

34a: James Maxwell Hampson

Basic Information [as recorded on local memorial or by CWGC]

Name as recorded on local memorial or by CWGC: J. Maxwell Hampson

Rank: Sergeant Recorded in CWGC as Lance Sergeant

Battalion / Regiment: 5th/6th Bn. Royal Scots

Service Number: 250421 Date of Death: 08 March 1918 Age at Death: 26

Buried / Commemorated at: New Irish Farm Cemetery, Ypres (Ieper), West Flanders, Belgium

Additional information given by CWGC: The son of Henry & Susan Hampson of Ness

James Maxwell Hampson is commemorated also in Neston Parish Church and details of him are given in that section of this work [See: [34: James Maxwell Hampson](#) in Volume 4].



It wasn't our battalion, but we lay alongside it,
So the story is as true as the telling is frank.
They hadn't one Line-officer left, after Arras,
Except a batty major and the Colonel, who drank.

'B' Company Commander was fresh from the Depot,
An expert on gas drill, otherwise a dud;
So Sergeant-Major Money carried on, as instructed,
And that's where the swaddies began to sweat blood.

His Old Army humour was so well-spiced and hearty
That one poor sod shot himself, and one lost his wits;
But discipline's maintained, and back in rest-billets
The Colonel congratulates 'B' Company on their kits.

The subalterns went easy, as was only natural
With a terror like Money driving the machine,
Till finally two Welshmen, butties from the Rhondda,
Bayoneted their bugbear in a field-canteen.

Well, we couldn't blame the officers, they relied on Money;
We couldn't blame the pitboys, their courage was grand;
Or, least of all, blame Money, an old stiff surviving
In a New (bloody) Army he couldn't understand.



"Sergeant-Major Money"

Robert Graves

(1895 - 1985)

