

No.48 February 1941



THE IRON DUKE

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

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

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	5
HONOURS AND AWARDS	6
REGIMENTAL NEWS—	
A BATTALION IN ENGLAND	6
A BATTALION IN INDIA	7
DEPOT NEWS	10
A BATTALION IN ICELAND	17
A SECOND LINE BATTALION SOMEWHERE IN SCOTLAND	23
A RESURRECTED BATTALION IN CORNWALL	29
A RESURRECTED BATTALION SOMEWHERE IN SOUTHERN ENGLAND	30
AN EX-HOLDING BATTALION IN YORKSHIRE	31
A 1ST LINE ANTI-TANK REGIMENT, R.A., SOMEWHERE IN SCOTLAND	32
AN ANTI-TANK S.L. REGIMENT, R.A., SOMEWHERE IN YORKSHIRE	33
GENERAL—	
H.M.S. "IRON DUKE"	34
OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS	34
THE D.W.R. COMFORTS FUND	35
THE COMFORTS CENTRE	35
THE BALLAD OF BRIMSTONE DRAIN. By O. P.	37
SPORT IN ICELAND. By J. H. C. L.	39
WINTER BILLETS. Written and illustrated by Mrs. C. ACWORTH	41
THIRD PARTY RISKS. By P. M. L.	44
OPERATIONS FROM 10TH MAY TO 3RD JUNE, 1940. By a BATTERY COMMANDER	46
PERSONALIA	51
DISCIPLINE IN THE 33RD	52
OBITUARY	53
OUR CONTEMPORARIES	53
REVIEWS	54
NATIONAL WAR SAVINGS CAMPAIGN	55
WAR OFFICE NOTES	56

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT TAKING THE SALUTE AT HIS INSPECTION OF A BATTALION SOMEWHERE IN SCOTLAND	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
THE COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT WITH THE OFFICERS OF A BATTALION SOMEWHERE IN SCOTLAND	12
THE OFFICERS AT THE DEPOT	13
THE W.Os. AND SERGEANTS AT THE DEPOT	13
VISIT OF LORD GORT TO A BATTALION IN ICELAND	20, 21 & 28
"C" COMPANY OF A BATTALION SOMEWHERE IN YORKSHIRE	28
SPORTS OF A HOLDING BATTALION SOMEWHERE IN YORKSHIRE	29
CARTOONS :	SEE PAGES
I.T.C. PERSONALITIES No. 2.—R.S.M. CODE. By R. JORDAN	11
DEPOT COMPANY.—J. B. HANDS OVER TO J. B. By R. JORDAN	13
SICK PARADE. By S. F. SWIFT	36
LOFTY. By Miss D. McGUIRE BATE	38 & 40
ARMY TERMS ILLUSTRATED. By Sgt. BENNETT	43
"BACK IN 5 MINS." By S. F. SWIFT	45



The Colonel of the Regiment taking the salute at his inspection of a Battalion somewhere in Scotland (see page 30).

THE IRON DUKE

EDITORIAL.

THE invasion of these Islands which seemed so imminent when our last number went to press has failed to materialise, though the country has been subjected to intense air raids of almost daily occurrence. These attacks have in the main fallen on the civilian population, whose courage and fortitude have been in keeping with those of the armed forces, and of the character of the British nation. The threat of invasion still hangs over the country, and meanwhile all Battalions of the Regiment have worked incessantly to fit themselves for the task of repulsing the invader if he comes, or of attacking him in his most vulnerable spots. Such attacks by some of the armed forces of the Empire have already begun in the Middle East, and have gained results that could not have been hoped for some four months ago.

The intensive training our Battalions have undergone has of necessity affected contributions to THE IRON DUKE, and we regret that some of the news sent in is so short, while in the case of a few units no news has been received at all. The restrictions, too, of the censorship have considerably curtailed notes, and have made the task of sub-editors very difficult.

As referred to on page 30, the Colonel of the Regiment, in spite of the claims on his time of his civil defence duties, has managed to pay a visit to a Battalion in Scotland. He hopes to make other visits during the year.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Major-General W. M. Ozanne on his promotion to that rank, and on his appointment to the command of a division.

In spite of air raids and other great difficulties, Capt. R. H. D. Bolton succeeded in having a Regimental plot in the Field of Remembrance at Westminster Abbey on Armistice Day, 1940. Capt. Bolton planted 33 crosses and poppies contributed by the O.C.A. of the 1st and 2nd Battalions. There were only a few other regimental plots, and no gathering on a big scale was allowed; nor, since most of the London members of the O.C.A. are employed in serving their country elsewhere, could many have attended. We heartily congratulate Capt. Bolton on such a good effort, and on giving to it time which he could ill spare.

The rationing of paper and the increased cost of production, which is throwing an additional strain on the resources of THE IRON DUKE, necessitate a reduction in the size of the magazine. In the case of the present number this has not been so difficult as there have been fewer contributions from individuals than normally. We hope however that this reduction of space will not put contributors off, as to keep up a high standard the Editor must have a good selection to choose from.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Subscribers to "The Iron Duke" are reminded that it is impossible for the Business Manager to ensure their copies reaching them unless they send their most recent address, or one from which copies will be forwarded on to them. They are asked therefore to send any change of address to—Miss Turner, Kilsyth, 66 Storey's Way, Cambridge.

Honours and Awards.

We offer our congratulations to the officers and other ranks of the Regiment whose names appear below :—

Extracts from the Supplement to the *London Gazette* dated 20th December, 1940. The names of the undermentioned have been brought to notice in recognition of distinguished services in connection with operations in the field March—June, 1940 :—

The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding).

Lt.-Col. S. B. Kington, Major A. H. G. Wathen, Major J. P. Huffam, V.C., Major T. St. G. Carroll, Major D. I. Strangeways, Capt. H. A. R. Bucknall, Capt. P. T. I. Macdiarmid, 2nd Lt. J. O. Dyson, Capt. A. P. R. Smith, 2nd Lt. A. Mitchell, 4607723 R.Q.M.S. J. S. Oakes, 4739825 C.S.M. S. Gill, Lt. A. Gresham, 4610891 Sgt. A. A. Eden, 4608719 Sgt. F. P. Brannan, 4602645 Sgt. E. Lees, M.M., 4609047 Sgt. E. Oliver, 4610642 L/Sgt. H. Hirst, 4607849 L/Sgt. H. Orchard, 4610782 L/Cpl. W. Gamble, 4610833 L/Cpl. J. Dawes, 4612226 L/Cpl. S. Draper, 4607060 Pte. M. McGuire, 4606944 L/Cpl. A. L. Sackville, 4615375 Pte. W. H. Penfold, 4610136 Pte. C. Coxon.

Royal Army Chaplain's Department.—C.F. 4th Class Rev. R. H. Blackburn.

Royal Army Medical Corps.—Lt. E. Cullen.

The name of the undermentioned has been brought to notice in recognition of distinguished service in connection with operations in Norway.—Capt. R. N. H. C. Bray, D.W.R.

A Battalion Somewhere in England.

Since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE there is little to report which is of more than domestic interest. Long days and nights working on the beaches in constant readiness for action have come to an end, and the Battalion is now settled in winter quarters training hard and enjoying what comfort and social activities we can.

Some changes of personnel have taken place and old faces are missing. Major W. A. Woods and Major Wathen have left us for other units, and Major Strangeways has also left a gap which we continually notice. Many well-known figures, too, have gone to the I.T.C. to help in training on the basis of our experiences in France. In their places we welcome many who have quickly ceased to be new and have soon settled down amongst us.

We also welcome Mrs. Mullen, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Smart to the Regiment. We give them our best wishes and congratulate ourselves on having them amongst us.

Military duties have not prevented us from enjoying considerable social activity. The Officers' Mess have given a cocktail party and the Sergeants' Mess a dance, both very successful. There have also been frequent company dances, and it is rare for anyone to be at a loss for a spare-time occupation.

There have been some Battalion rugby matches which show that under the leadership of Mr. Huskisson the Battalion has not lost its cunning, and an inter-platoon football competition is being held.

Finally, we have prepared for a real if strenuous Christmas, which, with the help of the Band from the I.T.C., should be a great success.

We were visited by a party of officers and N.C.Os. from the I.T.C. in the autumn, and are glad not to be out of touch with our headquarters. Parties from another battalion are also visiting us for training.

Little has been said about work and duties, but we can say that being gathered together into winter quarters has had many advantages beyond social ones. There have been few days when intensive training has not been carried out, and in spite of inevitable war-time changes, we can claim that we are a definite unit and not merely an aggregate of individuals.

A Battalion in India.

Events are at last moving fast in India and signs of real "war-mindedness" are everywhere about us. Our normally spacious cantonment now has every little nook and corner occupied by a rapidly growing building for the accommodation of troops, or some other military purpose. Neighbouring stations are exactly the same and a great feeling of expectation is in the air. Events in the Near East are causing rapidly rising hopes that at last the troops in India are going to take a much more active part in the war. All our training is being tackled with renewed zest, and although summer heat in part still lingers on, no one pauses even to remove the sweat from his brow. The sub-editor has been reduced to promising free issues of "midnight oil" to secure any contributions at all, as all contributors declare that that is about the approximate hour they can spare for writing up their notes.

OFFICERS' MESS.

Normally we should now be gathered together under one roof ready for the collective training season and hopeful of a gay time in the forthcoming winter social activities. Actually we are all shared out amongst four Messes, Headquarters, two detachments and a company camp. The P.M.C. is one unremitting wail about maintenance costs, but no one has time to listen. The principal social activity is attending functions in aid of multifarious war purposes, and from the enthusiasm for this branch of war "work" one can modestly assume that the rapid expansion of the R.A.F. is in no small measure due to our efforts. This in spite of "economy" resolutions to be heard on all sides.

We have not one arrival or departure of a permanent nature to record since our last notes, but temporary arrivals and departures to courses, camps, etc., are so numerous that a glance at our monthly occupation return would give the impression that the Officers' Mess houses at least a divisional headquarters.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

With the return of our hill detachment to the plains, the whole of the Mess is once more concentrated here. Families have also returned to the plains, and our cold weather entertainment programme is being prepared.

The Mess billiards tournament is at present being played and is nearing a close. The Coulter Cup tennis tournament has just been completed and was won by Sgt. Hall, Bandmaster Caldicutt being runner-up. We offer our congratulations to them both. During the latter half of the hot weather we have held two "tin and bottle" tennis tournaments and attendances were high and tennis good. We have also had several good hard matches against the officers and the scoring was very even. We are looking forward to further meetings.

Our moonlight swimming parties had to be postponed when the malarial season came along, and as the cold weather is now approaching, we shall see very little in this direction until about next April.

We wish good luck to all who have departed from or joined the Mess, and congratulate all who have been appointed to or promoted within the Mess. Scraps of news of old members, now in other places, are heard now and then, and we appreciate letters from old members telling of their own and other members' present whereabouts.

CORPORALS' MESS.

At the time of writing these notes we are split up once again. Camp and the intensive training season is now upon us and it is doubtful whether we can muster thirty in the Mess. However, these things must be done.

We offer our congratulations to new members who have risen to the "dizzy heights," also to our new cook sergeant and pioneer sergeant who have gone up one and are now members of the Sergeants' Mess.

Three weeks ago we held a dance in aid of the War Ambulance Fund, and at the same time we entertained members of the Hussars. We played them at rugby and managed to scrape a win. Altogether a good time was had by all. Lack of space prevents us from describing the dance and rugby match in detail, so we will now finish off, trusting that we have not given the Editor much material for the wearing out of his "blue pencil."

COMPANY NOTES.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY.—Once again we have the Company together after being split up during the summer, when we had groups going to the hills at different periods.

We are sorry to lose C.S.M. Ward and the N.C.Os. and men who went with him, and wish them all luck in their new station. We welcome Major H. B. Owen as our new company commander and hope he will remain with us. Congratulations to C.S.M. Spink, C.Q.M.S. Brown and all other N.C.Os. who have been recently promoted but who are too numerous to mention individually.

We hope we shall now be able to settle down and build up our sports teams for the winter competitions.

SIGNAL PLATOON.—We have just returned from the hills and pre-classification training is now in full swing, and as soon as it is over we have collective training and three weeks' camp to which to look forward. For once we did not win all the competitions at water polo, basket ball, etc., but no doubt that was due to exceptional keenness and concentration on our classification programme.

Last month Capt. Moran left us to take over command of "B" Company and we wish him the best of luck. In his place we welcome 2nd Lt. Boxall and hope his stay with the platoon will be a pleasant one. We congratulate 2nd Lt. Boxall and Cpl. Ford on obtaining very good Q.1's at the Army Signal School.

SUPPORT PLATOON.—Since our last notes we have changed the heat of the plains for the rain of the hills, and which we liked the better is hard to say. The rain spoilt our chance of showing off our skill at sport. We had to be content with a game of soccer now and again, and for a platoon against companies we more or less held our own. The best event of the season was a concert given by ourselves and representatives of another B.I. battalion. We supplied a number of chorus girls for this show, and it was said that we were the best turn of the evening and some of the "girls" are still receiving proposals. At the time of writing, we are preparing to go to our concentration camp. Sport has been plentiful since we arrived from the hills, but so far we have failed to reach the final standard. In conclusion, we welcome 2nd Lt. Christison to the platoon, and hope that he will make a first class gunner. Congratulations to L/Sgt. Ure on his pay and appointment. We say good-bye and good luck to our oldest gunner, Pte. Shaw, who has left us for —, and to Sgt. Bowker on his return to a rifle company.

"B" COMPANY.—Since our last effort not a great deal has happened. Comings and goings are the order of the day, but they are far too numerous to mention individually, even if the "blue pencil" allowed us to.

Our late company commander, Major Cumberlege, is now flying round the station in some sort of antiquated "super ten." It appears on first sight (and sound) to be a "rattling" good bargain.

In the inter-company hockey, played recently, we came off second best to "A" Company 0—1 in the first round. In the inter-platoon hockey our novices' team, No. 11 Platoon, lost to the Drums after a very hard game. They still maintain that it was not a goal.

In conclusion, we welcome Capt. Moran to the Company, also 2nd Lt. Barker, who has returned to us after being away for some time on one of these mysterious jobs that seem to abound in these parts.

"C" COMPANY.—We are just beginning another tour of detached duty—our location may not be mentioned, but our principal duties are ceremonial. However, with the aid of borrowed platoons of other companies, we are succeeding in combining training with ceremony, and platoon and company schemes are the order of the day.

Just before leaving barracks we acquired the swimming shield to add to the shooting shield we earned earlier in the year. Congratulations to the teams on their splendid effort. We were unfortunately knocked out of the hockey by a last-second goal by "H.Q." "A" team. Our thoughts are now concentrated on the soccer shield, shortly to be the subject of an annual battle.

We have been fortunate in keeping our personnel constant throughout the period since our last notes.

"D" COMPANY.—Our last notes were written amidst the almost continuous downpour of the rainy season in the hills. In spite of the continued bad weather we managed to play a good deal of soccer, hockey and basket ball up there, sometimes in two or three feet of water. We also danced frequently to subscribe funds "in aid of." Owing to the number of times we danced we are sure that all funds must be over-subscribed.

On our return to the plains we renewed acquaintance with the Fort, but only for a few short weeks, and finally joined Battalion Headquarters in cantonments. At the moment of writing we are the only rifle company with Headquarters, and a certain number of our men are away, attached to "C" Company.

C.S.M. Farrell, C.Q.M.S. Machen and Sgt. (de Fred) Kennedy have left us for special employment elsewhere, and we welcome our new C.S.M., Wardle, and our new C.Q.M.S. Andrews, joining us on their promotion.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

A fairly healthy monsoon season enabled us to play a few games of rugby during August and September.

We had two matches at the Fort, one against the B.I. Battalion, Meerut, and the other against a station side from Meerut. We won both these games. In August we paid a visit to Meerut, where we played the B.I. Battalion. We managed to win by a small margin. In September we went over again and played the British cavalry regiment, but we were just beaten.

At present we are carrying out great changes in the team in hopes that we may improve it. It appears quite normal for a centre three-quarter who has played all his life in that position to be suddenly flung into the pack. The forwards have been greatly strengthened by the arrival of 2nd Lts. Williams and Christison.

It appears that on paper we have a good side, but we have not settled down yet to play as a team. Perhaps, later on, with some practice we shall have as good a side as in previous years.

HOCKEY.

There is little to record since the last issue except an inter-platoon competition in September, followed by an inter-company competition in October. The former was won by the "Employed" after two re-plays in the final. "A" Company were again winners of the company competition, scoring the winning goal against "H.Q." "A" right at the end of extra time. There seems to be little difference in the standard of hockey in all companies, for all the matches were very hard fought and the margin of victory in all cases was only one goal. There is no doubt that we have good material for a Battalion hockey team, and if we can get together as a side we ought to do well in the local competitions.

One other fact worthy of mention is our No. 1 ground which has been completely re-made at considerable expense. A good ground was badly needed, and all we have to complain about now is that the surface is very hard on shoes and hockey balls.

DEPOT NEWS.**OFFICERS' MESS.**

OWING to the seasonal hibernation of the Army, the number of changes, for better or for worse, have been considerably fewer than in previous quarters. However, since our last issue the Depot has successfully given birth to a new C.O. ; the Admiral's Walk no longer offers us the spectacle of spare and dapper " Ben " as O.C. wedding party. Instead the more portly " Duncan " can be viewed by visitors twice weekly in the becoming raiment of P.T. kit surrounded by his unwilling but admiring staff of stately old gentlemen. In his spare moments he can be found complying with instructions contained in a recent A.C.I. to the effect that the military will liaise with the civil authorities.

" Creepy " has crawled back to us, after spending several weeks in some of our better known coastal health resorts. " Sammy " B., our genial P.M.C., is industriously studying bird life in Halifax. " Joe," in his off moments from the courts, lends him valuable assistance.

Our fire-eating and loquacious " Jimmy " was discovered by the caretaker at Queen's Hall about 3 o'clock one morning, delivering a speech of thanks and heartfelt gratitude to his men for attending a company dance, after they had departed some four hours previously.

Genial " John " has been appointed O.C. Army Forms ; he should know what to do with them.

" Pat's " talents are wasted in the Army, and he should apply immediately to Swan & Edgar's as hat stylist. It is said on good authority that a sentry, on seeing a certain creation, so far forgot himself as to say " Dr. Livingstone, I presume." The departure of Ben leaves Tim's eyebrows as monarchs of all they survey.

" Bill " appeared with a damaged eye one morning, saying he had banged it on the car—but we feel there is more to this than meets the eye.

We think the War House should make " Tubby Freddy " a special grant to recompense him for the nightly farewell parties he has given prior to his oft-postponed departure to a cold climate. The seemly silence of our Mess was shattered by a piercing clucking noise, and on investigation it was discovered that " Ken " had become engaged.

The regret we all felt at the departure of " Ramsey " is, we are told, even more deeply regretted by the Turf Accountants' Association of Halifax.

Doc. Bourne, although his shoulders are already bowed with the troubles of mankind, has added another star to the existing constellation.

After successfully transferring " Torquil " to his native land, we were appalled and horrified to see " Ian " hobble in ; fortunately like his brother, he neither drinks, smokes, nor plays cards. He is often to be found in the company of " Snake Bogle," searching for talent in the A.T.S.

We are sorry to say au revoir to " John," but happy to welcome " Tony," late of The King's Norwegian Lifeguards.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Again we have to record that a number of changes have taken place in the Mess, due to promotions and repostings ; old faces disappear and new faces appear in the Mess with alarming frequency. The fact that a member is in the Mess for lunch does not mean that he will be in for tea. Inquiry will elicit the fact that " He's on his way to — now." Despite all the changes, however, we manage to keep up the standard of training and we can justly claim that we can still turn out good soldiers.

At the present moment we are in the throes of a War Weapons Week ; the town had to raise a million in a week, and this was exceeded on the morning of the third day.

As these notes will be in the hands of the sub-editor by the time the final figures are recorded, I am afraid you will have to look up the local "rag" for the result. The I.T.C. has contributed towards the effort in the way of lending various war weapons from the Regimental Museum. We have also marched the 3rd Battalion Colours round the town, and we are to have a ceremonial parade in a local park on the occasion of His Majesty's Birthday when the Colours will again be paraded.

Socially we have not been to the fore this last quarter (we are saving up for Christmas). We hope to run a ball on 31st December and "see the New Year in" in the old traditional style. However, more of this in the next issue of THE IRON DUKE. We did run a smoking concert which was attended by every member of the Mess available. Apart from the fact that "smokers" usually go down well, this was about the best show that most of us had ever attended. Our commanding officer, Lt.-Col. S., who was handing over the command of the I.T.C. to Lt.-Col. P., attended, and the show was in the nature of a farewell to him and a welcome to Col. P. We were all sorry to lose our commanding officer but, as he pointed out in his speech, we must all be prepared to move at short notice in these days to wherever the country's war effort demands. Col. S. had the reputation of being one of the most human and approachable of commanding officers. During his tour as commander of the Depot and later as commanding officer of the I.T.C., his interest in the well-being of all who served under him was apparent. He had the happy knack of making people work not only for him but with him all the time. His interest in the Sergeants' Mess was typical of the regimental officer, and the following comment of Col. S. summed up his thoughts, "A good Officers' Mess and Sergeants' Mess always means a good unit."

I.T.C. PERSONALITIES N° 2.



CORPORALS' MESS.

Since our last notes went to press, little worth recording has taken place. As in previous months, the members of our Mess have changed considerably, the cadre supplying a regular influx, while the Sergeants' Mess has claimed many of our older members. We take this opportunity of wishing our new members a speedy journey to the Sergeants' Mess, and of congratulating those who have joined that exclusive community.

During the early part of the month we presented to the long suffering population of Halifax another of our periodical "hops." This impressive function was held in the new Gymnasium, to the strains of the "Havercake Spitfires," which strains became somewhat strained after the players had partaken of a little refreshment at the interval. Some of the ladies attending were a little scared at the sight of our menacing provost sergeant standing guard at the door, but were immediately reassured by the placid features of L/Cpl. Collier who deprived them of their tickets with welcoming smirk.

This must end our notes for this edition, so we will close, wishing success and longevity to all ex-members of the Mess who have been posted to our field battalions.

COMPANY NOTES.

HEADQUARTER COMPANY.—Our notes must be brief; we are much too busy. The Company is still composed mainly of old "sweats," though we have recently engulfed the Band—of whom we are proud—and the boys—of whom we shall be proud one day.

In spite of our infirmities, we are at present leading in the soccer league and supply three or four stalwarts for the Regimental rugby side.

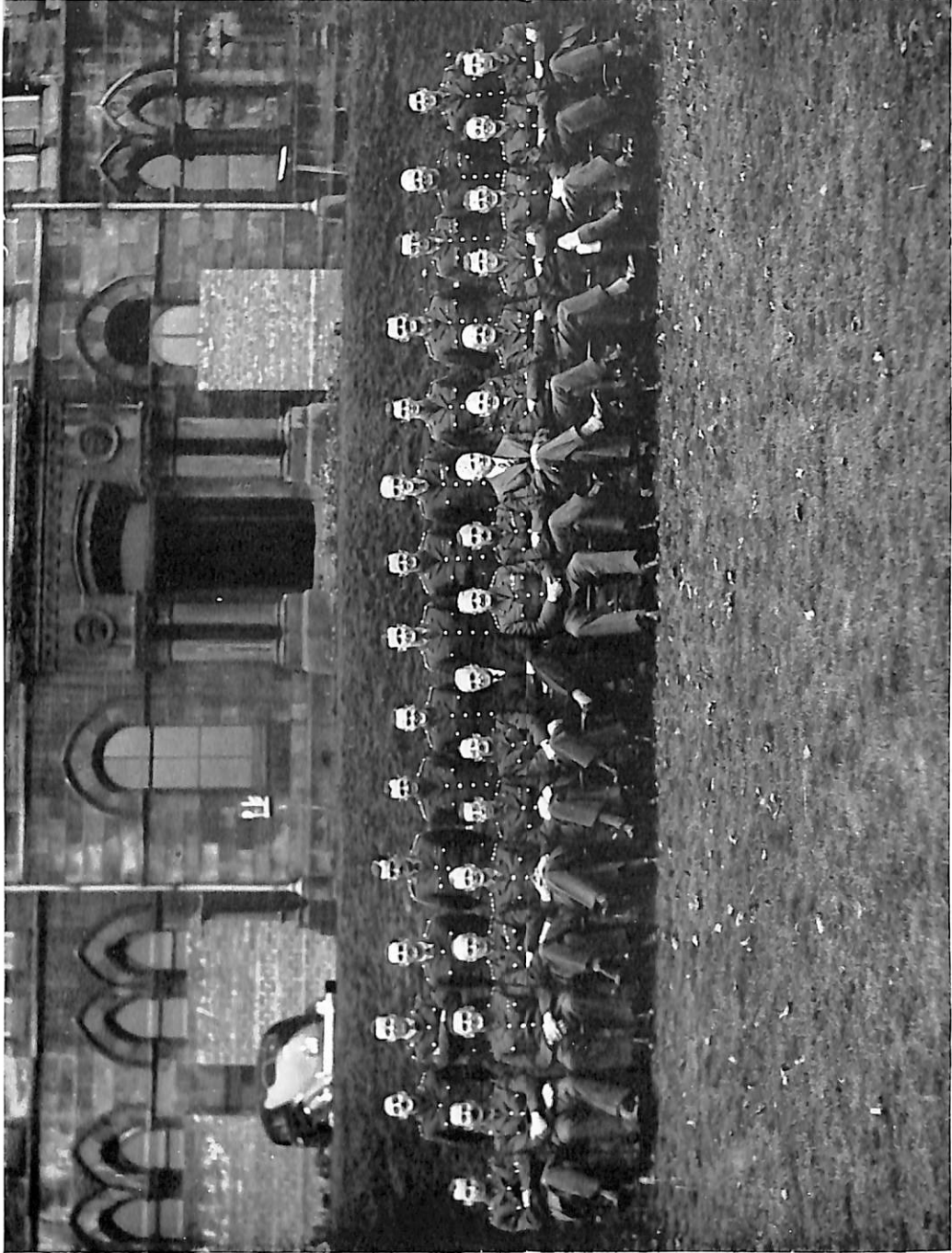
Our Company is still built round C.Q.M.S. Moseley, who still finds time to deal with volumes of O.C.A. correspondence, though this does not prevent him maintaining a high standard of efficiency in all Company matters. Every man in the Company has much to thank him for; we hope he will get his due reward.

DEPOT COMPANY.—Since our last notes we have lost our beloved company commander, Major "Joe" B. We sadly miss the hearty cough, the ever-smoking pipe and jocular disposition. He has left us on a course and we wish him God speed and hope that he will soon be in our midst, and possibly as our company commander, again. In exchange for our loss, we welcome yet another Major J. B., a very stern character, with bristling moustache and non-committal countenance. Sitting there with pen in hand and piles of money in carefully counted quids and ten bobs, our company commander pays the boys their pay and ration allowance, with a "don't spend it all at once" look. We wish him every success.

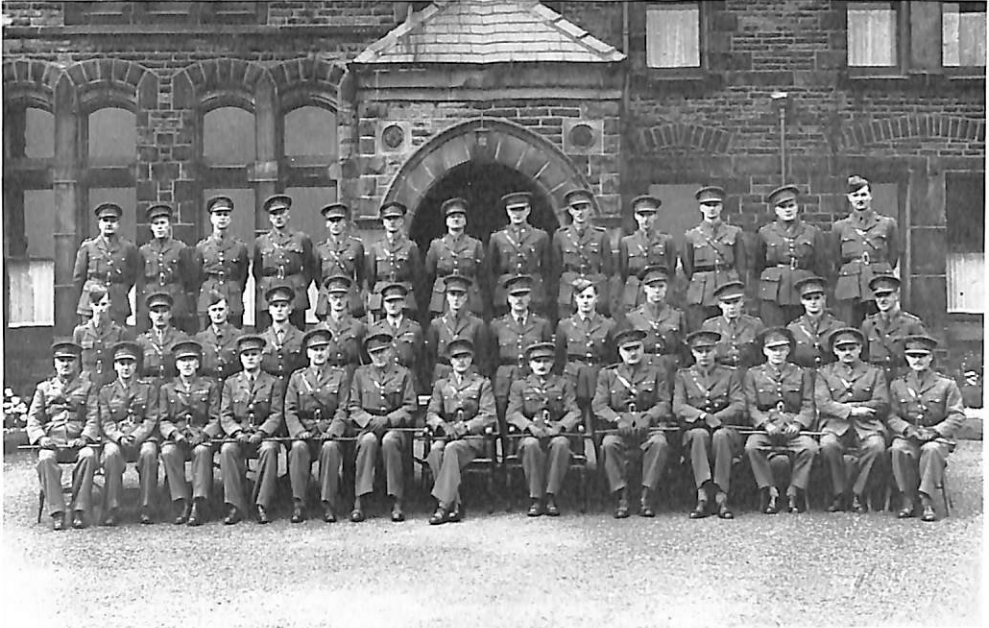
C.S.M. Jones left us to better his health—a W.O. well liked by all and devoted to his duty. To replace him we have the well-known C.S.M. Clinch, who, with his witty remarks and 08.30 hours parade, makes us wonder if he ever thought of a stage career. He would do well in Garrison Theatre. C.Q.M.S. White also has gone. His bespectacled face and very cool office humour is sadly missed by all. We wish him well and hope he is soon of higher rank. We welcome to our midst C.Q.M.S. Churchill, better known as "Bud." He sits amongst a huge pile of papers, with his "Albert's Mug" in one hand and banjo in the other, doing his job with the patience of Job.

Among the many old faces that pay no fleeting visits was one R.S.M. (Warm again) Wood. Having led his able drinking partner, "Skipper," back on the wrong road again, he left us for duty with another regiment, but promises to be back at the first opportunity.

Very few of our old staff are with us. Gone are they to other units, leaving us room for admission of other deserving cases, for leave and convalescence. Our training programmes are scorned by all concerned. The R.S.M. requisitions all our A1 personnel for coal fatigues and other duties. Our graveyard headquarters tends to kill any enthusiasm the N.C.Os. and men may have for indoor games. To organise dances is a hard task, our floor and X account will not stand the expense. But our "D" men soccer team under the very able leadership of Sgt. Jickells is winning matches as fast as they can play.



The Colonel of the Regiment with the Officers of the Battalion somewhere in Scotland (see page 30).



The Officers at the Depot.



The W.O.'s and Sergeants at the Depot.

SPECIALIST COMPANY.—Since the last issue we have witnessed many changes. First and foremost we lost Capt. "Bill" Skinner, a great loss to the Company. Fortune, however, smiled on us, and we welcome Capt. Roger Sugden. We also have had to part with our C.S.M., Cundall, and our C.Q.M.S., Churchill, and now lean for guidance upon C.S.M. Holder and C.Q.M.S. Bell. In addition, we are fortified by the presence of 2nd Lts. Halse and Marsh, who are learning the intricacies of signalling and M.T.—we hope. The backbone of the Company remained the same until our oldest inhabitant, Michael Holroyde, departed from us.

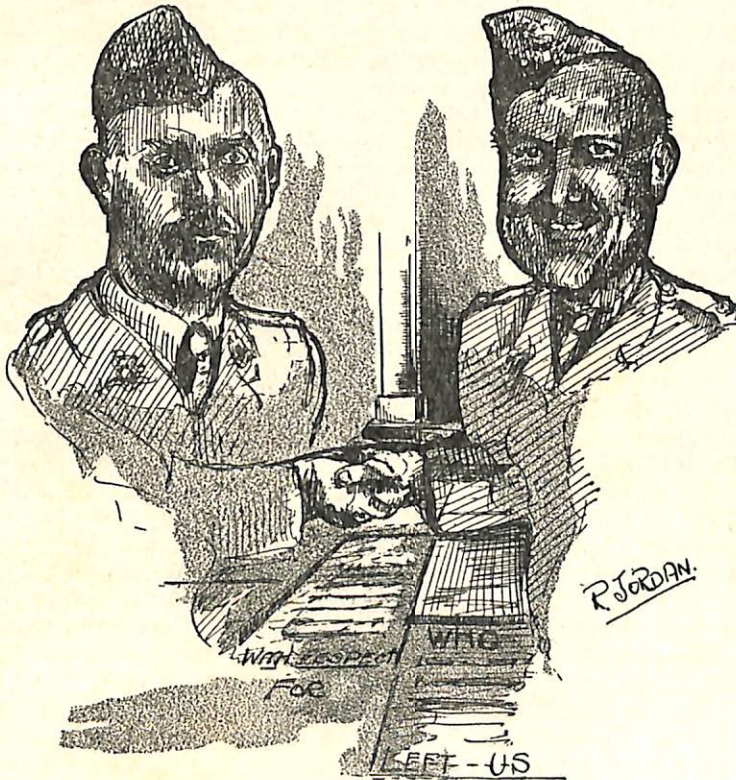
Contrary to general opinion we continue to work with vigour, and have sent many of our offspring to places far and wide. There they are carrying on the traditions of brains and hard work inherent in our Company, as witness the efficiency of our ceremonial parades, often, we may say, carried out in the grey light of dawn.

In sport we have played earnestly, but real success has eluded us so far, in spite of the earnest efforts of 2nd Lt. Clarke as a team builder.

We have run dances in one of our billets, and shall do so again when we can persuade some of our number to be less shy. Those we have had have been very enjoyable to all concerned.

No. 1 INFANTRY COMPANY.—The present Company is composed of South of England men of various ages. They all possess one great qualification—eating; to get at a table with them is worse than a sale of those rare things, silk stockings.

The Company moved to the "Big House" on 3rd October from that haven of security, Queen's Hall, the change being due, it is thought, to pressure by other companies who wanted the use of the ballroom; of this No. 1 Infantry Company have made the best use, in co-operation with the civilian population (females preferred).



Depot Company—J.B. hands over to J.B.

Our former company commander, Capt. Swithinbank, has now left us, and the Company wishes him luck on his recent appointment and hopes that he will turn out more company commanders of his own calibre. Another great loss was that of C.S.M. J. Stork who, together with Cpl. Dwyer, has now left us to take up other duties within the Regiment; the Company's best wishes go with that very popular C.S.M. and with Cpl. Dwyer. The Company was taken over by Capt. R. P. Trench, who proved a very capable company commander. At the time of writing he has now left us and we await a new company commander.

The Company has proved its merits as a rugby team, winning all but one of its matches; as for soccer, they were not so good and until they received the present intake they lost all matches. Now, however, they can't go wrong, beating all comers.

Mr. Donkersley left the Company to rise to the dizzy heights of W.T.O.; very sorry to have to lose him, but all come and all go, so the Company's best wishes go with him too.

At the time of writing, the majority of the Company are out of town, engaged in the not very pleasant task of helping the civilian population in restoring order out of chaos caused by the beloved Corporal of the third Reich. The men who are unused to this type of work are sticking it very well and are a credit to the "Dukes." Whatever their county association the Regiment has moulded them into one large family, and wherever the "Dukes" go and whatever the job, pleasant or otherwise, it will be a good job.

At the time of writing the Company has already welcomed new officers—namely, Lt. B. M. Machin, Lt. Hands, 2nd Lt. McGoffog, Lt. Cockcroft and 2nd Lt. Taylor, who spent a time with the Company but has now gone to take up other duties.

We must mention that it was our Company who were chosen to troop the Colour for Weapons Week in Halifax; and having been complimented on the rehearsal, we were deprived of the actual trooping by something quite unforeseen in the nature of real work.

No. 2 INFANTRY COMPANY.—Since the last issue the Company has seen sudden changes in personnel, a few departures of the officers and other ranks for other spheres of activity and a certain amount of movement.

The powers that be honoured the Company by selecting it as the first company to occupy an embryo permanent camp somewhere in Yorkshire, and the famous Marlborough Hall was sneered at, ridiculed and finally vacated for the new health resort.

Major John B. and his unique battery of files "in" and "out," files "confidential" and files "secret" were duly ensconced in a partially finished hut where his staff quickly devised a sanctum sanctorium for him with the judicious use of blankets; they also arranged electrical bell communication for him to the clerk's offices on the other side of the blankets.

His Company settled themselves comfortably (more or less) in a few huts which were "finished," and training proceeded. Then the bad weather set in and the absence of various amenities made life rather less comfortable than in their previous sheltered billet. Continuous rain, clothes that were seldom dry and an ocean of mud began to tell their tale, until one day Major B. found himself in hospital. He had been O.C. Company for a long time and his sudden departure was regretted by everyone who served under him. The Company had only just recovered from the shock of losing C.S.M. "Chinny" Holder and acquiring C.S.M. Cundall (the Fuehrer) when they were faced with a new Company commander, Capt. Bill S. Everyone was surprised, not the least being Capt. Bill S., who was dragged from his specialists with real apprehension at the prospect of walking instead of riding! His first sight of the camp shook him rather badly, and it was with great sighs of relief on all sides that three weeks later he evacuated No. 2 to the previously despised Marlborough Hall. They promptly held a celebration dance, which proved so successful that they are having one each week now.

Lt. "Bill" Brewer is still with us, also 2nd Lt. Mitchell, who is bursting with health and vigour after a P.T. course. 2nd Lt. "Johnnie" Johnstone has been "seen off" to a service battalion with regrets and good wishes, 2nd Lt. "Nobby" Clarke joined us

for a short time and was then hooked back by Specialists, and 2nd Lts. Sanderson and Jacobson have joined us.

War Weapons Week found the Company in a state of "spit and polish" undreamed of before, with a healthy spirit of rivalry between No. 1 and No. 2 as to the best turned out, best drilled and best marching company. Modesty forbids us to record the result, but we are a singing company.

Incidentally the Company now and then do a little serious training, and are as hard as nails and ready for a crack at anyone they do not like, particularly the Hun and the "Wops."

No. 1 RECRUIT COMPANY.—Since these notes were last written much has happened to the Company. The company commander still lives on with most of his staff, though we have had one major change—C.S.M. Gill in place of C.S.M. Anderson, who departed to defend the country.

Our last intake departed, almost their last act being completely to clean up the drill shield. As a reward for this (?) we were allowed to escape from the eagle eye of the R.S.M., and we received a partially trained draft in billets. Many different accents were noted as these lads were not from Yorkshire. In their turn they put up a surprisingly good show on one of the Saturday morning parades. As we have reverted to the role of a recruit company, these were in due course handed over to our Infantry Company, and we received our third intake. One feature of all the men has been a willingness to share in the National Savings Scheme. The amounts have been quite extraordinary.

We turned out in force for National Service Sunday and again on Armistice Sunday, and we had a photograph of the Company taken when our original Company was with us. They departed all over the country almost the next day, and there was much worry in collecting the cash and distributing the photographs. We haven't had the courage to have another one taken yet.

In sport we had mixed results. Soccer, nothing particularly successful; when we get a decent team together we lose it to another company. But we did score a striking success with the running team, which won quite easily.

For the rest, all is going well. Wars and rumours of wars seem to be passing us by, leaving us free to produce the army for the offensive of 194—?

These notes are being *typed* to forestall any further comments about the location of the writer when compiling them. [Thank you!—ED.]

No. 2 RECRUIT COMPANY.—Up to time of writing our last intake is still with us, although we expected that they would be absorbed into an infantry company at the end of the eight weeks of recruits' training. There is every likelihood of their remaining here for the completion of their training, as the possibility of a new intake in the near future seems remote.

The men we have are very cosmopolitan, their native heaths ranging from the bleak Pennine moors to green slopes and wooded valleys of the Mendips and the rocky coasts and secluded inlets of the West Country. They have welded together wonderfully well, and under the able leadership of our skipper, Capt. Heild, the Company is maintaining a high standard of efficiency. Our former C.S.M. (Hemsworth) has risen to the lofty heights of R.S.M., and has now the cares of one of our Battalions on his shoulders. However, when we saw him last they were evidently sitting very lightly. Good luck to him.

We were pleased to welcome in his stead C.S.M. Kerr, whose sterling qualities soon made an impression on the whole Company. Our officer strength, as usual, has fluctuated like the tides, the arrival and departure of subalterns being almost as regular as that most restless spirit.

We were all delighted that one of our officers, 2nd Lt. Holland, was selected for the great honour of carrying the King's Colour in the ceremonial trooping of the Colour in the Peoples' Park.

As a Company we have not had the opportunity of taking an active part in the Halifax War Weapons Week, but we must congratulate our P.T. team, who gave a magnificent demonstration of rhythmic movement and exercise in the Prescott Street Drill Hall in aid of the above effort.

Firing on the open range has been occupying our attention these last few days, and for a change the arctic wastes of Deerhill have been kind to us, our programme going through according to schedule. The results on the whole are quite good.

Our late Company clerk, Pte. Johnson, is now a parachutist, and on his last visit regaled us with some amusing and hair-raising anecdotes. Good luck, Johnson.

The recreational side has not been forgotten and we have been able to provide a large number of able exponents for the I.T.C. rigger, football and hockey teams. Boxing is coming to the fore and periodic spasms of blood-letting seems to be having a healthy effect.

From the calibre of the men and the work done, we have no doubt that, wherever they go in the future, they will bring credit to the "Dukes."

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

The Rugby XV is having a successful season. Thirteen matches have been played, of which only three have been lost. There are many first class players in the I.T.C., but sickness and duty often interfere with team selection. Many of our original players have left but the standard of football provided is still high. Despite this the team's supporters can be counted on one hand. It is hoped that in future the team will receive the support which it deserves.

Results.—Brighouse Rangers, drawn, 3 points for, 3 points against; Halifax, won 15 points for, 5 points against; 11th Battalion D.W.R., won, 11 points for, nil against; Bradford Technical College, won, 49 points for, nil points against; R.A.Fd.T.U., won, 9 points for, nil points against; R.A.F., won, 20 points for, 3 points against; Otley, lost, nil points for, 11 points against; R.E.M.T. Depot, won, 27 points for, 6 points against; Roundhay, won, 25 points for, 3 points against; R. Tank Regt., won, 32 points for, nil points against; Otley, lost, 8 points for, 11 points against; O.C.T.U., R.A., lost, 3 points for, 26 points against; Brighouse Rangers, drawn, nil points for, nil points against.

JOTTINGS FROM A DIARY OF AN A.T.S.

7. a.m.—Wake up.

7.1 a.m.—Decide that whether I get up in half-an-hour's time or now, it will be equally unpleasant.

8.15 a.m.—Wake up again.

8.25 a.m.—Top button comes off tunic and elastic breaks in regulation underwear.

8.30 a.m.—Discover safety pin and some string in Tommy box. To-day must be my lucky day.

8.50 a.m.—Miss the bus to the barracks.

8.55 a.m. Hitch-hike on a lorry. Such a charming driver.

8.59 a.m.—Lorry runs out of petrol.

9.15 a.m.—Am late for duty, I know, but to hear the Section Leader one would imagine I'd done it on purpose. I don't think stripes suit some women.

10 a.m.—If they really wanted a carbon copy, why didn't they say so in the first place?

11 a.m.—Clean the Company Commander's buttons. Have only spilt a little of the polish on the pocket. Don't expect she'll notice it.

11.30 a.m.—Something must be wrong with the typewriter; I never spell reference with one "f."

12 noon.—The soldiers look so pretty on the parade ground. I can see them quite well from this window. I think I've got a "thing" about the R.S.M.

- 12.05 p.m. That woman with the stripes again! Surely an A.T.S. can have some private thoughts.
- 2 p.m.—Squad drill. It's no good . . . if the sergeant doesn't give me time to feel my appendix scar, I shall never know my right from left.
- 2.30 p.m.—Now, where did I put those letters I typed this morning?
- 2.35 p.m.—Find letters in waste paper basket. Don't think they look too crumpled.
- 4 p.m.—Well really, what a fuss about nothing! Of course it was unfortunate that I should collide with the C.O. when I was taking tea to the office, but I'm quite certain it doesn't show on khaki.
- 5.30 p.m.—Company Commander wants to know why her letter to the Commandant reads: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the Party." The fact that I bother to practise my typing doesn't seem to count.
- 6 p.m.—Hear that I'm to get C.B. Wish I could remember if that's an award for merit or Local Acting Rank.

SHORT STORY—"HAPPY ENDING."

A certain well-known and highly-respected C.S.M. of the I.T.C. who shall be nameless had the grave misfortune to lose certain prominent front dentures during an N.C.Os. drill parade. Being an extremely conscientious W.O., he found it inconsistent with his dignity to stoop down and pick 'em up at the time. Later his Company Commander called for an explanation of a long line of private soldiers apparently engaged in a partridge drive across the barrack square. The C.S.M.'s explanation was, "Lost my muddy teeth, Sir" (or words to that effect). The ivory castles appeared four days later, having been "found" in the mud near the company office, some two hundred yards from the scene of the accident. A quick rinse in a fire bucket and the C.S.M. once more became the pride of the company. A flashing smile of thanks to the finder and a prompt recommendation for a day pass happily ended a most distressing incident.

TRUE STORY.

M.T. driver, detailed to drive the President of the Regimental Institute for the first time, on entering barracks, "Do you wish to go to the R.I.P. office, Sir?"

A Battalion in Iceland.

WE must start these Battalion notes by recording our deep sense of loss when we heard of General Turner's death. All of us who were in the Regiment during his very successful tenure of office remember his keen interest in all phases of Regimental life. His unremitting care of the Territorial Battalions and his regular attendance at their camps was of inestimable value at a time when the Territorial Army was going through a very difficult period.

Censorship regulations and the inability to disclose who and where we are make the compilation of notes for our Regimental magazine a matter of difficulty. We therefore must be content to remain a Battalion Overseas.

On 4th August, 1940, we welcomed with open arms a draft from Home consisting of six officers and 154 other ranks. A number of the other ranks were transferred to us from another regiment. We welcome them to this land of dust, rocks and lava, and extend our sympathy to those of them who have been compelled to change the cap badge under which some of them may have served for so long for ours. We can however assure them that they have come to a good battalion and we feel sure that they will be happy with us.

We celebrated the anniversary of our entry into the last Great War by a series of trips to the interior. Hitler would be well advised not to take this as indicating any slackening off of our continuous watch in this part of the world. The trips have proved

to be full of interest ; visits to a geyzer where boundless streams of boiling water are continuously spurting from the ground have solved the problem in many minds as to where all the hot shaving water comes from every morning. For these trips we have to thank the Commanding Officer and the P.R.I., the latter for digging deep into his hoards of cash to make the trips possible.

The 5th August was celebrated in lieu of 5th November by having a fire in Battalion orderly room. The fire succeeded in destroying a number of army forms, a small amount of out-going mail, a table and a couple of boxes. The absence of the Battalion acquittance rolls from the casualty list was no doubt regretted by the other ranks (sabotage was not suspected). The fire was quickly brought under control by the Commanding Officer, the Adjutant and Sgt. Duckworth the guard commander, by the prompt application of foam fire extinguishers. Mis-direction of these extinguishers resulted in the almost complete ruin of their battle-dress, and in the case of Sgt. Duckworth it was necessary to issue a barrage balloon cover as a temporary replacement.

The 10th August was a lamentable day for Battalion Headquarters and Headquarter Company who, after spending nearly three months in the pleasant and comfortable confines of the centrally heated "Bananaskoli" (or whatever the school was called), were ruthlessly booted out by the "Linseed Lancers." These "Slappers-on of Poultices" and "Squirters of T.A.B." decided that a damp existence under canvas should not be tolerated by non-combatants and in consequence handed this miserable existence over to us.

On 25th August we witnessed for the first time what is now becoming a common occurrence, the Aurora Borealis. The phenomenon was at its best at about midnight when the sky was a blaze of lights. It was a queer coincidence that these Northern Lights should appear for the first time on the anniversary of the calling-out of the key parties of the original Battalion. Many of those who were then and still are serving with the Battalion will remember the arrival of the eagerly awaited code name which set the wheels in motion for dragging from their beds the key party of the Battalion.

By the end of August we were beginning to see and feel a distinct change in the climatic conditions. The hours of darkness were gradually getting longer each day and snow was beginning to appear on the hills around us. Capt. F. C. J. Mathews, our interpreter, has very kindly consented to help a number of us to pass the winter evenings along by giving instruction in the local language. We appreciate greatly his efforts in this direction.

We have had great pleasure in welcoming to our midst a detachment of the Norwegian Army who have been attached to this unit for training purposes. These men who have been deprived of their country and their homes by Hitler and his hordes have, in some cases, wandered half-way round the world in order to rejoin the forces fighting for freedom and the ultimate destruction of Hitlerism. They are all showing great keenness in their training and are looking forward with eager anticipation to the day, whether soon or distant, when they will take part in the final release of their country and countrymen from captivity. The detachment will, in the near future, be proceeding further north for what we understand to be a more arduous stage of their training.

During October we were honoured by a visit from General Lord Gort, Inspector-General of Training. He was met on arrival by a guard of honour formed by the Brigade, we ourselves providing the Drums. Lord Gort conversed with many N.C.Os. and men of the guard and expressed his appreciation of the excellence of their drill, smartness and turn-out.

Later during the week of his arrival Lord Gort inspected two companies on training, and honoured the Battalion with a personal visit. The detachment of the Norwegian Army were produced in their full war regalia for his inspection. He conversed with those of the detachment who could speak our language and expressed his appreciation of their smartness and turn-out. After having had tea with the officers, Lord Gort witnessed the beating of "Retreat" by the Drums and stated that he was most impressed with their performance.

Despite the baskets of flowers showered upon the Brigade in general for their smartness, etc., it is denied in official circles that Lord Gort has expressed an intention of making a "swop" between this and the Guards' Brigade.

A motor cycle reliability trial was held on 21st October, and the Battalion, although not placed at the top of the tree, by no means disgraced itself. Thirty-five teams competed and the competition was won by the —th Divisional Signals second team. Our placings were as follows:—First team 8th, second team 24th, third team 18th. Lt. E. Tyrer had the misfortune when taking the water splash to fill his carburettor with water; he is however to be congratulated on completing the course with his motor cycle "tucked underneath his arm."

The practice of proceeding on reconnaissances, etc., of the interior and getting lost in the rock-strewn wilderness is becoming increasingly popular, both for the lost ones and the resultant search parties. Our medical officer, Lt. L. A. Nichols, one of the latest participants in this type of escapade, proceeded into the interior on 26th October complete with a hamper of number 9's and sticking plaster, to give medical attention to a number of troops who had been involved in a motor accident, and of course as was expected, failed to return within the normal time limit. Search parties departed on their errand of mercy and on the same day found the wanderer. The M.O.'s excuses are now eagerly awaited as they are bound to be brand new ones.

It is with regret that we have to record in these notes the death of a member of the Battalion. No. 4615456 Pte. E. Green passed away on 1st October, 1940, and was buried in the local cemetery on 4th October, 1940. A full military funeral was accorded, the firing party and bearers being found by Headquarters Company. The mourners consisted of the Commanding Officer, second in command and officer and other rank representatives of all companies. The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Canon Hood, Senior Chaplain to the Force. We would like to take this opportunity of expressing to the parents of Pte. Green our deepest sympathy in their bereavement.

Sport within the Battalion is becoming increasingly popular during our spare moments, and the following are the chief sporting events since the publication of our last notes:—

BOXING.—A boxing tournament between this unit and a Reserve M.T. Company of the R.A.S.C., held on 31st October, resulted in the Battalion being defeated by six fights to four. Every fight was keenly contested, and the tournament has resulted in the cementing of a firm friendship between ourselves and the R.A.S.C. A novices' boxing competition is at present in full swing but the results of this will not be known before the dispatch of these notes. "H.Q.," "B" and "C" Companies are the survivors of the first round.

RUGBY.—For many years the Regiment as a whole has excelled in this form of sport and rugby talent has drifted towards this unit since the outbreak of war. A list of our successes under the able captaincy of 2nd Lt. the Hon. J. H. P. Gilbey is given below, but in order to comply with censorship regulations the names of the units with whom we came in contact have to be omitted. Defeats have also had to be omitted on account of not having had any:—6th September. Officers v. Other Ranks of the Unit.—This was indeed a daring challenge by the officers and resulted in their not too substantial defeat by 11 points to nil. There was not quite so much blood shed as was anticipated. 14th September. Our Battalion v. Another Battalion of the Regiment.—Although our opponents' team consisted largely of players from Brigade Headquarters, we had a comfortable victory of 33 points to 3. 21st September. Our Battalion v. Another Battalion of the Brigade.—Won 14 to nil. 25th September. Our Brigade v. Rest of Force.—This sounds and was rather a tall order, and we take pride in recording that the Brigade team was largely made up from players selected from this Battalion. Won 14 to nil. 28th September. Our Battalion v. R.A.M.C.—In this game we feel

that we had our own back for the way in which the "Linseed Lancers" turfed us out of the "Bananaskoli." Won 17 to nil. 10th October. Our Battalion v. Capt. H. M. Wilson's Army XV.—Won 38 to 5. 12th October. Our Battalion v. Another Battalion of the Brigade.—Won 25 to nil. 26th October. Our Battalion v. Another Battalion of the Regiment.—Won 25 to 3. 2nd November. Our Battalion v. Royal Engineers.—Won 30 to nil.

SOCCER.—"D" Company succeeded in reaching the final of the Brigade inter-company soccer competition. Our opponents in the final were "D" Company of another Battalion of the Regiment, and we offer them our congratulations on defeating us by 5 goals to 1.

OFFICERS' MESS.

The arrival of a reinforcement of officers on 4th August brought both new and old faces into our Mess. We were very pleased to find that 2nd Lts. Clough and Holmes were returning to us after an absence of three months, and we welcomed 2nd Lts. Spencer and Brian from the I.T.C. and 2nd Lts. Stone and Goodearl from another regiment. Another newcomer to the Mess is Lt. Chandler who joined us at the end of October. To him we offer our congratulations on his commission, and we hope that he and all our other newcomers will enjoy a long and happy period of service with this Battalion.

For about two months we had the pleasure of the company of Lt. Hjelvik of the Norwegian Army in the Mess. He was a most cheerful companion for us and we were all very sorry when he and his small party of Norwegian soldiers left us.

During October we had the honour to entertain General Lord Gort to tea. He was most impressed with the magnificence of our Mess which was built and decorated entirely by the Pioneer Platoon and remarked that he wished that the troops at home were as well accommodated.

The officers proceeding on reconnaissance have had mixed fortunes. 2nd Lt. Bryan set off full of high spirits one morning and returned the same night as he found the roads impassable. 2nd Lt. Wright caused some anxiety by being unable to communicate with us for a few days and finally reminded us of his existence by sending a message in cypher. Capt. Proom and 2nd Lt. Gilbey departed for a week to the "frozen north" and it was noticed that their truck broke down when comfortable quarters were available in a town. Capt. Helme and 2nd Lts. Ingram and Haldane also proceeded on reconnaissances but there is nothing of interest to record of their escapades. While writing about reconnaissances, special mention must be made of Capt. Mathews, whom we must congratulate on his promotion. Capt. Mathews spent a week in September searching for the occupants of a lost aeroplane. Although his party did not actually find the lost men they did some excellent work for which Capt. Mathews was congratulated by the G.O.C.

Although we are officially on active service, we continue to hold parties in the Mess. We now have a special Mess night once a month which is attended by as many officers as possible from the rifle companies. Up to press we have only held one such night and its success augurs well for those to follow.

Before bringing these notes to a close we must congratulate Capt. Proom on his promotion. Our congratulations are also due to Major Webb-Carter who recently announced that he is now the proud father of a son and heir.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

On 1st August, 1940, Sgt. (O.R.S.) Rothwell returned to the fold after a strenuous (?) tour of duty with the 2nd Echelon. He was completely amazed to discover that he was not required to live or bash a typewriter under cover of an igloo, and that there was no truth in the impression that the only mode of travel was by mechanically-propelled icebergs.

A BATTALION IN ICELAND



Lord Gort inspecting the Drums, who formed part of the Guard of Honour found by the Brigade.



Lord Gort inspecting the guard during his personal visit to the Battalion.

A BATTALION IN ICELAND



"B" Company march past Lord Gort after training.



Lord Gort with the Brigadier and C.O. during training.

On 10th August, with the forceful aid of the R.A.M.C., we had to leave our comfortable Mess in the "Bananaskoli" and were compelled to settle in the comfortable confines of "tents, store, one." Readers will realise that life in a store tent with the rigours of winter fast approaching, with its 80 m.p.h. gales, snow and torrential rain, was not a pleasant prospect. On our first day under canvas many tents departed from their moorings. In the Mess however we took full precautions against such eventualities by substituting huge boulders for "pegs, guide." We hope as a further precaution to borrow a couple of anchors from an aircraft carrier. We are consoled by the promise that we shall all be in huts soon.

We take this opportunity of congratulating at least two members of the Mess who have, despite the efforts of the local Gestapo, succeeded in penetrating the defences erected around the local ladies. The method of approach must have been aided by a secret weapon, as every other method known to science has been tried without success. The wearing of blue forage caps by members of the Mess may, however, put other members in the running.

On 29th August R.S.M. C. Bagshaw attained 21 years' service. A dinner and social evening were held in his honour and a thoroughly enjoyable evening was had by all. On 5th October C.S.M. W. Robinson also attained 21 years' service and as a result a further party was staged. On this occasion the whole of the officers of Battalion "H.Q." and "H.Q." Company were invited. Towards evening on the *following day* it was generally agreed that this was the best party that had been staged up to the present. Congratulations to them both and may they see another 21.

In our last number Sgt. W. Bishop appeared as our celebrity. It is with regret that we have to record that since the publication of those notes Sgts. Bishop, Pickles and Mcleary have, for medical reasons, been transferred to the Home Country. From what we hear, this must be like jumping out of the frying pan into the fire, although the consolation is theirs that they will at least be in a position for a possible shot at Jerry bombers.

The 6th October saw our long promised hut completed and ready for occupation, and it was with feelings of relief that we moved our few sticks of camp furniture, etc., from the "tents, store, one" and deposited them in "huts, Nissen, one," where we hope to make the best of anything that winter may bring along.

It will be remembered that in our last notes we welcomed to our midst C.S.M. W. Robinson, who was to all intents and purposes posted to us from the I.T.C. We have however, since the publication of those notes received that warrant officer's record of service from the Officer i/c Infantry Records, which clearly shows that C.S.M. Robinson is still in India and not in — (where we are now). In view of fifth column activities throughout the world this revelation has caused great concern within the Mess and discussions in his presence are being carried out in whispers. An organised search of his kit has, however, failed to reveal a selection of "Tommy guns," parachutes or dictaphones, although a foreigner was found in one of his shirts. It is of course quite possible that the Officer i/c Infantry Records has, through the stress and turmoil of these troubled times, omitted to record the fact that C.S.M. Robinson has returned from India and that he is in fact really with us. We feel therefore that, subject to the production of further evidence, we are justified in once more accepting him into decent society.

COMPANY NOTES.

"A" COMPANY.—Since last going to press changes have taken place within the Company. We regret the transfer of Capt. J. M. Horsfall to "D" Company. He had commanded "A" Company since the mobilisation of the Territorial Army. Our best wishes go with him. We welcome to the Company Capt. H. O. D. Ricketts and Capt. W. A. Proom, the former as company commander and the latter as second in command.

C.S.M. T. J. Smith is also welcomed to the Company and we congratulate him on his rapid promotion.

Thanks to energetic organisers, we are the pioneers of company dances in the Battalion. We are flattered by the attempts to mimic our efforts by other companies. The number of Stulkas (girls) attending these functions is steadily increasing, and they are becoming more and more confident in our abilities as "leg swingers."

Whist drives, darts tournaments and tombolo organised by 2nd Lt. Goodearl are also very popular.

"B" COMPANY.—Of the original Company stationed at — on the outbreak of war there are now only 15 with us in our overseas station.

Really hard work has been the order of the day since our arrival here, but now we are finding that there is a little more time to be spent on sport in which the Company is taking a keen interest. Rugger, boxing and soccer teams have been formed. The chopping blocks of our boxing team are L/Sgt. Brent (runner-up for the light heavyweight championship of India for two years) and Ptes. Larvin and Milner, and with their assistance we hope to raise and train a really first class team.

Many changes have taken place both in officers and senior N.C.Os. since our embodiment. The latest notable changes are the posting of Capt. J. E. Johnson and R. Helme as company commander and second in command respectively. They are welcome additions to our all-round efficiency.

During October the Company was selected to give a field firing demonstration before General Lord Gort, and was complimented on its efficiency.

"C" COMPANY.—Since the last issue a number of newcomers have joined us. Early in August we welcomed 2nd Lts. Stone and Spencer together with 47 other ranks who arrived from England. At the same time we were very sorry to lose Capt. H. O. D. Ricketts who was appointed W.T.O. and later took over command of "A" Company. We were also sorry to lose 2nd Lt. K. E. Wright when he was reposted to another company. He had been with us right from the outbreak of war.

The arrival of the draft in August gave many of our hard-worked N.C.Os. the opportunity for well-earned promotions, which are reported under Battalion notes. Unfortunately their promotion in some cases resulted in their being transferred to other companies, where we hope they will be as successful as they were with us.

Our soccer team has not played many matches but has been quite successful. Among our victims was a local team whom we beat by 2 goals to nil on their ground. Unfortunately we were beaten in the second round of the Brigade tournament, but we put up a good show and went down fighting.

Our rugger team has only played one game and was beaten by 11 points to 3. The spirit was there but many of our players were soccer experts, and ignorance of the rules of rugger was largely our undoing. In the boxing world we feel sure that we can hold our own. We have a surfeit of welter-weights and middle-weights and find it hard to pick out the best.

In the entertainments line the Company has been most fortunate. We have had visits from the mobile cinema. We must not however convey the impression that all our entertainment is imported. We have had a most successful concert organised by C.S.M. Lobb, all the performers being members of the Company with the exception of Sgt. Haley who kindly assisted our harmonica band. Special mention must be made of Sgt. Osguthorpe's performance on the drums and Capt. Hill's singing which received tumultuous applause. Another excellent show was a company dance. We hope that there will be more of these in the future.

We must not close these notes without congratulating Lt. Chandler on his commission and his subsequent posting from our sister Battalion to this Company. We all wish him the best of luck.

"D" COMPANY.—Several changes have taken place in the Company since our last going to press. 2nd Lt. Proom is now a captain and Sgt. Smith is now a warrant officer Class II. Both have been transferred to another company and our wishes for their happiness and success go with them. 2nd Lt. Beazley has also left us to take over the responsible duties of W.T.O.

In the sports field the Company has upheld the traditions of the Regiment by reaching the final of the Brigade soccer tournament, being beaten there, after a thrilling game by the same company of our sister Battalion.

Little of a violent nature has happened to disturb the peace of our summer here, but we were, on one quiet summer's day, rudely startled although not unduly alarmed by the sound of a violent explosion. Our thoughts immediately flew to invasion, fifth column activities or possibly the bursting of a petrol cooker. Investigation proved, however, the explosion to be due to the accidental withdrawal of a pin from a hand grenade (casualties nil).

At the time of writing we are, much against our wishes, back in reserve, although we now get our much needed nights in bed and are able to carry out training on a bigger and better scale than before.

HEADQUARTER COMPANY.—Now that we have been in our new station for some considerable time we are pleased to say that we have settled down quite comfortably and are ready for the hard winter we may have to face.

As regards sport, we have so far acquitted ourselves very well, especially in the rigger, and might add that we shall win it.

Our winter entertainments are in full swing and we are holding other ranks dances every fortnight. These dances are becoming very popular with the local "stulkas," and whether it is our bully beef sandwiches that are the attraction or our masculine beauty remains to be seen.

During the earlier part of our stay here some very fine concerts were run in the theatre of the "Bananaskoli" by the very able help of 2nd Lt. Ingram and Sgt. Haley. They were thoroughly enjoyed by all and we wished that we could have had many more; however, we have great hopes of putting on a few more during the next few months.

Before closing, we must mention the departure of our dear old cook sergeant, Bill Bishop, whom we were very sorry to lose. Our best wishes go with him wherever he is.

A Second Line Battalion Somewhere in Scotland.

These notes are written to cover the gap since we last contributed to THE IRON DUKE. Personnel have changed with extraordinary rapidity, but at last we appear to have stabilised ourselves again. The writer approached the Commanding Officer on the matter of "Battalion Notes," asking who should write them. The answer was unexpected, and took the form of an instruction that I should contribute.

The life of the Battalion up to the time of writing automatically divides itself into three phases: winter, in France April-June, 1940, and after France.

October, 1939, saw us properly clothed and taking on the appearance of a live, independent battalion. We had been weaned by a very generous first line unit who were moved to a training area very early.

The joint Officers' Mess was broken up (almost literally too!) and we said *au revoir* to many friends, in particular to Major H. G. P. Miles, whose immense energy and unique capabilities had done much to mould the keen brand-new officers and recruits into the shape of a battalion.

Lt.-Col. H. was C.O., Major T. second-in-command, and the writer sat at the Adjutant's desk behind over much paper, "Jimmy" Davidson had been recalled to the Depot at the end of September, but R.S.M. J. Wood was allowed to remain for some months. The Q.M. was Lt. F. Firth.

Immatures were despatched and we received and trained drafts of "intake" during the winter. V.P.'s were guarded and the severe weather certainly hardened the young soldiers.

Early in the new year Lt.-Col. H. appeared before a medical board, with the unhappy result that he had to relinquish command of the Battalion which he had joined in 1914. He has remained a great friend of the unit and still takes a very keen interest in our activities. Lt.-Col. R. arrived in due course from the Suffolk Regiment, only to be whisked away at short notice to a G.I.'s appointment. Since then, he has been appointed to command a regular brigade, which confirms the Battalion's opinion of his greatness.

After Lt.-Col. R. left us, Major T. commanded for many weeks, during which time the Battalion received a most unexpected warning order that it was to join the B.E.F. Major T. was promoted to lieutenant-colonel and there was rejoicing. Transport, equipment, identity discs and much more paper began to arrive; leave opened, marriages occurred and eventually the preparations for movement appeared to be complete. The Honorary Colonel, Col. E. W. Brook, took the salute at a march past, and one Saturday evening Col. Hinchcliffe, Col. Howcroft and other well wishers watched the trains pull out of Huddersfield station, leaving a disappointed "Details" behind commanded by Capt. R. Blakeley and consisting of personnel on courses, under 19's and "unfits." The very happy first phase of the Battalion's life was ended.

The second phase is short in time, but full of experience which could not have been gained by years of training at home. The first Sunday stands out in memory. We lay in Southampton Water on a beautiful evening, with the Band playing selections. Escorting destroyers signalled request items, and even the dockers whom we had passed on the quay side seemed to be impressed by the occasion.

The arrival in France was followed by our initiation into the discomforts of French rail travel. Straw was scarce and the couverts were dirty; we were in the hands of the Movement Control and the French railways—a unique combination. Such mishaps as the upsetting of a large tin of treacle below the straw in one truck had to be endured, as halts were short and far apart.

The destination, actually kept secret until we arrived, was Blain, a small town north of Nantes. Capt. Royds with the advance party, and 2nd Lt. G. Parfitt with the transport, met us with guides. The Battalion marched into a well prepared Nissen and canvas camp, with one company detached in a mediæval chateau.

Pioneer work started on the second day in camp and for three weeks, ideal weather, hard work, an occasional battalion parade and a soccer victory over the West Yorks, more than compensated for the winter spent in requisitioned buildings and guarding chemical factories and tunnels.

The belief that conditions were too good to be true, proved well founded. On 18th May, 1940, the Battalion entrained for the Belgian frontier. The closely packed weeks which followed are described in more detail elsewhere.

The third phase of the Battalion's life begins in England again. The week after the evacuation from St. Valery-en-Caux saw the Battalion re-formed, but rather sadly depleted. Lt.-Col. T., Major Gerrard, Capt. Lawton, the Medical Officer Capt. Morrissey, and 2nd Lt. Birkhead were "missing." Major Waite had left us at Dieppe, much against his own wish, owing to sickness, and Capt. Coop had been posted away in April to staff a details battalion. We were without intelligence officer and Capt. Royds was in hospital, wounded.

The loss of W.O.s, N.C.O.s and men was keenly felt; to name a few, P.S.M. Harpin, C.Q.M.S. Hirst, C.Q.M.S. Marsland, Sgt. Davis, Sgt. Shaw, Sgt. Briggs. Bandmaster Doyle and Drum-Major Crowther were no longer with us. Many old friends among the junior N.C.O.s and soldiers were missed too. Sgts. Haggie, Boardman and Allman, Cpl. Kimber and others were wounded. However, we had a job to do, and we had to get down to it. Great Britain had to be defended, and we had no time to lick our sores.

Drafts were welcomed almost daily. Details rejoined us, and equipment began to arrive. Locations were changed almost weekly, and officers spent many hours each day on reconnaissance.

In early July, we welcomed new officers from the Depot and a holding Battalion, who included 2nd Lts. R. Kilner and R. L. Bates, whom we had known before in the First Line Battalion. P.S.Ms. F. Wood (now C.S.M.) and Lord arrived too, from other Battalions.

In mid-July, we were able to congratulate Lt.-Col. W. on his appointment to command. Major A. H. G. Wathen was welcomed at the same time, but some weeks later, a staff officer watched him run a company exercise with the sad result that he was ordered to report to help in the formation of a Command Company Commanders' School. Lt. J. M. MacKiddie, R.A.M.C., was attached for many weeks, but eventually we were delighted to hear that he was posted to us. Then we welcomed Capt. F. R. St. P. Bunbury, and we congratulate him on promotion to field rank.

Changes continue; Lt. P. B. Lowe is to be congratulated on his appointment to the staff, and 2nd Lts. J. K. Hartley and J. H. Bailey have sailed for warmer climates. We congratulate Capt. Hamer on his appointment as adjutant on 1st November, 1940, and regret that C.Q.M.S. Oakes has had to leave us for the Depot; C.S.M. Slane is congratulated on promotion to R.Q.M.S.

The few who have remained with the Battalion, since April, 1939, cannot refrain from noting that change in personnel of a unit is a wondrous subject. Officers and other ranks come and go, but yet the life and spirit of the Battalion hardly changes in the slightest degree.

During the last six months, training and work on defences has left us very little time for other spheres of activity, but we are able to record with pride that at the time of writing our soccer team heads the other units of the Brigade group in the Divisional competition. Our first boxing meeting was held early in December, and the spirit and attendances indicate that this sport is to be exceedingly popular in the Battalion. We hope to produce a good rugby team before many weeks pass, too.

The Chaplain, the Rev. E. G. Wilkinson, C.F., is doing great work in the way of dances, library, comforts and concerts. The members of the old Band, reinforced by a few new instrumentalists, are able to blow again, as the town in which the greater part of the unit is billeted, has lent its band to us. The Battalion dance band is improving apace and is in demand for outside engagements in addition to Battalion parties.

Christmas is near, decorations are going up and the local Provosts are producing a Christmas dinner for the Battalion—hare soup, turkey and Christmas pudding, while we are keeping the R.A.S.C. pork in cold store to celebrate Hogmanay. But I suppose that we shall have become hogs, and recovered again, by the time that these notes appear in print.

Best wishes to other Battalions for 1941.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

At last we can burst into print with Chapter II in our history. Conditions made the formation of a Mess in the early days impossible, and it was only during the week preceding our departure for an overseas job of work that the first Mess meeting of this Battalion was held. For a little time things functioned well, the meals were good, the beer better, but the entertainment was limited. Then the entertainment began, and the real thing put all other thoughts aside for the time.

After seeing various parts of the country for varying periods, more often than not in detachments, the time arrived when a much changed meeting of members was held, and it decided to begin again the Sergeants' Mess.

Respects were paid to those no longer with us, and those who may still return, and welcomes made to all new members, many of whom will be known in other Battalions

(Sgts. Winterburn, D. M. Baron, R. Duggan, C. Alderson, T. Cunniffe, W. White, L/Sgts. W. Greenwood, H. Eales and J. Bird).

The highlight of the entertainments provided so far in conjunction with the sports officer has been the inter-company boxing tournament, although weekly dances have been well patronised by the officers, sergeants and civilian friends. The tournament was held on three evenings early in December, and interest gradually increased until on the night of the finals the hall was packed. We were honoured by the presence of Lt.-Col. S., who refereed the semi-finals and finals; Major F. R. St. P. Bunbury and Capt. T. H. L. B. McLeod acted as judges, and 2nd Lt. P. E. Winter as timekeeper. Lt.-Col. W. and Mrs. W. were present, and Mrs. W. kindly presented the prizes.

The following personnel, both old and new, constitute the staff of the Battalion at present:—R.S.M. H. F. Smith, R.Q.M.S. J. Slane, C.S.Ms. H. Downs (Mess president), G. G. Huneybell ("Tich"), J. R. Ackroyd, W. Bawtry and F. Wood, P.S.Ms. J. W. Lord and H. Millar ("Dusty"), C.Q.M.Ss. S. L. Cryer (Mess treasurer), F. L. O. Milnes, S. Lunn, A. Ainley, H. Jackson and T. W. Haggie.

ABBEVILLE—DIEPPE—ST. VALERIE EN CAUX.

On 17th May the Brigadier was dining with the officers at Blain where the Battalion was in camp employed on pioneer work with the B.E.F. He was called away during the meal and an impending move was scented.

The following day found us on the French railways once more, moving north-east. The journey, *via* Le Mans, was painfully slow, which gave us ample opportunities to study the refugee traffic moving in the opposite direction. Later we met train after train loaded with Belgians, moving back to be re-formed and re-equipped.

Rouen was reached on Sunday evening, and here the train was diverted on the coast line, *via* Dieppe and Abbeville, owing to bombing at Amiens. The Abbeville canal was reached by about 17.00 hours on 20th May. The line was blocked ahead, and behind us moved up another Battalion of the Regiment. The town was being very heavily bombed and many fires were burning. Refugees added to the confusion, and withdrawing French troops informed us that the enemy was moving into the town with motor cycles and tanks.

We had been in the train for about 75 hours and out of touch with the progress of the battle. This news was very hard to believe, but reconnaissance in the town and, when bombing had ceased, the sound of M.G. and mortar fire confirmed the report. The C.O. then conferred with the C.O. of the Battalion behind us.

We were situated on a straight railway running between a canal and a swamp—hardly a favourable piece of ground. Brigade "H.Q." was ahead of us, probably through Abbeville before the bombing had started in earnest. (We did not see them again until "reporting in" four weeks later in England; they took part in the withdrawal to Dunkirk with the other Battalion of the Brigade.) It was decided to withdraw, by train, to more suitable ground, hoping to gain contact with some Allied formation which, it was then imagined, must be somewhere behind us. The term "Fog of War" is now thoroughly understood by the members of the Battalion.

The drivers were persuaded (by pistol and bayonet) to remain on the engines, and in the evening the trains, coupled together, pulled back towards Eu. The rate of travel must have been about three miles; eventually we turned the bend away from the Somme. The trains finally came to rest, after breaking a coupling, near Chepy-Valisnes, where the two Battalions detrained to take up a defensive position round the trains.

At first light, a tank was reported moving along a road nearby, and later they were heard on the coast road. Patrols were sent out after daybreak, by which time we had unloaded our two 15 cwt. trucks per battalion, which had been on the road with us. One reached Abbeville, but the Battalion I.O., 2nd Lt. K. Smith, was killed in the town.

It was evident that superior enemy forces had taken Abbeville, and the C.O. decided

to withdraw on foot until other troops were met or until orders were received. The Battalion position had been reported to Rouen by road. The only map we had was taken from a railway guide—a map of the railways of Europe, which perhaps led to the fortunate decision to march *via* the railway line in the direction of Dieppe.

At Fresenville M.G. fire was heard; a lieutenant-colonel and some twelve or fifteen other ranks, remnants of a battalion which had met an enemy tank patrol, crossed our path.

Near Woincourt we passed a French hospital train full of wounded, but we could do nothing ourselves. A collision had blocked and torn up the track some distance along. In one place, too, an explosion had derailed a train. The only explanation appeared to be enemy agent's activity.

At Woincourt station it was decided to put the Battalion under cover of a wood as tanks were suspected on the other flank. The rest was welcomed. The heat was terrific and we had eaten our last real meal four days previously; the rations on the train journey (expected to last only 24 hours) had been rather thin. To our amazement, a train was seen in the station. It proved to be a breakdown with a commandant of French sappers in charge, who had been sent from Paris to keep communications open, unaware of the fact that the enemy break-through had reached the coast. The French officer asked for a protective detachment and a working party to help to remove the debris of the smash up the line and extricate the hospital train.

Volunteers were called for, and the whole Battalion wanted to go. A party was detailed and by about 19.00 hours one track was repaired. No enemy were seen, although aircraft was overhead constantly. Under cover of darkness, the Red Cross train was drawn out, and a train was made up for the Battalion from miscellaneous rolling stock on the line. By this time Sgt. Briggs, whose good French was very valuable, had returned from Rouen by road, with instructions from a District "H.Q." to withdraw to Dieppe. A magnificent meal of dates and figs was eaten, and we entrained at about 23.00 hours without incident.

In Dieppe the Battalion rested for a short period before taking over the hurriedly constructed defences from a miscellaneous force comprised mainly of A.M.P.Cs. and the patients of a V.D. hospital. The town was heavily bombed almost daily. We found an old friend in Major J. C. Huffam, V.C., who was D.A.P.M. A detachment of the sister Battalion arrived, rested and moved on. The evacuation of the medical base personnel and stores proceeded, and the Battalion came under command of an impromptu Division. A few other battalions arrived and a Brigadier came from England. The town and docks were bombed and machine gunned almost daily. Our own M.T. was found in Rouen, still safe and sound, in spite of bombing near the Somme.

Patrols went up towards the Somme frequently, to watch the enemy digging between the Somme and the Bresle. He was occupied evidently with squeezing the main body of the B.E.F. back to Dunkirk, and was content to wait along the line of the break-through.

Then, to our joy, a famous mixed Regular and T.A. Division arrived from the Saar to take over our front, supported by an armoured formation, but the attempt to reduce the enemy bridgehead at Abbeville was abortive, although their outposts were pushed well back. This enabled a party to visit our train still on the line at Chepy Valisnes. The Band and Drums and the Drums of the sister Battalion were rescued. The following day the C.O., Adjutant and Q.M. were able to mark Ken Smith's grave with a simple cross—he was a fine fellow, who died leading the reconnaissance which probably saved many casualties in both Battalions.

Dieppe defences were improved, as a reserve line was prepared along the river Bethune. The Brigadier and battalions which had joined us left rapidly, to deal with an infiltration elsewhere, and we came under command of a Highland Brigade

2nd Lt. Tom Birkhead and a Royal Corps of Signals D.R. failed to return from a M.C. patrol.

On 9th June it was learned that enemy armoured divisions had reached Rouen,

which we had looked upon as a peaceful city many miles to our rear. The Division, along with two French formations, was cut off. The D.I.D. on which we now relied for rations was destroyed by fire early one morning; the cause of the outbreak was unknown.

Withdrawal began, leap frog method; our dispositions were altered to concur with the Brigade line, and supporting arms arrived; our bridges were blown on the night 9th-10th June.

On 10th June the line of the river Bethune was "denied to the enemy" by a battalion of Seaforths and ourselves, while the remainder of the Brigade went back to take up the next line. The fighting along the line of the river Bethune proceeded exactly as I.T. and F.S.R. lay down for a good battle; our opposition was infantry unsupported by A.F.Vs. 2nd Lts. Parfitt and Bailey, after reconnaissance of the route towards Le Havre, reported enemy armoured elements in the vicinity of St. Valerie en Caux near Fecamp.

During the night of 10th-11th June the Battalion and attachments withdrew by M.T. to run into an immense "jam" of British and French M.T. at Veules les Roses a few miles before St. Valerie en Caux.

Orders were received to take up part of the line of a perimeter defence, back to the coast, to hold off the enemy until darkness, which it was hoped would enable the Navy to take us off.

The roads were impassable owing to French M.T., and during reconnaissance we came under command of another Highland Brigade. Before the positions were actually taken up on our left flank, down to the sea at Veules les Roses, a French Alpine detachment took up the position. Enemy reconnaissance aircraft came to look at the M.T. concentration and went away again.

Companies took up positions along the perimeter line, but our artillery support was taken away to support fighting near St. Valerie by the battalion which had moved back on the previous day.

Veules was an amazing sight. French troops, white and black, filled the village, distributed roses and offered bottles of wine to our men, but after a senior officer had driven up somewhat rapidly in a battered Citroen car filled with a sumptuous picnic basket, chaos rapidly changed into order and "Our gallant Allies" moved off well.

Considerable activity seemed to be taking place towards St. Valerie. At about 17.00 hours our position came under long range heavy M.G. fire, and soon afterwards some forty tanks approached the forward company positions to be driven off with Bren and A.T. rifle fire. This delayed the main enemy attack until dark, and probably made possible the evacuation of several thousand Allied troops from Veules early on the following morning.

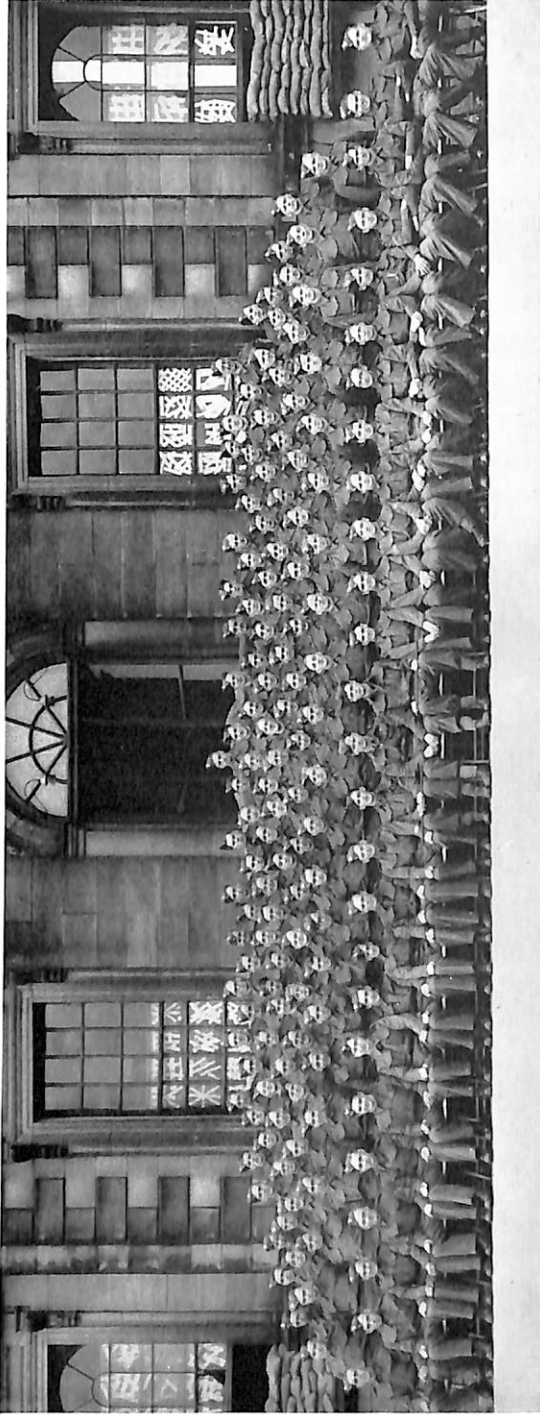
The whole ground was literally sprayed with incendiary and tracer bullets from the main body of the enemy "Panzer" Division. Reserve Company and Battalion "H.Q." positions were methodically bombed by the enemy 4-inch mortar till darkness, while the forward companies were over-run by the wave of tanks *en masse*.

As darkness fell the tank units moved through towards St. Valerie leaving armoured patrols only in our positions. Not a single enemy infantryman was encountered.

An order was issued to the effect that companies would withdraw in small parties to avoid tank patrols, towards the beach, where we hoped to find the Navy.

The beach, on arrival there, proved to be unscaleable cliffs. Efforts were made to get down by improvised ropes made of rifle slings knotted together but met with little success. Officers collected parties and eventually were able to get down to the beach by dawn, through the edge of the burning village of Veules, without being fired upon. One company actually made a successful dash through the village without losses. It was learned that some units had been on the beach during the previous day.

The Navy appeared off the coast in the early morning (12th June) and the evacuation began at first light, soon to be harassed by bombing and in the later stages by shelling from the cliff top. Merchant seamen who had been at both evacuations described Dunkirk



"C" Company of a Battalion somewhere in Yorkshire.

A BATTALION IN ICELAND.

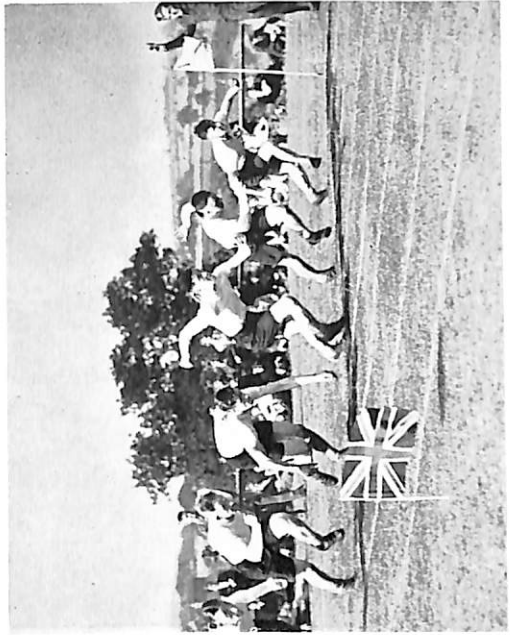
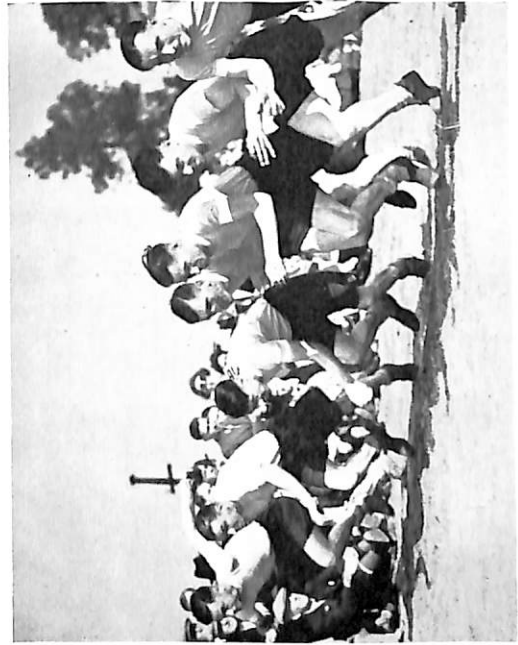
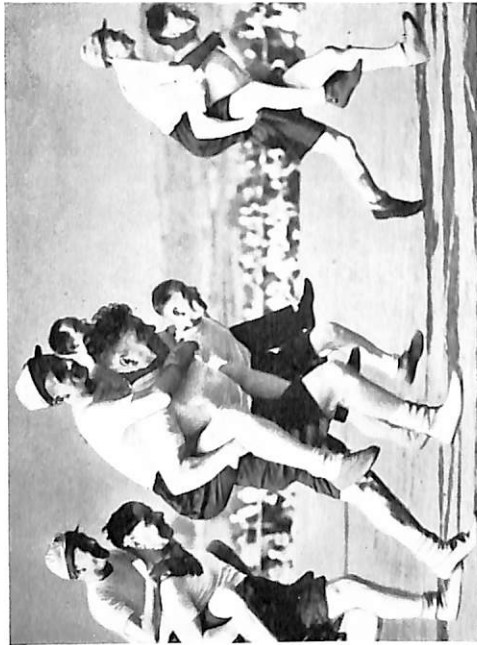


Lord Gort with the Force Commander, Brigadier and C.O. before having tea in the Officer's Mess.



Funeral of Pte. E. Green, "H.Q." Company.

REGIMENTAL SPORTS OF A HOLDING BATTALION LAST SUMMER.



[By permission of The Barnsley Chronicle.]

as "a b—picnic compared to this show." Fortunately a mist came down which must have hampered the G.A.F., and the boats were able to cross the Channel without much interference from the air.

The Battalion disembarked at different South Coast ports, and many days passed before we could check our losses. Lt.-Col. T. was missing; he had not reached the beach. The M.O., "Jimmy Morrissey," and Capt. Lawton did not appear, while Major Gerrard (Choti) appeared to have been lost in the evacuation. Col. T. and Capt. Lawton have since been reported prisoners of war, also the following senior N.C.Os. :—P.S.M. Harpin, Bandmaster Doyle, C.Q.M.S. Marsland, Sgt. Crowther and Sgt. Beverley.

The whole Battalion is looking forward to the day when we can meet the enemy once again on level terms, with equipment and proper support. Then a different story will be recorded for THE IRON DUKE.

A Resurrected Battalion in Cornwall.

Having decided that camping out in the Yorkshire Dales was becoming a trifle damp and draughty by mid October, we thought we would try wintering on the Cornish Riviera. It sounded pleasant and we dreamed of palm trees, sun and sea bathing, pleasant coves and rustic retreats. Actually we got the last of these all right but the others have not quite risen to the occasion. We don't see many palm trees as the wind generally blows at about 100 m.p.h. and they don't really like it (at least not where we are). The pleasant coves are there but look a bit different from what they do in August in peace time, and we have helped to make them temporarily less pleasing to any Boche looking for a nice holiday. The sea bathing ceased to be a regular feature very shortly after our arrival, and we have no time for sun bathing anyway and in any case it generally rains. Even the rustic retreats require the replacement of sand shoes by gum boots. However, the inhabitants of our various town and country residences have got down to it, the work goes steadily forward and living conditions gradually become more comfortable.

Before leaving Yorkshire we had passed through the teething stage and now look quite seasoned soldiers, even though there may be one or two things that we feel we haven't learnt yet.

The Colonel of the Regiment was one of many senior officers who visited us in Yorkshire, and he has promised to come and see us here some time—a promise to which we hold him. This sounds a bit as if no senior officers had been to see us here, which is of course untrue. In fact our arrival seemed to create quite a stir, and numerous visits have occurred, and borne fruit in obtaining the necessary items for improving life in general for us and death in prospect for Jerry should he arrive with the idea of a pleasant stay.

Old members of the Regiment, and especially those that have served in India and with the Battalion which served in Bordon and France, will note with pleasure that our new Army Commander is to be General Alexander under whom they have served for many years.

OFFICERS' MESS.—When the tents began to flap and leak, we left the Yorkshire Dales to winter on the Cornish Riviera. Fellows whose faces used to be just across the table at dinner suddenly became country members, and a "new key" opened the door to a new life. "Wellington" boots replaced shiny brown ones, and webbing came into its own.

Some things are less changed. Major Sir "Paddy" E. still says a cheery good-night at exactly the same time, and Jeff R. still writes hundreds of letters—and runs hundreds of yards—every day. Ken Foulds directs the Mess and produces smooth efficiency which is surpassed only by his batman who must be the original military Jeeves. "Tiny" Smith (surely the largest, most competent and most conservative of Q.Ms.)

delights us with a daily ration of pithy remarks. We understand that his filing system is so efficient that he even files his nails!

Tom Crowther is as cheery as ever but accessible only after "goose-stepping" countless yards of duck boarding. Holroyd and Grieves have joined us recently but we have lost Denis Siddall to the I.T.C., this last change necessitating an alteration in the ration indents.

We are all looking forward to Christmas, for it is whispered that several turkeys have been ear-marked, and of course we are taking the cream and the cider for granted.

SERGEANTS' MESS.—Since our last notes we have removed to our winter quarters. Unfortunately, though, our tactical employment necessitated the splitting up of our Mess into company Messes. As a Mess as a whole we have therefore very little news. Company Messes are doing as well as can be expected under these conditions, although sadly handicapped financially.

We are doing our best to make a comfortable central Mess where members not on duty can periodically spend a comfortable week-end.

Promotions into the Mess have been so numerous as to make individual congratulations impossible. We therefore take this opportunity of congratulating all on various promotions, and at the same time expressing our regret at losing R.S.M. James, who has been commissioned to lieutenant; we wish him every success in this new sphere.

A Resurrected Battalion Somewhere in Southern England.

The Battalion has made great strides since our last number appeared—as was to be expected, indeed, for it only came into existence towards the end of the summer! After three months' strenuous training "on the square," but not omitting simple tactics—we were sufficiently far on to attempt trooping the Colour, which we did on 19th October without disaster. The Colonel of the Regiment took the salute and inspected the Battalion, accompanied by the last C.O. of the Battalion 22 years ago, Lt.-Col. Huntress, and his second-in-command.

Colonel Pickering afterwards dined with the officers and delighted them with a short talk on the Regiment's special claims to fame. He also attended the Battalion sports and gave away the prizes, the all-ranks' dance, and the church parade the following morning—a busy day!

Other things have been done, perhaps more directly towards victory—or perhaps not (?). For, after all, it is no small thing that under the threat of invasion, which persisted throughout these months (and still persists), a Battalion undergoing strenuous training should find time, and heart, to do these other things.

We left — a week or two later, grateful for many kindnesses shown to officers and men, who in turn left nothing but pleasant memories behind them. We understand that applications for leave to visit friends in the said town are so frequent as to be embarrassing, and there is even talk of wedding-bells.

A number of officers have left us, for time takes its toll. One or two have gone to seek adventure. New faces are enlivening the Mess. The Mess has forsworn bridge, but it is understood that since the P.M.C. deducted his losses from his Mess bill instead of adding them, he may reconsider his decision.

We have a long way to go, and we know it; but we shall get there in the end.

In connection with the visit of the Colonel of the Regiment, the following correspondence will be of interest :—

Watson House,
Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1,

Dear Lord Provost,

21st October, 1940.

I feel I must write and thank you most sincerely, and through you the citizens of —, for the great kindness which has been shown to all ranks of the — Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment during their stay within the City.

I found a very happy and contented Battalion, and for this the civil population are largely responsible.

We shall have achieved something if we can make the general public realise that the Army belongs to them, and it appears to me that your people have taken a step in the right direction to ensure this. May this good feeling and comradeship long continue and extend throughout the country.

Yours very sincerely,
(Sd.) C. J. PICKERING, Colonel,
The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

The Lord Provost of —.

City Chambers, —,

22nd October, 1940.

Dear Colonel Pickering,

Many thanks for your letter of 21st inst. Just before it came by the post I was telling some Canadian friends of the great impression the Dukes had made on the City of —. J. B. Priestley, a Yorkshireman, who happened to be in the company was, of course, delighted to hear his countrymen praised so highly. You can rest assured that the Dukes will never be forgotten by the people of —, who will treasure memories of their friendship and courtesy.

Yours sincerely,
(Sd.) P. J. DOLLAN, Lord Provost.

An ex-Holding Battalion in Yorkshire.

Since these notes last appeared a fundamental change in our military status has taken place. We are no longer a holding battalion, no longer a nursery for fledglings, no longer a sort of cloak room, where the I.T.C. and other such unwieldy formations can deposit their superfluous baggage. We are now a fighting unit, a definite entity. We can crow a little; and as we grow older, we shall crow louder. Best of all, we can train in the certain knowledge that we shall get the benefit of the training for our own keeping and not for the enrichment of some other inferior and totally undeserving unit. And training we are with a vengeance, inflamed by the enthusiasm of our commanding officer.

Not that training is the only thing. We have been entrusted with a very responsible job of work. But of that we can say nothing. Also we have changed our habitation—or location as military phraseology elegantly puts it. We have left those country mansions and broad acres, where we passed our infancy, for sterner surroundings. But no one will easily forget the abounding kindness of our late hosts. It is true that our present quarters, though comfortable enough, have not such splendid addresses as our old ones. For instance, the adjutant has an office in Sans Souci, the quartermaster slaves in Mon Repos, and the officers' mess patronises Ye Old Tudor Café. Most appropriate of all, the guard-room rejoices in the name of Love's Own Nest or, at any rate, words to that effect.

We are unfortunately all scattered over a wide area, and this dispersal combined with very heavy duties has made difficult the organisation of battalion games and entertainments. However, we have made a start with the former, and it is rumoured that our medical officer, having failed to kill off his patients according to the rules of the B.M.A., is going to see what a concert party will do. We hope that the famous fiddle of Capt. O'Connor, which for the past twenty years has charmed the ears of the older generation, will awake the plaudits of the new.

Meanwhile Major Carey, our P.R.I., and another old timer, is losing much valuable hair over the problem of Christmas dinners. How to cook turkeys in gas ovens designed for the bijou bungalow dweller, how to make puddings without currants and mince-pies without fruit. T.E.W.T's. on the kitchen front are among the activities of our platoon commanders.

We lack, of course, the splendour and the ceremonial of our elder brothers. We have no drums. But we shall shortly have a dance band. And as for ceremonial, what better upholder of tradition could we have than R.S.M. Hemsworth, whom we welcome most heartily to the Battalion.

By the time these notes appear our adjutant, Capt. Davidson, will have taken unto himself a wife. We wish them all good fortune. Finally, your sub-editor has made an impassioned appeal for contributions from companies and others. Only one has replied—"C" Company. Unfortunately the censor would frown on much that is contained therein. But among other items we note that Capt. Fallon and C.S.M. Bainbridge are the only two regulars in the Company, that in spite of their lonely exile they run a concert party, and that C.Q.M.S. Menzies, after twenty-one years, has exchanged the crest of the Duke for a "Flying Horse"—not, be it understood, at his own request. "C" Company and the Regiment have said good-bye to a very faithful friend.

A First Line Anti-Tank Regiment Somewhere in Scotland.

[The following notes were unfortunately received too late to appear in our last issue.—ED.]

This Regiment was mobilised while at a practice camp in the south of England. Very complimentary remarks had been passed by the I.G.s. on the standard of shooting, and hopes ran high that at last the Regiment would have a chance of getting into action, as it was generally understood that we should proceed immediately to Norway.

However, only one battery under the command of Major W. S. F. T. left these islands, and this returned after an adventurous fortnight at sea, having been prevented from landing by unforeseen circumstances.

Another weary month of waiting ensued, and then on 22nd May two batteries under the command of Major H. J. H. G. and Major H. F. R. W., received orders to go to Harwich and Dover respectively; Major H. J. H. G.'s battery were turned back half way over the Channel, but two troops and "H.Q." of the other battery managed to land at Calais on the 23rd; the last dock cranes were destroyed that day, and the remainder were unable to follow them over.

All the ammunition was fired off the same afternoon, and a destroyer arrived with a fresh supply on the next day.

Out of the three officers and 80 other ranks who went out, only a bare half-dozen returned. One of these reported that his gun had knocked out seven enemy tanks in the first hour.

The following extracts are from a letter received from the Brigade Major of the Rifle Brigade who was taken prisoner but managed to escape:—

"Your anti-tank battery arrived at Calais just before the 30th Brigade on 23rd May.

"As you probably know, the battle lasted from Thursday, 23rd May, to Sunday, 26th May, and it took place in two phases. The first phase lasted from 23rd May to about nightfall on 24th May, and the final phase from 25th May to the evening of 26th May.

In the first phase the guns of the battery—I think there were eight—were placed singly at various points round the outer perimeter of Calais, which was held till about nightfall on 24th May. I saw the battery commander (Capt. H. F. R. W. (?)) several times during this phase. I am of the impression that about half the guns were out of action by nightfall on 24th May, not without doing a great deal of good work, and causing

a considerable amount of loss to the German tanks. I'm afraid that a proportion of the guns' crews must have been casualties.

"I believe that there were two subalterns with H. F. R. W. (?). I only met one of them—his name, I think, was R. B. C.—and did not see him again after the evening we landed (23rd May).

"The second and final phase took place when the Brigade was forced back from the outer to the inner perimeter of Calais. The remaining anti-tank guns were, as before, distributed singly around the perimeter. As far as I can remember, there were only two guns left by Saturday morning, 25th May, and H. F. R. W. pulled them back to the docks area. I did not see H. F. R. W. after Saturday morning, 25th May, because I moved forward with advanced Brigade "H.Q." into the Citadel, where I remained till captured on the evening of Sunday, 26th May. The survivors of the Battery probably found their way back to the dock area, where they must have been captured with the remnants of the Rifle Brigade and rear Brigade "H.Q." when the area was over-run by the Germans about 4 p.m.

"I cannot recall seeing H. F. R. W. in the column of prisoners in which I was, but there were other columns and he and his subalterns might well have been captured and marched off in one of these. The Germans took quite a lot of prisoners all told, and there is no doubt that a proportion of the Battery must be prisoners.

"I am afraid that the above will be of little use to you, but I did not have an opportunity of sorting out exactly what happened to the Battery, and exactly what casualties occurred, as I was a prisoner only for three days before escaping, and each day we were continually on the march."

It will be seen that very little definite information can be gathered, but the officers and men concerned have the satisfaction of knowing that, although they received no public glory, they did their bit, and provided honourable assistance in one of the most desperate actions of the war.

Happily, comparatively few of those taking part were killed, although some were wounded. All officers and the majority of the men are now prisoners of war.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to the relatives of all.

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

In our last notes we referred to our conversion from R.E. to R.A. Since then authority has been obtained from the War Office for permission to continue to wear a cap badge and buttons of the Regiment. We are all naturally very delighted, and sincerely hope that this distinction will still further cement our ties and associations with the Regiment.

The Censor does not allow us to refer to our present activities, but as Christmas is just over, we can say that in spite of the nature of our duties, as happy a Christmas as possible was spent by everyone. Every member of the Regiment received a most useful gift from the members of the Old Comrades' Association, and considering the present strength of a searchlight regiment, we are all amazed at their enterprise and generosity.

Our Honorary Colonel and the Commanding Officer spent Christmas Day making a tour of battery headquarters and detachments, but owing to the nature of our layout were not able to see more than a small proportion of the men.

Many changes have, of course, taken place since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE. Major R. C. Laurence has assumed the duties of second-in-command of the Regiment, and his place as O.C. one of the batteries has been taken by Major C. Liversidge. Capt. R. W. P. Sanderson, who has been adjutant for over twelve months, has handed over to his peace-time stable-mate, Capt. J. C. Shaw. It is whispered that Capt. Sanderson will shortly be leaving us to take up a staff appointment.

It was with great regret that we bade farewell to Majors G. E. Gooch and J. B. Sugden who were posted away on promotion. We are shortly ceding another cadre, and this will of course mean losing more of our officers and N.C.Os. The cadre which left us last August is, we hear, now a well-established battery, and we were pleased to send them an artillery trumpet to remind them of their associations with the Regiment.

Two of our officers, 2nd Lts. M. Jubb and P. B. Buckley, have joined the Royal Air Force and are now fully-fledged pilots.

We were very pleased to have a visit from Lt.-Col. D. P. from the Depot, accompanied by Major J. L. Pott and Capt. R. H. Hield.

There have been no marriages of any of our officers since the last IRON DUKE notes, but announcements of the engagements of Capt. E. J. Pye-Smith, R.A.M.C., and 2nd Lt. J. W. Bell suggest that further casualties may be expected at any moment.

As these notes are written on New Year's Eve, we wish to offer our best wishes to every member of the Regiment, and trust that 1941 may prove a happy and victorious year.

H.M.S. IRON DUKE.

c/o G.P.O., London,
22nd December, 1940.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Once again we wish to express to you our gratitude for allowing us space to renew our most sincere good wishes to all units of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. As your correspondent, I must also apologise for not being able to make any return by supplying news of this ship or her company, which can be of any real interest to your readers. Others may give stirring accounts of past activities, but H.M.S. *Iron Duke* is one who must remain almost completely silent.

I am at least able to say that since my last letter our contacts with the Army have been more numerous, much to our own pleasure and, we hope, to theirs. Among other activities, officers and men have had opportunities to compete with "the soldiers" in football and shooting matches, or join them in concerts and other entertainments. We only wish a battalion of the "Dukes" would loom over our horizon. As we fear that that is unlikely in the immediate future, we will ask you to print our greetings to all Battalions, wherever they may be, wishing them the best of luck and the best of hunting.

From your correspondent,
H.M.S. "IRON DUKE."

OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS

(1st and 2nd BATTALIONS).

From the 1st July last to date forty applications for assistance have been received, and of these thirty-three were considered for grants as follows:—Ex-members of the 1st and 2nd Battalions, 20, to whom the sum of £31 5s. 0d. was disbursed. To non-entitled ex-members of the Regiment who were helped from the 3rd Battalion Fund, 11, with grants totalling £3 3s. 9d. One case each of 9th and 10th Battalions received 14s. 11d. and £2 respectively, making an aggregate of £37 3s. 8d.

Of the remaining seven cases, three were found on investigation to have misrepresented their circumstances, while four were shown as not having served with any battalion having funds at its disposal.

5th BATTALION.

The annual general meeting and social evening took place at Huddersfield Drill Hall on Saturday, 19th October, 1940, when there was a large attendance. The President, Colonel Keith Sykes, occupied the chair. The accounts showed a healthy state of affairs.

The Association has again been instrumental in raising a fund to give individual Christmas gifts to 2,400 men of the present serving Battalion. The gift this year comprises a writing compendium, six razor blades, two khaki handkerchiefs, a pencil and a Christmas greeting from the O.C.A.

Many cases of hardship have been helped during the past year, and altogether the Association keeps up its vigour and good work. Most members are doing a job of work for the A.R.P. services or the Home Guard, and some are young enough to be still serving with the Forces.

The Duke of Wellington's Regimental Comforts Fund.**GIFTS IN KIND.**

Miss Jenny Baker and the members of the G.F.S., Wells, Norfolk; Mrs. Wildy; boys of Gaythorne School; Mrs. Herapath; Mrs. Hemblys; Mrs. Cecil Ince; Mrs. E. W. Stevens; Mrs. Keith; Mrs. Dawson; members of the A.T.S., Depot, Halifax; Miss D. Stirk; Mrs. Stansfield; Mrs. Carey; Mrs. Wilderson; Mrs. Moseley; Mrs. Narvell; Mrs. Chatterton; Miss Wilkinson; Mrs. Hickman; Mrs. Stansfield; 1st Halifax Girls' Brigade (Fairfield) Company, per Miss Turner; Mrs. Paton; Mrs. H. D. Norris; Mrs. C. J. Pickering, Col. W. G. Officer; Miss Helliwell; Mrs. and Miss Heaton; Sowerby Bridge Depot, per Mrs. A. L. Sutcliffe; Miss Dewhirst; Mrs. Watson; Mrs. H. P. Travers; Cox Green Women's Institute, per Mrs. R. Maffett; Miss D. Hartley; Mrs. Turberville; Mrs. Earnshaw; Mrs. L. E. Bishop; Mrs. J. W. Reynolds; 5th Elland Girl Guides' Company, per Miss Heaton; Nursing Staff, Halifax Barracks; Mrs. J. L. Pott.

CASH DONATIONS.

No. 1 Infantry Company Dances; No. 2 Infantry Company Dances; Regimental Dances; Mr. T. Broadbent; Mae School of Dancing; Mrs. Turner; Col. C. J. Pickering; Mrs. Allen; No. 1 Recruit Company Dances.

The above were received during the period 10th August to 18th December, 1940. Contributions should be sent direct to the Officer Commanding, The Depot, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, The Barracks, Halifax, Yorkshire.

The Comforts Centre.

This is situated in a central position in Crossley Street, Halifax, close to the Town Hall, and is in the charge of Mrs. Sayers, the wife of one of our Battalion Commanders. She is assisted by Mrs. Morrison and a hard working and most efficient staff, which includes several of our Regimental ladies who devote their whole time to the work of the Centre. Mrs. Faulkner is in charge of Records, which maintains a card index of over 5,000 names of Halifax men serving in the Navy, Army, Air Force and Mercantile Marine. Other helpers include Lady Henniker and Mrs. Castle-Millar (née Whitaker), and among those who have helped in the past are Mrs. Crane, Mrs. Bunbury, Mrs. Carey, Mrs. Schofield, Mrs. Kershaw, and two ladies shortly to have closer connections with the Regiment, Miss Dorothy Cunningham and Miss Philippa Bonham-Carter.

The Comforts Fund was initiated by Colonel C. J. Pickering, the Colonel of the Regiment, who got into touch with the then Mayor of Halifax and the Editor of the *Halifax Courier & Guardian*, and through the courtesy of Mr. Saunders, the Town Clerk, a meeting was arranged at the Town Hall which resulted in the creation of the Mayor's Comforts Fund, which was to provide comforts for Halifax citizens serving in His Majesty's Fighting Services.

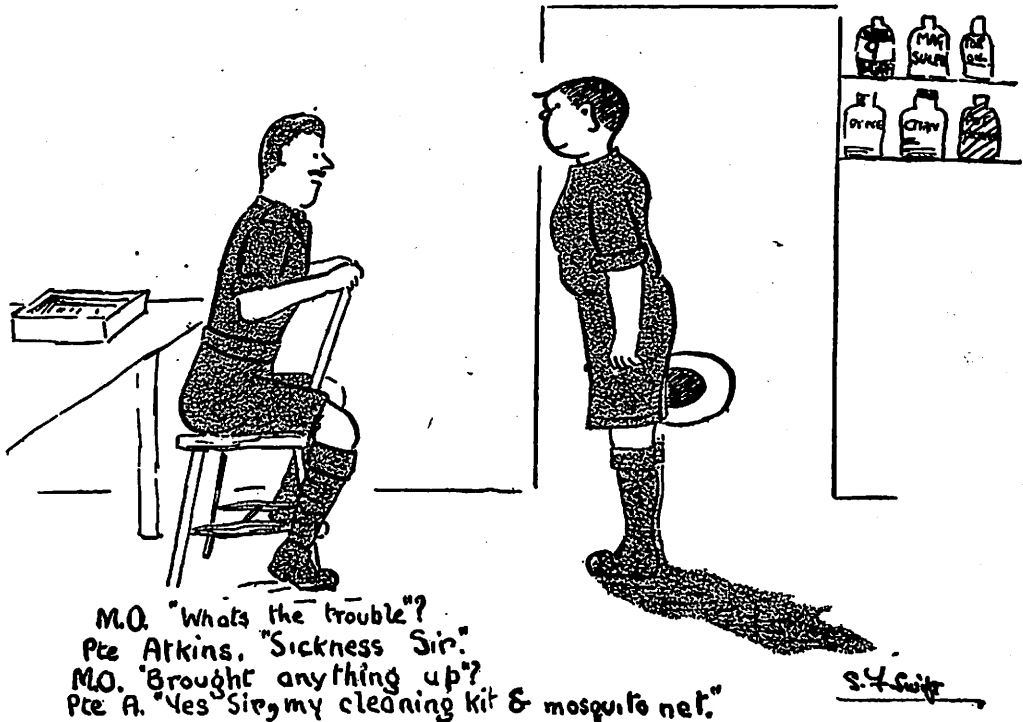
This system was also adopted by other towns in the West Riding of Yorkshire, the idea being that each town would cater for its own men. The system has worked well and each man serving in the Forces has had two or three parcels sent out to him. Approximately £5,000 has been received in donations and subscriptions. The names of over 4,000 knitters are recorded in the card index and a duplicate register is kept at the Halifax Building Society. The packing department has been responsible for the packing of some 11,000 parcels, and here we might mention the Prisoners of War Department which has despatched a parcel valued £4 15s. each to every Halifax man who is a prisoner of war.

Now in addition to all this, we have a subsidiary Comforts Fund of our own which looks after all those men serving in "The Dukes" who do not come from the West Riding; and any readers of *THE IRON DUKE* and others who are specially interested in the Regiment are requested to send their donations and gifts in kind to the Officer Commanding Depot, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, The Barracks, Halifax.

The P.R.I.s of all our Battalions are asked to ensure that they let the Depot P.R.I. (or the Mayor of the town concerned) have nominal rolls by towns, such as Halifax, Huddersfield, Keighley, Leeds, Bradford, etc., giving the name and home address of each man, and finally the number of men serving in each Battalion who will be the concern of the Regimental Fund proper. The Depot P.R.I. will be only too glad to send on these lists to the right quarter.

The thanks of all ranks are due to the Mayor of Halifax, the Lord Mayors and Mayors of other towns in the West Riding, the Editor and staff of the *Halifax Courier & Guardian*, the voluntary helpers at the Centre, the knitters, and our generous subscribers—to all of these we say, "Thank you."

Wool and patterns are obtainable from Mrs. Sayers, Comforts Centre, Crossley Street, Halifax, to which address finished articles should be sent. They may be ear-marked for any particular Battalion.



THE BALLAD OF BRIMSTONE DRAIN.

I

Come, Yorkshiremen, of all degrees,
From city, dale, and wold,
Your spindles leave, your farms, your pubs,
I will a tale unfold.

An eldritch tale, a tale of woe,
Of terror, blood, and pain,
How brave men fought and brave men fell
At the battle of Brimstone Drain.

Two captains, so the legend runs,
In neighbouring hamlets slept;
The first was Jeff the Jovial
Of Huddersfield yclept.

The second, John the Resolute
From Dublin's city sprang,
And when these twain began to talk,
The very welkin rang.

They led their companies side by side,
Warriors stout and true,
Though John I think was half an inch
The stouter of the two.

But when it came to argument,
No mortal man could say,
If these two giants stood face to face
Which one would win the day.

Each swore his company the best,
Each swore the other's rotten,
Till from this wordy warfare was
A battle royal begotten.

II

"B" Company one fateful night
Pulled down their rival's wire,
And "C" replied at crack of dawn
With a burst of rapid fire.

"B" answered back with hand-grenades,
And terrible was the slaughter
Till "C" converted an easy try
With a bomb from a two-inch mortar.

Both sides began to bite and scratch,
Defying every rule,
They even fired, O crowning shame,
Part of the C.O.'s pool.

They tore each other's battle dress,
They pinched each other's braces,
They even so forgot themselves
As to slap each other's faces.

The years departed. One by one
The actors made their bow.
But Jeff and John still argued on
The wherefore and the how.

Grey hairs abated not their spleen,
The strife grew more intense,
Till much to everyone's relief
Death stemmed their eloquence.

But ever on that fateful night
Their ghosts return again
To join in shadowy conflict on
The banks of Brimstone Drain.

Platoon commanders used bad words,
The sergeant-majors bristled,
And no-one paid the slightest heed
When the frantic umpire whistled.

The tumult echoed o'er the seas
From Iceland to Aleppo,
It roused the sleepers at Whitehall,
It even woke the Depot.

And still the battle raged and still
The din grew more appalling,
Till all at once both sides turned tail,
For they had heard the cookhouse calling.

Turned tail and to their billets crept
With looks of mutual loathing
To dry their eyes and brush their hair
And tidy up their clothing.

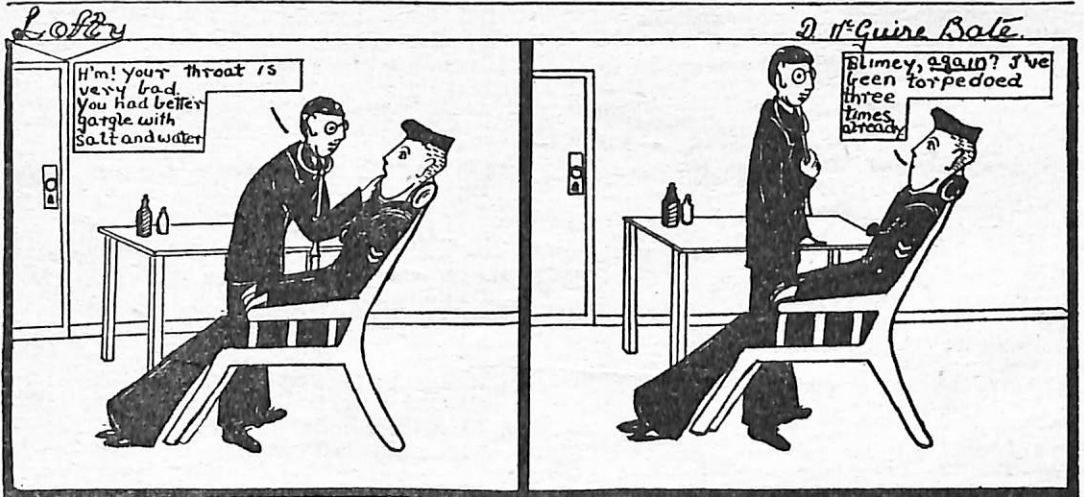
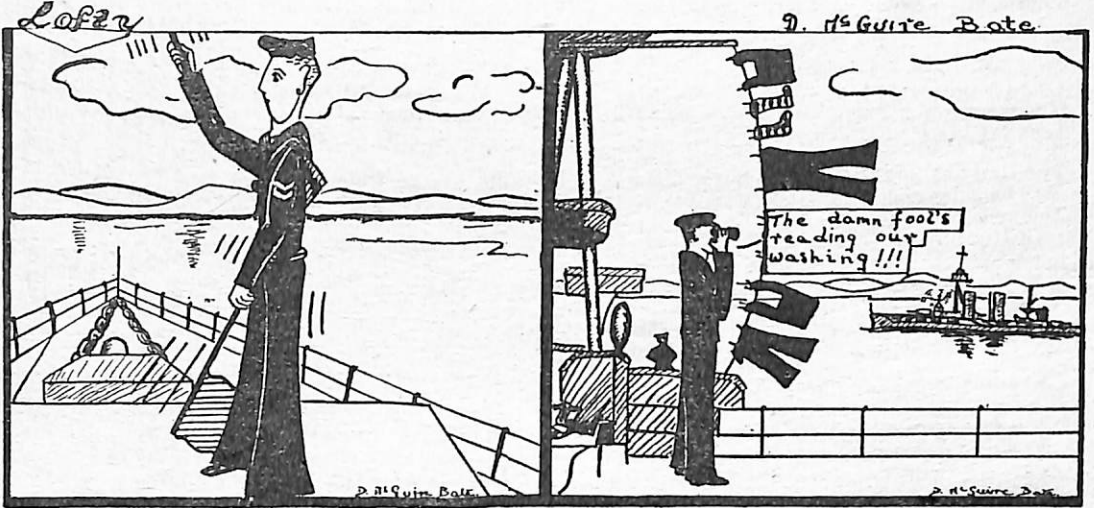
III

Again the grisly scene is played,
Pale corpses strew the ground,
The soldiers flicker to and fro
Like visions in a swoond.

The runners flit from post to post
Unheard, but dimly seen;
The unsubstantial gunners change
A phantom magazine.

And back and forth two spectres pace,
Like Bonaparte in figure,
Gesticulating silently
With undimished vigour.

Accursed spot, where bloom no flowers,
No reaper gleans the ripened grain,
No shepherd pipes his sweet refrain,
Only the gulls and curlews haunt
The bloody banks of Brimstone Drain.



Sport in Iceland.

I shall leave it to an abler pen than mine to tell of our prowess in all the games which a regiment usually plays ; of how we have upheld most nobly in Iceland the Regiment's rigger tradition ; of ski-ing and skating. I feel sure that subalterns will tell you of their prowess with the lovely Icelandic blondes. I propose therefore merely to touch on the pursuit of the wily salmon and the trout and the few game birds which inhabit this otherwise god-forsaken island.

When I packed my traps for active service in March I was bound for Norway. I never got there but when I landed here instead I still had my Norway kit intact. This included a couple of trout rods, a book of flies and a scatter-gun. I had always sworn that wherever I went campaigning next if the country was at all possible I should include these very necessary articles of kit. And they have stood me in good stead here.

Iceland, as you may already know if you are interested in the gentle art, is one of the fisherman's paradises. It abounds in rivers and lakes of all shapes and sizes and most of the rivers and lakes abound in salmon, sea-trout, brown-trout and char. With pressure of work I have found it difficult to get very far afield. But it did not take me long to discover that there was a first-class trout stream more or less on my doorstep. I and a certain subaltern, who knows most ways of getting trout out of his own and other rivers in Yorkshire, fished this river for a good many evenings a week for a month or so before we discovered to our surprise that the trout fishing belonged to a certain syndicate who owned the salmon rights. It was lucky that we did not discover this sad fact too soon. In fact we did not discover it till a day or two before the salmon fishing was about to start on 1st June. On our best evening on this river we caught, I think, 24 brown trout, all between $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. and 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. And we sometimes fished up till midnight when the sun was setting just before it rose again. We used any old flies, I used the remains of a stock of large lough flies which I had got for Lough Melvin and Lough Erne in happier times just a year before.

My Brigadier and I shared a rod for five days for the salmon fishing on the same river. We caught on the rod some 30—40 salmon. On our best day we caught twelve, mostly on a small Silver Jock Scott, a Blue and Silver and a Thunder and Lightning. The salmon on this particular river run small. Our best was 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. and our average 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. I and my subaltern friend took a stretch on another river for September. I think we paid £1 each for a rod apiece and we took many nice fish out of this. It was a still flowing river which only fished well on a wild day. I had the good fortune to have odd days on several of the bigger rivers further afield. One day stands out in my recollection. It poured the whole day and blew a hurricane. We got a large bag of sea-trout on the lower stretches in the morning. After lunch we took Icelandic ponies up-stream at an alternate canter and walk for ten miles, carrying our salmon rods like lances, up a wild valley which the Highlander who was with me said was the image of a glen he knew in Sutherlandshire. I had no sooner put on a large Jock Scott than I was into a big fish which gave me twenty minutes of the best before my Icelandic host stalked and gaffed him in the shallows. He turned the scales at 16lbs. I got another of 15lbs. the same evening.

The season finished with sea-trout of which we caught fairly large bags, mostly between $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. and 3lbs. One day my subaltern friend was fishing a little below me in a nice stretch of a certain river, we were sharing a salmon rod and during spare time the other was amusing himself with a trout rod. My friend hooked a 12lb. salmon on the trout rod with trout tackle in a fast flowing stretch. He played it for three-quarters of an hour with great skill and patience. Just as the salmon was done and was about to be taken out it turned over, broke the cast and floated away. A young Iclander who was watching the proceedings immediately leapt into the stream, waded out up his waist and emerged in triumph, having tailed the salmon.

I have no Hardy's books of reference here but have read in a guide book that the record for the island is 77 salmon, averaging 11½ lbs., caught on two rods in 10½ hours' fishing in one day. This I think works out at approximately twenty minutes apiece for getting into, playing and landing each salmon. It must have been a hectic day.

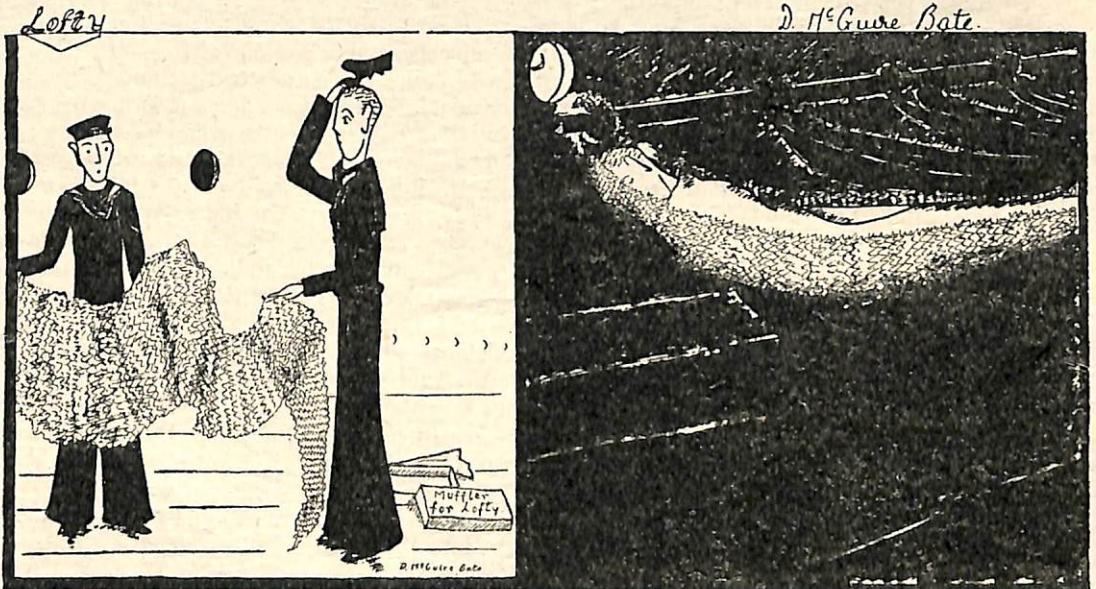
In shooting, my difficulty has again been lack of opportunity, but I have taken every advantage of odd days off. The protected birds of Iceland (protected by Icelandic law and Force routine orders) include golden plover and swans, both of which abound. It is rumoured in various Messes that both taste good but I cannot vouch for the truth of this.

Of geese there are large quantities during October and November. They call here on their way from Greenland. They stay a little while in Iceland and, being good judges, soon move on. I have myself shot one here, a pink-foot. Of all the birds the goose must be the most difficult to get near enough to get a shot at, and when one gets the shot to bring down. The variety which visits Iceland certainly keep up their end of the tradition of the "wild goose chase." Ptarmigan are reported to be plentiful in places but I have not seen any and so far only one has fallen to a member of the Mess.

I write these notes on my way back from a couple of days' shooting leave. It is the tail end of the season and in addition to the geese most of the snipe and duck have left for warmer climates. I have in the car however 28 duck (22 Mallard and six of a species I have not run across before in England, Africa or elsewhere and which without a bird book I am unable to place), and a brace of snipe. A grand two days. Yesterday was bright and sunny with most of the rivers and waterfalls and a good deal of the sea frozen, and on the way back a very yellow and very large full moon rising at dusk against the remains of a blue sky over the glacier peaks. And to-day a more typical Icelandic day, with a wind that cut through you and froze the tips of your fingers, and heavy snow in the passes on the way back.

How grand to forget all about the war and worries for a day or two and think of nothing but ducks or geese or salmon.

J. H. C. L.



Winter Billets.

The term conjures up a pleasant enough picture of warm rooms with unrationed coal fires, of curtains drawn against outside chill, of a general atmosphere of Christmas card comfort in contrast to the seasonable weather with its accompaniment of cough and snuffle. But somehow it doesn't work out like that. No. Not quite. Villages which cheer the soldier for a day become less enthusiastic when he becomes a guest for months; the glory of walking out with a uniform is balanced against the prospect of cleaning boot mud off the stair carpet, with the result that doors which were thrown open in the summer remain obstinately shut come the winter.

But despite openly expressed feelings on the part of the villagers the troops have been safely billeted, this small place alone having managed accommodation for some seven hundred officers and men, together with the contingent of wives and families who trail behind in a welter of domestic luggage. The problem of finding accommodation has had three main solutions. You can live in Mess. The adjutant does that, the spacious emptiness of his Victorian bedroom barely disturbed by the presence of a small camp bed and an ancient chest of drawers. You can live in an empty house commandeered for you, or even, as do one batch of



The Patronising.

troops, in an abandoned public-house (there are still twenty-nine left so no one need think the village has given up its glass of beer); you can have a bit of luck, as the R.S.M. who shares a flat with his opposite number of the county regiment; or you can sojourn in "furnished apartments" found for you by your wife.

It is this last which has proved the most difficult to achieve with any degree of success, accommodation being not merely limited, but only offered with the greatest reluctance.

Local landladies differ only to a minor degree from their kind the world over. The kindly, the mercenary, the patronising, and the pure virago (any and all of the former being liable to turn into the latter at an instant's notice and for no apparent reason)—they are all here. There are those who, after protesting their love for the military, have developed pacifist tendencies overnight, and attempted to hurl their lodgers' equipment from door or window; and there are antique spinsters who, once the preliminary shudder over a man sleeping in the house has taken place, have done miracles in the way of gratuitous mending and washing of socks and pants.

Even so the demand has exceeded the supply, and officers' wives trekking forlornly up and down the



The Pure Virago.

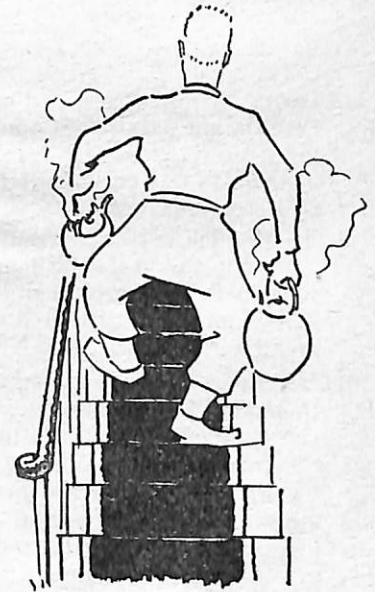
streets for "rooms" have cast an envious eye on the converted public-house and its bevy of tenants who seem to have made the very most of their accommodation. Advertising has been tried in the local gazette (in which war news take a second place to the heart-searchings of the Burial Board as to the purchase of new shrubs for the cemetery), advertisements which began boldly by asking for furnished houses with modern conveniences, and as weeks went by without result, dwindled to whimper for "simple rooms," experience having shown that neither indoor sanitation nor electric light can be taken for granted in this corner of England.

Rooms once found, as they finally have been, the problem of help has been approached. Batmen can, and do, do miracles, but it is not their place to tackle domestic duties, and search has had to be made for any women who would condescend to the title of "charlady." Few did. One captain's wife found a treasure whose merits were the envy of other households, until the day when Mrs. X returned unexpectedly to find her char before the fire, not cleaning the grate, but seated at her ease, regaling herself and a lady friend with glasses of the captain's whisky. And there was the company commander and his wife who contracted with their help for both laundry and cleaning, and then, thinking to avoid a reputation for slave-driving, sent the laundry out instead. The help took umbrage, sent a stately note to the effect that if she was not considered good enough to wash she surely was not good enough to clean, and never darkened their doors again. Infinitely preferable to these was the elderly char who gazed with fascination on her employer's wife and asked her whether she "hadn't found it a hard life being with her husband in the front line trenches."

Cooking—but perhaps it is better not to go into details of cookery as practised in the billets. Suffice it to say that transport difficulties for coal, and also local habit, make oil stoves the accepted medium, and the smell of warm oil drifts up and down the main street at meal times, pungently outweighing the odour of food. The most successful cooking experiment so far seems to have been that of the A.A. platoon, billeted in an empty house, who collect their rations and do their own menu in the building; that is if one is to judge by their appearance, and by the stories of superb dishes concocted by them, which are rumoured in other platoons.

Did I mention baths? Rumour had it when we came that there were only two baths in the place, one in the doctor's house, the other in the small hotel. This has proved false, baths there are in plenty, but in too many cases they are the portable kind, the japanned tin saucer which has to be dragged from its hiding place and stood before the fire until relays of kettles have filled it and the bather can cautiously seat himself therein and still more cautiously endeavour to wash without causing the contents to overflow.

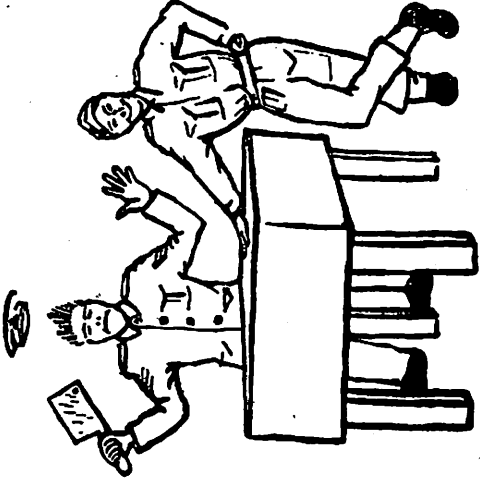
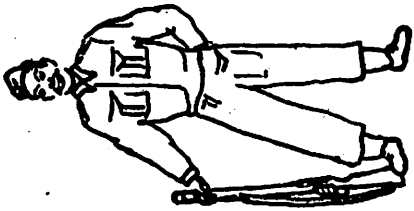
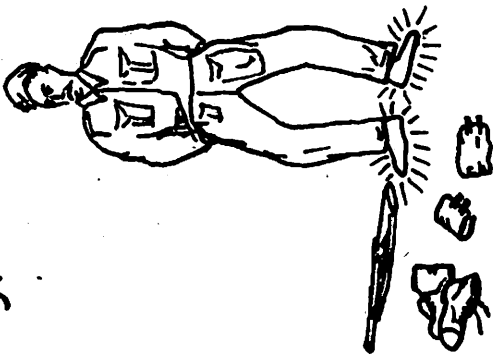
But difficulties though there are, for the moment we put them in abeyance. Christmas is coming, parcels are on their way, cramped rooms are being hung with the paper garlands that are still with us in spite of rationing, and some sixty odd presents are bought for the children of the battalion who will have a Christmas tree and a party which will allow them to forget the war. Just over Christmas we shall forget they are simply winter billets and imagine them to be home.



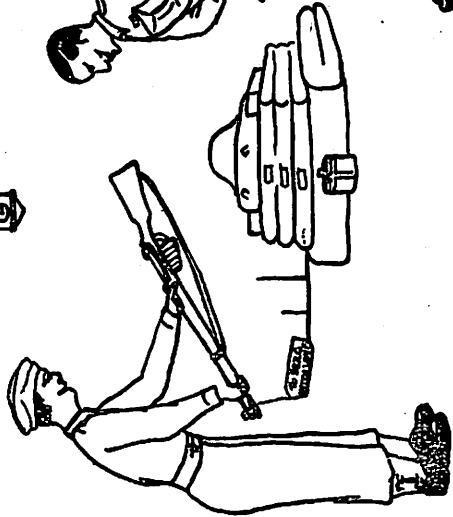
Relays of Kettles.

ARMY TERMS ILLUSTRATED.

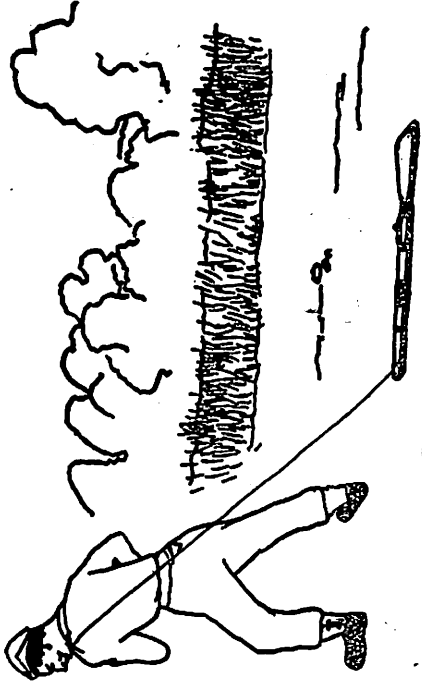
STAND EASY !



CUT THAT RIGHT HAND AWAY !



PRESENT ARMS !!



TRAIL ARMS !!

Third Party Risks.

The train was already in motion when I boarded it, so I was left with no choice but to adopt the uncongenial rôle of gooseberry until the next stop.

The Airman was very young. His new tunic was devoid of any sign of rank, and no premonition of coming tribulation clouded his smooth brow. He folded his arms and prepared to endure my unwelcome presence in silence. Not so, however, the spectacular damsel at his side. After one brief, disdainful glance, which dismissed me as a thing of no account, she resumed the thread of their interrupted discourse.

"But won't you get a medal for it?" she inquired.

The youth started slightly and gave her a warning look.

"No," he replied curtly.

"Why not?"

The reason was delivered in a whisper, but I caught the words "jealousy" and "influence." There was also, I thought, an impassioned plea for a suspension of the subject. If so, it was ignored.

"I think it's a shame!" cried the maiden indignantly. "Why, I've read of heaps of cases in the papers where men have got medals for only bringing down one or two! Was it nine or nineteen you said you shot down that night?"

For one fleeting instant I caught and held the youth's eye. In it I read stark horror. Beads of perspiration started out on his forehead. Desperately he drew the damsel's attention to some cows in a distant field.

But she was not interested in cows. She repeated her question.

"Nine," gulped the harassed Airman, choosing, I felt, the lesser number in deference to my credulity.

"I suppose," observed the maiden, after a short pause—"I suppose that as you were alone they wouldn't believe you when you got back to the aerodrome? And that horrid Goebbels would never admit it."

The Airman said nothing. He appeared to be learning the warning about putting one's head out of the window off by heart.

"But they *must* have known really," persisted his fair tormentor, straightening a devastating hat with the tips of her fingers, "I mean, you coming back with your fuselage simply riddled by thousands and thousands of bullet holes. . . . What are you pulling faces at me for?"

The unhappy youth leaned back and closed his eyes. Above the rhythmic rattle of the wheels I distinctly heard the sound of grinding teeth.

"Are you ill?" asked the lady.

The sufferer opened his eyes. Chivalry, I could see, was beginning to crack under the strain.

"I don't want to talk about it any more," he hissed. "Forget it!"

The damsel regarded him in round-eyed bewilderment. I gathered that she found this sudden access of modesty all the more inexplicable for a previous lack of it.

"But —" she began.

"Have you been dancing much lately?" inquired the Airman with ill-suppressed venom.

The maiden ignored the question.

"Didn't you feel awful," she went on, "when you saw those bombers go down one after another in flames? I mean, you'd killed them, hadn't you?"

The Scourge of the Skies ran a quivering finger round the inside of his collar. More warmth than remorse was reflected on his ingenious countenance. He slammed the window down and the roar of the train's progress filled the compartment. Something like relief momentarily crossed his features.

But only momentarily. His companion had been trained in cafés to compete with

orchestras and crashing crockery. Clear and bell-like her voice rose above the din to wonder if he had felt at all afraid during his clash with Goering's Luftwaffe.

I missed his answer ; it was lost in the vicious bang of the upflung window.

"Tell me," prattled the unabashed maiden, "how do you find your way about Germany in the dark ? I mean, it'll be simply as black as anything, won't it ?"

My heart bled for the unhappy youth. Navigation was so obviously a far distant item on his curriculum.

"You wouldn't understand," he muttered hoarsely.

"But if *you* explained I'm sure I should," she insisted with a melting glance.

The Airman licked dry lips and sought for inspiration on the heat-regulator. It came after a pregnant pause.

"We—we aren't allowed to tell."

A tremulous sigh of relief broke from him as he cleared this difficult fence. His relief, however, was premature.

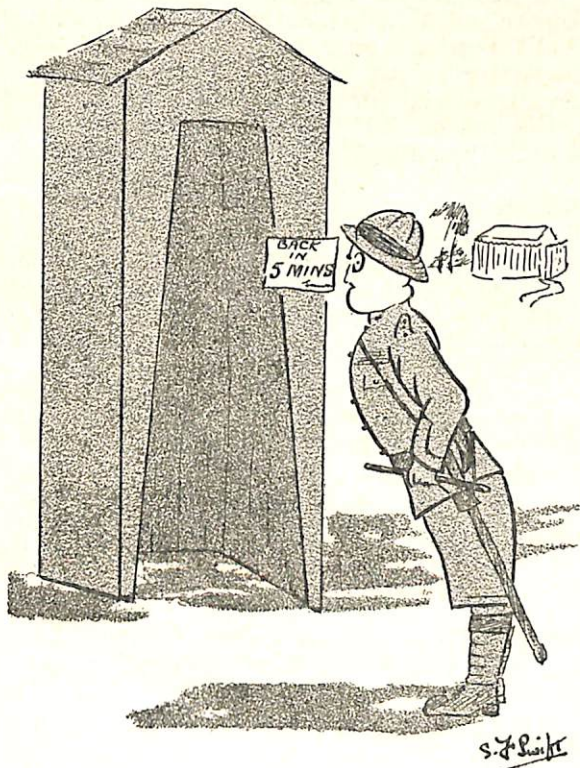
"But you can tell *me*," cooed the maiden. "I won't breathe a word to a living soul. Besides, you told me how you rescued those prisoners from Germany with a rope ladder."

I heard the youth's jaw click. His eyes turned glassy. The limit had been reached. Romance was dead—slain by my unfortunate presence.

The train began to pull up. I gave every indication of my intention to retire, but I had no hope that the lady would be able to retrieve the situation. She had driven the iron too deeply into her hero's soul.

As I stepped out I breathed a prayer that consolation in the shape of wings might be granted eventually to that Airman in this world, for I had grave doubts of his winning any in the next.

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.

(Continued from page 190, No. 47, October, 1940.)

At about 5 p.m. the C.R.A. visited us. He had heard that the rearguard was heavily engaged and he was not too certain that they would be able to occupy the outpost line. They might have to go straight to the banks of the Escaut. He promised to let me know the final decision and warned me to be ready to move the guns. I left "S" at the observation post and went off myself to see the rear positions which were then being reconnoitred by the captain. The country in rear was not nearly so favourable for troop positions, but two were selected before dark. As E troop were able to depress their guns sufficiently to shoot down to the line of the river they were left in action, when it was finally known that Mont St. Aubert was to be abandoned. D troop moved first and when it was in action F troop also retired. "S" returned from Mont St. Aubert and two more observation posts were selected, one on each flank of the battalion we were supporting.

The Escaut itself is a stream some 15 to 20 feet wide; in many places trees come almost to the water's edge and it is impossible to observe any long stretch of it.

"H" was sent to reconnoitre the left observation post and I ordered him to look first in the neighbourhood of a certain bridge. As he approached the bridge he was stopped by a sentry, but he informed the sentry that he was going to his observation post. The sentry, thinking "H" knew what he was about, let him proceed. When he was about ten yards from the bridge it was blown up in his face. He was thrown flat on his back and covered with debris; however, he completed his reconnaissance and chose a good observation post among the ruins of the bridge.

I sent "G," the commander of F troop, to choose the right observation post. In his area was a fairly continuous row of houses some fifty yards from the river bank. He chose the best appointed of these and promptly had a hot bath—there was always a good meal to be had at this observation post and it became very popular.

There was still no sign of our infantry and a composite battalion of sappers and others was hastily formed and put into the line. They were very thin on the ground, but they held the line gallantly until the evening of the 20th, when the infantry took over from them.

By this time telephone wire and ammunition were becoming very hard to obtain. In our efforts to support the infantry to the last possible moment in each position, much cable had been inevitably left behind. However, the rear areas were a happy hunting ground for Battery and Troop N.C.O.s i/c Signals. They were indefatigable in searching for abandoned telephone lines and they reeled in many miles of cable. It should be said that they were always most scrupulous not to reel in a line that was only temporarily disconnected.

Ammunition was an even more serious problem. Up till now there had been plenty, but on the 20th orders were received to restrict expenditure to five rounds per gun per day. Though we never doubted its necessity, I know of no more depressing order for a gunner officer to receive. The infantry demand his support and he is unable to give it. However, ammunition was procured in divers ways, and although replies to S.O.S. calls had to be cut down in volume, they never went unanswered. At the same time only five rounds per gun per day were expended of the ammunition that we were known to possess. I never knew where the extra ammunition came from and I never asked "R," a prince of wagon line officers.

A Bosche observation balloon appeared at dawn on the 21st to the left of Mont St. Aubert. Bearings were at once taken to it and its position was anxiously plotted on the board, but it proved to be hopelessly out of range. Its occupants were apparently brought to earth for lunch, but apart from that daily interval it remained in the sky during our stay on the Escaut.

By 7 a.m. both observation posts were busy and it is possible that the Battery killed more Germans this day than on any other. On several occasions massed infantry presented themselves as targets among trees only a few hundred yards from observation posts. Very few of them reached the river bank.

About 10 a.m. a very startled D.R. arrived at the Battery command post on his feet. He had lost his way, but explained that he had come from a battalion of the Division on our right and was looking for his infantry brigade "H.Q." I took his dispatch from him, which was too alarming to be true, telephoned it to our own Regimental "H.Q.," and put him in arrest. To be on the safe side, I ordered D Troop, which was on the right, to send an observer up a convenient tree near their No. 1 gun, which I knew gave a good view of the immediate country. Late that night, as I was going round the guns, a very tired T.S.M. asked me if he might come down.

It soon became clear, however, that affairs were far from well on the right. "G" in the right observation post reported that a few Germans had crossed the river and were advancing down the railway towards his observation post. He gave them as many rounds of gun fire as we could afford, and they retired into the outskirts of Tournai. The town had been very heavily bombed for some days and was well on fire. The situation on the right being still uncertain, "S" was sent in that direction in a wireless truck. I gave him specific orders not to go beyond a certain pimple which, from what I knew, was very nearly in Bosche hands. Meanwhile "H" and I went off to the right observation post to glean what we could. The last two hundred yards to this observation post lay across very flat fields, but the houses on the river bank appeared to give one good cover.

We started to walk across the fields, when one or two apparently stray bullets caused us to reconsider the situation. We decided to advance at fifty yards interval, but to my annoyance all the fire was directed at me. The Bosche shooting was extremely bad but it was quite obvious that he was after my brass buttons and not "H's" battle dress. When I got back to the command post that evening I discarded my service dress and, incidentally, never saw it again. All seemed well at the right observation post and we broke our journey back to the guns with tea at infantry "H.Q."

Their colonel told me that on the retreat from the last position he was directed through Renaix by a military policeman on point duty. When asked how long he proposed to stay there, the policeman replied that he was being relieved at 9 p.m. The colonel took him and his relief on board and thereby saved them from capture half an hour later. This particular battalion "H.Q." was in a house some 20 yards from where E Troop had been in action. Though most grateful for anything we might have tried to do for them, the infantry strongly resented the retaliation that had been meted out to the now empty gun position. The roof of one wing of their "H.Q." had been knocked off, and other shells had fallen nearby.

Back at the command post about 7 p.m. there was no sign of "S" and he could not be got by W.T. He had last been heard about 4 p.m. when he had called for concentrations on enemy forming up on the river bank well away to our right. He had then reported that he was going forward and had not been heard since. It was hopeless to look for him and it was therefore with great relief that we saw him walk in at midnight. He told us that he had worked his way down to the river bank, supported a counter-attack by the Brigade on our right, and as he was the only gunner there, he had stayed with the infantry colonel in case he might be wanted. He had switched off his wireless and when at 11 p.m. the situation seemed stable, he had set out for home. His enterprise and initiative were rewarded by a M.C.

The 22nd was passed in similar fashion. A few shells dropped round the command post and D Troop, but they were harmless. Observation posts had good targets and several mortars were spotted. It is doubtful if these were destroyed, but they were certainly kept on the move, which considerably reduced their efficiency.

That afternoon orders were again received to withdraw and reconnaissance parties

went back to a line a few miles east of Lille. The infantry were to hold the line of the river Marq. The Battery retired that night, leaving D Troop behind to cover the final withdrawal of the infantry, and by the morning of the 23rd we were again in action.

Lille is surrounded by a ring of forts built perhaps a hundred years ago. Each fort covers some three or four acres and is composed of very formidable earthworks and concrete tunnels. D Troop came into action in one of these and the infantry battalion which we were supporting took another for its "H.Q." One observation post was again sufficient and a house was found some two hundred yards from the F.D.Ls. From here the telephone line was laid back through Battalion "H.Q." in their fort which in itself made an excellent observation post at night for observing S.O.S. rockets.

We were in action till the night of the 28th May without firing a shell in anger. There was of course plenty of digging to be done, and we registered the D.F. tasks and adjusted them to the exact requirements of the infantry. Each night the infantry carried out extensive patrols on their front, but contact was never made. These patrols required a very carefully planned and timed artillery programme should they get into trouble. As it happened, they never needed our support, but it was a great relief each early morning when they were reported safely home.

There was considerable air activity and one evening "H" and I had the pleasure of seeing a Beaufort battery get a "right and left." Having half an hour to spare, we drove as hard as we could to the nearest crashed aeroplane. It proved to be a Dornier painted with French colours. The surviving occupant had unfortunately been rounded up just before our arrival.

News was received early one morning that the N.A.A.F.I. depot in Lille had been abandoned. "H" took charge of the ensuing operations. He chose his party carefully and made several journeys in a 30-cwt. lorry before he was satisfied that our wants had been supplied. It was with great reluctance that I finally left 2,000 of my favourite brand of cigarettes behind at Dunkirk, but many soldiers were still smoking free cigarettes a month later in England.

Though there was still no sign of Bosche infantry, the village of Hem on our left flank was intermittently shelled and set on fire. Several air burst H.E. were fired at the front observation post but they did no harm.

Civilians continually asked one's advice as to where to go. We knew of course by now that we were surrounded, but I cannot remember it worrying anyone. One could but advise them to stay where they were and await our advance.

On the evening of the 26th orders were again received to withdraw. One troop, E, was to remain for a further 24 hours, while the Battery moved back by Armentieres to a new position near Neuve Eglise.

By dawn on the 27th the Battery was in action near "Plugstreet Wood" where it remained till the evening. By now the B.E.F. was converging on Dunkirk, and Bosche air activity intensified. Armentieres and Poperinghe were bombed unceasingly. I had occasion to go from the Lille position to Neuve Eglise and back that day, and I saw far more destruction than I had seen up to date. In one place a refugee camp had been bombed—the bombing must have been deliberate—it was not a pretty sight.

"H" was with the infantry brigadier in the Lille position as liaison officer and "S" with our battalion "H.Q." As only one troop was in action, Regimental "H.Q." was ordered back. I had to go too. The infantry were due to withdraw at 10 p.m. and I gave "S" orders to do likewise. Later that evening the Bosche appeared and E Troop got a lot of shooting. It was not till after midnight that "S" felt justified in ordering "cease firing" and moving his troop back to join the Battery.

Late on the 27th the Battery was again ordered to withdraw, this time to a position near Oost Cappel. That night's march through Poperinghe was most trying—the roads were congested with every kind and nationality of traffic. However, soon after dawn the Battery was again in action, though by now the country was so flat that even flash

cover was a luxury. No sooner were we established than reconnaissance parties were once again ordered back, this time to find positions in what became known as the Dunkirk perimeter.

The area allotted to the Battery was about the Farm St. Claire. The reconnaissance and occupation of that position and the next was the most exasperating process. What we had considered up to date as traffic congestion became doubled or trebled. Whenever a German aeroplane appeared the drivers of allied vehicles forsook their charges and ran to the nearest cover, very often several hundred yards away. However, by that night the Battery was once more in action, though it had moved only some three miles during the day.

At 7 p.m. B Troop came in. They had met the most hopeless traffic conditions and for several hours in the middle of the day they had been at a complete standstill. The Bosche air force had chosen this time to attack them. Their sergeant-major, a very fine warrant officer, had been killed by a machine gun bullet and one gun had received a direct hit from a bomb. The gun was destroyed and the tractor set on fire. "H" had at once made his way to it and found that a lance-bombardier had calmly removed the ammunition from the burning tractor and trailer. He was already wounded and in some pain, and for his very gallant conduct received the M.M.

A few guardsmen were holding posts near us, but otherwise there was little to be seen of infantry. However, as our own infantry brigade was acting as rearguard, and as there was a British force out to the east, we had no worries. Battery "H.Q." were in a most unsavoury inn, and what little sleep we had was on the billiard table.

It was confirmed during the night of the 28th that we were in action well outside what was to be the line of F.D.Ls. Nothing could, however, be done in a hurry and it was the evening of the 29th before we were finally in action between Ghyvelde and Holy-Konke where we were to remain until the final evacuation. An excellent observation post was found in a windmill some 200 yards in rear of the canal held by the infantry. The mill was very strong and commanded the whole of our zone.

By now the evacuation must have been well under way for every road was lined with abandoned vehicles. The normal system of supply had broken down completely, and officers' patrols were sent out continuously to search for ammunition and rations. Over 2,000 rounds of 25-pounder H.E. were brought into the Battery in this way. We had anxious times in the next few days over ammunition, but thanks chiefly to "H" and "W," the situation was always restored.

Early on the morning of the 30th I had been to see our Battalion "H.Q." when I ran into the late major of the Battery who had recently been promoted and gone to command a field regiment in a neighbouring division. He was wounded but in great spirits and had had a great time. The previous night he had lost touch with his own regiment, but had collected two or three anti-tank guns. Hearing that enemy tanks were in the neighbourhood of Bexpoede he brought his guns into action and did some very good shooting. When the action was over he made his way to Hondchoote where he found other British wounded. He brought some home in a truck that he found and arranged transport for the rest. His old battery were very pleased when he later received the D.S.O.

About midday I was in the windmill observation post with "S" when we again saw the German cyclists. "L," from the other battery, was also in the observation post and between us we had some excellent shooting. The cyclists had to cover some 200 or 300 yards of exposed road, and both batteries had it ranged to a nicety. The inter-battery competition was most fairly conducted. "S" and "L" took it in turns to fire a single round of gun fire from their troops and as far as possible I refereed. The laying, sight testing and calibration of both troops must have been excellent for hardly a shell missed the road. Alas! two days later "L" was killed near this observation post and "S" was wounded and is still missing.

On the way across the fields from the windmill to my truck I was pursued by purely

chance rounds of gun fire. I regret to say that in our haste the troop N.C.O. i/c Signals and myself walked straight into a 6-foot deep blind ditch. After this we steadied the pace. By now most of the forward area was an inch or two deep in water and ditches were hard to see.

That evening orders were received to send spare personnel to the beach for embarkation. As there was no question of moving the guns again, most of the drivers were sent, as well as B Echelon personnel.

Throughout the 31st the enemy pressed on our front. Enemy infantry, guns and mortars were frequently spotted and shelled. Our infantry battalion sometimes rang the Battery up to thank them for a particular shoot. Their thanks were at once passed to the detachments and were much appreciated.

During the morning the adjutant rang the Battery up to say that a despatch rider that he was expecting from us had not arrived. Enquiries were made and the route that he had to travel was searched, but no trace was ever found of him or his motor cycle. He was a great loss to the Battery.

Late that afternoon I visited Battalion "H.Q." and found that a successful counter-attack had been put in on the left. "S" was now with the infantry and "M" had taken over his observation post. I had by now discarded my 8-cwt. Morris truck (the wireless set was in use at the command post) and was using a very fine Humber Snipe left behind by some staff officer. Finding that the infantry colonel was without a car we presented the Humber to him. It was destroyed next day by a direct hit from a shell, though fortunately it was empty at the time.

Whilst I was at Battalion "H.Q." a "state" of the battalion by companies was presented to the colonel. They were holding over 4,000 yards of front, and one company was shown as "Nil." The colonel did not turn a hair but asked me if we could support a counter-attack he was putting in on the right. I accordingly went to the observation post to see what we could do.

The line of the F.D.Ls. had been withdrawn that day and "M" had retired to another convenient windmill. At its foot were the completely ruined and burnt-out remains of what that morning had been a Guards officers' mess. "M" and I engaged all the enemy that we could see from his new observation post and the attack was successful.

A counter-attack on a small scale by highly trained infantry is of course extremely difficult to watch. "M" and I had excellent command, but even so it was not for some time that we knew the result.

The night had its share of alarms and excursions and the Battery fired on several D.F. tasks. Supporting our own battalion, we knew that an S.O.S. call would not be made unless it was essential, but it was a relief to find in the morning that the infantry had somehow maintained the *status quo*.

The morning of 1st June passed fairly uneventfully, but by midday the Bosche were attacking strongly on our left. Near Battalion "H.Q." the line turned back at a right angle and was very thinly held. The Bosche worked his way into our line and "S" set out from Battalion "H.Q." to help to restore order. The guns were warned to be ready to shoot 100 degrees to the left of their original zones, and shoot they did. "S" was not in a position to give detailed fire orders, but map references that he sent to the guns were so accurate that he had little difficulty in correcting their fire. How the infantry, who were already holding 4,000 yards of front with 250 men, were able to extend their line another 500 yards and to counter-attack is beyond the comprehension of a gunner—but they did it. By 6 p.m. the situation was restored and "S" returned to Battalion "H.Q." To shorten the line slightly the F.D.Ls. in that area had been brought in until the "H.Q." itself was one of them. Soon after 7 p.m. I wanted to talk to "S" on the wireless, but his signaller told me that he was busy manning a Bren gun. An hour later we heard that he was badly wounded and that the infantry had taken him to the beaches. Though the beaches were searched in the early hours of the next morning, we never found this very gallant and able officer.

The infantry were due to leave their positions at 9.30 p.m. and the batteries were ordered to cover their withdrawal until 10 p.m. Plenty of ammunition, including all the smoke shell that we had carried about for the last three weeks, was available. For the last hour the guns engaged every recorded target and any likely place for a Bosche to be in that we could think of. At 10 p.m. every smoke shell in the battery was fired into Hondschoote, a village of particularly unhappy memory to us. What the Bosche made of our apparently extraordinary behaviour we shall never know, but it certainly kept him quiet.

Soon after 10 p.m. breech blocks and sights were removed from guns, wireless sets, telephones and anything else destructible was destroyed, and the Battery set out in six lorries for Dunkirk. The town had been fairly knocked about by now, but apart from a few shells landing on the foreshore we had little trouble. The Battery embarked in divers little boats and assembled at L. nearly a week later. I had one or two things to see to and somehow missed the last boat.

There were still odd officers and soldiers of nearly every unit in the B.E.F. about the town and beaches. About 9 a.m. it was learnt that our own divisional commander was in command of the remnants, and officers of the division visited as many cellars and holes in the sand as possible to assure British personnel that there was no longer anything to worry about. The intelligence officer of our own infantry brigade and myself divided most of the day between a cellar and a hole that we dug on the beach under an 8-cwt. truck. We learnt that day a great deal about the anatomy of an 8-cwt. that was previously unknown to us. About 5 p.m. we were invited to share a brew of tea with some other officers in one of the few reasonably intact houses on the promenade. The tea would have been most welcome, but as I was pouring mine out a bomb arrived in the next house. There was a glimmer of light, through a cloud of masonry and dust to show where the front door had been. We made for it and four out of five of us emerged intact.

There were several sunk destroyers off the beach, and the Bosche spent most of the day bombing these and the moles. It was the first holiday we had had for some weeks, and despite everything most of us got a good sleep.

That night the Navy came to our rescue with destroyers—and at 4 a.m. on 3rd June we landed at Dover.

Looking back on the retreat two things stand out in one's mind. Our admiration for the infantry was unbounded. Their fighting and marching were magnificent—they were never ruffled and took everything as it came. And secondly, the splendid work done by the soldiers of the Battery. Whether he was a gunner, a driver or a signaller, one and all worked unceasingly. The gunners went on digging long after they were exhausted, not once, but in every position; the drivers drove safely and well when it was almost intolerable to remain awake; and the signallers treated the whole operation as though it had been a drill order at Aldershot.

Personalia.

We have received very few items for this column up to going to press, and we would remind readers that it is up to them to send us information of interest to both serving and past members of the Regiment.

We offer our congratulations to Major and Mrs. Webb-Carter on the birth of a son and heir.

The wedding between Capt. Robert Kenah Exham and Miss Avril Mary Price took place at St. John's Church, Ranmoor, Sheffield, on Wednesday, 6th November, 1940.

The wedding, by special licence, between Capt. Alexander Penrhyn Rowland Smith, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Smith of Oldbury Place, Ightham, Kent, and Miss Margaret McCririck Robb, only daughter of Professor and Mrs. R. Lindsay Robb of Maidenhead, and Pretoria, South Africa, took place at St. Mary's Church, Horncastle, Lincs., on 25th November, 1940.

The engagement is announced between Capt. Kenneth Gregory, younger son of the late Major A. J. R. Gregory, D.S.O., R.G.A., and Mrs. Western, of Exmouth, and Philippa, elder daughter of the late Lt.-Commander P. H. Bonham-Carter, R.N., and Mrs. Bonham-Carter of Westerham.

Capt. Charles Oliver writes :—" The many old friends of Mrs. A. W. Steele and the late Mr. A. W. Steele, who was Regimental quartermaster-sergeant of the 1st Battalion for many years, will be pleased to hear that their only daughter, Beatrice May, was married on Saturday, 7th December, at St. Agnes Church, Burmantofts, Leeds. The bridegroom was Arthur H. Rees, now serving in the Royal Engineers. Bombardier Gordon Steele, Royal Artillery, brother of the bride, gave her away. There was a very good attendance at the church, this no doubt being due to the fact that Miss Steele had been for years a very keen worker for the church, the Sunday school and the Girl Guide movement. At a reception in the church schoolroom, Coldcotes Avenue, about 50 guests were present. After the reception, Mr. and Mrs. Rees left to spend a few days in the Pateley Bridge district.

To all the above we offer our best wishes for their future happiness.

We have received the following letter from Mr. Michael Tapper, son of the late Sir Walter Tapper, R.A., late President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, who died in 1935. Sir Walter, as many of our readers will remember, did a great deal for the Regimental Memorial Chapel during the time he was surveyor of York Minister :—

1 St. Leonard's Terrace, S.W.3.

Dear Sir,

17.10.40.

By chance I have just seen your current issue and am sorry to see the notice therein of the death of Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner, C.M.G.

I always remember the very happy relationships that my late father and I had with General Turner when we designed the Regimental Chapel in York Minister. He was always so helpful and ever ready to listen to suggestions we might wish to make. He will be a sad loss to the Regiment.

Yours faithfully,

The Editor, THE IRON DUKE.

MICHAEL TAPPER.

Discipline in The 33rd.

We have received from Major B. W. Webb-Carter the following extract from "Sergeant Lamb of the Ninth," the autobiography of a soldier and his experiences in the American War of Independence, by Robert Graves. We had hoped to review this book in this issue, but were unable to obtain a copy in time.—ED. :—

"There was increasing talk of our being sent across the Atlantic, and his Lordship held that a scattered sort of fighting would be likely to prevail in the woody and intricate districts in which America abounds. It was therefore to the common advantage that non-commissioned officers should be able to send intelligible messages in writing to their company officers. Harlowe and I were among the non-commissioned officers chosen to be instructed in the novel light infantry manœuvres, lately introduced into the Army by General Sir William Howe and strongly approved by His Majesty the King. These manœuvres were intended for use in broken country, the set hitherto employed having

been designed rather for the open battlefields of Germany and the Low Countries. They were six in number and well designed to their purpose, and we of The Ninth were sent to the Thirty-third Regiment, then also quartered in Dublin, to learn them.

I am bound to record here that I felt a certain shamefastness, on visiting the barracks of The Thirty-third Regiment, who were commanded by the young Earl of Cornwallis, to compare their high state of appointment and the steadiness of their discipline with the slovenly and relaxed bearing of most of our own companies. One can always correctly judge a regiment's capacities by the behaviour of its sentries. I have already described how Maguire performed his sentry duty at Waterford, and might well have remarked then that his behaviour was not exceptional. I have seen men go on duty in The Ninth dead drunk and scarcely able to stand. But with The Thirty-third the sentry was always alert and alive in attention; when on duty he was all eye, all ear. Even in the sentry-box, which he never entered unless in a downpour of rain, he was forbidden to keep the palm of his hand carelessly on the muzzle of his loaded firelock; for this was considered as dangerous an attitude as it was awkward. During the two hours that he remained on his post the sentry continued in constant motion, and could not walk less than seven miles in that time. The Thirty-third thus set a standard of soldier-like duty which made me secretly dissatisfied with The Ninth and which I have never seen equalled since but by a single other regiment which was brigaded with The Thirty-third under the same Lord Cornwallis, in the later campaigns of the American War. I resolved at least to bring the men who were under my immediate command into a state of discipline for which I should have no cause to blush."

Obituary.

We regret to record the following deaths:—

TIDMARSH.—On 7th December, 1940, at Cheltenham, Mrs. Fanny Isabel Tidmarsh, widow of Colonel F. J. Tidmarsh, late 33rd Regiment, in her 97th year. Mrs. Tidmarsh was the eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Morison of Bognie and Fren draught, Aberdeenshire. She was married first to the late Capt. A. Low, The Royal Scots, in 1865, and in 1877 to Capt. F. J. Tidmarsh, 33rd Regiment. Capt. Tidmarsh was appointed adjutant of Volunteers at Halifax on 31st July, 1878, he was promoted major in 1881, and lieutenant-colonel and appointed to the command of the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment on 25th February, 1885. He retired on 25th February, 1889, with the rank of colonel, and died on 17th March, 1906. Colonel Tidmarsh had joined the 33rd Foot as an ensign on 4th June, 1864, and he served with them in the Abyssinian Campaign of 1868. Colonel and Mrs. Tidmarsh's only son, Lt.-Col. R. M. Tidmarsh, served in the 1st Battalion from 1899 to 1924, and now resides at Hythe, Kent.

WHITELEY.—On 4th October, 1940, at a nursing home, in his 59th year, Lt. John Raynor Whiteley of Eldon Bank, Berry Brow, Huddersfield. Mr. Whiteley served with the 5th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regt. during the War 1914—18.

Our Contemporaries.

We have to acknowledge with thanks the following regimental magazines:—*The Dragon* (Oct., Nov., Dec.), *The Snapper* (Oct., Dec.), *The St. George's Gazette* (August, Sept., Oct.), *The Suffolk Regimental Gazette* (August, Oct.), *Ca-Ira* (Sept.), *The Lion & The Rose* (Nov.), *The Sapper* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.), *The Royal Army Ordnance Corps Gazette* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.), *The Wire* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.), *Our Empire* (Sept., Oct., Nov.).

Reviews.

THE SPANISH BRIDE. By Georgette Heyer (*William Heinemann, Ltd.*).—On page 60 of No. 42 (Vol. XV) of THE IRON DUKE we reviewed a book by Miss Heyer entitled "An Infamous Army," an historical novel that dealt with the Waterloo Campaign. Here is another romance of even more historical authenticity. This story is of the romantic meeting, marriage and subsequent experiences during the Peninsular War of Brigade Major Harry Smith and his 14-year-old bride Juana.

In her foreword Miss Heyer makes some mention of the numerous authorities she has studied, which include Sir Harry Smith's autobiography, many diaries of soldiers who took part in the campaign, and not least, the despatches of Wellington himself. The result is a most vivid account of the latter part of the Peninsular Campaign, with the story of these two young people running like a bright thread through the fabric of these strenuous and fateful days.

The story opens with the assault and capture of Badajos, which was followed by a disgraceful orgy committed by our troops, who, maddened by the horrors of the slaughter they had been through and the unlimited wine and spirits obtained in the town, became completely out of hand, and unrestrained by the utmost efforts of their officers, indulged in the most unlicensed pillage and rapine. Harry Smith, though young, was already an old campaigner; he had served in the 95th Rifles under Sir John Moore at Corunna, and was at this time a brigade major in the Light Division. After the battle he and another officer rescued two Spanish ladies from the horrors that were proceeding in the town. They were sisters; the elder a married woman, and the younger, Juana, the heroine of this tale, only 14 years of age. Harry Smith and Juana fell in love at sight, and in spite of the protests of his brother officers that he would ruin his career, he married her at once. Wellington, who had known her family in the past, was enchanted by her and smiled on the match, and the whole division took her to their hearts. As the campaign proceeded she took her share of the hardships and dangers without a thought for herself, and though she often trembled at the thought of harm coming to her husband when he went into action, she never for a moment did anything to distract him from his duty. So, she accompanied him to Madrid, Vittoria and the battles of the Pyrenees until the final victory on French soil. Nothing daunted her but the sudden order for Harry to go to America, where she could not accompany him. She had to go to England, to a country whose language she could not speak and where she had no friends. She dreaded meeting her husband's relatives and only met them when Harry returned from America with despatches and had a short spell of leave, when he took her to his father's home. There she remained until Harry again returned after peace had been signed with America, just in time for the Waterloo Campaign. Off they went to Belgium together, but she had to part from him just before the battle of Waterloo and retire to Antwerp. Then follows her harrowing search of the battlefield for his dead body, after she had been told that he had been killed, but the information was false and the book ends with their happy re-union. As many readers will remember, they lived on to have the distinction of having two South African towns named after them, Harrismith and Ladysmith.

This is the barest skeleton of the story—a story, mind you, that is truth, not fiction, unbelievable though it may seem. The attraction of the book is in the atmosphere of the times, and the conversations of living personalities, that give the reader the illusion of living through the period, and knowing these very attractive characters. It is a book to take you out of the present interminable discussions about bombings to an age when in spite of its many horrors war had still some glamour about it. Space will not allow many quotations, but we cannot resist a couple.

After some description of Wellington's views about his victories and how his soldiers thought that so much depended on his presence at a battle, she says:—"It was perfectly true. Yet you could not say that his men loved him; he had never been known to court popularity, and would very likely have greeted the suggestion that he was beloved with one of his chilling stares. 'But the fact is,' said Kincaid, 'we would rather see his long nose in the fight than a reinforcement of ten thousand men any day.'"

And here is a scene in a French inn after the army had crossed the Pyrenees. "He [Barnard, the Brigadier] and Bob Digby, his A.D.C., and the Smiths, crammed themselves into a tiny inn that night which was owned by an old soldier who had lost a limb in one of Napoleon's Italian campaigns. He knew just what an officer wanted for dinner, and dished up a splendid meal. He was a wag, too, and he told Barnard that war was no longer what it was when he first served. 'I see that now the cavalry give way first, then come the artillery, and then follow the infantry in disorder,' he said.

This unflattering picture of Soult's retreat from Orthez at once endeared him to his British guests. They won his heart next day when Barnard called for the bill. 'The bill?' he repeated. 'Yes, for our lodging, food, and wine!' The old soldier gaped at him. 'Mon Colonel, you mean to pay for what you have had?' 'Of course I do! Come now, what's the figure?' 'Eh bien, Monsieur! comme vous voulez! But I see that war is not at all what it used to be.'"

EDITOR.

National War Savings Campaign.

ARMY SAVINGS SCHEMES.

Foreword by Field-Marshal Sir Cyril Deverell, G.C.B., K.B.E., Director General (Honorary), Army and Royal Air Force Savings on the inauguration of a more intensive campaign in the Army and Royal Air Force, to effect savings in the interests of the Country and the individual.

I. Four methods have now been approved by the Army Council for effecting savings by officers and other ranks of the Army. A concise description of each of these four schemes is to be found in the annexure below.

II. The schemes have been made as simple as they can be in order to give the least possible trouble to the individuals who collect the investments and to the individuals who make them. The necessity for this to men on active service is fully recognised.

III. These schemes should be brought to the notice of every individual at the weekly pay table and in unit orders.

An Army order is now being published dealing with them and bringing home to all concerned the necessity for saving by all in the Army.

IV. The schemes enable the individual to arrange for a definite payment to be made in each week by deduction from his weekly drawings (the Official Army scheme) or to invest the amount in any way that he may wish at the time to make.

V. It is suggested that for men who do not wish to make their investments through the Official Army Scheme but wish to use the Stamp Scheme, a subaltern or other officer should be placed at a table contiguous to the pay table. After the soldier receives his pay it will be this officer's duty to ask the recipient if he wishes to invest anything that week. The soldier will then hand in his cash in 6d. denominations and will receive stamps up to the amount invested which the soldier will stick in the Stamp Book with which he has been provided. When the soldier has accumulated stamps to the value of 15 shillings, he will hand in a requisition for a National Savings Certificate. This requisition form will be made available to the soldier by the "paying officer," who will on completion of the requisition by the soldier forward it *by post to the Head Postmaster of the District* in an official paid envelope with which he will have been provided. That Branch will then issue the Certificate and send it direct to the soldier or to anyone named by the soldier on the requisition form.

VI. It is recognised that the scope for savings by many may not be great, especially in junior ranks, but after allowing for all allotments necessitated by family reasons there are few officers and other ranks who cannot save something each day and every day of their service if they only make up their minds to do so and they can be certain that the time will come as it comes to most of us, when they will be grateful for having saved. Regular investments of even quite small sums mount up surprisingly.

VII. All serving in the Forces of the Crown know how great the need of their Country is to-day. To attain the victory we are going to attain it is absolutely essential for everyone of us to contribute to the limit of his resources. Our Country invites us to help and in doing so gives the opportunity to provide for the emergency which may come in the personal lives of everyone.

VIII. I invite the whole-hearted co-operation of commanders of all grades from the highest to the lowest and in particular of those entrusted with the duty of actually paying their men. No matter which scheme is adopted it is the personal influence which will be the deciding factor as to whether success is obtained or not. This personal influence can be exercised by everyone who has any connection with the welfare of men serving in H.M. Forces to-day. Of the importance of this matter I am convinced and I look forward with confidence to the receipt in my office of an application on behalf of every commander entrusted with the duty of paying out the weekly pay for the necessary forms to start the scheme or schemes selected. Applications should be addressed to the Secretary, Army Savings Association, Sanctuary Buildings, 20 Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1. It will be helpful if the commanding officer of a unit will submit the applications on behalf of all the sub-units under his command.

C. J. DEVERELL, Field-Marshal,

Director General (Hon.) Army and Royal Air Force Savings.

WHAT THE INDIVIDUAL SERVING MAN SHOULD KNOW.

A MESSAGE FROM FIELD-MARSHAL SIR CYRIL DEVERELL, G.C.B., K.B.E., DIRECTOR GENERAL (HON.)
ARMY AND ROYAL AIR FORCE SAVINGS.

I. The needs of our Country to-day are great. To attain the victory we are going to attain it is absolutely essential for everyone to contribute to the limit of our resources. When victory is won most of us will want some savings to fall back upon to enable us to resume our normal lives. Though the scope for savings for many of us may be small yet there are few, after allowing for all allotments necessitated by family reasons, who cannot save something each day and every day. It will require an additional effort from us but the day will come when we shall be thankful for having made that effort.

II. His Majesty's Forces War Savings Committee as a branch of the National Savings Movement gives us the means of making our savings with the least possible writing or other formalities.

Our money will be drawing interest and will be readily available when it is needed.

III. You can make your investments in any one of four ways :

(i) If you wish to make a payment of a definite sum each week all you have to do is to sign a form stating the amount, when it will be deducted from your pay and sent to the Controller, Post Office Savings Bank to be credited to the Post Office Savings Bank Account which will have been provided for you when you decided to save by this method. You may arrange for this book to be kept by yourself or your next of kin or other responsible person, or you may arrange, and are advised to do so, to leave it with the Controller, Post Office Savings Bank, from whom you can obtain it when desired with all the amounts received by him on your behalf entered up in it.

(ii) On receiving your pay each week you may tell your officer that you want to put an amount fixed by you into savings that week. You will hand to him cash to that amount, say 2/6—he will hand to you five 6d. savings stamps which you will stick into the book which has been given you for that purpose. When you have got thirty 6d. stamps in your book you may sign a requisition form asking the Post Office to send you a Savings Certificate value 15s. in exchange for your stamps, or you may ask for it to be sent to anyone at any address given by you. Or you may use the stamps you have purchased as shown at the foot of the next paragraph.

(iii) You may go into your N.A.A.F. Institute and purchase there for cash as many 6d. savings stamps as you desire. You will stick those in your Savings stamp book which you can obtain at the same counter if you have not already got one. When you have thirty 6d. stamps in your book you may go to any Post Office and exchange them for a Savings Certificate of 15s. Then start another Savings stamp book. You may also use the stamps to make payments into an account in the Post Office or a Trustee Savings Bank; and you may also encash them at a Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank.

(iv) You may become a member of a Savings Group formed in your unit. On joining you are given a subscription book. These books show the amount of the subscriptions made by you to the officer in charge of the group, any cash withdrawn, the value of certificates issued to you and the balance standing to your credit.

IV. When you have read this you will have made yourself acquainted with the methods by which you can help your Country and yourself by saving money no matter how small the amount that you can afford each day. 1d. each day from every person in this Country is calculated to bring in £68 millions in one year.

For all details of these schemes consult the officer responsible for paying you each week. He should have full details of them all.

V. Start "savings" to-day and keep it up as long as you can and anyhow until victory is won.

C. J. DEVERELL, Field-Marshal.

Issued by the NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE, LONDON, S.W.1.

War Office Notes.

The War Office, London, S.W.1,

11th October, 1940.

W.O. No. 177.

SUPPLY OF MILITARY UNIFORMS.

The War Office announce that orders have now been issued outlining the procedure to be adopted when military personnel, including women's services administered by the War Office, order uniforms from civilian firms.

(a) Officers other than those mentioned in (c) when ordering in person must produce their certificate of identity (Army form B.2606) to their tailor; when they order by post, the order must be endorsed by the commanding officer and bear the unit stamp.

(b) When other ranks, including officer cadets, place orders with their tailors they must produce a letter endorsed by the commanding officer bearing the unit stamp indicating that they are authorised to obtain uniform. This letter will be retained by the tailor.

(c) Members of the Army Officers' Emergency Reserve, officers of the Indian Regular Reserve of Officers and officers of the Indian Army whose services have been placed at the disposal of the War Office must, until supplied with a certificate of identity (Army Form B.2606), produce an authority to purchase uniform endorsed by the War Office (A.G.12) and bearing their office stamp, which will be retained by the tailor.

In order that tailors may satisfy themselves that an officer of an allied force in the United Kingdom is an authorised person to purchase uniform the following procedure has been put into effect:—

Applications by officers to purchase uniform will be signed by the head of the respective military mission and stamped and counter-signed by the appropriate branch of the War Office. The applications will then be returned to the officers concerned who will present them to the tailor who, before handing over the uniform, will identify the officer by asking for and examining the Officer's Form D.R.10.A.

In view of the provisions of Defence Regulation 1 (3), tailors should be particularly careful to insist on being given these proofs of identity before supplying military uniforms to any person.

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