The Bout-de-Ville Times.

No: 4.

The Bout-de-Ville Times.

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Nerves.

Curious study:— Nerves! What are they? How work they? One is almost tempted to add, What good are they?

Sometimes one tries to do a thing and fails, for no reason except that the idea of possible failure comes into one's head. Let "thing" be regarded as the "x" or "y" in an algebraic expression,— standing for anything under Heaven,— anything which depends on one's own skill, knowledge, power. There is the fact, and fact it is,— one can do it successfully to-day, and fail ignominiously tomorrow,— simply, it is to be supposed from nerves.

Again, the question — What are they?

I believe some wise folks say they are Liver.

Some truth, possibly, in this solution. Use the word in another sense, and liver cooked with bacon,— savoury rich, luscious, dainty,— partaken-of unsparingly, just before retirement to bed,— with, say a "follower" of toasted cheese,— will, oft-times work in the system a state of nerves, of which the less said the better. But this is merely the cause, not the effect. So with the Liver, that part of the human system, which serves us best when least felt; & which we love & respect most when we are least acquainted with it. It may be the cause of nerves, i.e. of nervousness, but granted cause, the effect is perplexing, & confoundedly unpleasant.

The above philosophical Essay because! — Alfred John Townend made a sudden & astonishing display at Billiards yesterday, February 20th, while playing with my second son, Alfred Bernard Stairs Townend, Assistant Clerk, Royal Navy, now on leave prior to his departure for Australia. I note these particulars because I desire to stamp the occasion in my own mind, & in the minds of the public, generally, who peruse the Bout-de-Ville Times.

When a man,— ordinarily a poor & uncertain player, makes two breaks of 19 & 22 respectively, in a game of 50 up; & only handles his cue 4 times from start to finish, while his opponent scores Nil, & indeed has little time, & nothing left him, during the very few minutes that the game lasted — either this man has become suddenly inspired with skill, or his play must have been one succession of flukes.

Now I vow that the latter was not the case. I made very few shots for which I did not honestly try:— about a couple of flukes at most. And, as to sudden accession of skill, it simply happened that I tried to do a succession of ordinary strokes in ordinary style, and did them, one after the other. Why and how? Simply as it seems to me, because I did not care whether I did them or not:— there is no glory to be got from beating one's son (sounds brutal, but I mean, at games), & besides I had won 2 games already, & wanted him to have his turn; and then, secondly, it was because it never occurred to me that I could, or would, fail to make my stroke. But again, Why?

Here you have the glorious uncertainty of nerves. The wires were untouched. If only a spectator, a 3rd person, had been present,— say old Gibson, the marker,— these wires would have played & jangled a tune, inside my mind, which would have been truly a "Song without words!" Yet which would have played the mischief with my hand and aim and success. "You may miss this easy stroke" — "You probably will miss it" — "You will disgrace yourself before Gibson" — "You will make an everlasting old duffer of yourself" — and I probably should have done so.

Why? — In the name of all that is illogical, Why?

Sometimes, nerves act in just the opposite way. Strung up to high pitch they enable one to achieve success beyond possibility at other times.

Once on a time,— and a long time ago,— probably about 1861, I entered the billiard-room at the Queens Hotel, Manchester, with an old School-fellow & College-chum, Cecil Ross. How we came to play, before a lot of spectators, I don't remember. It was not like me to attempt such a thing; but so it was. Perhaps the room was empty when we began, & men dropt in. Any how we played, and, with the sense of all eyes fixed upon me, I made stroke after stroke like a Roberts. Balls rolled into pockets, met one another in Cannons, returned to convenient positions for another stroke; and, to make a long story short, I made the 50 points in two successive breaks. I don't remember what Ross made. He was probably too astonished to play; & indeed, he had practically only one chance. The company applauded, and the Marker exclaimed "You & I, Sir, will challenge any two gentlemen in the room for 100 up!" But, the tension was over; the strain had relaxed; I had saved the situation! Not for worlds would I have touched a cue again in that room! "Let well alone", & "Get out of the place as quick as you can" were my only two thoughts; & I promptly acted on them. Muttering something about a pressing engagement, I forced the bewildered Ross out into the street, and, if he be still living, which I doubt, he is still ignorant of the marvellous way in which nerves hypnotized my hands, and made them perform a feat which I never achieved before, and never since. This game of February 20th 1900 is the nearest approach to it.

I chronicle both these events with the re-iterated enquiry What are nerves?

Pegs.

A Peg — that whereon something — hat, coat, bag, &c, — is hung.

The "pegs" of this paragraph — certain events, bits of news, small and trifling circumstances, on which to hang a speech.

These pegs suddenly driven into the wall of one's mind. Not permanent fixtures, by any means. An actual, literal, wooden peg is a fixture, as every one knows — part of the regular furniture of the passage or bedroom. "The speech-peg" is a temporary, hastily-constructed, opportunity for joking, moralizing, talking, — suddenly sug-

"What is it which is black and white and red all over?"

A letter, with black writing, white paper, and read from beginning to end.

A 4th from Miss Susan Townend's stock:—

"I ran till I got it; I sat down and looked for it; if I had found it I should have left it there; but I didn't find it, so I brought it home with me."

A splinter.

Master Harry Townend contributes the 5th and 6th:—

"It's tall and white,
And nice and bright,
But has a red nose,
And the longer it stands the shorter it grows"

A candle.

"Four stiff standards,—
Four down-hangers,—
Two lookers,—
Two hookers,—
And a switch-about."

A cow. We greatly admire line 2!

This 7th is from Lelly's Nursery Store:—

"As I was walking through a field, one day,
I saw a thing among the hay:—
It was neither fish, flesh, or bone:
I kept it till it ran alone."

Miss Susan Townend protests that the true version is "ran along", which does not seem true poetic rhyme.

An egg.

The 8th is spoilt by the writing thereof. The marvel depends on the sound of the words

"Eleven pairs were hanging high:
Eleven men came riding by.
Each man took a pear,
And still there were eleven there."

We will not insult our readers by giving the solution.

Finally, we are requested by the youthful Townends to add a 9th & last:—

"What animals do we always take to bed with us?"

This again, shall be left to the ingenuity of the public. In Ireland (occasionally) and in a lumberers' shanty out in the Canadian woods, there might be another answer to this conundrum!

While on the subject of Conundrums, we may as well give some curious ones which have appeared lately in the "Globe"

> The following charade is really easier than it looks:—
>
> My First is half my second
> And My Third is half my first
> My second and my third
> Are food for souls that thirst.

> The answer is "Half-and-Half," and the ingenuity of it lies in the fact that the question states the answer word for word:—"My first is 'half,' My second 'and,' My third is 'half,' My first, my second, and my third are food for souls that thirst."

It will be noticed that the solution is simply a matter of another punctuation

So with the following, a second case of re-punctuation

> —"In my first my second sat; my third and fourth I ate, and then I was not satisfied."

Read the question as below:—

"Is"— my first;
My second—"bat";
My third & fourth—"late";
And then I was not satisfied,—"Inbatate"

The last part of this 3rd puzzle is a similar catch: only this time, it is a play on the different parts of speech:—

> —Divide one hundred and fifty by nought, add two-thirds of ten, and so will end a well-known African town. The accuracy of the sum is guaranteed.

The answer is "Colenso".

> Hallam, the historian, we are told, gave this riddle to a lady to solve, allowing her a year to do it in. Hallam died before the year was up, and it was left unanswered:—
>
> "I sit on a rock whilst I'm raising the wind,
> But, the storm once abated, I'm gentle and kind;
> I've kings at my feet who await but my nod,
> To kneel in the dust on the ground I have trod.
> Tho' seen to the world, I'm known to but few,
> The Gentile detests me, I'm pork to the Jew.
> I have never passed but one night in the dark,
> And that was with Noah alone in the Ark.
> My weight is three pounds, my length is a mile,
> And when I'm discovered you'll say with a smile,
> That my first and my last are the best of our Isle."

The Bonne-Ville Times, No: 4.

The Wellingburian.

"Haec olim meminisse juvabit."

VOL. V. No. 58. WELLINGBOROUGH GRAMMAR SCHOOL. FEBRUARY, 1900.

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SCHOOL NEWS.

NEW BOYS.—*Term* 1, 1900.—A. K. Iles, H. Brawn, H. N. Eady, T. C. Townsend, G. B. Freer, F. C. M. Hodson, R. E. Newbery, P. K. Berry, W. T. Glover, J. A. E. Wells, F. Lewis, R. W. Buttemer, H. Chalcraft, F. Sutton, G. L. Davey, H. M. Pemberton, T. B. Page, A. H. Bull, D. H. Mackay, W. Mackay, W. E. Douglas, H. G. Mason, E. Knight, F. W. Clayson, G. D. Moore, A. L. S. Thomson.

SCHOOL PREFECTS.—*Term* 1, 1900.—C. J. Brookes, F. E. Knight, C. C. Monkhouse, C. P. Hines, F. E. Berry, Joseph Goodman, M. W. Smith, L. M. Taylor, E. H. Fernie, T. B. Franklin, B. T. Watts.

LOWER FORM PRIZES.—*December Examinations*, 1899.

Remove: J. C. Smith, Form Prize.
A. O. Richardson, Second Prize.
E. Buttemer, Third Prize.

IInd Form: D. A. Macpherson, Form Prize.
C. Whiteman, Second Prize.
R. D. Pendered, Third Prize.

Ist Form: W. L. Wright, Form Prize.
F. E. Hemingway, Second Prize.
A. Buttemer, Third Prize.

J. L. R. WEIR passed 15th on the list, (with 10,535 marks), of 130 successful candidates in the Entrance Examination for the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, held in November and December last.

A. B. S. TOWNEND passed 2nd on the list, (with 2,871 marks of a possible 3,600), out of 19 successful and nearly a hundred unsuccessful candidates for "Assistant Clerkships in the Royal Navy" in the Examination held in November last. Townend was appointed to the "St. Vincent," stationed at Portsmouth, and has since been transferred to the "Royal Arthur."

O.W. NEWS.—H. Cane was married on October 10th, at Twickenham, to Miss W. E. Wells.

H. W. SARJEANT was married on October 16th, at Wellingborough, to Miss S. A. Robinson.

C. J. GAWTHROPP (Deepling Tea Estates, Assam, India) was married on November 7th, at Calcutta Cathedral, to Miss A. K. Pell of Chester.

R. S. PERFECT, Cape Town, has been recently married to Miss Maynard of Erith.

T. S. FISHWICK's marriage with Miss R. Woodhouse is announced to take place at Coppenhall, Staffordshire, on February 14th.

THE following Old Wellingburians have gone, or will shortly go, to the front in the war against the Boers at South Africa:—Vetᵧ. Capt. F. B. Drage, Royal Horse Guards; Lieut. G. H. W. Dobbyn, No. 20 Company, Southern Division, Royal Garrison Artillery; Lieut. O. M. Conran, Lancashire Militia; F. A. H. Beers, Cape Mounted Rifles; and with different Yeomanry Regiments:—R. H. Farmer, Hector G. Beers, A. G. Rogers,

The above red-marked Paragraph describes the happy & successful result of many hopes & many — most emphatically many — fears for our Second Son's entrance into the Paymas-ters' Branch of the Royal Navy.

It is no disparagement to any young man's ability, that he should fail in an Examination which can only give prizes to one candidate out of six.

And it must be remembered that it is not as if each successful competitor had only five rivals to beat. Each of these 19 newly commissioned Assistant Clerks, as a matter of numerical fact, passed ahead of 99 unsuccessful Candidates.

And Barney had not been specially cram-med by any Naval Coach, or at any Naval School. He passed straight from Wellingborough Grammar School, and was the only boy who went up from that School for the Navy.

And it was his first try. We were told that it was not the rule for a candidate to suc-ceed at his first attempt.

We knew him to be a steady, hard-working fellow, — saying little, very reticent about himself and his work, — but to be depended upon to do his best; — yet we dared not count upon his succeeding, where so many

must necessarily fail.

One likes to record every detail of a pleasant surprise. Personally, I had no idea the Boy would succeed this time. I had been in communication with Mr Smyth, the noted Southsea Coach, & had received his permission for Barney to enter his School in January, provided the result of the Examination should warrant a hope that, with proper tuition, we might hope for success next time.

It was December 22nd — a Friday, by the way, so reputedly unlucky days may prove the reverse. And I was just coming out of the bath-room when Maggie rushed upstairs, calling out "Alfred! - Alfred! - He's second! - Barney's second on the list!" I could hardly believe it; but there it was, in black & white — letter officially announcing the fact from the Admiralty: — no mistake - Hurrooks! Well done our Son! The 1st of the seven to establish himself, apparently, for life!

The detail of marks obtained in the different subjects would be dry reading, but it is worth recording that in the Higher Mathematical Paper, Barney made 392 out of a possible 400, beating the record, & exceeding the next highest number obtained by any other Candidate (& he, by the way, came out first on the list) by 31.

Barney's 2871 is also better than the record of the Assistant Clerk, G. M. French, who came out 2nd in the list for June 1899, by 107 marks.

Well done my namesake!

Our fears as to his passing the Literary Exam: happily ended, there still remained the anxiety about his passing the Medical Examination.

No groundless fear this!

Not merely a nervous dread, consequent on Frank's rejection by the doctors for an ailment which I — at least — never suspected, & of which Dr Clarke evidently thought so little that he never mentioned it to me, or sought to remedy it; but the tangible, real, actual fear of Barney's short-sightedness being fatal to his acceptance. Our military doctors had declared of him, as of Willie, that it would certainly prevent his entering Sandhurst or Woolwich.

I was laid-up with Influenza on Christmas-Day, after struggling through the 7.30 & 8.30 a.m. Celebrations. I was still confined to my room, though able to sit up by the fire, on Thursday December 28th, when Barney went up for his Medical Examination to London. His Mother accompanied him. No doubt my weakness of body intensified my anxiety of mind. And, mind you, there is no describing how weak Influenza leaves you! When I come to think of it, Influenza had not left me at all by this date. Dear, but I was in a "parlous" state of mind all the morning. Would Mr Townend telegraph if the news was bad? If no telegram came would this mean that Barney was rejected. I telegraphed straight-away, on November 15th — the Black Wednesday when Frank was spun; would Maggie do the same?

Twelve o'clock came, and One — no Telegram! Clarke had allowed me fish for dinner, & to sit up for it. One-thirty: — no message! Alice came in, & we played Shovelle (hope I spell it right) by the fire. Almost Two p.m., & we were in the middle of a game, when the yellow envelope came: "Barney passed all right. So glad." Thus ran the telegram: What a relief it was! Can't be thankful enough. Sent Malone to tell Dr Clarke and Mr Fergusson. Wrote to Mr Stairs, & my Sister. Thank God, one of the seven boys settled for life!

This was my Christmas Gift: — & cause of deep thanksgiving: — a set-off against the non-arrival of the mysterious £100 I have received on each of the two previous Christmas-Tides.

The new Assistant Clerk has figured, already, several times in the Navy Gazette, as follows: (No1. by the way is the Report of the Civil Service Commissioners. One poor fellow, J. S. Griffith, was rejected by the Doctors for defective eyesight: I pity his parents no less than himself):—

No 1.

ASSISTANT CLERKS IN THE ROYAL NAVY.—The following are declared by the Civil Service Commissioners to be the successful candidates at the competitive examination held on November 21 and following days for nineteen assistant clerkships in the Royal Navy: William John Archer Brown, Alfred Bernard Stairs Townend, Sidney Robert Talbot, Frank Reginald Alwyn Williams, Edward Garfield Leyshon, Edward Courtney Child, Augustus Frederick Bligh Livesay, John Hilton Fenn, John Cogswell Boardman, Herbert Martyn Boxer, John Sapsworth Griffith, Robert Cheney Hart, Sidney Charles Marriott, Paul Heather, Richard Hector Carter, James Christopher Spalding, William Douglas Travers Morrish, Cyril Sheldon Johnson, and John Basil Shettle. Service candidate: Ernest Edgar Pryor Foreman.

No 2

NAVY, ARMY, AND VOLUNTEERS. Jan 17

The following naval appointments have been notified at the Admiralty:

× × × × × × × × × × × × × × × × × × × ×

The following have entries as Assistant Clerks in her Majesty's Fleet, with seniority of Jan. 1, 1900: William J. A. Brown, Sidney R. Talbot, John H. Fenn, Robert C. Hart, Paul Heather, James C. Spalding, and John B. Shettle, all to the Wildfire; Alfred B. S. Townend, Frank R. A. Williams, Augustus T. B. Livesay, Edward C. Childs, Herbert M. Boxer, Sydney C. Marriott, Richard H. Carter, Cyril S. Johnson, and Ernest E. P. Foreman, all to the Duke of Wellington; Edward G. Leyshon and William D. T. Morrish, both to the Vivid, and all supernumerary, and all to date from Jan. 15.

The next is practically the same, but the names are placed in the order of their seniority

The following naval appointments have been notified at the Admiralty:

Captain—Francis C. M. Noel, to the Wallaroo, to date from Jan. 12.

Sub-Lieutenant of the Royal Naval Reserve—John M. Bugge, to the Nile, temporarily, to date from Jan. 10.

Assistant-Clerks—William J. A. Brown, to the Pembroke, additional; Alfred B. S. Townend, to the St. Vincent, additional; Sidney R. Talbot, to the Pembroke, additional; Frank R. A. Williams, to the Duke of Wellington, additional for duty in depôt; Edward G. Leyston, to the Impregnable, additional; Edward C. Child, Augustus F. B. Livesay, and Hubert M. Boxer, all to the Boscawen, additional; John H. Fenn, to the Alexandra, additional; Robert C. Hart, to the Sans Pareil, additional; Sidney C. Marriott, to the Trafalgar, additional; Paul Heather, to the Wildfire, additional; Richard H. Carter, to the Nile, additional; James C. Spalding, to the Rodney, additional; William D. T. Morrish, to the Lion, additional; John B. Shettle, to the Ganges, additional; and Harold F. B. Mayston, to the Howe, additional, all to date from Jan. 15.

Barney joined the "St Vincent" on January 17th, 1900, while Frank, Gellar & I were at Bournemouth. He was posted to the "Royal Arthur", Flagship at the Australian Station, on February 2nd (See

the next Extract), & came down on what we supposed a farewell visit, February 3rd. However, on rejoining at Portsmouth on Feb. 14th, he found that the "Europa", which was to have taken the Australian Relief out, on the next day, was laid up with defects in her Machinery, so he returned to the R.N.C. on the 16th & has been at home ever since. The "Europa" is supposed to sail, now, on March 15th.

Feb. 2nd 1900

No. 3.

NAVY, ARMY, AND VOLUNTEERS.

The following naval appointments have been notified at the Admiralty:

Clerk—Arthur W. B. Messenger, to the Prince George, to date from Jan. 31.

Assistant-Clerks—Alfred B. S. Townend, Frank R. Williams, and Sidney C. Marriott, all to the Royal Arthur, additional, and all to date from Feb. 15; Richard H. Carter, William D. T. Morrish, and Cyril S. Johnson, all to the Centurion, additional, and all to date from Feb. 20.

Here is the Assistant Clerk, R.N.

Waiting!

March 12th 1900.

Waiting,—dreading!

Can one hope without expecting? This is the question I have just been debating with Mrs Townend. One hopes for Frank's success in the Medical Exam: on Wednesday next, March 14th; but one can scarcely expect it.

A pity and disappointment, of course—especially after all that the dear lad has borne & done to try for final success; but if Naval Doctors found "Bronchocele" in the Lump, last November, they will probably find it again, this March, in the same Lump; for Dr Clarke says it is about the same, though he & the London Specialist, Dr St Clair Thomson, declare it to be of little moment; a thickening of the muscles & no "Bronchocele"—which common-folk call "goitre" at all. What matter?—Alas, what matter? As Dr Clarke himself confessed last night to me, when I called upon him, he & his Army brethren don't brook, or bother-about, any medical certificates from outside. Why should the Naval medicos, either?

It is hard, though! I hope I may never have such another sudden shock & disappointment as that of Wednesday Nov. 15th, when the Lad came back into the Waiting Room at Craven House, from his interview with the Doctors, & sat down with a white face; put back to see the Medical Director General, who, again, sent him away, rejected. Needless to add, may Frank never again have such a disappointment either; for if turned by the Doctors on Wednesday next, it cannot be such an unexpected crusher as the last time.

Then the worry & nervousness, not to say expense, of his examination by the Specialist, during Barney's Examination week, which ought to have been his own Examination week also (Nov. 20th–25th); & after a month of feeding-up & more or less nursing, his going up to the Fitzroy Square Home, & being operated-on for Adenoids in the Nose Passage by Dr St Clair Thomson, with Clarke & dear old Sigerwood present! No wonder the Lad has changed greatly from his dear old bright merry self!—Mr Irving wrote to me last week "Frank will break his heart if he fails again."!

Yes it is dreary work, waiting for the Doctors' Verdict; I can think of little else.

At such times, one can understand the old Romans with their Augurs, & Portents. As one knows it is, one finds co-incidences, or omens, which mean good luck, or bad, as the case may be. For instance, I would that the Exam: was on any other day save Wednesday, for it was on a Wednesday that Frank failed last November. Then I feel relieved that he has expressed his preference for his Mother's company on the Day, rather than mine. It was Mr Townend who accompanied Barney to London for his dreaded Medical Examination, & I am pleased to think, took Luck for him with her; & so, I try to believe, will she act as Good Fairy for Frank on Wednesday next.

Otherwise, it would be awful mean to let her have the trouble & worry of that terrible wait in the Ante Room at Craven House, with the possibilities & probabilities of failure whirling through one's brain, & the coming of the Messenger into the room for one & then another of the Candidates, reminding one of the Condemned being summoned to the Tumbrils from the Prison at Paris in the Reign of Terror.

God bless the Lad, & give him success!

It is so strange to think that we never imagined his failing—last year—while we could with reason hope for Barney's success. I pray that my little hope for Frank may be shamed by his success

Reading – March 3rd

FOOTBALL.

MILLWALL'S GRAND WIN OVER ASTON VILLA.

Millwall, 2; Aston Villa, 1. It hardly seems possible, yet these ngures announce the result of the replayed cup tie at Reading. Moreover, the London team thoroughly deserved their victory, as on the day's play they were undoubtedly the better side. Aston Villa took a serious view of the situation, and as their regular men had been so well held by the Millwall players in the previous games they reconstructed their team, with the result that Crabtree, Cowan, Smith, and Wheldon gave way to Noon, Wilkes, Templeton, and Johnson respectively. It made no difference, however, and very few teams yesterday would have been able to withstand the dash and skill of the Millwall men, who played collectively and individually in grand form, especially in the first half, when they did by far the most attacking.

The game started like the others at a tremendous pace, but unlike the first encounter, it was Millwall who started the attacking, George having to concede a corner to a grand shot by Dryburgh, while Brearley a moment or two later tested the Villa goalkeeper again. The Villa were not long in getting into their swing, Templeton making some excellent runs down the left wing; but he found in Burgess and Smith a very stout opposition, and his well-meant centres were generally cleared fairly easily. During one of these incursions by the Villa left wing Mr. Lewis, the referee, received a tremendous smack from the ball full in the face, and he had to take the line while one of the linesmen took his place in the centre of the field. A moment later Millwall's first goal was scored. A combined rush was made on the Villa goal. Goldie sent a pass to Banks, which Spencer tried to intercept, but failed through missing his kick. Banks pounced on the ball at close quarters, and scored, and then there arose a perfect yell of applause. The second goal was not long delayed, and Gettins, who had all along been playing a very strong game, tricked Wilkes beautifully and sent in a shot which George had no chance whatever of saving. This settled the game.

The Millwall tactics in the second half, although they turned out well, were calculated to cause their supporters a good deal of uneasiness. They packed their goal, with the result that play was nearly always in their quarters. This was not quite so dangerous as it looked, as there were generally two Millwall men on the ball when the goal was in jeopardy. Yet it enabled the Villa to obtain a goal, as Allen, in endeavouring to clear from Athersmith, fell, and Johnson, who received the pass, had an open goal, from which he scored. Only nine minutes remained, and during that time the Villa men were all forwards, but try as they would they could not again pierce the admirable Millwall defence, and had to acknowledge defeat. Up to date this is the finest performance ever achieved by any Southern team in the Cup competition since the advent of professionalism, and now that a Southern club must be in the final, a record crowd will probably be present at the Crystal Palace.

Of the men, the Millwall half-backs were again in simply irresistible form, and time after time they broke up the combination of the Villa forwards, Smith again playing with perfect judgment, while Millar and Goldie were as safe as possible. Burgess and Allen again gave a great display at back, and, although not so finished as Spencer and Evans, they left nothing to chance, and worked like demons throughout the game. Gettins was perhaps the best of the forward line, and his goal was the outcome of his best piece of work. Banks and Dryburgh, too, were always testing the Villa defence, which was, however, as sound as a rock, Spencer and Evans again giving a grand display. Noon and Bowman were the best of the half-backs, while Athersmith and Templeton were a good deal in front of the other forwards.

The above extract from the "Daily Mail" represents the Bill of Fare which rewarded my two sons,—Barney & Frank— & their Father, for some trouble, & more expense, in getting Grand Stand" places, & witnessing the Match between Aston Villa & Millwall, on Saturday March 3rd 1900.

N.B. The trouble & expense fell on the Father.

The Morning was occupied in telephoning to the South Eastern Railway Station Master at Reading, to kindly get us tickets for the Stand; also in calling at the Mess Secretary's Office to see if any answer had come; also in driving to Camberley School, to arrange about Frank's coming; & finally, we drove to Blackwater, & got into the 11.49 train, with no certainty as to tickets, or possibility of getting seats, or a comfortable view of the Match, at all.

However, "all's well that ends well!" Mr. Trowbridge had the tickets for us. We got our lunch, our bags of sweets (for the boys), our cigarettes (for their Father) strolled to the Ground, found that the doors were already opened (1½ hrs: before the kick-off), took our seats (very good ones), watched the crowd pouring in, the Lightning Caricaturist, the ubiquitous Craig trumpeting his verses, the jostling & place-hunting amidst the Shilling chairs in front of our Stand; & finally, at 3.30 the Match itself,—in comfort; i.e. such comfort as a hard wooden bench will permit.

It requires an Expert's eye to detect the nice distinctions between the very best play, & the play of Clubs which are not quite the very best. I confess that the play I have seen, on this same ground, between Reading (with Holt, Millar &c) & other clubs of the Southern League, seemed to me quite as good, as what I witnessed this afternoon. But here was Aston Villa, the famed Team, whose renown is established by winning the English Cup, or very nearly winning it, year after year; & here was the excitement of witnessing the 3rd successive effort of 2 famous Clubs to win the twice contested fight for the Semi-final, in the Cup contest, this year; & here also was a dense crowd, largely composed of Birmingham & London enthusiasts, who had come by Special trains, to cheer their respective clubs; & the shouting, & hat waving & excitement, when a goal was kicked, passed all attempt at description. So I am glad the Boys had it, & I, their Father also.

It will be a long time, in all probability, before Barney witnesses another football match, on English soil, unless he condescends to attend his brothers' contest on the 10th, with Sunningdale School.

The Referee's mishap was funny, in that he was so evidently sorry for himself.

Millwalls played well, but I fancy its two goals in the 1st Half were strokes of luck. They seemed unable to get the play away from their own goal in the 2nd Half, & there was fierce excitement at the end, when near, to see whether the Villa would score a 2nd time, & tie the match for a 3rd time.

Also the crowd thought the match was over, & rushed on to the Ground, only to be sent back again, for about two minutes!

N.B. Don't buy Tea, & especially poached eggs, after a big Football match in the town of Reading. I had to leave mine, uneaten, for want of bread or toast.

"The Times" March 3rd.

"From our special Correspondent.
Paardeberg, Feb. 28th."

> Colonel Otter, commanding the Canadians, deserves the highest praise for the coolness and ability he showed under the hottest fire. Captain MacDonnell and Captain Stairs were also most conspicuous. The Canadians alone lost six killed and 10 wounded within 66 yards of the Boer trenches. The retirement previously reported was merely a movement due to the discovery of the party engaged on the trenches, which were meanwhile being dug by the Engineers and Canadians. Among the former Lieutenant-Colonel Kincaid and Captain Boileau behaved with extraordinary gallantry throughout the operation, which it would be difficult to surpass, both in choice of ground and execution, even in daylight.

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> The Canadian battalion contains 10 officers and 100 men of the permanent forces of Canada, the remainder being volunteers drawn from the Militia. It is most interesting to note that one of the companies of the battalion, which took part in the attack under Major Patterson, is wholly composed of French Canadians who are unable to speak English.

The "Captain Stairs", above mentioned, is Harry Stairs, brother of the Captain Stairs who accompanied Stanley on his March through "Darkest Africa", and 1st Cousin of my Wife.

It is as well that the public records of the family should be made even more public still, by being chronicled in the universally read pages of the "Bout-de-Ville Times."

N.B. The "Captain Boileau", so highly commended, is the son of Colonel Boileau, of Camberley,—a friend of ours.

The War.

and Sunday, February 25th

I shall not soon forget this day. We, at the R.M.C., have been, all along, brought very close to the battle-fields in South Africa, by the lists of killed and wounded, which have almost invariably included some of our former Cadets,— a goodly number known personally to myself, as Bradbury and Ramsay, to quote two notable instances.

Only a day or two before, I had been shocked to hear of Bell-Acton's death — the youngest of the three brothers, who were all attendants at the Bible Class; the eldest, one of the best and clearest fellows I have ever known. Then, on the Saturday, Colonel Ferguson, when he came in after dinner, brought the sad news of Coe, another fine gentlemanly lad, having been killed, and Parker,— one of the most regular Bible-Class attendants, during my first year of Sandhurst service — being wounded.

On the Sunday morning, I framed Coe's name on our Altar Cards with gold, & prefixed a fine "W" to Parker. This is the way in which the casualties are noted on these intercessory tablets. This was before the 8.30 a.m. Celebration.

I had not left the Church, after Service, before Mrs Toronend came to the Vestry with a message desiring me to go over to Mrs McIntosh's room, & break the news to her that Sergeant McIntosh of the Lancaster Regt., her Son, had been killed. I went; but found that she was so ill, it might be dangerous to tell her the news.

Scarcely had I got home, and short time before the 11 a.m. Parade Service,— Mrs Earle biked up from Camberley to tell me that a telegram had arrived this morning, reporting the death of Captain England,— the most regular attendant at the R.M.C. Church, at the Holy Communion, & at the Bible Class, save Colonel Ferguson, that we have had since I came here:— a Christian who made one love & reverence Christianity, if only for his sake;— genuinely good, so strikingly yet unostentatiously, that one felt actually startled at the contrast between his discipleship of Christ and ours;— a "sweet" saint of Christ — I use the word, not sentimentally, but as expressing the attraction which his religion possessed;— and yet nothing "goody-goody" about him,— again mark the adjective! — no cant, no show, no interference with others, no appearance of criticism, or assumption of superiority. Many good & earnest Christians repel, & make one sigh for a soupçon of worldliness about them. England just made you feel that there was — there is — a Christ, & that here was a Christian who truly imitated Him, & who went about, as did His Master, in the world, yet not of it, — sitting down to Meat in the Pharisee's house, yet always taking the Christ with him, & showing the pleasant loveliness of the Divine friend whom he loved so well.

It was only two days before, that his wife had lunched with us, talking cheerfully of his work with Gatacre's Division, & telling us how "Bubbles", their little girl, was sending some childish gifts for her Father's birthday. He will keep it now in Paradise! and the best of all gifts has now been given him:— the Rest and Peace which remain for the children of God!

How I got through that 11 a.m. Service, & especially the Sermon, I don't know.

Directly afterwards, I begged a lift to Camberley in a dog-cart at the Church door, & visited the newly stricken Widow. What could one say? It is useless — worse than useless, wrong, to attempt consolation when the blow has just been struck, & the sufferer is dazed

and dizzy with grief.— Grief which cannot yet be realized. God help us all, what fools we are at such a time, to speak of resignation, or to expect it. God does not, I am sure. He knows & understands how impossible it is at first — & it may be, for a longish time, for the sufferer to say — at any rate, to feel, — "Thy will be done!" — or "He hath done all things well!"

Poor Ford! — And I had never seen her look sad before! — I suppose there are 100s of women in England now who have looked as I saw Mrs England, this day, while the wires & despatches have been doing their daily work these last four months.

Surely enough for one Sunday! Yet, when I got back to the College, young Mr Intosh came to say that Dr Gillespie thought the news of her sons death had better be told at once to the sick Mother, as she guessed something was amiss, & please would I come & break it to her. So I had another painful interview, — & altogether it was a day to be remembered.

"Give Peace in our time, O Lord,
Because there is none other that
fighteth for us, but only thou, O God."

Defeated!

See "Waiting" on Page 6.

Not quite able to realize, just yet, what it means to us!

A little before 1 p.m. this Wednesday, March 14th, my fears verified!

Telegram brought to me at door of Stable:—

"Very kind but would not pass him."

So ends, I expect, our dear Laddie's chances of entering the Navy! And, with all the plans for him, of the past 15 months:— the letters, applications, interviews, visits at the Admiralty, coaching, endeavours to retrieve the failure of last November, operation on nose-passage, recruiting at seaside, nursing at home, consultations with doctors, balancing of hopes & fears, & though last not least, prayers & earnest supplications!

Well, we have done our best, & can do no more. Let us hope still, some good intended for us in & by this dark cloud!

Note the concluding paragraph in the "Waiting" Column on Page 6. Had I been asked to state in sporting phraseology the chances for Barney & Frank passing — the first for Assistant Clerk, the second for

Naval Cadet, I should have answered at once: "Ten to one against Barney; Ten to one on Frank!"

And now! —

Thank God for Barney's success! But Oh, it is hard on Frank! And on us all, on his account!

It seems as if each of our elder children had each to pass through a special evil time. Willie with his congestion of the lungs in Dublin, leaving him delicate & deaf, until Gibraltar cured him. Barney, lying on his back for months with what looked like hip-disease. Alice laid up for a year with the mysterious ailment in her foot. And now Frank with this unforeseen & equally mysterious "Bronchocele", if "Bronchocele" it be!

Woes me! If only I had more money, or more time in the Army, or more hope of getting any-thing to do when I leave it!

With Willie embarked on what looks, at best, like a hand-to-mouth profession, & not likely to earn many pennies for years to come, the younger boys coming on, & needing to be launched into life, the girls to be provided for, & my income diminishing in September next year, by over £200 a year, I had prayed & hoped that Frank might have been settled in a pleasant & healthy profession, before the evil days of retirement come to me!

But God's will be done! And now to put on a cheerful face when Maggie and the Boy come back from London, this Evening. 14.3.00.

From Grave to Ridiculous.

This same day of disappointment, Malone — the Church-Orderly — forces me to laugh at his Orderly, & get photo-ed in the Kilt & Sporran and Spats of the Black-Watch.

photo: taken in the uniform of the Highland Detachment which has just left the College. It puts me in mind of my Gib: Groom Bainbridge who exchanged uniforms with the Church

Query, why does Malone's chin look as if he had a week's stubble on it? I doubt if he could grow either stubble or beard, even if he tried his best. Looks a melancholy Highlander!

Christmas Card sent to Mrs Townend

Our "Handy-Man."

We quote from the second of the Songs most in vogue this War-Season:- almost as much in request as "The Absent-minded Beggar."

Barney fits the title, & the title fits Barney. Always "handy", and whatsoever his hands find to do, he does with all his might.

Quiet and reserved, not easily got out of his shell, very shy as a child, but doing what he had to do in his own way, and better able to find work and amusement for himself out of little, and home, things than any of the other children.

His love of pets assisted greatly towards this self-amusement. It is an old story, now, how in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, in the midst of all the excitement of a Grand Review on the "Fifteen Acres", he turned his head away from the March Past of Cavalry, Guards, & Line Battalions to look for some cattle he had seen to the rear of our waggonette. "Where dem cows?" quoth Barney, as if the gorgeous pageant in front was of far less importance. His rabbits in Dublin, his white-rat, in Gibraltar, which he used to take down to the fruit-market with him under his jacket, his one solitary & extraordinary hen which laid innumerable eggs although a spinster;— the two baby rabbits which he saw at the little Tangier pier, & immediately rushed-for, not to be pacified until I bought them for him;— the fowls and pigeons, to which he has been a fostering father, these 5½ years of Sandhurst holidays, & which have made these holidays, and his home, all that he required, without wanting or caring-for the society of other boys, or the excitements of football or cricket;— all these show the ruling passion of his young days,— days I venture to think very happy, for Barney has the happy knack of making happiness for himself out of small things.— "Sunbeams out of cucumbers", as Dean Swift puts it.

"Handy-man" is the word, whether cobbling at hutch or hen-house, flying kites (He bought & flew a marvellous ship-in-full-sail affair, this last visit of his), playing games of an evening (marvellous have been the varieties of "Patience" he has taught us all, of late), driving the frog, standing up well to me in billiards (I never saw such progress), or inventing some new method of occupying himself,- always the same "handy" Barney!

Wonderfully like his mother,- thank God!- in quiet calm disposition, but capable of very deep feeling, as indeed is she, though it is not often she gives way. He was the only one of the four lads who went with me to Halifax, N.S., in 1898, to show sorrow at leaving his grandparents & cousins, the only one whose eyes were wet as we went away- and just before the waggonette came round to the front-door on Thursday, March

15th, to take him away for his Australian cruise, I saw him go quietly out into the garden, and have one more farewell look at his beloved hens and pigeons, — who will own their roosts & cages I wonder when, D.V., he comes back to England? — And tears were struggling with his manliness as he came back.

Good lad – Barney! I don't think he cared for Wellingborough Grammar School, its boys, its rules, its restrictions, but he never grumbled, he stuck steadily to it, & to its work. He knew it was cheap, & he wished to spare the family purse – and he has his reward!

Just before he left, he suggested that I had better pay for his naval outfit out of some little money we have invested for him in Halifax. Thank God, I have had no need to touch it.

Well he has left us, and we — his Father, at any rate — miss him sadly.

This last sentence suggests that Grammar was an extra at the School where I got my education.

God protect him, and bring him safely back to us all!

The "Europa" sailed from Portsmouth, on Monday, March 19th. Her Captain – Pocklington – missed his footing, when going on board, & injured himself so severely, he had to be taken to Haslar Hospital. The Ship put in at Plymouth, to await the arrival of his successor.

Extracts from Barney's letter, begun March 22nd "About 50 miles from Eddystone";—

"I went on shore in Plymouth on Wednesday with the other A.C. a chap called Williams. We went in the picket boat, and there was a tremendous squash going. Nearly all the lieutenants, Subs, engineers, – in fact nearly all the officers on board went on shore at the same time. I with Williams & some Warrant Officers had to squat on the roof of the picket boat, but as it was not very rough we did not get wet. Coming back however about 6, it was rougher, and the spray wet us a little, but not to any great extent. I found when I got on shore that I had forgotten a good lot about Plymouth. The Hoe I remembered all right, and also that part of the Town near the Theatre Royal and the Clock in the middle of the street, the Dairy I think they call it. We walked-ed about the place a good deal towards Devonport & Mutley, also near Friary, so we had a pretty good walk. After walking about nearly all the afternoon we went and had tea at a confectioners. We had chocolate with cream, muffins and some fancy cakes. They gave each of us two little jugs of cream [note by the writer's father – if each boy got two little jugs, they certainly did not get too little!] and the chocolate tasted awfully nice when all the cream was in it, though much of the chocolate(?) taste was lost. After that we bought some eating chocolate for use on board, and then we walked about the Hoe and round the Pier. I also walked up Leigham St., and though I recognised the Street, I could not remember

either the name or number of the house we used to live in.

I would like the gunroom immensely were it not for some of the Subs who are slightly too cocky and apt to take too much on themselves. For instance they made [? make] you fag a lot for them, fetch things etc, but that's, I suppose, what they always do. One thing however I think is v. idiotic & caddish. One of them usually the Senior one gets up from table, sticks a fork in a beam and yells out "Fork's in the beam". All the snotties and A.Cs are then supposed to rush out of the door as fast as possible & the Sub hoofs each one as hard as possible as they go out. They are then allowed to return. The Subs don't do anything when you are outside, so it is absolutely useless. I suppose it is only one of the usual things in a gunroom, but it does seem rather senseless doesn't it? Of course 4 snotties & 2 A.Cs can't do anything against 6 great Subs, and they would only treat you all the worse if you did make any resistance. Most of them, however, are very decent chaps, and make you fag very little, but the Senior Sub, a little chap, is cordially hated but not feared by us. He ought to have been a Lieutenant a long time ago, but he went wrong in his wine bills some time ago & so was put back in seniority.

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"Yesterday in the afternoon all the snotties & we two A.Cs changed into our flannels to do some dumb-bells with two of the Subs. However, when we got on deck we found that there were no dumb-bells on board & so we did a few exercises which do not require dumb-bells such as lying on your back then keeping your body straight, raise (keeping) your legs straight up in the air. It is very good for the stomach muscles, & fags you out after about 20 times. We then ran all over the ship after one of the Subs, in fact did a sort of follow your leader. This, together with some of the other exercises, quite upset me, and when I went below to dress I was quite sick for about half an hour. After that time I was all right again, but I was sorry I got sick because I wanted to do the voyage out to Australia without getting ill at all. I think it must have been the violent exercise after having had none for so long that did it, for I was feeling perfectly well before we began, & after I had rested I was all right again.

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I shall be very glad to get to Gib: [though he says he does not expect to be allowed to land there] there is absolutely nothing to do now, except to write a few things in the office, & it is getting rather too hot to do even that. I don't know what I shall do going through the Suez Canal & Indian Ocean, I expect we shall be nearly boiled alive. Everyone seems very sleepy & slack now. As I write there are 5 Subs & Snotties lying asleep on the gunroom seats.

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There is going to be a sort of raffle as to when this old packet gets to Gib, and the tickets are 1/- each. I got 2 and so did nearly everyone else. The winner gets £2 & those on each side of him 2/6 each.

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We had Church to-day on the quarter deck right aft. The Captain read prayers and we sung some psalms & 2 hymns. They had "Jesus Lover of my Soul" & one whose number I forget. The Carpenter made some of the sailors bring up a lot of chairs & benches on which the Congregation sat.

They had no sermon as there is no chaplain aboard.

"Yesterday we obtained dumb-bells & indian clubs from the Carpenter who fished them out of somewhere, & had quite a nice exercise with them. We changed, of course, into flannels & whites, and performed on the quarter deck. After dumb-bells etc we varied our performance with leap-frog & cock-fighting, and we had quite a large audience. Lots of Lieutenants & such like people looked on, and kept roaring at our antics. Even the Captain looked at us for some time, & so did the Commander. I hope we shall have some exercises every day; one needs it on board, as in the office we don't get any exercise.

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P.S. You might tell me of Leilich's luck with the chickens. Tell me how many she got out of the sitting under the white hen, also how many under the two yellow Wyandottes.

Also if the Golden Wyandottes are laying at all at all (This is Irish).

Extracts from letter dated March 29th
"At present 100 miles from Malta."

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"I was very sorry I could not go ashore at Gib, for I should have liked to have gone over the old place. The Captain, the postman, two prisoners and the marines in charge of them were the only ones who went ashore at all. The prisoners were the only ones who did not return to the ship, as they had been invited to the Gib Prison for 4 weeks.

Gib has changed a good lot since we left it. They are putting up a breakwater and it is just rising above the water. Two steam cranes are on it, which lower the stones into their proper places.

Then again they have made a lot of docks, and lengthened the new mole, and so it looks a little different.

I looked about & saw Beaulieu from the ship, or at least what I thought was Beaulieu. It looked a little different and as if the balcony had been done away with. With a telescope I also saw the road winding up to Windmill Hill; that part looked all the same. We had rather fun when the bumboats came alongside, filled with oranges, loafs [Oh, Barney!] of bread, eggs, vegetables etc. They must have made a good lot from us, as when they went away, their boats were quite empty. Tobacco they brought on board in large quantities, and sold it remarkably cheaply. Every bluejacket & nearly every officer bought a lot.

Gibraltar looks quite different from the East side of it. I did not think that it looked like a lion from either side, but at a distance from the East side it looked like a recumbent statue with its hands clasped together.

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Yesterday we saw two islands called Galita & Galitina. They are just off the African coast, and are simply barren rocks, entirely destitute of all verdure.

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We passed about 100 yds from these islands & so we could see them distinctly.

After leaving Galita & Galitina we went through a thunderstorm. The lightning was superb, but luckily did not come very near us. Sometimes it lit up the whole sky, and you could see the horizon all round on the starbd side. After some time we passed Tunis, and when the lightning flashed, the high hills behind Tunis could be seen distinctly. It had been very hot & sultry before yesterday evening, and I suppose the lightning & rain must have cleared the atmosphere for it is quite cool today. It is also much rougher than it has been yet in the Mediterranean. The whole sea is covered with white horses and were it not for the fact that we are going in the same direction as the waves, we should be very much retarded. As it is they rather help us along. Just now we had rather a catastrophe. Thinking that the sea would not reach as high as the scuttles, we had all the ports open in the gunroom, and had quite escaped from any thrush of water, when suddenly a wave larger than usual came in uninvited with about two barrels full of water more or less. Two snotters sitting just under the scuttles got their clothes washed free of charge, and the others got well sprayed; the deck got covered with water & everything on the floor had to be got up as quickly as possible.

It was very amusing to us who did not participate in the ducking, but the sufferers did not seem to find it so amusing.

= We have not put on white clothing yet but I expect we will after passing Malta. I think we stay about 2 days at Malta, so I suppose I will get ashore. I believe it is rather a decent place ["Decent" is a great word with Barney]

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I have just learnt the semaphore, the method of signalling most commonly used in the navy. It does not in reality form part of an Ap. Clerks education but as the snotties were going to do it, and as we had nothing much to do, the 1st Lieut. thought we might as well learn it. Of course it is very useful, as we may often be on shore, & wanting a boat. Then if you can use a semaphore, you can easily signal to the ship for a boat to come off for you.

Later We are just in sight of Gozo, the small island in the Malta group, so we will soon be in sight of Malta."

Curious Epistle

As letters appear to occupy most of these pages, let the following one be noted as a curiosity. Though addressed to me, it is really an answer to the Governor – Sir E. Markham's, Circular asking for $5/– subscriptions towards the erection of a new pulpit in the R. M. C. Church.

Bodicote House,
Bodicote,
Banbury
April 8th 1900.

"Sir,

In reply to your circular I quite recognize your requirements, & should my son's term at the R. M. College be attended with a successful issue, I shall be glad to subscribe to your Pulpit; but as my son has only been at Sandhurst very little more than two months, & during that time he has been robbed of a £5 note, so under these circumstances, at present I do not feel inclined to comply to your request.

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
(Signed) J. F. Starkey"

One is at a loss which to admire most, the logic or the Grammar of this production:– both are superb!

In Memoriam.

Captain England.

Extract from Captain H. G. Jendwine's [R.A.] letter.

Camp - Sterkstroom 27th Feb. 1900

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"On Friday morning [23rd] when I saw him, Major Harris
"[The Army Doctor] thought him a little better. I had seen
"him twice on Thursday. When I went to see him, just
"after being sent for by Harris, about 6.30 p.m. on Friday
"evening, one could not help noticing how much weaker
"he was. He was conscious and knew me, and signed
"that he wanted to speak to me. He said 'no pain at
"all' and then 'So happy', and murmured a prayer.
"I asked him if he had any message he would like
"me to give – He said 'no: say so happy!' Just before
"I saw him he had told Harris that he wanted to send
"his 'combined love to all'. I stayed with him that
"night till he passed away at about 5 minutes past
"5 on Saturday morning [~~The~~ 24th], quite peacefully.
"He slept off and on till about midnight, being con-
"-scious in between. Once he took my hand and said
"'Good bye, old chap'. After midnight he was never
"quite conscious, I think, and seemed just to fade away.
"His breathing got fainter and fainter, and at last
"stopped, but the change was so gradual that it was
"very difficult to say exactly when this happened."

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"I do not think he suffered any pain during the
"whole of his illness. There were few of the ordinary
"symptoms of typhoid, and those not serious, and it
"seemed only as if his strength gave way. The funeral
"was on the Saturday. Everyone attended it, and his
"regiment and their band came down from the Kosper
"-berg to be present. He is buried in the little cemetery
"here, out in the Veldt, with many other British soldiers
"alongside of him, and close to Col. Eagar of the Irish
"Rifles, who died of wounds received at Stormberg;
"and Capt. Broadley of the Royal Scots, another victim
"to Enteric."

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"He will be a loss to his Regiment that it will
"be hard to repair."

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[This Paragraph ought to have been quoted first]
"Colick's death was as noble and soldierlike as if it
"had come to him with his face to the enemy, and
"yet as peaceful and truly Christian as any end
"could be."

Extract from The Revd. Robert Armitage's [C.F.] letter:–

Sterkstroom. Feb 26th 1900

"I saw Capt. England every day while he was in
"hospital, & his patience & gentleness were wonder-
"-ful.

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"He received the Holy Communion on Feb. 14th –
"& each day used to like me to say prayers
"with him.
"The photo: of his little girl hung up by his bed:
"he often spoke of her & his home.
"I was exceedingly sorry to lose him, for he
"helped me in every way he could – but especi
"-ally in his sympathetic gentle way of in-
"-teresting himself in good things.
"Most unfortunately I was not able to conduct his
"funeral myself – but I was sent that day to the
"Boer lines to recover the body of Capt. de Montmorency
"V.C.
"I spoke of the two Captains on Sunday morning,
"for both were beloved in the Camp by all who knew
"them."

"Let me die the death of the Righteous, and
let my last end be like his."

More news from the Asst. Clerk.

Barney's Day in Malta.

H.M.S. Europa,
Malta Dockyard,
March 31st 1900

Dear Mother & Father,

Here we are, moored in Malta Dockyard. We arrived on the 29th at 4 o'clock, so we have been here 2 days already, and perhaps may remain till Monday. A good many ships belonging to the Mediterranean Squad-ron are moored all round us. The Renown (flagship) Vulcan, Ramillies, Royal Sovereign, Ocean, Polyphemus and several others are here, but all the rest are scat-tered over the station. Some at Gib, others at Crete and so on.

I can't say I care much for Malta; I like Gib ever so much better. The houses here are all yellow or gray, and seem to have scarcely any windows in them. Goodness knows it is hot enough with all the scuttles open in the gunroom, so what must it be like in those shut up places, and even this is by no means the hottest part of the year. The boats here are called disos, and as you can go to any part of the dockyard & harbour for 3d, none of the ships' boats are used, and so we use these dis-os. They collect in crowds all round the ships and must get a good lot altogether. However there are so many of them, that I suppose some of them don't get a single fare in a day.

We went ashore yesterday at 9.30 and did not come again [? on board] till about 9 in the evening.

When we first got ashore, we went along the landing-stage and entered Valetta by the Victoria Gate. This is rather a fine gate, but it must have been made from English designs, though perhaps constructed by Maltese labourers. This is right down near the water & scarcely 50 ft above the water [Somewhat contradictory statement, my Barney!] if as much. The town however lies fairly high and so you have to clamber up rows of steps till you get to a cross street leading into the Strada Reale. The latter is the chief street in Malta, and the Club is situated in it. The shops are not bad here, but they are scarcely equal to the English shops, as one of the Warrant Officers on board told me they were. There are crowds of curiosity shops here managed by Hindoos & Persians.....

After walking about the town for some time, we thought we would hire some bikes, and so we started off to find a bike shop. After some time we found one in the Strada Mezzodi, and we, the other R.C. & myself rode out to a place called Citta Vecchia, a place some 7 miles from Valetta. That would be just about as far as Aldershot town is from R.M.C. However I would sooner ride 10 times to Aldershot, than once to Citta Vecchia. For one thing the roads are uphill all the way, not very steep to be sure, but still steep enough to be bothersome. Again they are not exactly macadamised and don't seem in very good repair. That was not the worst thing about them, however, for in addition to the steepness and condition of the roads we had a strong wind against us all the way so you can imagine how nice it was. Well we struggled as far as Citta Vecchia, but when we got there we had got so sick of it all that we only just went up to the gates & then rode back. You don't know what a scoot it was riding to the beastly place. The country looks like a very uninteresting hilly chessboard, the squares be-ing composed of fields, which are all nearly the same size, and bounded by stone walls instead of hawthorn hedges. The chief crop seems to be red clover, and a little wheat. The rest of the fields, and this includes the greater part of the country, contain nothing. There are absolutely no trees except a few sickly fig trees and the inevitable prickly pear. The latter are not bearing at present, so I suppose the season is not in yet.

We came back from Citta Vecchia at full speed, and riding was more enjoyable then, as we were helped by the wind & the hills which were so much against us when we were going. After reaching Valetta again, we paid for our cycles, firmly resolved to let other people hire them in Malta for the future, and went & had dinner. The only at all respectable restaurant is called the Westminster Hotel. This is a regular naval meeting house, and if you want to meet anyone, you are nearly certain to meet him at the Westminster. Still though it is the best restaurant in Malta it is not by any means as good as an English one. Slaters is 50 times better, both in quality & attendance. They keep you about 10 mins for everything you order at the Westminster. However it is not bad really.

After lunch we walked about a bit more, went to all sorts of places which I can't remember. We then met one of the R.E.s called Weeks [Wonder if this is Courtenay, son of my Chief Engineer friend at the Naval Yard, Gib, 1890-91] and we then went to tea at a Maltese restaurant. We asked for cocoa & cakes. They brought us the cocoa which was drinkable (but not much else), the cakes were awful to look at, and so we refrained and asked for some toast. The waiter said "Yes Sar Toast Sar" and seemed to understand. He brought back what he called toast, but I should say from the look of it that it had been merely blackened over a gas jet. Its sides were not toasted like toast usually is, but its ends were covered with a black greasy substance, which on inspection turned out to be the butter on the toast. We ate some of it, but we decided not to try Maltese restaurants again. After the delicious toast & cocoa we walked to the Jun. R. & N. S. This is really about the best place to get English things at in Malta. They are just the same price as at the Stores in England, so they must be a great boon to the English residents.....

After settling that little matter we strolled off over Valetta & Floriana (a quarter of the former) till we came to the ferry over to Sliema (another quarter of Valetta). The ferry cost ½d and as we thought we could afford it, we went over. Sliema is practically the same as Valetta at least as far as inhabitants and houses go, but it possesses very few shops, only some bootmakers & public houses. By the way these are the chief shops in Malta; everywhere you go there is at least a tavern & a bootmakers.

After walking through Sliema we turned back to the ferry & returned to Valetta and went to dinner at the Westminster Hotel. There were quite a lot of navy men there, who all seem-ed to know each other, and so it was rather jolly.

We then went back to the ship as it was getting on for 9 o'clock and we had had quite enough of Malta. It is very dull walking about the streets, and the cabs are not worth going in. They are very like the Spanish arrangements, and look rather dirty & smell likewise. The real fare all over Valetta is 6d as everyone knows. However the Maltese, no doubt imagining you don't know this, say condescendingly "me take you any place in de town Sar, for four sheeling" and then wonder why you don't engage them. I believe nearly every lower class Maltese is either a cabman, a boatman, a guide or a bootblack, and you get followed all through the streets by these people, yelling out "Cab Sir", or "Clean boots ½d each", or something like that. The guides are the worst and will follow you all down a street saying half to themselves "Want to see Armory Sar, me take you for sheel-ing Sar only sheeling". I usually say to them "I don't want to see the beastly places, if you want to see them so much, why don't you go yourself?"

It does really get rather sickening, and you feel in-clined to kick the idiots.

× × × × × × × × × × × × × ×

[The letter goes on to describe the Everpals tour round the Island, & to Cape Passaro in Sicily & back, to ascertain fitness of engines for voyage to Australia. Trial apparently unsatisfactory & possibility of Ship being detained some time in Malta, or being sent home again!

I quote the following, with hearty thanksgiving for my Son's candour and straight-forward way of dealing with his Father]

× × × × × × × × × × × × × ×

"I have a confession to make to you. You told me that you would not mind us smoking as long as we never concealed it from you. I began to try it last Thursday, and I thought it would not be honest or fair to you if I did not tell you. I don't think I will smoke much as I think a lot must be bad for chaps. I always resisted fellows at School who wished me to have a puff, as I knew you would not like me to, but I think I am old enough now to begin. However if you don't want me to, Father, I will leave off till you think I can begin.

I bought a piece of Maltese lace which I am sending to you, Mother; it cost me — well that doesn't matter, I believe I was cheated over it. If you know of anyone who is a judge of lace, I wish you would ask them how much it is worth. Tell me the value, and then I will see if I made a bargain or was made a fool of.

I must end now.

Give my love to all the (H)appy (H)ome.

Your loving Son,

Barney.

P.S. The lace must be my birthday present to you, and I hope I may be privileged to give you many more, Mother."

From
The Camberley School Magazine

The Sports.

Our second annual Sports were held on Saturday, March 31st. We have great cause to be thankful for the weather vouchsafed to us; for three days before the ground was white with snow. This happily soon departed and the 31st turned out to be an ideal day for sports. There were not many visitors present, this being due, no doubt, to the fact that owing to the war it was decided not to issue formal invitations. The ground looked very pretty decorated as it was with many flags of green and red, while the Union Jack floated in the breeze at the winning-post. We are sorry that, owing to our inability to procure a stop-watch, the times of the different races could not be kept. There were many interesting and some remarkable incidents during the afternoon which ought to be noticed before passing on to the usual table of results. The 100 yards Senior gave us a splendid finish, there being very little between Townend i. and Yule at the end. The Junior 100 fell to Foster as was expected. Townend i. cleared 4 ft. $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. in the High Jump Senior. This is $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. behind last year's record. The Junior High Jump also fell behind last year's record by the same amount. Heathcote was expected to win this, but, owing to nervousness, was beaten by Cuzner by 1 in. We are still feeble at Throwing the Cricket Ball. The distance this year beat last year's poor record by only 1 yard. Townend i. was again unlucky in the final for the Hurdles, stumbling at the first hurdle and being beaten by Yule. The race of the day—the Quarter-mile, gave us a splendid tussle. The handicapping was evidently much better than last year. For quite 100 yards from the winning-post about 1 yard only separated Yule and Townend i. After a grand fight Yule, who had 5 yds. start managed to break the tape first, Townend being a few feet behind. The time must have been very good. Yule is thus the second to have his name inscribed on the Challenge Cup. In the Broad Jump a very remarkable incident took place. The Jump is generally given to the

best of three tries. On this occasion Townend i. obtained the first place with a jump of 14 ft. 6 in., but Jervis and Leakey ii. tied for the second place. They therefore continued the contest to prove who was the better. Then it happened that Jervis made a splendid jump, clearing 15 ft. $9\frac{3}{4}$ in —$15\frac{3}{4}$ in. further than Townend i. Still, owing to the rule which gives the first place to the best of three jumps, Jervis had to take second place. His jump beat last year's record by $13\frac{3}{4}$ in. The 220 yds. was remarkable for the running of Townend i., who went at top speed the whole way. For the Obstacle Race there was a very full field. Besides last year's obstacles, viz.:—low-bar, wire-entanglement (real wire this time), suspended gabions, mathematical competition of subtracting 3 from 5, a carpet, cage, and water-jump, there were gabions on the ground to be crept through and a high hedge of furze. Johnson ran splendidly for the first half of the race but on reaching the problem-table was so excited he could not open his envelope. Jervis, who came up shortly after, soon found his envelope and as a proof that he was fully qualified for a brilliant mathematical career made 5 — 3 = 8! Townend iii. who came in second obtained the 1st Prize owing to Jervis being thus disqualified. The great improvement noticed in the boys' running and athletics generally reflects great credit on Sergeant Jacobs whom we have also to thank for acting as Starter.

RESULTS.

100 yds., sen.: 1, Townend i. (scr.); 2, Yule (1 yd.); 1, Stamp Album presented by Mrs. Irving.

100 yds., jun.: 1, Foster (1 yd.); 2, Wallis i. (1 yd.); 1, Bat presented by Mrs. Leaver.

High Jump, sen.: 1, Townend i.; 2, Yule; 4 ft. $3\frac{1}{2}$ in.; 1, Microscope presented by G. Irving, Esq.; 2, Knife presented by Mrs. Johnson.

High Jump, jun.: 1, Cuzner; 2, Heathcote; 3 ft. $3\frac{1}{2}$ in.; 1, Chess-men presented by T. P. Brierley, Esq.

Throwing Cricket Ball, sen.: 1, Townend i.; 2, Jervis; 53 yards; 1, Bat presented by Colonel Wilson.

100 yards Hurdles: 1, Yule; 2, Townend i.; 1, Bat presented by Major Freeth; 2, Stamps presented by Mrs. Knight.

Throwing Cricket Ball, jun.: 1, Heathcote; 2, Cuzner; 33 yards; 1, Pads presented by Mrs. Conran.

Quarter Mile Open: 1, Yule; 2, Townend i.; 1, Challenge Cup and Watch presented by F. Wallis, Esq.; 2, Philatelist's Book.

Sack Race, jun.: 1, Wilson; 2, Foster; 1, Box of Chocolates.

Broad Jump: 1, Townend i., 14 ft. 6 in.; 2, Jervis, 15 ft. $9\frac{3}{4}$ in.; 1, Writing Case presented by H. G. Barnard, Esq.; 2, Clock presented by C. T. K. Prevost, Esq.

Sack Race, sen.: 1, Leakey ii.; 2, Townend ii.; 1, Pads presented by Rev. A. J. Townend.

Donkey Race: 1, Jervis and Wilson; 2, Yule and Irving ii.; 1, Donkey, Cuff-Links presented by Mrs. Jervis; Rider, Box of Chocolates.

220 yds. Open: 1, Townend i.; 2, Leakey ii.; 1, Cricket-Bag presented by Lady Prevost.

Three-legged Race: 1, Leakey i. and Yule; 2, Henstock and Leakey ii.; Two Cricket Balls presented by Mrs. Atkinson and G. Irving, Esq.

Obstacle Race: 1, Townend iii; 2 Conran; 1, Batting-Gloves presented by Rev. A. Leakey.

Consolation Race: 1, Henstock; 2, Conran ii.; 1, Bat presented by C. T. K. Prevost, Esq.

✣ ✣ ✣

R.I.P.

Sir Harry Townend. In Crowborough aged 85. Member Local Board, Reserve Bank of India, 1943-46; President Bengal Chamber of Commerce and Associated Chambers of Commerce of India, 1946-47; Member Council of State, India, 1946-47.

TOWNEND.—On Jan. 9, 1976, Sir HARRY TOWNEND, Kt., at his home, Park Grove, Withyham, Sussex, formerly of Calcutta, India, in his 85th year. Beloved husband of Winsome and dearest father of Charlotte de Serulet. Funeral at St Michael's Church, Withyham, on Thursday, Jan. 15, at 12.15 p.m. Trains will be met at Tunbridge Wells Central Station. For all information concerning funeral arrangements and transport facilities, please contact A. Mankelow & Sons Ltd, Groombridge 298.

SIR HARRY TOWNEND

1892 - 1976

Lady Townend would like to thank you for your sympathy on the death of Sir Harry.

She knows that you will understand if she is unable to answer personally at this time.

Both she and Charlotte are most appreciative of your kindness.

P.T.O

Alice Mary Kaulback 1883 - 1982.

Times.

KAULBACK.—On Friday, March 12, very peacefully at home, ALICE MARY, dearly loved wife of the late Lt-Col HENRY ALBERT KAULBACK, O.B.E., adored by her sons, daughters-in-law and all her relations. Cremation service at Putney Vale Crematorium, Kingston Road, London, S.W.15, at 11.30 a.m., Friday, March 19. Flowers may be sent to E. B. Ashton, 96, Fulham Rd., SW3.

D.T.

KAULBACK—On Friday, March 12th, very peacefully at home, Alice Mary, dearly loved wife of the late Lt. Col. Henry Albert Kaulback, O.B.E., adored by her sons, daughters-in-law & all her relations. Cremation Service at Putney Vale Crematorium, Kingston Rd, London, S.W.15 at 11.30 a.m., Friday, 19th March. Flowers may be sent to E. B. Ashton, 96 Fulham Rd, S.W.3.

COLONEL GERALD ARTHUR TOWNEND.

Oct. 4th 1941

REGIMENT MOURN "LOVED" COLONEL

A thousand soldiers of the South Lancs Regiment headed by their regimental band, marched to the funeral at Parkstone, Dorset, yesterday, of Lieutenant-Colonel George Arthur Townend who was killed on Saturday during big army manœuvres.

A private of the regiment paid this tribute to the dead officer: "He was loved by us all."

E. D.

Many Saw Colonel's Parkstone Funeral

The funeral took place at St. Luke's Church, Parkstone, on Wednesday of Lieut.-Colonel G. A. Townend, M.C., of the South Lancs. Regiment, who died the previous Saturday as the result of an accident while on military duty.

He was commissioned to the South Lancs. Regt. in 1913, and served throughout the last war in France, and with the British Salonika Expeditionary Force, when he was awarded the M.C. He also served with the regiment with the B.E.F. in France in this war, and became commanding officer of his battalion shortly after their return, through Dunkirk, to England.

Service was conducted by Captain A. P. Corin, chaplain, and Rev. Canon H. Barton, vicar of St. Luke's.

The coffin was draped with the Union Jack and carried on a gun carriage.

The whole battalion under Major J. L. M. Watson acted as escort, while officers were pall bearers. Officers of other regiments and units were also present.

"Last Post" was sounded at the graveside, and a firing party accorded their C.O. the final salute.

†

LADY MARY WINIFRED (WINSOME)

TOWNEND

St. Michael's Church, Withyham

Wednesday, 13th April, 1983

2.00 p.m.

so attached to the lower ranks and took interest in their welfare, and all the lads spoke well of the Colonel for his fairness and sharing problems.

Yes Mrs Kaulback we lost one of the best officers in the Army when we lost the Colonel. The Colonels photo is so nice to keep and show people and for me to tell them they are looking at a Real Gentleman.

Hope you are feeling alot better now Mrs Kaulback. I am getting a little better. I had to have one more injection in my shoulder last Friday the Dr stated this could go on for months and on the other hand it could clear up over night. My wife is alittle busy getting things ready for Xmas which soon be on top of us

the weather has been terrible down here this last fortnight. We had three mornings of hard frosts and since then it has done nothing but rain, today it has not stopped raining I was hoping to go down to see the Colonels grave today but the weather was so bad, any way I shall go down next weekend.

like to put a large sprig of holy at the foot of the Colonels grave for Xmas.

Well Mrs Kaulback I will again thank you for the Xmas card, Calendar and of course for my Dear Colonels photo what a smart looking Gentleman

Best wishes for Xmas Mrs Kaulback

yours Sincerely J. Y. Allen P.T.O

The Grave of Lt. Col. Gerald

Dear Mrs Kaulbach

I have enclosed photo of myself and Dear Wife. This was taken at Folkestone just before the Colonels funeral. We was sweethearts then but stuck to other for life and a good life it has turned out, for she has made a good wife

Mr. Talbot

The Grave of Lt. Col. Gerald Arthur Townend in Spring 1959 – 18 years after his death in 1941. His grave was tended all these years by his devoted batman (A letter, written by him to Alice Kaulback in 1948 is shown on opposite page).

Bill Townend and his wife, Rene in their Folkestone Home.

44 NORTH ROAD
PARKSTONE
POOLE
DORSET.
11/12/1978

Dear Mrs Kaulback

How nice to receive your lovely Xmas card and calender, also this lovely photo of my Dear Colonel. I can tell you Mrs Kaulback my memories went back a few years when I saw this photo of the Colonel. What a pity he couldn't have been spared to see the war through I sure he would have been so proud of his men of the first Battalion, for the way they fought from first light of 'D' day to V.E day the honours they gained for the Regiment. The Colonels was

Sacred to the Memory of
Lieutenant Colonel
GERALD ARTHUR TOWNEND, M.C.
Commanding Officer
1st Battalion The South Lancashire Regiment
(Prince of Wales's Volunteers)
who was accidentally killed while on duty
on 4th October 1941

'Loved and respected by all who served with him'

ST MARY'S CHURCH
STAMFORD

LT. COL. ROY JAMES ALFRED KAULBACK D.S.O.

1911 - 1996

SERVICE THURSDAY 4th JULY 1996

11.30 a.m.

GRANDSON OF REV. A.J. TOWNEND

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BILL KAULBACK

Lieutenant-Colonel Bill Kaulback, DSO, died on June 27 aged 85. He was born on May 11, 1911.

BILL KAULBACK pursued an intrepid and courageous career as a soldier and traveller. He won a DSO in the field in Germany in May 1945 while commanding the 1st Battalion of The York and Lancaster Regiment in the 5th Infantry Division.

The Allies had just forced the crossing of the River Elbe in their advance across Germany and their bridgehead at Lauenberg had been thrown back to the river by a strong German counterattack. Kaulback's battalion counterattack quickly broke through the German front and he himself, following with his Tactical Headquarters close behind the leading companies, came suddenly under fire from an enemy position which had lain concealed. Taking one officer and two men whom he had with him, Kaulback attacked on foot immediately, carrying the position and forcing the 72 shaken survivors to lay down their arms and surrender.

Roy James Alfred Kaulback was born at Kingston, Ontario, where his father was adjutant at the Canadian Royal Military College. He was educated at Rugby and Pembroke College, Cambridge, but, descended from a long line of soldier forebears, he was keen to follow ancestral example and received a territorial commission into the Royal Artillery while still an undergraduate. In 1932 he took a regular commission with the Royal Irish Fusiliers and went on to see active service with the regiment in India, Sudan, Egypt, Cyprus and Palestine, where he participated in the suppression of the Arab revolt of 1936.

An accomplished horseman, athlete and boxer, at 21 Kaulback won the inter-services light heavyweight boxing championship of India. In 1933, having been granted leave, he left India, crossing the Himalayas on foot, to explore Tibet. Journeying back again several months later through the remote Yak La Pass, he was the first recorded white man to take this route.

A year later, while his regiment was stationed at Khartoum, he was given leave and, having arranged with Wilfred Thesiger, then the district officer, for camels to be ready for him at Kuttum in the far western Sudan, he set off to explore the almost unknown open desert lying between Sudan and the Tibesti mountains nearly 1,000 miles away. He mapped by compass traverse and discovered hitherto unrecorded palaeolithic rock paintings. On his return he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

In 1941 he passed out top of his course at the Army Staff College, Camberley, and in 1942 was posted to command the 1/6th Queen's Regiment in the Desert Rats, the 7th Armoured Division. With them he fought in all the Eighth Army battles from El Alamein to that at Medenine in Tunisia.

On January 22, 1943 his division, racing to capture and open the port of Tripoli, was held up by a strong Afrika Korps rearguard of artillery and machineguns blockading the Tarhuna Pass and the long defile through the mountains leading down to the plain and Tripoli itself.

One battalion, sent out early that morning to dislodge the enemy, had vanished, lost in the mountains. But delay was unacceptable and that evening Kaulback, despite lacking proper maps, led his battalion 15 miles along goat-tracks to outflank the Germans and thus force their withdrawal. As the last light was fading they were seen and came under fire, but bravely persisting onwards they reached the plain and were able to report the pass and defile clear.

The next night the divisional armour was again held up, this time by anti-tank ditches closing the Tripoli road. Kaulback, leading his men, scaled the obstacles. Tripoli fell to the 7th Armoured Division tanks before dawn.

Two months later, during the battle at Medenine, Kaulback was the sole survivor of his tactical headquarters when a shell exploded in its midst. He lost an eye, but with typical courage insisted on personally handing over the battle to his second-in-command before being taken to the rear to have his wounds dressed.

During his convalescence he organised training and manoeuvres in Syria and Palestine for nine months but, impatient to return to action, he cajoled a medical officer to pass him fit. He rejoined the fighting in January 1944 in command of the 1st Battalion The York and Lancashire Regiment on the Cassino-Garigliano front in Italy. He commanded that battalion until the end of the war and was mentioned in dispatches twice.

After the war he was appointed Chief of Staff to General Sir Richard Gale and was involved in the troubles in the Middle East that preceded the ending of the British Mandate and the establishment of the State of Israel.

In 1946 — despite strong resistance from the Military Secretary, General "Boy" Browning, who considered him too valuable for the Army to lose — Kaulback joined the Iraq Petroleum Company.

He went on to work in the oil industry for the next 15 years, ending up in 1958 to 1960 by taking charge of the construction of a giant multi-million-pound oil terminal in the Persian Gulf.

He spent a quiet retirement in Cadogan Gardens, London.

Bill Kaulback is survived by his wife Fenja, and by their daughter and three sons.

Ronald Kaulback

RONALD KAULBACK, who has died aged 86, was an adventurer in the uncharted regions of Tibet during the 1930s, and a formidable commander of tribesmen in Burma in the Second World War.

Ronald John Henry Kaulback was born on July 23 1909 at the Royal Military College, Ontario, where his father was staff adjutant. Young Ronald grew up near Richmond, Yorkshire.

He was educated at Rugby, where he distinguished himself at athletics, rugby and rifle-shooting, and Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he read the History Tripos, German and Russian. He played for the LX Club and the Harlequins. In the summer vacations he played the balalaika in London restaurants with Medvedev's Russian Orchestra.

A high-spirited young man, Kaulback was known for his pranks, the most notorious of which was the ducking of Hector Mappin in Granchester mill pond in 1928; the incident occupied the popular press for days.

Kaulback had intended to enter the diplomatic service but in 1933 was urged by Gen Sir Percy Sykes and Gen Sir Percy Cox, both Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society, to join Capt Kingdon-Ward's next expedition to Tibet.

Kingdon-Ward, a celebrated Himalayan explorer and botanist, agreed to take Kaulback on condition he provide a witness to his good character. Kaulback — somewhat rashly, in view of the Mappin incident — offered his senior tutor at Pembroke as a referee.

"Dear Captain Kingdon-Ward," wrote Jock Lawson in reply to the explorer's inquiry, "I have known Ronald Kaulback well through three tumultuous years at this college, and can confidently recommend him to you as an Explorer-Companion, or as a Buccaneer, or probably best of all as President of a South American Republic."

Kaulback, Kingdon-Ward and about 60 coolies set out in March from India. A month later they reached Tibet, and pushed on into unknown territory; a missionary following them with mail and money was ambushed on the road, and had his throat slit. During the next few weeks conditions worsened. The party had to camp on small ledges in fierce blizzards.

In July, Kaulback was forced by the Tibetan authorities to return alone, by another route. On his journey he discovered a hitherto unknown pass 14,000 ft high, a river and a town.

Kaulback was plagued by rainforest leeches — on one occasion he counted 600 on his person — and bitten by a Russell's viper (he bound his arm with a tourniquet, gradually releasing the poison). He lived on corn cobs and cucumbers.

Between them Kaulback and Kingdon-Ward covered 2,500 miles of country never

Kaulback (1986): nerve

before seen by Europeans. During the next six years Kaulback led his own expeditions into the mountain country on the Sino-Tibetan border. He tried in vain to find the source of the Salween river, and surveyed and mapped an area of 50,000 square miles.

Kaulback had been assigned by the Natural History Museum at South Kensington to collect lizards, snakes, insects, birds and flowers in Upper Burma. He sent back one new species of snake (which was named *trimesurus Kaulbacki*), five new lizards (one of them named *japalura Kaulbacki*) and three new frogs.

To remind the museum staff of his hardships Kaulback thrust a handful of bedbugs, preserved in formalin, into one package. He was subsequently upbraided by an enraged bedbug specialist: it turned out that the packet had contained a new variety of bug but the formalin had corroded its legs and made it unclassifiable.

Kaulback was also pestered by bloodsucking flying insects, and one night ordered one of his men to chase them away. He woke the next morning to find the man still rushing round with a butterfly net, his mind, as Kaulback put it, "a seething blank". A more effective way of dealing with the creatures, Kaulback found, was to put a pig in his bed as bait, and retire to the roof.

His travels in Tibet were facilitated by the award of a Royal Geographical Society Murchison Grant in 1937. They were made easier still when he was ennobled by the Governor of Zayul: this entitled him to wear the 4 in "noble amethyst earring" in his left ear, and to requisition porters and baggage animals for free.

Kaulback's books *Tibetan Trek* (1934) and *Salween* (1938) went into several editions.

On the outbreak of the Second World War, Kaulback returned immediately to England. He was commissioned into the Intelligence Corps, and after a period as an instructor at the Heavy Weapons Wings at Netheravon and in Canada asked to be given the chance of action. In 1943 he was sent to Force 136 in South-East Asia.

Lt-Col Kaulback led an intelligence party working behind Japanese lines in the Lashio area of Burma. When 14th Army began its offensive in 1944 his force turned to guerrilla warfare and sabotage; it staged a number of successful ambushes and destroyed several bridges.

In 1945 Kaulback was OC Tactical Wing, Force 136, north of Rangoon. He had under his command 13,000 Karen tribesmen, all keen to kill Japanese. With these he liquidated 13,500 Japanese soldiers, at negligible loss to his own force. To keep count he told his men to bring back the left ear of every Japanese killed; for each ear they were rewarded with five rounds of ammunition.

Kaulback was appointed OBE in 1946.

After VJ Day he moved with his family to Ardnagashel House, on Bantry Bay in County Cork, which he converted into a hotel; guests could engage in wildfowling and trout and salmon fishing. A genial host, Ron Kaulback was known for his splendid curries, and would treat friends to poteen.

When the house was destroyed by fire in 1968 Kaulback moved to Hoarwithy, Herefordshire.

He married first, in 1940 (dissolved 1984), Audrey Howard-Sneyd; they had two daughters and twin sons. He married secondly, in 1984, Mrs Joyce Woolley.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1995