

*Love & thank you keep these with  
Dan a a a r y this one in my  
ON ACTIVE SERVICE. Cheers - D. B. S. H. T.*

# THE MUDLARK OR THE BEDFORDSHIRE GAZETTE.



E. HARVEY

THE PENALTY OF GREATNESS



"S'TRUTH, JIMMY, I BET I'LL BE A'NOFFICER WHEN I'M GROW'ED UP."

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

# The Mudlark

Or, THE BEDFORDSHIRE GAZETTE.

No. 2.

IN THE TRENCHES.

MAY, 1916.

## At Random.

IT is no part of an Editor's duty to write a lengthy Editorial each month; and so we will present this Number with a fervent word of thanks to Heaven that it is off our hands. Next month we hope to publish many contributions from other Battalions, and especially hope that more letters of such absorbing interest as that sent by Lord Amphill will be forthcoming. In the meantime, we are going on Leave. LEAVE! with a great big L. Cheero!

Sitting in our dug-out the other day, we were informed that we were wanted on the telephone by an officer of another Regiment in the Brigade. Supposing that he thought we had money, we made a curt (monosyllabic!) reply, and went on reading the "Winning Post."

He called round in the evening, and announced that he had come to criticise the *Mudlark*—particularly the Editorial.

Being a man of considerable reputation in the literary world, we attended to him while he made the startling announcement that it was absolutely necessary for an Editor—worth calling an Editor!—to deal with the War; in other words, to write a weekly dissertation on the possibilities of the Balearic Isles joining in the War, the tactical handling of Traction Engines in Trench Warfare, the use of Hand Grenades against Aircraft, and any other subject about which we know nothing.

Having tried unsuccessfully to "deal with" War for the better part of 18 months, we felt chary of tampering with a subject which is, to say the least, a sore point with us (and others, perhaps!).

However, we sent chits to the Division, Brigade, all the Companies, and many others. All the replies were interesting, but space does not permit of our printing them all, nor would it profit, for there was a striking similarity in all the replies. Everyone, from the Divisional Commander to the sentry over the Battalion H.Q. gramophone, summed up the matter in one word—a word, alas! which convention will not allow us to print. This, however, may be said, if it could be printed, it would be the pithiest summary of the War yet published in any periodical.

Amongst the many thrilling incidents of the War, surely the following experience of one of our officers must rank high.

Whilst walking in the front trench—his collar turned up on account of the rain—an enemy aeroplane dropped a bomb, which turned his coat collar down! This was, however, discounted by the action of a mine, which, blowing up a moment after, turned his collar up again!

Mind you, we don't press you, if you don't believe this story, but it was told by an officer of the highest moral reputation.

An incident of interest to us of the "Blood and Iron" fraternity recently occurred at Waterloo Station. An A.S.C. draft, who were awaiting entrainment, were chatting cheerily in anticipation of the delights of Trench Warfare. One of the onlookers—"Keep the Home Fires Burning" type—who had apparently been indulging in the pastime known as "elbow lifting" that morning, eyed them with a beery, emotional stare. Turning

to the crowd, he hiccupped: "Look at 'em—Look at 'em! Who'd think these 'ere poor fellers were agoin' to destruction."

\* \* \*

Apropos of the above, the following extract from the meanderings of one of the above hard-working corps—published in one of our periodicals—might prove of interest to Private Knocker Smith, on No. 8 "'Arking" Post:—

### A Short Account.

*I've sat in beastly trenches for a matter of a year,  
I've been worried by the enemy from front and flanks, and rear;  
I've been bombed and I've been minnied, I've been mined and gassed as well;  
In fact, this little picnic has been pretty average Hell.  
I've been wet and cold, and wretched till I near could cry with pain,  
When my frozen circulation had begun to move again;  
I haven't had a bath for weeks, my clothes are far from nice,  
In fact, beneath my tunic I'm a breeding-ground for lice.  
I've seen my pals go under when I could not lend a hand,  
I've ploughed through mud and water till I well near couldn't stand;  
I haven't seen my people, and I've lost my civie job,  
And I'm living out in France here on my grateful country's bob.  
So I'm wailing, oh, I'm wailing, for a fast approaching day  
When I shall but my bill in, and Fritz will have to pay.  
He shall pay me three times over, and I'll be a skinflint Jew;  
Oh, he'll wish he hadn't started by the time that I am through.  
And if he squeals or whimpers, as sure as there's a God,  
I'll take my little bay'net, and I'll give my Fritz a prod;*

*Yus! and when the guns are poppin' off and shells whiz round yer lorry,  
You'd swap jobs with the trench blokes any day, and not be sorry.  
Oh! we ain't done all the starfin'—now that I will admit,  
But you bet your life the A.S.C. 'as done its little bit.*

Any "trench blokes" desirous of swapping jobs should send their names in without delay.

*And when he's finished paying, by way of a receipt,  
I'll sit and tell him quietly (and, by Jove, it'll be a treat)  
What I think of Zeps and U boats, babies killed and women drowned,  
And I don't suppose he'll like me or my pretty voice's sound.  
I'll talk to him quite nicely, and I guess his close-cut hair  
Will stand on end with pleasure while he listens to me there.  
Oh, I'll tell him very sweetly, as I stand upon his face,  
"I think you've lost the trick, my lad, because I've got the ace,"  
And when I've finished talking, and with fear he's nearly dead,  
I'll take my old entrenching tool and break the blighter's head.  
So I'm waiting, quiet and happy; yes, I'm waiting, waiting still,  
Till this old tamasha's finished, and I've sent them in my bill.*

'C. Coy.'

Our Coffee Shop has proved a very marked success. To be able to purchase such articles as tobacco, cigarettes, tinned fish, fruit, cake, candles, sausages, etc., 500 yards from the front line, causes us to wonder what would happen if the news leaked through to the Bosche, especially when we mention "Sausage."

## The First Chronicles of the Litfordshires.

II.—"THE TRIVIAL ROUND."

By Windup.

**D**AWN in the Trench—and Summer-time. From an out-of-the-way alcove, a thin column of smoke can be seen rising—evidence of surreptitious drumming-up—and the strains of a "home-made" song of discordant melody and doubtful words can be heard in the next bay.

For the moment all is peaceful, and men are correspondingly contented. True, there are some who, endeavouring to snatch repose after a night's hard work, are deprived of all chance of rest by swarms of flies—by a certain irritation of the skin, due to too-prolonged sojourning in the Trenches—and the pungent odour of chloride of lime—and who can be heard peevishly invoking the aid of the Deity to "strafe" these nuisances, and, in some cases, to strike them (the invocers) pink. But for the most part, calm and content reign.

The Captain is making an early morning tour of his Trench—before the morning hate begins. It is very necessary, in this particular locality, to go one's rounds early, before the Hun begins his overtures. Punctually at seven o'clock he commences distributing whizz-bangs, crumps and sausages—and sniping with a persistency which one would applaud were it directed against anyone in the world but oneself. Except for these, and the fact that the Trench is mined, and may go up any moment, the sector is a quiet one, for which reason the Litfordshires are informed by the Staff that they are "in luck's way," and are forthwith kept in the said "quiet sector" for a paltry seven weeks or so.

A word of description is necessary before accompanying the Captain round his Trench, for in many ways Captain Burns is a remarkable character—almost unique, in fact. After a wild and woolly youth, followed by years of harrassing excitement on the London Stock Ex-

change, he has settled down to a middle age of such old-maidenly propriety that he is nicknamed "Auntie" by his disrespectful subalterns; and "Auntie" is the best possible description that could be applied to him. His chief characteristic—or peculiarity?—is a deep-rooted lack of confidence in everybody under him. This has its advantages, no doubt, but it also has its disadvantages, for it results in all his officers and N.C.O.'s retiring to bed at an early hour, and leaving the sole command of the Trench and all the work connected with the night in the able hands of "Auntie" alone! Upon any "trouble" occurring, be it attack, defence, mine, trench mortars, or merely machine-guns, "Auntie" at once climbs on to the top of the parapet "to get a better view of the proceedings," as he himself expresses it.

He is otherwise normal, except for a morose and morbid hatred of the Staff, whom he regards as being at the bottom of all evil and responsible for every misfortune, from the loss of a Trench to the miscarriage of a jar of rum.

Even now, he can be heard unloosing a torrent of invective at "some person or persons unknown," but vaguely described as "The Staff."

"The worst relief I ever took part in," he is saying, "no arrangements made and nothing done. The whole of the Staff ought to be put in a bag and dropped over the parapet, and—and—things—" he concludes, lamely, too hoarse with excitement to proceed.

Second-Lieutenant Peel, to whom this tirade is addressed, removes his pipe from his mouth and remarks "Ha!" To those who would account this remark as savouring somewhat of futility, it must be explained he would have made the same ejaculation had he been informed that his house was on fire, or that the Kaiser was dead. The best description of him is

found in a letter by one of his platoon to a friend at home: "We have got a new officer—a proper comic!"

"I've never seen such a state of affairs," continues "Auntie," working himself into a frenzy of passion. "If I were to see a General in the Trenches now, I'd tell him to his face what I think of the incompetent set of time-servers calling themselves the "Staff." I'd tell him to his face——"

"The General," announces Second-Lieutenant Peel.

The Captain turns round, in time to salute the General, who, followed by an army of satellites, has just appeared round the next traverse.

"How are we getting on, sir? Oh, excellently, thank you, sir. Yes, indeed sir, as you say, a most successful relief. Everything went off without a hitch. Oh, yes, sir, we have enough of everything—sandbags, stores, and—things. May I take you round my Trenches, sir?"

The General puts up a periscope. Instantly each man of the attendant throng behind him does the same.

"Ah, the German Trenches!" remarks the General.

"The German Trenches!" remarks No. I of the gilded train, as if determined at any price to be true to his salt.

"The German Trenches!" repeats No. II, and so the information ripples down the line of satellites, each one repeating the formula, "The German Trenches," as he stares at the phenomenon through his periscope.

The General passes on to the next Company. In the last bay of Captain Burns's Trench two or three men are engaged in the harmless occupation of making an effigy of the German Emperor. A turnip serves as head, and two large stones as eyes, while the liberal application from indelible pencil give an exaggerated representation of the Monarch's stately moustache. A helmet—but too much reference must not be made to the helmet which adorns the image's head—suffice a vague suggestion of crockery.

The General inspects their work of art (which is calculated, when placed on the parapet, to draw much fire and bad language from the exasperated Bosche) with evident approval.

"Not too bad," he remarks, "Well, good morning."

"Good morning, sir," replies the Captain, "good morning." He turns to Second-Lieutenant Peel. "Thank goodness," he says, "in *this* Division, at any rate, we have got a decent set of fellows on the Staff."

The two turn down a communication Trench towards Coy. H.Q. Just then a "whizz-bang," forerunner of the day's hate, ploughs an uneven gully in the parapet of the Trench. The "trivial round" begins—Minenwerer—rifle grenades and some shells, but chiefly the former, the Artillery being for the most part occupied in engaging Batteries ("class hatred" it has been called, somewhat aptly).

Arrived at the dug-out, they are joined by Lieutenant Cherry and Second-Lieut. Phyllis Graveling, and breakfast begins.

Suddenly the whole dug-out rocks and sways like a ship at sea, and a deep roar is heard, followed within a few seconds by the scream of shells. The officers hurry to their posts, telephones start ticking, and in an incredibly short space of time, the men hear the joyous sound of friendly shells shrieking overhead.

The Captain reaches the Trench just as a shell lands squarely in it, killing one of his officers and two men dead at his feet. A fragment scratches him in the head.

"The enemy exploded a mine this morning, blowing in a portion of Trench A.A.A." Lieutenant Rupert and four O.R.'s killed by shell, Captain Burns and three O.R.'s wounded, seven other ranks missing, buried A.A.A."

The telephone ticks out the official account of a "minor incident." The newspapers of the next day announce that the "day passed quietly on the British front."



TRAINING "DERBY" WINNERS.

## Cook-house Chatter.

THE first thing that attracts one is the language; first, their twang, and, second, the extraordinary amount of local colouring. Even a London cabby or an Adjutant would have to tighten his girth to keep pace with 'em.

This was my impression on first meeting our Colonials—that is, the Colonials from under the Southern Cross. Canadians, whom I had met in the region of Armentieres last year, were conspicuous with their "Goddam," etc., but they hardly had the general command of the picturesque adjectives of the Zealanders.

Only the other morning the following dialogue was heard between a pair of these sturdy sons. "What's the matter, Bill?" "Matter! this is a —

War!" "Well! it's better than no — War at all!"

But work! When mining, the only people who have my sympathy are the people "carrying" for them.

An officer of theirs was heard questioning one of them as to the nearness of the enemy gallery. "Well, sir, they are that near, I can hear them picking." "Picking what?" queried the officer. "Picking their teeth!" came the reply. "And wot's more, I could distinctly hear their canaries chirrupin'!"

\* \* \*

Our new helmet is now becoming more or less a part of ourselves. I hear it has been found very useful in many

ways other than the protection from 6in. howitzer shells, etc.

But what extraordinary names it is getting already! And it's so delightfully like one, too!

The officer who insisted on the Major—who arrived in his dug-out after "trickling" around a maze of trenches—help-

No; he hasn't been to the dug-out since.

The priceless person who endeavoured to light a coke fire with some nitro-glycerine has not benzine since.

[There were others of this atrocious nature in the M.S., which I have cut out.—Ed.]



ing himself to one of the few bottles of beer left, was, to say the least, very considerate. Also it was rather unfortunate that the Major should at that moment been blessed with a thirst.

I say he was "unfortunate" in that the beverage in the bottle happened to be vinegar! And he drank deeply!

"That you have wronged me doth appear in this!" quoth our Dramatic Critic, as he discovered his Company Commander drinking his bath water, the morning after the night before.

A voice on the telephone has just rapped out: "Alright, Mr. Editor, you

wait until next month's issue—No, *The Mudlark*, not the Rum. I've got a rod in pickle for you.—The Major."

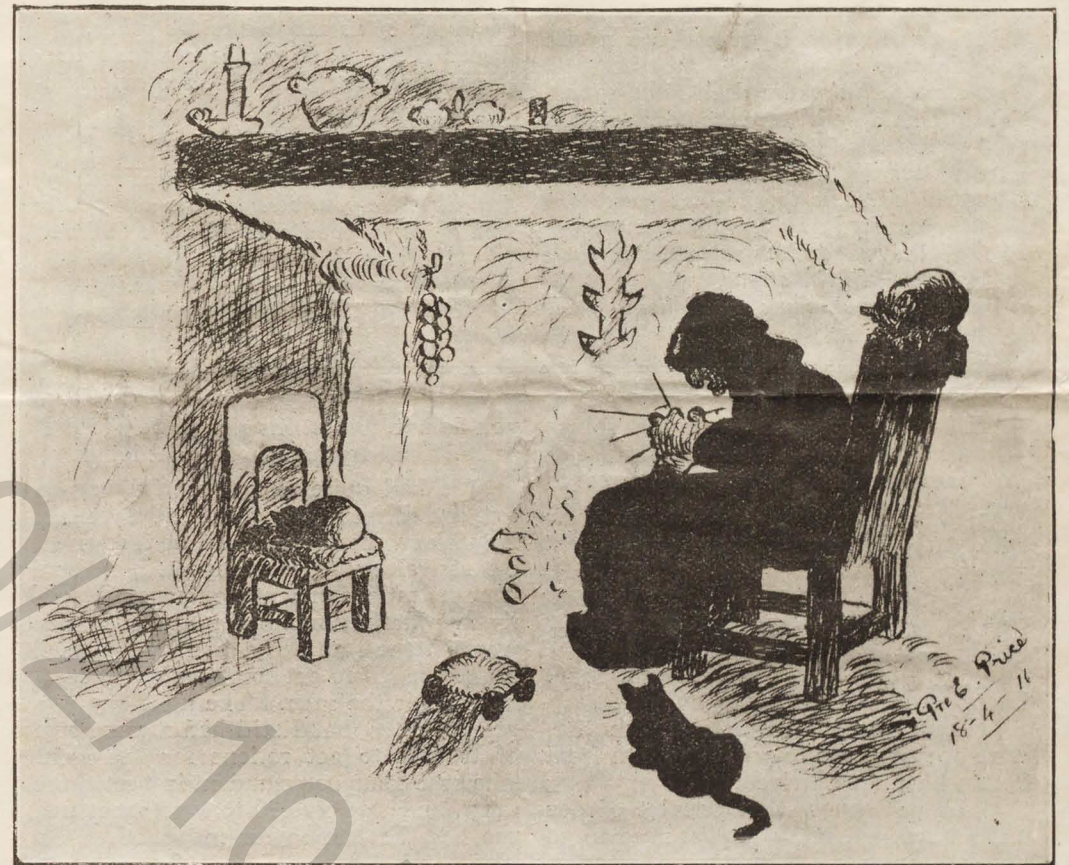
I wonder! However, wait and see!

At the time of going to press, the Editor is just off for a few days—and nights, I had better add—in London. So for this short period, no more will un-

fortunate contributors be met with that now well-known, glassy stare and the words: "Have you done your bit!" This "bit" he refers to consists of reams and reams of paper for the next number!

One can expect, however, his next editorial will consist mainly of details of his murky time about town.

"TELESCOPIC."



"TILL THE BOYS COME HOME."

### The "Seventy-fives."

When the Hun put his 'ead round the corner  
To find out if France was alive,

There was one thing 'e met, which 'ad  
Kayser Bill set,  
And that was the "Seventy-fives."

*They chewed up 'is batteries daily,  
They 'arrassed 'is billets as well;  
They gave of their best when 'is troops  
were at rest,  
And they pounded 'is Trenches to 'ell.*

*So 'ere's a good 'ealth to the Frenchman;  
Remember the thousands of lives,  
And the stores and the guns wot was saved  
from the Huns,  
By the bark of the "Seventy-fives."*

*When we tramped it from Mons to Le  
Cateau,  
And were feelin' more dead than alive,  
There would fall on the ear sounds  
melodious to hear,  
The chatter of "Seventy-fives."  
The 'Un 'ad some terrible weapons,  
And they caused us a temporary run,  
Though they made 'em retreat, still they  
weren't in the street,  
With the Frenchman's quick-firing gun.*

*'Ere's death to the foe of the Frenchman,  
No matter 'owever 'e strives;  
He can't get away from the tunes that  
they play  
On the wonderful "Seventy-fives."*

*We've fought with you times without  
number,  
At various places and dates;  
But you'll well understand, by the shake  
of our 'and,  
That in 1916 we're your mates.  
We're all of us much like the other,  
We've all got our sweethearts and pals;  
Though we fought Waterloo to exterminate  
you,  
Yet we'll shake on the deal and be pals.*

*Then 'ere's a good 'ealth to you, Frenchy,  
And likewise your sweethearts and wives;  
And a 'earty good cheer for the bloke at  
the rear,  
Wot invented the "Seventy-fives."  
"STAND-TO."*

THE following account of the doings of a draft of the Bedfordshire Regiment in Serbia will be of interest to many, kindly forwarded by Lt.-Col. Lord Ampthill, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., commanding 3rd Battalion:—

3rd Bedfordshire Regt.,  
Attached 1st Essex Regt.,  
B.E.F.,  
6th April, 1916.

Dear Lord Ampthill,

I have just heard from Druce that none of my letters to you or to him from Serbia have ever arrived.

Well, we know that one lot of our mails were lost, and others seemed to go hopelessly astray. I wrote one letter on Dec. 6th, and I particularly wanted you to get that, as it contained an account of the draft and its doings up to that date. It is more than possible that that letter was held up by the censor, because it contained more truth than was perhaps tactful at such a time.

I imagine that by now you know all that happened to the draft, but in case

you do not, and at the risk of being bore-some, I will try and repeat that letter.

We had quite an uneventful voyage out, and arrived at Salonika on Nov. 18th. As usual with the M.E.F. at that time, our arrival was quite unexpected, so there were no rations or tentage for us. Luckily the drafts, numbering 1578 in all, were off the ship early, and by 7 p.m. I had managed to get some tents and half-rations for the men. The next day was rather better, but I still had a great deal of trouble to get rations for the men. The base camp commandant inspected the draft, and was pleased to say that it was the best he had so far inspected. On Nov. 23rd, I marched 1151 men off from the camp at 9-30 a.m., entrained at 3 p.m., arrived at railhead (Dorian) at 7-30 p.m., and bivouacked eight miles off at 11-30. This was another very trying day for the troops, as they had to carry two day's rations and 200 rounds of ammunition, as well as their pack, with blanket and waterproof sheet. However, I only lost one man of the Bedfords—Sergt.

Barley; he twisted his ankle badly marching over cobble stones. That night it froze hard, and there were no fires. The next day, after a meal of sorts, the drafts started off to march to their various units. We left at 10 a.m., and arrived in camp at 5 p.m., with an hour and a half deducted for a midday meal. This was another trying march, and although a number of men fell out, they were all in camp by the following morning. One only dropped out entirely—Pte. Talbot; an old shrapnel wound on his shoulder opened again, and I had to leave him with an ambulance.

I reported to the Brigadier in the evening, and found that I stood second in command, and that the actual C.O. was away. The next day, after the Brigade Major had inspected the draft, and told them how glad he was to have men of their stamp and experience, the Adjutant and I started in to settle how best to place them in the Regiment. The draft stood 350 and the Battalion 280 strong, so at first we thought that we might stand as a half Battalion, but we found that this would lead to friction, so we organised the draft into eight platoons, and put two platoons to each Company, and in each Company there was at least one Bedford officer. I forget now the exact arrangement of officers, but I know that Orlebar commanded a Company, with Healy as a platoon commander, and Morris was in command of another company. Sergeants Folkard, Jackson, and Taylor, who had been made a Company Sergeant-Major before leaving England, remained supernumerary to the R.I.F. establishment, and the others took their places according to their dates; as a matter of fact they all became practically the senior Sergeants in the Battalion. This was on Nov. 26th. On Nov. 28th we moved up, on to what was a very extended outpost line. Two companies went up, on to a very exposed and windswept salient known as "Rocky Peak" (816 metres) to relieve the 6th Inniskillings, who were suffering badly from frost bite, and were practically demoralised with the cold. Their C.O. was bowled out by it, and two

officers were literally crying with cold when we got there.

The Adjutant (Captain Kidd) and myself went in advance to inspect the place, and quickly decided that it was a nasty spot, and therefore we also decided that we would take turn and turn about for 48 hours on the peak, so long as the Battalion had to hold it. I sent Kidd down to see the companies along, while I took a look round, to see what could be done to improve the comfort of the men. I noticed that the 6th Inniskillings had not been able to make the most of their opportunities to collect firewood, etc., owing to the touching attentions of some snipers, but I guessed the increasing cold had probably decreased the snipers' activity; so as soon as the relief was carried out, we collared a village (supposed to be covered by Bulgar guns), about 600 yards to our front, collected all the firewood we could find, and started fires for the men. As the ground was now snow-covered, the position of the troops in their trench-cum-sangars on the hill was quite plain to the Bulgar, so the General said fires could and should be lit. I also took possession of the house nearest to us, posted sentries and a patrol between it and the Bulgars, and fitted up the house as a warming-house for men showing signs of exhaustion from the cold. The first night there were fourteen bad cases of frost-bite, and the next night, after a day spent in improvements, only five cases, although the cold was simply appalling.

On Dec. 2nd, the new C.O., Lieut.-Col. Furnell, from the 2nd Battalion, arrived, and he also was very pleased not only with the appearance of the Bedford men, but also with the keenness of Morris, Orlebar, and especially Strange, who was given a very touchy bit of reconnaissance to do, and did it very well.

Things now went so smoothly, and Rocky Peak had been so much improved under the artfulness of Sergeants Jackson, Hobbs and Dimmock, and others, that the Brigadier decided to lessen the number of men on it, and removed also two out of the three machine guns. One company actually lived on the hillside,

another being under arms in the village about half-an-hour in rear—the actual distance was only 1000 yards, but it was the devil of a climb up the peak.

On the evening of Dec. 7th, Morris and his company took over the hill, and were quite comfortable until the next morning, when signs of a thaw set in, and at once the Bulgar got to work on Rocky Peak, with high explosive at about 2700 yards' range. In the evening Morris reported 22 men hit and an officer, leaving him only one more, so the C.O. told me to go up, let him know what things looked like, and if necessary stay there with Morris. I got to the top of the Peak just after dark, and found Morris busy with a bomb attack on a forward sangar that he had been shelled out of during the day. Morris personally led this, and regained the sangar. By 9 p.m. there were signs of a thick mountain fog coming up, and we could hear the Bulgar moving about, so we realised that the long-expected Bulgar attack would probably take place very soon, (and that it would just about forestall and "box-up" the division's pre-arranged retirement to Dorian). Captains Fitzgerald and Strange, with another officer and two strong platoons, therefore, came up to us, followed by the machine-gun officer with his gun, in charge of Lance-Corporal Stubbings, and a pretty good team. The fog got thicker and thicker, and at daylight we found we could hardly see 50 yards round us, so on came the Bulgars in shoals. However, we held on until I was told, *much too loudly*, by "that other officer" (not a Bedford and not a R.I.F.) that the enemy was overlapping the end of my line; then the line began to wobble. The machine-guns stopped work, Morris was hit and vanished in the fog, and a few moments after I was hit too. By this time I was losing men fairly fast. I sent for more, but was told "none available." There seemed every likelihood of our being cut off now, so seeing that the loss of the hill in no way affected the rest of the line, and that the Bulgars were already attacking other portions of the line to my right and left rear, I decided we had better be going.

Morris' servant had already got him away down the hill. Cullan, the machine-gun officer, could not be found, although Strange was willing to take a party into the thick of the Bulgars, who by this time were swarming over where the machine-guns had been, to look for him.

Fitzgerald and I therefore got a fairly decent line out, and by dint of much shouting and encouraging, we retired very slowly down the hill. The retirement never became a run, largely owing to the steadiness of such men as Hobbs, L/c Stubbings, L/c Selby, Pte. Tilcock, and others. During this scrap, I always found men of the Bedfords close to me doing their best.

On getting clear the first person I met was the officer who had told me we were being overlapped—untouched, and not even out of breath, as the rest of us were, with his efforts. I reported to the C.O. what had happened, and then departed to the Field Ambulance.

I have since heard from the Adjutant that Fitzgerald and Strange had "a rotten time for a whole day on the top of the Simonet ridge, and only just got away in time." Our casualties on the hill were actually about 73, plus the 22 by shelling, and a number of minor cuts and scratches from rock splinters.

Sergt. Yelman is a prisoner of war in Belgrade.

Sergt. Jackson is now C.S.M. of A. Company, and Taylor of C. Company.

Strange has become Battalion Grenadier officer, and is "very successful and competent." East has had a nervous breakdown, and has become permanent "B." Orlebar is employed with the R.F., and try as we may we cannot get him back to duty.

I am afraid that this is a long letter, and much of it may be quite stale news to you, but I cannot feel that I have done my duty until I have rendered to you some account of the draft and its doings in a corner of the war so far removed from where it should have been.

Please give my kind regards to Lady Ampthill.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) SIDLEY GRUNE.

## Wednesday Avenue.

*It's a very busy highway, for it passes  
through a Town,  
Under noble gates and archways, while  
unceasing up and down  
Blaspheming crowds with sandbags—or  
with rations, or with tea,  
Perspiringly move forward, and there's  
language loud and free.  
Now some very mighty person, with a red  
band round his hat,  
Said "To-morrow will be Wednesday—so  
we'd better call it that."  
He was mentioned in despatches and he  
got a D.S.O.,  
"For displaying in a crisis most astounding  
push and go,"  
But his name I will not mention, for I've  
never heard it spoken,  
And I'd hate to hurt his feelings, for he'd  
surely have me broken,  
So I'll ask him very humbly to accept my  
admiration  
For his gift of nomenclature—it's an  
asset to the nation!  
This great avenue from start to end, re-  
gardless of expense,  
Is paved with handsome floorboards—that  
the traffic (it's immense!)—  
Of battalion on battalion all may keep  
their flat feet dry.  
Oh! it beats all other thoroughfares—and  
here's the reason why:  
Not Regent Street, Fifth Avenue, nor  
Burlington Arcade,  
Can share this boast with us;—why!  
We're exposed to enfilade!*      PETIT.

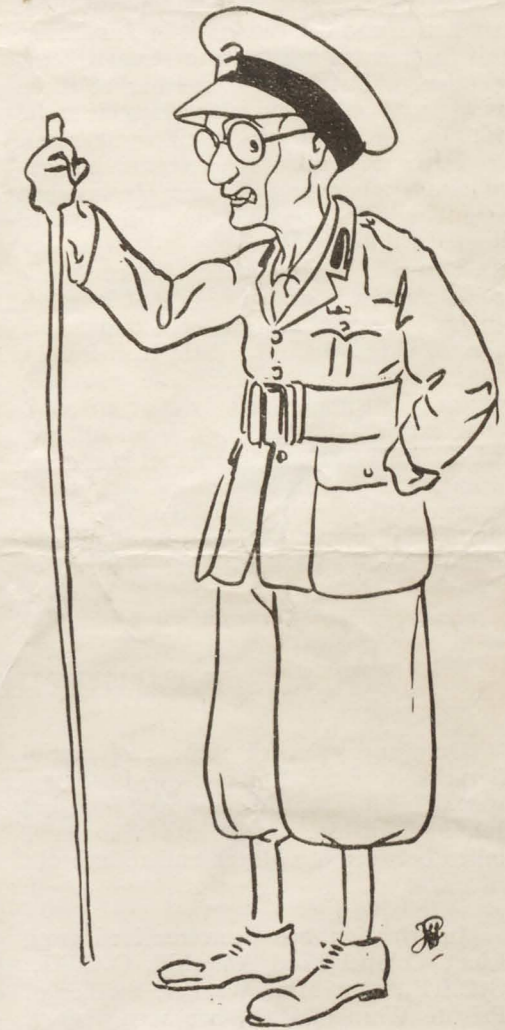
## Seats of the Mighty.

II.—THE BRIGADE MAJOR.

BY THE MAJOR.

HE was sitting at his table when I entered the room—a large map of London in front of him (with the Night Clubs marked in red), a whisky and soda at either elbow. On his head was a round hat of suggestive shape, a huge

pair of tortoise-shell spectacles upon his nose. It was explained to me, in a whisper, by one of the Brigade "hangers-on" that he was engaged in the details of an



"THE BRIGADE MAJOR."

extensive scheme for honeycombing Regent's Park with practice bombing trenches. Though wondering why the concoction of so laudable a scheme should necessitate his forefinger and eyes being glued to the neighbourhood of Wardour

Street, I made no comment, but reaching forward, jerked the map away, at the same time chucking him under the chin.

Now the real test of a really great man is when he is provoked. A lesser man would have placed me under arrest in similar circumstances, or at least relieved his injured feelings with a stream of invective. But he took neither of these courses. Looking up with a beatific smile he made a gesture with his right hand, indicative of contempt,—a gesture in common use amongst the lower classes, but one which it is seldom one's privilege to see used by the Mighty.

"How's your father?" he enquired, with that humour only born of long sojourn on the Staff. "Not too bad," I replied with true journalistic precision.

"How's your liver?" he pursued, charmed with his (red) tabular wit.

At this juncture the Signal Officer, who, with a due appreciation of his subordinate position, had taken no part in the conversation, said: "Fiddle dee-dee." "Yip-i-addy," responded the Brigade-Major, readily adapting himself to an in-

ferior intellect. Whereupon we all sang a verse of the "Old Hundred," and walked round our chairs, and proceeded with the business on hand.

"What do you do all day?" I enquired tentatively.

"Oh, lots of things," he replied, vaguely, 'obstacle courses, bombing trenches, gum boots are all in my province."

"What do you do in the evening?" I continued.

"The evening," he said, impressively, "I devote entirely to vituperation."

"Vituperation?" I queried.

"Yes," he said, "Vituperation! My evenings are pleasantly employed in bandying personal recriminations over the telephone with the Staffs of higher formation, and in dictating acrimonious chits to the Staffs of those units who are under my care, and who have no real means of effective retaliation. Any spare moments are devoted to plans for my next leave."

And his eyes and forefinger returned to the map of the Metropolis.

THE MAJOR.

## Regimental News.

On Sunday, April 16th, a Memorial Service was held for those Officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the 1st Norfolk and 1st Bedfordshire Regiments who have fallen between 8th March and 16th April.

\* \* \*

Information has been received from Lieut.-Colonel Lord Amptill, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., that Mrs. Warner, mother of Private Warner, V.C., has been visited, and is in good circumstances and quite comfortable. She is living at St. Albans.

\* \* \*

Congratulations to Sergeant L. G. Godfrey on getting his commission in the R. Welsh Fusiliers. He has been posted to the 10th Battalion of that Regiment. May good luck go with him!

By the death from wounds of No. 8198, Corpl. Wheatley, the Battalion has lost another of the original Expeditionary Force. Corpl. Wheatley left Ireland with the Battalion, and served through all the trying times through which the Battalion has passed. His death is keenly regretted by all ranks.

\* \* \*

Heartiest congratulations to Captain F. H. Edwards on getting command of one of the Service Battalions of the Regiment.

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The finals of the Boxing Tournament have been fought off, but with the exception of the "Middles," no bout went the full distance. The results are as under: *Feather Weights*, Pte. Scott, "D" Coy.;

### EVENTS AND WINNERS.

Inter-Company Tug-of-war (10 men and coach, catch weights).—1st Round: In the heats "A" Co. beat "D" Co. by two clear pulls; "B" Co. beat "C" in a like manner; Headquarters, a bye. 2nd Round: "A" Co., a bye; H.Qrs. beat "B" Co. by two clear pulls. Final: "A" Co. beat H.Qrs. in the best of three.

Tug-of-war, Officers v. Sergeants.—Sergeants.

Obstacle Race.—Men: Pte. Hutton 1, Pte. Coe 2, Pte. Day 3, Cpl. Sharpe 4. Officers: Lt. Heneker 1, Lt. d'Avigdor 2, Lt. Gaussen 3.

Sack Race.—Pte. Coe 1, L-cpl. Ward 2, Pte. Duck 3.

Wheelbarrow Race.—Ptes. Waters and Chalkley 1, Sgts. Wheeler and Hulks 2, Sergts. Driscoll and Gentle 3.

Three-legged Race.—Ptes. Pack and Hutton 1, Sergts. Fox and Puddephat 2, Ptes. Haynes and Warwick 3.

Wrestling on Horseback.—No. 1 team, Ptes. Smith, Webster, Coleman, & Ward.

Cock Fighting on a Pole.—Sgt. Puddephat 1, Pte. Duck 2, L-cpl. Howe 3.

Boat Race.—"A" Co. 1, "B" Co. 2.

Sack Bumping.—H.Qrs., 1, "C" Co. 2.

Tilting the Bucket.—Ptes. Ward and Durrant 1, Ptes. Waters and Chalkley 2.

### FOOTBALL.

Semi-Final for the Divisional Cup: 1st Battalion Bedfordshire Regt. v. The 124th Field Battery R.F.A.

It was unfortunate that a couple of hours before commencement of play, Lt. Sherry and Cpl. Neale were both ordered away on duty. This put the Committee in a bit of a quandary, but an excellent substitute for Lt. Sherry was found in Lt. Watts. Cpl. Sharpe took the place of Cpl. Neale. Sergt. Johnson having lost the toss, we were set to play with the wind and sun against us. Three corners were forced by the Gunners, but proved fruitless. A breakaway by Marsh caused some excitement, but the Gunner's goalie cleared. In the exchanges which followed, "hands" was given against Brown. From the free-kick, the Gunners went

right through and scored, after twenty minutes' play. The "B.'s" began to "hum" around the R.A. goal, and were eventually awarded a penalty. L-cpl. Butler made no mistake, and levelled matters up. From a goal-kick, the Gunners broke away, and after a good run scored. Half-time was now called, with the scores 2—1 in favour of the R.A.

The second half proved very exciting, some fine play being witnessed. Lt. Watts, Wilsher, Brown, Brooks, and L-cpl. Butler being much in evidence. Smith, on the right wing, had hurt his ankle in the first half, and became somewhat of a passenger. He tried hard, but was of little assistance to his partner. After some pressing, Brooks put us all square, at "2," with what appeared to be a simple shot, but which left the goalie staring, and Brooks on his knees laughing at him. Lt. Watts, after some good passing, assumed command, and bustling the goalie through with the ball, gave us the lead at 3—2. The Gunners now put all they knew into the game. From a breakaway they made a good run on the right, and scored—3 all. Time was now getting on, and amid shouts of "Come on, Black and Amber," "Show 'em a trick or two," etc., etc., Brown got the ball, and sent it out to the left. Cpl. Sharpe centred, and, amid great excitement, L-cpl. Butler scored. This proved to be the last goal of the match, and entitled us to meet the K.O.S.B.'s in the final.

\* \* \*

Team.—Cpl. Gleave; Nelsey, Sgt. Johnson; Marsh, Brown, Wilsher; Smith, Brooks, L-cpl. Butler, Lt. Watts, Cpl. Sharpe.

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Just as we are going to press, news is to hand of the defeat of the football team by the 2nd K.O.S.B. in the final of the Divisional Cup. No account of the match is forthcoming at present, but the result was decisive—4—1, and there seems no doubt that the better side won, though we were sadly handicapped by the absence of Lt. Sherry, Cpl. Neale, and others.



Lieut. Vyvyan, who was severely wounded on 31st March, is progressing well.

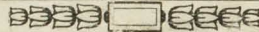
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*The Hart*, the official magazine of the 4th Battalion Bedfordshire Regiment, is received each month. It is circulated amongst men of that battalion, and is much appreciated by them.

\* \* \*

Congratulations to the following recipients of Birthday Honours: Capt. H. Courtenay, Military Cross; Corporal E. Barnes, D.C.M.; Sergts. C. Atkinson, H. King, E. Quince, Ptes. S. Cox and Winch, Military Medal. There are doubtless other names, but the lists are so long, that a full list has not so far been compiled. Any other names will appear in our next number.

## In Memoriam.



Lieut. R. C. GREEN, died of wounds, 18/5/16.	15476	„	C. BYE, died of wounds, 11/5/16.
7366 Pte. E. MORGAN, killed, 1/5/16.	7884	„	Sgt. J. J. FREEMAN, killed, 9/5/16.
3/7248 „ W. JEFFS, died of wounds, 7/5/16.	10331	„	Pte. J. HAWLEY, killed, 10/5/16.

### MISSING.

7500 Sgt. L. TRIGG, 4/6/16.	18328	Pte. E. E. SAUNDERS, 4/6/16.
13164 Pte. S. T. FLECKNEY, 4/6/16.		

### WOUNDED.

10714 Pte. R. A. Green, 23/4/16.	9536 Pte. W. MILLER, 1/6/16.
16070 „ P. KELSEY, 7/5/16.	15551 „ F. BOZIER, 2/6/16.
20227 „ G. DARLING, 7/5/16.	20227 „ G. DARLING, 4/6/16.
20647 „ C. HUMBLER, 7/5/16.	15601 „ R. LAKE, 4/6/16.
6929 „ J. HORNE, 7/5/16.	22201 „ J. W. WALLER, 4/6/16.
7253 „ S. WRIGHT, 7/5/16.	18926 „ F. W. LAWSON, 4/6/16.
7936 „ R. RICH, 7/5/16.	10456 „ J. DEWAR, 4/6/16.
10427 „ J. ANDERSON, 7/5/16.	10447 „ R. SKIPP, 4/6/16.
3898 „ I. H. WILLIS, 7/5/16.	16684 „ N. CONQUEST, 4/6/16.
17433 L-cpl. H. ROONEY, 7/5/16.	8905 „ A. PRICE, 4/6/16.
14700 Pte. A. TALMAN, 8/5/16.	20523 „ C. WILSHER, 4/6/16.
4/6667 „ B. BURGIN, 8/5/16.	12598 „ R. LOATES, 4/6/16.
18710 „ W. PARKINS, 8/5/16.	18121 „ G. FOUNTAIN, 4/6/16.
20103 „ J. RAYNER, 8/5/16.	10336 „ J. SHANLEY, 4/6/16.
16468 „ G. PUDDEPHATT, 8/5/16.	9626 „ S. PAGE, 4/6/16.
6643 Cpl. S. GLEAVE, 9/5/16.	10260 „ W. POLLARD, 4/6/16.
4/6650 Pte. G. CHEIZA, 10/5/16.	18022 „ G. MINISTER, 4/6/16.
7322 „ W. QUINTON, 17/5/16.	15416 „ W. WOODCOCK, 4/6/16.
9793 Cpl. A. PHILLIPS, 18/5/16.	8865 „ W. LEE, 4/6/16.
18042 Pte. A. CURRINGTON, 20/5/16.	Sec.-Lt. H. T. HENEKER, 5/6/16.
13013 L-cpl. F. A. CLAMP, 22/5/16.	7246 Cpl. P. GREEN, 5/6/16.
18678 Pte. W. JENKINS, 30/5/16.	16424 „ G. ORCHARD, 6/6/16.
7832 „ F. SAUNDERS, 31/5/16.	14697 Pte. W. TRAVERS, shell shock, 6/6/16.
18316 „ A. BRACEY, 31/5/16.	