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THE IRON DUKE

*THE MAGAZINE OF
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGT
(WEST RIDING)*

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The
REGIMENTAL MAGAZINE
of
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S
REGIMENT
(WEST. RIDING)

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Officers of a Battalion now Overseas.
(Taken in England in September, 1939.)

THE IRON DUKE

EDITORIAL.

THE fog of war has descended on THE IRON DUKE with a vengeance. As readers will be able to see from the regulations for secrecy imposed by the War Office, and enumerated on another page of this issue, Regimental news has to be so limited as to be almost non-existent. They will have to use their ingenuity to recognise the various units which have contributed their news, as well as the identity of the officers and other ranks in the illustrations.

With so great a curtailment of Regimental news we must strive to increase articles of general interest, and we would refer readers to the letter from the Colonel of the Regiment which appears below. Yarns and sketches that do not infringe the censorship are especially welcome, and many should be forthcoming from units on service or at home.

We should like to offer our special congratulations to L/Cpl. Swift, an old and valued contributor to our pages, who, though now on active service, has managed to find time to add to the gaiety of life by his clever drawings. We hope the powers that be will not frown on the disclosures he has made in his sketches of the first capture and casualty in the war on land! At any rate we are risking official displeasure by publishing them.

An Open Letter to Readers of "The Iron Duke."

Fawley Lodge,
Henley-on-Thames,
December, 1939.

Dear Reader,

I am writing to ask for your help and assistance in maintaining the high standard which our magazine, THE IRON DUKE, has attained. As a regimental journal or magazine, there is none better. The Editor, like the rest of us, is greatly over-worked and, in addition, has many difficulties with which to contend—all of which can be put down to the War. He is responsible to the Censor and the restrictions are heavy. He is short of copy, and this is a factor which many of you can make good, so please have a try.

Those of you who are serving overseas and at home can easily supply items of interest in sending accounts of brave actions, of incidents connected with your work, conditions under which you are living, of your play and amusements, all of which are of interest to many readers at home. The war numbers of THE IRON DUKE containing items of news about your billets, your doings, etc., will help in the writing up of our Regimental history. Let the Editor have your cartoons, stories, poems.

Finally, I would like to ask for your continued financial support as, owing to war conditions, subscriptions have recently fallen off, and it will be impossible to maintain the present standard of excellence if this state of affairs is allowed to continue.

Yours sincerely,

C. J. PICKERING, Colonel,
The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

A BATTALION SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

IN the last issue the sub-editor of another Battalion envied his opposite number in our Battalion the amount of material at his disposal. He can spare his envy. Here are we in the thick of historic and epoch-making events, yet scarcely permitted by the censor even to allude to their existence. Security is the slogan of the hour. The last IRON DUKE achieved a distinction unique in its distinguished career: it was classified as a secret document; it could only be obtained on signature and read at the recipient's peril. No two authorities agree as to what may or may not be published, and the wretched sub-editor must steer a perilous course between the Scylla of sheer drivel and the Charybdis of criminal indiscretion. Still, let us take the plunge.

Very early on a grey Sunday morning at the end of September we stole furtively out of our station, somewhere in England. Nothing could have been more inconspicuous than our departure; even the R.T.O. seemed hardly aware of our going. There were no bands, no farewells. And all the way over to France and then on to our final destination our movements were shrouded in a veil of obscurity, which even now it seems indecent to withdraw. What a contrast with the departure of the 2nd Battalion in 1914, when all the world seemed to be on the dockside at Dublin, and we marched down from the rest camp at Havre eight abreast, our ranks swollen by the glamorous beauties of the neighbourhood. So deadening is the menace of the air.

Since our arrival at X we have waited on the threshold of a war that seems afraid to materialize, digging. Digging every day of the week, Sundays included—and almost every day it has rained. But the monotony of this troglodytic existence has been interrupted by one brief, welcome spell, of which the details presumably must not be given. Here the Battalion were put to a very exacting test and came through well, earning high praise for its steadiness and discipline in trying circumstances. This was an occasion, which one day may be regarded as among the most interesting in the records of the Regiment. But, if we say any more, we shall be hung.

Shortly after this we had the honour of being inspected by His Majesty The King. It was an unusual parade. On the previous day the Battalion had arrived in new billets entirely caked in dried yellow mud. Tin hats, eyebrows, equipment, leggings and boots were all of one uniform drab colour. Greatcoats stood up on their own without human support. By dint of hard work under difficult conditions and some unorthodox devices, such as walking on to the parade ground with a sandbag over each boot, the Battalion managed to achieve quite a respectable turn-out. Among those who accompanied the King were the Duke of Gloucester, Lord Gort and General Gamelin. Unfortunately security forbade any pictorial record of this interesting occasion.

While these notes are being written, preparations are being made for our first Christmas in France. Unforeseen difficulties arise, such as the provision of tables, plates and glasses. It is not easy to feel really Christmassy eating turkey and plum pudding out of a mess tin, while you are standing in the rain. However all these problems look like being satisfactorily solved.

Meanwhile a vast quantity of comforts have arrived from England, and these notes provide an opportunity for expressing the thanks of the whole Battalion to those who

have sent them. These gifts are tremendously appreciated and make all the difference to the comfort of those who receive them.

Up to the date on which these notes were written gifts have been received from the following :—The Women's Service for Civil Defence (Skipton and Keighley Centres), the Halifax Comforts Centre, the Regimental Comforts Fund, the Overseas League, Cassandra (*Daily Mirror* Darts Boards), Mr. F. Haigh, Chief Librarian, Halifax, Lt.-Col., Mrs., and Miss Officer, Lt.-Col., Mrs. and Miss Cox, Mrs. Benjamin, Mrs. Paton.

For sport we have had hitherto little opportunity and it has been limited to one or two company matches. There have been some excellent company concerts, but we have been too split up to organise any Battalion functions. "Ensa," too, has so far not come our way, but we hope to have an opportunity of attending their excellent entertainments before long.

Our general health has been excellent. Apart from a few evacuations on account of sickness, the personnel of the Battalion has changed little since its arrival overseas. Now, however, we are threatened with shattering changes. First and foremost, we are losing our commanding officer. There is no one who will not regret his departure, for in his all too brief stay he has gained the admiration and affection of us all. Capt. S. becomes adjutant in succession to Major W. And finally we must congratulate P.S.M. Johnson and P.S.M. Blake on their obtaining commissions as lieutenants.

To all these we wish the best of luck in their new appointments.

The officers of the Battalion gratefully acknowledge Christmas cards from past and present members of the Regiment, which owing to the exigencies of the Service they have not been able to return ; but they wish everyone the season's greetings for 1940.

A BATTALION IN INDIA.

ON the outbreak of war half the Battalion was still up in Dalhousie. However, we were hurriedly concentrated in Multan, where we remained for a month, with our fate nicely balanced between going to the frontier, and carrying out our normal peacetime move to —. The horrible possibility of remaining in Multan we preferred not to consider. For some time we all lived with our kit-bags ready packed, and for a time it looked as if we would renew our acquaintance with our training area of earlier in the year. But nothing happened, and we eventually found ourselves in —.

First impressions of — are not easy to give, and must vary considerably from the different viewpoints of cantonments, escort lines and the Fort. Although those in cantonments are some six miles out from — everyone is, on the whole, enjoying our return to the amenities of civilisation. The barracks in cantonments are a great improvement on our mud bungalows in Multan, and it is rumoured that in escort lines they live in the lap of luxury, with long baths (hot and cold laid on).

There is no lack of opportunity for sport, and with plenty of opponents to give us fixtures we are not so dependent on inter-company and inter-platoon games as we have been previously. We also have an excellent swimming bath in barracks, and those of us who were with the 1st Battalion in Malta, have been busy teaching the remainder to play water-polo.

Life in India has been altered very little by the war, and our chief complaint is, like everyone else's, a lack of news from home. It is hard to imagine England being blacked-

out every night, when one drives round — in a continual blaze of light from street-lamps, shops and cinemas. And it is even harder to imagine the situation in which our other Battalion must be. But even though the censor allows us no news of them we can take this opportunity to wish them all very good luck.

OFFICERS' MESS.

Our three Messes here are a great improvement on Multan and Dalhousie. In the Fort and escort lines we wallow contentedly in long baths while in cantonments, despite distemperers, who follow us about persistently from room to room, and the fact that we have to stand in queues for our food, we are quite happy. The one great Tragedy (with a capital T) is the loss of our Multan cook, whose lunches coaxed many a jaded worker back to sunny spirits.

The most outstanding change since the war is the enormous number of officers seen propping up the bar (and their company office walls). Not only have we had the pleasure of welcoming C., F., S., K. and B. from the other Battalion, but also a number of U.L.I.A. and I.L.F. officers. We hope these latter will enjoy their stay. We are very sorry to lose H., H. and McC. to whom we wish the best of luck in their new regiments.

At the outbreak of war several of our number were in England. Four of them were appropriated by the home authorities, so we hope they are not feeling the snow too cold. G. and M. fared otherwise, and after an adventurous voyage they eventually arrived here. Yet another native returned is L., who has left the gilded Staff at Kohat to be in yet closer proximity to the great at escort lines.

We have had two Regimental guest nights, one in Dalhousie, where we entertained the District Commander and his staff, and one in Multan, where we entertained the station. Before we left Dalhousie we gave a cocktail party to which about 90 people came.

Since our arrival here yet another member has been added to our number, and we heartily congratulate Sir N. and Lady E. on the birth of Robin.

Finally, we must welcome Mrs. M. and offer our hearty congratulations to M. on his marriage.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

We continued to run Sunday evening socials at Dalhousie, and just before we moved to the plains we held a "Rag-a-muffin" ball which was well attended. Prizes went to C.Q.M.S. Hunt and Mrs. Bell for the raggiest dresses. On return to Multan the Mess was filled, as the families stayed in the hills and all members "dined in."

We have said good-bye and good luck to Sgt.-Instr. (and Mrs.) Hart, A.E.C., whom we left there on moving, and we welcome W.O.2 Instr. P. V. Lewis and Mrs. (Q.A.S.) Lewis and wish them a pleasant stay with us.

Our social life here has hardly begun, but we have great opportunities and plenty of tennis and golf, and the coming of Christmas should bring our amusement programme back to normal pace.

We say good-bye and good luck to the following members who have left us for the Militia:—C.S.M. Robinson, P.S.M. Caulfield, C.Q.M.Ss. Lyons and Mountain, Sgts. Bartrop, Quirk and Stafford and L/Sgts. Beech and Smith. We welcome Sgt. Mills back to the Mess on joining us from home.

CORPORALS' MESS.

Much has probably been written elsewhere in this journal of the move of the Battalion from Multan and of our new station. Suffice it to say that once again we have a comfortable Mess, and only regret the absence of "B" and "D" Companies on detachment, and the mysterious loss of our perfectly good wireless set (*Police Gazette*, please copy).

A BATTALION BEFORE ENTRAINING FOR OVERSEAS.





The Officer Commanding a Battalion Overseas.

No Mess functions have been held as yet, but with Christmas coming we hope to rectify this despite 'Ttler and his Nasties.

Finally, we congratulate L/Sgts. Heaney and Rowlands on their admission to the Sergeants' Mess, and L/Cpl. Thompson on his recent marriage.

COMPANY NOTES.

"H.Q." COMPANY.—These are our first notes from this station, in which we are happy to find many amenities sadly lacking in our previous one. Our barrack accommodation is splendid and greatly appreciated by all ranks. We have an ample allotment of sports grounds, and this, added to the advantage that, unlike rifle companies, we are free of constant moves on detachment duty, makes us feel confident of training our sports teams up to a standard high enough to clear the board in future company and platoon competitions.

In our last weeks at Dalhousie the Band almost succeeded in bringing home a "pot." They were runners-up in the "East Yorkshire Cup," a station hockey tournament, and only lost in a re-played final by two goals to one.

The Platoon Flag competition is filling our thoughts now. The soccer portion has been played off and the Employed Group and Support Platoon "B" team were our best representatives, each securing four points. We are about to play off the hockey and billiards.

2nd Lt. F. has joined us from England and Lt. M. rejoined us from leave on our arrival here. Both are understood to have been chased by submarines most of the way out. We have bid good-bye to 2nd Lt. McC., who has joined his Indian unit. We wish him good luck.

"A" COMPANY.—Since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE we have been in Multan and have arrived in our new station, determined to enjoy it to the full.

In sport, we have taken to water-polo, as there is a splendid swimming bath in barracks, of which the Company makes good use.

Since our arrival we have had a change of company commanders; Major C. has taken over "B" Company in the Fort, and Capt. Sir N. E. has left "B" Company and come to us.

New arrivals whom we must welcome are 2nd Lts. K., M., L., G. Q., F. A. K. and C.S.M. Foster; and we regret having to announce the departure of C.S.M. Stannard, who has left us for an appointment at the I.M.A., Dehra Dun. We have also lost C.S.M. Varley to "B" Company and Sgt. Healey to "H.Q." Company.

Finally, we must congratulate Mrs. Stannard, Mrs. Healey and Mrs. Scorer, who have each brought a son into the world.

"B" COMPANY.—On our arrival here the Company proceeded to the Fort, where we earned the formidable title of the "Striking Force"; in other words, first line troops for internal security work. Major C. assumed command, and to him we extend a very cordial welcome. The barracks are in quite a different class to the ones in Multan, the rooms are large and airy and completely fly-proof. Furthermore, we have four sports grounds, all of which are made of real grass. One rugger ground in particular we regard as a great luxury. We are lucky to have been joined by 2nd Lts. S., H., and O., all of whom are keen sportsmen, but unfortunately the two latter join their Indian Army regiments very shortly. It seems only the other day that we said good-bye to 2nd Lt. H. on his posting to "Somewhere in Baluchistan." We were also very sorry to say good-bye to C.S.M. Robinson and P.S.M. Caulfield, and wish them the best of luck in the Militia. Meanwhile we congratulate Sgts. Taylor, Norton, Duncanson and Jacques on their promotion to full rank.

"C" COMPANY.—The present situation of the Company is reported as follows :—Commanding Lt. G., assisted by 2nd Lts. C., B., R., B. and S. S. All the above have arrived since our last notes ; and we have said good-bye to those "birds of passage" of the U.L.I.A., and to Capt. D., who left us just before the move from Multan after a very short stay. He is at present a neighbour of ours so we are not out of touch altogether. We are now settling down in preparation for the collective training period, and go into company camp at — on 27th November.

A signal honour has been paid to us by our appointment as experimental company in the use of the new (to us) battle dress and equipment, in which all our parades are done. "It looks swell when starched and ironed," said 'Beau' James in an exclusive interview. Mention of this 'old stager' warrants congratulations on his award of the long service and good conduct medal, the ceremony being carried out in the last fortnight at Multan.

As the Company was on the plains for the latter half of the hot weather season, the evenings were devoted to games in connection with the inter-platoon league. This included soccer, hockey, athletics and aquatic events. The league was won by No. 13 Platoon with No. 15 Platoon as runners-up. On the arrival of the Battalion from Dalhousie the inter-platoon soccer tournament for the Platoon Flag commenced. The ultimate winners of the competition were No. 15 Platoon, to whom we offer our congratulations.

We have every chance of pulling off the inter-company soccer shield for the second year in succession as our team has been somewhat strengthened by the posting to the Company of Sgt. Duncanson, L/Sgt. Griffiths and Cpl. Appleyard, who have already made their mark in Battalion soccer circles. The coaching (and control) of the team can, we think, be safely left to another recent acquisition in "Bendigo."

To conclude, we hope the above-mentioned new arrivals, including P.S.M. Wardle, are as pleased to come to the Company as we are to have them, and congratulate the following on their promotions and appointments :—L/Sgt. Rowlands and Cpl. Kennedy.

"D" COMPANY.—Our last notes were written under great strain in that well-known Indian health resort—Multan ; these however are being written in escort lines to which "D" Company has been sent as the result of its good work during the last year. No other company will agree with that statement, but who cares ? we are getting tired of waiting for some kind person to come and blow our trumpet for us.

We had a very pleasant stay in Dalhousie this year, and although we tried hard to make our mark in the sports world, we were not very successful. Perhaps by the time our next notes come round we may be able to announce our first victory—anyway, we try hard.

Comings and goings have been few. We are glad to welcome Mr. L. back and he has taken over command of the Company. We are also glad to welcome C.Q.M.S. Machen and Sgt. Mills.

Surely, says the reader to himself, "D" Company has done more than is recorded here ? The answer is naturally 'Yes,' for it has worked like blazes, but as we cannot find anyone to believe us, what is the use of repeating it ?

HOCKEY.

Hockey is proving very popular these days in the Battalion, and during the hot weather, both at Multan and Dalhousie, games were frequent. These took the form of either inter-company games or inter-platoon games, with occasional games against outside teams.

At Dalhousie we had to take second place to the East Yorks who usually managed to beat our detachment team, whilst they also won the East Yorkshire cup, an inter-platoon competition open to all the station. However, the standard of our hockey was quite high, and we have the nucleus of a good team if only we could get them all together

at the same place and time. This is proving particularly difficult at a station where we have two detachments situated at an inconvenient distance from the cantonments, with the result that to date we have lost both Battalion matches we have played, owing to turning out weak teams.

The following have turned out regularly for detachment and Battalion games :— Mr. S., Mr. N. M., Sgts. Shepley, Moody, Hird and Mallinson, Cpls. Vanspall and Normington, L/Cpl. Welch and Ptes. O'Connor, Rumboll, Holmes, Kirk and Morris.

POLO AND RACING.

Since we arrived here the number of polo players has decreased from nine to four. This is a pity, but at any rate it leaves more ponies for the remaining few. After our bumpy and patchy ground in Multan, it is a pleasure to play on the beautifully kept grounds in the centre of the racecourse. Of the three young ponies bought by the club early in the year, two promise to turn out very well.

Besides the polo there is a chance of pigsticking, hunting and racing. At present, although we would like to try it, a shortage of ponies prevents us from pigsticking, but we supply a whipper-in to the local hunt. We have joined the Race Club, which gives one day's racing a week. To-day we have three entries running in a polo scurry and one or two of us have ponies which we hope to race regularly.

DEPOT NEWS.

THIS, in the main, must be a tale of familiar faces, returned to us after years of absence ; of young, new and friendly ones whom we have welcomed—it is to be hoped—in the same spirit. A fairy tale if you like ; plucked from the pages of Hans Andersen, outwardly nebulous and elusive but with a moral, or more correctly a spice of news, hidden in its midst. The "Grimness" has not come yet. If it has to be faced it will be with the same comradely spirit which has seen some thousands of individuals here make light of minor difficulties and discomforts and cheerfully try to live up to the words *Virtutis Fortuna Comes*.

To begin with, the Ministry of Information is at work, and the circulation of THE IRON DUKE is now so large that the "M. of I." will doubtless read each printed word or veiled innuendo, lest a copy should fall into the all-embracing hands of Lord Haw-Haw of German broadcasting fame, with deplorable results.

No censor, though, could object to our congratulating our Commanding Officer on his promotion. He had been barely six weeks in command here when "The balloon went up" and the Depot ceased to be a Depot and became an "I.T.C."

It is obviously impossible to exaggerate the difficulties which he and the regular officers stationed at the Depot at the time of mobilization had to face. It is a fact, though, that within two months of mobilization officers have arrived from here, there and everywhere in unprecedented numbers ; and that this place is to-day a very creditable replica of Aldershot.

The meaning of the words I.T.C. too must be left to the reader's intelligence, though they do *not* suggest—as a young officer flippantly remarked—"Intensive Tankingup Course."

Life though is intensive, and young recruits and old soldiers billeted in their hundreds through the town are learning and re-learning the shoal of things necessary to knock the "Hit" out of Hitler.

We have seen nothing of the war here as yet. No aeroplane ever soars over our hills. How wise perhaps are our R.A.F. pilots. "Beauty comes before barrenness," but it is to be noted that there have been periods when two of our barrack blocks have

looked as if they had stopped a direct hit from an 8-inch howitzer. In reality both buildings are in the hands of the builders. Musgrave Block has now passed out of this transitional stage, and it seems inevitable that its nickname, the "Ritz," will stick permanently.

Certainly Major L., to whom all congratulations on his promotion, eyes it as his pet lamb. Cynics have been heard to remark however that the present inability of company commanders to extract a solitary tin of blanco from him is solely due to the fabulous sum of money spent on what the writer terms "L's Luxury Lodging-House."

"Old" officers of the Dukes have returned to us in numbers that prohibit their mention in detail. Major C., when not knocking down high pheasants, is teaching the young recruits how to knock out the low Hun. Major F. carries on the instruction when the recruits, in scores, have moved up a scale in the graph of instruction in "Hun" slaying; while Major "Joe" B., who was captured in the first battle of Ypres in 1914, finally takes them under his all-embracing wing.

Other officers of note to return to us after years of absence include Capt. "Smuts" N., who came back from South Africa apparently on an L.M.S. railway voucher. At least that sanctified deity the War Office sent him a warrant from "Port Elizabeth"—which presumably is on the L.M.S. line. It is to be considered whether Capt. N. is not one of the few individuals who have failed to praise the P.M.G. for delivering an incorrectly addressed letter correctly; for his calling-up notice bore the word "Port Elizabeth" with no mention whatsoever of South Africa. Major B. blew in from Bordon for a brief moment, and fled hurriedly to a job of great importance somewhere in the languorous south; while Major H., V.C., paid likewise an all too short visit.

The H.A.C. sent up a handful of young officers, so efficient in every way that it is rumoured that the C.O. calls them a "Double Handful." The Artists' Rifles, not to be undone, sent us up two handfuls. What the C.O. calls them is unknown, though it is certain that he is pestering the C.Os. of both units for "more and more of the same sort."

It is a hard task penning these notes with one eye cocked on the M. of I. and the other studying Army Council Instructions that promise dire penalties against those who speak or write unwisely or too freely.

We now have two Officers' Messes here. One in the old, old abode, the other in the depths of the town. Both have their own particular appeal. The former, its neighbouring squash court, the latter, two excellent billiard tables. We are all very happy moreover; new faces come, old faces go, and the new ones become "old," though this does not suggest any actual facial change. We play games, golf mainly. We hear no news of the overseas Battalion, though we essay always to extract large sums of money by divers means for their "Comforts" from the kindly hearts of local residents.

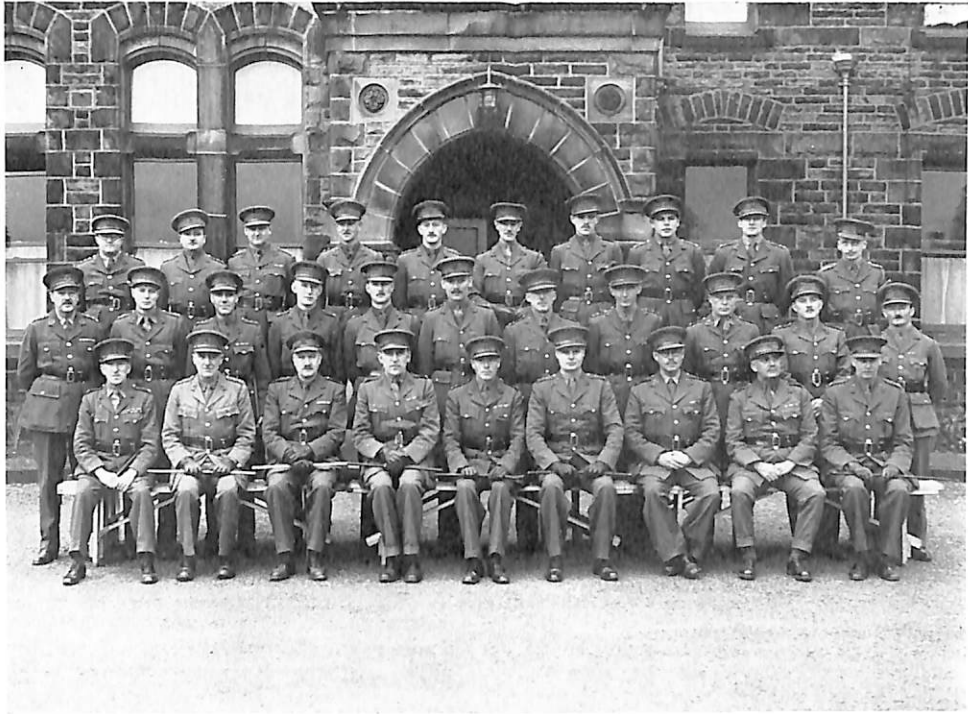
H.R.H. The Princess Royal honoured us with a visit last November, when she inspected our charming and endearing contingent of the A.T.S. She afterwards toured the barracks, including the Officers' Mess, and on her departure left behind a memory of charm, kindness and sincerity which will remain permanently in the thoughts of those who had the privilege of meeting her.

There could indeed be no more fitting line on which to end these notes. All of us, men and women of all ranks and all states of life who are here now feel proud and privileged to have had that momentary meeting with the sister of His Majesty The King.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

It seems but yesterday that the Sergeants' Mess notes were last compiled, so swiftly have events crowded upon us in the past few weeks. Coming and going seems to be the order of the day, no sooner do we greet someone than we find ourselves saying good-bye in the same breath.

Our new Mess at this time has proved a blessing and a boon. Of course being designed



The Officers of an I.T.C. Somewhere in England.

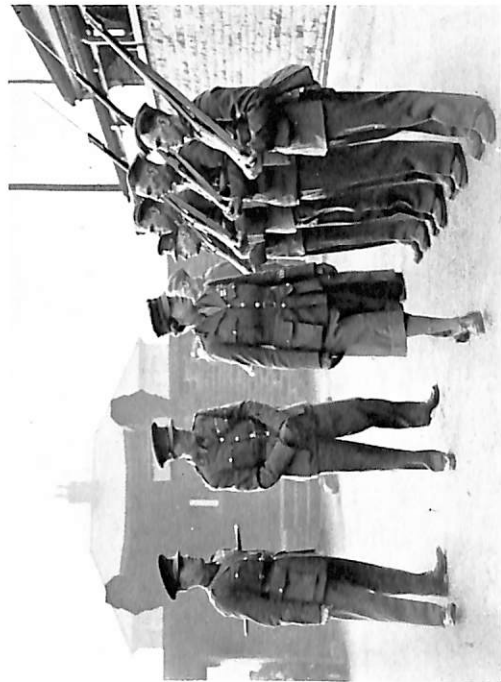


A Fairy Godmother.



(Copyright, Fox Photos Ltd.).
H.R.H. The Princess Royal and the C.O.
starting their tour of inspection.

AN I.T.C. SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND.



H.R.H. The Princess Royal inspecting the Quarter Guard.



H.R.H. The Princess Royal in the Quartermaster's Stores.



(By courtesy of the Yorkshire Post)

Inter-Platoon Cross Country Race.
Winners: No. 1 Platoon Specialist Company.



(Copyright—Fox Photos. Ltd.)

Leisure Hours.

for approximately 20 members we do find it a little crowded at times, but not uncomfortably so. Our usual winter season social activities have had to be suspended, temporarily only we hope, owing to various reasons. A social evening was held on 2nd November in the Mess, when approximately 50 members were able to attend. Among the artists was Mr. Harold Walden (of "Only Me Knows Why" fame), the celebrated comedian. Several members also obliged with items, and the evening was voted a huge success.

We cordially welcome those N.C.Os. who arrived from the Territorial Army to assist us in dealing with the large number of recruits arriving, consequent upon the forming of the I.T.C., and we hope they will enjoy their stay with us whatever the duration may be.

We forgot to mention in the last issue that Tom Shorrocks who as caterer ministered to us for so long has now left the Mess to "take it easy" as he expressed it. We thank you, Tom, for the hard work you put in to make us comfortable.

Among arrivals we welcome B.M. F. Jones, C.Q.M.S. Lyons, C.Q.M.S. Mountain, Sgts. Bainbridge, Goodwin and Stafford and L/Sgt. Beech.

We learn that Sgts. Lees, Headly, Walker and Bishop, who joined us on mobilization, are now somewhere in France with various labour companies. We wish them the best of luck.

Also we have greeted the appearance in harness once more of C.Q.M.S. Ted Moseley, who is experiencing his second mobilization effort, C.S.M. Hemsworth (Emsly) and C.S.M. S. Clark. Rumour has it that two other stalwarts of the old brigade have sought refuge from their wives by "coming up" once more—namely, C.Q.M.S. Bill Bailey and Sgt. Fred Stephenson. We hope that they do not have to be shown how to put on their puttees. Owing to the diversity of opinion as to whether the plunge into the matrimonial pool is a matter for congratulation or commiseration, we will confine ourselves to stating simply that the following have recently married:—C.S.M. Southall, S.I. Smith and Sgt. Prince. We sincerely wish them all they wish themselves.

The Meritorious Service Medal was presented to No. 2552 C/Sgt. James Partridge by the Commanding Officer on 10th October, 1939. C/Sgt. Partridge enlisted at the Depot on 13th November, 1889, and joined the 1st Battalion at York, serving with them until June, 1890, when he was transferred to the 2nd Battalion at Halifax, N.S. He served with them in Barbados, South Africa and India and in February, 1905, was posted to the home establishment and joined the permanent staff of the 6th Battalion. He completed his 21 years' service in the Regiment in November, 1910, and then joined the recruiting staff at Huddersfield, later serving with it at Bradford until November, 1928, when he retired with a total service of 39 years. His promotions in the 2nd Battalion were as follows:—Corporal, December, 1893; sergeant, August, 1895; colour-sergeant, January, 1900.

CORPORALS' MESS.

Our new Mess at the Depot did not open its doors until the beginning of October, and for a time we found temporary shelter in the old Gymn. Now we are established in the re-modelled N.A.A.F.I., with Cpl. H. Hall as our vice-president.

Our numbers have grown to the colossal total of close upon 150 corporals and lance-corporals. We welcome all our old reservist members who have so fortunately arrived to swell our much depleted funds, both general and amusement. On the other hand, 40 odd members, all demanding tea and cake at the 11 o'clock break in the morning, cause some congestion.

We have had no socials as yet, nor have we found any darts or billiards champions. We hope we shall do so very shortly, now that we have about settled down in our new haven, where we have opportunities for both darts and billiards "aces" to show their form.

We have the wireless, of course ; and while all is quiet on the Western Front, the news in ENGLISH from GERMANY provides plenty of amusement. If only the NAZIS could hear us laughing at their lies !

SPORT.

The sudden increase in strength of the I.T.C. since the war began has thrown a tremendous strain on the various branches of Depot organisation and management, not the least of which has been that on sporting activities.

For those out of touch or out of mind of it, the playing fields within the Depot consisted, up to six months ago, only of an under-sized cricket ground and a convertible rigger-cum-soccer field. The parade ground was, and still is, an admirable hockey pitch when it can be cleared of marching feet. Another field has now been constructed in the angle formed by the 30-yard range and the hospital, and, when available for use, will be much in demand. Unfortunately this satisfying state of things will not come about for another two years or more, in order that the grass may be allowed to bind. Who knows, but by that time, in this queer world that we now live in, the Depot may have been converted into one of those institutions :—a poor law institution, a lunatic asylum or a home for Regimental pensioners !

Some three-quarters of a mile further up the hill from the barracks the Corporation has either loaned us or kindly allowed us the use free of charge of several recreational fields. They include three soccer grounds, two rigger grounds and a hockey pitch. Apart from the use of two huts as changing rooms, a stable also has been converted into one. The companies stationed in barracks avail themselves of these facilities, though it means a 20 minute trudge to get there.

The Corporation, too, have generously made available for the use of another company billeted nearby, an area of Savile Park. A rigger, a soccer and a hockey field have been marked out on it.

Another billet in the town has the use of two soccer grounds and a hockey field belonging to the firm of Paton & Baldwin. We are grateful for these facilities. The smaller billets are not so fortunately placed and have to join forces with their bigger brothers for outdoor games.

Cross country running is now well under way, and a successful competition arranged by 2nd Lt. H. was held on 29th November. A team of eight individuals from each platoon of the recruit and specialist companies entered for a course of three miles ; the total number of runners, including some 'also rans,' amounting to 126. The specialist company turned out the winning team, but the individual winner and the runner-up were both recruits.

Basket-ball is already well established. The popularity is due to the fact that it can be played either indoors or out of doors, depending upon the weather and the facilities available, and it is an easy recreation to organise. The I.T.C. gymnasium and two of the larger billets are fitted out.

Other indoor games include table tennis and darts, and it is hoped soon to increase the facilities for these. At the barracks we have had boxing and table tennis performances. The former was held amongst ourselves, while several experts, including the Yorkshire champion and the runner-up, came to show us how table tennis could and should be played. Fencing and bayonet fencing have both started in a small way for the benefit of the few interested in them.

As to the available funds for the purchase of the necessary kit, we have drawn upon three sources. The indispensable and sympathetic P.R.I. has played his part nobly. The entire sports outfit of the overseas Battalion has been bought up and in addition the P.R.I. bears the brunt of increased equipment. From that wonderful fairy godfather (if there is such a person), Lord Nuffield, the I.T.C. benefited to the tune of £75, all of which

was usefully spent on the purchase of games clothing. The Northern Command Sports Board have provided the football and hockey goal-posts apart from other playing field necessities.

On the face of it games and sports seem as if they should have got into their stride without delay, but various considerations must be taken into account. Limited funds, the initial lack of grounds and of equipment, the unavoidably slow delivery of kit have temporarily slowed up the good work. It is not surprising that pick-up games and matches have taken time to arrange. By the time this is in print no doubt many fixtures will have been arranged against outside opposition. The main object is not to entertain the spectators but the individual performer. It is he who should benefit from the interest and exercise of whatever game he happens to be playing.

FIRST WAR-TIME CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas Day at the Depot—our first Christmas of the war. In view of the many warnings against careless talk, the Messing Officer refuses to reveal the number of turkeys consumed ; for it is already known to the Gestapo that ten healthy Britishers unused to Germany's present slimming diet, can despatch one turkey. Multiply our flock of Christmas turkeys by ten and then you know the number of D.W.Rs. ready to man the Maginot Line in 1940.

National security compels the same reticence in regard to the number of mince-pies consumed. By way of a hint, however, the pie consumption of one detachment alone was close on two thousand.

As for the beer ; if all the beer that went down thirsty throats throughout the I.T.C. on Christmas Day had been poured into the North Sea, Heligoland would have been swamped by a tidal wave.

In spite of first beginnings in food rationing, it was a Christmas of unrestricted good cheer. For the benefit of Germans deprived of their Christmas goose, let me stress that in England we ate our turkey and plum pudding as usual.

Many of us ate our dinner in strange places, since the I.T.C. is billeted in concert, dance and church halls. For the Commanding Officer this involved a minor "Cook's" tour of the town to wish us all a Merry Christmas.

In spite of working in kitchens that had few of the amenities of a modern Army cook-house, the cooks "delivered the goods."

The Christmas decorations in our new dining hall revealed the touch of a woman's hand. Hats off to our A.T.S.!

Our Christmas party this year was a bumper affair, with close on 100 children of all ages from a few months to 12 or 13. Also included were some children of families of the 1st Battalion.

After cinema silly symphonies, Father Christmas appeared laden with stacks of toys, having come by reindeer from round about Petsamo, or one of the other Finnish war fronts ; but it is credibly reported that secret supplies were also rushed to the Depot from elsewhere.

REGIMENTAL MUSEUM.

Since the last publication of THE IRON DUKE we have to acknowledge with thanks the following exhibit :—

Sgt. C. Menzies.—Light sword of Turkish origin.

Presentations and donations should be addressed to the Officer Commanding Infantry Training Centre, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and these will be duly acknowledged.

A Second Line Battalion Somewhere in Yorkshire.

The writer is in a dilemma. Does this journalism constitute writing for the Press in the meaning of the latest instructions? It is understood that the Editor is the final censor, and be it on his own head to delete where necessary.

This is the first time that separate notes have been written about the activities of this Battalion; the sub-editorship is somewhat difficult in view of the fact that no military information is to be divulged: where we are, what we are doing, etc., etc.

We may not mention the names of officers; certain of these still remain bachelors, but there will have been a plethora of nuptials by the time this appears in print, and about half a dozen have been added to the marriage allowance list. We congratulate them all. In passing, it should be mentioned that the adjutant was presented on his marriage with a salver autographed by the serving officers of both this and our 1st line Battalion; this necessitated using both sides of the salver.

Training has proceeded practically uninterrupted by bad weather, and our billets are good as billets go. The welfare and sporting departments—their activities are many and various—the Battalion rigger team and the numerous soccer teams are constantly in action. Although they do not always win their matches they put up a good show. "H.Q." Company has excelled itself in producing many performers and holding excellent concert parties, which have performed to capacity on all occasions.

It should be recorded with the appreciation of all ranks that the Battalion received in October the handsome gift of a set of drums. These were presented by the Battalion Re-union Association. This is a splendid gesture by the old soldiers to the new, between whom relations are very happy.

Our Hon. Colonel did us the honour of paying a visit to the Battalion in September; his interest is such that, were it not that for certain travel difficulties, he would be in our locality more often; his encouraging remarks to the young soldiers were very much appreciated.

The Battalion has many friends. The many acts of kindness by individuals and organisations are somewhat overwhelming. One hundred theatre tickets come weekly for the troops, cigarettes, socks, etc., etc., are continually received, pianos, wireless sets, gramophones, records, mouth-organs have been given and add melody to the nights in billets, or discord as the case may be; and now preparations for Christmas festivities are afoot which, combined with Christmas leave, will be welcomed by the troops.

Finally, as it is now likely that the normal seasonal greetings from command to command and unit to unit will be curtailed, all ranks of the Battalion wish the Editor and all "Dukes" sincere compliments of the season and success in all activities.

A Battalion Somewhere in England.

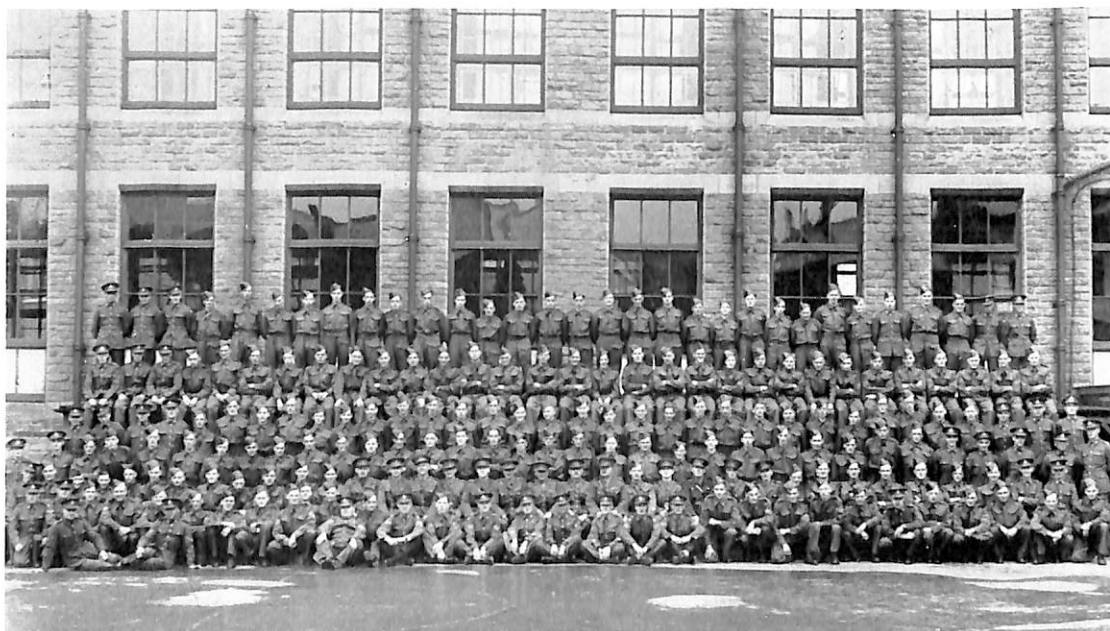
I once saw seagulls skimming the water on the cricket pitch of a famous county club. One gets the same feeling of incongruity here. We moved to the concentration area of Catterick in October. Having duly unpacked, we learned that we had there no abiding city. We packed again and moved off to this area—"Somewhere in England."

We are stationed here in a green and pleasant land. There are wooded parks, Saxon churches and ancient manor halls. One would expect to see bold knights in shining armour riding the highways and to hear the quick moving feet of Robin Hood and his merry men in the woods. Heavy lorries on the roads, the crab-like movement of the tanks, and the crackling fire of the Brens appear incongruous. But the Merry Men are here, the men of this Happy Breed, the — Battalion.

For our purpose here Time Marches Back. We will begin at the end of the news.



The first Officers of an Anti-Tank Regiment Somewhere in Yorkshire.



"H.Q." and "H.Q." Company of a Battalion Somewhere in Yorkshire.



(Copyright, Oldham Chronicle).

Laying Up of Colours of a Battalion Somewhere in England.



(By courtesy Associated Press of Great Britain Ltd.).

Field of Remembrance, 1939. (See page 49).

Christmas arrived like a rainbow in the rain. A homely touch had been given to all billets. Christmas cards lined the wards and the ingenuity and resourcefulness of the troops were seen in the ways and means of decoration. We attended a Battalion church service on the morning of 24th December. Led by the Band and Drums, the carols were well sung. The Christmas Day arrangements were fulfilled without hitch. A mass attack was successfully made on the splendid dinner. Concerts and film shows followed. Rousing inter-company football matches were played on the following day. The men played with vigour and skill. Excitement rose to its highest point, and as usual in West Riding football the spectators loudly proclaimed their instructions to the referee. Parcels from home and home societies also helped to make Christmas a merry one. The celebrations ended with the Band playing at the various companies in turn, and all had a good time. The men were in grand spirits; evidence of this was found in the fact that towards the end "Good King Wenceslas" got mixed up with "Roll out the Barrel."

To give a *résumé* on all that has taken place regarding training and special courses undertaken would take too much space, besides it would come under the Editor's blue pencil as "Information." These notes have to be readable but not informative, a most exacting task.

On 1st December, after the Church of England church parade, the Brigade Commander presented Q.M.S. Laming with the medal of the Order of the British Empire (Military Division).

Our Colours were laid up in St. Mary's, Greenfield, the home parish of our respected C.O. The colour party, with attending other ranks, marched from Uppermill to Greenfield. It was a very smart parade. We hope to reclaim them with honour when our job is done.

We have lost a few things since our arrival here. A saxophone which no one dares to find again. Our "T's" have gone, and with the wearing of battle dress we shall lose the silver rose. But we shall keep the resolute spirit of the Dukes, and trust that when called upon we shall make a d—d good show.

An Anti-Aircraft Battalion Somewhere in Yorkshire.

On 24th August, 1939, the Battalion was called up for service for the second time in twelve months, and once again rallied to the call in a manner which reflected a tradition of the past and augured well for the future of the Battalion.

General mobilisation and war came and found the Battalion firmly bedded in its war stations ready and expectant. But the sky was not darkened with enemy bombers, and in spite of alarms and excursions, we came to realise that our job was going to be that of watching and waiting, with officers and men dispersed over wide areas, and in many cases remote and inaccessible. So the Battalion is carrying on its monotonous and vigilant duties.

Everyone realised when we were converted that there would be much less association of personnel owing to the wide areas which had to be covered, but nobody appreciated that there would, in war, be such a tremendous loss of contact; a factor which, incidentally, does not make the writing of these notes any easier. After mobilisation, officers and men disappeared into the blue, and although contact has been maintained by telephone and other means of communication, the majority have not seen each other since deployment.

Much however has been done to lighten our burden. Shortly after war was declared came the news of the generosity of the Nuffield Trust in providing wireless sets, which mean so much to men who are exiled in remote spots throughout the area. The number received to date has been ten, and the remaining ninety have been provided in various ways, including a most generous donation of £50 from our Honorary Colonel, Col. G. P. Norton. All detachments now have a set.

Comforts have been received from our many friends, including the Huddersfield

Women's Bureau, Women's Voluntary Welfare Service, and a multitude of others who have seen to it that not a single man has been forgotten ; while the approach of Christmas has been the signal for an increase in the already magnificent effort in this direction.

Christmas has also brought splendid gifts for each man from our Honorary Colonel and from the Old Comrades' Association, which we are proud to think honour us as their worthy successors. With help from the Y.M.C.A., local variety artistes, and a host of other helpers it has been possible to arrange a series of much appreciated concerts.

The A.T.S. Company who share "H.Q." with us and who have done so much to relieve us of many arduous duties, succeeded in running a very excellent dance at which some 200 attended.

Frequent visits and inspections are made by the powers that be, while the A.T.S. have been honoured by a visit from H.R.H. The Princess Royal, and we ourselves by the G.O.C.-in-C., Sir Frederick A. Pile, Bt.

War, which was the signal for the dispersion of the Battalion, has also been the signal for its disintegration ; and, although direct reference to the losses we have sustained would no doubt meet with the censor's disapproval, some cannot pass without comment. Our peace-time Adjutant, to whom the Battalion owes so much, has said *au revoir*, and would no doubt now be a first class engine driver somewhere in France, had it not been for an unfortunate attack of appendicitis, from which we hope he will soon recover. The influence of our Padre on the Mess has been so conspicuous that he has been roped into Divisional headquarters, whose need is apparently greater than ours. Whether the Padre's influence on Division is greater than the Division's influence on the Padre remains to be seen. To these officers, and to others who also have gone, we send our best wishes for their future happiness, also to the P.S.Is. and other ranks who have been posted to training centres as potential officers or instructors.

On the other hand, we are glad to welcome some of the Militia and another batch of personnel rejoicing in the name of "Immatures." We hope that they will be happy with us, although as they appear to be drawn from north, south, east and west it is asking rather a lot from the Quartermaster, who finds it difficult enough to get personal Regimental equipment, let alone personal kit for men drawn from a variety of Scottish regiments.

We wish good luck to those officers who have been gazetted in, and posted or attached to, the Battalion.

Our wishes also go to five second lieutenants who have recently married. Two further potential casualties, both second lieutenants, have recently become engaged, and to them we extend our congratulations.

We are once again indebted to Col. K. Sykes, this time for a magnificent silver model of a searchlight projector which will in happier days be a trophy for annual competition. C. E. Morier, Esq., of Penshurst, who served with the Battalion for a long period during the Great War, has generously added to the Mess silver with the presentation of a coffee pot, which bears the following inscription :—" Taken from King Joseph Buonaparte's baggage at the battle of Vittoria on the 21st June, 1813, by Capt. Anderson, 14th Light Dragoons."

An Anti-Tank Regiment Somewhere in Yorkshire.

With the doubling of the Territorial Army early this year we were formed as an offspring of another unit that had previously been a battalion of the D.W.R.

Unlike our parent unit, we did not claim in our title any connection with the Regiment, because only half a dozen officers and a handful of men ever served in the old Battalion. One link however is retained ; the red lanyard is worn on the left shoulder and constitutes a source of wonder and envy amongst less fortunate gunners not so glamorously equipped.

After a period of doubt and indecision, which caused many bets to be lost and won, the Regiment eventually went to camp at Bridlington exactly a week before war broke out. Although the work was fairly hard, it need hardly be said that a good time was had by all, and everybody felt a little irritated by Germany when the proceedings were cut short by the embodiment of the Territorial Army on the first day of September. The Regiment returned the following day and went into pre-selected billets at various centres.

Although we cut adrift from our parent Regiment as long ago as April last, we still remain the best of friends. They have helped us in all sorts of difficulties and, owing to the absence of suitable accommodation for a separate mess, were good enough to make our officers honorary members of their own. We cannot express too strongly to them our appreciation of all that they have done in the initial stages of this Regiment's career.

H.M.S. IRON DUKE.

c/o G.P.O., London,

28th December, 1939.

Dear Mr. Editor,

In just over a week after the date of our last letter to you, the censor's smoke screen descended over the movements and actions of the good ship *Iron Duke* and has kept her almost completely hidden ever since. It is therefore beyond the poor power of your correspondent to write an interesting (though truthful) chronicle of ship's events for the period under review in your present number.

To make the best of our one uncensored week, the *Iron Duke* spent most of it enjoying very excellent weather at Falmouth; too excellent, for it had been our intention to cram the greatest possible amount of boat sailing in the time of our visit, but, for the period during which we stayed, there was never enough wind to allow us to finish any race in the time allowed. Although, therefore, the wind may literally have been taken out of our sails, it certainly was not so metaphorically. Bathing, picnics, games and dances were the order of that part of the day not made unholy by boat pulling, general drill and more serious pastimes.

The end of all good things comes sooner or later and the end to our Falmouth visit was one of the "sooners." Just when everyone was well into his stride and was not even bothering much about the evident promise of a sailing breeze for the morrow, the unreasonable Führer fellow caused us to be snatched rudely away and hidden behind the afore-mentioned smoke screen. From then until now there is little or nothing which can be told.

In conclusion, it may be said that owing to the special nature of *Iron Duke's* duties in peace time, it was a foregone conclusion that there would be at the outbreak of war, great changes in her complement—particularly in her officer complement. This has occurred and it is perhaps sad to think that there are now no longer in the ward room any of those veterans who last summer at Bordon faced the fire of the bowlers of the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

Best wishes to all Battalions from

YOUR CORRESPONDENT,

H.M.S. *Iron Duke*.

Our Contemporaries.

We have to acknowledge with thanks the following regimental magazines:—*The Covenant* (Sept.), *The Dragon* (Sept., Oct., Nov.), *The Snapper* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.), *The London Scottish Regimental Gazette* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.), *The St. George's Gazette* (August, Sept., Oct., Nov.), *The Tiger & Rose* (Sept.), *The Suffolk Regimental Gazette* (Oct.), *Ca-Ira* (Sept.), *The Lion & The Rose* (August), *The Sapper* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.), *The Royal Army Ordnance Corps Gazette* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.), *The Wire* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.), *Our Empire* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.), *Defence* (Sept., Oct.), *Service* (Australia) (July), *Aldershot Command News* (weekly), *Seventh Regiment (U.S.A.) Gazette* (Oct.).

OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS. (1st and 2nd BATTALIONS).

During the period 1st July to mid-December, 62 applications for assistance have been received and after due investigation were dealt with as follows:—Thirty-five cases of ex-members of the 1st and 2nd Battalions were relieved to the extent of £44 14s. 5d. Five men, having served in the 2nd Battalion and who were not otherwise entitled to be considered, were helped by grants from the 2nd Battalion Charitable Fund, these totalling £3 14s. 1d. Twelve men having served in the 3rd Battalion were aided from that Fund by grants totalling £3 13s. 9d., chiefly as payment of board and lodging in a local hostel. The Administrators of our 9th and 10th Battalion Funds made grants of £5 and £8 10s. 0d. respectively each to three men, and in addition to the above, one case was referred to the T.A. for disposal, and two cases were rejected on the grounds that the applicants had not served as Regular soldiers.

Gifts of clothing have also been made to necessitous cases.

6th BATTALION.

The annual dinner of the 6th Battalion Old Comrades' Association was held at the Devonshire Hotel, Skipton, on Saturday, 25th November, 1939; 115 members attended, which included 14 officers. It was one of the most successful gatherings the Association has had since it was formed, and it spanned a long period of the Battalion's history, the oldest member present being Mr. William Billows, of Skipton, who, notwithstanding his four score years, rarely misses a dinner. His service with the Battalion, extending over 30 years, dates back to 1874. At the other end of the scale were young men who had joined up just before the war started and are now undergoing intensive training to play their part if need be and carry on the glorious traditions of the Regiment. There were colonels who served with the Battalion in France and Flanders in the Great War and colonels who are now in command. It was a merging of the past with the present, and all were proud of the Battalion and its history. Much of the success of the gathering was due to the efforts of Major R. Wood, a former quartermaster, who, in retirement, is the hon. secretary and treasurer of the Old Comrades' Association.

A tour of the battlefields of 1914—18 was held during the Whitsun holiday, from 26th to 29th May, 1939. The party left Skipton on 26th May and proceeded *via* London and Dover to Ostend, and from the latter to Ypres. On 27th and 28th tours by coach were made to the following places:—Essex Farm, Barn Cottage, Talana Farm, Tyne Cot., Gheluvelt and Menin Road to Hooge, Zillebeke, Messines Ridge, Plug Street, Armentieres, Neuve Chapelle and Port Arthur, La Basse and Lens, Vimy Ridge, Arras, Albert, Bapaume, Thiepval, Blighty Valley Cemetery, Authuille, Bethune, Fleurvaix, Bailleul, Dickiebushe, Poperinghe, Dixmude, Nieuport.

To the great regret of all members of the party, our President, Brig.-Gen. R. L. Adlercron, was unable to attend the tour owing to bereavement.

LONDON AND HOME COUNTIES D.W.R. SOCIAL CLUB.

The annual general meeting was held at Allenby's Club on Sunday, 12th November, 1939. Capt. R. H. D. Bolton presided. The accounts for the year 1938-39 were passed, the balance credit being just over £5. This was considered most satisfactory by all the members.

A vote of thanks to the Secretary and Treasurer for the able way in which they had conducted their duties was proposed by Capt. Bolton and carried unanimously.

The sum of 11s. was collected for the "Dukes Comforts Fund" for the troops.

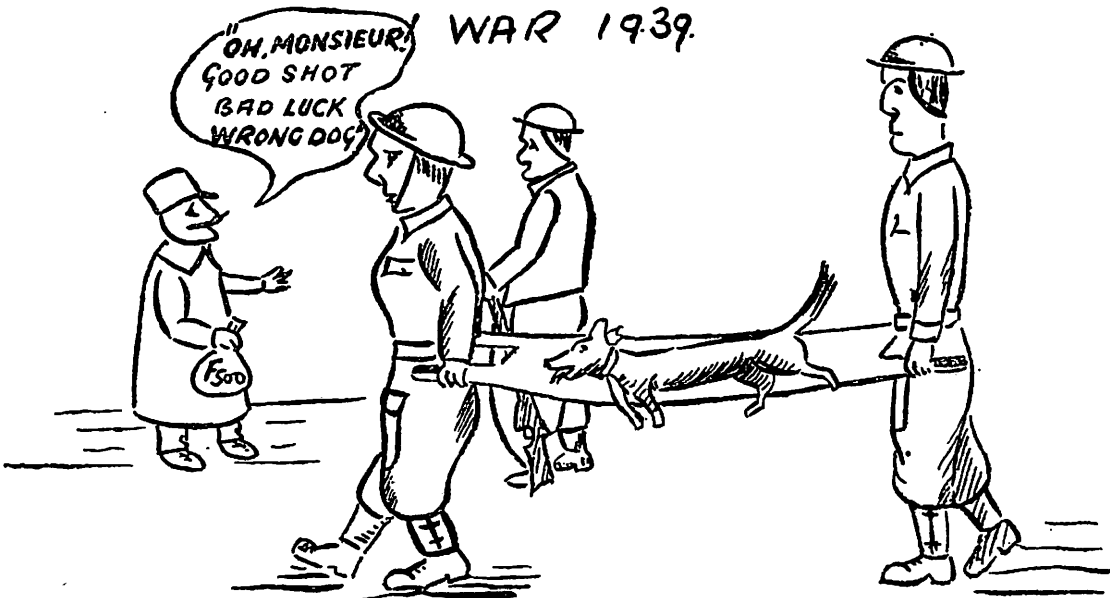
Many functions were held during the year, one of the most enjoyable being a trip to the Isle of Wight on Sunday, 16th July. This included a tour of the Island, lunch

being taken at Shanklin and tea at Alum Bay. A saloon was reserved on the train from Waterloo and two coaches were employed for the Island tour. About 60 members and friends formed the party. On arriving back again at Waterloo everybody voted the outing a great success.

In addition to the above there were several social events at Allenby's Club.

Members of the club, with their wives and families to the number of about 40, turned up at the "Field of Remembrance" on Armistice Sunday, as reported elsewhere in this issue. It is perhaps worthy of note that Mr. Stephenson, late of the 10th Battalion, had travelled all the way from Bradford in order to be present.

The number of members has now reached 90; we hope to improve on that before our next annual general meeting. It is regretted that our Vice-President, Capt. J. H. Moore, is at present in hospital. We all wish him a speedy recovery.



FIRST CASUALTY

S. F. Swift

The Duke of Wellington's Regimental Comforts Fund.

Colonel C. J. Pickering, The Colonel of the Regiment, in a letter published in the "Halifax Courier and Guardian," made it known that a Comforts Fund for "The Dukes" on active service overseas was being started, and asked for support.

The Mayor of Halifax and the Editor of the "Halifax Courier and Guardian" at once threw themselves whole-heartedly into the scheme.

Publicity has been given to the scheme in the West Riding and a notice has appeared in "The Times," but it is felt that news of the fund may not have reached many friends of the Regiment, so this notice is being circulated, mostly to readers of the "Iron Duke" outside the West Riding.

Comforts which are urgently required, and will continue to be required, are socks (woollen, any colour), cap comforters, scarves, gloves, mittens (all khaki), warm underclothes, cigarettes, playing cards, indoor games, such as dominoes, draughts, etc., magazines and books.

Gifts in kind should be sent to the P.R.I., the Depot, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, Halifax, Yorkshire.

Cheques or postal orders should be sent to O.C. Depot, or the Editor, "Halifax Courier and Guardian," Halifax, Yorkshire, and in both cases should be made payable to "D.W.R. Comforts Fund," and so marked on the envelope.

Any support, however small, will be greatly valued, and the quicker it is given the better, as the urgency is great on account of the cold and damp weather.

The Fund has now passed the £1,000 mark, but much more is required.

P. A. TURNER, Brig.-General,
i/c Retired Officers' Fund, and Business Manager, "Iron Duke."

The following is a list of woollen comforts, etc., required for issue to soldiers serving at home and with the B.E.F., together with specifications of colour, size, shape, etc. :—

* GLOVES, KNITTED.—Colour, khaki or near shade. Width across palm 4 to 4½ inches. Overall length 10½ to 11½ inches. Material, three ply wheeling or double knitting.

MITTENS.—Colour, khaki or near shade. Width across palm 4½ to 5 inches. Overall length 9 inches. Length of rib cuff 4 inches. Thumb opening formed by a row of stitching 1 inch deep. Material three ply wheeling or double knitting.

CAP COMFORTERS.—Colour, khaki or near shade. Width 8½ inches. Length 32 inches. Knitting tubular and closed at each end. Material three ply fingering.

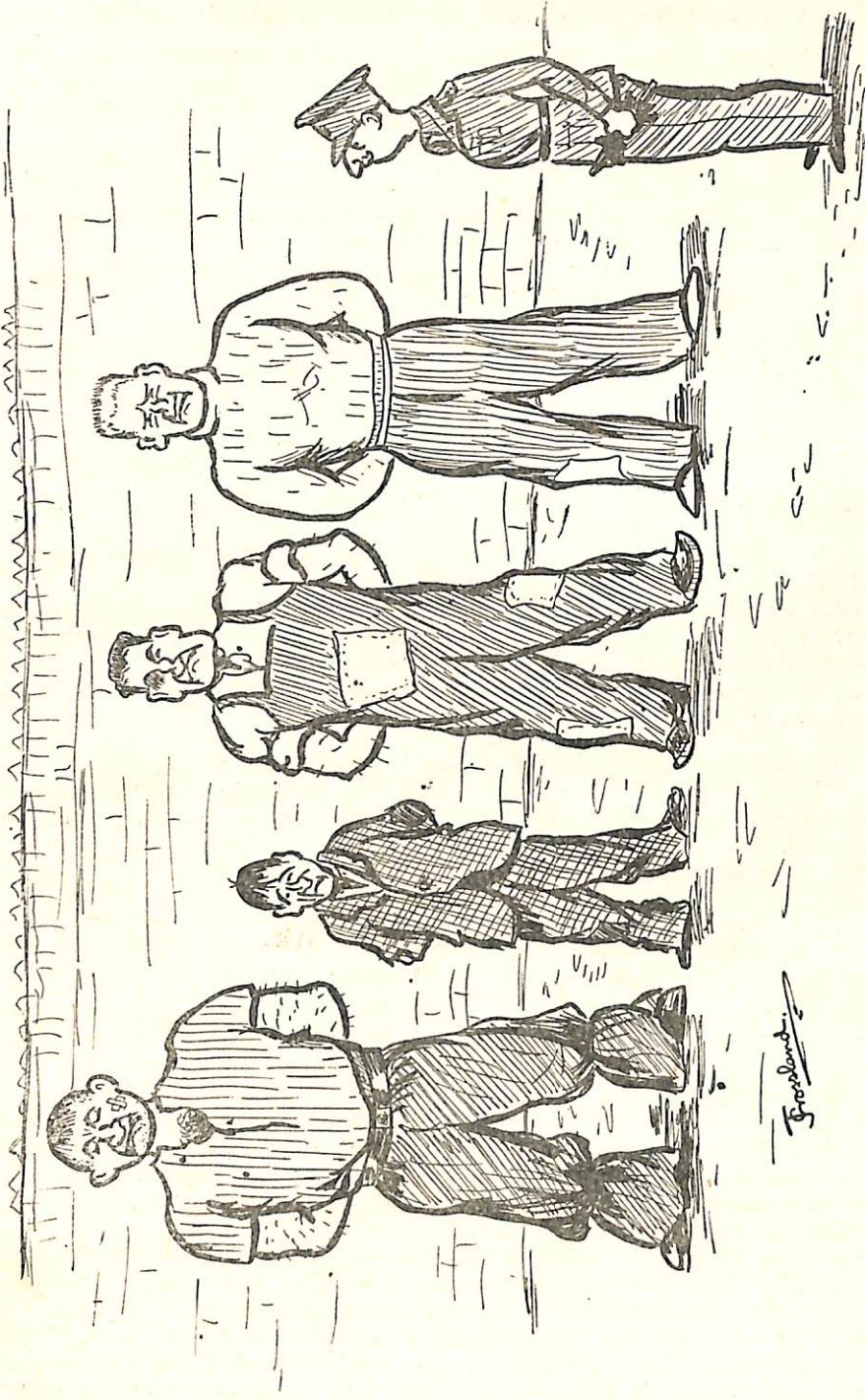
JERSEYS.—Colour, khaki or near shade. Width of body 18 to 20 inches. Length of body 25 to 26 inches. Length of sleeve 22 to 23 inches. Knitted with V neck. Material three or four ply wool fingering.

SOCKS.—Colour, Army grey or khaki, grey for preference. Length of leg 14 to 15 inches. Length of foot 10½ to 11 inches. Width 4½ inches. Knitted with rib top and plain leg and foot. Material three ply wheeling or four or five ply fingering.

*SCARVES.—Length 48 inches. Width 9½ inches. Circular neck. Colour, khaki or near shade.

Gifts should be addressed O.C. Unit, c/o Military Forwarding Officer, Old Docks, Southampton.

* These articles are most urgently needed.



YOU ARE IN THE ARMY NOW, MY MEN, AND EVEN THOUGH YOU MAY HAVE HAD A SHELTERED OCCUPATION IN CIVIL LIFE, YOU MUST DEFINITELY BE PREPARED TO ROUGH IT NOW, BY GAD!

The Commander-in-Chief of the Danish Army.

Through the instrumentality of the Military Attaché at the British Legation, Copenhagen, Col. Noel Craig, we have received from His Excellency Lieut.-General W. W. Prior, K'.D.M., the Commander-in-Chief of the Danish Army, the two portraits of himself which are reproduced on the opposite page.

General Prior was attached to the 2nd Battalion at Aldershot in the summer of 1922; and the Military Attaché informed us recently that General Prior in conversation had mentioned the fact to him, and had said that he could never forget the kindness shown to him by the officers and his other friends in England.

In response to our request for his portrait, General Prior, in sending the two photographs through the Military Attaché, wrote as follows:—

“ Dear Colonel Craig,

“ Please forward the enclosed photos. to 2nd Duke of Wellingtons with compliments and good wishes for the Battalion and heartiest greetings to all remaining officers from 1922.

“ Yours sincerely,

“ (Signed) W. W. PRIOR.”

We print below a letter which the Colonel of the Regiment has sent to General Prior:—

“ 2nd January, 1940.

“ Dear General Prior,

“ On behalf of all ranks of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and more especially those Officers of the 2nd Battalion with whom you served in the year 1922, I offer you my sincere congratulations on your appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the Danish Army. We are very proud of the connection with so distinguished a soldier and offer you our best wishes and a happy future in your Command.

“ Yours sincerely,

“ (Sd.) C. J. PICKERING, Colonel,

The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

“ His Excellency Lieut.-General W. W. Prior, K'.D.M., Commander-in-Chief of the Danish Army,
c/o Military Attaché, Copenhagen, Denmark.”

A North American Link.

(Continued from page 164, No. 44, October, 1939.)

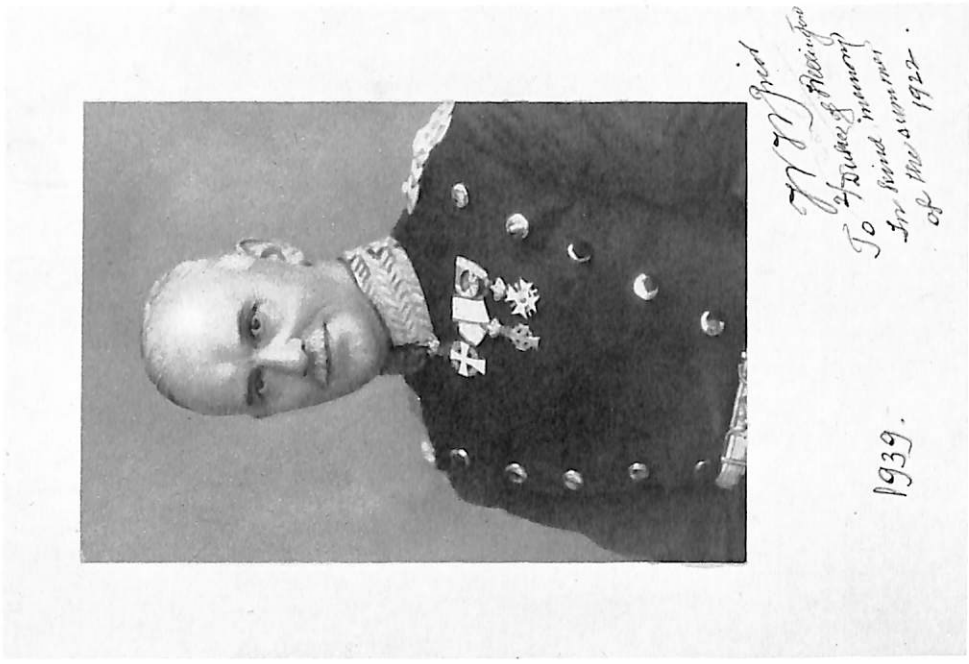
THE BERING SEA.—Simeon Deshnev, a stout-hearted Cossack, operated in the Chukchi Pensinsula as far back as 1648, and to-day the Russian name for East Cape is Cape Deshnev. Bering, a Dane in the employ of Russia, visited the Straits called after him in 1730, and in 1740, with two ships, sailed south of the Aleutians. His own ship visited Shumagin Islands, where he buried a sailor of that name; and Stellar, a scientist and naturalist, landed at Cape St. Elias on Kayak Island near Cordova. His name is made familiar in Canada by the ubiquitous Stellar's Jay. The other ship made a landing near Sitka, afterwards the Russian capital, which established the Russian, and consequently the American, claim to the “ Panhandle.”

Yorkshiremen should take pride in the fact that Captain James Cook of Whitby, visiting every creek in his voyage up the coast and satisfied that there was no north-west passage south of the Aleutians, has left a record of the order to his helmsman in Turnagain Bay near Juneau. Continuing his search north of the Aleutians he named, among other places, Bristol Bay, Sledge Island, King Island and Cape Prince of Wales, and at Cape Hope the trend of the shore to the east convinced him that he had reached the terminus



W. W. Prior
To the War of Wellington
In kind memory
in the summer
of the summer 1922

1922.

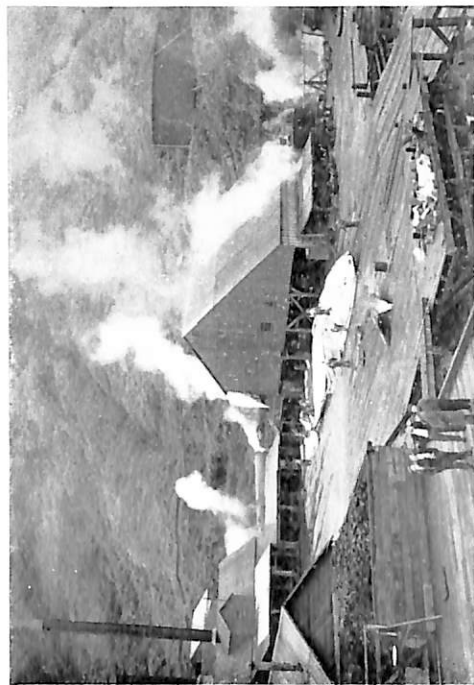


W. W. Prior
To the War of Wellington
In kind memory
of the summer 1922.

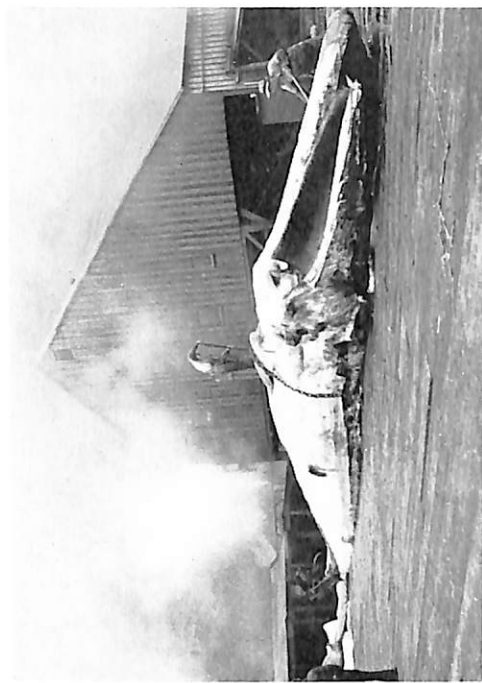
1939.

His Excellency Lieut.-General W. W. Prior, Commander-in-Chief of the Danish Army.

ALASKA.



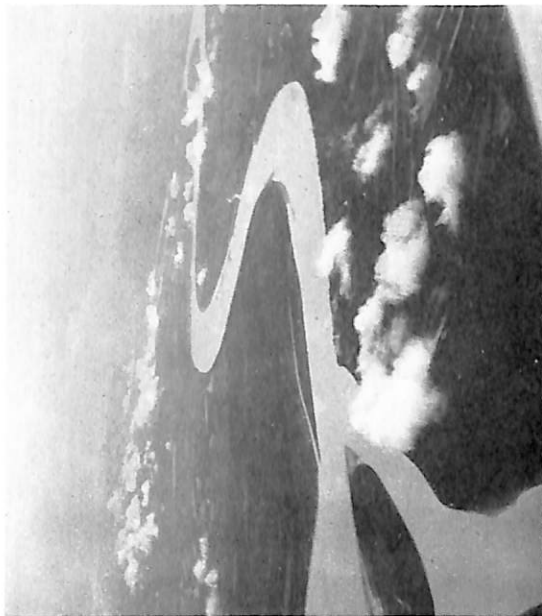
The Whaling Station at False Pass.



Cutting up a whale at False Pass.



Akutan (East).



Air photo of The Yukon near Nulato.

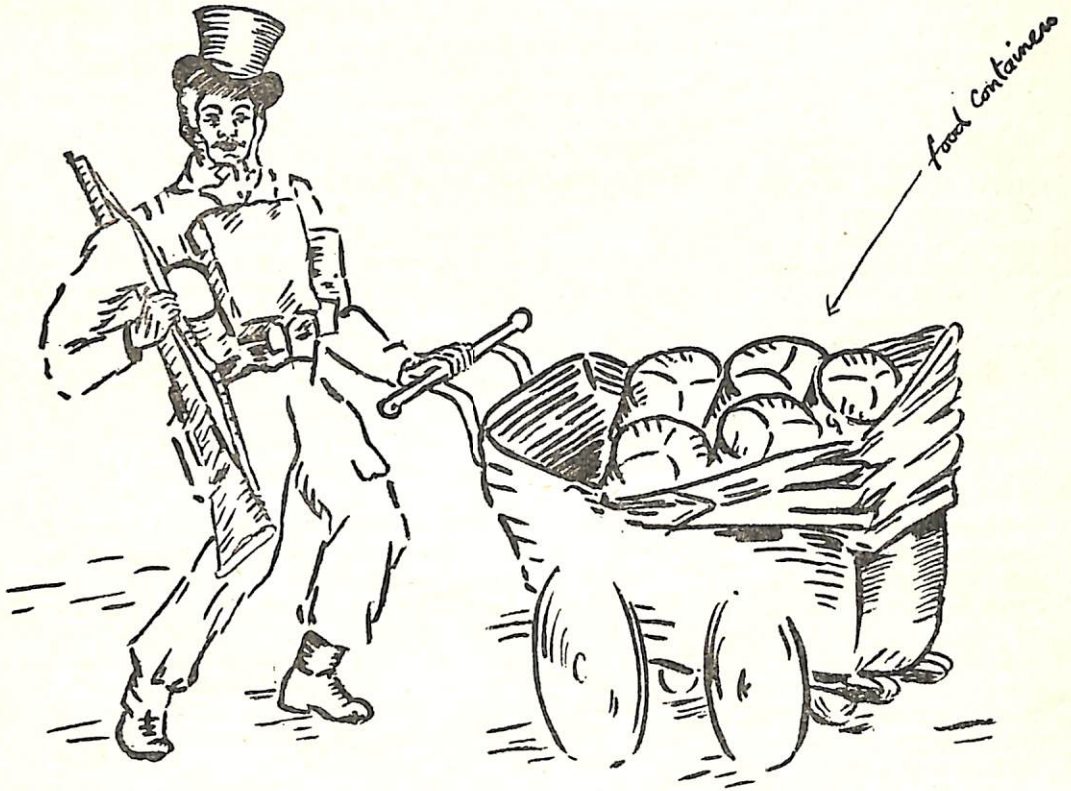
of North America and that no passage existed south of the Arctic. He sailed due west to the Siberian coast where he arrived in 1778, before turning south through the Straits to his untimely death on the Hawaiian Islands.

On 25th August I boarded my ship, which sailed south on the 27th. St. Michael, now a "ghost city," was at one time the base for traffic up the Yukon River and was destroyed by the building of the railway from Seward. It is now almost derelict, the remarkable interior to the old Russian Church being the only witness to a great past. We sailed north again. At Golovin they vary beach panning by driving a tunnel under the sea. Teller, quite a growing centre and road terminus, was once in the "spotlight" by being the scene of the landing of the airship *Norge* after crossing the Pole. Tin City, right under the nose of Cape Prince of Wales, is of especial interest as being the only tin producer in the United States. Its surface-mined tin ore is of such high grade that it pays to smelt it in England or Malaya. We passed through the Bering Straits and crossed the Arctic Circle. A full gale was blowing from the north which gave a chilly reception to the ceremony of "crossing the line" and we returned thankfully to the shelter of the south side of East Cape. A bridge across the Straits seems quite unthinkable, even with the stepping stones of the Diomed Islands, and a tunnel more than doubtful; but it did appear possible that the sheltered bays of Tin City and Deshnev might provide ideal termini for a ferry.

East Cape is a knob with a waist behind it formed by two bays. On the north, facing the Arctic Ocean, is the garrison town once local centre of Velen. About 12 miles away on the south, facing the Bering Sea, is the small port of Deshnev where we landed on 1st September. It consisted of three or four long corrugated iron warehouses built in a razor-backed shingle ridge with a morass behind, two similar buildings housing three coastguards and a small store, five or six round native huts built of whalebone covered in skins, resembling the pictures of Mongol tents, and a large roofed hole full to the brim of frozen blubber and meat. In this country there is no timber for building as the ground is frozen for 70 feet and trees do not grow. There were no paths of any sort and the mud was like a bog right up to the doors. The coastguards were in neat blue, and the wife of one of them in a "pre-war" dress of cheap material, more suitable for the middle-class quarter of a European town than the cold of Siberia. The only really serviceable coat among them was that of the commandant, a Cossack, sent from Vladivostock to meet us, a duty which he had performed two years before when the last American ship called. The natives, hard, stocky men were warmly dressed and the women, in their numerous swelling skirts and scarves of high colours, reminded one of the Southern Russians in Canada. Trade between Siberia and Alaska is prohibited, I understand, by both sides. We were unable to buy or exchange anything and they would accept nothing from us. The whole coastal area to the mouth of the Lena is strictly controlled from Vladivostock, from where there is said to be a weekly military 'plane. I also understand that 136 ships, a large proportion British, had passed during the year from the White Sea to Vladivostock after being escorted through the Arctic in convoys by the ice-breaker *Krassin*.

On 2nd September we returned to Nome and picked up 80 passengers (50 of them first class) and I was again impressed with the large number of people living up here. To my great disappointment we sailed past the Pribiloff Islands, the great seal preserve and hatchery controlled by the American Government. At Dutch Harbour we visited the huge wireless station and walked half way to Akutan, famous for its Russian Church. On the 4th we moved to False Pass, the last of the great whaling stations in the north, and both watched and smelt two whales being cut up on the slips.

The outstanding geographical feature of Alaska, not excepting Mount McKinley, the highest mountain in the States, is the line of volcanoes. This volcanic rift stretches down the Alaska Peninsula and along the Aleutian Islands for 1,800 miles. Besides their numbers, their immense size is staggering. Two are the largest active volcanoes in the



R. G. T.

AN INCIDENT SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

This actually took place; and but for the top hat the soldier was acting in a perfectly reasonable manner. But the rest of our story is—not "improper"—but may not be divulged.

world and one crater could contain 80 of the craters of Vesuvius. The two latest major eruptions were in 1912 and 1931 when ashes were scattered for 600 miles. Along their line the cold air of the Bering Sea meets the warm air above the Japanese current, making this area one of the greatest storm centres in the world, to which the many wrecks on the island capes bear witness.

The traveller through a country seldom sees the real natives but only those influenced by condition on the fringe of civilisation or "mission" taught. I gathered that very little pure blood exists either among Indian or Esquimaux, and certainly along the coast mixed European blood was very evident. As a link in theories of the origin of American Indians, the Tenah of central Alaska speak the same language as the Navajos of Mexico. The Aleuts, on the islands, seemed to be an almost perfect mixture of East and West, of white, yellow and black.

We crossed the Gulf of Alaska in a rough sea and driving sleet, and with some thankfulness picked up the light on Cape Spencer on the evening of 8th September, from where we were guided through the difficult passages by Marconi's wireless beams. With a day in Juneau looking at glaciers and two days to Ketchikan watching salmon climbing their "ladders," I returned to Canada at Prince Rupert on the night of the 12th.

"TINKER."

(Concluded.)

A Territorial Speaks.

And so, you are in the Army now. Here I am, one of those temporary officers who have left their desks and peace-time employment "for the duration." What I was before Adolf set Europe alight is no matter. I am wearing now the red lanyard, in Yorkshire, with the Dukes.

I am a cockney from the south, a stranger in a land where speech is pleasantly broad, where tea is "mashed," where one "gets to know" and clogs still clatter up narrow snickets. In short, I am a peace-time Territorial learning soldiering in real earnest.

When the sirens "warbled" in London on that first Sunday of the war I imagined myself to be a "handsome Territorial," but whether my platoon sergeant thought the same way about me I rather doubt.

From the hundred and umptieth O.C.T.U., with the aid of the J.Q. certificate (how the Army loves strings of letters), I duly emerged from the grub stage to become a commissioned butterfly—a credit, I hope, to the Regimental tailor.

Reeking of newness, I found myself in a new Regiment and a new land. If it were not for the censor I should reveal the name of the town where this Regiment has its Depot, but since we may no longer show the Regimental badge on the barrack gates, I must be terribly discreet.

Only now will I admit to the nervous alarms of those first few days. I had secretly prided myself on my years of service (peace-time variety) in the T.A., but the plentiful sprinkling of I.G.S. ribbons and talk of India, Singapore and Malta came as a reminder that I had seen no fighting and not much of the world.

I saw for the first time weapons which in all my peace-time battles had merely been flags waved by bored and lonely troops.

Men wore equipment of which we in the pre-war T.A. had heard but had scarcely seen. But when I tried to scrounge a set for myself I found that quartermasters—Regular Army or T.A.—are all hoarders by nature, and will part with nothing—not even for gold.

I watched the latest batch of Militia at their drill and found that conscription could still produce keen soldiers. These men had the willingness of those enthusiasts of the T.A. who made soldiering their hobby, and incidentally kept the T.A. alive.

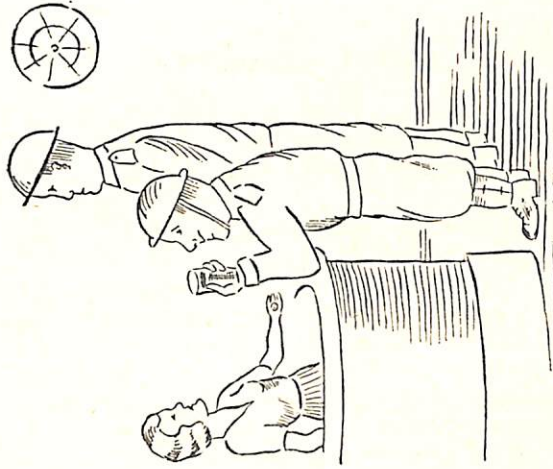
I have learned why a lion is rampant on my cap and why placid jumbos decorate my collar and my tunic buttons; but, like Mr. Walker, I still want to know why I am wearing that red lanyard.

I have mastered the complexities of conduct sheets, and I am beginning to be familiar with the wording of Army Act, Section So and So, W.O.A.S.

But all the time I must keep on reminding myself that not this week-end, nor next, but somewhere in a quite unpredictable future we shall "strike camp," return home and report on Monday morning to a prosaic office desk.

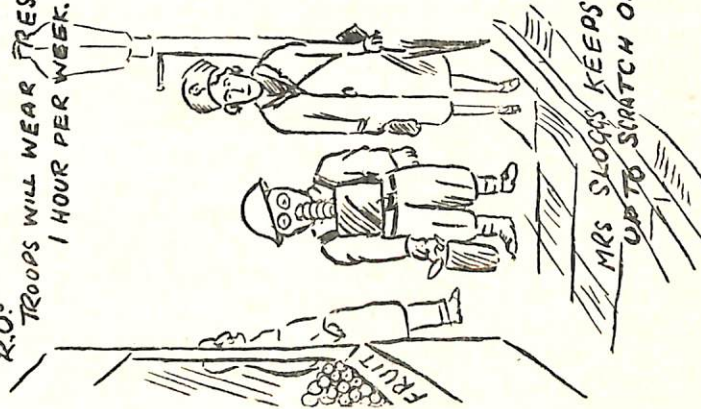
"ARTISTS RIFLES."

THE IRON DUKE



"WOTS SHE MEAN, BILL, MERCY?
I HAVENT TOUCHED HER YET!
S F Swift

R.O'S
TROOPS WILL WEAR RESPIRATORS
1 HOUR PER WEEK.



MRS SLOGGS KEEPS HUBBY
UP TO SCRATCH ON LEAVE.
S.F.S. Swift

The War to Date.

By MAJOR E. W. SHEPPARD.

As these lines are being written, in mid-December, the war on land and in the air may be said definitely to have settled down to its comparatively uneventful winter *tempo*. But the fight at sea goes on, and activity in the war of words known as propaganda is still intense. These are indeed at the moment the main scenes of interest, and in this article some consideration must be given to them.

On land there is, in the words familiar to us from many a *Communiqué* of the last Great War, "nothing to report," or at least very little. The B.E.F. has made its appearance on the fighting front marked by the French Maginot line and the German Western Wall, and has taken first blood of the enemy in some small patrol encounters. His Majesty the King, following the example of his father, has visited his soldiers and airmen in France during a long and extensive tour, which had the additional value of serving as another link in the bond of a common purpose now indissolubly uniting the Western Allies—a bond which, despite the laughably clumsy efforts of German propagandists to drive a wedge between them, will endure until, and it may well be long after, that common purpose has been achieved. For the most part, however, the battle front has been quiet, and it may paradoxically be said that the most significant events of the war on land have been the events that have not happened.

It is now known, for example, that in the third week in October the German High Command definitely intended to launch a large-scale attack on a wide front with the purpose of clearing the whole of the wide No Man's Land between the Siegfried and Maginot lines, and of delivering a massed assault on the latter if the success of the preliminary operations should be such as to warrant it. But the reception that their attacking troops encountered was so uncomfortably warm, and their losses so heavy, that they could do no more than occupy the small areas of ground voluntarily evacuated by the French, after a gratifyingly heavy toll of casualties had been levied as the price of these petty gains. The great assault which, according to plan, was to follow was still-born.

Equally abortive was the next attempt of the Germans to solve the problem of the Western front by an advance through the Low Countries against the north flank of the Allied line. It is doubtful if much more was hoped for as a result of this fresh violation of the territory of inoffensive neutrals than the gaining of a more advantageous jumping off ground for air and naval attacks on Britain. The German High Command, at least, can hardly have had any higher expectations, though possibly Hitler, whose knowledge of military matters is still little, if at all, above the average of the rank he held during the Great War, may have indulged in more sanguine dreams. Once it was known, however, that the invaders of Holland would be faced, not only with her own small though stubborn forces, but with the much larger ones of Belgium too, and with French and British reinforcements behind them, then the High Command once more shied away from the plan, covering their timidity by a weak plea that it had never been seriously entertained.

In this stage of suspended animation the western campaign is likely to remain until the coming of better fighting weather in the Spring. During the interval we may expect to be entertained—or bored according to our mood—with imaginative forecasts of the "truly horrible war," to quote the egregious Ribbentrop, that the Nazis have in preparation for us. Already fantastic stories of secret weapons and fearsome devices are being put into circulation by devious neutral means. These, though they will of course be given such attention as they may deserve, need not, and will not, be taken at their face value; neither Britain nor France is in any mood to be frightened into fits by turnip ghosts of this kind.

The war in the air, though more colourful, has been little more eventful from the larger point of view than that on land. There have been one or two small-scale attacks

on German naval and seaplane bases, which, though their material results may not have been important, have shown that the hostile defences can be penetrated without heavy loss by the skilful pilots and formidable machines at our disposal. The moral effect of these attacks, combined with that of the issue of the spasmodic air battles that have taken place over the Western front and the North Sea, has been further to strengthen the high spirit of the Allied air arms and their confidence in themselves and their equipment. At the moment, in fact, the Allies are, man for man, and machine for machine, ahead of their enemy. It may well be believed that the latter has something better "up his sleeve" in the way of aeroplanes, and command of the air may well, as it did time and again in the Great War, fluctuate from one side to the other, as new and more formidable types of machine take the field. But there is no reason to suppose that Germany will ever be in a position permanently to gain the air ascendancy that she certainly does not possess to-day; indeed, the balance of rate of new production is even now turning more and more against her, though the resources at the Allies' disposal are still far from fully developed.

It is now possible to gain a general conspectus of the results of the war at sea during the first hundred days of hostilities, and the figures are impressive proof of the Allied ascendancy in that field. British naval losses have totalled 50,000 tons, the bulk of it being accounted for by the *Courageous* and the *Royal Oak*. As against this, the Germans have lost over forty submarines, and during the greater part of the time her rate of loss has been at the rate of one every other day. The remarkable stories put out by her propagandist service as to her rapid rate of submarine replacement must be heavily discounted; if she could better her Great War output of two per week it would be a remarkable industrial feat under present day conditions, and this leaves out of account the question of manning the new craft, in which she is already faced with considerable difficulty.

In the last few weeks Germany has, therefore, elected to resort to a new form of maritime "frightfulness" to supplement the failing efforts of her surface and under-water raiders. The so-called "magnetic mines," sown in large quantities in our east coast waters, contravened all the rules of warfare to which Germany is a consenting party, and for a space increased the toll taken of British and neutral shipping. The device, however, was not a novel one, and counter-measures were quickly put in hand to meet it. Already the menace, though not yet eliminated, may be said to be under control. Indeed, the bulk of the losses caused by it are now falling more and more upon neutral ships, who do not benefit to the same extent as our own by the protection of convoy escorts and mine sweepers.

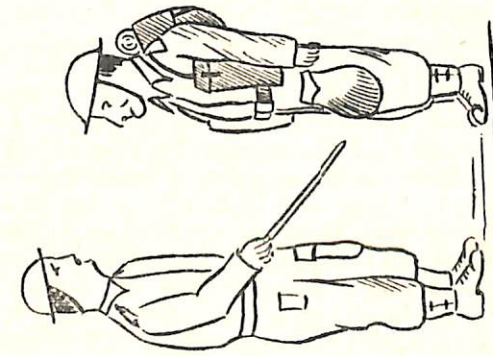
With all this, the total net loss inflicted on our mercantile marine during these hundred days is no more than 60,000 tons of shipping, out of a total of 21,000,000 tons. In the light of these figures the Germans' claim to have crippled our sea power and instituted an effective blockade of Britain can be recognised as a mere flight of uninspired fancy. Meanwhile the iron hand of our own blockade has fallen on German overseas exports, which have hitherto been exempt from it. Already of her annual peace-time imports of £300,000,000, £175,000,000 have been cut off. The bulk of her resources on which she relies for payment for the balance will now be shorn away by the disappearance of her overseas export trade, and even the smaller neutrals are already jibbing at her continual requests for immediate delivery of goods on no better security than promises of payment at some distant date in a currency of uncertain value. Supplies from what German propagandists describe as the "great storehouse of Russia" will have to be enormously increased if they are to make up for these heavy losses of other sources; in peace time they totalled less than £1,000,000, and how far Russia can, or is willing to, increase them is highly doubtful.

A few remarks may be appended about the most active front of all—the propaganda front. A considerable amount of nonsense is at present in vogue on this subject in the British Press, which is making the mistake of confusing volume with content. Obviously

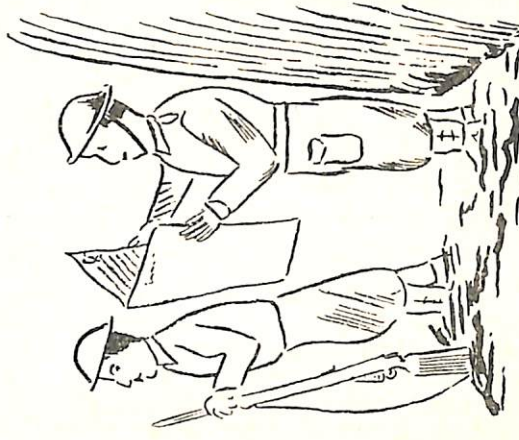
the worse the cause, the greater is the volume of propaganda required to "put it over," even temporarily; but the only reliable criterion of the ultimate value of propaganda is not the amount of it or the cost of it or the effort put into it, but its effects on the minds of those subjected to it. German propaganda has three main objects—to convince the German people themselves that they are fighting a righteous and successful war of self-defence; to persuade neutrals that their interests would best be served by a German victory; and to discourage and drive a wedge between the Allied nations. There is little evidence that it has succeeded, or is likely to succeed, in any one of these three purposes. Even as regards the first of them, the hoccusing of what Hitler himself has called "the stupid and sheeplike German people," not all the shrieking of Goebbels and his gang has managed to whip up any of that fiery and universal enthusiasm for war that inspired the nation in 1914. The Germans will fight and fight well, because they are a regimented, orderly race, accustomed by temperament and long habit to do what they are told with little attempt to reason why or make reply; but their rulers are now embarked on the interesting but perilous experiment of trying whether it is possible to fool all the people all the time, and the answer, even with Germans, will surely still in the long run be in the negative.

As regards the neutrals, German policy has lost her all her former friends and sympathisers and won her but one doubtful and dangerous new one, and German propaganda has done nothing to change that situation. There is not a neutral, from the greatest to the smallest, that desires her victory or would do a hand's turn to help her to it, save under pressure of fear or dire necessity. The picture of Hitler's Germany as the champion of the weak and peace-loving neutrals is so unconvincing that not all the propaganda in the world could "put it over," nor is it made more so by the repercussions on their trade and shipping and the lives of their seamen of her ruthless but ineffective naval methods. If ever it becomes safe and profitable for the neutrals to fly to the help of the conquering Allies, Germany will be able to see for herself how little effect her propaganda has had upon them.

As for its results on the will to win of the Allies and the closeness of inter-Allied relations, the frigid reception of Germany's repeated peace feelers, and the recent Franco-British agreement to pool all their material and financial resources for war supply, is a crushing and conclusive answer. German propaganda in Britain, so far as it is listened to at all, arouses only amusement, with occasional exasperation. Most of it is an insult to the meanest intelligence; but it would require a much higher degree of cleverness than the egregious "Lord Haw-Haw" and his confreres have yet shown themselves to be capable of to make it worth while to switch on to hear even a good advocate defend a bad cause. The acute French intelligence finds in it merely a bait for devastating repartee. German propaganda, in a word, is portentous in its volume and industriousness, but sadly lacking in skill, and, outside its own frontiers, completely barren in results. But even were it cleverer, and more seductive than it is, it would matter little in the end. Realities have an unpleasant but inescapable habit of making themselves felt sooner or later. The pressure of Allied sea power on the life of the German people will not be shaken off, however loudly and often Goebbels avows that Britain is blockaded and the German fleet controls her surrounding seas. The assertions that the heart of France is not in the war and that she is being made the catspaw of perfidious Albion will not open to the German armies the way through the Maginot line. Goering's invincible air force will frighten us no more than the Invincible Spanish Armada of historic memory, however loudly and long it claims the title without putting itself to the test of action. Germany will not win the war by vociferating, in defiance of the facts, that she is winning it, or has already won it; nor in real life can the worse cause be made to appear the better by the methods laid down by Lewis Carroll's Bellman:—"If I tell you three times, it is so."



"WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN THAT
 ROCKET BOX?"
PIE SLOGGER. "KNIFE, FORK SPOON
 RAZOR, SOAP, LATHER BRUSH,
 TOWEL, & LONG PANTS S.I.R."
 S.F. Swift



"COR BILL, ITSAYS HERE LADY SOANSO
 PAYS FIVE QUID FOR A MUD BATH"
BILL LUMME WELL ONE THE ARMY
 A FORTUNE AT THIS RATE.
 S.F. Swift

English War-time Journey. Where I Joined Up Twenty-five Years Ago.

By J. B. PRIESTLEY.

(Reprinted from the *News Chronicle* of 22nd September, 1939. By kind permission of the Author and of the Editor of the *News Chronicle*.)

[J. B. Priestley is touring Britain for the *News Chronicle*, reporting on the life of the country in wartime. In this, his second article, he visits the military camp in Yorkshire where he joined up 25 years ago].

So this morning I went to the depot of the West Riding Regiment, where I was a recruit 25 years ago. For the first five minutes it looked much the same. After that it turned out to be all quite different.

For example, nobody now was wrestling, as I had done, with those tins thick with congealed fat. They have washing-up machines now in the cook-house, which is not really a cook-house any more but an elaborate kitchen department. Four women were chopping up steak for stew.

"What's the food like?" I asked one of them.

The commanding officer had told me it was all right, but I wanted to be assured by a Yorkshire woman working right on the spot.

"Well, we eat just the same ourselves," she assured me, earnestly chopping away. "And that's good enough for anybody."

PRIVATE SANDERSON SPEAKS.

And then in the new barracks there are steel cupboards for kit, running water (h. and c.) for everybody, shower baths, drying rooms, central heating. Like a holiday camp.

I talked to one of the lads of 20 who had just been called up—Private Sanderson, four days in the Army. "You can say what you like to me, you know."

"Well, it's all right," he told me. "All different, of course, from what I've been used to. I was in a surveyor's office. Now I get up at six and we're at it all day until about four."

"What about the discipline? Do you find it a bit rough?"

"No," he replied, thoughtfully. He was a thoughtful lad, who would do his surveying very thoroughly. "A lot of shouting, of course, but they don't mean any harm. I like it. I'm interested."

The truth is, the whole atmosphere is different from what it was in 1914. The beery sergeant-major with his bloodshot eye, his purple face, his ferocious moustache, his hoarse blasphemies, has disappeared.

THOSE SERGEANT-MAJORS.

I met several sergeant-majors and they were ordinary human beings, alert and intelligent, youngish men. All that old stuff "You may break your mother's heart, but you won't break mine. Aboutt Turrn!"—has clean gone. You felt its absence everywhere, from the commanding officer's orderly room to the vast new gymnasium where they can play that excellent and very fast American game of basketball.

The old idea was to turn a lot of toughs, who only wanted to break out and get drunk, into saluting, drilling, fighting machines. But now you feel that here is a community of young men being trained in the quickest and most sensible fashion for a military purpose. The system is as different as the new, lean, efficient Bren gun is from the old, heavy, uncertain Maxim.

The senior officers spoke at length and with heartening enthusiasm about the boys of "the Militia." Easily the finest recruits they have ever had. Very intelligent, easy to

handle, picking up drills and techniques in half the time and with any number of potential officers and N.C.Os. among them. I watched these lads listening to lectures and drilling, and I could believe every word I have been told about them.

THIS IS EFFICIENCY.

Mind you, I do not say they are better lads than we were. But—and this is the point—the Army itself is so much better. You feel at once that great heavy trappings of stupid militarism have been cut away.

A sort of civilian efficiency and commonsense, the outlook of a really good firm of engineers, have found their way in, so that these boys have not to ask themselves, as we had so often, why there should be so much sheer nonsense between them and the task of serving their country. Here we are learning at last, and I cannot believe that an army that is beginning its training so sensibly will be perfected only to be used in the end with stupidity.

So as I came away, whispering goodbye to those recruits of 25 years ago, so many of whom paid with their lives the price of other men's folly, I felt heartened. The boys are starting well.

THE REGIMENTAL WAR MEMORIAL.

On 11th November, 1939, Capt. A. G. Smith and Lt. W. Clarke placed a poppy wreath (supplied by the British Legion Poppy Factory) in the Regimental Chapel, in remembrance of all ranks of all Battalions of the Regiment who have lost their lives on active service.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS.

RECEIPTS.				EXPENDITURE.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Balance brought forward 1.1.1939 ...	2	11	1	Upkeep of Chapel, etc. ...	13	5	2
Subscriptions ...	41	12	0	Gratuities, Sexton ...	4	0	0
Receipts from Chapel box ...	13	19	11	Medici Society ...	1	15	0
O.C. 1st Battalion for R.M.C. Chapel	10	0	0	Wreath ...	1	15	0
Children's Flower Fund, per R.S.M.				Hon. Treasurer, IRON DUKE ...	1	4	0
Allsop ...		7	6	O. C. Depot ...		5	0
Deposit interest ...		13	8	Postage ...		2	0
				Balance credit ...	46	18	0
Total ...	£69	4	2	Total ...	£69	4	2

BALANCE SHEET.

ASSETS.				LIABILITIES.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Balance at Bank ...	44	14	11	Due to Children's Flower Fund ...	100	11	9
Cash with Hon. Treasurer ...	2	3	1	Balance credit of Fund on 31.12.1939	46	6	3
On deposit at Lloyds Bank, Ltd., 6 Pall Mall, London ...	100	0	0				
Total ...	£146	18	0	Total ...	£146	18	0

C. W. G. INCE, Lt.-Col.

Littlecroft, West Clandon,
Near Guildford,
5th January, 1940.

English War-time Journey.

Where I Joined Up Twenty-five Years Ago.

By J. B. PRIESTLEY.

(Reprinted from the *News Chronicle* of 22nd September, 1939. By kind permission of the Author and of the Editor of the *News Chronicle*.)

[J. B. Priestley is touring Britain for the *News Chronicle*, reporting on the life of the country in wartime. In this, his second article, he visits the military camp in Yorkshire where he joined up 25 years ago].

So this morning I went to the depot of the West Riding Regiment, where I was a recruit 25 years ago. For the first five minutes it looked much the same. After that it turned out to be all quite different.

For example, nobody now was wrestling, as I had done, with those tins thick with congealed fat. They have washing-up machines now in the cook-house, which is not really a cook-house any more but an elaborate kitchen department. Four women were chopping up steak for stew.

"What's the food like?" I asked one of them.

The commanding officer had told me it was all right, but I wanted to be assured by a Yorkshire woman working right on the spot.

"Well, we eat just the same ourselves," she assured me, earnestly chopping away. "And that's good enough for anybody."

PRIVATE SANDERSON SPEAKS.

And then in the new barracks there are steel cupboards for kit, running water (h. and c.) for everybody, shower baths, drying rooms, central heating. Like a holiday camp.

I talked to one of the lads of 20 who had just been called up—Private Sanderson, four days in the Army. "You can say what you like to me, you know."

"Well, it's all right," he told me. "All different, of course, from what I've been used to. I was in a surveyor's office. Now I get up at six and we're at it all day until about four."

"What about the discipline? Do you find it a bit rough?"

"No," he replied, thoughtfully. He was a thoughtful lad, who would do his surveying very thoroughly. "A lot of shouting, of course, but they don't mean any harm. I like it. I'm interested."

The truth is, the whole atmosphere is different from what it was in 1914. The beery sergeant-major with his bloodshot eye, his purple face, his ferocious moustache, his hoarse blasphemies, has disappeared.

THOSE SERGEANT-MAJORS.

I met several sergeant-majors and they were ordinary human beings, alert and intelligent, youngish men. All that old stuff "You may break your mother's heart, but you won't break mine. Aboutt Turrn!"—has clean gone. You felt its absence everywhere, from the commanding officer's orderly room to the vast new gymnasium where they can play that excellent and very fast American game of basketball.

The old idea was to turn a lot of toughs, who only wanted to break out and get drunk, into saluting, drilling, fighting machines. But now you feel that here is a community of young men being trained in the quickest and most sensible fashion for a military purpose. The system is as different as the new, lean, efficient Bren gun is from the old, heavy, uncertain Maxim.

The senior officers spoke at length and with heartening enthusiasm about the boys of "the Militia." Easily the finest recruits they have ever had. Very intelligent, easy to

An Incident of the East African Campaign, 1914-1918.

In 1915, as part of the force holding the outpost line guarding the Nairobi-Mombassa section of the Uganda railway, we had left our outpost for a three days' patrol into enemy country. We were a column of about 150 rifles, and 150 porters carrying our equipment such as ammunition, stretchers, 'skof' boxes, etc; and our machine gun—all our post could spare.

On the third and last day we turned our heads towards camp, and at mid-day we halted alongside a dried-up river for rest and a meal. Incidentally we had heard nothing of the enemy during our previous two days' trek. We were not a bit worried about this and longed to be back in camp which we hoped to reach before dark. During our halt sentries were posted in a circle around our halting-place in the thick bush which stretched as far as the eye could see.

Our column included fifty donkeys which a transport official with a perverted sense of humour, unappreciated by us, had suggested might be experimented with as a potential form of transport. During our trek we had had an awful time with these animals as they were untethered, and had to be driven through the bush principally along wild-animal tracks which were in most parts only wide enough to take them in single file. These animals carried light loads consisting of porters' rations and forage for themselves and the few officers' horses accompanying the column. During our halt the animals were herded together in the river bed.

We had scarcely finished our meal when a burst of rifle fire broke out, and bullets crashed into the trees above our heads. Our men were in position and were joined by the sentries, who had previously received orders to withdraw should the enemy approach.

As we had no target owing to the thick bush we withheld our fire; our commander wisely refused to be rattled and ordered a few rounds to be fired in the direction of the enemy fire. This was repeated at various points as occasion demanded, which was often, as the German Askaris seemed to be content to blaze away ammunition without knowing what they were firing at. They appeared to be anything from 100 to 200 yards away, but owing to the denseness of the bush they were in the same position as ourselves and could find no sighted target—luckily for us.

This nerve-racking operation was kept up for some considerable time, and just before dusk the enemy sounded the 'charge.' Immediately our commander—a wise old South African War veteran—ordered our one machine gun to open fire. He had kept this in reserve and it made a terrific noise as its bullets crashed through the bush. We then heard the enemy shouting orders and more bugle calls; their firing ceased, and we heard sounds of retirement and then silence from their direction. Whether they thought that we had been reinforced, on hearing our machine gun, it is hard to say; however, much to our relief, they seemed to think it wise to retreat.

By this time it was nearly dark and we commenced to take stock. Our only casualty was a man wounded in the foot from a ricochet bullet. The enemy must have blazed away thousands of rounds of ammunition, as the trees and bush above our heads bore witness. After collecting the porters, who had made themselves scarce in the bush during our little war, and our pets the donkeys, who had wandered along the river bed, we made a start back to camp.

Our route was mostly along wild-animal tracks only wide enough for single-file formation, which necessitated constant vigilance to prevent straggling. The column stretched out into considerable length, with the donkeys bringing up the rear and being driven along by porters.

By the time we had marched for a couple of hours we were feeling the strain and eager to be back in camp. Suddenly a commotion was heard from the head of the column, getting louder and louder; rifle shots, porters' shouts, and donkeys' brays were heard amid indescribable confusion.

We in rear thought that the enemy had in some way followed us, perhaps on another route, and were awaiting us. But it could not be as the noise was getting louder and fast approaching us, and surely the enemy would not attack us by advancing down a single track. A few seconds later the track in front of us cleared as if by magic and a heavy dark mass was seen in front of us advancing at a quick pace. We scattered into the bush just in time to miss being charged by a—rhinoceros, who rushed past us and disappeared. We apparently had got on to the track which it used to go to water, and it very much resented our intrusion and in good rhino style showed its resentment with a headlong charge through the column from front to rear, leaving confusion and chaos behind.

On recovering from the shock we proceeded to pull ourselves together. It was with considerable relief that we realised that we had not bumped into the enemy again, but we little realised the havoc our rhino friend had caused among us. Porters and donkeys were missing, and equipment had been cast aside by the porters and flung into the bush in their endeavour to escape the animal's onrush.

We gradually managed to get the column into some sort of order and collect what equipment we could, and our commander decided that it was useless in the darkness to attempt to collect the remaining missing equipment, so orders were given to resume the march back to camp. We reached there at daybreak feeling more dead than alive. We looked a sorry crowd. Very few of us had escaped from the awful 'wait-a-bit' thorn bush which hooks into one's flesh with its claw-like extremities.

One officer who had been riding a small mule saddled with a large-sized saddle (which could only be prevented from slipping by the use of breastplate and crupper) had been 'conveyed' pell mell into the bush by his mount, and as he was only wearing shorts the damage done to his knees by the thorn bush reminded one of a map showing all contours in red. His saddle had slipped round the mule's belly, and in addition to receiving attention from the thorn bush he had been bucked into a cactus bush, the leaves of which were tipped with spike-like ends.

After our arrival in camp a strong patrol, accompanied by a guide and a gang of porters, was sent out to recover our lost property—which they did with little loss.

A. G. S.

OH OMAR!

No lights—although the early winter gloom
Enshrouds, as though we walked within a
tomb;
And lo! the warden on his beat has caught
A blaze of light from yonder barrack room.

Dreaming while searchlights stabbed the leaden
sky,
Methought I heard the thirsty drinkers cry
No treating! Stay, accept, my friends, a glass
Of water, if your throats be really dry.

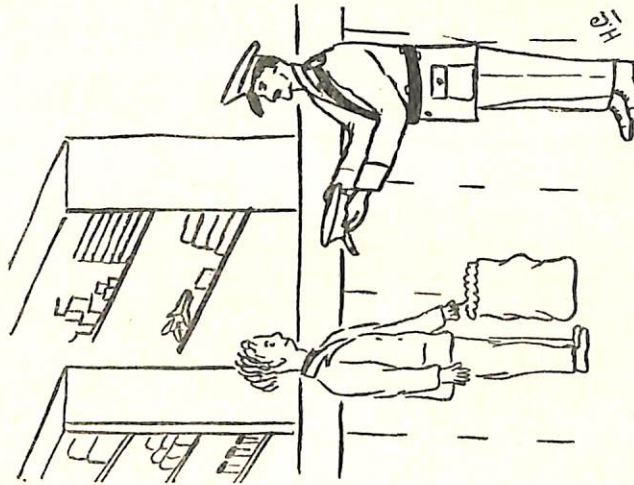
What, without asking, hither hurried whence?
And, without asking, whither hurried hence.
'Tis strange indeed that Army orders fail
To show the slightest glimmerings of sense.

There was a road down which I could not see,
There was a guard who'd marked me absentee;
Some little talk the C.O. had with me—
Then forfeit pay, and seven days C.B.

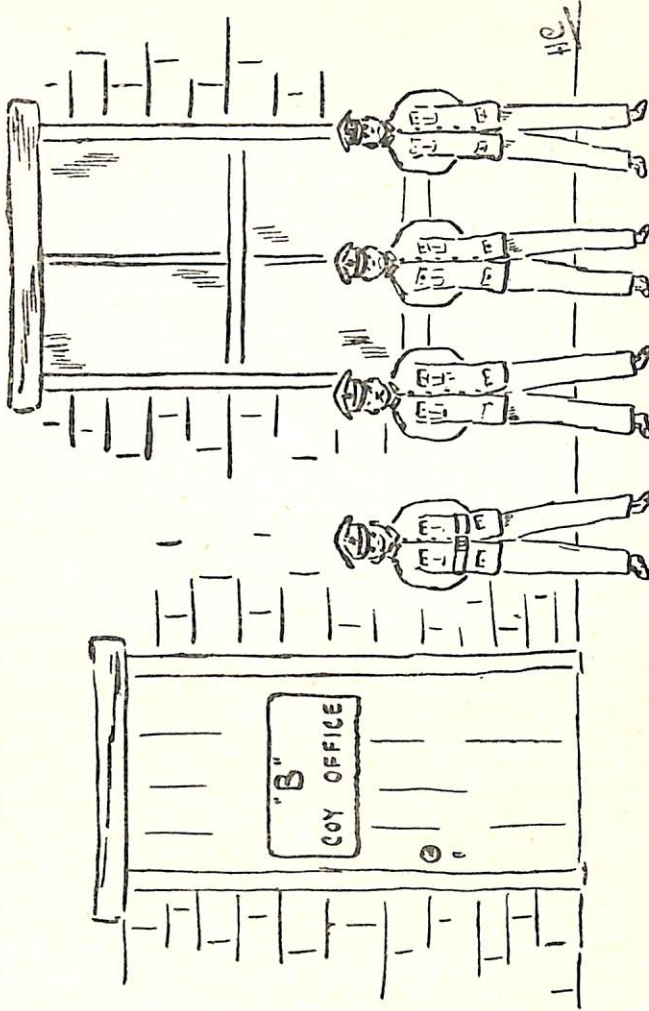
But if this way you some time soon should pass,
Come, rest your foot upon a rail of brass,
And with me find the cure for black-out blues,
So gather round—fill up the empty glass.

R.à B.C.

ARMY TERMS ILLUSTRATED 2



Q.M. "Now Lad, what size hat?"
 Recruit. "Ay, tha' needn'f bother me, I doan'f wear one!"



"COMPANY OFFICE, 0830 hrs."

The Strategists.

Major Shawcroft slowly lifted the pink bedsock from its nest of tissue paper and held it out at arm's length as though it were something hideous and obscene. His thin features writhed. One eyebrow slid upwards and remained fixed at an unnatural altitude. Both fear and fury blazed in his bulging eye.

Mr. William Upshott, the Major's manservant, watched sympathetically from the doorway.

"She said as 'ow," he reported darkly—"she said as 'ow you 'aving lived that long in a 'ot climate 'ud feel the cold somethink cruel, and she 'oped you'd find 'em a great comfort. She sent 'er love with 'em."

"Love!" exploded the stricken Major. "Love!"

"Yessir. Very forward, I thought it, comin' from a giddy widder to a bachelor like yerself. I ses to meself —"

Mr. Upshott broke off short, his wandering gaze caught by the Major's expressive eye. Impaled on that awful regard, he slowly faded from view.

Major Shawcroft hurled the bedsock passionately from him, and dropping limply into an armchair pondered miserably on a situation that was rapidly getting beyond him. He mourned for his shattered dream of a placid retirement which had not taken into account a widow next door.

Arch glances and coy suggestions he could cope with, but a present of bedsocks in May! . . . It was such an infernally intimate sort of gift. He felt like a besieged garrison whose defences had been pierced. Relief was imperative, and rising stiffly he went to the telephone and summoned it.

The relief arrived two days later in the stout and cheerful form of Captain Hickey. Sipping a whisky and soda, he listened attentively to his host's tale of woe, his cherubic features revealing nothing of the Machiavellian brain behind them.

"I feared this, old boy," he said, when the Major had finished. "You're just the sort of thing no widow could resist—like a saletime bargain."

"I wonder what the devil she sees in me," mused the Major, fingering his close-cropped moustache.

"Who can fathom the incalculable heart of woman? Look at the way they lavish love on lousy little Pokes and Poms, for instance."

The Major stared at him.

"But there's only one way to deal with a woman of this sort," Captain Hickey went on hurriedly. "In Transatlantic parlance, you must throw a scare into her."

Major Shawcroft uttered a staccato laugh.

"How?" he almost sneered. "My dear fellow, just wait till you've seen her. She's scare proof."

"Not if you go the right way about it," retorted Captain Hickey. "My idea is something like this. We'll invite Mrs.—what's her name? Brand, eh?—we'll invite Mrs. Brand and someone else to make a four at bridge one evening, and at an opportune moment you throw a sort of fit—wait for it, wait for it!" he implored, as the Major gave every indication of throwing one on the spot. "Let's call it a seizure, then. You have this sort of seizure and go all wild and violent, so that I have to hold you down."

"Oh, you do, do you?" interjected the Major, offensively. "And what then?"

"After a while you recover and become quite normal. But at the first available opportunity I drop a few hints to the widow. I don't say anything definite, you understand, but I imply enough to scare her away from you for all time."

Major Shawcroft, who had been holding his breath, released it in a long shuddering sigh. Then he slowly licked his lips. Captain Hickey checked the impending outburst with an upraised hand.

"That's the best I can suggest," he said quickly. "Take it or leave it."

The Major relaxed and considered the project in silence for a long time.

"All right, Stiffy," he agreed at last. "Matters are so desperate that I'll even consent to make a blithering idiot of myself."

They met Mrs. Brand on their way to the golf club the following morning. Major Shawcroft, greeting her frigidly, introduced his friend.

"So we're both having visitors," gushed Mrs. Brand, an ample, middle-aged brunette with a bold brown eye. "I'm just going to the station to meet my niece; she's coming to stay with me for a month or so." She turned to Captain Hickey. "How nice for Major Shawcroft to have you for company, Captain Hickey," she said. "I often think how lonely he must be with nobody but that dreadful-looking manservant to talk to. It quite worries me."

"He likes being alone," Captain Hickey told her—"always has done. Lonesome Shawcroft, we used to call him. He revels in solitude."

"But it's so bad for him, don't you think?" She tapped the simmering Major playfully on the arm. "You must meet my niece, Major Shawcroft—a charming girl!"

The Major exchanged a lightning glance with his fellow conspirator and cleared his throat.

"Why not bring her round for a spot of bridge this evening?" he invited, with the air of one delivering an ultimatum.

"That would be delightful!" cooed Mrs. Brand. "That is if Pamela is not too tired after her journey. If you hear nothing to the contrary, we'll come about 9." And with a flutter of her hand and a flashing smile she was gone.

"You know, old man," said Captain Hickey, a few minutes before 9 that evening, "the arrival of Mrs. Brand's niece is absolutely providential. She'll see you in this horrible state and advise her aunt to cut you right out of her thoughts. Things couldn't have turned out better."

Major Shawcroft grunted and chewed a cigarette nervously.

"I've been thinking it over," he muttered, "and I've decided we'd better call it off. I don't want to make a bally ass of myself in front of a stranger. . . ."

And then the door flew open with a crash and the stentorian tones of Upshott announced the visitors.

Unlike her aunt, Miss Pamela Warnford was a ravishing blonde. Tall and slim, with a pair of laughing blue eyes that wrought havoc with the susceptibilities of both warriors, she moved gracefully into the room in the wake of the gushing Mrs. Brand. By a curious undulating movement Captain Hickey concentrated his corpulence in his chest. Major Shawcroft, twirling his moustache, began to wonder if a lonely life was after all the best.

"We'll call it off, Stiffy," he mumbled, out of the corner of his mouth. "I've changed my mind—definitely."

"Eh?" said Captain Hickey, vaguely, beaming at Miss Warnford like a genial Napoleon.

"Call it off!" droned the Major. "Call it off, you ass! We won't do it."

"I can't hear a word you say," lied the gallant Captain, in a hissing whisper.

Major Shawcroft, in a perfect frenzy of anxiety, strove to communicate to his obtuse friend by means of ocular signals that he had changed his mind; but Captain Hickey, devoting a little of his attention to the cards and a lot to Miss Warnford, ignored him. Already head over heels in love, he was determined to carry the original programme through, if only to eliminate the other as a possible rival.

His opportunity came about an hour later when Major Shawcroft rose to get some more cigarettes. Leaping to his feet, Captain Hickey was upon him in a flash. He seized the hapless Major round the waist and, locked together, they hurtled across the room to plunge heavily down into an armchair.

"Keep calm, old boy," he pleaded loudly. "You'll be all right in a minute. Keep calm."

"Grrrr, grrrrumph!" grunted the Major, as the Captain settled on his diaphragm like a twelve stone blight.

"Oh, whatever's the matter?" screamed Mrs. Brand, rising in alarm.

Captain Hickey glanced round and smiled reassuringly.

"Please don't be frightened, Mrs. Brand; it'll be all over in a minute or so." He swept the walls with an anxious eye. "No knives or weapons he can reach, are there?"

Mrs. Brand screamed again and clutched her niece.

"Damn you—you—" panted the writhing Major, waving his long shanks in the air.

With great presence of mind Captain Hickey clapped a hand over his mouth. Major Shawcroft, equally adaptable, promptly bit it.

"Ouch!" yelled Captain Hickey. "Upshott!"

Mr. Upshott lumbered into the room like a runaway elephant. He stared aghast at the scene.

"Water," ordered Captain Hickey—"water for Major Shawcroft, at once."

"My Gawd, Sir," protested Mr. Upshott, "I daresn't! 'E never touches it!"

"Get it," snarled Captain Hickey. "Don't argue."

Mr. Upshott departed at the double, to return a moment later with a blackened cast-iron pan full of cold water. A smile of fiendish joy lit up Captain Hickey's plump features when he saw it.

Taking the pan from the quaking menial, he laid the sootiest side on his host's face and allowed the water to trickle slowly out. Joining forces with the soot, it spread itself lavishly over the Major's twisted visage, and finally vanished from view behind his collar. To both victim and spectators the treatment seemed unnecessarily protracted.

"Better, old boy?" inquired the Captain, closing a bloodshot eye with the last few drops.

"Phzzzzz!" buzzed the Major, blowing a shower of sooty water high into the air.

"I think he'll be all right now," Captain Hickey informed the ladies. He handed the empty pan back to Upshott. "You can go, Upshott."

Major Shawcroft lurched dizzily to his feet, humming like a dynamo. Streaked with sooty water to the waist, his inflamed eyes starting from his head and his moustache bristling with fury, he presented a spectacle from which the ladies recoiled appalled. His teeth chattered with his efforts to stem a torrent of offensive oratory.

"My dear Major Shawcroft!" gasped Mrs. Brand.

The Major forced a hideous leer. The ladies crowded panic-stricken to the door.

"I—I—I think perhaps we'd better go, Auntie," stammered Miss Warnford.

"I'll see you safely home, if I may," said Captain Hickey, helping her on with her wrap. "I expect you're feeling a bit upset."

Outside, he apologised profusely for his host.

"Poor old Shawcroft," he said, shaking his head. "I hoped he'd grown out of it."

"Whatever was the matter?" inquired the bewildered widow.

"He was kicked on the head by a horse a few years ago and it turns him a bit queer at times. Fortunately I spotted it coming on to-night and collared him before he could become really violent."

"How dreadful," murmured Mrs. Brand. "Poor Major Shawcroft! What a blessing you were there, Captain Hickey!"

"Yes, wasn't it," said Captain Hickey.

He did not return immediately after seeing the ladies indoors. Instead he strolled about the road, enjoying a cigarette and contemplating the stars. He considered even the most brilliant of them inferior to Pamela Warnford's eyes.

When he finally returned Major Shawcroft had almost finished cleansing his bosom of an overwhelming accumulation of pungently descriptive matter. In the centre of the room a stunned Mr. Upshott was listening to the closing sentences of an oration on blithering idiots who brought water in pans instead of glasses.

"Now get to blazes out of my sight," concluded the Major, in a husky roar, "you mutton-headed misfit!"

Mr. Upshott vanished with alacrity.

"As for you . . ." began Major Shawcroft, turning venomously on his guest.

"It worked splendidly, old man," hurriedly interposed Captain Hickey. "You were simply terrific. I'll bet she never bothers you again."

The Major wrenched his sodden collar off and pitched it into the fireplace.

"I'll talk to you in the morning," he said thickly, and slammed his way to bed.

But at breakfast the following morning he was surprisingly amiable. He spoke of the previous evening's events without a trace of temper. He was even mildly facetious about it all.

"If Upshott hadn't brought that pan in," he said, "it wouldn't have been so bad. I'll slip round in an hour or so and apologise to Mrs. Brand and her niece. Charming girl Miss Warnford, what!"

"I'll come with you, old boy, if you like," offered Captain Hickey. "They may be scared of seeing you alone."

Major Shawcroft cleared his throat and smiled lop-sidedly.

"I can't help that," he said; "they'll have to risk it, because this is an occasion when your presence would embarrass me. You understand, Stiffy, of course?"

He returned from his visit smiling broadly.

"That's that, he said, chuckling wickedly.

"You seem amused," remarked the surprised Captain.

"I am," replied the Major, with a diabolical grin. "And now what d'you say to nine holes before lunch?"

During the following days Captain Hickey pursued Miss Warnford assiduously, falling ever more deeply under her spell. All the well-known symptoms set in, including the inevitable loss of appetite, which the offended Upshott took to be a direct reflection on his cooking. The lovesick Captain felt his unworthiness keenly, and on mentioning the matter to his host was amazed at the vehemence with which that gentleman endorsed his opinion. For him to aspire to the hand of such a girl, the Major assured him, would be considered an indictable offence in a more enlightened country.

Major Shawcroft, though equally enamoured, seemed content, however, to let his friend make the running. He had the air of a man sure of himself and biding his time.

And, try as he would, Captain Hickey was never able to enjoy Miss Warnford's society undisturbed. Always she firmly resisted his attempts to draw her out of earshot of the others. There were times too when he caught her regarding him strangely, almost pityingly. He also noticed similar looks from Mrs. Brand, whilst the simple-minded Upshott frequently paused to stare at him with an interest which required a hanging jaw and a bulging orb to express itself. There was, he thought, something rather eerie about it all.

It was not until nearly a fortnight had passed that the lovesick warrior found opportunity to speak alone with the girl. Calling casually on Mrs. Brand one evening he discovered her sewing in solitude. Her niece, she said, was enjoying the moonlight in the garden. Captain Hickey, excusing himself hastily, said he would slip out for a moment and help her to enjoy it.

He found her at the bottom of the garden and, as befitted a man of action, went straight to the point. In a speech mutilated by nerves he laid bare his heart.

"Stiffy," said Miss Warnford, gazing sadly at him, "why must you say this when you know how impossible it is? It isn't fair!"

"What isn't? Why not?"

"You ought not to have said anything to me," whispered Miss Warnford. "You *know* you ought not. Oh, why did you!"

"Because," replied Captain Hickey, in hushed tones—"because I love you."

The girl played nervously with the lapel of his jacket.

"D—d—do you c—care for me, Pam?" breathed the Captain.

"Yes," she murmured, "yes, I do. That's the worst of it."

Wild with joy, Captain Hickey tried to gather her into his arms; but she pushed him away.

"No!" she cried. "Leave me! Go away and don't ever come near me again!"

"What—"

"Nar then," breathed another voice over Captain Hickey's tottering Eden, "don't act daft, else I'll wipe ye one over the ear 'ole!"

Captain Hickey spun round to find Mr. Upshott cleared for action and posed in an obsolete attitude.

"Shall I fetch 'im a crack, Miss?" asked Mr. Upshott, hopefully, moistening huge palms with repulsive relish.

"No, no no! Please go, Captain Hickey."

Captain Hickey went. He set a course for the house that took no heed of the flower beds. A trail of devastation marked his progress.

In the sitting-room he cast himself down on a settee and mopped his brow.

"You look hot, Captain Hickey," remarked Mrs. Brand.

"Hot! I should think I am! Pam's just turned me down flat, after admitting she cares for me, and then that poisonous Upshott blighter drifted up like a nightmare in shirt sleeves and formally declared war!"

"I expect he's been told to keep an eye on you."

"Well, I wish he'd keep his confounded eye on someone else. I'm sick and tired of eyes being kept on me. My world's been full of them lately—goggling, suspicious eyes!"

"What do you expect?" asked Mrs. Brand, severing a thread with her teeth. "And surely you don't suppose any woman would marry you, do you?"

"Why not?" demanded Captain Hickey, staring at her. "What's the matter with me? I know I'm no oil painting, but there are worse looking men than me. Upshott's worse, for one—much worse."

Mrs. Brand lowered her sewing and looked him straight in the face.

"Captain Hickey," she said severely, "a man afflicted as you are has no business to even contemplate matrimony. To tamper with a woman's affections as you have done is most ungentlemanly. I thought better of you."

"Afflicted!" raved the pop-eyed warrior. "Afflicted! Me? In what way, might I ask?"

"Surely we'd evidence enough of it the other night when you attacked Major Shawcroft so violently! I must say he did his best to make excuses for you when he called to apologise for your behaviour."

"Tell me what he said," pleaded Captain Hickey, after a strangulated pause.

Mrs. Brand coughed nervously.

"He explained that you were subject to periodic outbursts of that kind, and that a peculiarity of your affliction was to always attribute it to the person you attacked."

"Did—did *he* say it was due to a kick on the head?"

"Well—er—no. He said it was due to drink and the blazing suns of India."

A feeling as though he had swallowed one of the blazing suns of India swept through Captain Hickey and was reflected in his inflamed complexion. His brain worked feverishly. There must be no loophole in his next move, he realised.

"Mrs. Brand," he said, rising and pacing about the room, "I can see there is nothing for it but to reveal a rather deplorable conspiracy between the Major and myself in order to clear myself of his absurd charge. I will confess all and leave the verdict to you. I can only hope you will be as merciful as you are charming."

"Go on, please," urged the lady, bowing.

"Major Shawcroft is madly in love with you—did you know that?"

"He has shown little evidence of it," snapped the widow, acidly.

"Just what I told him!" exclaimed Captain Hickey, banging clenched fist on open palm—"just as I feared! Mrs. Brand, it is the unfortunate habit of some men—particularly middle-aged and sensitive men—to conceal their affections under a cloak of brusqueness. They don't really mean to, but they just can't help themselves. Now, dear old Shawcroft is like that. He has worshipped you ever since he came here, but he could not bring himself to tell you. So what did he do?"

"Well, what did he do?"

"He approached me, the most guileless and ingenuous of mortals, and I suggested—I regret it bitterly now, Mrs. Brand—the scheme that went wrong the other night. The idea was to excite your pity and create a situation whereby your womanly ministrations to his sufferings might enable Shawcroft to pluck up enough courage to declare his love for you, whilst I was out of the room getting—er—water or something. Pam's presence, metaphorically speaking, chucked a spanner in the works. We ought to have called it off, as I heard later the Major wished."

"But why convey the impression he was a dangerous lunatic?" demanded Mrs. Brand. "Surely you didn't think that would draw any woman to him?"

"That," explained Captain Hickey, easily, "was entirely due to unjustified jealousy on my part; it should have been heart trouble. In the excitement of the moment I forgot his passion for you, and seeing him only as a possible rival for Pamela, ruthlessly decided to blot his copybook for him. After such a reprehensible action on my part I find it rather difficult to blame him for his drastic revenge."

Mrs. Brand tapped her foot on the floor. The hardness in her eye gave place to a tender beam.

"How foolish of you," she said softly. "It's hard to believe a grown man can behave like that."

"I can hardly believe it myself," nodded Captain Hickey.

"And what do you suggest now?" she asked, sighing.

Captain Hickey lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply.

"Mrs. Brand," he said earnestly, "I do not know, of course, what your feelings towards Shawcroft are, but I have broken his confidence in telling you he worships the very ground you tread on, and after this—er—fiasco it is extremely improbable he will ever summon up the courage to propose. I think if you reciprocate his affections you would lose nothing in his eyes by telling him so, particularly if you explain first that you are aware of his great love for you. He's all alone at the moment," he added casually.

Mrs. Brand put her sewing away and rose.

"And you'll be anxious to explain to Pam, I suppose?" she smiled.

"I'm seething with impatience," admitted Captain Hickey, holding the door open for her. "I'll bring her round later and then we can all congratulate each other."

He closed the door after her and hurried out into the garden. Miss Warnford, drooping pathetically, was where he had left her. So was the bellicose Upshott.

Swiftly he explained the misunderstanding caused by the revengeful Major. A new light crept into her eyes.

"You can go, Upshott," she said. "Everything is all right. It was a mistake about Captain Hickey."

The disappointed guard ambled away.

"Darling Stiffy," murmured Miss Warnford, a few minutes later, "isn't everything just too wonderful!"

"Marvellous," breathed the gallant Captain.

"And to think," said the girl, "that Auntie and Major Shawcroft are in love too. When we're all married you'll be his sort of nephew, won't you?"

Captain Hickey stared for a moment into the future and shuddered slightly.

"Yes, darling," he agreed, "I suppose I shall. But not, I'm afraid, his favourite sort of nephew!"

P. M. L.

The Firing-Ship.

The classes from the gunnery school clatter across the gangway of the destroyer. Most of the men are youngsters and are just learning their jobs as guns' crews. There are young officers, too, who are learning to control the fire from the guns. A boat lies alongside the destroyer and, from her, a crowd of newly entered ordinary seamen are scrambling to the ship's deck. This is their first sea trip.

"All aboard, Sir."

"Thank you. Call the hands to stand by wires and fenders."

The destroyer's crew pushes its way through the throng of youngsters, and prepares to cast off the wires which bind her to the wharf.

"Let go for'ard; let go stern-rope; hold on to your spring."

"Slow astern both."

"Stop both; let go spring; half ahead starboard."

The ship moves out into the river, turns, and heads towards the sea. The men are drawn up on each side of the deck, and salutes are exchanged with various warships lying at buoys and wharves.

Once clear of the town, the gunners' mates sort out the guns' crews and organise the new entries into ammunition supply parties. Control men move to their stations, ammunition appears on deck, and the young sailors are lost and found a dozen times.

Bells ring and firing locks click as equipment is tested. The ship clears the breakwater and races to get into position relative to the target, which is being towed by a steam drifter. There is an ugly lop on the sea and the destroyer lifts and falls as she bounds along.

The firing commences. The ship reduces speed until she is moving slowly with the target. She rolls from side to side, and the new entries begin to look for the shortest routes to the guard-rails. They are gaining experience as feeders of guns but, when another hour has passed, will be very little interested in whether the guns are fed or not.

The controlled firing ceases when the guns are hot and the paint on them blisters and falls away. A pause to enable the guns to cool and the men to have a snack. It is noticeable that the new entry classes do not unpack their meal from its boxes.

In less than an hour, the guns are once more firing. This time, each individual gunlayer is on trial and the firing is continuous instead of in deliberate salvos. The gunlayers are keen and nervous. Mistakes occur and are rectified by brass-voiced gunners' mates. The new entries are hauled from the rails and made to stand to their jobs. They want to die.

The roll and pitch of the ship makes the gun-sighting telescopes describe circles. Now they point at the sky, and now at the water. The guns must be moved quickly to keep on the target.

Gradually the layers pick up the knack and compensate for the ship's movements. The shooting becomes more accurate. Just as the men at the telescopes begin to enjoy themselves—"Cease firing."

The shattered new entries cast themselves down.

Back behind the breakwater, the destroyer idles about waiting for daylight to fade. There is to be a night shoot.

The new entries recover and eat their lunches, teas and suppers at one sitting. The gunners' mates fall upon them once more. Empty cases to take from here and put there, full ones from there to here, guns to be sponged out. Ammunition and guns; guns and ammunition.

The men crowd around the guns in silence. It is dark, and no target is to be seen. There is a whirring sound and the beam of a searchlight is exposed. It makes little darts to and fro and then settles on the target. There is a sharp explosion as the starshell gun fires and, in a few seconds, the shell bursts and the red light slowly descends over the water. The guns bark all at once, and ghostly splashes leap around the target.

The new entries, sore and weary, stumble to and fro in the darkness laden with shells. They are harried by the indefatigable gunners' mates. The youngsters have no time in which to be ill. Ammunition, and more ammunition.

"Cease fire."

The destroyer slews on her heel and speeds for home. All hands turn to the job of stowing cases and cleaning guns. The new entries get tangled up with ropes and tackles, and cursed by sailors who are anxious to have things secure by the time the ship arrives alongside the wharf.

"Slow both. Stop both; turn up for'ard; slow astern both; stop both; make fast aft."

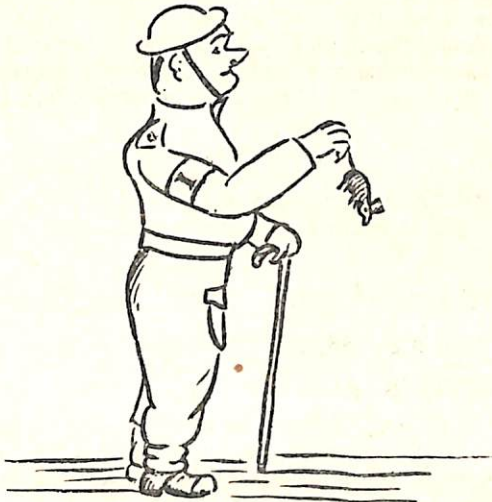
"Finished with main engines."

The classes from the gunnery school clatter across the gangway of the destroyer. The ordinary seamen drop wearily into their boat.

The day is over.

"ARCO."

WAR 1939



First Capture

S. Swift

Gibraltar, 1779-82. Le Cateau, August, 1914.

In the siege of Gibraltar of 1779-82, the old 56th, now the 2nd Battalion The Essex Regiment, was quartered in the same barracks as a battalion of the German Legion. This battalion was "either Hessian or Hanoverian, the latter I think."* The 56th (and apparently the Hanoverian battalion also) was afterwards awarded the battle-honour "Gibraltar."

At Le Cateau the 56th were given a position on the extreme left flank of the British infantry. A regiment of German infantry came out of some wooded country about a mile or more in front of the 56th and emerged into the plain, and advanced towards them in *close order* without any artillery preparation, and with no scouts out in advance.

The 56th scouts, who were already out, on coming in contact with the enemy, reported back his presence, and rejoined their battalion without giving away the show, with the result that the Germans fell into what was virtually an ambushade.

The 56th, or rather half the battalion, was in a dip deployed in single rank behind a thick-set hedge running parallel to the front, with a field of fire of about 300 yards, rather uphill; the other half battalion was kept out of sight in a similar shallow valley in rear. As soon as the German infantry (*still in close order*) began to come over the rise in front and partly down the slope, the leading half battalion of the 56th opened with rapid fire, and went on with it until the Germans came to a halt and then retired over the rise out of sight, and back to the wooded country from which they had first emerged.

In the lull that followed their retreat Col. Gore Anley, who then commanded the 56th, walked to the top of the rise down which the German infantry had advanced; and to his astonishment saw that the helmet plates and shoulder straps of the German dead that were lying about bore the word "Hanover."

The above incident was told me by the late Brigadier-General Anley who was commanding the 2nd Battalion The Essex Regiment at the time when it happened. The German infantry regiment was badly mauled by a much smaller body of British infantry not because they were bad troops—which the "old" German infantry certainly were not—but because they were badly handled. We sometimes find that truth is stranger than fiction.

F. A. H.

* Quoted from a letter to me by Colonel (afterwards Brigadier-General) F. Gore Anley. The German Legion was incorporated in the German Army in the 40's of the 19th century.

Standing Orders of the 33rd Regiment.

(Continued from page 185, No. 44, October, 1939.)

BARRACK REGULATIONS.

The Serjeants and Corporals of the different Squads are not to suffer any Soldier to lie in bed after the hour fixed according to the season of the year, by the Commanding Officer; and are to see the Beds made, and the Barracks perfectly clean before the Officer of the Day visits them.

A Man of each Room is to be warned daily for cleaning the Tables and Mess Utensils.

Each Man's name to be put over his Arms and Accoutrements, and the Name of the Company over the Door.

No part of the Bedding to be turned down during the day time.

Every Soldier is to go to bed immediately after Tattoo-beating; at which time all Lights are to be put out.

Making a Plain Coat :										
	The working tailor	4	0
	The master tailor	2	0
									<hr/>	6 0
OFFICERS' SERVANTS.										
Making a Plain Coat :										
	The working tailor	1	6
	The master tailor	1	0
									<hr/>	2 6
Making a Waistcoat :										
	The working tailor	1	0
	The master tailor	0	$\frac{4}{2}$
									<hr/>	1 4
Making Breeches or Pantaloon :										
	The working tailor	1	0
	The master tailor	0	6
									<hr/>	1 6
Making a Pair of Gaiters :										
	The working tailor	1	0
	The master tailor	0	4
									<hr/>	1 4
Making a Pair of Short Gaiters :										
	The working tailor	0	9
	The master tailor	0	3
									<hr/>	1 0
Making a Suit of Stable or Working Dress :										
	The working tailor	3	0
	The master tailor	1	0
									<hr/>	4 0
NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS' AND PRIVATES' WORK.										
For altering a Regimental Suit of Clothing :									<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>
	The working tailor	1	8
	The master tailor	0	10
									<hr/>	2 6
For altering the Coats of Militia Volunteers to the Regimental Pattern complete :										
	The working tailor	1	0
	The master tailor	0	3
									<hr/>	1 3
	An addition, should the Coat require to be turned		0 10
Making Regimental Gaiters, per pair :										
	The working tailor (finding thread)	0	8
	The master tailor (finding hooks, eyes, and buttons)	0	7
									<hr/>	1 3
Making a Suit of Slop Clothing :										
	The working tailor (finding thread)	1	4
	The master tailor, for cutting	0	2
									<hr/>	1 6
Making a Pair of Regimental Breeches :										
	The working tailor (finding thread)	0	9
	The master tailor, for cutting	0	1
									<hr/>	0 10

Making a Pair of Short Gaiters :

The working tailor (finding thread)	0	7
The master tailor, for buttons, lining, &c.	0	5
	—	1 0

The Quarter Master will settle all the Tailors' accounts for regimental work done every Saturday evening ; should any Tailor be in debt in his Company's books, the Captain is to make it known to the Quarter Master, who will then pay what amount is due to the Tailor for work to the Captain of the Company.

The above Regulation of Prices being calculated on the principle of allowing to the working Tailor One Shilling and Sixpence per diem for Officer's work, and Ten-pence per diem for Non-commissioned Officers and Privates, any particular work that may not be provided for in these Regulations is to be calculated upon this principle. The Master Tailor's allowance to be, of course, in proportion to the nature of the work done.

(To be continued.)

Field of Remembrance, 1939.

This year, owing to war conditions, permission was given for the Field to be held only on 11th and 12th November, and in a restricted form without any official ceremony ; the main reason being that large crowds should not be gathered together at any one point.

There was no formal layout in regimental or other plots ; nevertheless arrangements were made by myself and Mr. W. E. Battison, secretary of the Regimental London Social Club, to meet at the west door of Westminster Abbey with as many of the Regiment as possible at 10.15 a.m. on 12th November.

A splendid gathering, wearing regimental ties, representing all Battalions of the Regiment were present, together with former members of the Regiment from the Royal Air Force and Police. The party of about 40 then moved to the site of our former regimental plots, and there we laid out a plot. After seven badges and over 140 crosses had been planted in memory of all those of the Regiment who had given their lives in the last war, our party stood to attention for one minute in silent prayer.

I should again like to thank all those who helped us to make such a success of this anniversary in a year when things have been so difficult. Our plot was the only really organised one in the whole Field of Remembrance, and to have so many old comrades turn up proves what splendid *esprit-de-corps* still exists after 21 years of peace. There were eventually seven badge crosses and over 160 small crosses.

The following very kindly sent donations and badges :—1st Battalion, 1st and 2nd Battalions O.C.A., 6th Battalion, 9th Battalion, 10th Battalion, London Social Club, Capt. and Mrs. Bolton, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Cox, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Ince, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Officer, Col. and Mrs. Pickering, Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner and family, Lt.-Col. H. K. Umfreville, R.S.M. Harrison and the late Pensioner L. George (who gave me his subscription earlier in the year before his death).

R. H. D. B.

A Recruiting Yarn.

The trials of a recruiting officer are reflected in the following true story which we had from a friend who is an R.O. He writes, after commenting on the splendid material he has to interview :—" Every now and then one meets with students who are inclined to be either sulky or angry, and occasionally with a bee in their bonnets, like the one who declaimed loudly : " What is the use of me joining the Army ; if Hitler walked into this room now I would not shoot him, I would merely argue with him. I have no conscientious scruples, but the *Tongue* is mightier than the *Sword*.' So I said I thought the rifle was more powerful than either and sent him to the R.A.M.C. as a nursing orderly."—We rather pity his patients !

Personalia.

2nd Lt. L., somewhere in Burmah, has announced his engagement to Miss Muriel Byrt, eldest daughter of Mr. A. H. Byrt, C.B.E., and Mrs. Byrt, of Holmbury, Caterham, Surrey.

The Colonel of the Regiment, Col. C. J. Pickering, has been appointed to the Northumbrian Civil Defence Region as Senior Regional Officer, on transfer from the London Region. We offer him our sincere congratulations.

We hear in a letter from Mrs. Watson that she and Brig.-General W. M. Watson are expecting to move next March from their present home in Somerset to Munstead Oaks, Godalming, Surrey, where they hope to see past and present members of the Regiment, whenever they have time. There is a bus!

Capt. R. A. Scott writes that, as a welfare officer in Sussex, he is covering a lot of the country on a push bike or on foot, which he says is good for his figure! He has 28 detachments to visit, and 35 miles on a bicycle is his best day's record. His area covers 144 square miles, sea coast, downs and weald, and the downs he has to do on foot.

Capt. J. G. Lepper is being kept very busy working twelve hours a day with the Government Petroleum Pool.

Capt. G. Monkman, who served in the 2nd/5th Battalion in the last war and gained the M.C., in a letter to Gen. Turner from Peterboro, Ontario, where he went in 1920, writes (25th Oct., 1939):—

"Canada has mobilised a splendid division which will be ready for active service, if needed, by the end of this year.

"Thousands more are eager to join up and do their bit, but as we were caught short of equipment, our Government has decided not to mobilise any more until they can be taken care of.

This country is most anxious to do its share to defeat Nazism, thus assuring that life will be worth living as British and all Democratic countries desire to live.

"My own unit has started training again and we expect we will be called on when the next Canadian active service force is mobilised."

We are sorry to hear that Capt. John H. Moore had been laid up in Dulwich Hospital for some five weeks when he wrote to Gen. Turner on 15th December, and was still in bed then. After helping to complete the formation of the Lambeth A.F. Cadets, he was about to take up A.R.P. work when his old complaint laid him low. His son Dick is with the Gunners up north and the son in the Marines was hoping to get a ship before the new year.

Lt. L. S. C. Pickering, Royal Marines, the younger son of Col. and Mrs. C. J. Pickering of Fawley Lodge, Henley-on-Thames, has been appointed to the flagship of the Commander-in-Chief.

Mr. R. C. Oliver, R.N., of H.M.S. *Broke*, son of Capt. Charles Oliver, in sending an article for publication, writes:—

"Dear Colonel Trench,

"It was interesting to note that your daughter's marriage took place in Plymouth on the 4th of September. Needless to say, I was far away from there. I should certainly have taken up station on the kerb to cheer one of the Dukes.

" You may think that I am a lost sheep as far as the mag. is concerned, but I'm not really. It is only that I have had neither time nor weather in which to write. Concentration on anything but work has been almost unthinkable up to just lately and concentration on letters (even those written on typewriters) is a terrible job in a rolling ship. The weather in which this war has been fought is disgusting.

" Having more or less settled down, I looked through some stuff and found the enclosed article. It was written before the war and was the start of a series which presented various aspects of naval training, etc. Now affairs are such as to make me unable to promise anything, and the series might not see light. Still, here is this thing which you may treat as you see fit.

" Wishing yourself and family a very happy New Year."

Capt. H. Elmer, late of the 2nd Battalion and R.A.M.C., in a letter from his home at 14 Weymouth Road, Frome, Somerset, to General Turner, writes :—

" I enlisted 9th March, 1886, sailed in the *Orantes* (troopship) in October same year, arrived Bermuda after a very rough voyage about 24th October. Capt. Ruggles-Brice was my company commander and 'Spud' Murphy colour-sergeant, 'Larry' Bellew took over soon after, his brother was band sergeant; I note that no record was known of the band sergeant in the last issue of THE IRON DUKE.

" Glad to get away from the land of onions and lilies, we sailed for Halifax, N.S., where I spent the best part of my service, 2½ years, with plenty of skating and dancing. During our stay our officers entertained King George V, who was then Prince of Wales; he was serving on the gunboat *Thrush*, a unit of the North America and West Indies Fleet. I was servant to the adjutant, Capt. S. C. Umfreville, at the time, and had the honour of waiting on the late King George V. Sgt. Hoyle was our Mess sergeant. I remember Col. Fenn, our C.O., who had come from India, sitting on his horse, cool as a cucumber, drilling us, and we shivering with cold.

" After Halifax came the West Indies; we dropped four companies at Jamaica, one at St. Lucia, the remaining three, one of which was my ("H") company, proceeded to Barbadoes. Here I was employed as silver man in the Officers' Mess, no Europeans being allowed as officers' servants, Sgt. Hoyle still Mess sergeant, Pte. Lanfear head waiter, and 'Cobby' Webb next senior with 'Cockney' Cornwall as washer-up. I used to go out with refreshments for the officers playing polo; we had two negro boys as messengers, and I used to amuse myself by giving each a bit of sugar cane and a prize for the one that consumed it first. I disqualified one for spitting out the hard tack.

" It was in Barbadoes I transferred to the medicals, and was shortly afterwards ordered home with two invalids. I was very disappointed when the 2nd Battalion left for the Cape, my sergeant-major would not let me see the Battalion off. I should dearly have like to see Capt. Umfreville and all my pals of "H" Company, especially my bosom pal 1835 H. Brown. I served with the R.A.M.C. until gazetted out in November, 1919, as quartermaster and captain, through illness contracted on active service after being torpedoed on the hospital ship *Dover Castle*, after nearly 34 years' continuous service.

" While crossing the Atlantic in 1886 the weather was terrible. One night when the ship was rolling heavily some of us were in hammocks and some were on the mess deck when Kelly of our company said, 'Get out of your hammocks, you're making the ship roll.'

" Our company call was to the tune of 'Old Spud Murphy had three sons, Hollamby, Gilbey and Brown.'

" If these notes should meet the eye of any of my old chums of the 2nd Battalion, best of luck to you. I am 74 and still going strong, old soldiers never die, they simply . . ."

The Finnish Campaign.

(Received 1st January, 1940.)

For some weeks the campaign in Finland, in essence a sideshow to the greater war in Europe and on the seas, has taken the centre of the stage and aroused the interest and admiration of the world.

The prelude was brief and simple. As soon as the war between the Allies and Germany had got well under way, Russia set about garnering the share of the spoils allotted to her under the terms of the Nazi-Soviet pact. Eastern Poland fell into her hands almost without a blow, after the resistance of the Polish armies had been broken by the violent and repeated hammer strokes of the Germans in the western and central parts of the country. The three little Baltic States, Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania, saw themselves constrained by the overwhelming might and prestige of the Red Army and the Red Air Force to accept pacts which allowed Soviet troops and aeroplanes to be quartered permanently on their soil, and converted them for all practical purposes into vassals of their powerful neighbour. Finland was next on the list, and Soviet Russia presented her with a set of proposals which in like manner would have meant the loss of her independence, had they been agreed to. Soviet troops and air forces along her northern shore of the Gulf of Finland; the surrender of the territory in the Karelian isthmus, on which her great army leader, Field-Marshal Mannerheim, had built the formidable defensive belt which bears his name, in exchange for a barren and unwanted area of desert to the north of Lake Ladoga; and the loss of the valuable nickel mining area in her Arctic lands of the far north—these were the terms of the proposed treaty, by the acceptance of which Finland might have bought a brief nominal independence, as a puppet State of the Soviet, in exchange for the freedom and prosperity which she had enjoyed for twenty years, and had used to the hurt and menace of none. She refused to accept these terms, though still prepared to negotiate for others less humiliating and fatal. But Russia would have these or none, and after a brief interval devoted to the final preparations for the war of conquest that she had irrevocably decided on, she presented Finland, at the end of November, with an ultimatum: "Accept or be destroyed." We need not dwell on the ridiculous pleas put forward to justify her action—that Finland, a nation of four million souls, was threatening the safety of one of a hundred and sixty millions; that the Finnish Government, which has ruled peaceably for two decades over a contented and prosperous people, was a brutal and blood-stained tyranny the continued existence of which Red Russia, that paragon of civic virtue and beneficent administration, could no longer tolerate; or that the Western Allies, whose hands are full and more than full with a life-and-death struggle against Germany, were planning to add Soviet Russia to their foes and to use Finland—which their forces cannot reach—as a jumping-off ground for an attack on the Soviet. Not a soul outside Red territory believes a word of this farrago of hypocritical and sickening rubbish; and only a few Communist writers and agents have dared to say that they believe it—or rather have not dared not to say it, since their pens are in prostitution to their Red paymasters. A bad cause calls for a bad excuse, and Russia's attack on Finland is as naked and unjustified a piece of aggression as history has to show. And all the world has hailed with huge delight the spectacle of Finland resisting that aggression with heroism, skill, and—so far—success. The Red giant has not been overthrown—it is hardly possible, with so huge a disparity of strength, for him to be. But he has been made to bleed and howl and stumble, and held up to the amusement and contempt of all beholders, and the Finns, even if finally overwhelmed, as it seems that, without powerful aid from outside, they must be sooner or later, have taken a full toll of their foe and claimed a share for themselves of the glory that still haloes the names of Thermopylæ, the *Revenge*, and Appomattox, when brave men fought to the end against hopeless odds, and fell "not conquered but worn out by conquering."

Finland's strategic position may be briefly described. The country is something

like an hour glass in shape, some 600 miles in length from north to south ; its southern bulb, where all the larger towns and ports are situated, and the bulk of the population dwells, measures 400 miles from east to west, and the northern and smaller bulb, thinly peopled, and covered for the most part with dense forest, but containing the valuable nickel mines, over 200 miles from east to west. Between them is a narrow connection, barely 125 miles wide at its shallowest, an equally bleak and barren land. Against all these three areas the Russians launched heavy attacks which began in the first days of the war.

On the southern front their advance is severely cramped by the lie of the land. Just north of Leningrad, the former St. Petersburg, lies the huge inland sea of Lake Ladoga, leaving only a narrow belt, the Karelian isthmus, between its western shore and the head of the maritime Gulf of Finland. Even this narrow isthmus, a bare 50 miles across, is cut up with large lakes, rivers and marshes, and amid these have been erected the formidable Mannerheim line. So far it has defied all the Russians' efforts, even to break into its forward zone. Their main attempt has been made at the mouth of the Taipale river, which flows into Lake Ladoga from a smaller lake to the west. But they have not, at the time of writing, succeeded in setting foot on the northern bank of this river, and further to the west they have for the most part confined themselves to feeling their way cautiously forward over the No Man's Land between their frontier and the outposts of the Finnish defence line. Only in one area on the Finnish right centre have they launched a strong assault with the assistance of heavy artillery, masses of tanks, and flocks of bombing 'planes. But with heroic gallantry the Finns have held their ground.

Severe fighting has also raged on the northern side of Lake Ladoga, where Russian columns have been trying to wheel round the corner of it into the rear of the Mannerheim line. But here too they have been brusquely checked and are still held fast half way along the eastern shore. This southern campaign has been further marked by attempted landings on the northern coast of the Gulf of Finland and naval bombardments of the fortified ports. The landings have been beaten off, and the warships have, as was only to be expected, got the worst of the duel with the forts. The vaunted Red Air Force, after a series of short raids on Helsinki, the Finnish capital, in the first few days of the war, when it missed every military objective, but took some toll of helpless and harmless civilians, has since held its hand—hardly, it is to be supposed, from humanitarian reasons, but because of unfavourable weather, the unexpected efficiency of the hostile air defences, and the threat of counter raids on Leningrad.

The most dangerous area strategically for the Finns is of course the narrow central theatre ; if the Soviet troops could reach the head of the Gulf of Bothnia here, they would cut the railway running along the coast from Oulu to Tornea in Sweden, by which Finland can best get material help from the outside world, and would be able to hamper considerably if not entirely to prevent, sea traffic from Sweden across the Gulf. Here then the Russians, based on the line of the Leningrad-Murmansk railway, which runs along parallel with the Finnish eastern frontier, advanced in several columns across the high ranges which form a defensive barrier across their path to the Gulf of Bothnia, but they met very pertinacious and skilful resistance by Finnish troops who know the country well, and are expert marksmen, and skiers. Such progress as they have made at various points has had to be fought hard for and purchased at a high cost in losses, not only from the enemy but from the rigours of the severe weather and these last have been increased because of the poor clothing and footgear worn by the unfortunate Soviet troops. In some of these threatened areas indeed the Finns have been able to react vigorously and wrest from the invaders the gains achieved in their first drives. If the Russians here succeed in the end in reaching the Gulf of Bothnia, it will only be at the price of great efforts and much suffering and loss.

Only in the far Arctic north have the Soviet forces anything really tangible to show for their aggression. Here a first onslaught, supported by the Red navy and assisted by

some of their famous parachute battalions—whose efforts met with little success—was heavily repulsed. But after it had been several times repeated, the Finns had to give way before superior forces, and retired south-westwards along the so-called "Arctic" road towards the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, laying waste the whole country as they fell back, villages, farms, nickel mine works, and everything which could be of use or comfort to the enemy. This success has been up to date the sole fruit of the Red Army's campaign of barefaced aggression.

It is only fair to admit that it has been faced with great and unavoidable difficulties from the first. A fierce winter climate, for which the ill-clad and ill-shod soldiery were but poorly provided; short hours of daylight and long Northern nights which work in favour of the defence; a foe consisting of brave and skilful, enterprising individual fighters, operating in a country of hills and lakes and wood, of which they know how to take the fullest advantage—all these have set the Russian High Command and its forces a series of knotty problems. So far, however, the Red Army has utterly failed to justify the opinion entertained in many well-informed quarters that it is amongst the most formidable armies of the world. Its tanks have failed to do anything worthy of note; its artillery has shown poor marksmanship, and its munitions have been found woefully defective; its infantry is clumsy, wooden, and lacking in either dash or initiative; its supply and transport services have proved unequal to the heavy demands laid upon them; and the command and staff work seem at best to have been mediocre. In fact, the harsh verdict that so far the Red Army has shown all the ineradicable vices of the old Czarist armies without any of their compensating virtues would seem justified by the earlier events of the Finnish campaign.

About the ultimate issue of the war it would perhaps be unwise to prophesy. It is hard to see how the Finns, especially when Spring brings with it conditions less favourable to them, can indefinitely resist their colossal foe. Yet if ever a brave little people deserved to win through to victory and continued life, it is they; and the heart and conscience of the world would leap with joy should they by some miracle be able to do so. Meanwhile their valiant deeds and indomitable spirit in these days of disillusion and gloom have come like an invigorating breath from the saga days of the old heroic North; and even should the tale end, as do so many of these sagas, in death, and disaster, and the fall of the hero in the midst of a surrounding ring of dead and crippled enemies, history's epitaph will still be found in the immortal words of a French King, defeated in battle but not disgraced, "All is lost—save honour."

Reviews.

THE MAGINOT LINE; the facts revealed by a French Officer. Authorised by the French War Office (Duckworth & Co., price 1/-).—From time to time the public have been given brief glimpses of the nature of this great defensive work, the inspiration of M. Maginot, a sergeant in the Great War and later Minister for War. But it was not until war came again to test the strength of this mighty fortress that a full account of it was published. Naturally certain details of construction have to be kept secret, but enough is told in this little book for the reader to gain a comprehensive view of its nature and purpose.

The first chapter deals with the need for a strong defensive line between France and Germany after the latter's defeat in the last war, and compares the present work with defensive lines of the past. In Chapter II the general plan of the Maginot Line is discussed, and is illustrated by cross sections of a fort. The remaining chapters deal with the part the Line will play in the present war, with some mention of other French fortifications.

T. E. LAWRENCE. By Vyvyan Richards (Duckworth & Co. "Great Lives" Series No. 84. Price 2/-).—Lawrence of Arabia, to give him the title the British public bestowed on him, was a character diverse and strange to the man in the street, and even to many of his friends. Apart from his unique contribution to the winning of the Great War, his life has already given material for many books and he is believed by many people to-day to be one of the greatest men of our age. It is only by a study of these books and of his own great work, "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," that one can get a complete picture of him. This short biography, by a man who knew Lawrence well, is to our mind an 'appetiser' for those who do not already know much about him, and to them we warmly recommend it.

The book covers Lawrence's whole life ; his early boyhood in Oxford and later undergraduate life in the University ; his explorations in Arabia ; intelligence work in Cairo in the early part of the war ; and it then deals more fully with his great exploit of the Arab Revolt, ending in its anti-climax for him after the fall of Damascus. Finally his authorship and craftsmanship, and the last years of his life in the Army and Air Force are briefly touched on. At the end of the book there is a list of all the books written about Lawrence and of his own works.

EDITOR.

Obituary.

We regret to record the following deaths :—

DUNN.—In September, 1939, in Keighley and District Victoria Hospital, Herbert Owen Dunn ("Mickey"), late 1st and 6th Battalions, aged 47. Mr. Dunn joined the 1st Battalion as a drummer boy at the age of 14 in 1908, and served with them in India throughout their tour there, which included the Great War. He rose to the rank of drum major, and after his discharge joined the 6th T.A. Battalion as drum major in 1925. He held this appointment until his retirement in 1938. He had been a member of the Keighley Branch of the British Legion for over ten years. He leaves a widow and two sons. He was given a military funeral by his old Battalion.

SALMON.—On 24th August, 1939, at Southfields, London, Capt. G. Salmon, aged 73. Capt. Salmon was born on 25th September, 1866, at St. Osyth, near Clacton-on-Sea. He enlisted in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment at Colchester on 29th December, 1884, and joined the 2nd Battalion in Ireland and served with them in the West Indies, South Africa and India continuously until the end of 1902, when he was posted to the Depot, Halifax, as orderly room sergeant (Q.M.S.). He had served as officers' mess sergeant of the 2nd Battalion in Pietermaritzburg, and was promoted to colour-sergeant at that station on appointment as orderly room sergeant, a post he held until his transfer to the Depot. He served as O.R.S. at the Depot until his discharge to pension on 28th December, 1906. Salmon was a very good shot and always did well at rifle meetings both at home and abroad. He was in possession of the G.C. medal, and on 2nd December, 1937, was awarded the Meritorious medal with gratuity. On the outbreak of war in August, 1914, he volunteered his services and was granted a commission as lieutenant and quartermaster in the 7th Battalion The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. In March, 1915, he was transferred to the 9th Battalion The D.C.L.I., and on 19th September, 1917, was promoted captain. He served with the Ministry of Food from 15th January, 1918, until 30th April, 1919, when he was demobilised. After this he served for a number of years in the Ministry of Labour.

Sgt. Salmon, as he then was, was married at Capetown on 17th July, 1894, to Miss Elizabeth Dempsey, and they had three daughters, all of whom survive him.

Capt. George Bennet, to whom we are indebted for the above record, writes :— " During the last three years of his life he was in very indifferent health from heart trouble (*angina-pectoris*), but was always very cheerful whenever I went to see him, although at times he suffered acute pain. His death came as a great shock to me, and I have lost a pal of over 40 years' standing ; in all that time we never had a bitter word."

WRIGHT.—On 21st December, 1939, at Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, Major John Crossley Wright, M.A., M.D., late Medical Officer of the Depot, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, Halifax, aged 73. A full obituary notice will appear in our next issue.

War Office Instructions for Regimental Journals.

For the guidance of contributors of news and articles we print below the instructions which have been issued to editors by the Director of Public Relations, the War Office:—

1. No information must be published which might in any conception be of use to the enemy.
2. No description of modern doctrines as accepted in the Army, or treatises on tactical theories, must be given.
3. No description of modern weapons or equipment in possession of the Allies must appear.
4. News from units should not in any way disclose the order of battle of the Army, or any plans for its expansion.
5. Details of higher formations and publication of the names of commanders of units must not be given.
6. No units or stations must be named. There is no objection to referring to units by counties or other areas, as, for example, "Units in Gloucestershire" or "Units in Malta."
7. Names of officers should not be mentioned. There is no objection to Christian or nicknames, or to referring to officers by the first letter of their surname—*e.g.*, Capt. A. or to the command held by them—*e.g.*, in place of "Capt. Smith," write "the Commander of 'C' Company." There is no restriction on the publication of the names of other ranks.
8. The following typify the kind of article to which no objection could be taken:—
(a) Biographies; (b) reminiscences of past campaigns; (c) stories of sport and adventure; (d) stories concerning the domestic affairs of a unit, so long as neither the unit nor station are identifiable.
9. Photographs of individuals and groups are admissible, provided the background is either blocked out or is of a neutral character.

War Office Notes.

The War Office,
Hobart House, Grosvenor Place,
London, S.W.1.,
24th November, 1939.

9/N.D.C./159 (A.G.2.A/D.B.).

Sir,

I am directed to inform you that the National Defence Companies (Territorial Army Reserve) have recently been reorganised as Home Defence battalions of regiments of infantry of the Line.

These battalions are now open for enlistment to men between the ages of 35—50, fit for home service. Men are enlisted for home service for the duration of the war and, whilst serving, will receive current Army rates of pay and allowances. Those with previous service who are recommended by their commanding officer are eligible to draw military proficiency pay at the rate of 3d. per day in respect of their first three years' service.

Those with an Army second class certificate of education are eligible for the issue of educational proficiency pay at the rate of 3d. per day.

I am to say that any publicity which you can give to the above facts, through branches of the Regimental Association, or in the Regimental journal, will be much appreciated.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A. A. L. CORBETT, D.A.A.G.,
for Director of Recruiting and Organisation.

The Secretary, Old Comrades' Association (The Duke of Wellington's Regiment)
(West Riding), The Depot, Halifax.

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