

25th LONDON (CYCLIST) OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATION  
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President:

Colonel Sir Gilbertson Smith, T.D., D.L., C.A.

WAZIRISTAN 1917

Telephone:  
PROspect 5872

BULLETIN No.89

JUNE 1955

AFGHANISTAN 1919

130, St. Leonards Road,  
East Sheen, S.W.14.

REUNION DINNER:

The 31st Reunion Dinner took place at the Clarendon Restaurant on Friday, 29th April, 1955. 128 sat down and this included 9 Official Guests. If the numbers decline, the comradeship and good fellowship becomes more and more evident. Four Ex 25th's attended for the first time. They saw our announcement in the Evening News: we just got it in before the strike. They were F.G. Lingwood, A.G. Parry, D.B. Carmichael and G.A. Bone. We did our best to make them welcome and feel at home. We hope we succeeded. Our President - Sir Gilbertson Smith - was in the Chair again and was in good form. We regret the absence of Major Stafford and Captain Ambrose, due to ill health. No wonder after the terrible winter we have been through! A collection was made for the Benevolent Fund and realised £32.10.0. In addition, £16.11.0. was sent to the Secretary to help pay for a ticket for a needy member. They did this when ordering their own ticket or, apologising for absence, they sent a donation. It was good to see Charlie Turner with us, for he recently had a stroke and was in hospital several weeks. We all hope he will make a complete recovery. He has worked hard for the Association, having been Chairman of Committee for two years. Apologies for absence were sent by 40 well known 25's, health and distance being the reasons. A letter of greetings was sent by Motor/Cyc. F. Trussler, now living in New Zealand.

MEMBERSHIP:

There have been five new members during the year, ending on 31st August next. We are hoping for a few more. They are: F.G. Jones (Jonah), Old "E" & "D" 1/25; W.J.L. Pinnock, "B" 1/25; R.H. Saunders; C.R. Hazlewood, "D" 1/25; W. Deeks 2/25 & 1/25 "D".)

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

£55. has been received so far - and the year has four months yet to go! Shall we exceed the record year of 1951 - 1952 with £64.10.37 We may. But that was a year in which we made a special effort, when many Lifer's came to the conclusion that they had had more than their money's worth - Two Guineas for 30 years - and they dubbed out another Life Subscription.

IF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION (2/6d annually; £2.2.0 Life) HAS NOT BEEN PAID, PLEASE SEND TO THE SECRETARY AT ONCE.

Receipts for those who have sent their subscription recently are enclosed with this Bulletin. Those not receiving it should write the Secretary.

PERSONAL NOTES:

W. Cawte has moved to Vine Cottage, Brierley, Whitwell, Mr. Ventnor, I.O.W. He would welcome any visiting 25th.

"Bill" Cummings writes that he has now got over a serious operation which he had two years ago, and is living at Pulborough, Sussex. All will congratulate him on his recovery.

W.F. Youngman of E 2/25 & B 1/25 writes "Will you please let me express my best thanks to you and the Committee for the most enjoyable dinner I had on April 29th"

He goes on: A friend of his was in Bangalore in 1947 as member of the Officers' Training Unit there. It was decided to make them mobile, so they were issued with bicycles and were out on the Maiden doing bicycle drill! "Prepare to mount" and all the rest of it; sounds unbelievable, does it not? Incidentally, he referred to Agram Plain as Agony Plain, a rather good name for it, I thought. Percy Curnew, apologising for not being able to attend the Dinner, says that he has broken another leg - not off the bike, but a fall down stairs. He hopes that two months in plaster will see it right. We hope so. He sends his regards to Col. Howard.

George Emberson also states that he is unable to attend the dinner as he is being admitted to St. John & St. Elizabeth Hospital, St. Johns Wood. We hope he will soon be evacuated M. & D.

MAJOR W.S. STAFFORD T.D. was prevented from attending the dinner through illness. He sends an interesting cutting from the Telegraph, showing a picture of a cycle made for six published in Bicycling News in 1887 by Iliffe. This machine was manned by members of the staff, of which Alfred Harnsworth was one. His journalistic ability started a feature which at once became popular: "Answers to Correspondents". This was the forerunner of "Answers" and the "Daily Mail" and eventually to being the first Lord Northcliffe. He was therefore "One of us". The Singer Cycle Co. also had a cycle made for twelve cyclist soldiers who could fire while riding. They were attached to the local volunteers.

Charlie Turner has been discharged from Hospital and is now back at work, though he has to attend hospital periodically for treatment. We were very pleased to see him at the dinner.

Harry Oakley we hope is home again after a long stay at Eversfield Chest Hospital, St. Leonards. We send him our best wishes for a complete recovery.

Frank Trussler is now settled in New Zealand and writes dated April 17. At this point of the letter he evidently looks at his diary and produces the following:- April 29, 1955. April 29 1915. Gorleston 8.30.; to Grand; 10.30. to Caistor 11.20.; Back 12.45. To Pilot House for afternoon and night. This will revive some memories. He appears to have settled down and well and to be quite happy.

Stanley Read and C.P. Tindall send the following from a New Zealand local paper: "Prior to the monthly meeting of the Magistrate's Court at Balclutha on Monday (Nov. 15 1954) Mr. H.A. Sell of Pounawea, will be sworn in as Justice of the Peace". We congratulate him. No doubt his early training in the Law will be of great help to him in this new post. He was in the same Co. (Old "D") as Trussler, but he is in South and Trussler in North Island.

Eric Mitchell will be pleased to welcome any 25th at The Warren House Inn, Forest Road, Nr. Wokingham, Berks. This Inn is situated at the Junction of the (B 3034) Wokingham - Twyford Road with the Reading - Ascot Road. Incidentally, the Committee is holding the Summer Meeting there on June 3rd.

F.O. Jones (Old "E") sends greetings from St. Helena to all old Comrades. He is 83 and still going strong, if his photo is anything to go by.

Harry Oke is still globe-trotting. He writes (13.5.55) from S. Africa. He hopes to be at the Reunion Dinner in 1957. He sends his regards to all old friends.

H.S. (Tony) Paine has retired and taken a bungalow near Tenby, Pembrokeshire - "A little bit of England beyond Wales" as he puts it. He will be pleased to welcome any 25th who may be in that district. His address is:- "Lakeside", Freshwater East, Near Lamphey, Pembrokeshire.

HISTORY WITHOUT MYSTERY

The Greeks decided to employ  
A wooden horse to capture Troy.  
As men still do, from France to Fiji,  
They put their money upon a gee-gee.

While Alfred rested incognito  
The goodwife left him cakes to see to  
She found them burnt, with ash and blacks on,  
And ticked him off in Anglo-Saxon.

Good Queen Bess, of glorious reign,  
Confronted Philip, King of Spain,  
Until his mighty fleet was shattered.  
She had guts, and that's what mattered.

B. Mc Q.

OBITUARY:

Maj. Gen. Sir William Beynon, K.C.I.E., C.B., D.S.O., on 19 February 1955, at the age of 88. He was our Divisional Commander at Waziristan in 1917 and in the 3rd Afghan War in 1919. Originally in the Royal Sussex Regiment, which he joined in 1887, he transferred to the Indian Army two years later. He was a regular attendant at our Reunion Dinners till the outbreak of the last War. He is survived by his widow and three daughters.

Richard Sillick. On leaving Dulwich College, he was commissioned in the 2/25 in 1915. Served in France with Civil Service Rifles. He was wounded, which necessitated amputation of his leg below the knee. Died 24 November 1954.

W.J. Matthews. Late C/Sgt. of Old "H", in March 1955, aged 83. He transferred from the Cyclist Section of the London Irish at the formation of the T.F. in 1908. He was a very keen and enthusiastic soldier. He lived with a married daughter at Maidenhead but found time to attend many of the A.G.M.'s and Dinners. He died suddenly in Maidenhead Hospital.

E.W. Banks, on 28 April 1955. Joining the 3/25, he was transferred to 1/25 at Chisleton in December 1915 and posted to "C" CO. He served in Waziristan and Afghanistan and was demobbed in 1919. He had been in and out of Hospital several times. He died in the train on his way home from work. He was looking forward to attending the Dinner on the following evening. He was cremated at Islington Crematorium, East Finchley. The service was attended by his 25th friend, A.W. Booth, and the Secretary. He leaves a widow and a married son and daughter.

W. Chambers 2/25, on 5 November 1954. He served in the Middle East, where he contracted Rheumatic Fever.

F.P. Ransey on 24 November 1954, age 68. Pre War Old "E" Co., in which he was one of the "Knuts". He lived at Leicester and distance prevented him from attending many of our gatherings, though before the war he attended several dinners. He leaves a widow and four children. He died suddenly while alighting from his car, having only shortly retired.

A.J. Timms, on 16 December 1954. He had been in and out of Hospital 13 times in 5 years. I visited him just a few days before he died. He was in Old "E" Co., and eventually M.D/R. afterwards becoming a lorry driver at Lowestoft. He was a keen member of the O.C.A. He leaves a wife, a son and daughter.

M. MacKay, on 8 June 1954. Originally in the Life Guards, he joined the 25th at the beginning of the '14 War and became R.Q.M.Sgt. of 3/25. He was a member of the O.C.A. He leaves a wife, three sons and two daughters.

F.M. Inwood. August 1954. Was Corporal in "D" Co. 2/25. Formerly London Editor, Westminster Press Provincial Newspapers, for 26 years. Age 60.

NOTICES:

Regimental Ties can still be obtained from the Secretary, 9/6d. each.

Holiday apartments: Torquay, Devon. G.H. Smith, Santa Barbara, Kents Road, Wellwood, Torquay. 7620.

Sheringham, Norfolk. V. Champion, "Arundel", St.Peters Road, Sheringham.

Furs of all kinds. Cleaning; Repairing; Re-styling; Cold Storage.

W.T. Davidson, 21 South Molten Street, W.1. MAYfair 2676.

OCULIST: W.G. Middleton, 20 Bath Road, Hounslow. HOU. 0024.

THOSE WHO HAVE SERVED.

It had been a tiring day. On one of the very rare occasions when the sun was really turning on the heat and making up for an otherwise typically English summer, I had been doing a round of the various London museums, and found myself in the Indian Museum at Kensington.

I had wandered from room to room and my ageing feet reminded me that I could no longer endure the miles as in my youth. I was loth to leave the building, where I had feasted my eye and mind with the exhibits displayed, recalling many an object and view grown familiar by a sojourn amongst them in the far-off war years.

Sinking into a seat in a secluded corner, I allowed my mind to wander back in memory to the sights and sounds which constituted so much of my once daily life. Only two things were desired to make my reminiscences the purest joy - "permission to smoke" and the company of a once-loved comrade.

I brooded alone there in the quiet. The very few visitors I had encountered had drifted away, some had given merely a passing glance at the various curiosities or craftsmanship; a party of loud-voiced American tourists had "done" the whole Exhibition in record time and their departing voices were faintly echoing in the distance.

Now I judged that for awhile I should be alone with my meditations. It was restful here, and a faint smell of sandal-wood from a carved screen was wafted to me, mingled with the scent of a few Indian students who had drifted through, their bright saris lighting the room, which was now growing dimmer as the sun declined.

As I mused on the years that had passed, I became aware of a new party of visitors. They had entered unobtrusively, and for a few seconds I was taken aback by their variety of uniforms and costume. Could it be a dress-rehearsal of a pageant about to take place in another part of the building, and the participants were taking a short-cut through the museum? Yet they appeared more to gather as at a re-union - greetings were exchanged, and in spite of varying periods in the wearers' apparel, they were obviously well-known to each other. Indeed, I felt somewhat embarrassed when I realised that among all that company, I was the only civilian in modern clothes, and that I was already becoming an object of interest to the visitors who gradually surrounded me.

A stout gentleman quizzed me through his glass, and addressing the company, said "Hal! whom have we here? - a new member, egad? Have we been notified?" (He was attired in a brocaded coat and tricorne hat, reminiscent of the palmy days of the East India Company, and wore his costume with ease).

"I know nothing of membership" I replied - "the museum is open to the public as usual and the door-keeper did not question my entrance." "No, he isn't a member" observed an officer of Light Dragoons, immaculate in Hessian boots and

buckskin breeches, his dolman suspended from his shoulder. "He nearly became one - we were waiting for him - let me think - June 26th 1917 - Waziristan - Heat-stroke, malaria, sandfly fever, dysentery, ague - all rolled into one - don't know how he got through - sheer guts and will-power I suppose. I remember him muttering

"If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them : "Hold on!" "

Was the fellow psychic? I could not suppress an uncanny feeling and my mind flashed to one night of delirium the blanks of which have never been filled in.

Then in the throng appeared a face I had seen once and never forgotten - a young officer in Ghurkha uniform. He had lain propped against a boulder in the Zam river-bed, a ghastly bullet-wound through his stomach, while his men, mostly wounded, were vainly trying to staunch the blood. I had wanted to stay and help him with what last aid I knew, but had been ordered on with our own forced advance. I was not to know until months later that his father and my own had been school-boys together in a little Bedfordshire village.

He must have read my thoughts. "I know" he said simply - "thanks", and held out his hand to me. "But I thought you died," I said. "I did," he replied gravely.

"If you two know each other, he can stay," said a courteous gentleman in black velvet. (I learned later that he was Sir Thomas Roe, Ambassador from James I to Jahangir). "What's that badge he's wearing on his lapel? Have a look General, you understand these things." A grizzled Highlander of the 42nd approached, and breathing heavily of spirits, peered at my O.C.A. badge.

"Can't see rightly," he muttered - "eyes not so good as they were - too much sun an' all that, dammit!" He concentrated heavily. "Ah!" he triumphed - "25th!". "25th of Foot?" came a voice. "No, 25th Cyclists," I corrected. "Never heard of them," said one. "I did," said the Ghurkha boy - "we knew them as the London Regt. They were a good crowd." "What are cyclists?" queried a High Court Judge, looking over his glasses.

"With permission M'Lud," I bridled, "before the present army was mechanized we were the fastest unit on the road. When OUR War started we were mobilised and on our job ten hours ahead of every other regiment in the British Army. But they took away our bikes and turned us into infantry," I finished, sadly. "And not so bad at foot-blogging either!" said a sonorous voice.

The speaker was in his mid-thirties, handsome, black-haired, and stood a good 6ft.2ins. I fancied I had seen an early photo of him, taken during the Mutiny. "I used to go back to an old haunt of mine at Hassan Abdal, and remember you coming back along the Grand Trunk Road after what you called "Kitchener's Test" - a gruelling day, yet you only had three men fall out. Not bad for City Clerks, eh? Only beaten by the S.L.I.'s, I believe, with two men fallen out. I often saw you - you had a fine corps of Drums, I remember."

"Just a moment," I said - "I know I've suffered from sunstroke, and had a temperature of 108.9°, but I am fairly sane at the moment. Do you mind telling me exactly what this gathering is? I feel I'm intruding, yet after all, I was in here first."

"Perhaps it would be more in order for you to meet our President. Bob!" he called, "d'you mind stepping over here for a minute?". Through the assembly came an unmistakable figure who paused before me, and assumed a pose made familiar to me from the days when I bought my first book "Four Heroes of India" with

my own money earned as an office-boy. Here was a Presence; here was an Empire Builder. He looked at me squarely and said "Robert Clive, sir - very much at your service."

"I would have known you anywhere, my Lord - your statue at Shrewsbury is a good likeness, though if I may say so, a trifle too heavy." "Ah! Shrewsbury," and his eyes twinkled - "what a merry town for pranks! - Dogpole, Shoplatch, Grope Lane, Fish St. Hill, Mardol, Wylie Cop....tell me, do they keep my statue clean?" "It was very tidy when I saw it last Summer," I answered, "with banks of hydrangeas at the foot." "Ah, yes - 'twas a rare town for flowers - none better," he said. "But you were enquiring about our identity. Pray do not be alarmed when I tell you that all my friends whom you see here are now not in the world as you know it. We have each passed on, having served our purpose in a Great Scheme, and we all have one link in common which knits us so closely together that we feel impelled from time to time to meet and share that common interest. You will have gathered that that interest has centred on India. We are Those Who Have Served. No....ours are not all famous names as recorded in your history books: many are humble folk, but all were faithful to their various callings in a Great Cause, the roots of which lie primarily in their love for England and for India under British protection. Patriotism, romance, commerce, social services, justice - so many have answered the call, and most have suffered for their ideals by illness or death. Many too, were misunderstood, or became scapegoats - victims of their own politicians at home.

We reminisce, we discuss, we criticize - some even would introduce politics if I let 'em. Most politicians are a menace - fools trying to govern a country they've never been near. To understand ruling, you have got to be on the spot, living amongst the people, and knowing of the people you have to deal with. But of course, that is all over for old England, now that we have abandoned everything we took and held.

Your great statesman talked of "blood, toil, sweat and tears." By God! we knew it all - and now it's all thrown away. Empires are not the fashion now-a-days - "let everyone govern themselves" is the cry, yet every foreigner comes to England, and regardless of colour or race endeavours to ape us by dressing as we do. Where's the sense? they pretend to wish for their independence and individuality, yet copy us down to the minutest detail and go back to become gloriously Eastern by being abominably Western!

Since we were not required longer in India, we ourselves have had to return to the old country. We had some good re-unions in the old days, often at the Residency at Lucknow or Hindu Rao's House on the Ridge at Delhi - your old Headquarters, eh, John?" he nodded to the Six-footer. ("That's Nicholson, you know," he whispered in an undertone). "But when we found we were no longer needed, we grew unhappy and so decided on an "orderly withdrawal." Our members felt that a suitable atmosphere was necessary, so where better than in this spot, where we are surrounded by objects which had become a part of our lives? But meet some of them, and you will learn why their names are inscribed in our records - those three standing together, they are our oldest members. Hear what attracted them. Their names are not well-known, but they are interesting as being the first known Englishmen to be in India."

The three, attired in Elizabethan doublets and hose, and unarmed, stepped forward to greet me.

"I, Ralph Fitch, citizen of London and a merchant, set sail in the days of Gloriana with a letter to Eckerbar ("That's Akbar" said Clive) sending greetings and praying for our good reception that we might trade between our two countries. Our little ship, the "Tiger", was wrecked off Aleppo and we made our way overland to Akbar's coast at Fatepur Sikri." (I believed I had chanced on a discovery here - Had Shakespeare heard of this, to make one of Macbeth's witches say:-

"Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger,"? but I did not interrupt).

"We three were together," said the second - "I too, was a merchant, John Newbery by name. Akbar received us kindly. He was a good man, and just as he welcomed all creeds in his thirst for knowledge, so he helped us." "He surrounded himself with the finest craftsmen, poets and artists available," said the third: "His wealth was amazing. Never had I beheld such gems, but they knew not the art of cutting. I was a jeweller by trade, and he commissioned me, William Leedes, to fashion the finest diamond then known into its present glory. It was the "Koh-i-Nor."

"What led you to India"? I asked a portly gentleman with an ostrich plume in his broad hat. "Oh - trade, trade," said he airily. "I went out with a Charter under Charles II and we established the East India Company, but it was rough going - then later there was opposition and competition by the French. That's where you come in, Bob" he said to Clive.

"Yes - we were forced to fight for what we had, or we'd have been swamped. The Company had no defence organisation, and I couldn't stand by and see us lose our all. ~~What was needed was action - and speed. Strike quickly, get out and~~ strike in another quarter! Keep them guessing. What wouldn't I have given at Plassey for your 25th on Wheels! But my handful of men were made of the right stuff, and I knew my destiny - and England's."

When I think of the thrill and the odds at Arcot, with practically no powder left and those damned elephants battering down our gates - and the rain! By God! how it rained! But we won through, and that was the end of the French. Later of course, came the various racial wars in which we were embroiled, either for defence or to assist others against tyranny - Marathas, Pindaris, Afghans, Sikhs, Rajputs. Always was there an Englishman who upheld our tradition.

Look at David & Jonathan there - what a pair of inseparables!" (The giant Nicholson had been joined by a shorter officer with yellow hair). "Bosom friends, yet never two more opposed in temperament. Nicholson was stern, just, unyielding, and never gave himself any rest. He fought with a grim purpose, always with an ideal of what was right.

The other was gay, dashing, light-hearted, and fought because he loved fighting: Always in the thick of it, taunting his opponent, while he cut and parried."

"Who is the other?" I questioned. "Oh - Hodson, of Hodson's Horse fame. He rode up the steps of Jumayan's Tomb to arrest Bahadur Shah after we had recaptured Delhi. It is strange to think, when you see so many military men here, what a God-fearing lot they were; not so strange, perhaps that the conquered had a deep respect for them, and realising their sense of justice and tolerance often worshipped them as gods, and afterwards gave them all their loyalty. It feels good to be in their Company. There's Sir Henry Lawrence - he died defending Lucknow; with him is Colin Campbell, who relieved it.

Next to them are Havelock and Outram, both of Cawnpore, and Napier, not only a soldier but a road builder. Lord Dalhousie too - he introduced railways and canals, doing a lot to alleviate famine. Warren Hastings there - he laid the foundations of Civil Government and had to stand a seven year trial when he got home, through political jealousies.

"Twas always difficult to work for a Government Department. You gave your life and the best that was in you, and were generally thrown out on the street in the finish." "Times haven't changed" I said. In the crowd I spied Kipling, so often the champion of Indian Soldiery and exposé of Departmental incompetence and bumbledom, and thought, "How apt is his line:-

"Hard her service, poor her payment."

I recognised, too, our own General Dyer, whose firm hand at Amritsar saved India from a worse conflagration than the Mutiny, and suffered trial for doing

his duty.

"What of the Lumblers folk you mentioned?" I asked my host. "You were remembering Amritsar" he replied - "here are two more who were there and who suffered. Let them speak for themselves."

"I was a missionary," said a lady. "I had worked amongst the poor for years, teaching and nursing, and thought I knew them, but when the storm broke, all their evil passions were unleashed and they forgot the good we had tried to do. A gang of young ruffians attacked me with laths and beat me down - there were eleven of them, and each - in turn - oh! it was horrible! She shuddered and covered her face.

Her companion laid a tender hand on her shoulder. "I was a padre," he said gently. "They burnt my church and kicked me to death down its steps. But I forgave them, for they knew not what they did." "Many other atrocities were committed on defenceless Christians," broke in a Telegraph Operator; "massacres and burnings with kerosene - unbridled hooliganism, but that was not the teaching of Gandhi. He was a peace-lover; always there is an irresponsible element with no ideals whatsoever. Today you have your "Teddy Boys" and razor gangs - they should be held firmly in check, or evil will predominate."

"I was called to India by God," said another lady. "I laboured for years among the lepers. I would not go for a rest to a hill station, and in the end I died at the Settlement among my 'children'."

"We came to answer a challenge. No wars or politics called us - only the joy of attempted conquest for the honour of England. Everest beckoned, and we could not refuse. We died in a glorious adventure." It was Irvine and Mallory.

"Why did you go?" I asked a private.

"Oh, I dunno, Guv'nor," he piped in a Cockney voice. "Fed up wiv the ol' street-barrer, I reckon, an' wanted to see a bit o' life, so I took the Queen's shillin' an' got sent to Injia. A bit of orl-right it was at fust - then the Mut'ny come an' we fought our way to Delhi, see? We was on the Ridge under fire all the time, right through the siege. The 'eat an' cholera was awful. When Ol' Nick (beggin' yer pardon, Sir," to Nicholson) "give the order for the final assault, we got some bags of gunpowder over against the Kashmir gate, with a train laid to blow it in, see? Our Officer dashed over the bridge with a lighted fuse, but the "Pandie" got 'im, an' 'e fell - a man jumped forward, picked up the match an' got a few paces further, then 'e went down, then another, an' a fourth, then I went - I only gained a couple o' yards with it before I went down. It took nine of us to get across that ditch, but we managed it, an' up went the blinkin' lot. A lovely 'ole it made, an' in went our blokes, yellin' like mad. Brave? I dunno - well, I mean ter say - we 'ad to get in, didn't we, Guv'nor? Wot about my mate 'ere - 'e was in the Bengal Artillery. You tell 'im, Bill."

"I was quartered on the Delhi Magazine with Lieut. Willoughby. The rebels stormed it with scaling ladders, and when we couldn't work the guns any longer, we blew the whole place up - ourselves with it."

(To be concluded in the next issue)

Percy C. Chisnall.



THOSE WHO HAVE SERVED (Cont.d).

And so the tales went on, tales told simply of duty done and faith kept in the great annals of our Indian history. There was Dr. Brydon, the sole survivor of the 16,000 massacred in the snow on the retreat from Cabul ("I go to see my pony sometimes," he told me. "Oh, yes - we have quite a number of animals who served their country well. They are resting quietly after their labours. There is Nicholson's famous grey charger, many dogs of course, and horses - even some mules and camels! It is nice to keep in touch, you know, and they like to think that they are not forgotten").

What a sea of faces were there - little bow-legged "Bobs" of Kandahar; the "Iron Duke", Wellington, of Assaye. I could not resist a word with the latter. "My great-grandmother" I said proudly, "was your cook at Walmer Castle - I still have her cookery-book which she used in your service".

"Ah - a worthy soul," he replied; "She did me well - well - well....." His words seemed to drift dreamily into "bell - bell - bell" and I was conscious of a bell tolling nearer, nearer - and a voice calling "All out, all out!"

A hand shook my shoulder, and I looked up at an attendant who said jovially - "I nearly missed you in that corner, Sir. It's a wonder you wasn't locked in. Been asleep 'ave yer? - I'm not surprised. We often doze off ourselves; it gets too 'ot in 'ere, but we daren't open them winders 'cos the pigeons'd fly in an' leave their fevers all over the place. Reckon a cuppa char'll brighten you up. Good arternoon, Sir!"

Percy C. Chisnall.

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STOP PRESS NEWS!

We are pleased to report that we hear from Mrs. Stafford that her husband is much better and able to come downstairs.

P.H. NICOL.

Hon. Secretary.

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