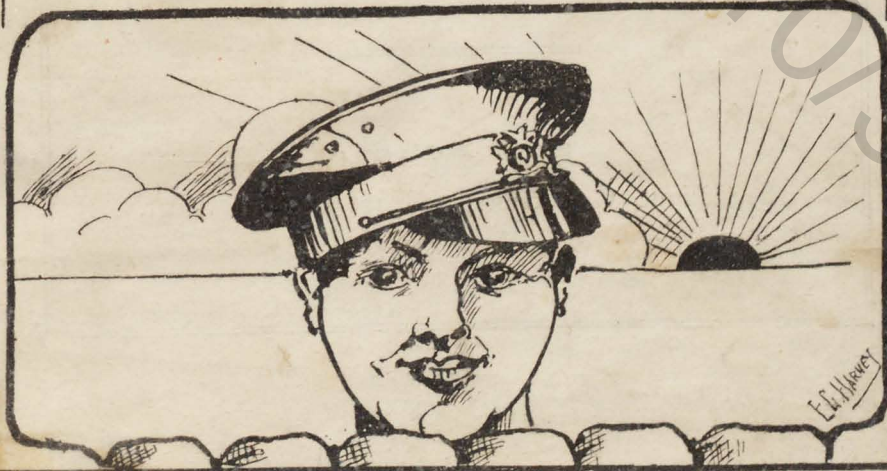


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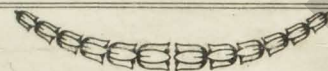
MUDBLARK

OR

THE BEDFORDSHIRE
GAZETTE



THE MUDLARK



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ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

The Mudlark

Or, THE BEDFORDSHIRE GAZETTE.

No. 3.

IN THE TRENCHES.

JUNE, 1916.

At Random.

THE present number will appear, it is to be feared, a little late. That, however, is no fault of the Editorial staff. The strenuous times in which we live must be our excuse. The regularity of the appearance of a journal compiled in the Trenches must inevitably be governed by the attitude of "Brother Bosch."

* * *

London is a curious place just at present. An Englishman's hotel used to be his castle, and the streets were, at least, safe to walk in. But that is all changed with the introduction of "Flag-days" into the domestic life of Londoners. The unwary soldier on leave from the Front finds himself suddenly attacked and surrounded by a throng of wild-eyed young females, each selling flags of many hues, in aid of a wide variety of charities. Escape is impossible, and he remains a prisoner in their hands until each one has sold him a flag, and herself pinned it into his buttonhole, nearly taking his eyes out on the point of protruding hat-pins, and tickling his nose with the enormous feathers that adorn her truly remarkable hat. After this, if he is born lucky, he may manage to slip away, almost invariably followed by cries of "Good-bye, old man—good luck!" and sometimes by that most idiotic of all "War remarks": "Kill an extra German or two for me." It's very trying, and the temptation to make a remark which would lead his tormentors to mistake him for a Russian is very strong!

* * *

Readers who were with the Regiment during the early days of the War, may remember the following incident which

occurred during a march to the Trenches one stormy night. There was "some" rain and water about. "D" Company were splashing doggedly alone, when the gentle voice of the Company Commander was heard: "What's that, Sergeant-Major?" "Pte. — fallen into a ditch, sir!" "Dear, dear; poor fellow. What shall we do for him?" "Let him off the next bathing parade, sir!"

* * *

Wasn't it the same officer who found one of his men sitting on the fire-step with his shirt off. "Good morning, Private —; picking 'em out?" "No, sir; taking them as they come."

* * *

More recently, a very senior officer of this Battalion was touring the Trenches about the region of midnight. An advanced post ran down close to the edge of a much-wooded marsh. Through the trees, in the direction of the Bosch lines, a ruddy glow could be seen, resembling somewhat a representation of a forest fire at a suburban music-hall. Seizing a rifle, this officer swore he "would teach those — Germans to light fires." He took aim, and was just about to fire, when a sergeant remarked, thoughtfully, that "The moon rose about that time and in that direction!" Two shots were fired, nevertheless, and there is proof that good work was done, for the man in the moon was heard to groan and call for a stretcher bearer!

* * *

What they are all asking: "Who was the lady, and what was it she said when seeing the Major off on his return from leave?" Ask the padre!

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

YOUNG SUB. has first-rate position for sale. Fifty yards from Hun Front Line. — All modern inconveniences, including "Sniping, Ducking." Frequent Patrols. — Splendid opportunity to develop nerves. *Amusements*: Raids and Wiring by moonlight. Must be disposed of, owing to pressing engagement with M.O. No reasonable offer refused, or would exchange for comfortable Staff job.—Address, Lieut. F. E. Dupp, c/o Editor, *Mudlark*, First Line, S.-in-F. No Aliens.

ADVERTISER having completed 2 years in Trenches is desirous of making an exchange with Sub. on Staff. England preferred. Every prospect of Winter Campaign. Address in first place. Lieut. W. Indup, c/o O.C. 123 Dug-out, Front Line, B.E.F.

The First Chronicles of the Litfordshires.

III.—"ROUND THE PARISH."
By Windup.

"I T'S a long way round the Parish, but it's got to be done, I suppose." The C.O. lifts his feet out of a pool of muddy water accumulated under the table of the Headquarter Mess. The said "H.Q. Mess" consists merely of a portion of trench, indifferently drained and nominally roofed in by a piece of corrugated iron, two old baulks of timber, and several discarded ground sheets. Down the centre runs a table, cunningly constructed out of a long plank, supported upon a number of full boxes of S.A.A. One side of the table is against the wall, the other side makes a small passage with the opposite wall, just admitting of one person entering the apartment (sideways) and moving sufficiently far along to leave room for a second, or, at a pinch, a third occupant. When No. 2 has seated himself at the table, No. 1 is a prisoner in the place until such time as No. 2 cares to move.

OLD ESTABLISHED Unit of B.E.F. has openings for smart energetic young men. Those straight from College not objected to. Good opening for smart men to learn business of soldiering, previous experience unnecessary. Good heart and feet essential.—Apply, in person, any day before Stand Down, to Capt. L. Iver, 72 Trench, L.-of-A. Place, S.-in-F. No Conscientious Objectors need apply.

GENERAL.

THE Officers of the Battalion are desirous of corresponding with young ladies, who are able to write breezy letters. No application will be refused. [These should be addressed to the Adjutant.—Ed.]
(Not much—Censor!)

LOST.—"A Match" (only one). Information to Secretary, Football Club, c/o The Editor.

At the far end a large coke fire is burning, exuding fumes so nauseous that they would certainly prove fatal to anyone not rendered immune by long inhaling thereof. From the ceiling large drops of water fall at the rate of about five a minute, on to the table and into the food. From the foregoing it will be gathered that the War is still young, and comparatively few have tasted the joys of active service. "Dug-outs" are almost unknown, and the modern conveniences introduced into trench life of later days are practically undreamt of. The Litfordshires are constantly being required to make bricks without straw (the equivalent of which is to revet without material), and the prevailing influence is water. Coleridge (or somebody else) wrote: "Water—water everywhere, nor any drop to drink"; he little knew how prophetically. After rain of unprecedented duration and violence, most of the

country being flat, is now one huge sheet of water, and the Trenches serve as vast sewers, which collect and contain a lion's share, converting them into an unglorified reproduction of Venice, as portrayed by the organisers of Italio-British Exhibitions. The net result is that nobody, from the C.O. to the sentries, is ever dry, and everybody eats food rendered flabby and unpalatable by exposure to the elements. Added to all this, drinking water is at a discount, candles practically impossible to obtain, and, for sustenance, reliance must of necessity be placed on Government rations.

For all this, things are not so bad as they seem, and there are compensations. That vulgar form of brawling, known as bombing, is seldom encountered, and mining, the lowest form of sewer warfare to which soldiering can descend, is practically unknown. Besides the Boche is no better off, if not positively worse. There is the rub! Rumour says he is underfed, ill-treated, and discontented. Certainly he is worse off; and so all's well. "Cheero!" is the password of the day.

The C.O. and Adjutant shake out their pipes just as the clock strikes one a.m., encase themselves from head to foot in waders and mackintoshes, and prepare to splash round the "Parish." It must be explained that the "Parish" in these palmy days consists of one long ditch, for the most part containing standing water. Communication Trenches being *non est*, it is only necessary to cross the once beautiful garden of a once stately convent, before suddenly and unexpectedly falling up to the waist in ice cold water. This fact in itself signifies to the experienced that the Fire Trench has been reached. From this point the Parish visiting of the C.O. and his Adjutant degenerates into what some of his disrespectful junior officers call a "Pub-crawl." That is to say, they proceed to jump from one island to another, often finding themselves thigh deep in water and occasionally stuck fast in the mud, exchanging cheery observations with every sentry, and irrelevant person-

alities with every officer encountered, until Company Headquarters is reached. Arrived there, liquid refreshment is produced and consumed, a little (very little) shop is talked, and much merriment is made over each one's personal misfortunes on the particular night in question. Thus fortified, the Headquarter Staff pursue their hazardous way to the Headquarters of the next Company. It must not be supposed by any means that the gentle "Fritz" does not contribute to the evening's entertainment. In many places recourse has to be made to the open, crossing which is at least as exciting as, say, "spillikins," the incessant use of flares by the nervous Bosch rendering the passage "sporting," if not actually perilous.

"Hullo! what the — this?" enquires the Adjutant. Having crossed the road that forms the boundary between "C" and "D" Companies (a bullet-swept thoroughfare littered with carcasses of dead cows), they have arrived at the Trench of the last Company, where Lieut. Babble, amidst shrieks of applause from his platoon, is striving to scramble from the bottom of a deep pool, in which he is struggling nearly waist deep, a friendly piece of barbed wire at the bottom adding a touch of interest to what would otherwise be a usual exercise. They join in the applause, even giving advice, the Adjutant kindly offering to indent for a crane through the ordnance, and pass on to the Company H.Q. Were they not so conversant with the Trench as they are, Company H.Q. would not be difficult to find; the uproar issuing from the 3ft. high aperture serving as a door and window combined, being strongly reminiscent of a bar parlour in the Old Kent Road.

The C.O. and the Adjutant effect an entrance, the raucous voice of an execrable gramophone record informing the C.O. that "last night in the pale moonlight," somebody, apparently a lady, saw him, and inviting him by way of punishment to hold his hand out and dubbing him "naughty boy." Complying with the last request, he receives a

tin mug containing alcoholic refreshment, and the gramophone strikes up: "Sing me a song of Bonny Scotland."

"Well, how are things!" enquires the Colonel. "Oh, not too bad, sir," is the reply. "No rum, no coke, and a trifle damp; but not so bad that it mightn't be worse. I'm going on leave to-morrow, sir!" "And so am I," says the Adjutant, and as far as space permits, an impromptu war dance is executed, the partners being Captain and Adj. Cross, D.S.O., the strictest disciplinarian of modern times, and the Captain of the Company, a chevalier of the Legion of Honour, a somewhat ribald and frivolous young man withal. After which, the C.O., being busy talking "shop" with Lieut. Bunell, the Adjutant proceeds to tell the Captain a low story, picked up, one fears, in the precincts of the Brigade Office, from the enjoyment of which they are rudely awakened by the Colonel announcing that it was time to trek back "home."

They crawl out and splash away. They climb out of the Trench and cross

To the Editor of "The Mudlark."

In response to an appeal made in your Dug-out, when your morale was superficially high (needless to remark, it was late at night), I now write the following article to a magazine which is well named *The Mudlark*, not on account of mud that is in the Trenches, but on account of the scurrilous contents of the paper.

Up-to-date, insufficient work has enabled you to study too closely the characteristics of your superiors, and you have made a series of libellous attacks on honourable people. You have employed a gentleman of Polish origin to reproduce on paper what you term a caricature. This outburst of wit on your part doubtless evoked much amusement among your brainless readers—I refer to the officers, not the men.

Acknowledging the fact that it would be useless to write anything your officer-

the open. Flares go up, necessitating the adoption of a prone position in the middle of a pool. The Convent garden is reached and crossed, "and so to bed," but not to bed. At the door of the "Mess," the orderly informs the Adjutant that O.C. "D" Company would like to speak to him on the 'phone. The O.C. "D" Company wishes to inform the Adjutant that the "enemy have sent up a red rocket." The Adjutant points out that he can't fetch it down again; "and is there anything else?" "Yes, part of the Trench has fallen in." The Adjutant remarks that O.C. "D" Company, being on the spot, has greater facility for mending the Trench than he has, at the same time signifying that his day's labours have caused him fatigue, and if the O.C. "D" Company has quite done with him, he will go to bed. Before he goes, however, the Brigade-Major rings up. "What's that? Oh! yes, we're getting on pretty well! What? All leave stopped? What's that? Brigade H.Q. not exactly a bed of roses. No, I suppose not. We're not exactly killing ourselves with laughter here."

readers could take in, I now indict a letter on the subject of the Private Soldier.—Yours gratefully, B.M.

Tommy Atkins.

YOU fought at Mons, you were harried to Le Cateau. There you turned and fought, and did it so well that Joffre, the great French General, said you had saved Paris. You continued, for strategical reasons, the retrograde movement to Tournan, and aptly there you reversed the movement, knocking Fritz silly at the Marne and bringing him to anchor on the Aisne.

You were then switched off to La Bassee, thence to Ypres. You stayed in the salient for several months, making Fritz's life a burden to him. You know what the Germans say about Ypres: "From Ypres you never return."



"AD PALMAM VICTORIAE."

After the salient you sought the more peaceful region of the Somme, thence from a brief rest you returned to—we must not mention the name on account of the Censor; and here we find you digging like a mole, stolidly watching all sorts of low methods the Bosch opposite employs to kill you. You still, despite little leave and stereotyped existence, remain merry and bright. It is marvellous, and you are splendid.

You love a real good grouse, and you grouse well when you have nothing to grouse about. When you have something to grouse about, *i.e.*, when there is dirty work at the cross roads, you don't grouse but simply pull yourself together, and, invigorated with a few and hackneyed strong expletives, expressing what you really feel, you go and do it.

In fact, Thomas Atkins, you have the respect and confidence of your officers, and some are young enough to be your sons. You do what you are told, you are very helpful, and when there is dirty work to do, volunteers are never asked for in vain.

It is very nearly two years since this started. It is a bad stunt, you have put your back into it, but when it is over, what a time you will have, talking yards about "Ypers" and other delectable places, when you walk out.

Keep well down to it to the end. Flattery, when lumped on too much, is fulsome, so I end this dissertation by wishing you every good wish and a quick and safe return to "Blighty."

B.M.



HOME ON LEAVE.—THE REWARD OF VALOUR.

“Work.”

I WAS born lazy. The spirit of Tired Tim permeates my being; it is in my bones, even in my hair, which is always falling out. I am always too tired to get up in the morning, and very often too tired to go to bed at night. As far as the latter is concerned, many of the ordinary difficulties are absent in the Trenches; the exhausting custom of removing the clothes at night has been forbidden on humanitarian grounds (see G.R.O., No. 0057, and “Proceedings of the Society for the Protection of Poor Little Parasites”). But do not go away with the idea that Trenches are all bliss for one of my temperament; to sit up all night may entail less trouble than turning in, but there are things which happen by day which have a double terror for one who, like myself, combines inherent laziness with a reserved and retiring nature. Perhaps the worst of these is the daily visit of a genial presence whom we will call “O.C. work.” “Work”—the very word sends a cold shiver down my spine, and it is not as if I had to do the work with my own hands. I have to make other people do it, a far worse trial to my sensitive spirit. Here he comes round the traverse, and I shall not get rid of him under an hour. In five minutes his quick eye and ready brain can perceive enough work to keep the whole population of China out of mischief for another thousand years, but that is not enough. Of course, I shall have all that done before the blessed relief comes, and I must have something to pass on to those that come after, lest they should find time hang heavily on their hands. I can see them smiling as they read it; no doubt they have a “genial presence” of their very own. I have tried many varied ways of escaping the daily visit. I have played an exciting game of hide and seek in and out of the communication Trenches, but the game is not fair with two to one. His familiar spirit (an orderly of reckless bravery and inveterate cunning) always manages to round me up,

and I run straight into the arms of O.C. Work, who by this time has so primed himself with suggestions that he is nigh bursting. I have taken refuge in a mine-shaft, but they told me that they were going to blow in two minutes, and I decided to face the music outside. Finally, one day, in a mood of desperation, I crawled out and lay in a shell-hole in the middle of No Man's Land. The Orderly got a D.C.M. for that, and I did not even get a Blighty one.

One night I dreamed a dream. In my dream I had deceased, and had the misfortune to be sent down (instead of up), in charge of a draft. There must be a mistake somewhere, I felt; I would certainly put in for a transfer, or write to *The Times* about it. An unpleasant-looking official, armed with a pitchfork, met me at the entrance, glanced at my posting certificate, and referred to his note-book. “You will be in charge of the X215 Sector. The usual spell, relief done in three thousand years, but there's very little work there as a rule.” That was music to my ears, but as I led my party to their appointed place in the line of brimstone Trenches, I heard a familiar voice say: “Hullo, old boy, what about work.” “That fellow at the gate didn't know much,” I thought. “One fellow is going to enjoy himself, but it won't be me.” I was awakened by a punch in the ribs, and the voice of a brother-officer: “Come on, turn out, you're wanted in the trench—about the work, I think.”

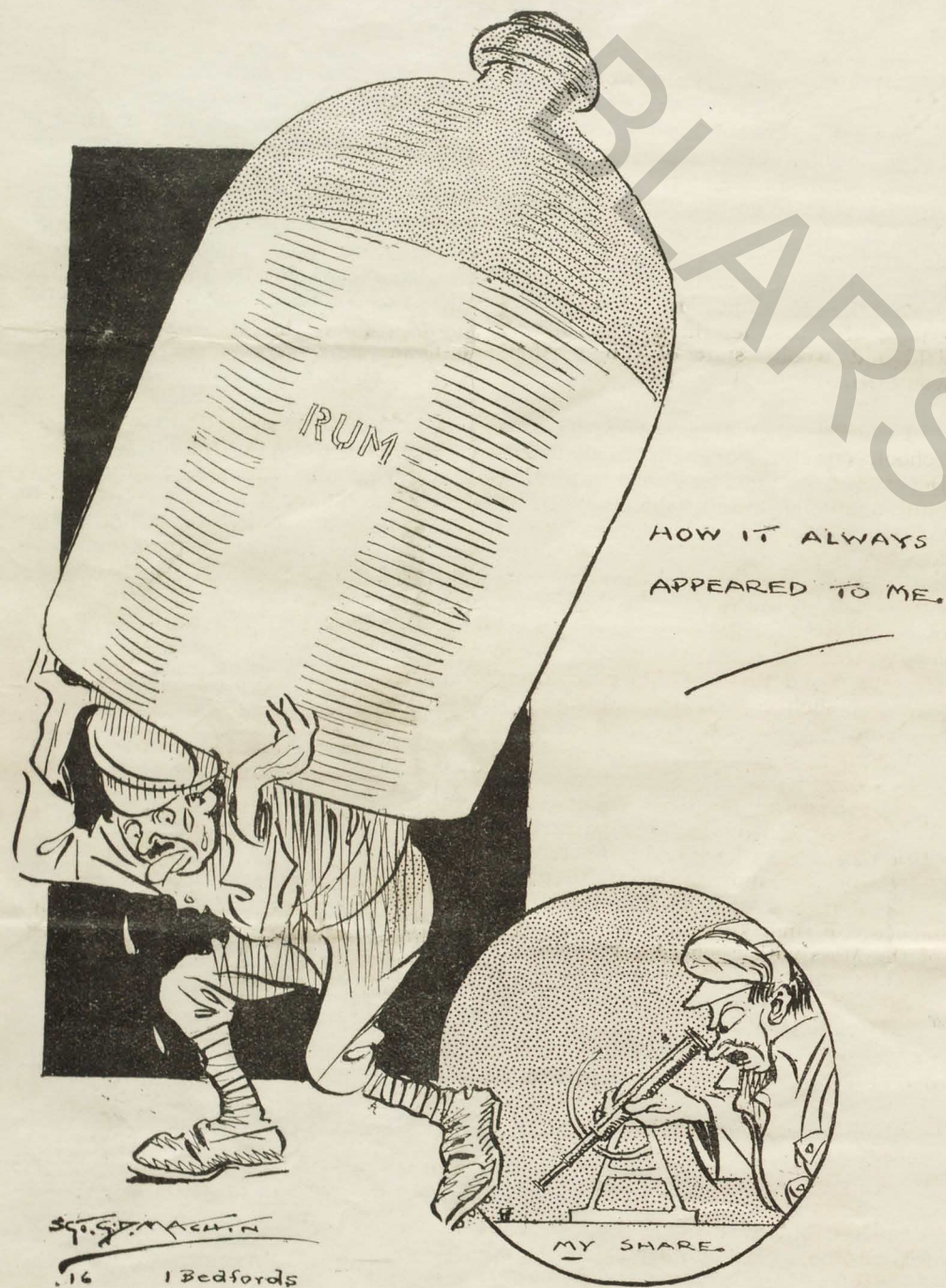
“TOUCHSTONE” (Junior).

Congratulations to the following on being “mentioned in dispatches” :—

Major F. H. EDWARDS.

Lieut. G. SHERRY.

C.-S.M. F. SPICER.



Cook-house Chatter.

IT seems an extraordinary thing, but people at home seem heaps more miserable than they really should be. Fellows come back from leave with harrowing stories of the dismal time they've spent. Personally, it's such a time since I had the pleasure of pleasures myself (Adjutant, please note!) that I cannot actually vouch for this, but it appears to be extremely gloomy over the water at present. If people are "down" now—well, after another three years of this wild and woolly state of things, they won't actually be cheery!

I hear from a reliable source that at a School, on this side of the water, for Department of Young Officers, a form of punishment has been instituted, known as C.C.G.—interpreted, meaning confined to Chateau Grounds. Several students have miscondacted themselves to such an extent that the severe and drastic measure of stopping the Divisional Band from playing at Mess has been threatened. It is also rumoured that for the more severe offences, such as getting their hair cut with the wire clippers, birching is to be instituted.

The musical tastes of various individuals one lives—or exists—with, oftentimes causes discord amongst what might be a happy home, particularly when there is a portable gramophone attached. For instance, we have the head of the Mess with a varied taste. He apparently enjoys Wagner's heavy howitzer music with the relish he entertains for Miss Gertie Millar in "Chalk Farm to Camberwell Green." Then again, we have one, Ptarpy, whose taste would suggest the whole of his leave spent with musical comedy chorus girls. Thirdly, there is the bombing officer with no taste at all; and, lastly, the Doctor, who has two tastes: (1) sickly sentimental, *i.e.*, "Your eyes have told me all," etc.; (2) the songs of Low Comedians. I have known him to sit for hours listening to a raucous-voiced vendor of humour who is anxious

to know "Who paid the rent for Mrs. Rip Van Winkle, when Rip Van Winkle went away." In this particular melody, as a clue to finding the benevolent person who paid the rent, we are informed that "She had no friends in the place," and that "the landlord always met her with a smile on his face."

"Looking backward into the dim and distant future," as an M.P. for N. Donegal once said in the piping times of peace, with an effort one might remember the petrol engine maniac who buttonholed you at every turning, and dinned into your unwilling ears the latest thing in $3\frac{1}{2}$ h.p., with magnets, and dwelt lovingly on the automatic-valved four-cylinder. Times, of course, have altered, and much metal has fallen into the Ypres Moat since, but the maniac is still with us, under another guise—the machine-gunner. He is, of course, to be also found in his old role, in the Mechanical Transport, or the Signal Service, but we ourselves meet it as a Machine-Gunner.

He has changed his lay somewhat however. In place of sparking plugs and carburettors, he baffles, blows, and bewilders one with volleys of "Interrupted screws," "Buffer springs," "Feed blocks," and the like. In dug-out, fire-trench, listening posts, he will find you, no matter where you hide, eventually leaving you in a state of collapse with a brain resembling a Futurist painting of Sheffield—a whirling mass of blocks, nuts, and bolts.

One of the most awful things that can befall a man is to become a third party in a "conversation" between a Lewis Gun merchant and a Machine-Gun expert on the merits of their respective weapons. As the M.G.E. has only a pitying contempt for the L.G.M., and the L.G.M. has "no time" for the M.G.E., the conversation invariably terminates in a brawl. A "passage" between Mr. Tim Healy and Mr. Dillon would be a very quiet affair in comparison.

I am afraid there is at least one Hun who—if he still exists—will have a very poor opinion of our sporting qualities. A regimental sniper, owing to a lack of "live" targets, was engaged in the pleasant occupation of potting at a periscope, perched invitingly on the Hun parapet. The Bosch underneath, with a sense of humour that is not usual with this species, signalled hits and misses by means of a trench scoop. Unfortunately—for him—the attention of a Trench Mortar officer was called to this stick being waved about, and without further ado, he loosed over one of his best and heaviest. Within a very few seconds the topography of the country in and about the vicinity of the periscope was completely changed, and the signalling ceased rather abruptly.

"TELESCOPIC."

Soldier and Sportsman Too.

(WINTER 1914-1915).

*As I was goin' round the lines, in the
Trench of the X Brigade,
I saw a bloke with 'is tunic off, atoilin'
with pick and spade.
'E was sweatin' and diggin' for all 'e was
worth—that I ses to 'im "'Oo are
you?"
Ses 'e, "I'm a navvy—'is Majesty's
Navy—soldier and navvy, too."
Now 'is work begins by Gawd knows
when, and 'is work is never through.
'E's got 'is watch in the Trench to keep,
besides the fatigues to do.
'E ain't a particular skiffler 'im—soldier
and navvy, too!
And after I met 'im all over o' France,
adoin' most everything,
Like 'urlin' 'imself on the wire fence to
talk to the Kayser King;
'E lives in a ditch wot was christened a
Trench—I'm tellin' you what is true,
'E's a kind o' amphibious animal, soldier
and sailor, too!
There's water enough to float a platoon—
the like as I never knew,
You could go for a float in a deep sea
boat, or paddle your own canoe—
And that's the life 'e's a leadin' of—
soldier and sailor, too!*

*'E takes 'is chance in the Fire Trench—
with the shells a buzzin' about,
'E's quiet as mice in a night attack, and
'e shouts when it's needful to shout.
And 'e sticks 'is job with 'ardly a grouse
—a damn tough bullet to chew,
It's now, as was always, 'is Majesty's
Tommy—soldier and sportsman,
too!
When 'e took on 'im, the Kayser Bill, 'e
bit off more than 'e knew,
For whether it's diggin', or whether it's
fightin'—King George's work is to
do—
You leave it to Tommy—'is Majesty's
Tommy—soldier and sportsman,
too!*

STAND-TO.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling).

Seats of the Mighty.

III.—THE ADJUTANT BIRD.

NOT a *rara avis* this; there is one to be found, after search, in most museums and units. This particular one greeted me, when I eventually tracked him to his lair, with his familiar cry of "Cheery, oh!" As he had apparently forgotten the respect due to my age and position, I responded, in as flip-pant a tone as I could, and a fair imitation of the sound. This seemed to please him, his rosy rotund face beamed, while he blew a cloud of smoke through his lips. I must remind my readers that I had found him lolling in a chair, behind a table littered with papers of all sizes and colours. Though this bird possesses wings, they are only fancy ones, or "wings of fancy," and he cannot fly. He has been seen on horseback, sometimes in the saddle, but he informs me he has no use for this form of progression, as he finds he seldom gets where he wants, or else the time is unduly accelerated. "Your favourite pastime?" I enquired in a friendly tone. "Salesman," replied he, laconically. "Oh!" I said, unsuspectingly, "I thought you were otherwise employed in military matters." "Bought it," he rejoined. After due reflection he

informed me he commanded Ptarpy's Light Horse, so-called, I presume, because they never rode horses. Also *Artist* writer, and drawing-room entertainer;—which of these pursuits caused the short, quick steps with which this bird propels itself, does not seem apparent. As we spoke the telephone at his elbow buzzed. "—" said he, "they are always at it. Hul-lo, . . . Hul-lo," said he. "Oh, it's you, is it? How's your father? You're fatigued? . . . Oh, your Company fatigue—you mean working party; of course, you find it, and look sharp about it. Only one man and party of 30 required? Never mind, cheery oh!" This appears to be the bird's never-ending song, accompanied by a twinkle in the half-closed eyes, and an expansion of the eating-house orifice. Turning to me with a beatific smile, he enquired: "I rely on you for some copy for *The Mudlark*—what about it?" I replied: "It seems to be doing moderately well."

I didn't want to buy anything, and this seemed a good ending to the interview, so I bade him farewell, to which he replied, as I expected, with the merry cry of "Cheery, oh!"

As I went I couldn't help reviewing his peculiarities, or perhaps I should say "points"—

Why does he always wear his great coat with lapels flapping round his chin?

Why does he never pull his breeches up at the knees? Why do his gaiters look like that?

Why does he take such short steps?

Why is he always cheery?

And the only adequate answer was: Because those are the habits of our Adjutant Bird.

THE MAJOR
(Not 'Alf!)



THE ADJUTANT BIRD.

Regimental News.

THE following are to be congratulated on having attained Commissioned Rank:
SERGTS. GODFREY and CUTLER.
Sergt. Godfrey enlisted in 1904, and

joined the 1st Battalion at Jhansi in 1905. He served with the battalion from that time on until wounded in the knee at Givenchy. When sufficiently recovered from his wounds he served on the East

Coast with the Signal Section, but tiring of this he volunteered for the Front, and joined his old battalion in the latter end of 1915. He was for a time employed with the Quarter-Master, and afterwards at the 3rd Army School. His new regiment is the 10th R.W. Fusiliers.

Sergt. Cutler enlisted shortly after the outbreak of hostilities, and was sent to the Front early in 1915. His abilities were quickly recognised, and he soon reached the rank of Sergeant. He served with the battalion in "B" Company from that time on, and won the good wishes of both officers, N.C.O.'s, and men. His new regiment is the 1st Shropshire Light Infantry.

* * *

By the death in action of Sergt. Freeman and Pte. Hawley, the battalion has lost two more of the original Expeditionary Force. Sergt. Freeman was a strict disciplinarian, and was well liked by the men of his platoon, by whom he will be greatly missed.

* * *

Our best congratulations to the —th Battalion on their successful operations near Carnoy.

* * *

Condolences to the —th Battalion and their newly-joined C.O. on their misfortune in having their new Trenches bombed and raided within a few hours of taking over.

* * *

The "Whizz Bangs Divisional Entertainers" gave us of their best during the last rest period. A visit to their hut is a treat, which should not be missed by anyone. All thoughts of War vanish when listening to their songs and jokes, and one is only sorry when the time comes to go "home."

* * *

About 400 of the battalion were lucky enough to listen, on the 24th May, to a most entertaining and interesting dissertation by Major Campbell, of the Gordon Highlanders, on the "Spirit of the Bayonet." It was indeed a pity that there was not room for more in the "Whizz Bang" hut. All who heard

Major Campbell must have been very much impressed by what he said, and it is hoped that they have imparted the various points mentioned to those who were not as fortunate as they had been. The main point, "Training," is necessary in all the various walks of life, but perhaps in none so much as in preparing for War—a soldier's life.

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REGIMENTAL SPORTS.

27th May, 1916.

A short but capital programme was got through in fine weather, before a large crowd, and proved very successful, some capital fun being witnessed in the different events.

As usual, the Tug-of-war provided plenty of excitement, and ended in "A" Company retaining their title of Regimental Champions, a title they won in Aldershot nearly five years ago.

The Obstacle Course was not a really difficult one, but caused the competitors to blow pretty freely by the time they reached home.

The Cockfighting, Wheelbarrow Race, Sack Racing, and Three-legged Race provided plenty of amusement, both to spectators and competitors.

The Wrestling on horseback was excellent. The horses (steady old files) seemed to enter into the fun, and backed just as they should. Result: Plenty of torn shirts and scratched backs.

Tilting the Bucket, always a popular event among the troops, proved as attractive as ever, loud shouts being given when "Charlie Chaplin" was neatly ducked.

Much amusement was caused by Privates Mould and Wise, the speech from horseback by Mould ("Charlie Chaplin") being greatly enjoyed. "I'm proud of you men," he said, "but you must wait for it."

A collection made on the ground by Sergt. Jukes, in aid of the Bedfordshire Prisoner of War Fund, realised the sum of 50 francs. The amount has been forwarded, and receipt will be acknowledged in the next number of *The Mudlark*.

Light Weights, L/c. Daggar, "A" Coy.; Middle Weights, Cpl. Neale, "D" Coy.; Heavy Weights, Pte. Pigg, "D" Coy. The prizes, which were subscribed for by the officers of the Battalion, were distributed by the Commanding Officer. A special prize was awarded to Pte. Day for the excellent fight he put up with Pte. Fyfield in the earlier stages.

conveyed to them both from G.H.Q., H.Q., Div., the Brigade Commander, and O.C. Battalion, must have made them feel how very much their conduct was appreciated. The medal was granted to them for endeavouring to bring back Lieut. Whittmore, who was mortally wounded on patrol. May they live long to wear it.



The above interesting group was taken "Somewhere in France," in a town which is shelled by the enemy on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, and bombed on other days.

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No. 8765, Sgt. Quince, "A" Coy., and No. 13045, Pte. Winch, "A" Coy., are very heartily congratulated by all ranks of the Battalion on having the distinction of being the first of the Battalion to win the new decoration *i.e.*, The Military Medal, which were "Immediate Awards" made by the C. in C. The very kind wishes

On Friday, 24th March, a fancy dress dinner was held at Battalion Headquarters, which proved a great success. Space does not permit of our enumerating all the costumes, but among the best may be mentioned "Napoleon" (Col. Onslow), "An Ancient Briton" (Lieut. Rex), "A Roman Gladiator" (Lieut. Sherry), "P.C. 49" (Capt. Courtenay), "Charlie Chaplin" (Lieut. Beale), and, especially, "Gladys" (Lieut. Sanders). The proceedings began quietly, went on well, and ended as all such shows do end!

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The Brigade inter-platoon football

tournament has proved a great success. After some very exciting matches, the following teams are left to play off the final: D. Coy. 1st Bedfordshires v. D. Coy. 1st Cheshire. All the betting is in favour of "D" Coy.

In the Divisional Competition, the Battalion team has reached the semi-final,

which will shortly be played off. If the side maintains its previous form, it ought to make a big bid for the championship. Private Brown, of "A" Coy., has proved himself one of the great successes of the season. As a centre-half he has not his equal in the Division.

In Memoriam

LIEUT. F. WHITTEMORE,
(1st Bedfordshire Regiment)

Killed in Action, 29th March, 1916.

15577 PRIVATE W. GAMBLE,
Killed in Action, 30th March, 1916.

8198 CORPORAL A. WHEATLEY,
Died of Wounds, 31st March, 1916.

20136 PRIVATE F. WILSON,
Killed in Action, 31st March, 1916.

WOUNDED.

Sec. Lieut. O. A. R. BEALE, 10th March, 1916.	13174 Pte. W. H. CLIFTON, 10th March.
Sec. Lieut. P. VYVYAN, 31st March, 1916.	4/7025 ,, A. BUTTERFIELD, 14th March.
Lieut. E. A. REX, 5th April, 1916.	13216 L/cpl. A. H. WOOD, 29th March.
	19022 Pte. W. STAMFORD, 31st March.
	7387 ,, E. COOK, 5th April.
8755 Sergt. W. MURRELL, 5th April.	14041 ,, M. BARNES, 5th April.
14573 Corpl. F. W. DENNIS, 30th March.	18461 ,, W. JUKES, 8th April.