

DUNCAN TOVEY,

DIED 5TH MAY, 1918.

Our dear comrade and friend, Duncan Tovey, Lieut., School of Musketry, "umquhile Sergeant in the London Scottish," died in the early hours of Sunday, May 5, and was buried with military honours the following Thursday at Worplesdon, Surrey, followed to the grave by many friends of all ranks, from General to Private, including a firing party, and the pipes, drums and bugles of his dearly-loved London Scottish.

Born in 1872, educated at Selwyn College, Cambridge, his military career began in the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment, to which he was gazetted Sec.-Lieut. in 1890. At Cambridge he served in the University Corps, and joined "Ours" in 1898, achieving his sergeant's stripes in 1907.

In September, 1914, he went with the Scottish to France, was in action at Messines, October 31, and was wounded at Givenchy, December 21, of that year. On his recovery he was appointed Instructor of Musketry at Bisley. In a humorous letter to me he announced that, in his 44th year, twenty-six years almost to a day after the date of his first commission, he had again been appointed a "temporary gentleman," and was going to France as an officer of the Sniping School, from whence he returned last September broken in the war.

The most versatile of men, our late comrade over various signatures, "Glenworple," "Geordie," Professor McSmellie, and "The Fat Sergeant" contributed to our pages verse and prose, grave and gay, and drawings full of humour and spirit; while at our social gatherings in camp or quarters his talents as an entertainer were always in request, and were appreciated to the full by his comrades of his own and other regiments. In the trenches his good humour was infectious. "Dear old Tovey is next to me, and is great as usual," a comrade wrote. Alas, he also is one of the fallen.

In our three regimental dramatic efforts—"Rob Roy" (twice) and "Bonnie Prince Charlie," he took the leading parts. His "Baillie Nicol Jarvie" and "Simon Frazer, Lord Lovat" were finished studies of characters the antipodes of each other.

A fortnight before his death he entrusted me with the MS. of his little book of verse, now in the press, to be published shortly. His last letter, dictated to his dear little boy the day before his death, and signed by himself, reads:—"Dear John, I think that it would be well to get the book through as soon as possible. I don't think I have much time, and I'd like to see it before I go. Cut out the verses you suggest, but I'd like to see the proofs.—Yours aye, DUNCAN."

The proofs were in the post when he died.

This memorial volume of our comrade, and the object of its publication, we commend to the notice of our readers.

IAN.

GLENWORPLE.

Another of the old crowd gone! Another vacant place in the gallery of the weel kent faces that remind us of the happy days of auld lang syne. It will be a sad gathering at Head-Quarters when those who are left foregather to speak of the days that are gone. "Do

you remember —," and of those that are thus recalled in many a story of jest, achievement, or proud reminiscence, none will be called to mind more often than Duncan.

In every one of the varied interests of the Scottish he was one of the leading figures. A good shot, a keen sportman, and the best of comrades—what better epitaph can a man have?

I remember him first about the late 'nineties when we went down overnight for a Whit Monday or other shoot. He kept us all going with his songs and music, and we realised that a new star had risen in the Battalion.

He was one of the 1900 *D.T.* team, when we won that coveted trophy after many a disappointment. He was—but if I were to recount all his doings I could never stop.

He was one of us, and that says all.

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THE FUNERAL.

A beautiful May day. The fresh green of the foliage, the sprouting wheat fields, and the bursting flower buds of the yellow broom on the lovely Surrey landscape, proclaimed the old, but ever new, story of the resurrection of Nature from her winter sleep—fit reminder that our dear friend and comrade is "not dead, but sleepeth." Worplesdon, the beautiful Surrey village, bathed in sunshine, is the converging point of groups of sombrely dressed villagers, women, girls, young children and old men—the young men are at the war.

Outside the quaint old Post House, a gun carriage waits. On the village green civilians and soldiers of all ranks stand in groups.—friends and comrades of the departed gathered to pay the last tribute of respect to their well-loved comrade. The coffin is borne forth, placed on the gun-carriage, while the mourners, civil and military, drop into their places in funeral order. With slow, measured step, arms reversed, the firing party move off, followed by the pipes and drums wailing forth "The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away." At the churchyard gate Minister and choir receive the remains, moving toward the church to the recital of the opening sentences of the beautiful Anglican burial service. In the church, "The King of Love my Shepherd is" is sung, and Professor Donald Tovey, reads with emotion the verses from the 15th chapter of I. Corinthians, in which St. Paul affirms the certainty of resurrection, and the final victory over death. Another hymn sung, the procession is reformed. Six of his old comrades lower the coffin into the flower-lined grave. The committal sentences are read, a volley is fired, the pipes wail a bar of the lament and stop as if choked with grief; another volley, another choked sob of music; again a volley, and the pipes complete the Macintosh lament. Sharp commands ring out: "Fix bayonets! Slope arms! Present arms!" The last salute is given as the bugle sounds "Last Post."

A lady, supported by her two fatherless boys, drops a flower into the grave of her best beloved. His comrades take a last look at the coffin, and stand for a moment at the salute, then leave their friend "in sure and certain hope" till réveillé.

IAN.