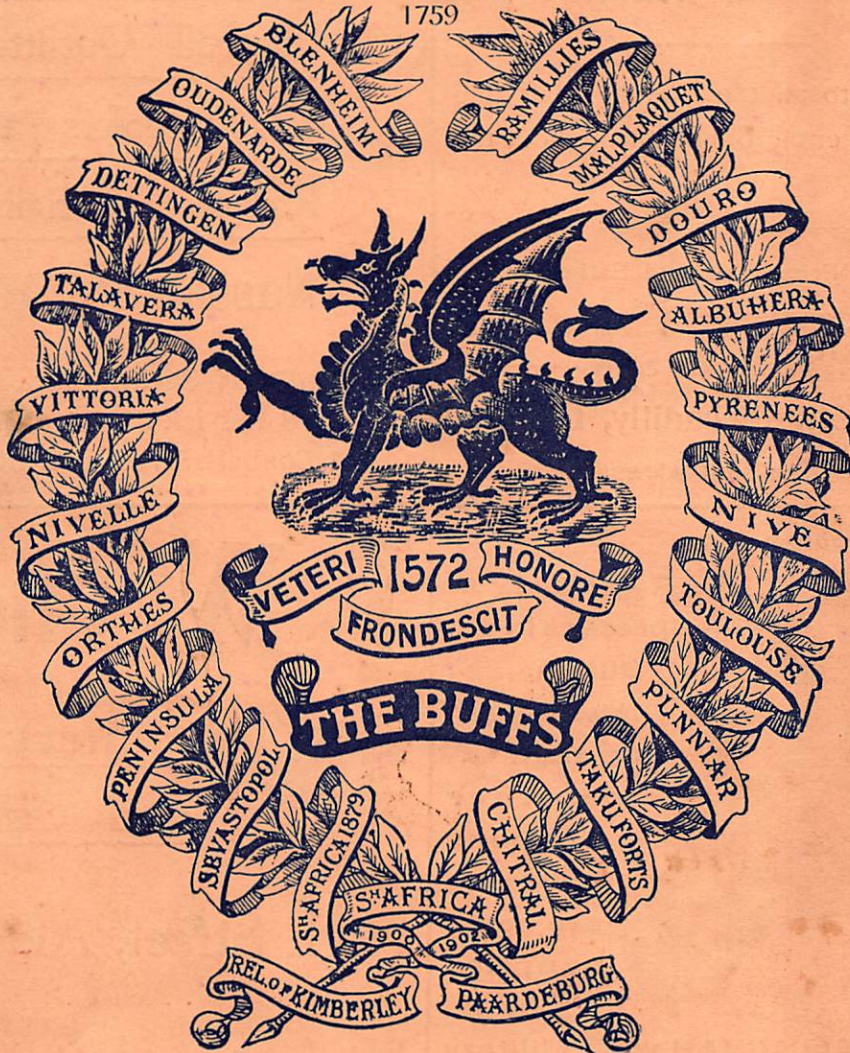


The Dragon

GUADALOUPE,
1759



A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS,
AND MEN OF KENT.

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A PAPER
OF THE
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Dragon



FOR MEN
BUFFS, AND
KENT.

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Domestic Occurrences.

DEATHS.

8835 Private F. E. Higgs, died of gunshot wound at Dublin, on 20th January, 1911.

7725 Private Hanson died (fractured skull—fall), 22-5-10.

Extract from "The Irish Times," January 17th, 1911:—

We regret to announce the death, which occurred on Saturday at his residence, Glenville, Monkstown, of Surgeon-Gen. Thomas Teevan, late Army Medical Staff, a Crimean veteran. Surgeon-Gen. Teevan was in his 79th year, and his death was due to heart failure. Early in his military career he served with The Buffs in the Crimea, and afterwards he saw active service with the 30th Regiment in India. For many years General Teevan had been a member of the Royal St. George Yacht Club, Kingstown, and the United Service Club, Dublin.

Editorial Notes.

This being the first number of 1911, we wish all our readers at home and abroad a very happy and prosperous New Year.

The old DRAGON is going strong, and our circulation increases every month. The February number promises to be an especially attractive one. Our irrepressible interviewer, Jehu Minimus, will deal with a well-known and popular character; our artists, Homo and Blanco, will put forth their best efforts. A regimental alphabet (illustrated) is promised, and the number generally will be full of witty matter. Order early of your newsagents in order to avoid disappointment.

We hope that our readers, when purchasing from the firms who advertise in these columns, will mention THE DRAGON when doing so. This is good for trade. Although THE DRAGON is doing well, the more pieces it puts into its little money-box the more it will wag its tail.

We very heartily reciprocate the New Year's wishes sent to the regiment by our friends the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada.

Two old Buffs dined with the officers on the 19th instant—Captain Irvine and Captain Aherne.

Second-Lieutenant Rupert Baker has left us, after being attached to the 1st Battalion for eight months. He will be much missed in the officers' mess. His comments on affairs of public interest were always to the point, and his sympathy with all those in need, sickness or any other adversity, was unbounded and impartial.

The 2nd Batt. are now comfortably settled at Singapore. The soldiery, for some unknown reason, always prefer to call this place "Signa-

pore," but then their pronunciation of names of places is often different to the generally accepted ones. For example—Doodle Alley, Barriley, Aggra, etc., etc.



We heartily congratulate Private Payne, of C Company, on his several fine long-distance running performances. This branch of sport is catching on in the battalion, and several good "long-distancers" are being unearthed. There are probably many dark horses still who have not yet discovered that staying is their strong point.

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DUBLIN.

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Famous Men Interviewed.

No. 3.—SERGEANT STRANGER.

(Telegraphic address—"Presently, Dublin.")

I entered the carpenter's shop one morning and found our hero hard at work. The place had a busy aspect; hammers were going, shavings were flying in all directions, and the glue-pot was simmering on the fire.

"You don't quite catch my meaning, sir. I mean the price of glass is high."

"It is," said I.

"Well," he rejoined, "I will try and do them for 3s. 6d. I don't believe in over-charging. My motto has always been 'S.P.Q.R.'"

"Is that anything to do with the Queen's Own Rifles?" I blandly asked.

"No, sir. It means 'Small Profits, Quick Returns.'"

At this juncture a private entered, and said, "Colour-Sergeant of A says what about that table? He says you've had it three weeks, and you promised it back the same day he sent it over."

"That's not a quick return, is it?" I hazarded, but seeing that I had evidently offended Stranger I quickly changed the subject. "Good game of kick-about going on in the square," I suggested.

"Yes, sir; but they don't seem to be able to kick the ball like they used to when I was a recruit. There's only been one window broken during the last two months. When I was at Canterbury we broke seven windows one morning; and when I was in Burmah we gave the glazier a bit of work, too. Why—"

"There's one thing about England," I chipped in, cutting short this flood of reminiscences, "you don't often have the melancholy duty of making a coffin, like you had to in the East."

"No, sir," he replied, adding, half regretfully, "I've got a lovely piece of elm in the shop, too."

I thought I had better try a more cheerful topic.

"I hear you were in pretty good voice at the sergeants' smoker the other night."

"Yes, sir; my turn went down well. Sergeant — and I sang a duet, 'The Walrus and the Carpenter.' They all said my representation was very life-like, but Sergeant — didn't quite do justice to his part."

I didn't quite know what I should have done myself to appear walrus-like, so, like the parrot,



"Good morning, Sergeant Stranger," I said, "I want you to mend some polo-sticks and put in a couple of panes in my quarters. How much will that come to?"

"Well, sir, I shall have to charge you four shillings for the windows. You see, the glass is very high just now."

"Been raining a good deal, all the same," I innocently remarked.

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I thought a good deal, but made no comment.

"I must be going," I said "what shall I owe you altogether?"

He thought a moment, and replied—"Six and sixpence."

"What a curious coincidence! That's exactly the sum they're charging you for the carriage of your dog from Aldershot. I've just seen it in orders."

At this moment the glue-pot boiled over, and I also escaped.



Contemporaries.

We beg to acknowledge the following:—

- "Military Mail" (weekly).
- "Aldershot News" (weekly).
- "The Queen's Own Gazette."
- "The Sapper."
- "The A.S.C. Journal."
- "The Suffolk Gazette."
- "On the March."
- "Hampshires."
- "The XXX."
- "The King, Canada, and Empire," by Fane Sewell.
- "Blackwood's Magazine."
- "China Dragon."
- "Argyllshire Highlanders" (1784).

AMADUDU.

By R. S. FLETCHER.

(In "Blackwood's Magazine.")

His name was Amadudu. You have only to call it aloud, making the most of each syllable, as his mother did when he played truant, to see what a pleasant name it was. His father was Amadu the dyer, who prodded sodden clothes in the indigo-pits with a long pole all day, and returned home in the evening for his supper.

Amadudu was one of half a hundred piccaninies who formed the rising generation of the village of Lere. All the villages in Africa between the Congo and the Sahara are very much alike, and Lere was just the usual straggling collection of round mud huts, with conical roofs of grass, surrounding the open market-place under the great smooth-limbed cotton-trees. Above the grass fences that shut in the different compounds rose here and there the straight bare stems of the date-palms and pawpaw-trees, each with its clustered top of leaves, and, in season, of fruit. On one side rose the bush-clad hills,

where the monkeys chattered in the glens; and a great plain stretched away on the other, a patchwork of scrub and tilled fields.

The event that brought Amadudu into prominence and made his name the theme of chatter and gossip for three consecutive days was a very lamentable one indeed, and might even have led to serious results for his father and home. For one day in the spring,—in August to be exact, for the seasons are not as ours,—when the guinea corn heads were beginning to emerge from their sheaths of green and the sun shone on the ripe yellow cobs of the maize, the King of Lere rode out with his followers to see how his crops were doing outside the walls of the town. Towards evening the cavalcade returned in single file as before, and the big drum that preceded him kept thumping—"Gung! gung! the King of Lere is king of the world. Gung! gung! the King of Lere is a young bull elephant." While the little drum, which was shaped like an hour-glass, kept time with its brother in a higher tone from under the arm that beat it; and it said—"Ging! ging! ging! God give him victory. Ging! ging! ging! God prolong his life." So the King of Lere, who was pleased with his inspection (for the harvest promised well), felt unusually proud and happy as he pranced and capered towards home, and now and then he would dig his long iron spurs into his horse's ribs—a quite unnecessary proceeding; for what with the voices of the singers and the jingling of the harness and the noise of a long brass trumpet which never ceased blaring its two sole notes, that animal was quite restless and fidgety enough even for the requirements of a royal procession. Thus they wended their way along the narrow alleys and past the mosques and through the market, and every one scuttled away from their compounds and then peeped at them over the fences, and some tapped their mouths with dutiful awe, while the women made shrill ululatory cries of welcome. All this the King saw with full-hearted pleasure, though his dignity forbade him to give it outward expression. Not a muscle of his face moved, and his gaze forward never flinched. A mountain of linen swathed his head and encircled his chin. In his robe of blue with white embroidery, and his long leather boots, he certainly looked very imposing—and perhaps a little top-heavy.

Now, on the previous day his mother had given Amadudu a dry black poppy seed-pod, so that

he could amuse himself while she knelt and ground the corn and sang endless songs in a querulous treble beneath the shade of the house of Amadu the dyer. Amadudu had never possessed a real toy before,—nothing but the sticks and pebbles which he could pick up round the compound or in the market close by. So his delight was great when he found the poppy-pod, which was as big as a tennis-ball and half-full of little hard seeds, made a delightful rattle. He would sit for hours on the dusty path that skirted his father's house—for he wore no clothes to spoil—and clutching it with both hands shake it up and down to a crooning vocal accompaniment of his own that no one could understand but himself. Then he found that it rattled even louder when thrown, so he would dash it on the ground and watch it bounce this way and that until he could throw himself on the top of it and hold it prisoner. In all Lere there was no happier baby than Amadudu, the son of Amadu the dyer.

I must tell you that the way to the King's house from the gate that looked out on the corn-fields led by Amadu's compound round a sharp narrow corner, so narrow that if two women with water-pots on their heads chanced to meet there, one would have to stoop almost to her knees, while the other scrambled up along the bank at the side, before either could pass. Even so, the old women, whose limbs were thin and shaky, and who made Amadudu gurgle,—for he seldom laughed outright,—always spilt a little water in their agitation, until a wet slippery patch had formed in the path in which more than once he had turned up the little white soles of his feet a-sprawl in the mire. So it came about that the King and his retinue approached the corner where Amadudu sat playing with his poppy-pod, and so wrapped was he in his game that he paid no heed to the sound of the drumming and singing drawing nearer and nearer. Then occurred the calamity that made Amadudu too famous in Lere. For just as the Court, in single file, rounded the turning, Amadudu flung the pod with all his might in the air, and where should it alight but on the nose of the King's horse, which was in front of all! The animal reared in surprise, almost recovered, slipped on the wet patch, plunged again as the iron rowels dug into its sides, and finally threw his master bodily over the fence into the compound of Amadu the dyer. For a moment there was pandemonium. All the other horses began

curveting and jostling one another in the narrow lane. The chamberlain's horse backed heavily against the chief "mallam's," and though a "mallum" may never swear, yet if looks can express an oath then was the holy man on this occasion unmistakably profane. The drummers and chanters of praises were suddenly silent, and some shouted unmeaningly, while others ran round to the entrance of the compound to attend to their outraged lord. Luckily for the King of Lere, his fall had been a soft one. He lay in a patch of sweet-potato, bruised and shaken, but with unbroken bones. But what a sorry and indecorous plight for a King—for a young bull-elephant! His turban had fallen off, and his gown was flung over his head. His spurred boot had caught in the folds and rent it from the centre to the bottom. His sword was bent double, and the red-tasselled cord by which it hung from his shoulder torn in half. Mud covered his face and hands. Reverently they raised him to his feet, bewildered and half-stunned by his fall, and led him amid a chorus of regretful salutations to the palace.

As for Amadudu, the moment the bedizened head of the royal horse appeared tossing round the corner, he had fled, vanished. Under the farthest corner of his father's bed he crept and curled, though, happily for his peace of mind, unaware of the particular and unique disaster he had occasioned. Not till nightfall, after his father had called his name loudly and often, and his mother had wrung her hands, and had even begun breaking the domestic utensils, with the cry that he was dead, did he emerge from his place of refuge, and only then to be cuffed by both parents and told to go supperless to bed. Amadudu cried softly till past midnight, while his mother called him "Mischievous one" and "Good-for-nothing" and other even more outrageous names. But at last she perceived that for some time she had been wasting her breath, for Amadudu had buried his head in the fold of her dress and was fast asleep.

All the audible talk next day was of the affairs of life, but the whispers and asides spoke of nothing but the King and the sweet-potato patch.

"Amadu will be expelled, by God!" said Ali the leather-worker, as he gave the finishing

snips to a purse of red and yellow goatskin with a cunning slip-knot fastening. Ali was a Kano man by birth. When a child his father had handed him over to a teacher to learn Arabic and the truths of the Faith. For three years Ali had sat in a ring with baby scholars lisping after the old greybeard the verses of the holy Book, or trying to keep the wooden writing-table balanced on his knee while he covered it with sprawling "alifs" and "kafs." A rap on the skull had been the reward of a moment's inattention, until the long hours and stern discipline at last turned his soul to revolt. An opportunity came when a band of merchants, with fifty donkeys loaded with salt, encamped at the outskirts of the town. Ali trotted off before sunrise and hid among the donkeys that were hobbled in a pack near the southern gate. Between the false and the true dawn the caravan had started, and Ali was not discovered till some miles were between him and the walls of Kano, within which he vowed never to return. Since then he had tried many trades, and tired of them all. Carrying a load of sixty to eighty pounds all day is not a life of ease. Rubber-collecting is less laborious, but takes you into dangerous parts, where the pagans live, who know not God and eat men. Sedentary work for Ali, and leather-working is clean work and sociable. In Lere, where he had finally settled (and not without reason, as long as Zara of the black and white eyes lived there too), he was chiefly noted for the grave precision with which he foretold the future and delivered opinions on men and affairs. Also the "mallam's" knuckles had not rapped on his head in vain. He could still write in the dust with a quick finger when he wished to impress the illiterate, who, luckily for him must needs be uncritical of the characters.

When Ali, therefore, with emphatic movement of head and hands, foretold the banishment of Amadu the dyer, the word passed swiftly out from his booth and spread through the market, from the butchers selling fly-blown morsels of meat, to the cloth merchants, to the circles of women squatting over calabashes of rice and dry fish, to the dyers at their wells, thence to the knot of Fulani herd-folk driving hard bargains for their butter and sour milk, and so back again with endless repetition and not a few pious ejaculations that such a thing might not befall.

"God save you!" said Ibrahim the barber in a voice of mournful deprecation, "the King is proud as kings must be, but he will not step aside to tread on an ant. God give him patience! God prolong the life of the King!"

The last words were uttered in a louder tone, for a royal messenger, with the skirt of his gown gathered in hand, was picking his way through the throng. Perchance he may have heard, thought the barber, as, delicately adjusting his customer's head to a lower level, he passed the razor lightly over forehead and nose, leaving them smooth and shining. The confident assurances of Ali, with the sympathetic murmurs of the market, were alike silenced by the appearance of the dyer himself on his return from a summons to the presence, and the news that the royal clemency had spared him any such degradation.

"When the King says 'black,'" said Amadu to the eager listeners, "we say 'as pitch,' but if 'white,' we say 'as snow,'—so the saying runs, does it not? This King"—he paused with eyes to heaven and tilted chin, as if nonplussed in his efforts to express his feelings of grateful admiration—"he was not angry, he did not revile me. No, only a caution he spake, a word of wisdom—that is all"—again the courtier's look of rapture, while a murmur of pleasure buzzed from the crowd. "Do ye hear?" a dramatic gesture claimed redoubled attention, "he asked me: 'Hast thou a son?' I said 'Even so.' 'Whose name is Amadudu?' 'Even so, lion, even so.' 'Thy son plays idle games in the road where men pass. The father who has not control over his son is not worthy to remain a father. Listen to what I say. If the father is seen to be unworthy, the stepfather takes his place, and if the news of thy son in the future is not good, the thing that will happen is this: I will place him in my house, and he shall become mine.' So spake the King. Do ye hear me? That is all he said, and what was there for me but Amen, amen?"

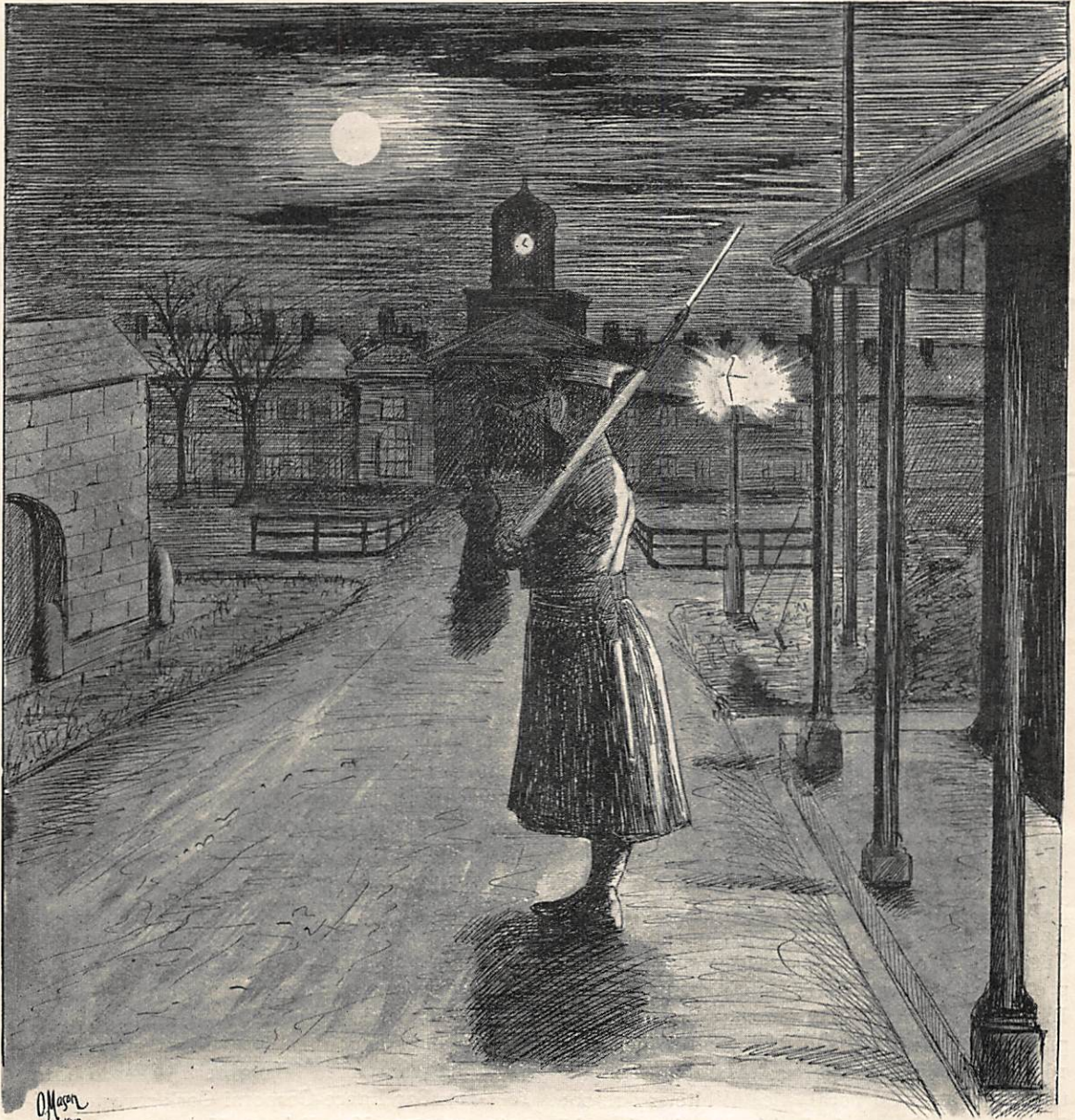
Here indeed was stuff to wag the tongues of the gossips. The fires that night burnt later than ever, for sleep is only good when the tongue is weary or dull for lack of a tale to adorn.

As for Amadu himself, thoughts of his own as well as reaction from anxiety were enough to keep him apart from the chattering rings of

men recumbent or sitting in every house. For the conviction had seized him that it was high time that his growing son had something more than his nakedness to cover him. By which he intended something very much more necessary than mere clothes. For them there was no especial hurry. But an amulet round his neck seemed certainly desirable as protection against any further ill-fortune, or, better still, two holes might be burnt on his skin. It was a powerful remedy. Had not his mother borne a man-child three months after the operation? His mind recurred to the world of spirits—the evil spirits who haunt trees and wells and are specially virulent at midnight and noon. Amadudu should not remain any longer without a shield against their malevolence.

So Ibrahim the barber was applied to, who for the sum of fifteen hundred cowries agreed to perform the operation. For an African barber's business is not limited to shaving and hair-cutting, extensive and intricate performances though both of them are. His duties are as multiple as the pockets of his capacious leather bag. Ibrahim arrived the next day at Amadu's dwelling, and announced himself in the passage-house with two opposite doorways that forms the entrance to every compound. Hither was brought Amadudu. Father and son sat down while Ibrahim made a great to do with the laying out of his razors and his horns for cutting and blistering, and his knives and crooked scissors, whose points did not meet. When fumbling and fingering of beard were done the implement required was selected and examined with due solemnity. This was simply a goat's horn with the hollow base filled in with clay. Amadudu was entranced with the dark bag and its varied contents, and even summoned courage enough to handle some of them, with the result that the point of a razor cut his finger. After that there was nothing to do but to watch the drop of blood gather and trickle down his hand and to wipe it off surreptitiously on his father's gown. Of the painful affair to follow, Isaac was not more ignorant than he.

Presently his father went out and gathered sticks and grass and laid them in a heap on the mud floor. Flint and steel were produced, and very soon a thin coil of smoke floated up into the roof and made Amadudu cough. "Come!" said his father, and Amadudu stood up, balanced



REGIMENTAL WAG (on Sentry-go)—“Halt! Who comes there?”

LADY (from Dance)—“Miss Terry.”

R. W.—“Advance, Mys-tery, and come and be solved.”

on his little fat legs which had not yet grown quite straight, for it was but three months ago that his mother had untied him from the fold of her dress, where he had sat astride her hips ever since he could remember. Next he was placed sitting with his back to the fire, so that he could see nothing but the blank wall opposite, where a blue and orange lizard with a broken tail was licking up an apparently unending stream of ants that flowed from a crack in the mud. Amadudu began to wonder why the lizard remained the same size, and also why after every gulp he lowered his head and neck without moving his shoulders, as if he were counting the number of his victims. Then suddenly he felt a sharp pain in the small of his back, but though he cried out as loud as he could, escape was impossible while his father held his head with one hand and both his clenched fists with the other. Again there came another burning pain on the other side, close to

the spine, and then what seemed cool mud was dabbed on the sore places, and Amadudu felt a little better. Ibrahim and his now hated bag went away, and his father walked him down to the river outside the town wall, and bade him look at the horses being washed by the slaves, and then at the lines of women and girls cleaning their pots and calabashes with sand and water. Every time he put his hand behind to feel his sores his father cried "Chp!" in an angry voice, and jogged him. So after four or five days there was no more pain. Two leather thongs were tied round his waist, and an amulet above his left elbow, and once more he was allowed to play with his poppy-pod, for only a very unusual fate could now work him harm. But the corner where the slippery patch was remained for ever forbidden ground, which shows that Amadu's faith in the barber's charms was limited after all.

R. S. FLETCHER.

2nd Battalion Notes.

Promotions, Etc.

3122 Sergeant (Paddy) Walsh—daughter, Kathleen, born 7-2-10; 4472 Lance-Sergeant Harris promoted Sergeant, vice Kemp to pension, 6-1-10; 6394 Corporal Trevor appointed paid Lance-Sergeant, vice Kirk, 1-12-09; 7641 Corporal G. Boon appointed paid Lance-Sergeant, vice Harris, 6-1-10; 7619 Lance-Corporal White promoted Corporal, vice Upson absorbed by 1st Batt., 27-12-09; 7697 Lce.-Cpl. Browning promoted Corporal, vice Harris, 6-1-10; 7702 Lance-Corporal Dare, promoted Corporal, vice Sutton, 4-2-10; 6145 Lance-Corporal Whiks promoted Corporal, vice Lumb, absorbed by 1st Battalion, 12-2-10; 7966 Lance-Corporal Dray promoted Corporal, vice Rickwood to pension, 16-2-10; 6619 Lance-Corporal Marchant appointed paid Lance-Corporal, vice White, 27-12-09; 8093 Lance-Corporal Smith appointed paid Lance-Corporal, vice Browning, 6-1-10; 8417 Lance-Corporal Creed appointed paid Lance-Corporal, vice Dray, 16-2-10; 6693 Private J. Smith appointed Lance-Corporal, 8-3-10; 8522 Private Bones appointed Lce.-Corporal, 8-3-10; 8140 Lance-Corporal Brunger reverted to Private at his own request, 10-1-10; 6949 Corporal Lumb absorbed by 1st Battalion, 12-2-10; 7009

Corporal Sinden absorbed by 1st Battalion, 28-2-10; 8364 Private Blackman appointed Lce.-Corporal, 31-3-10; 7568 Corporal Dowling appointed Acting Schoolmaster-Sergeant, 1-4-10; 8612 Lance-Corporal Bulton reverted Private, 2-4-10; 7225 Dr. Boucher appointed Lance-Corporal, 7-4-10; 8046 Private W. Stroud appointed Lance-Corporal, 7-4-10; 8540 Private R. Williams, appointed Lance-Corporal, 7-4-10; 6412 Lce.-Corporal Oliver to Army Reserve, 17-4-10; 6815 Sergeant Bloxham to Army Reserve, 3-3-10; 8584 Private Parker appointed Lce.-Corporal, 15-4-10; 8624 Private Ward appointed Lance-Corporal, 15-4-10; 8698 Private Legg, appointed Lance-Corporal, 16-4-10; 8766 Private Walker appointed Lce.-Corporal, 16-4-10; 9171 Sergeant Allen—daughter, Ellen, born, 18-4-10; 4839 Lance-Corporal Cork reverted Private, 25-4-10; 8894 Private Holness, appointed Lance-Corporal 26-4-10; 8402 Private Ledger appointed Lance-Corporal, 1-5-10; 8805 Lance-Corporal Jenkins reverted Private, 2-5-10; 8246 Private H. Cook appointed Lance-Corporal, 7-5-10; 8122 Lance-Corporal J. Wenlaw, reverted Private at his own request, 10-5-10; 8088 Private Smith appointed Lance-Corporal, 10-5-10; 8107 Private A. Eveleigh appointed

Lance-Corporal 10-5-10; 4960 Sergeant J. Dray promoted Colour-Sergeant, vice Linwood, to "Specials," 25-2-10; 6327 Lance-Sergeant Darby promoted Sergeant, vice Dray, 25-2-10; 6778 Lance-Sergeant Kirk promoted Sergeant, vice Bloxham to Army Reserve, 3-3-10; 7210 Corporal Legge appointed paid Lce.-Sergeant, vice Darby, 25-2-10; 7967 Lance-Corporal P. Vincer promoted Corporal, vice Marlow to Army Reserve, 18-2-10; 6005 Lce.-Corporal Freeman promoted Corporal, vice Darby promoted, 25-2-10; 6992 Lance-Corporal Welsh promoted Corporal, vice Sinden to 1st Battalion, 28-2-10; 6921 Lance-Corporal Stroud promoted Corporal, vice Kirk promoted, 3-3-10; 6541 Lance-Corporal Carpenter promoted Corporal, vice Dowling, 1-4-10; 8361 Lance-Corporal H. Goddard appointed paid Lance-Corporal, vice Vincer promoted, 18-2-10; 6731 Lance-Corporal W. Spearpoint, appointed paid Lance-Corporal, vice Freeman promoted, 25-2-10; 8385 Lance-Corporal Dans appointed paid Lance-Corporal, vice Welsh promoted, 28-2-10; 7087 Lance-Corporal Flyn appointed paid Lance-Corporal, vice Stroud promoted, 3-3-10; 8195 Lance-Corporal Bloxham appointed paid Lance-Corporal, vice Carpenter promoted, 1-4-10; 3497 Sergeant Keen appointed Sergeant Master Cook, vice Dray, 28-10-09; 7749 Lance-Corporal Ebbett deprived of Lance stripe, 19-5-10.

7907 Private F. Cook, 8074 Private S. Wells, and 8985 Private R. Gettins appointed Lance-Corporals, 23-5-10; 8031 Private W. Mumminy, 8114 Private A. Bennett, 8142 Private P. Page, and 8652 Private S. Clayson appointed Lance-Corporals, 27-5-10; 8302 Lce.-Corporal Ridley deprived of Lance stripe, 31-5-10; 1152 Sergeant-Major A. Barton, to pension, 12-5-10; 3261 Sergeant J. Phillips absorbed into 1st Battalion, 8-5-10; 7783 Dr. Collyer deserted, 15-5-10; 6693 Lance-Corporal Smith, reverted Private, 14-6-10; 9010 Private Meehan deserted, 3-6-10; 8284 Private F. Bishop and 8616 Private J. Green appointed Lance-Corporals, 2-7-10; 4580 Sergeant Weller—daughter, Irene, born, 2-7-10; 8615 Private W. Deeks and 8730 Private A. Weston appointed Lance-Corporals, 9-7-10; 6136 Lance-Sergeant Fincher promoted Sergeant, vice Phillips, 8-5-10; 4530 Corporal Payne appointed paid Lance-Sergeant, vice Fincher, 8-5-10; 8016 Lance-Corporal Harris promoted paid Lance-Corporal, vice Fincher, 8-5-10; 7782 Lance-Corporal

Coulby appointed paid Lance-Corporal, vice Harris, 8-5-10; 4143 Private Barnes—son, Lewis George, born, 14-7-10; 8070 Pte. Munn appointed Lce.-Corporal, 15-7-10; 8850 Private Scannell died (tubercle lung, etc.), 16-7-10; 6397 Lance-Sergeant Edwards—daughter, Ellen, born, 19-7-10; 8074 Lance-Corporal S. Wells reverted Private, 26-7-10; 7641 Lance-Sergeant Boon awarded Royal Society of Arts Certificate for Shorthand, March, '10; 8626 Lance-Corporal Ellen deprived Lance stripe, 13-8-10; 3714 Colour-Sergeant W. Birrell promoted Sergeant-Major, vice Barton, 13-5-10; 5478 Sergeant Pr. James—daughter, Mabel, born, 20-8-10; 8016 Corporal Harris purchased discharge and joined H. K. Police, 24-8-10; 5270 Sergeant G. Seath promoted Colour-Sergeant, vice Birrell promoted, 13-5-10; 6397 Lance-Sergeant Edwards promoted Sergeant, vice Seath, 13-5-10; 7241 Corporal Mantle appointed paid Lance-Sergeant, vice Edwards, 13-5-10; 5987 Corporal Dines appointed paid Lance-Sergeant, vice Kite, 15-7-10, drawing additional pay; 7642 Lance-Corporal Steele promoted Corporal, vice Edwards, 13-5-10; 8019 Lance-Corporal Smith promoted Corporal, vice Harris discharged, 24-8-10; 6612 Lance-Corporal Mills deprived Lance stripe, 8-9-10; 2937 Sergeant J. Gardner absorbed by 1st Battalion, 5-8-10; 6803 Lance-Sergeant Kite promoted Sergeant, vice Gardner, 5-8-10; 8413 Lance-Corporal Hogben appointed paid Lance-Corporal, vice Mills, 8-9-10; 6145 Corporal Whiks and 6173 Lce.-Corporal Burge to Army Reserve, 17-9-10 (both joined Chinese Maritime Customs, Canton); 8237 Private Brown deserted, 6-9-10; 7206 Private Taylor appointed Lance-Corporal, 14-10-10; Private Hatton died, 12-10-10; 3159 Colour-Sergt. Eales to pension (now Expense Store Acct. Barrack Dept., Hong Kong), 21-10-10; 8158 Pte. Beeching and 8842 Pte. Reeve appointed Lance-Corporals, 27-10-10; Lance-Corporal Clayson and Private Wakefield purchased discharge; 5025 Sergeant Jeffrey promoted Colour-Sergeant, vice Eales, 21-10-10; 6394 Lance-Sergeant Trevor promoted Sergeant, vice Jeffrey, 21-10-10; 5364 Corporal Hubbard appointed paid Lance-Sergeant, vice Trevor, 21-10-10.

Practising for the Mulcahy Shield with the A.O.C., Armourer-Sergeant Carnell, attached to the Battalion, has been doing well at Regulation Figure Target at 300, 500, and 600 yards.

Ringed bull, Bisley marking, seven rounds, no slings, open sights. His scores are 92, 94, 96, 98, and 99. He should get into the team to represent the Corps.

The Battalion shot fairly well this year, considering first time of firing new course, H Company being best, 122 average; B, 121. Battalion average just over 100, but we still have some casualties to fire. Will send full details later.

Sergeants have had two shoots recently—one against A.O.C., which they (Sergeants) lost, and one against H.M.S. "Kent," which was won. I think the S.-M. has sent you these records.

We have just completed our matches in Hong Kong Football League, winning the League with 19 points out of 20. Results as follows:—
 15th October—Beat Hong Kong, 4-0.
 22nd October—Beat Naval Yard, 2-0.
 26th October—Drew with R.E., 1-1. (Rohilla day our details for home sailed at 12 noon.)
 29th October—Beat Kouloon, 3-0.
 17th November—Beat R.E., 5-1.
 12th November—Beat Naval Yard, 5-1.
 9th November—Beat R.G.A., 5-1. (Three matches in succession won, 5-1.)
 19th November—Beat Kouloon, 2-0.
 23rd November—R.G.A. failed to turn up for this match.
 26th November—Beat Hong Kong 3-2. (Some doubt appears about this match.)
 30 goals for; 6 against. Played 10, won 9, drew 1. 19 points.

We won the League in 1908-9, but lost it last year.

Lance-Corporal Andrews added more laurels to his fame by winning the Open Half-mile at H.M.S. "Kent's" Sports on 26th ult.

A great and terrible football match was played at Murray on Thursday last—Sergeants of The Buffs v. C.P.O. and P.O. of H.M.S. "Kent." Several of the participators in the game had long since retired from active service—I mean football—and had been content to line the ropes, passing remarks and encouraging other players, and telling us all what things their Company did when they played for it, or how their Ship did this and that at different stations. These caused great amusement to the immense crowd of spectators. (Speak it gently, mostly Chinese of the Coolu class. The "Master" knows them.



"Two minds with but one single thought."

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They still frequent Murray as they did when "Smithy" poured boiling fat over one for killing the "Master's" monkey.) The White Horses were too good for the Buff Dragoons, and beat them 2-1. This might have been averted had the Link been aware that goal posts are not a gymnastic apparatus, and the goal keeper is not an instructor in gyms., but his feet were amazing, his gyrations round the posts dazzling, and no doubt frightened the opposing forwards. Sergeant O'Dowd, who is going well to rival Tom Langley, collided with an equally rotund centre forward so violently that they rebounded off each other like two indiarubber dolls. Carter, who shot our only goal, kicked the ball so hard in doing so that his knee shot out of its socket, and he took no further part in the game. Kelly, of whom much was expected, forgot to put shooting boots on and therefore couldn't kick. Of course, everyone knows "shooting" boots are required to play football with. Our outside right was very tremulous; perhaps he had a touch of the shakes. The vain efforts of many of the players to "trap" a ball were most amusing, and added much to the joy of the spectators. The ambulance was, of course, in attendance, but fortunately was not needed. The match ended with the Buff Dragoons pressing the White Horses, but they could not draw level. Everyone adjourned to the Mess for Tiffen, and afterwards billiards and cards and— The boy said: "Too muchee big night; sailor man plenty good." And the richshas did a good biz. We hope to reverse this at Tanglen when the "Kent" arrives at Singapore about Christmas, as our team is in strict training now—shifting heavy baggage.

Sergeant Wallis, who has been Instructor to the Volunteers here and was most popular, had a splendid presentation of a silver tea service, set of jade-stone links and studs, and fifty dollars from the Hong Kong Volunteers on leaving to take up a similar post at Penang last month. He has written us to say he has arrived safely, and is settling down there, and hopes to get on as well as he did at Hong Kong. He likes the place very much.

Sergeant "Chilly" Laing has gone to Kuala Lampa to instruct the Volunteers there. Since his arrival there the streets have been enlarged to enable him to walk with comfort.

Apropos Volunteers. One who was going on Volunteers informed her friends that they would get plenty of sport there and would go "big game" shooting and would send the Mess some, as a nice piece of PORK was always acceptable.

THE BUFF DRAGON.

Sunday, 27-11-10.



Police Reports of the Future.

By H. B.

At 8.30 a.m. this morning the police successfully carried out the capture of two well-known burglars at 4 Albert Street, Soho.

The following extracts are taken from the account in the "Daily Fail," reporting the above incident:—

(Heading.)

National Eminent Danger in Soho.

ENGLAND'S SUPREMACY THREATENED.

SCENE AT THE WAR OFFICE.

INEFFICIENCY OF TERRITORIALS.

SAVED BY THE SPECIAL RESERVE.

(Time table of main events.)

1 a.m.—Burglars located by the betrayal of a woman. Panic at Scotland Yard. Raining.

1.3 a.m.—Telephone communication opened with Mr. Haldane. Still raining.

1.5 a.m.—100 armed police depart for Soho. Telegram despatched to mobilise the Aldershot Division. Snowing.

1.15 a.m.—Mr. Haldane despatches special messengers to all the members of the Army Council ordering a meeting at the War Office without delay. Raining.

1.30 a.m.—No. 4 Albert Street completely surrounded. No movement on part of burglars. Raining and dark.

2 a.m.—Gentle tapping on basement window by heroic constable. Happy release of charwoman. Burglars apparently sound asleep. Urgent appeal sent to Knightsbridge for two squadrons of Life Guards. Telegram despatched to Commander-in-Chief of Home Fleet. Sleet and just as dark.

2.15 a.m.—Heroic rescue of charwoman's cat by police sergeant. A charwoman bursts into tears. First cinematograph arrives. Burglars still sleeping. More rain, and dark.

3 a.m.—Army Council meet at the War Office. Lord Kitchener recalled from leave from Cairo. Three batteries from Woolwich ordered up at the gallop. Arrival at Soho of 500 more police, two cinematographs, and a fire escape. Situation regarded critical. Burglars still asleep. Pouring, and dark.

4 a.m.—Arrival of ten more cinematographs, two squadrons of Life Guards, and three fire engines. Telephone messages sent to the London hospitals for competent nurses and medical comforts. Situation nerve-breaking. More rain, and dark.

5 a.m.—Troops commence to arrive. Awed silence. Burglars still asleep. Excitement intense. General craving for daylight.

6 a.m.—More troops arrive, including batteries from Woolwich. Profound impression created. Following telegram received from C in C Home Fleet:—"Blue jackets eager to assist in defence of Empire." Sensation. Thunder, and dark.

7.30 a.m.—Situation critical. Burglars asleep. Crowd of early morning workers begin to gather. Time for action. Pouring. Getting light.

7.35 a.m.—Battle begun by a brick heroically thrown by a Special Reserve on furlough. True to British justice and fair play, no one has fired at men, whose guilt has yet to be proven. Special Reserve surrounded by correspondents. Cinematographs busy. Inmates of house appear at window. Burglars still asleep. Intense excitement. Drenching. Lighter.

7.40 a.m.—Arrival of Royal Artillery Band from Woolwich, and also of Mr. Haldane, who meaningly asks, "Where are the Territorials?" He is dressed in hat, coat, suit, and boots with laces, and carries an umbrella, so as to protect himself against the rain. Lighter still.

7.45 a.m.—Band commences. Special Reserve throws another brick, cleverly remarking, "There goes another." Sympathetic laughter. Burglars still asleep, and not a single Territorial can be found amongst the crowd. Mr. Haldane blinks. Guns unlimbered, and all magazines charged. Burglars still asleep. Situation critical. Snowing; quite light.

8 a.m.—Amidst silent prayer and intense admiration Special Reserve rushes into the house alone and unarmed. Such madness can only be rewarded by death. Suspense tem-

porarily relieved by receipt of following telegram from Mr. Winston Churchill:—"Unable arrive before 10 a.m. For God's sake keep the show going till then." Thunder; still quite light.

8.5 a.m.—Special Reserve appears at window. Great outburst of cheering. Women sob, and band recommences. Burglars apparently deficient. General advance ordered, covered by machine gun section ready for action on the roof opposite. Special Reserve lights a cigarette. He is left-handed. Sensation. Clearing.

8.30 a.m.—Drunken burglars conveyed on stretchers to nearest police station. Quite fine.

9 a.m.—Review and march past of all the troops, police and fire brigades engaged. Suspense relieved. Sun appears, amidst terrific cheering.

9.1 a.m.—Curtain. Burglars still sleeping. Rain.



Cross-Country Running.

Some good performances have been made by some men of the 1st Batt. of the Buffs at the recent Donore Harriers' Handicap. In the Waterhouse Shield Race, Private H. Payne won a gold medal for the fastest time, he also finished second in the race; Lance-Corporal G. Glass was ninth, and Private T. Barford was thirteenth. The following shows the times:—

1st., M. Cooke (9mins. 30secs.), 68mins. 27secs., handicap time, 65mins. 27secs., net time; 2nd, H. Payne (4mins. 15secs.), 69mins. 43secs., handicap time, 61mins. 28secs., net time; 9th, G. Glass (6mins.), 73mins. 25secs.; handicap time, 66mins. 55secs., net time; 13th, T. Barford (6mins.).

The run was heavy going, and the weather at the time was very disagreeable, raining heavily during the run, the brooks being full to overflowing.

Also on the 30th December last, a run took place between the Wilts and the Buffs at Dundry, over a five mile course. Although the battalion was unsuccessful on this occasion, some very good running was witnessed. Some of the battalion representatives came in as follows:—1st, Private Payne, C Company; 3rd, Private Burford, C Company; 6th, Private Perkins, A Company; 7th, Private Wilkins, H

Company; 11th, Private Crouchu, E Company; 12th, Lance-Corporal Glass, H Company; 14th, Dr. Dennis, C Company; 15th, Private Fraser, D Company; 19th, Private Cross, C Company; 20th, Private Wood, C Company; 21st, Sergeant Sayer, C Company; 24th, Private Webb, D Company.



West African Notes.

W.A.F.F., Daru, Sierra Leone,
23rd December, 1910.

Dear Mr. Editor—I am sorry it is such a long time since I wrote you my last letter, but I have been on a patrol from the Eastern borders of the Protectorate of Sierra Leone into Liberia, where two of our companies are stationed. I left here on November 29th, and went by train to a place called Kennema, which is the headquarters of our district, and there I drew the men's pay for the whole battalion. That is no small job, but I daresay that many of your readers do not know that the largest value of coin in this Protectorate is the two-shilling piece, while threepenny bits and pennies figure largely in a man's pay, so as I had to draw over £1,000, and count it too, it took me a good time, especially as amongst other things I had to count £100 worth of threepenny bits and £50 worth of pennies. However, I eventually left here on November 30th, and went to a town called Pendembu, which is 15 miles from here. I stopped the night there, and at 6 a.m. the next morning I started for Kaure Lahun, which is on the borders of Liberia. From there I went to various small towns in Liberia en route for Wulade, where I stopped for two days, and then coming back here by devious ways I arrived here on 15th December, feeling very fit indeed. There is some pretty fair shooting in the district I have been to, and I managed to get some bush-fowl, guinea-fowl, with plenty of blue pigeon. I did not have a chance to go for anything big, but I hope to later on, as there are plenty of bush cow there, though elephants live further afield. I have also made an attack on the crocodiles, but so far have not been successful, but I live in hope. The harmattan, or cold wind, is blowing now, so in the morning and evening it is quite chilly.

I think I said I would tell you about the terms of service our men engage on. When they are enlisted they draw 6d. a day for six months,

after which they are finally approved, and are posted to a company. They are then on a six years' engagement and are paid 1s. a day. After their first six years they can re-engage for six more, and then after twelve years they can once more re-engage for nine years. Their pay is 1s. a day, and they feed themselves. Good conduct pay is given at the rate of 1d. a day for each badge, and they can earn their badges for every three years clear of a regimental entry.

We have rather a quaint custom here, though I do not know whether it is carried out down the coast or not—that is, at tattoo roll call every night the company falls in in two ranks and sings "God Save the King." The Duke of Connaught visited Freetown last week, and we sent a guard of honour there for him, consisting of 2 officers and 100 men. The Duke was very pleased with their appearance, and most especially with one man who wore the Coronation medal. The Duke asked him if he remembered him, and the Frontier, at once like a good soldier, said, "Yes, sar."

Hoping that all at Dublin had a very merry Christmas and that they will all have a very good New Year.—I am, yours, etc.,

FRONTIER.



Ode to the Glazier.

In me behold a glazier bold,
You'll find I am a treasure,
Though people's panes to me are gains,
And not a little pleasure.
I windows tap and sashes rap,
My energy's amazing—
It's understood I'm putty good
At glazing, glazing, glazing.

The drummer boy to me's a joy,
Who stones is ever launching,
There's music in the jingling din
Of broken glass a-scranching;
A storm of hail will seldom fail
My profits to be raising,
So let's be gay, and shout "hooray,"
For glazing, glazing, glazing.

(With profoundest apologies to the painter.)

N.C.O.—"Two men on right, double over to that tree and fire two rounds each as quietly as possible."

Bayonet Fighting Competitions.

DECEMBER, 1910.

FIRST ROUND.—E v. F.

Sergeant Warr (o) beat Lce.-Cpl. Goldsack (2).
 Lce.-Cpl. Howard (o) beat Cpl. Jones (2).
 Pte. Ralph (1) beat Cpl. Swendell (2).
 Pte. Pack (2) loses against Cpl. Francis (o).
 Pte. Dobson (2) loses against Lce.-Cpl. Mills
 (1).
 Pte. Redmond (o) beat Lce.-Cpl. Strouts (2).
 Pte. Morgan (1) beat Pte. Arter (2).
 Pte. Terry (2) loses against Lce.-Cpl. Cooper
 (o).
 Cpl. Burt (2) loses against Pte. Joyner (1).
 Cpl. Cadman (2) loses against Pte. Cotter (o).
 Pte. Pritchard (2) loses against Pte. Potts (1).
 Pte. Johncock (2) loses against C.-S. Brown (o).

F wins.

H v. C.

Pte. Whittingham (2) loses against Pte. Rolfe
 (o).
 Pte. Bond (2) loses against Pte. Salvage (o).
 Lce.-Cpl. Monk (2) loses against Sgt. Burton
 (1).
 Lce.-Cpl. Buesden (2) loses against Pte. Lancaster
 (o).
 Pte. Cox, F. (2) loses against Pte. Raven (1).
 Pte. Watts (2) loses against Pte. Simmonds (o).
 Pte. Wilkins (o) beat Sgt. Bolton (2).
 Pte. Hall (o) beat *Lce.-Cpl. Sayer.
 Pte. Parry (o) beat Pte. Pocock.
 *Cpl. Rowbotham (o) beat Pte. Joy.
 Lce.-Cpl. Smith (1) beat Pte. Hatton.
 Pte. Emptage (1) beat Lce.-Cpl. Torwood.
 * Team leaders. H (1) beat C (2).

A v. G.

Cpl. Pass (1) beat Pte. Allery (2).
 Pte. McLaren (o) beat Lce.-Cpl. Mould (2).
 Pte. Hozelton (1) beat Lce.-Cpl. Kemp (2).
 Lce.-Cpl. Barrell (1) beat Pte. Mannings.
 Sgt. Gale (1) beat Pte. Hutchinson.
 Pte. Richards (2) lost to Cpl. Horton.
 Pte. Harrison (2) lost to Cpl. Price.
 Pte. Morgan (2) lost to Pte. Lissenden.
 Pte. Clibbon (2) lost to Cpl. Innes.
 Pte. Kemp (2) lost to Pte. Brice.
 Pte. Crump (2) lost to Lce.-Cpl. Glover.
 Sgt. Mason (2) lost to Pte. Johnson.

B v. D.

Cpl. Blackman beat Pte. Cooper (2).
 Pte. Finch beat Sgt. Sanger (2).
 Pte. Long beat Sgt. Swendell (2).
 Pte. Woodwards beat C.-S. Jeffrey (2).
 Sgt. Tapsell beat Pte. Osborne (2).
 Pte. Norton beat Lce.-Cpl. Tong (2).
 Pte. Johns beat Pte. Arrold (2).
 Pte. Draper (2) lost to Pte. Webb.
 Dr. Lawrence (2) lost to Lce.-Cpl. Dungey.
 Pte. Blackman (2) lost to Lce.-Cpl. Baker.
 Lce.-Cpl. Freemantle (2) lost to Lce.-Cpl. Davi-
 son.
 Pte. Jarvis (2) lost to Pte. Prout.

SECOND ROUND.—B v. F.

Cpl. Blackman (2) lost to Cpl. Swendell.
 Pte. Finch (2) lost to Cpl. Jones.
 Pte. Long (2) lost to Lce.-Cpl. Mills.
 Dr. Lawrence (2) lost to Lce.-Cpl. Cooper.
 Pte. Woodwards (2) lost to *Pte. Potts.
 Pte. Johns (2) lost to Pte. Cotter.
 Pte. Draper (1) beat Lce.-Cpl. Strouts (2).
 Pte. Jarvis (o) beat Cpl. Francis (2).
 *Sgt. Tapsell (o) beat Pte. Joyner (2).
 Pte. Norton (o) beat Lce.-Cpl. Goldsack (2).
 Pte. Blackman (o) beat C.-S. Brown (2).
 Lce.-Cpl. Freemantle (1) beat Pte. Arter (2).
 *Team leaders. B (2) loses to F (o).

H v. G.

Lce.-Cpl. Monk (1) beat Pte. Allery (2).
 Pte. Hall (1) beat Lce.-Cpl. Mould (2).
 Lce.-Cpl. Smith (1) beat Lce.-Cpl. Kemp (2).
 Pte. Wilkins (1) beat Cpl. Horton (2).
 Pte. Bond (o) beat Cpl. Price (2).
 Pte. Parry (1) beat Pte. Manning (2).
 Lce.-Cpl. Buesden (2) loses against Pte. Lissen-
 den (1).
 Pte. Cox, F. (2) loses against Cpl. Innes (1).
 Pte. Emptage (1) beat Pte. Hutchinson (2).
 Pte. Whittingham (2) loses to Pte. Brice (o).
 Pte. Watts (2) loses to Lce.-Cpl. Glover (o).
 Cpl. Rowbotham (o) beat Pte. Johnson (2).

FINAL.—H v. F.

Pte. Hall (o) beat Pte. Arter (2).
 Lce.-Cpl. Smith (1) beat Lce.-Cpl. Cooper (2).

Cross-Country Running.

The Inter-Cross-Country Run this month resulted as follows :—

1. C Company, 243.
2. D Company, 282.
3. G Company, 454.
4. E Company, 516.
5. A Company, 590.
6. B Company, 658.
7. F Company, 759.
8. H Company, 819.

Owing to a misunderstanding when the names of those a lap behind were taken, most of these men fell out instead of finishing the race.

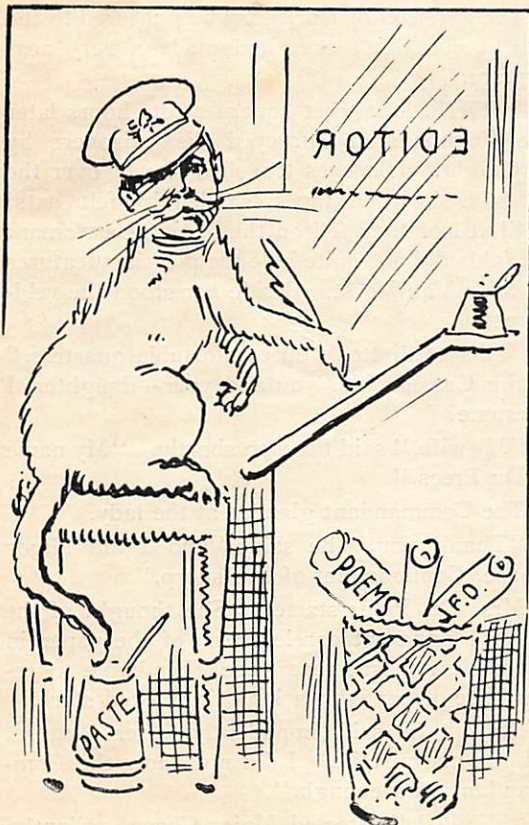
The first twenty men were :—

1. Private Croucher, E Company.
2. Lance-Corporal Burford, C Company.
3. Private Dennis, C Company.
4. Sergeant Sayer, C Company.
5. Private King, D Company.

6. Private Wilkins, H Company.
7. Private Cross, E Company.
8. Lance-Corporal Smith, G Company.
9. Private Fraser, D Company.
10. Private Dodd, F Company.
11. Private Davidson, C Company.
12. Private Potts, F Company.
13. Private Woods, C Company.
14. Private Smith, A Company.
15. Private Turner, B Company.
16. Private Savage, C Company.
17. Private Martin, C Company.
18. Private Stone, A Company.
19. Corporal Lowe, D Company.
20. Private Robinson, E Company.

Senior Officer (to a man of the fatigue party) —“You go to the rere of my quarters; there's some grass wants picking badly.”

Fatigue Man—“Very good, sir; an' it shall be picked badly.”



“The Dragon.”

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Copies are on sale locally at Messrs. Byrne and Co., Harcourt street, and at their branches.

the top an open letter, unfinished and not yet folded, and read it over to himself.

"From the officer commanding troops at Karlsdorp," it ran,

"To the S.O.C. Flying Column :

"Sir—I have the honour to inform you that my force of barely two hundred men is reduced to fifty effectives. I am reliably informed by my scouts that three Commandos are in the immediate vicinity of my post. I regret therefore that I am unable to hold the town any longer.

"To-morrow night I will vacate it at ten p.m. bringing with me all able-bodied men, and moving via Bluffel's Kloof, will join your column, which I understand from the information contained in your letter of the 3rd inst. is at Tygersfontein. As I have no guns——"

Here the letter broke off. The Major made no attempt to complete it, but continued to survey his report with a calm which the contents scarcely seemed to justify. He was interrupted by the entrance of the Adjutant of the Deershires, a plain man, with a shy manner, who wore the D.S.O. ribbon on his khaki coat.

"Wrexford, look at this, will you?" the Commandant asked, and sat watching with enjoyment the look of horror and surprise which overspread the junior's face as he ran his eye over the letter.

"I don't understand, Sir? Surely the figures you have given"—he hesitated to suggest that the Major had taken leave of his senses.

"You need not trouble to understand," Major Chase said, striking a match and burning the astonishing document. "But I think I can promise you a little excitement within the next twenty-four hours."

The Adjutant smiled.

"We all want it badly, Sir," he remarked drily.

* * * * *

An hour after dusk on the following day, a string of unshod ponies carried their riders along the narrow, broken path that led to Bluffel's Kloof. Sure footed, well trained, after the manner of Boer ponies, they neither trod on stones nor put a hoof into any of the numberless holes; and this, in spite of the darkness which was closing thick around.

The riders were silent, except that the leader spoke now and again to a woman who rode

muffled and hooded beside him. Presently they neared the kopjes that commanded the entrance to the Kloof. Here the party stopped to discuss in low tones their projected disposition.

"They should be coming this way within three hours," said the veld-cornet, "so we have——"

A sound struck the words from his lips. It was the rattle of a machine gun and the spiteful spit, spit, of bullets as they fell.

"Allemachtig!" cried a voice, "di verdomde Englese!"

In the frightful confusion that followed every man sought shelter without attempting to locate the enemy. It was quite clear that the burghers were surrounded, trapped.

Taken completely by surprise, they hardly replied to the enemy's fire and, almost without loss, surrendered. They were disarmed on their way to Karlsdorp in charge of the Deershires within a short half-hour of their first approach to the Kloof.

The garrison of Karlsdorp was cheered to the heart. They felt they had made a very neat capture.

In the little market square a few hours later the Commandant surveyed his prisoners by torchlight. His eyes travelled slowly over the lowering bearded faces, shaded by felt hats, until at last they fell on the kapje of a woman. Its folds did not quite hide the pleasing features of Miss Van Vorst. Beside her stood the veld-cornet.

"I have allotted you comfortable quarters," Major Chase said, "you and your—daughter, I presume?"

"My wife," said the man shortly. "My name is Du Prees."

The Commandant glanced at the lady.

"Thank you," he said, "and I am Major Chase, Commandant of Karlsdorp."

Mrs. Du Prees started. She thought of the Major's apparent carelessness, of the paper in the desk, and she threw back her kapje to regard the officer with a long, interested stare.

"So!" she said, impudently, after a pause, "I see my mistake. I did not allow the Commandant wits enough."

"While I," retorted Major Chase, gallantly, "allowed Miss Nella Van Vorst more than the usual amount."

his quarters by an orderly, while he himself waited to speak to the doctor on a matter of business.

On following, ten minutes later, the Major was met half way by the orderly.

"If you please, Sir," the man said, breathlessly, "Powell asked me to say, could you come back at once, Sir? The lady has put the hospital stuff into her cart and she wants to go off immediately. She asked Powell to let her go into the house to write you a note. And Powell, he said he thought it wasn't safe for her to write at your desk, Sir, being a Dutch lady—" the honest soldier trying to convey delicate distrust for the Major's lady friend, grew scarlet in the face.

Major Chase smiled. "She hasn't written the note yet?"

"No, Sir, Powell, 'ee thought—I mean the lady asked him how many soldiers there was in Karlsdorp—"

"Ah! Very good," said the Commandant, cheerfully. Dismissing the orderly, he hastened to the house and went in unobtrusively by a back door, nearly colliding with the faithful Powell who was entering the kitchen with empty coffee cups in his hand.

Three emphatic words to his servant, whispered but decisive, and Major Chase slipped into the office and to his desk.

A few minutes later he emerged with bulging pockets, an inky smear on one finger, and a benign smile.

"Go," he murmured to the astonished Powell, "and tell the lady I am unavoidably detained at the hospital. And, by-the-way, let her use my desk if she wants to write."

Powell, saluting Miss Van Vorst and her elderly companion, gazed before him with severely impersonal eyes as he delivered the message.

"The Major has sent to say, Miss, that he is detained at the 'orspital. He likewise says 'ee 'opes you will manage your journey quite safe, if you are obliged to go before 'ee returns."

"Oh, dear!" cried Miss Van Vorst, springing from her chair. "I am so sorry not to see him again. I will just go inside and write him a little note." Smiling irresistibly, she gathered

her pink flounces together and turned towards the door.

Powell followed her as she floated through the passage into the office, where she at once made for a desk by the window.

"Thank you," she said, seating herself. "I see there are paper and pens here. I shall only be a few minutes. Meantime will you go and tell the Kaffir to inspan the mules?"

Powell retired. As he did so he noticed that with shocking carelessness the Major had left the key of the desk in the lock.

But orders were orders. Without a word he shut the door and went to find the Kaffir.

Soon Miss Van Vorst emerged. She had a curious smile on her face. An inward and absolute satisfaction peeped from her fine eyes.

Before the front stoep the cape-cart was standing, and in it the elder woman already sat holding the reins.

An orderly hovered uneasily about the door. Not until Miss Van Vorst had climbed to her place did the Major appear round the street corner.

"Oh, General!" she cried, bending down to speak to him as he came nearer, "how good of you to give me all these things! I do not know how to thank you enough. I do hope you have some left for your own needs?"

Major Chase assured her on this point.

"Are many of your soldiers sick?"

Her benefactor shook his head.

"Unfortunately, yes," he said, "more than I can spare out of such a handful. This is an awful place for the men. There is one thing, it won't be for long—at least—" he appeared to recollect the dictates of prudence—"of course one never knows what may happen."

"Of course not!" she rejoined. The look of satisfaction in her eyes deepened. She waved her hand in a parting salutation, took the reins from the elder woman, and in a few minutes the cape-cart had disappeared in a cloud of red dust.

Major Chase had an expectant look on his lined face as he mounted the steps that led to the stoep. Once in the office he turned the key of his desk, and surveyed the littered mass of papers that lay inside. Noting the details of their disarrangement the expectant look changed to one of cynical amusement. He took from near

At the present time it had a small remaining population of non-combatants, and a few surrendered burghers. Night and day the Major and his little company were obliged to keep ceaseless watch, not only for attacks from the hills, but for treachery from within the township. And there had been too few men to take a sortie until the last few days, when a meagre reinforcement had arrived.

The Bojers seemed to be behind every hill. Added to this there was not the faintest chance of glory, or of a deed of distinction; only the certainty of discredit if the Englishmen relaxed their vigilance for a moment.

As Major Chase neared the outpost, excited voices greeted him. Half a dozen men who formed the picket were standing at attention. In a cape-cart drawn up in the road sat two women.

It did not take the Major a moment to realise that the lady who held the reins was both young and good-looking, though unmistakably Dutch, with high cheek bones, large shoulders and hips and an absurdly small waist. She did not wear the head-dress of the Boer *mysi*, but a fashionable hat smothered in many coloured flowers, a little out of harmony with her much-flounced pink frock.

The other woman was neither young nor beautiful. With much sense, however, she wore an enormous black *kapje*, which nearly concealed her grim face. A black stuff gown and woollen mittens completed the visible part of her attire.

As the Commandant came up to the cart, the younger woman, smiling, addressed him in perfect English.

"Oh, General, your men will not let us into the town, but you will give us permission to go, will you not?"

The Major saluted.

"I should be very pleased," he said pleasantly, "but if I let you in you cannot go out again, you know."

The lady pouted.

"Ah! that is unkind. Now, if Lord Methuen were here he would allow it, I know. See, here is a passport he gave me!" and she drew a paper from the bosom of her dress. "Perhaps Lord Methuen is here?"

"No," replied the Commandant, whose blue eyes were as guileless as the summer sky, "he has gone to Natal I am afraid. That is a long way off, you know."

"Too bad! Too bad! I am so unlucky." Her lips quivered.

Major Chase examined the slip of paper she handed him. It was a pass for Miss Nella Van Vorst, out of date it is true, but certainly signed by the General.

"You are Miss Van Vorst?" asked the officer.

"Yes, but I am not altogether Dutch. My grandmother was an Englishwoman." She beamed on the Major.

"How interesting," he said, "but, pardon me, where have you come from now, and why do you want to go into the town?"

"I have come from the Commando, and because our wounded are in need. Oh, Sir, in the name of humanity, I beg you to let me go to the store to purchase brandy, medicines, and linen for their wounds. Remember they are fellow creatures, and suffering," she pleaded.

"Where is your Commando?" the officer asked, gently.

"Over there," she waved a vague indication in the direction of the blue hills. "I am helping to nurse the wounded. We have no doctor, scarcely any food—" her voice broke, "I came because I believed I could trust to an Englishman's kind heart."

"I am afraid you would not be able to buy what you want at the ordinary stores," the Major said, "but I'll tell you what I will do. Without much difficulty I can get you a few things from our military hospital. Meanwhile, perhaps, you would like to sit on my stoep and have some coffee. You can outspan your mules for half an hour or so."

Effusive thanks rewarded the obliging Major, who led the way towards his quarters in the rather dilapidated Dutch house which had been commandeered in the absence of its owner. On the stoep, beneath a few shrivelled eucalyptus trees, Powell, the Major's soldier servant, placed chairs for the ladies.

Leaving them there, the Commandant went off to the hospital and selected a few bottles of wine and brandy, some bandages, boracic powder and cotton wool. These he sent back to

TACTICS.

By C. R. JAMES.

(With apologies to "The Winning Post.")

The Commandant of Karlsdorp looked carefully through his field-glasses at the sunburnt, sandy track, the last trace of which was almost lost in mimosa thorns and incipient kopjes. Then he walked a hundred yards or so to where the sentry stood, also staring at the cloud of dust which had attracted the attention of his officer.

The rest of the picket lay six yards behind, in the sultry shade of a grey, fern-decked rock.

"Jackson!" said the Major, "there is a cape-cart carrying the white flag, coming along the road from the Leeuberg. Report to me when it gets nearer."

The sentry saluted and took his orders after the manner of a well trained soldier. But when the Commandant was out of ear-shot he spoke to the picket without restraint.

"See that d—d cape-cart?" he asked bitterly. "Them Bojers sending in a flag of truce just when we was going to get a pot at 'em?"

The picket feebly spinning tickies grunted in sympathy.

Jackson shifted his rifle to the other shoulder.

"Seven blooming weeks," he complained, "have we been stuck in this blistering, Gawdforsaken hole, defending three mud huts, a tuppenny-ha'penny railway station, and a bridge I could knock down with my two fingers. And all the time them blankety Bojers have been dancing about behind the kopjes, and we, with not so much as 'arf a man to spare to go after 'em."

"And they call this hactif service!" one of the picket remarked with some sarcasm. "Not even enough exercise to give us an appetite!"

"And now look at that! Look at it!" resumed Jackson in despairing tones. "Just when we've got a few 'undred men and a couple of

guns allowed us, up comes this damn cape-cart with a white hankerchef they ain't got no other use for, tied to it. Sport they calls it, I s'pose! Dirty, long-haired, Dutch devils!"

At that moment the offending cape-cart came into sight from behind a clump of yellow mimosas.

The sentry straightened his back and suddenly declared:

"By Gosh, it ain't a Bojer after all. It's his Misses come instead. Go and tell the Major, Reynolds."

"Go h'on," said the man addressed. "You're pullin' me leg."

"Pity but what I could pull it straight," said the sentry, withering bandy-legged Reynolds with a glance, while the picket stared over the rock. "You 'urry up and tell him what I say."

Reynolds saluted at the stoep of the Commandant's quarters. "If you please, Sir, there are two ladies in the cape-cart."

"Ladies? Dutch or English?"

The Commandant instinctively pulled down his worn khaki coat, and straightened his white cap.

"Carn't say, Sir; they haven't crossed the spruit yet."

Major Chase nodded dismissal. Then he rose, gathered up his papers, locked them in the desk standing by the office window and came out into the suffocating heat to interview the women. His face was worn with fatigue. For two months, together with a handful of soldiers, he had wearied in this little hill-surrounded place. On its own merits Karlsdorp, a scattered town consisting of a few dozen tin and mud houses, was absolutely of no value. As the key to a position and in the possession of a railway bridge, it was of immense strategical importance.

QUACKS.

"Well, Giles," said the lady of the manor to the farm bailiff, "what sort of a lambing season have you had this year?"

"Very bad, your ladyship," replied Giles. "There's been a deal of morality among the ewes this year."

Instructor (to recruit)—"Aim at the bull's-eye on D Company's rooms."

(Recruit aiming apparently too high and to the right.)

Instructor—"Where are you aiming now?"

Recruit—"At the hands on the clock to make it go to quarter to one quickly."

(Collapse of Instructor.)

His peerage was brand new and so were the coronets which he displayed on every possible article belonging to him. Walking one day down a lane which bordered his property he came across a suspicious-looking person carrying three or four rabbits. The peer stopped and looked at him suspiciously. "Been among my rabbits, eh?" he grunted.

The suspect turned the corpses over. "I can't see any coronet on them," he observed slowly. "You 'ave a look."

During the Territorial Army manœuvres the subject of rifle shooting frequently cropped up at one of the officers' messes.

"I'll bet anyone here a box of cigars," said Lieutenant A., "that I can fire twenty shots at 200 yards and tell, without waiting for the marker, the result of each one correctly."

"Done," cried Major B. And the whole Mess turned out early next day to witness the experiment.

The lieutenant fired. "Miss!" he announced calmly. Another shot. "Miss!" he repeated. A third shot. "Miss!"

"Here, hold on," put in Major B. "What are you trying to do? You're not firing at the target."

"Of course not," was the response. "I'm firing for those cigars." And he got them.

Overheard at the last dance.—Sergeant P. (to Lady)—"May I have the pleasure?"

Lady—"What is the dance?"

Sergeant P.—"The Crippen Dance."

Lady—"Crippen Dance! What is that? I have not heard of it before."

Sergeant P.—"Oh, it is quite easy. You only have to change partners and then swing."

(Collapse of lady.)

In Company where there is a scarcity of plates. Breakfast time. Mess Orderly makes out meals—two breakfasts on one plate in each case.

Officer's Servant, returning late after dressing his master (to Orderly Corporal)—"Where's my breakfast?"

Orderly Corporal enquiring (went to big Scotch lad)—"What did you have for breakfast?"

S. L.—"One of those platefuls, Corporal, that's all."

O. C.—"Why, that is two men's breakfasts."

S. L.—"There's no 'to' much for one."

Old-fashioned Recruit (not at gymnasium), sent to do waiter's job while the waiter is firing his annual course. Colour-Sergeant, entering, calls for a "shandy" and five beers. O. F. R. returning with six glasses.

C. S.—"Well, which is mine?"

O. F. R. (tasting each in turn, coming to the last)—"This is yours; got it right this time after tasting it."

Collapse of Colour-Sergeant.



Things We Hear.

That the game is called Devil D—, or something like that. They play it in the principal institutes.

That if one of the central figures at the end of the table is knocked down the player says "D—," and if the other, "—."

That it is essentially a game of billiards.

That owing to indisposition of "Wax" and the "Snip," "Chips" and the "Bobajee" will now take the half-dollar—i.e., Bank Guard.

Regimental Bugle Call Words.

A good many of these calls are well known to our readers; for example, everyone knows, we think, the words of the Officers' Mess Call, Fatigue Call, and "Pick 'em up, pick 'em up, hot potatoes," but the others are not so well known. In the Company Calls "Merrily danced the Quaker's wife" appears to be most popular. In the 93rd Bugle Calls the idea of the Defaulter's Call being an "Angel's Whisper" is distinctly good.

The Buffs.

"A" Company.

The Buffs have got more honours
Than the British Grenadiers.

"B" Company.

Norah Crina——

"C" Company.

Two little spuds
And a little bit of meat.

"D" Company.

Mary, kiss the Quaker.

"E" Company.

Cruity, Cruity, come to drill.

"F" Company.

Cod in the pot.

"G" Company.

Tin pot, tin pot.

"H" Company.

Is your wife at home——

Drummers' Call.

Drummers all, Drummers all,
Don't you hear the bugle call?

Defaulters' Call.

You can be a defaulter as long as you like
So long as you answer your name.

Men's Dinner Call—First.

Come to the cookhouse door, boys,
Come to the cookhouse door——

Men's Dinner Call—Second.

Pick 'em up, pick 'em up, hot potatoes, hot
potatoes;

Pick 'em up, pick 'em up, hot potatoes, oh——

Officers' Mess Call—Second.

Officers' wives get puddings and pies,
But soldiers' wives get skilly——

Guard Call.

Come and do your picket, boys,
Come and do your guard.

English Mail.

There's a letter from your
Polly, Polly, Polly——

Sergeants' Dinner Call.

Joe Pepper——

Fatigue Call.

I called him, I called him,
He wouldn't come, he wouldn't come;
I called him, I called him,
He wouldn't come at all.



Competitions.

The following are the results of the Inter-Company Competitions held on the 19th, 20th, and 21st instant:—

Company.	Gymnastics.	Cross Country Running.	Shooting.	Total.	Place.
C	317½ (1)	135½ (1)	195 (2)	648	1
G	283 (3)	72½ (3)	207 (1)	562½	2
D	302 (2)	117 (2)	120	539	3
F* ...	253	43	177 (3)	473	4
E	242½	63½	163	469	5
A	236	55½	161	452½	6
B* ...	243½	50	156	449½	7
H* ...	188½	40	138	366½	8

GYMNASTICS.

The Inter-Company Competition resulted as follows:—

Order.	Company.	High Jump.	Recruits.	Hand-over-Hand Rope.	Long Jump.	Shelf.	Horse.		Spits.	Wall.	Total.
							Feet and off	Between Hands			
1	C	35	31½	37½	44	18	24	29	34½	64	317½
2	D	38	33	35	29	22	30	26½	31½	57	302
3	G	31	33½	32½	18	18	28	28	32½	61½	283
4	F*	20	34½	32½	23	15	25½	25½	27½	49½	253
5	B*	7	26	28½	21	14	30	30½	30½	56	243½
6	E	6	31½	34½	14	16	30	28½	28½	53½	242½
7	A	16	34	31	17	17	26	25½	26	43½	236
8	H*	9	33	28	8	14	21½	21	18½	32½	185½

* These Companies are on their Months' Furloughs.

for the next twelve months at any rate, at the Ashford Drill Hall.

It may interest your readers to see the Judge's note at the foot of his report. It runs as follows:—Note: The only fault was a tendency to hurry the Menomoto. The Band is a very good one indeed, well balanced and not overblown." This was at the end of a most favourable lot of comments on the Band, as a whole, and its component parts.

If the rest of the Weald took the same trouble to perfect themselves as the Band do there would not be much fault found with the Battalion. It would look rather well. Note: "The Battalion is a very good one indeed, well balanced, and its own trumpet not overblown." Well, if its trumpet is a bit overblown the hospitable columns of THE DRAGON are responsible for it.

By-the-bye, talking of brains—but that is another story and must wait. All the same, brains are an interesting study, especially what may be termed "the brains of the Battalion." But of this more anon.

A Happy New Year to THE DRAGON and all those far and near whom it so genially represents.



Lecture on "Battlefields."—(Questions on the lecture).

Q.—"What do they do with the dead?"

Smart N.C.O.—"Why, send 'em back, of course."

Q.—"What does the C.O.'s Drummer do?"

Intelligent N.C.O.—"Why, carry ammunition for the wounded."

He was an enterprising solicitor of the shark, grab, and squeezem brotherhood, and he listened with a happy heart and a mind totting up prospective costs to a new client who was unfolding a case before him.

"Well, what do you think?" said the client. "Is it a good case?"

"My dear sir," said the fee-catcher, "you have a splendid case. It's a sure thing. You can't lose. We must take proceedings at once."

"No," said the inquirer, rising, "I don't think we shall. The case I've been putting before you isn't mine; it's the other fellow's that's up against me. Good-morning!"

The Grouser's Grouse.

'Twas but a short swift journey 'cross the main
That brought me from the 'Shot to Dublin
town,
And though I'd fain compare for you the twain,
I find it very hard to set it down.

The words that would my views sincerely show
The printer would not dare to put in print,
But I'll my "ire land" behind, although
I also find it hard high words to stint.

Back there in Hants the days were dry and fine,
Quite often dear old Sol came shining bright,
But here the only bipeds who're content
Are ducks, for "shure" it rains all day and
night.

I'll soon be quite a stranger to my bed,
On guard I find myself one day in five,
Whereas before I went on once a month,
And lived the other thirty days alive.

There's no half-dollar trips to London now,
I'm exiled, absolutely unconsolated,
My heart can never warm to Paddy-land,
But must for e'er be icy, hard, and cold.

HOMO.

Royal Army Temperance Association.

Regimental Branch—"THE BUFFS."

For the promotion of Temperance in the Army, the welfare of the Soldier and his family while serving and on return to Civil Life.

SUBSCRIPTION, 4D. PER MONTH,
in return for which honors are issued.

Full information can be obtained from the Committee Men or from the Branch Secretary:—

A Coy.—Pte. Moyes.	E Coy.—Lce.-Sergt. Warr.
B " —Pte. John.	F " —Lce.-Cpl. Cowlord.
C " —Pte. Bellingham.	G " —Pte. Morgan.
D " —Lce.-Cpl. Baker.	H " —Pte. Fedab.

Band and Drums—Cpl. Holloway.
Branch Secretary—Color-Sergt. Brown.

If you want to join the **Best Friendly Society**

Then become a Member of the Independent Order of

RECHABITES.

What the Society IS and DOES:—

Encourages all to be thrifty, and to set aside something every week to help those who are in need.

Has a very low death-rate, arising from the abstinence principles of its vast membership.

Temperance and thrift are the twin principles that the Rechabite Order is formed to promote.

Successes in every part of the world, and helps its members to better their position in life.

All information as to Branches, also how to join from
The Committee Men of the R.A.T.A., or the Secretary.

of the 5th Buffs at Dover "and find it filled with a nice lot of young officers." Has THE DRAGON room for this also? It is believed that the vainer sort of young officers are convinced that the Brigadier said "a lot of nice young officers," and, mindful of their schoolboy days, meet all arguments on the point by remarking, "Magna est veritas, et prevalebit." No apologies are offered to the omniscient DRAGON for not appending a translation, and as "the voice" said, "the bearings of this observation lays in the application on it."

The day's proceedings were wound up by a very successful Smoking Concert, at which, with their usual modesty, the 5th Buffs kindly consented to preside. Thoroughly satisfied with the very modest part they had taken in the proceedings, the 5th Buffs then permitted a memorable day to close memorable as marking the great changes through which the Weald has passed, and as definitely marking the removal of the headquarters of the Battalion from Cranbrook to Ashford. For many years, indeed ever since the Battalion was established as the 5th Administrative Battalion, the headquarters have been at Cranbrook, the capital of the Weald of Kent, and naturally, to those who have been connected with the Battalion for many years, there is a distinct feeling of loss and a real feeling of regret that Cranbrook, the geographical centre of the Wealds district, should be relegated to second place. Still with two Companies in Ashford and its district, with a third promised (but still consisting of nebulous and astral Terriers not yet materialised), and having regard to Ashford's importance as a railway centre, it is recognised by all that the change was inevitable and, it is hoped, a wise one. The Ashford Press records the fact that Ashford provides the brains of the Battalion, consisting of, inter alia, Orderlies and Police! If Ashfordians did have some little feeling when their district was added to the Wealds, they may certainly now congratulate themselves that their glory is not altogether departed!

It may be of interest to some readers of THE DRAGON to know the present whereabouts of the Permanent Staff, some of whom have had to shift from their old quarters. Captain Knight has moved from Goudhurst to Temple House, Kennington, Ashford, and in his leisure moments grows snails and eggs and jeyzers in his cabbage patch there. Sergeant-Major Haw-

kins has also moved to Ashford, and can usually be found at the Drill Hall when not taking his daily constitutionals. The rest of the Permanent Staff are disposed as follows:—Colour-Sgt. Ins. Ralph, P., "B" Coy., 1st Bn. The Buffs, Ashford; Col.-Sgt. Ins. Cafferty, J., "C" Coy., 1st Bn. The Buffs, Hawkhurst; Col.-Sgt. Ins. Kesby, J. W., "C" Coy., 2nd Bn. The Buffs, Staplehurst; Col.-Sgt. Ins. Grover, H., "F" Coy., 2nd Bn. The Buffs, Cranbrook; Col.-Sgt. Ins. Rylott, J., "G" Coy., 2nd Bn. The Buffs, Horsmonden; Sgt. Ins. Farrow, "F" Coy., 1st Bn. The Buffs, Lydd.

The Caretaker of the new Hall is also an old Buff—viz., Sergeant J. Gardner (late of the 2nd Battalion, Signalling Sergeant-Instructor).

As some consolation for its losses, the Weald proper will shortly have completed a new Drill Hall at Tenterden, and the new Drill Hall at Cranbrook is some feet above the floor line. The Tenterden Hall is close to the Church and Club, and that at Cranbrook is at the back of the Cramp Institute.

The Band, after refraining for some years from carrying off Shield at the Crystal Palace, decided to enter the Reed Band Competition once more. To the intense horror of Bandmaster Thorne and his musicians they were not even placed when the result first came out, and their Ashford rivals, the (Railway) Works Band were announced as the champions. The Judge, Mr. Bilton, Bandmaster of the Royal Horse Guards, had, it turned out, made an unfortunate error, and had mixed up the Bands No. 17 or thereabouts with its "order of merit," which was No. 1. Fortunately—but only after the rival band had been carried home shoulder high—the error was discovered, and once more the 5th Buffs Band was returned to its position as Champion Reed Band.

On the 29th November the Band gave a Concert at Ashford, and Mr. Laurence Hardy—who for that particular day and one or two days following happened NOT to be member for the Ashford Division—presented, amidst enthusiastic plaudits, the Silver Challenge Shield to the Colonel to hold on behalf of the Battalion. It was noticed that both the gallant Colonel and the honourable member were most anxious to allow each other to bear the burden of this ancient and honourable but extremely weighty weapon of defence. Their anxiety was quite touching. The Shield will probably find a home,

ford were opened by the Lord Lieutenant of the county in his official capacity as President of the Kent County Association. A guard of honour was provided by the Weald, and it is noteworthy that though a slight epidemic of scarlet fever suddenly broke out amongst certain Wealden officers, hitherto clad in sober black and blue, the proceedings were in no way marred by this sad and unwonted occurrence.

Amongst many others there were present Major-General Dickson, commanding the Home Counties Division (a former adjutant of the Weald in its Volunteer days); Colonel Satterthwaite, C.B.V.D., commanding the Kent Brigade, with the Brigade Major and the Secretary of the County Association, Major Wood-Martyn. Talking of Major Wood-Martyn, it may perhaps be permitted to remark here that the Weald recognise to the full that he is one who has heart and soul in the Territorial movement, and spares neither himself—nor others—in his endeavours to make the Kent Units worthy of their county. May a word of brief but grateful thanks be accorded to the Association, too, for all they are doing for the 5th Battalion The Buffs.

To return to the Hall. The building is an attractive one, close to the station, and the fact that its architect is a Territorial officer may account for the fact that it is all that could be desired. Some idea of its size may perhaps be gathered when it is stated that it cost upwards of £5,000 to build. One small criticism may, perhaps, be allowed, and that is that the front would have looked better had it been possible to introduce a central door. Possibly space was too valuable to permit the provision of a central hall at the back of such a door, and hence the omission.

In addition to being the headquarters of the 5th Battalion The Buffs, the Hall also provides accommodation in the way of offices, stores, and armouries for the local Units of the Yeomanry, Engineers, Cyclists, and R.A.M.C. For general use a Recreation Room, 32 feet by 18½ feet, is provided, and also a Sergeants' Room, Lecture Room, and Officers' Room, and the Drill Hall proper, 100 feet by 50 feet. Naturally, as being headquarters of the Battalion and of two of its Companies, a large portion is occupied by the Weald. Sergeant-Major Hawkins shares with Sergeant-Instructor Ralph a fine office, and adjoining is the office sacred to the C.O. and

Adjutant. The S.-M. thinks that at last fitting quarters have been found for his beloved typewriter. By-the-bye, isn't it curious how times of stress bring out a man's character, often till then concealed. Who would have suspected that the Adjutant, desolated at leaving Cranbrook, would find it necessary to solace himself in his new office with music, yet (if a piano be any guide to an amateur Sherlock Holmes), it is to music and to the dear old song, "Home, Sweet Home," that he turns at times when most depressed. Well, music, like murder, will out!

To return once more. The proceedings at the ceremony were opened by Colonel Frewen (Commanding East Kent Yeomanry), who, in a breezy speech, drew attention to the fact that, "prominent as Kent is in most things, cricket and other diversions, as regards the Territorial Forces, it is at the present moment in a state of lamentable deficiency," the percentage of the Force to Establishment being 76 per cent. only. He also drew attention to the fact that, when Queen Elizabeth, in the days of the Armada, ordered, when the population of the whole country was about 4½ millions (about that of London at the present day), the mustering of the Forces Kent supplied 18,000 men; now Kent only put up some 6,000. He also referred to the efforts made by the O.C. the 5th Buffs to increase the strength of the Battalion.

The Lord Lieutenant, in declaring the Hall open, also drew attention to the decrease in the strength of the Kent Territorial Forces, due to emigration and other causes, and also to the difficulties of recruiting so scattered a Battalion as the 5th Buffs, and urged all concerned to bring the numbers up to the strength required to enable the Battalion to receive Colours, the money for which, subscribed by the ladies of Kent, was still waiting in the bank.

General Dickson took the opportunity to recall the days when he used to drill small portions of the Battalion on various village greens or in barns or oasthouses, and said he desired to place on record the fact that the five happiest years of his life were passed with the Weald. As the local Press have failed to record this pleasant tribute, perhaps THE DRAGON will allow it to be recorded in his imperishable pages.

Colonel Satterthwaite also referred to the efforts made by the O.C. to increase the number of officers, and wound up by saying what a pleasure it was to him to go into the Mess Tent

5th Battalion Notes.

Since THE DRAGON digested the last Wealden meal the Battalion has suffered the pains and penalties—and the pleasures—of a camp at Dover. In 1909 everyone blamed Whitsuntide for bad, bitter weather and the many superfluous drops of rain, but last summer, July and August provided many unwelcome rivulets through the tents and many inches of slippery mud. Indeed, it is reported that it was only the acrobats of the Weald, who in their zeal for efficiency consistently practise recruits' drill on ice slides, who were able without catastrophe to maintain at all times the proper soldierly attitude. A Prussian officer, writing in the "Frankfurter Zeitung" (the last two words are inserted to show the Wealds' readiness for war!) apropos of the Territorial Manœuvres in the Eastern Command, said: "The choice of camping grounds had been left to Engineers of the Regular Army, who did not always cover themselves with glory." He did not, it appears from the context, refer particularly to the Weald camping ground, but if one of these brainful folk did select the Weald's happy home, he did, if not cover himself with glory, have the fiendish pleasure of covering them with mud. In these days serious problems are annually presented to the Citizen Soldier for solution during the winter months, and perhaps the Regular readers of THE DRAGON will present to an Orderly Room Clerk of the Weald the proper solution of the following tactical and administrative problem:—

General Idea.—The Citizen Soldier, wearied with the struggles of the day, lies prone upon his truckle bed in a large and spacious marquee. His clothes are gracefully disposed on a chair two bed lengths distant from him.

Special Idea.—At midnight on the 1-2 August the wind roars and the rain descends and the floods beat, and on awaking on the morning of 2-8-10 the Citizen Soldier finds his bed surrounded by 18 inches of soft but chilly water, the level with his mattress.

State, giving reasons for the course you suggest, how the Citizen Soldier is drily, and yet decently withal, to assemble himself into his nether garments before presenting himself to the

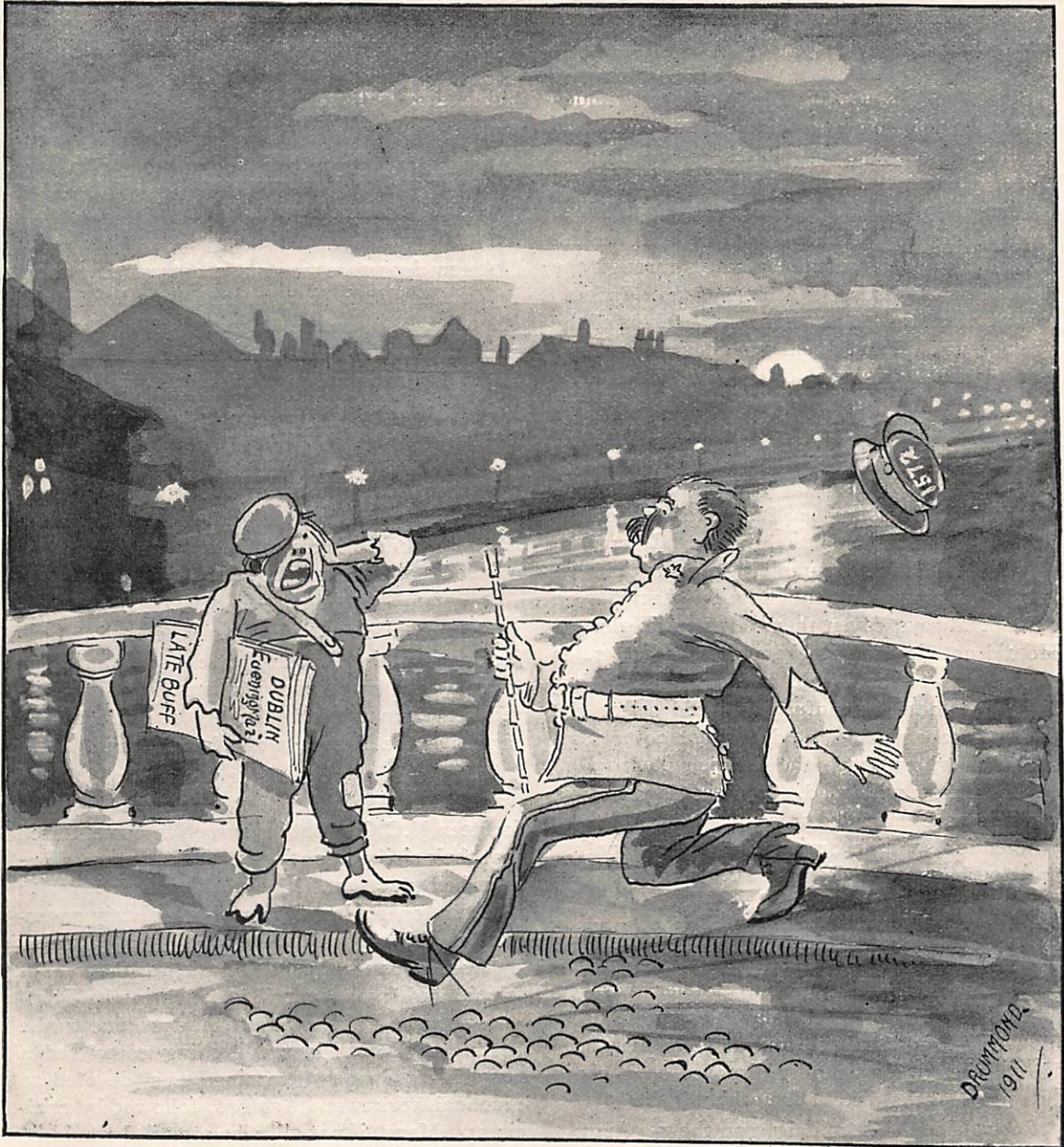
public gaze. Fortunately these things are but child's play to a self-respecting man of the Weald, but how it was done, if done it was, must remain for ever an impenetrable mystery—unless THE DRAGON sheds the light of his countenance upon the problem.

A new departure was made last year in attaching a Regular Officer to each Battalion of the Kent Brigade for the Annual Training, and an opportunity has been given to read, mark, and learn the exhortations, criticisms, and advice with which, dissembling their love, they have admonished the willing Terrier. It wasn't the things they said so much as the nice way they said them that will oblige the subjects of their discourses to inwardly digest them. Upon the matter of their criticisms the less said the sooner mended—at least it is hoped it will be so.

From the middle of August to the end of September was a quiet time, mostly devoted to hop-picking, but in October some additional musketry, in the shape of a very much modified and reduced form of field firing, suitable to the ranges of the district, was taken in hand.

In October a week-end exercise for N.C.O.s was held at Ashford. It was attended by some fourteen N.C.O.s, but it is much to be regretted that their civil occupations prevented many more from being present. The work commenced with a lecture on Friday evening immediately on arrival at Ashford, and was followed on Saturday by a useful day in Eastwell Park, for the loan of which, and for an excellent lunch in the Boat-house on the Lake, many thanks are due to the hosts. A lecture in the evening completed a busy day. Sunday morning was devoted to practical work round Ashford, followed by criticisms. Many, if not all, who attended would be glad of many more opportunities throughout the year for similar work, for such occasions are of the utmost value in the case of so scattered a Battalion, where officers, non-commissioned officers, and men meet but the proverbial "once in a blue moon."

The 19th November was a rather memorable date in Weald Annals, for on that day the new Battalion Headquarters and Drill Hall at Ash-



Portobello Bridge—Midnight.

NEWSBOY—"Late Buff, late Buff!"

BELATED BUFF—"Well, I know that, don't I ; what the——has that got to do wi' you?"

poral Hobbs, G., 20-12-10; 9282 Lance-Corporal Stafford, O., 20-12-10; 8781 Lance-Corporal Baker, F., 20-12-10; 9408 Boy Ross, W., 20-12-10; 9342 Boy Ferras, G., 20-12-10; 8998 Private Woods, L., 20-12-10; 9182 Private Wood, R., 20-12-10; 9341 Private Wood, T., 20-12-10; 9352 Private Ward, W., 20-12-10; 9062 Private Murray, E., 20-12-10; 9225 Private Broughton, A., 20-12-10; 9389 Private Lubka, G., 20-12-10; 9246 Private Pankhurst, H., 20-12-10; 9260 Private Hart, T., 20-12-10; 9262 Pte. Silman, G., 20-12-10; 8649 Pte. Clayton, W., 20-12-10; 9364 Pte. Bevan, G., 20-12-10; 8738 Private Robbins, F., 20-12-10; 9199 Private Sibley, R., 20-12-10; 9216 Private Clarke, W., 20-12-10; 9307 Private Woollett, A., 20-12-10.

Awarded Second-Class Certificates of Education—8329 Corporal Jones, W., 20-12-10; 9316 Private Blundell, T., 20-12-10; 9333 Private Harris, J., 20-12-10; 9289 Private Young, H., 20-12-10; 9274 Boy Brown, H., 20-12-10; 9347 Boy Wyatt, S., 20-12-10; 9222 Boy Clifton, E., 20-12-10.

DECREASE.

5805 Corporal Quigley, J., discharged with 12 years' service, 14-12-10; 8509 Private Turner, F., discharged, medically unfit, 30-12-10; 8559 Private Keeth, T., discharged, medically unfit, 30-12-10; 7649 Private Coleman, W., discharged, medically unfit, 27-12-10; 7103 Private Terry, A., to Army Reserve, 29-12-10; 8794 Pte. Martin, J., discharged, paragraph 390 (xi.), King's Regulations, 31-12-10; 8201 Private Stace, H., discharged, paragraph 390 (x.), King's Regulations, 31-12-10; 5761 Private Iffer, W. H., discharged with 12 years' service, 17-1-11.

Gazette.

Captain R. G. D. Groves Raines is seconded for service as Adjutant to Territorial Infantry 4th Terr. Bn. the Buffs), dated 1st January, 1911 (Gazette, 17-1-11).

Supernumerary Captain G. T. D. Hickman is restored to establishment, dated 1st January, 1911 (Gazette, 17-1-11).



"Something like a cigar, eh?" he asked, patronisingly.

"Yes, something," and the other looked at it suspiciously. "What is it?"

QUACKS.

Heard at the Annual Dance.—Ted—"Where are you going to?"

Gladdis—"Oh, just behind the Band Bungalow."

Ted—"Can I come?"

Gladdis—"With pleasure!"

Teddie discovers that mother also is coming, and that the lady lived over the garden wall. Collapse of Teddie.

Scene: Butcher's shop. Regiment within one hundred miles of Dublin. Orderly Officer to inspect rations.

O. O. (to Regimental Butcher)—"Do you ever get any tuberculous meat?"

Butcher (certainly mystified, chances it)—"No, sir."

O. O. disappears, entirely satisfied.

Assistant Cook—"What did he say, Donkey?"

B.—"Wanted to know if we had any Rhinoceros meat."

A. C.—"Don't you know what that is?"

B.—"No more do you!"

A. C.—"Don't I! It is one of these new fangled things they have in London which the toffs eat. My brother saw elephant stake served up at the Ritz the other day."

N.C.O. (ex-school teacher)—"When the bullet goes low you want more"—(spots Brown yawning). "What do you want, Brown? More, more, more?"

Brown (sleepily)—"Dunno, Colour-Sergeant."

N.C.O. (sharply)—"Think, man, more," etc., etc., etc.

Brown—"H—l of a distance, Colour-Sergeant."

"In fact, little lady," the eminent physician concluded, paternally, "you are not at all well."

The sweet Society flapper tearfully acquiesced.

"Your nerves are entirely wrong," cooed the eminent one, toying with his pinc-nez; "your nerves are entirely wrong, and your stomach is seriously out of order; in fact, you will have to—er—diet."

The poor little flapper's big blue eyes filled to their brims. "W—w—what colour, doctor?" she sobbed.

First Battalion Notes.

Promotions.

4271 Lance-Sergeant Gambrill, A., appointed Paid Lance-Sergeant, vice Swendell, 3-1-11.

N.B.—6437 Lance-Sergeant Swendell, G., reverts to Unpaid Lance-Sergeant, employed Assistant Instructor Gymnastic School.

GRANTED G.C. BADGES.

9029 Lance-Corporal J. Owen, A Company, granted 1st, 12-12-10; 9035 Lance-Corporal P. Hilliam, A Company, granted 1st, 9-12-10; 9036 Private G. Banell, A Company, granted 1st, 17-12-10; 9028 Private H. Clibbon, A Company, granted 1st, 12-12-10; 9038 Private J. Shepherd, A Company, granted 1st, 14-12-10; 7703 Private Goldsmith, F., C Company, restored 2nd G.C.B., 9-8-10; 9049 Private Freemantle, E., B Company, granted 1st, 1-1-11; 9062 Private Murray, E., B Company, granted 1st, 16-1-11.

Re-engagement to 21 years—5941 Colour-Sergeant H. Nesbit, E., 21-12-10.

Extension of service to 12 years—7559 Private Bloomfield, W., A Company, 10-12-10.

Awarded First-Class Certificate of Education—8458 Bandsman Guy, E. J., B Company, and Bandsman M'Walter, C., H Company, at R.M.S.M., Kneller Hall, 25-10-10.

Awarded Assistant-Instructor's Certificate Signalling—6530 Lance-Corporal G. Thorpe, at Aldershot, 13-12-10.

Awarded Acting Schoolmaster's Certificate—8789 Lance-Corporal Birrell, T., at Aldershot, October, 1910.

Recruits who have joined 1st Battalion:—9410 Private Davidson, F., H Company, 7-12-10; 9411 Private Lambert, A., H Company, 7-12-10; 9412 Private Vant, C. G., H Company, 7-12-10; 9413 Private Pye, F., H Company, 10-12-10; 9414 Private Brittan, E., H Company, 10-12-10; 9415 Private Pratt, E., E Company, 14-12-10; 9418 Private Erridge, F., D Company, 22-12-10. From Grenadier Guards—9417 Private Gibson, V., E Company, 16-12-10; 9422 Private Gibson, F. J., E Company, 22-12-10; 9421 Private Skuddar, G., E Com-

pany, 22-12-10 Boy Hook, J. I., D Company, 30-12-10; 9426 Boy Malone, E. P., F Company, 30-12-10; Private Langdon, E., E Company, 3-1-11; 9438 Private M'Adams, C., E Company, 4-1-9; 9436 Private Rainsbury, R., E Company, 4-1-11; 9431 Private Franklin, W. H., E Company, 1-1-11; Private George, F. E., E Company, 6-1-11; Private Ratcliffe, W., E Company, 6-1-11; 9441 Private Saward, J., E Company, 5-1-11; 9434 Private Davis, H., E Company, 7-1-11; 9433 Private Storey, A., E Company, 7-1-11; 9432 Private Reynolds, S., E Company, 7-1-11; 9447 Private Stemp, A. T., E Company, 10-1-11; 9451 Private Marshall, A. A., E Company, 10-1-11; 9452 Private Langley, G., E Company, 10-1-11; 9443 Private Lewis, S., E Company, 15-1-11; 9444 Private Fisher, S., E Company, 15-1-11; 9445 Private Plant, A., E Company, 15-1-11; Private Bedding, J. F., F Company, 18-1-11; 9448 Private Steel, A. J., F Company, 18-1-11; 9449 Private Hankins, J. J., F Company, 18-1-11; Private Trosh, E. A., F Company, 18-1-11; 9348 Private Shaxted, H., A Company, 21-1-11; 9361 Private Iles, A., A Company, 21-1-11; 9365 Private Pay, A., A Company, 21-1-11; 9368 Private Sharp, E., B Company, 21-1-11; 9370 Private Linken, G., B Company, 21-1-11; 9372 Private Smith, E., C Company, 21-1-11; 9375 Private Sales, F., D Company, 21-1-11; 9381 Private Love, F., D Company, 21-1-11; 9382 Private Shother, A., H Company, 21-1-11; 9350 Private Andrews, H., D Company, 21-1-11; 9360 Private Furner, A., F Company, 21-1-11; 9362 Private Brown, J., F Company, 21-1-11; 9367 Private Bennett, G., F Company, 21-1-11; 9369 Private Maitland, E., G Company, 21-1-11; 9371 Private Harlow, A., G Company, 21-1-11; 9374 Private Aherne, J., G Company, 21-1-11; 9379 Private Stephens, P., H Company, 21-1-11.

Transfer Received—Private Mason, D., from 56th Battery R.F.A., 18-1-11.

Awarded Third-Class Certificates, Education—9413 Private Pye, F., 6-12-10; 8559 Lance-Corporal Glass, W. A., 20-12-10; 9310 Lance-Corporal Glass, A., 20-12-10; 8479 Lance-Cor-

Cpl. Rowbotham (o) beat C.-S. Brown (2).
 Pte. Emptage beat Lce.-Cpl. Goldsack (2).
 Pte. Wilkins (2) lost to Pte. Potts (o).
 Pte. Cox, F. (2) lost to Lce.-Cpl. Strouts (o).
 Pte. Bond (2) lost to Cpl. Swendell (1).
 Lce.-Cpl. Monk (2) lost to Cpl. Jones (1).
 Lce.-Cpl. Buesden (2) lost to Lce.-Cpl. Mills (o).
 Pte. Watts (2) lost to Pte. Joyner (o).
 Pte. Parry (2) lost to Cpl. Francis (1).
 Pte. Whittingham (2) lost to Pte. Cotter, W.
 (o).

F wins.

Though the Battalion shows great improvement in the Bayonet Fighting, one cannot help noticing how points are lost owing to the fighters not following up the parry with a point. In numerous cases N.C.O.s and men were excellent in parrying, but failed to score because they did not take advantage and put in a "point."

If there is to be a Command Bayonet Fighting Competition the Regiment should be well represented.



The Boys' Football League.

After a few weeks' rest our boys are once again getting into trim for the second half of the League fixtures. The first half produced excellent results, as the following will show:—

BUFFS v. 5TH LANCERS.

(Played on the first-named ground.)

This being their first League fixture, a large attendance put in an appearance, and splendid weather prevailed, the kick-off being made exactly to time. The Buffs, having lost the toss, commenced the game against a moderate breeze, which hardly had any effect, and no material advantage to either side. As was anticipated, the Buffs soon got the measure of their opponents, and soon had them in difficulties, the first half producing some good football, and had a 2 goal advantage to start the second half with. The second half started amidst great cheering, and the Buffs, continuing their early advantage, soon set about increasing their lead, as very soon another goal came, yet another and still another; finally the whistle blew with the Buffs splendid winners by 5 goals to nil, the goal scorers being—Hall, 2; M'Culloch, West, Appleton, 1 each.

BUFFS v. WILTS.

This match was played on the first-named ground, and a great many turned up for this, their second League fixture, and as everyone expected to see a great struggle for supremacy they were not disappointed, as, indeed, both teams served up some very high-class football coupled with plenty of good feeling and dash. Buffs, having won the toss, their opponents kicked off amidst hurricanes of cheers and very little wind, and soon everyone were craning their necks to witness what proved a grand struggle, as either side tried all their wiles and trickery, only to get sent back, and so a ding-dong first half was fought, neither side scoring.

The second half saw each side eager for the fray, and were soon playing a very fast game. At last the Buffs, by the dash and speed of their outside left, getting completely away, whipped the ball straight across, for the centre forward to put the ball into the net, and what a roar of cheering! Off they went again, but this time were sent back, but only momentarily, as they were soon attacking again, when the Wilts' turn came, and making no mistake, went straight for goal, and amidst cheering equalised, the whistle sounding soon after for the finish of a most excellent game. Each and every boy played his best, and the result, a drawn game, was a most fitting end. This game is the first for two seasons that the Wilts' have had their defence beaten, so all the more credit is due to their opponents.

BUFFS v. ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.

Played on the last-named ground, in desultory weather and plenty of mud. The Buffs winning the toss elected to play with the sun in their opponents' faces, and soon gained an early advantage, as the Fusiliers' right back mis-kicked early, and so brought disaster on his goal, as the Buffs' centre pounced upon the ball, and whipped it into the net. Again the Buffs got going, and before the whistle sounded for half-time had scored number two. After the re-start there was only one team in it. The Buffs, commencing a series of assaults upon their opponents' goal, soon brought forth more goals, and continuing to press to the end added another before the finish, thus winning very comfortably by four goals to nil—Whyatt, 3; Appleton, 1.

They have also played and won three friendlies, scoring 8 goals to nil, but of these more may be heard later.

F. W. W.



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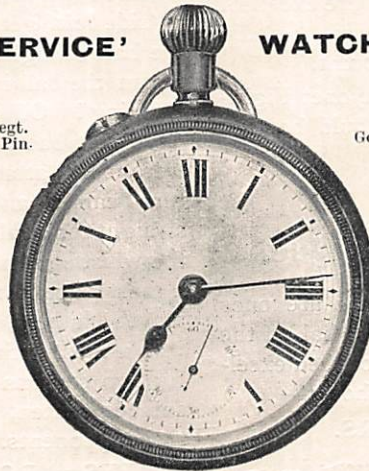
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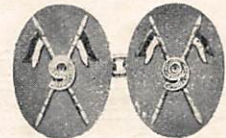
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