Echoes from the Past.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT; ANOTHER ANGLE.

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The correct and formal appreciation of the Duke which appeared in our January Journal gives but a small view of his many-sided humanity and his interests in things other than military.

Of these, and they were many, sport was prominent and he missed no opportunity of joining in such amusements as his world-wide duties brought to him. On occasion he even made tours primarily with sport in view. Two of such jour-
neys were his fortnight up the Nile from Khartoum in 1909 and his four months in East Africa in 1910, when he went, mostly on foot, all round Mount Kenya, about 450 miles, on both occasions leaving officialdom behind and allowing himself a complete change to the simple life with ceremony left out.

On both of these trips he took with him the Duchess of Connaught, Princess Patricia and Prince Arthur of Connaught with Miss Pelly as lady-in-waiting and Captain Tommy Bulkeley, Equerry.

Of all this, having been attached as Medical Officer, I can tell with first-hand knowledge and could fill a large book with story and incident, sporting and otherwise.

The trips were, of course, well prepared and on rather de luxe lines, which however does not imply that the shootings and huntings were so. They were always genuine and often strenuous.

The Nile trip was made on the Sudan Government stern-wheel steamer Omdurman which was specially set apart and arranged, she being their largest and newest
boat built for the Upper Nile postal and tourist service. She carried a Greek caterer (Cavadias), a real cow and sundry other comforts additional to those available to smaller parties on a Nile nigger.

The Sudan Chief Game Ranger, "Beastie" Butler as he was called by his friends, joined up somewhere north of Kodok and was promptly adopted at his nickname by the whole party. His wife was with him in their nigger which was tied up always on the leeward side of the ship because of its load of trophies of the chase in various stages of cure or decomposition, the atmosphere of which was much too strong for amateurs!

"Beastie" saw to it that sport was soon forthcoming and a good representative bag was gathered in about six days' shooting, including waterbuck, cob, harte-}

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Princess Patricia.

beeste, gazelle, oribi, guinea fowl and buffalo. We had some faint hopes of elephant but hardly reached the elephant country and lion too might have been bagged but we did not see any.

So the day came when it was necessary to turn home in order that the Duke should fulfil future engagements.

We were then somewhere south of Taufikia and as, in this country, there was a possibility of getting a "Mrs. Gray" antelope, a trophy only to be had in the Sudan, it was decided, as time permitted, to keep on south for one day more keeping a sharp look out for this species and to stop for such time as it took to clean out flues and boilers and then streak down stream.
At this stage “Beastie” stayed behind and it became my job to take the Duke out if we saw anything. We steamed along all day keeping keen watch on both sides but by tea-time had seen nothing we wanted and we had to turn. The Duke, however, was keen to go out on chance though I should explain that the country here is dead flat and that it was unlikely we had missed anything within a couple of miles either side.

Game had been seen but never the lady we were looking for. However there was just a chance as the river banks here are lined by a strip of ambatch thicket ten to fifteen feet high and there was the possibility of game in the blind area behind this not visible from our look-out. The Duke gave Prince Arthur the ground beyond, which we had not seen, and himself turned back keeping along the landward side of the ambatch and he had the best of luck for, in less than an hour, we spotted a good Mrs. Gray buck with several does close in behind the bushes. The stalk was easy, keeping within the edge of these bushes, and we got a good mark at about fifty yards. The Duke made no mistake and bagged a 28-inch Mrs. Gray and returned to the ship triumphant. I might almost say hilarious, at his success. On such occasions the natural side of a man is apt to emerge. In the Duke’s case this appeared as kindliness and goodwill and I well remember that on the way back he talked a lot of the days when he commanded a battalion of the Rifle Brigade. I expect he was subconsciously describing his little coup to old-time brother officers.
Next morning when daylight broke we were all out full steam ahead for Khartoim, Home and Duty. We stopped about half-way for wood (fuel) and having seen some nice white-eared cob not far back the Duke would have a try and I took him again. It was swampy ground, a series of green plots intersected by deep water channels thickly covered with Nile cabbage, and I expect, though it did not occur to me for a while, reeking with sleepy crocodiles. It proved too much for us and we could not get near the game but we did get soaking wet up to our necks and I also got a wigging from Tommy Bulkeley when I mentioned "crocs."

I don't know whether the Duke thought of them at all, and anything I said to the boys about them would be in Arabic which he did not understand, but a year or so later, in East Africa, talking of our Nile trip he did say, "Did you ever think about 'crocs' that day."