

# In Memoriam. Captain England.

Extract from Captain H. S. Jendowine's [R.A.] Letter.

Camps. Sterkaboom 27 Feb. 1900

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

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

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

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

Extract from The Revd Robert Carmichael's [R.2]

Letter:-

Sterkaboom. Feb 26. 1900

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

x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x  
"He received the Holy Communion on Feb. 14<sup>th</sup>  
& each day used to like me to say prayers  
with him.  
"The photo. of his little girl hung up by his bed:  
"he often spoke of her & his home.  
"I was exceedingly sorry to lose him, for he  
"helped me in every way he could, but especi-  
"ally in his sympathetic gentle way of m-

"Resting himself in good things.  
"It might perhaps have been said that I was not able to conduct his  
funeral myself - but I was sent that day to the  
Boer lines to recover the body of Capt. de Montmorency  
"V.C.  
"I spoke of the two Captains on Sunday morning,  
"for both were beloved in the Camp by all who knew  
"them."

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



More news from the Asst. Clerk.

Barney's Day in Malta  
M.S. Europa,  
Malta Dockyard,  
March 31st 1900

Near Mother & Father,

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

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

We went ashore yesterday at 9.30 and did not come again [? on board] till about 9 in the evening. When we first got ashore, we went along the landing stage and entered Valetta by the Victoria Gate. This is rather a fine gate, but it must have been made from English designs, though perhaps constructed by Maltese labourers. This is right down near the water & scarcely 50 ft above the water. [Somewhat contradictory Abatement; my Barney.] As much. The town however lies fairly high and so you have to clamber up 2 or 3 steps till you get to a cross street leading into the Strada Reale. The latter is the chief street in Malta, and the Club is situated in it. The ships are not bad here, but they are scarcely equal to the English ships, as one of the Warrant Officers on board told me they were. There are crowds of curiosity ships here managed by Hindoos & Persians.

After walking about the town for some time, we thought we would hire some bikes, and so we started off to find a bike shop. After some time we found one in the Strada Megorita and we, the other A.C. & myself rode out to a place called Citta Vecchia, a place some 7 miles from Valetta. That would be just about as far as Aldershot town is from R.M.C. However I would sooner ride 10 times to Aldershot, than once to Citta Vecchia. For one thing the roads are uphill all the way, not very steep to be sure, but still steep enough to be bothersome. Upon they are not exactly macadamised, and don't seem in very good repair. That was not the worst thing about them however, for in addition to the steepness and condition of the roads we had a strong wind against us all the way, so you can imagine how nice it was. Well we struggled so far as Citta Vecchia, but when we got there we had got so sick of it all that we only just went up to the gates & then rode back. You don't know what a sport it was riding to the beastly place. The country looks like a very uninteresting hilly chessboard, the squares being composed of fields, which are all nearly the same size, and bounded by stone walls instead of hedgerows. The chief crop seems to be red clover and a little wheat. The rest of the fields, and this includes the greater part of the country, contain nothing

There are a goodly number of trees except a few sickly fig trees and the inevitable prickly pear. The latter are not bearing at present, so I suppose the season is not in yet.

We came back from Citta Vecchia at full speed, and riding was more enjoyable than, as we were helped by the wind & the hills which were so much against us when we were going. After reaching Valetta again, we paid for our cycles, firmly resolved to let other people hire them in Malta for the future, and went to have dinner. The only at all respectable restaurant is called the Westminster Hotel. This is a regular naval meeting house, and if you want to meet anyone, you are nearly certain to meet him at the Westminster. Still though it is the best restaurant in Malta it is not by any means good as an English one. Steaks is 80 times better, both in quality & attendance. They keep you about 10 mins for everything you order at the Westminster. However it is not bad really.

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

After getting that little matter we strolled off over Valetta & Scieria (a quarter of the former) till we came to the ferry over to Scieria (another quarter of Valetta). The ferry cost 1/2 and as we thought we could afford it, we went over. Scieria is practically the same as Valetta at least as far as inhabitants and houses go, but it possesses very few shops, only some boot makers & public houses. By the way these are the chief shops in Malta; every where you go there is at least a Tavern & a boot maker.

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

We then went back to the ship as it was getting on for 6 o'clock and we had had quite enough of Malta. It is very dull walking about the streets, and the cars are not worth going in. They are very like the Spanish arrangements, and look rather dirty & small like ours. The real fare all over Valetta is 6d as everyone knows. However the Maltese, no doubt imagining you don't know this, say condescendingly "No take you any place in de town Sar, for your sheeling" and then wonder why you don't engage them. I believe nearly every lower class Maltese is either a Cabman, a boat man, a guide or a boot black, and you get fullwood all through the streets by these people, yelling out "Cab Sir" or "Clean boots 1/2 each", or something like that. The guides are the worst and will fool you all down an street, saying half to themselves "Want to see Armory Sar, me take you for sheeling Sar, only sheeling". I usually say to them "I don't want to see the beastly place, if you want to see them do much, why don't you go yourself?" It does really get rather sickening, and you feel inclined to kick the idiots.



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

I quote the following, with hearty thanks for giving for my souls comfort and straight-forward way of dealing with his father.]

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

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

I must end now.  
 Give my love to all the happy home.  
 Your loving son,  
 Barney.

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

**From  
 The Camberley School  
 Magazine  
 The Sports.**

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

best of three tries. On this occasion Townend i. obtained the first place with a jump of 14 ft. 6 in., but Jervis and Leakey ii. tied for the second place. They therefore continued the contest to prove who was the better. Then

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

**RESULTS.**

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

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

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

High Jump, jun.: 1, Cuzner; 2, Heathcote; 3 ft. 3 1/2 in.; 1, Chess-men presented by T. P. Brierley, Esq.

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

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

Throwing Cricket Ball, jun.: 1, Heathcote; 2, Cuzner; 53 yards; 1, Pads presented by Mrs. Conran.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

