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THE IRON DUKE

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

THE IRON DUKE



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

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THE LATE BRIG.-GENERAL P. A. TURNER, C.M.G.

The Late Brig.-General P. A. Turner, C.M.G.

The death on Sunday, 15th September, 1940, of Brig.-General Percy Alexander Turner, C.M.G., will have come as a shock to his many friends past and present of the Regiment. No member of the Regiment can have won such affection as "Peter" Turner (as he was called by his contemporaries) did during his long connection with it; and no one could lay claim to such a record of devotion to the welfare of the Regiment.

General Turner was born on 31st October, 1868, and was educated at Cheltenham College. He joined the 2nd Battalion from the Militia on 21st December, 1889, and served with them in Nova Scotia, the West Indies and South Africa. While in the last-named country he saw active service with the Bechuanaland Border Police during the Matabele rising, 1893-1894, and in 1897 served as staff officer to the Administrator of Mashonaland; he was assistant staff officer to the Officer Commanding the Mashonaland Field Force, being mentioned in despatches, *London Gazette*, 1st June, 1897. He was appointed Adjutant to the 2nd Battalion on 1st July, 1897, at Pietermaritzburg, and held that appointment till 29th June, 1901. After service in Burmah and India, he returned to England and served as Adjutant of the 3rd (Militia) Battalion from 21st May, 1906, till 2nd February, 1908. On promotion to Major he was posted to the 1st Battalion in India, serving with them until the outbreak of the Great War, when he went to France with the Lahore and Meerut Divisions as Commandant British Military Base Depot, being at Marseilles first and later Havre. On 11th December, 1914, he was promoted to the rank of Lt.-Colonel, and on 5th April, 1915, took over the command of the 2nd Battalion at Ypres, just before the historic struggle at Hill 60. In this battle, while superintending the attack on 18th April, he was wounded in both legs and invalided to England. For his services he was mentioned in despatches on 22nd June, 1915, and awarded the C.M.G. On recovering from his wounds he was appointed to the command of the 195th Infantry Brigade, Home Forces, on 10th December, 1915, with the temporary rank of Brig.-General, and later commanded the 224th Mixed Brigade. He was promoted to Brevet-Colonel at the end of the War, and was placed on half-pay on 10th August, 1919, retiring on 27th February, 1920.

On 24th January, 1934, he succeeded the late Lt.-General Sir Herbert Belfield as Colonel of the Regiment, and held the appointment until reaching the age limit on 30th October, 1938. This appointment was no sinecure to him, for he attended every possible Regimental social gathering, visited the Depot and the Territorial Battalions frequently, and not only took the chair at the Regular Battalions' O.C.As., but attended some of the Service Battalions' re-unions also. Meanwhile he carried on the work for the Regiment which he began on his retirement. For some years he was Secretary of the Regimental Dinner Club, acted as Treasurer of the War Memorial Fund, and started and was Treasurer of the Retired Officers' Fund, which he was managing up to the time of his death. But his heaviest work was as Business Manager and Treasurer of THE IRON DUKE to which was added his great help to the Editor, reference to which is made later. In addition to all this he had many interests and self-imposed duties in Cambridge, where he settled after his retirement, and where many past and present members of the Regiment have received the hospitality of Mrs. Turner and himself. He was the President of the Cambridge

Branch of the British Legion and the Victoria League, and a member of the Cambridge and Isle of Ely Territorial Association for a number of years, and President of the Cheltonian Society for 1937-1938.

General Turner was a great athlete in his day, distinguishing himself in many forms of sport. Whilst at Cheltenham College he was three years in the cricket XI and rugby football XV. In 1887 he had an average of 43 and made three centuries for the College, and he also played cricket for the Sussex Colts. He played for Natal in the Currie Cup Tournament at Johannesburg in 1898, and was given a bat for the best average. In India he was asked to play for the Madras Presidency. At rugby football he was chosen to play for Middlesex, Kent and Sussex in one year, and actually played for the last-named county. General Turner captained the Regimental cricket XI and rugby XV for a number of years. He was also a fine tennis and racquets player, and in 1890 won a gold medal playing with the late Brig.-General C. D. Bruce in the Maritime Provinces tennis tournament in Canada. While stationed in Darjeeling he became champion at Canadian or squash tennis, a fine effort considering the reputation of some of his opponents. He was a member of the M.C.C. and of the Army and Navy Club, where he was a familiar figure. His wounds of the last war always rather handicapped him, but in spite of this he kept remarkably active until the last year or so. Of late his health had been precarious, and the outbreak of the present war undoubtedly affected him very acutely.

He was married on 14th November, 1901, to Miss Isabella Gibson Binning at the Scotch Church, Rangoon, while stationed there with the 2nd Battalion, and they had a son, Capt. R. G. Turner, of the Regiment, now serving on the staff, and a daughter, Miss Katherine Turner.

The funeral, which took place on Thursday, 19th September, was attended by Brigadier W. M. Ozanne, Lt.-Col. S. B. Kington and the R.S.M. and oldest soldier of the 1st Battalion, representing the Regiment. A cross of scarlet carnations was sent by the Regiment, and a scarlet and white wreath from "the 33rd."

The following appreciations have been sent by the Colonel of the Regiment and Colonel A. Curran :—

It was with the greatest regret that I heard of the death of our late Colonel, Brig.-General Percy Alexander Turner, C.M.G. He served as Adjutant of the 2nd Battalion from 1897 to 1901, and it was as Adjutant that I first met him when I joined our 2nd Battalion in Rangoon, Burma, in the year 1900. At that time Peter was the only captain serving in the Battalion as all the others had either gone to South Africa with the Burma Mounted Infantry or were otherwise extra-regimentally employed. There are many others besides myself who owe Peter a great debt of gratitude for the way in which he fathered all the youngsters who joined during that year. He supervised our military studies, saw that we all carried out our social duties which in those days were more exacting than they are to-day. A kinder man never lived and his inspiration was such that we felt we could never let him down.

His regimental activities did not cease on retirement, but on the contrary retirement urged him to greater efforts. He took over the administrative work in connection with the production of our magazine, THE IRON DUKE, and did much

valuable work for the Old Comrades' Association, and on behalf of every member of that Association I say all are grateful.

His one idea was to do a good turn to others, to serve his Regiment, his King and Country.

Your friends salute you.

Good-bye, Peter, and thank you.

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

Newcastle-upon-Tyne,
18th September, 1940.

Dear Colonel Trench,

As you surmise, the death of General " Peter " is a shock and grief to me ; he was perhaps my greatest friend. He came to stay with me, whenever so inclined, and always brought sunshine.

To rake up ancient memories, it is some forty-four years since I first met Peter, and one of the last things I did, before leaving the 2nd Battalion, was to recommend him for the adjutancy of it.

Truth to tell, he was not very keen on accepting ; he hankered after something more active than office routine, but I had made no mistake in my selection, and from the moment he took it over, until the day of his death, the welfare of the Regiment was his first consideration, it was an absorbing interest with him.

His military career, and success, as Colonel of the Regiment, is known to all.

May he have peace. His passing at this particular moment, is the more sad, in that his help in so many ways, would have been useful.

Yours very sincerely,

The Angel Hotel,
Midhurst, Sussex,
20th September.

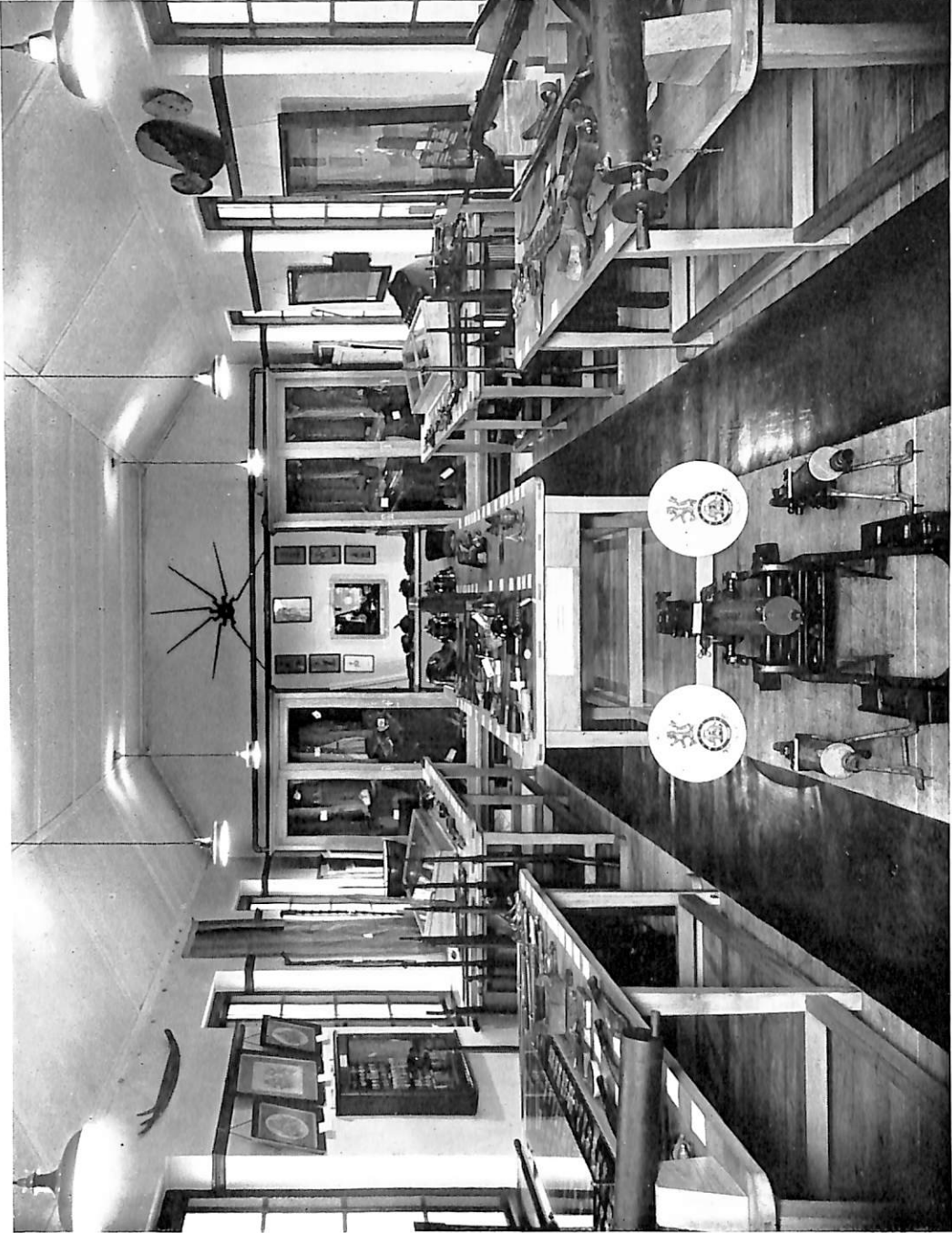
A. CURRAN.

To your Editor the death of General Turner is an irreparable loss. What was for many years an acquaintanceship (I had only served for a short time in the same Battalion with him), became on the inauguration of THE IRON DUKE a close and deep friendship that has lasted for 15 years. Hardly a week in those years has passed without a letter from him, and during the few weeks before publication letters were often daily. Copies of galley proofs were always sent to him at the same time as to me by the printers, and he read through them carefully, making notes in the margin of inaccuracies, misprints or anything he thought should be altered or added to. These comments were of immense value to me, and the high standard of the magazine was in no small degree due to them ; I don't know how I shall carry on without them, and without his support in other ways. In addition he kept me informed of the financial position so that the number of pages and illustrations could be kept within limits. His knowledge of past members of all ranks of the Regiment was of great value, and quotations were frequently made from the large correspondence he had with many of them. Personalalia and obituary

columns must inevitably suffer in quality from the loss of his help. In addition to all this he contributed a series of articles of historical value to the Regiment, notably "Ten Years Ago" and "Decorations and Medals for Distinguished War Service." The articles entitled "Thoughts on Sport" under the nom-de-plume of "Old Stager" were also contributed by him. But apart from his literary help he has even greater claims on the thanks of the Regiment. Soon after the last war he started "Regimental Notes" in which the doings of the 1st and 2nd Battalions were recorded from time to time; these were a forerunner of THE IRON DUKE, and it was chiefly owing to his initiative that the Regimental magazine was started in 1925. From the start he took on his shoulders the work of the business and financial side of the magazine, which was in his hands at his death. Probably few realise the immense amount of work this entailed, the keeping up of the address book of subscribers alone being a big task. The financial position of the magazine has always been sound, owing to his constant care and forethought.

Every year since 1925 until this one he paid a fortnight's visit to Llwyn-Celyn, when we used to discuss many points concerning the conduct of the magazine, and these visits will remain an undying memory with all my family. His kindness and insight were ever present in the daily round of life. One of the great charms of his lovable character was the way he could enjoy both the social gatherings of a London season, mixing with men of high position, and the simplicities of rural life in a country cottage, taking a delight in gardening, the gathering of a crop of fruit, or the repair of a lawn mower. One of my keenest enjoyments in his company was a yearly visit to Lord's, as his guest, the day after the Regimental dinner; and it was pleasant to see the smiles of welcome he got from distinguished members and from the gate-keepers. Then in the autumn there were visits by my wife and myself to his home in Cambridge where, in addition to his more intimate friends, he was known and liked by a host of members and staffs of colleges there.

It is with a heavy heart that your Editor continues his task without the help of that most lovable friend and collaborator.



THE REGIMENTAL MUSEUM.

The plaques in the foreground were removed from the entrance gates of the Depot at the beginning of the War and will be replaced at the end of hostilities.

THE IRON DUKE

EDITORIAL.

WHEN our last editorial was written, the German armies had not yet invaded the Low Countries, and fighting in France had been confined to sporadic raids. Then within a few days the war on land and in the air started in earnest, and in the succeeding weeks Battalions of the Regiment added fresh and inspiring deeds to the great records of the past. Some details, necessarily much restricted, are recounted in the following pages. No words can express one's feelings of pride in the men of the Regiment who took so noble a part in these great events.

As these words are written, on Sunday, 8th September, 1940, the country stands ready for the expected invasion of our shores, and even before they are printed fresh laurels may have been added to the Regiment's great and glorious past.

We much regret that we are unable to publish the casualties that the Regiment has suffered. It has been thought that to print those known, and leave out so many not yet given to the Press, would be inadvisable.

Late News.

The Regiment as a whole, and this journal in particular, has suffered an irreparable loss in the death on Sunday, 15th September, of Brig.-General P. A. Turner, C.M.G. The news was received when the magazine was complete and ready for the press, but we are holding up publication in order that a tribute may be made to one who gave such unstinted service to the Regiment and to THE IRON DUKE.

Miss Turner has very kindly consented to carry on for the present her father's work as Business Manager and Treasurer, and we are most grateful to her. Sub-editors are requested to send any business correspondence to Miss Turner, and all readers who should change their address are asked to send such changes to her. Address: Miss Turner, Kilsyth, 66 Storey's Way, Cambridge.

A Battalion lately in France and Belgium.

The recent momentous happenings in Belgium and France, particularly as they affected the B.E.F., are still vivid in the minds of all of us, and the emotions engendered by those days will not readily be forgotten. The daily press and the wireless kept the people of the British Isles, and indeed of the whole world, informed day by day and hour by hour as the situation developed, so that the whole operation, from the advance into Belgium until the final embarkation appears as a coherent whole. Units of the B.E.F. on the other hand were often without definite news, and often knew only vaguely if at all, the significance of moves they were called upon to perform. This article has been written to try and give an impression of the operation as experienced by one battalion of the "Dukes."

It is pointed out that any views expressed in this article are not official, and that there may be inaccuracies due to many circumstances, but every effort has been made to give correct dates, times and place names.

When the invasion of the Low Countries took place we were occupying a section of the Franco-Belgian frontier defences. It was generally understood that, if our help was requested, the B.E.F. would move into Belgium to aid the Belgians to resist the invader. The order to advance into Belgium found us fully prepared. Many times we had rehearsed the drill of preparing to move, and had once before done it seriously, when it was thought that the invasion of Belgium was imminent. This practice stood us in good stead, for the "real thing" proceeded more swiftly and smoothly than any rehearsal had done. Without much apparent activity everything was ready, and within less than ten hours we were only waiting for the time to come for us to cross the start line.

We were soon introduced to what is perhaps the most demoralising modern method of attack—dive-bombing. During the afternoon of 10th May enemy aircraft dive-bombed our Brigade headquarters, fortunately without success. There was intermittent bombing and other air activity locally throughout the night without any material damage being done.

On the morning of 11th May the moment for our departure arrived, and soon we had crossed the frontier, and we were in Belgium, which hitherto we had only seen from the soil of France.

From the first moment until we reached our destination the advance went according to plan, and the most critical of experts could hardly have found fault, either with the plan or with the execution of it. All the time there was aerial activity, but nothing happened to impede our progress. With no more excitement than that experienced on a routine move we approached Brussels and then the whole atmosphere suddenly changed. Thousands of cheering people lined the streets as we passed through, and gifts of chocolate, cigarettes and sweets were showered upon us.

More than ever we were made to realise the justice of our cause, because the inhabitants of Brussels knew why we were advancing and it was evident that their approval was spontaneous and genuine.

This demonstration served to heighten, if that were possible, the morale of our men, and after one night bivouacked in the outskirts of the city it was with high hearts that we took up our position on the line of the river Dyle, approximately 18 miles south-east of Brussels.

Steps had been taken already to inundate certain areas and some barbed wire defences had been erected, so that it was behind a broad defensive zone that the Battalion set about its task of digging in. This proceeded at high speed, and in a short space of time a very strong line was produced.

The routine of active warfare had been so well rehearsed in previous training that the change from static to active operations found us immediately equal to the occasion.

Aerial activity increased and the sound of bombing came hourly closer and more

intense. Ground actions developed comparatively slowly, and at no time was the Battalion subjected to the full weight of a frontal attack, though British units on our flank were called upon locally to resist very strongly, and our supporting artillery had on occasions some very good shoots.

Before a major action developed on this front disquieting rumours were becoming more and more frequent: the main line of Dutch resistance had broken; the Belgians were quite unable to hold the German advance as they had assured us they would; the French on our flank were only with difficulty maintaining their front under intense pressure.

Soon these rumours were confirmed, and information was received that the B.E.F. was to withdraw, to allow its front to conform with that of its flanks, which had been forced to retire under the weight of arms flung against them. News was also received of the break-through of the German armoured and motorised divisions in the Sedan area, but although this was known to be true, the extent of the thrust was not known, and it was not thought at the time that it would involve the whole of the Allied forces. Orders for the withdrawal were issued, and on the night of 17th May, after a stay of only five days, we evacuated our positions on the river Dyle, without having been forced to fight in its defence.

The early hours of the following morning found us in a wood about five miles from Brussels, and here we stayed for only a few hours before orders were received that we were to continue to withdraw. The Battalion was ordered to act as rearguard to the Brigade, and we were therefore the last to leave the position, the whole withdrawal being covered by a cavalry screen. Our return through Brussels was in marked contrast to our original advance, although the same hospitality was showered upon us as when we passed through. The inhabitants were bewildered and bombarded us with questions, which we were quite unable to answer, as the whole position was as obscure to us as it was to them. Most of the bridges across the canal on the outskirts of Brussels had been demolished, certain bridges being left for the passage of Allied troops. We afterwards learned that as the last light tank of our cavalry screen crossed the bridge that the Battalion had used, it was rushed by German motor-cyclist troops, the leading elements of whom were destroyed with the bridge.

The Battalion took up a defensive position about five miles west of Brussels but it was not occupied for long, as orders were received that at midnight the withdrawal was to be continued, the reason being that again the flanks of the B.E.F. had been left exposed by the withdrawal of Allied forces, and again we had to conform with the general line of the front.

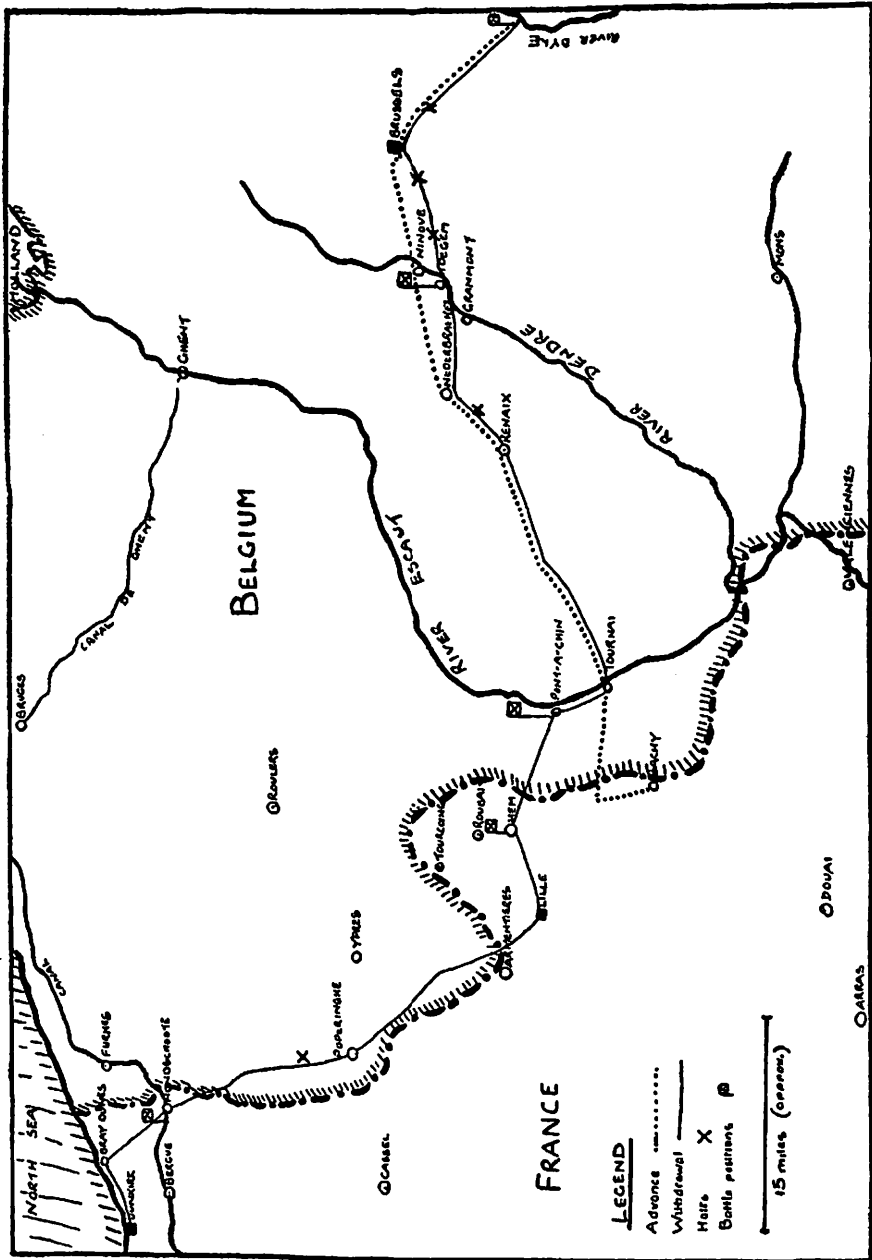
After a very difficult march, due to the extreme darkness, unknown country and inaccurate maps, the Battalion arrived at its allotted area, only to find that orders were waiting, instructing that the withdrawal would be continued almost at once. After a halt of only three hours, the Battalion was on the move again, until it reached its area on the river Dendre.

Here on 19th May the Battalion again took up a defensive position, and commenced to dig in. The respite afforded was very welcome, as the troops had been continuously on the move since leaving the river Dyle. A few hours' rest was all that was needed, however, before the weariness and exertions of the marches were put behind, and all energies were concentrated on preparing strong positions along the canal.

The morale of the men was as high as ever, and with typical energy work went on. By this time it was known that a serious situation had developed, and that the German thrust into France, far from being held, was increasing in intensity and was developing on such lines that the lines of communication of the B.E.F. were already impaired. This was not allowed to interfere with the efficiency of the troops in any way, and discipline and command never relaxed for one moment.

Before this position was seriously engaged on 21st May a further withdrawal order was issued. This ordered the Battalion to take up a position on the Escaut Canal, and

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the method of withdrawal was by march route to a wood north-east of Renaix, then by troop-carrying R.A.S.C. lorries through Tournai to Pont-à-Chin.

There was heavy activity in the air during the march, which took place in daylight, but the German bombers seemed to prefer as their targets the main Brussels-Tournai highway, which was perfectly straight in many places for miles, and which at the time was packed with a solid stream of slow-moving refugees. From reports received at Brigade headquarters established in the wood for some time before the marching troops were due to arrive, it appeared that German mechanised forces were rapidly advancing, and it was realised that there would not be a great safety margin between the embussing of the Brigade and the arrival of the enemy. By a series of misfortunes the R.A.S.C. lorries did not arrive on time and the danger grew very real. A defensive position was hastily organised, with machine guns, anti-tank guns, a troop of field artillery, Bren gun carriers, and our cavalry screen, and as the battalions marched in they were allotted areas which were to be fought to the last. Happily before this was necessary a certain number of troop carriers arrived, and in these and in the fighting vehicles of one battalion the greater part of the Brigade was embussed. The route to Tournai followed the main road, and the column, slowed up by the refugees, was bombed and machine-gunned throughout its length.

At Pont-à-Chin on 23rd May the Battalion started digging in, and as on the line of the river Dyle and river Dendre was quite prepared, indeed eager, to stand and resist the advance of the opposing forces.

This however was not to be, as already it was clear that the whole existence of the B.E.F. was threatened, and its communication with Britain in danger of being broken.

Thus it was that on 25th May, after more than holding our own in continual close contact, we were ordered to withdraw to the "Gort Line," the line of frontier defences on which the B.E.F. had spent so many weeks of labour.

As in all other instances, this withdrawal was accomplished without loss, and we established ourselves in our new positions. On this occasion we either outstripped the German advance, or they were content to leave us alone while they concentrated their efforts elsewhere, knowing that if our flanks gave way, we should have to withdraw also, but whatever the reason, for three nights we were left alone and undisturbed.

On the fourth night, however, when further withdrawal orders had been issued, contact was established.

The situation in the meantime had become grave, and the B.E.F. was almost surrounded on three sides. Lines of communication were completely cut, and to establish new ones through the French ports left open to us would take too long to be of any use. It became clear that it was impossible any longer to maintain the B.E.F. in France, and evacuation was the only alternative, and that was by no means certain of success.

In the orders for the withdrawal from the "Gort Line" great stress was placed on the fact that a tremendous effort was needed, and that the endurance of the troops would be fully tried. Hourly the situation worsened, and it became a race against time; for orders were finally given that we were to make for Dunkirk, from which port troops were already being evacuated.

Commencing at 10 o'clock at night, by 6 o'clock the following morning the Battalion had covered 25 miles, marching through Lille, between Armentieres and Ypres, through Poperinghe and on the road to Dunkirk. Conditions on the roads were appalling owing to congestion of traffic, and continuous bombing and machine-gunning was taking place. After a halt of less than three hours, the Battalion was on the march again, with orders to take up a position on the canal running from Bergues in France to Furnes in Belgium, about eight miles from the coast, it having been decided that our Brigade should have the honour of covering the embarkation of remaining units of the B.E.F.

During the course of the march, troop-carrying lorries of the R.A.S.C. were endeavouring to ferry marching troops to Dunkirk, and in this way a certain proportion of the

Battalion was separated from the main body, with the consequence that, when casualties had been taken into account, it was just over half the war strength of a battalion which manned the allotted area. This area was far in excess of that normally held by a battalion, and as we were on the left of the area to be held, the line turned at right angles towards the coast so that we had frontal and flank defensive positions to prepare.

Evacuation from the beach was being proceeded with as rapidly as possible, and as we prepared our positions, British and Allied troops were passing through to the coast in continuous streams. This added greatly to the complication of the task in hand, for the defenders were loth to demolish bridges over which our troops were still passing, yet there was a very real danger that these might be rushed by rapidly moving German troops, using our own troops as a screen. Masses of transport which had been abandoned obscured the view of the approaches to the canal, the control of traffic therefore being vital, yet very susceptible of error. After a day and a half the passage of troops gradually slackened, and warning was given of the arrival of German troops in the immediate vicinity of our forward positions, and eventually contact was made.

As already mentioned, there were no existing lines of communications, and no supplies whatsoever were being landed for the troops still actively engaged. Units became almost entirely responsible for their own supplies, so for example, cattle were killed, dressed, cooked and eaten on the same spot.

Vegetables were obtained literally from the field of battle, and even flour was found and converted into bread, not bread as we usually know it, but still bread. Weapons and vehicles of all types were obtained from troops passing through, and ample supplies of ammunition were collected from other vehicles before they were destroyed to prevent them from being of use to the enemy.

Artillery support was very strong numerically, but the ammunition was limited and the use of artillery was therefore restricted, although at times a very heavy barrage was dropped. At odd times detachments of various units were incorporated into the defence, but at all times it was very thin on the ground. The machine gunners attached to the Battalion supported us admirably, and during the course of the action suffered many casualties. The Germans made devastating use of four-inch mortars, which are very accurate and admirably served. In spite of the thinness of our line and the application of intense artillery and mortar fire, the line remained intact, and at no point were the enemy infantry allowed to obtain a footing inside our defence line.

The day after contact was made, which was on 28th May, enemy movement was observed on our left flank, which was immediately strengthened, and was held by a composite force composed of elements of several units.

This movement suggested that an attempt might be made to attack along the beach, and so cut off these men who were fighting so grimly to hold off the enemy, so that as many of their brothers in arms could be saved to fight again as possible. In spite of this threat the line never wavered in its steadfast determination to obey orders to the last. Hourly our pathetically thin line grew thinner, but it seemed that as the danger grew more acute so strength and courage were given to each one of those who lived and fought. Every man in those dark hours, consciously or unconsciously identified himself with Shakespeare's "Harry"—Henry V, and the wonderful spirit and tradition of England was never exemplified more splendidly than in those hours.

On 31st May, the task of these gallant men was almost done. There were not many troops within the perimeter of the defences to be evacuated, and orders were drawn up for the final evacuation.

Owing to enemy action written orders were not received by the Battalion for this final withdrawal before the zero hour determined upon, but instructions were given by wireless from Brigade headquarters that it was to be carried out at the discretion of the commanding officer.

At approximately 9 o'clock in the evening of 31st May the Battalion commenced

to withdraw. A strong rearguard consisting of a fighting patrol and Bren gun carriers was left to mislead the enemy, and to try to prevent any following up should it become known that the withdrawal was taking place. Whether or not the German forces knew that we were withdrawing will probably never be known, but if they did, then it must be a tribute to the fighting qualities of the withdrawing troops that they would not engage us more closely; if they did not, then our rearguard, for the last time, fulfilled its task with wonderful success.

The coast was reached at Bray Dunes, and the actual embarkation was to take place at Dunkirk. This involved a march of some eight miles along the beach, every yard of which was capable of, and indeed was, being shelled by enemy artillery either on the beach or outside the defence line. During the night aerial activity was on a far smaller scale than during the hours of daylight, and because of the concealing darkness, was even less effective than during daylight—not perhaps in the casualties inflicted but in the effect on the morale.

Dunkirk was itself particularly unhealthy. The enemy artillery had had ample opportunity of ranging on the town and beach and both these objectives, and the sea itself for a distance of anything up to half a mile, were being heavily bombarded. East of the Mole a huge fire was blazing, which was, the writer was informed, oil storage tanks which had been destroyed by the Allies to prevent the supplies of oil falling into the hands of the enemy. Elements of Allied artillery were still in action, and from far out to sea could be heard the deep thunder of naval gunnery, as our warships shelled the enemy forces inland.

The heroism of all aspects of the actual embarkation is something which is incapable of adequate description; the discipline imposed and observed by the troops themselves, the steadiness in waiting for small boats under appalling conditions, the self-sacrifice of giving up vacant places in boats to wounded—all these things we can understand and treasure in our hearts and minds, but no pen is capable of putting their true value down on paper.

Yet it was fated that most of the remaining men of the Battalion were to spend yet another day in France, for daylight came before they could all be embarked, and the embarking fleet of ships of all kinds had to be under way with their loads of tired but cheerful troops. So through a day of incessant shelling and bombing, men lived on the beach, with little or no food and water, and the thought that any moment an attack might be launched on the beach itself. This did not materialise and after what seemed ages of awful tortured inactivity, darkness came again, and with it that gallant fleet of ships to complete the magnificent task so heroically undertaken.

Thus it was that the Battalion came home to England in barges and sailing boats, destroyers and paddle steamers, having lost everything material except arms and ammunition, but richer in honour, and knowing that the high traditions of the "Dukes" had been worthily upheld.

G. R. T.

Special Order of the Day.

20th June, 1940.

After the successful advance into Belgium and the deployment on the river Dyle, I issued an order to the — Infantry Brigade expressing the conviction that they would give the enemy Hell but never a yard of ground. This confidence was fully justified by the action of all ranks of the Brigade during the subsequent operations. We never withdrew from any position or post unless ordered to do so and whenever the attack came the enemy had every cause to regret it.

Any demand which was made on the Brigade, however severe, was met cheerfully and efficiently. The leadership was worthy of the courage and stubborn determination

of the troops. I am very proud to have been privileged to command the — Infantry Brigade composed as it is of three such splendid battalions and the Brigade Anti-Tank Company who have maintained so well in these operations the traditional reputation of their regiments.

We are now faced with a different operation and one vital to all of us, the immediate defence of our own land and people. There cannot and will not be any withdrawal in these circumstances. If and when an attack develops the battle will be fought to the end in defence of the beaches. I know that the recent reinforcements will join with their comrades, who returned from the B.E.F., in preventing the enemy, at all costs, obtaining any foothold on our soil.

(Sd.) T. N. F. W., Brig.,
Comd. Inf. Bde.

The Brigadier's Tribute.

[The Colonel of the Regiment received the following letter from the Brigadier commanding the Brigade in which a Battalion of the Regiment served during the operations in Belgium in May last.]

Headquarters—Infantry Brigade,
Somewhere in England,
13th June, 1940.

Dear Colonel Pickering,

I am very proud to have had the privilege of having under my command such a magnificent Battalion as the — Battalion of your Regiment.

During the recent operations their fighting efficiency and stubborn determination were in keeping with the highest traditions of the past.

The Battalion was in close contact with the enemy from the commencement of the operations until embarkation at Dunkirk.

They never once gave any ground, unless ordered to do so, and on more than one occasion inflicted severe losses on the enemy. The steadiness of all ranks under heavy enemy fire, sometimes in very exposed positions, was exemplary.

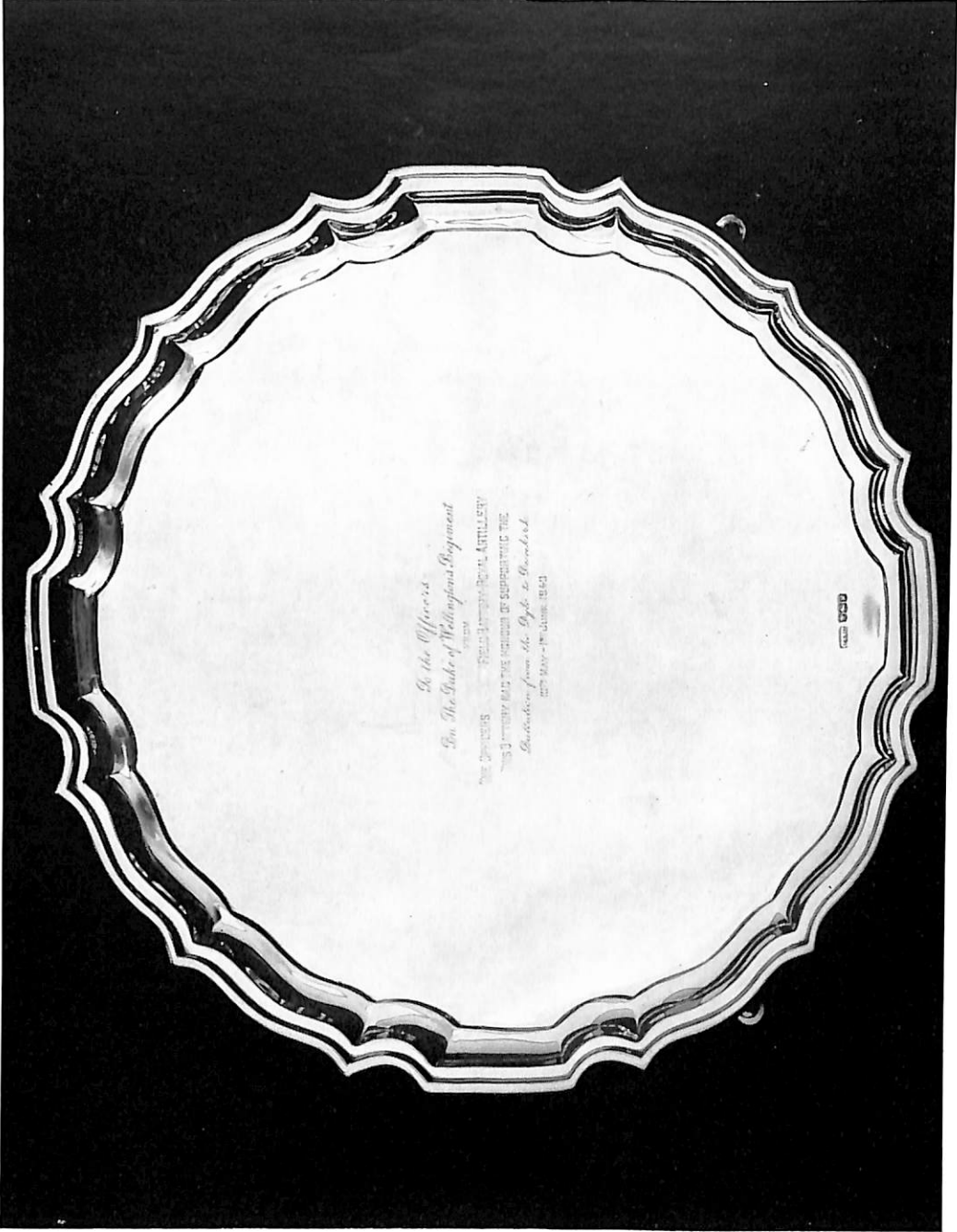
I would particularly mention the defence of the final bridgehead in front of Dunkirk. The Battalion was ordered to hold a very extended and exposed position. For the last forty-eight hours they were subjected to constant and heavy enemy pressure. No reserves were obtainable. It was essential for the safety of the force as a whole that their positions should be maintained intact until the final withdrawal took place. The Battalion succeeded in their difficult task as a result of first rate leadership and the courage and determination of all ranks. They carried out a successful withdrawal when still in close contact and still under pressure.

They were skilfully and gallantly commanded, while the leadership of all commanders throughout the Battalion was worthy of the individual courage and efficiency of the troops under their command.

I am afraid that this is but an inadequate tribute to a fine performance. I hope sometime that I may have the opportunity of giving you further details in person.

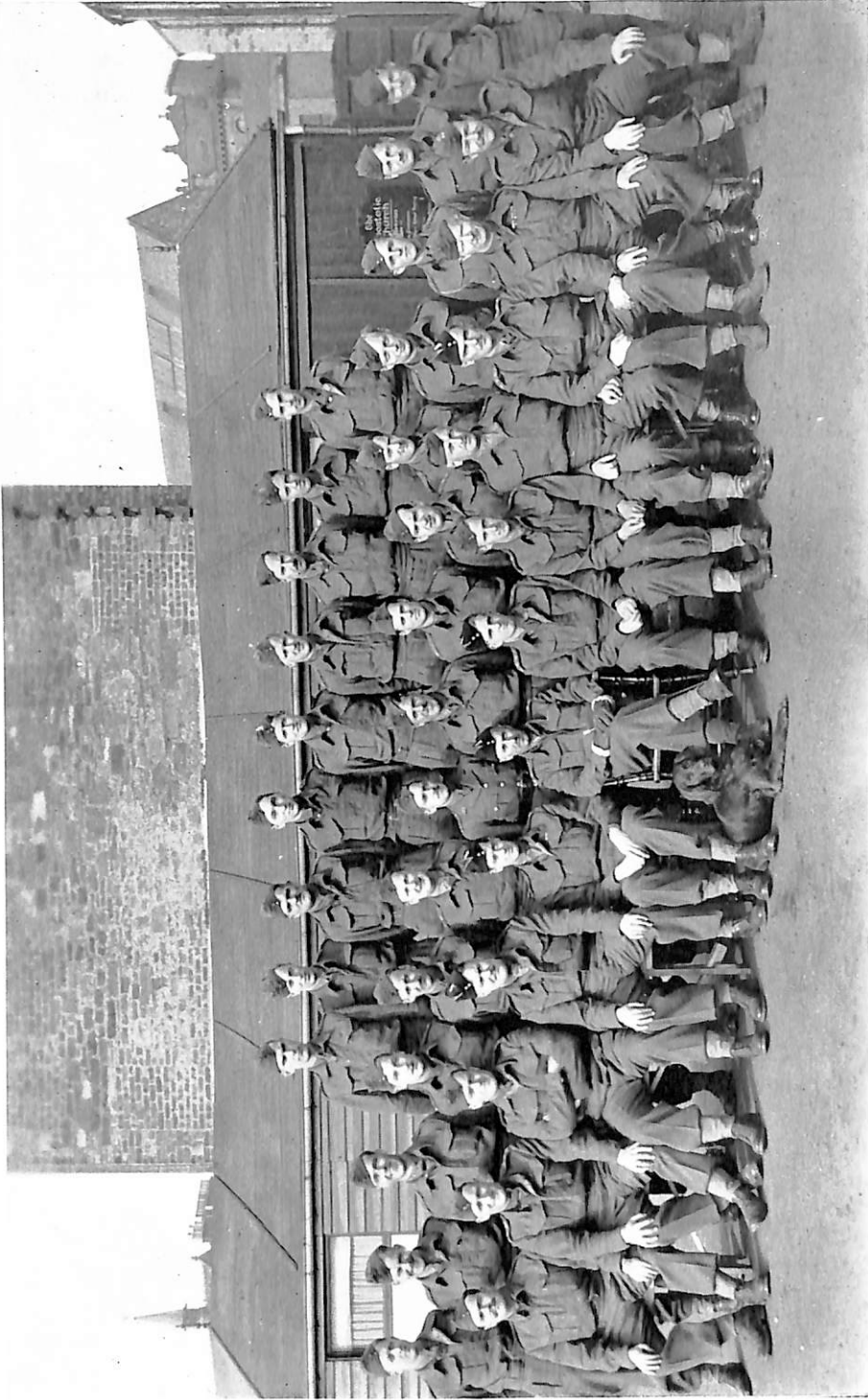
Yours sincerely,

T. N. F. W. (Brigadier, Comdg.—Inf. Bde.)



Presented to the Officers of the — Battalion D.W.R. by the Officers of the — Field Battery R.A. (See page 190.)

Silver Salver.



The Officers of a First Line Battalion taken just before Embarking for Overseas.

A Battalion in India.

Almost it appeared that there would be no contributions from India in this issue of THE IRON DUKE. The sudden closing of the Mediterranean route and the consequent lengthening of the time taken by mails from India, seemed to preclude the possibility of any of our notes reaching the Editor in time for publication. However, the new air mail *via* Africa has renewed hope that these notes will appear in the October issue.

The Battalion is at present very much scattered, two companies are in the hills, one on detachment at the Fort and Headquarters and the remaining company occupy our usual barracks. It would have been more correct to write, occupy some of our usual barracks, because a portion of these have been given over to an Indian Territorial battalion.

This reflects the intensification of India's war effort, from which the chief result to us has been a plethora of "staff billets" for all ranks in various parts of India. In spite of this depletion of our specialist ranks we continue to work with all the earnestness at our command towards the day when we shall have our chance of joining in the "real thing."

Sport has been confined to platoon competitions throughout the period, owing to the distribution of the Battalion in three stations, and company notes will be found to contain all the news of sporting activities.

OFFICERS' MESS.

Once more we have to bid a sadly large number of farewells; to Capt. Orr who left us for home, to Capt. Dalrymple whom we must congratulate on his entry into the Staff College, to Lt. Harris who should by now be instructing future officers, and finally to Major Cumberlege who at the moment of writing is on the verge of departing for Simla.

As a contrast we have the pleasure of welcoming 2nd Lts. Heaton Williams and Christison and one, whom, for some unaccountable reason, we failed to greet in our last notes—Lt. (now Capt.) Robinson, who joined us from the Sergeants' Mess in February; possibly our remissness was due to the fact that being an old friend we unconsciously did not class him as a new arrival.

The Delhi season died a natural death and possibly a timely death, and has given place to much hard work, and frantic efforts at economy. The Mess has become a mere skeleton of its usual robust self, owing to there being an average of six or seven officers with each succeeding detachment at Chakrata. However we are carrying on and have managed to uphold the honour of the Mess by defeating the sergeants on two occasions at tennis, by a narrow margin. On both occasions a very enjoyable evening was spent. A gala swimming competition has also been arranged between the two Messes.

We must here mention Lt. Steene, the doc', who is staying with us, and who helped us to victory on the tennis courts; what is more, we cannot help feeling that he has had something to do with the extraordinary billiards revival which has taken place. We have heard rumours of applications being made on the part of officers for the purchase of shares in the table—we cannot vouch for their veracity.

The officers of the hill detachment at Chakrata are the guests of the Leicestershire Regiment, who have proved to be excellent hosts; they have even gone so far as to let us beat them at hockey (officers' and sergeants' Messes combined). We feel that we should not end without some small mention of our offspring at the Fort; they tell us in their usual independent sort of way that they are warm, but comparatively happy.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Since April the Mess has been further split up by the departure of hill detachments for periods of the hot weather.

Our social activities included entertaining the members of H.E. the Viceroy's band to a swim, tea and social evening. The combined efforts of our members and our guests constituted a very enjoyable evening.

We have played both the officers and the corporals at several different friendly games, and our hockey and soccer sides are quite good. In June a tennis tournament was held amongst the members, and we have twice played the officers. On both occasions we were narrowly beaten, but the result of this competition play is an improvement in our standard of tennis.

An attractive facility now afforded to our members is the use of the swimming bath from 9 to 11 p.m. nightly. We hope shortly to challenge both the officers and the corporals to aquatic sport. Social evenings have been held with our Fort detachment and with the corporals. We have derived much enjoyment from the same.

To those (too numerous to mention by name) who have departed we wish good luck, and extend congratulations to those who have been promoted to take their places and to those already within the Mess who have been further promoted.

COMPANY NOTES.

HEADQUARTER COMPANY.—With the exception of a swimming gala, sport has been confined to group and platoon competitions and is discussed under group headings. Mention must be made of the company swimming teams. At the Battalion swimming gala "H.Q." "A" (Band and Drums) finished a close second to "A" Company, but "H.Q." "B" (Employed and Support Platoon) were only one point behind them, after putting up a great show in the final of the water polo to defeat "A" Company by two goals to one.

The Band and Drums have now gone to the hills, whence the Signal Platoon has just returned; the remainder of the Company continues in Delhi doing everything possible to keep cool.

We would like to congratulate L/Cpl. Sanderson on being runner-up in the Battalion open tennis singles, and L/Cpl. Shearer (with Pte. Hirst of "B" Company) on winning the doubles.

We welcome to the Company 2nd Lt. Baxter and 2nd Lt. Boxall, and offer congratulations to Cpl. Thompson on the birth of his son, and to Sgt. Hall, Sgt. Lyons and Cpl. Boyle on their recent promotions.

GROUPS.—SIGNAL PLATOON.—We have just had a two months' pleasant stay in the hills. We did well at sport in platoon competitions and defeated the signal platoon of a battalion of The Leicestershire Regiment at soccer. We have said good-bye to most of our old "hands" who have left us for work on W/T stations in India. We welcome 2nd Lt. Boxall to the platoon and hope his stay with us will be pleasant. We congratulate Cpl. Gilliver on his promotion and L/Cpl. Cooke and L/Cpl. Winfield on their appointments.

SUPPORT PLATOON.—As these notes are being written we are suffering the untold agonies and discomforts of the hot season on the plains, and are impatiently looking forward to our move to the hills in the near future. The splendid tradition of Support Platoon is still being upheld in sport. At a recent Battalion swimming gala "H.Q." "B" (mainly Support Platoon, of course) kept the flag flying. Our congratulations to Cpl. Hamilton on his promotion and to Ba, Ho, Do, He, Da and B1 on their appointments.

DRUMS.—The Drums have had few chances to play any games as a team but individuals continue to distinguish themselves in all forms of sport. Most notable of these are Cpl. Dunn and Dmr. Fidment. The latter apparently has an inexhaustible supply of energy for all games, whatever the weather. The standard of drumming continues as high as ever, and the Drums have acquitted themselves with credit on their few recent public appearances.

The Intelligence Section is now formed from the Drums, and 2nd Lt. Baxter as Intelligence Officer looks after our interests. We have put in a lot of work with maps and compasses, and at semaphore and first aid. Our Section is enthusiastic and interested, though a little more control of the powerful lungs induced by bugling would apparently be appreciated when on our intelligence work at night.

" B " COMPANY.—When the sun began to come into its own, a part of our Company left us for a more temperate clime. The remainder of us sweltered on the plains for two months, but now we are united once more and all in the hills.

There has only been one inter-company competition since our last notes—*i.e.*, the swimming. Nobly aided by 2nd Lt. Williams we managed to win two events although we finished fourth. Our greatest success was in the variety race, our team having been a red-hot tip amongst the bearers for months. It is rumoured that several have since retired on their winnings.

A feature of the Company at the moment is the number of employed men. The number of regular " verandah-cleaners " is one of the minor wonders of the Battalion.

Finally we would like to congratulate C.S.M. Jones on his promotion, and welcome 2nd Lt. Williams to our fold.

" C " COMPANY.—Since our last notes we have spent some time in each of the three stations in which the Battalion is at present distributed. Our notes could be made to read like a guide-book for a Cook's tour.

We had two very enjoyable months in the hills, and blessed with consistently fine weather, put in some good training and enjoyed many competitive games. We had platoon competitions at soccer and hockey, and reached a very high standard of play for this class of game.

We must not omit mention of our " hiking parties " across the hills, when parties of six set out for a four or five days' hike on successive week-ends. The very first of these, headed by two very senior and toughened warriors, which was to be a shining example to future parties, accomplished the outward trek in good style but has never really offered a satisfactory explanation as to why it found it necessary to embus for the return journey.

We have been comparatively fortunate in keeping our personnel constant during recent months, but must not lose this opportunity of wishing good luck to P.S.M. Bell who has left us for—Shsh.

" D " COMPANY.—In the middle of April we moved from cantonment to Fort, which was a welcome change from the dust of the barracks. The Fort is always reputed to be the hottest place in Delhi, but at least one has plenty of green playing field, which is so lacking in barracks.

We made full use of the ground and ran an inter-platoon competition at every possible game, from soccer to dominoes; No. 17 Platoon were the winners of this many-sided competition. Games were played against companies from cantonments and against local civilian teams, and our sides were very successful. We did not distinguish ourselves in the inter-company swimming, but this was only to be expected as our practice bath was only " five-strokes long."

After two months of the Fort, we came up to Chakrata, where we are at present enjoying a respite from the prickly heat and other pleasures of summer on the plains. We welcome three new officers to the Company, 2nd Lts. Kavanagh, Simonds and Roberts, and three new sergeants, Kennedy, Vanspall and Healey. Congratulations on their promotion to Sgts. Vanspall and Gallagher and to L/Sgt. Bird.

PIG-STICKING.

Since hunting finished about the end of February, a small band of enthusiasts have turned their attention to pig-sticking.

Hunting usually takes place on Thursdays and Sundays, but during May the tent club occupied a permanent camp about sixty miles away to which we went at week-ends. Owing to lack of rain in the last three years the celebrated grass jungles have disappeared, and hunting has been confined to the very thick jhow country by the river. Consequently the number of pigs killed has been disappointing. However, we all enjoyed our first taste of a very thrilling sport.

On Sunday mornings when there is no pig-sticking there are paper-chases organised by the local "Light Horse" unit. Competition is keen and the exercise promotes a happy thirst. The hog-hunters include Harris, Jones-Stamp, Burton, Firth and Heaton.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

A much-delayed monsoon has lately given us an opportunity to re-commence rugger, and with the return of a large detachment from the hills in the very near future, much useful practice for the coming winter's fixtures will be possible.

With the few platoons at our disposal in cantonment we have already played an inter-platoon competition on a handicap basis. The platoons of Headquarter Company who have many experienced players were put on scratch, No. 14 Platoon on 3 points, Signal Platoon on 5, No. 15 Platoon on 6 and No. 13 Platoon on 9. The final was a drawn game between No. 14 and No. 13 after extra time, the score being 9 points each. Great keenness was shown by all platoons and there was a marked improvement in the standard of play as the competition progressed.

Prospects for the Battalion side in the coming winter look good. There have been suggestions of matches to be played for war charities. We have many ready-made players among our newly-joined officers and are looking forward to some really good rugger.

DEPOT NEWS.

OFFICERS' MESS.

THE past four months has again witnessed a tremendous turnover in the personnel of the Mess. We have been used as a clearance house for officers of the Regiment, both Regular and Territorial, and this, combined with the normal outflow from the O.C.T.U.S., has made it difficult to remember names and characteristics.

The hectic days at the beginning of June, during which we seem to have entertained the majority of the officers of the returning B.E.F., have been followed by the formation of offspring, which now number three; the — Holding Battalion, commanded by "Chatty," has, under the able midwifery of Rupert Carey, already found its eye-teeth; the 8th Battalion, commanded by our "Boy," with "Paddy" Everard as second in command and our "Jeff" as adjutant; the 9th Battalion, with "Cocky" as second in command and now a full-blown major—we speak figuratively! The formation of these Battalions nearly denuded us of Regular officers, but several casualties have since arrived and we are now of normal strength.

A few personal items—B.Rs. first!

The C.O. is still with us and though his hair is getting thinner his enthusiasm is unabated and we understand he is likely to take week-end leave before the end of the year. "Bun" also is still with us and he finds time for an occasional round of golf, during which he hits prodigious distances from the tee with a No. 2 iron; when he takes to wood he will undoubtedly be able to drive the first green at Ogden. Jimmy Davidson, after teaching us all a great deal concerning bridging, is, we hear, resuming his R.E. activities near Sheffield, and has, incidentally, left an aching void in Halifax. Ken Gregory, after a hectic time in Norway, has returned to his seat on the curb; he seems to have developed a liking for the Weald, and we understand this is not entirely due to his anxiety concerning the hop crop; developments are expected at any moment, as we heard him cackling in

the bath the other morning. "Charlie" is getting quite fat again and he seems to be reconciled and less sensitive about it; in spite of his avoirdupois he still hits the cricket ball with great gusto and scored nearly a century in an officers versus other ranks match at the beginning of August.

"Franky" and Orr arrived suddenly and departed hurriedly after a few days. During the former's sojourning the Museum was closed and he has now sought the green pastures and, we hope, still waters; Orr has become B.M. somewhere in England.

Hugh le M., who had been cadre officer, departed for the far north in great excitement; we hope "Cookie" had the band out to welcome him.

Turning to the B.R.A.R.O. "Joe" is still here; he has recently taken up motor-cycling as a hobby; we understand field officers, like brigadiers, are allowed a pillion.*

"Bill" Skinner is carrying on the "Cocky" tradition and the writer is still hoping that he may ride in an Army vehicle one of these days, as there are signs that Bill is becoming human. "Swithy," of the soft voice and kindly disposition, after being a general factotum, is now commanding a company and has earned promotion; our congratulations.

We are very glad to welcome a Trench once again, even though it has taken him some time to decide that the "Dukes" are *The Regiment*.

Lastly the B.Ts. "Fred" has found his vocation as messing officer and is a good advertisement for this department; our John B. is proving as successful in raising soldiers as he is in raising pedigree cattle in the piping times of peace; we have recently been reinforced by two local industrial magnates, J. L. P. and R. H. H.; both make up in enthusiasm what they lack in inches and are now commanding companies.

Much of our "spare" time is taken up in training the H.G. with "Creepy," now second-in-command, as tactician-in-chief.

Golf still goes on when we get the time, and we have had two evening cricket matches against the men; we had received challenges from officers in other units and we hope to report in our next issue that these have been successfully dealt with.

P.S.—Can anyone send news of "Jock" B. We have written him numerous letters, some conciliatory and others abusive—the rest is silence.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Since our last notes there has been little to report except that again we have had a lot of changes in the Mess, due to promotions and postings to new units. It is worth noting that despite these changes in the staff we have been able to keep our standard of drill and training as high as ever it was.

One event of major importance was the arrival of the B.E.F. from Dunkirk. We took several hundred officers, N.C.Os. and men into the I.T.C. for accommodation, etc.; and although they had such a rough time coupled with the fact that our arrangements could not of necessity be exactly "Hore-Belishaish," they were very grateful for the little we could do for them and in return their conduct during the whole of their stay was exemplary.

We have had little in the way of entertainment in the Mess owing, of course, to the high pressure that everybody has to work at these days; but we have had Len Taylor and his Gang up to the Mess for a smoker, to which all the officers were invited, and everybody voted it an enjoyable evening. These shows are particularly valuable, inasmuch as they tend to get the officers and members of the Mess together and break the ice between new officers and new members. After the show everybody feels that they have known each other years, and this helps to cement that good feeling that has always existed between officers and N.C.Os. in the Regiment in the past.

* *Vide* W.O. letter M/DU/CK/TA/NK—for the use of!

In conclusion, we take this opportunity to congratulate all those who have been promoted to higher ranks in the Mess and also to those who have come in to the Mess since our last notes, and wish them every success in their new spheres.

CORPORALS' MESS.

No sooner do we become familiar with the faces of the members of the Mess, than we see them go, and the Mess fills up with a brand new complement *via* the cadre. Thus, trying to remember faces and just what has been what, is well nigh impossible.

In the early days of June we shared the Mess with *all* the corporals and lance-corporals in the returning B.E.F.—or so it seemed as we waited eons in terrific queues for our morning cup of tea. We were, nevertheless, glad to have them with us for the short time they stayed.

During the last four months we have “tripped the light fantastic” several times—in the case of some members “fantastic” is absolutely right!—and we hope to have more dances from time to time.

Early in July the members of the Thrum Hall Social Club very kindly, and most successfully, entertained us in their club to a social evening. We hope to reciprocate their kindness in the near future. The club also permitted us to use their premises on the occasion of one of our “hops,” at which the cast of the current week’s show at the Halifax Palace generously entertained us later in the evening.

We have had the billiard table re-covered and now actually receive money for games played! Our new attendant—the 50th in line of succession, I think, since September last—“does” it most beautifully each morning and has never been known to lose a “hundred-up” on it yet. We hear that there may be a possibility of having a snooker set when the “market” falls.

One of the members, some days ago, made a tentative suggestion to the R.S.M. about a trip to Blackpool for the Mess; the S.M. cleared his throat vigorously and said “he’d had some.” We think we know what he meant, and the subject will *not* be pursued!

In conclusion, we should like here to offer congratulations to all who have left the Corporals’ for the Sergeants’ Mess and wish all success to those members who have departed to pastures new.

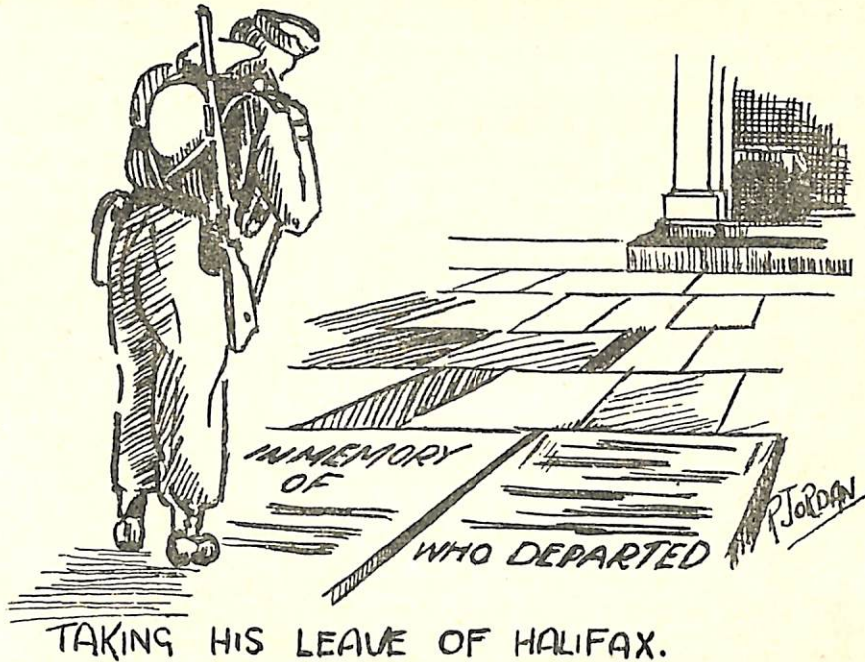
DEPOT COMPANY.

DE PROFUNDIS.

From the deepest depths of this smoke-laden valley, Depot Company looks up at its parent Depot resting on the heights and wonders what ghoulish humour possessed the Commanding Officer to accommodate his drafting company amongst the grave-stones of the elders of this town. For hundreds of men dispatched to fighting units, the last sight of this town has been the stone to the memory of Squire Ratcliffe, or that of the other wag who inscribed his wife’s tombstone with “The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.”

Or was it humour at all? We have learnt by now that a commanding officer of a unit such as ours omits nothing from his training programme which could raise the standard of his men in body, mind and spirit. There is a finesse about modern training. Are we being trained without realising it? Is this a part of a grim and horrid Teutonic system of training—a sort of psychological finishing off?

Be that as it may, we can “take it.” Many and varied have been our vicissitudes. Once the glory of the Depot, spreading our wings over the town, we were swallowed piecemeal by voracious appetites. How are the mighty fallen? We became but hewers of wood and drawers of water.



Only a few of our old "characters" remain with us. It is a long time now since we lost our C.S.M. who now inhabits those ethereal spheres which are the R.S.M.'s. The C.Q.M.S. still peers through his spectacles at piles of documents, which grow higher as he snatches the uppermost. The labours of Sisyphus were a holiday compared to his. And, of course, we still have Sgt. J., whose aura of the sailing ship and the barge always gives us a sensation of sturdy security.

Now like a phoenix rising from her ashes, we are feeling our wings again. We are beginning to soar. And, though our habitation is in the valley of the shadow of death, and tombstones surround our very threshold, our eyes look up to the hills, drawing their inspiration from the west, where lies our traditional home, and our hope from the east, from whence our Beacon Hill looks down with his benign eternal smile.

No. 1 INFANTRY COMPANY.

The present Company is composed of local men from a varied assortment of trades and professions. They joined us on 20th June last and all and everyone of the staff became temporary clerks; unfortunately private secretaries were not on issue. Eventually documents were completed and the process of turning the recruits into trained soldiers commenced.

True to the well-known Yorkshire characteristics of guts and adaptability, they very soon settled down in their new environment. Great progress has been made in the comparatively short period of intensive training, and the spirit that reigns in the Company is resolute, akin to that of the formidable fighting soldier.

We regret to report that our former Company Commander, Major Faulkner, C.S.M. Cubitt, C.Q.M.S. Pearce and others have left us, their services being requisitioned elsewhere. We take this opportunity of wishing them every happiness and success in their new appointments.

May we at the same time extend a very hearty welcome to our new Company Commander, Capt. T. G. Swithinbank, and to Sgt. Stork, and Sgt. Benner who since their arrival have been appointed Captain, C.S.M. and C.Q.M.S. respectively. Congratulations on their appointments.

Great work has been put in for the men's welfare, headed by our very capable Skipper, assisted very greatly by the staff.

Inter-platoon cricket and boxing tournaments were organised which provided good competition and fun. Also a cross-country run was held, and it is believed that some of the unfortunates are still more convinced that third class *riding* is better than first class *running*.

The cricket competition was played on rather a bumpy wicket on the "Oval" at Saville Park; hard knocks were frequent but blood did not flow quite so freely as from the nasal organs of some of the unfortunates during the boxing competition, where no quarter was given or expected. Incidentally we have found some very good exponents in the noble art, which bodes ill for someone in the inter-company tournaments when they come along.

We have just completed a very intensive three days' firing on the open ranges and the results in the majority of cases were good, although the average was reduced by a few members. Their grouping capacity was good, but the position of M.P.Is. was debatable. We think, under the circumstances that these individuals with the elusive M.P.Is. should concentrate on the bayonet as their chief weapon, thereby sparing their comrades much anxiety and mental suffering as to their own welfare.

Dances have been run with very good results. The *communiqué* of the number of "Janes" brought down is not completed. We feel sure the Comforts Fund has felt an appreciable boosting from this entertaining enterprise. Special mention must be made of our C.S.M. (Prize Spotter), Sgt. Thompson (M.C.) (Master Crook), "Lofty" Graves (Ticket Ripper) and "Cushy" Wright (Chucker-in). Also a very special mention of our "Duke's Jazz Band," who have provided such excellent rhythm.

The men have now completed eight weeks of training and the time is drawing near when they will go to various units to combine their efforts in the national effort to win the war. In conclusion we wish them all the very best of luck.

No. 1 RECRUIT COMPANY.

Since recruit companies no longer hand the product of their training over to the infantry companies, we have a much longer period with each intake and get to know the men better.

All are very keen and in addition to organised games, platoons are challenging one another at cricket.

The N.C.O.s have a very busy time training the Home Guard, and an entire Sunday devoted to this end was a great success; we feel the company would like nothing more than a surprise visit from a few enemy invaders.

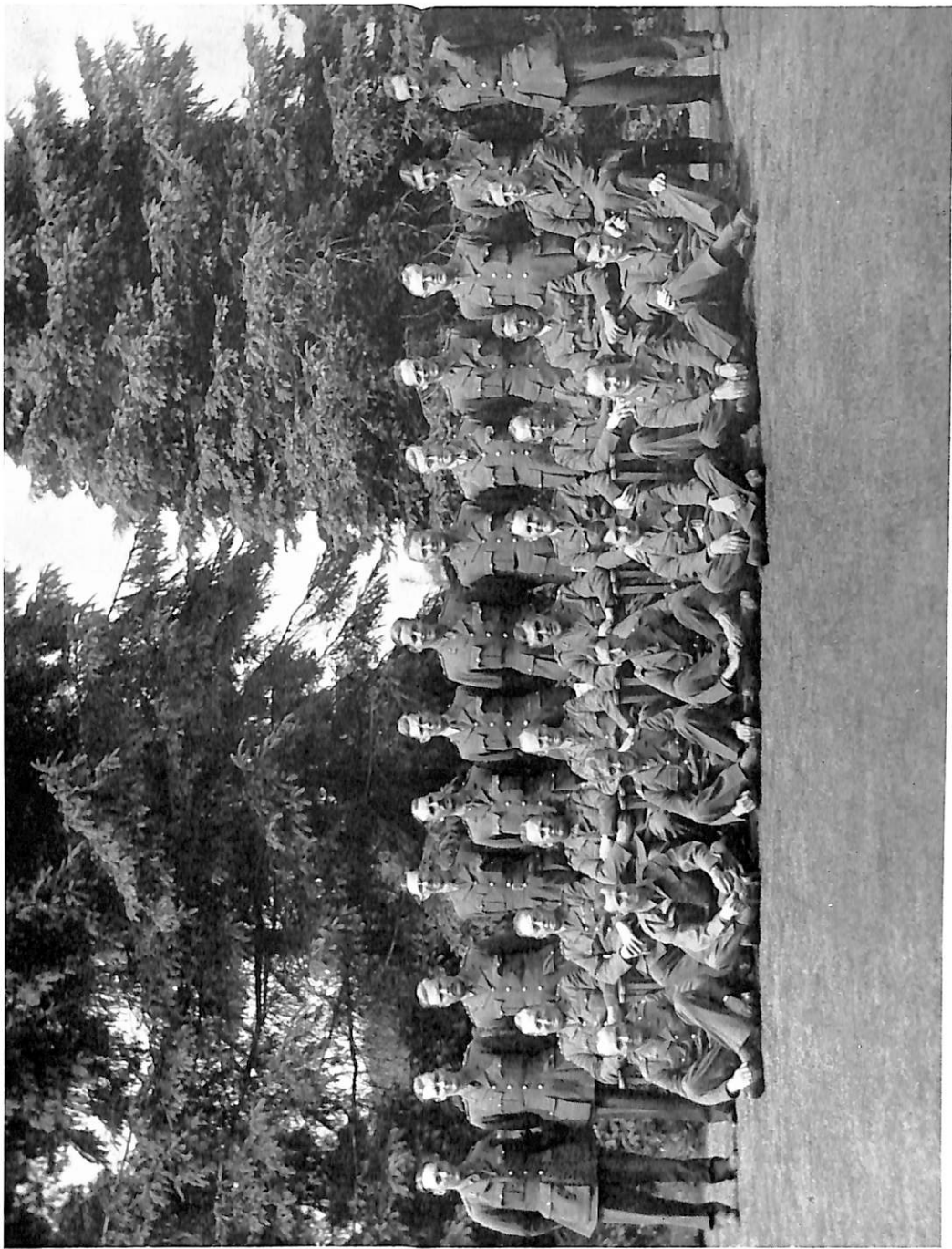
There is a great improvement now in having all the company in barracks and not "making do" with improvised accommodation in the town.

Soon after the intake we got as sergeant-major C.S.M. Anderson and Jimmy P. took over the Company from "Torquil," and although at one time there were rumours that we were getting another intake at the same time as the present one, they proved to be unfounded. We wondered what we would have done, but fortunately did not lose any sleep over the problem.

Our Company clerks change almost as often as subaltern officers, and Company office is scarcely ever the same. Talking of Company office, there is refreshingly little crime in the Company, which is good in men coming straight from civil life.



Officers of a Resurrected Battalion Somewhere in Yorkshire.



Officers of an Anti-Tank Regiment Somewhere in Scotland.

In due course we shall pass them on to the many battalions of the Regiment. Then another intake, and so to bed.

[And from the handwriting might have been already in it!—Ed.]

No. 2 RECRUIT COMPANY.

It was on a warm summer's day that the sergeant of the guard's defaulters' parade coincided with the arrival of a new batch of recruits. At once our largest member decided to return home, saying that he had not volunteered for the Rifle Brigade, but he was gently though firmly reminded that he was no longer in a position to decide whether or not he would return home, and was further enlightened that the normal marching pace of the Dukes was not that which he had just witnessed. Much relieved, we were all taken at once to have a meal (a kindly thought and a quick introduction to the excellent feeding arrangements at the Depot) and were then shown to our room, in which we compared notes.

We were a motley crowd, large and small, thin and fat, some nervous, some serenely confident (though now less so), men of all temperaments and types. One thing, however, was common to us all. We were decided that a German gentleman named Adolf Schicklegruber had done sufficient foulness on this earth to deserve the severest possible end, and for this purpose we had all joined the Dukes to add our various weights to the effort which was being made. No work could be too hard, nothing we could do would be enough and there would be (and has been) no grumbling in achieving this object.

In this mood we started our training, and the memory of our first week will remain for us always a kaleidoscopic whirl of events, one succeeding another with startling rapidity: talks by the C.O. and our Company Commander and the C.S.M.; our first day in uniform (one of us tried to go out with his tunic upside down); the first P.T. (what stiffness followed it!); our visit to the Regimental Museum and the first spell in the gas chamber—all these things happened to us in an incredibly short time and we shall not lightly forget the 48 hours which followed our visit to the M.O. It is not our fault if he fails to be darts champion of the Officers' Mess.

Then followed a spell of really hard work whilst we tried to assist our wonderfully patient sergeant and corporal to turn us into soldiers. They are now nearly white-haired so we hope that we are nearly as military as they would wish us to be. Who will forget our early efforts with the L.M.G.? For the uninitiated, a glossary is appended to explain some of the various terms used in this and other branches of our work. We hope that a study of this glossary will prove entertaining as well as educational. In spite of the hard work we had our lighter moments as, for example, when one of our number insisted that a house some half a mile away was only 80 yards from him. When asked if he could kick a football such a distance, he expressed supreme confidence in his ability to do so. The first pay parade also provided humour when some of us thought that we should receive extra money for P.A.D. (They were under the impression that it was spelt P.A.I.D. and received a rude awakening.) Then there was our great day when two little girls, seeing us on the march, rushed up to us crying "Soldiers"! All our sergeant's efforts of the next few days to disabuse us of this quaint idea were unavailing; whatever the authorities might think of us, we felt that we had "arrived" in the public mind, even though that mind belonged to two eight-year-old girls.

This spurred us on to still greater efforts and we began to distinguish the smell of musty hay from that of geraniums. Few of us had realised how integral a part of the study of war gases was horticulture, though it was not a member of our platoon who told the Company Commander that if, when on active service, he smelt garlic or onions he would think it was dinner time.

Now we have been here for a month and have learnt the words of the Duke's song and also some very interesting lines which can be sung to the Regimental march. We have peeled potatoes (using, of course, tear gas to remove the eyes), we have cleaned our

room and equipment, have been to church parade, have cleaned our room and . . . killed innumerable blue pencil straw sacks, cleaned our room . . . played cricket and cleaned our . . . Whatever our seniors' opinion of us, we feel that we are well on the road to being what the little girls called us, and we are longing to replace those straw sacks with live bodies clothed in field grey and full of filthy Hun blood. Though we know that "on guard" means that the bayonet must point at the throat, we have many ideas as to where it will go if a German should break the rules and fail to present us with that portion of his anatomy!

At this point we shall take leave of our readers because we shall never again be able to do so in the same spirit of exaltation which now pervades us, for the miraculous has happened. Some new recruits have arrived and are actually installed in our room. We have instructed them—we have, in fact, taught them all we know (it didn't take very long)—and in our opinion the results of our instruction will probably incapacitate our officers and N.C.Os. for some time to come. Who knows? The "Rifle Brigade" may yet claim us for this.

GLOSSARY.

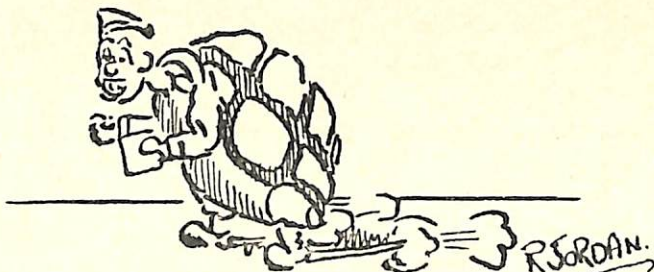
Flash Illuminator : One who lights a cigarette after "Lights Out."

Injection Opening Slot : See the M.O.

Virtutis Fortuna Comes : The Regimental slogan, "Good luck to the Virtuous."

High Port : The officers drink it on Thursdays to help them out whilst the band is playing.

Interior Economy : Booms-a-daisy.



OUR COMPANY RUNNER ILLUSTRATED
ABOVE WENT SICK - AND TO MAINTAIN
THE USUAL SCHEDULE. NOTICES WERE
PUBLISHED.-

WANTED.
GREYHOUNDS OR WHIPPETS
MUST BE ABLE TO STAY
GOOD DISTANCES.
APPLY.-
C.S.M.
DEPOT. Co

Pile Arms : Same answer as No. 2.

M.P. : Ask anyone in the Depot.

Bridge Charger Guide : The new automatic device for dealing playing cards.

B.B.C. : Smells of sour fruit, presumably thrown by armchair critics.

More Gas : Roll out the barrel.

No. 2 INFANTRY COMPANY.

By the time these notes appear our permanent staff, having had its first "child," will be relaxing—we hope!—after the strenuous week of files of men and equipment, files of forms, odd files, blank files and spare files.

Alas, the permanent staff disappears; congratulations to B., S. and C.; good luck to Sgts. B. and S. and our good wishes to Lts. M. and F. Within the Company we welcome C.S.Ms. W. and A. and also our steady C.Q.M.S. May there be many "advances."

Many of our previous intakes have been back from France; it seems that they must visit the scenes of their childhood days.

We hope by the time of print that there will not be as many "Aberdeen flags" on the range this time, and that the weather is slightly more respectable than the "mud baths" of previous excursions.

Although the recreation side has not been forgotten, notes of present engagements are not yet to hand and we hope that the results will be very fruitful.

A.T.S.

Since the last edition of THE IRON DUKE "A" Company A.T.S. has seen many changes. On 22nd July we welcomed Company Assistant Batten, and a few days later Company Commander Robyns; while on 24th July we wished "God speed" to Junior Commander Norris, who was leaving us to take a journey abroad to ensure the safety of her children.

On 7th July we had our first church parade. With fear and trembling we took up our position behind the Dukes, and with martial stride (shoes feeling at least three sizes too large) proceeded to St. Hilda's Church. On the way home we had our first "Eyes Right," and never before was the sight of the barracks gates so welcome.

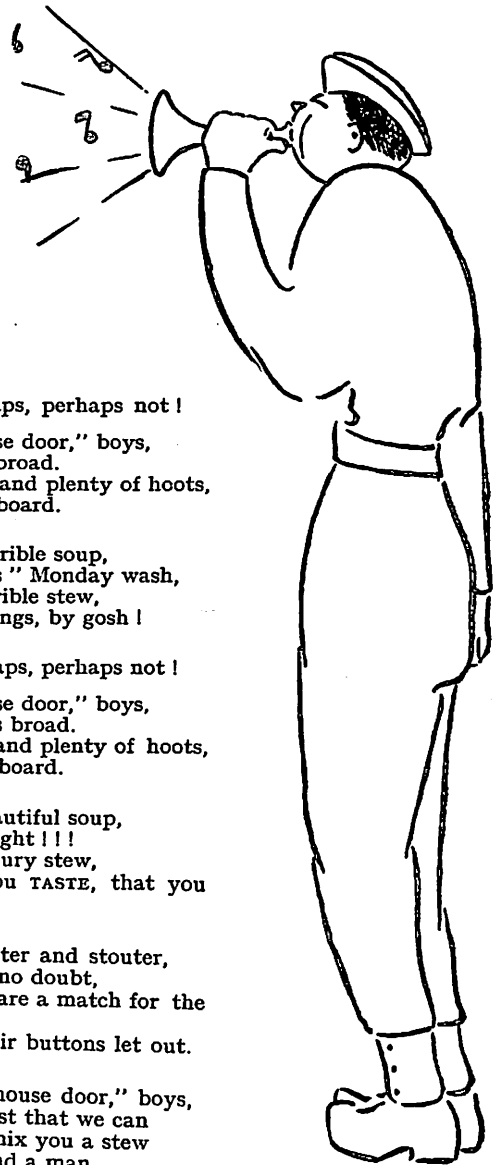
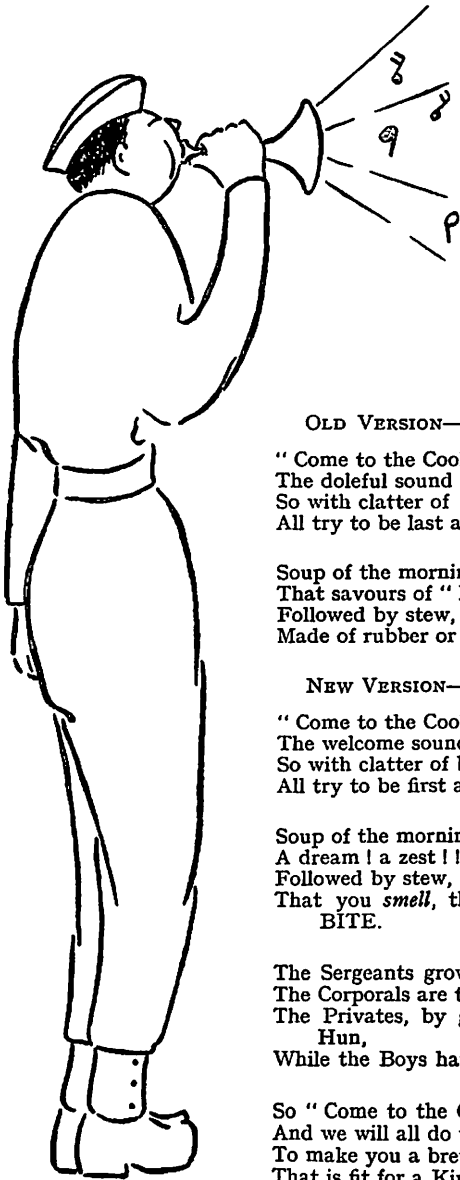
In July we opened our billet at 10 Park Road, where we have 46 general service A.T.S. in residence. Here we have our sick bay, which we try and keep as empty as possible! On Thursday evenings girlish laughter, punctuated with manly hoots, may be heard from this building, for it is our guest night. Friends are invited, while entertainments and refreshments are provided by our kind friends on the committee. We are indeed grateful to them for their interest. We have lately acquired a ping-pong table, kindly loaned by Junior Commander Norris, so in the winter evenings we may be able to arrange a tournament.

"A" Company, Group 4 (N.C.) is now the proud possessor of three platoons, one of which works with the R.Es. in the town. At the barracks we are busier than ever. In the orderly rooms A.T.S. are working on Part I and Part II orders, and most offices have an A.T.S. clerk who is doing her best to make herself useful.

Our own quarters could do with elastic walls and also a telephone! which would save naughty words and shoe leather as we trot to the guard room or orderly room in the rain to answer imperative calls.

Softly be it spoken, but that "Holy of Holies," the Officers' Mess, has been invaded by members of the A.T.S. Nuff said!!

Work at the new cook house is to be undertaken by A.T.S., so roll up your sleeves and put on your clogs, girls, and show 'em what you can do.



OLD VERSION—Perhaps, perhaps not !

“ Come to the Cook house door,” boys,
The doleful sound rings broad.
So with clatter of boots and plenty of hoots,
All try to be last at the board.

Soup of the morning, terrible soup,
That savours of “ Mum’s ” Monday wash,
Followed by stew, a norrible stew,
Made of rubber or stockings, by gosh !

NEW VERSION—Perhaps, perhaps not !

“ Come to the Cook house door,” boys,
The welcome sound rings broad.
So with clatter of boots and plenty of hoots,
All try to be first at the board.

Soup of the morning, beautiful soup,
A dream ! a zest ! ! a delight ! ! !
Followed by stew, a savoury stew,
That you *smell*, that you *TASTE*, that you
BITE.

The Sergeants grow stouter and stouter,
The Corporals are taller, no doubt,
The Privates, by gum, are a match for the
Hun,
While the Boys have their buttons let out.

So “ Come to the Cook house door,” boys,
And we will all do the best that we can
To make you a brew or mix you a stew
That is fit for a King—and a man.

Angry Officer to recruit who has failed to salute him :—

“ Don’t you know me ? I’m the Colonel of the Depot.”

Recruit : “ That’s all right, Sir. I’m the cook’s orderly. How do you do ? ”

A Battalion Overseas.

As it is almost a year since any notes from us appeared in *THE IRON DUKE*, there is a considerable leeway to make up, so I had better start at the beginning.

When we were embodied on 1st September we looked, and indeed we were, a very motley crew; some of us did not even have a uniform. However, we soon settled down and started training; route marches, musketry and firing on the ranges being the order of the day. Within a week two companies had left their home towns, one to guard an aerodrome, where they promptly arrested the C.O. who did not know the password, the other to guard internees who were never interned.

Practically all of us have, at one time or another, departed on courses of instruction, while some have embarked on quite a different course—married life. Capts. Bateman and Horsfall and 2nd Lts. Chadwick and Green have left their bachelor days behind, and Capt. McHarg and 2nd Lts. Darling and Proom have reached the half way stage by becoming engaged. We heartily congratulate them all and wish them all the best of luck in their respective spheres.

In October we moved to Catterick where we remained for only ten days, going thence to Malton. It was at Catterick that we were sorry to say "Good-bye" to Capt. Davie who had been a very popular adjutant. He was succeeded by Lt. Dick Collins whom we congratulate on his promotion to captain.

At Malton we experienced many changes. Lt. Lister joined us from the T.A.R.O., but as soon as we got to know him he left us to join the Battalion in France. His place was taken by Lt. (now Capt.) Johnson who we hope will stay long with us. In December Major E. D. R. Whittaker was posted to us. We were glad to see him back with us as he was well known and liked by those who remembered him as O.C. "A" Company a few years ago. A few days later we lost our M.O., Major Barr, who relinquished his commission owing to ill-health. Major Barr had been with us for several years and had served us extremely well. We wish him every success on his return to civil life. In his place we welcomed Lt. Lewis-Badgett who quickly became very popular in the Mess and with the men.

In February Lt.-Col. S. left the Battalion after commanding it for seven years. It was a great blow for us as he was extremely popular and was indeed the father of the Battalion, practically all the officers having joined while he was in command. We wish him the best of good fortune in his new position in command of a Home Defence battalion. He was succeeded by Lt.-Col. L. whom we had all known as our B.M. To him we offer our congratulations on his appointment and wish him a long and successful command.

On the day that Lt.-Col. L. assumed command we received orders to begin mobilization. Many new faces appeared to complete war establishment and old faces disappeared owing to medical grading. We welcomed Major Webb-Carter as second in command and Capt. Norman, two experienced officers, and 2nd Lts. Chomley, Macintosh, Beazley and Gilbey from the I.T.C. 2nd Lt. Chomley's stay with us was unfortunately very short as he along with Major Fell and 2nd Lt. Mellin was found medically unfit. We were very sorry that these three popular officers could not accompany us abroad.

In March Capt. Collins relinquished the appointment of adjutant and was succeeded by Capt. McHarg who had spent about six weeks on Divisional staff.

In April the big day came. Lts. H. O. D. Ricketts (The Leicestershire Regt.) and Lt. A. G. McNee (The King's Regt.) joined the Battalion as mountain warfare experts. After a few weeks they were absorbed into the Battalion and we were pleased to have them as members of the Battalion. In April we also welcomed 2nd Lt. F. C. J. Matthews, an interpreter, and 2nd Lts. West-Watson, Haldane, Lynes, Allin and Jowett. Having completed war establishment we embarked in a Polish ship at a Scottish port for Norway. During our eleven days on board we only moved a few miles so we were glad to disembark

and go under canvas somewhere in Scotland. After about a week in camp we moved to H. where we spent a very pleasant ten days. While there we received and made things comfortable for the other Brigades of our Division on their return from Norway. Just before leaving 2nd Lt. F. E. Woolard was attached to the Battalion, as interpreter in a language which we soon discovered he was unable to speak.

After our stay at H. we embarked on another liner, which I regret to say has since been sunk, for service abroad. Owing to changes in establishment we were reluctantly compelled to leave behind Capt. Norman and Collins and 2nd Lts. Binns, Holmes, Allin, Green, Clough and Jowett. We wish them all the best of luck wherever they may go.

Since our arrival we have been very busy. We have however found time to have two excellent cocktail parties at which we lavishly entertained most of the military personnel in the district, including the matron and nurses from the hospital. The Drums beat "Retreat" on both these occasions and played very well. It was a pity that it has since been decided that work of a military nature must come first and the Drums have, for the time being, ceased to play.

In spite of the predominance of work the Battalion football team has succeeded in turning out fairly regularly and has beaten all comers except one with whom they drew. The officers have also played the sergeants who through lack of skill, not excessive tact, suffered a heavy defeat.

Finally, we offer our congratulations to Major Banks and Capt. Ricketts, McNee and Helme and Lt. Smith on their respective promotions. Also we congratulate 2nd Lt. Mellin, who since leaving us has married 2nd Lt. Manning's sister, and 2nd Lt. Binns who has become engaged. We wish them both good luck.

In another part of this issue is appearing, we hope, a photograph of the officers, taken just before we sailed.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

In our last notes before the war we talked to some extent of the struggle that was going on between ourselves, the County Association and the War Office regarding the building of the first Sergeants' Mess that the Battalion has ever owned. The interest of the powers that be was finally roused and after a few debates on what size the bar shutter should be to ensure adequate service, the building was finally erected.

The introduction of the Sergeants' Mess was a great success, not only from a financial point of view but from the social side also. To complete the furnishings of the Mess, the County Association was asked to provide us with linoleum, and after much correspondence on the subject of whether it should be 4/11½ or 5/- per square yard, authority was given at 4/11½d. But alas, war was declared and such subjects as lino were forgotten.

It is from this time that many changes in the Battalion took place, and it is almost impossible to give them all in detail. Ex. R.Q.M.S. E. Hawley, our civilian clerk and, ex. C.S.M. G. H. Horner, our Battalion storeman, although not serving members of the Battalion, were a very welcome addition to the Mess. It was with much regret, both on our part and theirs, that on the declaration of war they were compelled to down tools and revert to a civil occupation. We were not, however, surprised when news crept through the Ministry of Information to the effect that Mr. Hawley had answered the call for ex. warrant officers and that he was contributing his "weight" towards Hitler's downfall. We wish him every success. Early after the declaration of war the following were posted to the I.T.C. :—Sgts. J. O'Connell, L. Burns, E. Whiteoake and T. Armstrong. We wish them every success in their new sphere. The formation of the duplicate Battalion again caused a decrease in the old hands of the Mess, and we were compelled to say good-bye to C.S.M.s Barnes and Crook, Sgts. Sims, Jessop and Mooney. We know that they will be a valuable asset to the second line Battalion.

In October our stay at Skipton came to an end, and we were moved to Catterick, where it was with regret that we had to say good-bye to our adjutant, Capt. M. M. Davie.

We welcome in his stead Capt. Collins. Our stay at Catterick was very short and I cannot say that it was with much regret that we moved to Malton. At Malton it was impossible to form a Mess. Companies were distributed all over the district and it became a case of every company for itself.

Many changes took place during our stay at Malton. Sgt. A. Calvert was posted to the Battalion in France. His place was taken by Sgt. Jackson (since promoted C.S.M.). C.S.M. A. Fitter and C.Q.M.S. A. E. Lobb joined us from the I.T.C. We welcome them and congratulate C.Q.M.S. Lobb on his subsequent promotion to C.S.M. Cpl. Ellis, posted to us from the Battalion in France, quickly became involved in rations and pay and mess rolls and was promoted C.Q.M.S. Medical grading deprived us of several valued members of the Mess and it was with regret that we said good-bye to the following when they were posted to details:—C.S.M. F. Noble, P.S.M. Wood, C.Q.M.S. Colley, Sgts. Taylor, Metcalfe, Carroll, Moses, Freear, Horner and Ward. P.S.Ms. Helliwell and Lord were, under W.O. instructions, posted to details and Sgt. (O.R.S.) E. Rothwell to G.H.Q., 2nd Echelon. The following arrived from the I.T.C. West Yorks Regiment and quickly proved their worth. We congratulate them on their promotion:—Sgts. G. Halls, T. J. Smith, W. Uttley, C. Mann and C. Osguthorpe.

It was a great blow to us all when Col. S. left the Battalion after commanding it for so many years. We take this opportunity of wishing him the best of good fortune in his new command. We welcome as our new Commanding Officer Lt.-Col. L., whom many of us knew in the dim past. We offer him our very sincere congratulations on his appointment and wish him a very long and successful command.

Our stay in Malton, despite the indifferent billets we were allotted, was a very enjoyable one, and many friends, male and female, were made.

It was at H. where the story connecting moths with Scotsmen's purses was entirely disproved. The public welcomed us with open arms and nothing was too much trouble in their efforts to make us comfortable. It was a single man's paradise. At H. we received further additions to the Mess from the K.O.S.Bs. and we welcome to our midst Sgts. K. Phair, D. McCleary, L/Sgts. Brown and Edgar. We said good-bye to C.S.M. A. F. Spratt and Sgt. T. Hawkins, who for medical reasons were unable to proceed with us abroad.

We welcome to our midst C.S.M. Robinson and Sgt. Bishop from the I.T.C.

The football match, earlier referred to, between the officers and sergeants, did as stated result in a heavy defeat of the sergeants. The reason for this however was fully explained by the selection committee. They had the job of selecting two teams, one for football and one for darts. The two teams for some unknown reason were allowed to get mixed, with the result that the dart team played the officers at football. I am convinced that we shall soundly thrash them on the field of combat on the next occasion we meet.

A Second Line Battalion Somewhere in Scotland.

Naturally, since the publication of the last notes, there have happened many and varied experiences, of some of which, perhaps, the least said the better. Others were of such an outstanding character that a "write up" could not do justice thereto. To select matter for publication out of the events of the past few months puts a great responsibility upon the compiler. At the outset, may it be permitted to record that this Battalion has successfully maintained the unending long and splendid traditions of the Regiment? Contact with the enemy—though comparatively short in period of time—was sufficient to give the German casualty lists a great and unexpected increase. It is presumed that writing up actual battle experiences is not advisable at this juncture; doubtless at the right time such accounts will be permitted.

The unit went overseas complete and in one piece; a little raw perhaps, but full of enthusiasm. This enthusiasm was maintained throughout. Fatigue, long and forced marches, baptisms of fire from a ruthless enemy, and battle conditions against terrific odds never diminished the original enthusiasm.

There is little to joke about at this period of history, but the following is a good example of the effect of secrecy. A French newspaper printed photographs of the Battalion headed by their drums and bugles, marching through a town somewhere on the coast of France. They were described as having come back to a well-earned rest after having held a sector of the front line for some months. The amusing part was the fact that the incidents illustrated depict the actual arrival of the unit at its destination, direct from England.

The beating of the Drums, dramatically described, reminds the writer of the sad and varied adventures of the Drums, which were presented by the old comrades of the 1914—1918 Battalion with the same title. Lost in the train bombing at Abbeville, they were brought back by another of our Battalions after the enemy had been cleared out of the vicinity. They were taken with the maximum effect, here, there and everywhere, and finally, owing to the impossibility of baggage transport, the quartermaster handed them over to a French garrison, for safe keeping, where, it is hoped, they still remain to be re-captured in the next phase.

At the moment we are somewhere in the British Isles, learning the language gradually, and amongst many other things, tackling training full time—night and day. The local residents are very kind indeed, and all ranks are in cheerful spirits, which is partially due to the higher authority's generosity; for leave is on. A certain part of the time is devoted to sport, and a fair quantity also to entertainments and welfare.

We welcome Capt. Stell back to the Battalion after being wounded in action, and we are very relieved to know that 2nd Lt. Reynolds is safe. Previously reported missing, he is now a prisoner of war in Germany. With regard to casualties, if these notes meet the eyes of any rank of this Battalion, who became a casualty overseas, will he please send details of his whereabouts to the second in command in order that records may be kept up to date.

The three musketeers, 2nd Lts. Routledge, Smith and Morgan have departed as leaven to the Nth Battalion. May the best of good luck go with them. The M.O., MacDougall Gillies, whose French has a distinct accent, is having a spell of medical responsibility with another formation. We miss him in more ways than one.

We regret to record a very late and sad occurrence. 2nd Lt. Hargreaves, of "B" Company, died suddenly on 17th August in hospital after only three days' illness. The sympathy of all ranks of the Battalion is extended to his bereaved relatives. 2nd Lt. Hargreaves was a gallant and promising officer, who led his men in action with zeal and vigour, and his death is deplored by all with whom he came in contact. He was a cheerful companion.

To the future we look with determination, and with proud admiration of the feats of the sister service. Hitler has yet to meet again one of the many Battalions of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

Sh! We have a crowd of very important official visitors—having had a lot already. A few more can do no harm. On the contrary, we rather look forward to such necessary occasions.

OPERATIONS IN FRANCE FROM 17th MAY TO 18th JUNE.

[The following is a brief account of the Battalion's part in the operations in France in support of the French. We hope that it will be possible for the full story to be written up later. The details have been taken from the C.O.'s diary of events.—Ed.]

On 17th May the Battalion was at St. Nazaire and took over charge of the dock guards during the night. They left by train at 6 p.m. on 18th May and had a long and tedious journey *via* Le Mans and round North-east Normandy, crossed the Seine *via* Rouen, and arrived at Bois de Serques, when the train was stopped owing to the bombing of Amiens and other stations. Then returned by a circuitous route to Rouen, two nights in the train, and on the morning of 20th arrived at a junction just short of Dieppe, later in the day they were moved on almost to Abbeville which was heavily bombed and the town set on fire by incendiary bombs. West of Abbeville the Battalion detrained after being bombed and having a narrow escape.

No information about the situation ; a parachutist was seen to drop in the distance ; a rumour of Abbeville being captured by the Germans. The C.O. decided to endeavour to get in touch with Dieppe, and move to a more rearward position ; but drivers of trains had drawn fires and deserted and, declining to risk moving men in the dark in unknown country, he in agreement with the sister second line Battalion's C.O. took up a defensive position round the train for the night.

At 8 a.m. on 21st reconnaissances were sent out towards Abbeville, where heavy fighting had been proceeding, and to the rear, to get in touch with other troops and incidentally to get rations. The former party returned after having been intercepted, and an officer of the sister Battalion had been killed. The C.O. then decided to move on foot in the direction of Rouen ; a difficult operation without maps or knowledge of the country, and touch between companies was frequently lost. Their route took them *via* Chepy and Aingneville to Gamaches, orders being received by despatch riders from O.C. Troops to withdraw behind the line Dieppe-Neufchatel, a two days' march.

From Gamaches after a short halt the river La Presle was crossed, when another halt was made. Air activity was in evidence and roads crowded with evacuees ; weather very hot and men fatigued. Thence on *via* Guerville to Melleville, contact with the French being made. Companies were then disposed in and around Val du Roi for the night ; torrential rain, but men kept dry in barns.

22nd May.—No food procurable, and only one pint milk per man. Retirement was continued *via* Grandcourt and Fresnoy to Londoniers, men very exhausted from heat, marching, and lack of food, and rate of progress reduced to about one mile an hour. The C.O. here ordered a long halt, for foot inspection and sleep ; a meal of rabbit, horseflesh, lettuce, potatoes and onions (dug from gardens) was prepared, and at 5 p.m. was issued to the men, hot, and " *morale* became very high indeed." During the meal the Battalion truck arrived with cigarettes, rations of bully, biscuits and fruit. Moving in battle formation towards Dieppe the force, now a mixed one, having picked up stragglers of other units, but having lost touch with other companies, reached Bethencourt and spent the night there.

On 23rd the retirement was continued, and at Ancour transport sent out from Dieppe brought them in to that place, where " C " Company had arrived the previous day. After various duties in defence of the locality, during which Dieppe was bombed and machine-gunned, the Battalion received orders on 25th May to move from Rouxmesnil to Rouen. During the move Dieppe was severely bombed again, and petrol and oil tanks set alight. This was followed by a thunderstorm, and troops moving in battle formation were drenched before entraining at Rouxmesnil.

From 26th to 31st May the Battalion was re-fitted to some extent, and then moved by train to Bruz, arriving there on 1st June, and spending the time in training and recovering from the physical effects of the withdrawal, until 7th June. On that day they moved by train to Lonviers, arriving at 2 p.m. on the 8th, and then receiving orders to take up positions by bridges over the Seine at St. Pierre du Vouvray and Les Andeleys. On the morning of the 9th the C.O. visited the posts companies had taken up the previous evening, and on his return to " H.Q." found a message with unknown signature ordering withdrawal. Fifth column activity being suspected, he decided to take no action. He

then got in touch with the French command who thanked him cordially for remaining with the French to resist any attempt of the enemy to cross the river. On his return again to "H.Q." the C.O. found a message ordering exactly what he had proposed to do. Heavy fighting round Les Andeleys was going on, and the C.O. went forward to find one company, and the French, forced out of the position to Bernieres. The enemy was now crossing the river at many points, and 2nd Lt. J. Reynolds who stuck to his one L.M.G. was last seen firing on the enemy and was taken prisoner by them.

A withdrawal was made under orders to a position in front of Venables. After a visit to French "H.Q.," where fresh orders were issued, confused fighting went on until dark against a persevering enemy, who however lost many casualties and did not get through our line. At dawn on 10th June "C" Company, outflanked on both sides by superior forces and with no assistance from the French, withdrew fighting a rearguard action. The Battalion, outflanked from the north, was in a precarious position, and the C.O. applied to the French for help but without success, though he obtained some from a British tank brigade commander. After further heavy fighting the Battalion was withdrawn to Bernay, having received most prompt assistance from the 10th Hussars after a request for help.

On the 11th June the Battalion, having rested and fed in woods near Bernay, were moved to a more secluded locality behind Bernay Chateau. That night was one of torrential rain, in which the troops slept in the open. Next morning, 12th June, reconnaissances were carried out of positions to be taken up, and the Battalion was visited by divisional staff. The majority of the men were found unfit for battle, and the A.D.M.S. ordered the C.O. a rest. The C.O. visited the divisional commander, who stated that the Battalion had done a fine piece of work during the operations.

On the 14th further contact was made with the enemy, and on the 15th a withdrawal was made; the Battalion, less two detachments, ultimately reached St. Malo on the 17th, and embarked there for England, arriving at Southampton on 18th June. Of the two remaining detachments, one embarked at Cherbourg, having been on special duty, and the other, a small party, was evacuated from St. Nazaire and arrived at Plymouth many days later.

A Resurrected Battalion Somewhere in Yorkshire.

The task of completely organising a new battalion of the Dukes has proceeded at a surprising pace since 25th June, when the commanding officer designate, recently returned from the B.E.F., where he had held a staff appointment on the headquarters of a corps, arrived at the Depot. On the following day Lt. F. J. Reynolds (of England rugby fame) was appointed adjutant, and very shortly afterwards A/Major Sir Nugent H. Everard, Bart., was posted as second-in-command, whilst R.Q.M.S. Smith from a regular battalion, took on the arduous duties of quartermaster.

With the advice of the commanding officers of the I.T.C. and the Holding Battalion, a nucleus of trained and partially trained W.Os., N.C.Os. and men was raised on which to build the new Battalion.

On 4th July the advance party moved out into camp in the Yorkshire Dales and prepared to receive officers and men. The officers began to arrive first. Almost every other day saw new faces from O.C.T.Us., O.T.Us., and a little later on a bunch of stalwarts from the A.O.E.R., the former all set to begin their real work, the latter eager to learn strange new methods and re-live old days. Soon under expert tuition in the camp "Academy" much of the "rust" of years disappeared.

The "intake" arrived in three tidal waves, but the reception organisation stood the strain, and within a fortnight the Battalion was at full strength or more and ready for training.

Though encamped amidst some of the most beautiful country in Yorkshire, few of us find time to appreciate our luck. Our main concern is good weather in which to work

off our training time-tables, and in this we have been comparatively fortunate, although "H.Q.'s" recruits (they were the first batch) caught a particularly wet patch at the outset.

The word improvisation has rarely been worked so hard and to such a good purpose. From the "modernist" furniture of our tents to the various "notions" for teaching subjects in lieu of proper equipment, all our ingenuity finds free play. In this sphere we have discovered a real genius in "Sandy" who wandered in from the Black Watch and whose "winning" ways produce remarkable results, including a whole plantation of trees and a massive bell which sounds the hours.

The enthusiasm of all ranks is boundless, and this Battalion which has arisen phoenix-like from its own funeral pyre in 1918, rejoins the Regiment as a lusty babe together with a twin brother now located in Scotland.

Our commanding officer has been appointed an Officer of the Order of the British Empire in the Birthday Honours list and has also received a mention in despatches.

Apart from training we have already had some excellent cricket and "soccer" with our neighbours in the group.

OFFICERS' MESS.

Although there is still a Spartan simplicity about the Mess, nevertheless it is comfortable. One large marquee serves as mess room, and two Siamese two-posters form ante-rooms. There is a certain stygian blackness in the evenings, but like everything else here, a few barked shins and a collision or two are subjects for good humour.

Gradually, personalities begin to emerge out of the collection of officers inhabiting the lines near G— Hill, and of course, we have a solid core of old friends in Major Sir "Paddy" E. and "Jeff" R., whose pale shade can be seen winging its way over the damp grass round the banks of the river, ridiculously early in the morning.

At the date of writing four old Dukes have rejoined: Merrell, Arkless, Starkey, and Greening, who served in different Battalions during the last war, and there may be more to come.

John Nixon and Bob Walkden, those "old campaigners," are settling down to the prosaic business of training, whilst Vernon Clacy, who for a time shouldered the cares of "H.Q." Company, has now moved on to 'A,' bringing with him a galaxy of stars. "Tiny" Smith of "R.I.P." fame, is bringing his herculean powers to bear on the task of equipping the Battalion with everything from a pin to an "Elephant."

Lord "George" Savile is spending most of his "free" time balancing the wine account, and Dennis Siddall wanders from company to company looking for inside lefts and opening bats, and, what is more, finding them.

Over the whole lot of us our genial P.M.C., "Bill" Jones, beams in the Pickwickian sense, doubtless planning to deduct another ha'penny per diem from the messing charge.

We are fortunate in being all together in one Mess in this camp—a condition that may not last once we are moved away from here. However, the prospect of a winter under canvas in the Yorkshire Dales would perhaps not suit even some of the more seasoned campaigners.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

As we have only existed as a Mess for a matter of weeks these notes are necessarily brief. At the moment we have thirty members, the two line battalions being about equally represented. We see each other for about ten minutes three times a day, meal times, and we would get together during our leisure hours but for the fact that it gets dark at 10 p.m.

Our activities have consisted entirely of training, but later on we hope to devote a little time to recreation and entertainment.

A Resurrected Battalion Somewhere in Scotland.

Lt.-Col. Huntriss and the members of the Old Comrades' Association of which he is Chairman will perhaps be interested to hear that the Battalion which he once commanded is going strong. The censorship regulations make it impossible to give any details; the number of the Battalion and its location must, of course, not be published, even in the pages of this very discreet journal.

Nine-tenths of the Battalion come from the West Riding, and we are all glad to have with us two officers who served with the Battalion in the last war—namely, 2nd Lt. F. J. Twichin (who was with it from 1915 till the end) and 2nd Lt. J. Gledhill. There are a large number of recruits in the Battalion, all most promising, and as keen as mustard. They work hard and play hard, and it is fortunate that we have no fewer than nine football grounds just beside us. It is not for us to boast—we know that "it's a long, long way to Tipperary" (or Berlin!) but we shall do our best to get there.

The spirit of the whole Battalion is magnificent; all ranks are fully conscious of its proud traditions and are determined to add to them.

A Holding Battalion Somewhere in Yorkshire.

This Battalion must be almost the youngest of the numerous progeny produced by the Regiment during the last twelve months. It is only a few weeks old but rapidly developing into a healthy well-grown child of whom its parents have no cause to be ashamed. It should turn out a genuine chip of the old block. Luckier than some of its contemporaries, it has started life in healthy and attractive surroundings with grand training country on the door-step, and among neighbours whose sole ambition seems to be summed up in the words "What can we do for our soldiers?"

We are, it is true, rather isolated from big centres of population with their attendant amenities, it is a far cry to the nearest cinema, but we are kept well supplied with visiting concert parties and, if we want to organise a dance, a band is to be had for the asking. Sport is flourishing. We have Sunday fixtures with local cricket clubs and produce quite good teams. Football—we have no old-fashioned prejudices about seasons—has been confined to company and platoon matches, but we have just played a match against a strong local club in aid of the Mayor's Comforts Fund, and rather to our surprise brought off a draw against a team largely composed of professionals. This match drew a big crowd and was very popular.

We have also enjoyed a most successful sports meeting, organised entirely for our benefit by the local cricket club. This, blessed by perfect weather, was attended by about three thousand people, who saw some very creditable and keen running by our young soldiers. The profits have most generously been given to our Comforts Fund. In fact it would be impossible to exaggerate the kindness and hospitality which have been showered upon us.

We are mostly young soldiers, but we have a nucleus of old—some very old—members of the Regiment to guide our footsteps in the way they should go. And in addition we enjoy the fleeting company of sundry birds of passage, who spend a day or two with us before moving on and keep us in touch with the outside world. We have particularly enjoyed the visits of the Commanding Officer and others from the Battalion recently returned from Flanders who all looked well in spite of their arduous experiences.

It is a pity that we can mention no names. Our permanent staff is drawn mostly from the Regular Battalions, but we have representatives as well from the Territorial Battalions. And we pride ourselves on being a worthy offshoot from the old stock.

A WORD FROM AN OLD SOLDIER.

When I "joined up" (and that wasn't yesterday), the sergeant said, "Now, lads, I want to say that you have joined the best unit in the whole of the British Army. There is no company like 'D' Company. There is no regiment like the 'Yorkshire Regiment.'" Did we believe him? You bet we didn't.

Shortly after being detailed to France we were transferred to the K.O.Y.L.I. to reinforce a battalion that had been almost wiped out. The drills were different. The marching was different. The wearing of uniform was also, to some degree, different. The major defined us as "The worst trained men he had ever had," and that meant (as you will guess) being "put through it." We were told that the K.O.Y.L.I. in peace time was "the finest body of men in the Service." Recently I have joined the "Duke of Wellington's." I was sorry that at the time of rejoining my old regiment could find no use for me, but still, at the same time, they have done the "next best thing"—viz., recommended me to the best regiment that ever was.

Oh! Yes. I know! There are some who would be inclined to challenge this statement; still the fact remains. Whichever unit I serve in (for the time being) that unit is to me *the* best in the British Army. And if *every* man in the —th Holding Battalion will persuade himself of this fact, if *every* N.C.O. will instil into *every* recruit that this is so, we shall go a long way towards perfection; our men will carry their heads higher, their chests further out, discipline will be maintained on a stronger footing and we shall all be better for it.

An Anti-Tank Regiment, R.A., Somewhere in Scotland.

The first line Anti-Tank Regiment so long associated with the "Dukes" can now have claim to having left England—if only for Scotland. It is on such small details as this that the German radio will no doubt be claiming that we have already "retreated north in the hope that Hadrian's Wall is a tank obstacle."

There is no stronger defence in both construction and *morale* than the sector occupied by this Regiment, and more conceited gunners are already claiming the present non-fulfilment of invasion threats as being sheer appreciation of Scotland's anti-tank defences.

When the weather is bad there is something that smacks of old 1914—18 days, as reliefs are sent up to the outermost posts; darkness, glistening ground sheets, steel helmets, sometimes searchlights and even gun fire all add to what may stir imagination.

Duty details cannot be described, for even rocks, pebbles and sandy cliffs have ears, too. In lighter moments however the men are hospitably served by the Scottish villagers and townspeople. Any doubts about the generosity of the Scot have been dispelled and only the language remains a barrier. In this part of the world the Scot's tongue is a broad one, but the story that one subaltern spent some hours in E. trying to buy a Hugo's tutor in Scots is reputed untrue. It is said that even when he made himself clear to the shop people he could be offered only tutors in French, German and Spanish.

Few of our men dream now of referring to the potato as the "spud." It is a word unknown hereabouts, but "tattie" is now in general use in the Regiment and since "tattie hokers" are now hard at work, some good Scottish potatoes find their way into the inevitable S.O.S. (same old stew).

Work has been plentiful, however, and even if our enemy has not given us much trouble apart from air raids there has been no idleness. "What we have we hold," and consolidation of that has called for plenty of labour. Many a clerk or shop assistant of a year ago can now wield a pretty pick.

When constant labour had brought in its train tired backs, hardened hands and a

navvy complex, came the welcome news, another sixpence a day (there goes the Scot's influence again). Welcome was the news and welcome will be the three and sixpence, especially for the smoker or the man who likes an odd un. To Sir Kingsley Wood the Anti-Tankers reply "tanks a million."

There has been some change in the personnel; our part in the withdrawal at Calais, though a glorious page in our Regimental history, took its toll. But there are still "Dukes" among us—men who will never forget the old Regiment.

So now—"we also serve who only stand and wait." And if what we wait for materialises—by golly!

G. B.

An Anti-Aircraft S.L. Regiment R.A. Somewhere in Yorkshire.

In common with other A.A. units we have been converted into R.A. The actual designation is not yet known, but so far the only changes have been to replace the sapper bombs with gunner ones, to call our companies batteries and our sections troops, and to address the long familiar corporal with his new and imposing title of bombardier. Such is progress. In less than four years we have been infantry, sappers and gunners, and who knows but what we may yet become R.A.A.

Our actual roll remains, of course, unchanged, although at long last we now seem likely to get an opportunity of doing our bit actively, and welcome it will be after all these long months of continuous duty of a somewhat passive nature.

The S.L. unit deployed covers a vast area of country, and during the past months of comparatively little aerial activity it has been a very convenient peg on which to hang "current flaps." We have been no exception and have been successively trained for a variety of duties according to the urgency of the moment, but at no time have we been released from our 24-hour a day roll of anti-aircraft work. This variety may tend to relieve the monotony, but at the same time it imposes a burden on a unit already asked to display great qualities of physical and mental endurance. Still, we have our compensations, and the satisfaction of knowing that the Regiment as a whole has managed to conduct its long fight against boredom in a most exemplary manner.

The formation of the L.D.V. (already re-named the Home Guard) has brought back to the colours many of the old Battalion, and to see four or five ex-C.Os. of the Battalion hard at work together is no unusual spectacle. To them we pay our respect and wish them good fortune.

The Regiment has ceded a cadre composed of all ranks, and it is understood they are disporting themselves somewhere in England amidst pleasant surroundings, which do something to soften the blow of the parting; we wish them good luck in their new sphere. The gap thus caused in our ranks has been filled by "intake," recruits willing and eager, but untrained, and the Regiment is straining hard to get them trained as quickly as is compatible with the maintenance of operational efficiency. The "intake," which appears to be the first of many, are to be carefully classified according to ability, and the psychological tests laid down for this purpose impose trials on recruit and battery commander alike. Soon, however, they will find their way to detachment sites, where the additional hutting at present comfortably housing the detachments will be filled to overflowing. It will not be long before the C.O. has a command numerically equivalent to what he, in his infantry days, would have considered a brigade.

The detachments have, in spite of few targets, had a busy time, although many a flourishing flower, kitchen and fruit garden might make it appear otherwise. They have been well supported by our generous friends whose good work continues unabated, and which with the approach of winter becomes more and more valuable to us. The

detachments are, however, somewhat anxious as to the success or otherwise of central cooking, now in the process of being centralised.

Our good wishes go to Capt. G. P. Norton who has taken up a staff appointment, and to the following subalterns recently married:—Lt. J. C. Shaw, 2nd Lt. G. H. Eaton-Smith and 2nd Lt. A. W. R. Brook.

H.M.S. IRON DUKE.

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

25th August, 1940.

Dear Mr. Editor,

You have set me an almost impossible task, when you ask for news. We have no news which the censor will not delete. For an hour of this peaceful forenoon I gazed with determination at a blank sheet of paper, but inspiration shunned me. Eventually I went to seek her in a glass of beer in the Mess and there I met the Censor Officer.

He was hardly helpful.

"You're no exception," he said. "Nobody writes anything but love letters now, for there's nothing else they can say."

Certainly we have a great admiration and affection for "The Dukes" and a sincere wish that our relationship will ever grow stronger, but I don't think that I can expand on our sentiments with mutual profit for the length of my page.

Again at the Censor's suggestion, I can say that "We are all well"—in fact, very well—and "The food is all right" (highest possible praise). Indeed we are all very cheerful.

Since our last letter, there have been changes—the normal changes among personnel—other changes which we may not mention—but there has been one change in the last few months which is no secret and which, since it rejoices us all, I will tell you. In the first six months of the war, there was a sudden outcrop of unruly hair which spread like a tangled weed over the lower half of many a nautical face. It was a most noticeable phenomenon. Even *The Times* made comment.

I am sure that the beards were grown from the highest motives. Some no doubt thought that the saving in razor blades would build another battleship, some thought to be healthier servants of the Crown by affixing permanent wind-baffles before their throats, and some of the youngest perhaps wanted to make themselves more frightful to the enemy, forgetting that the modern sailor rarely has the opportunity or satisfaction of hypnotising the foe with a grimace before bisecting him with a cutlass. But the beards as beards were not in the main a success. We have no quarrel with a real beard—a professional beard—a beard which vies in its even, luxuriant growth, and care of its trimming and clipping with the perfection of the turf in a cathedral close; but no man can like to be messmates with a patchy, bedraggled imitation of a dead hedgehog.

However, as I said, change has come in the fulness of time. The fulness of time brought with it leave, and very few of the young crops have proved sturdy enough to withstand the icy blasts of "nearests and dearests." Now, once again, on our own decks at any rate, clean smiling features are in full view and we can look the world in the face. I am sorry, Mr. Editor, for presuming to take up your space with this nonsense, but, as I said before, news, like beards, "is off."

Let me now send our greeting to all Battalions wherever they may be. We wish them all the best of good fortune and may complete success reward them whenever and wherever they get to grips with the enemy.

From

YOUR CORRESPONDENT,

H.M.S. *Iron Duke*.

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

During the year ended 30th June, 1940, the number of cases assisted has been 67, with an aggregate expenditure of £101 7s. 3d., excluding a grant of £25 from the 2nd Battalion Charitable Fund to the 2nd Battalion married families.

Forty-two applications were received from ex-members of the 1st and 2nd Battalions, and the sum of £73 14s. 5d. was disbursed. Eight cases were dealt with of men having served only with the 2nd Battalion, and grants totalling £10 9s. 1d. were distributed. The 3rd Battalion Fund was called upon to the extent of £3 13s. 9d. in assisting ten cases, principally wayfarers. £5 was disbursed in five cases brought to notice by the 9th Battalion committee, and three cases were helped from the 10th Battalion Fund with an outlay of £8 10s. 0d.

The Duke of Wellington's Regimental Comforts Fund.

GIFTS IN KIND.

Staff, West Riding Wallpaper Co. ; Mrs. Wolfenden ; Miss Helliwell ; Miss Bargh ; Mrs. Keith ; Mrs. Fawcett ; Miss J. Hodgson ; Mrs. Cecil Ince ; Mrs. Price ; Mrs. Carey ; Mrs. Stansfield ; Miss E. M. Beard ; Mrs. W. A. Jones ; Mrs. Wildy ; Mrs. H. P. Travers ; Mrs. H. Earnshaw ; Mrs. Booth ; Ackroyd Place Girls' School ; Miss Jenny Baker ; Mrs. Wardman ; Mrs. E. W. Stevens ; Mrs. Dawson ; Mrs. Faulkner ; Mrs. J. A. Whitaker ; Mrs. E. S. Henochsberg ; Mrs. W. G. Officer ; Wells, Norfolk, G.F.S., per Miss J. Baker ; Mrs. C. J. Pickering ; Mrs. T. Earnshaw ; Miss E. Porritt ; Skipton W.V.S. ; Keighley W.V.S. ; Chief Librarian, Halifax ; Mrs. C. McMahon.

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The above were received since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE up to and including 10th August, 1940. Contributions should be sent direct to the Officer Commanding The Depot, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, The Barracks, Halifax, Yorkshire.

It Had Its Funny Side.

There are two sides to everything, and even the road to Dunkirk had a funny one, funnier perhaps in retrospect than it seemed at the actual time. Many good stories have come back with the returned troops—the story of the Canary that Crossed the Channel, of the Pig and the Blowlamp, of the Sergeant-major and the Chemise, to name only a few. The canary's history begins when, a small bedraggled bird, abandoned by its former owners, it found a home, together with three others previously collected, in the back of a military truck. The driver had picked these waifs up, tucked them into a cage, and proposed to bring them back to England. But army lorries do not carry supplies of bird-food as part of their equipment, and Tournai, where the trucks were, was in no condition to be searched for bird-seed. It was a fellow-driver who solved the problem, by spending the afternoon in an abandoned department store, where after three hours' hunt through the counters he located two packets of seed, the only ones

in the place, which were commandeered as bird-rations. The rations lasted longer than anticipated, for at a later stage in the retreat a cat, also looking for food supplies, encountered the cage, and removed three of its occupants. One canary, exhausted but enduring, arrived at Dunkirk. For several hours the bird's owner stood in the water waiting his turn for the boats, the cage balanced on his shoulder. Twice it left the shoulder and found the Channel, and the canary's outburst of song once on board the destroyer



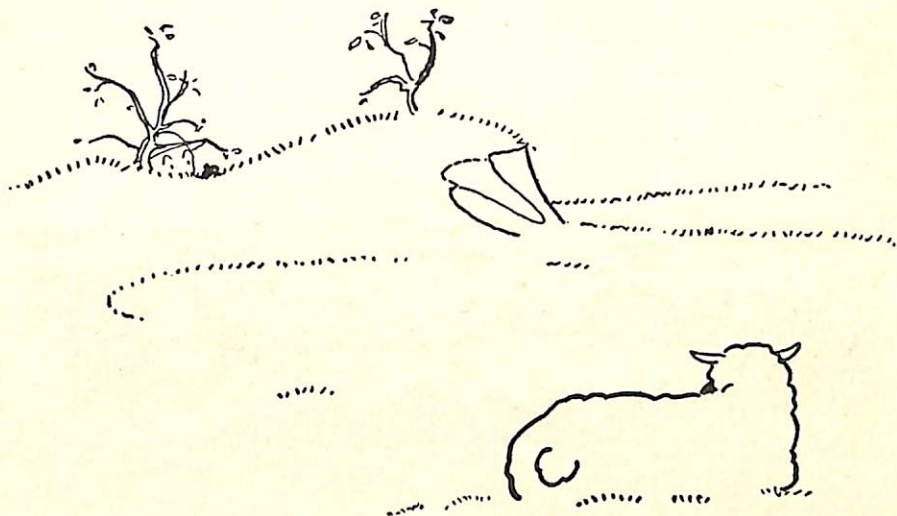
“Twice the cage left the shoulder for the Channel”

was considered to be a particularly heartfelt one. Landed in Dorset, a kindly lady produced some more bird-seed to fortify the small traveller, who in due course arrived at Leeds. Here the driver, worn out, went to sleep on the station platform, and when ultimately he woke up it was to find an admiring audience standing round in a circle, listening to the bird, which had escaped bombs, bullets, starvation and a watery grave, and was in the highest spirits as a result. The canary is now in the driver's home and is doing nicely, thank you.

Food, always important, became doubly so when it was a question of finding your rations as you went, and it was another driver who told the story of the pig. A farmer in civilian life, and with an army reputation of finding anything, a horse, a car, a girl-friend, when he wanted one, it was he who suggested to his companions that roast pig would be a pleasant variation of their uncertain menu. Deserted farmstock was plentiful on the countryside, and the pig, a fine large porker, was captured, a rope tied to its leg, and led protesting along the road to the place of slaughter. Once dead, the question of removing the bristles came up, and with it the plain fact that there was no boiling water to do it with, and no means of getting any. But the driver lived up to his reputation; if there was no water, the bristles should be singed off by means of two army blowlamps, and round and round the pig went the lamps until the corpse was cleared. Preparations had just reached cookery point when the worst happened—the order came through to move, and to move *quick*. The prospective dinner had to be left where it was, and the company resentfully ate dry biscuits instead, and thought up fresh terms of dislike for the enemy and their methods of advance.

It was the same man who circumvented the difficulty of getting drinking water for the Officers' Mess by milking some of the wandering cows and serving up whisky and milk instead of whisky and water. Milk was one of the few things which was not lacking, for cows were always there for anyone who knew how to milk them, though many amateur milkers came off the worse for a smack in the face from the harassed animal's tail. Then

there was a certain lieutenant who fancied that roast mutton would be as savoury as roast pork and who, armed with a revolver, stalked his quarry according to the best strategical methods, lurking behind every cover, crawling on his stomach towards the



"Stalked according to the best strategical methods."

sheep who grazed the scarred grass and who seemed peacefully oblivious of the death which was drawing momentarily nearer. The story has a less dramatic ending than that of the pig, for, at a close range which should have obviated any possible error, he missed, and the sheep after a cursory glance at the attacker moved out of the line of fire. (It is said that the officer now refuses mutton when served in the Mess, out of sheer pique.) There were some who encountered a herd of goats, of which two were decorated respectively with a woman's bonnet and a man's hat, but there is no record that any brave spirit attempted to obtain either goat's milk or goat's flesh for provisioning.

The story of the sergeant and the dollars reads like something in the Arabian Nights where money appeared from nowhere for some lucky individual. The sergeant, a tall, fair-haired man, can only be persuaded to tell his story with difficulty, but he and a companion, approaching a deserted Belgian estaminet, saw in its yard an abandoned American car, and, on the table inside the building a packet of notes totalling a thousand dollars. They divided the treasure trove, and one man sold a note to the sergeant-major for 30 francs and gave a couple away to friends as souvenirs. The sergeant, wiser, kept his in a breast pocket where even wading in the Channel could not spoil them and once in England, changed them for some £134, which, as he said, "came in nicely for the baby's birthday." But the baby was not the only person who enjoyed them, for the sergeant and his wife took a holiday, a super-holiday at one of the south coast's most luxurious hotels, and after five days the hundred odd pounds had vanished into the regions of very pleasant memory. It is not everybody who can come out of a retreat not merely without a scratch, but financially to the good, and his company envies him.

In that same company is a private, who if he did not find money on the retreat, at least found a means of transport and did not make the long road on foot. He may lack inches, but he certainly does not lack nerve, and seeing a French peasant with a good

horse, he commandeered the horse when its owner was occupied. The horse was a large one, and perched atop of it the private looked like a particularly small jockey on a particularly large chaser, the jaunty effect being enhanced by the Belgian soldier's cap which he had also acquired and which he and the horse wore alternately as the fancy took them. They journeyed as far as Dunkirk beach together, and but for the fact that the pleasure steamer which took them off refused to play the part of Noah's Ark and add animals to its passengers, the horse would have come to England too. Its temporary owner speaks of him with affectionate regret and with the hope that perhaps one day they may meet again, though where and when must be left to the future.

There were many oddly-clad figures standing in the shallow waters off the beach, men who had lost their kit and replaced it by civilian clothes, others who had half uniform and half a medley of picked up fragments from French casualties or deserted houses, but the palm for fancy costume must perhaps go to a certain sergeant-major who made the last part of the coastal journey clad in a lady's chemise and knickers. His company had suffered heavy losses in kit, and had had to make a large part of their way through flooded culverts, as the only shelter afforded them and their soaked and sodden clothing was replaced piecemeal with whatever they could find *en route*, scavenging parties, led by the chaplain, collecting what they could get for outfitting. It was the chaplain who supplied the sergeant-major with his share in the form of chemise and knickers and a pair of Wellington boots, and though the sergeant-major refuses to comment on his costume and displays a certain coyness when it is mentioned, natural perhaps under the circumstances, it is on record that neither his dignity nor his efficiency suffered by it. His wading to the boats was made in company with some of the Guards, and as they went deeper and deeper into the water towards the waiting boats a wail was heard behind from a small Geordie who saw himself drowned long before the water had got as far as the Guards' shoulder blades. What was he to do, he asked, in company with these giants? They advised him to swim for it, diving under the waves as they came to avoid being carried back to land. The next cry of dismay they heard came from many yards further on, on the far side of the boats. The Geordie had dived too fast and too far, had gone under the boat, and come up the other side and with the whole width of the Channel before him. He was picked up before he set out to reach England, and in the mixed company who filled the ship was heard congratulating himself on his lucky escape. He is not the only one who considers himself lucky not only to have come back, but to have a second, and a better, chance of settling scores with the Nazi. It is a score which is going to be settled in full.



"Dignity and Efficiency unimpaired"

C. A.

Old Soldier of the last war to young soldier of this one :—

"We wern't shoved out of France, we won the last war."

Young Soldier : "That's what I always say, never change a winning team."

Personalia.

The wedding between Lt.-Col. S. B. Kington and Miss Enid Mary Chapman, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Chapman, of Hexham, Northumberland, took place at St. Mary's Parish Church, Horncastle, on Saturday, (?) June, 1940. The ceremony was attended by a number of officers of the Regiment and of other units, and Capt. T. St. G. Carroll was best man. N.C.Os. and men of the Regiment formed a guard of honour outside the church. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. R. H. Chapman, and the service was taken by the Rev. R. E. Barlow Poole, Vicar of Horncastle, assisted by the Rev. V. D. Siddons, D.F.C., C.F., who is attached to the Regiment. On the opposite page is reproduced a photograph taken after the ceremony, and a key to the group is given below. We offer our best wishes to the happy couple.

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				38			39		40	41			42						

1—Lt.-Col. S.B. Kington ; 2—Lt. W. E. Brenchley ; 3—2nd Lt. H. J. T. Sills ; 4—Capt. (Rev.) V. D. Siddons, D.F.C. ; 5—Rev. Barlow Poole ; 6—Capt. D. I. Strangeways ; 7—Lt. J. Lister ; 8—Capt. F. J. Lauder ; 9—Capt. M. M. Davie ; 10—2nd Lt. Fitzgerald ; 11—Lt. P. Blake ; 12—Capt. Millar ; 13—Major A. H. G. Wathen ; 14—2nd Lt. Kynaston ; 15—Major T. St. G. Carroll ; 16—Lt. C. G. R. Taylor ; 17—Major Browning ; 18—2nd Lt. Clements ; 19—Lt.-Col. H. G. Mackay, O.B.E., M.C. ; 20—2nd Lt. J. O. Urmson ; 21—Mrs. Mackay ; 22—Major R. G. R. Thompson ; 23—Mrs. Thompson ; 24—2nd Lt. Turnbull ; 25—2nd Lt. E. P. Locattelli ; 26—2nd Lt. P. R. Faulks ; 27—Capt. G. V. Cartwright ; 28—Capt. R. K. Exham ; 29—Major F. P. A. Woods ; 30—Miss E. C. Harrison ; 31—Miss A. Chapman ; 32—Mrs. P. Chapman ; 33—Brig. T. N. F. Wilson, D.S.O., M.C. ; 34—Mrs. S. B. Kington ; 35—R. H. Chapman ; 36—Mrs. Barlow Poole ; 37—Mrs. Locattelli ; 38—A. N. Other ; 39—Mrs. Davie ; 40—Mrs. Cartwright ; 41—Miss A. Langley Price ; 42—A. N. Other.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to the following recipients of awards in the Birthday Honours List last July :—C.B.E., Lt.Col. E. C. Beard, M.C. ; O.B.E., Major (now Lt.-Col.) F. R. Armitage ; M.B.E., Capt. E. W. Stevens ; M.C., Capt. W. A. Waller ; M.M., Pte. J. Allender and Pte. W. Stead. In addition, Lt. M. F. Browne, who as mentioned in our last issue was a C.Q.M.S. in the Regiment, before his appointment as quartermaster in the A.M.P.C., received the M.B.E. for distinguished service in the field.

Mr. Paling writes :—" I was much interested in the photo of the 33rd graves in Seringatam (page 64 of our last issue). I may say that I remember one grave, other than 33rd, of a musician sergeant of the 12th Regiment. And what seemed strange to us was what appeared to be the graves of two or three native wives of men of the Regiment, judging by the names."

With reference to the photograph of the 2nd Battalion in camp in North Wales in 1907, which appeared opposite page 96 of our last issue, Col. J. C. Burnett writes that some of the names given below them are not quite correct. The following are the correct names :—

- Left-hand top photo.—Healing, Hayden, ?, Townsend, Col. Lean.
 - Right-hand top photo.—Correct.
 - Left-hand bottom photo.—Carlyon, Ellis, Horsfall, Healing, Gardiner, Beuttler, Peake.
 - Right-hand bottom photo.—Healing and Hayden.
- Col. Burnett took the snapshots himself. He is now commanding an area in the Southern Command.



Group taken on the occasion of the Wedding of Lt.-Col. S. B. Kington and Miss Chapman.



The Drums of a First Line Battalion Overseas.



Sgt. J. Bishop (see page 169).

We offer our congratulations to Major C. H. B. Pridham and Mrs. Pridham on the birth of a son, Lionel Charles Hawker, on Empire Day, 24th May, 1940.

Our readers will be sorry to hear that L/Cpl. S. F. Swift, our very versatile artist, was severely wounded in the leg and right hand during the operations in Belgium. In spite of this he has managed to contribute two drawings which he made with his left hand while in bed in a hospital near Birmingham. When we last heard from him in July last he was going on well, and expected to be up soon, and we hope that by now he is well on the way to complete recovery, and that he will have the full use of his right hand.

General Turner recently had a letter from Mr. J. Broadbent, who is still at the Singapore Club; he hopes to finish another three years there, unless the premises are taken over by the Government; but in any case, intends to live on in Singapore. He sent a donation to the Regimental Comforts Fund.

Mr. J. W. Paling writes that he recently met Mr. G. Banks, who served with the 1st Battalion in India and lost a leg in the last war. He has two sons serving, one in the 1st Battalion and the other in the 2nd.

Our Celebrities.

No. 4607403 Sgt. J. BISHOP.

Sgt. Bishop, whose photo appears opposite and who will be remembered by all who served with the 2nd Battalion from 1908 to 1930, is with a Battalion of the Regiment now overseas.

Sgt. Bishop enlisted at Stafford on 2.6.08. and joined the 2nd Battalion at Lichfield in September of that year, when he was later posted to the maxim gun section. He attended both the funeral of King Edward VII and the Coronation of King George V.

On 13th August, 1914, he left Dublin with the 2nd Battalion en route for France. He was then a lance-corporal. Bishop first came in touch with the enemy on 22nd August, and on that day the left gun of the detachment in which he was serving was almost immediately put out of action. Lt. (now Brigadier) W. M. Ozanne was wounded. Orders were given to retire and L/Cpl. Bishop and others joined Capt. Jenkins who commanded "D" Company of the 2nd Battalion on 23rd August.

On the following day when the Battalion was in the line orders were again given to retire. The party which Bishop was with was practically surrounded by the enemy, but finally made their way into Wasmès to find the enemy marching through the streets. After some confused fighting L/Cpl. Bishop and two men managed to make their way to the hospital in Wasmès where Col. Gibbs, the C.O. of the 2nd Battalion, was lying wounded. He was reprimanded for bringing his party into a hospital which was in the hands of the enemy and ordered to rejoin the British forces at Mauberge. After an exciting journey through the German lines, Bishop and his party reported to Capt. Fitzgerald of the Royal Irish Regiment. Shortly after this the French troops in this sector surrendered and Bishop with about 84 other ranks was taken prisoner.

Sgt. Bishop remained a prisoner of war from 8th September, 1914, until January, 1918, when he was repatriated to Holland and again met Col. Gibbs. For his conduct on 23rd and 24th August he was awarded the Military Medal.

Sgt. Bishop left the service in April, 1919, but was recalled to the colours in May, 1920, and proceeded with the 2nd Battalion to Ireland and served through the Irish Rebellion.

SUMMARY OF FURTHER SERVICE.—Moascar, 1923. Cairo, 1924. Appointed sergeant cook, 1925. Singapore, 1926, 1928. India, 1928—1930. Awarded Long Service and

Good Conduct Medal, 1927. Joined 1st Battalion at Devonport, 1931. Discharged to pension, 1932. Re-enlisted in Section E Army Reserve 16th August, 1939. Recalled to the colours 2nd September, 1939. Joined the Battalion he is now with 11th May, 1940, as sergeant cook.

SALVAGE—a true story.

Be careful what you throw away,
Your copper, brass and steel,
Your precious aluminium,
Take heed to this appeal
For every kind of article
To help to win the War.
You may be in for trouble
You did not bargain for.

The fight to beat the Kaiser
Was a war to end all wars,
And after it was over
There were War Department stores
Of small arms ammunition—
A hundred billion rounds,
Of scientific instruments
Some costing many pounds,
Binoculars and Rubber Boots
And Anti-aircraft guns,
And bags of powder and cement,
Yes—several thousand tons.

There'd never be a war again,
The stuff must all be scrapped,
The public must be made to buy,
Their savings must be tapped.
Offer the goods for what they'll fetch,
The order came to sell ;
And so their Agents tempted me,
To salesmanship I fell.

They offered me sufficient tents
To make my field a camp,
And then, for only half-a-crown,
A Lucas Signalling Lamp.
Once I had been a Signaller,
Adept at "dot and dash,"
"This is the very thing for me,"
Said I, "and here's the cash."
I'd bought the thing—the deed was done,
That was in nineteen twenty-one.

It lay in dust for nineteen years
With other bric-a-brac,
Then came the call—the country's need—
I thought I'd give it back.
Although I'd bought the precious thing
I felt it would be nice
To give it to the Government,
Nor mind the sacrifice.

Then some efficient person
(I don't wish to be unkind)
Imagined the most dreadful things
In his distorted mind.
My office was invaded,
The intruder showed his card,
"I am making some enquiries,
I come from Scotland Yard."
Did I admit the ownership ?
Why was it in my home ?
The case was most suspicious—
So near the Aerodrome !

When I recovered from the shock
I said the lamp *was* mine,
And, should I be arrested
Or might I pay a fine ?

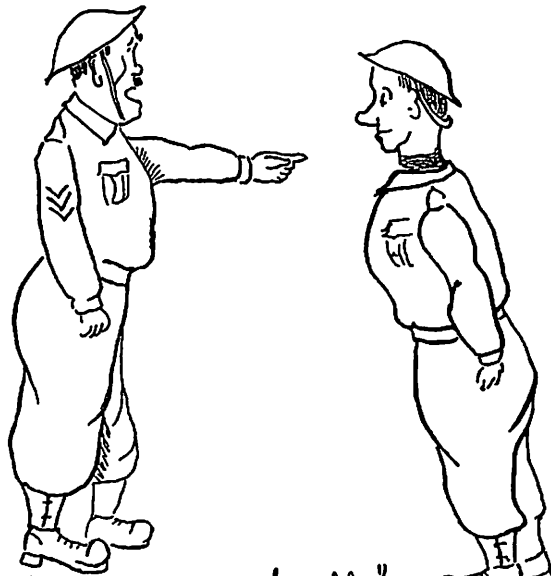
He answered me contemptuously
"You will not be interned,
But let this be a warning,
For censure you have earned.
I shall not need the evidence,
The Lamp will be returned."

And so my contribution,
My gift to this appeal,
Was wantonly rejected,
My wounds can never heal.
Be careful what you offer,
Likewise it may be spurned,
Like me you'll be offended—
Perhaps you'll be interned.

C. W. W.

Our Contemporaries.

We have to acknowledge with thanks the following regimental magazines :—*The Dragon* (May, June), *The Snapper* (May, July, August), *The London Scottish Regimental Gazette* (May, June), *The St. George's Gazette* (April, May, June, July), *The Suffolk Regimental Gazette* (April, June), *Ca-Ira* (June), *The Lion & The Rose* (May, August), *The Sapper* (May, June, July, August), *The Royal Army Ordnance Corps Gazette* (May, June, July, August) ; *The Wire* (May, June, July, August), *Our Empire* (May, June, July, August), *Seventh Regiment (U.S.A.) Gazette* (second quarter, 1940).

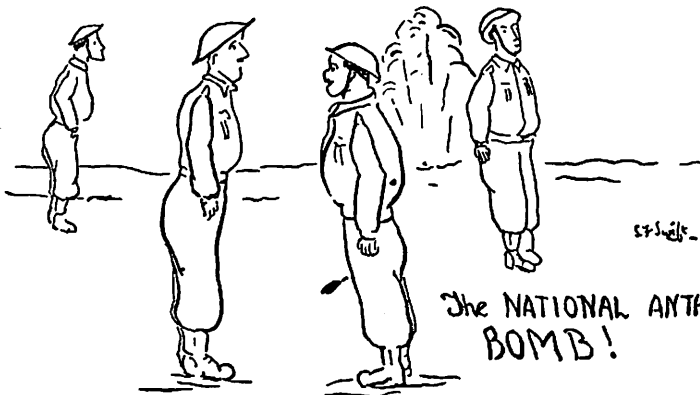
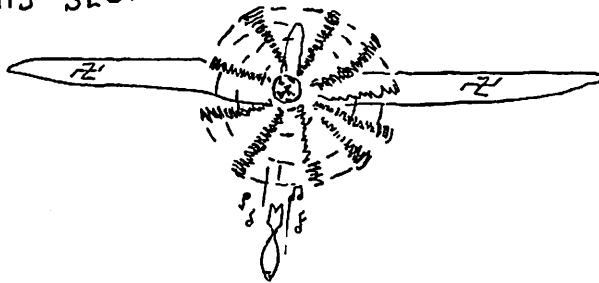


Sgt: "Take that scarf off."

Pte NoSOAP: "That's not a scarf sgt."

S.F. Swift.

HIS SECRET WEAPON



S.F. Swift.

The NATIONAL ANTHEM BOMB!

A Big-Game Trip in Malaya.

One of the advantages of peace-time soldiering, particularly in the East, is that one is able to go in for most kinds of sport at remarkably small cost. Many an officer has trophies of his gun adorning his walls, though in my own case they take rather a different form—photographs.

I do not intend, here, to go into the question of the comparative merits of shooting and photography, except to say that, with the latter, one has the satisfaction of knowing that, even after a really successful stalk, the animal stalked is still free to roam its native wilds, instead of being a mere "head" or "skin." I am not unaware of the very real necessity of killing "killers," but in the main I think most of us would rather see our very splendid quarry still leading its own happy existence.

So it was that, a few years ago, having come into possession of a big press reflex camera and finding myself due for leave, I set off for Singapore from India. The trip itself is very interesting, with its calls at Colombo and Penang. Both are what one expects them to be, though I was sorry to see that the temples were mere money-making rackets. I do not recommend the snake temple at Penang, as it is one of the most sinister places I have ever been in. Certainly the words of the hymn written of Ceylon—"where every prospect pleases and only man is vile"—are very true, for the natural beauty is really lovely.

Singapore itself is an incredible island, full of up-to-date businesses run by the Chinese, tremendous fortifications, and at the other end of the scale, the little Malay grinning his way through life with all his poverty and superstition. For a short stay it is well worth while. I stayed out in Changi with a sapper friend in their magnificent mess, set on an emerald green hill among the palm trees, overlooking the deep, deep blue of the Johore Strait, with the brown-sailed junks drifting slowly along. Much of my time here was spent in collecting gear for my expedition into the jungle. The commander-in-chief, who was a friend of mine, was most helpful in lending me camp gear. A Chinese lorry owner lent me, quite free and most willingly, an enormous tarpaulin, to be used as a tent. The military hospital at Tanglin supplied me with a small chest of medicines, and from the N.A.A.F.I. I purchased most of my stores. Finally, fully equipped with photographic material I left Singapore by train for the heart of the peninsula, the state of Pahang.

The train travels through thick tropical jungle. At times one passes through great plantations of pineapples, and at others through forests of rubber trees, each with its own little pot hanging from the side to catch the drip. I spent the first night at a rest house, which is about ten times as good as the normal Indian dak bungalow. Excellent food, good service, clean linen and English periodicals—right in the middle of the wilds. There were several planters and a police officer there, but the man whom I came to meet there was a deputy game warden.

I should like here to pay tribute to the Malayan game service. They have a hard fight with so-called "sportsmen" whose sole aim is to shoot any animal on sight, bush natives who know little better and kill what they please with arrows, and the inevitable jungle itself. Despite this they make a grand job of it, and are kindness itself to anyone wanting help. The chief game warden had written several letters giving me information I wanted to know, and had arranged for his deputy to meet me. As a result all my stores were purchased correctly, boats and crews hired, and the whole forest opened to me. I cannot imagine what I should have done without this help.

When all this was fixed up I went on to the "port of embarkation"—a village on the river. The night was spent in a Chinese store, whose owners, in honour of the occasion, kept me awake with a gramophone and ten-year-old records. I should mention here that travel in Malaya is impossible except by river, as the jungle is too thick for walking. While here I saw the local soccer—the men stood round in a circle kicking a little wicker

A BIG GAME TRIP IN MALAYA.



Sunset off Singapore.



"Empress of Britain."



Balinese Devil-Dancing Costumes.

A BIG GAME TRIP IN MALAYA.



Camp by the water's edge.



Cheetal Deer.



Seladang.

ball up in the air from man to man without letting it fall. I believe they are able to do it up to a hundred kicks.

The next day we were off. We consisted of myself, my interpreter "No Piah" and three boys as crew in one boat and three more boys with the kit in another (including their rice and bad dried fish!). What of the boats? Each was about twenty-five feet long and two feet wide. Two boys in front propelled it by pushing long poles into the stream and then walking down the boat towards me, while the third steered with a paddle in the rear. I sat against my valise under an awning of coconut leaves. I often wonder why we never upset, especially when going down the rapids—I still don't know.

The river (Tembeling) is typical of most: shallow, meandering, with the jungle coming right down on either side. Here and there we passed little villages, which seemed to be entirely self-supporting. Nothing is wasted—the huts are made of local wood, palm leaves are the roofs, dried grasses the string. One of his few outside purchases is the Malay's parang or curved knife which has a hundred and one different uses. At intervals during the trip No Piah beached the boat and leaped ashore with a glad cry of "want tea?" This was one of his very few English expressions, and I always answered "yes." Thereupon he would dash into the jungle, cut down sticks and soon have a fire blazing. The only animal life I saw was, first, a snake swimming, the only serpent I saw at all, probably due to the unusually dry weather, for the jungle must have been full of them, and the occasional marks of elephant and tiger by the water's edge.

At night I rigged up my tarpaulin, and after a bathe and supper, would be lulled to sleep by the great silence of the forests. Occasionally I would hear the dull roar of a tiger, but generally was left undisturbed till the weird cries of innumerable hidden animals woke me in the early dawn.

Later on, I lived in the game warden's huts at Kuala Tahan, which is the headquarters of the then newly formed King George V National Park, which is a vast game reserve. It is a last effort to preserve for Malaya some of that fine wild life which has been so nearly shot away. Whoever chose the site had a natural eye for beauty. I quote verbatim from my diary, in which I recorded my impressions. "Perched about forty feet above the river is this little 'village.' The huts, being built by the government, are very nice. The Rest House, which is my home, is charming; a bedroom, dining-sitting room, wash-house and kitchen. Stone floor and the usual palm matting roof. Tables and deck-chairs—a real palace. Outside, bananas and coconuts grow, with flowers and bushes too. In the river below, fish are to be had for the asking. The view is lovely, with the wooded hills all round and the soft murmur of the water over the rocks beneath." I should add that this was set in the fork where two rivers meet.

I shall not describe each day in detail, but just give the story of my best "bag." I got up at 3.30 a.m., having to wake myself, as No Piah always woke after me, despite my orders. By 4.30 I had had a little food, packed the boats and was ready to go. Besides No Piah and my three boatmen I also took the chief game ranger, a most delightful ever-smiling Malay, who was an absolute expert at woodcraft and knew all the ways of the jungle. By the light of the moon we pushed off down stream, only using a paddle for steering, which was done from the front. As we were shooting small rapids it was no mean feat, and I'm afraid I was always scared of a spill until we were all safely landed. Not that I minded a ducking myself, but the whole show would have been ruined had my camera got wet. Finally, we stopped at the water's edge and took a small path through the dark forest to my hide. There are several of these, constructed by the wardens, near salt licks. They take about six months to build, as the work is done slowly and naturally, so as to avoid scaring the animals. When finished they are small shelters fronted by a barricade of sticks and creepers made entirely naturally. They do not afford a tremendous amount of protection except from view, which is really what they are for. In any case I incline to the theory that a man well disposed to a wild animal is seldom attacked, and that the dangers are greatly exaggerated.

Here, I must add a note about my dress. On my feet were canvas boots with no lace holes at all, and fastened round the ankles. Long slacks covered from ankle to knee by puttees. This was to prevent leech bites, as the jungle is full of these little blood suckers. I was fortunate in never getting one on my body, though they come off easily if burned.

By the time I was in the hide and my camera on its stand light was just beginning to dawn. This accounts for the early start, as it is fatal to arrive in the light. The sounds of awakening wild life are always thrilling: birds twittering, monkeys chattering, a far off bellow from a tiger, and the bark of a frightened mouse deer.

On this particular day my first visitors were two sambhur deer, lovely creatures, but desperately shy. The slightest noise made them scurry away. But despite the very bad light and curious blending of their colour with their surroundings, I managed to get a picture of each enjoying its morning meal.

Then came the thrill. A peculiar grunting, a crackling of undergrowth, and then four enormous beasts walked slowly into the clearing. My Malay ranger was overjoyed, for nowadays one rarely sees so many together. They were seladang, a species of bison. They are extremely strong and very fierce. If stalked they stalk the stalker or get their mate to do so. Many a hunter has lost his life in this way. I managed to get twelve perfect pictures. The biggest seladang, a bull, came within five yards of me, and though suspicious of the noise of my shutter fortunately didn't wind me. All this was before eight o'clock. Later on, another lone bull came in, but got frightened and stampeded away. I didn't stay much longer, as there was little chance of more coming now that the sun was up. But I had got what I wanted in no uncertain measure. On the way back I saw what I believe was a species of flying-fox, but he didn't wait to have his picture taken, nor did the loud-voiced jungle fowl. And so back to the boat, a long pull up stream, and then back to camp highly satisfied.

And so the days passed, sometimes moving to fresh sights and pastures new, at others just resting. And finally the trip back to civilisation—to newspapers full of wars, letters, bills, wireless sets and motor cars. Perhaps these are necessities nowadays, and we do enjoy them, but there are times such as these when to get away from the busy rush of the world and be lost in the deep solitude of the jungle is a real refreshment. And as I look at these photographs and think over the happy memories they inspire, I am glad that those beasts are probably still roaming about their native wilds instead of adorning the walls of a stuffy museum.

K. G.

CHORUS AT DAWN.

The distant horizon lightened from black to grey. Slowly the light spread upwards and along, changing through a dozen tints from grey to cream. It was the birth of a new day.

As the light grew stronger the stillness was broken by a cascade of silver notes. Soon they increased till I was listening to a choir of feathered songsters. As the darkness gave way to light the song grew, reaching a crescendo as the first rays of the sun appeared.

I marvelled at the beauty of it, the sweet harmony coming from so many throats. The volume from such small frail creatures amazed me. It was like listening to a heavenly chorus.

The sun appeared as if by magic; the music faded away; all that was left was the boom of the guns, the scream of the shells, the noise of explosions. Jerry was getting close with his heavy stuff.

“DREAMER.”

A Subaltern at Large.

Having dug large holes in most of France and some of Belgium, my Platoon seemed quite resigned to the prospect of digging large holes in England.

We dug a small hole "Somewhere in England." We dug a large hole "Somewhere Else in England." We dug several large holes "Somewhere on the Edge of England." But so far we seemed fated never to occupy our own holes.

And then we were told we were to move to the Front Line, where our holes *were already dug*. They might need a little improvement, a little revetting, and so on, but they *were* already dug, and all we had to do was to sit in them and wait for the much-advertised entertainment to begin.

So it was with cheerful hearts that we set out in our Civilian Buses (please Have the Exact Fare Ready) for our own particular slice of the Danger Zone. Our Civilian buses are very handsome conveyances. They have brilliant white roofs, to ensure their being perfectly visible for miles from the air; and their windows are painted blue, to ensure that the occupants shall not see any Enemy, and so get frightened. This also prevents any danger of the Platoon Commander being able to follow the route on a map, and so reach his right destination first time.

Our large convoy hurtles along the narrow roads at a reckless eighteen miles an hour, and our bus is in imminent danger of rolling into the deep ditches on either side. Every time we stop (which is often) the troops playfully ring the conductor's bell, which gradually infuriates the Civilian driver.

Just to enliven the proceedings, or perhaps to relieve the deep religious blue light in the bus, Pte. Blank knocks his rifle through the window. ("I'm sorry, Sir. It just happened, Sir. Must have been very thin glass, Sir.")

At least some of us can now see a little of the countryside. It is flat, and rapidly getting flatter. And after hairbreadth escapes such as passing steam rollers on the narrow roads, and negotiating flocks of super-stupid sheep, we stop once again.

Enquiry reveals that this pleasant-looking house is to be Company Headquarters. (Trust them to find a comfortable billet.) A guide from the Regiment we are relieving is to take us up to our forward position, and we learn with relief and amazement that we have not got to walk. Our beloved bus will take us nearly all the way.

After some delay our guide arrives.

"Just tell your driver to follow this truck, Sir, and we'll lead you up to your Platoon Headquarters."

Whereupon the truck darts off at a good thirty-five miles an hour, and our panting, heaving, rattling bus careers after it.

After something like a quarter of a mile we are halted abruptly at a cross roads, where we find another guide from the same Platoon who wants to take us to a completely different place. We let the guides argue until they seem about to come to blows, and then, deciding our first guide seems a nice friendly person, who is probably good to his mother and would be miserably disappointed if we deserted him, we elect to follow his route.

The other guide, snarling and muttering to himself, joins on behind, and once more we set off. Gradually all signs of human habitation disappear, and the landscape gets bleaker and bleaker, until at last we stop. This time we are really on the very Edge of England.

As we "de-bus" we are met by the Platoon Commander we are about to relieve. He is suspiciously cheerful at the prospect of leaving, and is obviously in a hurry to get away. He welcomes us cordially and shows us our new home.

"The tents are all right unless it is windy, and that dugout is fine except when it is hot, or when it rains," he says happily. "Oh, and if an irate farmer calls to know what's become of the potatoes that were here, it's quite all right—we've eaten them."

"Thanks very much," we murmur.

"I'm afraid you may find your section post a little remote," he says.

"Oh, we've been warned about that," we reply. "We've been told that they aren't within shouting distance."

He guffaws heartily.

"The one on the left," he says, slowly and distinctly, "is just a mile and a half. The one on the right is quite close—about three-quarters of a mile."

And before we can recover our breath, he departs. So we send off search parties for the section posts, and begin to settle in.

* * * * *

The first night passed uneventfully enough. We settled down quite comfortably in our tents and dugouts. (Luckily it was neither too windy, too hot, nor too wet.) We made contact with all the strange units on either side of us and between our far-flung outposts—M.Gs., Gunners, Anti-Tanks, Searchlights and so on. We stood-to at dusk and dawn. And we slept the sleep of the just.

The first breakfast was more of an experiment than a success, as our cooks had never been cooks before. But it was eagerly devoured none the less. It was rudely interrupted by our first excitement, the sound of planes, and then suddenly bursts of machine-gun fire. We leapt to our feet to watch what seemed to be a dog-fight just out to sea. We rushed to man our A.A. Bren gun. In the midst of our activity, the Sergeant commanding the searchlight next door strolled up.

"Ah," he said, "watching the practice?"

"Practice?" we gasped.

He pointed out the target towed by the first plane, which the other was firing at.

"Did you think it was Jerry?" he said.

"No—no," we lied.

But really somebody might have told us.

* * * * *

That searchlight has always struck me as being too close to be healthy. One night there was the sound of bombing a few miles away and we learned afterwards that they had been aiming at another searchlight further along the coast. The bombs had fallen just fifty yards behind it. Careful measurement shows that just fifty-one yards behind our searchlight is my tent.

During the daytime we worked at improving the defences. They were built in sand, so that every time any one went into them the walls collapsed. However we were told to indent for any materials we required, and they would immediately be sent to us. So I indented for fifty sheets of corrugated iron, a hundred and fifty angle-iron pickets and some wire. Sure enough, within a few hours a large truck arrived, and I was impressed to find my needs so promptly attended to. I hurriedly called out a party to unload the truck, and was intrigued to find thirteen rolls of wire netting and a request for the names of all men who were shorthand typists.

Nevertheless, quite undaunted, I tried again. I asked for a dozen rolls of barbed wire and some wire-cutters. Almost before I had time to speculate as to the result, a truck arrived with two dozen tree trunks, three handlamps (without bulbs) and four tin baths.

I decided I had not yet developed the right technique, and tried indenting for something I had already—namely, twelve coils of concertina wire. Sad to say, they duly arrived, and I still have not evolved a method which is really satisfactory. If anyone who reads these notes can suggest one, I shall be more than grateful, and I would willingly exchange 130 screw pickets and two dozen rolls of rabbit-wire for a torch bulb and a few sandbags. (Empire papers, please copy.)

However, it is really very pleasant in our Front Line, except when neighbouring Platoon Commanders send frantic messages such as "What is the meaning of two rifle

shots on your front. Ack." And after patiently explaining that it was a farmer shooting rabbits with a shot-gun half a mile behind us, one expects to be thanked, not reviled.

Another little thing that happens quite often is the arrival of a message at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, such as "Report to 'H.Q.' names of all men in your platoon with experience of working on sewage farms. Names must be in by 1600 hours without fail." Or a message arrives after dark, saying "Supply immediately a map of your platoon area showing accurately positions of all trenches and pillboxes."

And I shall never master the Army habit of calling a petrol-motor water-pump ; pump, water, motor, petrol, I.

* * * * *

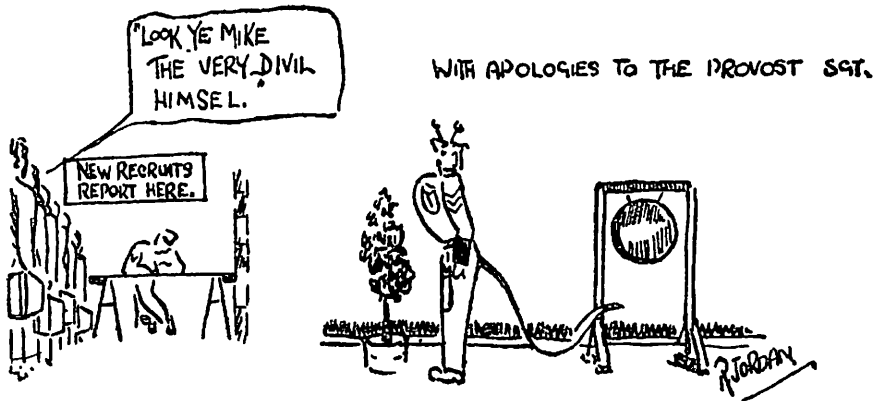
We stayed some three weeks in that part of the line, and then we went back 'for a rest.' Ten days there, and then to a different part of the Front. And so we go on in a perpetual "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush."

Now we are in the best billet of all. My Platoon is the guest of the Navy in a training 'ship' on land, the edge of which we are defending. And what a fine host the Navy is!

How I shall ever get my over-fed, spoilt troops back to our Spartan routine I do not know. The Navy has thrown open its grand hospitable doors, and the troops are having the time of their lives. For the first time we put in a united petition *not* to be relieved from the arduous of the Front Line.

Ah! As I write I see a truck drawing up with, I hope, all the materials I have indented for. A party goes forward to unload it. and they produce—a hundred screw pickets, a roll of wire netting, and—give me strength!—a request for the numbers to be in ten minutes ago (without fail) of all the tins of bully beef that are dented or "in any way unserviceable"!

A. P. T.



Flanders Fun.

Elsewhere in *THE IRON DUKE* is a brief description of the campaign in Belgium and France as it affected one battalion of the "Dukes," but this is only concerned with the operational aspect, and as such cannot draw on the rich fund of humour and anecdote which war invariably produces.

It was considered desirable that the humorous side of the campaign should be written up, also, because it seems that it is the humour of things which lives closer to the surface than the tragic happenings, and when men are gathered together and talk turns to war, the most vivid memories and the ones most talked about are those which for a moment drowned the noise of war in a burst of laughter.

Unfortunately, not many of the jokes or incidents which provoked laughter in this last operation survive the ordeal of being perpetuated in print. It needs all the atmosphere of the actual occasion to make them live. In addition, the average soldier is most reluctant to talk about himself or his experiences in cold blood, and almost the whole of this article has been compiled from snatches of conversation overheard, or a sketchy outline by a self-conscious soldier. Again, there are sharp restrictions imposed on an author's printed vocabulary, and stories often lose their point entirely, or much of their force, through this restriction. Jack Warner and his "blue pencil" was very popular in France however, so his method of censorship has been adopted here where necessary. It is confidently assumed that most readers of *THE IRON DUKE* can ably restore the censored words.

It is common knowledge that code names are used in warfare. Just before the advance into Belgium a truck driver, not in the Regiment, asked one of our sergeants the way to Zutu. The sergeant told him to carry straight on, turn left at the frontier gates until he arrived at Bachy Station, where he would find Zutu. The truck driver exploded: "Why the blue pencil hades couldn't the silly blue pencil say Bachy Station? That's on the map, but I've been looking all over the blue pencil place for Zutu for the last three hours!"

While we were waiting for our start-time to arrive, we had our first experience of dive-bombing, but it did not have quite the effect that Hitler desires, for a voice was heard to say, laconically, in a broad Yorkshire dialect, that he reckoned that dive-bombers were a bit more dangerous than pigeons!

Some tragic sights were witnessed during our brief stay on the river Dyle, when local farmers packed some of their belongings on carts, and left whole farms to join the never-ending stream of refugees. In some cases they just gave the farms and the keys of the farm buildings to the nearest British soldier, with the result that many of our men became landowners for the first and probably the last time in their lives! One such soldier-farmer of the Dukes anti-tank platoon was heard to ask his company commander for compassionate leave in order to go and milk his cows. Others confirmed their new ownership in practical ways, and many casualties were inflicted on the local poultry population. In one locality the first gas alarm (false, by the way) coincided with the dishing up of boiled chicken—an exciting change after months of normal rations. Two stalwarts had just received a huge mess-tin full of chicken and vegetables when the alarm sounded. Now we all know what should have happened—this is what did. A fierce argument ensued as to whether to don gas masks first and eat chicken afterwards, with pious prayers that the chicken would not get gassed, or whether to make sure of the chicken first and then put on the respirator. Discipline won on a compromise, and gas masks were put on over mouths painfully distended by almost unmanageable portions of boiled chicken, the wearers meanwhile glaring suspiciously at each other and the respective mess-tins.

The following story was told by an officer who was working with the Battalion from Brigade headquarters. It is reproduced in more or less his own words:—

"At an early hour one morning, when the Brigade was holding a position on the

Dendre, I was standing by my motor-bike waiting to accompany the Brigadier to the next Brigade headquarters. At this moment a Boche airman decided to liven things up by dive-bombing us, and, more quickly than I can say, I was flat on my face holding Mother Earth in the closest of embraces. A few bombs came shrieking down, but suddenly, above the din, I heard the sound of pounding footsteps, and raised my head sufficiently to look for the cause. Bearing down upon me at full speed I saw a figure, and from his demeanour I was convinced that he contemplated a violent assault upon my person. As I was rapidly wondering whether to rise, and thus expose myself to a possible bomb explosion, to protect myself from the impending assault, or whether to practise A.R.P. and allow myself to be heavily jumped on, to my great astonishment he suddenly appeared to 'take off,' and without the aid of a flying trapeze, flew through the air with an ease which even at that moment excited my admiration. During this seemingly miraculous display of the triumph of mind over matter I quite forgot the bombing and watched his flight with incredulous eyes.

"He described a perfect parabola, until with incredible speed and accuracy, he disappeared head first into a black, semi-circular hole less than two and a half feet in diameter. I felt convinced that I had witnessed the return of an emissary of his Satanic Majesty to the nether regions, no doubt with the news that his Master's hitherto unbroken sway was being challenged, when there was a terrific crash. For some moments I could not appreciate the meaning of this, when suddenly it became clear to me. All I had just seen was in reality a French civilian, rather frightened by the bombing, making as rapid an entrance as possible to his air-raid shelter!

At that moment the Brigadier's car started to move, and I had to follow, so to my regret I was unable to discover whether a bomb in the back garden might not be safer than too precipitate an entry to one's air-raid shelter."

It seems an inevitable attribute of the British soldier that the grimmer the situation the more fun he makes out of it. This was well instanced during the last stand of the Battalion in France, and on the beach itself. We were engaged closely with the enemy, and Battalion headquarters were being quite heavily shelled by artillery and mortars. Suddenly, above all the noise, a roar of laughter was heard, and there appeared in the yard the Colonel's driver, with his shirt sleeves rolled up, his round face wreathed in smiles, and upon his head the shiniest of black top-hats. Battle-bowlers were a common-place, but "toppers" were a rarity and as such to be made the most of! It was probably the tail-coat which went with the hat that adorned the back of one of our men after he had discarded his battle-dress having swum down a ditch to Battalion headquarters with a message.

After months of vehicle discipline, some of the sights witnessed during our final stand were indeed funny. The Brigade anti-tank company, having lost all its vehicles, had been ordered by its commander, an officer of the Dukes, to equip itself with bicycles. This the company cheerfully did, and to see them "Prepare to mount. Mount!" their most extraordinary assortment of cycles was a brave but laughable sight.

On another occasion a huge armoured gunner vehicle was seen towing a two-pounder anti-tank gun—a ludicrous sight, though the gun was a very welcome addition to our defence. The driver was greeted with "Tha's best watch thee troock, lad, else 'twill land thee in t' soup." "How so?" queried the driver. "Kidnapping is a serious crime, thee knaws," was the reply.

Horses still have their uses, as the Intelligence Officer will confirm, having ridden (?) a large cart-horse around our defences, and having spent some time in grooming (again?) it, before trying to swap it for a motor-bike. It is an old saying that opposites attract, and this was certainly the case when the smallest man in the Battalion in some way became involved with a Belgian cavalry unit, for he promptly perched himself on the largest charger to be found.

From the beach there is only one story that concerns the Dukes, as far as the author

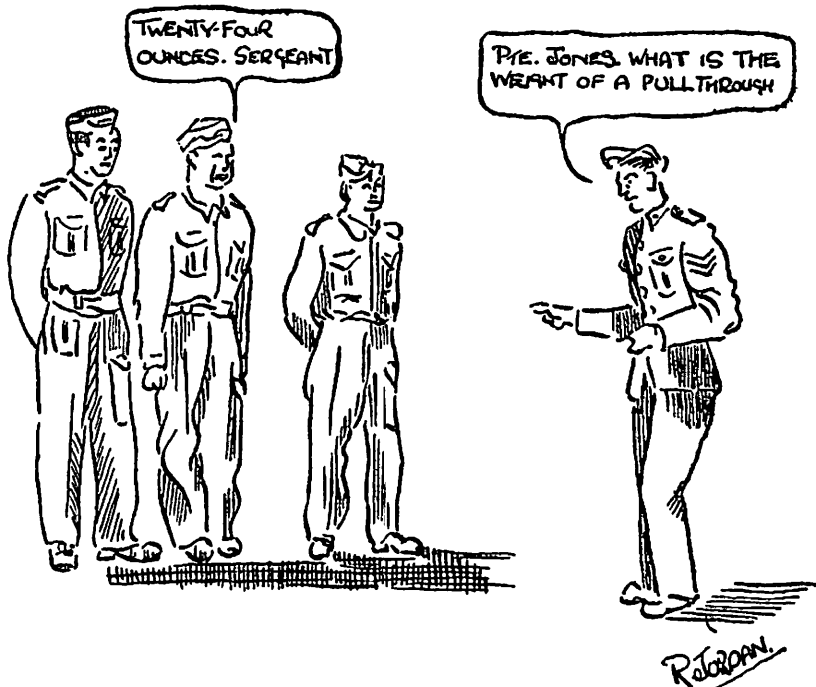
has discovered, and it is when the remaining men were spending their last few hours in France. During the hours of daylight, some men spent their time in holes scratched in the sand. German bombers were continually in action, and shells were exploding every second. One of our men was half-buried by the sand thrown up by a bomb which burst very close to him. He was indignant. "I used not to mind, in civ., when kids used to bury me in t' sand, but when the blue pencil Boche starts playing t' same game with blue pencil bombs I take a poor view of it!"

So, most inadequately it is feared, an attempt has been made to record the wonderful spirit which can make humour out of the grimmest things. The author would like to close this article with one story, not about the Dukes, but one which he feels typifies the bearing of the whole B.E.F.

One of our officers, who was amongst the last to get away from Dunkirk, sailed in a small motor-driven boat. When about three miles out to sea, a black speck was seen ahead, and an amazing sight met his eyes when they approached closer. It was a very frail canvas canoe, able to hold three, but only just. In it were three British soldiers, fully equipped. An anti-tank rifle was tied along the canoe, and behind, being towed, was another small boat, with rifles and ammunition in it. The soldiers had no paddles, but were solemnly, steadily and rhythmically paddling with their steel helmets, to the accompaniment of "In. Out; In. Out!"

Our officer enquired, laughingly, where they were making for, and the answer was simple: "England."

G. R. T.



THE ABILITIES OF OUR SQUAD - WITH REGARD TO THE BRINGING IN OF EARLY RECRUIT MEMORY TESTS - ARE ABSOLUTELY REMARKABLE.

Turkey Talk.

"Birds, both human and otherwise, are a nuisance," said "Speaky" Low, the fat Petty Officer of H.M.S. —, to his friend the Sergeant of Royal Marines as they sat at ease in an Alexandrian pub.

"First of all," continued Speaky, "there's seagulls. You paint a turret or put on a clean suit. Along comes a seagull and scores a direct hit. Hitler ought to get and study a seagull's bomb-sight. Then again, there's women. Look at what's happening over there."

The large room was crowded with sailors and marines. At the far side was a stage upon which a band performed. The members of the band were ladies. A sailor had suddenly fallen in love with the band leader and was offering her a glass of beer. The better to present this token of his affection, he had climbed on top of the brass rail which was supposed to afford the band some protection. The sailor was unsteady, the rail was slippery, and the beer was not to be spilled.

Encouraged by the shouts of his shipmates and the excited shrieks of the ladies, the sailor edged his way along the rail. The manager of the place appeared.

"Pliss to come down from dere," he ordered, "the patrol he come and make trouble."

The would-be Romeo looked down at the little man, sighed, and carefully emptied the pint pot on to his upturned face. The manager gasped and jumped backwards, landing on the toes of a very young Royal Marine, who yelped with the pain.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble," shouted Able-seaman Briggs, for it was he on the rail. "Listen to the Turkey howling."

The marine rushed at Briggs who, nothing loth, leaped at the marine and a free-for-all was imminent when Speaky's voice split the air.

"Pipe down," he roared, "the next man who cuts up rough gets arrested. Come over here that Royal Marine. Outside, that Able-seaman."

Peace being restored, Speaky turned to the Sergeant. "Here's your youngster. Perhaps you'd better speak to him."

The Sergeant took the marine to task for brawling, and told him how the sailors invariably referred to the members of the Corps as "leather-necks," "bullocks," or "turkeys." The terms are traditional and, as a rule, the Royals do not take offence. They know that theirs is a famous regiment with a fighting history second to none and that, anyway, their "barracks" in a ship is placed between the sailors' mess-decks and the officers' quarters because the sailors are rough, mutinous murderers—at least, they were once supposed to be.

When the Sergeant had finished, Speaky continued.

"Mind if your lad stays to hear a yarn, Sergeant? It might show him that it's all a joke. Well, as I was saying, all birds are a nuisance. Seagulls, women and now turkeys.

"That A.B. Briggs don't mean any harm. He can't help skylarking—another bird, and another nuisance. When we had some new chaps a while back, the ship left harbour and Action Stations was sounded. A couple of these new fellows didn't know where to go and this same Briggs got his hands on them. He gave one of them the blacksmith's sledge-hammer and stationed him outside X turret. 'Stand here,' he ordered, 'and when the gunnery officer comes, tell him that you're the spare striker for X. Don't forget that the striker is what you strike the charge with so that the gun goes off.'

"Briggs took the other man and gave him a rope with a hook at the end of it. This chap was stationed outside B turret and he was to be the spare extractor for B."

Speaky looked at the young marine's puzzled face. "Now," he said, "strikers and extractors are parts of the gun machinery and don't need backing up by sailors with hammers and ropes.

"Later on, the gunnery officer came round. He looked a bit startled when he came

across a chap with a big hammer over his shoulder, but he pulled himself together to ask a few questions. When he found the other bloke hugging a length of rope, he thought that the joke had gone far enough. After the drills were over, Guns sent for Briggs and gave him the biggest dressing down that he'd had for a long time. At the end of it he said, 'Briggs, you're the biggest fowl in the ship.'

"'No Sir,' said Briggs.

"'Oh,' said Guns, thinking to give Briggs enough rope to hang himself, 'You're not, eh? Well, if you don't produce a bigger fowl than yourself by noon to-morrow, you're for the high jump.'"

Speaky paused in his narrative and looked again at the young Marine. "Of course you know that when we say that a chap is a fowl, we mean that he is a nuisance. More birds, see?"

"Well," he went on, "next day arrived and, just before eight bells a Royal Marine knocked on the door of the gunnery office.

"'Come in,' said Guns.

"'Did you want me, Sir?' asked the Royal.

"Guns looked at him. 'No,' he said. 'Who sent you?'

"When Guns found that Briggs had sent the Royal, he went purple in the face. 'Send Briggs here,' he roared.

"Along came Briggs," said Speaky Low, "looking a bit nervous, because Guns was a real scorcher when he got going.

"Guns went in to the attack. 'Briggs, did you send this Royal Marine to me?'

"'Yes, Sir,' said Briggs.

"'Why?' enquired Guns in a very quiet voice.

"'Well, Sir,' said Briggs, edging for the door, 'you said that I had to find a bigger fowl than myself.'

"'And what is that to do with the Royal Marine?' asked Guns.

"Briggs stood by to make a rapid retirement. 'I sent you a Turkey, Sir.'"

"ARCO."

THE BRITISH INFANTRY.

Who are the chaps who look so fierce?
Who through their foemen's armour pierce?
Who know not name of fear?
Who're always there when battle's on,
Who never shirk till duty's done
And victory is near.

Who are those whose work is tough,
Whose life is hard and living rough,
Whose bayonet is their sword?
Who have to go with naked steel,
Who fight for freedom's golden seal
And never get reward?

Who are those whose task is fine,
Whose job so hard is in the Line,
Who wouldn't be elsewhere?
Who kept the English flag aloft,
Who're called all names but never soft?
They're where they're needed, there.

And now these chaps of British stock
With nerves and sinews strong as rock,
Once skilled in musketry,
Are now proficient in the Bren,
The anti-tank, these strong-willed men,
THE BRITISH INFANTRY.

But who's the finest of the fine,
Who is the foremost in the line,
Who other claims rebukes?
The finest, greatest regiment
(though not for those on pleasure bent),
This regiment is The "DUKES."

W. H.

THE 13 VOLUNTEERS.

And so they came past Laven so trim,
The short, the fat, the long of limb,
With smiling faces, faces grim,
The 13 Volunteers.

July 18th, momentous date,
To be or not 'twas now too late,
Each man was pondering "What my fate,"
A motley bunch to wit.

Then uniform so trim and spry,
Then T.A.B. and para. Ty.
Then into bed with long drawn sigh
And arm so stiff and straight.

At last upon the square came trooping,
Determined tramp, but shoulders stooping,
Twenty minutes ALL were drooping,
The 13 Volunteers.

The sergeant smiled and shook his head,
His look implied that they were dead,
They only prayed and prayed for bed
As off that Square they marched.

And so through "March" and Halt" and
"Shun."

With rifle feeling like a ton
And blisters forming on each heel,
And forming squad and then right wheel,
"AIRCRAFT RIGHT and AIRCRAFT LEFT,"
Their minds bemused and hope bereft,
The Volunteers fought on.

Till slowly from this motley crew
Though how, no one exactly knew,
There formed "a shape of things to come,"
Which made one think they weren't so dumb,
The 13 Volunteers.

Three weeks went by, then Praise the Lord,
There came to them their just reward,
And oil on troubled waters poured
One bright and sunny morn.

No C.O.'s pat upon the back,
No rise in pay, alas! alack!
But a laddie's voice like pistol crack,
Yelled, "Daddy, look, THEY'RE SOLDIERS."
Oh 13 Volunteers.

A.T.S.



NIGHT MANOEUVRES ARE BEING
CARRIED OUT WITH GREAT
SUCCESS.

Thumbs Down.

I was unlucky in my choice of time. Had I been an hour earlier I believe I should have passed. Moreover, I did not know then, as I do now, that doctors hunting in packs are very different from those cold-fingered but warm-hearted individuals who gently lean their weight on a patient's diaphragm the better to inspect his tongue.

So that when, disrobed for the occasion, I was ushered into the room by an orderly I had no misgivings.

It was a large room, carpeted, but with no table to interfere with the floor space. In the centre a prostrate heap of fulminating humanity was struggling with what at first I took to be a pink barrage balloon. Closer investigation, however, revealed it to be a gentleman of vast proportions in the nude, and what I had thought to be roughs inflicting grievous bodily harm were doctors.

It was obvious what had happened. Failing to perform a balancing feat at the doctor's request, the stout gentleman had, with a strong sense of the fitness of things, incorporated them all in the resultant crash. The whole floor was littered with irritated members of the medical profession.

The tangled heap slowly sorted itself out. Doctors rose one by one, dusting themselves down and muttering nastily. The orderly was summoned to remove the offending colossus—to the abattoirs, I think. Anyway, I never saw him again. Then, in a solid phalanx and licking their lips, the doctors advanced upon me with cat-like tread. Their blood, I could see at a glance, was up.

I folded my arms and for a moment held them at bay by the power of the human eye, but only for a moment. One of them reached forward and scratched me, and finding that I bled, marked the spot for future reference with a dab of iodine.

The sight of fresh blood roused them to a frenzy. Thermometers were drawn, stethoscopes flourished menacingly, and with an awful roar they closed in, teeth bared and eyes flashing.

The next ten minutes passed like a hideous dream. All that men could do with fang and claw, those men did. They punched, hammered and tore, snatching each other petulantly aside in their eagerness to get at me. Once there was a sharp twanging sound and one man reeled dizzily out of the press, his braces split asunder in an abortive attempt to dislocate my spine.

But I was still conscious when at last they withdrew to the fireplace to light fresh cigarettes. Battered and breathless though I was, my spirit was unbroken. There was a baffled look in their eyes, at which I greatly rejoiced. It seemed as if all their efforts at sabotage had been in vain.

Suddenly one of them uttered a hoarse shout of triumph and pointed to my legs. Once again they closed in. This time, however, their initial fury having spent itself, in a more subdued manner. With the morbid curiosity of a Cochran's selection committee, they feasted their eyes on my legs.

The sight raised their hopes anew, and withdrawing once more, they pulled up their trousers and eagerly inspected each other's legs to see what the difference was.

They arrived at instant agreement; they had found the flaw they were seeking. My legs could not be passed. Everything else, yes. Legs, definitely no. There was a slight outburst of congratulatory applause. The man responsible for the discovery was soundly patted.

The orderly was summoned to lead me away, and as I passed out of their lives I saw them happily attaching their illegible signatures to a formidable document.

I saw that document again when I went before the Board. The President consulted it as he regretfully informed me that, acting on medical advice, the British Army was going to try and worry along without me.

Appeal was useless. Vainly I protested that the doctors' judgment was at fault, that their normally sunny natures had been temporarily embittered by their being spilled all over a dusty carpet. The Board, the President informed me darkly, had no time to waste on frivolous complaints. An anxious Adjutant then hastily removed me from the presence before a firing party could be summoned.

But of one thing I feel certain. If any man passed the medical examination that day, unscathed in body and mind, he would form an invaluable contribution to our war effort. To such a hero a free-for-all with Hitler and his merry men would merely seem like a little light entertainment.

P. M. L.

Operations from 10th May to 3rd June, 1940.

Described by the O.C. Battery, R.A., which supported a Battalion of the Regiment.

The 10th of May found the Battery halfway through a fortnight's training in the B.E.F. training area near Amiens. After nearly eight months of digging gun pits, this week's mobile training was soon to stand us in good stead.

A subaltern remarked at breakfast that the German invasion of the Low Countries had been announced during the 7 a.m. news. A despatch rider was at once sent to Regimental "H.Q." for orders. The Colonel's answer was to "pack like hell." From their normal parades at 8 a.m. troops were marched to the village school, from the steps of which I told them the news and that two factors must govern all our actions—the utmost support of our infantry and the avoidance of casualties in the Battery, and that neither would be achieved without the very highest standard of discipline.

The Regiment had been selected some months previously to support the advanced guard in the move to the river Dyle. We were somewhat uneasy that morning lest our unfortunate absence in the training area should deprive us of this advantage. However, orders were received that zero hour for Plan D was not until 7 p.m. and at 2 p.m. we were on the line of march through Arras and Douai back to our billets of the previous months near the Belgian frontier.

Plan D, which after several previous scares was well known to all of us, was the B.E.F. scheme for the advance to the river Dyle. We had practised it twice with the Somme substituted for the Dyle. In the Battery safe were detailed orders and maps for each officer. Battery areas and wagon lines for the Dyle position were already allotted and everyone was confident that he knew what to do.

Our old billets were reached without incident at 7 p.m. that night and an officer from each Battery under the second-in-command was sent forward to reconnoitre the Dyle position. The Battery was not now due to cross the frontier until 10 a.m. on 11th May, which gave ample opportunity for maintenance and sleep.

The route lay through Tournai, Renaix and Brussels. Brussels was crowded and the British Army was given quite a good reception. The march was uneventful—a few bombs had been dropped on the route and one or two casualties caused by machine gun fire, but the battery had no adventures.

A mile or two east of Brussels B Echelon dropped out and occupied the wagon lines, while the firing battery continued to its rendezvous, a large wood on some high ground a mile or two west of the Dyle. It being too dark for further reconnaissance that night, the Battery was scattered about the wood and we got what sleep we could.

At 3 a.m. on 12th May reconnaissance parties set out and were very ably shown round by "S," the troop commander, who had gone ahead of the Battery. Except that a certain amount of ground was overlooked by even higher ground on the east side of the Dyle, it was an ideal artillery country. By midday the Battery was in action round the village of Huldenberg, with the guns in the best positions that we were ever to see. It

was decided to keep the guns right back and to accept very long communications to observation posts, and to overcome this maintenance dugouts were established on the observation post lines. This policy was always followed and worked admirably. It made full use of the range of the 25-pounder and it obviated short moves.

Troops where possible adopted the square formation—*i.e.*, one section shooting over the heads of the other—and after that wherever possible this lay-out was used. It made a troop very difficult to bomb or machine gun effectively and it simplified the problem of covering very wide fronts which got wider as the retreat went on.

Digging then began in earnest at observation posts and troops. The former were very exposed and the smallest slit trenches, carefully camouflaged and near existing paths were used. This meant very limited accommodation, but in the short time available it was probably the best solution. Near both observation posts were sunken roads which lent themselves to dug-outs for wireless sets and signallers. In the observation posts themselves there was just room for the officer and his assistant, a telephone, the remote control and a few instruments. The right troop had a forward observation post almost on the river bank which communicated by line and lamp to the rear observation post.

It was a rule in the Battery that work did not cease on gun pits until protection had been provided for the detachments and the guns had been sunk to a depth which permitted them to shoot down to the minimum range ordered and no less. This entailed many hours' digging without rest, but the gunners fully appreciated that it was better to be tired than dead. Wherever possible guns were put into action in or very close to sunken lanes, and into their banks tunnels were sunk and dug-outs built.

By now a steady stream of refugees was passing through our lines. For the most part they were a heart-rending sight, but among them were many Belgian soldiers. Throughout the retreat fifth columnists, among the refugees, cut our observation post lines and on several occasions made large arrows in corn fields to indicate troop positions to aircraft. The wire cutting was very difficult to contend with, and only on one occasion did a maintenance signaller get a long distance shot at a saboteur. As arrows were detected they were obliterated and "W," the C.P.O., became expert at cutting arrows and swastikas in other corn fields to confound the Bosche aircraft.

The 12th and 13th May were passed peacefully though strenuously. The remainder of the Division arrived and took up their positions, which considerably shortened our front. Hostile air reconnaissance became intensified and a few bombs were dropped. Louvain, about nine miles to our left, had been bombed continuously now for several days. The town was heavily on fire in several places and the noise of bombs was almost incessant. One aeroplane, flying very low and apparently in difficulties, dropped its load of bombs just in front of the right observation post, but "M," the troop commander, and I put our heads down and then continued our business. His N.C.O. i/c Signals shortly afterwards cooked us some admirable eggs and bacon, our first meal for many hours.

On the evening of the 13th orders were received to send a troop forward at dawn to support the divisional cavalry. An F.O.O. in the armoured observation post had been with them since our arrival but nothing had occurred. Accordingly "S" went out at first light and E Troop came into action near the river bank. "S" sent back much information, including the news that an enemy tank had been destroyed, but he was never able to see a target for long enough to engage it. At about 1 p.m. the cavalry were ordered to withdraw and the troop moved back to its normal position.

At about 3 p.m. on 14th May the other battery of the Regiment opened fire and "M" reported that Germans were appearing over the distant crest on bicycles. He also remarked that when his 25-pounder shells got really among the cyclists bits of bicycles rose into the air above the telegraph posts. During the course of the retreat German cyclists were often our first target—they suffered many casualties, but it was never regarded as a successful shoot unless wheels and handlebars rose well into the air.

Little more was seen that day although a number of targets were engaged off the

map. From the left observation post a few enemy gun teams were observed trotting away, but though guns were laid on them at once it was obvious that Bosche coverers knew their job and each took a different route to the wagon lines. It may be remarked that no enemy horse-drawn units were seen after the Dyle.

The night was enlivened by a steady fusilade of L.M.G. fire across the river, rising at times to a crescendo. Several S.O.S. calls were answered by D.F. fire and a section was sent forward to do harassing fire. It was noticeable that the enemy always took advantage of the length zone of his guns to shoot up and down our roads at night. Our tasks were received late at night, and of course it was too late to site the roving section to shoot up and down enemy roads.

During the night a German battery commander had been rash enough to bring his guns into a position that was open to the right observation post. Next morning I found that "M" had enjoyed this target enormously and had enlisted the help of a wandering medium troop commander who had also done some good shooting. The Bosche O.M.E. had apparently been sent for—he was seen to alight from his two-seater car and was afterwards joined by a working party. When "M" judged that the work was well under way he gave them another five rounds of gun fire and though these guns remained in position till we left the Dyle they did not fire a shell.

At about 10 a.m. on 15th May the Germans attacked on our right. They had as yet little artillery but were well supported by L.M.Gs. and mortars. The situation on our own front was well in hand but on our right some ground was lost. An F.O.O. was sent to the right flank in the armoured observation post and he had some good shooting.

Our own infantry withdrew about a mile that night to the line of the river Lasne to conform with the troops on our right. This involved the loss of our forward observation post, but as it brought the Bosche nearer to the rear observation post which had far better command, nothing was lost from a gunnery point of view. We bombarded the German positions heavily during the withdrawal and it was not for some hours that the Bosche realised that we were withdrawing, not attacking.

The 16th was marked by enemy pressure on our own front and considerably increased activity on the part of his artillery. The crest between the guns and the right observation post had been perfectly ranged by a 5.9in. battery, and we crossed it at some considerable speed.

During the day it became apparent that D Troop had been spotted. They were shelled and bombed although the only casualties were one civilian killed and a fire in the troop cook house. It was decided, however, to move D and F troops to the alternative positions. Had the enemy gained the high ground on our right flank both troops would have been enfiladed at very short range. Communications were already laid to these positions and the troops moved a gun at a time. Thus very little fire power was lost during the move. During the retreat it was frequently necessary to move guns during daylight, but we found that as a rule the Bosche aircraft paid little attention to single guns.

That afternoon orders were received to withdraw; the news came as a bitter surprise, for we knew nothing of what was taking place on our flanks. Reconnaissance parties were sent back to the rear positions and the tractors were brought up close to the guns. On only one other occasion during the retreat were firing battery vehicles sent back more than a mile. On the second occasion very short notice to withdraw was received. The roads were hopelessly blocked with military and civilian traffic and some hours after the battery should have withdrawn we were still waiting for the tractors. They arrived very shortly before the leading Bosche troops.

Soon after reconnaissance parties had left, orders were received to retire straight through the new area, and to take up a position some miles further back to cover the infantry on the Charleroi Canal. No further reconnaissance party was available, so an officer was ordered to collect the one already sent back and to make what arrangements he could for the arrival of the battery on the new rear line.

The left observation post line had been continually cut by saboteurs during the day, and that evening interference on the wireless made communication impossible. However, as usual, "H" came to the rescue and brought "S" in. "H" was a Territorial officer attached to the battery. He was due to return to England on 12th May, but he had at once announced his intention of remaining with us. One or two telegrams recalling him had to be destroyed, and he became battery adjutant. He relieved me of administrative worries in the gun-lines, often went to see infantry commanders on my behalf, and in general did a thousand and one jobs, including the looting of the abandoned N.A.A.F.I. at Lille in a way that could not be bettered.

We had accumulated far more ammunition than we could carry in the vehicles. Orders were accordingly issued to troops to carry as much as possible and a programme of frightfulness was worked out in the command post to dispose of the rest. Over a thousand rounds were fired in the last hour in action.

Shortly before dark a parachutist alighted near the command post and hotly pursued by Guardsmen disappeared into a row of houses. We never heard if he was caught or not, but as he was seen to be armed with a tommy gun it added zest to one's comings and goings.

At 10 p.m. the guns ceased firing and the Battery set out on the first of many long night marches. Our route again lay through Brussels, but this time it was deserted. Sign posts had been obliterated or removed and we had no street maps. Coming along at the tail, I found a good part of the Battery in one of the city's squares. We had not the remotest idea which way to turn, and there was not a star in the sky. I had a director set up on grid 270 degrees and then ordered the Battery leader to lead the guns down the boulevard that ran most nearly in that direction. My own orderly was invaluable—he and his motor cycle were here, there and everywhere, and out of the back streets of Brussels he produced the rest of the Battery. On every night march there were moments when it looked as though one would never see the Battery again, but in some mysterious way vehicles always reached the rendezvous. Drivers and N.C.Os. were given cards with their destination and principal towns *en route* marked on them, but as they had no maps their task was not easy. Undoubtedly the Battery employed many routes on each march, but the result was always excellent.

Shortly before dawn on the 17th the Battery reached the rendezvous Leeuw-St.-Pierre some seven miles south-west of Brussels. Orchards were allotted to each troop and the vehicles were got under cover as much as possible. The allotted area for the Battery proved very bare, but three moderate troop positions were finally selected in a valley north of Audenaeken. Leaving the C.P.Os. and G.P.Os. parties to do their work, I went back to Leeuw-St.-Pierre to order the guns into action. The village had for some reason aroused the hatred of the German air force, and we were forced to wait for nearly half an hour before moving the guns. His dive-bombing and machine gunning were extremely accurate that day, and any movement out of the village was severely punished. "H" wandered about calmly finding shelter for the men, and thanks to him no casualties were caused in the Battery. Finally, the guns were sent forward at several hundred yards interval and the Battery came into action.

One observation post was found to be adequate to cover our front. D and E troops laid the cable jointly and a maintenance station was established in a chateau halfway down the line. The observation post was in a brickyard and offered endless scope for protection and deception. During the day of the 17th there was continued bombing of villages and cross roads in our immediate rear, but the Battery was not detected.

Gun pits were well under way when orders were received that evening to withdraw again to a defensive line on the Dendre Canal. We were very reluctant to go as we had not fired a shot and nobody had fired at us. It was too late for a reconnaissance party to choose positions that night, so an officer was sent back with a small party to find cover

for the Battery near the rendezvous. This was essential during the inevitable halt next morning while positions were being reconnoitred.

That night's march was the worst that we did. Our rendezvous was Ophasselt on the main Brussels-Tournai road, and it appeared that the greater part of the B.E.F. was also using that road. It was light soon after 3 a.m. and many hours of broad daylight were spent in collecting the Battery and getting it into action. Bosche aircraft missed a wonderful target in the early hours of 18th May when the congestion on the trunk was at its height. For some extraordinary reason there was not a German aeroplane in the sky. The column was continually halting and it imposed a great strain on drivers not to go to sleep on these involuntary halts. Many did, but officers and orderlies on motor cycles were up and down the road waking them and trying to get some sort of order out of the chaos.

The roads were still thronged with refugees, and orders were received to evacuate compulsorily all civilians in battery areas. Right through the retreat we generally found some civilians in the battery area on our arrival, but after we had been there several hours the countryside became deserted. Many houses had obviously been left in great haste and in every case cattle were left in the fields, poultry in the yards, and dogs in their kennels totally unprovided for. Breaking the extraordinary silence that spread over the countryside the predominant sound was the lowing of cattle waiting to be milked. We slaughtered such pigs, calves and poultry as we needed, but it was not until later that we slaughtered every living thing that we saw, rather than let the Bosche have them alive. When a few days afterwards the B.E.F. was put on half rations it really made very little difference to our welfare. The problem was not to find food, but to find the time to cook and eat it.

It is difficult to remember exactly when we first heard in the Battery that the Belgians had surrendered and that the French had allowed the Bosche to reach Boulogne. It was generally agreed that the former made little difference to the campaign and we considered that there were plenty of military police at Boulogne to deal with any disturbance there. We had quite enough to do to fight the Battery without worrying our heads over matters outside our control.

The guns were in action in fairly good positions by midday on the 18th, one observation post again being established. "M" chose this very cunningly. A field covered with heaps of manure, sloped down to the F.D.Ls. He removed one heap and dug a slit trench. This he covered with a dome of wire netting and then replaced the manure. He had admirable observation, but from five yards away it was impossible to distinguish "M's" particular dung hill.

At 5 p.m. the divisional cavalry withdrew through the infantry posts and registration was carried out. No enemy activity was seen however and digging continued furiously. Soon after dark there was intermittent rifle fire across the river and, at first, occasional lights were seen on the enemy side of the river. Later that night from a slight rise behind the command post a steady strong light was reported to be shining at us. From the observation post it was screened by an intervening crest. We had no idea what it was, but another director was sent out to a flank in the hope of fixing its position and shelling it. Unfortunately before the intersection was completed orders were received to retire—this time to the line of the river Escaut. The other battery of the Regiment was ordered to leave a troop behind to support our own infantry brigade which was acting as rearguard to the Division. They had a great day's fighting and marching before rejoining the Regiment the following evening.

Having believed that this position was to be held for some days, I had sent the tractors back to the Regimental wagon line at Monte des Shoden, some ten miles in rear of the guns, and this was the occasion when we nearly lost the Battery through doing so. The majority of the infantry had passed through us before the tractors arrived and it was with great relief that we set out at 2 a.m. for the rear position. As usual, the Colonel

was waiting to see the last of the Regiment through, and he was doubtless very relieved when we appeared.

Despite the broad daylight, we had an uneventful march to the rendezvous—a wood a mile or two north-west of Tournai. On arrival at the rendezvous the Battery was ordered to deploy to support the outpost line in front of Mont St. Aubert. The outposts were ultimately to be occupied by the infantry brigade who at that moment were acting as rearguards.

Mont St. Aubert, some three miles north of Tournai, is the outstanding feature of that part of Belgium. From the low level plain surrounding it, the Mount rises steeply to a height of nearly 500 feet above sea level. The sides are thickly wooded and on top is a monastery, a church, a modern hotel and a small village. From the monastery tower the surrounding country is commanded with ease for many miles in every direction. It promised to be the perfect observation post.

Admirable troop positions were found just behind the river Escaut and all seemed set fair for perfect shooting. The infantry were not expected back in the outpost line until late in the day, and the afternoon was pleasantly spent doing a silent registration from the roof of the curate's house. He entertained us to an excellent bottle of claret and some biscuits, and presented us with a box of very good cigars.

[The C.O. of the Battalion of the Regiment whose record appears on pages 134 to 140 in a letter writes "This was the Battery that covered us from the Dyle to Dunkirk, and it is largely due to them that many of us are here now! I have never seen such keenness to help, and accurate firing in my life." The silver salver, a photograph of which appears opposite page 140, was presented to the officers of the Battalion by the officers of the Field Battery.—ED.]

(To be concluded.)

Obituary.

We regret to record the following deaths :—

BENNETT.—On Saturday, 17th August, 1940, at St. Anthony's Hospital, Cheam, after an operation, Capt. George P. Bennett, D.C.M., in his 69th year. Capt. Bennett enlisted in the Regiment in July, 1886, and joined the 2nd Battalion at Aldershot at the age of 14½ years. On 6th October, 1886, he sailed with the Battalion to Bermuda and served with them through their foreign tour—West Indies, South Africa, India and Burmah, except for six months' furlough and a gymnastic course at Aldershot in 1896, and furlough again in 1903. He came home with the Battalion in 1905, and served at Lichfield, Tidworth and Dublin until discharged to pension early in 1914 with the rank of R.S.M., and after 28 years' service with the Battalion. His steps in promotion were :— Corporal 1896, sergeant 1897, colour-sergeant 1901, R.Q.M.S. 1906 and R.S.M. 1907.

On the outbreak of the Great War he re-enlisted, and was appointed R.S.M. of the 9th Battalion, and proceeded with them to France in July, 1915, serving through all the heavy fighting in which the Battalion took part until invalided home in September, 1918. He was awarded the D.C.M. in 1916 for his gallantry in the gas attack at Ypres. In September of that year, after the heavy fighting on the Somme, he was given a commission, and in October was promoted lieutenant and appointed adjutant. He was promoted captain in January, 1917. On his return to England in 1918 he served with the 3rd Battalion at North Shields, with a cyclist battalion, and at a demobilisation camp. He was posted to the Depot in 1919 and was demobilised in December that year.

Capt. Bennett won the Whittingham medal twice, once at Rangoon and the second time at Lichfield. His father, the late Sgt. William Bennett, had won it during his service in the 76th Regiment. A record of the family's service in the Regiment appeared on pages 41 to 44 of No. 33, Vol. 12, of THE IRON DUKE, in which number his photograph appeared.

Capt. Bennett was outstandingly popular with all ranks, his cheery smile and breezy humour were never failing, and he had a fund of stories, some of which were reproduced from time to time in *THE IRON DUKE*. They appeared under the title of "Yarns by Another Old Soldier," and he disguised his identity under the nom-de-plume of "Bows and Arrows," a nickname given to him in the 9th Battalion on account of his long previous service. Since the Great War he had been a very regular attendant at the Regimental dinners, and the re-unions of the 1st and 2nd Battalions and 9th Battalion's Old Comrades' Associations. He was a good all-round athlete, and rifle shot.

Capt. Bennett was married in 1910 to Miss Berry, of Southport, and she and their two sons survive him. Capt. Bolton, Mr. Leon Harper (Capt. Bennett's brother-in-law) and Mr. Battison represented the Regiment at the funeral.

The following appreciation has been sent us by Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner :—

"I joined the 2nd Battalion over 50 years ago, and George Peachey Bennett was there then, and had been there for some few years. He joined as a boy. It therefore goes without saying that I knew him from the commencement of my service, but I look back to the beginning of our real friendship to the time when he, Lt. F. H. B. Wellesley and myself went up to Lebong on detachment in charge of a company of the Regiment. He was invaluable, and I think it was Wellesley who nicknamed him 2nd Lt. Bennett. Speaking as O.C. Company, I certainly had little or no trouble from the point of view of discipline; most of the minor cases that needed dealing with were dealt with most effectively before coming to orderly room. George was a gym. sergeant before he was a colour-sergeant! One incident is enough to illustrate his methods:—A certain truculent member of the company having 'drink taken' had been put in the guard room, and was making a nuisance of himself and declaiming that if only they'd bring the blue pencilled colour-sergeant there he'd — show him what he'd do with him. Suddenly the voice of that blue pencilled colour-sergeant was heard assuring him that he was there, and the voice inside the guard room entirely changed in tone and said, 'All right, Colour-Sergeant, I'll come quiet.' His methods were effective, if not strictly according to Queen's Regulations! In spite of this, he was very popular with the men."

P. A. T.

BOOCOCK.—On 26th July, 1940, at the Hallamshire Golf Club whilst on duty with the Sheffield Home Guard, Lt.-Col. William Boocock, M.C., in his 61st year. Col. Boocock enlisted in the Regiment on 5th April, 1899, and joined the 1st Battalion at Dover. On the Battalion sailing for South Africa he was left behind with the details and went with them to Cork. He later joined the Battalion in South Africa with a draft and served with them in the campaign until March, 1902, when he was transferred to the 2nd Battalion, and accompanied a draft from the 1st Battalion sent to Rangoon. He was promoted corporal in 1901, sergeant in 1905, colour-sergeant in 1908 and R.Q.M.S., 3rd Battalion at the Depot in 1914. In 1915 he was commissioned as second lieutenant and posted to the 8th (Service) Battalion, but did not go with them to Gallipoli, being re-posted to the 3rd Battalion. Early in 1916 he was posted to the 9th (Service) Battalion in France, and in August, 1916, was awarded the M.C. for gallantry at Delville Wood. He was promoted captain and commanded a company about this time until he was invalided home, and joined the 3rd Battalion at Tynemouth. Later he was posted to a young soldiers' battalion under the command of Lt.-Col. F. A. Hayden, and served as his adjutant. After the Armistice he served in the army of occupation on the Rhine, and in 1919 was retired. He then joined the recruiting staff, and served as recruiting officer at Sheffield from 1920 to 1931, when, on the re-organisation of the recruiting areas, he was put in charge of the centre in North Yorkshire at Middlesbro', with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He completed his service on 1st April, 1937. Since his retirement he had lived at Sheffield, and was honorary secretary of the Sheffield Branch of the National Association for Employment of Regular Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen.

Col. Boocock was of a kindly disposition, rather quiet and retiring, but with a very strict sense of duty and discipline. He was loved by his men, as by his brother officers, and those who remember him in the stress of war will never forget his quiet smile and confidence in the most adverse situations. He is survived by his widow, three sons and two daughters.

FINNIGAN.—On 6th February, 1940, at his home, 11 Ellesmere Street, Moss Side, Manchester, No. 2877 ex-Sgt. Joseph Finnigan, in his 73rd year. Mr. Finnigan joined the Regiment on 11th November, 1890, and was posted to the 1st Battalion at York. In November, 1891, he sailed for the West Indies and joined the 2nd Battalion in Barbadoes. He served with them there and in South Africa, Bangalore and Rangoon, being posted to the 3rd Battalion at Halifax in 1902. In November, 1905, he was re-posted to the 2nd Battalion on their arrival home from India, and served with them until his discharge to pension on 10th November, 1911. During the Great War he served as C.Q.M.S. with the Manchester Regiment.

During the greater part of his service with the 2nd Battalion, Finnigan was a member of the Regimental rugby football team as full back, and held a record long to be remembered. In 1905 President Paul Kruger gave permission for British soldiers to go to Johannesburg with a rugby football team representing Natal. The greater portion of the team were 2nd Battalion men, and other competing teams represented provinces of South Africa, the Orange Free State and Transvaal. After the competition, Finnigan was complimented, and acknowledged to be the best full back of all the competing teams. It is believed that during the three years of competitions for the Natal Cup, Finnigan held the distinction of never having his line crossed. Mr. Finnigan was a keen supporter of the Old Comrades' Association and THE IRON DUKE from the inception of each.

HARGREAVES.—On 17th August, 1940, in a hospital in Scotland, after a short illness, 2nd Lt. Jack Rushton Hargreaves, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Hargreaves of 18 Swadford Street, Skipton, aged 24. 2nd Lt. Hargreaves joined a second line Battalion of the Regiment before the outbreak of war, and served with them in France during the operations before the evacuation. He came of a family with fine military traditions; his great-grandfather fought in the Indian Mutiny, and other members saw service in the South African War and in India. He was a good athlete. 2nd Lt. Hargreaves is survived by a widow, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Green.

MAFFETT.—In August, 1940, killed flying on active service, Pilot Officer Gerard Hamilton Maffett, R.A.F., second son of Lt.-Col. R. E. Maffett, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and Mrs. Maffett, of Wellington Lodge, Maidenhead.

MOORE.—On Saturday, 3rd August, 1940, at his home, 6 Park Court, Clapham Park Road, London, S.W.4, Capt. J. H. Moore, aged 63. Capt. Moore enlisted at the age of 14 in 1891 in The Royal Munster Fusiliers, in which regiment he had a brother serving. In 1898 he was transferred to the 2nd Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, in which another brother, Sgt. R. W. Moore, was then serving, and joined them at Bangalore. Shortly after he was appointed lance-corporal, and proceeded to Secunderabad for a gymnastic course, and was assistant to the late Capt. George Bennett, who was at that time Regimental gymnastic instructor. In 1905, on the return of the 2nd Battalion from India, he was acting pay sergeant of "F" Company, and later became colour-sergeant of "H" Company. On the retirement of Sgt. Sims from the post of Officers' Mess steward, Moore took over the appointment and held it until commissioned in 1914 during the first battle of Ypres, when he was transferred to the Royal Irish Fusiliers as a second lieutenant. He served as adjutant from 1916 to 1917, and was then appointed commandant of a prisoners of war camp at Netheravon. After the Armistice he was posted to the North Russia Expeditionary Force, and served there as a staff captain until the evacuation.

He re-joined the 2nd Battalion in Sheffield and served with them there and in Ireland until his retirement in 1922. After this he served on the staff of a London daily paper until ill-health in 1936 made him relinquish it. He had been in very poor health for some years before his death.

Capt. Moore was a good swordsman and fencer, and a keen rifle and revolver shot. We understand that he was champion master-at-arms of the British Army in India five times. Three of his brothers served in the Army, their combined service amounting to 106 years—viz., S.M. Tom Moore, R.F.A., 25 years; S.M. Richard Moore, D.W.R., killed in action in South Africa in 1902, 18 years; C.S.M. Chris Moore, Royal Munster Fusiliers, killed in action in France, 1918, 32 years; Capt. John Moore, D.W.R., 31 years.

Capt. Moore married Miss Mabel Humphrey, only daughter of Mr. Walter Humphrey, late 10th Royal Hussars, and Mrs. Humphrey of Brighton. His widow and two sons survive him. Richard Moore is in the Royal Artillery and Eric Moore in the Royal Marines.

WATSON.—On 2nd September, 1940, at his home, Munstead Oaks, Godalming, after a few weeks' illness, Brig.-Gen. William Milward Watson, aged 76. General Watson, who was the third of the six sons of General E. D. Watson, was born in India on 31st January, 1864, and followed his elder brothers at Haileybury, where he kept up the family tradition for games. After passing through Sandhurst, he was posted to the 1st Battalion on 7th February, 1885, and joined them at Rawal Pindi. He served in the Matabele Campaign from 1893 to 1894, receiving the medal, and gained a clasp to it when in 1896 he took a detachment of mounted infantry from the 2nd Battalion, then at Pieter Maritzburg, into Mashonaland under Colonel Paget. In 1898 he was one of the officers selected to start the new Chinese Regiment at Wei-hai-wei, and in 1900 he commanded it during the Boxer Campaign, taking part in the Reliefs of Tientsin and Peking, for which he received the medal with clasp, was mentioned in despatches, and given a brevet majority. While home on leave in 1903 he was offered, and accepted, command of the Shanghai Volunteers, which he held from 12th March, 1903, to 29th January, 1909. He was the first Regular Army officer to command that force, which increased during his command from 400 to 1,200 strong, and which finally included a company of Chinese, as well as one of Japanese residents in the Settlement. In 1910 he returned to the 1st Battalion, then stationed in Ambala, and succeeded Lt.-Col. (now Brig.-Gen.) C. V. Humphrys in the command of the Battalion on 6th March, 1912. On 1st January, 1916, he was promoted temporary brigadier-general and assumed the command of the 4th (Indian) Infantry Brigade, which he held until placed on half-pay on 22nd March, 1918. He was placed on retired pay with the honorary rank of brigadier-general on 11th December, 1918.

General Watson throughout his service took the fullest advantage of indulging his taste for sport. He was a fine rider, a good shot and keen fisherman. In his early subaltern days with the 1st Battalion in India he quickly came to the fore at polo, and was selected to play No. 1 in the Regimental team that won the Infantry Polo Cup in 1888, the third year in which the team won it. An account of these successes appeared on pages 40 and 41 of No. 30, Volume XI, of THE IRON DUKE. On his return to the Battalion as second in command in 1910, he again took up polo with great keenness, and played for the Regimental team on many occasions, giving up his position in the team to a younger player when he considered youth should have a chance, and lending his ponies with characteristic generosity. While acting A.D.C. to the Governor of Aden in 1889 (?) he joined his lifelong friend Col. E. G. Harrison in a shooting trip in Somaliland; starting from Berbera, they shot in the Hargaisa district. In 1910 he made a solitary shooting expedition through Ladakh into Tibet, obtaining heads of *Ovis Ammon* and Tibetan antelope, and camping at heights of over 17,000 feet. Extracts from his diary

of this expedition were published in Numbers 21 to 25 (Vols. 8 and 9) of THE IRON DUKE. After his retirement he and Mrs. Watson lived quietly for many years at Bix, near Henley-on-Thames, where he was always at the service of those who needed his help. He was a regular attendant at the Regimental dinners and ladies' teas, and other social gatherings of the Regiment. His quiet sense of humour and unassuming manner endeared him to all. Though small in stature, he was great in spirit; a great sportsman and a great friend. In 1920 he married the widow of Lt.-Col. A. G. Horsfall, D.S.O., and daughter of Sir Frederick Radcliffe, K.C.V.O. She survives him.

The following appreciations are by Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner and Col. E. G. Harrison, his two closest friends:—

"Brig.-Gen. W. M. Watson was familiarly known as 'Titwillow' ever since I joined the Regiment, and the nickname pretty well dates him. I didn't actually get to know him till he joined the 2nd Battalion on promotion to captain, when he passed through Barbadoes on his way to Jamaica. From that time on I have known him off and on continually and spent many happy days with him both since I first met him and till I last heard from him a month or six weeks ago; when he wrote and asked me if I could get him some up-to-date drill books, as he wanted to join the Home Guard and had forgotten all his drill! He was universally loved by everyone in the Regiment, which he, in his turn, was devoted to. He was keen on all kinds of sports and games."

P. A. T.

"I knew General Watson well from the days we were at Haileybury together, both aged about 13, and have seen him regularly every year for the last 20 years. He was always the same in his quiet friendly way, and enjoyed every kind of sport in all countries. He travelled a great deal, and when going or returning from leave took the opportunity of seeing both America and Siberia."

E. G. H.

Diary of Events of the War.

(Continued from page 128, No. 46, June, 1940.)

- 1940.
- MARCH 1ST.—Britain announces decision to stop German exports of coal to Italy. Mr. Sumner Welles arrives in Berlin.
- MARCH 2ND.—Russians reach outskirts of Viipuri. R.A.F. fly over Western Germany as far as Berlin.
- MARCH 3RD.—Five German machines brought down on western front. S.S. *Domala* bombed by German aircraft in Channel with heavy loss among Indian passengers.
- MARCH 5TH.—Issue of first British long term War Loan for £300,000,000 at 3 per cent. announced. Five Italian ships carrying German coal from Rotterdam stopped and sent to British contraband control base. Germans raid post on western front and capture first British prisoners of the war.
- MARCH 6TH.—News received from New York that new Cunard liner *Queen Elizabeth* has safely crossed Atlantic. Decision announced in Australia to recruit new division for overseas service. Russian attacks across ice-bound Bay of Viipuri continue without success.
- MARCH 7TH.—Peace negotiations opened between Finland and Soviet Russia, Sweden and Germany acting as intermediaries. Mr. Sumner Welles arrives in Paris. German bomber shot down off east coast.
- MARCH 8TH.—R.A.F. machines fly over Germany and Poland as far as Posen. Bombing raids carried out on enemy warships near Borkum and Sylt. Another German bomber brought down off north coast of Scotland. Announcement made that protection against German magnetic mine has now been provided for bulk of British shipping. Italian steamer bombed by enemy aircraft in North Sea.
- MARCH 9TH.—Mr. Sumner Welles arrives in England.
- MARCH 10TH.—Negotiations between Britain and Italy about seizure of Italian vessels carrying German coal successfully concluded. Ribbentrop visits Rome.
- MARCH 11TH.—Statement made by Mr. Chamberlain that armed help for Finland would be sent if asked for. Ribbentrop leaves Rome after seeing the Pope and Mussolini.
- MARCH 13TH.—Peace treaty signed between Russia and Finland, ceding to Russia larger areas of Finnish territory than she had asked for before the commencement of war. British Parliament passes war credit vote of £700,000,000. Lists for War Loan of £300,000,000 at 3 per cent. closed on being over-subscribed. Mr. Sumner Welles leaves London for Rome.

- MARCH 15TH.—Rumania withdraws ban on Nazi-sympathising Iron Guard and amnesties its imprisoned members on promise of allegiance to regime. Britain announces call-up of men aged 25 and 26 during April.
- MARCH 16TH.—Mr. Sumner Welles arrives in Rome and sees Mussolini and the King of Italy.
- MARCH 17TH.—German air attack on Scapa Flow, in which one British warship was slightly damaged, seven naval casualties were caused and one enemy machine was shot down. One civilian was killed and seven injured—the first British civil casualties of the war.
- MARCH 18TH.—Hitler and Mussolini meet on the German-Italian frontier at the Brenner Pass.
- MARCH 19TH.—The Prime Minister explains and justifies in Parliament the British attitude and policy with regard to aid for Finland. R.A.F. raid German seaplane base at Sylt, the attack lasting for six hours and causing extensive damage at the cost of one British machine.
- MARCH 20TH.—Enemy aeroplanes attack a convoy but cause only slight damage to two neutral ships. Resignation of M. Daladier's Government owing to French dissatisfaction with failure to give effective help to Finland. German patrols ambushed by Lancashire Fusiliers on western front.
- MARCH 21ST.—M. Reynaud forms new Government in France. *Queen Mary* and *Mauretania* leave New York for secret destination.
- MARCH 22ND.—German ship *Heddernheim* sunk by British submarine off Danish coast after crew had been given time to escape. New French Government obtains vote of confidence in Chamber by a small majority.
- MARCH 24TH.—Another German ship, carrying iron ore from Sweden, sunk off Danish coast. Hungarian Prime Minister, Count Teleki, sees Mussolini in Rome.
- MARCH 25TH.—Norway protests to British Government against alleged violation of her territorial waters by British warships.
- MARCH 26TH.—B.E.F. takes over from the French a new section of the Allied front in France.
- MARCH 27TH.—R.A.F. machines on western front bring down seven enemy aircraft and themselves lose one. R.A.F. also sink German patrol vessel in North Sea. General election in Canada ends in return of existing Liberal Government with increased majority.
- MARCH 28TH.—Allied Supreme War Council Meeting in London affirms that Britain and France will not negotiate separate treaties of peace with Germany or any joint treaty save after previous mutual agreement on terms, and that after the end of the war they will maintain community of action in cause of general security. British ambassadors in Italy and in Balkan countries recalled to London for consultation. Two enemy aeroplanes shot down over North Sea; two R.A.F. machines lost on reconnaissance over North-west Germany and one brought down while crossing Dutch territory in error.
- MARCH 29TH.—Molotov, in speech before Soviet Supreme Council, attacks Allies, but reaffirms Russian intention to remain neutral in war.
- MARCH 30TH.—Germans admit loss of three aircraft, one in North Sea and two on western front.
- MARCH 31ST.—Air fight on western front, in which six R.A.F. fighters defeated eighteen enemy machines, shooting down one.
- APRIL 2ND.—Another air action on western front, three of newest type of enemy Messerschmidt fighters out of nine being brought down.
- APRIL 3RD.—Reconstruction of British Cabinet announced. Changes in Service ministries include retirement of Lord Chatfield on abolition of post of Minister for Co-ordination of Defence, promotion of Mr. Churchill to be Chairman of Committee of Service Ministers, and replacement of Sir Kingsley Wood by Sir Samuel Hoare as Air Minister. One enemy aeroplane brought down off north-east coast by one of our fighters, which also crashed—the first British machine to be lost in our coastal waters since the war began, though fifty enemy machines have been brought down. Four enemy fighters shot down on western front.
- APRIL 4TH.—British flying boat over North Sea accounts for two out of six of latest type of enemy bombers which attacked it.
- APRIL 5TH.—R.A.F. raid Wilhelmshaven and bomb enemy warships there.
- APRIL 6TH.—Dutch Government issue decree controlling re-export of goods to Germany. 315,000 men of 25-age group register for military service.
- APRIL 7TH.—Allied vessels lay three minefields in Norwegian territorial waters to stop German use of these waters for iron ore traffic from Narvik. Three German troop transports sunk by British submarines south of Norway.
- APRIL 9TH.—Germans invade Denmark and Norway. Denmark, unable to resist overwhelming force brought to bear on her by land, sea and air, makes no defence and agrees to German occupation under protest. Germans land at many points in Norway, but meet with stiff resistance and suffer losses of ships and aeroplanes. Oslo surrenders, and Norwegian Government moves north into interior of country. Allied Supreme War Council meets and decides to offer Norway full aid by land, sea and air.
- APRIL 10TH.—Germans establish themselves at Oslo, Bergen, Stavanger, Trondheim and Narvik in Norway and complete occupation of Denmark. Considerable losses inflicted by Allied warships and aircraft on troop transports and other shipping crossing Kattegat to Norway. Five British destroyers enter Narvik Bay, sinking one German destroyer, damaging three more and sinking

- seven enemy transport and supply ships. Two British destroyers sunk and two more damaged. Norwegian coastal batteries sink German battleship *Gneisenau* and cruiser *Blucher*, and cruiser *Karlsruhe* torpedoed and sunk.
- APRIL 11TH.—German losses now officially stated to have amounted to one battleship, four cruisers and a number of destroyers and submarines. Duel between H.M.S. *Renown* and battleship *Scharnhorst*, aided by cruiser *Hipper*, ends in retreat of latter, after suffering heavy damage. British losses amount to four destroyers only. R.A.F. bring down nineteen enemy machines as against loss of six of their own. Seven enemy aircraft brought down in abortive raid on Scapa Flow.
- APRIL 12TH.—German advance north and east from Oslo slowed up by stiffening Norwegian resistance. Continued naval and air activity results in further German shipping losses and damage to their air bases in Norway, six of their aircraft being destroyed and others damaged. R.A.F. lose eight machines. During recent operations two large new minefields laid by Allies covering whole area from west coast of Norway south of Bergen to Dutch territorial waters, whole of sea area between Norway, Denmark and Sweden and all North German Baltic coast as far east as Memel.
- APRIL 13TH.—British squadron attacks Narvik, sinking all remaining German ships in harbour, including seven destroyers, and driving enemy from newly erected coastal batteries. On land Norwegian resistance continues to stiffen. Allied air activity continues uninterrupted and intense.
- APRIL 14TH.—British naval attack at Narvik completely successful. Seven German destroyers sunk with no loss of British forces.
- APRIL 15TH.—British forces land at three points in Norway, in the north near Narvik, at Nampsos, north-east of Trondheim, and at Andalsnes, south-west of Trondheim. Two German transports sunk by British submarines.
- APRIL 16TH.—R.A.F. deliver successful attacks on Stavanger and other aerodromes in Norway now in German hands. Proclamation issued ordering registration of 27-year-old men on May 25th.
- APRIL 17TH.—Stavanger aerodrome bombarded from sea and Trondheim aerodrome and seaplane base bombed by R.A.F.
- APRIL 18TH.—British troops from Andalsnes reinforce Norwegian forces fighting north-west of Oslo. R.A.F. raids on German air bases in Norway continue day and night.
- APRIL 19TH.—First contact between German and British troops north-east of Trondheim. Dutch Government proclaims state of siege in Holland.
- APRIL 20TH.—French troops land in Norway. More submarine successes against German transports and supply ships.
- APRIL 21ST.—German air raids on British base at Nampsos cause damage but no casualties.
- APRIL 22ND.—British advance on Trondheim from Nampsos and Andalsnes continues. R.A.F. raid German air bases at Stavanger in Norway and Aalborg in Denmark.
- APRIL 23RD.—German counter-attack assisted by German warships in Trondheim Fjord checks British advance guard on Nampsos-Trondheim road. Renewed German air attacks on Nampsos. R.A.F. continue raids on German air bases in Norway and Denmark.
- APRIL 25TH.—Allied naval forces once more take heavy toll of German troop and supply ships crossing from Denmark to Norway.
- APRIL 26TH.—Heavy fighting reported south of Dombas on Oslo-Andalsnes road. Allied operations rendered difficult by German air superiority.
- APRIL 27TH.—Germans continue to make slow and costly progress towards Dombas.
- APRIL 28TH.—German attack south of Dombas repulsed with loss.
- APRIL 29TH.—Three more German supply ships sunk, making a total of thirty-eight in course of Norwegian operations.
- APRIL 30TH.—Allies retire to new positions in Dombas areas. R.A.F. deliver new series of heavy attacks on German air bases in Norway and Denmark. Orders issued closing Mediterranean to Allied shipping. Two British submarines, *Tarpin* and *Starlet*, now much overdue and believed lost.
- MAY 1ST.—Germans occupy Dombas and effect junction between their forces at Trondheim and those advancing north from Oslo area. New R.A.F. attack on German air bases in Norway and Denmark. German bomber crashes at Clacton-on-Sea, causing large number of civilian casualties.
- MAY 2ND.—Withdrawal of Allied troops from Andalsnes effected without loss, despite heavy air attacks by enemy.
- MAY 3RD.—Allied troops safely withdrawn from Nampsos. German counter-attack at Narvik without success. R.A.F. Fleet Air Arm continue raids on German air bases in Norway with good results.
- MAY 4TH.—Allied troops withdrawn from Norway safely landed in Britain.
- MAY 5TH.—Three destroyers, one British, one French and one Polish, sunk while escorting home Allied troops evacuated from Norway.
- MAY 7TH.—Two days' debate on conduct of war opened in Parliament.
- MAY 8TH.—Government majority in debate reduced to 81. American battle fleet ordered to remain in Pacific. Extraordinary military precautions ordered in Holland.
- MAY 9TH.—Royal proclamation signed making men between 28 and 36 liable for military service. Two enemy aircraft shot down off north-east coast of Scotland.
- MAY 10TH.—Germans invade Holland, Belgium and Luxemburg in great force, preceding advance of troops by intensive air raids and by dropping large numbers of parachute troops in interior of

these countries. French forces and B.E.F. move instantly to assistance of Holland and Belgium, following appeal by Governments of these countries. Enemy aircraft drops four incendiary bombs in Kent. Mr. Chamberlain's Government resigns and Mr. Churchill becomes Prime Minister.

- MAY 11TH.—Enemy offensive continues to make progress in Low Countries, as well as air attacks and dropping of parachutists, whose activities are aided by treacherous work of Nazi "Fifth Column" sympathisers.
- MAY 12TH.—Germans force back Dutch behind main water defence lines. Allies continue advance across Belgium to aid Belgian army in its defence of line of Albert Canal.
- MAY 13TH.—Germans continue rapid advance in Holland and Queen Wilhelmina and Dutch Government leave for England. In Belgium Germans succeed in forcing line of Albert Canal. in Maastricht area. All male enemy aliens living in East England and Scotland ordered to be interned.
- MAY 14TH.—Holland capitulates, unable to continue resistance in face of overwhelming German forces, part of which penetrated as far as Rotterdam and joined up there with parachutists and fifth columnists, and under threat of complete destruction of her cities from the air. Dutch army lays down its arms. German attacks in Belgium and north-east France continue with violence. Formation of new corps of Local Defence Volunteers in Britain announced by War Office.
- MAY 15TH.—B.E.F., engaged east of Brussels, repel enemy attacks. Powerful German offensive, accompanied by heavy air attacks and led by masses of tanks, including some of a new heavy type, break into French front along the middle Meuse between Namur and Sedan.
- MAY 16TH.—B.E.F. repulse new German attack at Louvain. Germans effect break through on wide front in middle Meuse sector, French counter attacks with tanks and aircraft failing to re-establish the line.
- MAY 17TH.—Mr. Churchill visits Paris for conference with French Government. German progress in area west of middle Meuse continues, French being unable to check it or reform their broken front, the German co-operation between armoured troops and the air arm being very close and effective.
- MAY 18TH.—Allies evacuate Louvain and Brussels. French continue to fall back, hard pressed, in area south of Sambre, where the position is admitted to be serious.
- MAY 19TH.—General Weygand appointed French Commander-in-Chief *vice* General Gamelin. Germans switch main direction of their advance from south-west to west and continue to gain ground.
- MAY 20TH.—German advance guards force line of Oise, Allied counter attacks failing to check their progress, though inflicting heavy losses.
- MAY 21ST.—German armoured detachments enter Amiens, Abbeville and Arras. B.E.F., having fallen back to line of Scheldt, hotly engaged north of Cambrai. R.A.F. continue intensive action against enemy on battlefield and in back areas.
- MAY 22ND.—French establish themselves on line of Somme from Peronne to Channel coast, B.E.F. recapture Arras. Emergency Bill, giving British Government powers of control over all persons and property for war purposes and raising excess profits tax to 100 per cent., passed into law.
- MAY 23RD.—Germans penetrate into Allied back areas as far as Boulogne. Big round up of potential fifth columnists in Britain, including members of Parliament and leading figures of Union of Fascists and Peoples Party.
- MAY 24TH.—Germans capture Boulogne, which is evacuated by Allied garrison under heavy pressure. German attacks continue in attempt to widen gap between Arras and the Somme through which armoured and motorised troops continue to pass to threaten Allied rear. R.A.F. take heavy toll of enemy air force, over which they establish mastery wherever met.
- MAY 25TH.—German advance in Allied rear continues and they are now on outskirts of Calais. Air raid on Yorkshire and East Anglian towns cause a few civilian casualties.
- MAY 26TH.—Fighting in streets of Calais, as a result of which Allied garrison withdraws to citadel. General Dill appointed C.I.G.S. in place of General Ironside, who becomes Commander-in-Chief, Home Forces.
- MAY 27TH.—Heavy fighting rages on lines of Scheldt and Lys, where masses of enemy infantry are now in action. R.A.F. continue to take toll of enemy air forces and ground troops.
- MAY 28TH.—King Leopold, as Commander-in-Chief of the Belgian Army, signs capitulation, which, though disowned by Belgian Government, lays open left flank and rear of Allied forces still fighting in North-west Belgium. These nevertheless make new dispositions and continue heroic resistance.
- MAY 29TH.—Under violent pressure Allies in north fall back fighting on Dunkirk, only possible port of embarkation now left them, as Germans claim to have put an end to heroic resistance of garrison of citadel of Calais. In northern Norway Allies capture Narvik, Germans falling back eastwards towards frontier of Sweden.
- MAY 30TH.—Evacuation of Allied forces from Dunkirk, begun and carried on under great difficulties of shoals, wind and tide, and under heavy fire from land and air, makes steady progress, all sorts, shapes and sizes of craft being used for the task. R.A.F. cover the evacuation as best it can in face of greatly superior numbers of enemy aircraft, of which, however, it takes heavy toll.
- MAY 31ST.—Evacuation of B.E.F. and French Army of North from Dunkirk continues despite violent and incessant interference by hostile land, sea and air forces. Belgian Parliament, meeting in France, declares that King Leopold has ceased to reign.

- JUNE 1ST.—Greater part of B.E.F. now safely got away from Dunkirk, and Lord Gort returns home to report to the King and British Government. R.A.F. continue to cover withdrawal of French rear guards to line of water defences around port, and to inflict heavy losses on enemy. French retake all but one of the German bridgeheads established on south bank of Somme.
- JUNE 2ND.—Final stage of evacuation of Dunkirk began.
- JUNE 3RD.—Heavy German air raid on Paris causes 900 casualties and considerable damage. Twenty-five enemy machines shot down out of 250 taking part.
- JUNE 4TH.—Dunkirk evacuation now completed; Mr. Churchill announces that 335,000 Allied troops had been evacuated in 857 British and many French ships; our casualties had totalled some 30,000 only but all our material of B.E.F., including over 1,000 guns, had been lost.
- JUNE 5TH.—Germans launch great new offensive on all fronts from Aisne to Channel coast, but Allies, holding position organised in great depth, hold firm everywhere.
- JUNE 6TH.—Enemy offensive continues with utmost violence all along battle front. Heavy casualties inflicted on him in personnel, tanks and aircraft and except on extreme left of line, Allies everywhere hold their ground.
- JUNE 7TH.—Enemy attacks continue but with little result save heavy loss to Germans; tank casualties already estimated at 400. R.A.F. and French Air Force carry out series of extensive raids on German and German occupied territory. Enemy air raids on wide area of eastern and south-eastern England do little damage and caused few casualties.
- JUNE 8TH.—Enemy progress on whole battle front small and costly save on western flank, where Allies fall back to line of Bresle and hostile armoured detachments reach vicinity of Forges les Eaux. French Air Force raid Berlin as reprisal for German raid on Paris.
- JUNE 9TH.—Germans extend offensive eastward as far as Argonne Forest and push forward advanced elements to Seine about Rouen.
- JUNE 10TH.—Italy declares war on France and Britain. President Roosevelt places all resources of United States at disposal of Allies, and Mr. Churchill announces despatch of fresh substantial British reinforcements to France. German advanced troops cross lower Seine. Allied forces successfully withdraw from Narvik and King of Norway and Norwegian Government establish themselves in London.
- JUNE 11TH.—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and India declare war on Italy. Italian air force raid Malta with little result; R.A.F. successfully attack Italian air bases in Libya and Abyssinia. French Government moves to Tours as German advance on Paris continues.
- JUNE 12TH.—Fighting in France continues fiercely all along front from the Channel to the Argonne. Anglo-French conferences at Tours. R.A.F. raid Genoa and Turin and Milan with great success. One Italian warship and two submarines damaged in air attack on Tobruk in Libya. Egypt breaks off diplomatic relations with Italy. Spain declares attitude of non-belligerency.
- JUNE 13TH.—Germans approach Havre and occupy Reims. Paris declared an open city. Surrender of Allied detachment at St. Valery after fierce resistance. Successful skirmish with Italian detachment on Libyan border.
- JUNE 14TH.—German advanced troops enter Paris unopposed and occupy Havre and Montmedy. Britain renews pledge to France to continue war to victorious conclusion. French Government leaves Tours for Bordeaux. 211,000 tons of Italian shipping at sea or in Allied ports falls into Allied hands. British and South African air forces successfully raid Italian Somaliland and Eritrea. French air forces raid Venice, and French fleet shells Italian coast. Spanish troops occupy international zone of Tangier.
- JUNE 15TH.—Germans occupy Verdun and breach Maginot Line near Saarbrucken. President Roosevelt gives new pledge of maximum support short of declaration of war, in response to appeal from French Government. Successful fighting on Libyan border and capture of two Italian forts. In accordance with ultimatum from Soviet Russia, Lithuania agrees to large increase of Russian garrisons in her territory.
- JUNE 16TH.—Resignation of French Government of M. Reynaud and appointment of Marshal Petain as Prime Minister. Mr. Roosevelt promises all possible material support for Allies as long as they continue to resist. British Government assures France of its resolve to continue war.
- JUNE 17TH.—French Government asks Germany for her armistice terms. British Government proposes Anglo-French union with common citizenship for both peoples and single war Cabinet and Government for duration of war. All Allied ships bound for France ordered to make for British ports. German advance into Central France continues.
- JUNE 18TH.—Hitler and Mussolini meet to agree on terms to be offered to France. Britain refuses to release France from her treaty obligation not to make a separate peace with Germany. Mr. Churchill in speeches in Parliament and on wireless reaffirms British resolve to fight on and confidence in ultimate victory.
- JUNE 19TH.—Hitler informs French Government that armistice terms will be notified as soon as its plenipotentiaries are appointed. Large-scale German air raid on Britain by over 100 aeroplanes inflicts 42 casualties and does little material damage. Seven enemy machines shot down.
- JUNE 20TH.—Second air raid on Britain on even larger scale results in eight casualties and slight material damage; four enemy machines shot down. German and French plenipotentiaries meet at Com-

- piegne. Large Anzac contingents arrive at northern British port. Secret session of Parliament to consider home defence.
- JUNE 21ST.—Hitler receives French plenipotentiaries in same place and in same railway coach as that in which Marshal Foch received German representatives in November, 1918, and lays down terms designed to prevent any resumption of hostilities by France and to provide Germany with necessary safeguards for continuance of war against Britain. British air raids in Libya and Italian East Africa carried out with success and without loss.
- JUNE 22ND.—French Government accepts Germany's armistice terms. Third enemy air raid on Britain causes little damage and only three casualties. Men of 29 years of age register for service in Britain.
- JUNE 23RD.—Franco-German armistice terms made public; they amount to complete surrender and disarmament of France, occupation of her western coastline, and use of all her resources by Germany for continuance of war against Britain. Negotiations for Franco-Italian armistice begun.
- JUNE 24TH.—Armistice agreement reached between France and Italy. End of hostilities between France and the Axis Powers. Italian submarine destroyed in Gulf of Suez.
- JUNE 25TH.—Italian terms of armistice with France published, including demilitarisation of all French frontiers with Italian territory in France and Africa and of all French naval bases in Mediterranean. First German air raid on London and southern part of England causes 25 civilian casualties. Effective R.A.F. raids on North-western Germany continue.
- JUNE 26TH.—Combined raids successfully carried out against French coastal areas in enemy occupation. Second German air raid of week causes little damage at cost of loss of five enemy machines.
- JUNE 27TH.—Third German air raid causes slight damage; four hostile machines brought down. Russia sends ultimatum to Rumania demanding surrender of province of Bessarabia. Secret session of British Parliament to discuss supply questions.
- JUNE 28TH.—Rumania agrees to Russia's demands and Soviet troops commence to occupy Bessarabia as Rumanian garrisons withdraw. Britain recognises General de Gaulle as leader of all free French forces prepared to carry on war. French commander in Syria proclaims cessation of hostilities there. German transports sunk by British submarine off coast of Norway.
- JUNE 29TH.—Rumanian mobilisation proclaimed in preparation for resistance against possible claims by Hungary and Bulgaria for return of their lost provinces. Italian Marshal Balbo killed in mysterious air accident in Libya.
- JUNE 30TH.—Germans extend their occupation of France as far as the Spanish frontier. Sporadic land fighting on a small scale and air activity in Libya and East Africa with marked advantage to the British.
- JULY 1ST.—Rumania renounces Allied guarantee and remodels her foreign and domestic standpoint in favour of the Axis Powers. Britain reserves her right to act in case of threat to Syria and Lebanon by any hostile Power. Germans occupy Channel Islands, following on destructive air raids, demilitarisation of the Islands, and evacuation of part of the civil population. Raid on Scottish coast town causes some forty casualties. Destructive R.A.F. raids over Western Germany continue. Twelve out of seventeen German fighters accounted for in air battles over France.
- JULY 2ND.—British and German air raids continue. R.A.F. attack Kiel and inflict heavy damage on battleship *Scharnhorst* in repair dock there. Large scale German raid on north-east coast causes over 100 casualties. Four more Italian submarines destroyed, making a total of fourteen since Italy entered war. South coast of England from Brighton to Selsey declared a military area and closed to public.
- JULY 3RD.—*Arandova Star*, carrying 1,500 German prisoners and internees, torpedoed and sunk with loss of some 500 lives amid scenes of panic and disorder on board. Six enemy aircraft brought down in attempted raids on England.
- JULY 4TH.—Prime Minister announced that bulk of French fleet had now been taken over and was in our hands. No resistance offered save at Oran, where British battle squadron, after a day spent in negotiations, had to engage in battle with strong force of French warships. After brief but fierce action all French heavy ships either run ashore, sunk or so severely damaged as to be out of service for some time to come.
- JULY 5TH.—French Government reported to have broken off relations with Britain as a result of battle of Oran, which has caused outburst of baffled rage throughout Germany and Italy and met with general approval and relief in America and throughout the Empire. Further units of the French fleet taken over by us. South coast from Bexhill to Portland and 20 miles inland declared a defence area.
- JULY 6TH.—Continuance of British and German air raids. One enemy bomber shot down off south coast of England.
- JULY 7TH.—R.A.F. lay large minefield in Baltic and continue heavy and effective raids on Germany and German-occupied territory. H.M. submarine *Snapper* torpedoes five enemy supply ships off coast of Norway.
- JULY 8TH.—Enemy air raids on England; first use of gliding attack, but little damage done and few casualties.

- JULY 9TH.—French fleet at Alexandria demilitarised by agreement with British. French battleship *Richelieu* in harbour at Dakar, in West Africa, disabled by depth charges and air attacks. Of eight French battleships, only one, the *Strasbourg*, now remains in French hands, badly damaged, at Toulon. R.A.F. bomb and sink enemy barges in Dutch waters.
- JULY 10TH.—Naval engagements off Malta between British and Italian squadrons. Italians seek refuge behind shore defences after losing one destroyer and other ships damaged. Italian submarine sunk. Heavy air actions off south-east coast, 70 German machines being engaged in one battle; 14 shot down and 23 others crippled at cost of two of our aircraft.
- JULY 11TH.—Twenty-two German aircraft shot down in fighting off our coasts as against four of our machines. Fleet Air Arm sink Italian destroyer and store ship in raid on port in Sicily. French Parliament pass new constitution under which Marshal Petain becomes Chief of State.
- JULY 12TH.—Eleven enemy aircraft shot down in air fighting, making a total of 108 in last three weeks. R.A.F. continue air raids on Germany and enemy-occupied territory with vigour and effect.
- JULY 13TH.—Sporadic enemy air raids on Britain cause some damage and casualties.
- JULY 14TH.—Week's air losses on both sides stated as 13 British and 85 German aircraft destroyed, and 50 more Germans badly damaged. Prime Minister's broadcast states that we now have a million and a half soldiers and a million Home Guards under arms in Britain and intend to fight on without thought of surrender or negotiating for peace.
- JULY 15TH.—R.A.F. continue attacks on German air and seaplane bases and other military objectives.
- JULY 16TH.—R.A.F. raids continue. Italians stated to have lost 20 aircraft in recent naval action in Mediterranean.
- JULY 17TH.—Highly successful air attack by R.A.F. on Ems-Dortmund canal. Enemy submarine sunk in Atlantic by flying boat.
- JULY 18TH.—U.S.A. Democratic Party adopt President Roosevelt as candidate for third term of office at election in November.
- JULY 19TH.—President Roosevelt accepts candidacy in noteworthy speech attacking dictatorship and renewing promise of aid to Allies. Hitler makes nebulous peace offer in speech to Reichstag. German air raid on convoy in Channel beaten off with loss of ten aircraft. H.M.A.S. *Sydney* sinks Italian cruiser *Bartolomeo Colleoni* in action in Mediterranean.
- JULY 20TH.—Lt.-Gen. Sir A. Brooke appointed Commander-in-Chief Home Forces in succession to General Sir E. W. Ironside, promoted Field-Marshal, and General Lord Gort appointed Inspector-General for Training. Enemy attacks on shipping continue; 21 of his aircraft shot down round British coasts.
- JULY 21ST.—Successful R.A.F. raids on enemy oil tanks, naval bases and airdromes.
- JULY 22ND.—Speech by Lord Halifax in reply to Hitler's peace offer. Admiralty announce new minefield covering southern entrance to Irish Sea.
- JULY 23RD.—Second supplementary war Budget presented to Parliament. Government recognises Dr. Benes' committee in this country as provisional Government of Czecho-Slovakia. Parliaments of Lithuania, Estonia and Latvia ask for incorporation into Soviet Russia. Twelve German aircraft shot down in raids on this country.
- JULY 24TH.—Fleet Air Arm machine torpedoes enemy supply ship in North Sea.
- JULY 25TH.—S.S. *Meknes*, carrying French troops and sailors being repatriated from England, torpedoed by German motor boat in Channel with heavy loss of life. Twenty-eight German aircraft shot down round our coasts. Enemy attacks on shipping continue and five small British ships sunk.
- JULY 27TH.—Men of 1906 class, 34 years old, register for service. Rumania and Bulgarian delegates visit Hitler for discussions as to future developments in Balkans.
- JULY 28TH.—British detain three Rumanian ships in reprisal for Rumania's anti-British action. Rumanian and Bulgarian ministers visit Hitler to receive his orders as to their foreign policy. First Royal Canadian Air Force fighter squadron arrives in England.
- JULY 29TH.—Attack by 80 German aircraft on Dover beaten off with loss of 21 machines. Four others brought down elsewhere off our coasts. South African force arrives in Kenya. British Ambassador in Japan protests against recent arrests of British subjects on charges of espionage.
- JULY 30TH.—Plans announced for British blockade of all western coast of Europe and control of all shipping sailing to or from it.
- JULY 31ST.—U.S.A. prohibits export of aviation petrol except to American countries. Engagement in South Atlantic between H.M.S. *Alcantara* and armed German raider, in which both suffered damage. Announced that at least 240 German aircraft and 600 airmen accounted for in July.
- AUGUST 1ST.—Enemy air raid causes casualties in Norwich. R.A.F. continue daily and nightly attacks on enemy military objectives. Two Italian submarines sunk in Mediterranean. Japan releases six out of thirteen British arrested.
- AUGUST 2ND.—Large Canadian contingent arrives in Britain. S.S. *Highlander* destroys two enemy aircraft in North Sea. Arrangements made by Britain to buy 100 million bushels of Canadian wheat next year. Two Japanese arrested in London on charge of espionage.
- AUGUST 3RD.—Lord Beaverbrook appointed member of War Cabinet. Australian drafts arrive in England.

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