Lieut.-Col. (Qr.-Mr.) W. H. DRUCE, D.C.M.
No. 3453. William Huble Druce joined the Army at Colchester in November 26th, 1894.

He was sent to Ballincollig in County Cork where the Regiment was stationed and was posted to "C" Squadron. At that time Colonel Manners Wood was the Commanding Officer and the present Lord Hampden was Adjutant. While he was still a recruit, the Regiment moved to Newbridge near the Curragh and it was there that he was dismissed the square.

In the same squad with Druce were Colonel S. L. Barry and Colonel C. W. H. Crichton. It was usual at that time for men to be trained in the use of the Lance, though of course lances were not carried. The Martini Carbine was the firearm in use. He also remembers when Black sheepskins were carried over the saddle in Review and Marching order, and sabre taches were worn by N. C. Os. On November 27th, 1896, Druce was appointed Lance-Corporal and exactly 2 years later on November 26th, 1898, he became full Corporal.

Early in June 1897 the Regiment left Ireland and went to North Horns Camp,
Aldershot, and from there they marched to Hounslow Heath to take part in the celebrations in London of Queen Victoria’s Diamond Jubilee. On June 23rd they returned to Aldershot and on July 1st, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, came to Aldershot and took command of the Regiment for a week. It was under His Royal Highness’s command that the Regiment marched past the Queen at Her Majesty’s review of Laffans Plain. On all these historic occasions Druce was on parade.

On September 1897 the Regiment left North Horns Camp for Canterbury and was stationed there till September 1899, when they returned to Aldershot and went into the West Cavalry Barracks. It was destined to be a very short stay however, for the South African War started and the Regiment was ordered to proceed there.

On November 4th and 5th they sailed from Liverpool in two ships. Druce went in the Columbia on November 5th with H.Q. and “C” Squadrons and 3 troops of “B” Squadron. The other ship was the ill-fated Ismore which was wrecked near Capetown, fortunately without loss of life.

Druce had not been long in South Africa before he was awarded the D.C.M. on January 22nd, 1900. He was then a Sergeant in “Oofus” Carrs troop. His Squadron was sent on a detached duty under Lord George Scott. With them was “D” Squadron of the Inniskillings under Major Allenby. They were surprised at dawn and it was the future Field Marshal, Lord Allenby, who recommended Druce for his good work that day.

He took part in all the engagements of the Regiment until he was wounded and contracted enteric fever in 1900. He was then invalided home. He did not rejoin the Regiment again until 1903 when it was at Mhow in India, commanded by our present Colonel, Lord Byng. Amongst other things whilst in England he had been to Hythe. In 1906 he was made S.Q.M.S. of “D” Squadron, then commanded by Sir John Milbanke, V.C., and in 1910 he became S.S.M. of the same Squadron. In 1911 he was present with the Regiment at the Delhi Durbar—another historic occasion.

In 1912 the Regiment moved to South Africa and on June 4th, 1913, while stationed at Potchefstroom he was made Lieut. and Quartermaster. Throughout the Great War he served with the Regiment and through the troubles in Ireland afterwards.

This year he reached the age limit and to the regret of everyone he left us for home on March 26th. But before he left he had again been promoted and it was to Lieut.-Colonel Druce that we said good-bye.

A truer friend no man ever had or Regiment a stauncher supporter. Faithfully he has always lived up to that proud motto Ich dien (I serve). In many lands, at peace and at war, he has served his Regiment, his King and his Country.

The writer of this little memoir can remember countless incidents when, regardless of his own fatigue, he insisted on seeing to the welfare of the Regiment or even of individuals.

Always last into camp with the transport after a tiring march, as soon as he was in, there were the rations to be drawn and issued and it was a job to get him to come and have a meal or attend to himself at all.

He has seen many changes in the Regiment and many have come and gone since he joined the “Shiners” one November day in Ireland, close on 37 years ago. The very appearance of the Regiment has altered, for gone is the blue and the gorgeous full dress, giving place to the utilitarian khaki of the present time.

After his long service given to the Regiment, it is our earnest hope that “Drucie” may be rewarded by some comfortable work at home (for he says he could not be happy without a job) which will give him time to rest and enjoy himself.

He has a son now serving in the Regiment to carry on the good name.
EDITORIAL.

OUR readers will be very pleased to hear that our Colonel-in-Chief, His Majesty the King, has practically recovered from his recent illness and is once again able to get about.

It is also gratifying to hear that our Colonel, Viscount Byng, is better and has resumed his work at Scotland Yard. Our readers will remember that a few months ago he was taken ill and had to give up his work, but as he improved he went to the South of France convalescent and he has now returned looking hale and hearty.

Many of our readers who served in the Great War will no doubt be pleased to hear that General Sir Hubert Gough, leader of the Fifth Army, who was blamed for the retreat of that army in front of the Germans in March 1918, has at last broken his silence and written an account of this retirement.

"The troops of the Fifth Army behaved throughout in the most magnificent manner and the stories that were very rife then, were falsehoods. By far the greatest weight of the attack fell upon the men of the Fifth Army, and yet armies on their flank fell back farther and faster than they did, thus adding enormously to their difficulties."

The story of the retreat has never before been published, but it is now published as an article in the Ypres Times.

We are delighted to have Prince Henry restored to the establishment of the Regiment. He is at present seconded and is Staff Captain to the 2nd Cavalry Brigade at Tidworth. We understand that he is living with the 11th Hussars.

The Regimental and Old Comrades Association dinners have just been held.

Unfortunately no account of them has as yet been received.

We can but deplore the loss of Colonel Greenwood. To both himself and the Regiment his departure, after nearly twenty years' continual service with it, has caused a great break. We wish Colonel and Mrs. Greenwood the very best of luck in the future.

We must offer our hearty congratulations to Mr. Mason on his commission and his appointment to Quartermaster.

The King's Birthday was celebrated in Meerut by a combined parade of the whole garrison. The Regiment, after the Royal Salute had been fired and everyone had given three cheers for His Majesty, marched past Brigadier C. B. Dashwood Strettell, in column of squadrons.

The Madsen Machine Gun was tried out by the Regiment recently. This gun in its present form was new to all of us except Major Turnham. Gun teams had first to be trained and then extensive tests were carried out. At the conclusion of these tests Major Turnham compiled a report. Quite recently the Commanding Officer received a letter from H. E. the Commander-in-Chief, offering his appreciation for the hard work of all concerned and congratulating the Regiment on the success of the trials.

The first tiger has been accounted for by Duveen during a week-end leave from his course at Pachmarhi. From what he tells us he is lucky to be still alive. His story is almost incredible. It is as well that he is a Marksmen. Quite unexpectedly the tiger appeared from behind a rock. At the time the magazine of his rifle was jammed and it was loaded with one round only. It would have taken a considerable time to take another round from his pocket and reload. Luckily this was unnecessary as he shot the tiger dead with the first round.
Charrington was also successful while he was in the C. P. He shot quite a good panther. We trust that he will gain more confidence in himself as a big game shot or else he may lose some valuable trophies!

* * *

A few weeks ago those who had been out pigsticking came back with great stories not only of having accounted for six boar but also two panther. When they told their story it was evident that these were not killed in accordance with past records. However, most of those who were out seem to agree that the history of similar incidents has become slightly exaggerated by time, and I have no doubt that this story will depart slightly from the truth before it is handed down to posterity.

* * *

The cricket season is now in full swing. The aspect of our cricket this year has changed considerably. Last year all our efforts were concentrated on the Regimental Team, which by winning the Command and Frank Cook Cups in Egypt more than justified the sacrifices that were made for it by the rest of the Regiment. Here there is no scope for Unit matches and so we have devoted our two grounds to an inter-troop league during the early part of the season. This means that nearly everyone in the Regiment gets at least one game a week. With this amount of cricket going on the gear is being used up very fast. There are grave doubts whether the present sports subscription is going to be sufficient. However, there is no doubt that men are getting full value for their money.

* * *

We must congratulate “C” Squadron on their success at boxing this year. It is some while since they held the Brocklehurst Trophy. Last year in Abbassia they could only produce a poor team. This year the old spirit has revived and as in all other spheres they put up a splendid show.

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LIÉUT.-COL. V. J. GREENWOOD, M.C.

On April 23rd the Colonel and Mrs. Greenwood left Meerut on leave. On July 6th the Colonel vacates command of the Regiment. During these four years a vast amount of ground has been covered and many changes have taken place.

Taking over from the late Brigadier Malise Graham at Aldershot the Colonel’s first Regimental move was to Hounslow, then for a year preparations were made for our foreign tour.

In October 1928 in the “City of Marsseilles” we went to Egypt, where for two years we were taught desert warfare and desert nomenclature.

Then the next stage to India, where the “wads” become “wallahs” and “tibbin” becomes “bhoosa.”

No less than sixteen officers and three hundred men have left the Regiment, but throughout those manifold changes, there was always one sure constant—the Colonel himself. The new arrivals, therefore, were handed on all the old traditions, so that while men may come and men may go, the spirit of the Regiment goes on for ever, and that this is so is very largely the work of the Colonel.

For more than twenty years he had never left the Regiment—from the day he joined to the day we all saw him in the train, as it steamed out of Meerut Station, he has always been on its strength.

No wonder then that he was imbued through and through with Tenth loyalties, Tenth traditions, and Tenth esprit-de-corps.

We may be thankful that an influence such as this will not die out with the departure of the Colonel, but will live on, without visible symbol perhaps but woven into the stuff of the rest of our lives.

(The biography of Colonel Greenwood was published in the Regimental Gazette for December 1928.)
SPECIAL ORDER OF THE DAY
By Lieut.-Colonel V. J. Greenwood, M.C.,
Commanding, 10th Royal Hussars.

MEERUT, 22nd April 1931.

On vacating command of the Regiment, I find it impossible to properly convey to all ranks what I should wish to say.

Having been born whilst my father was still serving in the Regiment some 43 years ago, and after having spent over 21 years of my own life continuously with the Regiment, it is a bitter wrench to leave it.

I am honoured in numbering amongst my friends, hundreds of Officers, N.C.O.'s and men who have served with me.

In thanking all of you now serving for your loyalty and hard work, which indeed has made my own work so easy, I cannot wish you better than that your life in the 10th Hussars may be as happy as my own has been.

V. J. Greenwood, Lieut.-Colonel,
Commanding, 10th Royal Hussars (P.W.O.).

ST. GEORGE’S MEMORIAL CHURCH, YPRES.

The Church was opened and dedicated in March 1929 and is built of the bricks commonly used in the neighbourhood, with a red-tiled roof.

Entering the Church one is immediately attracted by the splendid bust of the late Lord French, the first Earl of Ypres.

This was designed by Mr. “Jo” Davidson and was in the Royal Academy in 1927.

Amongst other beautiful and noteworthy fittings are the windows emblazoned with Regimental Crests, the Altar Rails, the Font and the Regimental Memorial Tablets.

Our Regimental Memorial Tablet is in the Chancel and in a book kept in the Church, the names of 10 Officers and 87 other ranks who lost their lives in the Ypres Salient during the last war, are recorded.
List of ten officers and eighty-seven other ranks of the Tenth Royal Hussars killed, died of wounds, or missing in the Ypres Salient, 1914-1918.

Capt. the Hon. A. Annesley.
2/Lieut. R. F. Drake.
Capt. C. H. Peto.
Lt.-Col. E. R. A. Shearman, D.S.O.
Lieut. C. R. Turnor.

2539 Pte. Adams, G.
2291 Pte. Battye, A.
2956 L/Cpl. Beckwith, W.
2726 Pte. Bell, T.
5894 Pte. Bloomer, A.
5035 Pte. Buckley, H.
7097 Pte. Carratt, C.
5453 Cpl. Chamberlain, T.
14479 Pte. Cobb, A.
5119 Pte. Cooper, J.
5610 Sgt. Dicks, J.
6499 Pte. Devlin, P.
Pte. Faithful.
1353 Pte. Fetrol, W.
5489 Pte. Fletcher, F.
958 Pte. Gomersall, E.
4563 L/Cpl. Guyver, G.
5147 Pte. Hall, A.
1544 Pte. Hepburn, C.
4391 Pte. Hole, S.
78 Tpr. Holmes, P.
3810 Cpl. Joel, E.
3941 Staff Sgt. Keats, M.
28439 Pte. Kimmings, W.
5413 Sgt. Lurcott, E.
5210 Pte. McFarlane, A.
3607 L/Cpl. Mason, T.
5171 L/Cpl. Meads, C.
5587 Pte. Morris, R.
18 Cpl. Nepean, H.
5561 Sad. Cpl. Pollikett, E.
2957 L/Cpl. Prowse, G.
926 Pte. Ridgeway, P.
Pte. Rowntree, W.
5339 L/Cpl. Scales, H.
9349 Pte. Sheppard, H.
7998 L/Cpl. Smith, F.
7671 Pte. Sole, T.
4897 Sgt. Strudwick, H.
2853 Cpl. Tattersall, T.
7127 L/Cpl. Treasure, W.
4899 Pte. Walker, A.
1378 L/Cpl. Waugh, J.

Major the Hon. W. G. Cadogan, M.V.O.
Major the Hon. C. B. O. Mitford.
Capt. Sir Frank Rose, Bart.
Capt. G. C. Stewart.
Capt. M. A. deTuyll.

8423 Pte. Armstrong, J.
386 Cpl. Bayston, A.
809 Pte. Bell, O.
5929 Pte. Biddle, H.
8672 Pte. Buckley, G.
7191 Pte. Burgess, W.
6952 Pte. Chadwick, W.
3472 Pte. Chatten, C.
1542 Pte. Cole, P.
4584 Sgt. Curl, F.
11297 Pte. Devereux, W.
8200 Pte. Draper, W.
1296 L/C. Fennell, C.
3265 Pte. Fewster, W.
17992 Pte. Francis, F.
5314 Sgt. Gilmore, G.
5238 Cpl. Haddington, S.
1304 Pte. Henwood, W.
7738 Pte. Hillard, W.
5544 L/C. Hollister, L.
4310 Pte. Hope, C.
5601 L/C. Johnson, H.
4324 Sgt. Keeley, A.
3351 R.S.M. King, E. J.
1110 Pte. Mbryde, A.
2975 Pte. Mackenzie, R.
14789 L/Cpl. Masters, A.
6467 Pte. Morris, E.
1924 L/Cpl. Murray, A.
7730 L/Cpl. Pattle, L.
62 Sgt. Porter, F.
62 Pte. Reeves, E.
1358 Pte. Rose, W.
6339 Pte. Sage, S.
7972 Pte. Senior, B.
9060 Pte. Smeaton, J.
17 Pte. Smith, H.
Pte. Starkey, T.
889 Pte. Sykes, B.
7713 Pte. Tonks, H.
5087 L/Cpl. Twining, W.
4899 Pte. Wallis, W.
11295 Pte. Worboys, C.
The Regiment took part in the last important Tournament of the season, the Duke of Connaught's Cup at Delhi, this was open to teams of 16 handicap and under. The following team played:

Handicap.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Handicap</th>
<th>Player</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td>Mainwaring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Dawnay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Gairdner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Richardson</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The following team played:

Handicap.

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<th>Handicap</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td>Rao Raja Abhey Singh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Maharajah of Jaipur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Colonel Thakur Prithi Singh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Maharajah of Jodhpur</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

We drew a bye in the first round and met the 2nd Lancers in the 2nd round, they had already beaten the Deccan Horse very easily. Getting 2½ goals start we won by 4½ to 1 after quite a fast game. Our next opponents were Skinner's Horse a well mounted 13 goal side. Their No. 1 an Indian scored a brilliant goal in the first chukker, the same player hitting through again from a melee in front of goal. The second chukker was very fast, both sides having shots at goal without result. The 3rd chukker opened with Skinner's scoring another goal, this was quickly followed by Gairdner scoring with a very fine shot, we continued to press until the end of the chukker, the score standing at 3½—3 in our favour. A dangerous foul against Skinner's started the final chukker and Gairdner scored from the free hit, we continued to have the best of the game, and won 4½—3.

In the final we met Jodhpur, a team of fine strikers and very well mounted. It was a very hot afternoon and our ponies seemed to feel the strain in the last chukker and were unable to keep pace with our opponents. In the final chukker we started with a lead of 7—4 and the equalising goal was hit by the Maharajah of Jaipur three seconds before the trumpet sounded. The Jodhpur team was as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Handicap</th>
<th>Player</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td>Rao Raja Abhey Singh</td>
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<td>5</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Maharajah of Jodhpur</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

From the throw in Jodhpur attacked but we cleared and carried the ball down to their goal. The Maharajah of Jaipur then scored with a long shot which was quickly followed by a fine goal from Prithi Singh.

The second chukker commenced with fast up and down play Mainwaring eventually scoring a good goal from a hit up by Gairdner, score 5—2 in our favour.

We started the 3rd chukker with determined attacks and Gairdner scored, the same player quickly adding another as the result of a brilliant individual effort. Prithi Singh then broke away and scored and this was followed by a goal from Jaipur, score 7—4 in our favour. After some even play Prithi Singh and Jaipur scored and just before the trumpet sounded the Maharajah of Jodhpur scored the equalising goal.

After the goals had been widened Jodhpur attacked and the Maharajah of Jaipur scored the winning goal.
The Inter-Regimental and Subalterns Tournaments were played simultaneously at Meerut, they were so arranged that Regiments who had teams in both tournaments did not have to play two days running. Thanks to some really good rains the grounds were in very good order and certainly no one could complain about their being hard like they were last year.

In the Inter-Regimental we drew the 7th Light Cavalry a 15 Handicap team who were runners up in the Indian Cavalry Tournament this year, the following team represented the Regiment:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Handicap</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>4</th>
<th>2</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Harvey</td>
<td>1.</td>
<td>2.</td>
<td>3.</td>
<td>back.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dawnay</td>
<td>2.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gairdner</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richardson</td>
<td>back.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

After a good galloping game we won 5–3.

Our next opponents were the Central India Horse last year's winners and this year's winners of the Prince of Wales' Cup at Delhi, their team included George and Williams both of whom have played against America.

The C. I. H. team were as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Handicap</th>
<th>5</th>
<th>7</th>
<th>9</th>
<th>6</th>
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</thead>
</table>

1st Chukker.—Soon after the throw in Alexander scored. On changing ends Richardson missed narrowly but Dawnay scored from a good hit up by Gairdner.

2nd Chukker.—Play was very even and quite fast, each side scoring a goal.
3rd Chukker.—The C. I. H. appeared much better mounted and scored three times, Gairdner worked hard and scored a well deserved goal.

4th Chukker.—Play was very even and neither side scored.

5th Chukker.—Williams hit a goal early on, but after that we were pressing and were unlucky.

6th Chukker.—They got two goals and we got one making a final score of 8-4.

The Subalterns team was composed as follows:—
1. Mainwaring.
2. Wingfield.
3. Dawnay.
4. Archer Shee.

They played the P. A. V. O. in the first round. For the first five chukkers the game was very even indeed. The score at the beginning of the sixth chukker was 3-3, then our ponies could not hold their own and the game finished up 5-3. The P. A. V. O. were the eventual winners of the Cup. In our first year we were hard put to it to produce two sets of ponies so that no pony need play two days running.

The following team went to Roorkee to compete in the annual tournament held there:—
1. Parbury.
2. Jones.
4. Dawnay.

Gairdner and Dawnay had been playing in the final of the Duke of Connaughts two days before and therefore were badly mounted.

In the first round the Regiment drew Sappers and Miners “B” and gave them 4 goals on handicap and won 7-4 of which Jones shot four.

In the final we played the Black Watch to whom we conceded three goals, although we drew level in the third and fourth chukkers we were never able to gain the lead and the final score was 8-6.

In the last Tournament for the Country Life Salts Cup played at Meerut, the Regimental team drew a bye in the first round, beat the 2nd Lancers in the semi-final and the Black Watch (+5) by 7—6 in the final.

**RESUME OF POLO MATCHES.**

*Radha Mahar Tournament.*—Won, beating Scinde Horse in final.

*Delhi Low Handicap.*—“A” team beaten in 1st round.

“B” team beaten in 2nd round.

*Inter-Regimental.*—1st round, beat 7th Cavalry.

Semi-final, beaten by C.I.H. (Winners).

*Subalterns.*—1st round beaten by P.A.V.O. (Winners).

*Duke of Connaught’s Cup.*—Beaten by Jodhpur in final (after extra time).

*Roorkee.*—Beaten in final by Black Watch.

*Meerut Summer.*—Won, beating Black Watch in final.

**ALFIE’S ESSAYS.**

*“Geordie.”*

I believe his correct name is “Edgar” but whether he was christened with that high faluting name or any other has nothing to do with this epistle.

He is the culprit who by his constant allusions has prompted me to attempt a series of essays—the blood is on his own head.

He is “Geordie” to us and “Geordie” he will always be.

This name rather reminds one of the Tyneside and it is amply borne out by the remarkable stories he tells us.

Stories of the harrowing days he spent down the pit. Days of working in thigh boots and bathing drawers; knee deep in bl—(I mean mud) and water; ponies pulling hundreds of tubs of coal—dashing past him at the gallop, beaten unmercifully by urchins like himself, wielding huge pit props.

Ponies down pits???? What a good one!!!

I doubt if he was ever down a pit because by ordinary calculation of ages he would be too young. You see he says he is only twenty-six now and he has been in the Army say twelve years, so I think he read about the pit when he went to school with a slate on his back.
Well anyway we have got to where he has joined the Army. How he managed to get into the Tenth Hussars nobody knows, but it has been said that the Recruiting Officer let him stand on a stool when they tested his height.

I cannot remember his early military career, but I expect he was cheeky to the Corporals, a nuisance to the Sergeants and goodness knows what to the Sergeant Majors. Nevertheless by fair means or foul he installed himself in the Sergeants' Mess.

He was a member of the Regimental Football Team once.

No, he wasn't centre-forward, he was goalkeeper, and a jolly good goalkeeper too. It was a sight for sore eyes to see him between the sticks. You should see him when a penalty was being taken against him. Arms and legs outstretched, dancing up and down, making hideous faces at the spot kicker.

"Sometimes it worked but not always, and poor wee "Geordie" had to take the ball out of the net.

It is sad to relate but one day our gallant footballer stubbed his toe on a thistle and his career was ended. No more did we see his massive form defending our goal, and now his dazzling saves are forgotten in the limbo of the past.

The next we hear of him is as assistant signalling sergeant to the famous signaller "Tubby."

Some say "Geordie" was the best—what in I don't know, but it is reported that "Tubby" didn't agree, anyway our Tynesider came off second best and he was pitched head first into the machine gun department.

Oh! what a crash! Just imagine after playing about with delicate mechanism like buzzers, electric bells, fancy lights, and other things and then to have to carry those horrible heavy machine guns.

"I shall die of heart failure" said "Geordie," but manfully plucking up courage he struggled on with "Gun stops, No. 1 out, No. 2 in, your move, snap, twist stick," or some other such jargon only known and understood by gunners.

Ah! you say what about the All Ranks Dances? Well, what about them? We knew he put up the pretty lamps, especially the red ones. He was always fond of red lamps.

At last there arrived a day when "Tubby" left us and it behove the Regiment to find a successor. Was it a difficult task? Did we have to apply to the War Office, the Dhobi or the Wafd? Oh! no, not when "Geordie" was there with crossed flags sewn on all his jackets, caps, coats, collars and ties, ready to take up the flags, buzzers, electric bells and lamps (red or otherwise), knife, fork, spoon, etc., where "Tubby" had dropped them.

So now we find him bravely struggling under his topee, (it is the largest in the Army, size XOX, takes ten men to make, and two packing cases to convey) endeavouring to instil into men of various shapes, sizes, kinds, sorts and manners, that signalling is not just ack, emma, don, kay.

So we will leave him with his face wreathed in smiles showing his nice white teeth (but they are false).

* * *

Reader beware—it may be your turn next.

A. S.

We have in the Regiment a certain N. C. O. who gained the name of "Berseem King" by his dexterity in drawing and issuing the forage and green fodder for the horses, but we are sure that he would require to draw upon all his dexterity to issue the following yearly supplies to the inmates of the Regent Park Zoo:

- 168 tons of hay
- 53 tons of herring and whiting
- 2,178 pints of shrimps
- 269 tons of horse flesh
- 283 tons of goat flesh
- 224,813 bananas
- 10 tons of apples
- 3 tons of grapes
- 20,000 oranges
- 5 tons of monkey nuts

I have no doubt he would revel in working out the "forage account."

* * *
ACTIVITIES OF “A” SQUADRON.

We concluded our notes in the last issue of the Gazette with preparations for the Boxing. This Tournament took place in April, and was one of the bright and interesting sporting events much looked forward to by all.

The Squadron was defeated by “C” Squadron, to whom we offer our congratulations, but although we have only temporarily loaned the Brocklehurst Trophy to “C,” we hope to regain it next year. We must congratulate our team, who put up a splendid and plucky display against more experienced opponents.

We are now in the midst of the hot weather, and some of the Squadrons are enjoying a brief spell at the Hill Station, Dulikhet. We have heard that a certain Corporal, better known as ROMONA, has been heard yodeling in real Swiss manner, and it is rumoured that his Staff have developed legs like billiard tables with climbing.

We have just finished the annual Cadre Class for N.C.Os., and now the Squadron Roughs are concentrating their abilities in an endeavour to produce Troop horses from Buffaloes, which arrived from the Remount Depot with fairly good reputations, up to which they have lived by frisky rodeo demonstrations.

On the occasion of the King’s Birthday the Command held a miniature Aldershot Review, and it was said that our drill throughout the parade was exceptionally good until “I” Battery guns opened out, at which time there appeared a distinct kink in the formation caused by a certain amount of bumping and boring. This was soon rectified, and the Regiment marched past in fine style.

With regard to other Sports, we have done very well in Swimming and have held two Swimming Galas with “I” Battery, R.H.A., both of which we won. The results were:

1st Gala.
Two lengths Relay Free Style (3 men):
Result L/C Fachie won.
Hicks, Tpr. Price lost.
Diving . . Won by “I” Battery.
Spoons Diving . . by “A” Squadron.
Variety Race . .
One length relay (9 men).
Plunging . . “I” Battery.

The result of the 2nd Gala was the same with the following exceptions:
Diving . . Won by “A” Squadron.
Spoon Diving. “I” Battery.
Tpr. Price won his heat.

Cricket has just commenced with Inter-Troop matches, and prospects of Regimental games, which will be dealt with in the next issue.

We also held a Joust with M. G. Squadron, and on the day we were successful on points. The usual amount of amusement was derived from the competition, a new sport being introduced, in the form of a cycle race run under dirt track rules and conditions. Two ginger competitors, one a red hot favourite, were seen to collide at the hair-pin bend, and disappear in a cloud of dust. The winner taking all before him was found to have collected numerous clots of red hair in his pedals, and arrived at the winning post with such speed as to compel him to continue his
mad career through a muttie wall, and on into the Squadron Office, in ample time to sign for the damages to the said cycle.

Tennis has become the craze in the Regiment, and the Squadron has some very fair players. We have started a Tennis Club which is proving a great success. The efforts on the part of the Tennis Club Committee is much appreciated by all. The Club room affords great comfort in the evening, and is a favourite rendezvous in the Squadron. We were entertained by "C" Squadron in a Tennis at home, in which the home teams were defeated. We hope to play them on our own courts shortly. Mr. Duveen was very fortunate to shoot a fine tiger at Pachmari whilst on a Musketry Course. We have not yet got full details from Mr. Duveen owing to him being in hospital with fever. He has just arrived back in Meerut, and we are pleased to see him well again.

We were very sorry to have to say Goodbye to our 2nd in Command Captain Hignett, who left for England to take up a post on the Yeomanry, but we wish him the very best of luck in the future. Our Colonel has also left us to go to England, and we take this opportunity to wish Col. and Mrs. Greenwood every good fortune and success in their new sphere of life.

Since our last notes we have been joined by 2nd Lieut. Tetley from England, and L/C Binding transferred from R. A., to whom we extend a hearty welcome. We have also lost some N.C.Os. and men who were transferred to other Squadrons and we wish them all the best in their new Squadrons.

ALPHA II.

AN OPEN LETTER

DEAR ALPHA II,

With reference to your Squadron Notes for December, I am very sorry to hear that you lost so many football and hockey teams on the Regiment's departure from Egypt.

Were you by any chance referring to players or matches?

Yours, etc.,

READER.
The wind was still against us the next morning and if anything it had increased in force, so that we didn’t land at Gwader until four hours and forty-five minutes after leaving Karachi, which was forty-five minutes longer than we should have normally taken.

We took off from Gwader and arrived at Jask three and one-half hours later.

It now became apparent that we could not reach Bushire that night, and as there is no possible place to stay at Lingeh, there was nothing for it but to remain at Jask for the night. Luck must have changed slightly in our favour for on looking over the machine we found that the petrol pipe was leaking badly and it was certain that had we gone on without noticing it we should never have got to either Lingeh or Bushire.

The ground engineer of the Imperial Airways very kindly mended it for us and we were able to get away next morning at the crack of dawn determined to risk all and get to Basra that night.

Jask to Lingeh and Lingeh to Bushire are both 3 1/2 hours’ flying and on arrival at Bushire there was only three hours of daylight left. We must have refuelled in record time and pushed on again straight across the sea in order to make Basra. The wind changed and we landed two hours twenty minutes later, just as dusk was falling. That was just over 900 miles for the day and the machine ran without a hitch the whole time.

At Basra the Royal Air Force put us up for the night and were extremely kind to us by checking over the machine. They mended a flat tyre which must have been punctured on landing.

Most of that evening they spent in telling us how machines were continually being lost in the sandstorms and the occupants being killed, so we left the next morning in a not very happy frame of mind.

However, it was not sandstorms that troubled us the next day but heavy rain and we were nearly forced to come down short of Baghdad.

Finally we landed on the Royal Air Force aerodrome four hours after our start, and when we tried to taxi back to the hangars the machine was immediately bogged.

The police were soon at us and we had to remove ourselves and the aeroplane to the civil aerodrome Baghdad West.

Here we stayed two days getting a visa for our passports to take us into Turkey and we were beginning to feel the arm of the Turkish law closing round us even then.

It was not until the 14th that we left Baghdad and then only at 2 p.m. We were able to get to Dier-ez-zor in French Syria that night after four hours forty-five minutes in the air. Both here and at Alleppo the French were exceedingly kind to us and we were very grateful for their hospitality.

When we arrived at Alleppo after only two hours’ flying we decided to stay the night partly because the French officers were so pressing and partly because we thought that we should be able to cross Turkey in one “go” the following day.

We left Alleppo early in the morning and climbed up to 11,000 feet to cross the Taurus Mountains. This was the finest part of the whole trip as we flew above the clouds for nearly two hours and we could just see the snow capped peaks as they seemed to float passed us only fifty feet below.

Five hours later we landed to refuel at Konia in Turkey, leaving there after only one hour’s stop.

We had been flying scarcely more than two hours when the engine began to misfire due to a block in the petrol pipe. From then on we clung to the railway in order to facilitate our transport problem if and when we were forced down. Just then it began to rain and the visibility got so bad that we had to come down from four thousand to four hundred feet. About fifteen minutes later the engine stopped altogether and we only had enough height to make a 90 degrees turn and land across wind in a small grass field.
After making sure that the machine and ourselves were unhurt we began to consider what was best to be done. This did not require a large amount of thought as the decision was made for us by the crowd that shortly emerged from a nearby village.

We were in fact escorted back to a cottage and put into a small room with no less than thirty other occupants including the headman of the village. After considerable time he wrote a letter signed and sealed it and handed it over to an escort which was to take us to the nearest station four miles away.

On our way there we were allowed to cover up the engine and cockpits of the machine and then we started on a weary four miles' walk over soaking fields to the station.

To our intense joy we found an official at the station who could speak French and he explained that we were being taken to the police at Exclishir fifty miles down the line. This we considered a very unsatisfactory state of affairs, so after a certain amount of Turkish pounds paper changing hands we were allowed to proceed in the opposite direction and reached Constantinople at 8 a.m. the next morning.

To go into the details of our interview with the Consul would take too long but the result is of importance as we left by train at 3-30 that afternoon and reached London three days later having taken ten days over the whole trip, thus we achieved the first and most important of our objectives—'London—the quickest the best.'

(ED. NOTE.—The author of the above has certainly given us an interesting account of his flight but we are sure it is far too modest and leaves us guessing as to the thrilling adventures which they undoubtedly had.)

Sir Walter Scott used to say that by breakfast time the bulk of his day's work was finished.

We must have a few Sir Walters in the Regiment.

**ANNIVERSARY OF THE 13TH MAY 1931.**

The Anniversary of the 13th May 1915 was commemorated this year by a parade of the Regiment on the square near the Orderly Room.

The Regimental War Memorial was placed in the centre of the East side of the square with the Regiment formed up on the other sides.

The Commanding Officer, Major D. C. H. Richardson, M.C., addressed the Regiment saying: "To-day being the 13th of May, I am going to place this wreath on the Regimental War Memorial in memory of 43 Officers, N. C. Os. and men who were killed in action on the 13th May 1915 in the second battle of Ypres."

He then placed a wreath at the bottom of the Memorial. The "Last Post" was then sounded and this was followed by two minutes silence.

After the stirring notes of the "Reveille" had died away in the distance, the Regiment was ordered to Squadron Parades and the Squadrons were marched away to dismiss.

**SOME MORE HOWLERS.**

He killed a sparrow with a pistol which was eating some bread crumbs.

He was very fond of her; he thought of marrying her more than once.

For sale, one hundred year old hens.

Wanted, new pair of football boots for a young terrier.

The band played the hymns as well as the church organ.
Before we begin to regale our readers with news and views of the Band up in the Hills, we must recall to memory two important functions at which we were present. Although of the same character, they were entirely different in aspect. We refer to the farewell send-offs accorded to two Old Soldiers of the Regiment; Col. Druce, D.C.M. and Col. Greenwood, M.C.

Col. Druce chose to depart in the evening, and in consequence the Regiment turned out in force to "See him off." We wonder if the members of the Sergeants' Mess, who were pulling the Colonel along in the captive landau so well, have joined the Concert Party yet? Their rendering of "Old Soldiers Never Die" was certainly full of volume even if not tuneful.

The other farewell, Col. Greenwood's was a very quiet, but nevertheless sincere affair. Choosing a very early train, (0600 hrs. precisely) for his departure, Col. Greenwood had a farewell after his own heart; quiet, subdued, but genuine; and when the train moved out to the strain of "Auld Lang Syne" one sort of felt that a very good friend and comrade had gone from our midst.

We have no doubt that all ranks will join with us in wishing them God Speed, and that their days of retirement may be restful and quiet, a fitting end to a true soldier's life.

Well here we are, at last up in the Hills. After being told by many from near and far that it is "Teke (?) up the Khuds". The journey from Meerut was very dull and boring. At Bareilly, where the change-over took place, everything was unloaded and re-loaded in the dark, with an occasional torchlight to guide us on our way.

The trip from Kathgodam, which according to all reports was one big thrill, was too long, over seven hours allotted for the entertainment. Mind you, you get quite a fair share of thrills going up, but after a couple of hours you begin to fall asleep and are suddenly awakened by a shrieking of brakes, soon the novelty wears off, and you curse with true British fluency. The roadway up the Hills is a marvellous affair. Starting from Kathgodam it is a straight climb for about five miles, and then the road takes on a series of zig-zag turns and hair-pin bends up to Brewery. (Curiously enough there's no Brewery at Brewery.)

From thence it is a steep climb to Bhowali and from then onwards we get the real thrill of the journey, for instead of going up, we come down, and darned quickly too. Talk about nerve-ticklers at Brooklands, it's nothing compared to a drive from Bhowali to Garumpani, especially if your driver suffers from Housemaids Knees or Hammer Toes. Round sharp "S" turns, hair-pin bends, now looking over the edge of a cliff with the valley thousands of feet below, well I don't know what you would do, but for myself I merely curled myself up in
We arrived at Dulikhet about 3-30 p.m.,
very thankful to be able to sit on some-
thing that didn’t remind one of a “Figure-
of-Eight Railway.”

Well, now we are here and settled down, there’s little or nothing to write home about as regards Band Work; it seems to be a matter of waiting ones turn to go into Hospital. Our Band Master was the first to enter the Home of Rest; he had a refractory appendix which had to be removed. The operation was quite successful and he (the Band Master, not the Appendix) is getting on quite alright.

Sergeant Eames was next on the Roll, he also had a forced sleep, whilst the Surgeon got busy on a troublesome cartilage. He is not yet able to get about, but by the time these notes appear we hope he will be up and doing once more.

All told we have had five in Hospital at once, but having become wise regarding things edible we venture to think that there will be no more casualties.

As regards competitive sport there is very little doing. We have had a Depot Sports Meeting at which the Band contingent contributed considerably to the victory attained, of which more will be seen in an article to be published later.

The Football and Hockey Grounds are far below the usual standard, so that decent games cannot be expected. We’ve played a few games of Hockey with the Ranikhet Club, and up-to-date our Goal average stands at Goals for 7. Goals against 8, which is not too bad.

Strange to relate, that despite all the amenities of life in a Hill Station, no dust storms, no depressing heat, etc., there is something we miss sadly, and we are longing to be back at Meerut, once more among the Boys.

F. C. B.

ANENT THE OLD COMRADES.

Mr. "Tommy" Cook (3936) who joined the Regiment in 1897 and left at Mhow in 1906 wishes to be remembered to all who knew him and he would like to hear from anyone who cares to write to him. His address is 12, Cross Street, North Front, Southampton.

During the past Trooping Season he has been head butcher on the H.T. "Somersetshire."

It was on this ship that in the course of conversation he mentioned the wreck of the "Ismore" and Captain Portman, Sir John Milbanke, Major Shearman, Captain Barclay and Major Mitford. He was servant to Sir John Milbanke for a time, he said.

Other names he mentioned were Moon, Jess Standen, Pawley, "Old Daddy Mason", Micky Carroll and Breverton.

He will no doubt be very grievous to hear of the death of his old friend Micky.

We have also had a visit recently from an old Tenth Hussar, Mr. Wilfred West, from Jaipur State. I have no doubt a good many of the pre-war Tenth will remember him, and he wishes to be remembered to all old pals.

He promised to return in the very near future and fill, file, scrape, or extract any of our teeth, as he is now a very successful "tooth carpenter."

We also very often see Mr. Drake and Mrs. Fownes who are living in or near Meerut. We have no doubt that all these names bring pleasant memories of the past to our Old Comrade readers.

We shall always be glad to publish news of all ex-Tenth Hussars, for there are Tenth Hussars in every civilised country in the world and we are sure they like to hear about each other.
SPORTS NOTES.

Since our last issue of the Gazette our Sports Programme has changed from Winter pastimes to Summer, this being brought about by a quick change in the weather about the latter end of April. Football and Hockey were concluded, in favour of Swimming, Tennis and Cricket, the latter sports being much more suitable to climatic conditions.

Inter-Troop Cricket League, 1931.

Owing to good results being obtained in the Inter-Troop Football League, it was decided to run a League at Cricket on the same principle, and so enable all troops to play matches each week and keep interested throughout the Tournament irrespective whether they are likely League Winners or Wooden Spoonists.

Owing to the Band being away up at the Hills the League consisted of 14 teams, “A,” “C,” and “MG” each providing 4 teams while “HQ” were represented by The Signal Troop and Administrative Troop.

We are the proud possessors of two grounds, The Oval and The Hockey Ground, both todate having played quite well. The Oval (like Kennington) is a fair sized ground and derives its name from its shape, while the Hockey ground is converted for use for cricket, it being rather small but fast and provides all the facilities for Brighter Cricket as results will show.

Up to the present the most successful teams are, The Sigs, Admin, “C”2 and “C”4 and “A”1 and “A”4, with other teams running them very close. The Signals todate are the only 100 per cent. team having done splendidly through good all-round team work with Tprs. Codrai and the Brothers Short being very consistent performers. “Admin” with a few Old Hands are a formidable opposition and in Tpr. Adkin have a very useful bowler. “C”2 another useful side have played some splendid games with Far. Snelling the most consistent performer with the Bat for them todate, while good team work has helped them out of many a scrape. “C”4 have also a good side and caught “Admin” napping in the dark to win a good game, and with a little better team work will undoubtedly go far in the Tournament, L/Cpl. Mordaunt being a useful all-rounder for them. “A”1 are doing quite well todate with Tpr. Shales being the outstanding performer for them, while “A”4 are running them close with Tprs. Drury and Richards being their mainstay. Mr. McMullen soon got going and knocked up a splendid 64 out of 74 for his Troop “MG”3 v. “Admin” and but for a snorter from SSM. Rusbridge, one wonders, how many he would have made. Unfortunately for “MG”3, Polo, Duty and now Leave have claimed his services. Mr. Parbury has also shown early form and “MG”2 can look forward more confidently to brighter prospects in the future. We regret we are unable to mention all worthy performances owing to lack of space but appended are results of matches todate and League Positions.

League Table.

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<th>Lost</th>
<th>Drawn</th>
<th>Points</th>
<th>League Position</th>
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### Results and League Table of Inter-Troop Football League

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</table>

The League was finally decided after the Band v. Administrative match, the latter team fielding a very weak side went under to the Band 1—0 after a very interesting game, and so dropped to 3rd place in the League Table. "C" 4 are to be congratulated on once again winning the Inter-Troop Cup, and "MG" 1 as worthy runners up.

At various outside sports meeting our representatives have done fairly well as seen by the following results:

**District Police Sports, 19th March 1931**
- Open Pegging Individual
  - 1st Sgt. Elderfield
  - 2nd Sgt. Cutting
  - Cpl. Hicks
  - Joddrell
  - Tpr. Dowman

**Open Relay—2nd**

**Black Watch Sports, 14th March 1931**
- Open Mile
  - 1st Tpr. Cole

**"I" Batty Sports, 20th March 1931**
- Open Team Jumping—1st
  - Sgt. Hart
  - Frisby
  - Osborne

- Open Pegging Team of 8—2nd

- Open Squadron Relay Team of 4
  - 2nd "A" Squadron

**Black Watch Boxing, 23rd March 1931.**

**Special Contest 3 rounds.—**Tpr. Allison, XR.H. v. Pte. Smith, Black Watch.

Allison won by a knock out in 30 seconds.
Events.

1. Open Jumping
   - 1st Tpr. Hefford
   - 2nd Sgt. Davis
   - “MG” Squadron, X.R.H.

2. Section Pegging
   - 1st “A” X.R.H.
   - 2nd Royal Signals
   - SSM. Prince
   - Sgt. Elderfield
   - Davis
   - Frisby

3. Individual Pegging
   - 1st SSM. Guy
   - 2nd Sgt. Elderfield

SWIMMING.

1st The Black Watch v. X.R.H.

Events.

1. 2 Length Relay. Team of 4
2. 1 Length Variety Race. Team of 4
3. Unit Relay. Team of 7
4. 1 Length Relay. Team of 9

Results.

X.R.H. Won.

EVENTS.

1. 2 Lengths Relay. Team of 4
2. Variety Race. Team of 4
3. Spoon Diving. Team of 3
4. Unit Relay. Team of 7
5. Diving. Team of 3
6. Under Water 1 Lth. Team of 3
7. 1 Length Relay. Team of 9

Results.

X.R.H. Won by 1 length.
X.R.H. Won by 2x.
X.R.H. Won by 31 to 22.
X.R.H. Won by 1 length.
R. A. Won.
X.R.H. Won by 5x.

X.R.H. Team selected from:
- Cpl. Wass
- Hicks
- Fachie
- Tpr. MacDonald
- Quillan

Coach: R. S. M. Vokins, MM

SSM. Prince, MM
- Tpr. Price
- Nowell
- Wright
- Farnell
- Fielding

HORSE BREEDING IN INDIA.

From very ancient times until the Mahrattas were subdued by the British in 1818 horses for cavalry were used in India in immense numbers. Invasions were frequent and internecine warfare between the various states and princes struggling for dominion was a chronic condition. Cavalry was the chief arm. In 1540 Sher Shah’s army comprised 150,000 horse and only 25,000 foot. At the battle of Panipat in 1761 the Durrani had 41,800 Cavalry and the Mahrattas 55,000. The horses were, it is true, only ponies but so also were Arabs from which the Thoroughbred breed was developed, and as Major-General W. Tweedie, the great authority on the Arab horse, who served for many years in India wrote in his book “The Arabian Horse” published in about 1890: “A century ago Hindustan yielded horses second to none in stamina.”—“The breeds had been handed down unaltered through centuries of warfare.”—“They display the clean muscle, lean head, thin nostril and large dark eye of the Nejd horse.”

The British beginning their occupation from the low-lying coast and at a distance from the breeding areas had very great difficulty in securing horses, especially the Bengal and Madras armies, the Bombay army being able to import Arabs. This led to Stud farms being established in the Bengal and Madras Presidencies in 1794-5. Unfortunately, the Bengal Stud was established in
Bihar, unsuitable for two reasons. Bihar is too humid and the people were not horse breeders. Unfortunately also, wrong systems were instituted in both Presidencies. The mares and stock were stabled and stall-fed and totally inadequate grazing provided. Under such conditions mares will not breed regularly and only a small proportion of the stock develop satisfactorily. Thus poor results are obtained and the expense of stall feeding, clothing, etc., is excessive.

The consequence was that the Stud in the Madars Presidency, the grassy uplands of which are eminently suited for horse breeding only survived from 1792 to 1810 and importations from Arabia and Persia via Mangalore and later from South Africa and Australia, came to be relied upon. But Bengal was too remote from the Persian Gulf. The Army there still had much fighting to look forward to, and therefore further Studs were established—firstly in Bihar, then at Hapur (or Babugarh) in 1818, at Saharanpur in 1843 and at Karnal in 1862.

Despite the wrong system of breeding and rearing employed these Studs succeeded in producing some thousand remounts each year for the British Cavalry and Artillery, and as the rejections at the Stud amounted to 75 per cent. there were plenty of horses left over for Indian Cavalry and for ordinary uses. Only a comparatively small number of horses were imported. The stallions employed were mostly Thoroughbreds and Stud breeds with only a sprinkling of Arabs.

It was with the assistance of the horses bred at these Studs that the Punjab was conquered in 1849, the Mutiny quelled in 1857-8 and Afghanisatn occupied in 1880. But the expensiveness of their production owing to the wrong system employed had come more and more into question, with the consequence that, instead of reforming the system, the Government decided in 1876 to abolish the Studs. Within a few months a breed which it had taken 80 years to develop was dispersed in all directions, and the large majority of the mares and stock were lost to the cause of horse breeding.

A subsidiary motive of Government in breaking up the Studs was to give the farmers a chance of breeding the requirements of the British Cavalry and Artillery, and to enable them to breed a heavier type of horse than the light boned mare of the countryside could breed, English Norfolk Trotter and Hackney Stallions were imported in large numbers. The control of horse breeding was transferred to the Civil Veterinary Department. It was expected that the farmers would keep their stock till 4 years of age. But they could not afford to do this, nor to keep their best fillies to breed from. The young stock were purchased by dealers and taken to all parts of India for sale, especially to the Indian States which having become under British protection no longer needed to breed horses. The scheme intended to provide horses for British units proved a failure after a trial of 27 years (1876-1903).

In consequence of this failure a Royal Horse Breeding Commission was appointed in 1900 to advise the Government. The outcome was: (a) the retransfer of the control of horse breeding in selected districts to the Army (Army Remount Department); (b) the establishment at Mona and Sargodha in the Punjab of two Government remount depots of 10,000 acres each for rearing young stock to be purchased at the youngest age possible; (c) the establishment of Studs for Indian Cavalry regiments to enable them to breed their own remounts or rear the young stock they purchased; (d) the establishment of a horse breeding colony by the allotment of Government waste lands about to be irrigated by the Lower Jhelum Canal, to colonists on horse breeding conditions.

The above all took shape in 1903. In 1912 it was decided to establish another horse breeding colony in the Montgomery and Multan districts where further Government waste lands were about to be irrigated by the Lower Bari Doab Canal, but this scheme did not take a
definite shape until after the conclusion of the War in 1918.

The two horse breeding colony schemes together provided 8,000 mares. The colonists were given free grants or leases of land at the rate of 40 to 50 acres per mare in the first colony, and 25 acres in the second colony, on condition that they offered their young stock to the Government at the Government’s price. Unfortunately no condition was made that the colonists should set apart a portion of their land for grazing paddocks. Nor were such paddocks provided in the designs of the Mona and Sargodha rearing depots. At these only comparatively small dry paddocks were provided although General Parsott in his private stud (1876-91) and the Studs of Probyns Horse, and other Indian Cavalry Regiments had demonstrated the value of grazing paddocks.

The combined Scheme of horse breeding colonies and Government rearing depots has proved somewhat disappointing. Owing to the lack of grazing, the most natural and economical method of raising stock, the horses have proved expensive to rear and there has been a disproportionate percentage of failures, to which the excessive use of Arab stallions of insufficiently good quality has contributed. In 1900-01 the Royal Horse Breeding Commission of 1900-01 had remarked upon the poor quality of a large proportion of the Arab sires, and since the War there has been further deterioration in the Arabian breed.

Another factor which has detracted from the success of the horse breeding colony scheme is the failure of Government to make any appeal to the spirit of the breeders. Whether they breed very good or only moderate horses the price they receive is much the same. They cannot look to a possibility, as the small breeder in Ireland does, of securing an extra good price for a good hunter or race horse. This has caused them to take a drab view of their obligations although hereditarily they are keen horse breeders. The aim of breeding troop horses has been set too low. No margin has been allowed for a lack of success. For lack of encouragement and owing to neglect, horse breeding has virtually died out in the older areas which 200 years ago produced the best breeds.

But despite the lack of encouragement many good horses are bred in the new horse breeding colonies of Shahpur and Montgomery. In the pigsticking competition for the Kadir Cup in 1930 five of the six finalists were Indian bred, an outcome which 30 years ago (although not 60 years ago) would not have been thought possible. Also in the show ring, in jumping competitions, and on the race course in recent years horses bred in India have begun to hold their own against imported horses. But the successful horses are always the produce of Thoroughbred sires, and although some of them may have a strain or two of Arab blood they have more strains of Thoroughbred.

For breeding troop horses, and even polo ponies the writer believes in an occasional strain of Arab blood, but deprecates its excessive use. The Arab being of the oldest and purest breed in the world is dominant and transmits his faults as well as his virtues freely. Quality, courage, power of endurance, rotundity of barrel and compactness are his virtues, but lightness and roundness of bone, faulty shoulders, short necks and quarters, and cow hocks are his failings. Compared to the Thoroughbred (of the right kind) the Arab is an unimproved horse. While the Arab breed has stood still or retrogressed, his product the Thoroughbred horse has been improved by scientific breeding and by racing tests. It is true that a considerable proportion of modern thoroughbreds are weedy, but that is because too much of the racing in England and Ireland is over short distances, and too many of the horses are raced too young, also perhaps there has recently been too much “in-breeding”, and not sufficient elimination of fillies owing to the boom in blood stock.

Cavalry regiments in India will do a great service to the cause of Indian horse breeding if they will take an interest (Continued on page 23).
CONCERNING “C” SQUADRON.

We welcome this number of the Gazette in order to let the world know that we are again the holders of the Brocklehurst Trophy. The Boxing for this great annual event was well up to the standard of what C. Squadron has previously produced, when we held the Trophy for five consecutive years.

Some excellent fighting was witnessed during the matches, and the good show put up by our opponents gives credit to the coming boxers of this squadron.

The weights for this event were:

1ST NIGHT A. SQUADRON v. C. SQUADRON.


2. **Feathers.**—L/Cpl. Mordaunt lost to Tpr. Palmer of A. Sqn. on points, after an excellent contest.

   2nd string.—Tpr. Tipping lost on points to Tpr. Scrivens of A. Sqn.

3. **Lightweights.**—Tpr. Lloyd knocked out Tpr. Sutherst of A. Sqn. in the second round.

   2nd string.—Farr. Davis beat L/Cpl. Jones of A. Sqn. on points.

   3rd string.—Tpr. Kemster lost to Tpr. Marshall of A. Sqn. on points.


   2nd string.—L/Cpl. Rodwell won on a walk over.

3rd string.—L/Cpl. Swain lost to Tpr. Meenan of A. Sqn. by a knock out in the first round.

4th string.—Tpr. Davis (44) beat Tpr. Mott of A. Sqn. on points.


   2nd string.—Sgt. Frisby knocked out Tpr. Anderson of A. Sqn. in the third round.

This concluded the first night’s fighting with C. Sqn. leading in points.

FINAL NIGHT C. v. M. G.

1. **Bantam.**—L/Cpl. Waring won on a walk over.


   2nd string.—Tpr. Tipping beat Tpr. Thomas of M. G. on points after an extra round.


   2nd string.—Farr. Davis beat Tpr. Kelly of M. G. on points.

3rd string.—Tpr. Kemster won on a walk over.

4th string.—Tpr. Gavan beat Tpr. Thompson of M. G. on points.

Welters.—Sergt. Allen was knocked out by Tpr. Allison of M. G. in the first round.

   2nd string.—L/Cpl. Rodwell knocked out Tpr. Lewis of M. G. in the first round.

3rd string.—L/Cpl. Swain lost to Tpr. Slater of M. G.

4th string.—Tpr. Davis (44) beat Tpr. Thompson of M. G. on points.

Middles.—Tpr. Ryan beat Tpr. Lawley of M. G. on points.

   2nd string.—Tpr. MacDonald knocked out Tpr. Brown of M. G. in the first round.
This concluded the finals and gave C. Sqdn. the Trophy with a leading score of 11 points.

Apart from the boxing no other great events have been contested for. Our tennis courts are running well and we are turning out a few good average players. Our fear now with regard to the courts is the monsoon, as the courts are made of mutty we fully expect to see them washed away when the monsoon arrives, which will be very shortly now.

The Squadron gardens have produced fully up to our expectations and the vegetables have been of the best and plentiful.

We wish to conclude our notes with a little verse concerning two well known Troop Leaders.

Two Cavalry Officers went flying to their homes.
To beat the Air Mail they tried
One is a leader who we know as Jones
And the other is a king we cried.
They left this country full of fight,
With England's shore in their minds
But something did not go quite right,
And they dropped in the desert lines.
The plane would not function nor would it float
And they prayed for a drop of rain,
The heat and the plane quite got their goat
So they finished the journey by train.

Do you know the thrill of visiting a strange hunting country? As one drives to the meet and glances rather shyly to left and right at the rolling plains of grass land feather stitched with black fences one's breakfast doesn't seem to have quite reached its destination, one's tie is too tight and one feels dreadfully provincial. And nearing the Meet as the car glides cautiously past those who are to be one's companions in the day's sport, one is consumed with timorous envy for their rollicking blood horses, their easy self-assurance and their obvious good spirits. They all look such "devils to go" such hard bitten veterans of the chase.

The guest was conscious of all this and more as he stepped out of the car and followed his host and hostess through the medley of hunting folk and loafers in search of their horses.

"There's Walton in that yard" said the host. "I do hope he's provided something decent. I hate putting you on a hireling but to-morrow and Tuesday." His voice trailed off as if the promise of to-morrow and Tuesday... depended somewhat on how the guest acquitted himself to-day.

The little dealer advanced to greet his patrons and as his eye took in the diminutive proportions of the stranger guest, his face fell. As he led him across the yard he whispered apologetically, "Her Ladyship never told me...she only spoke on the telephone...I couldn't know that you were...well..."

He pointed dumbly to the biggest horse the guest had ever seen. Seventeen hands, as broad as a wine cask, up to 18 stone. The guest's eyes and the dealer's met and together they burst out laughing.

"I think he's just up to my weight..."

"I'm sorry Captain. I cannot change now. All my others are out. He's a fine jumper. You can go anywhere you like on him."
"A long way in a long time" reflected the guest as he allowed himself to be hoisted skywards.

* * * *

Three hundred people jammed into an arrow headed phalanx and at its apex the broad back of "the master" like Hector on the bridge holding the gateway. By quite stealth and a few glozing apologies the stranger has worked his way into the position of number 27. Further he cannot get, for the crush is tightly packed. All eyes are fixed on the small square wood, two fields in front, the cackle of gossip has suddenly died, there is no sound except the creak of leather and the occasional squelching stamp of a horse's hoofs. One hound has spoken.

Down the wind comes the shrill wail of a perfectly rendered "Awa-a... Forrand Awa-a."

Twenty-seventh at the first gate; fifty-seventh at the second; eighty-seventh at the first fence. ("Yes he can jump, but even that he does slowly") And now the guest gets a glimpse—one fleeting glimpse—of hounds, seven fields away, and running like a pack of wolves. Oh yes, he can jump and he's clever too. It was only the trick of an hardy old veteran to twist in the air at that last one, to avoid the crumbling bank of that very wide ditch. But heaven's above; what's the use of jumping when hounds are going as fast and as straight as this. There's not a chance of nicking in over some big place and making up a little leeway on a day like this. Everyone else seems mounted on race horses. Even that child's pony is gaining on one at every stride... Oh hell!

* * * *

Fourteen minutes and to ground—274th.

Twenty minutes and killed him—263rd.

Twenty-five minutes and killed him. Pulled up.

And then like an angel from heaven appears the little dealer. "Come on Captain, it's fair broken my heart to see you jump on this one. I don't know much about him but he can gallop and if you kick him into them he'll lep alright. He..."

"Are you quite sure you don't mind?" But already the guest has thrown his leg over the saddle, and is sliding to the ground. Throughout the morning he has assured his anxious host and hostess "that he is quite happy—lovely jumper, you know..." but...a little blood one with lop ears and a varminty little head.

And straightaway the deity who looks after disappointed hunting folk, sent a big dog fox crawling away under the first whip's nose.

* * * *

Comparisons are odious. That little blood horse in shape, compared to the big chestnut, as Gertrude Lawrence to Sophie Tucker, in sagacity, as Beverly Nicholls to Stanley Baldwin. He had no manners, no mouth and no experience, but he could gallop and there was but one idea in his head—to get to the dogs and trample them under his feet.

And the guest grinned as he sailed effortlessly over those deep riding grasslands, grinned as the timber, well and truly cloated, shivered and clattered beneath him. He could see the hounds, see them swinging and rollicking away on a breast high scent. He was out of the hundreds now—in the first dozen, finding his own way across a strange country—living in ecstasy.

They must have run in a circle (but that matters nothing at all to a stranger to whom every new fence and field is a fresh adventure) for there is the dealer's man on the road. He is holding his hat in the air.

"I'm having a wonderful ride. He's just grand—a little topper; shall I see it out, or would you like me to take him home? I'm quite satisfied. I've had a wonderful time." Quoth the guest breathlessly to the dealer.
"Take him home indeed. For why should you take him home? See the day out on him. He'll go for ever. I've been watching you, I know.

"You are quite sure?" but the guest on the little brown horse only throws the question over his shoulder as he jumps out of the road.

He has taken a lucky turn. He is alone with hounds for the moment. A line of willow trees at the foot of the long slope predict that that low straggling fence may screen some watery horror.

No time to go and... look steady little man... yes, just there between the willows. Do it your own way.....

"Yes quite alright thanks. I've got plenty more hats. It was bad luck to strike it in the only place where the brook runs right away from the fence.... Only blown I think. Knocked the wind out of him.... My God! I hope not.... Here let's take his saddle off.... No, Not mine, a hireling. As gallant a little horse as ever I rode. He made a marvellous effort, but.... Oh a vet, are you? Well let's try to get him up...."

"It's broken, Sir, he wouldn't get up only in front like that, otherwise. That or concussion of the spine. I did in one of mine the same, last season...."

"No, it's no good trying again. He certainly cannot move his hind quarters. A pin? yes, I'll try it. It will tell if he's any feeling there...."

"Hurrah"!

"Thank God."

"Jumped up like a two year old, didn't he? I should keep him on the move and walk him home. Yes, I'll get on. Oh! no thanks I'm glad to have helped. Very glad it's no worse. Goodnight. No, no, don't mention it."

* * * * *

"Yes, just a spot more soda please. Once I got him on the road I saw he was sound, I got on his back. He trotted home as sound as a bell and as gay as a cricket. A grand little horse indeed."

SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

"Honest sweat" is hard to distinguish from any other form, in these days. With the thermometer creaking and groaning under heavy pressure, everyone, whether qualified for Paradise or Prison, exudes a stream of moisture only temporarily replaced by frequent and hefty swallows.

When the electric fans and punkahs, by some fell decree, are switched off every evening at 5-0 p.m. for two hours, it is a sure and certain Turkish bath for anyone who is dilatory over tea.

On the 26th March we said our farewells to Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Druce. On the Sunday previous to his departure Col. Druce came to the Mess and was presented with a silver cigarette box—a small token of our esteem.

His send-off was right worthy. From the dark recesses of some local stable we exhume an ancient tun-tum, draped it with regimental colours, posted our champion coach-horn blower, Sgt. Frisby, complete with instrument of torture, on the back axle, collected a team of stalwarts from the Mess and, preceded by the Band, hauled the contraption to the Quartermaster's bungalow.

There, with sound of the trumpet and loud crackers, the Colonel blushingly took his seat. To our disappointment Mrs. Druce attained such a decree of bashfulness as to make it impossible for her to follow suit. Or, maybe it was that she did not trust the vehicle nor its motive power.

Thence to the station, preceded, flanked and followed by a multitude of people, to the strains of "Old Soldiers Never Die" and "Boys of the Old Brigade," ably coupled by the Bandmaster.

After waiting some time at the station, during which the final goodbye were said and the air made hideous with shrieks from the coach-horn, the
train arrived, and, midst cheers and music, our old friends departed.

Yet again, on the 23rd April, Colonel and Mrs. Greenwood went from us. In their case the hour of departure was before Reveille, but this did not deter the Regiment from turning out in large numbers to say goodbye.

The Mess presented the Colonel with a Bridge Set prior to his departure, and in accepting it he made it easy for us to see what the Regiment means to him and how hard a break it was for him to leave it.

The Tenth, in a despondent mood, might well regard March and April, 1931, as black months, but changes, though they be ever so sad, are inevitable.

Consequent upon Lt.-Col. Druce’s retirement, R.O.M.S. F. O. Mason was promoted Lieutenant and Quartermaster, a popular “casualty” indeed, and one that calls forth congratulations from all.

In sequence, up the ladder, came the following: S.Q.M.S. Standing promoted R.O.M.S., Sgt. Shepherd promoted S.Q.M.S., L/Sgt. Allen to full rank, and L/Sgt. Canning crossed our threshold. To all of them we can honestly say, “Congratulations, and thanks for the drink!”

Ladies are rather rare in the station these fiery days, although some diehards still remain to keep an eye on their spouses.

Strange stories are told of certain married members whose families being away in the Hills, elected to share a khan samah in their quarters. It is understood that great excitement prevailed one morning when the cook produced soup for breakfast. Soup! Judging by a sausage roll which was exhibited in the Mess, someone is certainly having hard times. However, as the folk concerned are still alive and well, their “bobberjee” must have improved somewhat.

It is noticeable that a proportion of the married members quietly disappear in the direction of Dulikhet (the Hill Depot) fairly frequently. In their case the song “I wish I was single again” does not appear to apply.

The Hill Depot has quite recently become a wonderful place in the eyes of the Bandmaster, for has not young (very) David Roberts made his appearance in the world, at that venue. Welcome laddie and long may you reign.

R.S.M. Vokins has deserted us and our heated atmosphere for the cool hills, dales and lakes of Kashmir. Though not near as good as the Yorkshire moors, we have heard that he thinks it very English—y in character. We express our envy.

Anent a certain photograph that appeared in the last number of the Gazette, showing a proud owner in his garden (?), someone has asked that the title should be published, and after debating the matter it was decided, in Mess, that “Wormald Scrubs” would do very nicely. A sly joke but one that will prejudice our chances of being presented with a bunch of flowers or a few tomatoes from the garden in question.

In the throes of a pre-monsoonal temperament, and in undisputed possession of several square yards of prickly heat, we will depart hence. By the time September arrives and the next number is due perhaps our brains will have cooled down sufficiently to enable us to write a more presentable article.

“Napoleon.

We know somebody like that in this Regiment.”
A DAY OF WORK

"You are Orderly Officer to-morrow, Sir." James '09 said that. James '09 is my soldier servant.

"I've read my orders, James," I said with some dignity. James smiled. When he smiles he looks more ridiculous than ever. I caught him mumbling something about some-one being late for Church Parade. I let that pass. The news that I was Orderly Officer came as a shock to my system. I felt that James could have broken it to me in a more tactful manner. To be Orderly Officer in my Regiment is a serious matter. It also means best boots and uncomfortable clothing.

Anyhow, I went into the Mess that night with a sense of impending doom and my heart in my boots. It was not until I had consumed my second Sherry and Bitters that my heart resumed its normal position.

Next morning arrives. I have discovered that this is a habit with mornings. What I mean to say is that the morning on which one is Orderly Officer is a gruesome affair.

James romps into my room at about half-past six. The fool never can do anything but romp . . . anyhow, in the early morning. In his hand he has a tin jug of water, and a rather grubby cup and saucer. The saucer is full of tea, the cup has some wet sugar in the bottom. James likes his tea with plenty of sugar. I believe he has what is known as a sweet tooth. When I have drunk the saucer dry I feel that I can conduct a little light conversation.

"What time is it, James?"

"Seven o'clock, sir."

This is an old game. James always advances the hour by thirty minutes or so in the hope that he will get me on parade in time.

"What have I got to do first, James?"

"Rations, sir, at seven-fifteen"

This seems to indicate that some speed is needed in dressing, but it is raining, so I allow myself another twenty minutes in bed. By this time James has become desperate. He tells me it is raining. This does not have the desired effect. At seven o'clock Greenwich time I am still in the bed. The door develops a nasty habit of banging to and fro. This is James' last resort, and in sheer self-defence I surrender.

Then James really begins to hustle. I receive a nasty bang in the ear, this is James assisting me to dress by throwing my braces over my shoulder while I struggle with a bootlace.

In exactly thirteen minutes I have arrived at the Ration Stand. All is in readiness. Under the verandah stands the Regimental Orderly Sergeant. I am always a bit nervous of Orderly Sergeants, they are so efficient.

This one makes a noise like a sea lion, and about twenty gentlemen in various coloured canvas suitings spring rigidly to attention. (I hoped that I could bring in "rigidly to attention" as nothing written about soldiers is complete without it.) After a solemn pause, the men are allowed to stand easy. During this pause I have returned the salute, and bidden the Orderly Sergeant "Good morning."

The Sergeants' Mess had a 'Social' last night, this seems to have affected the temper of the N.C.O.

It is now seven-fifteen, the Sergeant performs some animal imitations, the men seem to understand him. They stand in two ranks while I cast an eagle eye over them. At least it was meant to be an eagle eye, but one of my eye-lashes has got turned in so that the eagle eye is a bit watery.

I try to copy the Regimental Orderly Sergeant, and in a hoarse cackle tell number ten of the rear rank to stand still. I don't think he actually moved, but there is a wicked look in his eye. The Sergeant immediately places him under arrest, this seems a pity.

The business of the day is now well under way, loaves of bread and lumps of margarine are thrown out of the Ration...
Store, and borne away on “tables, 6 foot, soldiers.”

The Sergeant asks me if he can collect the reports. To do this he salutes me twice and with some deliberation I give him the required permission. With two more salutes he informs me that the Rations are drawn and correct, in the same he asks me if he can dismiss the parade. I now carry out some more of the eagle eye business and the men gyrate to their right and salute. This is where the born Orderly Officer is to be found, with a shrill scream I tell the Sergeant to fall them in again and honour is satisfied.

Something is pricking my conscience, I remember, and the criminal who moved in the rear rank is brought before me. I graciously release him from arrest, pointing out to him the awful downward path he is treading, while his Mother is pining before the blazing logs on the hearthstone.

I have some few minutes to wait before I carry out my next duty. I shall inspect the Regiment’s breakfasts. This sounds simplicity itself. After many salutes and stamping of feet, the food is produced from the cook-house and carried into the dining hall. The food is rissoles, very nourishing. I notice that the stain is telling on the Orderly Sergeant, he is more red in the face, and I fight down a desire to enquire after his health.

I ascertain from the Cook Sergeant how many men are in Mess. He tells me there are 90 in “A” Squadron, 80 in “B” Squadron and 179 in “MG” Squadron. I then question the Squadron Orderly Corporals as to their estimation of the numbers in Mess.

“A” Squadron Orderly Corporal doesn’t know. This sort of thing is not allowed in the Army. It must be rectified, so I frown severely. With a tentative cough, the trusty Sergeant whispers that I am addressing one of the last joined recruits, who has somehow got into his wrong place. I then notice that he has no stripes on his arms, and after a certain amount of reshuffling, I start again, everything is now correct.

I now proceed to watch it being eaten, the Orderly Sergeant rushes in front and bangs the door with his stick; this is not for permission to enter, but to notify the soldiery that we have arrived. They should then stop talking, but the noise of ninety rissoles being eaten at top speed drowns the raping of the stick, and the din goes on. Every one shouts, the Orderly Sergeant shouts, the Cook Sergeant shouts, the Belt Major shouts, where he has come from no one knows, and the Squadron Orderly Sergeants shout. After a decent interval during which the only sound is the flopping of rissoles into the gravy, I proceed on my tour of inspection.

At each table a man springs to attention and with his mouth full of rissole, tea and bread announces that he is highly satisfied with meal. Only one man complains that there is not enough food. On inspection I find that a little man on the end of the table has not got a rissole. This is easily rectified by taking one of two away from the complainant. This rissole is found by the Orderly Sergeant nesting under a slab of bread, which he turns back with the end of his stick. I then in rapid succession visit the other Mess Rooms.

With the din of much eating in my ears I repair to the Mess for my own breakfast. This fortifies me. After breakfast I report to the Adjutant that I am Orderly Officer. This he knows, but he looks up from his writing to exclaim “Ah”! Anybody can say “Ah”! but when the Adjutant says “Ah” he means “Ah”! He will probably notice that I have soup on my boots, this I know and I am trying to hide the fact. He does not notice it, so I feel one up on him.

This is the time when he will inform the Orderly Officer of any nasty job he wants him to do. Nothing much to do to-day, don’t forget to mount the Main Guard for him. Now comes a difficult evolution if I turn round he will notice
that I have soup on my boots, so I carefully edge away to the left until I have a letter rack between him and me, I produce the smartest of salutes, and I am a free man.

I have now some time before I am allowed to mount the Main Guard. I fill in the time by retiring behind the Wet Canteen and smoking a cigarette. The Wet Canteen has two uses: (a) to supply beer and ginger pop to the troops, (b) hide the idle Orderly Officer from the eyes of those above him.

I have wasted enough time. I hitch my belt into its correct position and walk smartly on to the barracks square. I have come to inspect the Main Guard. Not a soul in sight. I decide that I am too early, so retire to the stables. I look at a row of horses with a more or less appraising eye. Activity may be heard from the direction of the square. The Guard, with various appurtenances in the shape of Orderly Sergeants, has arrived. While the Regimental Sergeant Major is busy with them, I walk up and down. I feel like a sheepish tiger in a cage. The Adjutant is watching me. I have a sensation that my neck is crooked.

I see the R.S.M. approaching me, so I still the raging tiger and await results. With a crash the R.S.M. arrives.

"Gar reporro prestsur." This shouted at a range of two yards completely stumps me. I can only murmur "Thank you, Sergeant Major."

This seems to meet with some success, as he proceeds to deliver himself further. "Dismiss-the-Trumpeter-Sir?"

"Yes, please, Sergeant Major."

The R.S.M. then turns to the Trumpeter and in stentorian tones bids him depart.

The first man I come to is the Guard Commander himself. He greets me with a stony stare, and I hastily pass on to the next man. There now remain four little men. I dispose of them quickly, the first has on a puttee that is not quite what a puttee should be. I am not sure what is the matter with it, but the R.S.M. is an understanding man. He calls up an Orderly Sergeant and yells "Dirty boots." All very simple you see and so we proceed.

The left hand man is one of the last joined recruits, his knees are visibly shaking, as so many recruits' knees do on their first guard. He cannot be more than seventeen and stands about 5 feet 2 inches high. I pass him rapidly if I speak he will fall down.

I inspect their rifles and send them off to the Guard Room. I am just moving off to a less public spot when I hear some stamping and hoarse growling. This is the R.S.M., he wants to dismiss the Orderly Sergeants and what he calls the waiting men.

Permission is granted and I nip behind the Wet Canteen. There I find a soldier smoking a cigarette. He rapidly disappears and I am alone once more.

In about twenty minutes I shall dismiss the old Guard. The same formula is carried out. The Guard is allowed to be a little less clean than the last. For this parade my only assistant is the Regimental Orderly Sergeant, who looks improved in health and his stance is more firm when at attention. Even now his nose is red, and fades to white where it joins his face. His cheeks are blue. I have a most unsoldierly desire to giggle.

I dismiss the old Guard and arrange the morning programme with my Sergeant. At ten-thirty we will see grocery rations drawn from Navy, Army and Air Force Institute. At eleven we will proceed on a tour of the barracks, and at twelve-thirty we will inspect the men's dinners.

After each suggestion the Orderly Sergeant says "Sir" in a respectful manner, I understand that he is in complete agreement with the programme mapped out for him.

At ten-thirty I find outside the grocery store a handcart, a Cook Sergeant, my Orderly Sergeant and an underling cook. The Cook Sergeant and I go into the store, the Cook Sergeant produces an invoice, slaps it on the counter, and mutters "Six Kelsos". I asked about "Kelsos" the other day; apparently it is
a brand of salt patronised by the Army.
Six oblong packets are shoved over the
ounter by a youth, pasty of face. He
has a cigarette behind his ear and a large
ump of chewing gum in his mouth. He
peaks not at all.

"Alley Slopers twelve," says the Cook
Sergeant. Pasty-face produces six long
bottles of what looks like varnish.

"Margarine twenty-six."
Pasty-face slaps a wooden box, we all
od and look knowingly. I am told that
that box are twenty-six pounds of
margarine.

"Cake fifty-six" is the next commodity.
This consists of several bright yellow
bars about a foot long and six inches
quare at the ends. I make them weigh
them. The scales register 56 pounds,
they always do except when Pasty-face
uts on something of a different weight.

On the way to the Wet Canteen, we
inspect the Guard. On it being dismissed
to the Guard Room I conduct some
versation with the sentry.

"What are your orders, sentry?"
"I will march up and down my beat
in a smart and soldierlike manner. My
beat extends from one end of the veran-
dah to the other. I will turn out the
Guard to all armed parties, General
Officers, and unusual occurrence."

This is a little mixed, and after a
little prompting he tells me the time
when he turns out the Guard.

"On what other occasion will you
turn out the Guard?" This starts him
off again.

"I will turn out the Guard at Last
Post and Reville." I check him in his
stride.

"Yes, you have said all that, to whom
do you turn out the Guard?"

"To the Field Officer of the day, and
the Orderly Officer, sir."

"Who is the Field Officer of the day?"
"You, sir," come back the reply, a
tactful sentry.

"Then who is the Orderly Officer?"
"Major Billhook, sir." says the sentry.
We put this right and he returns to his
beat.

I glance at my reflection in the first
window, yes, under favourable condi-
tions I do look like a Major.

Now for the Wet Canteen the barman
locks his door and greets me as usual.
Two glasses are awaiting me, the Orderly
Sergeant looks better already. I am
just thinking about mine, when I hear
a gulp. Yes, he will'ave another, thank
you, sir. This is most irregular conduct.

After my exertions I return to the
Mess, some thing tells me I shall sleep
this afternoon, thank heaven it rained
last night, and an outbreak of fire is
unlikely. Sometimes the Adjutant pre-
tends there is a fire. It is hard work
for an Orderly Officer to turn up files
of orders to find out what he has to do
and to get on parade in time.

At ten o'clock at night I attend staff
parade. The Orderly Sergeant appears
more lively. He calls the parade to atten-
tion and proceeds as follows:

"Canteen, one?"

"Closed and correct. Sergeant."

"Canteen, two?"

"Closed and correct, Sergeant, with the
exception of one cup broken."

"'A' Squadron?"

"Present, Sergeant."

And so he proceeds down the remaining
Orderly Sergeants, and at the end he
reports "Canteen closed and correct,
Sir, with the exception of one cup broken
and the Regiment reported present, sir."

The parade is dismissed and makes
a dash for bed.

"Good night, sir" says the Orderly Ser-
geant. One more hour and I will con-
duct my last parade, I will inspect the
Guard. Everybody will be awake, they
are inspected every night at 11-15 even
the Line Guard will have extinguished
his cigarette.

At 11-15 I arrive outside the Guard
Room. No sentry. I look for him in the
wagon shed, and am frightened out of
my life by an "'halt,' oogoes there?"

"Visiting Rounds" I whisper. There
is a rifle within two inches of my nose.

(Continued on page 34)
FLUTTERS FROM H.Q.
WING.

Since the last issue of the Gazette, we have had Cpl. Allison, and L/Cpl. Bridge at Poona on a Signal Instructors’ course, and according to all accounts they did very well. At present we have L/Cpl. Spillett attending a course; at this rate we shall have more A. I.s than men in the Signals.

We have held a Doubles Tennis Tournament, which was a great success. The Committee persuaded the members of the Sergeants’ Mess in the Wing to compete, and they very sportingly turned up to show us their stuff. They did not have it all their own way, and one or two of their stars were soon knocked out of the competition. The best match was between R.S.M. Vokins and Tpr. Andrews versus Sergeant Wilson and L/Cpl. Warner, Sergeant Wilson and L/Cpl. Warner winning by the last stroke of the match, some people say that Sergeant Wilson headed the ball over but the Umpire gave them the point and the match. These two went on to win the money.

Everyone is looking forward to the next Tournament and the Committee are hoping to promote another as successful as the previous one, and we might persuade the Officers to have a go next time.

Although we were unlucky at football last season, the Wing finished as runners-up in the Squadron League, and the Administrative Troop as runners-up in the Troop League. We are fully confident however that we shall do well in Cricket this season.

The Signals have yet to lose their first match in the Troop League, and they are pulling them off with wickets in hand. The Administrative have only lost one match so far in the competition, but as S.S.M. Rusbridge is only experimenting with the team, with a view to the Troop Cup later, we cannot grumble on that result. The Band are away up in the Hills so they are collecting no laurels down here, but we are pleased to hear that they are doing credit to the Wing in the Athletic line at Dulikhet.

The Wing is beginning to get a swimming team together and as nearly all our swimmers are in the Regimental second team, and a few are in the first team, we have high hopes of showing the remainder of the Regiment how swimming should be carried out at the next Swimming Gala.

The Annual Rifle course has been fired once again after the usual Preliminary “Bobbing Joe” and it reflects great credit on the Wing that out of 76 exercised 35 were returned as Marksmen. L/Sgt. McIntyre had the best score, namely, 109, and the S.S.M. was a good second with 103—he is still talking about it. It goes without saying that the Wing is the best shooting Squadron, at present, but “MG” Squadron have yet to fire.

The Warrant Officers and Sergeants then started playing about with
Revolvers, Webley, .45 and after a few days trying a few "Al Capone" stunts, at which the F.Q.M.S. and the Cook Sergeant excelled they proceeded to qualify, and this they did in real good style, three of them obtaining 48 out of a possible 50, and the Wing averaged 38.81.

Even then the S.S.M. was heard to say that he thought that if the clerical department with one or two exceptions should be allowed to fire their revolver course with a "Flit spray" or a Waterman "Ideal", they would do more damage. We should like to add that since this the F.Q.M.S. has shot several horses at 2 inches range and has not missed one.

Lt. R. D. King obtained a short leave so he and Lt. Jones decided to hop over to England in Lt. King's Moth. During their flight to England many were the rumours flying around. We heard at least six times that they had crashed and that the machine had been smashed up. The latest news however is that they are arriving in Delhi on the 13th June and that has considerably relieved our feelings as to their safety. We often wished we owned an aeroplane then we might do a bit of flipping about the world. (Don't get mixed up with the word "Flapping", when we say flipping we mean flipping, dear reader.)

We have had five more embyro signalers, including Tpr. Andrews, an old signaller. We hope that their stay in the Wing will be an enjoyable one, but we wish they would desist from waving a flag under our noses when we walk anywhere near them.

We are waiting expectantly for those wonderful much talked of Monsoons, and no doubt by the time that this appears in print we shall have experienced our first. One hears wonderful tales of waking up and having to cut the grass to get out of the bungalow doors, and it's even rumoured that sometimes conditions are so bad that the men have to remain in their bungalows all day, and are not allowed to go and make much of their horses.

J. A. A. CAM.

**THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.**

Who was the N.C.O. who went round the stables in Jodhpurs and ended up in a monsoon drain?

* * * *

Who was the trooper who went sick with blackheads and did the doctor ask him if he thought he was a beauty specialist?

* * * *

How are the wounded progressing after the "Attack"?

(Regimental Orders No. 66, para 3.)

* * * *

Who were the Sergeants who shot a pet cat in mistake for a jackal?

Did they have the skin cured?

* * * *

Who is the Farrier who scratches ladies' legs?

* * * *

Did the officers of "C" Squadron get signed?

(The delay has been caused by absence of officers for signature.)

* * * *

Who were the officers who went on shooting leave and next day wired for their tail coats?

* * * *

Who is the unmarried subaltern who rides about barracks on a lady's bicycle?

* * * *

Who was the Troop Sergeant who put on his troop detail?

"Troop to arms, Boot, and AIR inspection, and did he feel windy on parade?"
A DETACHMENT OF XTH ROYAL HUSSARS IN NORTH WALES.

In 1890 the Regiment was quartered at York. In the neighbourhood of Denbigh in North Wales in the same year there was considerable difficulty in collecting the tithe rents, and riots in the outlying districts were the result. A detachment of the Xth was sent to Denbigh to quell the riots and to assist Mr. Stevens to collect the taxes.

The detachment was billeted at the various hotels and on Sunday, the day after its arrival, it paraded on the square at the top of the hill to attend Divine Service at St. Mary’s Church. This was witnessed by large crowds of interested spectators.

Early on Monday morning Mr. Stevens and the Xth set off to Llanefydd District. The presence of the Xth quietened the crowd and Mr. Stevens was able to proceed with his duty without interference. When they visited a farm called “Nant,” a spot notorious in this district in this connection, they found the place barricaded and Mr. Stevens in an attempt to enter was struck on the hand by a woman known as “The Queen of Llanefydd”. After much resistance the farm was entered and a stack of hay was disdained upon.

After a shot while the detachment moved to Llanefailtalhairan to offer assistance there. Very bad weather is reported to have set in and the camp was washed away. It returned to Denbigh where it is recorded that “the Anti-Tithe party were highly delighted at the collapse of the camp and the unmistakable signs of the wretched state of affairs which has prevailed.”

After further excursions into the neighbouring districts the detachment was ordered back to York. Perhaps some “Old Xth” will remember this incident.

RACING NOTES.

After our last issue the racing was practically over.

There were two more meetings, one at Rawalpindi and one at Peshawar.

Although a long way off Mr. King decided to go there with his horse “Marauder”. “Marauder” has taken a long time to acclimatize and was not really fit.

He carried top weight in a mile and a quarter flat race and was nowhere, at Rawalpindi.

At Peshawar he again carried top weight in a mile flat race and was nowhere.

He then ran 4th in a mile and a quarter over hurdles.

While he was up there Mr. King rode “Galtee Princess” in a 3½ miles steeple-chase and was 3rd.

When properly fit “Marauder” should do well out here and we hope next year to be recording his victories in these notes.

From England we heard the news that “Desert Chief”, owned by Major Davy, had beaten “Easter Hero”, the favourite for the National. A glowing and moving description of the race followed from his enthusiastic owner, after reading which
it was quite possible to imagine oneself at Lingfield Park.

It was a very fine performance on the part of Major Davy's horse. Unfortunately Major Davy had broken his collar bone schooling a week before and was unable to ride him, and this accident also kept him out of the saddle at the Grant Military Meeting where, if he had been riding him himself, I feel sure he would have won the Grand Military Gold Cup. As it was, "Desert Chief", carrying top weight, was second.

The Gymkhana racing is now in full swing at Meerut.

Capt. Harvey and Dawnay's "Erinholme" has run once but was not fit.

Mr. King's "Dolla" won the first time out at the last meeting but the owner could not draw the weight, so was disqualified. At the same meeting Capt. Harvey rode a winner, winning unexpectedly by a neck.

The arrival of Col. Norrie and Major Davy this autumn should enliven these notes considerably.

(Continued from page 30.)

"Advance, and be recognised." I gingerly take four paces backwards and fall over a waggon pole.

"Ho, drunk are you," bellows this awful man. This is the last straw.

"No, you damn idiot, I'm visiting rounds."

This seems to penetrate the man's brain, for he brings his rifle to his shoulder and salutes. I return the salute from my position among the waggons and rise with dignity to my feet.

Eventually the Guard is turned out, my inspection to say the least is cursory. I bid the Guard Commander "Good night" and head for the Mess.

From between the buildings comes an apparition. Round its neck is a pair of putties, in one hand is brown bottle, and in the other is a large cane. He is proclaiming to the world that he is capable of carrying out an evolution known as the 'Break away.'

"Good night, Sergeant."

And so to bed.

J.A.A.C.A.M.

PIGSTICKING NOTES.

The rains will soon be here so that the "Pigsticking" season at Meerut is drawing to a close. On the whole it has not been a good season. The failure for some years past of the Monsoon, has brought with it distress on the villager and a scarcity of Pig all over India. In this respect the country hunted by the Meerut Tent Club has not been as unlucky as some.

All the Pigsticking at Meerut takes place in the Ganges Kadir, the strip of low-lying country liable to flooding, through which the River Ganges runs. This at its nearest point is about 25 miles from Meerut, so that meets are of several days duration to make the long march for the horses worth while, and so a camp is nearly always run.

These meets of 3 or 4 days make it very difficult for the Polo players of the Regiment, who only manage to snatch odd days. With the end of serious polo our polo players were able to get out regularly and have been hunting with considerable success.

The following spears have been out from the Regiment:—Major Turnham, Captains Gairdner, Carver, Hignett, Harvey, Boord, Roddick and Dawney and Messrs. Miller, Archer Shee, Macmullen, Mainwaring, Jones, Rothwell, Malet, Tetley and Kaye.

This year was the 60th Kadir Cup Meeting and was held as usual at Sherpur Sujmanna. It was agreed by most people to have been one of the most successful in recent years.

The Stewards of the R.C.T.C. have very generously presented the Meerut Tent Club with a large Silver Challenge Cup, so that now the Cup exists in fact as well as in name. This Cup is engraved with the names of all previous winners and it is gratifying to think that two 10th Hussars names are recorded thereon.

Captains Carver and Harvey and Messrs. Miller, Macmullen, and Wingfield competed this year. The Duke of
Connaught’s Polo Tournament in which the Regiment was in the final prevented others from doing so. No one in the Regiment survived a heat on their 1st nomination but after lunch on the first day the luck changed.

The 16th heat which was composed as under—

1. Mr. D. D. C. Tullock... "Beaver"
2. Hon. A. Grenfell... "Dolorma"
3. Mr. M. N. E. Macmullen... "St. George."
4. Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. E. Wardrop... "Artist"

was slipped on a smallish pig. A really fast hunt ensued and all spears were on in turn. Mr. Macmullen eventually claimed first spear.

In the 20th heat—

1. Capt. C. B. Harvey...
   "Bullet Head"
2. Capt. G. H. B. Wood... "Walleye"
3. Captain J. St. A. Avery...
   "Benmore"

Captain Harvey was the first to spear after a jinking hunt in light grass.

In the 2nd Round the 5th heat was composed as follows:—

Capt. C. B. Harvey... "Bullet Head"
Major S. W. Marriott... "Harlequin"
Mr. E. S. Lindsey... "Roman Punch"
Capt. Warden... "Dorset Duck"

After being on the line for nearly three hours, the heat was slipped on a boar running in front of two smaller ones. There was some misunderstanding as when the small pig jinked to the right two of the heat turned too and bumped into the rest. This heat was called off and slipped later on to a good-sized boar which broke across the Maidan. There was again confusion and after Lindsay had fallen the pig was lost. Finally they got away on a small pig. This was a jinking hunt, and after Lindsay had missed his spear, Harvey was successful.

Macmullen on St. George was in the next heat in which Captain J. Scott Cockburn got first spear.

Captain Harvey was our last survivor and he was in the semi-final heat made up of—

Capt. J. Scott Cockburn... "Prawn"
Capt. C. N. O. Sawers... "Benjamin"
Captain C. B. Harvey... "Bullet Head"

This heat was slipped on a fair-sized boar. Scott Cockburn made the running, Sawers got in on a jink and just missed his spear, then Harvey also just failed to spear and on the next jink Scott Cockburn was successful.

This left Scott Cockburn and Richards in the final, Richards won the heat and thus added his third Kadir Cup victory.

Wingfield ran his horse "Jonathan" in the Light Weight Race for the Hog-hunters Cup and was going well when he fell, he remounted and finished the course although he was unplaced.

S. S. M. Willis and Sgt. Cordy were in camp during the week, they worked the flags on the flag elephant. Farrier Sgt. Lewsley was present in his usual capacity.

As the 2nd Lancers are leaving Meerut Captain Bomford has resigned as Hon. Secretary and his place has been taken by Miller.

Time itself with all its happenings is but a trickling stream flowing from a lake forever calm and full, but it bears within it the secret of its source. For everyone of its events carries the past within it—it is an effect; and it contains the future, for it is a cause. There is an eternity in every 'Now.'
SHORT BURSTS FROM THE MACHINE GUN SQUADRON.

The first item of note during the last quarter was the arrival of Major Hutchison and a draft of O. Rs. from the 7th Hussars and 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards. The draft was only a small one of 25, and to the 10 who were posted to the M. G. Squadron we extend a hearty welcome and hope their stay with us will be a happy one. Major Hutchison was also posted to the Squadron in anticipation of Major Turnham taking over the "reins" of P. K. I. on his return from the hills. The former has much experience of Machine Gunnery, having been in the M. G. Section of the 7th Hussars prior to the War. This experience proved of great value on the Annual Course this year, Major Hutchison arriving just before we commenced our long range practices.

Owing to the increased personnel of the squadron in India, the annual course took much longer to fire than in previous years, three weeks being spent on the long range alone and then two ranges were used for the greater part of the time. The course was concluded on the 17th April, by which time King Sol was beginning to make himself felt, so all ranks were very thankful when the last shot was fired. The conditions in India were much more difficult than those in Egypt, on some days here the observation was practically nil. However the majority shot well, particularly the first year men, who returned more marksmen with less numbers exercised than their mere seasoned brethren.

At the beginning of May the first party left for a sojourn amongst the pine trees and hills of Dulikhet. This party consisted of Sgts. Osborne and Setchell and 23 first year men who went to complete their training in an atmosphere uninterrupted by body brushes, combs and wisps, etc. They return to Meerut on the 25th June, and will be relieved by a smaller party from the squadron consisting of those who are deemed to be deserving of a well earned rest.

During the quarter we have welcomed to the Squadron Capt. M. G. Roddick and 2nd-Lieut. J. W. Malet, the former from the R.H.A. at home and the latter from Sandhurst. Capt. Roddick was accompanied by a no mean reputation as an over-the-sticks performer, having done exceptionally well in England since he arrived there from India some three years ago. We hear, also, that Mr. Malet is very useful at most of the dismounted sports, but unfortunately he has been laid up with various illnesses for the greater part of the time since his arrival. We wish him a speedy recovery and return to normal health.

Mr. Miller has also had a rather severe bout of jaundice, but at the time of writing has sufficiently recovered to proceed to the hills. All ranks of the Squadron were very sorry to hear of his indisposition, and wish him a speedy and complete recovery. We have no doubt that, during his compulsory rest on a bed at the B.M.H., he missed very much the several exciting pig-sticking meets enjoyed by most of our other officers.

From all accounts the last meet was full of thrills and will no doubt be recorded elsewhere in the Gazette.

During the last quarter, sport in the Squadron has been well patronised, and there has been a good variety. We were very fortunate in having a spare piece of ground adjoining the 3rd Troop’s bungalow. This was turned into a Hockey Ground, and an Inter-Section Hockey League commenced. Owing to the advent of the hot weather it was not
advisable to start before 5-30 p.m., but a match was played every night, and the games were very keenly contested. We congratulate No. 2 Section on winning the league and No. 6 on being runners up. At present, owing to the heat, the M. O. has barred hockey and football, but another league will be instituted immediately the ban is removed.

The Squadron Tennis Club, which was formed at the end of March, has proved quite a success, and there are now about 50 members. At the time of going to press there are three courts completed, and the fourth will be made during the ensuing month. A doubles tournament was held last month (May), the winners being L/Cpl. Quinn and Tpr. Kirkham. This month a singles sweepstake handicap has been completed and L/Cpl. Bradshaw took the cash, defeating Cpl. Daly in the final.

Regimental Troop Cricket is now going hot and strong, two matches being played each evening. However, there are no outstanding successes to report in this direction, and it appears most unlikely that any one of our troops will finish at the head of the table.

A very pleasant Whit Monday was spent jousting with "A" Squadron. Dummy thrusting, Section and Individual Tent-Pegging and a bicycle race were run off immediately after reveille in the cool of the morning. We were fortunate in winning all four events, the last one proved most amusing, and resembled the Grand National Steeplechase more than a bicycle race. The course was run from the Guard Room, and finished with 2 laps around the Hockey Ground. The majority of the falls were caused by the competitors having difficulty in negotiating a sharp bend on to the track. Unfortunately for some of them, the road menders had deposited a heap of kankar on the road side, and those who failed to turn either went into or over it much to the amusement of the spectators.

At 11-0 a.m. a series of events were held in the swimming bath, and here "A" Squadron turned the tables and beat us rather easily. For the evening a tennis tournament and hockey match were arranged, and at the former "A" Squadron proved much superior, winning nearly every set. The Hockey match was very keenly contested, and we were defeated by three goals to one, which result, on the play, did not flatter us. So ended a very enjoyable day, which otherwise would have been spent in a most uninteresting manner by all.

During the past quarter several internal transfers of note have taken place. S.Q.M.S. Standing, who had been our S.Q.M.S. since the Squadron was formed in 1927, was promoted R.Q.M.S. and transferred to "H Q" Wing. His place has been taken by Sgt. Shepherd from "C" Squadron and we extend to him a hearty welcome on joining the Squadron. We wish them both every success in their new spheres. Sgt. Donovan, who has been with us for the past six years, has been transferred to "C" Squadron and all miss his rotund figure tripping through the tulips to stables. In his stead we have welcome Cpls. Druce and Murkin, who have come to learn a few of the mysteries of the cocking handle and recoiling portions. We wish them every success, and hope their stay with us will be a happy one.

Several of the Squadron have heard from ex-gunners, who were left behind in Egypt, and are now settled down in civilian life. L/Cpls. Marshall and Parrett have been successful in joining the Metropolitan Police, and we wish them all the best in their new career.

Tpr. Meilton is employed at a Rowton House as an assistant cook and we hear Tpr. Weston is working at his home in Richmond. We wish them all the best of luck, and shall be pleased to hear from, or of, any old gunners.

Mr. Jones, of "India to England flight" fame, has joined us from "C" Squadron in time to catch these notes going to press; so here's a hearty welcome, Sir.
Ladies chat as such in Meerut during the last few months has been conspicuous by its absence. These notes are being written in Meerut and all the more fortunate of us who have got away to the hills seem to be strangely silent about their doings up there.

To be away from the plains just now is indeed fortunate and although those of us who remain have kept surprisingly well our tempers have been sorely tried by prickly heat, hot stuffy nights, sand storms and other little annoyances which are only met with in India.

The departure of Mrs. Greenwood was a very sad occasion. We were all sad when we thought of her leaving us but now that she has sailed for home and we have had time to reflect we realise what a loss we have suffered. Ever since "she joined the Regiment" she has become endeared to all with whom she has come in contact. She entered whole-heartedly into all our activities. Our troubles were made her troubles and her help was freely given whenever it was needed.

We also lost Mrs. Druce from our circle during the last few months. Mrs. Druce can tell us more about the Regiment than anyone else except perhaps "Drucie" himself. To leave the Regiment after so many years was a great break. We hope on their departure that we showed them the high esteem in which they were held and a small appreciation for all that they had done for us in the Regiment.

UPON A HILL.

Upon a hill by all here known
Stood a little "Y" tree not fully grown
But this by fame was far renowned
For by it many a range was found

Ha Ha Ha Hee Hee Hee
Little "Y" tree don't I love thee
This little tree you'll no more see
For one dark night in Pachmarhi
Three gay young Subs went on the spree
And spoiled the fork of the "Y" shaped tree

Ha Ha Ha Hee Hee Hee
The Sergeants by surprise they took
And when next day without a look
Reference point "Y" tree cried
The squad with laughter nearly died

Ha Ha Ha Hee Hee Hee
The instructors went in mourning black
And wept and prayed to get it back
But sad to say that from that day
The little "Y" tree has passed away

Ha Ha Ha Hee Hee Hee
REGIMENTAL GAZETTE.

OFFICERS.

Lt.-Colonel and Quartermaster W. H. Druce, D.C.M., embarked per H. T. "Nevasa" at Bombay on 26th March 1931 for the United Kingdom, pending retirement.

The undermentioned officers joined the Regiment from the United Kingdom on the dates stated:

2/Lt. J. W. Malet, 5th April 1931.
2/Lt. I. C. Tetley, 6th April 1931.
2/Lt. D. R. B. Kaye, 6th April 1931.

The following extracts from London Gazettes are republished:

London Gazette, dated 3rd February 1931—2nd Lieutenant A. D. R. Wingfield to be Lieutenant, 2nd February 1931.

London Gazette, dated 10th February 1931—Lieut. M. G. Roddick from the Royal Artillery to be Lieutenant, 11th February 1931.

Lieut. M. G. Roddick to be Captain, 11th February 1931, with seniority 29th October 1930.

Lieut. D. Dawnay to be Captain, 21st November 1931.

London Gazette, dated 10th March 1931—Captain H. R. H. The Duke of Gloucester, Earl of Ulster, K.G., G.C. V.O., Personal A. D. C., to the King, from the Half Pay List, to be Captain, 3rd March 1931, with precedence next below Captain C. H. Gairdner, and is seconded for service on the Staff.

London Gazette, dated 28th April 1931—Lieut.-Colonel and Quartermaster W. H. Druce, D.C.M., having attained the age limit for retirement, retires on retired pay 26th April 1931.

No. 534041 R.O.M.S. F. O. Mason to be Lieutenant and Quartermaster, 26th April 1931.

Captain M. G. Roddick joined the Regiment from the United Kingdom on 1st May 1931.

Lieut.-Colonel V. J. Greenwood, M.C., embarked per S.S. "Mooltan" at Bombay on 25th April 1931 for the United Kingdom, pending being placed on the Half Pay List.

Major D. C. H. Richardson, M.C., embarked per S.S. "Naldera" at Bombay on 20th June 1931 for the United Kingdom, pending being placed on the Half Pay List.

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.

The following Promotions and Appointments have been made:

Promoted Corporals with effect from 1st March 1931 to complete establishment:

548196 L/Cpl. Mottram, J.
546461 L/Cpl. Shirley, H.
294959 L/Cpl. Mourant, W.

Appointed Paid Lance-Corporals with effect from 1st March 1931, to complete establishment:

544450 L/Cpl. Mourdant, P.
548421 L/Cpl. Cotty, M.
548372 L/Cpl. Elkington, A.

Appointed Paid Lance-Corporals with effect from 31st March 1931:

548228 L/Cpl. Gradwell, R.
7817283 L/Cpl. March, R.

Appointed Paid Lance-Corporals with effect from 14th April 1931:

546365 Tpr. Bradshaw, J.
546500 Tpr. Taylor, F.
546819 Tpr. Waring, H.
547952 Tpr. Eno, O.
548462 Tpr. Rantell, F.
402289 Tpr. Smith, T.
547715 Tpr. Mulligan, E.

545009 Tpr. O'Neill, D., appointed Unpaid Lance-Corporal with effect from 23rd April 1931.
543262 L/Cpl. Hodson, E., appointed Paid Lance-Corporal with effect from 29th April 1931.
402838 Tpr. Miles, T., appointed Unpaid Lance-Corporal with effect from 29th April 1931.
1425374 Tpr. Binding, R., appointed Unpaid Lance-Corporal with effect from 12th May 1931.
401722 Tpr. Muir, J., appointed Unpaid Lance-Corporal with effect from 27th May 1931.

531517 Qms. Standing, A., promoted Warrant Officer, Cl. II, and appointed R. Q. M. S. F. O. Mason promoted Lieut. and Qr. Mr.
534446 Sgt. Shepherd, B., promoted S. Q. M. S. with effect from 26th April 1931, vice S. Q. M. S. Standing, promoted W. O. Cl. II.

544086 L/Sgt. Allen, S. H., promoted Sergeant with effect from 26th April 1931, vice Sgt. Shepherd, promoted S. Q. M. S.

546729 Cpl. Canning, O., appointed Paid Lance-Sergeant with effect from 26th April 1931 to complete establishment.

546922 L/Cpl. Wallond, E., promoted Corporal with effect from 26th April 1931, vice L/Sgt. Allen promoted Sergeant.

546361 L/Cpl. Marshall, A., appointed Paid Lance-Corporal with effect from 26th April 1931 to complete establishment.

399179 Tpr. Dearn, E., appointed Unpaid Lance-Corporal with effect from 6th June 1931.

16. Strength-Increase.—The undermentioned other ranks embarked at Southamp ton per H. T. "Nevasa' on 26th February 1931, posted from units as stated, are taken on the strength accordingly with effect from that date, and posted to Squadrons as under.

Disembarked at Bombay on 19th March 1931, joined Regiment at Meerut on 21st March 1931, and taken on the ration strength with effect from date.

7th Q. O. HUSSARS " HQ". WING.

544216 Tpr. Martin, J. L.

"MG" SQUADRON.

548759 Tpr. Lee, B. H.

52356 Tpr. Smith, B. E.

5th INNISKILLING DRAGOON GUARDS.

"MG" SQUADRON.

37355 Tpr. Ebbutt, S.

405546 Tpr. Linforth, H. E.

"A" SQUADRON.

403901 Tpr. Long, W. G.

408085 Tpr. Scott, W.


549871 Boy Savill, G. F.

5104388 Tpr. Bailey, G. F. E.

539817 Tpr. Palmer, R.

508598 Tpr. Smith, E. W.

403397 Tpr. Gould, R. A.

402885 Tpr. Ball, A. H. W.

403386 Tpr. Field, G.

403832 Tpr. Stribling, L. G.

399239 Tpr. Price, D.

400310 Tpr. Mealing, A. C. J.

548387 Tpr. Wofinden, R.

549848 Tpr. Cage, J.

549911 Tpr. Ratchifie, S.

543747 Tpr. Wishart, W. D.

403083 Tpr. Williams, S.

403387 Tpr. Cannadine, H. R. E.

2565863 Tpr. Jepnes, L.

403389 Tpr. Kendrick, J. S.

5045068 Tpr. Pegg, J. H.

TRANSFERs.
The undermentioned man transferred from the 81st Field Battery R. A. on 10th May 1931:

1425374 Gnr. Binding, R. L. and posted to "A" Squadron.

The undermentioned man was transferred to "C" Battery, R. H. A., on 1st April 1931:

402923 Tpr. Holland, H.

COURSES OF INSTRUCTION.
The undermentioned N. C. O.'s attended the 1st Regimental Signalling Instructors Qualifying Course at the Army Signal School, Poona, from 3rd January 1931 to 28th March 1931 and qualified to act as Assistant Instructors 'Q'2:

544086 Sergt. Allen, S. H.

546720 L/Sgt. Canning, O.

544544 Corpl. Allison, J.

543213 L/Cpl. Bridge, E.

The undermentioned N. C. O.'s attended the 3rd British Cavalry N. C. O's Course at the Small Arms School, Pachmarhi Wing from 4th April 1931 to 9th May 1931 and 'Qualified' :

1668500 Sergt. Cobb, S. T. G.

544086 Sergt. Allen, S. H.

546720 L/Sgt. Canning, O.

EXTENSION OF SERVICE.
The undermentioned Warrant Officer is permitted to continue in service until 10th December 1934 vide para. 238 King's Regulations, 1928:

538364 S. S. M. I. F. and G. Rusbridge, A.

BIRTHS.

BRADFORD—To the wife of No. 394426 Sjt. Bradford, A., a daughter, Enid Violet, born at the Military Hospital, Tidworth, on 24th April 1931.

BOBERTS.—To the wife No. 417390 M. Roberts, a son, David Edward, born at the Military Families Hospital, Ranikhet, on 31st May 1931.

MARRIAGE.

529664 Farr. Cpl. Tee, J. J., was married to Evelyn May Barrett at Burnley, on 5th May 1931.

(On leave to U. K.)
We beg to bring to the notice of our readers the change of staff and address, etc.

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R.Q.M.S. A. Standing.

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