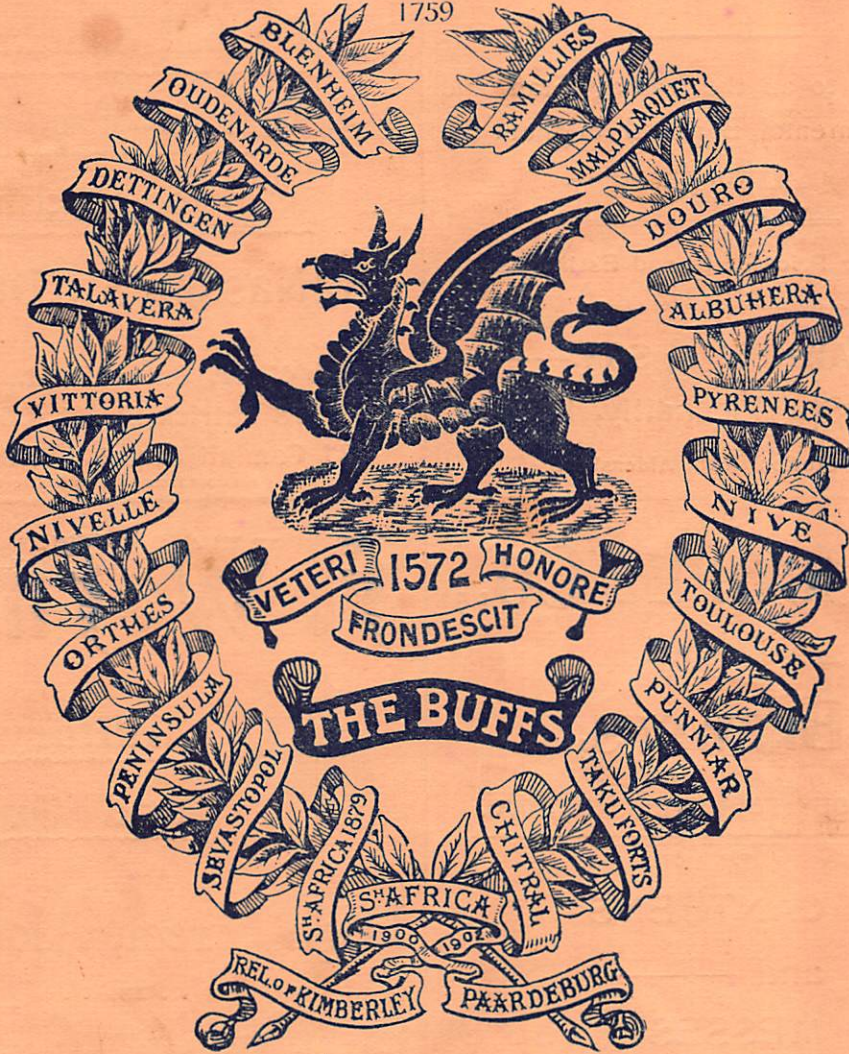


The Dragon

GUADALOUPE,
1759



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

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A PAPER
OF THE
MEN OF



Dragon



FOR MEN
BUFFS, AND
KENT.

THE BUFFS (EAST KENT REGIMENT).

"Veteri frondescit honore."

"Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Oudenarde," "Malplaquet," "Dettingen," "Guadaloupe, 1759," "Douro,"
"Talavera," "Albuhera," "Vittoria," "Pyrenees," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Orthes," "Toulouse," "Peninsula,"
"Punniar," "Sevastopol," "Taku Forts" "South Africa, 1879," "Chitral," "South Africa, 1900-2,"
"Relief of Kimberley," "Paardeburg."

1st Battalion } 3rd Foot { Dublin.	3rd Battalion—Canterbury. Record Office—Hounslow.
2nd Battalion } { Singapore.	Territorial Force Battalions—4th Bn., Dover; 5th Bn., Ashford.
Depot—Canterbury.	

Colonel-in-Chief—H.M. King Frederick VIII., King of Denmark, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.V.O.
Hon.-Colonel—Major-General R. G. Kekewich, C.B.

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Editorial Notes.

The 1st Battalion have been away during the month on a little picnic party to Belfast. Our old friends, the K.O.S.B.'s, were very kind to us, and did all they could to make things comfortable for all ranks. We shall be glad to see them in Dublin next October, and sincerely hope they will come to our Brigade.

* * *

We heard with great sorrow of the death at Bloomfontein of Lieutenant-Colonel R. G. Hanley, R.A.M.C. Poor old Moriarty had

been a great friend of The Buffs ever since Ranikhet days. Our deep sympathy goes to his widow.

* * *

The 1st Battalion have this year lost possession of the Munro Cup, which they won last year, having had to knock under to B Company of the Royal Welch Fusiliers. C Company, which represented us, won the gymnastics, were second in the cross-country running, and third in shooting. They were thus easily second in the Brigade Competition.

Hunting in Meath continues to be extraordinarily good. Mr. John Dunville, M.F.H., may well pat himself on the back on the success of his first season as master.

* * *

"Go and chew coke" is a contemptuous remark that has been addressed to us more than once, but "go and buy coke or peat" is the advice we all get at this moment from that canny Scot, John Steele. In view of the probability of a coal-strike, 32s. a ton is now being asked, and it is expected the price will soon be two "Jimmy O'Goblins."

Death of Private Percy Epps, "F" Company.

With the most extreme sorrow and regret the sad news of the decease, at Holywood, of Private Epps was received by the Regiment on February 15th. It was during the visit of the Battalion to Belfast the unfortunate accident happened to him which resulted in his succumbing to his injuries. The accident occurred on Saturday night, the 10th of February, when Private Epps, apparently in his sleep, fell out of the window. A great favourite with all his comrades, his untimely end has been greatly felt by all, and our sincerest sympathy goes to his people in their bereavement.

Last month the Battalion was furnished with the new rifle, which differs in several ways from the old one.

A "U" backsight instead of the "V," and a "blade" foresight in place of the "barleycorn," give a distinctly more clearly defined "sight" than was obtained when using the old rifle.

The "bridge charger guide," a kind of bridge over the back of the bolt, effects the throwing out of the charger when the bolt is closed after charging the magazine.

The backsight is graduated in twenty-fives of yards up to 2,000 yards, and gives a very much flatter trajectory than did its predecessor.

It is expected, however, that one will find things hard to hit when one is "wobbly," as was the case with the old rifle.

A TRAGEDY.

Eyes dim,	Poor score!
Nerves shake,	Could not
Rifle wobbly,	Hit the target—
Misses make.	Third class shot!

(Better luck next time.)



Bart Kennedy still at it.

THE MASTER SWEEPER.

Eight young fellows in canvas suits and a Lance-Corporal in service dress solemnly wend their way around the precincts of barracks.

The curious onlooker does not need to peer very closely into the group to recognise the master hand.

They are the sweepers! And he is the master sweeper!

With majestic mien and bearing that only comes of experience, he directs operations—cleansing, and watering, and sweeping, and scrubbing, and poking away that the dirt may be removed to the appointed place.

The sweeper!

Note his look of stern, unslacking industry, as pile after pile of refuse disappears under the magic touch!

The broom and the shovel are his toys! He loves them! The broom! And the shovel! And the man! The sweeper!

That dirt may be moved!

And the barracks kept clean and wholesome! with the broom! and the barrow! and the shovel!

The task is done!

Finished!

And the sweeper goes home!

The beloved broom rests, and the shovel! all at rest!

And the barracks are clean!

The morning sees the chaos, resulting from a stormy night.

Drains under a foot of water and gutters swamped! Piles of mud and litter and paper! Chaos!

Work for him! The sweeper.

Once again he attacks the work, unrelenting all enthusiasm.

With his broom!

It is soon ended, for he and his trusty helpers (one of each company) never tire! an—

(Well, I do, so dry up.—Editor.)

By Special Appointment to the Vice-Regal Court
— and His Majesty's Officers' Messes. —

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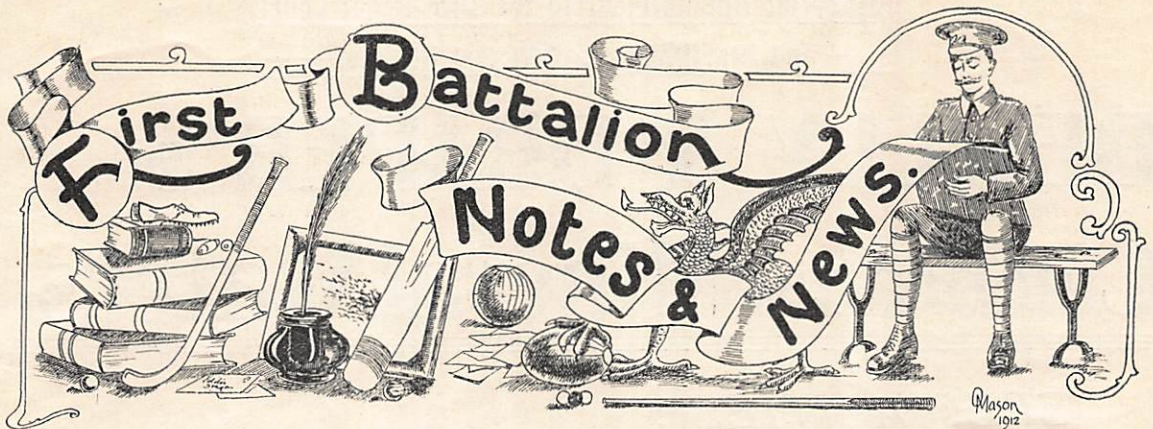
IMPORTANT.—Insist upon having all BEWLEY & DRAPER'S MINERAL WATERS
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IRISH TWEED or **HOMESPUN** for **15/9.**
Better qualities at **17/6** to **22/9.**

Look us up or write for samples.

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15 Bachelor's Walk, DUBLIN.



DECREASE.

- 8730 Private J. Wilson, discharged medically unfit for further service.
- 9335 Private G. Leaver, discharged medically unfit for further service.
- 6194 Private H. G. Arnold, discharged on termination of first period of engagement.
- 9317 Private R. Tait, transferred to R.A.M.C.
- 7847 Private L. Shedd, transferred to Army Reserve.
- 9545 Boy D. Lyne, deserted 28-12-11.
- 8711 Private C. W. Matthews, discharged medically unfit for further service, 23-1-12.
- 7135 Private T. Ryan, transferred to Army Reserve, 23-1-12.
- 8598 Private G. Hubert, transferred to M. F. Police, Aldershot, 19-9-11.
- 4347 Private J. Palmer, discharged with view to pension, after 18 years' service.

INCREASE.

The following have been attested and joined the 1st Battalion:—J. Wilkins, C. Lowry, D. Thompson, H. Worsley, R. F. Lloyd, H. T. Jury, A. Butler, F. Joy, E. A. Williams, T. Higgins, Boys A. Meakin and C. W. Perry, Privates E. Measday, B. Hadaway, T. Mitchell, G. Jordan, W. Bennett, J. Golding, F. Heasham, F. Chapman, A. King, F. Russell, L. A. Watson, F. T. Judge, W. G. Edwards.

GOOD CONDUCT BADGES.

- 9209 Lance-Corporal W. Corral, granted first Good Conduct Badge, 17-1-12.
- 8112 Private F. Laws, granted second Good Conduct Badge, 12-12-11.

- 9203 Private A. Fogg, granted first Good Conduct Badge, 13-1-12.
- 9192 Lance-Corporal A. Clarke, granted first Good Conduct Badge, 10-1-12.
- 4611 Private G. Hazelton, restored third Good Conduct Badge, 14-11-11.
- 9200 Lance-Corporal H. Cowlard, granted first Good Conduct Badge, 19-1-12.
- 9182 Private R. Wood, granted first Good Conduct Badge, 8-12-11.
- 9220 Lance-Corporal Turner, granted first Good Conduct Badge, 20-1-12.
- 8431 Private W. Taylor, granted second Good Conduct Badge, 23-1-12.
- 9212 Lance-Corporal A. Tong, granted first Good Conduct Badge, 30-1-12.
- 6188 Private W. Bone, granted third Good Conduct Badge, 5-1-12.

DUTY WITH RESERVE BATTALION.

Captain H. F. Kirkpatrick has been detailed for a tour of duty with the 3rd Reserve Battalion in succession to Captain A. S. Creswell, appointed to Adjutant of that battalion.

Major W. A. Eaton has been detailed for a tour of duty with the 3rd Reserve Battalion, in succession to Major E. H. Finch Hatton, D.S.O.

POSTINGS.

Colour-Sergeant J. Marchant, 2nd The Buffs, posted to the Permanent Staff, 3rd Battalion The Buffs.

Captain G. M. James posted to 1st Battalion on absorption.

Captain H. A. B. Ternan has been posted to the 1st Battalion on absorption.

APPOINTMENTS.

3968 Sergeant A. Brooman, appointed acting Quartermaster-Sergeant at Kilbride from 1-2-12.
9682 Boy J. MacWalter appointed Drummer, vice Smith to Depot.

PROMOTION.

8610 Lance-Corporal F. Langdon, promoted Corporal, 21-11-11, and transferred to C Company.

CLASSES.

Lieutenant P. Hall and Corporals Warner and Buesden have been detailed to attend a class of instruction at Hythe in the "one-man" range-finder, commencing in February.

SERVICE.

6221 Sergeant T. Price re-engaged to complete 21 years with the colours, 23-1-12.

ATTACHMENT.

Captain M. Beevor is attached to the Dublin University Contingent, Officers' Training Corps, from 8-2-12.

MARRIED ROLL.

5180 Private W. T. Kemp's wife, Alice, brought on married roll, 21-1-12.

JUDGING DISTANCE BADGES.

The following have been awarded Judging Distance Badges for 1911:—6569 Sergeant J. Brooker, 8984 Corporal C. Mills, 9200 Lance-Corporal H. Cowlard, 6707 Private W. Cotter, 5211 Private B. Botten, 8775 Private C. Joyner, 4289 Sergeant E. Bodiam, 8659 Lance-Corporal W. Glass, 8487 Lance-Corporal H. Smith, 9166 Private M. Mitchell, 4413 Private E. Bush, 8591 Private S. Bond, 3925 Colour-Sergeant E. Carter, 4905 Sergeant H. Sayer, 8064 Lance-Corporal C. White, 9223 Private H. McLean, 8587 Private E. Holness, 8412 Private F. Laws.

EXTRACT FROM "LONDON GAZETTE."

The Buffs (East Kent Regiment).—The under-mentioned Second Lieutenants to be Lieutenants—George F. Hamilton, dated 21-10-11; Charles E. A. Terry, 30-11-11.

MOVE.

8907 Private A. Alexander posted to Depot for tour of duty.

EDUCATIONAL.

The following have been awarded Second Class Certificates of Education:—9439 Lance-Corporal S. Carrier and 9624 Boy A. Callow.

The following have been awarded Third Class Certificates of Education—9517 Lance-Corporal W. Lewis, 9275 Private A. Harrison, Private W. Bennett, 5219 Private W. Port, 9563 Private J. Fisher, 9622 Private G. Jordan, 9523 Private A. Smallcomb, 9699 Boy A. Meakin.

Captain H. D. Collison Morley is seconded for service as Adjutant of Territorial Infantry, dated 15th December, 1911.

To be Captains—Lieutenant H. W. Green to remain seconded; Lieutenants L. H. Soames, F. C. R. Studd, and L. Fort, dated 21st October, 1911.

PRELIMINARY COMPETITION FOR
MUNRO CUP.

The Gymnastic Competition was held on January 22nd, and resulted in a victory for F Company, who defeated C Company by 7½ points. F scored 429½ marks, whereas C won last year with 317½. The great improvement in all companies can be understood when it is stated that 317½ marks was good enough to win easily last year, whereas the lowest score this year was 300 marks, made by G Company, who had most of their men on furlough. A and D Companies were similarly situated. Mr. Homan succeeded in clearing 5ft. 4in. in the high jump, whilst Corporal Jones cleared 5ft. 1in., and Colour-Sergt. Carter 5ft.

F Company team consisted of Corporal Jones (leader), 2nd Lieut. Homan, Corporal Mil's, Lance-Corporal Hallam, Privates Diamond, Joyner, Dodd, Furner, Read, Harber, and Nickalls.

CROSS-COUNTRY.

The cross-country run was held the following day over the Meadowbrook course at Dundrum, when C Company maintained their unbroken record, and won by 49 points from D Company, who were a very creditable second, considering they had as many as six men on furlough. The winning team finished as follows:—1, Cross; 2, Payne; 3, Burford; 5, Dennis; 7, Carrier; 9, Johncock; 18, Tidbury; 19, Sergeant Sayer; 29, Webzell; 35, Burns; 36, Trigg.

Cross and Payne, who were close together, finished 200 yds. in front of Burford, who in turn was that distance ahead of Twrell, D Company, 4th. Dodd, F Company, was 6th; Fraser, D Company, 8th; Blackman, G Company, 10th; Benefield, F Company, 11th; and Lance-Corporal Evenden, B Company, 12th.

The shooting took place at Phoenix Park Range on February 1st, and resulted in a win for H Company, who beat C Company by 9 marks. The winning team consisted of Sergeant Croucher, Privates E. Bush, F. Hall, Davison, Monk, Parish, Parry, Bond, J. Sparks, Cassell, and Eaves.

There was a marked improvement in the general average score of the companies from that of last year. The final result of the competition is as follows, from which it will be seen that C Company will again represent the Battalion in the Brigade Competition.

Coy.	Gymnastics	Cross-country running	Shooting	Total	Order
"B"	330	64	334½	728½	7th
"C"	422	201	530	1153	1st
"D"	316	107	430	853	5th
"E"	335½	50½	448	834	6th
"F"	429½	90	480½	1000	2nd
"G"	300	55½	506	861½	4th
"H"	310	57	557½	977½	3rd
"A"	—	—	354½	354½	8th

° Companies on Furlough.

BAYONET FIGHTING.

This League, like the football, is fast drawing to a close, and, as I predicted, F Company have fought their way to the head of the table. I have only been able to see one of the contests, which I give below:—

1. Private Strouts, F Company, lost to Colour-Sergeant Carter, C Company.
2. Corporal Cooper, F Company, beat Private Salvage, C Company.
3. Private Potts, F Company, beat Private Hill, C Company.
4. Private Furner, F Company, beat Private Hatton, C Company.
5. Corporal Jones, F Company, beat Sergeant Holloway, C Company.
6. Private Durham, F Company, lost to Private Rolfe, C Company.
7. Private Diamond, F Company, lost to Corporal Sayer, C Company.
8. Private Weaver, F Company, beat Lance-Corporal Harris, C Company.
9. Private Dodd, F Company, beat Sergeant Burton, C Company.

10. Corporal Mills, F Company, beat Private Ryden, C Company.
 11. Private Cotter, F Company, lost to Private Raven, C Company.
 12. Private Joyner, F Company, beat Private Lancaster, C Company.
- Result—F Company, 8 fights; C Company, 4 fights.

A word of praise is due to F Company. They have a good team and have only been beaten twice in the last three years. On these occasions they were beaten by C and E Companies, respectively, C beating them in the first round and E in the final of the monthly bayonet-fighting competitions. Since the formation of the League they have only dropped one point, and that to D Company, who drew with them in their first fight. Last year F Company won the Brigade Bayonet-Fighting Cup, and are again selected to represent the Battalion in this season's contest. This they seem quite confident of winning, and they are also looking forward to the coming contests at the Curragh, where they are in the hope of gaining some success.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING.

On January 20th we ran a team in the Southern Counties' Championship. The team ran very well indeed, and finished fourth. The distance was six miles, and was held over the Baldoyle racecourse. Rain fell in the morning, but the sky cleared, and made the weather quite pleasant for the spectators.

The winning team were the Connaught Rangers, who are stationed at the Curragh.

Private Cross ran exceedingly well for us, finishing fifth in the race, whilst Private Payne finished ninth. Private Twrell, D Company, ran excellently, and promises to make a fine runner next season. Privates Frazer, Dodd and Burford were other members of our team to count, whilst Corporal Davison, Drummer Dennis, Privates Johncock, Read, Blackman, and Lance-Corporal Cowlard also competed.

On Saturday, February 10th, we entered for the All-Ireland Junior Championship. This race was held over the Meadowbrook course at Dundrum, and the distance was again six miles. Ten teams had entered, and we managed to finish sixth, the only local team to beat us being the Donore Harriers.

North Belfast Harriers won, whilst Duncairn and Donore Harriers were second and third, respectively.

For us Private Payne finished 14th, Cross 15th, Benefield 20th, Twrell 31st, Fraser 35th, and Lance-Corporal Alderson 56th.

This is our first year of entering for any of the championships, and with a little more experience we shall probably do well.

FOOTBALL.

The League is rapidly drawing to a close, and a very close finish will be the result. F Company share the top place with C Company, both being 11 points, although F have finished their programme, whilst C have still a match in hand.

F v. E—F Company won the toss, and Jones elected to face the sun, taking advantage of the wind. The game opened fairly evenly, both sides endeavouring to gain some advantage. A good forward movement by F ended in the ball going outside. Both sides kicked out in turn to save their goal. A corner was then forced by F, but Kemsley cleared, and a good run by E nearly brought a goal, Davis having to concede a corner. Furner cleared this, and again the ball flew to the other end, only to be put out of play by Diamond. E nearly scored again, and gained a succession of corner kicks, but failed to turn them to their advantage. F now began to get the upper hand, and were pressing hard. Shot after shot was sent in, and Mead finally scored with an oblique shot after 25 minutes' play.

On resuming F continued to press, Mead hitting the crossbar with a lovely shot. From the rebound Diamond grazed the corner of the post. Kemsley was playing a good game for E, but lacked support, otherwise he might have scored. McLean then tried a shot for F, but Tyler had no trouble in clearing. F then came again, and Evans scored their second goal a minute or so before the interval.

From the re-start F's forwards combined well and looked dangerous. Diamond was pulled up by Heathfield when on the point of shooting. Howard obtained possession and made a fine run along the left wing. Beating all comers he centred to Morgan, who tested Davis with a hot shot. Play was now in favour of E. Howard had hard luck in not scoring with a long shot, Davis just succeeded in tipping the ball over the crossbar. From the ensuing corner the ball passed behind. Langley and Howard then got going, and Furner only just saved in time. Howard, who was now playing the best game for E, again forced Davis to concede a corner. F then

gained a series of corners, and although several players attempted the kick, not one of them could place the ball with any accuracy. Kemsley then broke away, but shot straight at Davis when he had the goal practically at his mercy. The whistle then sounded, with the result in favour of F—2-0.

F v. H—H Company won the toss, and Mead started the game for F, with little advantage on either side. Both teams appeared a trifle stiff after their Belfast trip. H were the first to settle down. Furner headed the ball towards his own goal, and a hard drive by Rowbotham was tipped over the bar by Davis. Nothing resulted from the corner kick, Jones clearing for F after a few anxious moments. Mead secured the ball next and passed to Worsley, but the chance was spoilt, as the winger was too slow in getting away, and Whittingham slipped away with the ball. Boswell then tested Davis, and F were pinned to their own half for a short period. Hall was always a prominent figure for H, and his centres were accurate, but the inside men failed to take advantage of them. The tackling tactics of F Company's backs prevented H from scoring, and half-time arrived with the score-sheet blank.

On re-starting H still continued to press, and certainly had the better of the game. Mead tried hard for F, but tried to do just a little too much, and at times seemed to forget there were four more forwards belonging to his side. Whittingham made a good run for H, and Boswell nearly scored from his pass. Play was then transferred to mid-field, and Jones getting possession tried a long shot. H's goalie handled the ball and ought to have saved easily, but dropping the ball he allowed it to cross the line and a goal was registered for F. The game grew faster after this, but try as they would H could not score, and so F won—1-0. A draw would have been a more deserving fate for H.

“ACTIVE SERVICE” IN BELFAST ON THE OCCASION OF MR. CHURCHILL'S SPEECH.

When the Battalion entrained at Dublin for Belfast at 8 a.m. on Tuesday, February 6th, we little thought that such grand times were in store for us. We anticipated no little trouble with rioters and the like, but instead of fighting and irksome picqueting, the affair, through the

thoughtfulness and kindness of that fine regiment, the K.O.S.B.'s, was more like a picnic.

The Battalion arrived in barracks at Belfast at about 1.30 p.m. and scarcely had time to "feel their feet" before we were hauled off to a substantial and excellent dinner. Before one could say "Jack Robinson" the two corps, non-commissioned officers and men alike, were on the footing of lifelong friends with one another.

By night-time concerts were in full swing, Sergeant Burton favouring us by telling us once more that "It's a grite big shime, an' if she berlonged ter me," thereby evoking roars of laughter.

Wednesday was spent in resting, and Thursday saw the battalion on picquet duty in a field surrounding the Celtic Football Ground, where the tent in which Mr. Churchill's speech was given was situate. We had no trouble whatever beyond a thorough good soaking, for it rained with hardly an interval right up to 7 p.m., at which time we arrived back in barracks.

One or two of the double companies "touched lucky," for they had scarcely time to settle down to their posts before some good, kindly dames from the surrounding houses brought out "Sergeant-Major's" tea in abundance, and gave it to the troops. The weather made it very acceptable, and we did not forget to let the ladies know it.

On Wednesday night a very enjoyable Whist Drive in the Sergeants' Mess was patronised by nearly a hundred players, Sergeant Bishenden winning the second prize—a case of fish knives and forks of silver. To Sergeant Cunningham went the eighth prize—a gun-metal cigarette case.

Sergeant Wall drew for the Booby prize, and drew a Queen, but was beaten by an Ace. He was thus within an Ace of getting it.

Friday night saw another concert in the Mess, which was much enjoyed by all. During the evening the following speech was given by Sergeant-Major T. O. Cook:—

"Sergeant-Major Macwhinnie, Staff-Sergeants, and Sergeants of the 2nd Battalion K.O.S.B., on behalf of the members of the Sergeants' Mess, 1st Battalion The Buffs, it gives me very great pleasure indeed to be able to stand up here, in your own Mess Room, to thank you most sincerely for the very kind and able manner in which you have entertained us during

our few days' sojourn with you. You have, I know, put yourselves to a great deal of trouble and inconvenience to make us feel at home amongst you and to make us comfortable. Everything that possibly could be done to add to our comfort I feel sure has been done, and you have done it with great success, and I can tell you that your efforts are very, very highly appreciated by the members of The Buffs, and all I can say is, that if all riots are like this one has been, we shall never object to turning out to quell the row so long as we can do it in company with the 2nd K.O.S.B. I am not a man of many words, but I feel from the bottom of my heart that I could not let this night pass without thanking you, one and all, for all your kindnesses towards us; and so now, to conclude, I will ask the members of the Sergeants' Mess, 1st Battalion The Buffs, to be up, standing, and drink with musical honours to the health of the members of the Sergeants' Mess, 2nd King's Own Scottish Borderers, to thank them most heartily for all their goodness, and to wish them all the best of luck and prosperity wherever they may go, and all I hope is that whenever the two Messes meet again we may be as jolly and amiable as we have been on this occasion. Again thanking you all, I wish you success." (Musical honours.)

On Saturday our "aeroplanist's" genius in organisation resulted in a comic football match being played. The programme was as under:—

NOTICE.

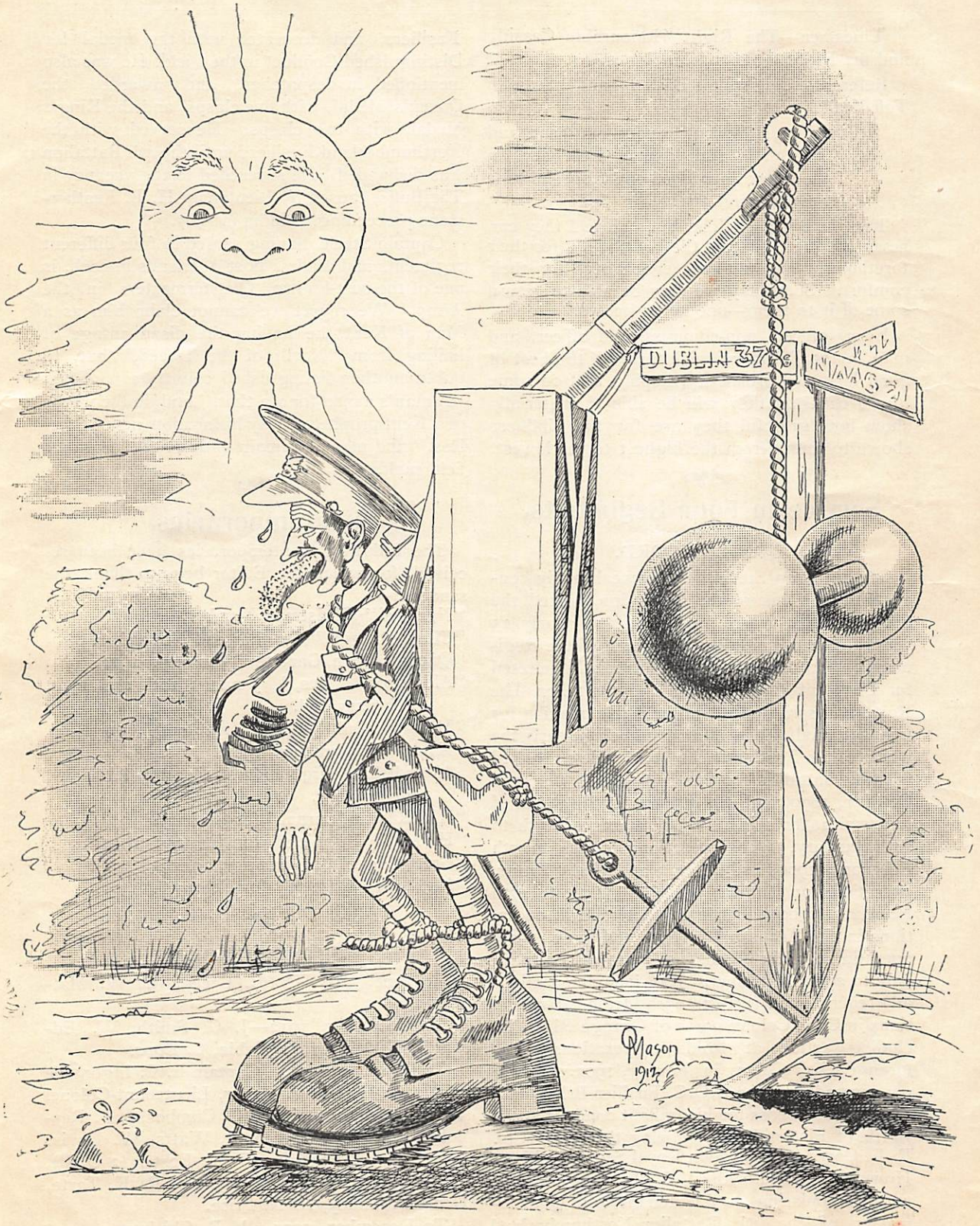
Know ye, gentlemen of the "Two B's," that a "Walking Foottey Ball" Match taketh place between the "Two B's" that filleth the "Two B's" this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Underneath you findeth the Programme:—

Goalie, Shavings of the K.O.S.B.'s; backs, Two Bounders; halfbacks, Three Bounders; forwards, Catch 'em if you can; ye olde centre forward, The Army, versus—goalie, Shavings 1st The Buffs; backs, Two Bounders; halfbacks, Three Bounders; forwards, Catch 'em if you can; ye olde centre forward, Ye Olde Borderers' Bobajee.

Let it be known also that a Grand March of these Gladiators (Gallant Potatoes) will take place at 3.45 from ye olde Gymnasium, accompanied by ye olde Pipes, with song and music, heralded by ye olde Marshal (give 'em a name if you can).

Miscellaneous Musings. By "O. M." What it feels like—



NO. I.—ON A ROUTE MARCH.

Linesmen—The Right Honourable Cassidy and the Right Reverend MacInnes.

Referees—Constable Barker and Seaman Toff Wall.

Given at Holywood, under our hand and seal, this 10th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

The 1st Battalion The Buffs all feel they can never adequately thank the K.O.S.B.'s for their forethought and untiring endeavours for their comfort. Some day we may be able to return some of it to them—one never knows.

Every officer, non-commissioned officer, and man in the Regiment wish them all the best of good luck and prosperity, hoping that on some future occasion they will be able to materially show how grateful they are for the kindness shown to them, from the highest to the lowest.



Service in Four Regiments.

A FINE RECORD.

Captain John Steele, whom we heartily congratulate on his recent promotion, joined the Scots Guards, where he served for nearly 15 years. When senior Drill Sergeant of the Regiment of Scots Guards he was specially selected for Sergeant-Major of the 2nd Battalion The Royal Scots Fusiliers, and held this position for two and a half years, this period being nearly the whole of the South African War. He embarked with his battalion for South Africa on the 22nd October, 1899, and was present at the Relief of Ladysmith, including the operations of 17th to 24th January, 1900, operations of 5th to 7th February, 1900, and action at Vaal Kranz, operations on Tugela Heights (14th to 27th February, 1900); Battle of Pieters Hill, operations in the Transvaal in May and June, 1900; operations in the Transvaal west of Pretoria, July to 29th November, 1900, including actions at Frederickstad (17th to 25th October); operations in Cape Colony north of Orange River, including action at Ruidam; operations in the Orange River Colony in January, 1902. He was recommended by the G.O.C. Fusilier Brigade for the Victoria Cross for his gallant conduct at the Battle of Pieters Hill for saving the life of Col. E. E. Carr, 2nd Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers. However, instead of the V.C., he was promoted to a Commission as Lieutenant and Quartermaster of the 4th Battalion Northumberland

Fusiliers, and decorated with the medal for Distinguished Conduct in the Field. He was also mentioned in despatches, and awarded the Queen's Medal, with five clasps, and the King's Medal, with two clasps. He served with the Northumberland Fusiliers until the 4th Battalion was disbanded. He succeeded to the vacancy in The Buffs, caused by Lieutenant H. E. Featherstone proceeding to India in 1907.

Captain Steele, having served in four different regiments and made a host of friends in each, is one of the best-known Quartermasters in the Army. We regret we cannot claim him as a Man of Kent, he having the disadvantage of hailing from "North of the Tweed," but, to quote another distinguished countryman of his, "A man's a man for a' that," and, in the words of a Kent prophet, "May his shadow never grow less," and may he remain with us till he attains field rank.



Contemporaries.

The following contemporaries have been received, for which the Editor begs to thank the senders:—

- "Nongqai" Christmas Number.
- "China Dragon," October and November.
- "Queen's Own Gazette," January, 1912.
- "Aldershot News," January 12th and 19th, February 2nd.
- "Military Mail," January 19th and 26th.
- "XXX" for January, 1912.
- "Argyllshire Highlanders' Regimental News" for January.
- "XI. Hussar Journal" for January.
- "H. L. I. Chronicle" for January, 1912.
- "Green Tiger" for January, 1912.
- "Light Bob Gazette" for February, 1912.



Subscriptions.

To June, 1912—A. E. Green, C. W. Matthews.

To December, 1912—J. G. Smith, W. Edwards, J. Delaney, H. Sabin, C. Epps.

To December, 1912—Captain E. C. Ingonville Williams, R. H. W. Baker, Lieutenant-Colonel R. A. Reith, Captain H. C. Cumber, J. P. Reynolds, Captain P. Green, R. Watts, W. Davis, Major H. F. Sparrow, F. T. Foster (2 O.R.), E. Keeler, John Smith, Major B. R. K. Tarte, George Munday, R. K. Price.

To December, 1914—A. B. Chichester.

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UN COUP MANQUE.

(From "Blackwood's Magazine.")

In the early days in Rexeria there stood, about a hundred miles from the capital, a great walled native city, six or seven miles round about, holding some thirty thousand fanatical Mohammedan inhabitants. At their head an Emir, a very potent chief, who made himself what he was by the sword, and kept himself in power by continual raidings of the country all about his city. The *modus operandi* was simple enough. After the harvest there is a season of three months or so, the driest part of the dry weather, when the streams all dry up, the rivers are fordable, there is no work possible on the farms, and all the grass and light bush have been burned away, so that the face of the country is bare and open, and ideally suitable for the conduct of warlike operations. At this season the Emir was in the habit of summoning all his followers to follow him forth to war. The force he led was of such strength as to render impossible any effective resistance by those against whom it might be directed. More than half the men were mounted, a great number of them were armed with Dane guns, and the rest were well supplied with spears and swords. The army was of course attended by a rabble of half-armed scallywags, human jackals, who looted and burned and murdered whatever the army left. Towns and villages were burned, all movable property was collected, stock was driven off, people who resisted were slain, and all others were borne off to be sold into slavery.

The Governor of the new Protectorate endeavoured to beguile this Emir from his evil ways, and did indeed come to some sort of arrangement with him, by virtue of which, and in consideration of a cash subsidy, he agreed to go a-raiding no more. Needless to say, the effect of this arrangement was little enough. The Emir got the money, and for a time sat quiet. Then his "young men" got restive, and the raiding recommenced, being conducted in places as remote from the capital as conveniently possible. Remonstrances produced no effect, and the time came when the Emir had to be told that further disregarding of the agreement would

lead to his being dealt with by the forces at the Government's disposal. Whereat the Emir laughed, and went raiding in good earnest.

The position of the Governor and of his administration was precarious in the extreme. His total armed force did not exceed four hundred native infantry, with a couple of guns, interesting as antiquities rather than valuable as weapons. He cabled Home for permission to increase the establishment of troops and for more white officers and non-commissioned officers. The latter were sent, and he was authorised to raise another four hundred men locally—natives, of course. The recruiting was taken in hand, and the tiny capital became a drill-ground and a rifle-range for the nonce. They were optimists in those days, and it was hoped to have the men in trim for service in a couple of months, so a very gallant major of horse-guns was sent off with a company of the old troops to get into touch with the Emir's forces. His orders were to get as close as possible to the big city, and to establish himself there in position, in observation. He was in no circumstances to attack, and was so to fortify his position as to render a surprise attack unlikely of success. If at any time he considered the enemy were about to attack him in force, he was to retire upon the capital. Now the major (brevet) was a horse-gunner; he was young, and he was an Irishman. He went off up country with his little army of 120 native infantry and a white subaltern. Men who knew him thought it unlikely that O'Flaherty would be seen retiring upon the capital, chased by an Emir and his horde of black followers.

Reports came occasionally from him, but gave remarkably little information. There was nothing to report. It was known that he was in a position within striking distance of Dirubaji, the Emir's city, and that he engaged from time to time in small skirmishes with the enemy's horse. Meantime, in the capital, preparations for the general advance of the whole force were being pushed forward. The impression got abroad that there was to be a proper "show," with a

suitable number of casualties, and a little shower of C.B.'s, C.M.G.'s, D.S.O.'s, and brevets to follow. News of all this got to O'Flaherty, through the medium of private letters.

The Irishman had his own ideas as to the requirements of the situation. Once established in his fortified camp, he commandeered all the horses he could lay his hands on, and went to work to transform some forty of his men into mounted infantry. There was riding-school for hours in the hot sun, out at the back of the camp, each day. Drill was interspersed with dashing little cutting-out forays, wherein supplies were captured right under the walls of the city. Nothing was safe from the M.I. They watched the six gates of the place, and swooped down on cattle and sheep and anything coming in and going out. The Emir's army was mobilised, and camped on rising ground close to the eastern gate, which was the nearest to O'Flaherty's position. The army occupied its lines nightly, and spent the day within the walls of the city. It numbered somewhere about six thousand men. The British force could not hope to carry the place by assault during daylight, for, besides the men, the city had high and thick walls, and a deep fosse; and a night assault, if successful, meant only that the attackers would find themselves in a very efficient trap with the coming of day. On the other hand, one or two tentative attacks on the British camp seemed to have satisfied the townsmen that there were wiser courses open to them than assault. They held their city, and tried to starve the invaders out. The honours, such as they were, were all with O'Flaherty, but the situation was in fact a stalemate.

The horse-gunner's fertile brain had matured a scheme, the object of which was nothing less than the capture of the Emir, from the midst of his own city and people, and the carrying of him off to the camp. Briefly, the plan was this: Matthews, the subaltern, was to move after dark with fifty men, and to be in position on the north side of the town by dawn, when he was to make a vigorous feigned attack, keeping his men out of sight, but making plenty of noise and firing furiously. Thus for an hour, when he was to draw off gradually, and make his way back to the camp. O'Flaherty himself was to take the M.I., forty in all, and the balance of about twenty men were to remain in the camp under the white colour-sergeant, to hold it, and to cover the retreat thereon of the two parties.

The mounted people were to be in position close upon the Emir's army before dawn, and, half an hour before sunrise, they were to fall upon the sleeping host, which, O'Flaherty reckoned, would offer no real resistance, but would bolt en masse for the town. He calculated upon slipping through the gate, he and his men, amidst the fleeing mob. Once inside the walls, one of the troopers who knew the interior of the city guaranteed to conduct the party to the Emir's palace. By the time they got into the town Matthews ought to be roaring at the gate on the north, and this, it was hoped, would increase the confusion and panic to such a point as to make it possible for the forty to gallop to the palace, secure the Emir, and get away with him before an effective resistance could be organised.

At first all went well. The mounted men got the army on the run, and passed through the gate with the stream of fugitives in the half-light of dawn. It was time for Matthews to be making himself heard, but no indication came from him; within their walls, and in daylight, the townsmen were not long in rallying, and the position of O'Flaherty and his men was rapidly becoming critical. As they dashed up to the palace, the leader well ahead of his men, a big stout man on a big horse rode out from the centre gate, and the guide yelled that this was the Emir. The Irishman rode straight for him, and tried to grapple him round the waist. But he was a small man, on a small horse, and the Emir a big man on a big horse, and his pony went down with the shock of impact, bearing his rider with him to the ground, where he lay stunned. In a moment spearmen were swarming out of the palace, and O'Flaherty, senseless on the ground, was speared in a dozen places ere the troopers arrived and drove through the press.

They got their leader on to another horse, roughly bandaged his wounds, and turned to fight their way back out of the city. All this time there was no sound from Matthews on the north. It was a furious ride from the palace back to the gate, the troopers riding in a compact body, firing, stabbing with their bayonets, and, in their midst, held by a couple of troopers upon a horse, their unconscious leader. It was a great fight, well fought, by gallant men. Many a man went down then who did not rise again, but the others got clear, and made their way to the camp, carrying the hacked and bleeding body of the horse-gunner.

Later in the day Matthews returned, in a rough litter, delirious. A bad attack of fever had bowled him over soon after starting the night before, and, though he made his way to the position ordered, when morning came he was unconscious. His men, without orders, waited an hour or two, heard the firing in the town, and then fixed up a stretcher, on which they placed their commander, and made their way back to camp. They had not fired a shot, and they had had no casualties.

So the scheme failed, apparently. Actua'ly, it did not. For the Emir and his people, having sampled the quality of O'Flaherty and his forty, had no mind to face the army that they heard was being collected down at the capital. Negotiations were set on foot at once, the Emir went into exile, upon a pension, another was installed in his place by the Governor, a political officer was established at Dirubaji, and O'Flaherty lay for a long time in hospital. He did not die, in spite of near a score of spear wounds, but lived to endure the enmity of those who had been disappointed at the failure of the anticipated "show," and of the shower of decorations and brevets that would have followed it.

In fact, everybody was cross with him, always excepting the men of his company, who made songs about the red lion who ate a city; and they brought their men-children for him to put his hand upon their heads, so that they might grow up to be lions, capable of eating cities.

BERKONO.



A GREAT FLY-GHT.

Nobby Clarke had just finished his copy of "Answers," and was startling his chums with item after item of statistical information and the like gleaned from its pages.

"Do you know," said he with the air of a college professor, "that a single female house-fly, allowed to live through the winter, will by the following September have 5,598,720 million descendants!"

"Oh, law!" ejaculated one of the nuts. "At that rate how many would a married one have? That's what I'd like to know."



Answers to Correspondents.

"C. E." (Margate).—Our salaams for your good wishes.

Certificates of Qualification.

It is stated on the most unreliable authority that revised certificates, as shown below, are about to be issued to candidates qualifying for same.

No. 1.—For Promotion to Colour-Sergeant.

SUBJECTS.

(a) Facial expressions for all occasions. Special abilities requisite in the "orderly room" expression.

(b) Duties regarding loans to men of company.

(c) Procedure on receiving an "observation" from the Pay Office.

(d) What to say to the Subalterns while route marching.

No. 2.—For Promotion to Sergeant.

SUBJECTS.

(a) How to digest "aeroplane stew" whilst on manœuvres when no mess-tent is allowed.

(b) Ability to look deserving of it.*

(c) What to do with the 2s. 6d. received on Bank Guard.

(d) The nearest way to the Viceregal Guard and back.

No. 3.—For Promotion to Corporal.

SUBJECTS.

(a) The method of taking a squint at the stripes without raising your arm or turning the head.

(b) The composition and uses of the different moustache forcers.

No. 4.—For Appointment to Lance-Corporal.

SUBJECTS.

(a) The disposal of overworked and worn-out footwear.

(b) Your views on the "baton in the knapsack."

(c) As in 3 (a).

(d) How do you propose to be in four places at once?

(e) What does "K Kumpnis' Rashns Krect" mean, and when are these words used?

(f) What steps would you take to doctor people's livers when you are orderly corporal?

(g) What is a "duck's leg"? Are you willing to have yours pulled?

(* The Promotion, not the Stew.—Ed.)

HEARD ON THE OLD PARK.

Sergeant: "Now, you all know the name of the different parts of the rifle, don't you?"

Chorus of Squad: "Yes, Sergeant."

Sergeant: "What would you do if I told you to load your rifle with one charger?"

Most Intelligent Recruit: "Put four of them brass things in this tin box and the other one up the funnel."

BY ROYAL



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2nd Battalion Notes.

PROMOTION.

4128 Lance-Sergeant Marchant is promoted Sergeant.

LANCE-CORPORALS' APPOINTMENTS.

The following have been appointed Lance-Corporals from 12-12-11 :—8555 Private W. G. Curtis, 8585 Private A. Turner, 8622 Private E. Durham, 9300 Private C. Collins.

APPOINTMENT.

Captain E. C. Norman, 2nd The Buffs, has been appointed Acting Aide-de-Camp to Major-General T. E. Stephenson, C.B., Commanding Troops, Straits Settlements, from 21-10-11.

TO ENGLAND.

4280 Private Hazleton (discharged free) proceeded home by H.M.S. "Prince Arthur."

POSTING.

Second Lieutenants Buttenshaw and Wilkins arrived at Singapore on 23rd December.

WATER POLO.

SINGAPORE SWIMMING CLUB v. THE BUFFS.

At the kind invitation of the Swimming Club, Singapore, a team to represent the Battalion journeyed to Katon on Sunday, December 3rd to give the Club a game of water polo.

The Battalion team were :—Barrand, goal; Sergeant Burke, Lance-Corporal MacMahon, backs; Lance-Corporal Westacott, centre; Privates Stiff and Stroud, Lance-Corporal Davis, forwards.

The game was very fast throughout, and the Club kept our men quite busy, and it being quite four months since our team had last played, the manner in which they harassed the Club was very creditable.

Stroud was the first to score for The Buffs, and by hard fighting we kept the Club up in their own half for the first three or four minutes, their custodian having to clear several times. Then our own goal was visited, but Barrand was quite up to form and kept his sheet clean. Close on half-time Stroud, by some neat and well-conducted passes, and when quite close up to the Club's goal, very quickly netted the

ball, which the goalkeeper touched, but he could not effect a clearance. Result—Half-time—Buffs, 1; Club, nil.

The second half was quite as fast as the first, and both goals were in turn visited, but the Club's custodian made another slip when Stroud attacked him, and quite a little skirmish took place about a yard out of the goal, which ended by Stroud deftly slipping the ball over the goalie's head into the net. This made the Club desperate, and they attacked with a vengeance, and it was just on time that their centre man got away from Westacott, and getting quite close up to Barrand scored a nice goal with a swift high shot.

Time sounded with the result—Buffs, 2; Club, 1.

RETURN MATCH.

A return match was played on Sunday, December 17th.

Buffs Team—Barrand, goal; Sergeant Burke and Lance-Corporal MacMahon, backs; Lance-Corporal Westacott, centre; Lance-Corporal Davies, Privates Stroud and Brunger, forwards.

This was a very good and evenly-contested match, and the result does not at all show a true record of the game. The Club had been reinforced by a new man, who had recently arrived from Australia, and, according to reports, was "hot stuff."

Brunger was substituted for Stiff on this account by our captain (Sergeant Burke), whose idea was that Brunger, being heavier than Stiff, would undoubtedly be the stronger man, and he wanted our team to be as strong as possible.

At the throw-in the Club secured, and a very warm tussle ensued, which kept us all well occupied. The Club were certainly bettered by the addition of the new man, he having the effect of stimulating their energies, and they most decidedly put more vim into their play on this occasion than they had done on previous occasions, the result being that at half-time they were one goal up, having outwitted Barrand with a nice swift shot.

At the re-commencement Burke went forward and secured for The Buffs, and after a neat bit of manoeuvring, in which some good passing was witnessed, he swam right up in the Club's

goal and should have scored, but in the endeavour to make certain he got in too close, with the result that the Club's custodian knocked the ball out of his hand just as a goal seemed inevitable.

Our goal was next visited, and after some warm work close in Barrand was again defeated. This had the effect of inspiring The Buffs with a determined effort to pull down the lead, and the remainder of the game was all in the Club's quarters; shot after shot were put in, but the goalie seemed invulnerable. Close on time Davis was fouled five times, and had a penalty awarded for one of these; he, however, struck the cross-bar, and although a struggle

would like to correspond with an eligible young Sergeant of the Home Battalion, with a view to matrimony; willing to exchange photos.

FROM 2ND BATTALION.

Is the Depot still at Canterbury? Several interested are making inquiries. No news is heard through THE DRAGON.

FROM THE EAST.

Two Companies of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry from Hong Kong have been ordered to the frontier of the New Territory.

Two hundred men of the Yorkshire Light Infantry have received orders to proceed to Hankow.



THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES OF CANADA BUGLE BAND.

Garrison Church Parade at Toronto, December, 1911.

took place right in the Club's goal-mouth, nothing availed, and time sounded with the result—Singapore Swimming Club, 2 goals; Buffs, nil.

This is the first time that The Buffs have been defeated here, and taking into account that they have no opportunity to practice, the result is not at all discreditable. Anyway, better luck next time.

EXCHANGE COLUMN.

"Mac of Tanglin" wishes to exchange his blue-face Monkey for a Norwich canary.

Miss T. A. B., Tanglin, Singapore, a young lady of smart appearance, height about 6ft. 3in.,

H.M.S. "Astrea" arrived from Bangkok on 14th ult., having on board H.S.H. Prince Alexander of Teck and H.R.H. The Princess. They left for home per P. and O. "Assaye" on 16th ult.

H.M.S. "Kent" arrived from Hong Kong with H.M.S. "Prince Arthur" from England, and with new crews for the China Squadron.

ROYAL VISIT.

The Battalion furnished a guard of honour on the 20th November to H.S.H. Prince Alexander, A. F. W. A. G. of Teck, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., D.S.O., who was accompanied by H.R.H. The Princess of Teck, Lieutenant-General Sir James

Moncrief Grierson, K.C.B., C.M.G., C.V.O., and Vice-Admiral The Hon. Stanley Colville. The guard of honour was under the command of Captain C. D. K. Greenway and Lieutenant H. A. Thewles, 2nd Lieutenant H. de R. Morgan carrying the King's Colour.

The Royal party detrained at Tank road, having travelled through the States from Penang. They remained a few days in Singapore, and then left by H.M.S. "Astrea" for Bangkok to represent H. M. The King at the King of Siam's Coronation.

COMMENDATORY.

"I am commanded by H.S.H. Prince Alexander A. F. W. A. G. of Teck, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., D.S.O., to express to all ranks that His Serene Highness was very much impressed by the physique and appearance of the guard of honour which met him at Tank road on the 20th ult."

REVIEW.

The 2nd Battalion The Buffs and 3rd Brahmins were formed up on the Golf Links at Tanglin in quarter column of double companies at 10 a.m., on Friday, 24th November, 1911. On arrival of their Royal Highnesses the Royal Salute was given, after which the Prince inspected the troops, and then took up his position at the Royal Stand, when the troops marched past in column and again in line of quarter columns. Forming up again in line of quarter column of double companies, they advanced in review order, after which they marched back to barracks. Their Royal Highnesses then drove round the cantonments at Tanglin, admiring the gardens attached to each bungalow. H.S.H. the Prince inspected "D" and "H" Companies in their bungalows, and expressed entire satisfaction on all he had seen.

The Royal party dined with the Officers of The Buffs in the evening, leaving Singapore the next morning for Bangkok.

DRUMS.

SILVER BUGLE COMPETITION.

A silver bugle has been presented to the Drums by Lieutenant Hon. P. G. Scarlett to be competed for monthly, the winner of the bugle to become the Commanding Officer's bugler, and his name to be inscribed on the Drummers' Shield.

Winners—November, 1911, Drummer Hannaford; December, 1911, Drummer Flynn.

Sergeant-Drummer Andrews won the open quarter mile race at the 3rd Brahmins' Sports.

COMMENDATORY.

"I am commanded by their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck to convey to all ranks their appreciation at the turnout and general smartness of the Battalion on parade and at the way the men handled their arms and executed all movements."

SERGEANTS' MESS SMOKING CONCERT.

The members of the Sergeants' Mess held a Smoking Concert in the Mess Room at Tanglin on the 17th November, to bid farewell to members leaving (seventeen in all) to pension, home establishment, Depot, and Special Reserve, also to welcome our new arrivals from home.

The Mess Room was very prettily decorated with flags, palms, etc., and the "Paying-off Pennant" fluttered in the breeze at the entrance.

Punctually at 8 p.m. the ball was set rolling, Sergeant-Major W. R. Birrell taking the chair.

There was a large number of officers and visitors present.

The following programme was rendered during the evening:—

1. Overture, Pianist, Bandsman Spencer.
2. Song, selected, Sergeant Hill.
3. Song, "The Village Pump,"
Staff-Sergeant Johnson, A.O.C.
4. Song, "Old Love Letters," Sergt. Murphy.
5. Toast, "The King."
6. Song, selected, Sergeant Walsh.
7. Song, "Just Plain Folks," Mr. Hook.
8. Song, selected, S.-S. Wetherhall, M.P.C.
9. Song, selected, Mr. Todd.
10. Song, selected, Sergeant Longman.
11. Toast, "Departing Members,"
Sergeant-Major Birrell.
12. Song, "Barley Mow," Sergeant Follett.
13. Song, "Have a Banana,"
Bandsman Collier.
14. Song, "How he sat on a tack,"
Sergeant Port.
15. Song, "We're leaving old Jack behind,"
Schoolmaster Markey.
16. Toast, "Our Officers,"
Sergeant-Major Birrell.
17. Violin solo, Bandmaster Hewitt.
18. Song, "The King of Glory,"
S.-S. Vigus, A.O.C.

19. Song, "Erin's Isle," Sergeant O'Dowd.
20. Song, selected, Lieutenant Sharpe.
21. Song, selected, Messrs. Boarer and Bosworth.
22. Song, "Rustic Bridge," C.-S. Marchant.
23. Song, selected, Lieutenant Peareth.
24. Toast, "Our Guests,"
Sergeant-Major Birrell.
25. Stump Speech, C.-S. Johnston.
"God Save the King."

The following toasts were responded to:—
"Our Officers," by Major Cobbe; "Departing Members," Colour-Sergeants Twort and Catchpole; "Our Guests," Mr. Todd and Staff-Sergt. Johnson, A.O.C.

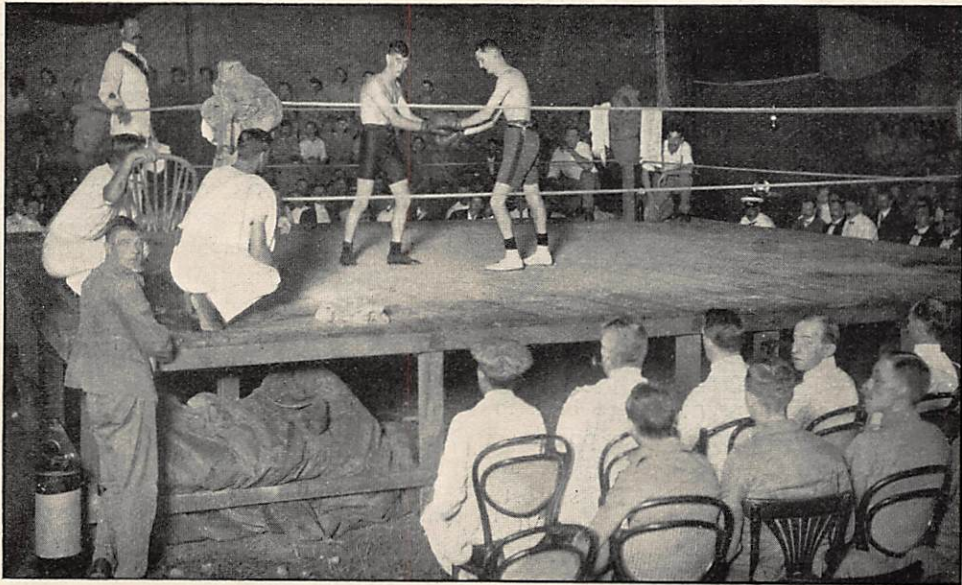
During the evening Sergeant-Major Birrell

handsome present, presented by the members remaining.

BOXING CONTESTS.

ARMY v. NAVY.

A series of boxing contests took place at Tanglin Barracks between The Buffs and men of H.M.S. "Kent." Some capital sport was witnessed by the large crowd of soldiers and civilians who attended, although it is a great pity that in these contests a referee independent of either side is not chosen. The officials were: Referee, Lieut. H. H. Webber, R.G.A. Judges, Hon. P. G. Scarlett, The Buffs; Lieut. Walker, R.N.; and Surgeon Lacetay. Timekeeper,



BOXING AT SINGAPORE.

Pte. Warne (The Buffs) v. Sapper Riley (R.E.).

Warne was victorious.

addressed the members leaving for England. He regretted losing so many members at one time, especially as some had been members of the Mess from ten to twelve years, but exigencies of the service called them home. The Mess had completely changed in three years. He wished all who were going home good luck and prosperity, trusting those going to pension would soon secure a snug billet in civil life. To those going to the Depot we shall look out for the material trained that will be joining us in a couple of years.

Each member leaving was the recipient of a

Q.M.S. E. Smith, The Buffs. M.C., Sergeant-Major W. R. Birrell, The Buffs.

The contests were decided as follows:—

Four Round Contest—Private May, The Buffs (8st. 12lb.) v. Private Wilson, The Buffs (9st.). The first two rounds were scrappy and there was a lot of loose hitting. May was used up in the third round, and being floored was counted out. Wilson won.

Six Round Contest—Lce.-Cpl. Gettings, Buffs (8st. 12lb.) v. Dmr. Russell, Buffs (9st. 3lb.). Gettings was hopelessly outclassed both in weight and style, and being knocked

down in the second round, he was stunned by his head coming in contact with the floor, and counted out. Russell won.

Six Round Contest—Seaman Richie, "Kent" (9st. 7lb.) v. Pte. Batchlor, Buffs (9st. 7lb.). A well-matched pair, and altogether a clean and excellent bout. There was nothing to choose between the two in the first round; in the second Batchlor got in a hard face-blow. Batchlor had the better of matters in the fourth round, and took as many as he gave in the last two. The contest was awarded to Batchlor.

Six Round Contest—Pte. Williams, Buffs (9st. 12lb.) v. Pte. Corby, Buffs (10st.) In the second round the lace of Williams' glove became undone, and in guarding his face the lace made a cut above the eye. The round was interrupted while the glove was made secure. Afterwards the contest was carried to a finish, and the honours went to Corby on points.

Eight Round Contest—E.R.A. Hudson, "Kent" (10st. 2lb.) v. Pte. Higgs, Buffs (11st. 2lb.). Higgs had the advantage both in weight and reach, but Hudson was by far the cleverer boxer. His feinting and footwork were pretty to watch, and when he got through his opponent's guard he got home some hard blows. After light sparring in the opening rounds Hudson began to wear his adversary down, and in the sixth round he was planting several body blows. The seventh and eighth rounds were both in favour of the sailor, who won easily on points.

Six Round Contest—Lce.-Cpl. Bloxham, Buffs (10st. 10lb.) v. Pte. Smith, Buffs (10st. 2lb.). This was a most even encounter, and after going the full six rounds was declared a draw, a decision which was well received.

Eight Round Contest—Seaman Hall, "Kent" (9st. 4lb.) v. Pte. Warne, Buffs (8st. 13lb.). Warne was streets ahead of his opponent, and sailed into him all round the ring. He landed one in the solar plexus in the first round, and Hall hesitated, but the time gong saved him. In the second round Hall dislocated his right thumb and retired.

Six Round Contest—Stoker Biggins, "Kent" (9st. 4lb.) v. Pte. Taylor, Buffs (10st. 4lb.). A poor display on Taylor's part, and the referee warned him several times for boxing with an open hand. In the third round he was disqualified for this breach of the rules, and the contest was awarded to Biggins.

Ten Round Contest—Sky Kerrison, "Kent" (11st. 5lb.) v. Bdm. Willis, Buffs (12st.). This

was billed as the star turn of the evening, and as Willis had thrown out an open challenge a good sporting bout was anticipated. Those who did so were disappointed, however, and the contest ended in the fourth round, Kerrison throwing down the gloves.

Marriage.

The marriage of Major Edward Finch-Hatton, of The Buffs, and Miss Dagmar Wiehe was solemnised at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on January 25th.

The aisle of the church was lined with men of the Regiment.

The bridegroom was accompanied by Colonel Frank Bradley-Dyne, and the bride, who was given away by her father, Colonel Wiehe, wore a gown of white satin trimmed with lace. Her train was borne by two little girls, Miss Joyce and Miss Peggie Cumberlege, who wore frocks of pale pink, veiled in white muslin and tanslin caps.

There were six other bridesmaids—Miss Lorna, Miss Innes, and Miss Sheila (sisters of the bride), Miss Evelyn Curzon, Miss Enid Carnegie-Arbuthnot, and Miss May Stoney. They were attired in very pretty rose pink taffeta gowns, with sashes of pale mauve satin; they also wore mob caps trimmed with lilac flowers and pale pink ribbon, and they carried bouquets of lilac.

Among the congregation were Lord Winchelsea, a kinsman of the bridegroom; Lady Templeton, Colonel Hammond, Mrs. Gerald Guinness, Lord Maidstone, Mrs. Wrotteslev. Mrs. Linden-Bell, General Kekewich, Lady Critchett, and many well-known members of the dramatic profession.

After the wedding a reception was held at the Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park, and shortly after 4 p.m. the bride and bridegroom took their departure for Paris, where the early part of the honeymoon will be passed, the bride wearing a dress of grey charmeuse.



There were high words in the quarters, denoting a quarrel.

It had apparently just ended, when he was heard to say somewhat bitterly—

"I was a fool when I married you."

"Yes, but I thought that you would improve," came the reply in a flash.

IN THE FOREFRONT OF THE BATTLE.

(A splendid story of heroism, hill fighting, and a strong man's love.)

Major Arton Singleton entered his room, sat down wearily at his desk, and stretched out his long legs wearily under it. The lattice-screened room in Fort Artaj was comparatively cool, and positively grey and soothing.

He sat for a moment, his whole body relaxed, head sunk upon his chest, arms hanging limply. Since six o'clock the previous evening he had slept barely three hours—and that in three spells of an hour each. The news had come with bewildering suddenness. The Tifredis—hillsmen beloved and petted at headquarters by benevolent officials concerned wholly with the apparently obvious; hillsmen of the most loyal protestations; hillsmen who, with Oriental passivity, had uttered no reproaches when bidden to beat the sword into an effectual ploughshare—the Tifredis, who had given no sign of unrest, had caught sudden fire at the vapourings of fanatical mullahs, were in revolt and howling round the Residency at Mirla, where Starr-Floyd, his wife, and a company of Guides were besieged. Mirla was only a day's march off. It was therefore to be expected at any moment the revolted hillsmen might rush the little badly-built, rickety fort Major Singleton commanded. At six o'clock the previous evening a friendly Pathan, carrying his life in his hands, had come into the fort with the alarming news. Since then Major Singleton had worked like four men, putting his command into as reasonable a state of defence as a procrastinating department permitted.

He had promptly wired on the news to Beerut, the next station in the chain linking the border with the base. They would put their place in order, and send on the news to Awal, where a brigade lay more or less ready to move at any call. Three days' forced march would see the brigade at the Residency. That was certain. Dale was in command, and Dale was prompt.

Major Singleton was not over concerned for Starr-Floyd. That was Dale's business. His was to hold the fort and head back any rush of the Tifredis in his direction. Starr-Floyd in his brief note spoke of the certainty of holding out for five days—and no longer. "We shall use up our ammunition by then if there is any stiff fighting," he coded. "At any rate, we are pro-

visioned only for three days, which means it won't stretch more than five. Dale can reach me in three, and he'll do it. Otherwise I'd fight my way out to you. But that's the more risky move, and Dale won't fail."

That was it. Dale was reliable. Major Singleton thanked God for that, and then wondered whether he had forgotten anything for the security of his own command. His lean, brown face, with the strong chin, the firm, stern mouth, the keen, grey eyes looked anxious. There was a hint of grey in the dark hair above his temples. He had had a rather hard life; he had learned to rely upon himself, to keep silence, to work keenly and resolutely, for he had neither influence nor money, and was, moreover, hampered by an extreme reserve that kept him from intimate friendships.

Despite his anxiety he was not without a sense of elation. He was within a month of long leave, and a successful defence might mean a regimental command and possibly a C.B. He longed for that. There was a special reason. Last long leave he had been a company officer, with a dead father's debts to pay. That had kept his lips closed when he would have spoken to Ena Dudley. This long leave he would speak—the debts were paid. Even if he did not get his step he would speak. He was quite determined as to that. And he had little doubt of her answer. There was a treasured remembrance of a moonlit garden and her sudden soft graciousness on the eve of his departure. What it cost him to remain silent then was known only to him.

The door opened five minutes after he had entered, and Captain Alec Trobe came in. He was a big, boyish, fair man, not long back from leave in England. He came in hurriedly and saluted.

"There's bad news, sir!" he cried. "A runner has come in from Beerut to say the wire was cut between us soon after they acknowledged receipt of your message!"

"So!" said the major. "That matters little. Dale—"

"Dale knows nothing. Your message was never sent to Awal."

"Not sent? Good God! what d'you mean, Trobe?"

"Bungling, as far as I can make out. A subaltern got your message, and he delayed repeating it to Awal while he took the news to Major Synd. When they tried to get through to Awal they found that wire cut. They tried us, and found we did not answer."

Major Singleton stared at Captain Trobe blankly.

"Directly I got the answer 'All right' from Beerut I sent word back to Starr-Floyd by the Pathan. He'll wait for Dale. And Dale will get the news too late to reach him—if he gets the news at all. It's all two days' and a half ride to Awal. And there's the chance of a messenger being picked off.

"It's awful, sir! If they have cut the wires below Beerut they'll watch the roads. A messenger would have to make a detour. If he got through it would be more like three—four—or five days before he reached Awal."

"Yes. . . . We could send a native through to the Residency." The major spoke tentatively.

"I sent out a party under my havildar to cut down that clump of trees as you directed, sir. They were sniped at as they came back."

"Heavy?"

"No—a few shots. But——"

"But the chances are against a native getting through. That's so." He was thinking quickly. "There's no native I'd trust but our own men. And they don't know the road. God help Starr-Floyd!"

"Could we send out a company?" suggested Captain Trobe.

"Impossible," the major said decisively. "I can't spare a man. They'll try to rush us. That sniping shows some of the hillsmen have drifted down here. And Heaven knows when we can look for Dale!"

"I know this country, sir." Captain Trobe spoke firmly. "I was at the Residency as a subaltern. I'll go."

"No," said the major.

"It's a chance, sir!" cried the younger man eagerly. "I'd be glad to go."

"It's too risky."

"It's a fighting chance. I know the country well—shot over it. The sniping was slight. If I go out at dusk I can get to the Residency to-morrow sundown. It's a festival night. The Tifredis will be occupied. Let me go, sir?"

"It's a bare chance only, Trobe. You're no end good to suggest it. But I am hardly justified." The major's voice hinted at indecision.

"Jones can handle my company quite well, and my havildar is a fine chap. If I go under it's all in the day's work. I want a chance, major—I don't want you to think I'm better than I am. It's pure selfishness, really. I'm as good as engaged to a girl in England, and if— You see, her people will recognise it if I get a step. I'm a pauper, and a captain's pay— But if I got through and were mentioned in despatches. You see how it is, major?"

The major did not speak for a few minutes. There was the chance—a bare one—of Trobe getting through. It might mean saving Starr-Floyd. And it was just the chance he had prayed to come his way when he was fresh from that parting in England. Trobe's position was so near to his that he felt keenly for him. And there was Starr-Floyd to think of.

"You may go, Trobe—and God send you get through," he said at last.

"Thank you, sir," Captain Trobe said simply. For a moment the men remained silent. Then the major held out his hand impulsively. There was something in the grasp which warmed each man's heart.

Major Singleton remained alone a few minutes in his room, and then went to his bedroom and fell asleep on his bed without undressing. Captain Trobe held conference with Jones, his senior subaltern, and the havildar, and then sat down soberly to write letters. They set forth simply that he was going on duty which was perilous, and that when they were received those who read them would know that he had met a soldier's death. One was addressed to his mother, and one to the girl to whom he was as good as engaged.

A native orderly awoke the major.

"There is one to see you, major sahib. He declares that he has news. He will tell it to none but you."

The major grumbled, but followed the orderly to the breastwork linking two gun bastions. He lit a cigarette. The air was cooler; he was rested; he was above all pleased that the young captain was to have his chance.

Between two sepoy stood a Pathan. His swarthy face was quite impassive; he held himself with a quiet dignity that was impressive. He salaamed at the approach of the major, but the salutation was devoid of obsequiousness.

"Tell these men of yours to withdraw, sahib," he directed. "I have news for your ears alone. Then I must depart."

"That is as I will," the major answered.

"Then my lips are closed. The news I have is grave. Give me your word that I go free as I came and I will speak. Not otherwise, sahib." The Pathan spoke with determination.

"You have my word," the major replied shortly.

"Speak so to your men," the Pathan suggested. The major did so. "He goes freely when he has spoken," he said.

"Then come apart, sahib, so that none but you may hear." The Pathan moved gracefully to the centre of the breastwork, the major with him. The sun, now low in the sky, fell full upon the man. His turban glowed in the light. In the front was a jewel. The sun struck fire from it. As the man moved his head it flashed. The major, placidly smoking his cigarette, stood beside him, a tall, thin figure in khaki.

"Sahib, I come from Mirla," he said gravely and simply. "The Residency has fallen. All have met death. As witness these." He produced a pocket-book with Starr-Floyd's initials in gold on the corner, a signet-ring the major recognised, and a diamond brooch he had seen pinning a shawl on Starr-Floyd's wife.

"How came you by these?" the major demanded.

"I was there," replied the Pathan smiling. "I have your word that I may go free. An Englishman does not break his word."

"Dog of a rebel!" cried the major fiercely. "Why do you bring these to me?"

"That you may see how useless it is to fight against Allah, and that you may surrender this fort to me. You and your men shall go without hurt. We want guns and ammunition," he added simply.

The major choked with rage. In a fury he turned upon the Pathan, when the sharp report of a gun rang out and the Pathan, with a choking sigh, fell forward. The major saw the small grey wreath of smoke climb up from a clump of trees some eight hundred yards away and melt into the air. Then he knelt and turned the Pathan over. He had been hit in the throat and was dead.

He called to a sepoy, had the man carried in, and then went in search of the doctor. Crossing the compound he came upon Captain Trobe. Before the major could speak Captain Trobe produced his two letters.

"I have written home, sir," he said. "If I fall will you send them?"

"But——" commenced the major, holding the letters and glancing idly at the address of the uppermost. Then he stopped abruptly. If Captain Trobe had been watching him he would have seen the sudden greyness of the major's cheeks which showed beneath the bronze. The address ran: "Miss Ena Dudley, The Holt, Newton St. Agnes, Devon."

The major looked at the belongings of the dead Starr-Floyd held in his left hand, and then at the letter. Slowly his face stiffened, and slowly he slipped pocket-book, signet-ring and diamond brooch into the breast of his tunic.

"I will send them," he answered.

"I shall slip out directly the twilight comes," Captain Trobe said. "I think I shall get through all right, sir. It's a chance."

"I warned you that the chance was a bare one," the major replied.

"Yes. And I chose it."

"You go against my advice."

"But with your permission, major."

"Yes. I shall turn in now."

Captain Trobe stared. The major's manner had altered. They had seemed to come nearer to each other in the last days, and now he was aloof again. He was abrupt, stern, preoccupied. He had thought the major would have bid him "God-speed." He waited. The major hesitated. Twice he opened his lips—and each time closed them without words. The quick twilight had deepened. Captain Trobe peered at him. It was not a trick of the light, the major looked ill; lips white, a curious grey pallor under the bronze, some touch—it seemed absurd to think it—some glimmer of fear in his eyes.

"You are ill, sir!" Captain Trobe cried, alarmed, perplexed.

"No." The abrupt negative was hoarse. Major Singleton turned on his heel and took a few paces resolutely. Then he seemed to hesitate again.

A havildar came noiselessly to him.

"The Pathan who was shot now lies in the hospital, major sahib," he said. "The doctor sahib reports him dead. It is well to bury him to-night?"

"It is well, Ban Singh," the major answered.

"What man was that?" Captain Trobe asked idly.

Major Singleton did not reply for a full minute. When he spoke it was gruffly.

"A native—he was sniped."

Three days later Major Singleton was again in his room alone. There had been continual desultory sniping which had kept him unceasingly alert, but that was not sufficient to account for his utter weariness, for his haggard face and haunted eyes. For three days he had been in the hell we call remorse. He had sent a brother officer to his death; had sent him knowingly, willingly. Every minute since Captain Trobe set out upon his journey Major Singleton had been tempted to court death upon the ramparts. But there were his men, they held him, he could not relinquish his duty.

"There is firing to the north, major sahib." A native officer gave him the news gravely.

"It cannot be Dale!" he cried. "I will come."

A quick, faint crackle of musketry sounded to the north. It was strange. To the north lay Mirla; but the command under Starr-Floyd had been wiped out.

Major Singleton had his garrison under arms and waited.

The sun was blazing but dropping towards the horizon. He noticed the absence of sniping. This strange firing had drawn all the Pathans from the scrub. And yet what troops could be in that direction?

Presently there was a commotion at the north gate, and a sepoy of the Guides was brought to him. The man was wounded.

"Major sahib," he cried, "we are surrounded! I bring you the news, I, Mam Singh. I broke through. His Excellency, Starr-Floyd, is out there!"

"Starr-Floyd!" cried the major. "I had certain news that the Residency fell and all were put to death!"

"The news was false."

"I had Starr-Floyd sahib's pocket-book and some trinkets——"

"They were the thefts of His Excellency's servant, the dog Azhag Khan!" the sepoy answered contemptuously. "We could hold them now, but our ammunition is near gone."

"Captain Trobe?" the major cried huskily. "Is he with you?"

"He warned us—and so we came away. He is well. But it is good that you go, major sahib, for the ammunition——"

"He is well! Thank God!" cried the major. "You? Will you guide us?"

"I have finished my work," the sepoy answered. Then he pitched forward at the major's feet dead.

The Gurkhas under Major Singleton effected the rescue of Starr-Floyd's party from the Residency. The little, lithe, brown-skinned men caught the Pathans from the rear, and the rest was sheer joy to them. If Captain Trobe, making his heroic journey to Mirla, had brought Starr-Floyd his chance of safety, Major Singleton racing in front of his Gurkhas clinched it. A grizzled havildar, his lust of battle gone, whimpered.

"What shall we do, we, your children, oh, my father?" the old man wailed.

"There is Captain Trobe," whispered the major.

Captain Trobe came to him. The major regarded him wistfully. The luxury of confession was denied to him.

"I am glad you got through," he whispered painfully. "It means—happiness for you. Be good to her. God bless you."

"And you, major? You—you got hit sheltering me! What can I say?"

"Happiness for me, too, Trobe. God is good. He has given me the death I would choose," answered the major.



THE REASON WHY.

Mary had a little lamb—
We've heard that said before.
It followed her where'er she went,
And why? I'll tell you more.

Mary and her little lamb
In town had always dwelt,
Where grass is scarce and Nature's touch
By lambs is never felt.

But Mary, dear little soul,
She did her little best
To feed her lamb on what the shops
Could get her woolly guest.

And now you see the reason for
The animal's wise fad—
It's simply just because the lamb
A "little Mary" had.

O. M.



Sergeant (to the left-hand man of squad):
"Stand up there, yew on the left. You're the awkwardest-looking thing I've seen to-day."

Left-hand Man: "Yus, Sorgent; I noticed as ah yur ain't shaved yerself this morning."

A Tour of Service in N. Nigeria, 1899-1900.

Continued from last issue.

The Niger above Lokoja is in early July, before the rains have properly commenced, an uncertain quantity, and before we had gone very far ominous bumps showed us there was not too much water. After steaming some hours we got firmly fixed on a sand-bank, and soon found it would be necessary to do the rest of the journey, some fifty miles, in native canoes. These were quickly procured, and on we went again. Canoe-travelling against the stream is a slow and weary business, and we did not cover more than 12 miles between dawn and sunset, when we stopped and camped for the night on a sand-bank.

Mosquitoes.

In spite of grass awnings which we rigged up it was very hot by day, but the heat was a joke compared to the mosquitoes at night. I had obstinately refused to buy new curtains, and had brought some that had done service in India and were full of holes. I thought I knew all about mosquitoes; I had often stayed at Garden Reach in Calcutta, and fondly imagined there could not be more mosquitoes anywhere, but I soon discovered that a sand-bank on the Niger at the beginning of the rains could give it several stone and a beating. Sleep was impossible. The buzzing of the mosquitoes outside the curtains was like a miniature brass band, and they came through the many holes in myriads. I spent the first night walking about, but I found out next morning that there was someone worse off than I was. The bites didn't have much effect on me; but there was an unfortunate corporal of the R.A.M.C. who had never been out of England before, and who must have been a tender, juicy morsel. I never saw such a sight as he was—both his eyes were bunged up and his head looked like a plum-pudding! Tod Sloan had to put in some steady work next day mending the holes in my curtains.

Jebba Island.

The fifth day after we had taken to the canoes we arrived at that horrible spot, Jebba Island. Jebba is a rocky island in the middle of the Niger, and why it was selected as a suitable spot for the headquarters of the Protectorate it is difficult to guess. It was a veritable sun-trap by day, and the rocks got so hot during the day that they never got really cool during the night.

One particular portion of the island I got to know only too well—it was the parade ground. Anything more horrible than an afternoon parade, with the sun beating down and the smell of the men—in those days they were dressed in uniforms of coarse blue serge which collected the perspiration, and were seldom, if ever, washed—it is hard to imagine.

I found at Jebba a different spirit amongst the officers to that at Lokoja. Everyone seemed depressed, and I shall never forget the conversation at dinner in the mess put the night I arrived. The general topic was health, how they all felt, what their temperatures were, how much quinine they took daily! This sort of light badinage was only varied by comments on the rise and fall of the Niger, and the number of soldiers who had been eaten by crocodiles! In vain I tried to introduce the subject of the Gold Cup at Ascot. Nobody knew or wanted to know what had won! I must explain that this was not the normal condition of Jebba society. It just happened that there was a party of very dull and lugubrious people there at the time. In a few days Major Festing, Englebach, Campion, and other cheery ones arrived, and all was well, but that first night or two made me think seriously if I had not made a mistake in casting in my lot with the N. Nigerian Regiment.

Off Again.

There was little to do out-of-work hours in Jebba, and I was not sorry when, after I had been there about a month, Festing, who was administering the Government in Sir F. Lugard's absence, told me he decided to send me to command a company at Okuta, in the Province of South Borgu. A gunner-officer, C. W. Scott, came with me. We proceeded by canoe as far as Fort Goldie. Here we disembarked, and started next morning on a march to Okuta, some 150 miles. There was only a small bush-path through low scrub and brush, and so ill-defined was this path that a guide was an absolute necessity. Every now and then the path forked off, and if one took the wrong one there was a great chance of getting "bushed." About a year before an officer who had fallen a little behind his party was lost for three days. So sparsely populated is this region that one might

march for days without seeing a human being, and in those days it was quite on the cards that if you did meet a native he would bolt from the unusual vision of a white man.

Humouring the Carriers.

We went through the usual trials with our carriers. All transportation was done by men who carried 60lbs. on their heads. There are a certain number of professional carriers who are excellent, but a good number of amateurs have to be employed as a rule, and it is they who give the trouble. Experience soon taught us that the only way was to humour them and keep them in a good temper; force was worse than useless, as they could always get an opportunity to throw their loads and bolt away into the bush. I used to chaff them and also found that a friendly tap on the head with one's stick as one rode by never failed to cause roars of laughter both from the tappee and from his near neighbours.

In this context, I remember, I was riding from Kano to Zaria (both unexplored regions at the time I write about) with Captain Carr, of the Army Veterinary Corps, and we met two hoary-headed patriarchs carrying loads of cloth on their heads, who opened out to let us pass through. Seeing that their loads contained nothing fragile, I gave a little push with my stick to right and left and dislodged the bundles from their heads. I have never heard anyone laugh like these two old sportsmen did! Their laughter became so uncontrollable that they had to sit down, and it is a solemn fact that when we had ridden away 500 yards we could still hear their peals of mirth; and there wasn't very much to amuse them after all!

Incidents of the March.

Just contrast the behaviour of these two aged Hausas with what would have happened if one had perpetrated the same pleasantry on a scowling Bengali, a haughty Sikh, or a fierce Pathan! Scott and I had both been provided with horses of sorts, but they were very bad ones, mine especially, and I could hardly get him along, and had to walk a good deal of the way. It subsequently transpired that the poor brute was in an advanced stage of trypanosomiasis, the dreadful disease transmitted by the tsetse fly, and he died very soon after we arrived at Okuta.

Our march was not uninteresting; the country we were passing through did not lend itself much to shooting, the bush being too thick. In

the clearings and crops round the villages we managed to bag a few guinea fowl and so-called "bush fowl," which were really a large brown Francolin, which seem to be ubiquitous in West Africa. These birds sometimes give excellent sport. Their flight is very strong, and if one can get them driven they offer as good shooting as one can want. I remember that one day, green-horn like, I rode up to what looked like a bird's nest in a mimosa bush, and put my hand into it. Out burst dozens of wasps, and I had to urge my poor tsetse-stricken pony into a gallop to escape from their attentions, and even so I got pretty well stung. Another day we camped outside a village under a large baobab tree. We noticed there was a bees' nest in a hole in the trunk, but the inhabitants seemed quite peacefully inclined. About 4 p.m. Scott and I were dressing prior to our evening stroll round with our guns. Suddenly, without the least warning, and apparently without rhyme or reason, our tent was invaded by an infuriated horde of bees. They stung us all over the place. Scott had recently had his head shaved, and his bald scalp offered a fine target! We were really terrified, and, after further experience, I don't know of anything more absolutely alarming than an attack by wild bees. There was a mosquito curtain on my bed, and we both got under it, but even then the bees made it too hot for us, as they stung our hands with which we held up the curtains. Finally, we decided to make a bolt for it, still holding the curtain over us. I always think we must have presented a most extraordinary spectacle, and looked rather like the elephant in the pantomime! It was not till we had gone a quarter of a mile or so that the bees ceased to follow us. We couldn't get back to our tent for an hour or so when all was quiet again. I fancy the explanation of the assault was that our boys had lighted a fire too close to the bees' nest, and the smoke had annoyed them.

A Meeting.

After five or six days' march from Fort Goldie we reached Kaioma. Here we found Malcolm Kincaid Smith, of the 9th Lancers, with a small detachment of soldiers. He had about thirty, whom he was training as mounted infantry. He never made a real success of them, as the country thereabouts was bad for horses, and his ponies sickened and died of trypanosomiasis. Kincaid was the only white man at

Kaioma, but was perfectly happy, and, some months later, when I offered to send another officer to relieve him he begged to be allowed to remain where he was. Further experience taught us that an officer was nearly always all right when left entirely alone, often with no other white man within 100 miles of him. With non-commissioned officers it was quite different; they used to nearly go off their heads with melancholia from the enforced solitude, and it was dangerous policy to leave even the very best of them alone for any length of time.

Our Destination.

Leaving Kincaid we pushed along to Okuta. Here we found Charles Robertson, of the Gunners, whom I was to relieve. He had all the magnates of the town, the "King" or headman, the prime minister, and all the "Heads of Departments," drawn up to receive me as their new "Boss." Charles and I had been allies at Julundur and Peshawar, and were very glad to meet one another again. He told me he had written a letter of introduction to M. le Capitaine Dusser, Resident Superieur de Hant Dahomey, who was at the French post of Parakou, some 20 miles away, and with whom he told me I should have a good deal of official dealing.

Introductions.

I'm afraid I wasn't as deeply impressed with the solemnity of the introductory ceremonies as I should have been. His Majesty received me in the Hause fashion, which consists of repeating "Sanu! Sanu! Lafia! Lafia!" The recipient is supposed to repeat the Sanus and Lafias. This I did, but as H. M. continued the Lafias, I substituted "La Fleche." The next personage brought up was the King's Prime Minister, or right-hand man, whose official title was the "Dowdu." Him I greeted with "How do! Dowdu!" Charles Robertson looked aghast at such levity! However, we became excellent friends, and the Royal Household of Okuta were always most loyal and staunch to me.

(To be continued.)



Bilkins: "Do you believe in dreams, Pat?"

Pat: "Sure, an' I do. Lasht night I dreamt I was awake, an' in the mornin' me dream kem true."

Visitor: "Lady Evelyn tells me, Dan'l, that you have had four wives."

Dan'l (proudly): "Ees, zur, Oi 'ave; an' what's more, two of 'em was good 'uns."

QUACKS.

THE DONKEY'S "BRAY."

Don't put my new coat 'neath that old wooden drawer,

It will "Rot under" there, don't you know;
Take care of the things that you're here to look after.

Take it down to the "Porter-bello."

(The writer doesn't send his name, but still caution is on the increase.—Editor.)

"SWINGING IT."

The other day a bandsman, with a long face and a plaintive story, went to the new doctor at the hospital about a sore throat, and he was treated with a consideration as marked as it was gratifying.

"Sore throat, eh?" said the doctor, pleasantly. "Let me see—oh, that's not so bad! A slight irritation—nothing more. You'll be all right in a day or two. I think you had better not run the risk of renewing the trouble by using your throat, though, so I will excuse you duty for a fortnight."

The two weeks had just come to an end when he happened to meet the doctor. He saluted, and the doctor recognised the man's face and stopped.

"How's the throat?" he said.

"It's quite well, sir," was the reply.

"That's good," said the doctor. "By the way, what instrument do you play in the band?"

"The side-drum, sir," said he.

Any donations, however small, towards the upkeep of THE DRAGON (the production of which is expensive) from past or present members of the Regiment, will be most gratefully received and acknowledged in these pages.

We should be obliged if our readers, when dealing with any of the firms whose advertisements appear in this paper, would kindly mention at the same time that they have been attracted by the advertisement displayed therein. It must be remembered that the financial support received from advertisers is of great assistance in the upkeep of THE DRAGON.—Editor.



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 Agents—Colour-Sergeants of Companies.
 Sketch Artists—Sergeant O. Mason and
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