MEMOIRS - July 27th, 1931

In writing this - I do so for my own amusement and not in any spirit of vanity that I could accomplish such a task as the writing of anything that could be called a "Book", or anything that would reach to what is called "Book Form". I admit, and I am proud of the fact that for years I have been an omnivorous reader of books. And in my opinion The Master of all the Authors I have ever read is The Immortal Charles Dickens. I have read his works over and over again and each time I have discovered some fresh trait or character which I have previously missed; The question I am asking myself now is - What is required to write "Memoirs"?

First of all - Ability. Secondly - Inspiration. Thirdly - Sticking all the time to facts.

I maintain that with these qualifications any individual can write Memoirs.

And under the date I am writing it is the prevailing fashion. Statesmen are writing. Generals are writing. German Officers are writing. As a matter of fact, to pick up the evening papers is to find that some sensational book or the other has been published, and generally at a price of 12/6d or some such prohibitive price that would prevent a working man if he so desired from obtaining the same. And yet there are many thousands of working men and women whose memoirs would be far more interesting to read and more especially if they spoke and confessed to the Truth.

I have been told and I must confess I believe there are different degrees of Truth. It would never do they say to tell the Truth. So, they concoct a blend of half lies and half-truth and call it the Truth for the sake of Society.

And all join in - in this great game of Belief. Royalty - Statesmen - Bishops and Priests - and Parents.

1878

In a top bedroom of a house in the Ratcliffe Highway, that part that directly faces Cannon Street Road, I was born in the early hours of the morning of the 11th December 1878. All sorts of things occurred in 1878. That is according to the School History Books. But that is all occurred to me.

"I was Born" of course like everybody else. I have to rely on other people for my very early history. And everybody seems to have confirmed that I was "A Crying Baby" and my Mother whom I picture in my dreams even now, for she died when I was quite a youngster, was a beautiful woman with lovely Red Curls. She was a tailoress, what was termed a CourtHand and she was in great demand amongst the Master Tailors of that period on account of her skill and her swiftness. As a result, she earned a considerable sum per week and I regret to state that was the discord between my Mother and Father.

She earned Big Money and my poor Father was a labourer working at Hearn’s Soap Works, from dawn to dark (ye Gods) 92 hours a week for 26/-.

My first impression of my father was being carried to see him at his work by a very young sister of my mother whom I eventually knew as Aunt Eliza. He came to the Soap Works Gate in white corduroy trousers, white smock and a brown paper cap and simply reeked of sweet scented soap. I had an idea or impression that this very young Aunt who was carrying me in her arms was the bearer of bad news. I do know that my Grandfather and Grandmother on my mother's side had a Boot Shop in Cannon Street Road and their name was McCarthy. That my mother was the eldest daughter, the remaining members were Uncle George, Uncle Bill, Uncle Dan, and Aunt Eliza (that was my nurse). And my impressions are that Uncle George who was a Singer and Dancer at the night haunts of that period was taken seriously 111. As a matter of fact I saw my father carry him pick-a-back from the Doctors. Because our visit to the soap works was a special request that Mike Casey should be sent for and be the last one to tend him and nurse him - and Mike Casey was my father. About this period I have an impression of being in the Boot Shop a lot being carried backwards and forwards from the Ratcliffe Highway.

And even to my memory comes now the clashes that occurred between my mother and father. Because although my mother did earn Big Money she had plenty of pals to help her spend it. The consequence was my father would come home at night and find no supper - no welcome at all - he was neglected. When he remonstrated he was told by my mother that she earned double his wages.

It was on some such night as this when there had been a row that my mother snatched me up in her arms and I recall it was raining heavily, the streets were dimly lit, and I saw a poor woman lying on the pavement murdered. Her poor skull was cleft in half by a chopper or something. I recall the Police with their “Bulls Eyes” (lanterns). And what with the row I had witnessed between my mother and father and the gruesome thing I had seen on the pavement I recall that I was very terror stricken and as a matter of fact I could not sleep for nights.

My next vague impression is of my Grandfather being robbed. The poor man had lost by death my Uncle George and my Uncle Ian. Both within a fortnight and he had to pay what was an innovation in those days - a gas bill. My poor Grandmother was another Easy Going Old Soul. She had no conception of business so long as the house-keeping came in regular she never did worry. everything was alright. It appears that on this particular evening both my Grandfather and Grandmother were out together. the shop and house were left unattended and burglars broke in and cleared every mortal thing then: was portable. My poor Grandfather was not insured against burglary. And to crown it all my Grandmother had embezzled the Gas Company's money.

So, my poor Grandfather was hit both ways. I recall that he went searching for the boots that were hurled from his shop. And being a "Wild Irishman" - he cue from Bandon near the City of Cork - he went searching this ways. He went down Petticoat Lune, Aldgate one Sunday morning. And there on a stall he observed the boots that he had made with his own two hands.

The boots he had expended hours of labour on. (I might mention they wore Wellington Boots in those days). A boot that camhal! way up the leg.

That they were all made by hand. no machine was used in any part of their manufacture and I maintain that was a work of art. And when as I state my poor old Grandfather saw these boots put up for Auction by a Gang of Dirty Crooks he went stark staring mad. And instead of going for the Police he gave one lenp end was in a moment in what is called "A Mix Up". He did not stand an earthly chance with the Crooks, who beat him cruelly.

And to his indignation and dismay he was taken to 13mm Street Police Station as the Principal Culprit. And the Crooks went free.

My next impressions are that my mother was ill and then that she was seriously ill. I recall the afternoon when I was a little boy. was called in to say "Good Bye" to my mother. The sun shining on her red curls. Her face as white as marble. Her request that I should be lifted up to kiss her. I was the most bewildered individual present. Then I was to be dressed up in black. I recall that I wore a wide brimmed black hat, a black knicker backer suit and also black gloves. I also recall that some very tall men came to our house in Deep Mourning with streamers of silk to their very tall hats. But I confess that I recall a certain amount of pride when the prancing black horses came to our door with their nodding plumes with the mutes at the hack of the carriages with their silver staves. All the neighbours rushing up to see my poor mother being carried down the stairs into the hearse. I observed that we had a "lot of relations that day". But my poor father was not dressed as grand as anyone then, that he seemed to be half and half - one part of him was Soap Works. The other part was Death or the insignia of Death. I recall that I felt a certain amount of importance when it came to my turn to get into the coach, because all the little boys I had played with in the streets whispered "there's Dan" and I stuck myself up as if it was a ceremony that they could not attend anyway. After the procession had proceeded at a very slow pace through two or three streets where people stood bareheaded at their doors and shopkeepers and houses all had their blinds down. the mutes who had seemed very downcast suddenly woke up. And not only woke up but jumped up. And to my great delight the horses woke up too. And away we went at a pace and everybody seemed to liven up.

I know I had been standing at the window of the coach when we started but because I had waved my hand to a little boy I knew one of my Aunts - I don’t recall which one it was‚ pulled me into a seat between herself and another Aunt and when I relate that ladies wore bustles in those days, that their skirts were like balloons, and all the accessories they carried, when as I say the horses started off merrily, I was nearly smothered between my Aunts.

I recall that they cheered up immensely when we had left our neighbourhood. And to hear their conversation with reference to my poor mother. One would inter that as far as they were concerned they were never going to die. But that they were immortal. At last we reached Leytonstone Cemetery and then everybody put on a Solemn Look Again. I saw my mother's coffin carried by four very tall men into the Chapel and placed on two trestles that stood there. And then I observed that other Funeral "Parties" had come up. And some more trestles were occupied. The Priest took our "Party" first. I recall walking between graves with little tomb stones at their head and coming eventually to a hole in the ground that was boarded on each side of the hole and then I noticed that some other coffin or coffins had been sent or placed down this very same hole.

And then I woke up. "Don't put put my mummy down that hole". I can: recall that, and I have since had it corroborated by my relatives and yet as the years have passed and my temperament being what it is, I am more than sure that I did utter those words - "Don't put my mummy down that hole".

At any rate we came back rather different to the way we went. For a start off I missed the hearse. Yes. I missed the four horses with their nodding plumes and their beautiful bleak velvet loin cloths. We got into carriages it is true, but we had not proceeded very far before we pulled up at a Public House that I believe was called the Thatched House. And I recall. with the exception of my lied and myself, everybody was smiling and drinking and there was not a word mentioned about the One we had left behind that had gone down a deep, very deep hole. And even when we got back home to Mrs. Kemp's who had got a special kind of tea ready, not a word was uttered except to thank the good woman who had prepared the meal.

And then it came that I was to live with my grandmother and my sister (the first I ever saw her in my recollection was on this occasion) was to go to a Convent. I looked at my little sister who all this time had been nursed by Polly Kemp (that was Mrs. Kemp's daughter a nice cheerful young woman) and then started a New Era in my history.

My poor old Grandfather and Grandmother had descended from a shopkeeper - a Business Man to a common or garden Jobber of Boots. His idea of an advertisement was to show a card on which was displayed a Ladies (up the leg) Button Boot with the additions that Ladies were half soled and heeled for 1/6d end that the Gentleman's ditto were 2/6d. The procedure was as follows: On a Monday my Grandfather would go to Petticoat Lane and sew up some old boots, then buy some leather and brads etc. at the leather Grinders and work on these boots all the week to sell on a Saturday night in Crisp Street, Poplar. I know that when the floor was swept up some of the dust was retained in a big pepper box and a composite candle was used with this dust to cover over the cracks in the boots, after they had been heeled, soled and polished up they then looked quite new and nart and would sell at 3/6d or L!/- a pair. And so, what with the repairing jobs that came to the door and working and selling second-hand boots, he was able to make a livelihood.

But the long hours he spent at his low cobbler’s bench caused him to be properly hunch-backed. I had come to visit us very frequently my first cousin Dan and we always got on well together. I used to look upon him as a good guide and as one who knew more than I did. His life was not such an easy one - because his father was Always out of work. And it was left to his mother to go to work to keep a roof over their heads. I recollect him taking me on my first visit to the City. We walked from Mile End to Westminster and I recollect some of the sights. The omnibuses with the cocky conductors hanging on behind with a strap. There were no stairs to get on the top of the bus but :1 series of steps so one had to clamber. I know that I was much impressed by all he showed me.

My sister having been taken to the Convent School at Hampstead through the kind offices of the Sisters at Bow, it was arranged that I should go to Bow Roman Catholic Schools which were in Devone Road. My father was to provide books and he paid 3d a week for my school money, this he paid when he went to W the money for my little sister Katie, who although away at Hampstead Convent her money was paid in to Bow Convent and forwarded on.

I have a reason for relating this as events will show. I had received all directions the way I was to take to get to school and one Monday morning I went and was presented to the Reverend Mother who was in charge of the School. It consisted of one big school room and Girls and Boys were together, that is to say the Girls had the back room and the Boys were in front. There were some very ragged boys in my class with no boots or stockings. And I know one or the other would crawl round the back of the class and pinch at one of the girls' legs. Then there would be an uproar end the Sister would descend on us with the cane and I generally got in the way of it but the one who had caused the mischief would dodge it. He used to go and stand in a circle round one of the Sisters when she was taking the class through some exercise or other, and that used to be the time for some skylarking. The Sister was a bit short-sighted but she always Lashed out at the boy who happened to be in a certain spot. The others knew this and more than once I was jockeyed into this warm spot. And slash would come the cane. She was not particular where she hit, on the face or anywhere. I know I seemed to be especially marked as one she did not like and one evening I was ordered to stop back in school after all the others had gone home. Now my Grandmother believed in home-made remedies and not in doctors so once a week I had to swallow a good dose of Brimstone and Treacle. It had been working me and this evening when I was compelled to stop in school I wanted to go to the lavatory. When I put my hand up above my head to ask to leave the room I was refused and the agony of mind I went through in holding myself in I can quite recall. At any rate I had done it in my trousers before I got home, and went crying to my Grandmother to tell her all about it. She cleaned me and gave me fresh things to put on and what she called the Sister when my father came home quite upset him for he was a very strict Catholic. At any rate I conceived the idea of playing truant from school next morning and although I started off as if I was going to school every morning with my parcel of food under my arm, I never went near it for months and months. I was a truant end never got discovered.

Where I used to travel in those days: I got in with some our men who were glad to take a bay with them and sometimes they would take me into the Coffee Shops with them and give me a big mug of strong hot tea. Then at

night time I had the run of the streets until father came home which was generally late. And I got in with some choice urchins. I expect I was as had. I was initiated and became a member of a gang - it was called the Maplin Street Gang. There was always a kind of "wet" with boys who belonged to other Street Gangs. Perhaps we would be playing in the street when the "alarm" would be given that the Edward Street Guns was "advancing" on us. Then we would rally all our boys and give "Battle". This consisted of throwing stones at each other or chasing them with broken broom handles. There generally used to be cut heads or broken windows until a Policemen arrived when we would all vanish.

We were a nice lot of boys. I think "Monkeys" the women used to call us end they had occasions for doing so. One of our tricks was to buy a bundle of firewood, tie a long piece of twine to it, tie it down on the pavement and then lie in wait for some women to come along and pick it up. Then just as she had it wrapped in her apron to give a tug on the string and yell like Wild Indiana. The curses we used to get: There was a General Shop kept by two old ladies which was generally occupied by women gossiping. On the counter were kept cheeses, red round Ditch cheese. On a pretence of going in to buy something one of the Gang would so in and stick 1 nail in one of the cheeses to which a long piece of twine was attached, end at a given signal one of us outside would pull. Bang would go the cheese on the floor and go by what would appear to be invisible hands out of the shop. Then we would yell and get chased and for a couple of hours a Policeman would stand sentry outside the shop. As soon as he was gone back we would come to create further mischief. Some were thieves in reality and I don't know how I escaped being locked up.

Then one night my father had a paper brought for him to the door by a boy who went to Bow School. This newspaper had an article that my father wanted to read and had borrowed. My Grandmother asked the boy why he never gave me the paper to bring from school and so save himself a journey. He replied by telling her that I had not been to school for three or four months. She called me indoors and said, "Have you been to school today?". I said "Yes, Grahams". She said, "You little liar, wait till your father comes home and you deserve all you are going to get". To my great surprise my father did not hit me. But gave instructions that my Grandfather was to take me to the school next morning and let them deal with me. To see the manner my Grandfather took me to school one would think I was being taken to the Lock Up.

He had a firm grip on my collar with his left hand and his blackthorn walking stick in his right hand. As a matter of fact, his manner caused people to ask, "What's he done Mister?". When he got me to the school he told the Reverend Mather all about me. She thanked him very sweetly and bade him Good Morning. When he had gone she turned to me with such a look on her face that I knew I would get no mercy from her. She lashed me all over until her arm got tired then shut me up in the cloakroom with the promise I was to have some more later on. After I had finished sobbing I discovered a skylight that by me climbing I could get through. This I did and was soon outside the school walls. When I showed my cuts and bruises to my Grandmother she gave it us her opinion that I had been brutally punished and that the Sister should be prosecuted.

And she had words with my father who did agree that I should not go back to that school. But I should go to the Guardian Angels in Mile End Road.

This was a school of a more respected type. We carried School Bags and wore deep round ironed collars and were quite respectable. The Schoolmaster was a German by the name of Mr. Knapp. I used to dread going to school because Mr. Knapp believed in knocking knowledge into you. To see him ask a boy a question and wait for the answer and if it was wrong he would place his pen in his mouth and actually jump at the boy and grab him by both ears and bang his heed against the wall. I was very often that boy.

And then he would tell us, in his calmer moments, that he hit us because he loved us. My father made it a practice of meeting this Schoolmaster after Benediction on Wednesdays and Fridays enquiring how I was getting on.

About this time my father got in the habit of always taking me with him wherever he went, and I know I used to feel quite ashamed as he would put me forward to recite some poetry I had learned at school. And he would have the actions with it. Also, I had an idea he was thinking of marrying again. I had grown rather tall and was getting on well at school when we were surprised to have a Private Hanson Cab dash up to the door and a Lady in fun and diamonds who was my father's sister got out. I know she was married to a rich Jew who was a Diamond Merchant in Hatton Garden, she took some interest in me and gave my father some money to get me some clothes. They were to be new but what he went and done was to take me to a Pawn Shop and buy a second-hand suit. He explained to me he was in debt and I know I was quite satisfied with the clothes I got.

Sometime after he asked me how I would like a New Mother, and I promptly told him Not At All. But one day I was sent to a house in St. Paul's Road, Bow and he arrived with his bride. They had been married that morning at the Guardian Angels. There was a Sailor chap there and he was this stepmother of mine's eldest son. I know as a result of this marriage my sister Katie came home from the Convent. And I left my Grandmother's place. Then came a bombshell for my father. He was of the impression she only had the one son who went to sea in a Fishing Smack. But unbeknown to him she had six other children away in the Poor Law Guardians Homes.

And as soon as they heard she was married they sent all these children home.

I shall not forget the day when these strange children came home. Or yet the look on my father's face when he came home from work. He had eight children to keep and only two belonged to him. He was only a labourer on a small wage and the result was semi starvation for me who always had full and plenty at my Grandmothers. To make a show that the children would make no difference to the economic position, she would cook special dishes for him. And warn all of us before he came home if we said we were hungry what she would do to us. Our dinner used to consist of rice and salt and the bread and butter was rationed. So, I was glad to know that I was also welcome at my Grandmothers who always had a meal for me.

But with my sister it was different, she had red hair and the others called her "carrots". I came across her once picking up pecked apples at the back of a stall and when I spoke roughly to her she told me she was hungry.

I plucked up courage to tell my father of this because I knew he idolised my sister Katie. And to give him his due, he stopped the fancy dishes she prepared for him and every evening when he came home he wanted to know who felt hungry or who wanted something to eat. Needless to add I did not give pleasure to my stepmother and then I discovered I was being watched and reported for going to see my Grandmother, as my father had forbidden me to go there for food. When I enquired who had been the spy on me one of them told me it was my sister Katie. And to my shame I believed them and struck her. And afterwards I found out it was a lie. For some reason my stepmother did not like Katie end all the menial tasks were imposed upon her. She had to fetch the water up. She had to empty the slaps and it was doing this that something occurred.

To go and fetch the water from the tap downstairs she had to pass through the Landlady's kitchen. This woman complained she had lost money off the mantel-piece and she accused my sister of taking it. As a result, her husband who was a big navvy said he wanted to see my father when he came home from work. I can see that picture now. My father went downstairs into this kitchen and there he was told the story of the theft of the money and who they accused of taking it. I know my stepmother and the landlady joined in with the general opinion that it was Katie who was the thief. My father did not seem a bit concerned. He said "how much was stolen". The woman replied "2 shilling and sixpence". My father put his hand in his pocket and taking that amount out said‚ here it is.

The men stood up and said "Ain’t you going to give her a bashing" (meaning Katie) end my father replied "No". "Then", said this big navvy "you are no man". My father said “I am man enough for you anyway" and in a second the fight was on. Oh what a fight. My stepmother and the landlady were holding my father's hands and he was getting the worst of it. So I dashed in and overbalanced the women on the floor. This evened matters and I saw that for a Rough and Tumble fight my father could hold his own. That night the man downstairs brought some of his pals in and my father went and brought my uncle Jem McCarthy who was no fool in the art of self-defence and I imagine those who were downstairs realised who he was for beyond giving us notice to quit no attempt was made at interference. My uncle took my sister away with him and kept her until such time as she went away again to Convent School.

He moved to Bow Road next to a Music Hall over a tobacconist's shop.

I had to leave school at 11 years of age and go to work. My first job was a lather boy at a Barber’s. I got 2/6d a week and my suppers, which usually consisted of a large mug of cocoa and fried fish and bread.

I used to get tips from the customers. But it did not suit at home as it was not sufficient money. I next blossomed out as A paper boy working on a commission as wages. This sharpened me up a bit and I enjoyed jumping on and off the trams and buses. Because that was a privilege in those days for newsboys were allowed to sell their papers to passengers on public vehicles.

My father did not know I was doing this and one Sunday he pounced on me and made me take the papers back to the shop. I then learned I was to go into Service. And as a first step in this direction I was taken on this Sunday morning to Bow Convent to interview a Sister Ann Catherine. This was a very aged Sister who walked very lame she having met with an accident at some time or the other and left her cripple.

She used to drag one of her legs along as she walked, and it was painful to see the effort it caused her. I knew her as the Sister who had given me lessons in Latin to learn how to Mass. Because I had been on the Altar as an Alter Boy and could give the responses at Mass she spoke very kindly to me. And told my father that a good Catholic lady desired a boy in her house to make himself generally useful. That I was to interview her in the company of my father the next day. So, the following day I took with me a very small paper parcel containing a clean shirt as that was all the wardrobe I possessed. And we both travelled to Homsey Lane, my father impressing on me all the way that I was to do everything possible to please this lady. There had been no heart burnings at home when I left that morning, I think they were pleased to see me go. My sister had been sent back to the Convent and here was I at 12 years of age being drafted into Service. I had no time to bid goodbye to my only loved one, my dear Grandmother, I had been forbidden to go there. And listening to my father the thoughts that came to me were not very cheerful, as I felt as if I was an unwanted child.

The house I was to go to stood in Hornsey Lane and had a crossed bar gate and a carriage drive. The front of the house faced on to a big lawn and there was a big long garden with fruit trees and flowers. And right at the bottom was a stable in which was stabled a pony and an open invalid carriage that I was soon to be made acquainted with. There was a tradesmen’s entrance at the side of the house and that is where we went and rang the bell. The door was opened by a servant girl of about 20 years of age who conducted us both to the lady, a Mrs. Shepherd. She was a tall lady with very sharp eyes and a prominent nose with her hair built up on the top of her head in the fashion of the period. The terms she came to with my father I never understood because I was not consulted at all except when she mentioned that I was very thin, which I suppose was due to the fattening qualities of rice and salt, one of the items we had at home.

At any rate I was left there, my father bade me good bye and I was left behind like some chattel.

I soon found out I was not to be idle. My duties would have filled a back. From half past six in the morning when I had to come downstairs very quietly (not to disturb the family) to light the kitchen fire; clean up the hearth; clean all the boots; go down to the table; water, feed and clean the pony.

And here my early acquaintance with car men came in handy as I did have some idea how to groom a horse.

I had this servant girl supervising me and she saw that I had plenty to do. "The Issue" was a tartar and was always finding me jobs to do.

The only consolation I got was I had good food, but to one like myself who had had the run of the streets, I felt like a prisoner must feel caged in. I recollect one morning going out with a pail to scrub the outside step at the main gate. She had made me a kind of white trousers to slip on when I was doing the housework. A policeman came up and stood watching me work. All of a sudden, he said "Christ boy, you have got your Missus’ drawers on". I felt so ashamed to think that these overalls she had made could make me look so ridiculous‚ and was determined to leave.

So, I summoned up courage to give her notice one morning. She fair laughed in my face and told me I still owed for the outfit I had. I did not know what to do but eventually wrote a long letter to my Aunt Eliza who was married and lived in Lambeth. I told her all my troubles and back one the answer that she should find me a shelter with her.

I made some artful preparations for running away. First, I got an oil can and oiled the bolts on the side door and early next morning with my small belongings tied up in a red handkerchief and a bit of a stick I had cut from a tree in the garden. I crept down the stairs carrying my boots in my hand. I know I was very nervous as I slid back the bolt. I put my boots on and hurried off leaving the door open as I was afraid to slam it on account of the noise it would make. There were not many people about excepting those going to their early work. I recollect reading the inscription on the Dick Whittington stone in Archway Road and wondering if ever he had been sent out to Service. I tramped along mile after mile till I reached my Aunt’s place at Lambeth.

After being made welcome and given something to eat she was nervous as to what her husband would say, so she called in the aid of her landlady, a big plump woman whose name was Mrs. Palmer. She persuaded my Aunt to keep me and not send me home and it was she who simply compelled my Uncle Bob who did not want me to alter his mind and agree that I should live with them.

0n the following Monday I got a job as a Foundry Boy in a Brass Foundry at 5/ a week. This place was in Bermondsey, a good distance from Lambath and I had to walk to and from my job. My Uncle worked in Old Street and he used to walk backward and forward to work. He had a maxim he would insist I should learn, it was walking very quick and to always cut off corners and to overtake anyone who was walking in front. I used to practice this and used to adopt the habits of professional walking not without elbows into my side.

I was a long period with my Aunt and I know I used to get sixpence a week pocket money, which as soon as I received I was off to the Canterbury Music Hall where the price in the gallery was ltd. In this manner I saw all the principal artistes of the day. There were Dan Leno, Herbert Campbell, Little Tich, Charles Godfrey and a host of others.

The show would start at 7 pm. and finished at 11.30 pm. and I arrived home at 12.16 pm. They told me I was too young to be going to such places, but they never stopped my weekly enjoyment. I had no companions and I used to run for all my Aunt's errands and make myself useful.

All this time my father never troubled after me and I was forgetting all about him until one night when I came home from my job Mrs. Palmer called me into her parlour and said she had some very bad news for me. She said, "your sister is very ill". Then she paused and looking into her face I saw she was keeping something from me. At last she said, "Your sister Katie is dead". I felt as if the room had gone dark. I do not know what I did. I only know I had some idea of running all the way to Bow. She pressed some money in my hand for me to ride home with. And I went back home expecting to see her body there. Then I was told she had been killed by a fall at the Convent in Tonbridge Wells, and we were going to the funeral next day.

On the next morning my father, stepmother and myself travelled from London Bridge to the Convent. I know I felt awkward because I had not spoken to my stepmother for a long period and I kept silent.

I was taken to see my sister in her coffin and was told that she was killed by a fall through sliding down the bannisters, that she had overbalanced and had fallen a distance of #0 feet to the stone pavement below. She had fell on top of her head. She looked so pitiful in her coffin, her poor head was three times its normal size.

There was a rather athletic looking Priest there and I suppose prompted by my father he took me aside and questioned me. I recollect he knew that I had been living with people who never went to Church. And that I had never been to Mass, Confession or Communion for a very long period. He asked me of the differences I had with my stepmother and pointed out to me that I was the only child my father had now, and it was my "duty" to stay with him. Then he took me to the coffin and over my sister's body he made me promise that I would go back and live with him. My sister was to be buried in the Convent grounds. And in the whole of my life I have never seen a more touching or beautiful funeral. There is nothing to compare in this world the Rites of the Roman Catholic Faith. And when after the service in the Convent Chapel the girl pupils all dressed in white with veils formed into a procession, four of the tallest girls put handkerchiefs through the handles of the coffin. The Sisters and the Priest following in the rear, I was simply overcome and blinded with tears.

When we returned home I found I would have to lose my job in Bermondsey owing to the distance and for a time was out of work. Then I had a go at various jobs. Baker’s rounds man, a wholesale Chemists (where my cousin Dan worked) as an errand lad and so the time passed until I was 17 years of age. When being out of work again, our Landlord who kept the tobacconist’s shop over which we lived in the Bow Road, a Mr. Cummings. asked me if I would like a Job at the Music Hall next door, of course I was quite eager to accept. It appeared that they wanted two attendants for the pay-box. "Go and make yourself smart" said Mr. Cummings.

So, I went upstairs and put on a dicky collar, which was a collar and a false shirt front combined and cleaned my old boots. And yet I felt I looked shabby. However, I got the job to take over the stall spay-box.

I went upstairs to the Office of the Music Hall and was issued out with 35.0.0. change in a canvas bag, a box containing a roll of numbered tickets and a memorandum form on which the returns of tickets gold was to be entered.

The mode of procedure was this. 1st, count and check the 3.0.0. change.

2nd, write on the form the number of the ticket that would be sold.

3rd. when the Hall closed to subtract the number of the ticket I had started with from the number next to go in the box. And thus, arrive at how many tickets I had sold, then write on the form how much was silver and how much bronze and total the amount up. Although I was a bit nervous and had never done anything like it before I was only a shilling out in my takings the first night. It then transpired that the man they had engaged for the Gallery pay box was better dressed and more suitable for the Stalls pay box being a man about 95 years of age, and I was told to change over to the Gallery pay box, the result as I will show was to make me a Crook. I recollect it was a Saturday evening when I first took over the Gallery pay box and crowds were paying for admission. When it got a bit quiet the check taker came downstairs and asked me was I a pal of Bishop?

On my replying in the affirmative he said, "well you know the game".

And to my astonishment he hurriedly slipped me a parcel of tickets that I had previously sold and ran up the stairs. To try and explain how I felt would be impossible. And then the temptation got hold of me and I fell for it. The business was to meet the check taker in the lavatory after the show and give him half the proceeds and keep the other half for myself.

Then the Management put it to me that I should become a Bill Inspector and Money taker combined for 2‚4/ a week. This Inspectors job consisted in going along with a Bill Poster and keeping a record of streets and shops that were exhibiting the Empire Bills. Also, I had the "giving away" of "Complimentary Tickets" to those shops displaying the Bill Frames.

I generally got a tip for these tickets. Then I took to having a flutter on horses and dressing in the fashion of the "Boys" of the day. I was simply rolling in money. I gave my stepmother every penny of my 24/ wages and now wonder that it did not arouse suspicion that I must be doing something not straight. About this time, I was introduced to the "Sisters Brooke" singers and dancers. Their proper name was Bullock whose father was a retired Prison Harder. I fell in love (calf love) with one of them, Cissy Brooks. She had long golden curls and pencilled eyebrows and all the artifices of the stage. And I spent my money freely in her company and the professional crowd she knew curling home at 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning. Everybody used to tell me she was old enough to be my mother. But if love is blind, then I was blind. Then one night I got a shock. The door of the pay box was burst open and in rushed the Manager and the Lessee of the Theatre. "How many tickets have you sold" they asked me. I gave them the number I had sold legitimately. And even while they were questioning me I had two tickets palmed in my left hand and just then a voice said "2 for the Gallery" and I got rid of them right under their noses, so to speak. I still wonder how I retained my nerve and kept as cool as I did. My brain was going at lightning speed.

"Send for the Police" said the Lessee "I am being robbed for there is over 100 people in that Gallery not paid for". In a short time two‚ Detectives arrived on the scene. I knew one of them by sight as a Sergeant but did not imagine he knew me until he said "Hello. young Casey, what have you been up to?". As cool as a cucumber I told him that I did not know what all the bother was about. They next decided to all go upstairs and Interview the check taker. And then I got busy. I knew how much money should be abstracted to pay for the tickets that had been sold twice and simply retaining some copper and 2 sixpences in my pockets, I made a packet of the rest and calling a Programme boy who was passing I asked him to mind it for me explaining that I had backed a horse celled Little Red Rat and it had won at 16-1, and there was a bit of trouble over the tickets etc. I know the boy believed it was Gospel Truth. And with the money out of the way I prepared to declare my innocence. Back they came with the check-box which they unlocked and proceeded to empty all the tickets on the floor. They then put them in their numerical order to see if forged tickets had been used. And I could see that they were puzzled so I jumped up and volunteered to be searched. One of the "tens" eyed me keenly for a moment then he said “right I will". So, I put my hands above my head and he searched me thoroughly with no results excepting the small amount I had retained. The police then put me through an examination which I have since heard called "The Third Degree". And knowing as I did that they had not a particle of Evidence I kept Cool, Calm and Collected. Then they started conjecturing how people could get into the Gallery without paying. And I played them a Big Bluff.

I said "through the emergency doors". These were doors fitted with a patent belt that would open as soon as they were pushed from the inside and to he used in case of fire. And I knew that one or these bolts was faulty because the Theatre Fireman over a glass of beer had told me about it. So, trusting to luck and that what he had told me was true, out we all went for me to show them how this door could be opened from the outside.

And I won. I observed between the door and the doorstep a sufficient gap that one could get his fingers under. And laying flat on my stomach I got my hand under the door, gave it a rattle and a tug and open it came.

I think I felt as proud of this demonstration as if I was the most innovative chap alive and was exposing something that would prevent them from being cheated. At all events I carried on with my job and when the Hall closed I was called upstairs into the Office and told by the Manager that the check taker had been discharged, and although he was supposed to discharge me too, he was convinced I had nothing to do with it and I was to carry on with my job.

And now I must relate came the worst part or the matter, because if I had succeeded in "throwing dust" in the eyes of the manager I did not succeed so far as the Police were concerned. Then two detectives may have been baffled but they were a long way from being beaten. Everywhere I went it soon dawned on me that I was "under observation". My stepmother liked a drop of gin, and when she told me how some nice gentleman had enquired how much I gave her a week and she had told him that I was a good chap and gave her 24/- a week. I took alarm because 20/- was my wages.

And I knew I had been watched to see how much I spent.

There was a fellow by the name or Jack Tracy in charge of the bar in the Balcony of the Hall and I knew he made a hit by watering the whisky.

One Sunday evening there was quite a party of us in a saloon her of a pub in the Bow Road. It included some ladies on the staff at the Hall.

Jack and his wife, my girl (Cissy Brooks the dancer) and myself. I know that I had been standing drinks all round and that I was slightly intoxicated, when in walked the Manager end his wife. I sprang up to ask them what they were going to have, at the same time I pulled out a sovereign to pay. Before they or anyone could see the sovereign, I held in my hand, Jack Tracy caught hold of me so quickly that no-one noticed it.

"Sit down", he fairly hissed in my ear, "I’ll pay". And when he had paid for the drinks and we had all wished each other Good Health, Jack nudged me and whispered, "pull yourself together Dan. Look who is over there".

And looking up I looked straight into the eyes of the detective sergeant who had cross-examined me in the pay box. Needless to add it sobered me as quick as lightning. And then we all drank up and came out. I did not feel in the humour for any lovemaking that night. I was thinking, thinking all the time. Cissy wanted to know what was the matter with me and I know she received very short answers. Because I could see the Red Light, yes, I could see danger.

So, on the following morning (Monday) I interviewed the Manager and told him I wanted to give him a week's notice to leave. I gave as my reason that I was thinking of going behind the bar as a Barman and Cellarman.

He was sorry he said to lose me, but he would give me a Good Character.

And as if my wish was to be fulfilled there was a vacancy for a Barman at a public house near Bow Bridge which I applied for and obtained.

The Manager of the Music Hall gave me a splendid reference I know because I read it. So on the following week there was I behind the bar in a White Starched Shirt and Collar and an apron the size of a handkerchief.

The Governor of the pub asked me my Christian name and when I told him Dan, he said that he did not care for that name but that he would call me Henry. He spent some time explaining the manners, the prices and the manner to give change from the till. And for the first two hours "Henry" was a model smart Barman. But, about 12 noon in came a crowd of fellows who knew me at the Hall. "Gawd Blimy” they said "Look who's here. Dan Casey. Hows it Dan. A pot of ale quick", and of course I served them with Bitter and Burton. Soon after there was a tap on the Bar Parlour window behind me and the Governor called me in.

“Henry”, he said "our old Barman has asked to stop on. If I give you a quid will you take it in lieu of notice". And as I could see with half an eye what was the matter and more so when who should I see sitting in the Parlour but my very esteemed friend the 'Tec', I accepted.

That night I was standing outside the Hall when the Manager came along.

"Hello Dan" he said "I thought you started at the Bombay Crab". "So I did" said I, "and got discharged in two hours". I told him about the old Barman being supposed to stay on. And the Manager was furious. "I gave you an excellent character reference", he said, "and I want you to sue him for damages". And he meant it too. But what I never mentioned was seeing the detective sitting in the Parlour. I had made up my mind as to the best way out of it.

My attain at home were never comfortable. I had several fights with one of my stepbrothers and on each occasion had given him a severe bashing an that my stepmother turned on me. And so I determined to enlist for a Soldier. Off I went to Tower Hill and was soon approached by a Recruiting Sergeant in his gay ribbons who asked me if I wanted to join the Army. Now although I was fairly tall I was what is termed "Weedy".

At any rate, the Recruiting Sergeant took me to his office in Royal Mint Street, where he weighed me. tested my eyesight with the dots on the well, first one eye and then the other then he said "Yes, I think you will do alright although you are a bit short in the weight. Come on we will go up to St. George's Barracks and see what they say". So off we went. On the way he asked me if I would have something to drink and on saying yes, we went in a pub on the way and he bought some beer.

When I got in front of the doctor who put me through all the tests required for a candidate to Queen Victoria’s Amy, he declared I was 2 lbs. short in the weight. So the Sargent told me to go and buy a pound of new bread and drink as much water as could be safely swallowed. I done what he told me and passed the Doctor on the understanding that I should d training in the Militia before I could be accepted for the Regular Army.

So the next stage found me being marched off with a batch of others to Charing Cross Station, each of whom were destined to different depots of the Regiments they had enlisted in, and I know I felt envious of them because of the provision that I should go in the Militia first.

Now in 1896, the time I am quoting, the Militia was a notorious place for all the roughest elements of merit comprised. Tramps. Gaol Birds and people in and out of Casual Wards. In fact not many of them had any intentions of joining the Regular Amy. They went solely to get the 30/ bounty and the pair of Army Boots given to each man after his seven weeks' training. During the training one received the Army Rations and Army pay which latter was paid daily and was one shilling. I was sent to the 5th Batt. Rifle Brigade. And when I entered the Barracks at Woolwich and was presented to the Regimental S.M., I was taken first to have my hair cut short by the Battalion Barber who expected a tip and got it. Next, I had to be issued with my kit. This consisted of boots, Socks 2 pairs, Shirts 2, Drawers 2, Razor, brush, towel, hair brush and comb, a dark green Uniform and Glengarry Scotch Cap with 2 black ribbons behind, Rifle, Bayonet and Straps and Pouches, Valise and Belt. And I was instructed in the problem as to the manner these were all to be assembled and carried. I next found myself in a long barrack room with bed-cots along each side. I suppose the room held over 30 of these cots. And then I looked round to see what sort of people I should have as room-mates and it appeared to me as if I had never seen such a villainous lot of faces in my life.

I was not altogether ignorant myself as to swear words. But as I listened to those I had to sleep with I felt sick. Where I lay was next to the door, and as night drew near the appointed room orderly fetched a urine tub that was to serve as 5 bed chamber for all the men in the room and he dumped it down close to my bed. Now I had managed to save, which I had in my trousers pocket, and having no desire to go out in the town I was in bed when this crowd came in drunk. I recollect they started fighting until the Guard came up and ordered the lights out.

And then I had a night of slams. It must be remembered it was my first experience of a barrack-room, so when I saw first one and then the other approaching my bed dressed only in their drawers and sucks, I felt sure they had come to rob me of my four shillings and was quite surprised and disgusted to find they only came to use the urine tub bunged down near my bed. The next day we were taught various exercises and so on, day by day I had so much to do with the Drill and the marching, that I began to feel fit and strong and got used to my surroundings. I found out soon however case hardened or tough these individuals might me, they could soon be tamed there.

A: a matter of fact one drill sergeant was called "The Lion Tamer" And he was too, for no matter what record a man might have for being a Bruiser or A Tough, he was the one to do the trick and ccwed him down. He would rou- "We tame lions here" and then give a word of comnd that made every mu: spring as quick e. clockwork.

One day an I wan coming off the Parade Ground. I saw a smart cavalrym one at the 1st Royll Dragoons and I made up my mind to enlist in the Dragoons. So I approached "The Lion Tuner" who had a breast of mednle end we: a typical solider and explained the position to him, that I had been sent to the Militia as a preliminary to Joining the Regulars. I must say he properly surprised me the interest he displayed in me. He did not seem At all like the "Lion Tamer" who had duet been roaring at us on the Drill Ground. instead he glve me some advice and saw that my application to see the Doctor was given effect to. And to my delight I passed and w-s enlisted in the 1st King's Dragoon Gunrde. But before being sent to my regiment I wes to have a week's grace and was paid out my bounty of 30/-. With this money I came home to Bow and told my father I was now a soldier And was noon going away. That night I went to 5m] goodbye to my girl (Cissy Brooke) and after enquiring I11 over the place I discovered her drinking with I fresh chap in the bar It the Roynl Theatre, Stretford.

I culled for a drink for myself And unobserved by he:- I watched her and listened to her conversation and I heard enough to know she had me for a mug. I was red hot with jenlousy end rage And felt like doing a murder.

1 know I later wu very thankful that I wu eober as I feel sure had I been Intoxicated I would have done her an injury.

Just then someone drew her attention that I wee in the bar. And she came over to me, when she saw my face she guessed something wee wrong and tried all her alluring tricks to placate me. And when I showed her my pepere to show I had joined the Amy she started sobbing and all her pal: came round.

and being the Stage Artiste she was, she told them I had joined the Amy through her and as it did not suit my purpose to deny it to her surprise and also mine these girls, some of whom I knew, they rounded on her and told her she ought to be ashamed of herself. I learned thnt night from her pals that Cissy'a age was 36 end I was not 18 years old. and that she had been intimate with 1 Stage Carpenter I knew and who was a married man.-21And all my affection for her vanished and I called myself men for being such a fool. I recalled then that I had been warned by people who knew me and her that she was old enough to be my mother end that she was not "particula" n to whom she gave her favours to.

The time being neer for me to depart and not having any desire to linger At home, I went up to St. George's Barracks es th-t w-s where I was to be sent from and also where I drew my ration Ioney and pay daily. I had to sleep there one night and depart the next morning end my companions were not of the cleanest, and no more were the blankets. I have since gleaned th-t prisoners committed for trial - persons applying for admittance to the Vorkhouse - persons admitted ta Poor Law Infimaries - all had more facilities to keep themselves clean that what I a youth had in joining the Amy of Her Host Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

I have stated in the Preface of this Narrative that the truth is hurtful.

That the truth is something that is forbidden. And I specially mentioned that there were three qualifications in writing Memoirs. I was wrong There are four. And the fourth is being totally indifferent as to

what may happen as a result of speaking the truth. As I proceed with this narrative I shall undoubtedly offend certain people's sublimity I shall certainly induce that feeling of repugnance when things very unpleasant are told. But I wonder what any respectable, reputable fellow would have felt like if he discovered he was 'Cooty' like I did ‚ Yes, He.

The one who had always taken a scrupulous care as to the neatnesa at his attire. The one who was always careful as to the cleanliness of the body.

And although he had forgotten the cleanliness of his Soul. discovered he was dirty ...

1896

On a very chilly October morning I was aroused by a Bugle sounding within the precincts of St. George's Barracks near Trafalgar Square. London.

The previous evening I, in conjunction with others, had made arrangements that as we were to depart for our various regiments at their vnrious depots on the following day, we might just as well spend our time an\_d our money in the vicinity - 'in other words' sleep there. I know we were 1 motley crowd. I know we visited pubs. And I know we took fish and potatoes back with us for our supper. The adage 'that you have to live with a person to know them' should be changed to 'that you have to 51‚Äî091 with persons to know them', because in the first place our environments were not clean our blankets were not clean. And when having some drink in us and it being a chilly night. we all decided to pool the blankets and make one bed of it.

The bench on which our bed was made on was simply infested with bugs. And when in addition to this I had a fellow next to me who had been a trump and whose very being overpowered me with the smell that emanated from it, one can imagine how I felt and what sort of a restless night I spent. I had not the manhood or the courage to refuse this enterprise of all sleeping together and the result was I was 'Cooty'. I know I was horror struck and sshsmod. And I venture to submit that any yoga fellow brought 1:2 reametahle as I was who writes this narrative would feel ashamed too.

The bugle had sounded the Rsveills and as I had previously answered this call in the Militia I knew what it meant. It meant Wake Up. And I had not slept a 'blesssd' wink all the night and was only too 'jolly' glad to get up.

After I had cleaned myself under the tap and made myself as self resectiga as it was possible to do under the circumstances, I went to the Barracks canteen which was an excellent establishment, and in which they served excellent food at reasonable prices. I know I ordered and paid for a very substantial breakfast sud when I saw what they charged me I was quite astonished. And said to myself if this is the manner Soldiers live then I am not going to be starved. Soon After that my turn came to draw the pay that was due to me including a Ration Allowance. And I know I felt quite ‚Äòrich' because I had a few shillings in my pocket, obtained honestly.

Yet a short time previously I was rolling in money - obtained dishonastly and I know I felt lighter in my conscience.

I went off with a smart sargeant of the Foot Guards to Liverpool Street Station. and having handed me my Railway warrant and my Attestation-23Documents, he bade me Goodbye. And the train was on its way to Colchester.

That is where the 1st King's Dragoon Guards were stationed. The train having started off and me having the whole carriage to myself. I gave myself up to a review of my past. And I conjectured what was in store for me in the future. ‚Äòolhen the train steamed into Colchester Railway Station and I got cut on the platform I was quite surprised to see awaiting me a very smart Corporal of Dragoons. He was about 22 years of age and quite 6 foot tall.

His dress consisted of a smart forage cap (with a deep yellow band round it) and s chin strap. He wore this esp at s rskish tilt so that it seemed to be glued to the side of his hesd, because the chin strap was so thin as to be practically invisible. He wore a smart shell scarlet jacket with blue velvet flcings on collar and cuffs and gold embroidered piping and shoulder knots. Overalls with A broad yellow stripe down the 1:3. Hellingtoon Boots 8: Spurs md a broad white pouch belt slung across his left shoulder. I had never seen such a. glittering smart soldier before. And what was impressed very deep, yes very deeply on me, was that this smart Dragoon Corporal had been waiting for 'me'. I handed over to him my Railway Warrant and the documents relating to lay Enlistment and we passed along the platform and through the barriers of the Railway Station into the streets of Colchester.

I who had come Iron: London can recall how strange and quaint those narrow cobbled streets appeared to me. But what my eyes, yes and my whole being, was concentrated upon was the smart Corporal I hsd at my side. And I wondered was it at all possible thnt I could ever be as smart as he.

The jingling of his spurs as we marched together through the streets with me striving to show him I had learned to march in the Militia. But possibly my Guardian Angel kept my tongue quiet because I never mentioned such a thing 'as previous experience at sll'. And I undoubtedly saved myself certain unpleasantness. What I did eventually ask him. and very tinidly too. was whether he would have a drink with me. He hesitated and explained that we was On Duty. But he came and had just one glass of beer with me.

I asked him vsrious questions relative to the regiment and barracks I was going to. And his reply 'was philosophy itself‚Äò. He snid "mind. your p's and q's, and keep your tongue between your tooth and you will travel a long . long way" .

He proceeded on our way until we came to the Barracks up s side road, I believe the name was Butt Roud. At any tats it looked rustic and quiet enough. The first person I observed was the Sentry on guard at the Main Gate. He wns dressed in a glittering brass helmet with s red flowing-21..

plume attached, I eurlet tunic with blue velvet facings, pouch belt, a slung sabre hitchod up close to his left side by his sword-belt. White Guutlet gloves. And he carried a Carbine in the crook of his right am.

He was marching up And down on Sentry-Go' as we passed through the gate.

But my Corpor-l did not as much as look at him as we passed. I was expecting some kind of recognition even if it was only 'Good Afternoon'.

But this Sentry did not exist so far as my Corporal was concerned.

What he did do was to take me right across a big square with big white‚Äî washed stones as a border. A Square I was to subsequently learn was the Panda Ground. To a house under the Square Clock. Before ringing the bell he looked up and brushed every speck of dust he could find of! his person and asked me if I could see any. This gave me the impression that the person we were both going to see must be some very important personage connected with the 1st King's Dragoon Guards.

When the bell hsd been runs and answered by I servant girl there appeared a very pompous person about 40 years of age. He was dressed in a gold laced forage cap and the Regimental Frock Coat. Gold Lace Striped Overulls, Boots and Spurs. and a gold mounted walking stick. He was very upright end streight. and very stern. And was no less - and no more - than Mr. Barry, tha Regimental Sargent Major of the 1st King's Dragoon Guards.

He had eyes that seemed to bore right into you and a commanding voice like a rasp. He told my Corporal that he was first, to take me to the Reserve Squadron and report my name and particulars to the Orderly Sergeant. second, take me to the canteen and see that I received a sufficient quantity of brand beef. butter and a modicum of pickles. His further orders were that this Corporal was not to leave me until I had received my bedding and was posted to a room, when all things being equal he could consider he had done enough.

I must say all this was given effect to for when I appeared before the Orderly Sergeant whose name I found was Atkinson, I saw before me a tall broed-shuuldered man that had N.C.o. all over him. He said to me

"what's your name cock‚Äú in a typical London style. I gave him my surname and my Christian name, all of which he entered in a book. He then asked me what religion I was and when I explained he said "R.C.".

I was then conducted up some steps on to a balcony over the Squadron stables and on the left hand side as I went along I observed doors with numbers on them. These wsre the Barrack Roome. The one I was conducted to was a long oblong whitecwashed room with about 28 bed-cots in it. There was a long iron shelf ranged on both sides of the wall and on this shelf and directly behind each soldier's bed-cot was the kit belonging to that particular man. And each\_ 25 \_.

kit as it was folded and built up was flanked on each side by s pair of highly polished boots and spurs. 0n the right side was the Jack Boots and Spurs and on the left side was the Wellington Boots and Spurs. Behind each man's cot hanging on s peg was s rolled cloak with s highly polished mess-tin attached by a strap, and also belts that won pipe-clayed and the brssses highly polished. The ssbres in high bumish was also hanging on this peg and in A clip behind the cot was the man's Carbine. When I entered the room this afternoon the cots were yulled out and the men were laying down.

They asked me what part I came from, one wanted to know if I came {ram the "Smoke" (meaning Iondon), when I replied "yes" one young fellow explained to me that he came from Islington. He was s chap About my own age with fair hair and complexion and he told me that he had joined some three months previously. He introduced himself to me as Dan Marley and I took a fancy to him right away.

Just then the trumpeter sounded the call for stables and every mu siazed e canvas bag containing his stable kit and ran down the steps for evening stables parade. I was called upon to go and draw some of my kit from the quartet-msetsr's stores. I went and was there interned thst my regimental number was to be 4101. The man at the stores issued me with the following kit as an instslment: Field service cap and badge, red frock serge with blue cloth facings on cuffs and collar also brass numerals I.D.G., blue serge trousers, which they tamed slacks. a full set of underclothing comprising 3 thick grey shirts, 2 pairs drawers. 3 pairs thick grey socks, 2 towels, razor. lather brush. tooth brush. hair brush and comb, and a pair of ankle boots. Also a cavalry cloak noss-tin and strep. 3 biscuit mattresses. 3 blankets, 2 sheets, pillow cases.

When this bundle was Actually flung at me, my next stnge was to have A bath And with n bar of soap I gave myself A good scouring although the water was cold, the bathroom was draughty and it was October. I dressed myself and felt ashamed and very much upset when the soldier told to supervise :11 these arrangements gathered all my discarded civilian garments togehter and set fire to them with I can of paraffin and a match. I went beck to the barka room and my new-{ound chum instructed me in the art of polishing my buttons. the asking down of my bed and how I was to wear the uniform. The room-orderly then came in with two poliehed pails of steaming hot tee md we n11 est down on scrubbed white forms at long tables placed on treaties. And I waded into the sea]. I had obtained previously. The tea which was excellent and strong was served in white full sized besins and each man received an equal share. I took stock of my rather noisy companions in this room having tea.

And I observed there was I full corporal present who was responsible for the-26behaviour and cleanliness of the 28 inmates.

After ten, the room orderly went to the cook-house and returned with hot water, when the utensils were washed and the tables and forms secured and everything was epic and span again. Fach man then started to clean all his accoutriments and kit in readiness for the next day, the Corporal keeping a watchful eye to see that this task was comyleted satisfactorily before any man went out.

I then noticed that some of the fellows were getting ready to go out in the town and very smart they looked in their uniform. But I was informed it would be three months before I should ever be allowed outside the barracks, as I should have to have my name taken off the Gate first. This meant I was to be thoroughly drilled and should know how to walk and hold my head up in the military fashion .

My new chum Dan Morley who had finished cleaning and polishing asked me if I had any money. As I had about 6/‚Äî he offered to show me the Canteen.

So we both went along the balcony and down the steps to the Regimental Canteen which was nearby. This had a frontage similar to a grocer'a shop.

It was a grocer's, tobacconist‚Äòs and Public House all combined. On entering the door I observed on the right hand side a room that was inscribed "Corporale' Hess" and was informed by my chum that it was for the use of all the Corporals of the Regiment. As owing to the necessity of 'discipline'

Corporals were not allowed to mix and drink with the Privates. He explained that there was an Officers' Mesa and showed me it and spoke of the Swell Officers by name, there being the right honourable this and Captain that, Major Something Else and imbued me with the Aristocretic qualities of the Officers of the 1st King's Dragoon Guards. He told me in what direction the Sergeants'

Mess lay. And having approached the bar of the canteen. at his suggestion I bought half a gallon of good beer for 6d. some cigarettes and tobacco.

And he led the way to the back where there was a long large sized hall with tables and {011115 on each side, at which was seated a large number of Dragoons in red {rock eerses and blue trousers. in the same sort of dress I had just put on. The room we: full of tobacco smoke and on the tables were i gallon beer cans similar to what I had just ordered. Taking a seat with my chum I was introduced to some other chaps or about my own age sitting drinking at the table. And then I noticed at the far end of the hall a raised stage with procenium and scenery complete. At the side of this stage was a piano.

And my new friends explained to me that the proprietor of the canteen was and ex-soldier and that he engaged two Artistes for the week to sing a couple of songs each evening and that he changed these Artistes each week.-27The chair belaw the stage was taken by a soldier who opened the proceedings by shouting that Mr. Somebody, Comedian. would now oblige end what I should term I Club Turn came on and gave 1 song, dressed and greaee‚Äîpainted like one sees at the Music Halls. then in the intervals some of the soldiers obliged until it was the turn 01 the Artiste to zone on egsin. My chums asked me could I give a song and soon I found myself giving some song or the other with e chorus which was well received and made me much esteemed by my new circle of chums.

The canteen closed at 9.30 p.11. and we had to hurry to our barrack rooms to answer our names. This was done by each man standing at attention At the side of his cot when the Squadron Orderly Sergeant came round. and was called Roll‚ÄîCsll. then we got into our beds and at 10.15 Lights Out wss sounded by the trumpeter o!‚Äú the Guard. when all lights were extinguished end we went to sleep. And I had a much pleaeenter night's rest than I did when I was in the Militia at Woolwich.

Next morning I was amused by the Trumpet Call at 6 a.m., when each man pushed his cot in and made up his bed folding the blankets neatly in a uniform fashion so that each bed was made to look smart, this had to be done quickly as at 6.15 the trumpet sounded for stables when having paraded and anewered to our names we all went into the stables. I was sent to No. 2 Troop. This was a long stable with etslls along the right side. the horses were partitioned by what were termed bells. that is a swinging iron pole. On the posts were saddle tasks on which were the saddles Ind Bits and Bridoons belonging to the horse in the stall. These saddles and accessories were in a perfect state of bumish and polish so that the steelwork shone like silver. Our first job was to pick up the horses‚Äò bedding in our arms and take it outside to a porch and shake it out loose and tidy so that it would dry and Air, then pick up the dung and cert it awn]. Sweep clean all the stalls and stable and lead the horses out to the water troughs. when I was issued out with s new grooming brush and comb and warned to take care of it. I was then instructed on how to groom a horse and told to put some "elbow grease" into the job. While we were grooming an Officer dressed in a Uniform long track coat and cap and spurs came through the stables and instantly the troop sergeant roared out the word of command - "Shun", when we all sprang to our horses' heads and stood to attention. The Officer having acknowledged the salute by touching his cap cried out "carry on with your work" when we resumed grooming. He came into the stalls and with a white glove rubbed the horse's coat the wrong way up to see if it was dirty, and it went ill with the man concerned if the horse was not thoroughly clean. '1‚Äòch men were told off to get the "feeds"-28ready and behind each horse was placed a white pipe‚Äîclayed nose-bag containing oats. These begs had to be placed in an orderly straight line. Just then the trumpet rang out to feed the horses. And the Officer in charge shouted "Feed", when each man seized a noee-bag and emptied it into the manger in the horses stall, and so at a specified time to the very second all the horses were fed. The Officer then walked along to see that each horse was eating when the empty bags being collected and stable kits gathered up, we were ordered to fall in Outside the stable. The command came from the sergeant "Number 2 troop'Shunl" we sprang to attention, when the officer walked along the ranks telling one man or the other to get his hair cut shorter. He then cried "Dismiss" and this we did by doing a smart Right Turn at the same tine bringing our right hands up to the Salute, when we scampered off to our barrack rooms like a lot of children released from school. because during the time we had been working in the stable we were what is termed 0n Parade.

The breakfast having been fetched from the Cook-House by the daily appointed Orderly Man who was responsible for the cleanliness of the utensils and was excused from attending the stables, we each sat down to enjoy it. Each portion was made out equally for 25 men, the Room Corporal seeing to the fair distribution of the food. While this meal was in progress the Squadron Orderly Sargesnt entered the room and issued orders as to the Parades that each man was required for. I was told I was booked for a three months course of Gymnasiums. That I was to interview the Colonel that morning, that I was for foot drill in the afternoon and Riding School the next morning. All these orders were not spoken to me but literally barked at me. I know that it made me uneasy. I was marched over to the Orderly Room by this Sergeant at the appointed time and saw Officers going in and out with their swords clanking at their sides. I also saw the Prisoners in charge of their amed escort waiting their turn to appear before the Commanding Officer of the 1st Dragoon Guards and I wondered what crime they had committed and it dawned on me that I was enlisted for 12 years. 7 years with the Colours and 5 years Reserve and that this was only my second day.

The Officer I stood in front of when I was taken into the Orderly Room was sitting at a table on which were a number of Papers and Parchments and standing at the side of the room were the Adjutant and other Officers. one of whom were a monocle screwed tightly in his left eye. There was also the Regimental Sergeant Major whose acquaintance I had ads the previous day.. 29 \_ I had been advised by my new chums that morning that the Colonel Always interviewed any new recruit. So I was fully prepared to answer questions.

This Colonel had seen service in India. also had. been in the Egyptian Uer end was a very bronzed complexion little man with a h-wk-like nose. He eyed me up And down and then said "Well young fellow whet made you join the Amy". I had been told that he disliked anyone thnt said he joined the Amy because of being Out 0! Work. So seeing the type of individuel.

I was in front of I replied by telling him that I had looked around me and seeing the smart and well-cared for appearance 01 soldiers it was A profession that my chap such as myself could be proud to belong to.

I could not have given I better answer had I been rehearsed weeks. He said "Young fellow thnt's a very good answer and you have come to a regiment to be proud of. And always have before you The Pride in your regiment.

Be clean. Be Smart. Be obedient to your superiors end you will get on well. If you don‚Äòt we have I way of punishing people that they do not soon forget. Dismiss". The Sergeant roared in my eu‚Äò "Salute‚Äú, which I did fairly smart. "Right turn, quick march" and I found myself outside.

Then I heard another shout "Prisoners md Escort 'Shun. Shoulder Arms.

Right Turn. Quick March" and I saw the prisoners being marched into the room thlt I had just come out of.

I next wla paraded to go for Gymnasiums and marched across to the school reserved for this purpose. In it were horizontal bars. a vaulting horse, dumb bells, boxing gloves, a rope suspended from the ceiling and other accessories. Enough to upset my tranquility who had never been in a Gymnnsium in my Iifa. The 21.6.0. in charge us my Room Corponl who was the Regimental Instructor and who I had been told wee Hot Stuff. There wen a 61335 of about 15 young fellow recruits like myself present. We had to take our boots off and put on shoes, take our coats off. let our braces down end roll up our ehirtsleevea. For one solid hour I got the most gruelling time I had ever had. And I thought I would never be able to go through with it. Having formed us up in a line with our hands behind our bucks, something of this kind occurred, all done at lightning speed "Clue - 'shun. I want it done quicker than that. Class - 'shun. That's better. Right turn. quick march ‚Äî left right left right - hold your held up that man - left right left right ‚Äî Class halt. Double am being and stretching ‚Äî on the hands 'down' on the feet 'up'. I want it done quicker than that. On the hands 'down' . Double am bending and stretching judging the time - down - up - that man over there I will warn you up in a minute down - that ""‚Äò‚Äù‚Äò"‚Äú old woman - stick your belly in. Class, on the\_ 30 \_ feet - up - break in to double time - left right left right. Break in quick time - Class halt. Stand still ‚Äú'""‚Äò you - on the bar - up.

To the breast - pull", when we would pull ourselves up by our aching arms.

One of this Corporsl's tricks was to be showing one man how to pull himself up and leave the others hanging when many had to leave 30. And then he would curse. I came out of that school feeling as if I had been put through a mangle.

Then in the afternoon I was in the Awkward Squad. All the others carried some weapons or the other. But the Awkward Squad were to be taught how to walk. The curses we got. We done it by numbers, we done it in drill time, we done it properly. But however we done it the Instructor was convinced at least he said so - that never in the whole of his soldiering had be seen such a "‚Äú‚Äú" lot of tools like us. And I was glad when we were dismissed.

Then I had to go to the stores and drew the remainder of my kit and accoutriments. Then stables. I was properly miserable by tea‚Äîtiue.

And I cannot say that I was cheered up by one of the senior soldiers telling me that what I had been through was nothing compared to what I should go through when I went to Riding School.

As soon as Reveille sounded the next morning I led a horse out of the stable with a bridoon in its mouth and a numnsh strapped on its back (this was a square piece of felt) up to the Riding School. The morning was dnrk because it was wintertime so the school was lit up by a gas-chandelier in the ceiling. The floor was of tan so in case of a (all no limbs would be injured. As soon as my ride consisting of about 20 horses and recruits got inside the doors were shut and fastened. I know that I was extremely nervous because I had never been on a horse's back in my life. We got the command to mount and were supposed to vault on to the horse's back by giving a spring straightening the arms, and then throwing the right leg over.

But I had some difficulty in doing this and the Instructor wanted to know if I wanted a "leg up". I thought this extremely kind of him and said "Yes, please" until I found he had flung me right over the horse and I tell with my face in the tan and that everybody was grinning at me. After that I never asked no more for assistance. (In describing this later to an old soldier he advised me never to look for help or sympathy from anyone in the Amy as I would never get it). We next proceeded at A walking pace around the school.

the Instructor telling us with many adjectives how we were to sit and how we were to grip with our knees to the sides of the horse. Then we were ordered to trot and that is where the fun did start, although I did not see-31anything funny about it at the time being fully occupied in trying to keep on the horse's back. At last like everything out nieery came to an end until the next day. He led our horses back to their stables and the routine of the previous deg was gone through again. About the 1m. day at Riding School the Riding Master came in. He said "Hello, what have we got here"

and watched our positions as we trotted round the school. A11 0! A sudden he shouted "drop your reins and fold your arms". And then he broughtout a big long whip and the horses seemed to know that whip for they went plunging and rearing all around the school. Some recruits fell off. I know that I did and that I had to clamber somehow on to the horse's back again with it rearing all over the place.

A week or so later I was sent to another 'ride' end was allowed to take a uddle. I imagined this would be easier and so it was for a couple of mornings, until the Riding Master came in and said "bring in the jumps".

The Instructors then brought in some hurdles which they titted together and having put some tune on the top bar and wings at the side the Riding Master said " first man, walk march, over the jumps". Then came a crack of the whip and with a plunge and a rear the horse flew over the jumps.

It eventually came to my turn and with ly heart in my mouth as it were gripping as hard as I could with my knees I went over the jumps and more by luck than anything else did not fall off. I thought that this would have suited the Riding Master and that he would go away and leave us to our own Instructor, but he did not. For to my dismay he shouted "cross your stirrups and fold your arms and now one at a time over those jumps". How I managed to keep on that horse‚Äòs back I don't know. But I did.

Time went on and I was transferred to B.Squadron which was a Service Squadron.

I had my clothes fitted by the Master Tailor for the Commanding Officer was particular that each man's uniform must fit him properly. I know mine took several alterations before it would suit the Colonel, who we went in front of, in the fitting of these uniforms. I had become fairly proficient in Sword Drill, in Lance Drill and in the use of the Carbine. and about 3 months having elapsed since I first had entered the Barracks Gate I asked my Drill Instructor at Drill when we were standing at ease if he would take me before the Adjutant who was on the Drill Ground. for me to ask permission to have my name taken off the Gate so that I could go out into Colchester. He marched me up and having saluted, I made my request. After testing me to see how I walked and how I would salute an Officer if I met one in the street, he gave pemission and went to the Guardroom at the Main Gate himself and initiated the fact that 14101 Pte. Casey was to be permitted to go out until 9.30 pun.-32unless he possessed a pass to stay out until 12 p.111. This was the first stage of liberty since I had joined the regiment that had come my way, and I felt thankful. I had stayed in my room amusing myself cleaning my gear up till then, and when the room Corporal had come in sometimes half tipsy from the Corporals' Mess he had said "Cesey. go over to the Gymnasium and fetch the gloves ". He was one of the Heavy Weight Boxers of the Regiment.

When I had brought them he would say ‚Äúput them on" and then I would be a chopping block {or him. And then in the pauses or when we had taken them of! he would explain that this was the Guard and that was the Leading H-nd until I had a slight knowledge of boxing.

When Psy-Day came round, proud in the knowledge that I was allowed out I put in a pass for permission to stay out until 12 midnight. And having smutened myself up I put on my walking out Dress for the first time.

Now in Colchester st that time there was stationed en Infantry Regiment called the Kings Liverpool Regiment and for some reason or other they took exception that there should be two regiments with the title of "King's‚Äú.

for we were the 1st King's Dragoon Guards. And this Infantry Regiment comprising some Liverpool-Irishmen who were a dissolute drunken crowd had wsylaid and badly beaten up some of our fellowswhen they had gone out singly.

I had been to our (hurdroom and shown my pass. The Sergeant of the Guard had looked me over to see that I was correctly lttired and I passed out into Colchester. Not having any knowledge of the town I walked along until I came to a public house from which the sounds of dance music could be heard.

Curious to see what the place was like I went in and called for I glass of beer. The room was filled with Infantry Soldiers and there were a few women who I imagined were not up to much. I hand not been there many minutes when two or three of these infantry men came and asked me what I wanted there.

They said "clear off back to barracks, there's only room for one King's Regiment in this town and that: Us". And in a moment they set about me.

I put up as good a fight as I could end retreated into the street. when I saw two other fellows of my regiment who were strangers to me, in a fight with the odds egsinst them. My nose was bleeding and my eye was cut and at the finish I ran with these fellows at my heels, the other two fellows doing likewise and it was a breathless and beaten trio that passed an astonished Guard at our own Main Gate. I had not been out half an hour and yet I had e pass until 12 p.111, also it was my first time out in the tawn.

The three of us went streight to our own canteen just as we was where we soon had a crowd round us demanding to know what had happened. When we explained the curses that were uttered against this Liverpool crowd were very fierce. One, a big brawny Irishman said "are we going to stand for-33this?". And the yell went up "No". They went and got the iron legs of bed cots which they concealed down their trouser legs and one by one climbed over the Barrack wall. The plan arranged was that as many as possible should be smuggled into the Bar Parlour by one fellow who was friendly with the landlord. the other batch were to wait nearby but out of sight.

Three fellows were to walk in to the room I had been interfered with in.

one of whom carried e whistle and As soon as he whistled all the lot was to make a rush. I washed myself and again went out of the Main Gate as I wanted to get a bit of my own back. The three fellows went in as arranged and looking through a window I saw that the room was fairly crowded with these Liverpool chaps. I saw a batch of them go over end interfere with the three fellows we had sent in as decoys. And then the whistle went and in we went. I don't think a more surprised lot than they were I had seen before. The fight if such it could be called was "Hot".

I know in slashing out at one of the chaps who had assaulted me he got a grip on my throat and I was nearly all in, when our big Irishman whose name was "Masker" Tidd grabbed him off and as easy as shelling pess banged the fellow's head against the wall. And then the lights went out. The Military Police and Civil Police arrived and. 26 of us were arrested and marched off to the Guard Room. But we were as light-hearted and happy as if we were going off on a picnic. Even the Guard who were put in charge of us could not conceal their satisfaction at the thrashing we had given to the dirty. liberty-taking crowd.

Next morning we had to appear before the Colonel and I don't think in the whole course of his soldiering as an Officer he had ever been called on to deal with such a big batch of "prisoners" before. The result was a foregone conclusion. He very near cried when he spoke of the honour of the regiment being involved. but he condemned our opponents worse and finished up by confining the whole lot of us to barracks for a week.

I was at this stage getting on fairly well and becoming accustomed to Amy life, having also made some friends in B. Squadron all of whom were smart and clean and what is termed good soldiers. And I had progressed to the stage of being a first class recruit. That is to say if I passed I could consider myself a fully qualified soldier. There was not an idle moment for me. It was cleaning, burnishing and polishing 5.11 of the time. It was in fact the time that is A landmark in e soldier's life when he is about to pass from e recruit to a soldier. I had not heard from home and had no opportunity to visit home, when an incident occured that marked me out for-32.trouble. One evening at evening stables we had let our horses cut to the watering troughs when some of the troops noticed two derelict looking individuals coming towards us. "Hello". said one wag. "have these come up to join'l‚Äô". This remark caused a laugh because the oncoming individuals were diminutive in size and were sadly lacking in any qualities for acceptance by any Recruiting Sergeant. Judge of my astonishment and confusion when they walked straight up to me and said "Hello. Dan".

They were two of my stepbrothers in the last stage of collapse. It eventually transpired that having no work they had conceived the idea of walking to Colchester from Bow to see me. I had to give some explanation to my soldier chums and in less than no time all the generous hospitality that was possible was being given to these relatives (by marriage of my father). You can imagine how keenly I felt. The disgrace in two such "brothers" visiting me in such condition and more especially when it has to be recalled that I was in a "crack" regiment. where everyone prided himself on his own personal cleanliness and emartneee. At any rate, they were both given a bath. the barrack room found them a bed for the night by soldiers who were going On Guard lending their beds. They were well provided with food but the last straw that humiliated me the most was when my room mates went round with a subscription sheet to pay their fare back to London. I was handed a very substantial sum of money that was more than sufficient to pay their fares.

0n the following dew they were both interested observers of me at my different drills. They told me afterwards that they were properly thrilled to see me on horseback dressed in brass helmet and all the accoutriments of a Dragoon. going over jumps and ditches at a flying gallop. But my mind was hingeing on the thought of all the chipping and the rise-taking I would have to endure as a result of their visit.

And I felt as if after all I had been through, after all I had endured in curses and insults, for I had strictly taken the advice of the Corporal who had met me at Colchester Railway Station - Tc mind zour P's and 3's and keep your tongue between your teeth and you will 50 a long Ô¨Ç ‚Äî that I could never hold my head up in the Regiment again. So after I had told these two "brothers" in the Amy "vernacular" what I thought of them I went with them to the railway station and took M tickets to London.-35..

‚Äú101. Pte. D. Casey ‚ÄîDESERTER

Only those who know the nature of an Oath. who have taken the Bible in their right hand and have sworn to serve Her Majesty the Queen and my country and Her Majesty's Government etc. So H919 Me God, at the same time kissing the Holy Book, know what the term Deserter means. And what punishment is meted out to one who deserts. as it is considered the worst crime in the Army calendar.

Yet I had determined to take this step. So when we arrived at Bow, having previously told my two brothers to say nothing when my father, who was pleased to see me and proud of my smart appearance, asked me questions I told him that I day 3 days leave of absence. The poor man believed the lie I told him. The plan I had arranged was for my two ‚Äúbrothers" to obtain for me some civilian clothes as soon as possible. But owing to not having sufficient money to purchase anything suiteble and the two of them not realising the urgency of the matter, the three days went by without any clothes being forthcoming, and I had to make a pretence of going back. Naturally my father would insist on coming to see me off at the station, and I know we were in a quandary as to how we could deceive him, for now it was assumed that I could not go back. We managed to meet one or two who knew my two stepbrothers and who were let into the secret of my intentions to desert, and entering with all their heart in the enterprise. By stopping to have drinks and talking we entered Stratford railway station too late to go to Colchester. That night I obtained some clothes which were very ill‚Äîfitting, the trousers being too short and the jacket being too tight. My uniform I made up into a neat bundle and gave to my stepmother to put on top of a cupboard. And then I went into hiding. I was dodging backwards and forwards from my sleeping place to my father's place for my meals, and one night he came home unexpectedly and nearly caught me. For he was under the impression I had gone back the day following our visit to the station. I know I had to conceal myself in the next room and I heard him fumbling about for something from the cupboard. Then I heard him ask had I gone back, and my stepmother reply "yes‚Äú. He then said "What are his clothes doing on top of this cupboard". And I knew then it was all up, more so when I heard him say he would give me up to the Police.

That night was my last in hiding.-36-

The next day I applied at Dalston Barracks to join the 10th Husssrs.

I decided to adopt my Grandmother's name, McCarthy. I went through all the preliminaries and passed the doctor. and was awaiting my turn to take the Oath of Allegiance when some fellow said to me "Aint your name McCarthy?"

I replied "yea". He said "they have been calling for you all over the place".

And then I realised that I had forgotten my new name. that I had heard shouts for McCarthy without waking up to the fact that they meant me. I hurried up and found they were wanting me with others to be sworn in. Just as I was standing up I was called outside by a Recruiting Sargesnt Major who took me along to his private room and when we were both inside he took a key from his trouser pocket and locked the door. "Now young fellow my lad" he said "out with it. ‚Äòvle believe you to be fraudulently enlisting. We believe you to have been in some regiment quite recently. Your face is sunbumt and the marks of the chin strap show, and you carry yourself like a cavalrymsn".

I evaded as best I could all these assertions. He said "who are these two fellows who are waiting for you". I told him they were my step brothers.

And I instantly realised my mistake for going to the door he hollered to two soldiers to go and bring them in. When they were brought in looking very uneasy he said. pointing st me "is this your brother?". 01‚Äô course they said "yes". He next said "do you know he has been a soldier'I‚Äú, and I suppose thinking that I had told him they said "yes". He then frightened them both by telling them of the penalty they incurred for assisting s deserter.

He said in a loud bullying tone of voice "do you know where his uniform is?"

and they said "yes. at home". He said "bring that uniform to St. George's Barracks tonight without fail. or the Lord help you‚Äú. Turning to the two soldiers he said "kick them out into the road". And they did. Standing up he told me to stand up, then said "hold out your hands", when he took down a pair of handcuffs and clapped them on my wrists. A short time afterwards a four wheeled horse cab drove up. I was bundled in and with the Sargeant Major as escort we went to St. George's Barracks where I was put in the Guard Room, to await an armed escort from my regiment.

The guard at St. George's Barracks wss furnished from s detachment of Grenadier Guards. and I recall how interested I was in watching the faultless manner of the Sentries as they marched backwards and forwards before the barred window of the room in which I was an inmate. In the evening, my uniform done up in a parcel was brought to the Sergeant of the Guard by one of my step brothers.

I wrote a message on a piece of old paper and slipped it to a Sentry to give to my brother, which he did do, but owing to the clumsy manner my brother took\_ 37 \_ the message. the Sentry was observed and for doing me this kindness he got into trouble. That evening I was visited by the Officer of the Guard and also the Regimental Sergeant Major who seemed interested in me and asked me questions. Finally he asked me would I not prefer to wear my uniform instead of the nondescript civilian garb I had on. Of course I gladly agreed. and he handed me my uniform himself and stayed while I dressed. When I stood up complete he eyed me up and down and said "Well new young fellow you look a Soldier".

The next morning my Escort arrived, a R111 Corporal end a Private. They were in Tunic and Belts and armed with Sabres. "Whatcher Casey," said the Corporal "we've come to fetch you". I knew them both in the regiment as decent fellows, and also that they were only doing their duty. When it came to the time for me to travel the Corporal said "hold your hands out, Casey", and produced a pair of handcuffs he was carrying. But the Guards Sergeant Major who had returned no my uniform objected. He said "Corporal, have you got a conveyance in which to take the Prisoner?". "No Sir", said the Corporal. "Then". said the Regimental Sergeant Major, "Queen's Rules and Regulations new state that no military prisoner must be taken through the street handcuffed ". ‚ÄúBesides", he said, 'look at him, he looks smart and he is eager to go back to his regiment". "Alright Sir" said the Corporal who was a bit of a boxer and who would be held responsible for my custody until I was safely back in the Guard Room at Colchester. Turning to me with a humourous grin on his face he said "Casey. if you try to run away I will give you such a hiding". I said "that's all right Corporal", and under my breath I whispered that I could go a drink. We marched out giving the salute Eyes Right to the Sentry at the gate, who replied by standing stiffly to attention with his rifle at the slope.

When we had got outside St. George's Barracks I again repeated my desire that I could do with a drink. I was also aware of the fact that we were creating a certain amount of interest amongst the pessers-by, because I had no cap on my head and was walking between a Corporal on my right side and a Private on my left side and that these two carried cavalry sabres which every now and again they allowed to Clank on the pavement. So what with the clanking of these swords in their scabbards and the clanking of spurs it was perfectly obvious to the most simple minded person that I was a Prisoner Under Escort.-38We reached the Strand, and my escort escorted me into a Public House, of course it had to be a Sedoon Bar. They had been allowed travelling expenses.

and I know that however much they spent In whats, that after I had done whatever punishment was in store for me I should have to work and pay it.

Our entrance in this pub caused quite a flutter amongst the bsmaida and the customers. This suited me admirably because although I had expressed s desire for a drink, I was simply overpowered with the invitations I received to have s drink. I recall I thought that being a prisoner was not "too bad"

if it included the sympathy. and the sort of sympathy I was receiving.

At last we left the pub in the Strand and I had cigarettes and cigars sandwiched in between the buttons on my Jacket. The Corporal engged A cab and we were driven to Liverpool Street Station. Waiting for the train to Colchester the time was spent in the Buffet where we had some more beer and I was a somewhat ‚Äútipsy" prisoner when we got in the train.

On our arriving at Colshester we all pulled ourselves together, and assuming a stern and business-like luck my escort eventually handetl me over to the Sergeant of the Guard, when I was placed in the gustd-room and given my blankets. It was a well satisfied prisoner that went to sleep that night.

Next morning I had to prepare myself to go before the 0.0. I was marched in. There were a number of charges that I had to answer to. Desertion.

Being Found in Civilian Clothes and Frsdulent Re-recmitment. The proceedings were brief and I was put back for a District Court Martial. And here my luck was in my favour again. I had always been a hard-worker. I had always been willing and obliging and I had always been respectful to my superiors. I had never been sullen or saucy. I had never gave any trouble to those placed over me. And these points all told in my favour when I was a prisoner with serious charges hanging over my head. The Guard as they came on every 21+ hours were considerate and kind and they"wired me" that influences were at work to save me from a Court Martial. I was approached And advised to say that I was sorry and that if they would give me a chance I would "soldier on". We or three days had elapsed when I was hurriedly prepared to see the (1.0. again. And I recall that the feverish eagerness of my Guard to see that I looked presentable and smart to interview the Colonel would have led anyone to believe that it was them that had deserted and not me. When I had been marched in with a clatter of arms and words of command, the (2.0. asked me for an explanation of my conduct. I replied to him. at the sauna time standing stiffly to attention and looking him straight in the eyes, that I was ashamed of the visit of my step-brothers and I told him all about the subscription my comrades had made.\_ 39 ..

up for me to pay their {are back to London, and all about their kindness in making them welcome, and then I said that I knew that I was in a Crack Regiment of Dragoons. My replies made a deep impression on the Officers present with the 0.0. My escort received orders to march me outside the room while they discussed my case. I remember my escort saying to me "Casey boy you are going to get off". We were called back and the 6.0. said to me "Private Casey I have considered every aspect of your case. I want to tell you that everyone who have been your Instructors, every one of the Officers over ycu, state you are a hard working and a willing man and this has all gone in your favour.

I have made application to the 6.0.0. who has given me permission to punish you. Will you take my punishment". Standing stiffly to attention and striving to hold back my emotion I replied "Yes Sir". He said "Very Hell. I sentence you to be imprisoned to 168 hours with Hard Labour. March the Prisoner away".

I was glad. I was pleased, as I fully expected and was entitled to a much severer sentence. Then my luck was in my favour again. It was decided that I should do the seven days in my own guard room. Everyone was kind to me, my hard labour consisted in white‚Äîwashing a barrack room and quite surreptitiously I was given cigarettes and I never suffered from lack of food. The only humiliation I suffered was from the Barber who cut off my curls from the front of my head and I made him finish the job properly by shaving the whole of my head.

After finishing my punishment I returned to my squadron to find that for months I should be in debt all caused by my assertion. Hy kit had been raided and stolen as soon as it was known at I had "gone over the wall". And besides that I was expected to pay all the expenses incurred by my escort bringing me back from London. So it was a "silent" soldier who for weeks and months went through all the daily routine of a cavalry man. I was approached more than once by kind offers from different fellows - that I would go in the canteen with them - that I would go out with them - that I should take money from them.

And to all of them I refused but what I did do was after I had done all my own work and duties, I lent myself out on hire to clean Boots, Saddles,or to deputise as a Night Guard.for which I was paid at the rate of 6d a pair Jack Boots and Spurs, 6d tor cleaning and bumishing a saddle and all its appointments.

‚Äòl/Gd for doing a Night Guard which meant a night out of bed. The reason I worked and slaved on these tasks was because I received One Shilling a week pay. The rest of my army pay was confiscated to pay for loss of kit. etc.

Now In B. Squadron I had some friends, more than friends - Pals. And they went fishing about to discover who had stolen my kit, which included everything I had been issued with on joining the Regiment, from Forage Cap to Footwear.

There was nothing uncommon in me losing my kit because it was the practlce-40then and for all I know to the contrary may be the practice now, that as soon as a soldier deserted his room‚Äîmates would raid his belongings and destroy any numbers by cutting them out, and then claim they had bought at A

for deserters uniforms were put up for Auction in those days. As part of his punishment consisted in working and paying for a new uniform, these "pals"

of mine as I have previously stated went fishing about on my behalf. Also they discussed who had taken my belongings, and by means of threats and the Law of the Big Fist to my great surprise and delight I had it all returned to me even to a brass‚Äîbutton stick. This return of my kit altered matters as far as I was concerned considerably. It reached to the ears of my Squadron Commander, Captain Eastwood. So when it came to the weekly pay‚Äîdw, at which I had been in the habit of marching up, saluting, and receiving one shilling, this Captain said to me "Casey, I understand you have a Full Kit and all your own". I replied "Yes, Sir. It has been inspected and found Complete and Clean". He said "that being the case then I have to refund you some money.

How much do you want to go on with? Will 52.0.0. do?". To say that I was surprised is to put a very small conception on how I felt. It done more to restore me to my normal attitude especially when the 52.0.0. was given with a friendly smile. And I saw the Sergeant Major also give me a kindly glance.

I smartened myself up and went out in the town and enjoyed myself. I also passed all my recruit drills and examinations. and became a full developed cavalry man .

Then came the 1598 Military Manoeuvres on Salisbury Plain, at which all the Foreign Military Attaches were present and which I shall pass over briefly by saying that I saw the Prince of Siam nearly drowned. He went and rode his horse into the stream of a river where we were watering our horses.

As everyone knows. if a horse is tired and hot. the rider has to be careful that he does not drink too much, or lay down in the stream. The Prince of Siam's horse did lay down, and he was in. Not only was he in, but he was under. I was one of those who helped to bring him to and I never saw a more dejected Prince in my life than this one in his dripping wet uniform that had been so glittering with all its Orders, and had nearly been exchanged for a White Shroud. Then we got Orders. We were to be sent to ........

IRELAND

The land of the Emerald Isle. Dublin was the place we were being ordered to go to. This entailed the boxing of horses, 3 job I had never seen in my life, but I was soon to learn. The mode of procedure was as follows:-MEach soldier took off his saddle and accoutriments and led his horse into the cattle truck provided by the railway company. And it was easy until the last horse. and then it became a job. Anyone who has had to do with horses will possibly explain far better than me what happens. For as far as I could explain it meant that the animals were highly strung and were liable to kick out at the advent of the last horse. And there were 10 horses in each wagon. And when I state that a soldier had to stay in each wagon to see that no harm came to the horses, I think it will be agreed that the man concerned had a very arduous task. I was pleased to find that Casey's name was not on the rota, because all duties in the Amy are taken in alphabetical order, and as I was in the "C'a", I obviously thought that I should have one or these jobs, as sentry over the horses.

We travelled miles, we were shunted off into sidings of the railway but all the time and not part of the time horses were considered first. That is a maxim in a British Cavalry Regiment: Horses First, Men Afterwards.

The Horse costs $400.0. the man costs 1/‚Äî. They can get menby the 1.000 at ‚ÄôI/- a day. And so a horse i: watched like a baby in a Cavalry Regiment.

And after a soldier gets over his recruit fear of a horse he comes to the knowledge that the horse is hiebest friend. We were eventually disembarked at Holyhead and here it was I got caught. A little boy came up to me and told me he could get me a bottle of whisky for a 1/‚Äî. I want you to remember this was in 1898. I had seen the other soldiers getting the stuff which was of course Moonshine Whisky. But when it came to my turn I was waiting for the whisky and what was more important I was waiting for my change, when we were ordered aboard the boat which was laying alongside the jetty. We got everything on board and after a Very rough crossing we saw in the precincts of Dublin Bay the Wicklow Mountains. New although I bear an Irish name I had never seen Ireland, and not being devoid of intelligence I had a strange feeling of sentiment come over me. Here was I a soldier in the British Army, the Army of occupation in Ireland, with an Irish name and of course Irish parentage coming amongst the people at a time of trouble. And yet sworn by my Oath that I would serve the Queen and Her Government So Help Me God, on a Protestant Bible, that I was and had been reared as a Roman Catholic. That I had been an Altar Boy, and I never could forget the sorrows of -y Grandfather who came from the City of Cork.

The consequence was, as Alwwa with me. I got quite excited.

Va landed at a wharf and having saddled our horses a nd assembled our full equipment, we formed up in military precision in troop column in a street\_L.2\_ adjoining our landing place. The order came ‚Äî Mount. And like clockwork every soldier mounted his horse taking the time from the man on the right.

It is a sight to see a regiment of cavalry get the order to mount. There is not a detail in the movement that is not done smartly and simultaneously.

When we were sitting in our saddles "at attention" our Squadron Leader Captain Eastwood faced us and addressed us. He told us that we had come to Dublin, Dirty Dublin. The women were dirty and we were to be careful.

And I felt my face going crimson because a crowd had gathered to see the soldiers arrive and I wondered what their thoughts of us was. I know what I should have thought had it been London instead of mblin listening to an autocrat such as our Captain was ‚Äî and that would be "perish him".

The 13th Hussars Band took the lead of the procession. They had come to "play us in to Dublin" and with drawn swords we marched through the principal streets to Marlborough Barracks, the most imposing and comfortable barracks I have ever been in.

I soon gleaned that our duties were to be on a parallel with the Household Cavalry in London, they were escorts to Queen Victoria, we were to be escorts to the Viceroy of Ireland The Right Honourable The Earl of Cadogan 8: etc.

who was the Queen's representative in Ireland. Another thing we soon found out was that everything had to be in burnish, and polish our boots. That is.

our jack boots had to be in ebonite, that was a varnish that was put on with a brush and gave a looking glass effect to the boots. He at first hailed this change with glee as it was a relief from blacking the boots which required a good deal of elbow drill. But our principal task was to be spotless clean and smart, when we were warned for "Main Guard". That was the Guard for the main gate of the barracks and comprised the Officer of the Guard. Sergeant. Corporal and three men. It used to be the practice to have a fourth man parade and then what an inspection was gone through. First the different Squadron Orderly Corporals would thoroughly overhaul his men to see that he was epic and span before marching him on to the square where the Guard paraded. One 301: the order from the Corporal "Slope Arms - Quick March", the Corporal marching three paces behind till the square was reached where the other two or three men who were for guard duty were formed up.

one man from each squadron. The Corporal would sing out "Halt", and then to the Orderly Sargesnt Major who was waiting there he would say "B. Squadron present Sir". The other Orderly Corporals would also report "C. Squadron present - A. Squadron present", as the case may have been. And then we all knew that the principal inspection was due. Going back some distance as if to test the power of his lungs the Sargeant Major would roar "Guard ‚Äî Shun Slope Arms" and then he would march up close until he almost breathed in one's-15face and slowly scrutinised each man beginning at the brass helmet and finishing with the boots and spurs. Wat a caustic tongue he had too.

Then he would go at the back of the guard and you would hear his remarks, but it was more than one dared do, to look round. What one had to do was to look straight to the front and stand stiffly at attention. Then up would come the Officer who acknowledged the salute the Guard would give to him by bringing his sword to the recover. He would then inspect us again and then he would ask the Sergeant Major which was the cleanest man. This on more than one occasion was myself and I was ordered to "fall out"I this was done by taking 3 paces backwards. It was considered a great honour and was termed "getting the stick" because one had a night in bed instead of doing Sentry-Go, and next day was the Regimental Orderly to the Colonel of the Regiment.

What a life of gaiety I had in Dublin, I could write a book on all my reminiscences there. There was Theatres, Music Halls and of course Girls.

These would be waiting at the gates of an evening as the troops would be coming out in their leisure time. No cavalry men is finished work before 7 pan. and he has to be smart and lucky to get out of barracks by that time.

He is then at liberty until midnight. These girls with the soft Irish brogue would enquire "have yez seen my lovely Tom", or "have yez seen my lovely Teddy", mentioning the name of some fellow they were waiting for. But they were all "lovely" and I felt amused the first time I heard it. Needless to saw my name got enquired for as well. I had been on a very important duty Queen Victoria came to Ireland in 1898. We had to go and escort her carriage from Kingstown to Ballsbridge. where the Life Guards who had come over for the purpose relieved us, and then we went forward to line the streets. It was considered a great ceremony as it was the first and only time the Queen had visited Ireland despite her long reign. She was a very diminutive old lady. I was quite close to her and I know I was touched to think that this frail little old lady was the Great Queen Victoria and Empress of India.

All the streets were decorated and gaily lit up in the evening with fairy lamps. Me and a pal went out to enjoy ourselves and that is how I met sweetheart no. 1. She was such a lady‚Äòlike person. with golden hair and blue eyes and the girl friend she was with put me in mind of some of the Ladies-in‚ÄîWaiting I had seen that day around the Queen. That I had hardly a word to say for myself, but the pal I was with had plenty of audacity and he made all the running. I know in walking along we found our two‚Äîselves alone and it transpired that was to be my first introduction to a genuine respectable family. Her name was Doyle, and her brother Tom was the Foreman-4uat the Guinness Brewery. It was not long before I was introduced to the whole of the family, and what a wam-hearted family they were. But not satisfied with that having seen me at Mass (that is Church Parade) she took me to her Parish Priest and he was a Broth of a Bhoy. "Young fellow", says he, "if you like a young lady. if you have any respect for a young lady, don't take her down the bye‚Äîwws and back-ways but bring her in the open thoroughfares. in the light". I pondered over those words and as I have grown older the value of that advice is one that I would pass on to others.

At any rate when I came out of an evening it was to Doyle's I went and after the romtering time I had previously spent in other places it was a haven to me and no doubt kept me straight.

Marlborough Barracks was a spacious place and the daily routine did not leave much scope for leisure until the evening. Reveille was at 5.30 a.m.

when we arose and made our beds up. The note used to fold up and when the bedding was folded in the regulation manner the room looked neat. A quarter of an hour was allowed for this purpose. And then the trumpet call would sound - Stables. He had to parade outside the stables in two ranks and answer to our names as the Roll was called. I was what was termed a "young horseman".

That is. I had to take the young horses to school. For horses in a cavalry regiment have to go to school just like a recruit. In the darkness of a winter's morning I would be leading a young remount to the Riding School which was situated at the far end of the Barracks at the Phoenix Park entrance. Open would come the big doors and we would all file in. The gas chandelier in the ceiling of the school would show a full light. The floor was heavily covered with tan in case of a fall. And at the further end of this long oblong riding school was a gallery in which occasionally the Officers of the Regiment would steal in to take a peep at whatever was going on.

The Riding Master Lieutenant Cockburn would be there heavily muffled up and also his staff of Roughridez‚Äòs. As soon as the doors were shut we would get the order ‚ÄúLook round your saddles". This meant we were to see that no part of the saddle or bridoon in the horse's mouth was badly fitted. Then ever so gently we would mount and as some of these young horses had never had a man on its back before there would sometimes be a very interesting display.

We were not allowed to have spurs on in training these. but carried our walking out whips. One morning I was told off to ride a young horse that had been under the care of a chum of mine Bill Bowerman who was a good rider and who came from a country farm in Norfolk. He knew more about horses than I did. so when Bill said to me "don't girth him up too tight at first, wait till you get to the riding‚Äîschool and then tighten up", this advice I carried out. But instead of getting the usual order "Look-#5round your saddles". the Riding Master shouted "Mount". and immediately the order came "Canter". Away we raced round the schoolwith my saddle slipping back on to the haunches of this young horse. And then I met with an accident that had its after effects on me in life. I injured the spine of my back. But so scared was I at all the shcuting and bullying and also afraid of the derision from my comrades if I made a fuss about it.

Like the fool I must have been I stuck it. I had always been slightly round shouldered but the training I had received on the Drill ground and in the Gymnasium had straigtened me up considerably. But this accident seemed to make an alteration to my appearance. On mounted parades especially this was the case. Sharp would come the reprimand "hold your head up that man in the ranks". And I would feel as if I had been hit with a whip. However there was not much time allowed to brood. over any wrongs, real or imaginary.

Breakfast would be at 8 o'clock after which the tables and forms would be secured with hot water and soap. The barrack room floors were treated the same. The ration tins and tea. pails were highly polished. The fireplace was white washed and black leaded. Everyone of the 32 men who slept in that room had his task allotted to him by the Corporal in charge of the room.

This all had to be done quickly as we had to be washed, shaved, buttons and boots highly polished and all ready for different duties at 9 o'clock.

At the same time the rooms had to be left fit for inspection and woe betide the man whose kit was not tidy and clean, or whose bed was not uniform and titty, for the Officer of the day visited all the rooms while the men were away. Still we found plenty to laugh over. There is no more cheerful an individual than a cavalryman. I have seenachap come in the barrack room.

dash his equipment down on his bed-cot and start a string of curses and swearing without stopping to take a breath, and then when he looked round he would see grinning faces until suddenly he would have to laugh too. Yes, laugh at his own misfortune, because it usually was the case that some tyrant of a sargeant had upset him and the only safe place to give vent to his feelings was in the barrack room. It is a fact in the Amy that a Sergeant can make a man's life thoroughly miserable, and in many instances causes desertion, for oncea man gets what is termed "set" in the Regiment he might just as well go "over the wall". I have seen and experienced some of the tyranny that exists amongst these bullies whose only protection is the three gold stripes on their ms and the strict discipline that prevails.-145By a stroke of good fortune I was given a job as a waiter in the sargeante'

mess rooms. This was similar to a civilian job because we were allowed to wear civilian clothes if we so desired and these could he obtained very cheap from some of the better class of recruits that Joined the regiment.

I succeeded in obtaining some very good clothes, and when I went to visit the Doyles I was generally smartly dressed and had a few shillings to spend besides. because the sargeants and the sergeant majors brought their civilian friends to the mess which was on a par with any first class hotel, and I got tips when I waited on them with drinks. I made two churns who worked with me at this job. One was Jim Laning who in later years I found as a Policeman in the Thames Police at Napping. the other was Dick Brookwell who came fro.

Bemondsey and who was a champion middleweight boxer in the regiment.

Besides being a boxer he was an unparalleled rise-taker and leg-puller.

He would keep the barrack room in screams of laughter in simicing acme fellow or the other in voice and actions, and of course I came in as a butt for some of his practical jokes that would set the whole regiment chuckling and laughing for days. We who worked in the sargeants' less, although we had our meals there which of course were or the best and properly cooked, was not allowed to have any beer there. That would not be in accordance to Army discipline so we had to go to the canteen. a comedians place where they sold good beer at 1/‚Äî a gallon in v} gallon big cans with a handle on each side. And we used to congregate in what was termed a Beer‚ÄîSchool. There were six of us in the school I was in. And we need to pool our resources so that if one nun had no money and the others had, it was no excuse to step away from the Canteen by saying you had no money.

There is an unwritten law in the Army amongst comrades who are better at times than blood relations, - "share and share alike". Our motto was "All Can Huck In". In my circle by a co-inoidence were all the principal boxers of ther regiment. There was Mo Poulter the heavyweight champion of the regiment. Dick Brockwell the middle-weight, Jack Linton the light-weight, Teddy Dawes. rough house merchant with the bare fists, Jim Lamina. Bill Windsor another clever boxer, and myself. And of the lot I was the only one that had no conception of boxing. But I suppose mixing with such a crowd the Squadron Sargeant Major Dick Rae thought I must also be a boxer.

So judge my astonishment and dismay when he said to me one morning "Casey I have put your name in for the open welter-weight competition in the Annual Regimental Boxing Display". I did not know what to do. And so I went to Dick Brockwell and had I but realized it I could not have gone to a worse individual. He was the very essence of mischief. I said "Dick, the Sergeant-47Major has put my male in for the welter-weight competition and I don't know a thing about boxing". "That‚Äò s alright", said Dick. "I will teach you".

So of an evening he nude me put the gloves on with him and he told me which hand to lead with and which hand to guard with, at the eame time teaching me to "take punishment". I used to stroll round to the gymnasium to see the preliminaries and I saw a red headed fellow with a punch like the kick of a horse. He was knocking his man out easy. And then I found he wse one of the probables I should have to meet. So back I went to Dick and told him what I had seen. He told me not to worry and at the same time asked me to stop in that night and do his turn of duty as he wanted to go out that night. I also had made arrangements to go to the Doyles Is it was my night off duty. He then said "Look here Dan, I must go out I hve promised to meet Kitty tonight, so I will give you 3/6d and do your turn next. I said "No".

"Alright‚Äú. said Dick. "come on, you must heve your boxing lesson". Now being on duty as waiter I had on my starched shirt and collar and also my best dark civilian suit. and I was practically alI ready to go out when my time to do so arrived. 50 simply taking my collar off and tucking up my shirteleeves I put on the gloves and we went at it. I must explain that these boxing lessons took place at the top of the wgeants' mess in the big kitchen, and in this kitchen was a big swill tub that was collected once a week for the pigs at some farm outside the City. It was an evil smelling tub and on this evening more than half full. And so as Dick came for me he msnoeuvred it so that I had this swill tub directly behind me. And then he sent over a knock‚Äîout punch that put me out and in the tub I dropped. 0! course he had done it for the purpose but he helped me up and lent me a shirt and some clean clothes and put 3/6d in my hand, and away he went to meet his Kitty while I went downstairs in a dazed condition to wait on the sergeants and the sargeant-majors. I was soon noticed and was asked what was the matter with me. I told them that "Brockey" had knocked me out in a boxing lesson at which they only smiled. But I approached the Sergeant Major and asked him to take my name off the list as I did not think I had any hopes of making a good show. He was in a good temper as it happened and agreed to do so.

But when the bold Dick came home that night and I told him what I had done, he was furious, the names he called me. I should have known that Brockwell would not let the matter pass without some practical joke taking place at my expense. He always went to eleborate pains to prepare the ground for all his jokes.

So next morning about ‚ÄòI1 o'clock while I Has ironing the billiard table and he was cleaning the big mirror over the tiz‚Äòe‚Äîplace. the room being full of sergeants and nrgemtumsjors just come off the Parade Ground. I sew them-L+8all state at Brockwell who wee making faces at himself in the glass and then sparring up in a boxing attitude and delivering terrific bloue at his image in the glass. I thought he had suddenly gone mad. "What's the matter with you Brockvell?" snapped the Regimental Sergeant Major, the supreme head of the mess. Brockvell turned round and standing stifÔ¨Çy to attention said "Nothing'e the matter with me Sir - it's Casey. he's been and broke our looking glass upstairs Sir. He is the 8 stone ‚Äò0 champion looking glees fighter".

And then what a laugh went up. I flung the flat iron at him and chased him to the canteen. As I passed A. Squadron Block two soldiers standing at the corner both started sparring at the wall. As I got to B. Squadron Block two others did the same, and when I got in the canteen everybody etood up end shouted "here he is, the Mirror Fighter‚Äú. ‚Äòl'h-t was only one or Brockwell'e little jokes. He could always get any amount of accomplices to assist him.

The next joke he played on me very nearly had serious consequences.

Our Regimental Sergeant Major had been granted a Comiesion as an Officer, he had risen from the rank of a private end it being the first instance of anything like that happening in the King's Dragoon Guards, he was presented with en Officer's Sword, and a concert was to be given. All the refreshments were to be free to all the sergeants. surgennt-mejore end their friends.

This use to be a very elaborate affair and was to be held in Army Temperance Hall in the barracks, a big hall hired for this night only. The Colonel and all his Officers were to be present. a stage and scenery was to be built, and to crown it all the Music Hall Artistes appearing at the Empire, Dublin were coming after their show was finished to do their tune in the barracks, such Pros. as Pat Rafferty and other star turns of the day. Laming, Brockvell and myself got all preparations. There was any amount of bottles of whiskey, beer, cigars etc. And it Has our job to see that everyone was kept supplied.

The humouroue part about it Has to see the sergeante‚Äò Hives peering through the windows at their husbands getting drunk. The ever mischief making Brockvell did not deem that fair so he kept taking the women out drink to get them drunk too He also had our pals outside who should have been in bed when Lights Out wee sounded by the trumpeter at 10.15 pun, but who took the chance of being caught for the sake of some free beer. This was going along ewimmingly. About 12 midnight the Colonel made a speech in which he gave great praise to the newly Commissioned Officer. And then the successor to the Regimental Sergeant Major. He gave e speech and us it all hinged on patriotism and loyalty to the Queen it displeased some of the civilian Irish friends of the sergeants, who by this time were well on the way to being drunk.-l;9\_ I saw one of the): blow out a "raspberry". And 0! course I must go and tell Dick. ‚ÄúAlright". said Dick. "you go and tell him there is a gentleman in a long Newmarket overcoat wants to speak to him at the door". 50 away I went over to this fellow. A big strapping Irishman and told him he was wanted.

He lurched to his feet, excused himself to his pals and followed me to the door. And then Dink challenged and tackled him. He was heavier and bigger than Dick but he was seized and dropped in the horse-trough. The shout he gave brought out all his pals and I was soon aware that I had a fight on my hands. One got hold of me by the throat and it was Brockwell's boxing lessons that made him leave 30. Talk about a rough-house. I know we rushed the crowd of them to the Main Gate. The Guard on duty saw us coming and opened wide the gates. And as e final I gave my opponent a shove which sent him reeling across the road into a ditch. I felt a bit proud at the time because I heard the others say "did you see how Casey hit his man. did you see him put him right out in that ditch7". Brockwell never said a word but I saw him give me 3 queer look. "Hello", said I to myself "I wonder what mischief he is concocting now?". I was very soon to find out.

He got a sudden Order. We were to leave Dublin for Aldershot and I was sent out into Dublin to order some boxes, twine, rope etc. to pack the utensils ot the sargeants' mess. As I was not told to hurry, I made it my business to call on the Doyles to acquaint them with the news that we were leaving Ireland. They were upset. I know I made some rash promises to the effect that I would come back on my first leave. But I was barely 20 years of age and what young fellow has mde the same sort of promises.

When I returned to the barracks and went up the stairs to the kitchen of ihe sargeenta' mess. the cook whose name was Johnson said to me "Where have ynu been‚ÄôP. Have you seen Sargennt Major Eae'i". I said "No. why?".

He said "well he is looking for you end it is something to do with that "civvy"

you chucked out the other night. I said "why what's the matter with him?".

He said "they say he's dead". Just then the whistle of the speaking tube blew and I heard the Mess-Sergeant's voice from downstairs ask if Casey was back yet.

Then Dick Brockwell rushed into the kitchen panting as if he was out of breath.

"What did you come back for? Why didn't you stop out?". I said "why what's the matter", And then I said "is this some more of your 133-pullin57".

He said "look across there", pointing his finger towards the urderly-room which adjoined the guard room at the main entrance. I looked and sew two civilians. He said "they are the Police. the fellow you chucked out the other night, he's dead and you killed him". Just then I heard our ProvostSargesnt shout out "Is Casey up there?". And whatever doubts I had vanished.

Dick said "go and hide upstairs in the lumber room". This was a room that led to the clock-tower. 50 up the stairs I climbed s11 amongst the Cobwebs and dirt.\_ >0 \_ Then I heard Dick's voice bringing the Provost-Corporal. "He is up here"

I heard him say. "pal or no pal I am not going to be hung for him. They are looking {or a clean ehaven man and that's Casey". (Brockwell was very vein of his moustache). I got scared at all this talk and by difficult climbing I made my way into the clock tower and. got out of a window thinking I could get on to a roof. When I recall that climb I wonder how I managed to do it.

At last they spotted me. "Come on", said the Corporal. "get into regiments].

dress as quick as you can. You are wanted over at the orderly room". They gave me some help to clean up and dress and. the Corporal and myself went downstairs out of the mess. As soon as we got into the court-yerd the Corporal said to me "Alright you 3:: on over to the gustd-room, I will be over in a minute". Now had I paused to think I should have known by this time that it was all a big hit of leg-pulling because once s men is made prisoner his escort does not leave him, but over him keeps a close guard. I went over to the guard-room end the sentry walking up and down said "Vot'cher Ihn, are you going out?". I said "No, I believe that I m s prisoner‚Äú, and then I passed on into the room where all the Guard were sprawled out on benches reading and smoking. "what do you want Casey?" said. the Corporal of the Guard who I knew. I told him I was supposed to have killed a civilian on the night of the concert and was under arrest. "That's funny" he said " for I have got no orders". I said, "who were the two civilians that were here a little while ego?" and he replied that they were newly joined recruits. "However". he said, there is Mr. Taylor outside the orderly room. so out and ask him abut it".

Now Mr. Taylor was the new Regimental Sergeant Major and also the one who had mede the speech that the civilians made the disturbance over. So as I stood waiting outside trying for an opportunity to speak to him. he turned to me end asked what it was I wanted. I told him that I had thrown s fellow out of barracks who had interrupted his speech. "Serves him damn well right" he said, but when I told him I was under arrest for killing the man. I saw the twinkle come in his eyes. "Casey Boy", he said", "someone over there painting with his whip towards the mess is pulling your leg". And then I knew it was Brockwell again with his practical jokes and his accomplices who were 31qu ready to cause a laugh at someone's expense.

We were kept busy getting ready for our departure and eventually I found myself on the boat that was to take us across. The crowds that came to see us leave: Our Band plying .11 the lively tunes and the women and girls dancing with the soldiers on the jetty. Officers and Sergeants getting excited because some of the men would not obey orders and come on board the boat. Looking at the back of the crowd I saw my girl with her brother Tom trying to catch my attention and that was the last I saw of them as the host steamed away ACI‚ÄòOBB Dublin Bay.-51-

ALDERSHOT

We were not enanoured with the idea of being sent to Aldershot. What soldier would be after spending such happy times in Ireland. Aldershot is nothing but soldiers. soldiers. Every am of the service is there. Bugle: and trumpeters ue sounding day and night. One realises he is in the Am when he is stationed at Aldershot. I had been there a little over a week when I received a surprise visit from my father. It was on a Saturday morning he came. I knew that he worked for Jenning Welsh Clothworkers for I had been there to see him when on furlough from Dublin. I surmised he had the Saturday off to come down and visit me. He was pleased to see me as I was pleased to see him. I was up to my eyes as the saying is with work. and was rather puzzled as to where I could take him.

Eventually I took him across to the barrack-room and explained the position to the chaps there that I had my work to do in the Mesa. Would they see him right until I was at liberty?. They agreed to do so. And to my surprise, after I had made all arrangements that he could come and have his dinner with me in the Sugeants' Mess where the food was caoked and served better than what the nens were, when I went over to {etch him he was sitting down at the table with the soldiers to dinner, as if he had been in the Army all his life. They had taken him to the canteen, and had made a proper fuss over him and he was thoroughly enjoying himself. They said to me "Casey your old mm is going to stop here tonight". I said "where is he going to sleep?". They said "the Sergeant who sleeps in that cubicle has gone up to London and we Know how to open the door".

That evening my father, a chum And myself went out for a walk round the town of Aldershot. We spent a pleasant evening. had one or two drinks and went beck to barracks. He went into the Sargeut's bed in the cubicle that was built in a corner of the berraek-room and I slept in my own cat in the mom itself. About midnight a drunken dragoon stumbled in, by some chance he had avoided the Military Police who would certainly have scooped him in had they encountered him in such a condition. He also appeared to have been in a fight.

The noise he made when he came in wake us all up. He then started cursing.

He included Dragoons. Husaus, Foot-Soldiera and all the time he was sprawled on the floor in the dark. Then I heard my father‚Äòs voice say ‚Äúyou have cursed the whole of the British Army, mate". "Who was that?" said this drunken fellow. Someone said "Easy on, that's Casey's father". I had slipped out of bed like a cat and was ready for him if he interfered with my dad. He lit A bit of a candle and staggering over to the cubicle he burst the door in with me right behind him. By the light of the candle I could see my {Ither sitting-52up in bed smiling at us. "Are you Casey's father?", said the fellow who was drunk. "Yes‚Äú, said my father. "Then drink thin". and to my surprise he put his hand inside his shirt and brought out a bottle of whisky. Needless to say my father did as requested and my alarm for his safety was needless. We put the fellow to bed and went to sleep. The following day being Sunday, my father was left to wander round the garrison where he saw lots of sights to intereat him. He witnessed the Church Parade of all the regiments in the Aldershot Command and when I bade good‚Äîbye to him in the evening he assured me he had enjoyed himself immense. I slyly asked him what my step-mother would say to him when he got home to Ilford. He said "An I not entitled to see my only son?". That was the first visit, the second one was not so pleasant for him.

During my job as Hess-Waiter I got in the good books of all those I had to look after and among them was the orderly-room clerk. a Staff Sergeant.

He said to me one day ‚ÄúCasey, how would you like to go to Australia?"

I said "I should like it very much", but at the same time I thought he was joking. "Alright‚Äú, he said, "I will see what I can do for you". What was my surprise when I heard that 21 picked menof the Regiment were to go on a tour of Australia and that my name was on the list. At first 50 men paraded in full dress and the Colonel done the choosing. I thought that I stood no chance at all. Then I paraded again with 30 men and again I passed until it was aettladdefinitely that I was one of the 21 men who were to go. The idea of this tour to the colonies was the outcome of Mutual Government Policy that was to weld 311 the Colonies into one Imperial Commonwealth with a Parliament in Sydney. And to comemonte this the Duke and Mchose of York were going out on the 5.8. Ophir. And 21 of each regiment 1n the Amy were going for ceremonial parade s .

At last the time came for our departure from Aldershot. The Household Cavalry had sent their contingent to join us. and with our White Helmets and in matching order. our Band played us to the station. It was a very inspiring day for me to think that I was going away 3.11 those thousands of miles. One of the two sergeants who was going with my contingent asked me if I would be his bat men (servant) on the tour, the duties of which conaieted of keeping his boots and buttons clean and looking after his accoutriments as well as my own.

The pay was 12/- a month for this. I could very well hAve done without this job as I was of the opinion that I should have quite enough to do on the voyage to look after myself. But having been asked it would have been very unwise to re fuse .\_ 5h \_

at Malta. a very decent aha}: who took me to his canteen and eventually accompanied me to the harbour where a Naval boat took me back to my ship.

I got into trouble for not keeping in the ranks but my excuse was accepted and I was not punished. Valetta Harbour is the base for the Mediterranean Fleet. I got a close view of the battle-ships drawn up in line at their meetings. As our Troop Ship took its departure from Malta the naval men climbed their rigging like cats and gave us a cheer to which we all responded lustily.

I found the life aboardship not at all unpleasant as I got used to the routine. The bugle would sound the reveille, when we would clamber out of our hammocks that were suspended from the ceiling by two books. We had to roll the hammock and the blanket in a neat roll and take them to the hammock store. Each one bore a number so that each man retained his own during the voyage. But woe betide the one whose roll was untidy. He was deprived of his bed fur a couple of nights. After we handed our hammocks in, our next duty was to parade on the hurricaneedeck for gymnasium. After that breakfast was served and this used to consist of something that I had never been used to before for breakfast - Rice and Curry Stew, Coffee or tea which was usually greasy, bread or ships biscuits. After came the clean up - tables and forms were scoured. All the utensils which were made of tin were polished and set out for inspection. And then everbody, with the exception of the two messorderlies for the day, all had to be on deck, washed and shaved. buttons cleaned and in bare feet. The Bugle sounded the Fall In On Parade and over a 1000 soldiers stood to attention on the ship's deck. While this was taking place the Captain of the Ship inspected the mens' living quarters to see that everything was clean. We on deck were being inspected to see that we were clean. Then we were instructed where to line up for the boats in case of Shipwreck or Fire. This rehearsal took place regularly. He had the rest or the day to ourselves, which gave us a chance to scrub and mend our clothes or play games etc. We came across schools of porpoises that appeared to be trying to race the ship. 0n the voyage we saw a whale that created interest to everyone on board. It was of tremendous length and as it rose to blow it seemed like a fountain. Then we passed ships in the night although all we could see on the dark blot of the ocean was a tiny light like a star. It seemed to me that the ship put on speed at night. I was told that with everyone asleep this was possible.\_ 55 \_

Our next etopping place was Port Said, where we coded the ship. Coll huge: cme alongside lhden with coal. Hen. boys. women end girle - ell niggers and with little beekete on their ehouldere they ran up And down the plank: made fast to the ehip. There wee so many of them that they were a living chain and 5.11 the time they chanted some weird tune. All day this din and dust went on and then the Bun-boat men came rowing to the ship's aide selling turkish cigarettes and plug-tohacco e11 remarkably cheep. Some of the kids thht accompanied their perente on the coal barges gave an exhibition of swimming end diving. Their cry was "Penny I dive, penny I dive" and no matter how fer you threw the penny they were after it like greyhounds, down they would go and then they would come to the surface treading wlter and ehow you the penny which they put in their mouth. I eaw e sickening ‚Äò3er that wes caused by a guerdemen during this swimming display. Away on the starboard eide of the ship a school of shark: were swimming Around and thin fellow dared one youngster to dive for e shilling which he threw in the direction where the sharks were. The kid could not have seen from the water what we could see from the ship's deck because away he went after the ehilling. And then pandeuonium broke loose. the netivee shouted at him to come beck, so did we on deck. So excited did we get that eeverel of u set ubout this guerdmn end gave him a terrible hiding. For one of the sharks epotted the boy and elthough he turned too late to come back and was right close to the ship with us shouting and throwing Imps of coal. the shark had him and took his an off from the shoulder. The natives got to the boy just in time as he was einking and pulled his mangled body into e bolt.

Thie depressed me very much.

He left Port Said and started up the Suez Camel. Ships have to proceed deed elow passing through the Canal, there is just room tar two ships to pass each other at regular intervals. There are dredge‚Äù for the banks are or and which would soon make it impossible for ehipe to navigate. One side is Arabia and the other Egypt. He saw the camel-corp patrolling one side of the bank. Out of the canal we stopped at Port Suez then we went on to our first stage of Australia, Western Auetrelia. Fremantle was the Port.

Here we diaemharked and proceeded by train to Perth which is the capital.

We took part in a procession, and received a fore-teste of how we were to be treeted by the Australians. We all sat down to a very sumptuous lunch, when we proceeded back to the ship by the same news as we came and sailed on our Journey to Sydney.

It is a splendid sight to view Sydney Harbour as I viewed it on this Christmas Eve. It of course who mid-summet there with the temperature at 93 degrees-56in the shade. The ship berthed at the P 8: O jetty at North Circular Quey.

We paraded in Full Dress Uniform which included our brash helmets and with the sun beating down on us we marched through the cheering crowds of people with bands playing marching tunes. And here a very humourous in cident oocured. We were in column of tour: with a chum of mine on the extreme left and going along he whispered to me "Dan, there's e civvy here asking me to have a drink‚Äú. As a matter of feet what with the heat and dust my own throat was parched. ‚ÄúStop that talking in the ranks and march to ettention‚Äú said Our sergeant who was close behind us. "I am going to chuck a dummy again"

whispered Ben. "Alright". I said, "I will work it to stay behind and look after you". Bang drops Ben in the road but my move did not follow because I was ordered on. It was the urgent who stayed behind to see after Ben end as I marched along in the procession I wondered if it would be tumbled that there was nothing the matter with Ben except that he was thirsty.

We were given a splendid spread and shown to our quarters which were in the Agricultural Grounds at Sydney. We had nice clean sheets. renthar-pillows end feather‚Äîbeds to each one of our cots. I could hardly believe my sense: when I saw them. The place was lit with electric lights and everything was spotless clean. The next item was that the Mounted Police provided us with their horses. These were splendid animals with plenty of Vim in them. And it was our first job to get used to them after being six weeks on the ocean.

And then Ben and the sergeant turned up. I could see that they had found some friends. Ben told me he had made arrangements for him and myself to meet these civilians - which we did. They took us about and showed us the sights. the principal thoroughfares and I was quite delighted. We were living on the best of food and being waited on at mealtimes by waiters and waitresses.

The enterprising proprietors who ran the grounds decided to admit the public at a charge of 6d ench to see the English Soldiers. So our kits had to be kept in Burnish and Polish. In the stables our horses and saddles had to be likewise. Our Lancee. Swords and Cubines were properly arrayed at the back of our bed-cots. There was one draw-back attached to this for no matter how tired one was in the evening, not one could lay down on his bed until all the public had departed.

He also were engaged in a Military Tournament which consisted as far as we were concerned in Mounted Sword and Lance Exercises all done at the gallop.

Alec going over the Hurdle Jumps and cutting ht heede and posts with our eabree. It was exactly the same drill that is done by all cevslry regiments at home in England but the Australian people applauded our efforts. I was strolling alone around the grounds one afternoon when a very cheerful old ledy-57asked Ie where she could find the Husears. She begen by explaining that her first husband had belonged to the 1hth Hussers end in a quick-fire chatter she told me :11 her business. I was mead at this old lady for I had no Intentions of stopping and talking to her except to answer her questions. But she said "they told me st home that you young fellows would laugh at an old woman like me". I said, "Mother, don't you believe any of us would laugh at you". And to show how earnest I was I showed her round the grounds and stablae. She was quite delighted and made me promise when she Asked me my name to come out to her place to dinner. She said she would send her son for me. I said ‚Äúgoodbye‚Äú and then promptly {orgot the incident .

Some nights utter I went out in Sydney along with my chum Ben. Vle found some very free-heerted civilians who treated us rather too well so that Ben got tipsy and I was not much better. On our way home we saw a policeman taking e stray dog to the station. For some reason ox- the other he gave the dog to Ben who st first made a fuss of it. But going elong he became crazed with the strong drink he had imbibed. And the next thing I knew¬ª was he had smashed a big shop window and had took to his heels with the dog in his arms.

I run after him as hard as I could run end sew‚Äôhim dive into the river head first. I thought it was a case of suicide so quickly I ran down to the bank of the river and although s non‚Äîswimer I waded in after him only to discover he was swimming about like e fish, that I had nearly got drowned for nothing.

We were a very sorry spectacle when we arrived at our quarters and although the sergeant was going to intercept us he thought discretion was the better part of velour, for that night at any rate. We were told the next morning to consider ourselves under arrest. So very uneasy in mind I went to the stables to clean up my saddle. As it happened I was the only one there, the others having finished their saddles earlier. Then I noticed a gentleman watching me through the stable door. Thoughts of the broken shop window of the previous evening came to mind. so I naturally took him to be a 'tec.

"Is your name Casey'I". he asked. I said. "No. Casey is over st the bungalow".

He said, "I have been there and they told me I should find him in the stables, only my mother has sent me to bring him home to our home to dinner". I said.

"wee that old lady your mother who I was with the other day?". He said ‚Äúyou ere Casey‚Äú. then I owned I was. He had s mart pony and trap to drive me to his home which was 20 miles inland. 0! course I had to go and consult Ben first as I did not like the idea of going alone so far inland. He agreed to come with me, as he pointed out, we were under open arrest for our disorderly behaviour and as soon as we were brought before the Officer he would certainly punish us so that we would not be allowed out for the reminder of the time we were in Sydney. So adding that it was just as well to be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, we get ourselves ready dressed to go out.-55The Sergeant observed us and after warning us that we were not allowed to leave the grounds, he went to the Main Entrance to notify the Guardwhich on that day happened to be the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, that no dregoone were to be allowed out without a permit. But as we were determined by this time to go at all costs we told our new civilian friend to bring his pony and trap to the outside of a well we pointed to. Away he went to do hie part of the business. And then Ben and myself started to climb helping each other. The Guard saw us from the Gate and gave the alarm.

But we were in the tray and bowling along and. soon was out of sight.

It transpired when we reached the Homestead that the friend who had come for us was the only son and was getting married the following day. That meant we were to stay and the fuss these good people made over us I shall not forget. There were friends of the family that came fro: outlandish parts of Australia. With these we were soon on the best of tems. They took us through the Bush Country, and I quickly found how easy it is to get lost in the Australian Bush. It happened this way. A party of us consisting of young girls and young men were walking towards an Hotel that was situated. on the fringe of the Bush, when one of the fellows said he knew a short cut to the Hotel. I was talking to two of the girls at the time and the three of he went in the wrong direction. They soon said "we are lost". As I did not realize the gravity of the situation I Only laughed, {or I thought it great fun to be walking through grass that reached as high as my shoulder. But when I saw the look on the girls' faces I saw it wee no laughing matter but something very serious. They both shouted "Coo ‚Äîe -e‚Äú, that being the Australian call for help. We were wandering about holding on to each other and calling for over an hour. It was their dog Rover who found us and shortly we were re-united with the rest of the party, who were deeply concerned at what might have happened.

They assured me it was no uncommon thing to find the skeleton of a man who had been lost in the Bush and whose flesh had been eaten by the big‚Äîanta that uhonnded there in droves. We econ forgot this incident in jollification of the wedding party. I sang a few of the London Music Hall songs that were in vogue at the time. Ben he entertained at the piano and others there played different instruments. There was plenty of venison. wild duck. boat and other food that I had never seen in London. At last after three days absence we decided to return and receive what punishment was in store for us.

The old couple took the Son aside and whispered acne instructions as he was to drive us back to our quarters. As soon as we arrived back the others wanted to know where we had been. And the urgent grimly told us we were going to cop it hot. But this civilian friend had made it his business to interview our Officer. So the next morning when we were paraded before him\_ 59 \_ after delivering a little semen of going off without a permit, he let us off with a reprimand.

The next day we: what I shall term the Big Day. The Ceremony that had brought us 16,000 miles was to take place. He who were mounted on the Police‚Äîhorses but with our own English saddles and equipment were formed up with the Royal Horse Guards, Life Guards, Dragoons, Husears, Lancers and then behind were the Indian Cavalry, Bengal Iancers. Madras Iancers and etc. The English were under the command of Ceptain Gordon Wilson of the Royal Horse Guards. Then the procession started. First went all the different tradespeople with their banners and bends. every type of industry was represented, the whole procession was five miles long. Then the Command came for us : "English Cavalry - carry swords - walk ‚Äî march".

And we took the lead of the English contingent. The cheering we got from the thousands of penile who lined the route for it had been declared a Public Holiday. He reached the Domain, Sydney, where the Earl of Hopetown who was the Governor-General made a Proclamation in the name of Queen Victoria. And After a lot of fomalities such as the swearing-in of high offocials we returned to our quarters. Then came the packing up for our departure from Sydney. All our uniforms were packed away and we were dressed in Indian Khaki with White Helmets. And in this garb we marched to the docks to our ship that had been moored there for three weeks.

What a. contrast was the ship's food and accommodation to what we had been having.

Our next Port of call was Brisbane where we stayed three days and then we went on to Tasmania. It was just as we reached here that we got news of Queen Victoria‚Äòs death. 50 instead of having a procession we held a Metal Service instead in which all the religious denominations took part. Flags were at half mast and the whole proceedings was very solemn. We thought at first we were to return home to England, but got the news that we were to p on to Melbourne. Now Melbourne is a much finer City than Sydney. It is built on a Square System with broad thoroughfares. We left the ship at the Port of Melbourne which is seven miles from the City itself and travelling by train were lodged in the Victoria Barracks. It then transpired that our Regiment was in South Africa where War had been declared with the Boers.

And we were to go out with the Bushmens contingent from Melbourne.

Our Quarter Master was to remain behind to finish the tour. And I soon discovered I was to be left behind to look a!tex‚Äò him as his servant. I felt it keenly at the time parting from Ben and the rest of them who I left in Melbourne, for I sailed for New Zealand that night.\_ 60 \_

In the Army you do not get down-hesrted for long. I was soon interested in the sights I saw at sea. We came through terrible rough seas crossing the Australian Eight. The sees were of mountainous heights and came dashing down on the ship's decks until I thought we would never survive. It got so bad that we were under battened down hatches some part of the time. And when we were allowed to come up on deck it was by the aid of life-lines, ropes across the deck we were able to reach to the cooks‚Äîgalley for our food. And even when we safely returned to the lower-deck to issue to each man his share, the ship would keel right over on its side and we would all go sprawling on the deck. For days we had rough seas until we sighted the Bluff at Dmedin, where we started to receive a Maori welcome from the Maoris on the cliffs who intoned some shout. "Ha-Ki, Ha-Ki". which means "Welcome". These Haoris have not the negro type of features and are treated ere equals by the New Zealmders. They also have land in their own rights.

We were welcomed ashore by the Principal Officials and after a ceremony were given a luncheon. We then returned to our ship and proceeded to Wellington, where the same programme was gone through. Leaving Wellington we proceeded to Auckland, where I had another pleasant incident come my way. I of course was the only Dragoon on the ship, so as we lay moored. to the jetty the public were allowed on board. I was pmsently talking to two fellows dressed in the unifom of the Auckland Volunteers and showing them round the ship. One asked me to meet him the next day and have a meal with him. I of course thought he meant in a coffee shop. So as a change from the rough food on the ship.

I agreed. This incurred getting permission from my Officer. When I met this fellow he took me down Queen Street, the main thoroughfare of Auckland into a palatial hotel. I thought we were going in for a drink. but he took me upstairs and introduced me to his mother. It was then I realised that his father owned the hotel. We sat down to luncheon and was waited upon by his butler who made me feel out of place by winking at me behind their chairs, and in dumb actions telling me to eat and drink as much as I could. There were so many spoons. knives. forks for each course that it got me confused.

Still the butler saw that my glass was never empty, and that I had a full helping of each course. I was full, too full. when that meal finished. I was furnished with a handful of cigars. Then it was decided to go {or a drive, so the carriage was ordered. a slap up affair with Coachman and footmen and drawn by a pair of harass that must have cost a mint of money. The old lady wanted me to sit beside her facing the horses, the father and son sitting opposite, the son still in his volunteer uniform. I had never experienced such luxury before and it put the finishing touch to it when she directed the coachman to drive down to the jetty so that she could see our ship.

Many of the troops were looking over the rail and as soon as I was Observed riding in a carriage shouts of "Casey'."went up "Wot‚Äòcher, Casey!" , but the lady-61took not the slightest notice and told the coachuen to drive home. Not back to the hotel but to their country residence a number of miles inland. We passed the crater of some volcuo on the wey, the smoke still rising from it, all around was 51:5. They did tell me the me and history of this crater which I econ forgot, when we reached their home| e wonderful place with horses, sheep, youltry. A lovely garden in full bloom. And what took my fancy. an aviary of parrots end cockatooe, most of them telking birds.

And coming away he gave me e pair of cockntoos. Commencing It mnedin.

where the Maoris had given our Colonel Wyndham of the 21st Lancers a beautiful thorough-bred haree, we had collected some pets on board belonging to the Officers and men - : wullaby. mongoose end parrots which were kept on the top‚Äîdeck. so I knew I should be able to keep them on the ship. I bade good-bye to these kind friends and that night we sailed on our return journey to England.

We stopped at Aden and Colombo where the first Boer prisoners had arrived and where I bought a monkey for 3/6d from one of our soldiers there.

I never succeeded in getting any of my pets home. As regards the monkey I made a box to keep it in with a wooden latch to it. There were also one or two monkeys belonging to members of the crew in boxes on this deck where the pets were kept and in fact it was a miniature 200. I came up on deck early one morning to find the troops interested in the entice of a monkey at the top of the meat of the ship. Then I heard one say "it belongs to Casey".

All day it performed up there running from one meat to the other on the line that went across. I knew it would come down when it was hungry so telpted it with some food and as I caught it I could not resist giving it a smack. It turned on me and hit me so I determined to get rid of it. Just as I was about to throw it overboard one of the Engineers bought it from me for what I gave for it. I afterwards heard it was kept at the canteen in Aldershct where its antics unused the troops.

Soon after leaving Port Suez we ran aground on a hidden sand bank which took us days to get off. despite the naaiatance of tugs which came from the Port.

Here it is terribly hot in the daytime but very chilly at night and one morning I found my birds dead through the cold. We proceeded on our way home and one bright morning in April we sew the shores of England. It was not long before we had disembarked and entrained for Aldershot. The first person to pull me up in Aldershot was a Military Policeman on account of my Attire, White Helmet and Dragoons uniform. But I had come from places he had only read about in books and I told him 50 very forcibly.\_ 62 \_ As soon as I settled down in barracks I asked for leave to London. They replied that I had been on a good holiday. but I did succeeed in getting three days leave. I visited my father And my Aunt Eliza and told. them of my travels. When I returned to Aldershot I was asked to take the Corporals Stripes and after seeing the Commanding Officer it came out that I was to be Corporal C-sey at an increase in pay of hd a day. For s start this promotion did not suit me at all as I could never reconcile myself to be a bully or a sneak. One of my jobs was to drill the last joined recruits.

the "awkward squad" it was called. And some bright lads came to me, fellows who had been in other regiments but who had deserted and joined again with a different name. ‚Äòvlhen I first took this squad I had four or five to drill but so easy-going was I that the next day I had 25. When the drill-Sargeant Major came over and saw them he said "hello, what's the idea? you don‚Äòt belong here"

pointing to one man "and nor you" to another man. "Corporal", he would say, "be a bit more strict, smarten them up a bit". I would put them through their paces while he was knocking about but as soon as he was out sf sight I would say "stand at ease. stand easy". Then I used to have what was termed 3 Ride of Recruits in the morning in which again I was supposed to be too easygoing. So I thought to myself "I shall not last very long as a Corporal".

Still I studied the Amy Drill Book and done the best I could. although all the job was worth was being a lackey to the ssrgsants.

Vale moved from Aldershot to York. But we had not been there but a few weeks when I was ordered for a Draft to go to South Africa to rejoin the Regiment that was at the War. I was granted s short leave to London. When I told my Isther and my aunt the route we should proceed for embarkation to South Africa would be from Fenchurch Street Station to the Royal Albert Docks.

they agreed to come and see me off. I returned from leave to York and was issued with my Active Service Kit, comprising Khaki uniform with s slouch broad brimmed hat. We were to take lsnces. swords, rifles and bayonets and were to travel dismounted. I recollect I set the fashion of having my hair cropped very short including the fringe so we looked like convicts when we took our hats off. I made the remark that "where we were going there was no girls to see us so what did it matter how we looked". There was 80 of us going from York, and we were plwed to the Railway Station by the 6th Dragoon Guards Band.

Crowds of people marched with us. I know some girl carried my title because in the crush of the cheering crowd all sense of military marching formation was broken up and we walked along sm-in-am. I thoroughly enjoyed the fun because some civilians brought us a drink and cigarettes and the girls from Rowntrees gave us chocolates. When we reached London at King's Cross Station we had omnibuses waiting to take us to Fenchurch Street. That is where I let my Aunt Eliza, we just had time to have a drink before my train went. I know I left\_ 6) ..

her crying her eyes out on the platform as the train steamed out of the station for Woolwich. When I reached the docks my father rushed up to me.

He had been waiting there since 6 sun. and the time was 11 am. and we were to sail at ‚Äò12 noon on the 5.5. Orltsvn. But my father had not been idle for he had found out some very vital points of information for our benefit.

We who had thought to travel without horses was told by my father that he had seen and learned that the ship was full of horses, there was 600 horses for us 80 cavalry men to look after. Some of my chums had their fathers and relatives to see them off. So we made a party up and sent for some beer which was brought to us on board the ship. The time passed so quickly when the siren blew "Those for the shore", and I bade good-bye to my father. I know he was much upset and so was I but being a soldier it would not have done to show it. He stood waving to me with his hat all the time as we sailed out of the docks on our way to the South African War.

Life on board the Orstsva was far more pleasant than what I expected.

We were give): good food and. allowed to purchase one bottle of stout a day.

This was considered a great concession. I learnt to smoke a pipe which was to stand me in good stead eventually, because the ex√©ellent plug-tobscco they sold on board and that which I purchased at the Canary Islands where we stopped to coal the ship, was so lasting and so cheap in comparison to cigarettes which were very dear. Vile had plenty of work to do in attending to 600 horses. They had to be watered and fed three times a day. then their legs had to be massaged in lieu of exercise. And so we were employed all the day long. It says a great deal for the manner we worked when I state we only had six horses die.

Then came the hauling job for the horses were below decks. So we lashed their legs with a rope and dragged them to the hatchway. Then the derrick‚Äîcrane was lowered and they were hauled on deck to be pushed over the side of the ship.

A remarkable thing when this was done is that the dead horse did not sink immediately but appeared to be swimming. The sharks would then make for him and that would be the finish.

When we had done our days work the evenings were our leisure time, when concerts or boxing-matches would be arranged. Other times we played cards in which I gained the experience that in gambling there are no fine sentiments.

I had as e chum on board one chap named Bill Windsor, he was a middle-weight boxer sad as I possessed 30/‚Äî I started to play banker at which I was winning.

He it seems had gone broke so I lent him some money. And his luck changed so he was able to pay me back what I had lent him. He then suggested that we 30 partners in taking the bank. And we were both winning pounds for it was s big gambling school. I had never so many plden sovereigns in my pocket before in my life. Then Windsor suggested we dissolve our partnership and me take the bank on myself. I agreed and dealt out the cards which was"√©hheavily backed by the players. "52 on that card", said Windsor. I covered his ¬£2 As I had covered the other bets. "How much money have you left?"

asked Windsor. I had a count and told him. ‚ÄúWill you go the lot on that card?" he asked. I said "yes". {or it would be showing the white feather it I did not. But when I turned up the card that was left for me I had a deuce.

All their cards were high. But Windsor hsd the see. And I was stone‚Äîbroke.

He had spotted the see for he had lurked the cards. But I never found this out until some time afterwards. I recollect that I minded his money for him until such time as he could interview the Purser on the Ship. as he was afraid.

of having his pockets cut out when he was asleep by someone who had no scruples where money was concerned. He paid for my bottle of stout each day and was generally free‚Äîhearted towards me.

We sighted Table Mountain and eventually anchored in Table Bay to go ashore in Cape Town. Then arose the first obstacle. He were not pemitted to land as the Bubsnic Plague was raging and thousands in the Native Quarter were dying from it. So we were ordered to Port Elizabeth. When we reached that port barges came alongside the ship and the horses were brought on deck and lowered by the ship's crane in slings over the side into the hold of the barges.

One of our fellows took advantage of the confusion to husk into the lazarette of the ship where cases of spirits was stored and helped himself so liberally as to get drunk. Staggering on the deck he went over the side. I heard the splash and gave the alarm pointing to what looked like an old rag. I shouted "That's him!" but I did not make any impression on the others who were convinced he had sunk like a stone. So the unfortunate fellow was drowned.

Vie went ashore and having formed up we were each issued with 150 rounds of ball ammunition. This greatly increased the weight that we were already carrying.

He marched to the station to entrain for np-country. And I got my first impression of the contempt the blacks were held in by the white people.

I saw a mere boy kick a black fellow because he was on the pavement. When I enquired why he had done it he said "Kaffirs must walk in the reed‚Äú.

We got some rations of hsrd-biscnits end bully beef and got aboard. some railway trucks that was loaded with requisites for the troops at the front. And then we learned that we would be three days on the train, else that we were bound for Krocnstad. What s desert of a country. Miles and miles of Veldt scorched by the blistering sun. When we reached Kroonstsd we found that the 1st Dragoon Guards were not there but a party of Details from the regiment. I also got- 65 \_ my first impressions of War. In a barricade of sand-begs a sentry was posted with fixed bayonet keeping a keen lookrout across the Veldt for the enemy.

Other 5 were in support all amed to the teeth. I had seen a Drama at the Pavillion Theatre in the Whitechspel Road where soldiers were on guard during war time. And this was what came to my mind as this scene presented itself to me at first. Then I saw the horse-lines with the horses picketed to the ground rapes. Guarding the horses were fellows with rifles who were busily employed with their shirts off in lousying themselves. I did not smile because it quickly dawned on me that I should shortly be the same. I was made welcome by the fellows who knew me and over our tea such as it was I retailed all the latest news from England, all the latest songs, also told them of my Australian Tour. This took some time. They in return wanted to know how long I had been a Corporal and were of the opinion I should lose my stripes when we rejoined the regiment. Just then a sergeant put his head in the tent and asked if Corporal Casey was there. On seeing me he rapped out his orders ‚Äî- "You will take the black horse at the end of the lines tomorrow morning at ‚Äôd o'clock, take rations for the day and form up at the end of the lines nearest to the barricade. You are for reconnoitring patrol". The others chaps said "Blimey Casey you are soon for it". The next morning in the dark I saddled up and formed up with the rest. The Officer in charge knew me. He said "Hello. Casey. how did you enjoy Australia?". I replied "very well".

He then adopted the Officer attitude. "Corporal you will take six men and go as advance-patrol on the left flank". I told off six men on the left and having galloped off in advance on the left flank, I called a halt. Taming round to these fellows I said "look here boys, you have been out here longer than me and know the position better. so if you see me making any mistakes tell me. And don't mind the Cnrporale stripes ". They said. "that's alright Dan, you'll be alright". So away we went again. Our job was not to get too far away from the others who comprised the main body behind us and yet to be as far in front as possible so when the direction was changed to the right we had to gallop to keep to our right formation. keeping a keen look out all the time. We had gone about 18 miles when I heard firing on the right.

Plip plop. Flip plop. And I recognised the sound of Mauser rifles. I then saw our right flank patrol returning in a hurry. I heard the other Corporal say as he saluted the Officer "Enemy in force behind a fsmhouse on the right.

Sir‚Äú. "Very good" said the Officer, then he turned to me "Corporal. you go back, give Captain Mitchell my compliments and tell him we are in touch with the enemy". So having given the Officer a salute I turned my horse round and gallaped back to where I imagined I would find the main both] of this reconnoitring patral which comprised detachments from 3rd Dragoon Guards,‚Äî667th Dragoon Guards and my own regiment, the 1st Kings Dragoon Guards.

Now the veldt in South Africa is a series of aky‚Äîlines. no sheltering woods, here and there are kopjes, which are hills or small mountains of rooks.

And so as I went along of course I was riding in a hollow and therefore muld not expect to come in sight of. the troops I had been sent for until I reached an elevated position. I recollect I was rather concerned if I was riding in the right direction but to my great relief on topping the rise I saw them approaching on my right. I rode to meet them and then noticed that at the head of the column riding on a shaggy Boer pony and strictly guarded was a Boer who for the sake of a reward was guiding our soldiers to where his Compatriots were assembled. It meant for him this: if he led us into an ambush he would be shot dead by the guards riding by his side who had special orders to do so. And on the other hand if he was caught by hiw own people death was also assured to him. I gave my message to the Officer commanding who turning round to his troops gave the command "Squadron - trot".

I fell in behind with the 7th Dragoon Guards contingent. My poor old horse was about done up with all the galloping he had been doing since we started at daybreak and I was feeling the heat of the sun intensely myself. To make matters worse I had not a drink of water in my water-hottle. So riding along I asked for a drink of water. A Corporal gave me a swig of water out of hisbottle telling me that I should always be careful where water was concerned as it was the most valuable of all the provender we carried. Yes, I was to learn that water is one of the most Valuable things to a soldier on service.

more especially when the climate was like it is in South Africa.

As soon as we neared the point where I had left my party the Officer gave the command "Dismounted action", when as quick as lightning all excepting the man who was number 3 of each section of 1+, dismounted and ran with their rfles to take a lying down position behind such cover as they could find. The men with the horses withdrew out of rifle range. I then observed my party away on the right in an isolated position with the Boers closing in around them in horse-shoe fashion. And in my ignorance I was still mounted not having obeyed the order to dismount, so considering that I did not belong to the troops I was with but had only been sent to give them my Officer‚Äòs message. I started to ride across to rejoin them. All this time both sides were exchanging a hot rifle fire, the bullets were flying about like hail stones. "Where is that damn men going to?‚Äú yelled the Commander. I replied that I was going to rejoin my detachment. Then he yelled out "Go and tell that fool of an Officer to come in. He is being surrounded". I must have been a bit flusteted because he also sent another soldier of the 3rd Dragoon Guards. "Gallop Gallop you damn idiots" the Officer shouted. 50 away we went. I can recollect that ride\_ 67 \_ vividly. For about a mile our course was straight. the enemy were on the rise immediately in front of us. The party we were sent out to tell to come in were on a knoll of rocks on the right and to reach them we should have to gain the shelter of these same rocks by turning sharp to the right at the end nf this course. As we galloped side by side we were a target for the rifle~fire of the Boers lining the ridge. The bullets spat up the ground like hail‚Äîstonee.

But we were not hit and managed to reach my party. The Officer 2nd Lieutenant Grewing was calmly smoking a cigar and directing the fire of his small patrol.

"Captain Mitchell's compliments Sir" I said smartly. giving a salute. "and will you please retire as you are being surrounded". "Very good Corporal"

he replied "get mounted med‚Äò. I had some mis-conceived idea that I was to join the rear guard. In any case my horse was too distressed to do the return gallop. So this chap of the 3rd Dragoon Guards and myself led our horses out of range of the firing to the top of a Kopje where we obtained a good view of the fight. He saw our troops in full retreat being pursued by the Boers on their stockly little Boer ponies. A remarkable trait of these ponies was that as soon as their riders dismounted to fire on our troops they stood stock still and. seemed to take no alarm at the noise of the firing. We saw a very amusing eight. One of our troops had his horse shot dead from under him and one of his comrades stopped to give him a lift on his own horse. A feet that had it been noticed and reported would have deserved the Victoria. Cross. But the horse had other ideas. For he refused to carry the double load and started bucking.

He bucked them both off and they were easily captured by the pursuing Boers.

My companion was nervous and kept saying to me ‚Äúcome on, mate, we shall be wiped up". So yielding to his waming we both mounted our horses and at a walking pace went on in a direction that we imagined would lead us to where our troops were. ‚Äòvle had been riding for a couple of hours across the Veldt when a good distance away on the right I observed a body of horsemen. It was then late in the afternoon, the sun was sinking in the west end it was a strange experience to me. I had gleaned all the particulars as regards my companion who was a total stranger to me. I was told his name was Brown, he lived in London in Camberwell. he was 22 years of age and had ‚Äò+ years service in the Amy. I bld him my name and all about my tour in Australia. Then breaking off suddenly I said "Look, those are our people right over there across the Veldt".

"Are you sure mate?". he said. ‚ÄúOf course they are". I said, "come on".

So putting spurs to our mounts we rode across the Veldt shouting and me waving my hat to attract the attention of this body of horseman who were riding to meet us. But what was my dismay to find I had been beckoning to the enemy.

They were Boers. They came with a rush -"hands up. hands upl" they shouted firing from the saddle as they approached. Our horses were done up, too done up for us to contemplate a gallop away from them. So we held our hands up over our heads and were qzickly surrounded by this Commando. I know one fellow.. 68 \_ actually shoved the muzzle of his rifle in my face. "Get down". said the one in command, then pointing his finger in a direction he said "Run".

50 panting and scared we both ran. Now I had heard this was a favourite pastime of the Boers when they took prisoners, to get them to run and then to fire on them and shoot them in the back. So when I heard a shout to come back I was surprised. We both went back and were told to get up on our horses which they had linked together with a rope. ‚Äôl‚Äòhey searched us and took everything of value we had including my pipe and my plug tobacco. I had on a new slouch hat which one fellow took a fancy to replacing it on my head with a dirty greasy hat like a cabbage leaf. Another one fancied my new tunic and spurs, replacing it with a ragged jacket, so by the time they had finished I looked like e scare-crow. We rode along in their midst across the Veldt. And I recall thinking that if they intended to shoot me that I would not plead for mercy but would bare my breast to receive the bullets. "They want see me flinch"

I said to myself. Going along I saw a fluttering of a men's hand on the Veldt that was strewn here and there with casualties of both sides.

I turned to one of my guards and in sign language asked if it was one of our wounded or one of theirs. Shading his eyes with his hand he acquainted me with the news that it was one of our troops laying out there. I asked if I could not go out and succour him. After some talk with the others in the Dutch language he agreed to take me to where this chap was laying. I was surprised to find it was the Corporal of the 7th Dragoon Guards who had given me a drink of water earlier in the day. He had been shot through both thighs just below the hip. As I bent over him he numered "don't shoot me".

I said "I aint going to shoot you". "Why", he said, "you are Englishmhat are you doing with this mob'2". I suppose my disreputable hat and. garb had led him to suppose I was a renegade Englishman. I explained I was the chap he had given the water to that morning and I was a prisoner. "For Gods sake give me a drink of water " he gasped. I turned to my caytors and asked them to get him some water. One of them loped off on his pony and returned with a rusty old kettle full of water which the wounded man drank ravenously. I ret n'eved from the Boer who had my tunic my field dressing comprising bandages, lint etc., that every soldier carries on Active Service and having also borrowed my own jack knife off another fellow, I set about cutting the wounded mans riding pants off so as I could dress his wounds and stem the flow of blood. I had never dressed a wound before. but trusting to Providence and. being as Settle as I could I set about the task and in pulling away the pants the bullet dropped in my hands. It was a clean hole in both legs, so being careful not to touch it with my bare hands I bathed it and dressed it tightly receiving the grateful thanks of the poor fellow.- 69 \_

Suddenly there was some excitement among the Boers, they all sprang into their saddles and sat stiffly to attention. I then noticed a very large number of horsemen approaching led by a man in a neat blue serge suit.

"What have we got here", he said in excellent English. They told him and then I observed that amongst this crowd were some more of our troops that had been captured and made prisoners. I next discovered that the man in the blue suit was Commandant Salute, the great man who is new General Smuts.

Coming over to me he said "you have made a good job of that", pointing to my bandaging on the wounded man. "You are a Corporal, are you not?" he asked.

I told him I was and had only been in the Country but a few days. "That's hard luck" he said, with a smile "how much artillery had you with you this morning?" I told him we had no artillery as we were but a reconnoitring patrol. He called me a Liar. "Alright", I said, "don't believe me‚Äú, and gave a shrug with my shoulders. This seemed to please him. the manner in which I answered him back for calling me to him he said, "Look here, we cannot treat you as well as the English treat our people when they take them prisoners because we have not got it to do so. But there is a ruined farmhouse over there" (pointing with his whip across the Veldt) "take your wounded over there and I will helio in to your people to send out an Ambulance under the White Flag". I saluted and thanked him, so borrowing one of my captured blankets we carried the wounded to this farm building that had no roof and had evidently suffered from artillery fire at some previous date. This Smute noticed I was minus my tunic and made the fellow who took it give it to me back. 5130 my hat and then when I mentioned about my pipe and tobacco he flew into such a temper with the one who had taken them so I got them back.

Also he gave me a canvas bag full of Beer tobacco. This is more like herbs and is tobacco in its raw state. Then a Field‚ÄîCornet that is equivalent to .21 Officer came to me with a large joint of mutton and told me I could make a fire and cook it but I must put the fire out when it got dark as they did not wish their position to be discovered by the British Soldiers. There was about 20 of us taken prisoners. some had been wounded slightly and after seeing to their wounds we each recounted our own experience as to how we came to be "wiped up". And I caused the biggest laugh of all when I described how I had waved my hat and beckoned to the Boers who I had mistaken for our own people.

Around this farmhouse were a number of fowls. A proper poultry farm. And we cast longing eyes on them and thought they would go alright with the piece of mutton we had been given. So grabbing a blanket we succeeded in capturing three without any noise and carefully we plucked them and destroyed all traces of the feathers, cut them up and put them in the pot the Boers had given us to cook the meat in. We had just got everything cleared away when the Field-Cornet\_ 7o \_ rode over to us for they had put no guards over us. "That smells alright"

he said in broken English pointing to the pot that was boiling on the fire we had made with broken timber. We all of us got scared he might discover we had slaughtered the fewle or he might want to taste the meat. But simply telling me to put the fire out he rode away again. I was told by my companions in misfortune that the Boers had very strict ideas about honesty. This led me to speak of how I had my pipe restored to me by my captors. "Yes". they said, "the Boers only believe in confiscating Government property and any money or private possessions was always returned to their prisoners".

The job now was to distribute the contents of the pot. We found an old tin can that had to do for us all. It was a tasteless meal for we had no salt, biscuit or bread to eat with it. But we were hungry and after giving the wounded their turn first we finished the remainder. Then without a blanket or a cloak we did our best to try and get some sleep. But the chill of the African night set me shivering so I got up and walked about till daybreak. The Commandant Smuts kept his promise to signal in to the British lines for an ambulance for presently we observed a mule-driven covered wagon with a large red cross on a white sheet approaching. A party of Beers rode out to meet it. And presently we had the satisfaction of seeing our poor chaps wounds cleaned and dressed and comfortable on the stretchers. We were all allowed to depart with the wagon as the Boers had no facilities to keep prisoners. So minus our horses, saddles.

arms and accoutriments we struggled on across the Veldt with the sun blazing down on us. All day it took us to reach our lines and at sunset properly dead beat through my long trek I was received in my own camp by my chums. They had just finished their evening meal but got me a pannikin of tea and some food.

I then learned that I had been reported killed. It appears someone was supposed to have seen me fall as they retreated. then I was wanted by the Captain and I naturally thought I was going to get into trouble for losing my horse, saddle, arms and equipment. But to my surprise he shook hands with me and told me he was pleased to find me alive and well. I began to think some exaggerated account of myself had been reported, but deemed it wise to say nothing. A few days later I was sent to bring some remounts from rail‚Äîhead and I soon was issued with another rifle and bayonet.

Some weeks later I was drafted to where my regiment was. It was the first time I had seen them since I left to go to Australia. My old squadron sergeantmajor when he saw me said "Hello, Casey, so you have got here alright. I hear you have been captured. I think Brockwell wants to see you". he said with a twinkle in his eye. "At anyrate I am not going to separate you two. ‚Äòvle can do with a laugh out here". So presently I found myself face to face with the bold Dick Brockwell, who was already primed to the fact that I had arrived ,\_ 71 \_ Smelling the prospects of a joke. a good number made an excuse to be present when we met. "Hello Dick", I said, holding out my hand. He looked at me then said "Come along of me", and took me straight into a tent where all the N.C.0's of the Squadron were. "Here he in Sergeant‚ÄîHajor", end then in mook‚Äîterror holding both hands above his head he said "Don‚Äòt shoot me Sir, I have a wife and child. Take my horse and rifle but don't shoot". This was a burlesque of my capture and tickled the fancy of the troops. But the next day I had my own back because being sent into Harrissmith to make a large purchase of groceries and cigarettes, most of the money being provided by the troops, on his way back with the goods and in full view of the camp, he was held up by two Boers and lost the whole issue.

Ve were continuously on the move. The rear guard always provided the Outposts at night and were not relieved until the next W- We all of us got very little sleep. I had an incident occur to myself. He had had a very tiring day fighting A reer-guard action, because what the Boers would do more often then usual would be to let the main body of our troops pass through a gorge and then strive to out off the rear‚Äîguard who were generally a good distance behind.

on this particular day Brockwell and myself were riding side by side when we awoke to the fact that we were crossing a field of potatoes. "Look, Dan", said Brocky'‚ÄúSpuds". And very quickly we dismounted and was digging up potatoes unaware of a party of Boers creeping down towards us. The rest of our rear-guard had gone on but one chap looking back saw our danger and gave the alum. There was Dick with his arms full of spuds, so quickly bringing my rifle u}: to my shoulder I started a little war of my own to enable Dick to get mounted. But when it came for me to get on my horse I was in a predicament for the horse started to go round and round and I could not get my foot in the stirrup-iron. When I eventually did get settled on his back I dropped my cavalry cloak in the pockets of which I had my pipe and about seven makes of plug tobacco. The Boers were getting closer to me firing all the time. I don't know what poaessed me to do it, but at the thoughts of being done out of a smoke, back I went, dismounted and picked up my cloak and putting spurs to my horse soon rejoined my party who had halted and were busy firing at my pureuer-s. "Casey, you're mad", said Brocky. And I think he wee not fer wrong .

That night as our column went into bivouac I was told I was for Out‚ÄîPost Duty.

I had five men and myself to keep sentry at an advanced point. I elected myself to take the worst relief. that was the 3rd relief which would place me on sentry from 12 midnight till 2 am. I made arrangements that they should do one hour watching for the enemy and one hour on the horses.- 72 \_ Anyone who knows anything about ‚Äòvlar will know what a responsible task this is, {or if the enemy can get past the Out-post without an alarm being given, the sleeping camp is at their Mercy. (A case actually did occur during the South African War of a Yeomanry regiment who were posted on an Out-post Duty, who because it was Christms‚Äîtime by some means or other obtained some whisky on which they got drunk. ChristiaanDe Vet who had a Boer guide employed by the British saw to it that this guide should supply the Yeomanry with the whisky. So having dug a trench in which to keep guard in they partook of the whisky end were soon fast asleep. We received the news and by forced marches we reached the scene too late. The outpost lay in their trench with their throats cut. Asthe troops had awoke from their sleep they had been shot dead. Officers taken unawares were also killed. But the crowning horror was to find that the Kaffir boys who drove the oxen wagons containing the forage etc. had been thrown on the flaming wagons which had been sent fire to, and burnt alive. All the horses and oxen had been shot dead. It was a Massacre).

But I must describe my own out‚Äîpost job. We had, as I previously stated, a very tiring day. so having posted the first relief in a lying down position so as not to he observed by the enemy. I, to keep myself awake. cut myself a chew of tobacco. I had learnt this very bad habit on my tour of Australia.

After a while I thought I would have a look at the horses to see if they were alright. I approached very quietly in the dark and gave a signal.

A very old soldier, none other than the big Irishman of my Colchester days Masher Tidd was on sentry over the horses. having done his first hour look‚Äîout from the observation point. "Where's Perkins" I enquired. "Shure an‚Äò he‚Äòs out there" replied Masher Tidd. So very quietly I approached the other sentry giving him the signal. I got closer to him by crawling on my hands and knees and called to him again but got no answer. And to my horror and rage he was fast asleep. I took away his rifle and went back and fetched the others.

Then rage and responsibility got the upper hand of me. I kicked him, I punched him, I felt like bashing his brains out. It upset my nerves properly.

About midnight I took my turn with all my senses keyed up to a pitch. I had not been on half‚Äîan‚Äîhour when I heard a rustle in front of me and to my surprise a Kaftir rose to his feet right in front of me. I quickly covered him with my rifle and his hands went up promptly. In searching him I recognised he was one of our Black Scouts. In his broken language I understood the one word "Boers" and as he pointed backwards I inferred the enemy were approaching thinking to surprise us in the dark. I passed him through and got my five men together with loaded magazines and one up the barrel of the rifle. Masher Tidd began to grouse "what's the use of six of us?", he said, ‚Äùwe shall all get slaughtered. That's what comes of making a bit of a boy a Lance‚ÄîCorporal".\_ 73 ..

I said. "look here, Masher, I am in charge here, if there is anything wrong you report to the Squadron Leader in the lorning. At the moment you do as I order". Very shortly. by placing my ear to the ground, I could hear hoof beats which were coming in a gallop in out direction. Then I heard the Dutch language. "Get ready". I warned. Then at the top of my voice I yelled "Halt - Who Comes There". I heard again some talk in Dutch.

"Fire" I yelled and a volley went tearing into them. Then I heard "We are friends. Don't shoot". So dashing out I siezed hold of one of the leader‚Äòs bridles. He said "We are Scouts for the English. producing his papers which I grabbed. And so they were. We had not killed any one of them but they had received some bad gun shot wounds. The firing had alarmed the camp and very quick our supports came up, who took these Dutchman in with them to have their wounds seen to. Now Masher Tidd was in his glory. "What did I tell you‚Äù, he said, "A bit of a boy for a Corporal. what can you expect". I made no reply but at day-break when we were relievedI made my way to the Officers Wagon and asked to see my Captain. To him I reported the blunder I had made. To my surprise he said "Don't let that worry you. They had. no right to approach your post at night and they are used to being fired upon". It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him of my other trouble of the night as Tidd had fair upset me with his sneers. Then I remembered the penalty for being asleep on Seotry-Go was death. So I kept silent on all other matters.

Now on the following day while we were having our evening meal Dick Brockwell began to give me some queer looks. I said. "What's biting you, Dick?".

At last he said "what happened the other night on 0ntpoat?". I described about the Dutchmen. He said. "I don‚Äòt mean that". Then he said, "did you have someone go to sleep on sentry7". I was dead surprised and nervous too for I had not reported the matter. "Are you aware". said Dick, "we could all have been murdered in our sleep. What did you do to him". I told him that I had hit him. He said "you ought to have kicked him". But he made it his business to stop tongues wagging too freely. As for Perkins, he was a bundle of nerves for days after.

For some weeks we went trekking across the Veldt of the Orange Free State into the Transvaal. He worked in conjunction with other columns of troops.

For it was Guerilla Warfare and owing to the nature of the country and the mobile movements of the Boers who wearing no unifoms and scattering in different directions when it suited their requirements, sorely puzzled our Commanders. So a system of drives was the order of the day. ‚Äòvle would ride across the Veldt in open order spread out so that from right to left our frontage covered a mile. Erther off on our left and right other British columns.. 71+ \_ were doing the same tactics. Our artillery was kept as close to the main or centre body As far as circumstances would permit. It used to be a struggle sometimes to get these guns across a drirt or when fording e stream every pound- of strength from horses and men was required to prevent them from getting stuck Then if a {emhouse appeared in our front three of us would gallop up to it in e zig zag fashion and while one man held the horses the other two would search it for Boots who night he in hiding. Every Hale Beer including boys were in the field on Commando. end. it was generally only women in these farmhouses but we know that u soon as our Column had passed on the men-folk would return at night to their ferns. We got a hurried order once for a forced Night March, this meant no sleep and the previous night I had been again on Outpost. Riding through the night heads were nodding and men were all but falling out of the saddle for want of sleep.

We eventually arrived at our objective, 3 big rock celled Kaffir Kcyje.

The Colonel was cursing the Officers - "wake those men up, will no-one wake those men up?". I know we were all put into position to spring a surprise at daybreak. Where I was ylaced was right on top and there was a small cave into which I got. And then tired out and dead beat I slept, for how long I do not know but it must have been days. When I awoke I was alone on the kopje. Lonking down from my very high position I saw my regiment had camped on the Veldt a mile or so away. Now I still had on my heavy cavalry cloak and as I approached our lines curious glances were given me. "Where have you been and what are you doing with your cloak on?". I then realized the heat so I took it off. I said "I have been up there". pointing to Kaffir Kopje. It then transpired that the regiment had been in action and I had missed it all. Of course it was soon discovered that I had been asleep, but the best part of it was I had not been missed. Some were prepared to say they had seen me come down with the rest. But I was properly fed up and told them that I had been asleep alright. This meant I would have to see my Officer. He gave me a severe lecture and told me to give up my Corporal‚Äòs stripe. This I was only too pleased to do.

We next had to go to the Bracken haste Disaster which as I have previously explained was caused through the Yeomanry obtaining what must have been drugged whisky from the treacherous Boer Guide. 'vle had A famous General present with us and to see him laying flat on his stomach to peer over the cliff by which the Boers had approached and attacked the camp was a sight.

All of us were deeply moved by the horror we saw and many a vengeful oath was uttered by the troops. In attacking a farmhouse the next dw from which a party of Boers had fired on us and fled, one of them, a smart young fellow| was captured. All the women were ordered out and the farm was set fire to This chap made one bound on to his pony's hack and away he galloped but up\_ 75 \_ came the rifles and he fell simply riddled with bullets. The screams and lamenting of the women were awful to hear. And I thought what a terrible wicked thingis war.

I was soon after told off to go on Block House Duty. This was a new one on me. The Engineers brought up some circular galvanised sheets which when fitted together left a space of three feet into which we emptied sand and rocks. We had small port holes and the whole thing was impregnable to rifle fire. A chain of these were built at half a mile intervals across the Veldt and a barbed wire entanglement reached between each Block House, then a trench was dug midway between the two houses in which three men had to spend the night on sentry. What a weird job that was.

I was on sentry with my two comrades lying at the foot of the trench trying to snatch a little sleep when I imagined I saw forms approaching. To fire would be to alarm everybody and we had strict orders to make sure.

But I was sure I heard hoof beats. So taking careful aim at the shadow I fired and knew by the sound of the bullet I had hit something. But what a nervous chap I was when day dawned to find I had shot a horse that had got loose and belonged to one of the Officers. The fuss there was over it but my two chums kept their mouths shut, so the shooting of the horse remained a mystery .

Although in B. Squadron we were rather on the fortunate side as regards the quality of our Officers, some in other Squadrons were not so lucky. In C.

Squadron they had a major who was a tyrant. He had gained some fame previous t o the war as an explorer in Africa. There is no doubt he was a courageous man and did not know the meaning of fear. Yet nevertheless he was a tyrant as far as his men were concerned. In leading a night attack he was killed and what was strange he was shot in the back. Everbody knowing his dashing bravery could not understand this. but in digging the hole to bury him in ine of his man called out to another "Bill bring some of the biggest rocks you can find" (this was a practice done to prevent wild beasts digging up the body). "What for?" shouted beck Bill. "50 as he can't get up again". The Colonel was passing and heard these words I also had to go ferward but I recollect hearing the word "lurder" uttered by the Colonel and a threat to the men to hold an enquiry. But the bullets were coming at us from all directions and I never heard any more auspicious comments that he might have been done in by his own men.‚Äî76‚Äî

If Army discipline was strict in pesoe-time in the barracks st home it was far more stricter on Active Service where severity was the order of the day.

I witnessed a very sad case of a tyrannical Sergeant and a very unfortunate trooper. The men's name was Fletcher. He was a Royal Reservist. That meant he was an Old Soldier who had re-enlisted for the vex- for the sake of the 9.21.0.0. Bounty the Government wss offering at the tme‚Äòes an inducement for all old Soldiers to rejoin the Colours. This man had been out on Observation Post all day and on being relieved st sunsent he naturally came into camp rsvenously hungry. He was preparing a meal over the camp fire when s Sergeant came up and being the first man in sight the Sergeant ordered him to go on wood-fatiguee. Fletcher said. "Sargesnt I've only just come into camp and I've been on Outpost Duty all day". The Sergeant said, "obey my order".

"Yes‚Äú, said Fletcher, "when I've had something to est first". He was arrested and subsequently tried by Court Martial and received 5 years Pens].

Servitude for Eesitating to Obey an Order. Such incidents made the men revengeful end I recall cases where troop sergeants riding in front of their men in troop tamation. the instant they got into touch with the enemy where bnllets was being exchanged. have looked back over their shoulder and the expression they have seen in their own mene' eyes has caused them to ride in the rear. The inference being they were afraid that they might get one in the back.

One day I saw one of out Kaffir wagon drivers arrested. He had been brought in by one of our Outpost. The charge against him was pinching ammunition off of us and taking it out to the Boers. The Captain ordered he was to receive 50 lashes with s sjembok. This is a whip consisting of one piece of rhinocerous hide. Properly applied a man can he cut to pieces with this whip. The nigger was a strapping his fellow about 30 years of age. He was strapped to a wagon wheel stripped naked. All the other stfirs were compelled to attend and witness his punishment. Our big Irishman "Masher"

Tidd was ordered to do the whipping and he started with a great deal of flourish whipping this poor black, and as the blows were struck an Officer would count one, two, three. four, five. But to our surprise the nigger was laughing, he was absolutely laughing. Because Masher with all his bigness and Ô¨Çourish had been co-erced. had been forced to do this very unpleasant job, and they had forgotten the age-long tradition that an Irishman can be coaxed but never drove to do a job. So the consequence was that "Masher" Tidd was simply making a pretence of whipping the Kaffir and all would have gone well if the nigger had not laughed. Some renegade Boer who was an onlooker went and spoke to the Officer and volunteered to do the whipping, so the\_ 77 \_ lash was taken away from 'Hasher' and given to him. The poor niggar'e face soon changed colour. it seemed to me to go green with fear. Every stroke that Boer used with that sjambok took a strip of Ô¨Çesh clean out of the Kaffir'a back. It made me sick. I had never seen such a brutal sight in all my life. When they were finished with the unconscious nigger they rubbed salt into his bleeding back and he was carried away by his fellow blacks.

I went up and shook old Masher by the hand for his leniency. He said, Be Jabers the murthering villains. Why did I ever join the Egglish Army to whip a poor heathen". And the way he went up to the renegade Boer I thought there would be trouble. But I also knew the trouble would be for Masher end not for the Boer, so I coaxed him away. And with all his grousing now that I had lost my Corporal's stripe he took to me as a comrade and we were the best of friends .

One thing of importance was the care of our horses because if one lost his horse he had to walk. I had the experience of having to shoot my own horse.

While on the march across the Veldt one day my horse put its foot in a hole and snapped its fetlock. I pulled my rifle from its bucket and placing the muzzle behind the ear blew out its brains. I then had to carry my saddle and belongings to where the oxen-drawn wagons would be coming along at a snails pace. These wagons were drawn by 16 oxen with e Kaftir as a driver.

The whip that he carried had a very long handle and a thong that was yards in length. The Kaffir drivers are the only people I have seen who could use this long whip skilfully. Sc skilful are they that they could knock a fly off the leading hullock's back. Every one of the team of oxen apparently had a name because when the Katrir would shout at one it would put a spurt on or else the long whip would come into play. On this day I sat on w saddle and equipment awaiting the approach of this column of wagons. I was all alone on the Veldt as after giving me my instructions what to do my troop had gone on.

I could see a cloud of dust far away in the distance and knew that it was our wagon column approaching. I then gazed across to where the dead horse lay and I regretted the loss of an animal that had carried me many miles. Then what appeared to be a speck in the sky materialized into a vulture and in quick succession came others and I had the sickening sensation of watching my dead horse being devoured by these repulsive birds of prey and. also of knowing that had I been helpless they would have eaten me up. The wagons approached and having deposited my belongings on one I walked alongside because no‚Äîone was permitted to ride on these wagons. That night in camp around the camp-fire my pals held a conference at which it was decided that I was to steal a horse.-78Three or four decided to assist me in this enterprise. Not far away the Australian Bushman were camped who had plenty of good horses. Our plan was that one of us should get into conversation with the sentry over the horses, while the others in the dark cut the head-ropes of several horses so that they would get loose. Then under pretence of us helping the sentry to catch the loose horses I was to Iount one and bring it back to camp, where our troop‚Äîsergeant would be waiting with horee‚Äîclippers to disguise the horse.

We approached the Buehmene' horse lines. ‚ÄùHalt - who goes there?" came he challenge. "Friends" we shouted. "Advance one and give the counter‚Äîsign".

This I did. I must explain that this counter-eign was changed each night and m this night it was "Buller". We got into conversation with the sentry telling him we belonged to the Dragoons and then one said "Look mate you've got some horses loose". "Give us a hand to catch them", said the Bushman. And of course that's what we were waiting for him to ask us to do. In the course of catching and tying up the horses I jumped up on ones beck, dug my spurs into its sides and at a flying gallop soon reached our horse lines, where my own pals were ready to disguise the horse. Ve marched early next morning and I was congratulating myself on what a splendid horse I had pinched. But my joy was too short lived for that day a Bushman came up to our lines when we were all grooming our horses. I ducked my heed down as he approached me and stood gazing at the horse I was grooming. "What do you want old man?"

our troop sergeant asked him. "I want my horse", said the Bushman pointing at the horse that I was grooming and. which we all thought had been disguised beyond all recognition. "That's not your horse", said the sergeant. "Yes, it is" said the Bushman "end I am not going away until I get it". Seeing something was amiss up came our Squadron Leader, the Right Honourable Captain Eastwood who wore a monocle screwed in his left eye. "What's all this bother7‚Äú. he asked. The Australian Bushman again declared that I had his horse. ‚ÄùNot a bit of it". said our Captain, "that horse came with my last lot of remounts from Standeston in the Transvaal". "I don‚Äòt care what you say and I don't care how careful the horse has been disguised - that's my horse and I want it"

shouted the Bushman now he was properly roused. ‚ÄúHow can you prove it is m horse'2", asked the Captain. "Because it has lost the lower t\_uÔ¨Ç in its jaw"

said the Bushman. And sure enough, so it had. The Captain clapped the man on the back and said "Take it my men - a men who studies his horse as you have done does not deserve to lose it". After the man had led the hcrse away I was called up before the Captain who asked me how I came by the horse. Fully expecting to be severely punished I nevertheless determined to tell the truth, not mentioning the assistance I had received. 50 I told him I was compelled to shoot my own horse and that I had heard the Australians had plenty of horses-79so was detemined to steal one. I described how I cut the head ropes and galloped off with the horse that had just been restored to its proper owner.

To my surprise he fairly chuckled with glee. ‚ÄúThat was very hard luck Casey", he said, "but we have some fresh horses coming to us tomorrow so you will be alright". When these horses did arrive I was alloted a splendid dark bay gelding about 17 hands high and I soon got used to its antics after a little try-out on the Veldt.

Now the troop sergeant had picked a very light grey mare and was quite proud of it showing off its paces. One day another sergeant said to him ‚ÄúYes that horse is alright but have you ever thought how conspicuous it will be to the Boers in a night attack?". (I never knew about this until later). The sergeant began to complain about the grey mare kicking out when he was leading the troop and he made me change horses with him. Some time afterwards on a night march I was number four of a section which meant I was outside man on the right.

When the Boers attacked our flank, I felt the horse tremble then it stumbled and fell dead. I of course was knocked out. I then developed a fever and found myself in the Red Cross Ambulance Train travelling down the line to Cape Colony. The Hospital was at Norvele Point where I was cleanled and had clean clothes and put to bed. I complained of pains in the back and to my surprise I was to be sent home to England.

After some weeks the train arrived to take us who were ordered home to Wynberg, a few miles from Gaye Town. This was a lovely hospital, some of the young nurses were ladies of the English Aristocracy. all titled people. I saw Rudyard Kipling there, he came and recited and sang to us patients in the hospital. I also saw some extreme cases of "lead‚Äîswinging". I saw soldiers in their efforts to get home get the points of their handkerchiefs and jab it into their eyes so as to damage their sight. The rumour got around that General Kitchener was inspecting the patients as they proceeded to the Hospital Ship in Table Bay. I know I was nervous that I should be stopped and sent back to the Front. But I was put on board ship and in a lovely low swinging cot facing the open porthole heard the ship's engines working and saw with a sigh of relief Table Mountain receding from view, and knew South Africa was being left behind me. I said a prayer that never more should I see its shores again. England was what I desired to see with what a longing and yearning only those who have left England's shares and been on foreign service to far and distant countries understand. I was waited upon by lovely nurses who were so careful and tender to us all. They need to shut their eyes to a lot of things that was not permitted such as smoking. It is the rule on all ships at sea that no smoking is allowed below deck. So we took a chance of getting into trouble\_ 80 i! the nurses reported us. They were too much of ladies to sneak on us.

And as a letter of fact after the doctor had been round ouch day we that were able was allowed to go on deck. I saw a Major of the Gordon Highlanders who had been severely wounded and died. on the ship buried at sea. It was a very solemn sight, they brought the body up on deck sewed up in canvas with fire-hare Attached to the feet to make it sink. The Ship's Engines were stopped. the Funeral Service was read as the body was placed on a plank and slid over the ship's aide to its Watery Grave. And yet I! soon as it touched the water a shark that had been following the ship ceased its attention and was seen no more. The ship went on at its usual pace and the episode was soon forgotten.

He had a plesant voyage end as we neared England I began to get well.

I was asked which would I prefer - to go into hospital at Netley or go on furlough to London. Naturally I chose to go on furlough so I was sent to Gosport Barracks where I was issued with some new clothes and given an advance of pay. And the following day was escorted to the railway station on route to london for one month's holiday. I chummed up with some Yeomanry chaps on the train. These were gentlemene' sons and received more pay per day that the enlisted soldier. They were very decent chaps and well supplied with golden sovereigns. When we reached Waterloo station we became a target for the harpies that are on the look out fox- eoldiere and sailors coming home on leave but we sent them off very quickly. With my new found chums I went round to my father's firm where he was employed as a clothworker.

Jennene 8: Welsh. He caused a bit of excitement because everyone could see we were newly arrived home from South Africa. My father was quite flustered and ever so proud of me. He went to the public house at the Corner of Tichfield Street and of course in view of the type of fellows I was with went into the eeloon-bar. My father rather put me out in only requiring a penny glass of ale when we were prepared to pay for the beat the house could supply. I gave him several of my sovereigns and set about making arrangements to take him to a theatre that evening, 50 sent a telegram to my step-mother that I was home and we would be home late. We both enjoyed ourselves and I went home to Ilford to spend my lonth‚Äòe furlough. It was a quiet dull place and so I came up and stayed with my cousin Dan in Upper East Smithfield, my only pa]. in London.

And we went about together of an evening when he came home from work.

One night coming from the London Music Hall we met two girls to whom he introduced me. One was named Maggie McCarthy and I could see it was possible for them to be sweethearts, she was a very good looking cheerful kind. of girl.\_ 81 \_ However, I fell in step with her companion who seemed very nervous that my eyurs would catch on her dress. It was not until I said good-night to this girl that I discovered she only had one hand, she had her other hand burned off in rescuing her mother from a fire. I really pitiad this poor girl. but I never saw her anymore.

0!] the next Sunday there was an out‚Äîdoor procession at Wapping so my cousin Dan took me down to see it. And that visit had far-reaching consequences as far as I was concerned. In the crowd we again saw Maggie McCarthy who was carrying her brother Jack's baby boy. I volunteered to carry the child and as it started to rain I wrapped it round in my Cavalry cloak. I attracted some attention in my Dragoon's uniform and both my cousin and myself were invited to have a cup of tea at Mrs. McCarthy's, where I was introduced to the family including Nellie McCarthy and her friend Jennie Simpkins.

We did not stay long, but both of the two girls we were eventually to meet again as it transpired they worked as tailoresses with my Aunt and I plucked up sufficient courage to ask them to come up the West one evening to a Music Hall (the London Pavillion). This was the commencement of my most serious court-ship as far as Nellie McCarthy was concerned. The girls I had known, Mary Doyle, Cissie Brooke, Cissie in York, all faded out when I

realized that there was a girl whom I could care for. I don't know that at first she cared for idea that I was a soldier. And she was interested in a German tailor. There was any amount of German tailors in the neighbourhood.

My Aunt worked for a Mr. Weider.

I went back to York at the end of my furlough and was given a further extension of two months furlough with some more arrears of pay. I went round to my Yorkshire girl's parents' home. And they prevailed on me to get my discharge from the Amy, and they promised to find me a job in York. They were real honest good people because one evening when I had too much to drink, my belt containing all my money (a very large sum) I had flung down in the kitchen.

The mother and father of Ciseie were quite concerned to think I could be so careless and they guarded it with care whilst I slept in their son's bed.

Yes in looking back it has been my good fortune to know good honest people as well as some very dishonest ones.

When it became apparent to my Amy Comrades that I had intentions of applying for my discharge they pleaded with me to stay in the Amy and soldier on.

But I knew I had a. case that would entitle me to some compensation although it might take weeks. So I applied and went into Hospital and eventually before a Board of Doctors I told them my history as far as my first accident-82in Dublin was concerned, also the South African episode. They were looking for Tuberculosis and with all the tests they put me through they failed to find any symptoms of tuberculosis. And so I got my discharge with a temporary poneian of ‚Äò1/‚Äî a day. There was disappointment in York when it Has known that Dan Casey meant to go to London to live. They all thought I should stay there. Iv Army pals were the most insistent and the Yorkshire friends I had made were deeply sorry to know I had made up my mind that London was to be my future home. I had a great send off from York. And I went straight from King's Cross Station to Ilford. My father was on a week's holiday from his firm Jennene Helch and He went about together.

I bought myself a smart suit and what with my bronzed complexion and my Cavalry set-up. looked every inch what could be termed the Returned Wanderer.

We were passing a building in the course or construction one day. my fnther and myself when I expressed a desire to go and ask for a job. My father said "very good son, you will exchange the sword for s spade". I went into this framework of a building in the process of erection and asked to be directed to the responsible person in charge. To my amazement the people I asked all called me "Sir". When I saw the General Foreman he thought I was joking. He said "can you use a pick and shove17". I said "yes".

He said "when can you start?". I said. "Now". He said. "can you be here at 2 o'clock today with a pick and shovel?". I said "yes". although I had no idea of how I was to find one. But I knew my father was waiting outside and that he was a man of infinite resources. I came out and told him the result. He said "come along of me, we will go along and see 01d Tom Gallagher‚Äú. This was an Irish paviour my father know. We found him at work in the street at Ilford and invited him to come and have a drink.

Then I told him what I wanted, a pick and shovel. He fair chuckled with glee putting his celloused hand in mine. he said "ch you'mthe stuff.

Hard work never yet killed nnyboiy. Take this old pick round the corner to the blacksmiths and ask him to have it drawn. Never take neJ w to a new job".

At 2 o'clock in some of my father's old clothes and a pick and shovel on my shoulder I went and started work at what is now the Barking Town Hall, my first job in civilian life. When the nav‚Äòvies discovered I had just left the Anny they became friendly and taught me the proper way to get the best results with a spade. This consisted of a system of tunneling so that the earth fell down and saved the energy that would have been required to dig-83..

as I was digging. There was one matter on which they were adamant, and that was I should join their Trade Union. I of course had no conception what a trade-union was and to be frank about it I cared less. Still I promised I would join this Union. In the meanwhile I consistently kept com ing up the Upper East Smithfield to my Cousin Dan's place and was now the recognised sweetheart of Nellie McCarthy. I also visited Napping to call for her. I said one- Ssturday evening "Nell, I have got to join a Trade Union, will you come along with me to Forest Gate?". We went by tram to Stratford and walked a good distance enquiring for a public-house called the Buxton Arms where this Union had its Branch Meeting Place.

But although we enquired our way, we failed to find it. On the following Monday when I went to work I was challenged by the men with whom I worked why it was I failed to show up and join this Union and they were refusing to work with me when some fellow there who was listening to my explanation said, "Hold hard mates". He said, "did you have a young woman on your arm in Forest Lane on Saturday evening?". I said ‚Äúyes". He said. "that's quite alright because you asked me the way to the Buxton Arms". And so the threatening manner of the men gave place to good fellowship when it was realized I had spoken the truth. I had and still have a vivid recollection of what a Trade Union can do. The foreman told off a couple of men to unload some steel girders that was to be used in the building when an accident occured through the chain slipping, and one poor fellow had his two legs susshed and was rushed off the the hospital where his legs were amputated.

It appeared he was careless in paying his Union contributions and would have been out of benefits but for a careful wife who being told previous to his accident that he owed money to his Union. paid the amount from her house‚Äî keeping money. The unscrupulous agents of the employers went round to this woman And tried to prevail on her that her husband should accept a certain sum of money as compensation for the loss of his legs. But the Union Officials had told her to leave the matter entirely to them. not withstanding that the husband was prepared to accept anything. The Union put in a claim for a large sum of money at the High Courts of Justice in the Strand and they lost the day. But being determined they put down ¬£1,000 sterling to have the case retried in the House of lords. And they won. They incidentally won all the costs of the previous trial. And the argument the Union's Counsel advanced was "That a man who loses his two legs is equivalent to that of a dead man".

This specific case made me obviously interested in the Trade Union Movement, although it was some years later before it came to my lot to have a chance to express my views.-8h-

It came ehout that I found the work in the Building Trade too hard and I next ventured into the Public House Trade and started work in a City House called The Raglan Hotel. I had the time o! my life at this place.

There was plenty to eat and drink. The job insisted that one should keep himself smartly dressed. And there Here ‚ÄòI‚Äò+ barmaid: besides the kitchen girls. There was only another chap and myself as porters end cellemen to look after the House and sleep on the premises. The manager and his wife preferred to go home each evening to their private residence. V9 were both held responsible to see the place was safely secured at night and that nothing went wrong. The House opened at six in the morning and closed et midnight. We were allowed two hours test time each day. Our manual work concluded at 3 o'clock in the afternoon when after our rest we dressed and went on duty at the front of the House collecting the empty glasses and preventing hawkers annoying the customers. One evening I came down from rest and saw my colleague Arthur struggling with A man in the lobby of the house. This man had grossly insulted two girls in the saloon bar and Arthur was ejecting him. As he put him outside he turned his beck on the man when with a murderous look on his face he crept up behind Arthur raising a heavy walking stick over his head meaning to deal a blow from behind. In a flash I saw Arthur's danger and slipped in quick. I punched the fellow with e. straight left to the jaw. The Insult was smazing. far the men reeled backwards right across the pacement and went down striking the heck of his head on the edge of the kerb-stsne.

Blood began to flow freely. An angry crowd collected and to crown it all one of the domestic servants of the house who happened to be looking out of an upper window blew her Police Whistle. The ambulance came up and rushed the man to hospital. I went inside and told the Head Barmaid what had occurred and she advised me to go upstairs out of the way.

I was looking out of my bedroom window later in the evening when I saw the fellow returning heavily bandaged about the head and accompanied by two members of the City Police, so I went downstairs to meet them. To my surprise he desired to charge Arthur for the assault om him. But I was not going to stand for that. I turned to the Police Sergeant and said "He is making a mistake. I hit him", and described to the Police how it happened. The man said "I am a Captain in the Amy. I want to charge that man for assaulting me". The Police Sergeant said to him "clear off out of it quick or else I will charge you, because you only got what you deserved".

I was so relieved at the manner of the Police action in exonerating the house from blame that I went and got them a drink and cigar which Miss Shakespeare the Head-Girl gladly gave me .\_ 8S \_

My first job next morning was to tell the Governor when he arrived all about it. He also told me I did quite right.

The House changed hands some time later, a Mr. Yardley became Proprietor and contrary to custom ha retained me as his cellar-man although the rest of the staff were new faces. This new Governor thought very highly of me and was very easy to get on with. I told him of my Army life including my visit to Australia. This had an amusing sequel. At the period I am writing there was in vogue what was termed a Black List. This included habitual drunkerds and violent characters who we were forbidden to serve with drinks by the Police. I came up fro- the cellar one day to stock the bar when one of these characters called for : drink end was refused by the bar-meid who was terror stricken by his violent language. He said "alright I will serve myself" and started to clember over the bar. "Dan. Dan" she screened and in a moment I had him by the scruff of the neck, when he broke loose and drew n wicked looking knife from his hip. To say I recoiled ie to put it mildly. I rushed from the house to find a Policemen end as usual when one is wanted there is not one to be found. I nlao knew the Governor was out and I had left this desperate rnffien to do as he liked with the frightened har‚Äîmide. So back I rushed and throwing open the door I said "now will you clear out or shall I give you in charge?". Hy bluff worked, he fully expected to see a Policeman behind me. And he pleaded with me not to lock him up. He went outside like a lamb but when he realised how I had tricked him I was called all the names he could think of. And just then I saw a Policemen coming along and so did he, for he took to his heels and fled. Vhen the Governor came home with some men friends he was told what had happened, how a man had threatened Dan with a knife. To my surprise he said "what. a man like you who has been through the South African War afraid of a. men with a knife? You should have done this", and picking up quickly a drinking glass he broke a piece off so as to lenve a jagged end end flung it at an imaginary man. I said "alright, if he comes here again you will have to pay bail for me". And sure enough a week or so later in he cane and I tackled him but this time Mr. Yardley was also there. What that fellow got was what he was asking for. Not only did I have the satisfaction of punching him and taking his knife away, but the Governor set about him properly and then handed him over to the Police. He else prosecuted him and the fellow got six months hard labour.-86-

About this time my girl and myself conceived the idea of getting married.

So I asked pemission to have the Boxing Day off, but when I told him it was for the purpose of getting married he called me all sorts of a tool.

"Why", he said, ‚Äúyou are only 23 years of age. Must you get married? Is it compulsory'l". I said "No, but I have met a good partner". With that he shook hands and wished me the best of luck and gave me a bottle of champagne to drink on my wedding day. The wedding was to be at St. Patrick's Church, Hspping. And I asked my Cousin Dan to be my best man but ta my surprise he refused. It appeared that some disagreement had arose between his Mother and my future wife. Some statements had been made, the nature of which I never quite understood. My cousin was courting the girl friend of my sweetheart Jennie Simpkins but the two girls had fallen out with each other.

And it was in these circumstances that my wedding-day came round. My best man was the girl‚Äòs brother, Jack McCarthy. I had arranged with a cabman whose )ank was outside the Raglan to convey us to the church but through some misunderstanding as to time I had to engage another cab, so it turned out that the two cabs were employed. I recall that I was troubled that our resources would not be enough to pay for all the expenses involved in the Wedding Ceremony.

Also that the only one I could invite was my father as my aunt and cousin definitely refused to come although I went and asked them to do so on my wedding morning. But Mrs. McCarthy and family soon made me forget my isolated position. And. when I approached the Altar Rails at one of the most important moments in a man's life. my father appeared on the scene and anyhow I felt there was nothing to worry about. My Bride looked lovely and so sticking my chest out and standing as if I was on the Parade Ground in Barracks, I repeated the vows after the Priest (Father Beckley) and marched out with my wife on my arm to face a shower of confetti and a hearty welcome and good wishes from my wife's family and friends. The wedding festivities was kept up for three days and nights, my wife's relations saw to that. We had taken a fairly large room in Wellcloee Square and I recall that dead heat I sneaked away from the party at day-break to have a sleep. I was supposed to go to work on this day but felt justified in having Another day off. When I did go back to my job I expected to get into trouble for this, but beyond some good hnmoured chaffing from the bsr-maids and the Missus everything was quite alright.

My wife continued at her work as s tailoress but she could not bear to go indoors until I came home from work as the square was a lonely place, she very often came to meet me and wait for me in the her until I was at liberty to come home. She was known to the bar-maids as Mrs. Dan. The Missus and Governor used to converse with her while she was waiting for me and as time\_ 87 \_ went on our first baby was born. The Hissus end the Governor at the Raglan got just as excited as myself when I received the telegram acquaintihg me of the feet, and searched the time to find a five-shilling piece as a present for the baby. This was supposed to be e token of Good Luck.

There came a change of Proprietorship at the Raglan and I found myself out of work for the first time since leaving the Amy. I had returned hame one day after vainly seeking for work when A knock came on the door and. I opened it to find our ceretaker's brother there, he stated that he heard I was out of work. Could I clean windows. He was a superintendent of the International Hindew-Cleahing Company in Holborn. end on his recommendation I commenced work there the following day. There were a large number of men employed by this window‚Äîcleaning company. The mode of procedure was that each man was provided with a ladder in two parts, a pail. wash‚Äîleather and dueters. We then were appointed to genes under a {ore‚Äîman, generally about twelve men to a gang.

The fore-msn received his orders for the day's work then each gang adjourned to various coÔ¨Çee-ehopa where the tore-man allocated out the work to be done by each man. Then the gang would disperse to different parts of London to clean shop and factory windows. always arranging to concentrate on the last job of the day, generally a big printing establishment. Speed was very essential as it was all piece work. The gang was paid 50% of what they earned, the company retaining the other 50%. There was a penny deducted a day from each man‚Äòs earnings as insurance in case we broke any windows. I can safely say that it was the hardest and most dangerous job I was ever employed at. I recollect one day we were engaged incleening the windows of a big Printers in Farringdon Road. I was high up cleaning the outside windows of the top storey. Looking down into the road the people seemed like midgets to me. I had to walk along a. narrow parapet to get to the next window, because I was cleaning the outsides while my mate was cleaning the insides. As I went to the next window I happened to look down into Farringdon Road from my great height and then I last my nerve and became giddy. My mate who was more experienced at this sort of game came to my assistance. His Advice was that when one was working on a high building never to look down but to keep my attention on my job. This advice I {allowed but I did eventually meet with an accident. I was working one day on a Iawyers' windows in the Inner Temple, and was standing on the window-cill of the fourth storey window when all of a sudden it crumbled beneath my feet.

I clutched at the window to save myself from falling, broke the glass and cut my arm. The two Lawyers inside the room rushed to my eeeistence and pulled me inta the room. They were shaking and white with excitement at my narrow escape. One gave me half a crown to buy myself some brandy. but when I got-88into the pub I had a pint of ale instead and only cost 2:! as that I had Z/hd to take home. I was laid up a couple of weeks before I was able to use my am.

My next adventure was at the 01d Poland Street Vorkhouse in the West End.

This has since been converted into a garage. On this particular day I was told off to work with a gang to clean all the windows at the Work House.

This comprised a large number of men and amongst them were men who were not strangers to prison life. As I carried on with the job and had reached to the store room windows I was amazed to see through the window I was cleaning two men of the gang hurgling the store room. Then I saw the door open and the workhouse master and other officials walk in and. capture the two men red.‚Äî handed as it were. They were soon in the hands of the Police and I was uneasy and thinking that I might be accused of being in with them. They were sentenced at Marlborough Street Police Court the same day to six months'

herd labour, and I was wishing that I could get a more decent job when a Superintendent came up to me and said they had a telephone message come from the Raglan for me to call there after I had finished work. I went and was recommended to a job at a Wine: Merchants, a more respectable type of employment as e cellar man. I had to bottle Wines and Spirits and Beers.

this was a job I had some knowledge of. My wife had become acquainted with a neighbour, the name of Stanley, whose husband was the foreman at the Liverpool Steamers Quay at Vapping. They had a led the name of Jack and I was able to get him A job to work with me at this Wine Merchants. He always got on well together. I became acquainted with his father who offered me a job at the Docks. This I accepted and for the next five years I was s Dock‚Äî Lebourer, when owing to a quarrel with the foreman I was thrown out of work.

This was a desperate time for me as I was out of work for three months, my wife had to work as a tailoress, a poorly paid work with young children to support. My wife's relatives were very gaod to us during these desperate times. And she herself managed to somehow furnish the meals.

I was seeking work one day with a man called Connillan. This poor chap had an afÔ¨Çiction with his eyes. a well set up man he was and yet owing to being nearly blind he was considered a danger to work with. On this day he said to me ‚ÄúYou are rather superior to this kind of game going round seeking a casual day's work, don't you know anyone on the Borough Council?". I told him that I knew Jack Hartmann very slightly. "Go and ask him to recommend you for a job" he said. I went to Hartman and although he did not recommend me he did direct me to Duke's store in Limehouse. When I got to this place s very uppish young fellow wanted to know my business. I told him I wanted- 89 \_ a job. He said "you must go to Dongola Street Stepney". When I got there I found the place consisted of A Central Bureau fax- Unemployed.

I went inside and the fellow there said to me "A young fellow like you, wouldn't you like to amignt67". I then noticed posters on the walls all of them depicting the glorious opportunities or emigrating to Canada.

I replied "Yes, but not to Canada. I don't mind going to New Zealand".

I then told him of my tour of the Commonwealth in the Ship Britannia.

"You are (just the sort we went", he said. "But I am married and have a family of young children". "All the better", he said, "are they healthy?".

"yes, thank God", I said. "then fill in this form and you will require two bond-holders of ¬£20 to assure that you will go. I went home with the form and the news that we were going to emigrate to New Zealand and my wife burst into tears. She had struggled through the months of adversity and this seemed to her the last straw. After a time she became resigned to the project and we commenced to sell our furniture to the neighbours.

And then I received a shock. Some months previously I had agreed. to sing at the Town Hall for a Benefit Concert in aid of a Hr. Greenane who had failed in business. It was to be held under the auspices of the United Irish League in which I was a member. I had clean forgotten this arrangement when the postman brought a letter to the door acquainting me I was engaged to sing at the forthcoming Concert and would receive the fee of 7/6d, also enclosing two complimentary tickets. I was amazed. What was I to do.

I had no clothes yresentsble to go anywhere and for 7/6d in the state we were placed in I would have sung anywhere. So I waited on a friend I knew, Pat Mahoney. and explained the position. He took me home and. lent me his new clothes. The wife managed to borrow something from her sisters and when we proceeded to the Concert we were a well dressed pair. So much so that Bill Malone who we met on the way wanted to know if I had started work. But when I explained the true facts of the case he was sorry and slipped a couple of shillings in my hand, so it was with everyone we met. I was treated to beer and when I got to the Town Hall I had what is termed hitch Courage. Now I am no singer, all I knew were songs that were being sung in the Music Halls at that period. A fellow in evening dress came up to me and asked me for my music book. I could have laughed at him had I not been so nervous, so I explained that I only wanted the pianist to vamp for me. The song I chose was Harry Randall's "The Boarding House-Keeper" and presently I found myself on the stage with rows and rows of faces staring up at me. I was told afterwards that I shouted my words clear, but I felt as if my voice was in my boots.

I adjourned to the pub adjacent to the Hall where I was treated to some more beer, as there was an interval before my next turn on, and by this time was getting intoxicated. I was fully so when I went on and recited "Christmas.. 90 \_ Day in the Workhouse". Now this Mr. Greenane being a Guardian, all the Borough Councillors and Guardians attended the Concert. also the Member of Parliament Wedgewood Benn. These were all sitting in the front seats and as I proceeded with the recitation quite unconsciously I pointed my remarks at them. This tickled the rest of the audience so much that I received quite an ovation when I made my bow to them. There was only one person who knew that I was drunk, and. that one person was my wife. I received my 7/6d which I handed to her. And then I recognised one of the stewards as the man who had given me the form to emigrate. I was informed. his name was Tom Doyle. So I went up to him and explained who I was. He said "I suppose you know your application has been turned down to emigrate to New Zealand".

I replied noI that I was still waiting for further news. He said "go and see Father Wainwright". This was a very high church clergyman who besides being on the Board of Guardians and Borough Council was prominent in all local charities. Roman Catholics were very averse to having any dealings with him.

To be seen with him was to publish the fact that one was seeking Charity.

I was not after Charity. but I certainly wanted to know what had intervened to prevent me from emigrating, more especially as we had sold the better part of our home and had made all preparations to go. I went to St. Peter's Church in Old Gravel Lane, Mapping and rang the bell and this Father Wainwright admitted me and invited me into his study. "Well my Son, what can I do for you", he said. I explained my reasons for coming to see him. "Ah yes‚Äú, he said, ‚Äùwe have found that your character is very unsatisfactory. You have a quarrelsome disposition and left your job of your own accord after a fight with the foreman at the Docks". To say that I was indignant at this vile slanderous lie is to put it mildly. He said "alright we will both go round together and see the Manager at the Docks". I said "No, I will go by myself.

I am not going to have people think I want Charity". 50 away I hurried to the Liverpool Steamers Quay to interview the Manager, Mr. Paul who it was alleged had given this character of myself. He took me into his office and I explained my errand to him. "He give you a bad character Casey'I". he said, "I gave you what I should term a very good one, but I will write you out another".

This he did and gave to me. As I read the excellent character I had received all my eagerness to emigrate evapo rated. Uhy's should I. why's should I take my family out of England to face possible hardships when I had a reference like the one I held in my hands. No. I determined I would break all recognised procedure of waiting to be called on for a day's work. I would go and demand a day's work. I think I must have been light-headed with my troubles to contemplate doing what I actually did do.

I went to where the Brussells boat was being unloaded and went straight up to the Boss of the job, a Mr. Dan Cooney. ‚ÄúLook here", I said, "I want work".-91"I have been waiting here every morning sometimes 1+ o'clock, sometimes 7 o'clock and never got a days's work. Read that". And I thrust the character I had just received from the Manager of the Liverpool Boats in his hands. I saw all the men observing me but I did not care. 01d Cooney looked at me and then commenced searching in his pockets for his spectacles, he perched these right on the extreme edge of his nose and I was wondering that they did not fall off when I noticed he had the document I had given him to read upside down. "Yes", he said. giving it to me back, "that reads alright. I have a ship coming in this afternoon. You show up here at one o'clock and I will soonsee what you are made of". To say that I was overjoyed, I went out of the gates smiling and ran right into my landlord in Rygate Street (Bill Dtogmann). I told him I had a chance of a start at Cooney‚Äòs. "Don't go away‚Äú said Bill, "stop here. come and have some bread and. cheese and some beer.

but don't go away from this until the Charlemn comes in". He was a boatman that used to meet the ships in the river and moor then to the shore, he earned tidy money but had to be out at all times of the night to meet the ships as they arrived. He was also very tree-heartod. I accepted his invitation to refreshment gratefully as I had little breakfast that morning.

As soon as the shop came thro the bridge at 1 o'clock I lined up with the other men and was the first man to be called on. Of course I became the target of curious eyes but I took no notice. of! came the batches of the ship and I had determined to show Cooney or anyone else that I was not afraid of hard work and could do my job. This was all very well but I was going too fast for other members of the gang. "Take your time", they advised. I said, "when you have been out as long as what I have you will understand what it means to get work again". It was killing work unloading the cargo, far different to the job at the Liverpool Boats where they had s better system. As six o'clock came we were told to go and get our tea as we were to work until 11 o'cluck that night at overtime rates. Each man received a sub of 2/-. Just as I came out of the gates I saw my little boy Dinny who had evidently been sent to meet me. ‚ÄúGo home and tell your mother I am working till late". I said, at the same time giving him a penny, then I followed my mates into the coffee shop where I ordered a hearty substantial meal. Then back to work we went again to work by candle light in the ship's hold. The cry of "Give your eyes a chance" rang out time and again as the grappling hooks attached to the ship's crane was taken and fastened to cases and casks. "Heave-up" was shouted and Bang the purchase would crash against the stanchions as we clambered to the sides of the ship to get out of the way. The Dist and Dirt and Sweat. It was Hell's Inferno was this job of Cooney's, and yet I was glad to feel I had broken my long spell of Bad Luck and Unemployment and would be able to take home that night the first wages I had earned for months.\_ 92 I recall that we worked until ‚Äò11 p.111. that night and then we went to a little caboose that was used as an office to draw out earnings. I drew what I had to come including my overtime pay end As I was counting it I observed two of the ship's gang go back to the pay box and receive some more pay.

"Hello", thought I to myself. "what's this?‚Äú. So back I went to the pay box and putting all my money down I said "excuse me Mr. Cooney but is that right'l".

He gave me such a keen look. "Did those other two (here he used. a nice expression I tell you) - here you are, 2/‚Äî dirty money". This was on account of the nature of the cargo we were unloading and eppsre ntly only those who asked for it received. Cooney did not pay if he had e mug to deal with any more than the base rate, I found this out afterwards.

At 7 s.m. next morning I was at work again although I did not get to sleep till past midnight. It was all rush and tea: as the crease, or purchase as it is temed, were not allowed to stop a moment, as one went up so the other came down. And it was due to this that I had my first experience of Cooney's methods.

Our purchase had stopped with a "set" hanging comprising two big cesks cf beer.

As we had started to reload the ship and the first thing down was all the EM - up rushed Cooney. ‚ÄùWhat's the stoppage" he yelled down the ship's hold and to my amazement the man I was working with replied "we have got a "passenger" down here". We were working what is termed two aside. two were on the port side of the ship and two were on the starboard side. The cranes first went to one side and then the other so it can be imagined how quickly one had to work. Down into the ship's hold came Cooney. "Do you call this chap a passenger‚Äú, he said pointing his finger at me. "why. he is worth two of you. Go aft", he roared, and send snowball to take your place here". This referred to a man with white hair. "Take charge here", said Cooney to him when he arrived, "and tell me what you think of him", again pointing to me.

I got on ever so much better with this man as he had a cool manner in going about his work and he of course knew his job. ‚ÄúYou are alright". he said, "but you don't want to get excited, takethirgs easy and you will work much more comfortable". I began to see the force of reason in his remarks and things went along more smoothly. Again we worked overtime and by the end of the week I had earned what was considered good wages.

I had been at this but a short period when I received a letter from the Army Authorities directing me to appear for a medical examination at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea and this recalling as to the reasons I had to be medically examined. When I had taken my discharge from the 15?. King's Dragoon Guards at York I found I had been given s provisional pension for 12 months of a\_ 9) ..

1/- a day. At the end of the 12 months when I had to go up for re-examination I was employed at The Raglan where I had a good job and kept A smart appearance consequently when the Army doctors saw me they dis‚Äîallowed me the pension.

And some years later just before I succeeded in getting the job at Coohsy's I was in Watney Street with the wife one Saturday evening getting what shopping she could afford as I was out of work, when as I was waiting outside of a shop for her who should clap me on the shoulder but 3 Railway Guard. "Hello, Case".

he said. Looking at him closely I recognised one of the 1st Dragoon Guards who had been with me in South Africa. "Come and have a drink", he said so we went in a Mann Crossman's pub and started to exchange our experiences. so much so that I forgot all about the wife and the shopping. He acquainted me with the feet that he was receiving 2/6d 3 day pension for life. I then told him of my experience and how I had lost my pension. "See here". he said, don't you know your local M.P.7". I replied that I did as a matter of fact, I hnd worked and canvassed for him in his election. This was Mr. Wedgwood Bonn.

"Get in touch with him and ask him to take your case up", was the advice I got from this sx-soldier friend of mine.

When I got home I explained how I had missed the wife and then made a search for any Amy papers that I possessed, but so careless was I in these matters that I could not find any. I got into touch with the Agent of Mr. Benn who came to see me at Rygste Street. And then it was the wife who found my Discharge Papers. "I don't know as Mr. Benn can do much", said. the Agent, A Mr. Revell, "but I will take these papers and in the meanwhile you go and be etsmined by e local doctor - Dr. Reidy for choice". He said this with a twinkle in his eyes because Dr. Reidy wss one of the supporters of the United Irish Insgue to which I belonged and also a supporter of Mr. Benn. So having got the loan of 2/- off I went tn Commercial Road to see Dr. Reidy. "Yes, he said, "I will examine you, take off your things. Does Mr. Benn really think he can get your pension restored to you?". I replied that I had only had dealing with his Agent so far end that he had advised me to come to him. "Alright". said the Doctor with a laugh, ‚Äúyou have certainly got an injured beck" and he gave me a certificate to that effect refusing to take any fee as I was out of work.

When I saw :11 the letters behind his name denoting his degrees I thought to myself "It's off". I had waited some time to get the results of this application and was a bit annoyed to think that now I had started e job after being out of work so song that I should have to lose time. So once sgein I did something not considered proper. I went round to Dan Cooney's house.

‚ÄúWhat do you want. Dan?" he asked. "Iosk here. Govemnr," I said, "Just Is I have got A job after so long a time out. this letter has come for me to go to Chelsea Hospital. As I don't want you to think I am staying awn from work on my own accord I have come round to explain. "That's alright", said 01d Dan,\_ 91\* \_ "you can start when you come back".

Next morning I duly appeared at the Royal Hospital. Chelsea. The first to button-hole me was two very old pensioners with rows of medals on their breasts.

They started telling the tale. nearly as long as this one is, and I geve them a bit of tobacco I had and 6d. Then an Orderly called me to go before the Medical Officer and I found myself confronting an Officer in civilian clothes sitting at a desk smoking a briar-pipe. This individual sat glaring at me for some minutes. then he fairly barked at me. "What is your name? How do I know you belonged to the Amy?". I showed him my war medal. He said I might have had the name put on myself. Altogether I received a warm reception from this Officer, who I found was a Captain Jaegar. Then he shouted to me "Take your things off. all of them" and he stood over me while I undressed. He then got a piece of chalk and marked a score on my back, then he ordered me to climb and sit on the edge of a raised bed with my legs dangling and not reaching to the floor, and to my surprise he jumped up beside me and before I was aware of his intentions he hit me sharply with his clenched fist on both of my thighs, at the same time watching my feet. When he had tested my water and had put the stethoscope to my chest and back, growling "say 99, say 99" I then knew that he was searching for tuberculosis. And I realised that I had been to the Victoria Park Hospital a year or so previously when I had worked on the Liverpool Boats, because as I was gcing to work early one morning I sicked up a pint of blood. The doctor I went to, a Dr. Arthur, told me to get under the Park Hospital as soon as possible which I did, and after 6 weeks treatment they had discharged me. All this went through my mind as I was undergoing this very searching examination. Presently this Captain went out of the room returning with three other highly placed Medical Officers, one of whom was the Principal Officer of the Hospital. They were in uniform of the Royal Army Medical Corps.

They had a conference and I overheard. my inquisitor say that he had applied. all the tests searching for ‚Äúit" but it was not there. I was next told to dress myself and they continued their talk. I thought that my ordeal was over and I was to be allowed to depart when the Orderly again called me before this Captain. "Take your clothes off again", he said. But he seemed to be in a better humour. He again had a look at my back. "Alright, dress", he said.

"how much is your fare?‚Äú. I told him, he paid me my fate and one day's Amy Pay (or rations). I came out of that hospital with a vow that not for fifty pensions would I go through such a searching ordeal again.

I first went and had a pint of ale as I thought I had well earned it and came home to recount my adventures to my wife. That night in the club room of the United Irish League we were e11 conjecturing if the Army paid any back pension.

I know I was the pessimist and did not expect I would get a penny. But Dan Keenan-95the Postman said "Dan you will get the lot". "If I do, ' said "then I will buy St. Patrick's Band new instruments". They made me promise and I agreed.

Then the following night Keenan said to me "I have Just taken a letter to your house, you have got your pension back". At first I thought he was joking, but running home to Rygate Street I received the letter that acquainted me with the news that the Lords and Governors of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea had considered my case and that I was granted a permanent pension of 1/- a day. This caused an argument In the United Irish League club. Tom Keefe, he stated that I should apply for my back pay as if I was entitled to it then it should never have been taken sway. But I had been through an examination that they had not been through. moreover there was a lurking suspicion in the back of my mind that perhaps I did have Consumption.

My yoor Mother had died from it. And at this period. Lloyd George had started his political campaign for Free Medical Insurance to stamp out what he termed the White Scourge - Consumption. So I determined to be satisfied. When I thanked Mr. Vedgewood Benn for his part in it, he winked his eye And told me I ought to have had the eight years back pension.

My father at this period came to live with us so we moved to the Tower Buildings. His health got so bad that he had to be taken sway to Bromley Infirmary. Before his removal he had discoveredmy step-brather Jack Daly in a combined grocers and confe ctiohers shop in Poplar. In the course of my visits to Bromley I called there and was made welcome especially by Jack's wife Beatrice. A warm hearted and good looking young women. They had three children, John, Beat and Gladys end in the interchange of visits between Poplar and Wspping real esteem and friendship occured. Beat Duly never came to see us at Wapping empty handed, there was Always something for my children, they were very successful in their shop, both being of a Sober end Industrious character.

Thus it came about that I left Cooney‚Äòs. Jack had a customer who was a plumber and at the time working for Siley, Weir & 00., Silvertown. This individual. after Jack had spoken for me, had a job for me as a plumber'e mate. I had to provide myself with a suit of blue dungarees which I bought at Gsrdiners. Aldgate for 5/-, and show up at 7 o'clock the next morning on one of the Ocean Liners at the Royal Albert Docks. This gave me no time to notify Cooney and to my sorrow to this day I left him without any notice.

After all he had been good enough to give me e start when I was right down and out. Anyhow Jack talked me over that it was a much better job than Dock Iabouring. I got up early and took a train to Silvertown then I walked through the Docks enquiring for the ship that this man was working on. By the time I had found it the time was well past 7 o'clock. I went up the Gsng-Plank\_ 96 \_ and saw carpenters at work and a small army of other trades AS well.

I enquired where the plumbers were working and was directed towards the lavatories where they were putting in new pans. I introduced myself and.

one man said "Oh you are my new mate". His name was Bridges, a fully fledged plumber. He asked me if ever I had been a mate before and without a blush I replied "yes‚Äú. He sent me for a tool to his bag and as I had no conception of what tool he meant I brought the bag over and dumped them all in front of him, and this action clearly proved that I knew nothing at all about a plumber's mates job. When he challenged me I told him a full and frank story.

He said "I am glad you told me the m\_th because we shall get on alright together now. There is no doubt about it. he was a skilled plumber and the jobs I assisted him to do was an education to me. I recall that we were sent to one of the Nelson Liners, that brings all the frozen meat from the Argentine.

It appeared that the drinking water pump on board this ship was sucking up a lot of rust from the water tanks. "Go and ask the bo'sun to lend you a couple of pairs of sea‚Äîboots", said my plumber, which I did, "now come with me". I had been on ships before but never in a ship's water tank. Down, down we vent right under the ship's fires where we climbed through a man-hole into the tank. The boats were no use to us because the water reached to our waists.

The tank extended the whole breadth of the ship and it was a canny experience to know that no-one knew we were down there. It was now about 9 o'clock at night and we were on overtime rates. My plumber directed me to go a firm not our own ‚Äî and borrow a pair of chain cutters. When I returned he had undressed and using this tool under water he severed the pipe at the part that was causing the trouble and adjusting a new one. I thought it a wonderful achievement and told him so. His reply was "go home and go to bed and come back here at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon, and don't forget you are on overtime all night". I had hardly been back a quarter of an hour the next afternoon before the Head Foreman from the Works turned up on the ship.

He asked me where my mate was and I replied "he was here a moment ago". He then informed me that he had visited the ship in the morning and could not see either of us. I stoutly declared we were there on the ship and to my surprise he believed me. And yet what with the riveters, carpenters and all the motley assembly that are on a ship when she is under repairs in dock, it is very difficult to find a person without directions.

This job as a plumber's mate finished up very sudden and I found myself again unemployed, but I had been taking messages to Jennens Welsh where my father was employed to acquaint them how he was getting on in Bromley Infirmary.

My father had worked for this firm a number of years, so I conceived the idea of asking the Managing Director, 3 Mr. Higgs, for a job. This was in 1910.-97..

After explaining that my father was seriously ill I asked him for a job as a Press‚Äîman'a mate,a1though I had no idea what the term meant I had often had it described to me by my father. Mr. Riggs did not relish the idea of giving me a job. He said "you are used to dock work and have no idea of cloth working". He asked me to wait while he saw his foreman whose name was Tom Aldridge, a friend of my father's and also one of my own from that firm when I was in the Amy, because when I was going back to Ireland off furlough my father and his ahopmatea always came to Ehston Station to see me off.

Mr. Riggs went to Aldridge and said "Casey's son has asked me for a job as a press‚Äîman's mate and I feel inclined to give him a start. Aldridge said "yes, we can shift Couzens (a man doing press-man's mate) onto the Table and he can take his place". Mr. Riggs said to me "I am going to give you a fortnight's trial, if at the end of that period I ask you to go you must not be offended, on the other hand if you suit me the job is yours. I am going to start you at 25/‚Äî a week. The hours are from 7 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock at night". I was rather staggered at the very low wages, but I determined to give it a trial.

I started next morning and as I knew practically all the old hands through my father working there I received a pleasant welcome. The pmss‚Äîmen's name was Charlie Bright who took upon himself the job of showing me how to carry the hot iron plates from the plate oven and how to drop the folded work into the hydraulic presses. These are termed Pieces and when they are folded in papers each paper weighing 16 ounces, comprise a very heavy lift. Each plate weighs 56 pounds so by the time the day was finished the two of us had carried several tons in weight. I soon got the knack of this job and in three days I was perfect and giving satisfaction. As the end of the fortnight drew near I enquired of the Foreman and my mate if I was doing the job alright and when they assured me I was I determined to ask for a rise as I felt convinced the job was worth more than 25/- a week. So I went and tapped at the office of Mr. Riggs.

"Excuse me Sir", I said, but do I suit you?". "Yes", he replied (and his face was all smiles), ‚Äúyou suit me admirably. you seem to have got hold of the knack of the job in this short space of time and the job is yours". Then I said "it is worth a bit more than 25/- a week and I want a rise in wages".

"But you have only been here a fortnight" he replied "and now you come to me and want a rise in wages" (and his face was now devoid of any smiles) "I bought I was doing you a good turn in giving you a job", he went on. So I thought it was time I explained. And I did. First I explained the terms of reference that I was engaged only as an experiment, that if I did not suit in the two weeks I was to be discharged. but if I suited the job was mine". Then I explained that I came from the docks where everything was estimated in tonnage.\_ 98 .\_ And I explained how many tone I had lifted and put into Press as a labourer.

I also told him that if I had been working in the docks that on my figures I would have received $3.0.0. a week. He was quite non-plussed.

‚ÄúLook here", he said, "I will give you 2/6d a. week rise, but don't say anything downstairs to the men". 01‚Äò course I promised.

Then it came out we were to work late as the Season had commenced. The men seemed to be delighted at this order but when I found out that we were to work up to 9 pan. or 10 pun. at ordinary time rates, I was disgusted and made no secret of my disgust. I was placed in a dilemma. I did not want to throw myself out of work with a repetition of the three months I had experienced of starvation when I left the Liverpool Steamers Quay. But I agitated all I could at the injustice of working all those hours at Ordinar: rates of wages.

As the busy eeaeon commenced the engaged what was termed Season Hands. These were men that they employed during the two seasons of the year and who when they were unemployed came up to the firm each Saturday and received each man 2/6d as a gesture that they were still on the Books. Pardon. I ought to have wrote "as a gesture they were still on the Ô¨Çing" to be taken down as and when they were required. I noticed a very tall man amongst these season hands, who was made more conspicuous by the fact that he was coupled up with a very short man whose name was Dicky Fahay. I learned that this tall fellow‚Äòs name was Haselwood. In the course of my Agitating, which of course had to take on the appearance of a whispering conspiracy. I was pleased to find he was of the same views as myself. As a matter of fact he was more advanced as to what was requisite to meet the situation. Eventually we succeeded in getting about 12 of the more enlightened men to see the value of being organised.

we canvassed the Shops in the London area. This meant spending our liesure time and our money and getting drunk occasionally, as one of the defects of olothworkers is their liking for beer. We started the Clothworkers' Branch with two Headquarters, one at the Fox and Grapes, Brewer Street. W. and the other at the Crown, Clerkenwell Green. We were very frightened, so much so that we employed a fellow from the printing trade to be our Branch Secretary and paid him a salary. Our Assistant Secretary was one of Jennens Welch East End Carmen Jack Carey. When I look back to those day of 1910 - 1911 - Jack Carey would sit in the Four Ale Bar of the Fox and Grapes in Brewer Street, VI. He would call for a glass of Ale and with his Collecting Books he would sit at a table in the bar. waiting for Clothworkers to turn up to join or pay their contributions.

The potman would come over and in wiping the table with his swab would whisper "Not many of 'em showed up Govnor". for Jack only had the one glass of ale ‚Äî 1d a glass, and had secured the use of the bar by the excuse that he had a lot of members coming to pay contributions who incidentally would be likely to\_ 99 buy beer. One did show up three parts drunk, Dicky Fehay. "Hello, Jack, I have come to pay my contributions". he shouted. "here you are. 3d.‚Äú.

Then in a whisper "Jack, lend us a couple of bob till Friday".

Then when we had our general meeting we would get in touch with one of the Docker'e Union to send along a speaker whom' we paid, and to see our Branch Secretary come striding thro the hall in a Bran-hew Silk Hat and Frock Coat and all the members clapping him. Only those few in the know realized he was a Bogey. It was not long before we had to seek him out owing to his embezzlements of the members' threepencee a week. And he disappeared, then came Arthur Allery a Packer from Perrott S: Parrott. He was an amateur Speaker and after a time we had to seek him out for embezzlements of money. At last came Jack Carey; one who had all this time acted as assistant-secretary, end who was and still is One of the Most Honest Men I have ever come across. I have had in years gone by many an altercation with Jack Carey, but as far as money was concerned he played the game straight. So Jack as I have wrote took over the job as Branch Secretary and Haselwood and myself spent many evenings and many shillings in refreshments travelling to the Crown at Clerkenwell Green in the Interests of london Clothworkers .

It sometimes happened that the Branch Secretary and myself would stand conversing outside his home a whole evening all about the wisest course to take with reference to the affairs of the Branch. And eventually we linked up with the Workers Union. I had become interested in attending political meetings and was a supporter of the Liberals. (The Labour Party was in its infancy at this date). And I recall Mr. Lloyd George's famous Limehouse speech.

Also the warning he gave to Germany in his speech at the Mansion House. But I never dreamed that War was approaching and yet when I look back and recall how one political agitation followed another - Free Trade v Tariffs, the Battle‚Äîship's competition, the Agadir Incident, the Murder of the Arch-Duke Ferdinand of Austria at Sarejevo. The War commenced between France and Germany. It seemed to come so quickly and yet I never realized I should be involved in it. Our firm posted a notice that owing to the War on the Continent we could only work three days a week. It was generally accepted that it would all be over in a few weeks. Then came August and England's Ultimation to Germany. I confess that I am proud to be born in a Country that has the Pluck and Audacity to challenge such a Big Power us Gemanx. Only those who have been abroad know and realize how small this England of Ours is in comparison to other lands. And Germany with is Vast Resources - It's Military Machine, It's wonderful thoroughness ‚Äî let England Challegged Her To Fight.-10019114

It was Sunday midnight at Prusom Street, Napping when I was made aware of the Police knocking up Army and Navy Reservists. Then I got the news that my Brother-in-Law had been called up far the Navy, so I dressed mylelf and went to make enquiries at the Union Jack Club in the Waterloo Bridge where my Brother‚Äîin‚ÄîLaw was in employment as a Superintendent. When I crossed the Waterloo Bridge I sensed "War". The lights all along had been dimmed, crowds were in the streets. one came across parties mostly "drunk" singing Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue, and other Patriotic songs.

That fair got on my nerves because I had imagination what War could mean.

When I enquired at the club for Mr. McCarthy I was told he had received his mobilisation papers and had gone to Portsmouth. Very depressed I came back and reported to my wife and her people that her brother had been "called up".

Then there followed stories in the newspapers of atrocities committed by Germans on women and children in Belgium. 50 I wrote off to the Pension Paymaster at Canterbury enquiring if I could re-enlist. Back came the reply that I could do so under various jobs. I could be a Groom, Cook, Officer‚Äòs Servant etc. and Ô¨Ç would be Home Service. I went up to my wife and said I‚ÄôI am going to re‚Äîjoin the Army. Look what the Germans are doing to little babies in Belgium",showing her the latest sensational story in the newspaper. She said "you have not got the pluck", or something to that effect.

I gave her a look but kept my own counsel because I knew what I intended to do. I went to a Recruiting Office and re-enlisted in the Dragoons. I recall that after we had been sworn in by the Presiding Officer, .1 very old man, he went out of his way to tell us of a serious mutilation that had occured on the Western Front. "Have no mercy on them". he said. Such was The Gospel of Hate in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ, nineteen hundred and fourteen.

We were told we could travel on the bus or trams free. All places of entertainments were free to those who could show their Attestation Papers.

I went back home and said "Nell, I am going away" at the emetime showing her my warrant and papers. It was in the Laundry that I broke the news. She burst out crying saying "it‚Äòs all my fault, it's what I said". I went off to Stratford, received my pay and was told I was bound for Dunbar in Scotland.

I had to see me off my wife, my step-brother Jack and his wife Beatrice (one of the best). I also discovered a neighbour who kept a shop in Prusom Street a Jem Condy who was going to Woolwich (he never returned). We had to break our journey at King's Cross so Jew and myself had a few drinks, then I found out there was another late train to Scotland at midnight. So I made up my‚Äî1o1mind to visit the firm where I was employed. where to my surprise I found three dus‚Äò pay awaiting me. Due to the excitement I had forgotten this.

When I saw my employer he was quite overcome to know that I was the first 01'

his men to go on Service. "It's alright, Casey", he said, "it will all be over in a few weeks‚Äú. I replied that I did not mind going away but my affairs at home worried me considerable. "As long as my 'kids' are looked after", I said, "while I am away I do not mind". Then back to Napping I went and it was a very surprised wife to find when she came home from seeing me off to Scotland that I was sitting at home, drunk. She sent off for Jack Duly.

my step‚Äîbrother. and when he arrived I was prevailed upon to pull myself together and Go. If I did not lead Jack a dance that night. I knew he detested drink being a teetotaller, but so worried was he that I should not miss my train he was prepared to pay for anything. As I got in the train at Napping I came across an Anglican Clergyman, Father Wainwright, who was with two ladies. He happened to notice I was bound for the Service, so he got into conversation. I told him I was worried about the wife and children I was leaving behind, also that I was not of his denomination as regards religion. The ladies were interested and one was a good friend to me while I was at The Front (but I anticipate).

On arrival at the platform at King's Cross I bade goodbye to Jack Daly who to give him his due, had been very kind and considerate towards me when I was in a very cantankerous mood. Then I observed a tall muscular man in Khaki embracing a woman at the carriage door. He came into my carriage and I realised that we two were possibly destined to be its only occupants in our journey to Scotland. I could very well have dispensed with his company as his behaviour and language was to say the least very Bad.

He took me for a civilian as no doubt I was. He inlormed me that he was "Blinder" Haythread of the 5th Dragoon Guards also in the South African War.

He was Orderly to Gen. Baden-Powell. I just quietly informed him that I also had served through the South African Campaign. This rather took him by surprise and we soon were discussing different events relating to the War.

At all events he produced a bottle of whisky, then I brought out the flask that Jack Daly had made me a present of. 50 through the night we travelled| as daylight appeared we were crossing the Borders of Scotland and about 8 a.m.

on a saturday morning we arrived at Dunbar Station. As the train disgorged its passengers I was greatly surprised to see many old familiar faces of the 1st King's Dragoon Guards. We all proceeded to the Cavalry Barracks of the (Scots Greys) 2nd Dragoon Guards, where to our surprise the rooms were overcrowded. I said to my newly found comrades "we are not going to sleep in those rooms tonight because we shall soon be lousy". I said "let us‚Äî102arrange with the Cook to get some straw from the stables and pack down in a Marquee Tent". Although it was winter time this idea of mine was acted on and we all slept warmly and cleanly.

But previously to this we had been and viewed Dunbar, a very ancient place with a direct view of the North Sea. Peeping through the Courts and Alleys where poverty prevailed one got a vision of the British Navy because there were anchored Torpedo Boats and Cruisers. We went to the Railway Tavern where the troopers of the Scots Greys were holding a Free and Easy Concert and in the course of the evening I obliged with several songs and got them singing the Chorus. A very untidz man came into our company and we found he was 3 Sergeant Major.

The next morning (Sunday) we had to do Foot Drill on the Parade Ground and this individual was our Drill‚ÄîInstructor. Well I laughed, so we all did when he started giving us details. It was really funny to see some old soldiers, including myself, telling this Sergeant Major where he was wrong in giving the word of Command. I then learned that the regiment I had re-joined for, my old regiment the 1st King's Dragoon Guards, were in India but that they were on their way to the War. So I gathered my pals together and suggested we should put in an application to go to Aldershot as the quickest method of getting to the Front. This idea of mind went like wild fire through the barracks and when we approached the Commanding Officer of the Scots Greys he gave his consent that a Draft should be sent to Aldershot at once. So Monday morning found us being Played Out by the Band of the Royal Scots Greys to Dlmbar Station. All the inhabitants of Dunbar turned out to cheer us. Now I have alway been told and impressed that the Scotch People are mean. I found that this is a Lie, and a Defamatory Lie on a Noble Race of People. They came to the railway carriage windows and thrust cigarettes and chocolates upon us. In fact I have plesant recollections of the people of Dunbar.

We had a long and tedious journey to Aldershot. When we reached the Cavalry Barracks all sorts of memories came crowding to my brain. It was here years ago I had set out on my Australian Tour. It also seemed as if everybody knew me. The Sergeant Major looked me over keenly and said "How old are you?" I told him my age. "Alright, you go in the Forage Barn and make the feeds out for the horses and take charge there". I realised that I had fallen in for a Staff job that would be very easy tc accomplish. I went to the forage barn and found there a young scotchman newly joined to the 5th Dragoon Guards. He took me for s recruit just joined and I allowed him ta order me-10}about and listened very quietly to his bragging about his soldiering experiences. To his dismay and astonishment the forage barn was suddenly invaded by two sargeants and two full eorporals. "Is old Dan Casey here?", they roared, "come on Dan you are coming up to the Mess Room", and away I went to find some very familiar faces of my previous soldieriug days.

There was one night when we were in the tbutre of the Brigade Canteen that I saw sitting in the front seats amongst the Non-commissioned heads of the Regiment a face I knew well. Telling my chums to wait a bit I went in front and spoke to this individual. He got quite excited. "Here", he said, "is my old batman Casey. Sit down Casey, what are you going to have?".

He did not seem to think that anything was too good for me. This individual was Corporal Major Eggleton of the Royal Horse Guards Blues. I was very much impressed by the kind welcome I was receiving from all sources. It seemed also to impress the young recruits with whom I messed. This was in a big marquee, the food was plentiful and good, but was dished up roughly so there was a lot of waste, and the waste-tubs contained good food that many a poor family could have done with. This was in my first few days at Aldershot.

Thousands of men were returning to the Colours. Thousands were joining Kitchener's Army. And it was evident that England in declaring War on Germany had done so without preparation. There was no uniforms. No Blankets. No accommodation for the man. No rifles and guns for these thousands that {locked into Aldershot. Drill was continuous all day, yes for ten hours a day the task of making soldiers out of civilians went on. My staff job a "GranvOrderly" excused me from all parades. And except for a voluntary route march I was exempt from all this strenuous Drill.

I of course was out of condition and the route march done me good. With our Sergeant Major and an Officer in charge we would match for miles along the roads around Aldershot. The Sergeant Major would ask if anyone had a mouth organ and to the tunes of "It's a long way to Tipperary". "Pack up your troubles in your old kit has", and other tunes. the Army of civilians would march. In sarcastic reference to the noncprovision of uniforms and boots, we sang a song as we marched called "We are Fred Karno's Army". This was a Music Hall Sketch Comedian popular at the time in a sketch called ‚ÄòMumming Birds". This song was sung to the tune of a Salvation Army hymn and the words with many swear words wen:

"We are Fred Kamo's Amy

What earthly use are we

He cannot fight. we cannot shout

A damned fine lot are we.-104‚Äî

But when we get to Berlin

The Kaiser he will say

Hock Hock Main Gott

What a damned fine lot

are the men of the 5th D.G.'s.".

But at the end of these marches there was generally a surprise in store for us. We were told to Double. This was to see how much energy was left in us after our long march and it was surprising to see how one man out vied with another and with what zeal this challenge to our Physical Fitness was answered. Over the Jumps would come the Order from the Sergeant Major.

These were the Hurdles the horses used to jump over in our Mounted Drill.

A severe test after a long march. I recall we were ordered to "Follow my Lender" one day and after going over the jumps he led the pack of us up the steps to the berrsck room verwdsh. when he took a flying jump over the rails of the vetendAh down to the ground below. To say I got the Wind-Up was to put it mildly, but I saw the others take the jump and in my case it was too late to draw back so over I went end found that a mattress hid been placed under the rails to lessen the fall.

I managed to borrow a uniform and got a week-end leave to London, this meant from Saturday afternoon until Sunday night as I was due back in Aldershot by midnight. I visited the Finn and found that although I hsd only been away a couple of weeks the Her had made Trade Busy. Yet A fortnight previously we had been put on Short time. Everyone seemed to be certain that it would all be over in six‚Äîmonths. Then a statement was issued that a Russian Army had passed through London on its way to the Front. This was only one of the many lies that was never contradicted by any official authority during the War. I visited a Public House kept by a German in the Ratcliffe Highway, as the wife and myself were going towards Waterloo Station on the Sunday evening. There I ment 5 friend Pat Hahoney. He turned to the Landlord and said "here‚Äòs Dan Casey going out to fight some of your German pals, what about driving him to Waterloo Station in your car?". I was highly amused at the audacity of this request but the Landlord took it all in good part and drove us all to Waterloo Station in his car. He also stood treat, so did Pat Mahoney and it was a jolly send off I had to Aldershot that Sunday evening. It transpired that before the next Sunday I was to he on my way to France. But I had no idea eventswould move as rapidly as they did. I recall that a couple of days later I had just come from the Canteen to have my dinner when I noticed the Orderley Ssrgeant rather excited. He was An old King's Dragoon Guards\_ 105 ..

Sargeant that I knew. "What's up?", I asked him. He replied that he wanted 25 volunteers for the Front at once. "Then put my name dam", I said. He said "Casey you are marked for Home Service only, but do you want in go?". "Of course I do", I said. "Alright", he said "get ready for Doctor's inspection". Now I had no uniform or accoutrements, I had not fired a shot on the Husketry Range, I had done no Drills and yet within two hours I obtained all that was necessary to parade before the Brigadier General who was to inspect the draft for France. In company with my pals we went up to the barrack rooms where the recruits of the 5th Dragoon Guards were. I saw a young fellow whose uniform I thought would fit me.

"I want to change clothes with you my lad". I said. When he realised that I was one of the Volunteers he quickly complied. Then I had my choice of the weapons that were laying on the barrack room table. and with my previous experience I knew what I required and took it. This included a bayonet.

When we paraded in our full kit, I found that I was right hand man on the Parade and it suddenly dawned on me that when it came to the Order "Fix Bayonets"

that the "time" would be taken from me. It had been years since I had done such a thing before. However when the Order came "Fix Bayoneta" I stepped smartly three paces to my front, put my right hand out in front of me and with a glance round a quick nod of my head went through the evolution of Fixing Bayonets as thcugh I had been on the Drill Ground for weeks. Then after the parade was over I committed a big mistake. Instead of sending a telegram to my wife to notify her I was off to the Front. I sent a post-card fagetting that time was so short. and I was down-hearted to think that owing to this blunder I should not see my wife before I went to France. I learned afterwards that she and Boy Denis came to Aldershot to be told that I had gone.

She told me the Officers there were very sympathetic and kind to her. Still through my own fault they were unable to see me off.

It was midnight when I went aboard the troop ship at Southampton. Trains were coming almost without noise along side the ship in the darkness. And troops were coming up the gangway until the ship seemed to me to be over‚Äî crowded. Then the Order came "Every Man must put his Life-Belt on". And I became aware for the first time that I was in the Danger Zone of War.

We were a very silent crowd of soldiers on that ship that night. We were packed like sardines. But as we cast off and the dawn came we saw our escort The British Navy. Yes. there on both sides of our ship were the Torpedo Destroyers to ensure that this ship was going to get to France in spite of the German Navy. We arrived at Boulogne safely and cheering crowds of women and old men welcomed us. Away we marched up a steep hill to a rest camp. To say that it was cold up there is a mild description. It was September 1914-106‚Äî but it might have been January in the Arctic regions. It was cold and we were all on edge and in bad tempera. When we were ordered to Rouen. back we came to the Vharf and on to another ship. It was on this ship that one of my pals won some money at cards. He won quite a pile and as he was of a generous disposition I never went short when we reached our destination. This City of Rouen was an innovation to me, I went out with several others to view it. We had been told that the French people were very polite and expected politeness in return. 50 we learned some French to convey our meaning, such as "Merci" for thankyou, "Eon-jour". and etc.

We had in our possession a warning from Lord Kitchener to keep away from Women and Wine, while we were on Service and with all the welcome we had received on our arrival in France, I realised that this warning was necessary for in the back-streets of Rouen were Brothels. Not hidden as they are in this country. but flamboyantly proclaimed. We stayed a week at Rouen then the Officers became eager to get to their respective Regiments at the Front. So we entrained for Flanders. It was at Amiens station that I got my first impression of the Var. An Ambulance‚Äîtrain came in and when we enquired what was the matter with the soldiers who crowded the windows we were told they had "frozen feet". He proceeded on to Hazebruch station where on the platform we saw a soldier belonging to a Highland Regiment.

He was wild in his msnnerism and kept on muttering about "Coal boxes", and that there was no flies on Germans. We took no notice of him as we knew he would soon be arrested for being absent from his regiment and possibly shot. We marched with our heavy kits 17 kilometres to where the 5th Dragoon Guards were billeted. And here I became very downhearted because I knew no-one in this regiment and those I had travelled from England with were sent to a different squadron of the regiment. I was sent to B. Squadron, No. 2 troop. who were billeted in a barn of a Flemish farmer. What a cheerless sight was my first view of this squadron. The horses were picketed in a hop field in a sea of mud. Mud was everywhere, it came up to our ankles. The regiment had been in action and had lost the Colonel. a Colonel Anson. They had come into contact with the German Uhlans. It was a very excited crowd of new comrades I found myself amongst. They were all very young, in fact too young to be engaged in War. And yet when I listened to their exploits at shooting Germans I knew I was up against the biggest event in my life. Standing round the csunp-fire watching a pot containing rabbits and chickens boiling, they told me all the exciting details of how the Commanding Officer of E. Squadron had been killed.

And how a Sargent Harper (who was present) had gone out under a heavy fire to bring his Officer in. In consequence of which he had been given the Diet inguished Conduct Medal .-107-

When I went to the lines to be given a horse and Beddle. the troop-sargeant asked me was I a Lord Kitchener's man. I told him I had re‚Äîenlisted.

"How much is your pay a m7", he asked. I told him 8d a day as I had to leave 9d A day for my wife and family. He seid "by the time this is finished you will be in debt". He then asked me if I had ever been under "shell‚Äîfire".

I found out after he was "deed windy" of shell-fire. It sppeu‚Äòs that on the Parade Ground he could be a bully but on War's Parade Ground he was an abject coward. The troops had him dated alright. However he never interfered with me. I was given a horse called 8.98 and was warned by the fellows in the troop to be careful as it had what was termed a "cold back", and it would buck me off. Sure enough that morning it snowed hard. The horses had no protection from the bitter weather, so we were ordered to exercise them on the roads.

As soon as I mounted this horse it started bucking and plunging and I done what is not allowed in a cavalry regiment. I grabbed the saddle to prevent being thrown off. They did not know it was the first time I had been on a horse's back for years. We got on the road and everyone gave me a wide berth because this horse was lashing out with both hoofs so much so that the horse I was leading I had to let go and it went galloping off after the Squadron.

The Sargesnt‚ÄîMajor came to me that morning. He was a sullen‚Äîfaced man called Harrington and I knew what authority he wielded. I was very nervous of this man. "What was the matter with you this morning?", he asked. I told him I had trouble with the horse. He said "you were frightened of the horse, and the horse knew it". I coloured up and admitted that what he said was right. Then he adopted a different tone. Glaring at the listening soldiers he said "Of course anyone not used to a horse like that and unaware of what is the nature of the animal would certainly be flung off". But I had not been flung off.

We got the news that the Commander in Chief Field Marshal Sir John French was to visit on the next day. The Sargeant Major when he conveyed the orders to us told us that he did not expect us to be too precise under the conditions that prevailed, but if we sewed a button on that was missing and tried to be as smart as possible, it would do. Now I had only just joined this regiment.

It was October 191%. They had been in Action and done wonders. And here was the Commander in Chief coming to visit us. We paraded on a country road and presently his car came up. I saw a short stout old man in Field Marshal‚Äòs uniform get out. He acknowledged the salute we gave him, and then desired we should gather around him as he wished to speak to us. It was surprising to me - no pomp, no ceremony. This man who controlled the British Army in France addressed us "Officers and Men of the 5th Dragoon Guards I have come to congratulate you an your recent achievements. The Enemy you fought outnumbered you ten to one and yet by your determined gallantry you stopped\_ 108 \_ him reaching his objective ‚Äî Paris. IL is true you have lost your gallant Colonel but he died as a soldier like him would wish to die, with his face towards the Enemy". He went on to describe various incidents and how the people in England placed their trust in us. I who had. listened to Politicians and Speakers at Election Meetings was vividly impressed by the homely. friendly manner this great soldier adopted towards us. And when they gave three cheers for Sir John French I cheered as loud as the rest. He then told us that the King was coming out to see us. But for obvious reasons it must be kept a secret. He then departed in his car and we marched back to our scattered billets.

The reason we were scattered in various barns in the villages was because it was winter time and the troops had to be under shelter. Also it deluded the enemy observation aeroplanes. as there was no large assembly of troops and yet the whole Cavalry Division could be mustered in a very short time if the need arose. The barn that I was sent to contained two troops of men and was fairly crowded, it also contained straw and hay that belonged to the farmer. It was impossible to keep clean and like the rest I was soon lousy. This barn was also infested with rats and to add to my discomfort for I have a repugnance to these vermin. they ran over us as we laid down to sleep. I used to cover my head over with my blanket, and one night a rat me and squatted on my head. I cannot describe how I felt. We were awakened every morning by a sargeant who curtly called out ‚Äúshow a leg". He only called once and it went hard for the fellow who was late in turning out.

We then had to answer our names. It was amusing to see how each man tried to find 3 place to stand on out of the mud. We went to sleep with wet feet and awoke with wet feet, some had difficulty on getting their boots on.

I was fair miserable as due to the constant rain and mud. I had rheumatics in my shoulders, but "turn in the lines and rub them horses down", came the order and no‚Äîone dare dis‚Äîobey. The poor beasts were in a see of mud over their fetlocks and shivering in the icy winds. He set to work rubbing them down and then took them for exercise along the roads. It seemed difficult for me to realise that just previous to my joining this Squadron this very place I was at had been the scene of a conflict between our fellows and the Germans - until I saw by the roadside scattered graves where some poor fellows had been buried. We were in a Village celled Metre, 17 kilometres to our front was Ypres where the guns were booming day and night, and also where 9.

Thin Khaki Line was keeping the Germany Army at bay. Behind us was the Monastery of Mon-de‚ÄîCats on a Mount that gave a clear view of the Salient at Ypres. We had to be always in readiness to turn out quickly. And this caused me several scares... 109 \_

It was about 2 o‚Äòclock one morning that the Order came "Saddle‚ÄîUp".

In the inky darkness we blundered through the mud to find our horses.

All was done quickly but also with a lot of cursing and swearing. One dzap by the name of Smith said to me"Don't get excited Casey I'll bet its a false alarm and we will be back in this mud‚Äîhole again very soon".

We formed up and the Order came ‚ÄúFours.right, trot". And then I saw thewhole Cavalry Brigade mustered for out of the darkness there came troops and troops of cavalry. To our disgust when we reached what was termed the rendezvous we saw the General on his horse with his watch in his hand timing us to see how long we had taken to get there. The Officers received some instructions, and back we came to our billets. But the cursisg as we returned ought to have turned the cmmtryside blue. "What did I tell you"

said Smith sarcastically, "the brains of the British Army I could put in a thimble". Others also had their grouse, but we dumped our saddles on the ground. fed our horses and sought some grub for ourselves.

We had been told in orders what comprised our bounds and what parts were forbidden. There was an estaminet (French wine shop) we were allowed to visit not far away and this was always crowded as it was the only place available for entertainment. We had a free and easy concert there of an evening. It was frequented by all ranks. And I made some friends in H.Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery who belonged to our brigade. To oblige I sang and recited all the old stuff that I knew and became a favourite with all of them. This gave rise to an event that is worth recording. Listening to my recitation "Christmas in the Workhouse‚Äú was Sargeant Harper who had received the D.Gu . for bravery on the field. After he had congratulated me on my rendering of this Recitation he told me he had composed a poem that he would like me to recite. The title was "Christmas Day in the Trenches" and it wanted. but a few weeks to Christmas 191‚Äú. Would I read it and see what I could do? I promised that I would.

And to the astonishment and pleasure of all the troops I did recite it. so much so that it caused a demand for copies of it. And had I but the leisure time to write the copies out I could have done a good stroke of business as they sold for one franc a copy. As near as I can recollect after all these years, it went as follows:

(Christmas Day in the Trenches 1911+)

By Sargeant Harper D.C.M. 5th Dragoon Guards

recited by Dan Casey, 5th Dragoon Guards.

It was Christmas M in the Trenches

The sentry grave and stern

was looking out for the enemy

While at home his dear loved ones yearned.‚Äî110-

The call. had been For Your King and Country

For Christmas he did not care a rap

His Duty was watching the Germans

And he longed for the Final Scrap

Later relieved from his vigil

He sat down for a smoke and a rest

His eyes closed seeking slumber

He thought of those he loved Bast.

These were his wife and children

In England - not so far away

And he wondered if haypiness had found them

On this same Christmas Day.

But ere he was sound in slumber

The ‚ÄúCall" it woke him up

And he knew the enemy was advancing

By the boom of a big "Krupp".

The Order came - Line your trenches

at 500 - Rapid - Commence

Each sprang up In duty'sfull senses

Not one man held back in suspense.

But gripping their rifles tightly

With faces that were stern and grim

Meaning not to treat the Enemy lightly

But to push their bayonets in.

For well they remembered German Culture

Which they spelt with a capital "K"

And the suffering women and children too

That they had all seen ‚Äî Belgium way.-111‚Äî

Then there was Scarborough, Whitby,

Hartlepool. Zeppelin raids as well

So these our British Soldiers

Determined such conduct to quell.

Onwards they went with a vengeance

Then came a ringing cheer

Though many were left behind them

And to many more "Death" was near.

Hand to hand came the encounter

Amidst a rain of shells and bullets of lead

With sickening defeat for the Enemy

And many prisoners and dead.

After this fierce encounter

with such shocking defeat for the "Runs"

Thaysmilingly answered the "Roll Call"

Such are our Valiant Sons.

The snow was now falling gently

It was nearing the dead of night

When the relieving regiments reached them

Their duty to do, Dark or Light.

Just quietly they exchanged places

with simply a word or a grin

And the tired relieved one shaped up smartly

Such is the Army Discipline.

Back away they marched through the darkness

To just beyond the "Firing Line"

Where they hoped for a few hours leisure

For they had letters to write if they had time.‚Äî112‚Äî

And then this former sentry

With paper and pencil of lead

Sat down to write to his "Loved ones‚Äú

and these were the words he said.

Dear Wife and Children in England

I have not much news to tell

But the news that I know that will please you best

Is that I am fit and well.

Today has been rather "quiet"

For our dinner we had bully and bread

Some of our chaps are wounded

And young ‚ÄùJinky" Jones is dead.

We have not had many presents

But one that we accepted with glee

It came with the Best of wishes

From Her Royal Highness The Princess Mary.

There was a Pipe, Cigarettes and Tobacco

In a box designed so clear

And photos of their Majesties

Which I shall keep as a souvenir.

I hope m1; Christmas is happy Dear

For mine has been rather "bright"

Although I am out here doing my Duty

As a Defender of the Right.

In conclusion - Good‚ÄîBye

God Bless you Dear

Until we meet again

When the bells ring out their message

Peace on Earth - Goodwill to all Men.Such was a soldier‚Äòs Christmas In this little story I have just told

A Lion in the trenches

At home - 3 Lamb in the Fold.

Yet such are our British Soldiers

The men who with rifles and guns

Are British ‚Äî True British

Well ‚Äî We know - Boys

Who will beat the Kaiser and Huns.

Our rations used to be brought from Rail-head by motor lorries

and there arrived a consignment of new clothes and boots fram England, a complete outfit for each man. So the Sargeant Major conceived a worthy scheme that each man should have a hdt bath. He got a wash tub and by frequent pails of hot water so many men were able to bath each night in turns. As they came from the bath a Corporal took their names. It was a long process. We were all anxious to cleanse ourselves. And as much as we disliked the Sergeant Majcr and feared him, everyone admitted he done his Best to make us clean. We had not had a bath since we left England.

All of us were lousy and very miserable. I thought it delicious to have a clean shirt on once more. And it was the first time I had seen this Sergeant Major smile, for he supervised the bathing. We now did some mounted drills in preparation for the inspection by the King.

One morning early in November we formed up on the Meteron Road. There had been a heavy fall of snow and the wind was very piercing. We sat there on our horses waiting for the King to come along and it was a long wait.

Presently en our left I heard some cheering and then we got the command "5th Dragoon Guards - Shun ‚Äî Carry Swords‚Äú. I saw General Allenby our Divisional General who commanded the 1st Cavalry Division talking to a very short old gentleman in Field Marshal's uniform, it was the King of England.

His nose was red with the cold and he looked anything but happy. Behind him was a. youthful figure in Khaki with a walking stick almost as big as himself.‚ÄîmAnd then followed a retinue of Staff Officers. But what a contrast was the smart soldierly Officers to the small stature of the man who is King George the 5th. We heard General Allenby describing the part played by the regiment in their contact with the enemy. Then we were called on to give three cheers for His Majesty the King. which we did also waving our swords in the air.

After he had gone our Major commanding B. Squadron said "B. Squadron Troops right about wheel - gallop‚Äú. And at a flying gallop we went across country. At first my horse began to plunge and kick, but soon settled down to the gallop. I had cause to be thankful that morning that I had a good horse under me for quite suddenly we came to a sunken road that was easily eight feet wide. Without any hesitation our Major who was an experienced steeple-ehaser took the jump. We of course had to do likewise. I felt my horse rise and spring like a cat and I came across safely. A fellow behind me who had just managed to scramble across said "Blimey Casey, you are on a bird. not a horse". For those who failed to do the jump the Major sarcastically called out "there is a bridge down there for the ladies". Any rate there was two fellows met with accidents and had to be taken to hospital. As I was passing this Major at the Billet he was talking to the Sargeant Major who said as I went by "that‚Äòs the man". They both stared at me and I wondered what was the matter. I was to learn later. General Allenby had an inspection and I was close enough to hear him say "They will be alright for the trenches‚Äú.

For the winter both sides had dug themselves in and it was to be a trench‚Äî warfare. The Casualty List was heavy. The Infantry were exhausted and had t) have a rest. 50 the Cavalry had to be dismounted and go in the Trenches.

The Sargeant Major was to stay behind as we were to have a draft of the 10th Husaars newly out from England to look after our horses. and the Sargeant Major was to supervise Ichese men. Then a strange thing occured. Every man received his iron rations and whale-oil to rub in to his legs. This was a thick green oil and was used because the trenches were water-logged and men had to stand up to their waists in water. The proper trench system had not begun at this period such as the communication trenches and tunnels.

This was a new experience for the men of the 5th Dragoon Guards and a strange atmosphere seemed to prevail. All sorts of presentiments were uttered. I heard one sargeant say "if I am to be hit I hope I don't get hit in the stomach‚Äù, yet sure enough he was hit by a German bullet in the stomach.

If I said that I did not feel concerned myself it would be a lie. Tc myself I prayed that whatever happened I shoulo not he a coward, I prayed that I would not lose my nerves and that the Almighty God would watch over me..115As the preparations for the trenches went on, no‚Äîone seemed to know anything about me. I was not or. the orderly‚Äîsargeant‚Äòs list of names. He sent me to my troop sergeant. No, he did not have my name down on his list. They both said "Go and ask the Sergeant Majur". It appears that they were frightened of him too. They had the order from him ~ 919‚Äî11 man for the trenches and yet my name did not appear on the list. I got ready to go to the trenches. Then I thought I would ask what section I should be in. So I knocked at his door at his billet. "Come In", he called. I ,Jent in and he was writing.

"What do you want?". he growled. I said, "Excuse me Sargeant Major, Am I for the trenches only nobody seems to own me as my name is not on the lists.".

He looked uy at me very keenly. "Why", he said "do you want to go?"

"Yes", I replied, and I am all ready". "Well", he said, you are Lot. for the trenches. You are stepping back with me. Have my horse here at midnight without a saddle and bring your own horse to see the Regiment off". I was surprised to get this order and wondered what was the reason that exempted me from parading that night with the others. But in the Army one must not ask questions. You have to do as you are told. When I went back to the troop where all the fellows were furbishing their rifles and bayonets and assembling their kits as they were to leave that night for the trenches, I told them the result of my interview with the Squadron Sergeant Major. Some of them said that I ought to consider myself lucky. viy own particular chums said it was hard luck that I was not coming along with them as they knew that in no sense of the word was I "Dodging the Trenches". And as I watched them in their preparations I felt miserable. It has to be remembered that I had known these chaps only a couple of weeks. That compared with myself although they all were younger than me in my eyes they were "veteran soldiers". They had received their "Baptism of Fire". They had met and fought the picked troops of the German Army. And I had yet to see any of the Enemy. There was one chap there who had shot six Germans. When this troop to which I belonged had been in action and all of them had diltihguished themselves in some way or other.

And when I reflected that for some reason not explained to me I was to be left behind, I felt none too happy.

About 10.30 p.m. I left the barn to go to the horse-lihee to fetch the Sargeant-Major'a horse and my own, lloshing through the mud that surrounded them. I untied their head ropes and fastening a bit in their mouths and without saddles I led them towards the farm-house where the Sargeant‚ÄîMajor had his billet and Office combined. He came cut and without deigning to speak a word to me he vaulted on his horse‚Äòs back. I somewhat laboriously climbed on my horse's back and folluwed him. We had not far to go as it was only to the cross‚Äîroads in the Village of Metre. But he preferred to ride instead of walking. I noted he wore his "British Warmer" overcoat and I wished- 116 ‚Äî I had worn mine as although it was dry the weather was frosty. He never spoke a word to me as we rode along. I might not have existed as far as he was concerned. When we reached the cross-roads where the troops were to assemble I observed a long line of Motor‚ÄîBuses drawn up by the side of the road. These buses had been shipped over from England and were General mnibuees of the B. type with the open top deck. They were painted Black all over and the windows were boarded over. Although it was not very far to Ypres this was deemed to be a very efficient manner in conveying troops, as in the darkness these Buses could practically glide up and disgorge their lead of troops.

I marvelled at all I had seen since arriving in the Country. The War was only three months old. England had declared War on Germany on August the Fourth‚Äò191h. It was the end of October 191k. And yet I had seen English Motor Lorries, English Motor Buses, English horses and English Guns.

The forage for the horses. The Rations for the Army. The Shells and Ammunition. All came from England. It was a marvel of transport.

‚ÄúWhere was the German Navy that allowed this to be permitted?". The answer was of course ‚Äî Britannia Ruled the Waves. The answer was thanks to our splendid Silent Navy, these transport ships of Qurs were enabled to cross the English Channel to France. And I venture to submit there is not a British soldier who served with the British Expeditionary Force in France and Belgium who has not at some time or other uttered these words – THANK GOD WE HAVE A BRITISH NAVY.

Continued in another Book.

July, 1985

Dear Terry,

This is a copy of Parda. Casey‚Äòs Book. There are ten copies; will you please circulate it amongst your family. It has been typed by my

daughter-in-law Elizabeth, just as Parda wrote it, completely unabridged.

Perhaps members of your family were unaware of the existence of this book. I apologise, but I have been very covetous of it for a few

reasons -

Parda brought it to Napping and gave it to my mother Kate for safe keeping not long before his death in 1958, the photo was taken about the same time by Vincent. It was written in a ledger and Vincent bound it beautifully.

My mother in turn gave it to me just before her death in 1968. I also feel very attached to it because he started to write it just before I was born. when he was to become a grandfather for the first time.

Parda was very conscious that this book should be preserved. because there were others, at least one was loaned out and never returned to him. It would be marvellous if this story could be continued and finished with the help of the other books.

Parda to me was an ideal grandfather, one who imparted his knowledge and experience of the world without dictating to his grandchildren. I'm sure he implanted in me my sense of a real belonging to London, and I think Vincent will tell you the same. 011 many occasions we accompanied him on his travels, he really opened our eyes to the world.

Whilst we were evacuated to Hayfield in Sussex, Gran and Pards came for a little break from the bombing in London. He collected us from school at the Old Palace on his first day with us and said he recognised the Nuns'

Habit. He told my teacher, Mother Mary Winifred, the story of his sister Katie. and said he thought she was attending a convent nearby when she was killed.

‚Äò

Mother Mary Winifred enquired at a neighbouring Convent, probably in Frant, of some older Nuns. One said she recalled the event and she arranged for him to visit the Convent.Next day, Vincent and I dressed in our Sunday Best set off with Parda.

It was a day I still recall in detail. We were greeted like long lost relatives. The old Nun showed us around and told us about Katie's death.

It seems she was quite mischievous, what is known today as hyperactive, there were some celebrations in the Convent at the time, and being very excitable had started to slide down the banisters of the spiral staircase She slipped and fell from almost the top. We were shown Katie's grave in the corner of a small cemetery. she was buried amongst the Nuns.

Parda was very impressed by the way the grave was lovingly kept, and I think he came away that day very content that his beloved sister's body was resting in such a peaceful place.

I hope the rest of the family will enjoy his story, and will realise how much we all owe Parda and his generation.

Once again, my apologies for holding onto this book for so long, but I really felt I was it's guardian.

God bless you all

Margaret