, and his tulwar fortunately missed, only cutting my shoulder cord. By this time I had pulled my weapon out of the scabbard, but the sepoy declined further sword-play and promptly climbed the wall out of reach. As I turned from him and looked down the road to the Lines, it was full of Cavalry Troopers galloping towards me. I shouted to them to halt, which they did, and surrounded me, and I found myself warding off as well as I could a fierce onslaught from many blades. A few moments would have sealed my fate, when, providentially, the late Lieut. Craigie emerged from his gate a little further down the road and came straight to my help. This diversion saved me. The troopers scattered passed me and made off towards the European Lines.

It was only too clear that a Mutiny, and that of a most serious kind, was in full

swing. Our duty was plain, though hard to carry out, for at this moment Craigie's wife and my sister were in his carriage on their way to church in the European Lines, and our natural impulse was to gallop after them. But they had started some little time previously and we hoped that they had already reached their destination and were safely amongst British troops. Military discipline sometimes tries a soldier to the utmost, and now we felt that wife and sister must be left in the hand of God, and that our place was among the Mutineers on the parade ground. Thither we went as fast as our horses could carry us, and found ourselves in a scene of the utmost uproar. Most of the men were already mounted and were careering wildly about, firing carbines and pistols in the air, others hurriedly saddling their horses and joining their comrades in hot haste.

Nearly every British Officer of the regiment came to the ground and used every effort of entreaty, even menace, to restore order, but utterly without effect. To their credit be it said that the men did not attack us, but warned us to be off, shouting that the Company's Raj was over for ever, and some even seemed to hesitate about joining the very noisy mutineers, and Craigie, observing this, was led to hope that they might be won over to our side.

He was an excellent linguist and had great influence among them, and he eventually managed to get some forty or fifty troopers to listen to him and keep apart in a group. Suddenly a rumour reached us that the Jail was being attacked and the prisoners released. Calling to the late Melville Clarke and myself to follow him, Craigie persuaded this group of men to follow on, and away we went to the Jail. The roads were full of excited natives who actually roared approbation as we rode through them, evidently not distinguishing the uniforms of the British Officers in the dusk, and taking the whole party to be a band of Mutineers. We three Officers led, and as we drew near the Jail our pace increased from a smart trot to a gallop. Already the mob and the sepoys had begun their destructive work. The telegraph lines had been cut, and a slack wire which I did not see, as it swung across the road, caught me full in the chest and bowled me into the dust. I well remember looking up at the shining hoofs of the whole

band of followers as they rode over my prostrate form. Fortunately I was not hurt, and was able to find my horse and remount.

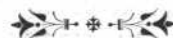
As I overtook Craigie and Clarke I was horror-stricken to see a palanquin gharry being dragged slowly by its driverless horse, while beside it rode a trooper of the 3rd Cavalry repeatedly plunging his sword into the body of the already dead occupant, an unfortunate European lady. In a moment Craigie had dealt him a swinging cut across the back of the neck and Clarke had run him through the body. The wretch fell dead, the first sepoy victim in Meerut to fall under the sword of the avenger of blood. The fate of their comrade greatly enraged our followers, and shouts of "Maro! Maro!" began to be heard, and we thought the end was approaching. However, we were not attacked, and soon after reached the Jail, to find that we were too late. The prisoners were already swarming out of it and their shackles were being knocked off by blacksmiths before our eyes, and the Jail-guard of Native infantry answered our questions by firing at us, fortunately without hitting any of us.

There was nothing to be done but ride back to the Cantonment. No sooner had we turned our horse's heads than the full horror of what was taking place burst upon us. The whole Cantonments seemed one mass of flames. If before we rode fast, now we flew, for the most urgent fears for the safety of those dear to us tortured us almost to madness. As we tore along Craigie allowed me to leave him to go in search of his wife and my sister. I lifted my sword and shouted for volunteers to come with me, and some dozen of the troopers followed me. Every house we passed was in flames, my own among them, and my heart sank within me. Graigie's house alone was not burning when we reached it, a large building in very extensive grounds, surrounded by a mud wall. Here I found Mrs. Graigie, and my sister, who had never reached the church. Their coachman had turned back in terror of the mob. As they passed the bazaar a soldier of the 6th Dragoon Guards had rushed out of a byelane, pursued by a yelling mob. The ladies, at the risk of their lives, had stopped the carriage and taken him in, and driven off at top speed, followed a short distance away by the bloodthirsty wretches, who were however, outdistanced.

I now ordered the men to mount and patrol the grounds, while I took the ladies into the house, and loaded all the guns with ball. One of them I took and placed against the wall. Long after, in quiet England my sister told me that both she and Mrs. Craigie understood the sacred use to which, in a last resort, this gun was devoted, and the knowledge comforted and strengthened them.

Through the windows there flashed gleams of light from the blazing houses on all sides. The hiss and crackle of the flames, the roars of the mob and the constant sharp reports of firearms made a confused roar of sounds which might well have overpowered the nerve of the ladies, but I learned during that awful night the quiet heroism of which our countrywomen are capable in the hour of need.

*(To be concluded)*



Men seek what is good, seek it only and always, and seek it by every art and method.

\* \* \*

The good man finds his duty always at hand.

\* \* \*

Individuality is essentially self-determining, and self-determination is true sovereignty.

\* \* \*

Commands give way to ideals, obedience becomes aspiration, the outward law becomes an inner desire and its observance happiness.

\* \* \*

Truths not known by anyone vanish; virtues not in operation die.

\* \* \*

## WORRY.

The habit of worry is largely a physical infirmity; it is an evidence of lack of harmony in the mental system. The well-poised soul, the self-centred man, never wobbles or hesitates. The infinite balance wheel preserves him from all shocks, and all accident and uncertainty. Enough vital energy has been wasted in useless worry to run all the affairs of the world.

\* \* \*



### CONCERNING "C" SQUADRON.

Now that we have successfully negotiated the best, (or is it the worst?) part of the Monsoon, season and incidentally tested a few waterproofs, we endeavour to awake from our "lethargy" and set ourselves the task of composing these notes.

Since the last issue there have been few fields for "C" Squadron to conquer. We had no really outstanding success in the Inter-troop Cricket Competition, but we, at least, had the satisfaction of seeing one of our troops reach the semi-final of that event, and it is generally considered that "C" 2, lost to worthy opponents when they were knocked out by our old friends, The Band.

Following close upon the climax of the Troop Cricket came the opening rounds of the Strettell Cup Small Units Cricket Competition. We were fortunate enough to draw a bye in the first round, and entered the second round to meet the 3rd Indian Division Signals.

They opened the batting, and were dismissed for 44. Our turn to grasp the willow took place some evenings later, and we were carried into the semi-final by scoring 46 with 4 wickets still to fall.

In the semi-final we had a more anxious time against "I" Battery (Bull's Troop)

R. H. A. "C" Squadron batted first and our last wicket fell with the score at 93. The Gunners then faced our bowlers. Their first five wickets fell cheaply, and our hearts beat high, as evidenced by the cries of delight from our "fans" squatting on the greensward outside the boundary. The score at this period, read 25 for 5. The sixth wicket stand added a few more to the total, and after that some very nice cricket was witnessed—one man hitting the runs and his partner playing safe. In this manner the score crept up to 88, and the anxiety of "C" Squadron can be estimated from the deep silence which hung like a pall over the grounds. It was at this juncture that L/Cpl. Mordaunt brought off a spectacular "caught and bowled", thus disposing of the last wicket, and undoubtedly saving the situation.

Having qualified to enter the final, we found that the opposing finalists were none other than "HQ" Wing of our own regiment. This fact added to the interest in the match, and lent to it something of the aspect of a "Local Derby". It speaks very highly for the high standard of cricket within the regiment, for two of its teams to win their way to the final in a competition open to the whole brigade.

The day of the final came around we wended our way to the Wheeler Club Sports Ground, and speculation as to the result was rife. "HQ" Wing batted first, and thanks to the bowling of Tpr. Poulter, the "Telegraph" only registered 79 with the fall of their last wicket. This concluded the first day's play.

The following day we again arrived at the Wheeler Club Ground to face the bowling of Messrs. Forward & Adkins of "HQ". Our opening pair were Major Gairdner, (whose timely return from leave was much appreciated by the "fans"), and Tpr. Clarkson, both played splendid cricket, and did much to tire the bowling. Each of our batsmen was on his mettle, and we were finally accounted for with the comfortable total of 128 runs to our credit, of which Sergt. Frisby contributed the highest score—21.

Play was resumed on the following morning, and those of us who could not attend the match were inclined to scepticism when told the result, for "C" Squadron had disposed of the Wing for the absurdly low

total of 29. Thus, we had the pleasure of receiving the cup and medals from Brigadier C. B. Dashwood-Strettell.

We take this opportunity of congratulating "HQ" Wing on their fine show. Their team was considerably weakened by the absence of at least four of their best men, including Capt. Dawnay and SSM. Rushbridge.

Each succeeding Hill Party has its own tales to tell of the "Khuds", and those who have not had the pleasure, like Thomas, of seeing for themselves, will now be left until next year. The main feature of the Hills, and upon which the Hillmen are emphatic, is one's immunity from the ravages of "Prickly Heat" whilst in that locality. After this year's experience of "Prickly Heat", the hardy Plainsmen will look forward to their spell of immunity, next year.

A diversion from the daily routine was experienced the other day when, mounted and clad in bathing kit, the Squadron marched upon the Monsoon Pond for the purpose of swimming the horses. Both horses and men took to the water like the proverbial duck, and with the exception of one or two minor mishaps, everyone enjoyed it immensely.

Of recent weeks, Thursday has been marked by the sounds of activity emanating from the direction of the thirty yards rifle range, for on this day of each week, the Commanding Officer has organised a series of rifle competitions, with a view to improving the shooting within the regiment. It is a splendid idea, and the prizes attract quite a number of men to compete in their respective classes. "C" Squadron has registered quite a few successes in these competitions, and we hope for more in the near future.

Another feature of a Thursday, is the Mounted Sports also organised by the Commanding Officer. Jumping, All Arms, Assault Course, Dummy thrusting, and tent pegging, not to mention a number of Variety Races, all tend to attract the would-be "Rough". Some amusing incidents occurred on the first day of these events when quite a number of men entered for the individual tent-pegging. If they were not successful "peggers", they certainly succeeded in keeping the crowd back for their more successful comrades. However, they have

mastered quite a few intricacies of the game now, and "C" Squadron has figured several times on the "Winners" list.

The heavy rains in the present monsoon have had quite a good effect upon our garden, and one can view, to full advantage "The magic of the Mali's hand" when strolling passed our stables.

By the time the next issue is due we shall have passed through most of the training season, and will doubtless have more adventures to recount.

## THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Who was the N. C. O. who thought that "ladies fingers" were something to hold instead of to eat?

\* \* \*

Where does prickly heat go in the winter time?

\* \* \*

Should a man tell his wife how many "Scissors" coupons he has got?

\* \* \*

Why certain members of the Sergeants' Mess were not chosen for the Davis Cup Tennis Team?

\* \* \*

Are they competent judges of tennis nets and the height they should be?

\* \* \*

Where do moustaches come from in the summer-time?

\* \* \*

Who is the N. C. O. with the skin of a Virgin?

\* \* \*

Is an electric comb a good hair restorer?

\* \* \*

Did those certain two W. Os. render their verbal certificates to the doctor?

\* \* \*

Has the District Manager arrived at the "M. G." Squadron yet?

\* \* \*



## DULIKHET

Situated about 100 miles NORTH of BARIELLY on the top of the foothills known as the KUMAUN HILLS at a height of 6,000 feet above sea level is this delightful Hill Depot, Dulikhet, to which a large proportion of the men of the Regiment and the families are sent during the hot season.

The first party left MEERUT early in May and the journey proved a very trying one for the families. Entraining at Meerut at the early hour of 6 a.m. they reached the Junction HARPUR, only 16 miles away at 8-40 a.m., here they remained in the heat of a very hot day till 12-40 p.m.

The next move was to MORADABAD where they again had a wait of 6 hours, the party eventually arrived at BARIELLY at 10-30 p.m. (140 miles in 16 hours) there they spent the greater part of the night under miserable conditions, only those who have travelled in India know how thoroughly cheerless a station can be at night,

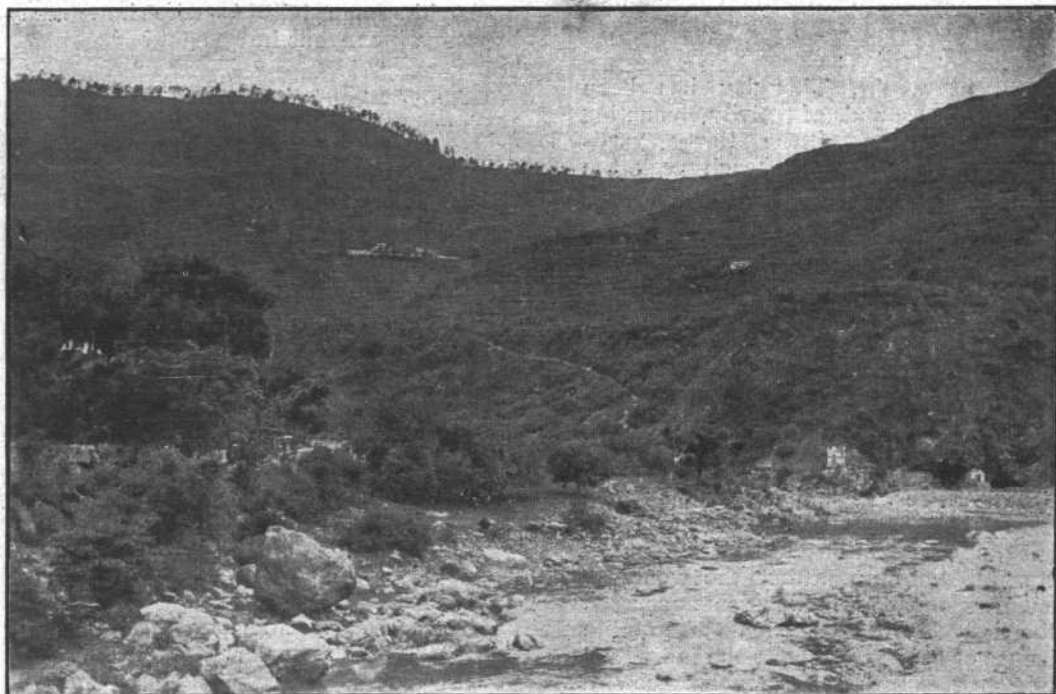
especially for a mother with 3 or 4 tired and irritable children.

The next morning saw them at the foot of the hills and the last stage of the journey was completed in motor vehicles, chiefly ambulances.

Great relief was felt on quitting the train and the sight of the pine forests also the impressive hills ahead gave new life to the party.

The climb, however, proved a little disconcerting, for many fell victims to road sickness owing to the constant swerving round hairpin bends and great was the relief when BOWALI, a pleastant little village half way up, was reached. Here a meal was provided and the now weary travellers were able to stretch their legs.

Dulikhet was reached about 4 o'clock and after a refreshing cup of tea the various families were conducted to their quarters while the Band and Machine Gunners soon settled into their temporary home on the highest point of the Camp.



"THE KHUDS"

Many were busy exploring the camp on the following day. The morning was beautifully clear and a splendid view was obtained of the perpetual snows of the Himalayas. NUNDA DAVI (25,640') the highest point in the British Empire was clearly visible also 'TRISUL (23,360') and many other less important features, all over 20,000 feet. The now famous KAMET which is 90 miles from RANIKHET as the "crows fly" can also be seen on a very clear day.

The astounding fact is that these giants stand out so clear that they appear only 10 miles away and great was the surprise when it was discovered from the map that they were all in the vicinity of 70 miles and to reach them on foot would probably mean a trek of more than double that distance.

The children soon explored the KHUD side in the vicinity of the quarters but did not venture too far, as rumours of a panther in the vicinity were rife.

In the course of a few days everyone was enjoying the pine scented air and the discomforts of the journey were forgotten in the cool and novel surroundings.

Much apprehension was felt by many particularly the heads of families for the welfare of the troops and children, but so far the detachment has kept remarkably well. Mr. Roberts was hurried off to hospital and operated on for appendicitis. We are glad to say that it was entirely successful and at the date of writing he is looking remarkably fit and putting on flesh. Q. M. Sgts. Goatcher and Malins will have to look to their laurels soon for the heavy weight championship of the mess.

Mrs. Roberts took the opportunity of presenting her husband with a son while he was still in hospital. The new arrival was allotted the name of BETTY but this had to be cancelled and the patriotic names of DAVID EDWARD substituted. By the sounds one occasionally hears, there is



every likelihood of another famous Welsh tenor appearing in the future.

Sergt. Eames has been in hospital for a minor operation to his knee and a few of the families have had a little "tummy" trouble, which is very prevalent here, otherwise the N.C. Os. and men have kept remarkably well and have benefited by their stay.

The Officers have been less fortunate, Capt. Boord has been in the Doctors

hands several times and Major Turnham, his wife and daughter were placed in hospital with suspected dysentery, their stay was a short one and they have now recovered.

Early in June a Club for the Married families was opened, with tennis courts and a childrens playground also facilities for indoor games and tournaments. This club should prove a source of amusement and help to make the stay at Dulikhet a pleasantone.



## SPORTS NEWS.

### The Strettell Cup Cricket Competition (Season 1931.)

#### THE DRAW

1st Round.		2nd Round.		Semi-Final.		Final.
Byes.	...	23rd Batty. R.A.	45-0	"I" Batty. 88	"C" Sqdn. X, R. H.	"C" Sqdn. X, R. H.
"	...	"I" Batty. R.H.A.	120-0			
"	...	"C" Sqdn. X, R.H.	46-5	"C" X, R. H. 93		
"	...	3rd I Divn. Sigls.	44-0			
"	...	"HQ" Black Watch	17-0	"HQ" Black Watch 14		
"	...	"MG" Sqdn. X, R.H.	14-0			
6th Batty. R.A.,	53-9	6th Batty. R.A.	42-0	"HQ" X, R. H. 14-6	"HQ" Wing X, R. H.	
"A" Sqdn. X, R.H.	45					
"HQ" Wing., X, R.H.	120	"HQ" X, R.H.	47-2			
"B" Coy. Black. W.	75					

The above tournament was open to all Squadron, Battery, Company and Small Unit teams in the Meerut District and although only 10 teams entered, the tournament provided same very interesting games as well as thrills. As you will note in the draw, the Regiment being pretty strong at cricket did exceptionally well and as was anticipated provided both teams to contest the Final. The trophy which was kindly put up by our Brigadier, Brigadier-General Dashwood Strettell now occupies a prominent position in the Sergeants Mess, and quite a lot of speculating as to who will have their names engraved on it is rife. "C" Squadron naturally say they will in fact ask Sergeant Frisby about it, but "HQ" think otherwise

and so the conversation ebbs and flows. At any rate a good game is anticipated. "C" Squadron who was drawn in the top half of the competition had an easy game in the 2nd round v 3rd Indian Divisional Signals beating them with 5 wickets to spare. In the Semi-final they proved themselves worthy representatives by beating "I" Battery. R. H. A. by 5 runs, after a very thrilling game the latter team being a strong combination and were a strong fancied team for the Trophy outside the Regiment.

"HQ" Wing were not so fortunate as "C" and had to play the tournament right through, being drawn against "B" Company. The Black Watch in the 1st round. This match to date was certainly "HQ's"

hardest, and after a very good and keen game which took 3 nights to finish managed to win with a little to spare.

In the second round we were opposed to the Gunners of 6th Field Battery R. A. who had previously disposed of our "A" Squadron, after a very thrilling game.

This game proved rather easy for the Wing, who ran out winners by 8 wickets, this result putting them into the semi-final.

Our opponents "HQ" Company, The Black Watch who had previously beaten our "MG" Squadron in a sensational game by 3 runs were next entertained. On losing the toss, The Wing were put in to bat and played out time by compiling a useful score of 146, practically all subscribing towards it. The Jocks batting on quite a good wicket, on the second days play were very feeble and were all soon skittled out in pretty short time for the meagre total of 14 runs L. Cpl. Forward and SSM. Rusbridge, bowling unchanged, the latter taking 5 wickets, (all bowled) in 5 consecutive balls and was unfortunate with a double Hat Trick the sixth victim being run out.

### 10th Royal Hussars Inter Troop Cricket Tournament (K. O.)

The above Tournament was played off after the 1st Half of the Troop League was completed, the Band being substituted for The Signals who left for duty at Dulikhet at the latter end of July.

The draw was seeded in order to avoid the best teams clashing in the early rounds and as expected the four teams seeded, The Band, "C" 2, "A" 4 and "Admin" won through to the Semi-Final.

The first Semi-Final proved rather easy for the "Band" V "C" 2 who won with plenty to spare. The second Semi-Final between "A" 4 V "Admin" was won by the latter after a match of thrills and so "Admin" avenged their defeat of the Inter Troop League match.

The Final was entirely a "HQ" affair the "Band" proving worthy substitutes for the "Signals". The game proved quite a draw and entertained the majority of the Regiment to three nights interesting cricket. The Band on winning the toss elected to bat first which was a decided advantage, and after a completed innings each held a lead of ten runs. The second evening saw the game veer round in favour of "Admin" the "Band" after an evening in the field batted for 20 minutes in which time they lost 3 valuable wickets for 11 runs this being the close of play scores for the second day. The third evening caught the Band napping and unable to check a disastrous start were dismissed for the poor total of 24 runs, "Admin" fielding in a meritorious manner. "Admin" required 35 runs to win, this they got with the loss of 3 wickets, and so won the match by 7 wickets. This terminated a very enjoyable and evenly contested game and at the same time enabled "HQ" Wing to select their team ready for the Meerut District Small Unit Cricket Tournament. In conclusion a word of thanks is given to "A" & "C" for providing the Umpires for the above Final who helped the game to go off without a hitch. Owing to the Hill party being away and the Leave season being in full swing the above tournament does not count for the Inter Troop Cricket Trophy, for which we hope to compete about the end of October 1931 together with the Inter Squadron.

### THE FINALIST TEAMS.

Winners:—"Admin".

Lieut. Archer-Shee.  
SSM. Rusbridge.  
S/Sgt. Clifton.  
Sgt. Sharples.  
W. O. O'Toole.  
L/Cpl. Warner.  
Tpr. Snow.  
" James.  
" Adkins.  
" Hornby.  
" Bettinson.  
" New.

Runners Up:—The "Band".

Sgt. McNeill.  
Cpl. Burns.  
L/Cpl. Forward.  
" March.  
Bdsm. Hutchings.  
" Hutchins.  
" Heath.  
" Scriven.  
" Martin.  
" Marks.  
" Allen.  
" Wells.



### 10th Royal Hussars Inter Troop Cricket League.

The above tournament concluded after the break of the Monsoon and throughout proved a very attractive and evenly contested tournament. Three teams finished at the head of the League with 22 points each, "HQ" taking the chief honours with "C" and "A" very close behind while "MG" on the whole proved disappointing, the latter we hope will do better in the Cavalry Brigade Small Unit Tournament with Lieut. McMullen once again back in their ranks. "Admin" played very well throughout the tournament, and are placed top by virtue of wins over both "Sigs" and "C" 2. The Sigs take second place by beating "C" 2. "A" 4 are a team to be particularly congratulated on beating practically all the considered best teams, while "C" 4 came along splendidly after a poor start likewise "A" 1.

The Small Unit Cavalry Brigade K. O. Tournament is due to start on August 20th

and our chances of one of our Squadrons winning it are quite rosy, but of course as our opponents are all unknown in the cricketing line we will leave it as it is and await results.

All four of our Squadrons are able to field quite strong teams. The following played consistently for their respective Troops, "Admin" Tpr. Adkins, Sergeant Sharples, S/Sgt. Clifton and SSM. Rusbridge, "Signals" Tprs. The brothers Short, Codrai, Andrews and Sergeant Wilson, the latter proved a keen Skipper; while "C" 2 led by Sergeant Cordy was ably backed up by, Far. Snelling, Cpl. Mottram and Tpr. Poulter.

We regret owing to lack of space to be unable to mention all our budding Hobbs and Larwoods but we have them in the making. Special mention should be made of L.-Cpl. Mordaunt and Tpr. Drury for being the only two century makers in the Half League Tournament.

### 10th Royal Hussars August Bank Holiday Games Tournament.

#### MOUNTED EVENTS.

#### EVENT NO. 1.

		"2 Rings & a Peg".			Total Entries Cpls. Tprs Only, 67.
Result.	1st	Far. Read ...	...	...	"MG" Sqdn.
	2nd	L. C. Rodwell ...	...	...	"C" "
	3rd	Tpr. Hammond ...	...	...	"A" "
	4th	" Smith ...	...	...	"MG" "

#### EVENT NO. 2.

		"Inter Sqdn. Section Tent pegging".			
Result.	1st	"HQ" Wing ...	...	...	} Team, SSM. Prince, MM. } " Rusbridge, } Sgt. Elderfield } " Bradford } } HQ: Wing
	2nd	"A" Sqdn. ...	...	...	
	3rd	"C" " ...	...	...	
	4th	"MG" " ...	...	...	
	5th	Officers.	...	...	

#### EVENT NO. 3.

		Miniature Range Shoot Grouping.	Entries: 66.
Prize Winner	...	Cpl. Burns "Band",	

#### EVENT NO. 4.

		Inter Troop Swimming Relay.		
Result	1st	"A" 3Team ...	...	(L/Cpl. Fachie, Tpr. Price, Bumstead and Far. Holland.)
	2nd	"Admin" Team ...	...	(SSM. Prince, Sgt. Elderfield, Far. Richards, Tpr. Fielding.)

Distance 8 Lengths of the Bath. Won by  $\frac{1}{2}$  a Length.

#### EVENT NO. 5.

		Inter Squadrons Tennis Friendly.
Result :-		"HQ" Beat "MG" by 7 Sets to 5.
		"A" " " "C" " 6 " " 0.

Owing to Inter Troop Cricket Matches being played teams were not at full strength.

EVENT NO. 6. AND FINALE. "Band" concert on the Square from 8 p.m. to 9 p.m.

## LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS VOLUME XI.

### OFFICERS AND EX-OFFICERS.

Capt. H. R. H., The Duke of Gloucester.  
The Viscount Byng of Vimy.  
Col. C. H. Alexander.  
Major The Earl of Airlie, M.C.  
" E. P. Awdry, M.C.  
Brig.-Gen. Hon. E. Baring, C.V.O., C.B.E.  
" " E. W. D. Baird, C.B.E.  
W. S. Baird, Esq.  
Capt. Cameron Barclay.  
Cpl. S. L. Barry, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O.  
Major Sir William Bass, Bt.  
" The Lord Bellew.  
" T. Bouch.  
W. J. Brisley, Esq.  
Capt. H. C. Brocklehurst.  
W. S. Burdett, Esq.  
R. S. Chaplin, Esq.  
The Lord Chesham, M.C.  
Lt.-Col. C. W. H. Crichton, D.S.O.  
Col. A. H. Farquarson of Invercauld.  
Major E. A. Fielden, M.C.  
Col. R. B. Fisher Childe, C.B.  
Major G. E. Gosling, M.C.  
Lt.-Col. V. J. Greenwood, M.C.  
Capt. C. S. Greenwood.  
Lt.-Col. I. D. Guthrie, M.C.  
D. C. Haldeman, Esq.  
Lt.-Col. A. H. C. Kearsey, D.S.O., O.B.E.,  
Major W. P. Littlewood.  
A. E. Lowther, Esq.  
Mrs. M. E. Mackenzie.  
The Lord Nunburnholme.  
Lt.-Col. W. L. Palmer, M.C.  
Major E. W. E. Palmes, M.C.  
The Hon. J. D. T. Pepys.  
Major R. Pillinger.  
Major S. C. Deed.  
Capt. S. A. Ralli.  
Lt.-Col. R. P. Sandeman.  
Lt.-Col. The Lord George Scott.  
Capt. The Lord W. W. M. D. Scott, M.C.  
Brig.-Gen. A. G. Seymour, D.S.O., M.V.O.  
The Lord Southampton, M.F.H.  
Col. R. D. Spottiswoode.  
Brig.-Gen. The Earl of Shaftesbury,  
K.P., K.C.V.O., C.B.E.  
R. H. C. Thomas, Esq.  
Major-Gen. J. Vaughan, C.B., C.M.G.  
Lt.-Col. A. W. Waite.  
Capt. J. S. M. Wardell, M.B.E.  
Lt.-Col. F. H. C. D. Whitmore,  
C.M.G., D.S.O.

Lt.-Col. R. H. F. W. Wilson, D.S.O.  
Capt. C. B. Wilson.  
Lt.-Col. E. H. W. Williams, D.S.O.  
Major C. H. Potter.  
Donald Cross, Esq.  
Lt.-Gen. Sir Charles Kavanagh.  
Brig.-Gen. The Viscount Hampden.  
Lt.-Col. W. O. Gibbs.  
Major C. T. O'Callaghan.  
Major W. Guy Horne.  
Sir Basil Brooke, Bart, O.B.E., M.C., M.P.  
Capt. Philip Donner.  
Francis C. Drake, Esq.  
Mrs. M. G. Church.  
Mrs. A. Pilling.  
Col. Manners Wood.  
Lt.-Col. Sir Matthew R. H. Wilson,  
C.S.I., D.S.O.  
S. C. T. Moorhouse, Esq.  
Mr. Burdett.

### LIST OF OTHER RANKS.

Mr. F. Aldred.  
" J. W. D. Turner.  
" C. Boyd.  
" P. W. Cates.  
" T. Hunt.  
" H. J. Adams.  
" W. Rawson.  
" C. Foster.  
" Lewis Haigh.  
" J. C. Roustoby.  
" J. Russell.  
" H. Baker.  
" W. Nisbett.  
" A. B. Tomsett.  
" A. Geering.  
" Sage.  
" H. W. King.  
" A. L. Penn.  
" F. Mason.  
" W. T. Smeed.  
" T. Rogers.  
" C. F. Shepherd.  
" M. Goatcher.  
" S. Bentley.

# PEOPLE WE ALL KNOW.

HAVE YOU SHAVED THIS  
MORNING LADDIE?



BRUNO



"MUSH" KING.



The Bowlers' Terror  
"MICKY" RUSBRIDGE



"BOB" DAY.



ALEC



## BAND NOTES.

Our stay in the Hills was brought to a very abrupt end, and we were very sorry to leave, not because of the heat on the Plains, but because of a strong friendship formed with the Band of the 3rd Hussars.

We engaged the Band of the 3rd in games of Hockey, Football, Darts, Quoits, and Billiards. Although the 3rd trounced us at Hockey, at Football we held our own, at Darts, although they brought their own board with them, they could not find a winning vein, and we romped home easy winners. At Quoits we held them at a serious disadvantage, having had a lot of practice, and we won easily against an inexperienced team. At Billiards we had a really stiff encounter, and it was only until the last ball of the last game which decided whether we drew or lost. To see Bdsn Marks pot the black and draw level was a sight for sore eyes.

To wind up these sporting encounters we held a Whist Drive and Social in our Band Room. The room was tastefully decorated, Sgt. McNeill appointed himself as barman, and Sgt. Eames was M.C. for the Whist Drive. Two Q.Ms, S.Q.M.S. Woolley (of the 3rd) and S.Q.M.S. Goatcher (of our own) were invited (in case we wanted a big 'un' to square up after) and curiously enough they both carted off the first prize, Woolley the Ladies, and Goatcher the Gents.

A half hour interval and then we commenced the concert. Sir Douglas Scott of the 3rd Hussars, and Capt Miller graced the proceedings with their presence, and Capt. Miller was called upon to present the Prizes for the Whist Drive.

Of course, as is usual at these sort of functions, speeches were made by both Bandmasters; its really remarkable how well a Bandmaster can talk at times and we enjoyed their pithy comments on things in general and Bandsmen in particular, and then the company settled down to an enjoyable evening. Nearly everyone was called upon to do something or other. Both Bandmasters, after singing in turn, vied with each other in getting the men to join in with the Sea-Shanties, and it was quite good to hear these famous old tunes go down with such a swing.

The writer of these notes was called upon to sing and he chose a song he thought would be popular, but instead of the usual chorus associated with that song, the company sang a ditty that sounded something like, 'Sit down', Yum, Yum. 'Sit down', Yum, Yum. They may not be the correct words but evidently the company did not like me or my song a little bit; so I 'er' sat down of course.

Although the tunes were numerous and humorous, one special mention must be made of T.M. Stebbings of the 3rd. He was the real comedian of the whole show and it was due to his efforts entirely that things were kept going.

The committee deserve great praise for the really hard work they put in in getting and keeping everything up to the mark for it is no fun supplying thirsty souls with needful refreshment when there's something doing on the other side of the curtain.

When a vote of thanks was proposed to those workers the response was deafening. The proceedings closed with the singing of 'Auld Lang Syne', and we hope that we shall join up with the Band of the 3rd Hussars again next year.

We arrived back on the Plains and were welcomed back with open arms by the Signal Troop who were to take over our Huts at Dulikhet and in exchange we were to take over their Horses, not a bad bargain for the Signal Troop anyway.

(Continued on page 78)



## "THE DEVELOPMENT OF AUTOMATIC WEAPONS"

BY

MAJOR A. S. TURNHAM.

The subject of automatic weapons is very much to the fore at present, particularly in this country, where a demonstrator from Copenhagen has been trying to persuade the "powers that be" that the latest Madsen Gun is capable of replacing the Vickers and Lewis Guns and performing the role allotted to each of these weapons with equal facility. I have seen the gun and fired it and I must say there is much to be said in its favour.

Where ever you find the "fighting spirit" evinced, whether in the small school boy, (who makes a pile of snowballs and hides behind the wall, waiting for his opponent); in the ancient warriors who built heaps of stones for a similiar purpose, as at Syracuse; with the bow and arrow (Crecy was won by the accuracy and rapidity of the British archers) or in modern war, you will find the desire "to produce a heavier and more accurate volume of fire than the enemy". It is this which is chiefly responsible for the development of automatic weapons.

Since the advent of firearms, we can trace its development. Even in the days of the muzzle-loader, a certain famous Italian General formed his musketeers up in five ranks, the front rank fired, counter-marched and became the fifth rank, sponged out, went through the various movements of putting in their powder, ramming in the next ball and fixing the cap, while the second rank took one pace forward and fired. By this means he was able to produce a heavier volume.

As long ago as the fifteenth century an Italian invented a gun called the Ribaldiquin, or organ gun, a number of barrels which revolved round an axis, each being fired as it came opposite the firing mechanism, operated by a handle at the side.

The first real advance towards rapidity was the introduction in 1805 of breech loading and later, in 1882, the solid drawn cartridge case.

During this period several machine guns were introduced.

In 1862 Gatling produced a gun similar to the Ribaldiquin. This gun was used in the

British Service. It was very heavy and fired from an enormous mounting weighing several hundredweights. In consequence it could only be used in fixed places, chiefly in the Navy. One frequently reads of naval exploits, in the Persian Gulf and up river in "80's", where the Gatling played a prominent part.

Another gun introduced into the Service in 1885 was the Nordenfeldt. This had four barrels side by side, was fed by a box magazine which was placed on top, a lever withdrew the four bolts and allowed four cartridges to drop down opposite their respective barrels and as the lever was pushed forward the gun was fired. If pushed forward slowly, it fired each shot separately, if quickly the four were fired practically as a volley.

This gun, which was mounted on a gun carriage, was issued for trial to the 10th Royal Hussars in 1887, who at that time were stationed at Hounslow.

The Colonel at the time was the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, and whilst on a visit to him the Kaiser saw the gun. He was so fascinated with it that he ordered one from the works, for his Guards, and obtained permission for a sergeant of the Tenth to go to Potsdam as instructor.

Shortly after the Nordenfeldt was invented, a gun with five barrels, called the Gardner was brought out. The design closely resembled the Nordenfeldt, but the Gardner was lighter and consequently more mobile.

During the Great War, 1914-18, it was used in Mesopotamia by some of the Indian Troops.

At an Exhibition in Vienna in 1882, Hiram Maxim (afterwards Sir Hiram Maxim) was showing certain chemical and electrical inventions when, to use his own words, "an American Jew, whom I had previously met in the States, said to me", "if you want to make a pile of money, invent something which will enable these Europeans to cut each others throats with greater facility."

That made him think and from 1882 to 1885 he worked in a cellar in Hatton Gardens and eventually produced the Maxim Gun. The Kaiser, as we know, has "Production of Fire Power" mania and when first he saw the Maxim, he remarked, "Ah! there is the only machine gun."

The Maxim needs no explanation to the soldier, some of us knew it in its original form, most of us are quite familiar with it today, for the "Vickers" is a modification of the original.

A company was formed to make the Maxim, called Vickers, Sons and Maxim. Shortly before the War, Sir Hiram Maxim retired and the firm became Vickers Limited. When the General Staff required a lighter model Vickers produced it and called it the "Vickers", but in principle and functioning it is exactly the same as the "Maxim".

About this time, (they actually claim that the first one was produced in 1875) the Austrians produced the Schwarzlose, an automatic machine gun.

It is interesting to note that both inventors, although in a different manner, utilised the force of the explosion of the cartridge combined with a strong spiral spring to bring about the functioning, i.e., the unloading and ejection of the empty case, reloading and firing of the next round.

Maxim utilised the backward thrust of the explosion, together with the forcing of the bullet through the spiral grooves of the barrel, and allowed the barrel and working parts inside the gun to be driven back a short distance. This action, combined with a strong spring on the outside of the gun, brought about the functioning, so that as soon as the gun is started it will, under normal circumstances, continue to fire automatically till the belt of 250 rounds is finished. This is termed recoil operation.

The Schwarzlose also utilised the backward thrust but instead of allowing the barrel to travel back the cartridge case is allowed to set back on the lock or bolt, driving it to the rear, while the barrel remains stationary. This is facilitated by a small amount of oil being squirted on to the case as it enters the chamber. This is referred to as the energy of the spent case.

The Maxim principle proved to be by far the best. It was adopted by the British and used in the South African War, but like all other mechanical inventions the initial performance was not a great success. We did not appreciate its characteristics, it was used practically as an artillery weapon and about one man in a regiment or battalion, (usually the Musketry Instructor) knew a little about the functioning of it. There are

many examples on record of the gun being days out of action owing to a stoppage. The Japanese, shrewd as they are, were not slow to recognise the possibilities of the Maxim and during the Russo-Japanese War many thousands of Maxims, manufactured by ourselves and Germany were used.

Germany, too, realised the value of machine guns and 1914 found them prepared with an enormous number of them, organised in machine gun units.

In 1912, Vickers produced their light machine gun. It was approximately half the weight of the old Maxim. I well remember during that year, instructing the Machine Gun Officers and sergeants of the First and Second Cavalry Brigades, who were the first troops to be armed with it.

This very briefly is the development up to the Great War.

*\*(To be Continued)*

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*(Continued from page 76.)*

We are now beginning to look quite horseyfied. Our Band Sergeant instead of going about his duties humming pieces from the classics can now be heard mumbling to himself about 'spavins' girth galls, etc, he even shaved his upper lip one night because we were short of a wisp on Stable Parade.

Still, it is rather difficult to combine two jobs at once after all's said and done so we shan't be sorry when the Signal Troop return from the Hills.

Our form at cricket this year has been as well as could be expected; our team has a pronounced tail which failed to wag on more than one occasion.

We managed to get into the final of the Friendly Inter-Troop Tournament beating M.G.-4, 'A'-1, and 'C'-2 on our way to the winning post but Admin-Troop found out our weakness and we went down by seven wickets. Better luck next time.

\* \* \* \* \*



Most of our officers have now returned from summer leave and are looking better for the change. Lieut. Wingfield has gone off to Saugor to be taught how to rough em, we must take this opportunity of congratulating him on his splendid show at the Signalling School, obtaining a distinguished at Poona is no mean feat. How about a double Mr. Wingfield.

It is with deep regret we say good-bye to Sergt. Davis who has been transferred to "MG" Squadron. One of our outstanding performers in mounted sports and always willing to turn out for anything going, you have our best wishes Jerry.

L/Cpl. Jones has also gone to "MG" another good sportsman and soldier, we well remember his great display in this years Brocklehurst, Good luck, Jones.

We welcome to the fold an old favourite in Sgt. Sharples who has been transferred from "HQ" and trust he will soon settle down in "A".

Before closing down we would like to mention that we hear on good authority there will be No point-to-point this year and although its tough on the Squadron farrier whom the touts report having had some rousing gallops lately on the Maidan we would like to point out for his benefit that there are still a few vacancies on the Activity Ride and we will mention his name with pleasure.



#### SKIRMISHING.

Some very useful maxims laid down long ago but which are very useful and worth remembering.

Sight your rifle always carefully.

Keep your eyes open and your mouth shut, but your

Information must be trustworthy.

Repeat all signals and etc. quietly.

Musketry—remember all you have been taught in fire discipline.

Invariably take advantage of all cover.

See without being seen.

Hoax your enemy.

Explore every copse, hollow and building.

Remember that on you, your own life, your comrades, and the good name of your regiment depend.

## REGIMENTAL GAZETTE.

### *London Gazette.*

The following extracts from the *London Gazette* are republished.

2/Lieutenant Mervyn Hesseltine Taylor from the Supplementary Reserve of Officers 16/5th Lancers, to be 2nd Lieutenant 20th June 1931.

Lieut.-Colonel V. J. Greenwood, M.C., on completion of his period of service in command is placed on the half pay list, 6th July 1931.

Major C. W. M. Norrie, D.S.O., M.C., from the 11th Hussars to be Lieut.-Colonel 6th July 1931.

Major D. C. H. Richardson, M.C., to be Lieut.-Colonel on half pay list, 6th July 1931.

Lieut. C. D. Miller to be Captain 6th July 1931.

### COURSES OF INSTRUCTION.

The undermentioned N. C. O. attended the 4th N. C. O's. Cavalry Course at the Small Arms School, Pachmarhi Wing from 16th May 1931 to 20th June 1931 and Qualified.

545612 L/Sgt. Wass, C.

The undermentioned N. C. O. attended the Combined Course at the School of Education, Belgaum, from 24th April, 1931 to the 3rd July, 1931, and obtained a Pass Class 11.

529910 Cpl. Hall, G. W.

The undermentioned men attended a Course in Butchery Duties held at the Supply Depot, Meerut from 1st May 1931 to 31st July 1931 and Passed:—

402598 Tpr. Morgan, J.

402410 „ Lucas, T.

402222 „ Derrick, C.

402413 „ Putman, S.

The undermentioned men attended a Course in Victualling Duties at Meerut from 1st May 1931 to 31st July 1931 and Passed:—

546926 Tpr. Riley, T.

401000 „ Rodger, W.



## CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION.

The undermentioned N. C. O. and Boy were awarded the 1st Class Certificate of Education at an examination held in March, 1931:—

546461 Cpl. Shirley, H.  
549875 Boy Garmeson, S.

## MEDALS.

The undermentioned Warrant Officer was awarded the Silver Medal for Long Service and Good Conduct, Army Orders for April 1931.

389674 R. S. M., G. L. Vokins, M. M.

## TRANSFERS.

The undermentioned man was transferred from the 9th Q. M. Lancers on 20th June, 1931:—

549028 Tpr. Robinson, F. & posted to 'MG' Sqdn.

The undermentioned man was transferred from the 1st Battn. The Hampshire Regiment in the rank of Trooper with effect from 1st September 1931:—

7542871 L/Cpl. Hall, F. & posted to 'HQ' Wing.

## PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.

The following Promotions and Appointments have been made from the dates stated:—

546942 L/Cpl. James, T	...	...	} Promoted Corporals with effect from 1st March 1931, to complete establishment.
543213 L/Cpl. Bridge, E.	...	...	
546818 L/Cpl. Rodwell, W.	...	...	
6083212 L/Cpl. Fairminer,	...	...	} Appointed Paid L/Cpls. with effect from 1st March 1931 to complete establishment.
543206 L/Cpl. West, A.	...	...	
546536 L/Cpl. Quinn, R.	...	...	
402270 L/Cpl. Wilson, E.	...	...	
546358 L/Cpl. Jones, H.	...	...	} Appointed Signalling Corpl., with effect from 1st March 1931 to complete establishment.
543213 Cpl. Bridge, E.	...	...	
545612 Cpl. Wass, C.	...	...	} Appointed Paid L/Sgt. with effect from 11th June 1931.
2751290 L/Cpl. Fachie, P.	...	...	
534258 L/Cpl. Whittingham, T.	...	...	} Promoted Corporal with effect from 11th June 1931.
543262 L/Cpl. Hodson, E.	...	...	
402744 L/Cpl. Davis, W.	...	...	} Appointed Paid L/Cpl. with effect from 22nd July 1931.
546680 L/Cpl. Duffield, A.	...	...	
547715 L/Cpl. Mulligan, E.	...	...	} Appointed Paid L/Cpl. with effect from 22nd July 1931.
402297 Tpr. Davies, A. J.	...	...	
546951 Tpr. Smith W. J.	...	...	} Appointed Unpaid L/Cpls., with effect from 24th July 1931.
399209 Tpr. McBride, C.	...	...	
402337 Tpr. Dewsnap, W.	...	...	} Appointed Unpaid I/Cpls., with effect from 4th August 1931.
402679 Tpr. Waymouth, P.	...	...	
402724 Tpr. Smith, V.	...	...	
543225 Cpl. Upshall, R.	...	...	} Appointed Paid L/Sgt. with effect from 29th August 1931.

## EXTENTION OF SERVICE.

The undermentioned N. C. O. extended his service beyond 21 years until 17th May 1933:—

315000 F/Sgt. Lewsley, W.

## OBITUARY.

The Commanding Officer deeply regrets to announce the death of the undermentioned man who died in the British Military Hospital Meerut on 4th July, 1931:—

402470 Tpr. Robson, R.

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