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THE RANGER



A JOURNAL FOR THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS

88th FOOT.

94th FOOT.

The Harp and Crown, with the Motto "*Quis Separabit.*"

The Elephant. The Sphinx, superscribed "*Egypt.*"

Regimental Quickstep : "*St. Patrick's Day.*"

Regimental Association : *Fyfield Lodge, Fyfield Road, Oxford.*

Regimental Journal : *The Ranger.*

'Seringapatam,' 'Talavera,' 'Busaco,' 'Fuentes D'Onor,'
'Ciudad Rodrigo,' 'Badajoz,' 'Salamanca,' 'Vittoria,'
'Pyrenees,' 'Nivelle,' 'Orthes,' 'Toulouse,' 'Peninsula,'
'Alma,' 'Inkerman,' 'Sevastopol,' 'Central India,'
'South Africa, 1877-8-9, 1880-81,' 'Relief of Ladysmith,'
'South Africa, 1899-1902.'

THE GREAT WAR—6 Battalions—'MONS,' 'Retreat from
Mons,' 'Marne, 1914,' 'AISNE, 1914,' 'MESSINES, 1914-17,'
'Armentières, 1914,' 'YPRES, 1914-15-17,' 'Langemarck,
1914-17,' 'Gheluvelt,' 'Nonne Bosschen,' 'Festubert, 1914,'
'Givenchy, 1914,' 'Neuve Chapelle,' 'St. Julien,' 'Aubers,'
'Somme, 1916-18,' 'GUILLEMONT,' 'Ginchy,' 'St. Quentin,'
'Bapaume, 1918,' 'Rosières,' 'Hindenburg Line,' 'CAMBRAI,
1918,' 'Selle,' 'France and Flanders, 1914-18,' 'KOSTURINO,'
'Struma,' 'Macedonia, 1915-17,' 'Suvla,' 'Sari Bair,'
'SCIMITAR HILL,' 'Gallipoli, 1915,' 'Gaza,' 'Jerusalem,'
'Tell 'Asur,' 'MEGIDDO,' 'Sharon,' 'Palestine, 1917-18,'
'Tigris, 1916,' 'KUT AL AMARA,' 'Baghdad,' 'Mesopotamia,
1916-18.'

THE RANGER

A JOURNAL FOR THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS

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Contents.

	Page
Editorial	33
"The Ranger"	35
Subscriptions and Donations	35
The Regimental Association	36
Our Contemporaries	36
Births, Marriages, Deaths	36
Roll of Honour—In Memoriam	37
The Reunion in London	38
The Reunion in Dublin	39
Memorable Dinner of Old Comrades' Association	39
Messages of Greeting and Good Wishes ..	42
Regimental and Other Jottings	42
The Dominions and Colonies	46
St. Patrick's Day	47
A Story of the 1879 War	48
Colonel Maclean of the 27th	50
A Visit to the Battlefields of the Crimea ..	51
A Practical Joke	51
Camp Life and Sport in South Africa— Part I	52
The West African Frontier Force	53
Fort Matagorda	54
A Dust-up with a Bull	55
The Storm	55
A Modern Christmas Story	56
Memories and Dances	58
Memories of an Old Contemptible	59
Scenes and Impressions of Military Life ..	60
A Senior Officer and the old French Woman	62
Brief Account of Five Years Spent as a Prisoner of War in Germany	62
Letters to the Editor	63

EDITORIAL.

The November "Ranger" will be No. 51, or the second number of Volume XI.

It is a matter for congratulation that it has been possible, despite many difficulties, to produce 51 numbers of the "Ranger" since the disbandment, and to know that it has been and will be so well patronised and supported by old Rangers. The Editor would, however, be glad to hear if any officer does not now wish the "Ranger" to be forwarded to him twice annually, especially those who have not subscribed during recent years. The Editor continues to receive in large numbers letters from the other ranks begging him to continue the publication of the journal and informing him that it is the only cord that binds all old Rangers together in one happy family. Shortly before these lines were penned the war, the greatest war in history*, has at last come to an end in Europe, but men and all the modern

ships, planes and their crews are being hurried out to the Far East, and among the British, American, Canadian, Australian, New Zealand and South African forces are many, yes, very many, Irishmen, including men who have served in the Rangers, and the sons of many old Rangers too. But since 1939 many have fallen, and their names are added to the long list of those of the Emerald Isle who have given their all voluntarily in the years that are gone. All were, to their credit, volunteers.

The casualty lists tell the same tale, and names of those in high command tell the same story of the gallantry of the fighting race.

Several Rangers who annually attended our Re-union in London have also given their lives, with their dear ones, during the last few years in London and in other towns and places. May they rest in peace. Yes, indeed, many men from the Province of Connaught have given their lives in a good cause. Perhaps these lines are not out of place when one considers how many were on board the ships of the Royal Navy and the Merchant Navy also.

"Read out the names," and Burke sat back,
And Kelly dropped his head,
While Shea—they call'd him "Scholar Jack"—
Went down the list of the dead:
Of the officers, seamen, gunners, marines,
The crews of the gig and yawl,
The bearded man and the lad in his 'teens,
The carpenters, coalpressers, all.
Then, knocking the ashes from out his pipe,
Said Burke, in an off-hand way,
"We're all in the dead man's list, by cripe,
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's to good honest fighting blood,"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Oh, the fighting races don't die out,
If they seldom die in their bed,
For love is the first in their heart, no doubt,"
Said Burke. Then Kelly said:
"When Michael, the Irish archangel, stands,
The angel with the sword,
And the battle dead from a hundred lands
Are ranged in one great horde,
Our line that for Gabriel's trumpet waits
Will stretch three deep that day
From Jehosaphat to the Golden Gates—
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's thank God for the race and the
sod,"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

J. C. CLARKE.

And after all these years of stubborn fighting and endeavour—victory, yes, victory; but

let us hope for the beginning of a brighter and more peaceful era, and as we go to press Japan in suing for peace.

Now to be still and rest, while the heart remembers

All that it learned and loved in the days long past,

To stoop and warm our hands at the fallen embers,

Glad to have come to the long way's end at last.

—P. H. B. LYON.

("The Times," 16th May, 1945.)

I have seen the conclusion of many wars, both great and small, but the outburst of popular feeling after nearly six years of war is certainly more universal and more boisterous than ever before. One's thoughts go back to the many fine men who have passed on, and by whose devotion to duty and pluck we have emerged from this fearful struggle. Their memory and their sacrifices will not be forgotten. Perhaps this war has touched the hearts of the nation more keenly than any other war, as it has taken in so many of the nation to the fighting services, and although the casualties have not been as great as in the last war, it is because they have had overpowering support from the Royal Navy, the R.A.F. and the gunners, to whom our thanks are due. Wonderful victories have been gained, and the towns and cities of the Reich have been brought down to a mere heap of rubble and destruction through the agency of the R.A.F. Many gallant lads of that force have given their all in this great struggle. We may hope that all these superhuman efforts will not now be thrown away by the politicians at home or abroad. There have been many old Rangers who have fought and given up their lives in the cause of Freedom and Right, and the sons of old members of the Regiment have shown that if the Connaught Rangers had been in being we should have had a gallant band of the younger generation to uphold the honour of the Regiment and their country. It would be a pleasant duty to record all the names of those who have fought and helped the cause of victory, and headed by the gallant ones who have given their lives for King and Country to be held for ever in grateful remembrance. As far as one is able to do this, the Editor will be glad to receive the names of this gallant band and the units to which they belonged, together with rank and decorations received.

When after a long war in South Africa the 1st Battalion arrived home at Southampton, only one officer, and he was the chief embarkation officer and had been a sergeant in the Regiment, met us at the port of arrival. In Dublin, only three people met us, but in the Great War the cadres of the 1st and 2nd Battalions only passed in unnoticed by anyone and everyone. Truly the nation is not always grateful to the officers and men who go forth to fight for King and Country. The most one can expect is that the peace which, by the fortitude of these gallant men has been possible, will not be thrown away. Perhaps now wise counsels will prevail. When in

November, 1944, the grim and glorious war effort of Great Britain was published, the American newspapers found space describing the really remarkable conspectus of a democratic people fully mobilised for war and fighting on. Yes, fighting on for nearly two years, for the greater part almost alone. Yes, and suffering and never a thought of anything but victory. It is a great human story of most gallant war effort. And how many gallant Irishmen, leaving the country of their birth, came over and joined the forces of the Crown, and fought and died as of yore. It will be a sadness that the Southern Irish Regiments were not fighting shoulder to shoulder with the other forces of this commonwealth of nations, but anyhow they were represented by the Irish Guards, the old 27th and the 87th, especially in the campaigns in the Mediterranean. We wonder if the small nations which have been under the iron heel of the Germans realise how their freedom has been restored to them and how this miracle has been brought about. They should be more than thankful to the nations of this commonwealth who, with their other allies, have brought peace and freedom to their distracted countries. There was not much thankfulness after the last war; let us hope that we shall be accorded our due after this bitter struggle has come to an end.

In the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords on 17th May the King was present in person to receive the congratulations of Lords and Commons on the complete defeat of Germany. In its composition and its significance it was a gathering such as no other nation in the world could have produced—one thousand people, representing not only the Mother of all Parliaments, but also four independent communities which had earned their right to the Royal thanks by sharing the Mother Country's peril. Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa joined in the fight, and so gave the most convincing proof that British methods are both wise and practical—that freedom can weld a unity that is infinitely stronger and more stable than any union shackled by fear and force.

That gathering in the bomb-scarred Palace of Westminster came as the epilogue to the rejoicings of a people who had served in the front line for close on six weary years. We do not forget that these victories would have been almost impossible without the weight of American and Russian military power, but we also remember that the Empire's lone stand in 1940 is the primary cause of the United Nations victory. And the recollection of those dark days is inseparable from the name of one man, Winston Churchill, who will be remembered when all the giants of history are forgotten. To his qualities of brain and spirit, no ordinary pen could do full justice. The work is only half done. In one respect, indeed, it is only beginning. It is now realised that to win a war is by no means the same thing as the winning or making of the peace, and the nations must now show a far greater willingness to agree among themselves than is at present apparent if victory is

to be the foundation of peace or the seed for future conflict.

God forbid that we should have another war, and we look forward to an early and final settlement of the many tangled questions in Europe.

The Editor would like to thank those who have helped to make the "Ranger" a success and to assist him in the bringing out of the journal since 1923, an achievement of which all Rangers are proud. Among others, Lieut.-Colonel Bowen, Lieut.-Colonel Rutledge, Major Gorman, Captain Dryden, Captain Hudson, Major Bruen, Major Allen, and W. H. Dryden, G. Fahey, E. J. Grady, J. Ryder, W. R. Halpin, J. J. Pope, and many others who have sent cuttings and other matter, all of which have been incorporated in the "Ranger."

He also thanks all those who have so generously subscribed to the journal, and to the rising expenditure, for which he is very grateful, especially those who have forwarded most generous donations to the "Ranger" and the Association.

If possible, the "Ranger" will be brought out in May next year, but all matter should reach the Editor before February, 1946. The Editor is glad to state that several old Rangers have lately reported for duty, and they have been given the addresses of their comrades of some 40 or more years ago, and many pleasant re-unions have taken place. A Christmas card will also be available, but not before the middle of October.

In conclusion, the Editor sends good wishes and a Merry Christmas to all Rangers, and a happy and more prosperous new year to one and all, and he hopes that it may be possible to get up a re-union next year if all goes well. Good luck, and every good wish to all readers and to our many friends beyond the seas.

[*The casualties during the war of 1914-1918 were, for 52 months, 3,286,090, and during the war of 1939-1945, for 66 months, were 1,128,315. The casualties on the Somme (July 15 to November, 1916) were, British and French, 630,000, and in Gallipoli, 205,000 (just over eight months). The Turkish losses in Gallipoli were 350,000.]

H. F. N. J.

"THE RANGER."

"The Ranger" is published twice yearly, in May and November.

The price of the annual subscription is 4/- per annum. Will any old Ranger who wishes for the Journal to be sent to him please forward his address to the Editor at Fyfield Lodge, Fyfield Road, Oxford? Subscriptions from those who have not yet paid for 1945 are now due. Any change of address should also be at once notified to the Editor at the above address.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS.

"The greatest prize in life is the feeling that one has been able, in some small degree, to help his fellow men."

The Editor begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, the undermentioned Subscriptions and Donations:—

Major G. Allen,	£5 0 0
Lt.-Col. E. Barry, O.B.E.,	0 10 0
J. J. Donnellan, M.M.,	0 10 0
Lt.-Col. F. T. Chamier,	0 19 0
A. Kensett,	0 10 0
J. E. Yarnell, Esq. (Winnipeg),	0 10 0
George Higgins (Port Arthur),	0 10 0
Martin P. Danagher,	1 0 0
J. H. Anderson,	0 5 0
F. J. Chapman,	0 10 0
J. Garrett,	0 4 0
P. J. Ketterick,	1 0 0
Capt. F. W. Morse (Brother Joseph, O.S.M.),	1 0 0
C. G. Masters,	0 14 6
R. S. Cox, Esq.,	0 10 0
J. Kirwan,	0 5 0
P. Redmond,	0 2 0
E. Lawlor,	0 2 0
Major G. Tylden,	0 4 6
Mrs. George Digan,	0 10 0
James McGrath,	0 5 0
Lt.-Col. H. F. N. Jourdain, C.M.G.,	0 4 0
Br.-General A. C. Lewin, C.M.G., D.S.O.,	2 0 0
E. Smith,	0 4 0
Major C. G. Gaden, M.C.,	0 4 0
M. J. Murphy, M.M.,	1 0 0
W. Coyle,	0 5 0
G. Halfpenny,	1 0 0
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Col. C. Richardson White, D.S.O., M.D.,	2 2 0
A. R. Llewellyn-Taylor, Esq.,	0 10 0
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The Rev. T. J. O'Connor, P.P.,	1 1 0
Lt.-Col. F. O. Bowen, D.S.O.,	0 5 0
W. Hurley, M.S.M.,	0 4 0
Brig.-General A. G. Kemball,	0 5 0
Patrick Meehan,	0 4 0
Francis J. Chapman,	0 10 0
John Dillon,	0 4 0
Capt. J. F. Ganley,	0 10 6
Col. D. P. J. Kelly, M.C., O.B.E.,	0 13 0
J. Corcoran,	0 4 0
Major J. T. Gorman, M.B.E.,	0 5 0
Major Wm. Jardine, J.P.,	1 0 0
R. Hewitt,	0 5 0

THE REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION.

The Hon. Secretary acknowledges with many thanks the receipt of the undermentioned donations:—

Lt.-Col. F. T. Chamier,...	£1	1	0
Lt.-Col. E. Barry, O.B.E.,	5	0	0
Martin P. Danagher,	0	10	0
Major G. Tylden,	1	0	0
Capt. J. F. Ganley,	0	10	6
Chalmers Masters,	0	10	0

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The Editor desires to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of the undermentioned Journals:—

- "The Green Howards Gazette"—February, March, April, May, June, 1945.
- "The Sprig of Shillelagh"—Spring, 1945.
- "The Loyal Regiment" (N. Lancashire) News Letter—No. 3, No. 4, No. 5.
- "The Eagle," the Journal of the Essex Regiment—June, 1945.
- "Faugh-a-Ballagh"—April, 1945.
- "Our Empire"—February, March, April, May, June, July, 1945.
- "Reveille"—January, February, March, April, May, 1945.
- "The Patriot"—January, February, March, April, May, June, 1945.

BIRTHS.

- Thompson.**—On March 30, 1945, at the Red House, Windlesham, Surrey, to Anne (née Kinsman), wife of Kenneth Crewe Thompson, the Life Guards, a daughter.
- Hardy.**—On May 5, 1945, at Hitchin, Herts., to Patricia, wife of Major H. A. Hardy, R.A., and youngest daughter of Major and Mrs J. T. Gorman, a daughter (Caroline Patricia).

MARRIAGES.

Major B. A. Smith and Miss P. D. Harling.

The engagement is announced between Major Berkeley Alexander Smith, R.A., only son of Mr and Mrs Malcolm Smith, of Rustington, Sussex, and Penelope Diana, daughter of the late Major R. W. Harling and of Mrs Harling, of 15 Grenville Place, S.W.7.

—"Times," April 26, 1945.

Hadley—Harling.—On April 21, 1945, in Washington, D.C., U.S.A., Major Peter S. Hadley, M.B.E., The Royal Sussex Regiment, younger son of the late Mr Howard Hadley and Mrs Hadley, North House, Ifield, Sussex, to Valerie J. Harling, Junior Commander, A.T.S., third daughter of the late Major R. W. Harling and Mrs Harling, 15 Grenville Place, S.W.7.

Macswiney—Vestey-Jones.—On June 19, 1945, at St. Michael's, Chester Square, Captain Clive V. Macswiney, Royal Artillery, younger son of Major and Mrs J. C. Macswiney, of 53 Fitzgeorge Avenue, W.14, to Margaret, daughter of the late W. Vestey-Jones and Mrs Vestey-Jones, of The Ridings, Harrogate.

40th ANNIVERSARY.

Morgan—Little.—On April 25, 1945, at the Parish Church of St. Lawrence, Church Stretton, Shropshire, William Seldon Morgan, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Swansea, to Ada Margaret Little, daughter of the late Colonel William Little, The Connaught Rangers, and Mrs Little, of Southport. (Present address: Glen View, Knighton, Radnorshire).

—"Times," April 25, 1945.

DEATHS.

Nairne.—On February 19, 1945, at Camborly, Florence Barclay, youngest daughter of the late John Mellis Nairne, of Dunsinnan, Perthshire, and granddaughter of J. M. D. Nairne, 94th Regiment.

Bond.—On February 23, 1945, at Rathenree, Foxrock, Co. Dublin, Mary Rosa Kerr, widow of Willoughby James Bond, D.L., late of Farragh, Longford, in her 78th year.

Boniface.—On January 15, 1945, whilst interned in Manilla, Mark Boniface, M.C., formerly of Shanghai, dearly loved husband of Winifred (née Taylor), and father of Jane, Rosemary and Judith.

Byrne.—On April 17, 1945, at Central Hospital, Galway, No. 3739 R.S.M. Richard E. Byrne (late The Connaught Rangers), of 4 River View, Longwalk, Galway (late of 10 Main Street, Dundrum, Co. Dublin).—R.I.P.

Walsh.—In April, 1945, on active service, Flight Lieutenant Thomas Patrick Walsh, R.A.F., younger son of Colonel and Mrs C. H. Walsh, The Old Rectory, Mere, Wiltshire, and husband of Mairi (née MacLeod).

Geraghty.—On January 26, 1945, by enemy action, J. Geraghty, Mrs. Geraghty and daughter, late of 38 Gordon Road, Wanstead, London, E.11. We mourn a gallant and enthusiastic Ranger, who never missed a reunion.—R.I.P.

Harden.—On May 17, 1945, at Harrybrook, Clare, Tandragee (after a short illness), Major James Edward Harden, D.L., J.P.

Henegan.—On November 20, 1944, at Castlebar, Joseph Henegan, of Newport, Co. Mayo, aged 72 years.

Brennan.—On June 27, 1945, at his residence, 16 Arbutus Avenue, Harold's Cross, Patrick, dearly beloved husband of Christina Brennan (late R.S.M. The Connaught Rangers, and of the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham).—Deeply regretted by his wife and family.—R.I.P.

McNiff.—On April 20, 1944, at Mullagh, Dromahair, Co. Leitrim, No. 7663 Michael McNiff (late The Connaught Rangers).

McGuinness.—On July 19, 1944, at Meath Hospital, Dublin, No. 7216 Stephen McGuinness (late of "D" Company, The Connaught Rangers).

Dooley.—On December 27, 1944, at Church Street, Boyle, Drummer Thomas Dooley (late 2nd Battalion).

Harman.—On June 30, 1945, at Laverstock House, Salisbury, in her 87th year, Edith J. G., widow of Colonel C. E. Harman, who commanded the 2nd Battalion The Connaught Rangers, and died on service at Buttevant in January, 1915, only daughter of G. Newland, Commandant, R.I.C.—Funeral private.

Byrne.—On June 1, 1945, at 12 Ely Place, Peter Byrne, late Colour-Sergeant 5th Battalion The Connaught Rangers, for 25 years the friend of the late Mrs Trevor Overend and the Misses Overend, Airfield, Dundrum.—R.I.P.

Capron.—On September 23, 1944, at his residence, 33 Cunningham Street, Acton Green, Chiswick, W.4, H. Capron, late Band, 1st Battalion.

Bolton.—On June 10, 1945, at 254 Walton Road, Woking, Surrey, No. 1289 Sergeant John Bolton, late Connaught Rangers, 1892-1904.

Jordan.—On June 19, 1945, suddenly, at Thornhill, Colonel Henry Bourke Jordan, D.L., J.P., of Bashley, Shandon, Dumbartonshire, and Thornhill, Kiltimagh, Co. Mayo, aged 86.

Lyster.—On July 19, 1945, at Bunraven, Bin, Major Calverley J. J. Lyster, M.C., late of The Leinster Regiment and 10th Irish Division.

The following is from the "Times" of April 7, 1945:—

Eames.—To the dear memory of Major Thomas Bunbury Eames, 1st Battalion The Connaught Rangers, also our mother, Ada Rutledge Fair, both died in Ireland, 1933 and 1934; and also our uncle, H. S. Woodcock, The Elms, Wigan.

ROLL OF HONOUR.

IN MEMORIAM.
(1914-1918).

1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th Battalions, The Connaught Rangers.—In ever grateful and loving memory of the following officers who gallantly fell in the Great War, 1914-1918:—

Lieut.-Colonel J. S. M. Lenox-Conyngham.
Lieut.-Colonel A. W. Abercrombie.

Major William Stopford Sarsfield.
Captain Charles Edward Hack.
Captain Graham de M. Armstrong-Lushington Tulloch.

Captain Hans H. A. Cooke.
Captain Thomas H. Crofton, M.C.
Major M. I. M. Campbell, M.C.
Captain Francis W. M. Leader.
Captain Frederick H. Jackson.
Captain Ivan H. Garvey, M.C.
Major William A. Grattan-Bellew.
Captain Frank H. Saker.
Captain Eric B. F. Faithful.
Captain Gilbert Thompson.
Captain George R. S. Stritch (6th Battalion).
Lieut. Frederick R. George.
Lieut. Geoffrey D. Abbott.
Lieut. John R. Ovens.
Lieut. Robert B. Benison.
Lieut. Cecil F. Blacker.
Captain Norman K. Steuart.
Lieut. Robert A. de Stacpoole.
Lieut. Geoffrey R. Fenton.
Lieut. John Frazer.
Lieut. Raymond M. H. Henderson.
Lieut. Victor A. Lentaigne.
Lieut. Ralph L. Spreckley, M.C.
Lieut. Rhys I. Thomas, M.C.
Lieut. Anthony T. C. Wickham.
Captain H. G. Robertson.
Lieut. H. Q. Irwin.
Lieut. Lancelot N. Aveling.
Captain Nigel J. L. Wickham.
Lieut. M. H. C. de C. de B. Wickham.
Lieut. Claude J. O'C. Mallins.
Lieut. Francis W. Lynch.
Lieut. Eric E. Beatty.
Lieut. William R. Bradshaw.
Lieut. E. A. F. Goodfellow.
Lieut. Percival M. Harte-Maxwell.
Lieut. John Charles T. McCarthy.
Lieut. John Meenaghan.
Lieut. Arthur Winspear.
Lieut. Hugh V. Moor.
Lieut. Ulick Augustus Moore.
Lieut. William E. Okey.
Lieut. Arthur E. Russell.
Lieut. William J. S. Tydd.
Lieut. William G. S. Barker.
Lieut. Louis N. B. Beater.
Captain Raymond A. Belemore.
Lieut. Frank H. Bethell.
Captain J. C. Brown, M.C.
Lieut. A. D. L. Browne.
Lieut. Peter Browne.
Lieut. G. R. Bennett.
Lieut. W. A. Buchanan.
Lieut. John Erroll Burke.
Lieut. Alfred J. W. Blake.
Lieut. Robert A. Burke.
Lieut. Edwin Burrow.
Lieut. John K. Clarke.
Lieut. John Cody.
Lieut. William E. Cuming.
Lieut. Fenton K. Cummins, M.C.
Lieut. Darly Daly.
Lieut. C. V. Darnell.
Lieut. Joseph P. Dignan.
Captain Brian C. O'D. Douglas.
Lieut. L. Elridge.
Lieut. John Fox.
Lieut. Thomas F. Gilmore, M.C.

Lieut. Donald A. Greer.
 Major Robert Gregory, M.C.
 Lieut. George Haire.
 Lieut. C. C. Hamilton.
 Lieut. William Hamilton.
 Lieut. William A. Hamilton.
 Lieut. C. S. L. Harrington.
 Lieut. R. H. Hayes.
 Captain A. S. Hog.
 Captain Christopher J. Hughes.
 Lieut. Claude M. L. Ingham.
 Lieut. Noel C. Kempton.
 Lieut. Francis J. L. Kenny.
 Lieut. Frederick B. Keogh, M.C.
 Lieut. Joseph King.
 Captain Frederick H. Lewin.
 Lieut. Stephen Henry Lewis.
 Lieut. Denis James Lyons.
 Lieut. T. A. McClure.
 Lieut. John H. O'C. Macdonnell.
 Lieut. Benjamin G. MacDowel.
 Lieut. J. H. McKeown.
 Lieut. Michael McKiernan.
 Lieut. George F. Macnie.
 Lieut. Dermot J. MacSherry.
 Lieut. Hugh Maguire.
 Lieut. Matthew L. Maguire, M.C.
 Lieut. David Matthews.
 Lieut. Henry Robert Miles.
 Lieut. Arnulf Montgomery.
 Lieut. John Ross Moore.
 Lieut. Thomas K. O'Brien.
 Major William D. O'Brien.
 Lieut. Donald Charles O'Connell.
 Captain William H. Parke.
 Lieut. Walter L. Prentice.
 Lieut. Hubert H. L. Richards.
 Lieut. Edward F. Shanks.
 Lieut. Henry Richards Sheridan.
 Lieut. Alfred G. F. Simms.
 Lieut. Philip J. Smith.
 Lieut. Herbert W. D. Stone.
 Lieut. Claude Summerscales.
 Lieut. Philip E. Tennant.
 Lieut. Harry R. Vaughan.
 Lieut. William W. Vernon.
 Lieut. Charles J. Waites.
 Lieut. Duncan Boyd Wallis.
 Lieut. John J. Walsh.
 Lieut. Edward B. B. Williamson.
 Lieut. Stanford W. S. Wright.
 Lieut. W. H. Sargaison.

and

Major N. C. K. Money, D.S.O., 22nd Punjabis.
 Second Lieut. A. B. Marshall, Scottish Rifles,
 and J. M. Sinclair, Scottish Rifles, who
 fell when fighting with the 5th Service
 Battalion in Gallipoli and Serbia.—R.I.P.

And of all the Warrant Officers, Non-
 Commissioned Officers and men of all
 Battalions of The Connaught Rangers,
 who laid down their lives for King and
 Country during the Great War, 1914-15-16-
 17-18.

"Quis Separabit?"

5th Service Batt. The Connaught Rangers.—
 In loving memory of Major N. C. K.
 Money, D.S.O., Captain A. S. Hog, Lieut.
 S. H. Lewis, Lieut. A. J. W. Blake, Second
 Lieuts. J. E. Burke and G. R. Bennett, and
 the Warrant Officers, Non-Commissioned

Officers and Men of that Battalion who
 laid down their lives in Gallipoli, August
 and September, 1915.

Sari Bair—Lone Pine—Kabak Kuyu,
 Hill 60—Gallipoli, 1915.
 R.I.P.

5th (Service) Batt. The Connaught Rangers.—
 In memory of Second Lieutenant J. J.
 Walsh, Second Lieutenant C. J. Waites,
 Lieutenant T. F. Gilmore, and the Warrant
 Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and
 Men of the 5th Battalion who fell in action
 in France between October 8th and
 November 11th, 1918, in the "Battle of the
 Hundred Days."

Serain—Le Cateau—Avesnes.

The Connaught Rangers.—To the immortal
 memory of the Officers, Warrant Officers,
 Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of all
 Battalions of The Connaught Rangers,
 who, from the raising of the Regiment, in
 defence of their Country, and for the
 Honour of their Regiment, have fallen
 gloriously in Battle, or have rendered up
 their lives, throughout the world at the
 call of duty, in the days that are done,
 Flanders, 1794; Seringapatam, 1799; India,
 1803; South America, 1807; The Peninsula,
 1809-1814; Canada, 1814-15; The Crimea,
 1854-6; Indian Mutiny, 1857-8; South Africa,
 1877-8-9-1880-81; South Africa, 1899-1902;
 The Great War—France and Flanders,
 1914-18; Gallipoli, 1915; Bulgaria, Serbia
 and Macedonia, 1915-17; Mesopotamia,
 1916-18; Palestine, 1917-18.

"Quis Separabit?"

THE REUNION IN LONDON.

Several old Rangers wrote to me that they
 were glad to see that Captain Dryden had sent
 round cards to all, whose addresses he knew,
 that the annual Reunion was to take place on
 the 3rd June, 1945 (a Sunday). So I went up
 to London in a very crowded train on the
 2nd and put up at my club. About 11 a.m.
 I walked down Whitehall and had not gone
 far when an old Ranger ran across the street
 and greeted me, and we walked on towards
 the Cenotaph. It was full early when other
 Rangers came up and saluted me, and by
 11.30 there were already quite a large number
 present, including Colonel Elliott, M.C., of the
 Royal Irish, who had come down to see the
 meeting of old Rangers and to honour us with
 his presence. I tried to take all the names
 of those present, and so did others, but we
 all had so many friends to welcome, and so
 much to say, that when the parade was fallen
 in by Captain Dryden at 12 o'clock I had only
 about half the names of those present on my
 list. It was, however, a great rally and a
 fine display of "esprit de corps," as some had
 come from Sheffield, Liverpool, Southampton,
 and many towns distant from London to
 attend the annual meeting in Whitehall. All
 were glad to see Mrs. Davy Scarlett there,
 now over 82 years of age, full of life and good

humour, accompanied by her son and several members of her family, and looking just splendid and as happy as the youngest Ranger there. She had come from Ash, near Aldershot, and everyone was glad to welcome her and to speak to her. In every way, and under the circumstances, the parade was a great success, and we all hoped that 1946 would allow us to get up a dinner and to have an evening together after all these years of war and controls:—

Among those present were:—Lieut.-Colonel H. F. N. Jourdain, C.M.G.; Lieut.-Colonel H. W. Worsley-Gough, C.M.G.; Lieut.-Colonel and Group Captain J. E. Hume, D.S.O., and now R.A.F.; Major G. J. B. E. Massy, M.C., and Hugh Massy; Mrs. Harrison; Captain C. F. Dryden and Miss Dryden; Major O'Connor, M.C.; Captains J. J. Bridges, J. Ganley, and J. Garrett, M.C., and Mrs. Garrett, and his son in the Grenadiers, who led the victory march in Tunis; Major A. A. James and Mrs. James and daughter, Captain F. W. Morse, J. S. Dryden, H. P. Pickett, Mrs. Bambridge, Mrs. Leake and daughter, Mrs. Hoare, Mrs. Longridge, and her son Q.M.S. Eric Leake, and Flying Officer Longridge (son-in-law), Mrs. Scarlett and daughters, and Band Sergt. D. J. Scarlett, J. H. Anderson and Mrs. Anderson, W. Behan, J. Coyle, W. Clancy, C. Flynn and Mrs. Flynn, J. Flakerty, J. Forsyth, E. J. Grady, B.M. J. Garrett and Mrs. Garrett, S. M. Gray, E. J. Gough, A. Howden, M. J. Hunt, Jno. Hanlon, J. Halfpenny, M. F. Kavanagh, R. G. Moone and Mrs. Moone, G. Manchester, J. Malone, M. J. Murphy, M.M., Sergeant T. R. Marsh, Chalmers Masters, J. McNally and Mrs. McNally, P. McGarry, P. Meehan, T. O'Leary, J. J. O'Hara, A. Patterson, F. J. Payne, C. Stanton, J. Timmons, W. Tucker, F. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson and daughter, F. Williams, and several others.

The Ranger wreath was laid at the foot of the Cenotaph at noon by the President, and after a most successful reunion the parade was dismissed.

H. F. N. J.

THE REUNION IN DUBLIN, 1945.

The Annual Reunion will take place in Dublin this year, as in former years, and all those who can attend should write to the Hon. Secretary, 14 Victoria Road, Clontarf, Dublin, before the 11th November, 1945. The chairman hopes that all Rangers will attend if possible. "Quis Separabit?"

MEMORABLE DINNER OF OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATION.

APPROPRIATE TOASTS AND HAPPY SPEECHES.

A FINE SPIRIT OF COMRADESHIP AND LOYALTY.

Distinguished guests attended a memorable dinner in the Royal Hibernian Hotel, Dublin,

on Saturday, 6th January, given by the Combined Old Comrades' Association. There were 128 present, the guest of honour being His Excellency Sir John Maffey, K.C.M.G., K.C.B., United Kingdom Representative in Eire. He had a tremendous send-off when he left at the close of the evening, cheers for him still reaching the ceiling after he left the dinner room. With him were two members of his staff—Brigadier-General Woodhouse, Military Attache, and Wing Commander Begg, M.C., R.A.F. Attache. Also present were His Excellency M. Xavier De Lafocarde, who is about to retire from the position of French Minister to Eire. He left the dining room at the end to cheers and strains of "Madelon," having been asked to convey greetings to France. The Polish Consul, Wincleslas Dobrzynski was also an honoured guest.

Background to the "top" table was formed by Old Comrade Association banners. Lieutenant W. A. W. Wilkie, Leinster Regiment, presided, and the hotel management put up a splendid dinner and were officially thanked at the close.

The Chairman, officially welcoming everybody present, said that this was the second dinner organised by the combined O.C.A., and congratulated the Committee on the outstanding success of all the arrangements. At the first meeting, he said, and rightly so, the honour of providing the chairman had been given to the Royal Dublin Fusiliers. Captain McDermott had proved to be a very able chairman on that occasion. It had been decided that the chairmanship would go round among the various Old Comrades' Associations, and by the unanimous vote of the Committee it had been decided that this year the honour would go to the Prince of Wales' Leinster Regiment. He regarded it as a great honour to represent the Regiment at such a distinguished gathering. "As the years come and go," the Chairman proceeded, "we are getting less and less in number, and under the circumstances the turnout to-night is very creditable. It offers a golden opportunity for a pleasant evening, and takes us out of the ordinary hum-drum existence of everyday life and gives us a chance to live again for a few hours our old army life and to meet some of the best comrades we ever knew.

"We all look back," he said, "on the old days with a kind of sad pleasure; sad because of those who fell, and glad because we did our little bit."

He went on to refer to the disbanded Irish regiments, saying that it was a matter for regret that, for the first time, they were not permitted to take part in the defence of the Empire. "We are proud of our duty well done," he concluded, "and it is up to us to try and hold the memory of those regiments ever before us.

"It is good to feel that so many of you old soldiers have sons and daughters serving to-day in the forces of the Crown, but it is unfortunate that they are not receiving the publicity they



Seated—Lieut. and Q.M. J. Ryder, Sergt. J. Mitchell, Captain Duke de Stacpool, C.Q.M.S. J. Duffy, D.C.M.
Standing—H. Graham, M.M.; Sergt. Cha. Leeson.

deserve in this country." He mentioned the book of honours and awards won by "your sons," and said it was a wonderful achievement.

The Combined Services.

The toast of "The Combined Services" was proposed by Mr. W. R. Halpin, The Connaught Rangers, who said, "While we are mindful of the events of 1943-1944, we must contrast these events with those of 4½ years ago when we walked along with heavy hearts and wrinkled brows, and at that time when the British Empire, of which we are still members—(cheers)—stood alone and undefeated; at that time when the duty of the Navy demanded its attention on the Seven Seas and yet always appeared to be where it was most needed. To the Merchant Navy who battled their way through, regardless of whether they were—tornados, minefields, or dive bombers, and whose motto was, 'we deliver the goods,' and to that baby service, the R.A.F., though unequal in numbers, showed their sterling qualities in the Battle of Britain and elsewhere. Last, but not least, the Army after Dunkirk, whose trained personnel were practically unarmed and whose huge reserves were still untrained but have now been brought up to its present high endeavour. Now they are all going forward on the short road to victory. So, to the Combined Services, I give you this toast—'Victory.'"

Brigadier Wodehouse, British Military Attache, replying, said that at the last dinner he had prophesied that there was a very tough time ahead for the Allies, and it certainly had been. There were so many events that it was difficult to single out one for special mention. Perhaps the outstanding event had been the landing in Normandy, a perfect example of the combination of all services. "I also referred at that dinner," he said, "to the splendid number of men who volunteered from this country. I have often been reproached about that publication—'List of Decorations won by Volunteers from Eire.' People have mentioned names which are not in the book. Whoever compiles the document has a difficult task, and it will be a great help if people who know omitted names will send them to Sir John Maffey's office." Closing, the Brigadier said that he thought they could count on victory in the coming year.

"The Guests" Appropriately Toasted.

The next toast was that of "The Guests," proposed by Mr. J. J. Finnegan, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, one of the principal organisers of the dinner. Referring to the guests, he said they also specially welcomed Major J. J. Tynan and Mr. A. P. Connolly, of the British Legion, and the old friend of ex-servicemen, Alderman Alfred Byrne. His Excellency the French Minister would shortly be vacating office. He had endeared himself to the citizens of Eire

and would take away the blessings and good wishes of the people. "But we are glad to know," Mr. Finnegan said, "that he is leaving one of his own 'blessings' here, his daughter, who has married an Irishman. To the people of France we send greetings and say that the ex-servicemen of Eire have not forgotten their French comrades-in-arms, and never would forget them. We hope, M. De Lafocarde, that you will return to find a rejuvenated France, filled with the desire to go forward with the Allies side by side to victory. We wish to the French, the Poles and all our Allies the good luck to be 'in at the kill' and that God will bless all their efforts."

Sir John Maffey's Happy Reply.

Sir John Maffey, received with rousing cheers, said he had always been a great friend of the old soldier and was greatly pleased to find himself again among them. "Dublin might have been a dull place without you," he said. He recalled that his first association with an Irish regiment was in India in 1908. "They were in a fort and were just about to join a punitive expedition when cholera appeared in the regiment and the move was cancelled. Swinging past the disgruntled Irishmen in the fort went a famous Scottish battalion en route for the show, much to the mortification of the Irish. But this was changed to delight when they heard that a little further along the road five hillmen had charged through the ranks of the Scots, leaving them with a deficit of five Lee-Metford magazine rifles; as you know, the worst thing that could happen to a unit.

"In this stern struggle," he continued, "we look with sympathy and hope to those who are engaged. Many of you have sons in it. There is present to-night a sergeant-major who enlisted in the 'seventies.' Two of his sons are now holding commissioned rank. There is also a battery sergeant-major here who was, I believe, the last man to leave France after Dunkirk, and there are others who have fought in the war." In conclusion, Sir John said, with a touch of humour mingled with sincerity, that Ireland was a place of lovely prospects and beautiful views, "but," he said, "of all the views I shall remember best, it will be this view of the Old Brigade."

Join the British Legion.

Mr. J. Ellis, toasting "The British Legion," said they all knew what the Legion had done for ex-servicemen in Eire. No down-and-out had ever approached them in vain, and there was always a sympathetic word from Major Tynan. "I hope," Mr. Ellis said, "that all of you who do not belong to the British Legion will go to one of the branches and join at once. The Legion is the only organisation in this country able to do anything for the British ex-serviceman of yesterday. The Old Comrades' Association are able to do a little bit for their own unemployed, but all unorganised ex-servicemen have nobody to help them. While we will pass on and die out of existence, we must support the Legion and leave it alive after we have gone."

Wing Commander Begg, M.C., R.A.F. Attache, replying for General Sir William B. Hickie, who was unable to attend, said that after this war there would be thousands and thousands of Irishmen returning from the Forces. They would look to the British Legion for help and advice, and he was certain they would get it. Therefore, the Legion deserved the help of all ex-servicemen.

Speech of the Evening.

The last speech of the evening came from Mr. A. P. Connolly, who paid tribute to the Old Comrades' Associations. He said that the combined dinner was a wonderful idea, and the invitation to Legion officials was fully appreciated. There were nine O.C.A.s, in addition to those of Departmental Corps. "Since the old Irish regiments were disbanded in 1922," he said, "many of you have not had the same opportunity I have had of maintaining touch with the old regiment. I was delighted to find on looking at a recent Army List that the names of the Irish regiments are still enshrined there. I was struck by the extraordinary number of battalions they raised in the last war. This information is included, together with battle honours, going back to 1698. The proud, last survivor of a great Irish regiment. To-day, the news and knowledge of those regiments conveys little or nothing to the rising Ireland of to-day. Let us, therefore, do what we can in our time and in our own way to keep the traditions of these regiments green. The 10th, 16th and 36th Irish Divisions convey nothing to-day to young Ireland. I am particularly sorry that Sir William Hickie, now advanced in age, the old commander of the 16th, is not able to be present.

"We come from all parts of Ireland," he said, "and we love everything about it—its traditions, its games, its language, and in our impressionable years we had the distinction of being fashioned and moulded in a great service. There are some people who would have it that we were dupes, the prey of scheming politicians and foolish generals; yet show me the man who is not proud that he served in an Irish regiment!"

"There will be a time when our youngsters will come back from this war, not having had the privilege of belonging to an Irish regiment, for they now must belong to an English county unit. There must be a parent organisation for them, and obviously that is the British Legion. Your first duty is to your Association, and after that to the Legion. Join a branch, and by this support you will be ready to meet the many problems which the future will have in store. After the last war there was no organisation, but we hope that after this war the young people will come back to meet many friends to give advice and help. I will describe Sir John Maffey as 'Friend No. 1 of Irish ex-servicemen,' a man to whom we are able to take all our troubles and seek as much help as he was able to give."

"Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem, "God Save the King," ended a memorable evening.

Messages of Greeting and Good Wishes.

Martin P. Danagher sends every good wish to all old Rangers.

* * * *

Jno. Hanlon sends good wishes to all Rangers.

* * * *

James Bradley, who has completed his 79th birthday, sends kind regards to all Rangers.

* * * *

W. Coyle sends kind regards and good wishes to all Rangers.

* * * *

John Dillon (Dusty) sends lots of health and best of luck to all.

* * * *

P. Redmond, of Recastle, Mountrath, Leix., sends all Rangers his best wishes for good health.

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Peter Niland wishes all old Rangers good luck.

* * * *

E. Smith, 53 Waldo Road, N.W.10, wishes all Rangers the best of luck.

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C.Q.M.S. George Higgins sends his best wishes to all and to Billy Hall. He also sends good wishes from McNally.

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No. 875 Corporal Owen Murphy sends good wishes to all old Rangers. This message was transmitted only a few days before he died.

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Mr. S. F. Mathison, or 22 Torus Road, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13, sends good wishes and kind regards to all old Rangers, and he especially writes to appeal to all old Connaught Rangers to become contributors to the Shamrock Club in Hertford Street, London, by whose services our kinsmen are able to receive some homely rest and welcome when in London. Funds, he states, will be required to replace the present site to a suitable position and for additional recreational facilities after the war, and he hopes that this appeal will carry some small weight and consideration in the proper direction. For our friends and kinsmen in Ireland who have volunteered to come over and fight for us and freedom, nothing is too good.

* * * *

6164 Michael Collins writes from Hull wishing all old Rangers every good wish.

* * * *

Patrick Durcan writes and sends good wishes to all officers and men of our grand and gallant Rangers.

REGIMENTAL AND OTHER JOTTINGS.

In the Army awards for gallant and distinguished service in the field for North-West Europe, published under date 3rd March, 1945, is the name of Lieut.-Colonel F. H. Brooke, The Welch Regiment, who is awarded the D.S.O. He is a son of Lieut.-Colonel G. F.

Brooke, D.S.O., a Ranger officer who commanded a battalion of the Welch Regiment with distinction in the Great War.

* * * *

13017471 PATRICK McDERMOTT. COMMENDATION.

During a fire started in a dockyard by an aeroplane crash, he entered a burning building and removed oil and tar barrels and a drum of carbide of calcium, thus limiting the extent of the fire.—Late of The Connaught Rangers, No. 3/3008.

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Martin P. Danagher writes under date 1st March, 1945:—"During the week I received a letter from one of my brothers, who is in the Indian Army. Recently he was in Meerut, and writes:—"In the church there is a brass plate on the organ with the inscription—'Presented by the officers, N.C.O.s and men of the 2nd Battalion The Connaught Rangers on St. Patrick's Day, 1899, when the whole of the battalion was present at Mass.' He said that it made him feel sad for the many who have fallen since then, and he said a prayer for all old Rangers living and departed."

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In the "Times" of the 28th February, 1945, M. J. B. Davy writes to enquire if it is not time that the official distinction between civilians wounded by enemy air action on the home front and members of the Forces wounded in action or on active service—possibly by a similar weapon—was removed? The former, he states, are still described as "injured," though the official mind has not conceived a term to differentiate the service man and the civilian in the finality of death.

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Here is another story of No. 5119 Pat May. Martin Danagher writes:—"I can't help recalling a story that my dear old dad often related, true or otherwise. When the 2nd Battalion was stationed at Ahmednagar Pat was, among other things, a lance-corporal in charge of the 'followers,' sweepers, etc. One day Sergeant-Major J. T. Gorman called Pat May and said:—"Corporal May, go down to Corporal Leahy (printing press) and tell him to let me have all the A.T.8 forms he can spare.' Poor Pat mumbled: 'What is he talking about, James Leahy? It is old Ned Morrison who is in charge of the A.T.A.,' so Pat whipped together all the Indian sweepers he could find and marched them off to the A.T.A. (Army Temperance Association). Said Pat: 'I want all the A.T.A. forms you can spare.' 'What in the name of heavens does the major want them for?' replied Ned Morrison. 'I don't know,' replied Pat; 'I suppose some 97 gobs are having their photo taken.' (The 1897 draft had their photo taken a few days previously). Anyway, each Indian placed a wooden form upon his head and Pat marched them off to the orderly room. Collapse of Sergeant-Major Gorman and others." Martin Danagher concludes: "Every good wish to all old Rangers, and to you, Colonel."

P. J. Ketterick, an old Ranger of the 2nd Battalion, writes from Chicago that he is more than sorry for the sad death of Major F. V. Lyons when a prisoner of war. He sends all good wishes from Sergeant Pat O'Reilly and Rooney and himself to all Rangers.

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In the obituary column we regret to announce the deaths of two R.S.M.s—P. Brennan and R. E. Byrne, on the 27th June and the 17th April respectively. Many Rangers attended the funeral of R.S.M. Byrne in Galway.—R.I.P.

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In a list of awards for services in North-West Europe, published on the 4th April, 1945, is the name of Colonel W. E. H. Grylls, 16th/19th Hussars, R.A.C., a son of the late Major W. E. J. Grylls of The Connaught Rangers, who has been awarded the O.B.E.

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And in the list of awards for gallant and distinguished services in Burma is the name of Major T. C. C. Lewin, King's African Rifles, who has been awarded the M.C., a son of an old Ranger, Brigadier-General A. C. Lewin, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

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On the 25th April, 1945, six gallant regiments which took part in the landing on Gallipoli in 1915 inserted In Memoriam notices in the "Times." The Royal Dublin Fusiliers (1st Battalion) and The Royal Munster Fusiliers were two of the above fine regiments. The Royal Munster Fusiliers added the following:—"Also to those of the regiment and their sons serving throughout the Forces killed in the present struggle. Their country does not forget."

A very nice reminder of the services of those who are fighting to-day or those who have passed over in the Royal Munster Fusiliers.

The last In Memoriam is very touching:—Gallipoli Day—"To the undying and cherished memory of those men of English race and creed who fought and died on Gallipoli as members of the Australian Imperial Forces from April 25 to December 20, 1915."

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To those who like to read first hand stories of adventures in difficult circumstances in all parts of the world and in all walks of life, among which is "Marooned in the Sudan Swamps," by Brigadier-General A. C. Lewin, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., they cannot do better than read "Tight Corners, or Tales of Adventure on Land and Sea and in the Air," published by George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. It is a fascinating and most interesting publication, and the experiences of General and Mrs. Lewin are very well told. They refer to a journey out to Kenya in 1937.

* * * *

General Lord Hill, G.C.B., who was Colonel of the 94th Regiment and who succeeded the Duke of Wellington as Commander-in-Chief, was at Galway in the year 1805 on special duty, and he finally departed from that town to the great regret of the inhabitants, who were unanimous in presenting him with a most gratifying and justly-merited address. This address and General Hill's reply were pub-

lished in the "Dublin Post and Connaught Journal."—Life of Lord Hill, G.C.B., Late Commander of the Forces.

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**ROYAL COMMENDATION FOR
"FIGHTING IRISH"**

New York, April 25.

A dispatch from Okinawa says that the United States 165th regiment which is now fighting there has received a commendation from King George for its liberation in 1943 of the British Gilbert Islands, and its commander, Colonel Gerard W. Kelley, has been awarded the D.S.O. The 165th is the old 69th Regiment of New York, popularly known as "The Fighting Irish."

—"Times," April 26.

* * * *

No. 7145203 John Rose, late The Connaught Rangers and Lancashire Fusiliers, has returned to England from a P.O.W. camp. Address: 36a Birchfield Street, Liverpool.

* * * *

The following is taken from H. B. Robinson's Memoirs of Lieut-General Sir Thomas Picton, G.C.B., who commanded the 3rd or "Fighting Division" in the Peninsular War. Sir Thomas Picton was not the ideal commander of this gallant Division, but he had to own that the Regiments in the Division were taught by him and that they carried out his orders never to pause, never to retreat; and so well had they learned their lesson that it is a singular truth that the 3rd Division was never repulsed when they attacked. He then states:—"The 3rd Division was not so conspicuous for the regularity of its appointments, or its parade movements as for the more important duties of the field. One Regiment in particular, the 88th, or Connaught Rangers, was as brave and steady a fighting set of fellows as ever handled a musket"; and then he proceeds to say that they were as determined a set of men who ever sacked a city or robbed a poultry yard. The latter is not quite true, and is not borne out by fact. But later on he states:—"The war waged by the 'Fighting Division' was of that stern and unyielding description which defied opposition. Their battle-front was terrible. Warned by their chief, they rushed in and never stopped until the enemy was overcome."

* * * *

No Regiment in the Peninsular Army had a greater share in the victories of Bussaco, Fuentes D'Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz and Salamanca than the 88th, and it was most loyally supported by the 45th and 74th Regiments and by the 94th in the other Brigade of the 3rd Fighting Division. But they got little kudos for their bravery and gallantry, mainly owing to the strange behaviour of Sir Thomas Picton. The stories about the Rangers robbing a poultry yard and other yarns are much overdone.

* * * *

The following has been sent by a grand old Ranger who was present at the time:—"At North Camp, Aldershot, in 1889, Colonel Bunbury was drilling the 2nd Battalion on the Queen's Parade Ground, and Sergeant Sullivan

of "B" Company was the right guide on this C.O.'s parade. He was told by the sergeant-major to take a point to march on, and at this particular time there was a cow grazing about sixty yards in front of the battalion, and on this cow Sergeant Sullivan took his point to march on. But when the Battalion began to advance the cow looked up and at once began to move away slowly to the right, and the sergeant (Sullivan) instead of going straight on, followed the cow, and as the animal moved round and round, the sergeant did so also.

At last the Colonel asked what was wrong with the men in the leading company, and the Adjutant rode up and quickly put the right guide on his point and steadied the leading company. But the sergeant nearly got a point to march on at the orderly room. For some time afterwards, whenever there were any cattle near, some men would ask the sergeant (Sullivan) to mind the cow, and if he saw who gave him this advice he would at once run the man in and he was brought before the C.O. He was unmercifully chaffed about taking a point to march on and selecting an old cow which changed its position as the battalion marched towards it.

F. J. C.

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I write this on the 5th April, 1945, as I see in the papers the death of Captain The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, R.H.G., who had been serving on the H.Q. Staff of the Mandalay sector in Burma and who was killed in action on the 25th March.

The death in action, and in Burma, too, of this gallant Irishman brings back to me that hot day in Natal, the 6th January, 1900, when we read the helio from Ladysmith at Frere Camp telling us of the attack by the Boer forces on the position at Wagon Hill, how we clustered round the signal officer with our field glasses and tried to read the helio messages, first telling us of the attack on the positions of Wagon Hill, and the critical nature of the fighting and then the fact that Lord Ava had been wounded. Lord Ava, who afterwards became the 3rd Marquis, was the father of this gallant son, and had been well known in Galway in his early days when he was in the 9th Lancers, and some of us had known him then.

On that day in January, 1900, we all hoped that the fight would go well for the garrison at Ladysmith, as the Boers were pressing their attack with great courage and determination, and in the midst of this the message came through that Lord Ava had been wounded. Later, there were other casualties received. There are few of us who were there that hot morning at Frere Camp who remember the tragic intelligence sent over the heliograph on that fateful day, but the event was brought home to me most vividly by seeing the death of this gallant and talented Irishman. Struck down in Burma from where his illustrious ancestor, who was Viceroy of India, took the title of Marquis of Dufferin and Ava in 1888, after the operations in those trying years, 1885-89.

H. F. N. J.

In the "Ranger" of November, 1941, R.Q.M.S. W. H. Dryden gave us some amusing stories of Jamsie Henry, and the Editor has received the following from Francis Chapman:—When James Henry was serving in "G" Company of the 2nd Battalion he was deputed one day to officiate as mess orderly, and when the cook-house call was sounded he was sent at once to the cook-house to draw the dinner for the 18 men of his mess. He duly drew the dinners for the mess and carried them over to the barrack room. On that particular day the cook sergeant had provided a very appetising dish of bacon and cabbage, and this was too much for Jamsie. As many of the men belonging to the mess were assembling for their dinner, or getting their knives and forks, Jamsie went ahead and before long he had made great inroads, on the bacon especially, and before the orderly corporal could intervene the majority of the bacon had vanished. When the corporal asked him where the other men's rations were, he replied that he did not know, as he had only drawn his own rations and the other men could draw theirs. Francis Chapman does not say if the celebrated Jamsie Henry was rent in twain, or if the orderly officer was greeted with the usual answer to the subaltern on duty, whose duty it was to go round and ask: "Any complaints?"

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We have lost touch with Mr. J. Dawson, who used to send interesting and amusing letters about the operations in South Africa in the years 1879-80-81 with the 94th, and it is feared that he has passed away. In one of his final communications he told how he reached Fort Napier, "P.M.B." as it used to be called, and later how he was near Durban on the Richmond Road in Natal at the conclusion of the operations in South Africa after the first Boer War. He found the 94th nearby, on the other side of the railway and, on completion of his duty, he crossed over to see the boys and hear the brogue again. There was bad news, which had just been received. Word had come that the old, long-loved number "94" was to be given up and the battalion was to become the second battalion of another Irish regiment. What a stir in the Army the passing of these old numbers caused. The regiments, up to 25, which already had second battalions, were all right, but many from 26 onwards had to begin a new life with battalions or regiments which had not been linked before. Many regiments on that last day of the year 1881 had mock funerals, and buried the old numbers and facings. The 94th were to become part of the famous old 88th Connaught Rangers, or the 2nd Battalion of that regiment. It is related that a band came down the Mall playing a march, and one of the members of the committee asked the War Office messenger in attendance outside, who happened to be a fine old Irish soldier, what tune they were playing. "Begorra, sir, every soldier knows that; it's 'The girl I left behind me'; it's a grand old

tune and is generally played leaving a station. It is like this, it is:—

"In Armagh town, where I was reared,

All free from debt and danger;

Till one O'Reilly enlisted me

To be a Connaught Ranger."

That settled it, and the 94th were transferred to Galway from Armagh, and the 87th left Galway to join the 89th.

* * * *

Before 1881 the 87th and 88th were brigaded together with their depot at Galway, and they were duly invited to be permanently linked as "The Royal Irish Fusiliers (Connaught Rangers), Princess Victoria's," but neither liked to sink their identity, so the 89th were linked to the 87th and the 94th to the 88th, and the 88th retained the depot at Galway, as they were called The Connaught Rangers. It is a curious fact that the 88th retained their number for 88 years, until they became the 1st Battalion of The Rangers, but there was a fine volunteer regiment raised in the province of Connaught before the 88th Connaught Rangers were raised. I have a large medal in my collection, which was awarded in 1789 for that regiment, four years before the 88th were raised.

* * * *

There was a guard-room in the dockyard at Portsmouth. On the wall of this room was written:—

"Ye gentlemen of Portsmouth who dine at home at ease,

And take your forty winks before you take your teas;

What little do ye know of the work and troubles hard,

That makes this life a burden to the officer on guard.

And underneath was inscribed the answer:—

"Oh, officer of the guard, what makes your life a burden,

Have you never read in books, or have you never heard 'on

How those who, living at their ease,

Grow fat, dyspeptic and hard to please,

Martyrs of gout below the knees,

They envy you your guerdon."

* * * *

It was related that a recruit said to an old soldier: "Denny, why do they be always sindin' sojers that could place like Shorncliffe and Pembroke Dock affther thim only just arrivin' from India and Aden and thim hot parts."

Denny (with supreme contempt): "D'ye mane to tell me that ye don't know that? What then I'll tell ye, they do be doin' this long while, the way all the old soldiers would catch rheumatics and consumption and the like of that can die; so the Government wouldn't have to pay them any pension at all."

* * * *

I have just received a kindly letter, and a welcome one, from an old Ranger who served with us in the South African War and who is still working and doing every kindly and good action that lies in his power. He has had ten operations during recent years, and he has seen a lot of service in South Africa and other lands, but he writes that if I know of any old Ranger who is quite down and out,

I should please let him know about him or his family so that he can help in some small way. This is indeed more than generous and is much appreciated by all of us. He remembers Lieutenant Hack well in the South African War—"A gentleman if ever there was one," as he describes him. We all wish the writer many happy years and a good rest after all his service and good work.

H. F. N. J.

* * * *

We have received a cutting from a paper in which there is a charming account of the "Life and Doings of a Ranger," by the Rev. Patrick Shanly, O.C.D., now a chaplain in the American Army. His last letter was from Camp Bowie, Texas. He tried to get sent to Europe, but was retained for duty with the American forces in Texas. Every Ranger will tender him good wishes.

* * * *

All Rangers will be glad to hear that Major Gerald Allen of Stonewall, St. Helier, Jersey, is well after his long and trying time under the German occupation. He writes:—"May I congratulate you and your helpers on the really wonderful spirit of which three volumes of the 'Ranger' are the outward and visible signs. Twenty-three years since the disbandment, another world war, and a regimental journal full of news and reminiscences and still going strong is indeed an achievement to be proud of." We tender our best thanks to Major Allen and hope he will have many happy years, and all his family too.

* * * *

The following Rangers attended the Combined O.C.A. dinner in Dublin on the 5th January, 1945:—Major T. S. Martin, Major W. Bruen, M.C., O.B.E., Captain the Duke de Stacpoole, Captain R. Grove-White, Lieutenant J. Ryder, R.S.M. J. T. Moraghan, M.C., M.S.M., Colour-Sergeant Joe Kearns, M. J. Duffy, J. Mitchell, Charles Leeson, H. Graham, M.M., W. R. Halpin.

* * * *

Lieut.-Colonel E. Barry, O.B.E., has sent a most generous cheque to the "Ranger" and the Association, for which he has our best thanks. His last address was with the 72 (S.), K.A.R., c/o A.P.O., E.A. Command.

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Captain W. Russell Maguire has left the R.A.F. and is now at 18 Chatsworth Square, Carlisle, Cumberland.

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C.Q.M.S. George Higgins was re-elected president of the Shamrock Club at Port Arthur for the duration. He has our congratulations and hearty thanks for his and his club's great help to the club in London.

* * * *

The Editor has heard from a gallant old Ranger of the 2nd Battalion, Dover and Upper Silesia, in C.Q.M.S. J. E. Yarnell, who holds a high position in Winnipeg. All Rangers will tender him their best wishes, and many of them.

* * * *

In a recent number of the Dublin "Evening Herald" was a photograph of Mr. E. J. Brennan, a fine old Ranger, who is employed on the staff of the Dublin National Museum

and who was specially selected from the staff to hold the crozier, a rare Italian silver and silver gilt crozier dated 1605, which has been offered to the National Museum. It is estimated to be worth £400.

* * * *

LIQUOR AND LONGEVITY.

The horse and mule live thirty years
And nothing know of wine and beers,
The goat and sheep at twenty die
And never taste of Scotch and Rye,
The cow drinks water by the ton
And at eighteen is mostly done,
The dog at fifteen cashes in
Without the aid of Rum and Gin,
The cat in milk and water soaks
And then in twelve short years it croaks,
The modest, sober, bone-dry hen
Lays eggs for nogs, and dies at ten.
All animals are strictly dry,
They "sinless" live and swiftly die;
But sinful, ginful, rum-soaked men
Survive for three score years and ten,
And some of us, the mighty few,
Stay pickled till we're eighty-two.

* * * *

Just before the "Ranger" went to press we were informed, and regret to announce, that Owen Murphy died on the 17th April, 1945, at Kilkenny.—R.I.P.

* * * *

A very happy reunion was held at 398 Seaside, Eastbourne, on 5th June, 1945, when Corporal James V. Leake, Royal Engineers, arrived back from Germany after five years of captivity.

Corporal Leake is the second son of the late Q.M.S. Jimmy Leake, and we are sure all Rangers will be pleased to hear of his safe return.

THE DOMINIONS AND COLONIES.

A CHIEF MEETS THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

Melbourne, June 29.

The Duke of Gloucester has met Ninji, chief of 20,000 natives in the region of Mounthagen, who was visiting the Lae area of New Guinea to recruit some followers, and who attended a parade of the Royal Papuan Constabulary in honour of the Governor-General's visit. Ninji's headdress was of cassowary plumes set on shells draped behind with a corrugation of wood and metal from fallen aircraft. The flat shell attached to his nose rested on his copious black beard, and another enormous shell hung from his neck. He wore a laplap of native fibre, and a decorative bunch of palm fronds hung behind him.

—"Times," 30th June, 1945.

CANADIAN TIMBER.

Since the war began, Canada has produced about 25,000,000,000 board feet of lumber, more than was ever before produced in a corresponding period in the nation's industry. The lumber industry itself provides new wealth of about \$90,000,000 a year and pays nearly \$50,000,000 in wages.

IRISH POLICE CHIEFS.

One Irishman succeeds another in the Sydney police force next week, when Inspector T. Tetterington, of the Westralian police, is appointed chief inspector, in succession to Police-Commissioner Doyle. The new chief is Irish-born and served in the Irish Guards. "Irish Times," 4th June, 1945.

AIR TRAVEL IN AUSTRALIA.

There is room for all who want to travel inter-State by air now, according to the Australian National Airways. Seven additional DC3's are in the service, enabling the company to carry two hundred more passengers daily. The frequency of the services between Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, Hobart, Melbourne, and Adelaide has been stepped up to as many as six return trips daily.

"Our Empire," May, 1945.

HARDSHIPS IN AUSTRALIA.

Although the drought seems to have been broken by recent rains, so writes the Canberra correspondent in July, 1945, its effect will be felt for a long time. In the grain growing areas Australia came near to a third disastrous year, but now there is a prospect of reasonable crops. Estimates of losses in sheep range from 15,000,000 to 25,000,000. Re-stocking will be a slow, expensive undertaking. Cattle losses are not so proportionately heavy. The drought was severer over the sheep than the cattle country. The Government has decided to release 50,000 service men this year. But the housing problem is being felt out in Australia, and the matter is receiving the attention of the Cabinet.

FARMS FOR CANADIAN VETERANS.

Up to February 28 of this year, the Dominion Government had purchased 71,507 acres of land in Saskatchewan for settlement of war veterans on permanent farm units, as well as a few acres of land to be made into small holdings. Alberta heads the list in amount of land purchased for permanent farm holdings, with 92,476 acres. Total for all Canada was 289,067 acres.

The number of permanent farm units purchased in Saskatchewan was 211, with 295 in Alberta and 258 in Manitoba. Purchase of 423 properties in Saskatchewan has been approved, with deals not yet completed.

Under a Saskatchewan Department of Reconstruction and Rehabilitation plan, Crown lands in the province would be provided for returned men on a use-lease basis, on a 33-year renewable lease with option to purchase. Rent would depend on crops produced, and would vary from one-sixth to one-eighth of the crop. Productive ability of the land would also determine purchase price. The plan has been regarded favourably by a sub-committee of the Veterans Land Act.

With regard to the allied New Zealand regiments a correspondent recently wrote to

the Otago "Daily Times" the following interesting letter:—

Sir,—A few days ago it was announced through your columns that His Majesty had approved of certain New Zealand regiments being allied to particular British regiments. It is interesting and gratifying (especially to those who, like myself, remember the Imperial troops in New Zealand during the war, and who lived under their protection) to know that the British regiments—mentioned are all regiments which, under their old numbers, were on active service in New Zealand. They had all Territorial names in those days, but were generally known by their regimental number, and though now always spoken of by the Territorial names, the identity of the regiments and their old numbers are still retained. A very appropriate selection has been made for the Otago Regiment, the 4th. It is allied to the East Surrey Regiment, the second battalion of which is the old 70th, a detachment of which came to Dunedin in 1861. Amongst the regiments mentioned in the announcement, the Suffolk was formerly the 12th, the West Yorkshire was the 14th, the South Lancashire was the 40th, and the old numbers of all other regiments can be found in the "Army List." The Wellington regiments are allied to two regiments very well known in New Zealand in the war times. One is the Royal Irish, formerly the 18th—the last regiment to leave New Zealand, and the best bush fighting Imperial regiment we ever had. The other is the York and Lancaster Regiment, the old 65th, or, as the Maoris, with whom they were on terms of chivalrous but warlike friendship, used to call them, "The Hickety Pip"—that being the Maori pronunciation of "65th." That was the regiment which, when it was the leading regiment in an attack by several regiments on a Maori pa, received the kindly-meant, but, of course, disregarded warning from a Maori warrior on the parapet, "Lie down, Hickety Pip; we're going to fire!" And it was the same regiment whose pickets often came in fresh and rosy from night outpost duty, while those of the other regiments were always worn and haggard, the reason being that when the sentries of the 65th were posted they would call out to the Maoris to ask if there was going to be any fighting that night, and the Maoris, as soon as they knew it was the 65th, would tell them. They might give such an answer as "Not to-night—too wet and cold; we'd better all go to sleep. Good-night, Hickety Pip." And the 65th, if they got an answer like that, knew the Maoris would play the game and keep their word, and they would go to sleep, knowing that they would be given warning if there was to be an attack, but that then they would have to fight like any other regiment.

When we remember the splendid bravery of all the Imperials who served in this country, it is very pleasant to think that the New Zealand Territorials should be allied to such famous regiments, and we know that our men will prove worthy of the honour.

—"Army and Navy Gazette,"

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An official statement shows that South Africa's land, sea and air forces suffered 37,962 casualties, including 9027 deaths from September 3, 1939, to May 31, 1945.

Of the total casualties, 14,693 were prisoners of war, of whom 470 are still posted as missing. Of those killed, 6813 were European and 2214 non-European. The European total includes 81 women. Combined land and air casualties in the East African campaign were 660, including 422 deaths, but not one man was taken prisoner. In the Middle East campaign, land and air casualties were 25,014, including 3275 deaths and 14,418 prisoners, most of whom were taken at Tobruk. In Italy the casualties were 7760, including 1527 deaths and 196 prisoners.

"IRISH FLAG" OVER GERMAN CASTLE.

"My greatest kick out of four and a half years of campaigning in the present war was when I saw the Irish flag flying over a castle in a place called Babenhausen, in Germany, shortly before V-day," said Sergeant James G. Smyth, of the 44th American Infantry, and a native of Dublin, when he was interviewed by an "Irish Times" reporter recently. "We were actually guarding the building at the time," Sergeant Smyth added, "and when I saw the flag my curiosity was aroused. I made some inquiries, and eventually met a man, whose name I believe to be Mr. Cremins, who represented the Irish Government there, and he was glad to meet an Irishman."

Sergeant Smyth, who once lived at 19 Avondale Road, Phibsboro', formerly worked with the L.M.S. in Dublin. He left this country in 1934, and, until he joined the American Army four and a half years ago, was employed by a firm operating a chain of drug stores. He joined up in New York. He arrived in this country not long ago from the Tyrolean Alps, in Austria, where he had been stationed for some time before being given leave to visit Dublin, where his mother still lives. He was accompanied by Private Tommy McGarrell, a native of Monaghan, and Sergeant Tommy Gallagher, from the West of Ireland, both of whom belong to the same regiment. Another member of the party was Staff Sergeant Simon Fox, American Air Corps, also a native of this country.

Sergeant Smyth had taken part in many battles east and west of the Rhine.

Asked if he had found any changes in Dublin, Sergeant Smyth said that there were many, and they were all for the better, but "he guessed he could still recognise all the old familiar haunts." He left Dublin on June 11 to rejoin his unit in Austria.

—"Irish Times," 5th June, 1945.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

At the end of St. Patrick's Day, 1945, played out by the band of the Irish Guards, my thoughts went back to the splendid band of the 2nd Battalion under Bandmaster Land-

rock, which was broken up and scattered to the four winds by the order for disbandment in 1922. If only that band, which was the best military band I have ever known in the service, could have been kept together or transferred to another line regiment under the talented bandmaster, we might have heard it later on, possibly on the B.B.C. programme, and one could have had certainly one good military band to hearten the many Irish men and women who longed for a good programme of music, and Irish music, too, on this St. Patrick's Day.

One old Ranger wrote to me the other day saying that Saturday was St. Patrick's Day and he only wished he was on parade and carrying "The Jingling Johnnie," too.

I replied that I wished I was on parade that day, but this brought memories of many stations and many parades and dinners on "Pat's Day."

I remember going to my window in Anglesea Barracks, Portsmouth, and opening it just before midnight on the eve of St. Patrick's Day, 1894. As the clock on the Town Hall struck the hour of 12, or as it only just began to strike that hour, the band and drums of the 1st Battalion struck up the Regimental March, and the cheering was soul-stirring, and this was followed by "Brian Boru"—more cheers and yells. It was not quite dark, but they all seemed to be ready for parade, and some hundreds of men followed as they marched round the square, then round the officers' block, and then back to the square, the bandsmen putting forward their very best, and the cheering, happy Rangers who followed and who revelled in the playing of "Brian Boru." I know there are several readers of "The Ranger" who were with the band on that night—Sidney Elliott, G. Fahey, J. Corcoran, and several more. I can see them all now, and this is 1945. They were all members of a gallant regiment now no more, but whose veterans have not forgotten the fellowship or the affection we bore to each other, a good feeling which all these years has not swept away. Of the officers in barracks that night, there are now, I believe, only three alive, but I am sure that Major Gorman was in Anglesea Barracks that night, and perhaps my gallant sergeant-major of 1915, Captain John Hudson, M.C., D.C.M. It hardly seems fifty-one years ago, but much has happened since that day.

Yes, the 1st Battalion had only the previous September attained its hundredth year as a gallant regiment of the line, and on account of manoeuvres and movements could not celebrate the centenary until later in that year, 1894.

The last St. Patrick's Day of the 2nd Battalion was kept at Beuthen in Upper Silesia, and at the parade service we had a heartening sermon by the Rev. J. Ninian MacDonal, who told us to hold our heads high, as we had always done our duty in the past and, from his experience, we had also done our duty in difficult circumstances in Upper Silesia, and we would all do our duty in the future, and that duty was always well done.

But the cloud of approaching disbandment was hanging over the battalion, and that was

anything but pleasant to a fine battalion of a very gallant old regiment. Among the greetings this year, I received a kindly greeting on St. Patrick's Day from the Shamrock Club at Port Arthur, and inside a most original and pretty card ran the words:—

"You're wished all the brightest of luck and good cheer,
Of blessings an' happiness too. . . .
An' that's what is meant
When this card comes to say:
The top of the mornin' to you."

H. F. N. J.

A STORY OF THE 1879 WAR.

THE DEFEAT OF CHIEF SUKUKUNI.

The day had been terribly warm—96 in the shade—and this was the beginning of winter. What it was in middle summer, 1879, can be imagined, and my thoughts went back to those days when the British troops trudged with their full packs over the long dusty road from Middleburg, finally having to climb the mountain behind Sukukuni's stronghold at "dsjate"—dsjate meaning stronghold and "Sukukuni" meaning the man who creeps by night. I had been very busy from 5 a.m., and it was now 5 p.m. I had outspanned my horse and was making my camp ready for the night, having picked my camping site at the foot of Mount Mosego near the bank of the Mutsi River, where the troops in 1879 had bathed and obtained their water. Picanninies (herd boys) had brought their cattle, sheep and goats to the water and the latter were driving their cattle home. They were a happy, dirty lot. Some of them had, threaded on strings of fibre, field mice and newly-hatched birds. Others had tortoises and hedgehogs, which would make a most dainty meal. A belated woman came and fetched water, poisoning her pot on her head. She walked off, the water splashing over and falling down on the head of her baby slung across her back. The birds, which were many and of beautiful hues, were arriving and were chatting away in the nearby trees and bushes. Baboons were entering the caves and crevices in the kranzes above, and a few blue monkeys scrambled and leapt from tree to tree, eyeing me and gibbering. They did not appear to like my presence there. Away to the right a leopard was calling, and out of the bushes came a duiker (a small antelope) to drink at the pool. Then, in dozens, the namaga doves swirled over and sat in the sand. I shot a few of these for my supper; they are lovely to eat if well prepared.

Along the road an old native was trudging. He heard the shot and came to investigate, hoping also to get a portion of the meat. I looked up and, to my pleasure, I recognised an old friend, old Masschow. I had known him for years. He was, like so many of the old natives who had fought in battles and been well trained, lovable, humorous and full of wisdom. For years he had carried on his

profession of herbalist and witch doctor. Standing a few feet away, he greeted me: "Damelá N'kosi," placing his old overcoat (a relic of the Boer War) on the ground, the collar of which was laden with dirt and grease which on no account must be removed until after his death, when the same dirt and grease would be made into potent medicine. From his knapsack protruded many strange looking roots, calabashes, skins, etc. Around his neck he wore a string made from wild cotton, to which was attached many charms—bones from the eagle, badger, wild cat and other animals, an ancient head, a lance and probe made from native iron, small skins full of medicine, and a small woven bag which contained his bones or dolores. His wearing apparel consisted of a loin cloth, a long shirt, once white, but now a dirty brown. On his feet were tied a pair of sandals made from the hide of the forehead of an ox and known as "bada." He came and, pulling his shirt between his legs, sat down on a nearby rock. He was silent, eyeing me from the corner of his eyes and was waiting—waiting to be addressed. I filled my pipe and handed him some tobacco, half of which he placed in his mouth, twisting it with his tongue behind his two remaining yellow fangs of teeth until finally it came to rest behind his gums. I then gave him bread and jam, which he ate slowly, muttering words of satisfaction, and this was washed down with coffee, very much sweetened. Having finished the food and coffee he arose and, walking a fair distance, blew out his nostrils, using his hand for a handkerchief which he rubbed up and down his thin legs. Masschow was nigh 80 years of age. His once muscular arms and legs were shrivelled. His hair, once black and crinkly, was now white, thin and unkempt. He had a moustache, about a dozen hairs on each side, and when meditating he would twirl the ends between his finger and thumb. He was eyeing very seriously a half bottle of whisky standing on my box, but I knew that to give him a drink would be fatal to me in obtaining a story from him. Masschow remarked, "Morena, it is getting late; I must go and see a sick child, and there is some nice beer at the widow's home. I must be going." I replied, "No, my young man. Sit awhile and tell me about the 1879 war." "Morena, it a long time ago. I was younger then, and I had a fine wife and one child. One morning we were at Pasha N'Koane's kraal (I am one of N'Koane's boys). We heard the phalaphala (war bugle) and we rushed for our assegais, battleaxes, knobkerries and shields. Then a messenger came telling us that the Rooibatjes (red coats) were coming down the Olifants river. Chief N'Koane sent us to the point of the mountain to look around and we saw the soldiers with their waggons coming. We waited, and when they had passed we ran from rock to rock. Some of our men who had worked at Kimberley had guns and they fired at the soldiers, but our guns were weak and the bullets did not reach the soldiers. There were few soldiers, but a lot of waggons, and these were covered with tarpaulins. We decided to rush down and capture the waggons. When we

came near the soldiers fired at us, and at the same time the tarpaulins flew off and out jumped hundreds of soldiers. They shot and chased us, killing and wounding many of our men. We thought that was a dirty trick. They chased all who were not dead into the mountains, but they were not so agile and we got away, followed by bullets going over our heads. The soldiers were very thirsty and they drank from bottles which they threw away." Pointing to a bottle in his knapsack, he said, "That is one of them. I picked it up after the fighting. The soldiers continued along the road and foothills. We hurried on and came to Sukukuni's kraal. The waggons and soldiers came on and they camped just across the river (from where we were now sitting). Chief Sukukuni and his generals, counsellors and witch doctor were there, and thousands of our men. Sukukuni's son, Prince Moramuohé, was not there with his regiment. He had been ordered to go and stay in the hills across the Olifants River, 'for,' said Sukukuni, 'if I am killed you will be able to carry on and rule the Bapedi tribe.' But Moramuohé was a brave man, and when he saw the soldiers marching to his father's kraal he decided also to take part and during the night he marched in. The soldiers allowed him and his men to pass in, and when he arrived his father was very cross with him for disobeying his orders. The Prince replied, saying that he was the flesh of his father, bone of his bone, and he could not act like an old woman and keep out of the fight. Then Chief Sukukuni told us his plans. He said we must not be afraid. He would beat the English. Hadn't he driven the Boers back the year before? He said he had some hives full of bees. These he would release amongst the soldiers and they would chase them away. We were then inoculated so that the bullets would not harm us and we were painted white with ashes so that we would not be taken for Swazi (the dam Kab Kaffirs), who were going to help the English. The women and children were sent up to the kranzes, and each regiment, with its general leading, went and took up position. Early, before it was light, we heard the bugles blowing in the camp below, and when it was light enough we saw some soldiers on foot and others on horses coming across the flats. Sukukuni for weeks before had had a large thorn fence built across the valley from hill to hill. It was 15 feet wide and 15 feet high, and nothing could penetrate it. We sat and watched the troops coming along, and when they reached the fence we laughed to ourselves and shouted. But 'Magic,' Morena. In a few minutes we saw the fence go up in smoke and flames. Yo, yo, yo, yo, we shouted, telling them to come on. And they did. Shortly bullets were whistling over our heads. Yes, their guns were strong. Some of our men were shot. The women in the hills were shouting and egging us on, and we were doing well. The soldiers came on and we could hear them saying, 'damn it, damn it.' They shouted to us, saying that they would get us. The boys from Kimberley spoke a little English and they shouted to the soldiers to hurry up. We danced and yelled,

and then the women's shouts turned to screams. The Dam Kal Kaffirs came over the hill amongst them. They killed a lot. Some of our women were brave and they killed some of the Swazi, and then, Morena, it was hell. The Swazi came, and Prince Moramuohé, with a leopard skin on, and his regiment, were in the path of the Swazi. They fought and fought, hand to hand, until Moramuohé and (as is our custom) all his regiment were killed. Fully 800 Swazi were killed. The screaming was terrible, Morena. I don't know how I am alive. We were nearly all killed. We then crept down and into the caves at Oonzaaneen. 'Wolseley's fighting kop.' The rock rabbits scampered about, wetting and covering us with their urine, but that was nothing. We could in the morning go to the spruit and wash. The soldiers came and put dynamite into the holes, but the Kimberley boys were clever and cut the fuses. That night the soldiers slept and kept guard around the koppie, and during the night it rained a little. We caught the water in our mouths as it trickled down the rocks and we licked the water from the rocks. Our mouths were parched and we were hungry. When it was very dark my mate and I crept out. We fell over a soldier, who swore at us. We went into the mountains and up and up. We saw Sukukuni sitting near a rock with two small girls. He did not look up at us. He was finished. We then heard men behind shouting and calling us back. We returned and were told that the fight was over and we must go and 'hands-up.' The soldiers were taking the karosses, etc., from the Chief's hut. Then they burnt the huts. When we arrived at the white man's camp we were told to put our assegais and battleaxes in a heap and place our hands on our shoulders. Some of our men had guns and they did not like to throw them down, but the bayonets soon made them obey. The big white chief (Sir Garnet Wolseley) said, 'Men, you see the sun. Have a good look at it, for it will be for the last time.' One of our generals asked, 'Do the white men kill prisoners?' He replied, Yes, but he would let us off if we told him where Chief Sukukuni was. One of our generals from Chief Kgolors said, 'All right,' he would show them where to find him. He then led the soldiers to the summit of the mountain to the caves at Namatamakeng, 7000 feet. When they arrived there the general spoke to Sukukuni, telling him that his son, Moramuohé, was killed and that it was all up with them, but he would not come out. A day later hunger drove him out. A mhashibo was made and we carried him down to the camp. He was sent to Pretoria. He remained there two years, and on his return he lived at Manogy, where one night his brother, Manysoer, murdered him in his sleep. We boys were then sent into the hills for two days looking for a white officer (Lieut. Allister Campbell), but we did not find him. The Manysoers had cut him up for medicine, for he was a brave man. The soldiers were good to us and gave us a lot of food and clothes, and many of us went with them to Lydenburg. The Kal Kaffirs took nearly all our dogs and

a lot of girls. Morena, it is late." Eyeing the whisky bottle, he arose. Later he smacked his lips, and with that an owl hooted "who, who, hoo." This scared the old man and he departed very quickly. I was left alone with my thoughts.

W. G. BARNARD.

COLONEL MACLEAN OF THE 27th.

The following is taken from the History of the old 27th, or Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers:—

"Though a very gallant soldier, Colonel Maclean was eccentric to a degree, and many anecdotes are still related of him in Natal, one of which, says a correspondent of "The Sprig of Shillelagh" (1st August, 1893), displays at once his ignorance of Scriptural subjects and his belief in his old regiment. On the day of his death his friends, knowing that his time in the world was growing short, thought it advisable that a clergyman should interview him. I must tell you that it took no small amount of moral courage for anyone at this time to approach him, his temper, never of the best quality, being then almost unbearable. At last a clergyman was persuaded to enter the room. He meekly sat down at the extreme edge of the chair and inquired, "How is Your Excellency to-day?" "Dying, sir, dying," said the old Colonel. The reverend gentleman then asked if he could read to him. "Read, sir, read, sir; yes, read." The clergyman selected from the New Testament the part detailing the Crucifixion. At the conclusion of the reading Colonel Maclean said, "Is that true, sir?" and upon the clergyman, greatly shocked, assuring him that it was true, as it had been read from the New Testament, Colonel Maclean directed him to read it again. He did so.

The Colonel lay for some time in silence and then said, "You assure me that this is all true?" "Oh, yes, Your Excellency." Colonel Maclean was again silent for some time, when he burst out with, "Well, sir, by jove! I should like to have been there with the light company of the 27th, and they would never have done it."

The clergyman beat a hasty retreat.

The 27th in 1842 laid the foundations of Natal and cemented it with their blood. They were the first pioneers. They gave it the first magistrate, Captain Durnford, who settled everything, as all was martial law at the time. And the 27th gave Natal a governor in Colonel Maclean. The 27th also helped to build the cathedral and they were thanked for their services.

A VISIT TO THE BATTLEFIELDS OF THE CRIMEA.

FROM "THE GLOBE"—JULY, 1883.

An old Crimean officer sends the following account of a recent visit to the scene of his first active service. He says:—"I paid a visit to Sebastopol. It is in ruins, but here and there houses of a better description are cropping up. There is a new Admiralty and a large new church, the latter on the top of the ridge near the old ruined Church of St. Peter and St. Paul. It is built of Inkerman stone, and with the new Church of Vladimar and the great memorial edifice to the memory of those who fell in the siege, situated on the north side of the harbour, form three very conspicuous white objects, seen from the deck of the ship as one approaches Sebastopol. There is a good fish market at daybreak each day, and the city has three good hotels. The newest, a grand hotel, is very comfortable. There are plenty of horses for riding and carriages for hire, so one disposed to re-visit the fields of his early battles can easily do so without either much trouble or expense. The trenches are easily discovered by those who have any knowledge of them. Bits of sole leather, heels of boots, buttons, the tin insides of pouches are about in all directions, and innumerable pieces of broken bottles. The monuments, from long exposure to the weather, are in many cases illegible. The sites of camps are now great meadows with fair crops. The windmill has its roof decayed and gone. Our roads are our greatest and grandest monuments. There they are, unused and useless, as the Tartars never travel on macadamised roads if they can go on grass.

The battlefield of Inkerman is now a forest of stunted trees; not even the road up to the redoubt is passable for a carriage. The two-gun battery cannot be seen until you are in it. The plains of Balaclava are now under cultivation and are covered with enormous fields of corn, vineyards and orchards. The town has some pleasant new houses, recently built, and a good hotel. It is recreation ground for those who like to get away from the dust and dirt of Sebastopol. There has been a great deal of property recovered from the wrecks in the harbour—money, wine, beer, etc.—and hopes are entertained that some of the £60,000 in gold known to be in the captain's cabin of the Prince may yet be recovered. I visited Alma; it lies in solitary grandeur. The cattle and sheep avoid the deadly slopes. The few tombs covering the remains of compatriots are ruinous and neglected. The monument to the officers of the 23rd is falling to pieces. This is to be lamented, as it is a beautiful memorial of white marble and conspicuous for many miles as you approach the battery where so many fell to rise no more. The field of battle is not more than 15 miles

from the north side of Sebastopol, and the road, though hilly in places, can easily be got over in two hours with three horses abreast; cost, 12 roubles or 120. At Yalta there is a splendid hotel now—250 beds, and fare very reasonable. There are also two other hotels. The Edinburgh is a very large one. Plenty of horses and carriages can be hired for tours to any part of the Peninsula. A tourist would do well to take a gun of some kind, as there are plenty of birds of all kinds to be shot. A large deer of Persian origin is wild about the Tchatye-Dagh. One can fill a basket with trout on the upper waters of the Alma, Korchka and Belbeck. There are some deep, long pools, and the fish take very freely. The best way to get to Sebastopol is by Constantinople. The steamer sails every Wednesday morning. Good and excellent vessels, and food first rate. One will be much pleased with the wines of the Crimea."

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

One afternoon I was sitting in the ante-room of the Officers' Mess of the 1st Battalion at Pembroke Dock in the year 1893. I believe I was orderly officer that day, and was partaking of a cup of tea when I walked Captain G. B. Geach of the 4th Dragoon Guards, who was then adjutant of the Pembroke Yeomanry Cavalry, a regiment that is very proud of their one honour (Castlemartin) to commemorate the taking of the landing party of the French during the Napoleonic wars.

After he had talked for a short time, the door opened and in walked a very tall officer, Captain C. M. E. Brinkley, also of the 4th Dragoon Guards, who was employed with the Ordnance Store Department, as it was then called. After a short time Captain Brinkley left, and then Captain Geach informed me that he, among others, had nearly caused the death of this very tall officer, Captain Brinkley, and he proceeded to tell me the story. They had decided to play a trick on Captain B., and one night they let him retire to bed quietly and made sure that he was fast asleep, when they—there were about six or more of them—moved into his room, all clad in monkish hoods with cowls, and small holes cut to show the eyes of the wearer, and each of the officers carried one or two lighted candles and they sat round his bed and began to chant a dirge and to extol the good qualities of the sleeper when he was a living man. At length the sleeping officer awoke, but on seeing six monks in monkish dress round his bed with lighted candles and all chanting a most mournful dirge, he just looked out of his half closed eyes and great fear came over him. He fancied himself in the nether world, and after a period, during which his tormentors almost became hoarse with their groaning and moaning, he suddenly swooned and lost consciousness. Here, however, the monks saw that he had fainted, and the next thing was to apply a cold sponge to his face and to try and revive him. But the joke had gone rather too far,

and the next day he was in a raging fever and he lay for nine days in a critical state, but he ultimately recovered.

He was one of the tallest officers I have seen, but not quite as tall as Captain Ames of the 2nd Life Guards, or Lieut. Peters of the 10th Lincoln Regiment in 1893.

H. F. N. J.

CAMP LIFE AND SPORT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

PART I.

The above is the title of a book written by an officer of the Cape Mounted Rifles in 1878 of his journey out to the Cape in 1850 and of his experiences of Kaffir warfare with the C.M.R. After detailing his experiences on the outward journey, and visits to Madeira, Ascension and St. Helena, he describes the sight, then very common, of a combat between a thresher and a whale. It was a grand spectacle, he states. No sooner did the whale make his appearance on the surface of the ocean than the thresher, a huge species of shark some thirty feet long, propelled himself suddenly from the water until at least two-thirds of his body was exposed and, apparently whirling his enormous pectoral fins like flails in the air, brought them down, aided by the impetus of his whole weight, with sledge-hammer blows upon the unfortunate whale, sending up a shower of spray in a grand column around him as he rose, and striking his victim with such force that the shock was heard on board the steamer almost as loud as the distant boom of a gun nearly half a mile away. The whale sank rapidly from sight after receiving this punishment, but rose again to the surface after a short interval, but he was no sooner visible than the thresher, who seemed to divine where he would come up, repeated his attack, followed by the same action. Thus the homeric battle went on until both whale and thresher were eventually lost in the distance, with what result it was impossible to say.

An old whaling captain who was on board assured me that the whale often succumbs to the persistent assaults of his enemy; and that the circumstance of his rising to the surface so soon after his disappearance is only to be accounted for by the fact that the thresher is always accompanied on these occasions by a friendly sword-fish, which does its best to stimulate the unfortunate "cetacean" with his sword to come again to the surface, where the confederate awaits him. It was a grand sight to see this battle of two sea monsters.

He retails how the famous Dr. Collis Browne, the inventor of chlorodyne, was a doctor at the Castle Barracks at Cape Town on his arrival there, and how he spent his spare time there. He was evidently rather unpopular with his medical authorities there, but he declared that the medical men were not up-to-date, and that

the longer they remained in the service the less they knew.

He describes Wynberg as a charming village and says that the fashionable quarter of Cape Town was Green Point, which was situated at the eastern extremity of the bay, the road to it being the fashionable drive frequented by the Cape aristocracy and is studded with charming villas. He describes Port Elizabeth as a barren, desolate-looking place, and the town as lying scattered along an inhospitable shore on his arrival there by sea from the Cape. From Port Elizabeth he made the journey on horseback with an officer of the Rifle Brigade to the frontier H.Q. at Grahams-town, some 260 miles distant.

He describes his fellow-traveller as a careless, good tempered, harum scarum youngster who had provided himself with a most extravagant outfit. It would take many pages to detail what he had and the number of each. He had five or six rifles, with guns of various calibres, to say nothing of pistols and two cases of bows and arrows and a quantity of knives, etc. When he joined the regiment it was commanded by Sir Kay Somerset, a fine specimen of an old soldier, frank and loyal, and the beau ideal of a cavalry officer of the old regime who had served at Waterloo with the 11th Hussars as a subaltern, and afterwards in many Kaffir campaigns. He was well liked, and a good officer to all his subordinates. The riding master was a fine soldierly-looking man called Solis, who had been wounded in the encounter with the Boers at the action of Boem Platts, where he was disabled by a bullet from one of their long "roers," which shattered his elbow. He was dismounted at the time and was on the point of being despatched when he fortunately succeeded in rousing the better feelings of the Boer by reminding him that he had a wife and children awaiting his return. The Dutchman consequently stayed his hand. He had served in the Dragoons.

It is stated that a major of the regiment, who was a light-weight, used to ride into headquarters from his outpost at King William's Town, a distance of 85 miles, in a day, where he gave a ball at Grahamstown, and would think nothing of it. He further stated that Sir Harry Smith rode from Cape Town to Grahamstown, a good 500 miles, over a bad road in six days—a fine record. In the autobiography of General Sir Harry Smith (Vol. II, page 16) he states that the ride was 600 miles, which he accomplished in six days. A fine record for an officer who was not a young man, but who had served his country for many years on active service in the Peninsula, South America, Waterloo, Marajapore, Ferozeshuhear, Aliwal, Sobraon, and commencing at the battle of Coruna, and then on to Busaco.

For those who wish to read a detailed account of this ride, the above book gives a good account, but he was 66 years of age at the time of his great ride.

When Colonel Somerset was made Major-General he left the Corps; and a new Colonel, who was away at the time on a hunting

expedition, was promoted to fill the vacancy.

He tells some amusing stories of the new Colonel which are quite amusing. Here is one:—"There was a tradition in the Regiment that he once sentenced a private, who would not get his hair cut short enough to please him, to be confined to barracks for the remainder of his life, and to have his hair cut every two hours." On another occasion he interviewed a sailor man who was brought in front of him by the Sergeant-Major, and asked him what he wanted. "If you please, Colonel," said the man humbly, "I wanted to know if I could be enlisted to serve in the Cape Corps?"

"You, you?" shrieked the Colonel, eyeing him savagely. "Why, every hair on your head would make a tooth-pick. Get out!" The astonished applicant took the hint.

On page 71 he states that the officers initiated a comfortable style of patrol jacket, which was, I believe, also adopted in the Abyssinian war under Sir Garnet Wolseley.

Sir Garnet Wolseley was never in the Abyssinian war at all, and did not command in that campaign.

The author proceeds to tell how he often angled in the Great Fish River, where he caught mullet and eels in abundance. A little blear-eyed old man, who had located himself in a hut just outside the fort, used to stuff birds and other work. He used to cut off the iguanas' tails and cook them, but he used to tell how he entertained two English travellers who passed his hut one day, and being benighted, asked him for shelter. He bid them welcome, and as they made themselves comfortable by his wood fire, one of them remarked what a nice smell the pot au feu, which was warming up the old man's supper, gave out. "Ah," said he, "I should think it was good! You shall taste it presently." The cooking was at last consummated, and the travellers sat down with famished appetites to the savoury mess. "If there's anything I have a fancy for it's eels," said one of them after he had swallowed a good portion of the dish. "Them's not eels!" said the old man, "them's snakes!"

Imagine the tableau!

THE WEST AFRICAN FRONTIER FORCE.

Capt. JOHN HUDSON, M.C., D.C.M.

It was hard going in the rainy season.

All streams and rivulets flowing into the Niger were raging torrents. One British N.C.O. arrived in Boussa with one boot only, the upper and sole of the other having parted company.

The N.C. officer detailed for Yungbossa, four days' march from Boussa, had rather a unique experience in the crossing of one of the swollen rivulets. Fourth day's march he struck a river about 20 yards wide. Unable to find a ford, he dispatched a native corporal to find a village or town to procure assistance. The corporal, a very resourceful Senegalese, having

served a number of years in the French Colonial Army, and fought in Madagascar, spoke French fairly well, and did some excellent intelligence work during the Fashoda incident, after a couple of hours' absence, returned with a dozen natives carrying large calabashes, much larger than an ordinary tub, oval bottoms. The natives jumped into the water, pushing the calabashes in front, and crossed the river. They then selected departure and landing places on each bank so that they could make a diagonal crossing owing to the strong current.

The column consisted of 25 native soldiers, 30 carriers, six of the soldiers' wives with children, ammunition, three months' supply of rations, a large quantity of Manchester cotton goods required for barter, the British N.C.O. and his horse.

The soldiers were Yorubas; very few of them could swim. A guard was posted on each bank until completion of the crossing.

This was the method of crossing for those who could not swim.

The calabash was brought to river bank. The soldier undressed, placed his clothing, carbine, equipment and ammunition in the calabash. He then sat down in the water. The native placed the calabash over his legs and up to his chest. The soldier seized the rim of the calabash with both hands, arms close to body. The native now places the soldier's feet, one under each of his arms, gets hold of the opposite side of calabash, pushes off diagonally down stream, landing safely on the other side. The women made no objection, placed their youngsters and worldly goods in the calabash, and were pushed across stream in the same way. It took quite a time to get all over. The British N.C.O. never rode a horse until a few days before. The prestige of the white man must be upheld. He mounted his horse, gripped tight, held reins and put the horse into the stream. In the middle the current was so strong he was swept off the horse's back, but he held on to the reins and swam ashore with his horse. The column was re-formed, the natives paid in Manchester cotton goods, pieces of brocade, and fancy end check. They were delighted with their end of the deal and returned to their village quite pleased. The march resumed, the column reached its destination, where it relieved 25 men of the Royal Niger Constabulary who had taken over from the French troops a short time before.

On the upper reaches of the Niger, north of Boussa, Lieutenant Keating and Corporal Gale, both of the Leinster Regiment, with 15 soldiers of the I./W.A.F.F., were attacked at the island of Hela. Both were killed after their men had exhausted all their ammunition. Only two wounded soldiers survived. It was never actually known what happened.

When news of the massacre reached Boussa Sergeant (afterwards Major) McKenzie, Seaforth Highlanders, volunteered to go up river by canoe and investigate. This was a very dangerous undertaking, however. Mac found out all he could and returned to headquarters with the information. For this he was

awarded the D.C.M. Very well earned. It appears Lieutenant Keating killed the chief before he was overpowered. He was a Canadian, and a tablet erected by his father is now placed on the banks of the far-off Niger to mark the grave of a gallant son of the Empire.

A punitive expedition consisting of two small columns under Captain Fremantle, Coldstream Guards, and Captain Gillespie, S.W. Borderers, attacked and destroyed Hela. There was very stiff fighting, the natives defending their island to the last. Many of them who had been present at the fight were subsequently captured by Major Morland, commanding Eastern Borgu. Sergeant McKenzie distinguished himself in the fighting.

About this time the Emir of Illorin was out for trouble, and steps had to be taken to bring him to reason. Captain the Hon. R. Somerset, with an armed party, spent some time in the vicinity of the Emir's capital.

Complications with France over Fashoda now loomed up. All frontier posts received confidential instructions. The necessary intelligence services were put into operation, frontier posts strengthened, clearings made, provisions bought in, and all made ready for any event. It will be remembered the incident was settled by Lord Kitchener in 1898.

A number of deserters from the French Colonial Army arrived at the various frontier posts. Their arms, ammunition and equipment were returned to the nearest French post and the men sent to headquarters to become members of the West African Frontier Force. The W.A.F.F. were better paid and better rationed than the French troops, hence the reasons for the desertions.

The natives of Borgu could not be called friendly. A number of the chiefs on the arrival of the British made "dashes" (presents) to the British officers and N.C. officers in charge of posts—horses, cattle, sheep, goats, fowl, eggs, yams, etc. On receipt of such presents the chiefs were told they were accepted on behalf of the Great White Queen and were given in return Manchester cotton goods, such as pieces (each piece consisted of from 5 to 10 yards) of heavy grey baft, Jacques brocade, red and white handkerchiefs, white sheeting, fancy end check, woollen blankets, etc. The natives were delighted with the exchange. In parts of the colony one could purchase a horse for a 5/- bag of salt.

British N.C. officers in charge frontier posts had rather a lonely time. The nearest Britisher was usually two or four days' march distant. Five or six months of this duty was rather trying. In cases of illness, calling the doctor was out of the question; you had to depend on your soldier cook, or boy, if you had one.

The casualty list on these posts was heavy. Corporal Murphy, Liverpool Regiment, died at his post. Sergeant Smith, Coldstream Guards, was rescued in time and invalided home. Colour-Sergeant Woods, Manchester Regiment, died.

N.C. officers in charge of garrisons were treated as commanding officers by the native troops. On appearing fully dressed for first

parade in the morning, the guard turned out and presented arms. Sentries paid the customary salute. Orderly Room held, and punishment for minor offences up to seven days' C.B. awarded. Serious offences likely to carry fines or corporal punishment were sent to company headquarters for disposal. Crime reports showing punishment awarded were submitted to company headquarters monthly.

It was wonderful how these N.C.O.s got on with their Yoruba or Hausa soldiers without an interpreter, yet it was done to perfection. Between the N.C. officers' bad Hausa or Yoruba and the native soldiers' bad English, a vocabulary was formulated which worked to perfection. Hausa was an easy language to learn; Yoruba very difficult.

Towards the end of January, 1899, reliefs took place. Outlying garrisons re-joined their companies at headquarters and left for battalion headquarters at Jebba. One or two far away detachments had to make their own way to Jebba without map or compass—ten days' trek through African bush. It is extraordinary what one can do when given responsibility and thrown on one's own resources.

FORT MATAGORDA.

A sergeant's wife in the 94th named Reston was in a casemate (at the little Fort of Matagorda, near Cadiz) with the wounded men, when a very young drummer was ordered to fetch water from the well at the fort. Seeing the youth hesitate, she snatched the vessel from his hand, braved the terrible cannonade herself, and though a shot cut the bucket-cord from her hand, she recovered it and fulfilled her mission. She was still living in Glasgow in 1852.

Mrs Reston and two other soldiers' wives had been permitted to accompany the detachment to the fort, probably to cook and do the washing for the small garrison, as was generally allowed.

When the French opened fire, Mrs Reston was awakened out of her sleep by a 24-pound shot striking the ground near where she lay; but, nothing daunted, she got up and, removing her child, a boy of four years old, down to the bomb proof, she assisted the surgeon in dressing the wounds of the men, for which purpose she tore up her own linen and that of her husband. It is further stated that she got the assistance of a sailor to recover the bucket, and carried out her self-imposed duty and brought in the bucket filled with water. Her attention to the wounded soldiers was beyond all praise. She also handed up ammunition and supported the men at the guns with food and wine and water. She remained in the ramparts to the very last. She was ill rewarded for her gallant conduct, and what was collected for her was given away in charities. She continued to work at hospital work until her death in December, 1856.

R.I.P.

H. F. N. J.

A DUST-UP WITH A BULL.

By OLE' IKONA.

When stationed in Rajputana in the year of grace 1912 I was out shooting with the cantonment magistrate. Our line led us past a village, and picketed in a small field on the outskirts was an enormous bull. The country was quite open, with no trees or cover of any sort barring one single tree, up which the C.M. managed to scramble, when the old bull pulled up his picket and came for me like a ton of bricks or runaway engine. To run was to court disaster, and to shoot a sacred bull would certainly lead to much trouble and take a big slice out of my monthly emolument of some rupees (500 per month)—a captain's pay in those days—so I decided to stand my ground, and as the brute lowered his head to give me a hoist, I sprang nimbly to one side as he thundered past. After going some thirty yards or so, he wheeled about and came at me again. Again I managed to side-step him. During the dust-up the cantonment magistrate, from his safe retreat in the tree, kept roaring out, "Shoot, man, shoot; why the devil don't you shoot?"

This was all very well for a man drawing, as he did, a couple of thousand a month. My five hundred had to meet a mess bill, besides polo fund, band fund, pipe fund, garden fund, and a host of other blinkin' funds, and on top an army of hungry servants, so I refrained from pulling the trigger as long as possible. By this time I was sweating blood and I could not see the end in sight, but what I did see was the blasted bull about-turning and coming at me for the third time. I now decided that the time had come to give the brute something to take away with him as a memento of the occasion. I again sprang clear, and as he thundered away I placed a charge of No. 6 shot at the root of his tail, then at full cock over his back. This had the immediate effect of giving the bull a sharp attack of diarrhoea, besides making him lash out wildly and bellow deep and fierce, and for the next hundred yards or so he kept "continuing the motion," no doubt in a vain endeavour to rid the root of his tail (as he thought) of an angry swarm of hornets. Shouts of "saboch" from the C.M. and the fast disappearance of the bull, followed by half the village in a vain endeavour to turn him for home, made me realise that I was master of the situation. Then, and not till then, did I put down my trusty "piece" and mop my fevered brow as I listened to the thud of his hooves getting fainter and fainter in the distance.

THE STORM.

On the night of the 24th January, 1944, as I was completing the May "Ranger," there arose a storm which the papers said blew at the rate of 70 miles an hour, and my windows rattled and the wind howled outside. My thoughts went back to the early days of 1916 and the

storm which we encountered on the way home from the Mediterranean in February of that year.

I was at first put in a B.I. boat, the "Karapara," which took us to Salonika, where we lay for some days until a sudden order ordered all on board to transfer at once to another ship, as the "Karapara" had behaved somewhat strangely on the way out from home, and she was ordered to stand by until the weather became more settled, when she was to be brought home for overhaul. So we sailed for Malta in a more stable boat, and on arrival there we were taken to Pembroke Camp and to almost the same room which I had had in 1907 when I was with the 1st Battalion.

After some little time here, during which we had several medical inspections, and finally a medical board, I was ordered to proceed home at an early date.

One fine morning orders came for a lot of us to embark that same day, and we were motored into the dockyard and, to our astonishment, were transferred to the "Karapara," a B.I. boat which had towering decks and which only drew about 12 feet of water. There was no ballast on board, as it was thought that the enemy would think that munitions were carried if an appreciable amount of ballast was on board. We were informed that the weather was thought to be settled, and so we began our voyage home. The old boat (she had only been built quite a short time before, and the voyage out was her maiden voyage) rolled a good deal, and sometimes she was quite unpleasant, but we passed Gibraltar and for a day or so found the Atlantic quite pleasant until we passed Cape St. Vincent, when a storm suddenly struck us. The "Karapara" now became anything but pleasant, and the beds of the patients, which had been screwed down to the large saloon, were hurled right across the ship. Officers and men had a miserable time, and sleep and, indeed, food were out of the question. I had a bed near the side and it held, and except for a cup of tea or soup, most of us had nothing else but a biscuit for some three days.

The storm showed no sign of abating, and at last the captain sent a wireless to Cornwall asking for permission to steer out almost due west to save the ship, as she had heeled over once or twice in a most dangerous manner. There were three naval reserve officers on board, and one afternoon as one sat on my bed we rolled so badly that one cried out if we did that again the old tub would go to the bottom. Well, we nearly did so, but the third day came with the storm still raging, and then the captain had to take his chance, and in the track of a mountainous sea he had to turn with the full force of the tempest on her starboard side. He had all the officers on the bridge and all the crew were at their stations. It was a risk, but the risk had to be taken and we began to turn to run up channel. As the waves broke on the side of the ship she reeled over and simply shuddered, and for some minutes all her structure rattled and shook. It was not pleasant, but no one spoke, although

all knew that it was only good seamanship and good luck that brought us through. And then she sped forward with the raging storm behind her and, as we heard afterwards, the captain said: "Thank God, she's safe." Then on up channel we went now faster than ever. The next night the captain and his officers were entertained by the medical staff and complimentary speeches were made, and we learned how near to shipwreck we had been, and the captain got high praise for his seamanship and for the plucky way he had fought the storm and brought the good ship to the quiet of Southampton.

During the storm no one but the captain and the matron dined in the saloon, and many of the staff and the patients had broken arms and bruised limbs. We disembarked at Southampton, and on arrival at Oxford I found that trees had been blown down in the very road in which my house was. It was an experience I never wish to see again.

H. F. N. J.

A MODERN CHRISTMAS STORY.

By G. FAHEY

(Late 1st Connaught Rangers).

Terence Healy was one of a crowd of workers leaving a munition factory in Southern England. It was Saturday afternoon, with Christmas Day on the Monday. With three whole days' holiday, the workers were in festive mood after a long period of strenuous toil with very few breaks. They were singing a popular war-time song, "Roll Out the Barrel," though they found out later that most of the barrels in the local pubs were empty owing to beer and transport shortage.

The weather for some time had been wet and stormy, but a sharp frost had just set in promising the White Christmas that the crooners had been telling listeners about over the air in mournful tones that they were dreaming of.

After tea at his lodging and a clean up, Terence walked the few miles into town. There were several purchases to make. Firstly, a packet of duty free cigarettes to be sent to his son Terry on the Western Front; then something for his three daughters and herself over there in the old country. There was little from which to choose, the shops being full of rubbishy toys at exorbitant prices. There were things in the draper's he would like, but not having any coupons he could not buy, so he decided to send money instead.

At the Post Office he wrote a few lines to herself, enclosing the money order for the housekeeping and certain sums for each of his daughters. He posted the letters with the reflection "that it was safely posted, for one never knew these days what was going to happen with so much thieving going on."

It was one of the tragedies of war-time that petty crime had greatly increased. There were ever-increasing cases before the Police Courts, with many charges against persons of hitherto unblemished character. The frequent Police Court reports in the newspapers of wholesale thefts of lorry loads of food, cigarettes, clothing and other articles disposed of to the black marketeers showed how widespread was this form of crime. The most tragic aspect of all was the increase in cases of cruelty to children, which form of crime was apparently considered less heinous than street betting or playing pitch-and-toss on the pavement, if one were to judge by the fines inflicted.

Having a few hours leisure, Terence searched the town for a quiet pub, but the "No Beer" sign was posted in most of the licensed houses. When he did find one it was crowded, and the beer rationed to a pint per person. After a struggle, he secured his pint. As he left he heard cheering coming from a crowd of munition workers. The cheers were for two brewers' drays coming along the road. The draymen were evidently working overtime to meet the Christmas demand.

The evening being early, with a moon shining, Terence thought he would make a detour by the footpath across some fields, a familiar walk of his during the summer when on the rare occasion of a day off work. There was a village where, at the local, he had spent pleasant evenings listening to the villagers discussing the crops, cattle, and the prospects of better pay and conditions for agricultural workers. The older men would contend that they were better off in the old days with a cheap cottage, free milk, their vegetable garden, and tobacco and beer cheap.

The silence of the fields after the noise of the town, with the frosted grass glistening in the moonlight, set him thinking of such nights in the old country when he would be out setting snares for rabbits or returning from the lake across the bog with his fowling piece over his shoulder after a successful day's shooting—a moorhen, baldcoote, or perhaps a couple of wild ducks. As he was passing a cluster of hayricks near a farm he heard a peculiar sound in the air. It was like the passing through a tunnel of a train. Looking up, he saw a long round-shaped object racing through space, a flying dragon with the fire shooting out from its rear, he thought. So fascinated was he in watching its progress that he did not notice the fire had gone out and the projectile was falling rapidly. Then there was a tremendous explosion, and to Terence a blank.

But then he was flying through the air at a great speed, then gradually slowing down, until the sensation was of floating on and over fields, then towns and more open country until he reached the sea. Over the moonlit waters, with the waves shining pale blue, he floated. Hearing the throb of an engine, he looked up to observe a large plane approaching. As it came nearer, he appeared to see through it. He saw men lying on

stretchers, others sitting about on chairs. A doctor, clad in white, was performing an operation of some kind on one of the stretcher cases; a nurse, also in white, on each side of him, one holding a basin, the other a case of instruments. They moved to another case. The nurses lifted the patient up and unrolled the bandages from his head. Terence saw the face; it was that of his own son. With the cry of "Terry, my son," he tried to get to the plane, but the vision faded from his sight.

Then he was floating again over the sea, then land, over more green fields, towns and villages. Most of these appeared to be in ruins; the streets a mere mass of rubble. And on over large tracts of flood water; then to his ears came the distant sound of big gun fire. He saw great shells, turning over as they reached their culminating point, to descend to earth with a tremendous report. Many planes were in the air dropping their great loads of H.E. and fire bombs.

Through all this inferno he floated unharmed, and then he came to a quiet district, where he felt himself descending towards a snow-covered earth. He was in the corner of a trench. In front of him were men in battledress and wearing their equipment. They were huddled together in various attitudes, sleeping soundly, all except one man. This man was staring intently to his front. By his side was a machine gun, the barrel pointing towards the place on which his gaze was fixed. A rifle resting on the parapet and gripped in his left hand seemed to be supporting his bent head.

Terence stared at the man, but seemed unable to speak, or to think of anything to say. At last, and with some effort, he succeeded in blurting out "A Merry Christmas to Ye."

The man, without taking his gaze from his objective, replied—

"Go to sleep, ye silly 'omadaun,' Jerry over yonder will give us a merry Christmas before dawn most likely, if any of us are alive, and I've a feeling I'll not see Belfast and Carrick Hill again. If we are not relieved soon, it will be emergency ration for Christmas. Who are ye, and why are ye not sleeping like the others?"

"I cannot sleep; I'm looking for my son."

"Stop worrying about your son; it's enough worries of your own ye will have before we finish with Jerry. If ye cannot sleep, come and relieve me. I can do with some shut eye before stand-to at dawn, which is not far off. Tell me your name."

"Terence Healy, and it's my son Terry of the Royal Ulster Rifles that I am seeking."

The man gave a start and a quick look over his shoulder, but could see only the sleeping forms of his comrades.

"It's crackers I must be going. Terry Healy? Him that got laid out by rocket fire last evening; didn't I bring him in and then the stretcher-bearers took him away? He must have died, and me talking to his spirit; yet it was his father who was talking. Perhaps he is still alive, and on his way to Blighty. I hope so. He was a fine comrade was Terry, one of the best."

"He is alive. I saw him in a plane passing over the sea this very night."

"That voice again, or have I dozed off for a minute and been dreaming. They say you can dream a lot in a few minutes. It's a strange world; me, here, talking to the father of my chum. Well, I wish them both the best of luck."

Terence again floating through air, then another descent to earth, a feeling of restful ease on some soft place. He had been tramping towards the mountains in his native Donegal, with his old fowling piece, after rabbits. The spot at the foot of the mountain was alive with rabbits and, having secured a pair, he was resting in the autumn sunshine on a grassy space amongst the heather. Near by was a dark and deep pool, known locally as the pool of the fairies. Few people passed this way, and then only as a short cut over the mountains when going to or returning from town. It was said that the little people held high revels around the pool after dusk, and country people, returning over the mountains, gave the pool a wide berth so as not to be caught in the locality after dusk. Persons caught in the dense mist that occasionally settled over the plain and were stranded near the pool had strange tales to tell of their experiences during the night. Wearing nothing but their shirt, their other clothes thrown into the pool by the little people, they reached their homes in a dazed condition and could never again be persuaded to take the short cut over the mountains.

The sound of men talking and the swish of hay or straw thrown about penetrated to Terence's mind, and a voice—

"Hello! Someone sleeping here; nearly put the fork into him. Here, mate, wake up! No, by God! He is unconscious. Look at his head clotted with blood, and his cheek. Must have been blown here by the blast from that doodle-bug. Gave him a nice soft bed anyway. One of you run to the farm and call up the police ambulance."

He felt himself being tenderly raised from the hay and placed on a stretcher. Then, to his senses, he heard the sound of a motor being started up.

Resting again, the feel of cool hands on his forehead, something soft and damp applied to his head and face, then the sensation of something like hot needles through his cheek. Now restful and at ease.

His eyes were partly open, his mind in a state of half consciousness. He was in a long, narrow room. A number of small beds were in rows each side of the room, their heads against the walls, which were whitewashed. From the centre of the ceiling were hung paper chains of various colours. Sprigs of holly also hung over the cots and from the ceiling. Each cot had an occupant. Terence was in a corner one. In the centre of the room was a table, on which was placed a bowl filled with flowers. Seated at the table was a lady, attired in pale blue and wearing a white apron with starched cuffs. To Terence's vision everything in the dimly lit room appeared small. Sometimes from one of the cots the sound of groaning could

be heard, or the occupant would sit up screaming. The little lady would go to him, uttering soothing words until the man was calmed. Once she came to Terence, looked at him, then returned to her seat at the table.

Terence was sure now that the little people had got him. "I must have fallen asleep at the pool, and she is the fairy queen. But where are all the other little people? Perhaps they are all sleeping in these small cots, and I have been changed into one of them. He wondered what would befall him now, remembering the strange stories told by persons who had spent a night near the pool.

While he was speculating about his fate at the hands of the little people, the room began to take on a fresh aspect. More lights were switched on, and through a door at the far end of the room two more fairies, dressed similar to the one at the table, entered, pushing a table trolley laden with tea and food. Some of the occupants of the cots rose and dressed in blue suits, whilst others were helped by the two fairies to sit up in their beds. They then began to serve each with breakfast.

He was fully conscious now, his eyes open, and the room, with its occupants, took on normal proportions. From a wireless set came the sound of a choir singing "Come, all ye faithful." As the fairies served breakfast they repeated the salutation of "A Merry Christmas" to each person.

To Terence's mind it was now clear that it was not amongst the little people, but in the ward of a hospital that he was located. When the nurses came to him he was greeted with the season's compliments, but was not offered breakfast. Instead, one of the nurses went away for the sister, who took his temperature, then asked his name and age.

"Terence Healy, age 48."

"Strange," said the sister; "but that is also the name of the patient in the cot next to yours."

Terence looked and saw the head of a patient enveloped in bandages, saying, "Then it must be my son. Sure, now, didn't I see him in the big plane as it flew by and me floating past over the sea. Then I was in the trench near to where the rocket got him, and me talking to his chum, who brought him in."

"It's dreaming you were," said the sister, who, like many of the nurses, was Irish. "And you in your nice warm bed amongst the hay, where the flying bomb hurled you. And now, is there anything you would like for breakfast?"

"Yes, please, it's an egg and some toast I would like if ye have it."

"Right; I will have some sent up to you at once."

The black-out blinds having been rolled up, the sun was shining through the windows, melting the frost that had coated the glass in the night. The doctor was going his rounds. When he came to Terence he exclaimed, "Ah, this is the patient whom the flying bomb blew amongst the hay. Well, how do you feel now? And this man," pointing to the next cot, "is your son, you think. We are going to change his bandages now and you will see."

When the bandages were removed and the features exposed, Terence said, "That's my son, Terry, right enough; and didn't I see him in the plane crossing the sea that night."

"Well, it's a strange coincidence, I must say. He may regain consciousness to-day, and except for head and face wounds and shock he is all right. As for yourself, you will be all right in a day or two when the stitches are taken out of your cheek."

MEMORIES AND DANCES.

The delightful Sunday Rhapsody, "Victorian Melodies," brought back many memories—and pleasant ones at that. A young officer joined at Portsmouth, and he was asked if he could dance, and he at once replied that he had never been to a dance. The answer came quickly from a senior subaltern that he could go to a dance the following night, at which he seemed somewhat startled. However, he went, and although he danced more on his partner's feet than he did on the floor, he had broken the ice and he was duly deputed to go to several more dances during the next few weeks, and he emerged during that winter season as quite a moderately good dancer. Some ten years afterwards I was staying with an old Ranger friend, and he took me to a local hunt ball, and after a good dinner he broached some of his father's old claret. I had told the story of this young officer who had joined the Rangers and who could not dance, and the narrative was received with much laughter, and especially the stern command of the senior subaltern who bade me and another subaltern escort him to not only one dance, but several. On entering the room of the hunt ball, at which most of the men were in pink, I saw my friend, the young subaltern, who had come down from Aldershot specially for this dance. That is about forty years ago, and the glorious tunes of the dance of the period are still ringing in my ears. The revival of the walses, polkas, and the other fine dance tunes bring back many memories of dances in Galway, Boyle, Carrick-on-Shannon and many towns and country houses in old Ireland. But I always wish that I could go back to those days and hear the laughter and merriment that pervaded even the impromptu dances of that pleasant, happy era. If this is not possible, it is heartening to think over the past and to hear the music of those tunes again. When one looks back on those glorious pleasant times, the present days seem more than drab, and the "joie de vivre" seems to have gone out of life. One remembers the splendid dances given by the Naval Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, and the dances given by the Red and the Blue Marines, as we used to call the R.M.L.I. and the R.M.A. at Forton and Eastney.

If only one could bring back the pleasant days of the Victorian era, we might now be a happier and more contented people.

One day we were asked to a sporting dance at Carrick-on-Shannon, and twelve officers

from the 1st Battalion went up from Mullingar, and we dined at the hotel and had a good dinner there. Outside the Court House we fell in two deep and at a signal marched into the Court House and, much to the astonishment of the local committee, halted inside amid cheers, and as we fell out each officer selected a fair partner, and we kept that dance up till past 6 a.m., when we caught the train back to Mullingar. On arrival at the barracks we proceeded to tackle a good breakfast, still in evening dress, when the C.O. entered the Mess Room. He could hardly believe his eyes when he saw 12 officers having breakfast about 8 a.m. in evening dress. He was informed that we had only just arrived from Carrick, where we had been dancing all night. He then burst into laughter, and at 9 a.m. we were all on parade.

H. F. N. J.

MEMORIES OF AN OLD CONTEMPTIBLE.

M. BBESLIN.

When we arrived at Green Point camp no one seemed to know anything about us and we had to wait four or five hours before we got anything to eat, and then we had the war ration—bully beef and biscuits. It was a great change after the good rations of food on S.S. Templemore, which were really excellent, and one could get as good food as at any restaurant at home. While I was at this camp I had a walk round the city of Cape Town, which is indeed a very fine city, with Table Mountain towering above the town. After three days, we were ordered to join our units, and we left camp about four in the afternoon and we were put on the train and the accommodation there was very good, as good as at home and rather different from the time I was on my way home when we travelled in open trucks. Our train went direct to Bloemfontein in our fine carriages, and we remained there for one night.

I shall never forget when we fell in to continue our journey. The men had their blankets and oil sheets rolled together, and their kit bags with full packs and 150 rounds of ammunition, and some of the men put their rifles through their bundles and slung them over their shoulders. At this the Commandant roared at them and shouted that he would give them fourteen days, but thank goodness we were on our way north the next day in open trucks for Smalldiet with a draft of our own Regiment and under one of our own officers. As we travelled along I thought that the ant hills were small heaps of manure which were scattered all over the veldt. I will explain later what a good turn one of those ant heaps did for me and for many another man after a few more days. Two days later we arrived at our new camp, which was a small railway station, with four or five houses and a few shops, and the remains of a school. It was indeed cold, as there were no

sides to the building in which we were quartered. After three weeks we left again, and then we reached Pretoria, and then we were allowed to go and see the city, which was not so well kept at the time of my visit as it was afterwards. We went to see President Kruger's home, with two black lions on the stoep outside. But at last we joined the Regiment, but several Companies were away on detachment. This was at Pienaarspoort. I went to my Company at Elands River, where we remained about four weeks, when we came in and rejoined Headquarters, and after that the Battalion was moved south by rail to the Aliwal North district.

We did the journey in open coal trucks, open to the wind and dust for about four days and nights. At Aliwal North the local people gave us tea and cakes, and were very hospitable and kind to us. But we were still confined to the trucks, as parties of Boers were reported as trying to get across the Orange River. We were railed to different points, and took up positions at several points between De Aar and Aliwal North. Aliwal North was a very nice, clean town, with the Orange River close by, which separates it from the Orange Free State.

Here we marched over the bridge and camped on the north side, and here some of the men got through the post near the bridge and got into the town and did themselves very well indeed. This was, however, stopped the next night. Later we were allowed to go into the town and any of the hotels, but we were not served with drinks. Some of my pals were not fond of minerals only, so one of them produced the emergency ration, which was a round tin of six inches long containing tea and sugar and a soup mixture with meat, etc. When he was refused he produced the ration tin and threatened to blow up the hotel unless he got his whisky. The Dutch manager became frightened and produced the whisky, and this was done sometimes on an order from an officer.

About this time our Commanding Officer got orders to form the Battalion into a Mounted Infantry Battalion, and nearly all the men, with few exceptions, volunteered for this duty. There were two Companies that were not mounted, chiefly formed by men who had no wish to become Mounted Infantry. I was delighted at the opportunity of being a mounted man, and later the Battalion did some good work as a mounted unit. I shall never forget my first experience with the remounts that were issued to us, and this rough experience was a better school to make us ride than any riding school. We were marched down to the station to get our horses, and those who could ride were told off to ride one and lead three others. As I was not an expert then, I was told to lead a horse. At the station all the horses were in railway trucks, but it was not long before they were detrained, as some of the men were real experts at horse management. I caught sight of one old horse with numbers on his hooves, which had been an old cavalry horse, and I asked my officer if I could take him and he said "yes" at once.

I put on the bridle and saddle and mounted my steed, but I shall never forget the bumping I got when my charger started to trot. But the next day we got our chance of instruction from the officers and men who could ride well. When I put on the bridle and saddle the horse refused to leave the lines at first, but when he heard my pal coming back at the gallop to see why I had not started, he at once took off at a good pace and nearly threw me, but I managed to stick on. But my steed always wanted to trot or canter, and I hoped sometimes that he would get tired. After a few days most of the men were really good riders, and we began mounted drill without rifles, and I got on really well.

I soon got versed in the management of my charger, and as we progressed the more I liked the riding and the healthy exercise. I got quite used to the handling of arms when mounted and the rifle bucket on the saddle. Before long we left Burghersdorp as a mounted column, and on one occasion we were escorting a large convoy in the Colony, and our advance guard got in touch with the enemy. As I was in the rearguard, we were ordered to close up and join the main body of the column. As we joined the Regiment we could see parties of the enemy riding up the hills to our right front. We had two R.H.A. guns with us and they opened fire, but I don't think they did much damage. The enemy were in position on the hills to our right and left front, and it was found impossible to get through to meet with the force at our disposal. My Company Officer was a very brave man, and he was wounded in this action, and he sent me and another man out on the right rear to watch the enemy in that quarter. We found some more men of the Company there when we arrived, and my pal dismounted and handed his horse over to me, when suddenly a heavy fire was opened on us, so I at once took the horses back under cover. Later I saw the party retiring and they were subjected to a heavy fire, and there were several casualties among them. I tried to cover their retirement, but my rifle misfired, and I had another attempt but could not get it right. So I lay there all that day, and during the day the sun was hot, and I had a narrow escape as a bullet struck the handle of my bayonet and travelled down my leg, cutting my puttee string and the toe of my boot. But I was not wounded. It was just luck. Well, I will never forget my suffering from thirst, as my tongue swelled in my mouth and felt like a crust of bread, and my lips were parched. I had to lie there all day behind my ant heap and did not leave my position until after dusk, when I retired back to a small pond and drank the water there like a horse would. Then I met my Company Officer, who was wounded, and he said he was glad to see me safe, and he took me to the officers' mess and gave me some hot coffee, which made me feel much better. We afterwards brought in the wounded. Reinforcements arrived the next day, and after a halt we proceeded with the convoy. This was my first scrap with the M.I., and it took place on the 14th July, 1901, at Zuurvlakte.

SCENES AND IMPRESSIONS OF MILITARY LIFE.

In a book published in 1840 under the title of "Camp and Quarters," or scenes and impressions of military life, the author, Major John Patterson, gives some good reading and anecdotes of the service in the beginning of the 19th century and before that date.

He tells of the time when the revolutionary war was at its height and Europe was absolutely deluged in the blood of sanguinary combats—one wonders what he would have thought of 1944-45—and then even the ladies at home were under the influence of the prevailing epidemic, and they would, in case of an invasion, resort to the use of firearms or firelocks, as he calls them, and he concludes as follows:—

"Wives would be sharpshooters,
Widows beat the drum,
Vixens the trumpet blow,
If the enemy should come."

Humbert, the General who landed at Killala in 1798, was originally a horse dealer, and was a military-looking and handsome man, and prided himself on his horsemanship. His first display in Ireland was rather ominous of disaster. He had scarcely got his foot ashore when he mounted one of the county hacks, which, unused to having a French General on its back, kicked up its heels and laid the gallant rider sprawling in the street. The General, however, soon got up again and, with the aid of spur and better management, he brought his charger into good behaviour.

He gives a good account of the fine defence of Colonel Vereker and the Limerick City Militia, aided by a gallant band of yeomanry under a young man called Armstrong at Collooney, Co. Sligo. Here took place a most extraordinary personal contest, in presence of the contending parties, between a trooper of the 24th Dragoons and a French Hussar, whom the former challenged. After a furious cut and thrust or two, and parrying for some time, the trooper cut six and sabred the Frenchman's head so as to leave it hanging by the skin. The headless trunk maintained its upright position on the horse for a short distance, when the animal took flight—the trooper, a desperate Hibernian, meanwhile calling after him, with an oath, "There is promotion for you; you have got an epaulet on your shoulder now, which you never had before."

To those who remained and received the French with kindness and hospitality, the latter would not suffer, be it said, the smallest injury to be done; but for those who quitted their houses the cellars were ransacked, and pillage and rapine were the order of the time. There are stories of this landing at Killala and the effect it had on all classes, but there is not space in "The Ranger" for more.

The author, in his first journey to school, which took place in mid-winter with the deep snow covering the country; and in the same post chaise, travelled one, Surgeon Perkins Vincent Crofton, on the way to join his regi-

ment, the 21st or R. North British Fusiliers, quartered in the town mentioned.

He was indeed a tall, good-looking man with sandy hair, and one of the most decidedly facetious characters ever met with. For thirty miles of a dreary and monotonous road that we jogged along together, his risable features were in full play; it was (on his part) one continual round of mirth and drollery. Crofton was an Irishman, and his accent was slightly tinged with Irish colouring, he having travelled extensively. The author proceeds to state that there never was a journey trod by man where such good company was more needful. He describes this part of Ireland as a wild and inhospitable landscape, with bogs and marshy hollows with boundless tracts of unclaimed land.

Then he draws a picture of the inhabitants:—"I know of nothing which more forcibly displays the contented character of the Irish poor than the cheerfulness with which they bear up against the misery that assails them in their cabins, where every corner is penetrable to the blast, and they go forth to their morning labour and return at night with more of a joyous feeling and with less care or anxiety on their brow than is experienced by those whose dwellings are the home of luxury and comfort. And then the laughing, happy faces of the almost naked children would show that Ireland was not, after all, that very wretched country, but there is an elasticity about them, a warmth and a great cheerfulness of disposition that will sustain them under misrule and bad management." He draws a very good picture of the state of the country and the poorness of the people during his travels in this part of Ireland. He gives his opinion of the state of the country and the poorness of the inhabitants and how improvements should be undertaken. And after a long journey, driving through torrents of rain, and it did rain too, he arrived at his journey's end at the school where he was to reside.

His fellow traveller, Crofton, introduced him to the venerable master of the school, who at once began a cross-examination of the new pupil. He was then put into a dormitory, and here the noisy urchins, or, to give them their title, his schoolmates, when the lights went out commenced a nasal oratorio which, together with the hideous dreams he had, made this night appear the longest night he had ever passed. This learned institution was on a lofty eminence near Lough Erne. He was awakened the next day by a grim-looking, callous-pated fellow, armed with a tremendous lanthorn, who sang out a harsh reveille—"Gentlemen, it is half-past six." But with all the "pleasures" of a life at school and the description of the professor of castigation and other details, we must leave these to those who read the book, as there is not room in "The Ranger" for them all. It is sufficient to say that one professor, whose familiar name was "Tom Tick'em," was a sort of "Prince of Pedagogues," a man whose every look and gesture, attitude and limb savoured amazingly of birch. On one occasion he asked several boys to supper in his

room. He produced a large dish of boiled cockles and little jugs of punch. But the supper was not expensive, as the lot only cost 2s 8d, including 1s for the whisky to make the punch. He narrates how he was put into the Black Hole of Enniskillen, almost as horrible as the Black Hole of Calcutta, because he was waiting in a sort of ante-chamber to help carry up a meal and the knavish fellow who brought up the dishes let one fall and broke it into fragments. However, he had quite a good dinner given him by the protecting angel of these nether chambers full of rats and mice. The 21st Royal N. British Fusiliers were quartered in Enniskillen at this time. They were commanded by Colonel Lord F——s., who resided at Derrygore on the opposite side of the lake. He was an eccentric personage, rejoicing in singularity of garb. Among the strange appendages to decorate his person he wore a tremendous tail or queue, pretty much in the shape of a fox's brush, which dangled somewhat gracefully between his shoulders. The 21st were relieved by the 89th Regiment, of which General Albemarle, Earl of Lindsay, was the Colonel. They were infected with ophthalmia, which they brought from Egypt, where they had served under the Earl of Cavan. Many, including the Colonel, were nearly blind.

There were good theatricals in Enniskillen at this date, to which the schoolboys and the soldiers were sent by turns. Then he narrates how a false alarm during the celebration of divine service in the parent church by a party of dragoons who were in the gallery changing their position too abruptly, when their sabres and accoutrements made a most unholy clash, and the congregation, rising up in terror and thinking that the fabric was about to fall, made for the doors to escape and the confusion became awful, while the troopers were absolutely grinning at the people below and enjoying the situation. He weighs against the extravagance of the upper classes in Ireland especially, and the waste of good money and the drinking bouts, as he calls them. Then he describes the latter, how an earthen jug, as he describes it, "a proper drinking cup for mortals of the giant species," placed in the corner of a room, now clouded with the fumes of alcohol. From this reservoir, filled to the brim and compounded of proof materials, the lesser jugs were constantly replenished. The doors were fastened, and none was allowed to quit his post until every drop was finished, which seldom was the case before daylight, when most, if not all, of the occupants were lying insensible on the floor.

Fragments of broken glass, and frequently a purple stream from broken heads, gave a few striking symptoms of the night's debauch.

There are other details about duels, and then he narrates how a noisy, blustering genius from the wilds of Co. Mayo, when stationed in the West Indies and being of ferocious aspect and clumsy build, a man who ever boasted of his artist-like abilities. The spilling of a glass of wine or even a simple contradiction drew down the deadly imprecation of our hero, who had no fancy for a pistol ball pass-

ing through his body. However, he found his match at last. The preparations were duly made for a duel. The ground was duly measured, the contestants arrived, and weapons were handed to them by their seconds. Eyeing his antagonist with fierce demeanour, he reversed the instrument of death and, grasping it by the muzzle and uttering curses on his opponent, he flung the loaded pistol with all his might at the head of his astounded and horror-stricken opponent. Then, making a desperate run for it, he never ventured to look behind, and he caught a vessel on the point of sailing and thus bade adieu to the perils of martial life for ever.

H. F. N. J.

(To be continued).

A SENIOR OFFICER AND THE OLD FRENCHWOMAN.

By OLE' IKONA.

Looking up an old 1915 diary I see, when attached to a new Army battalion, that I shared a billet at Villiers Bocage with the senior Major, a nice old fellow torn from the bosom of his family and his business by a grateful Government in order that he might strike a blow for freedom to the elimination of those with a gross appetite for world domination.

As it was his first visit and first billet on the Continent, he was rather like a fish out of water, and many of the customs appeared strange to him.

From my bed in one corner of the room I watched G— make his final preparations before turning in, and just as he was in the act of dropping a huge white nightshirt over his head, for all the world like a bell tent, the door of the room was flung open and in rushed the old woman of the house with an enormous tin "jerry" in her fist, which she promptly rammed between G—'s legs and under the bed, saying, "Pot de chambre pour vous, monsieur," just as his head appeared out of the top of the tent. "My Gawd, what a country," says G—. "Is there no privacy?" and to me, "I wish to goodness you would tell the old devil in her own lingo not to do that again; what would my wife say if she knew." I then asked the old woman if she could do an encore in "Pots de chambre," to which she replied that I would have to share monsieur's, as she wanted the only other one for herself and her daughter, who occupied the room next door, and the devil of it was that, in order to get out, we had to pass through their room. When G— realised this he got into a devil of a fluster. Supposing he got an urgent, natural call during the night and had to go outside, what was he to do. Like Job's comforter, I assured him that through mesdames room was the only way and then through the yard, and when he got there, to look out that he did not step into the midden guarding the approaches to the latrine, as it was the crème de la crème of manure.

Next morning I had to make a reconnaissance of our communications before the old man would venture out. However, as madame and mademoiselle had vacated the position, there was nothing to hinder his advance, so I sounded the "all clear" and approached madame in her kitchen with a request that she would let us have some of her très bonne café, which she was brewing at the time.

Brief Account of Five Years Spent as Prisoner of War in Germany.

I was taken prisoner of war with the remnants of the 51st Highland Division at St. Valerie-en-Caux on 12th June, 1940.

From here the Germans took us on foot right across Northern France and Belgium, and the main body of our troops finally entered Germany in barges, coming down the Dutch canals.

The early part of the journey, i.e., the march across France, was decidedly unpleasant, to say the least. We did an average of 30 miles per day on practically no food. A typical day's rations at this period was three of our own "hard-tack" biscuits, and water was difficult to obtain. Often when we passed through a village that had a pump, it was only to find an armed sentry standing before it, to prevent us getting water, and, naturally, the problem of keeping oneself clean was a major difficulty! However, after eight days of this I, with three companions, "made a break for it," as the chances of coming through alive seemed very remote if we remained on the march.

Believing that the Germans had occupied the whole of France, we made north, and we actually stood on the beach not far from Calais and could see the searchlights over England before we were re-captured by a German patrol. However, it eased my lot inasmuch as I was now part of a much smaller body of prisoners of war, and we were transported to Germany by rail, about 50-60 men per cattle truck, but better than marching on an empty stomach.

It appeared I was doomed to remain unlucky, as I never seemed able to remain at a camp for more than a few weeks before I was transferred to another. I was, in fact, in eight different camps during the remaining few months of 1940, and they were often as far apart as Strasburg in Alsace-Lorraine to Schulberg in Poland. During this time I had sent several cards and letters home, as the opportunity presented itself, but communication with home in those early days was very bad, and I had been a prisoner for over five months before my wife and parents had word from me. This was the first indication they had had that I was still alive. My wife was, in fact, drawing the widow's pension and had refused several offers to adopt my small son. Mail coming from England was just as bad, and it was not until I had been in captivity for over ten months that I got a line from home—from my father. A month later I received my

first Red Cross parcel, after living on the bare German rations for close on a year. My joy knew no bounds.

It is difficult to say how much prisoners of war are indebted to the British Red Cross. But one thing is absolutely certain: without the material help of food and clothes which they provided many thousands of prisoners now returned to England could never have got through. Paper cement sacks as shirts were in great demand in those days, and the condition of some of the men before the efforts of the Red Cross reached us was indescribable.

I spent five weeks at the end of 1940 (including Christmas) in a "strafe camp." Here conditions were truly terrible, men dying owing to being exposed to long hours of work in very cold weather, inadequate clothing and insufficient food. I believe the American Embassy was instrumental in obtaining our release from here, after a visit from their staff.

In short, the early days of captivity were far from pleasant, and I saw men shot in cold blood for no offence on several occasions, and the difficulty of remaining even reasonably clean on one small bar of German ersatz soap per month was insurmountable.

Then, in August, 1941, I was sent in charge of 150 men to work in a glass works in Silesia. The attitude of the Germans now began to alter towards us, as they realised that England was not as easy a proposition as they had imagined in June, 1940. By constantly badgering the factory authorities I gradually obtained all sorts of concessions and alterations to our living quarters, and soon we had a washing room with a gas geyser for constant hot water, separate sleeping and eating room, eight water closets, our own private kitchen with two of our men as cooks, every man a glass locker to keep his clothes and eatables in, and a small theatre with radio loudspeaker installed, through which we could hear programmes selected by the Germans, and occasionally, when opportunity presented itself, the B.B.C. news. Briefly, life at this camp was bearable. The billet was heated in winter by hot air plant.

However, after being in captivity for 4½ years, nobody was sorry to leave when the Germans moved us owing to the approach of the Russian forces in January, 1945. Then we got once more a reminder of the 1940 days as we marched across Germany, Czechoslovakia, and right down to Southern Bavaria, but nobody minded much, as we could see our release was drawing near, and after telling the Jerry for years that they could not win the war, even if we tried to let 'em, he was beginning to see we were right after all.

In short, life as a British prisoner of war in Germany was "not so hot" in the 1940-41 days, but was considerably improved in the last few years, although unless one has been there oneself for a period of years, it is very difficult to visualise exactly what one has missed through a number of years "in the bag." In fact, I'm still trying to work it out myself!

CPL. JAMES V. LEAKE,
Royal Engineers.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Killyclogher, Omagh,
Co. Tyrone, N.I.,
26th June, 1945.

Lieut.-Colonel H. F. N. Jourdain,
Dear Sir,

A couple of months ago I resolved to have a holiday, so I put away the garden tools and boarded a train, the 11.15 a.m., on Monday. At Portadown my train, the Londonderry train, discharged its passengers, including myself, into the Belfast-Dublin train bound for the last named city. I had no seat and was compelled to stand all the way to Drogheda before an extra carriage was hooked on. By the time I got to my hotel I was very much fatigued with the buffeting and standing for so long a time. However, having got a good meal, I walked the Quays and Dame Street and O'Connell Street, also Grafton Street, before turning in for the night.

Tuesday.—Traversed South Wall to view shipping in port. There were only two vessels of about 3000 tons each; one belonged to Guinness's Brewery. From the corner of Cornhill (there I saw a notice: "Please give way to horse traffic.") That was a kindly thought put into action.) I stepped into a tram for Inchicore. Arriving there, I saw the canal with its old familiar locks. I also saw the new electric transformer station with its acres and acres of wires and coils of wire. I walked back to the city through Island Bridge and saw the War Memorial Park, then on to Phoenix Park, and there I beheld a colossal mound of turf. It stretched for about 400 yards, built in pyramid shape, 30 feet in height and 60 feet wide at base, I should think, all for sale in the city.

Wednesday.—At about 9 a.m. I was in St. Stephen's Green. From there I saw a little elderly man heading for Grafton Street with a stick under his arm (in saluting parade fashion). He wore a Victorian period straw hat with a broad ribbon around it, and, believe it or not, it was red, white and blue, but he passed on unnoticed. I made my way to O'Connell Street Bridge, and there boarded a bus for Lucan. Upstairs I got, and had a good view and enjoyed my ride to Vesey's Domain. It's Vesey's no longer; it's owned now by people named O'Connor.

Thursday.—I went to Dalkey on the bus, and when there mounted Killiney Hill. This was another lovely day.

Friday.—Howth by bus and then back over Howth Head to Sutton by electric tram. Whilst at Eden Quay and leaning against the quay wall when waiting for the bus, I overheard part of a conversation between a man with a small basket of fish and an old woman carrying a bundle of something. She: "What has made the fish so dear?" He (in an apologetic manner): "Ah, the boats are all away." Then there was a fairly long pause whilst they looked one another over, then she: "Oh, bad luck to them and we only getting ½oz. tay (tea) a week." He (very rapidly and with heat): "Yes, and paper boots at £2 a pair." And so on and so on, but not a word was

said to the effect: Don't you know there's a war on?

Saturday.—I wanted to go to Poulaphouca, but was a few minutes late for the bus and three hours and more too early for the next one, so I did the National Art Galleries instead and spent a few hours looking at the beautiful pictures, all art treasures. In the evening I walked the quays and O'Connell Street, and then Dame Street, up Georges Street, and on and on to Portobello, then swung right to Dolphins Barn, then to Old Kilmainham, Island Bridge, and back to the hotel.

Sunday.—I spend a quiet day in flower gardens, Phoenix Park, and twice at Merrion Hall.

Monday.—Breakfasted and away to city by 9 a.m. Saw Smithfield Market, Henry Street, Mary Street, Earl Street, Talbot Street, and left Amiens Street Station by the 1.15 p.m. train and arrived at Omagh about 7 p.m., thoroughly satisfied with a week well spent.

I was much impressed with the progress in the city in providing accommodation for the people. The houses flanking the quays are still there, but the old tenements behind have been pulled down and blocks of flats built in the Continental style, and right well they look with their different coloured bricks and the style or layout of the flats—some crescent shaped, others in the shape of the letter S. The city's villa suburbs are charming, especially those viewed on the road to Dalkey.

I noticed the numerous electric pylons everywhere crossing and re-crossing the country. On the Lucan road, for instance, almost every cottage had wires into them.

The city police are well dressed in nice dark blue material. They are of good physique and, I venture to say, of very good education, at least the younger men.

The Eireann soldiers seem to be a steady lot. I did not see one drunk, or near that condition, and only one slovenly one, during my seven days' stay.

Mentioning education reminds me that I asked two tramway men, whom I saw talking together at Nelson's Monument, "Will you please tell me how Poulaphouca is spelt." They both laughed and I laughed also. "Be Gob," said one, "I could not spell it, but I can write it down," and so he did. You see, the letters were implanted in his mind by constantly seeing them displayed on the Poulaphouca bus.

I put up at Ross's Hotel, Parkgate Street, and from there I hope at some future date to sail forth to view Poulaphouca.

Yours sincerely,
W. H. DRYDEN.

St. Judes,
Glandore Road,
Drumcondra,
Dublin,
18th June, 1945.

Dear Colonel Jourdain,

I trust this will find you keeping very well. Many thanks indeed for another sparkling issue of the "Ranger," and I hope now that our old enemy in Europe has been thoroughly

beaten that conditions will improve sufficiently to lighten your work in the preparation and printing of the journal.

I am sending you a report of the last Combined O.C.A. dinner in Dublin in case you might care to include it in the next issue of the "Ranger." It was really a great success. The Combined O.C.A.'s are holding their "Victory Dinner" in the Hibernian Hotel, Dublin, on 30th June, 1945, and we hope to have a good gathering of Rangers there. May I enquire if you have any Regimental Association badges (buttonhole), or if they can be procured?

I was very sad to read and hear of so many sons of gallant old Rangers who have paid the supreme sacrifice during World War No. II, and I am sure many more will go before the little yellow rats in the Far East are exterminated.

In conclusion, very best wishes to yourself and Mrs. Jourdain. May you both be spared for many long days to come.

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

W. R. HALPIN.

Raynes Park Hotel,

Wimbledon, S.W. 20.

15/4/45.

Dear Sir,

Thank you very sincerely for your letter of the 6th inst. and the journal. I enclose a sub. for future journals, and I shall be pleased to send a donation to the funds of the journal. I shall certainly endeavour to be on parade on the 3rd June. Is there any club, building or such like, where old comrades can meet? If not, I think we should have such a place, and I should be honoured to contribute my mite.

I will pass on the "Rangers" to my son, Lieutenant N. Masters, Information Office, Johannesburg, and I am sending to-day the one you sent me, accompanied by a letter suggesting that the wonderful example shown by you, sir, and the journal, would be a good subject for one of his lectures to the troops. I have told him that old soldiers, one and all, are the backbone of a nation. That, "inter alia," is, if it had not been for the thousands of "old sweats" in the Union of South Africa, someone else would have had his way, with the consequence that one dare not even contemplate. I could go on writing for a long time if it would be of any interest to you or the readers of the journal, but feel that I must report myself and account for my absence with leave from 1902 to the present day. I joined the 88th in Portsmouth in 1894. After purchasing my discharge after the South African War, I went to Southern Rhodesia and joined the staff of the S.R. Volunteers, a second line of defence in those days. I was in the mounted troop, having my own horse, thanks to the training with the 88th in the Mounted Infantry in the Cape Colony and the Free State. I was in a fine regiment up to the outbreak of the last war, when I joined the 1st Rhodesia Regiment and I served in German West Africa from 1914 to 1915. After

the conclusion of that campaign I volunteered to join for overseas, but the Rhodesian Government were unable to accept me, so I joined up in the 2nd South African Infantry. After training at Potchefstroom, we were sent to Wynberg (C.C.), but owing to the sinking of the Galway Castle we did not leave South Africa for some weeks.

Eventually we came over on the Norman Castle and were located at Woking. After six weeks' training we were sent over to France, and from there to Flanders. In our first engagement I was wounded in the leg, and nearly lost it too. I was six months in Richmond Hospital, and had three months' vocational training at Reading University College (Dairy and Bacteriology). I eventually returned to South Africa and got a job on the S.A. railways and did 20 years' service on them, and retired on a small pension. I returned to England in November, 1939, in a convoy of twenty ships and tried to join up in any old soldiers' regiment. But I was too old, they told me.

Eventually I joined as full time A.R.P. and did twelve months, but it was too slow for me, and it was a lazy life, so I retired and joined the Home Guard at Wimbledon and later transferred to the Sussex H.G. I served during the rest of the war until we were ordered to stand down. Sir, I have the pleasure of informing you that I am still working for working's sake and want for nothing but what I have earned by hard work. I have not quite achieved my ambition in life, but I honestly say that I have done my best and have not let the old 88th down. I have six medals, including the long service medal, and during the whole of my 20 years on the S.A. Railways I was a member of the Volunteer Regiment in Cape Town.

Yours faithfully,
CHALMERS MASTERS.

Dear Sir,

During the Boer War, and towards the close of same, and when stationed in Burgkendorp, I had an evening out and, as unfortunately I must always have the best, I dined at the best hotel. It was in the dining room, crammed with officers from Generals to 2nd Lieutenants. Naturally I wanted a drink a little stronger than tea or lemonade, and I asked the waiter to fetch me a glass of brandy and soda. He said sorry, but no soldier under the rank of sergeant (?) was allowed to have intoxicants. So I said, may I have a ginger ale? Certainly, sir. Right, I said, fetch a bottle of ginger ale on a tray, pour some into the glass and put a double tot of brandy into it. He did so, and I can still see that drink being brought to me, a private, through a crowd of Generals, Colonels, Majors, etc. I drank it, holding up my glass and silently wishing them all good luck (God bless all the old-style of officers), which, I think, shows that you can't keep a soldier down.

Yours faithfully,
C. MASTERS.

P.S.—I was not an old soldier then; merely four years' service (aged 19).

Cloonlavish,
Ballyfarna,
Claremorris,
Co. Mayo,
27/2/45.

Dear Colonel Jourdain,

We all get a surprise now and again; sometimes pleasant and sometimes otherwise. I got a most pleasant one when I opened the parcel that came to me on a very bitterly cold morning. Surely a pleasant surprise—Volume III: History of the Connaught Rangers. God bless you for the kindness and fatherly feeling you have for the ex-soldiers of our famous Regiment, the Connaught Rangers. There will be many readers like myself who served under your command and who fought hard in many of the places mentioned in this volume who will be happy to see that their courage and loyalty are fully chronicled in Volume III. So let me thank you for sending me the only thing that made those long, bitter cold nights pleasant for me. I have plenty of light, a roaring fire and, above all, a contented mind. So I can feast myself in reading the History of the Connaught Rangers. I am enclosing P.O. for £1, which I hope you will receive safe, and if you can send me on Volumes I and II without any trouble or expense to you I will be very grateful for them. If you have none left, then please let the balance of above order go to the funds. I sincerely hope this letter will find you and Mrs. Jourdain in good health. I know you have had a hard winter over there; but the prayers of all Connaught Rangers will help to brighten the days. Again thanking you and wishing you every success. Best wishes for plenty of Shamrock for St. Patrick's Day. I won't forget to send my little contribution.

I remain,
Yours sincerely,
JAMES JORDAN.

52 Walkine Street,
Kilkenny, Eire.

Dear Sir,

I am sending you a postal order for the History of the old Regiment in which I served a quarter of my life. I am now 81 years of age, and I served for 21 years. I see there are a few of 1884 still knocking around yet, and also a few of the three figures—Jim Brady (792) and myself (875), Jack Corcoran and Walsh the boxer, whom Corcoran mentioned in one of his letters, and the renowned Dusty Dillon. I wonder if Walsh could jog his memory back to October, '84, and think of the battle he had with a hard case of the name of Flynn in the barrack room in "H" Company, 2nd Battalion, in Fermoy. Walsh got the best of it. That's a few days ago! It is sad reading of all the good old soldiers who are gone. May they all R.I.P. Hoping these few lines will find you in good health.

Yours truly,
OWEN MURPHY.

875 Corporal,
Late "A" Company,
1st Connaught Rangers.
All good wishes to all old Rangers.

The following letter has been sent to me from W. Gilbert, 3 Castleton Road, Eastcote, Ruislip:—

"I was very pleased to know that the old Connaught Rangers are still in the thoughts of others. I joined the Rangers at the end of 1916, and was left in Cairo when they went to France. I enlisted in the Essex Regiment in 1914, and went to France in 1915, and came home wounded about March, 1916. In December, 1916, I was sent with about twenty others to join the Rangers, who were then in Salonika. As far as I can remember, they were at or near a town named Orliak, near the Struma valley, facing the Rupel Pass. I was then a platoon sergeant, and my platoon officer was a Lieutenant Kelly. After I arrived a new officer joined, Lieutenant M. O'Leary, V.C., who was at that time world known. Before leaving Salonika I was transferred to 'B' Company as C.S.M., and afterwards re-joined 'C' Company. As you know, the 5th went to Palestine, where they helped to finish off the Turk. They afterwards went to France, but meanwhile I had been sent to Cairo to the O.T.C. as instructor, where I remained till 1919. How many of these young old warriors were killed in France I do not know, but I imagine they were in the thick of it, as they were great fighters and were well commanded. I, of course, would like to meet them all again and would like to hear of their later experiences in France. There were three Gilberts in the 5th Battalion. The Regimental Sergeant-Major was a Gilbert, who used to go round with the terror of a dog, and I think there was another Sergeant Gilbert, a Dublin man. I was one of the very few Englishmen in the Battalion, but I am proud to have served with them. I can remember the names of the company officers:—Captain Bond (a great commander), Lieutenant Kelly, Lieutenant Fogarty, Lieutenant M. O'Leary, V.C. Many thanks for writing to me. I shall always be pleased to hear news of the gallant 5th Battalion of the Rangers.

"Sincerely yours,
" (Sgd.) W. GILBERT."

Tullycusheen,
Tubbercurry,
Co. Sligo,
Ireland,
7th July, 1945.

Dear Colonel,

I hope you and Mrs. Jourdain are in the very best of good health, as this leaves myself, wife and two children in the best of good health, thank God. Well, I thank you very much for May, 1945, issue of our grand "Ranger," received safely, and what grand and splendid reading it gives us to read your articles about the grand old Regiment, also articles by other gallant officers and men, and the many interesting letters written by our beloved comrades of the Rangers. It is a pleasure to take down past copies of the "Ranger" and read them through again. We are proud to see that this awful war in Europe is over and our gallant Allied armies

in Germany's capital. Many of our Irishmen fought in this war as volunteers, and we are proud of them too. They upheld the grand traditions of our grand and glorious Irish regiments, which, sad to say, were disbanded in 1922, but anyhow the glory of those gallant Irish regiments will live for ever. The fine achievements of our gallant Connaught Rangers will for ever remain in the history of the British Empire. It's grand to meet an old Ranger anywhere. I have no more to say this time. I enclose a photo of my son, Francis Joseph. He is now 13 years of age and is in the 7th standard in the National School.

I am, dear Colonel,

Yours sincerely,

PATRICK DURCAN

(late 4th Battalion The Connaught Rangers).

2 Granville Road,
Garston,
Liverpool, 19.

Dear Colonel,

Thanks very much for the "Ranger," which I received last week. It is very interesting, and I hope to receive many more in the future. I can assure you I enjoyed your story of "Hairy Mary" very much. Well do I remember those days in Mullingar, which were pleasant ones indeed. When I read the list of officers who have passed away I recollect many with whom I came in contact. May their souls rest in peace. I don't think there is, or ever was, a regiment in the British Army which has more affection or loyalty for each other and their regiment than the old Rangers. Long may they be remembered. Well, Colonel, once again I am preparing to take a holiday in Ireland. I go over every year to Castlebar and I have met quite a few of the old Rangers there; also, I have met them in Westport, Galway, Tuam, Ballyhais and Athlone. I spoke to Corcoran (late of the band) in Westport; Sergeant Paddy Pluck in Castlebar; Tom Parslow, D.C.M., in Galway, and Sergeant Pat Diskin in Tuam. In Athlone I was speaking to that old soldier, Pat McGuinness, who belonged to "B" Company (Aliwal North) when I joined the regiment. He was a good old sort to us young soldiers who came out in the last draft. I have heard since that he has passed away. May the light of heaven shine on his soul. He was a true Ranger, which was my reason for breaking my journey to see him. Well, sir, I wish you the best of luck, long life and prosperity in your efforts to keep the memory of Rangers alive in the minds of all Rangers and comrades. I hope and trust in God that we will meet again at the Reunion next year. Hoping the same will be a record. Wishing you and Captain Dryden the best of health.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

7098 P. MEEHAN

(late "B" Company, 1st Connaught Rangers).

218 Sandycombe Road,
Richmond,
Surrey,
15/6/45.

Dear Colonel Jourdain,

Very many thanks for my last copy of the "Ranger," which I received yesterday. It is very nice to be able to keep in touch through the medium of your very fine journal with the old regiment. I could not attend the last Reunion, as my business keeps me rather tied up at present. However, I hope things will be more normal by the time the next one comes along. I am enclosing a cheque for 30/-. If I owe you any more, I should esteem it a great favour if you would let me know. My very kindest regards to both yourself and Mrs. Jourdain, and let me thank you once again for your kindness in sending the regimental journal so regularly, as it is really surprising how you manage to get the paper these days for printing purposes.

Yours very sincerely,

H. ASHWELL

(late Band, 2nd Battalion).

19th February, 1945.

Dear Colonel Jourdain,

Many thanks for the Connaught Ranger badge you have kindly sent me. I am ever so grateful to you. "Jerry" sent another visiting card in the shape of a rocket bomb two days before Christmas and it landed nearly opposite my house. What with a bomb at the bottom of my garden, a flying bomb across the road and this rocket, it appears that he is trying hard to get rid of one of the youngest Rangers, but he was not successful. I did, however, get concussion in the stomach which put me on the sick list for a fortnight, but I am now well again.

The house stood the strain very well. Just the roof off and a few doors and some plaster, and, of course, all the windows. I was lucky enough to be in a chair with a high back, and the glass hit the back of the chair, so I did not get cut. The house has now been made fairly comfortable for living in. The most amazing thing about it all was that we did not hear anything when it landed; we must have been dazed by the blast. Thank you for your good wishes, and I pray that God will

keep you in good health and, needless to say, I am looking forward to receiving the next issue of the "Ranger," and let us hope that it will be the first issue of the peace, which cannot be far off.

I enclose my subscription for the "Ranger" for 1945. Wishing you and Mrs. Jourdain the very best of health and thanking you for the badge, which I will always treasure.

Yours sincerely,

A. KENSETT.

Cloonlavish,
Ballyfarna,
Claremorris,
Co. Mayo,
12th April, 1945.

Dear Colonel Jourdain,

Many thanks for Volume I, "History of the Connaught Rangers." I am now the proud possessor of the complete "History of the Connaught Rangers," Volumes I, II and III. Needless to say, I am thoroughly enjoying the reading of Volume III. It is grand to be reading of those good old times when I had the pleasure of serving in that old Regiment, the Connaught Rangers, and especially in the Battalion you had the honour to command. I look upon the "History of the Connaught Rangers" as a marvel. It is a credit to you and to the publishers. And I am sure that every Ranger who purchased the History is well satisfied. I for one would not part with it for ten times its price. I now thank you for your kind letter to me, and I was glad to learn that you had an ample supply of Shamrock on St. Patrick's Day. God grant that you will be wearing it for many years to come—that little Shamrock so dear to the Rangers. I am looking forward to the next publication of the "Ranger." I would not like to miss a single copy. I hope you will let me know the month of publication so that I will be able to forward my subscription in due time. I cannot express in words my gratitude to you for your kindness, trouble and expense in making an old soldier happy. God bless you and yours.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

JAMES JORDAN.

The following letter has been sent to me from W. Gilbert, 3 Castleton Road, Eastcote, Ruislip:—

"I was very pleased to know that the old Connaught Rangers are still in the thoughts of others. I joined the Rangers at the end of 1916, and was left in Cairo when they went to France. I enlisted in the Essex Regiment in 1914, and went to France in 1915, and came home wounded about March, 1916. In December, 1916, I was sent with about twenty others to join the Rangers, who were then in Salonika. As far as I can remember, they were at or near a town named Orliak, near the Struma valley, facing the Rupel Pass. I was then a platoon sergeant, and my platoon officer was a Lieutenant Kelly. After I arrived a new officer joined, Lieutenant M. O'Leary, V.C., who was at that time world known. Before leaving Salonika I was transferred to 'B' Company as C.S.M., and afterwards re-joined 'C' Company. As you know, the 5th went to Palestine, where they helped to finish off the Turk. They afterwards went to France, but meanwhile I had been sent to Cairo to the O.T.C. as instructor, where I remained till 1919. How many of these young old warriors were killed in France I do not know, but I imagine they were in the thick of it, as they were great fighters and were well commanded. I, of course, would like to meet them all again and would like to hear of their later experiences in France. There were three Gilberts in the 5th Battalion. The Regimental Sergeant-Major was a Gilbert, who used to go round with the terror of a dog, and I think there was another Sergeant Gilbert, a Dublin man. I was one of the very few Englishmen in the Battalion, but I am proud to have served with them. I can remember the names of the company officers:—Captain Bond (a great commander), Lieutenant Kelly, Lieutenant Fogarty, Lieutenant M. O'Leary, V.C. Many thanks for writing to me. I shall always be pleased to hear news of the gallant 5th Battalion of the Rangers.

"Sincerely yours,
" (Sgd.) W. GILBERT."

Tullycusheen,
Tubbercurry,
Co. Sligo,
Ireland,
7th July, 1945.

Dear Colonel,

I hope you and Mrs. Jourdain are in the very best of good health, as this leaves myself, wife and two children in the best of good health, thank God. Well, I thank you very much for May, 1945, issue of our grand "Ranger," received safely, and what grand and splendid reading it gives us to read your articles about the grand old Regiment, also articles by other gallant officers and men, and the many interesting letters written by our beloved comrades of the Rangers. It is a pleasure to take down past copies of the "Ranger" and read them through again. We are proud to see that this awful war in Europe is over and our gallant Allied armies

in Germany's capital. Many of our Irishmen fought in this war as volunteers, and we are proud of them too. They upheld the grand traditions of our grand and glorious Irish regiments, which, sad to say, were disbanded in 1922, but anyhow the glory of those gallant Irish regiments will live for ever. The fine achievements of our gallant Connaught Rangers will for ever remain in the history of the British Empire. It's grand to meet an old Ranger anywhere. I have no more to say this time. I enclose a photo of my son, Francis Joseph. He is now 13 years of age and is in the 7th standard in the National School.

I am, dear Colonel,

Yours sincerely,

PATRICK DURCAN

(late 4th Battalion The Connaught Rangers).

2 Granville Road,
Garston,
Liverpool, 19.

Dear Colonel,

Thanks very much for the "Ranger," which I received last week. It is very interesting, and I hope to receive many more in the future. I can assure you I enjoyed your story of "Hairy Mary" very much. Well do I remember those days in Mullingar, which were pleasant ones indeed. When I read the list of officers who have passed away I recollect many with whom I came in contact. May their souls rest in peace. I don't think there is, or ever was, a regiment in the British Army which has more affection or loyalty for each other and their regiment than the old Rangers. Long may they be remembered. Well, Colonel, once again I am preparing to take a holiday in Ireland. I go over every year to Castlebar and I have met quite a few of the old Rangers there; also, I have met them in Westport, Galway, Tuam, Ballyhauis and Athlone. I spoke to Corcoran (late of the band) in Westport; Sergeant Paddy Pluck in Castlebar; Tom Parslow, D.C.M., in Galway, and Sergeant Pat Diskin in Tuam. In Athlone I was speaking to that old soldier, Pat McGuinness, who belonged to "B" Company (Aliwal North) when I joined the regiment. He was a good old sort to us young soldiers who came out in the last draft. I have heard since that he has passed away. May the light of heaven shine on his soul. He was a true Ranger, which was my reason for breaking my journey to see him. Well, sir, I wish you the best of luck, long life and prosperity in your efforts to keep the memory of Rangers alive in the minds of all Rangers and comrades. I hope and trust in God that we will meet again at the Reunion next year. Hoping the same will be a record. Wishing you and Captain Dryden the best of health.

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THE REGIMENTAL HISTORY

There are a number of Copies of Vols. II. and III. still unsold, and these can be had on application to the Editor. The price is 10/- and postage, which entitles the applicant to one copy each of Volumes II. and III.

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