

The Victoria Cross - the ultimate accolade, Britain's highest honour for bravery in battle. The award that has an awesome mystique. There is something brooding about the dark bronze of the medal with its dull crimson ribbon that sets it apart from the glittering silver and colourful ribbons of other awards.

The medals were awarded for acts performed in terrifying and bloody circumstances; the tunnel vision of spontaneous bravery in saving a helpless comrade; the calculated act because there was no alternative or that the risk is worth taking. There may have been a handful that deliberately sought the highest decoration but, to the great majority, a medal was the last thing to be considered in the mind-numbing heat of battle.

After the hero was feted by a grateful nation, the Victoria Cross could bring its own problems for its recipient. The qualities that made a man a hero in battle could elude him in times of peace. Of the 1,354 men who have won the VC, 19 committed suicide, far higher than the national average, although almost all were Victorian. About the same number have died in suspect circumstances (see Cecil D'Arcy). Many fell on hard times and died in abject poverty, having sold their hard earned Cross for a pittance. Most officer recipients, in contrast, prospered, as did many other ranks who were held in high esteem by their neighbours.

To some men, the Cross changed their lives for the better while others could not come to terms with its constant reminder of nightmarish events. Some could not handle the fame it brought, either being modest or boorish. We are what we are and a brief mad moment does not change that. The Second World War VC winner, Captain Ian Fraser, summed it well,

A man is trained for the task that might win him the VC. He is not trained to cope with what follows.

Along with the Charge of the Light Brigade, the most celebrated feat of arms during Victoria's reign was the Anglo Zulu War of 1879 and in particular, the Battle of Rorke's Drift. Put this subject in the context of Victoria Cross winners and we have a dramatic and fascinating insight into Victorian attitudes. Rather than list the recipients in the order in which they were listed in the London Gazette, for the sake of continuity, the actions are told in chronological order.

PRIVATE SAMUEL WASSALL. 80th (SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT)

When Lord Chelmsford left his base camp at Isandlwana to reinforce the mounted patrols he had sent out the previous day, he left behind a large widely spread camp at the base of the mountain. By midday of 22nd January, the right flank of the defending British had been overwhelmed and the Zulu hordes were in the camp, stabbing and clubbing the disorganised and terrified soldiers.

Private Wassell was one of the Imperial Mounted Infantry (Carrington's Horse), who had been left in the main camp by Chelmsford. Having no particular duty, he and his fellow Mounted Infantrymen were stood down and in camp when the Zulus struck. As the right flank gave way, it became 'every man for himself'. Wassell, in shirtsleeves and weaponless, hauled himself on to a small Basuto pony and joined the ranks of those trying to escape over the narrow pass on to the safety of Helpmekaar via Rorke's Drift. Only a few were able to reach safety by this route before the Zulu right horn had reached this escape route and had advanced around the mountain to cut off all retreat. There was no alternative but to head off across rough country and face swimming the Buffalo River.

With the Zulus in close pursuit and the steep hills on either side, the escapees had little option but to follow a hazardous four-mile route that led them to a spot now called Fugitives' Drift, where there was a ford. All along the route, men were dying as the Zulus overtook them but a number of mounted men did reach the river, including Private Wassell. What he found was a river in full spate and, in normal circumstances, unthinkable to attempt to cross. With Zulus opening fire and closing fast, Wassell urged his pony into the torrent. About halfway across he heard a cry and saw Private Westwood of his regiment being swept round in a raging whirlpool. Despite the approaching Zulus, Wassell turned his mount and headed back to the bank, he coolly tied his horse to a bush and waded in after Westwood. Reaching him, Wassell dragged the half-drowned man to the bank and hauled him onto his pony. Then, pursued by a hail of bullets and spears, pony and men plunged into the river and managed to reach the far bank, scramble up the steep sides of the gorge and stagger on to Helpmekaar. The next day, he was back in the saddle and was one of the force that relieved the defenders at Rorke's Drift.

At the time he received his Victoria Cross at Pietermaritzburg a few weeks later, he was, at the age of 23, the youngest recipient. After he left the Army, he married, raised a family and lived out his life in Barrow-in-Furness until his death in 1927. He was the only survivor of Isandlwana to be awarded a VC.

LIEUTENANT TEIGNMOUTH MELVILL. 1/24th
LIEUTENANT NEVILLE JOSIAH COGHILL 1/24th

There were several double acts during the Zulu War which resulted in the Victoria Cross award, (as with Chard and Bromhead). The most celebrated, however, were probably these two recipients who are better known collectively rather than individually. As the Zulus made their breakthrough on the British right, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Pulleine, commander of the 1/24th (2nd Warwickshire Regiment), ordered his Adjutant, Lieutenant Melvill, to take the Queen's Colour and carry it out of the camp to safety. The Colour was in a black leather case at the end of the long staff, a clumsy object for a rider to handle at the best of times let alone when harried by a determined and fast closing enemy.

Melvill left the camp on horseback in the company of Lieutenant Walter Higginson, 3rd Battalion Natal Native Contingent and followed the cross-country trail of the other fugitives. Contrary to the popular perception, Coghill did not accompany Melvill and in fact descended into the Buffalo River gorge by a different route so that the first time they deliberately 'met up' was in the swirling water mid river.

It was unfortunate for Coghill that he was left behind at Isandlwana for he was Colonel Glyn's Orderly Officer and would have been in Lord Chelmsford's Column but for an accident that occurred the previous day. While on mounted patrol, he had come upon a kraal, abandoned save for some chickens. Thinking that a chicken supper would liven up campaign cuisine, Coghill endeavoured to catch a fowl. As he scampered around he managed to wrench his knee, which was incapacitating enough to keep him back in base camp. A question has to be raised about Coghill's conduct. As a serving officer of the 24th, should his first duty have been to remain with his regiment? Instead, he joined the disorganised everyman-for-himself rabble that headed away from the battle across country. (1)

The fugitives had to run a gauntlet of Zulus, who were not only chasing from behind, but attacking from the flanks. Most of the fugitives on foot were easily overwhelmed and even those on horseback who could not manage more than a cautious trot over the rocky ground were run down and killed. Somehow the three officers variously managed to reach the Buffalo River, closely pressed by the Zulus. Coghill plunged into the torrent ahead of Melvill and attained the Natal bank. While pausing for breath, he looked back and saw the other two in trouble. Higginson was unhorsed and clinging to a rock in midstream. Melvill, still holding on to the Colour which had unbalanced him, was floundering in the water and being swept towards the rock sheltering Higginson. Higginson tried to help Melvill but the current was too strong and both officers lost their grip on the rock and the Colour was lost.

Seeing their predicament and ignoring the Zulus who were firing from the far bank, Coghill turned to ride back into the river. Almost immediately, his horse was shot and fell. Despite this setback, he swam out to Melvill and Higginson and under heavy fire, all three managed to swim to the Natal bank. With Melvill exhausted and Coghill lame, Lt. Higginson set off to find some horses. Popular legend records that the Zulus had managed to get across the river further upstream and were fast approaching. Drawing their revolvers, the two officers shot and killed a couple of warriors which gave them breathing space to attempt to climb their way out of the gorge. Exhaustion, heavy wet clothing and Coghill's crippled leg meant they could only climb a short distance before they were forced to make their last stand, their backs against a large rock. Lt. Higginson quickly managed to find some horses but on his return, he saw Zulus around the two bodies of his fellow officers. (2).

Some days later when a patrol found their bodies, they also found a ring of dead Zulus, evidence that Melvill and Coghill had sold their lives dearly. Their attempts to save the Colour and the manner of their deaths made them national heroes but there was no provision in the warrant to posthumously award them the Victoria Cross although Colonel Glyn's dispatch suggested they should be honoured.

It was not until the Boer War and the posthumous VC awarded to Lieutenant Frederick Roberts, the son of Field Marshal Lord Roberts, that the relatives of Melvill and Coghill lobbied for the retrospective award. It still took a direct petition by Melvill's widow to Edward VII before the awards were finally made on 15th January 1907, nearly 28 years to the day to the anniversary of their sacrifice. (Incidentally, they were not the only Victoria Cross winners to perish at Isandlwana. Private William Griffiths 2/24th, who won his VC in the Andaman Islands in 1867, also died.)

LIEUTENANT JOHN ROUSE MARRIOTT CHARD, 5th COMPANY R.E. LIEUTENANT GONVILLE BROMHEAD, 1/24th

These two officers' names are also forever linked together in one of the greatest feats of the British Army, the Battle of Rorke's Drift.

The Mission by the west bank of the Buffalo River was taken over by the military as a Commissariat Stores and hospital and it was from there that Chelmsford's invasion force crossed into Zululand. On the morning of 22nd January 1879, in the absence of clear orders, Lieutenant Chard and four men rode to the camp at

Isandlwana to obtain clarification of their duties. His orders were to return to Rorke's Drift and keep the ferry pontoons in working order and to mount guard over them. As he left, he noticed a large force of Zulus gathering in the distant hills. Chard and his men were probably the last to leave Isandlwana before the Zulus overwhelmed the camp.

On his return to Rorke's Drift, Chard reported to Major Spalding, the commander, what he had seen at Isandlwana and that in the event of an attack he would be unable to defend the pontoons with the few men he had. The Company that had been detailed for this defence had not arrived, so Spalding decided to ride to Helpmakaar to hurry things along. Before he rode off, he asked Chard, "Which of you is senior, you or Bromhead?" Not knowing, an Army List was fetched and Chard was found to be the senior. "You will be in charge, although, of course, nothing will happen, and I shall be back this evening early." One of history's more ironical famous lines.

It is significant that both officers were held in low esteem by their superiors and, in Bromhead's case, by his men. Chelmsford had left B Company behind because Bromhead was so hard of hearing that in event of a battle, he would not be able to hear the orders. He also had the reputation of being dim and lazy. Probably because of his deafness, he was introspective and non-communicative and his men found him remote. Chard was described by a fellow officer as an amiable companion but hopelessly slow and slack. As Chard was finishing a quiet lunch, two riders approached from Isandlwana bringing news of the destruction of the camp. Even though he had earlier that day witnessed the build up of Zulus at Isandlwana, Chard was sceptical, until he received a message from Bromhead to go to the Commissariat Stores at once. Here he found that additional barricades were starting to be thrown up and buildings loopholed under the supervision and initiative of:

ACTING-ASSISTANT COMMISSARY JAMES DALTON, COMMISSARIAT AND TRANSPORT CORPS

Two men who had managed to escape via Fugitive's Drift had brought a written message from Isandlwana warning of the Zulu's advance. Consulting together, Chard and Bromhead were persuaded by Dalton that it was too dangerous to attempt a retreat to Helpmakaar (3) and risk being attacked in the open. They would not be able to move quickly as the sick from the hospital had to be evacuated and the considerable amount of ammunition and stores would have to be abandoned to the Zulus. The best option was to stay and fight from a good defensive position; something Commissary James Dalton had already set about constructing with piled sacks of corn, biscuit boxes and wagons.

Dalton, born in 1832, was the oldest of the defenders. He had enlisted at an early age into the 85th Regiment (Shropshire Light Infantry) and spent many years in South Africa. At the time of discharge, he was a Sergeant Major. With his ramrod back and imposing height he looked more like Colour Sergeant Bourne, as portrayed by Nigel Green in the film *ZULU*. In fact the real Bourne was only 23 years old and a lightly built 5' 6". When the Ninth Kaffir broke out in 1877, Dalton came out of retirement and was appointed to the rather cumbersome rank of Acting-Assistant Commissary, which gave him officer status.

At this time, Rorke's Drift was home to 84 men of B Company 2/24th, 36 sick or injured men in the hospital, 3 Royal Engineers, 3 Commissariat, 4 medics and 1 detached man of the Buffs; in all there 137 men. In addition, there were between 200-300 African recruits of the Natal Native Contingent. With so many hands, the barricades were all but completed by the time the Zulus appeared. All the time there was a succession of exhausted and demoralised fugitives passing by who tried to persuade the defenders to run and save their lives. When a large body of Native Horse were seen to head up the road to Helpmakaar, it was too much for the NNC who with their colonial officer and NCOs deserted en masse. (4) This defection meant that the perimeter was too large to defend so a second line was hurriedly constructed, leaving the hospital out on a limb. Both Chard and Bromhead threw off their customary mantle of lethargy and organised the men around the perimeter, making sure there would be a constant supply of ammunition. Dalton also went around the barricades, encouraging the men and taking pot shots. Then, as he leaned over the parapet to take aim, he was hit by a bullet that passed through his right shoulder. Surgeon Reynolds patched him up and after a short rest, Dalton was doing his rounds, passing ammunition and offering advice to the hard-pressed defenders. After the war, James Dalton was made up to Commissariat Officer, put on half pay and returned to England. South Africa was too much of a magnet for him and he returned a few years later and took an interest in a mining company. He was suddenly taken ill and died on 7th January 1887. There was one other officer present, namely:

SURGEON HENRY JAMES REYNOLDS, ARMY MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

This 35-year-old Irishman had served in the tropics for many years. He had come to South Africa with 1/24th in 1877 and was experienced enough to treat some battle wounds but not on the scale or under conditions he was about to experience. It was about 4.30 p.m. that the first Zulus were spotted approaching from the shoulder of the Oscarberg Hill which loomed over the Mission to the south. As the Zulus extended to envelope the defenders, the soldiers opened fire at about 500 yards and battle commenced.

The Zulus had no plan and attacked in a headlong rush, probing for a weak point. The soldiers were heartened to see how many warriors they were killing, but such was their bravery and ferociousness, they kept coming on until they reached the barricades. It then became a primitive struggle of assegai and bayonet, knobkerry and rifle butt. Slashing, stabbing, clubbing and firing point blank, the brawl seemed unending. Chard and Bromhead led reinforcements to wherever the fighting was most fierce and displayed great coolness. The casualties were not carried to the hospital as portrayed in the film 'Zulu', but were treated in a makeshift redoubt in front of the Storehouse by Surgeon Reynolds and his staff. When he was not tending the wounded, Reynolds delivered ammunition through the window of the hospital, which left him very exposed. In fact a bullet passed through his helmet. Dangerous and bloody though the fighting was on the perimeter, the events that unfolded in the hospital were even more dramatic.

CORPORAL CHRISTIAN FERDINAND SCHIESS, NATAL NATIVE CONTINGENT.

One of the patients in the hospital was a 23-year-old Swiss who was laid up with either bad blisters or a spear wound in the foot (various accounts). An orphan, he had joined the French Army at the age of 15 and fought in the Franco-Prussian War. Coming to South Africa, he had joined the 2nd Battalion, 3rd NNC as a corporal. Early in the battle, Frederick, as he preferred to call himself, had limped out of the hospital to take up a position at the barricades.

Chard observed Schiess take careful aim on some of the enemy who were causing problems. Directly on the other side of the wall a Zulu fired almost point blank and blew off his hat. Schiess immediately sprang up and bayoneted the Zulu, shot another and bayoneted a third. He then took a painful gunshot wound on his instep but still stayed on to fight like a demon.

CORPORAL WILLIAM WILSON ALLAN. 2/24th

Well defended though they were, the soldiers were taking casualties, mostly from gunfire from the Oscarberg. Corporal Allan was one of the sharpshooters who tried to dislodge the snipers from their rocky cover. In doing so, he exposed himself to fire over a considerable period of time even though he was hit in the right arm by a Zulu bullet.

PRIVATE FREDERICK HITCH. 2/24th

Hitch was very prominent during the battle. He was stationed on the thatched roof of the hospital as a lookout and was first to sight the Zulus. He was then sent to help man the weakest part of the defences, the veranda of the hospital. Although the ground sloped away quite steeply in front of the hospital, there had not been enough time to build up the barrier to more than waist height. Also, the warriors could creep up closely through the undergrowth before hurling themselves up the slope. The fixed bayonet was proving just how effective a weapon it was in a tight defensive role. Most of the fighting here was hand to hand as the defenders had little time to reload as wave upon wave of Zulus hit them. Hitch recalled that one large warrior grabbed his rifle and struggled to disarm him. Managing to slip a cartridge into the breech, Hitch fired point-blank and dislodged his assailant.

The fighting had been going on for about an hour and a half and the mounting toll of casualties persuaded Chard to withdraw to the second line of defence, thus abandoning the area between the hospital and the storehouse. The Zulus could not occupy this open ground but could get to the barricades and put down some deadly fire. At the most exposed part Hitch and Bromhead fought along side each other, while comrades fell dead or wounded. Finally Hitch, too, was hit in the shoulder, which shattered the bone. Despite this terrible wound, Hitch managed to remove his tunic and strapped his wounded arm under his waist-belt. He borrowed Bromhead's revolver and, with his CO's assistance in loading it, carried on firing. He was also later seen delivering ammunition to his comrades.

By being forced to withdraw to the inner defence line, Chard had effectively left the occupants of the hospital to fend for themselves. It should be remembered, however, that the events within the hospital were taking place at the same time as those related above.

Six fit men had been detailed to defend the hospital together with most of the patients who were fit enough to handle their weapons, including-

PRIVATE WILLIAM JONES. 2/24th

PRIVATE ROBERT JONES. 2/24th

PRIVATE HENRY HOOK. 2/24th

PRIVATE JOHN WILLIAMS. 2/24th

The defence of the hospital was a battle within a battle. The defenders were mostly isolated from each other by walls and partitions so fighting was done by individual soldiers without so much as an NCO in command. At first their fire from the loopholes was effective but once the Zulus had managed to reach the outside walls, the defenders felt their isolation. The Zulus set fire to the roof thatch which forced some of the defenders to retreat to other rooms. Privates Williams and Hook found themselves in the same room with the Zulus breaking down the door. Using a pickaxe, Williams knocked a hole in the far wall, while Hook kept the Zulus from entering with his bayonet. As the last patient was dragged through the escape hole, Hook jumped through and joined them in the next room. With Hook defending this hole, Williams again picked a hole in the far wall and knocked through into a small room occupied by Privates William and Robert Jones. They had been defending this room for some time and had managed to get most of the patients out through the window, while taking turns in preventing the Zulus entering.

By this time the rest of the defenders had retreated to the new perimeter, leaving defenders and patients thirty yards of open yard to cross under heavy fire and the threat of being stabbed at by the fearless Zulus. Their colleagues put down covering fire while both Corporal Allen and Private Hitch crossed the yard to assist in bringing back the wounded and sick. It was a miracle that so many did escape thanks in the main to the bravery and coolness of four humble privates.

Although wounded, both Hook and Robert Jones joined the rest of the Company in continuing their desperate defence. With nightfall, the fire from the hospital illuminated the dark and helped the defenders spot any approaching Zulus.

The attacks became more sporadic and the last serious attempt by the Zulu to rush the barricades was about 9 p.m., by which time the opposing sides were both physically and emotionally spent.

The soldiers had been firing almost continually for at least five hours. Their hearing was dulled, their heads were pounding, their shoulders badly bruised from the notoriously heavy recoil of their Martini-Henry rifles and hands blistered by the overheated barrels. But still they could not relax their guard one moment during the long night. A flurry of shots were fired at them around 2 a.m., which they later discovered was the time the Zulus began to withdraw and, by dawn, they had gone.

Lord Chelmsford's Column reached the Drift at about 8a.m, expecting to discover another annihilation. Such was the relief that a small force had inflicted so many casualties while themselves suffering a comparatively small number that the authorities 'played up' the significance of the fight as an antidote to the calamity at Isandlwana.

When it came to awarding the Victoria Cross, there was a fair amount jockeying amongst some of the candidates. Bromhead recommended six men from his Company to his commanding officer, Colonel Glyn. These names were forwarded, without addition, to Lord Chelmsford. Reynolds had been rewarded with promotion to Surgeon Major but when questions were asked in the House of Commons as to why he had not been awarded a medal, he was granted the VC.

Another campaign started for the recognition of Dalton and his assistant, Dunne. When the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Cambridge, was finally approached, he commented that "We are giving the VC very freely, I think, but probably Mr. Dalton has as good a claim as the others who have got the Cross at Rorke's Drift." Dalton's VC is now displayed in the museum of the Royal Logistics Corps at Deepcut in Surrey.

The last man to receive the award for this battle was Corporal Schiess, after considerable pressure by the colonial authorities for some recognition of the local troops. Now that the tumult had died down, several senior officers made disparaging remarks about the ordinariness and lack of gumption displayed by both Chard and Bromhead; just not the stuff of heroes.

Gonville Bromhead received his Victoria Cross from the new Commander, General Sir Garnet Wolseley, a man who thought the award for the Defence of Rorke's Drift was 'monstrous'! When Bromhead returned to England, he was invited with Chard to dine with the Queen at Balmoral. Rather typical of his luck, he had gone fishing in Ireland and did not receive his invitation until the date had passed. Despite sending his apologies, he was never invited again. Bromhead was promoted to Captain and served in the East Indies and in the Burma Campaign of 1886. He attained the rank of Major and was serving with the Battalion in India when he was struck down by typhoid and died on 9th February 1891. Bromhead's medal is currently owned by his descendants.

John Chard composed a well-written report and received a hero's welcome when he arrived at Portsmouth. He was personally greeted by the Duke of Cambridge, who brought an invitation to dine with the Queen. In contrast to some of his critical superiors, Victoria was taken by Chard's unassuming manner and modest way he related events. She was most impressed by the battle, asking for photo portraits of the Victoria Cross recipients and commissioning Lady Butler to paint a picture of Rorke's Drift.

Chard continued to enjoy the royal favour and rose in rank to colonel. He was posted abroad several times but never saw action again. In 1896 he was diagnosed as having cancer of the tongue and he was forced to retire. Queen Victoria was kept informed of his condition which deteriorated and led to his death in November 1897.

An interesting postscript concerning Chard's Victoria Cross occurred last year. Stanley Baker, who played Chard in the celebrated film *ZULU* acquired Chard's pair of medals in auction in 1972. Although the campaign medal was genuine, the Victoria Cross was catalogued as a copy and, as a consequence, Baker paid the comparatively modest sum of £2,700 for the pair. On Stanley Baker's death, the Cross changed hands three times until it ended up, lodged for safety, with Spinks medal dealers who decided to check the nature of Chard's 'copy' medal; its metallic characteristics were tested by the Royal Armouries. The test results were compared with those of the bronze ingot, kept at the Central Ordnance Depot, from which all Victoria Crosses are cast. The tests revealed that the 'copy' had come from this same block and there was no doubt that it was the genuine article. In 1997 an authenticated VC belonging to such a famous recipient could reasonably be expected to fetch in the region of £100,000!

James Reynolds, in contrast, lived out a long and prosperous life until his death in 1932. His Cross is in the museum of the Royal Army Medical Corps. William Allen was invalided home because of his wound, which never really healed. As a consequence he received his Victoria Cross from the Queen at Windsor Castle. He served on as a sergeant-instructor of musketry in the 4th Volunteer Battalion of the South Wales Borderers until his death from influenza in 1890. Frederick Hitch was also sent home with Allen. His wound was severe and some 39 pieces of bone had to be removed. He, too, received his Victoria Cross from the Sovereign at a ceremony held in the hospital. He was medically discharged and joined the Corps of Commissioners. In 1901, his VC was snatched off his coat and a replacement was presented to him seven years later. He later became a London cab driver and died at home during a taxi strike in 1913. At his funeral, as well as family and military representatives, an estimated 1500 cabbies paid their respects.

William Jones was also invalided home suffering from chronic rheumatism, a condition which led to his discharge in 1880. He received his Victoria Cross from the Queen. Unable to find regular work, he performed in theatres, re-enacting the defence of Rorke's Drift. He even appeared with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show when it toured Britain in the 1880's. Labouring jobs, when he could find work followed. Poverty, however, forced him to pawn his Cross which he was never able to redeem. By 1910, recurring nightmares of his ordeal were making him act irrationally. One night he took his small granddaughter from her bed in the belief that the Zulus were attacking and was later found wandering the backstreets of Manchester. He died in 1913, confused and in great poverty.

Robert Jones, William's comrade in the Hospital, also had a tragic end. Despite receiving four wounds, he soon recovered and went back on active duty. He returned to the regiment and served in India between 1880-81. After years in the Reserve, he was discharged and went to work as a labourer for Major de la Hay in Peterchurch, Herefordshire. Bouts of depression and headaches made Jones increasingly turn to drink for solace. During the summer of 1898 he suffered a fit which was followed by a blinding headache. Borrowing his employer's gun, Jones said he going to shoot crows. A shot was heard from the garden and a maid found his body. He had committed suicide to end his internal torment.

John Williams, in contrast, lived to be the last surviving Rorke's Drift VC. He served in India during the period 1880-83 and then various Volunteer battalions until discharged. Because of the events of 22nd January, his hair turned prematurely white. This appears to have been the only effect the battle had on him. When the First World War broke out, Williams volunteered for duty at the age of 57, and was taken on as Recruiting Sergeant, Brecon Barracks. Within a few weeks he had lost a son killed in action during the retreat from Mons. After the War, he was still associated with the Regiment when he was kept on the civilian staff at Brecon. When he died on 25th November 1932, he was given a lavish military funeral in keeping with such an extraordinary record of service.

Henry Hook uniquely received his Victoria Cross at the site of Rorke's Drift from Sir Garnet Wolseley. He is said to have flinched when his medal was pinned to his tunic as he was slightly pricked. The medal fastening at that time was a rather vicious looking double prong designed so that the Queen could dispense the award with one hand while on horseback. It was not till later that a safer brooch fastening was fitted. Along with most of the surviving defenders, Hook had to endure weeks of privation and hardship as they slept rough at Helpmakaar in cold and wet conditions. This, as much as the actual battle, probably prompted him to purchase his discharge and return to London. He joined the British Museum and was a cloakroom attendant until ill health forced his retirement in 1904. He returned to his native Gloucestershire, where he died the following year. With the exception of Robert Jones's medal, all the VC's belonging to the men of the 24th are now on display at the Regimental Museum at Brecon.

Frederick Schiess was the first man serving with a locally raised force to be awarded the Victoria Cross. The colonial authorities brought pressure to bear on the British Government, who overcame the objections of the War Office, to break the British-only policy when awarding the Victoria Cross. After the War, he worked at the Telegraph Office in Durban but by 1884, he was out of work and destitute. Sick through exposure, he took the offer of a free passage to England in the hope of better things. Sadly, he died off the coast of West Africa and was buried at sea aged only 28 years. Schiess's Victoria Cross can be seen on display at the National Army Museum.

The Battle of Rorke's Drift saw the unsurpassed awarding of eleven Victoria Crosses for an action that was really a sideshow. There is no doubt either that it did more than anything else to perpetuate the belief that a British soldier with a fixed bayonet in his hands was almost invincible. What the British needed now was a convincing victory in the field. What they got was another disaster.

SERGEANT ANTHONY BOOTH. 80th REGT. (SOUTH STAFFS)

Five companies of the 80th were stationed in Luneberg, Transvaal, just over the border of northwest Zululand. They had to be supplied from the town of Derby, which involved a short incursion across the Zululand border. In the second week of March, the heavy rains had made travelling conditions very difficult and delayed the supply column. Worrying about its safety, the commander at Luneberg, Major Tucker, sent H Company under Captain David Moriarty to help and bring in the column safely.

They found the wagons on the Zulu side of the flooded Intombe River at Myer's Drift and managed to get some of the wagons across before the swollen river became impassable. Moriarty's command was split by the river. He was with seventy men and most of the wagons on the far Zulu bank while Lieutenant Henry Harward had thirty men on the other side. Major Tucker rode the five miles from Luneberg and was aghast at the situation. He ordered that both camps should be laagered properly and guards posted. Once he departed, Moriarty did not implement these orders as he expected the river level to lower by next day and he could get the wagons across. He also believed that the local natives were quite friendly and so he posted just two sentries before retiring for the night. While the soldiers slept, about a thousand Zulus approached under cover of darkness to within a few yards of the camp. As dawn broke, the Zulus dashed into the camp and slaughtered the troops before they could get out of their tents. Moriarty fired a few shots before being cut down. Some of the soldiers jumped into the river, only to be drowned or speared to death in hand to hand struggles.

A few managed to get to the other bank where Lieutenant Harward and Sergeant Booth had formed a defensive line. About 200 Zulus had managed to cross the river and were pressing the small group. At this moment of peril, Harward mounted his horse, and yelled, "*Fire away, lads, I shall be ready in a minute!*" and galloped off towards Luneberg, abandoning his men to their fate.

Booth was now the senior rank. Rallying his men into a close formation, they began to retreat, firing effective volleys which kept the Zulus from closing. Slowly they began to extricate themselves from danger and after about three miles the Zulus pulled off to concentrate on looting the abandoned wagons. Harward, in the meantime, hysterically announced to Major Tucker that every man had been slaughtered and that he alone had barely escaped with his life. He then went into a dead faint!

Tucker led 150 mounted men to Myers Drift and found Booth and his men falling back in good order. When a count of the bodies was made, seventy-nine disembowelled soldiers were found as well as numerous Zulus killed by Booth's steady firing.

In the aftermath, Harward was court-martialled for abandoning his command but escaped punishment due to a legal technicality. (5)

Anthony Booth and his comrades of the 80th were then sent to form part of Colonel Evelyn Wood's Flying Column. He was in camp when the body of the Prince Imperial was found close by and he also fought at Ulundi in July. At the cessation of the war, a special parade was ordered by Sir Garnet Wolseley in Pretoria and Booth was presented with a belt, knife, a nickel-plated revolver, pouch and ammunition, the gift of grateful European settlers. Sir Garnet also recommended Booth for the Distinguished Conduct Medal. It must have been something of a surprise that some six months later, Booth was summoned to Windsor Castle to receive the Victoria Cross from the Queen. He remained in the Army until, having served for 34 years, he was honourably discharged and died soon after in 1899.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL REDVERS BULLER, 60th Regt., COMMANDER IRREGULAR HORSE

LIEUTENANT EDWARD BROWNE, 24th Regt. ATTD. MOUNTED INFANTRY.

LIEUTENANT HENRY LYSONS. 90th Regt. AIDE-DE-CAMP

PRIVATE EDMUND FOWLER. 90th Regt.

MAJOR WILLIAM KNOX-LEET. 13th Regt. COMMANDER IRREGULAR HORSE.

The next major confrontation was also a British disaster. Colonel Evelyn Wood had made his base camp at Kambula in the north of Zululand. From here, he sent out mounted troops under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Redvers Buller to scout and raid. In order to relieve pressure on Pearson's Column in the south, Lord Chelmsford ordered Wood to attack the nearby Zulu stronghold at Hlobane mountain in the hope that it would draw the main Zulu Army away from the south. What Chelmsford did not know was that the Zulu Army was in fact marching to the north to confront Wood's Column at Kambula. The British attack on Hlobane was an extremely risky undertaking. The flat-topped plateau rose about four hundred feet and was connected to a larger

plateau some two hundred feet higher. It was protected all around by cliffs and could only be approached by scaling steep and rocky paths.

Leaving Kambula on the night of 27th March, Wood led a force mostly made up of the mounted irregular troops of the Frontier Light Horse, the Border Horse and Baker's Horse. Wood divided the force into two groups. One was led by Lt. Col Redvers Buller and the other by Lt. Col. Russell. The plan was for Buller's force to march under cover of darkness around the base of the mountain to its eastern end and then ascend. Russell's men would scale the western end and, at daybreak, the Zulus would be caught between the two forces. For Buller, the unreconnoitred ascent was almost impossible to manage, even without horses. A thunderstorm struck and in the confusion of lightning flashes and panicking horses, part of the column became detached and lost. The noisy ascent alerted the Zulus, who were waiting when Buller's men stumbled onto the summit. Meanwhile, three miles at the western end, Russell was having his own problems. The approach onto the plateau was so steep and rugged as to be virtually impassable. He sent thirty men under Lieutenant Edward Browne to climb by foot and find Buller.

Colonel Wood and his small party were following Buller's trail when they came under fire from some caves. An officer was killed as was Wood's horse. Wood's staff-officer, Captain Ronald Campbell volunteered to clear the caves with Lieutenant Henry Lysons and Private Edmund Fowler (Wood's orderly), 90th Regt. Scrambling over large boulders and under heavy fire, the three men reached the narrow cave entrance. Campbell was first in and was immediately shot dead. Lysons and Fowler dashed in and drove the Zulus deeper into the cave from where they escaped.

At the eastern end of the plateau, Buller's men drove off the small force of Zulus and began to round up their cattle and drive them toward the western end. As Buller rode along the southern edge of the plateau, he was alarmed to see the 20,000 strong impi approaching rapidly from the south. It was just bad luck that they had arrived at the very moment the British were at their most vulnerable.

Encouraged by the approaching army and Buller's retreat, the Hlobane Zulus went on the offensive and harried the mounted soldiers to the pass at the western end. Here confusion reigned as Buller's command were jammed into the narrow salient known as the Devil's Pass, where the sides fell away in a sheer drop to the lower slopes. Due to misinterpreting an ambiguous message from Wood, Russell had marched his men to another location some miles distant so denying Buller any covering fire. Returning the three miles to the eastern end was out of the question as the mass of Zulus had reached that point and were rapidly approaching along the southern slopes.

Officers and soldiers balked at the edge of the steep drop strewn with large boulders before slipping and tumbling down. Pursuing Zulus now made the descent even more dangerous as they had climbed down the sides and were attacking from the flanks. As most of the soldiers were scrambling down the Devil's Pass, so the Zulus on the plateau pushed forward stabbing, hacking and hurling rocks at those who remained.

Buller reached the ridge at the foot of the slope and directed his men to take the safest route. Looking back he saw helpless men still scrambling over the rocks and being picked off by the Zulus. Time and again he rode back firing his revolver and driving off the Zulus with his sword and bringing to safety at least four men, including Cecil D'Arcy. His example was followed by other officers, notably Lieutenant Browne, Major Knox - Leet and the freshly mounted Captain D'Arcy who all rescued dismounted men in the face of great danger to themselves. The straggling remains of Buller's command made for the safety of Kambula, pursued all the way by the Zulus. Many did not make it as wounded and exhausted horses broke down which allowed their riders to be overtaken and killed. Buller, ever active, kept behind and tried to round up the stragglers and keep the Zulus at a distance. He was almost the last man to reach Kambula after nightfall.

The Hlobane fiasco cost the lives of 15 officers, 79 men and scores of Natal Kaffirs. It wiped out the Border Horse and crippled the Frontier Light Horse. Colonel Wood recommended six men for the Victoria Cross but only five were sanctioned. The odd man out was Captain Cecil D'Arcy of the Frontier Light Horse, almost certainly because he was not a member of the Imperial forces.

Redvers Buller was the epitome of the Victorian officer. Wealthy, a natural horseman, energetic, inspiring and truly fearless, this large framed soldier led a full and active life. He is one of the few to have been educated at both Eton and Harrow. He was forty years old and had served in the Second China War of 1860 (where he was nearly drowned), the Red River Expedition in Canada and the Ashanti War of 1873. While on service, he was kicked in the face by a horse, which damaged his mouth and gave him a speech impediment for the rest of his life. He became one of Sir Garnet Wolseley's inner circle, a sure passport to the top. Wolseley once described Buller as the bravest man he had ever known.

In the immediate aftermath of the Hlobane debacle, the camp at Kambula braced itself for an attack by the Zulu army. It came the very next day but Wood's defence was sound and the Zulus were exhausted from marching and fighting. The British repulsed the charges with volleys and artillery fire and as the Zulus wavered and fell back, so Buller's cavalry were unleashed with devastating effect. The warriors were ridden down and their corpses were strewn across miles of plain.

After eight weeks of being on the receiving end of a bad drubbing, the battle of Kambula finally swung the war in favour of the British. Buller was active throughout the remainder of the war and was at the coup de grace of Ulundi in July.

When Buller returned home he was received at Balmoral by the Queen who presented him with his well deserved VC. Promotions followed and he was with Wolseley in the Sudan campaign of 1884-85, including the attempt to relieve General Gordon at Khartoum.

This was his last taste of active service until the Boer War started in 1899 when he was called upon to be the Commander-in-Chief in South Africa. Years of good living had changed Buller into a bloated sixty-year-old who had grave personal doubts about his ability to command an Army. Sadly this ability was found wanting as disaster followed disaster and he was eventually replaced by General Roberts. This last impression of an overweight, blimpish figure with a name to match is the one that seems to have stuck. In lampooning Buller, the media and public forgot that he was one of the truly heroic Victorians. He died at his home in Crediton, Devon in 1908.

William Knox-Leet had wrenched his knee while taking part in a tug of war contest just prior to the attack on Hlobane. Unable to walk, he had managed to get his horse to carry him up onto the eastern end of the plateau. Buller then sent him to liaise with Russell at the western end. During the fighting, Leet's horse was killed and he managed somehow to mount a packhorse. When the British began their chaotic descent of the Devil's Pass, Leet was one of the few that, out of necessity, kept in the saddle. As he scrambled down the slope, he stopped to haul Lieutenant Metcalfe-Smith of the Frontier Light Horse up behind him and carried him to safety. Although he fought at Kambula next day, Knox-Leet was in considerable pain from his sprained knee and was invalided home. He received his Victoria Cross from the Queen at Windsor. He saw more campaigning in Burma in 1886-7 and retired from the Army as a Major-General. He died in 1898 at the age of 65 and was buried at Great Chart, near Ashford, Kent.

Edward Browne was commissioned into the 1/24th Regiment in 1871 and had served in South Africa since 1874. He was in command of the 1st Squadron Mounted Infantry and served under Evelyn Wood in the north column. At the Hlobane excursion, he was under the command of Lieutenant Colonel John Russell, a close friend of Sir Garnet Wolseley. When Russell saw the impossibility of getting mounted men up onto the plateau via the Devil's Pass, he sent Browne and twenty dismounted men to clamber up and make contact with Buller. Browne came upon Knox-Leet who had ridden ahead to inspect the Pass. By that time the approaching impi was in sight. Upon reporting back, Russell decided to take his command down onto the plain, leaving Browne and his men to guard the pass in case Buller chose that route.

Russell then received an ambiguous message from Wood that he interpreted in a way that removed his command from taking part in any of the subsequent fighting. When Buller and his men came tumbling and scrambling down the Pass, Browne and his men did what they could to give covering fire. When Buller led by example in rescuing dismounted men, Browne followed suit and rode back twice to collect two troopers. In the aftermath of the battle, Browne was most scathing about Colonel Russell's inaction, implying incompetence and cowardice. Wood was embarrassed because of Russell's highly placed connections and the fact that it was his orders that had inadvertently sent Russell and his command on a wild goose chase to a point six miles from the action. In the event, Russell was moved to a position in Durban.

Browne saw further action at Kambula and Ulundi, before he was decorated by Sir Garnet Wolseley. His career took off steeply and he became the Commanding Officer of the South Wales Borderers between 1893-97. When he retired from the army in 1906, he had attained the rank of Brigadier-General. A year later he died while staying in Switzerland.

Henry Lysons was only 21 years old when he won his medal, making him the youngest officer in the Zulu War to win the Victoria Cross. He acted as ADC to Colonel Wood and was with him at Hlobane when they came under fire from some caves. Following another staff officer, Captain Ronald Campbell, Lysons and Private Fowler scrambled over fallen boulders and charged into the cave, where Campbell was shot dead. Shooting the sniper, Lysons and Fowler pushed the rest of the Zulus deeper into the cave where they made their escape through the subterranean passages. The following day at Kambula, Lysons again distinguished himself by going to the rescue of a wounded man despite the close proximity of the attacking Zulus. Lysons was also in the party that was sent out to recover the Prince Imperial's body. When the Zulu capital at Ulundi was taken, Lysons received the Prince Imperial's sword that had been taken by the Zulus, and gave it to Lord Chelmsford. Colonel Wood recommended both Lysons and Fowler for the Victoria Cross and asked for a memorandum stating that a similar recommendation would have been made in respect of Captain Campbell had he survived. Wolseley vetoed this by saying that he did not want the question of posthumous awards raised. Lysons served in the Sudan War 1884-85 and steadily rose up the promotion ladder until he was appointed Colonel of the Bedfordshire Regiment. He died in 1907 at the early age of 49.

Edmund Fowler was a chirpy Irishman who enlisted in the 90th (Cameronians) in time to be sent to the Zulu War. He was appointed one of Colonel Wood's personal escort which is why he was present at Hlobane. When he performed his heroic dash into the cave with Campbell and Lysons, he was only 18 years old. The next day

he was in the firing line at Kambula along side his Commanding Officer, keeping him amused with his light-hearted banter. After the war, he returned home, bought his discharge and was awarded his Victoria Cross in 1882. He then re-enlisted, this time into the Royal Irish Rifles and served in the Egyptian Campaign and was promoted. Fowler's military career appeared to be ending in ignominy when he was sentenced by a court martial to a reduction in rank and the forfeiture of his medals including the VC. His offence was stealing money from a comrade which was regarded as grounds for taking away his Victoria Cross. When the Queen heard of this, she personally intervened and Fowler was allowed to retain his medals. Fowler again rose through the ranks and reached colour-sergeant when he left the Army in 1898. He married, had five children and lived out the rest of his life as a publican in Colchester where he died in 1926.

CAPTAIN LORD WILLIAM LESLIE DE LA POER BERESFORD, 9TH LANCERS
CAPTAIN HENRY CECIL DUDGEON D'ARCY, FRONTIER LIGHT HORSE
SERGEANT EDMUND O'TOOLE, FRONTIER LIGHT HORSE

After the string of defeats suffered at the hands of the Zulus, the battle of Kambula fought on March 29th restored some British pride. It was, however, not until July that the British again took on the Zulu army. Around midday on July 3rd, Chelmsford ordered Buller to take the Frontier Light Horse, now brought up to strength after their terrible losses at Hlobane, and scout the route to Ulundi beyond the White Umfolozi River. Buller's men came upon scattered parties of Zulus, who turned and ran, presenting an irresistible target for the cavalymen. Buller suspected that they could be riding into a trap and called a halt to the main body. Sure enough, about 3000 Zulus appeared out of the long grass about 150 yards away, firing and charging forward. As the soldiers turned to retreat, so three were tumbled from their saddles.

Captain Lord Beresford saw the plight of one of them, Sergeant Fitzmaurice of the 24th Regt. serving as mounted infantry, and turned back to help him. Fitzmaurice had been wounded and fell heavily from his horse which further stunned him. Beresford reached the stricken man as the Zulus closed in. Fitzmaurice could not take in Beresford's orders for him to climb up behind him. Fortunately for both men, Sergeant O'Toole of the Frontier Light Horse had seen what was happening and rode to give assistance. As O'Toole kept the Zulus back with his carbine and revolver, Fitzmaurice pleaded with Beresford to leave him and save himself. Beresford next tried strong-arm tactics, sliding out of his saddle, he threatened to punch him if he did not obey. The sergeant was a large man, and Beresford could not heave him onto his horse. O'Toole ceased firing, dismounted and helped to lift Fitzmaurice onto the horse. Both Beresford and O'Toole remounted and rode off just as the Zulus reached them. They had not gone very far before Fitzmaurice passed out and fell from the horse. Once again Beresford and O'Toole heaved him back up and escaped in the nick of time. For a third time, Fitzmaurice slipped from the horse and the exercise was repeated. This time O'Toole rode close to Beresford and with one hand, helped steady the dead weight.

Keeping just ahead of the Zulus, the three men made it safely back to the river. As this was happening, Captain Cecil D'Arcy had also ridden back when he saw Trooper Raubenheim fall from his mount. Dismounting, D'Arcy managed to get Raubenheim to his feet and helped him on to the horse before remounting himself. With the screaming Zulus only yards away, D'Arcy's horse became unmanageable and bucked them both off. D'Arcy attempted to calm the horse and get the wounded trooper back into the saddle. In attempting to do so, D'Arcy strained his back so badly that he had no alternative but to somehow pull himself into the saddle and abandon Raubenheim to his fate. The following day the British took about half an hour to rout the Zulu army near Ulundi and the Zulu War was all but over.

Lord Beresford was a 'larger than life' character who had gone out of his way to see action in the Zulu War. He was serving in India as ADC to the Viceroy and had taken part in the Second Afghan War in 1878 -79. Perhaps he had not seen enough action to satisfy him because he requested and was granted a transfer to South Africa just in time for Ulundi and to win a Victoria Cross. He also had the distinction of being the first into Ulundi. He and Buller raced for the gate in an attempt to be the first in, but Beresford turned his horse at the formidable thorn barrier that surrounded the kraal and, as if he was performing at the regimental gymkhana, cleared it in style. He was forever afterwards known as "Ulundi" Beresford.

Beresford was recommended for his Victoria Cross and he received it within a few weeks of winning it. Because of his position and fame as an exceptional horseman, Queen Victoria was anxious to present it personally to Beresford. As she was due to go to Scotland, special arrangements were made to bring forward the ceremony, which took place at Windsor on 23rd August. Only someone of Beresford's status would have used this occasion to say that he could not accept the decoration unless Sergeant O'Toole was likewise honoured.

Edmund O'Toole was announced in the next Gazette and became the first South African born recipient of the Victoria Cross. He was later commissioned in the Frontier Light Horse.

Lord Beresford returned to India, where he took up his staff duties with successive Viceroys until his retirement as lieutenant-colonel in 1894. He returned to England, married and lived at Deepdene near Dorking.

He then became a successful owner of racing stables, winning several major races. On the 28th December 1900, he suffered a burst appendix and died.

Cecil D'Arcy received his Victoria Cross for the abortive attempt to rescue Trooper Raubenheim. Brave though this was, it must have been Wood's rejected recommendation for his exploits at Hlobane that persuaded the authorities to award him his VC. As other colonial soldiers had been decorated, so there could now be no obstacle to D'Arcy's nomination. After the action at the White Umfolozi River, D'Arcy's back injury was severe enough to keep him from further service in the War. In December, he received his Victoria Cross from Wolseley in Pretoria. His health deteriorated for he had contracted malaria and bilharzia, a particularly unpleasant tropical parasite. Despite his health problems, he served with the Cape Mounted Rifles in the Fifth Basuto War of 1880-81. Unspecified disagreements with his fellow officers led to D'Arcy resigning his commission. With asthma adding to his problems, D'Arcy turned increasingly to drink for solace. On 4th August 1881, he travelled to St. Matthew's Mission Station in the Cape Colony as guest of the Reverend Taberer. After dinner, he retired early to bed and that was the last time he was seen alive. In the morning Taberer went to D'Arcy's room and found it empty. The police were alerted and a full-scale search was made but to no avail; D'Arcy had disappeared into thin air. It was not until nearly five months later that the remains of a man were found in the bush just a few miles from the Mission and some nearby personal effects were identified as those of Cecil D'Arcy.

D'Arcy's death remains a mystery but his depressive state of mind brought about by ill health and alcoholism are probably the key. A tragic end to an exceptionally brave man. There was, however, a bizarre sequel that casts some doubt on D'Arcy's fate. In the early 1920's an acquaintance of D'Arcy's was attending a country cricket match in the Cape when he was approached by a dishevelled elderly man who claimed to be the missing hero. Had he faked his own death by planting personal effects on the body of another? Unfortunately, the old man vanished before his story could be verified.

In a war that had lasted only eight months, a total of twenty three men were awarded the Victoria Cross, the highest given for a conflict of such a short duration.

In fact there was another VC winner, Trooper Peter Brown, who won his decoration serving with the Cape Mounted Rifles. In an attack on the Basuto stronghold of Moirosi's Mountain in April 1879, he carried water to wounded comrades despite being badly wounded himself. Although he received the Zulu War medal, the fighting was not in Zululand and is not in the scope of this article.

A nation at war needs its heroes and in a conflict that had more than its fair share of disasters and mismanagement, the need was even greater. Lord Chelmsford was anxious to offset the succession of military calamities by highlighting the valour of his men and freely recommending the award of the Victoria Cross. His successor, Sir Garnet Wolseley, was critical of many of the awards although, ironically, it was he and not Chelmsford who presented most of the recipients with their medals.

The recipients themselves did not conform to a type. Indeed, they show the extremes of human nature from the introspection of Bromhead to the extrovert Lord Beresford. Some fought because they had to, as with the Rorke's Drift defenders, while others, like the Hlobane winners, chose to put their own lives at risk in order to save their comrades. Men like Buller, Lysons, Browne and D'Arcy faced danger on more occasions than just the moment they won their decoration. Some, like Robert and William Jones, suffered wounds, both physical and mental, that even the award of the Victoria Cross could not compensate for the pain and anguish that was their companion for the remainder of their lives.

In the Zulu War, the British fought a worthy adversary whose courage, strength and endurance pushed them more any other native foe. Those men who won the Victoria Cross fighting the Zulus had their courage tested to the limit and well deserved their recognition

Editor's Note

It is of interest, and certainly not very well known, that Buller's recommendation for a Victoria Cross to be awarded to a Captain Duck of the Veterinary Corps for his bravery in acting as rear guard at the Devil's Pass was rejected on the grounds that "he had no right to be there."

1. The circumstances of their escape from Isandlwana and subsequent controversy will be examined in the December Journal.
2. The question of who was responsible for their deaths will be examined in the December Journal.
3. Even today, the route from Rorke's Drift to Helpmakaar involves a prolonged and very steep climb up the twisting dirt road through the Nostropass, the Zulus would have quickly caught any escaping party.
4. Furious members of B Company fired at the fleeing deserters killing an NCO - the officer was subsequently court martialled. Full details will follow in a subsequent Journal.
5. The Intombe incident will be examined in a later Journal.