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THE IRON DUKE

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

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

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	61
REGIMENTAL NEWS—	
A BATTALION SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND	62
A BATTALION IN INDIA	67
DEPOT NEWS	68
A FIRST LINE BATTALION IN ICELAND	74
ANOTHER FIRST LINE BATTALION IN ICELAND	77
A SECOND LINE BATTALION SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND	81
A DUPLICATE BATTALION IN ENGLAND	86
A RESURRECTED BATTALION IN CORNWALL	93
A RESURRECTED BATTALION SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND	94
A BATTALION IN YORKSHIRE	94
OUR ALLIED BATTALION, A.M.F.	96
GENERAL—	
H.M.S. "IRON DUKE"	97
OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS	97
THE D.W.R. COMFORTS FUND	97
"WHAT WE THINK . . ." Written and illustrated by Mrs. C. ACWORTH	99
A YEAR AGO IN NORWAY. By A. J.	102
A METHOD OF OBTAINING EXTRA REGIMENTAL EMPLOYMENT. By S. N. ...	106
OUR CONTEMPORARIES	107
PERSONALIA	109
BALLAD OF A DOGSBODY. By IAIN	111
CHANGE OF ADDRESS	112
REVIEWS	113
THE WYNYARD GHOST. By I. C. McCAW	115
OBITUARY	117
CORRESPONDENCE	119
ARMY LIST, 1881	120

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

H.M. KING GEORGE VI VISITING BRIGADIER (NOW MAJOR-GENERAL) W. M. OZANNE'S BRIGADE IN 1940 Frontispiece	
	FACING PAGE
A BATTALION SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND. THE OFFICERS.—THE SERGEANTS ...	64
A BATTALION SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND. "B" COMPANY REGATTA	65
A BATTALION SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND. THE CORPORALS	72
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL WITH THE C.O. AT THE DEPOT	72
A FIRST LINE BATTALION IN ICELAND. THE BATTALION RUGBY AND BOXING TEAMS	73
A BATTALION IN YORKSHIRE. THE OFFICERS.—THE W.OS. AND SERGEANTS ...	80
CAPTAIN R. H. ROYDS, M.C.	81
THE LATE R.S.M. T. SHERIDAN	81
	SEE PAGES
CARTOONS: LOFTY. By Miss D. McGUIRE BATE	98
THE FIFTH COLUMNIST WHO FORGOT. By S. F. SWIFT	101
THE B.B.C. ANNOUNCER JOINS UP. By S. F. SWIFT	101
ARMY TERMS ILLUSTRATED. By SGT. BENNETT	105
PRAYING FOR VICTORY. By S. F. SWIFT	108
LEAVE. By L/Cpl. M. FEATHERSTONE	110
A SIGNALLER IS BORN. By Pte. G. WEIGHTMAN	111
TRIALS OF DE-BUSSING. By Pte. G. WEIGHTMAN	112
A FEATHER IN HER CAP. By S. F. SWIFT	113



H.M. King George VI visiting Brigadier (now Major-General) W. M. Ozzanne's Brigade in 1940

[Official War Office Photograph.]

THE IRON DUKE

EDITORIAL.

COMMENT on the progress of the war is of little value in a journal published at such infrequent intervals as ours is. The march of events is rapid, and success is often turned into setback, as in the present situation in the Mediterranean area. With the continued supply of necessities to the population of this island it is hard for the ordinary man to realise the ding-dong battle of the Atlantic : unspectacular, insidious and never-ceasing, a continual strain on all sea-going men and naval airmen, in an element that spares neither friend nor foe. The threat of invasion still hangs menacingly over the country, though we can meet it with a much greater degree of confidence than a year ago, and with the comfort of American help increasing day by day.

In spite of many difficulties and restrictions, Battalions have sent in a good supply of news for this issue, but we are sorry to have received no notes from the R.A. Regiments, who were once T.A. Battalions of the Regiment.

Our greatest regret is the dropping out of many of our contributors of light articles, a sad loss ; but as one of them has said, it is impossible to force humour, and the inspiration must come naturally. On the other hand we welcome new artists, and would like to pay a special tribute to Mrs. Acworth, who combines the humours of pen and pencil in illustrated articles. Mrs. Acworth is the daughter-in-law of the late Colonel L. R. Acworth, who contributed so often to THE IRON DUKE, and her husband is serving in a Battalion of the Regiment.

We must again draw the attention of the subscribers to the difficulty the Business Manager has of getting copies to them when they change their addresses (see page 112).

The Editor's Request to Contributors and Readers.

We would like to draw the attention of all sub-editors and contributors to the date by which contributions should reach the Editor. The date for the following issue is always printed by the Elephant's eye on the page before the Contents. In the case of the next issue (No. 50, October, 1941) the date is 15th AUGUST. Will sub-editors and others please make a special note of it ? The Elephant page contains other details which concern all readers. Letters are frequently addressed to the Editor that should go to the Treasurer and Business Manager, and vice versa, and this causes delay, and extra work and postage. Only matter for publication or with reference to the literary side of the magazine should be sent to the Editor.

A Battalion Somewhere in England.

The last few months have been busy ones for all of us with training becoming progressively more intense as the weeks pass by. Most of our waking hours (and alas! not a few which the majority of us normally dedicate to Morpheus) have been fully occupied by the many and various activities inseparable from the life of a soldier on active service.

Nevertheless we have managed to find time for a certain amount of relaxation from the sterner realities of life, and one week in particular the C.O. proved how successfully business can be combined with pleasure by ordaining that the morning T.E.W.T. should finish at 12.30 hours, in order that everyone should have the opportunity of being at the Start Point by 14.30 hours in time to pick the first winner of the day.

In spite of restricted opportunities we have found time to indulge in sport of all kinds, and both the soccer and rugby teams have more than upheld the reputation of the Battalion in this respect.

Seldom has a week passed without at least one dance being held (one hectic week produced as many as five), while one or two concerts have given evidence of a wealth of talent—both musical and dramatic—among certain members of the Battalion.

In short, in all respects, we have reason to feel proud of our achievements, and when the eagerly anticipated moment arrives for us to go into action again, we know we shall be found "Fighting fit and fit to fight."

OFFICERS' MESS.

The Officers' Mess is situated in a commodious but somewhat stoky mid-Victorian residence. "B" and "D" Companies have their own Messes, thus the central Mess serves the other officers except those who are married and live out. The photographs appearing in this issue were taken in front of it. We have been improving our acquaintance with our Gunners and have been delighted to welcome them at the Mess on several occasions and also at a very successful dance, which was held while the Regimental Band was here, where liaison grew closer and closer as the evening wore on. Capts. Waller, Sugden and Randall paid us a visit several weeks ago, and on another occasion Col. Rushbridger, while on a recent scheme we saw Major-Gen. Ozanne and Major Rivett-Carnac. Apart from this, work has claimed a large part of the officers' attention during the winter, although twelve or more turn out for the Battalion rugby side. *Mens Sana in Corpore Sano.*

SERGEANTS' MESS.

On our return from the beaches into winter quarters it was hoped that we should be able to form a battalion Mess, and thus enable us to get some of our excellent and well-remembered functions going, which were so very popular in peace time; but unfortunately through lack of accommodation our hopes could not be realised, and we were compelled to resort to company Messes with "H.Q." Company Mess as central Mess where, for Mess meetings, we are all able to meet occasionally.

We have been extremely fortunate in having at our disposal the local T.A. drill hall, where we held a sergeants' Christmas dance, also two N.C.O.'s dances. These were well attended not only by our own members but by members of all the units in the vicinity, in particular our old friends the "Gunners," with whom we were able to renew the old friendships which existed between us before the outbreak of war; we saw quite a few of the old faces so popular in the Mess at Bordon.

We take this opportunity of welcoming to our midst C.S.Ms. Stork and Anderson, Sgts. Crossland, Thompson, Martin, Williams, Foster, Stocks and Peters, who have joined us from the I.T.C., and wish them all success in their strange surroundings. We are sorry to record the departure of the following "old hands":—C.S.Ms. Gill and Ashmore,

P.S.Ms. Goodwin, Meara and Farmer, C.Q.M.S. Hartwell, Sgts. Sheehan, Searby, Jackson, M., Pearson, Barrett, Bell, Lumb and Harper. We hope they will be as successful with their new units as they were with us.

Our congratulations are extended to C.S.M. Gresham and Sgt. Coldwell on their appointments to commissions. We are grateful that they are still with us. We would be glad to hear any news from old members who have been torn from us in the past and though gone are never forgotten.

COMPANY NOTES.

"A" COMPANY.—During the winter months when we have been in billets we have, during brief periods of relaxation from intensive training, been able to indulge in sport of various kinds and hold dances. At soccer, No. 9 Platoon showed the remainder of the Battalion how to play, and in the platoon competition were the eventual winners. The results were :—First Round.—No. 9 Platoon v. M.T. Section, 1—0. Second Round.—No. 9 Platoon v. No. 17 Platoon, 4—0. Semi-final.—No. 9 Platoon v. No. 16 Platoon, 3—2. Final.—No. 9 Platoon v. No. 6 Platoon, 6—1. Another good effort was No. 7 Platoon beating No. 19 Platoon 9—1.

In the inter-company boxing competition we reached the final, and were unluckily beaten by "H.Q." Company by the odd fight after a keenly fought contest. Cpl. Miller, our star boxer, represented the Battalion in the Northern Counties amateur championship and reached the final. In the final he met his previous boxing instructor of the A.P.T.S. and was knocked out after a hard fight.

We ran some very successful Saturday night dances in which everyone had a grand time; Lt. Mindelsohn played in the interval and greatly helped in making the dances go with a swing.

At rugby the Company has helped the Battalion team with the services of the following regular players :—Capt. T. G. Mullen, Lt. T. F. Huskisson, Lt. B. Hindley, Ptes. Bailey and Colley.

We heartily congratulate Capt. A. Gresham on his promotion. In almost the same breath we regret the loss of Lt. Mindelsohn who has departed to take up an appointment in the R.A.O.C. His social abilities will be missed very much. We welcome to the Company 2nd Lts. Roche and Gledhill.

We deeply regret the death of Pte. Birmingham who was knocked down by a motor car when returning from leave. The Company and his platoon sent wreaths and Lt. Huskisson represented the Company at his funeral.

"B" COMPANY.—From the depths of this dreamy little village in the heart of the country come a few interesting items from "B" Company.

No account of our doings would be complete without mention of the great festivities of Christmas week, and specially Boxing Day, the day of the great regatta. Officers, N.C.Os. and men all turned out and vied with one another in their skill at handling assault and Recce boats, proof of which is apparent from our accompanying photographs (see opposite page 65). The chief results of the competitions were :—Officers v. Sergeants.—Winners, Capt. Sills and 2nd Lt. Brook. Inter-Platoon (Assault Boats).—Winners, Company "H.Q." Inter-Platoon (Recce Boats).—Winners, No. 11 Platoon.

Then followed a series of inter-company boxing competitions in which Cpl. Brown and Ptes. Ward and McGillan put up some fine performances. Cpl. Brown in particular seemed to make a habit of knocking out his opponent in the first two rounds in each contest.

Thanks to the excellent work of C.S.M. Ley a very high standard of football has been reached, our team, ably led by Sgt. Hayes, winning the inter-company competition.

Two more dances have been held by the Company, both of which were a great success.

Credit for this is due to 2nd Lt. Miller and 2nd Lt. Brook, and last, but by no means least, to the co-operation of our friends the W.A.A.Fs. stationed nearby.

The Company darts team, under the leadership of Sgt. Botham, has distinguished itself by defeating a team from the Angel Inn on several occasions. It goes without saying that the victories were duly celebrated on the spot.

We offer our congratulations to our Company Commander, Major Carroll, on being mentioned in dispatches, and to Capt. Tull on being appointed Adjutant to the Battalion.

We have also had the pleasure of welcoming as temporary guests several gunner officers from our supporting battery, who through bitter experience have come to sympathise deeply with those whose lot it is to spend so much time marching.

We offer our congratulations to L/Sgt. Jackson and Cpls. Baxter, Roper and Fletcher on their promotion. Finally, we know we speak for the whole Company in expressing our deepest sympathy to C.S.M. Ley and his wife in their recent sad bereavement.

"C" COMPANY.—". . . Stress! strain, body all aching and wracked with pain." So fares "Charlie" Company with, one assumes, the rest of the Battalion. The Divisional Commander has said that there can be no rest for anyone and apparently he means it. Most of the time is now spent on higher training and endurance tests. However, all goes well with "C" and when they do get the order to go, they go like smoke. On some of the recent exercises one might have guessed that they smelt the grub lorry in front, and this proved to be only too true on one occasion; it had unfortunately been bottled too long in a container; but this did not stop Pte. R. from having two helpings and packing his mess tin for a future occasion. Even his best friends *had* to tell him.

Our congratulations to Pte. S., who held up the Brigade Commander on a "stunt" and asked for his identity card. "How long have you been in the Dukes?" he was asked. "I am not answering any questions, Sir, until I have seen your card," was the reply. It was handed over for inspection quite quietly. On another occasion one of our A/Tk. riflemen was captured. The captors offered to relieve him of his gun. "Where I go this always goes," he said—and so it does!

During the absence of the Company Commander recently, the Company was taken over by Capt. A. P. R. Smith, who has subsequently reported that "C" is now quite carrier-minded—a good show. After all one must keep in with Jehu.

Lately we have been swapping officers, for a week at a time with the —th Field Battery. This is a grand experience for both parties and makes for good co-operation in the future. We must hand it to several of them for the way they marched.

Our Company dances go with no end of a swing. At the last "hop" there was a real live box of chocolates as one of the spot prizes. At that same dance twenty W.A.A.Fs. were invited from a nearby 'drome—a good addition to the beauty and gaiety of the occasion.

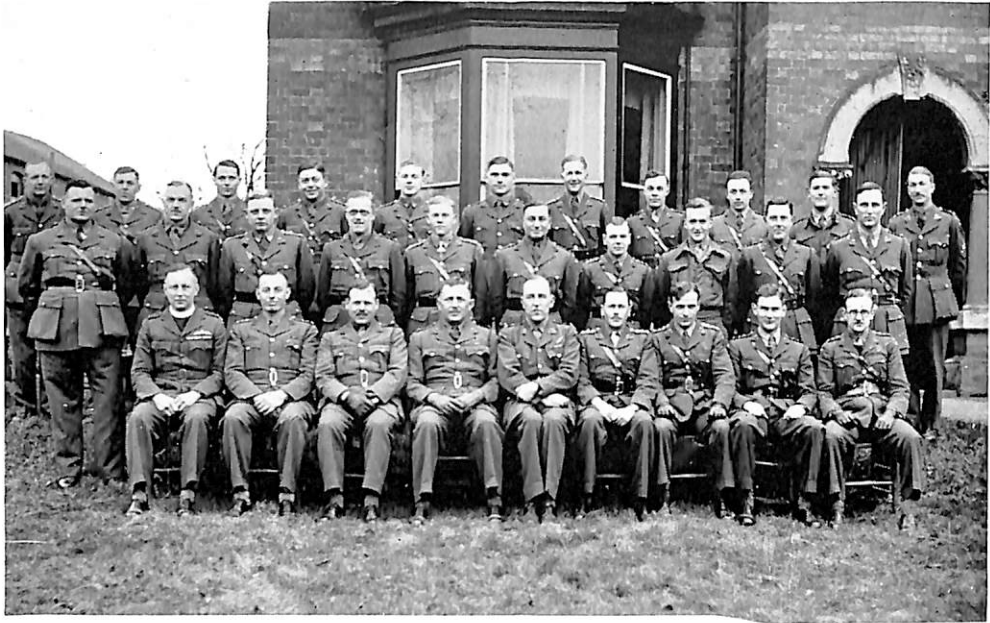
In the company soccer competition "C" Company reached the final and were beaten 3—2 by "B" Company after a very good game. The Company on occasions had as many as five players in the Battalion side, and Ptes. Farmer, Pedley, Jaggard and Venables played regularly.

The Company has supplied many players for the Battalion rugby side. Capt. Benson, Lt. Rickards, 2nd Lt. Peel and 2nd Lt. Tuckwell have found regular places in the team, while others to turn out from time to time have been 2nd Lt. Green, 2nd Lt. Nowell, C.S.M. Stork, Cpl. Taylor, T., Cpl. Taylor, C., and Pte. Howard.

Two members of the Company, Pte. Leach and Pte. Gilbert, were chosen to represent the Battalion at boxing, while mention should be made of a very plucky fight put up by L/Cpl. Nelson in the inter-company competition.

"D" COMPANY.—Like everyone else, our keyword is training and more training, to enable us to give the enemy a blow a 100 per cent. more shattering and powerful than

A BATTALION SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND.



The Officers.



The Sergeants.

A BATTALION SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND. "B" COMPANY REGATTA.



when we last bumped him. These notes are being written in the interval of a few hours between two big schemes, so they must be brief.

In spite of all the work we have done and are doing, we have had time to play, in the form of dances, boxing and soccer.

Our "Combined Services' Dance" was a great success, held in the local drill hall. We had bevvies of lovely W.A.A.Fs. and A.T.S. who came from scattered corners of the country, so everyone was assured of a partner, so much so that we are still doubtful whether Mr. G.-S's interest in a certain W.A.A.F. was purely technical. L/Cpl. McDonald did some big business as Madame Decoy, and with the assistance of Pte. Roper many unwary damsels were roped in under the bewitching and evil eye of Madame. The Commanding Officer had revealed to him that he was going on a long journey to the sea—strangely enough the next day he went on leave to Blackpool.

At the novices' boxing competition we swept the board and produced 45 out of the 60 entries. We won easily and discovered some quite good boxers. Our thanks are due to all those who helped to train them.

No. 16 Platoon played well in the inter-platoon soccer competition, battling their way to the semi-final to be just beaten by No. 9 Platoon. We have also played some good company games. Ping-pong has become very popular and starts at reveille and continues until lights out.

Space does not permit us to mention more people by name, but we take this opportunity of welcoming all members of the Company who have recently joined us, and congratulate those who have been promoted. People come and people go but "Quarters's" figure, in spite of reduced rations, goes on for ever.

"H.Q." COMPANY.—The activities of this cosmopolitan crowd of specialists, supposed specialists, super-specialists, minor politicians, tub-thumpers and all the motley variety of peculiar people who make up our important "Brain Trust" have been shown in all sorts of situations, most of them tactical and therefore "taboo." However, the Company shines in the world of entertainment which centres around the drill hall; two excellent dances have been organised in which the two C.Q.M.Ss. played their part energetically with the assistance of many lesser lights. Without unduly stressing the point, it would be hard to find two better dances in any town or county.

Owing to lack of facilities, sport does not play a very large part in our present existence at the moment. Although the Company does not as a whole play regularly, we are well represented in the Battalion sides. No. 6 Platoon got to the final of the platoon competition, in which game C.Q.M.S. Ambler played a stout game at centre-forward, and one of the C.Q.M.Ss. allowed the Company pay to wait for two hours on that afternoon.

We would like to congratulate Cpl. Barnes, L/Cpl. Jackson, Pte. Midgeley and the many others who have taken the "fatal slip" by getting married in spite of Mr. Punch's famous advice.

In closing, we would like to offer our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Benson and her family on the death of Pte. Benson. He was a well-liked member of our community and his artistic abilities will live long in the memory of his friends.

SPORT.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.—We have enjoyed a fairly successful season in spite of many difficulties at the beginning which were overcome by the hard work of 2nd Lt. Pinches and P.S.M. Sullivan. We have had some very good games, reaching the final of the Brigade competition, where we lost 2—1. The weather has not been always too kind, but, in spite of and "in addition to" bogs in the middle of grounds, everyone has played with a great deal of zest. Towards the end of the season we were getting quite a good team together as a result of company and platoon competitions in which a good deal of new talent was discovered. "B" Company won the company competition and

No. 9 Platoon the platoon competition in which Pte. Bailey, who captained the winning platoon, reminded us that he is as good at soccer as he is at rigger.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.—The Battalion have had a very successful and enjoyable rigger season. We have beaten and been beaten by Army, Navy and R.A.F. teams and we have just been beaten by a school side. In all we have played 12, won 8, lost 4, scoring 148 points against 76. Our side has not varied greatly, though leave and courses have taken their customary toll.

The three-quarter line has not been so sure, though Pte. Bailey was a tower of strength in the centre and also at fly-half. 2nd Lt. Comer has proved a more than useful full back and given the side no worries. Capt. Faulks and Lt. Rickards formed an efficient left wing late in the season, and 2nd Lt. Tuckwell, if lacking experience, had plenty of dash on the right wing. Capt. Cullen, R.A.M.C., has been our regular scrum half and performed his duties nobly. Of the forwards, Capt. Benson stood out. With his thinning patch, khaki trousers and recurrent lumbago, he was seldom far from the ball and scored a number of tries. Among other forwards who have played many useful games are Capt. Cartwright, Capt. Mullen, 2nd Lt. Peel, Sgt. Birch, L/Cpl. Kenney, Pte. Harthill and Pte. Colley. 2nd Lt. Peel, in addition, proved a fine place kicker.

Four members of the Battalion gained a place in the Divisional side, Capt. Benson, 2nd Lt. Peel, 2nd Lt. Comer and 2nd Lt. Huskisson. A mention must also be made of our touch judge, C.S.M. Annesley, who gave us great encouragement, even though he does not like second row forwards to drop goals.

(Natural modesty, no doubt, has prevented the writer of the above notes, 2nd Lt. Huskisson, from making any reference to himself. Needless to say, he has been a tower of strength throughout the season, and no small measure of our success has been due to his infectious enthusiasm as captain, to say nothing of the example he has set us in many "old fashioned evenings" after the game.)

— FIELD BATTERY, R.A., HOME FORCES.

Dear Mr. Editor,

12th April, 1941.

By invitation of the Commanding Officer of the —th Battalion, this Battery again has the honour of having such news as it has acquired recorded in your columns.

Since the Dukes and the Battery left the "beaches" last November for winter quarters, a great many things must have happened, but alas! they have nearly all been singularly uninteresting to others.

For the last few months we have been on manœuvres for a day or more at a time each week; these manœuvres have of necessity included many a "night of doubt and sorrow." However we feel that it is real soldiering, unlike the day on the Dyle when a subaltern of a neighbouring battery asked an infantry brigadier if he was one of the directing staff.

Every officer in the Battery, except the Major and the Second-in-Command, both of whom are understood to be waiting for finer weather and complete mechanisation of the infantry, has now done a week's attachment to the Dukes. From our point of view it has been an unqualified success. The officers of the Battery have got to know the officers of the Dukes and also to understand some of the problems of the infantry. Every officer has come back to say that he has had the week of his life. One officer described how he had marched 100 miles in 24 hours with a 3-inch mortar on each shoulder. For their hospitality to the Battery, one and all of us wish to thank the Dukes most warmly.

Peter—the Battery lion—has now returned to his former owner. Throughout our time on the beaches he lived at Battery "H.Q." on the understanding that, in case of invasion, he should be liberated and that the "H.Q." troop should retire to his cage. His father had accounted for the Rector of Stiffkey and he was carefully trained to distinguish between a Duke and a Bosche—Bosche not being obtainable, he had to live on horse.

From YOUR CORRESPONDENT, —th Field Battery, R.A.

A Battalion in India.

Owing to unforeseen circumstances these notes are considerably curtailed for this edition of THE IRON DUKE.

Lt.-Col. H. B. O. is now commanding this Battalion, Lt.-Col. F. H. F. having taken over a new command.

During the whole of the period since our last notes we have been under canvas and training hard, practically without a break, except for Christmas; we even spent New Year's Eve in camp a bare five miles from our station. As can be imagined, we have learnt a great deal as a result of all this work, especially about certain articles of war which we had hitherto only read about. There was one unfortunate mishap however, as the result of which Lt. Barrington lost an arm; we are glad to say that he is getting on well and we wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

We are now on the verge of the hot weather again, and fans and ice are once again in constant demand; the cycle of "hot weather," "cold weather" has in fact completed another turn, and all that we can vainly hope for is that it won't be as hot as last year, well knowing that the current year is always the "hottest ever."

OFFICERS' MESS.

As mentioned elsewhere, Lt.-Col. F. H. F. has left us, and it was with regret that we "dined out" our C.O. We did our best to cheer him (and "chair" him) on his way, and we all wish him the best of luck in his new command.

Arrivals and departures have been bewildering in their numbers but we do our best to cope with them. We have welcomed Lt. Barrington and Lt. Foster, and had to say good-bye to Major Cumberlege, Major Dalrymple and Lt. Evelegh, though the two former are certainly not a long way away. Courses, however, have played the most havoc with the members in the Mess, and those left behind have found plenty to keep them occupied.

Just before Christmas 2nd Lt. Boxall was married to Miss Peggy Pope, and an excellent reception was held in the Mess grounds. We wish them both the best of luck.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

The weekly "tin and bottle" tennis tournaments we have run during the cold weather have, besides providing afternoons of recreation for the weary, improved our tennis considerably. We have played the cavalry regiment at Meerut once and His Excellency the Viceroy's Band once at home and once away. On each occasion we had an enjoyable afternoon.

The children's Christmas tea party and draw, held on the afternoon of the 24th December, ran smoothly and well. On the night of the 24th we ran the adults' draw on the "ticket drawn gets a prize" system and even though some tickets brought bags of sweets, it was fun. The novel prize, a small live pig, went to C.S.M. Wardle, with tow-rope complete. It was given back to be raffled for the Battalion Ambulance Fund and realised thirty rupees. Porker must have had a tottering Christmas only to end up "in the soup."

On the evening of the 25th we played the officers at soccer-cum-rugger, all arrayed in fancy dress, marched on to the ground by the Drums and Fifes. The officers won and somebody put a hole in the big drum.

The single members invited the married members and their wives to Christmas dinner in the Mess on the night of the 25th, and a social and small dance was run after dinner.

The new year saw us in camp and "dug in," so the age-old single members' dinner and dance on New Year's Eve was not held.

We wish good luck to all who have left or joined the Mess, and offer our congratulations to all who have been appointed to or promoted within the Mess.

SPORT.

Despite our intensive training we have managed during the short respites allowed us between successive camps to run several competitions and play many friendly games.

We have had a good rugger season and had some excellent games both against civil and military teams. "H.Q. B." were the winners of the inter-company rugger. They had an excellent side and thoroughly deserved their somewhat easy victories.

In competition soccer we have not been very successful this year, but there were some excellent games in the inter-company competition which "A" Company eventually won.

The cross country has also been run and was easily won by "H.Q. A." followed closely by "H.Q. B." and "B" Companies. The individual winner was L/Cpl. Abbis of "B" Company who just managed to beat Pte. Dagnall of the same Company.

DEPOT NEWS.**OFFICERS' MESS.**

I SUPPOSE the Censor will now allow me to say that the winter weather in Halifax was lousy. But spring is with us and thoughts of heat burgeon in our breasts. The C.O. barks at orderlies, coos at A.T.S. and overcalls at bridge. Sammy is one of our few stable influences and our chief messer; he also knocks hell out of everyone at everything from squash to snooker. Swazi is also a stable influence but an inaccurate tipster. The long and short of a series of manoeuvres with one of our Battalions was that Rupert C. and Tim ("Eyebrows") Hield have exchanged places. Jimmy is still with us, defying time and things. Ken strokes a pretty ball at hockey and is supposed to be devilish hot stuff at monopoly. Iain got married in a welter of brothers, bubble and broken glass. John B. at his wedding was more restrained, more upright and much more audible. His "I, John Taylor," must have roused all the burghers in Carlisle. Bobby is bursting with beans from his course and Guy is grimy with grease from his. George continues to be arty, crafty and snaky. Eric's eyes are still blue and he doesn't drink on Mondays. Fred has two pips, one company and no vices. Leslie D., our professional pessimist, has left for a cold climate—doubtless he was considered an evil influence. Of the newer officers, those who remain have been carefully selected for their virtues—military, of course. Some of them have not yet swum into my ken.

H.R.H. the Princess Royal visited the I.T.C. on 13th February—her second visit since the war—and we had the honour of entertaining her to lunch in the Mess. The pleasure this visit gave to the Commanding Officer is recorded elsewhere in this issue (see opposite page 72).

This I.T.C. is becoming feminized and the Mess has been practising for some time. One fearful bounder who actually murmured "blast" in the Mess left for India next morning. And so, for the present, "Good-bye, everybody."

SERGEANTS' MESS.

As foreshadowed in our last notes, our annual ball was held on New Year's Eve; the numbers attending were in the region of 450, which included the Mayor of Halifax and several members of the Corporation. The dance was held in the new gym, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion; in this connection we must thank Mr. H. Roscoe of the Halifax Parks Committee for his help and loan of floral and greenery decorations. The running buffet was in the new dining hall which was set out to represent a palm court. The catering was admirably carried out by the N.A.A.F.I. A lot of thanks is also due to the P.T. staff for the amount of time and work they put in in order to make

the show a success. The evening was voted a huge success by all attending and the show came to an end with the singing of "Old Lang Syne" and "The King."

We continued our social effort with a smoking concert held in the new gym. A first class concert party were engaged for the occasion, and it is no exaggeration to say that they put up a wonderful show. Judging by the vocal efforts of the members during the community singing part the combined spirit of the show and the bar manifested themselves. Again we had the pleasure of entertaining the Mayor and also Mr. S. Smith, both great friends of the Regiment.

At the moment we are in the throes of a games tournament consisting of darts, dominoes, billiards and snooker. The billiards and snooker have been run on the handicap system. The handicapping has been so efficiently run by the committee that up to going to press all the experts have been knocked out and only the "rabbits" left in. The committee that have carried out the handicapping so well was presided over by the R.S.M.; it may be worth noting that the R.S.M. is still in the running—no connection between the two facts that need any further explanation, although a few "Fifth Columnists" have had a word for it!

The only event in the world of movement worth noting is the fact that R.S.M. Southall has rejoined us from the prisoner of war camp staff. We welcome him back to the "Deadleg" side of things.

CORPORALS' MESS.

Since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE we have held two very enjoyable and successful functions, a smoker and a dance. At the latter we had as guests His Worship The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress. Both these affairs were very well attended and the dance was voted a huge success, especially by the R.S.M., who stated he had never seen so many couples on the floor.

We would like to take this opportunity of welcoming all the new members of the Mess and congratulating our late members who have risen to the dizzy heights of that "holy of holies," the Sergeants' Mess.

We regret to announce the loss of that most efficient of door-keepers, L/Cpl. J. Collier on being transferred out to the wilds somewhere in England. I am sure that all the girls will miss his angelic smile and effusive greetings as they enter the precincts of the new gym. at our periodical functions. We wish him every success in his new venture.

We are very sorry to have to record the untimely end of Cpl. G. Harper (Specialist Company), due to a road accident on Thursday, 25th April, 1941, and we extend our deepest sympathy to his widow and child.

COMPANY NOTES.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY.—We have had rather a quiet period since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE. It seems that only one thing can upset the quiet tranquil life of our C.O. and C.Q.M.S., which is odd people popping into the office and requesting a casual payment. We have had very few changes of personnel, but to those that have gone we wish every success in their new sphere and likewise extend a hearty welcome to the newcomers.

We are still holding our own on the sports field, but are rather upset to have to record that our hockey team after fighting through to the final had to succumb after a hard-fought match, losing by two goals to nil. We are now in the middle of a billiards competition and are glad to record that we have got together quite a useful team of old and young "heads." We were successful in our first match by 43 points, and are now awaiting our next victims. After having finished up at the top of the football league it seems that everyone is rather shy of tackling us again. At a cross country run held here recently

we finished three men in the first six, but owing to the bad packing we had to be content with third place in the team race.

SPECIALIST COMPANY.—Since our last issue Roger has gone to a recruit company and we congratulate that company on their good fortune. We were rather awed when a field officer “crept” into the company commander’s office and occupied his chair. Our new “head” soon mastered the mysteries of the Company and things are going as smoothly as ever.

The three “prefects” remain the same amid a changing sea of students of varied intelligence. We have also had many student princes through our hands. One in particular disapproved of the pasture in front of the hospital and did his best to put it under the plough. We don’t think he saw eye to eye with the C.O. on this project.

We all congratulate Pte. Pembury on his success in the Northern Command motor cycle field trials. Sheer bad luck robbed him of the highest individual award. Congratulations also to our cross country team on winning the I.T.C. cross country race.

The carriers now have several of their infernal machines. It was soon proved that one of the two new toys had that same fatal fascination for dry stone walling. Give the carriers their complement of vehicles and there won’t be a stone wall standing within five miles of Halifax.

We must end our notes with tragedy. We lost a fine N.C.O. and man when Cpl. Harper and Pte. Buchanan were killed in a car accident. We offer our most sincere sympathy to their families.

No. 1 INFANTRY COMPANY.—During the last quarter upwards of two hundred all ranks have left us to take their respective places with the widely scattered Empire or Home forces. To each we wish the best of good fortune. In giving a general review of our recent activities it is hoped that many of our graduates will identify themselves with these events. They can rest assured that the high standard which they set is being faithfully followed by those who come after them. We wish the latter a happy and successful time whilst they are with us.

TRAINING.—In spite of climatic and other temporary interruptions, this has been steadily carried forward. We are proud of the humble part we have to play in the defence of our island, and now that we have practised our operational rôle feel confident in our ability to worst the Hun if the occasion should arise. We welcome the better weather and the opportunity it affords us to get out of doors to put into practice what has been preached. This, we feel, is the real business for which our country needs us.

SPORT.—If our prowess in this sphere has not been over emphasised, it is not because we have not tried. In spite of perilously short numbers from time to time, we have managed to field teams in all the I.T.C. tournaments. Our boxing, hockey and cross country teams acquitted themselves well, praise being due respectively to L/Cpl. Taylor, Sgt. Barrett and Cpl. Rose for their feats.

The many changes in personnel would be too numerous for us to mention in detail. On the permanent staff we welcome the re-association of our company commander and C.S.M.—an alliance first formed in France—and hope that this combination augurs well for our future.

One last word about our new comrades, the R.A.S.C., who have come to us to learn the elements of soldiering, before taking up their trades in the Corps. In welcoming them we trust their association with us will continue to bear fruit long after they have left us. In teaching them that “an army marches on its stomach,” we hope they will remember it, and with it those who taught it to them!

No. 2 INFANTRY COMPANY.—Since the last issue the Company has had change and variety, “spit and polish” and grime. It started with “spit and polish” in preparation for its part in Halifax War Weapons Week, and the fellows showed what they really could do in the way of patent leather looking bayonet scabbards and mirror surface

boots, not to mention really knife-edge creases in their best trousers B.D. Their arms drill would have made a guardsman sit up and take notice. Probably the unique sight of their company commander waving a flashing sword made them temporarily forget that there was a war in progress. At any rate they took the silence of the assembled populace as a mute and stunned tribute to their unbelievably smart turn-out.

Unfortunately towards the end of this week of martial ardour Jerry performed a very unfriendly act on the City of Sheffield, and the Company hurriedly departed in transport of various kinds to help in the subsequent mopping up of the spilt milk. The Sheffielders were marvellous, no one was crying over the spilt milk, and the poorer people who, as usual, caught the worst of it, took the whole thing very calmly. Their frame of mind can best be judged from the fact that nearly every bombed street had a Union Jack flying above the debris somewhere within a few hours of the "incendents," as our A.R.P. friends call it.

No. 2 Infantry Company spent eight days there, clearing streets, digging in wrecked buildings and recovering bodies. The majority of them had never seen death at first hand before and very few of them had seen it in its most hideous form. They had heard of unexploded bombs but had never worked amongst them. But they took it all in their stride and whistled and sang whilst doing a dirty job, in fact they behaved as the Dukes are expected to behave in difficult and dangerous circumstances—splendidly. During that week Jerry performed a second unfriendly act so that they had the experience of seeing the cause as well as the after effects of this sort of thing. It did not do them any harm to witness a little Hun frightfulness.

The Company returned just in time for Christmas dinner. Such a dinner that no one expected in war-time—turkey and roast pork, Christmas pudding, nuts, fruit, cigarettes and, of course, beer. Thanks are due to certain Halifax citizens for a Christmas dinner that will be memorable for those who ate it. After the dinner they split up and the majority of them spent the rest of the day in the homes of kindly Halifax folks, who invited them to share their fireside and festivities—a much appreciated gesture.

Christmas dinner was hardly disposed of when off we went again on detachments here and there guarding V.Ps. Some detachments lived in the lap of luxury in a large city. Others were not so fortunate and had rather too much moorland breeze and heavy snow. But all seemed to thoroughly enjoy it and registered unofficial and good-humoured protests when the time came to return "home."

Changes in personnel followed each other in quick succession. Sgt. Glen went off as C.Q.M.S. to a service battalion. C.S.M. Cundall (the Fuehrer) also migrated to a service battalion. C.Q.M.S. Lockwood left us and C.Q.M.S. Howe came in his place.

Lt. Brewer transferred to another unit. 2nd Lt. Anton Jacobson joined us and was almost immediately pounced on by a very famous battalion. Lt. Jack Tungate, Lt. Kelly, 2nd Lt. Plumbe, 2nd Lt. Sanderson and 2nd Lt. Murgatroyd all appeared on the scene and did good work on detachments. Then the company commander, Capt. Bill S., was posted to a service battalion. Nobody believed it at first because Bill S. had been so long at the I.T.C. that he was almost regarded as accommodation stores. However, off he went all in a hurry, taking the oldest company officer, 2nd Lt. Mitchell, with him. They left with the regrets and good wishes of a now depleted Company. Lt. Knight, who had recently returned from another battalion, took command of the Company.

No. 1 RECRUIT COMPANY. Since the last issue of this periodical there has been so much to record in the activities of the Company that much must perforce be omitted. Our company commander is still with us, as is "Bob" who has recently returned from a P.T. course and whose incredibly muscular body is a source of admiration to all the local girls—it is in fact true that during his absence neither "Margaret" nor "Priscilla" turned up at the Queen's Hall dances!

Undoubtedly the "high light" of the past few months was the excursion of the

Company to "Somewhere in England" to look after "Some of the enemy" from "Somewhere in enemy territory." Our gallant men looked so grim that the local inhabitants thought at first that their daughters would continue to spend their evenings knitting comforts. However, on hearing this, the Sergeants' Mess arranged (very successfully) to make the girls' life more varied. For this job of work we were joined by three officers:—"Michael" (who was subsequently offered a post with the local telephone exchange), "Rodney" (ask Sally what he did with his time), and "Mike" (who spent his time organising search parties for his lost penknife). A good time was had by all, even by "Jimmy," whose chief occupation was in telling "John" that in his opinion the correct treatment for Germans was to — (the Censor would strike it out, anyway!).

On our return we did a ceremonial parade, to satisfy the Adjutant's doubts as to how we had been behaving whilst away, and the result, by all accounts, was highly successful. "Rodney," unfortunately forgetting of what stuff we were made, elected to play rugby football against us for his new company, and quite naturally broke his leg—foolish fellow. We understand that the nurses in the local hospital are so pleased that they are encouraging all the handsome officers to play against No. 1 Recruit Company (actually we are sorry about "Rodney" and Sgt. St. . . e says he didn't mean to break his leg—just to twist it a bit).

Finally, we won the inter-company hockey competition—beating the redoubtable "H.Q." Company in the final by two goals to nil. This was a great feat and the sergeant-major was our "backbone" in this, as in so many more things. The entire Company turned out to witness our victory, and at the dance in the evening the team drank beer at the company commander's expense. He seemed very pleased with us, and his pleasure is ours.

Now we look forward to cricket and hope that we shall achieve the same success as we did in the hockey competition. The sergeant-major says he's not very good at cricket, so we can rely on a hundred every time he goes in!

No. 2 RECRUIT COMPANY.—Owing to the shortage or non-permanency of officers, the writer is constrained to write these notes himself—which is a pity, as it prevents him writing about himself—always an interesting subject to him.

So we must just barely record that Capt. Sugden has taken over from Capt. Hield who has departed, with all our good wishes, to a battalion. Behind me are the delights of the bi-daily cups of tea in Specialist Company office.

We have a few squads going and are very pleased to welcome some volunteers from Eire to our fold. They seem to be liking England and we are quite prepared to take any company on at hurling. While we are on the subject of sport, we were very pleased to come in second in the cross country run, through the keenness of the runners and the organising of Howard Wales, who is still with us (written with fingers crossed).

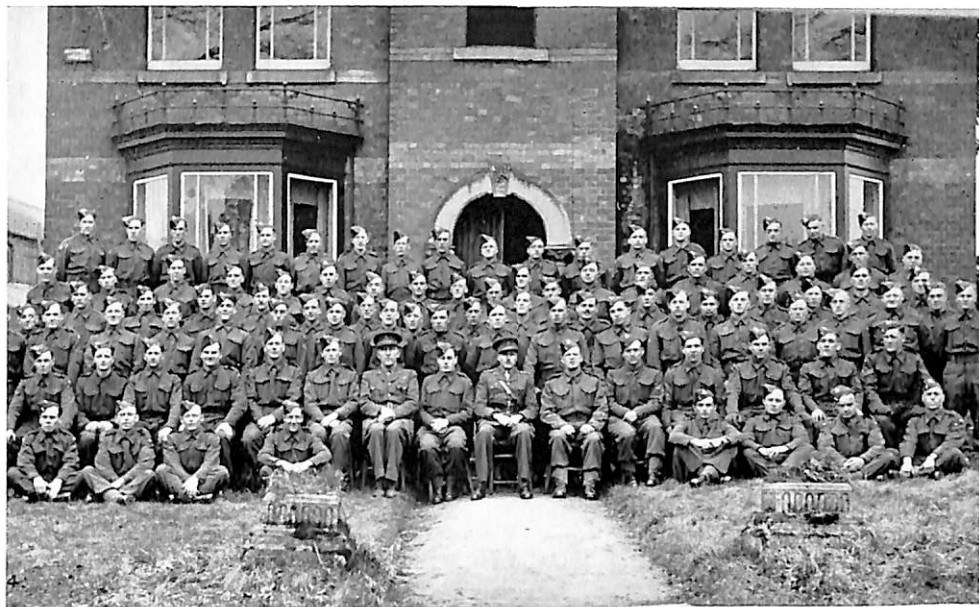
Apart from hockey, in which we did not get very far, we have enjoyed an hour's sport with fire hoses. We decided to have a practice with the hydrants of the Militia huts, but our choice of time was rather bad as the inmates of a nearby mill, homing after a hard day's work, were met and sent on their way by a heavy shower of water—luckily their attitude was rather one of pity than of anger.

At the moment most of the Company is in the throes of firing on the miniature and thirty yards ranges prior to the Deer Hill ranges in the near future. Thank heaven it's nearly spring in Halifax.

We were surprised one day to see the split image of Charlie Grieve beaming at us until we found out he was Charlie's young brother Teddy. After an all-too-short stay, however, he left us. The rate at which officers pass through this Company is amazing, and we hardly have time to pin a lecture and pay parade on them before they have gone.

C.S.M. Kerr and C.Q.M.S. Hickox are still with us, trying manfully and successfully to make our intakes militarily minded and dressed. They always used to give the impression they were non-drinkers and non-dancers, but now we know better.

A BATTALION SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND.



The Corporals.

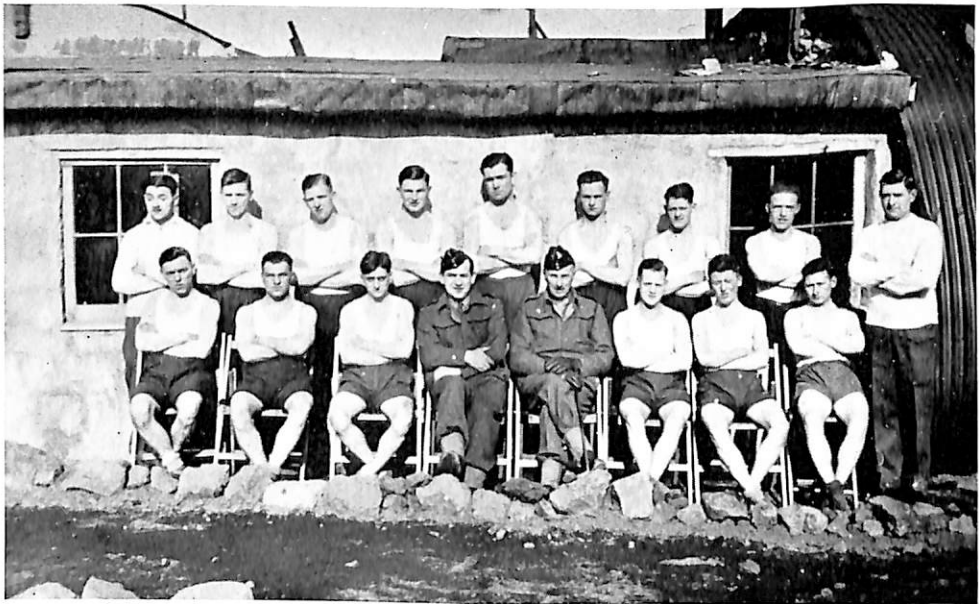


H.R.H. The Princess Royal with the C.O. at the Depot (see page 68).

A FIRST LINE BATTALION IN ICELAND.



The Battalion Rugby Football Team, which has an unbroken record in Iceland Force.



The Battalion Boxing Team, Winners of the — Brigade Boxing Tournament, and in the Finals of the Iceland Force Tournament.

A.T.S. COMPANY.

Brains and memories have been somewhat taxed with the many changes in personnel, both of officers and members, not to mention the Company's title, since the publication of the last notes of the A.T.S. Company. There are, however, a considerable number of us who can say "though women may come and women may go, I still go on for ever" (with apologies to Tennyson).

In October we joyfully welcomed back Junior Commander Norris, glad to have her safely back from America. Soon afterwards we had the pleasure of congratulating her on her promotion to company commander.

The Company has grown considerably with the addition of a third platoon. These members were only with us for eight months before being posted "elsewhere in England," their places being taken by another platoon from the south. We welcome them into the Company and hope they are enjoying the comparative peace of this district, even though it may not be as clean and "genteel" as their own.

We have had several lectures, when we have been instructed, interested and amused. One of the most interesting was given by a security officer, who initiated us into some of the mysteries of the Secret Service, and warned us that "all is not gold that glitters" or that the enemy spy is not the handsome hero or the fascinating blonde of fiction, but usually a very ordinary person who profits by any "careless talk" on our part—altogether a most absorbing lecture, which fully compensated us for a compulsory parade at 1600 hours on a Saturday afternoon!

One of the "high lights" of the winter was a second visit from H.R.H. The Princess Royal to the Depôt, and afterwards to the billet, where Her Royal Highness graciously took tea. Both during her tour of inspection of the women at work and afterwards at the billet all were delighted with her charm and keen interest in all that we were doing.

Only a fortnight before the Royal visit we had had the pleasure of entertaining the Chief Commandant and the Senior Commandant of the Group at the billet. (Question: Was this an unofficial dress rehearsal for a possible Royal visit? But evidently we were passed as O.K.)

We also had open house one day at the billet for a "Bring and Buy" sale in aid of the A.T.S. Comforts Fund, to which H.R.H. The Princess Royal kindly sent a gift to be raffled.

All work and no play would make Jill a dull girl, and that is not the case in this Company. During the winter, members at the billet were entertained at the Beacon Club, where several club evenings were held, at a cinema show at Alderman A. H. Gledhill's private cinema, and to the pantomime by the local committee of the Duchess of Northumberland's Comforts Fund. We also had a very jolly social evening in the gymnasium, as a welcome to the members of the new platoon. Games, competitions and an excellent supper, kindly given by Company Commander Norris and Junior Commander Waugh, made up a delightful evening.

We were greatly pleased to receive our eagerly awaited greatcoats, and, softly be it spoken, we think we look rather nice in them, but that, of course, is not for us to say! We have yet another surprise for the mere male up our sleeves, but, perhaps, by the time this appears in print it will no longer be a surprise.

No A.T.S. Company notes would be complete without an expression of thanks to the ladies of the local committee of the Duchess of Northumberland's Comforts Fund for the A.T.S., whose efforts have added many homely touches to the billet. We are most grateful to Mrs. Harry Riley, the chairman, to Mrs. W. S. Mills, its indefatigable secretary, and to the ladies of the committee for their unfailing interest in the welfare of the A.T.S. members and their kindness in providing so many extras and comforts for the billet.

A First Line Battalion in Iceland.

November saw the entry of winter with a rush, and heavy snow, blizzards, and frost, with occasional torrential rain, became a common occurrence. Winter sports have been plentiful despite the occasional rain. Skating was made possible by the B.O.D., who produced a supply of skates from some source or other and loaned them to the troops for limited periods. Skis were not available in sufficient quantities to enable many of the Battalion to avail themselves of this particular sport, which from a casualty point of view was probably a blessing in disguise. Sleighing has provided considerable amusement and hair-raising incidents. The efforts of the troops to control an Icelandic sleigh which are so different from those we are accustomed to in England, have not always proved successful, and a lot more practice is needed before we are up to the standard of the Icelandic children in the manipulation of these deadly vehicles.

During the dark and dreary days of November and December, a type of vocational training was introduced to pass along the spare dark hours. Many N.C.Os. and men availed themselves of the opportunity of attending classes in carpentry, book-keeping, typing, shorthand, languages, etc.

An arts and crafts exhibition within the Brigade produced several good efforts, and we congratulate the following who figured in the prize list :—Miscellaneous, Pte. P. R. Wright 1st prize ; drawing, Pte. J. Lambert, 2nd prize ; drawing, L/Cpl. Hill, specially commended.

Our Christmas in Iceland, despite the fact that our thoughts were with our wives and families in the Home Country, was a happy one. Everything that could be done for the happiness and welfare of the troops was done to the full. In arranging our Christmas entertainment it was to a certain extent necessary to depart from our normal customs in order to conform to those of the Icelander.

On Christmas Eve, when shops, cafés and places of entertainment are closed and nothing will persuade an Icelander to leave his or her home after 6 p.m., the troops were suitably entertained in camp.

On Christmas Day an excellent Christmas dinner was provided, and to the delight of the troops a bottle of English beer was produced. Gifts from many comforts associations greatly assisted in making the midday meal a complete success.

Boxing Day is the day when the Icelander discards all thoughts of relatives and goes out to seek a "Binge" wherever one may be offered, and this day was therefore seized as the most suitable opportunity for running an other ranks' dance. Full credit is due to the organisers for the thoroughly enjoyable evening that was had by all.

ACTS OF GALLANTRY.—We take great pleasure in recording in these notes the award of the Military Medal to No. 4607411 Pte. F. Berry. The award was earned whilst serving with another Battalion of the Regiment in France. Although not in possession of full details concerning the award, we understand that, regardless of his own personal safety, he brought in a badly wounded French N.C.O. while under heavy fire from the enemy.

We also take great pleasure in recording the following extract from a recent Force routine order :—

"The following act of gallantry has been brought to the notice of the General Officer Commanding :—

"On the morning of 28th February, 1941, 4538578 L/Cpl. H. Rodgers, — Regiment, was swept into the sea from the breakwater leading to the lighthouse in — harbour. In spite of intense cold and raging seas and regardless of personal safety, 4615067 Pte. L. C. Williamson of the same Battalion entered the water in a very gallant attempt to save L/Cpl. Rodgers.

"The G.O.C. directs that this act of gallantry be entered upon Pte. Williamson's documents.

"A no less gallant attempt at rescue was made by an Icelander, Jon Sigurdsson."

OBITUARY.—We regret to announce in these notes the deaths of the following :— No. 3192154 Pte. Crichton, R., "C" Company; No. 4538578 L/Cpl. Rodgers, H., "D" Company. Both were buried in a local cemetery with full active service military honours. We offer our deepest sympathy to all relatives in their bereavement.

BOXING.—As reported in our last notes, an inter-company novices' boxing competition was in progress. "H.Q." and "C" Companies were the finalists in this competition, and we congratulate "H.Q." Company on beating their opponents by 17 points to 15.

A Force individual championship has also been held, and spectators witnessed an excellent show of clean and spirited boxing. We congratulate Pte. Larvin of "B" Company on winning his weight.

During December, the finals of the Brigade novices' competition were held, and we had just cause to be proud of the performance of our boxers. The results so far as they affect the Battalion were as follows :—Bantam-weight.—Winner, Pte. Kelly, "C" Company; runner-up, Pte. Jones, "B" Company. Feather-weight.—Winner, Pte. Barrett, "H.Q." Company. Light-weight.—Runner-up, Pte. Jones, "B" Company. Welter-weight.—Winner, Pte. Lane, "H.Q." Company; runner-up, L/Cpl. Paton, "B" Company.

In February the finals of the Brigade inter-unit team championships were held. We are proud to record in these notes that our team came out on top and won the championship by 24 points to 21. As the score indicates, our win was by no means an easy one, although with the first five fights in our favour we began to think that we should win by a much larger margin. Our opponents, however, soon proved that they had something up their sleeve and gradually reduced our lead. On conclusion of the fights, the challenge cup was presented by Brigadier G. Lammie and medals were presented to the teams by the Force commander. We congratulate the team on their excellent effort.

Our ambitions are now directed towards the winning of the Force inter-unit team boxing championship, although this may prove to be a tougher proposition. Our team have already fought the first round of the championship and had for their opponents a field regiment of the Royal Artillery. The result was as follows :—Our Battalion won 9 fights (21 points), Field Regiment R.A. won 3 fights (15 points).

L/Sgt. Eastman, our heavy-weight, was a victim of circumstances, for the referee in giving his decision held up the wrong coloured flag by mistake. Our congratulations to the team as a whole on their splendid effort.

OFFICERS' MESS.

In December a new draft brought Capt. F. Schofield (who since has been rather a will-of-the-wisp, but who now appears to have come to stay), 2nd Lt. T. M. B. Williams, and 2nd Lt. J. S. Milligan to us, all of whom we heartily welcome; and we are glad to see that 2nd Lt. Williams does not seem to have suffered from coming from one extreme climate to the other.

We are glad to say that we have not lost any regimental officers, although some of those who were lucky enough to go to the United Kingdom on courses were so long away that we wondered what had become of them. We now, however, take pleasure in welcoming back to the fold Major A. T. Banks and 2nd Lt. The Hon. J. H. P. Gilbey. Major B. W. Webb-Carter and Lt. T. W. Chadwick proceeded to the United Kingdom on courses during the latter end of February and we do not expect them back for some time yet.

It is with much regret that we have to record that the Rev. Father Gaffney who has been attached to us since Malton days has left us, but we welcome in his place the Rev. Father Tollemache.

Within the Battalion the chief change is that after almost a year Capt. K. W. McHarg

has vacated the adjutant's chair to command "H.Q." Company. Capt. H. T. Beazley, whom we congratulate on his promotion, has taken his place in this arduous position. Another arduous task, that of second-in-command, has been taken over, in the absence of Major Webb-Carter, by Major E. D. R. Whittaker.

In February we celebrated the completion of the commanding officer's first year in command, and we all sincerely hope that next year we shall be celebrating the end of his second year with us.

In spite of difficulties, we have managed to hold during the winter three dances, which have proved a great success. The monthly Mess night has continued to be very popular.

We congratulate Capt. J. M. Horsfall and 2nd Lt. J. C. Haldane on becoming proud fathers. We also congratulate on their promotion at the end of the necessary period of service Lts. Darling, Allan, Horsfall, Ingram, Hewitt, Chadwick, Newsholme, Wright, Manning, Clough, Holmes, and finally our interpreter, Lt. Woolard.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Since the closing of our last notes, the second hut of our Mess has been completed. An open fireplace built in truly Victorian style by our pioneers is the envy of other Messes for miles around.

Furniture for the new hut presented a problem which was quickly overcome by a member of the Mess who by doing some really good snooping produced several easy chairs and wicker tables.

Assisted by Sgt. Hopp, our very good friend of the Norwegian Army, several of our members have attempted to master the intricacies of ski-ing. The results have not been encouraging, as those taking part have difficulty in making both feet proceed in the same direction. We regret having to record that Sgt. Hopp has now left us and has joined others of his nationality in another part of the Island. We have since learned that he has received a commission and take this opportunity of congratulating him.

A silver dessert set presented to the Mess by Sgt. Hopp as a token of his gratitude was competed for in a domino knock-out competition. Beginner's luck was on the side of Sgt. Kirby, who defeated Sgt. Witham in the final.

Our Christmas festivities were, as in the case of the troops, largely governed by the customs of the Icelanders and as a result Christmas Eve was spent quietly in the Mess.

On Christmas Day all members carried out their traditional duty of waiting on the troops at dinner. The troops were on this occasion permitted to sing without fear of dire consequences, the revised edition of "Cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all." An excellent Christmas dinner was followed by a social evening to which lady friends were invited. It was as a result of this social evening that some daring individual, the identity of whom we have not yet fully established, climbed "Smokey Joe" (an Icelandic statue) and decorated him with a collar and tie. Our grave suspicions for this escapade rest on Sgt. Ingleson who is well known for his agility and climbing powers.

On New Year's Eve we held a dance and were honoured by the presence of his Britannic Majesty's Minister for Iceland, the Force Commander, the Rear-Admiral of the local Naval Force and his wife, the Brigade Commander, the Commanding Officer and officers of the Regiment. It is estimated that between 250 and 300 guests were present. At 10 p.m. (midnight in England) we joined, in spirit, our folks at home and welcomed the year 1941. At midnight we welcomed the new year with our Icelandic guests, supported by a liberal issue of rum punch, which was looked on with some suspicion by the natives. The dance committee are to be congratulated on the organisation of a really well conducted and enjoyable dance. A further dance held on the 15th February and organised on similar lines was equally successful.

C.S.M. Smith is to be congratulated on the loss of a particularly disagreeable appendix. This offending article having been removed and his interior completely dry cleaned, he

is now well on the way to recovery. We congratulate the following on their promotion to the rank as now shown:—C.S.M. W. Uttley, C.Q.M.S. G. W. Halls, Sgt. A. E. Brown, L/Sgt. G. Hunter, L/Sgt. L. Featherstone and Sgt. J. W. Varley. We regret to record the loss of two members of the Mess—namely, C.S.M. G. Burgoyne and C.Q.M.S. Calvert, who have been transferred to the home establishment on account of ill-health. C.Q.M.S. Calvert has been in hospital for a considerable period and we hope that the change to England will afford him a speedy recovery.

Another First Line Battalion in Iceland.

In writing these notes of the life of a Battalion in Iceland, one is inevitably brought face to face with the restrictions of censorship, and therefore a full and true version of all our multitudinous activities is impossible. Our story in sport is written elsewhere. The mysteries of training cannot be told. The Officers' Mess and the Sergeants' Mess have each their tale in another part. Amidst all the changing times the life of that corporate body which is our Battalion goes on very much as usual. And quietly, imperceptibly, almost to the surprise of some, we are emerging out of the long dark hours of a Northern winter into the endless day, in "good fettle" and with a record of hard fitness to be proud of.

Men react to Iceland in strangely different ways according to temperament. To the fisherman or artist it is heaven. To the town-lover or gardener it is a land of despair. Environment is stamped on the features of its people. But in spite of all, the British Tommy looks much the same the world over, and the soldier here in Iceland thinks, feels and is just the same as those in other climes.

Winter descended on us in November and almost before we knew it Christmas was here. Each company vied with the other in seeing how homely a Nissen hut really could be made. There was beer and crackers, pork and pudding. Bandsmen blew carols. Officers turned waiter overnight. Only the snow, strangely enough, was missing.

The long winter nights of December, January and February were whiled away by trips to E.N.S.A. concert shows, mobile cinemas and boxing matches. Educational classes were available for the more serious minded, and lectures on subjects both military and non-military abounded. Each "Arts and Crafts" exhibition showed in startling fashion the wondrous things that can be made from a little wood, a little paint, a knife, a saw perhaps. The judges, like some hanging committee of the Royal Academy, had an envious task, even if only called upon to decide between the respective merits of a pseudo-antique writing desk in carved wood and a Regimental crest in cheese and red ink. And so here we are now on the threshold of summer, a little wiser, a lot tougher, rather phlegmatic, watching, working, waiting for the enemy or leave.

CHRISTMAS WITH A FIRST LINE BATTALION IN ICELAND.

During the week preceding the festive day, the Battalion, at any time busy, became a veritable hive of activity. Crepe paper, bought no doubt by digging deep into the coffers of the P.R.I., was procured, and each and every hut vied with each other in producing all kinds of decorations. The dining hall was transformed into a fairyland of garlands and streamers, the credit for which must go to that great mystic our sanitary man and our indefatigable D.Os. We were so delighted with the efforts of our sanitary wallah that we forgave him all his former iniquities, and took him back in our midst after extracting from him a solemn promise to bathe twice a week in the future. Each day saw the arrival of overflowing bags of mail, and having personally had a hand in the sorting, I am of the opinion that the senders included enough supplies for the next two Christmases. There was much elation on Christmas Eve when another large consignment of parcels arrived, and much wailing and gnashing of teeth was heard as the recipients argued the respective merits of their parcels.

The great day arrived and after a fine breakfast we retired to await dinner. Amid much clanging of basins, steel, and plates, steel, we descended on the dining hall, where our needs were ministered to by our illustrious officers, W.Os. and N.C.Os., who were spurred on to greater activity by the boys. Our doughty C.Q.M.S. flitted backwards and forwards like an over-worked bee, and from the look on his face it was apparent he was wondering whether the trestles, table, trestle, would come through unscathed. After the meal, unlike *Oliver Twist*, we did not ask for more, we were too full for words. The gift of cigarettes was much appreciated, and for some time after the aroma of Turkish cigarettes hung round the camp. In the evening the Band made a tour of the camps with the intention of trumpeting forth their tidings of great joy. Unfortunately, several were rendered *hors-de-combat en route*, and at each halt could only send forth an occasional mournful note. Other members of the Battalion, not to be outdone, mounted a decrepit organ on a truck, Bedford, G.S., 15 cwt., 1, and visited each camp, giving a selection of carols, the like of which has never been heard before. Everyone, however, voted the day a "pukka do."

On New Year's Day another sumptuous dinner was provided, and much credit is due to our second in command, Major T., whose foresight enabled each man to have more of everything than was anticipated. A special word of praise must go to our long-suffering, hard-working cooks who dished up meals that were truly magnificent. Our commanding officer was amongst us at dinner and received three hearty cheers from the company. His wishes for a Happy New Year are heartily reciprocated.

OFFICERS' MESS.

In November we received a welcome addition to our numbers in the arrival of 2nd Lts. Cox, Ross and Nicholson from the Depot, and early in February 2nd Lt. Van Abbe followed in their wake. We wish them all every success.

To Capt. B. M. Kilner and T. W. Buckley and to Capt. Shaw (R.A.M.C.) we offer our congratulations on their promotion. The advent of spring has produced a veritable crop of second "pips," and Lts. Scholes, Whitwam, Gillison, Potts, Pyrah, Hallas and Woodcock have been observed anxiously searching for spare "stars," which already command a high premium in a land where tailors are few and promotions unexpected. To Capt. T. W. Hibbert, on leave in England, we give our very best wishes on his marriage to Miss M. Lamb at Galashiels on 22nd February.

The Officers' Mess and, indeed, the Battalion as a whole suffered a severe loss when Q.M.S. H. Laming left us for England in February. We wish him a speedy recovery to health and a return to us in happier times to complete—is it 50 years' service?

Official entertainments have not been numerous as company Messes have been the rule rather than the exception, but two very successful officers' dances were held early this year. It is said that the sale of "Grammars, Icelandic," was stimulated thereby; but as somebody said, "We wouldn't be knowing."

We were all sorry that specialist medical attention entailed the departure from our midst of 2nd Lt. G. C. Littler to the United Kingdom. Another loss was felt when 2nd Lt. F. G. Smith, "Freddie our erstwhile pioneer," left to take up a position with the R.E., where his expert knowledge of furniture making, road repairing, hut building and all kinds of Icelandic architecture could be put to good account. Soon after Christmas 2nd Lts. Symonds and Hill departed for warmer climes, seekers after knowledge. They have not been seen since, but perhaps the approach of long summer days may tempt them, like swallows with the sun, back to us. As I write these notes, one swallow has returned.

For the rest, we watch and wait until the day when our names too appear in the Press—perhaps in the headlines. Who knows?

SERGEANTS' MESS.

For some four months Sergeants' Messes in the true sense of the word were non-existent, and yet in tents, fish sheds, schools and every other type of abode, small bodies of men were striving to retain the few privileges possible for the sergeants under the conditions. During this period new abodes had been growing up like mushrooms over night, and so early in October the growth of Nissen huts was sufficient to provide room for a Sergeants' Mess for every company. After much hard work, led by R.S.M. Chandler, the sergeants were very comfortably housed in their new homes.

Apart from three dances, we still had very little opportunity for getting together, until early in November, when we all congratulated Lt. Chandler, wishing him the best of luck in his new position; and in addition welcomed C.S.M. Townend as R.S.M.

During the new year we said good-bye to Sgts. Ferriday and Dawes, also to a new member of the Mess, L/Sgt. Townsley, who were lucky to be chosen for courses in the United Kingdom. Good wishes to these fortunate ones and may they rejoin us in the very near future (we all know where).

March, '41, brought yet another change for the sergeants, and although the change caused considerable heart rending for some who had made more progress than others with the local charm, their sufferings were alleviated to a great extent by the forming of a Battalion Mess.

This gave us our first real opportunity, and now with R.S.M. Townend, president, everything is in full swing. We no longer have to study the obituary column for an excuse to get together and celebrate; the stage is permanently set as it should be.

SPORT.

SOCCER.—We have been rather handicapped since arrival in Iceland by the lack of football pitches. On our one and only pitch we have managed to arrange some excellent games. The Battalion has played eleven matches in all and the results were:—Six won, three drawn, two lost.

"D" Company were the winners of the Brigade inter-company soccer competition and No. 10 Platoon the winners of the Battalion inter-platoon competition.

Owing to the hard frosts during the winter months football came to a standstill, but now a Battalion inter-platoon competition is in full swing and we are looking forward to more first class football during the spring and summer.

RUGGER.—The countryside in the locality in which we were stationed during the rugger season (the late summer) did not lend itself to the game. After extensive search, however, a ground was found—a rectangular stretch of grass-land 70 yards long and 30 yards wide, in the midst of lava beds. It was a decent little ground except for a few mounds and a telegraph pole in a very tricky position. The approach to this ground was along a very rough track through the lava.

Inter-company games were organised and a Battalion team selected; this included C.S.M. (now R.S.M.) Townend, who was a well-known player in a regular battalion and who also played for the Army several times. Inter-unit matches followed, and we had representatives in the Brigade team which defeated a team selected from the rest of the Force. Inter-platoon seven-a-sides were run; these were not so rough as usual on the short-winded chaps, owing to the size of the ground.

A Brigade inter-company competition was organised, in which we were progressing favourably, when the weather conditions terminated it rather suddenly. We are still waiting for the weather to permit us to carry on the good work.

BOXING.—During the winter months boxing has made tremendous strides. The interest displayed by all ranks has been remarkable. Many difficulties have been encountered, and, as is always expected of the "Dukes," overcome.

Training started under very "fishy" surroundings, not an uncommon thing in this country, but the fish hut answered its purpose until more commodious premises were found.

The first event of the season was the inter-company championship, won by "C" Company. The final between "H.Q." Company and "C" Company was a magnificent battle, and will long be remembered by all. Fifteen men on either side, stripped for battle, fought to the bitter end. Every man was a tryer—no quarter asked for or given—and the plaudits of the spectators were well merited. The only difficulty after this match was that the Q.M. had no hats in his store sufficiently large to fit even the last-joined member of "C" Company.

Eventually the Brigade inter-battalion competition came along and we were drawn against our old friends the — West Yorkshire Regiment. Again a tremendous battle ensued, and although we had to scratch one fight the issue was in doubt right to the end, the final score reading 23—21 points against us.

The winners for the Battalion were:—Feathers.—Pte. Sleigh, "D" Company. Light-weight, L/Cpl. Waterhouse, "A" Company. Welters.—L/Cpl. Copeland, "H.Q." Company; Pte. Simpson, "H.Q." Company; L/Cpl. Riley, "C" Company. Middles.—Pte. Downs, "D" Company; Cpl. Higgs, "C" Company. Amongst the losers, Sgt. Ward put up a magnificent fight and only lost by the most narrow margin. Whilst congratulating the winners, we are quite confident that when we next do battle with them, the position will be reversed.

The great event of the season, the Force inter-unit competition, is now being eagerly awaited. We have been fortunate enough to get a bye in the first round and meet our friends the — D.L.I. in the second round. May the better team win, but it will not be our fault if we are not the better team.

Limited numbers of us have had the opportunity of seeing some splendid fighting in other battalions and formations, including professional meetings. It would take a more able pen than mine to describe how thrilling most of them have been.

In all the boxing the most outstanding features have been the "guts" displayed and the ability of the troops not only to take a hefty knock but also to give one. Tribute must also be paid to the remarkable fitness which enables every man to go all out from the beginning of the first right up to the end of the last round.

NOT LONELY.

I wasn't lonely all day long,
But happily I went,
And even hummed a little song,
For I was well content.

Oh I was well content to be
Across the miles so wide
Because, my dear, it seemed to me
You journeyed by my side.

I am not lonely though the night
Is falling on the land
And other lovers greet my sight,
Who linger hand in hand.

Oh, I am never lonely when
We're miles and miles apart,
I only smile to feel you there
So close within my heart.

PTE. HEATH (from Iceland).

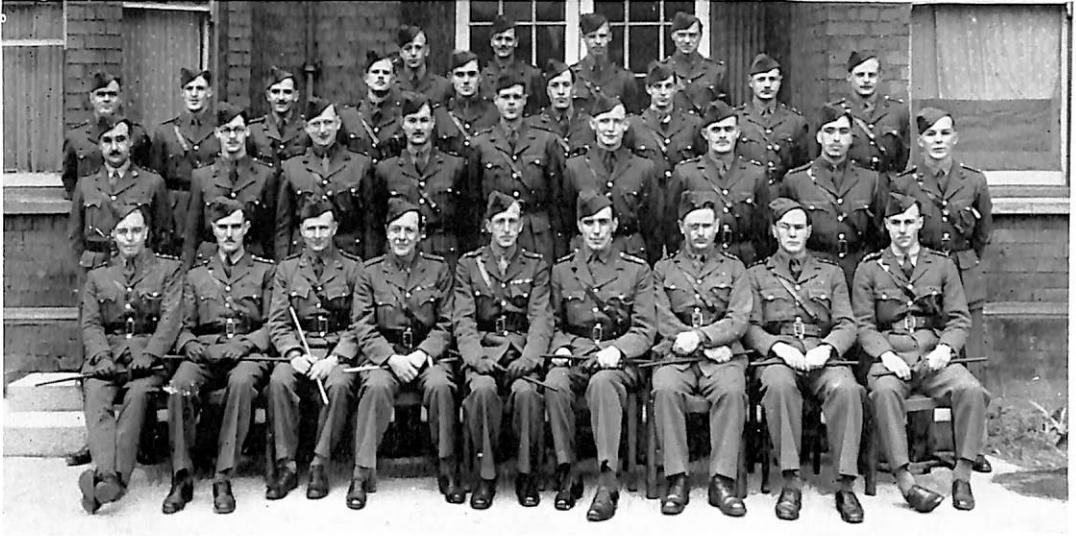
THE EXILE'S LAMENT.

On Iceland's rugged shore I stand
And long for thee, my native land,
For all the loved ones there at home,
The girl with whom I used to roam.

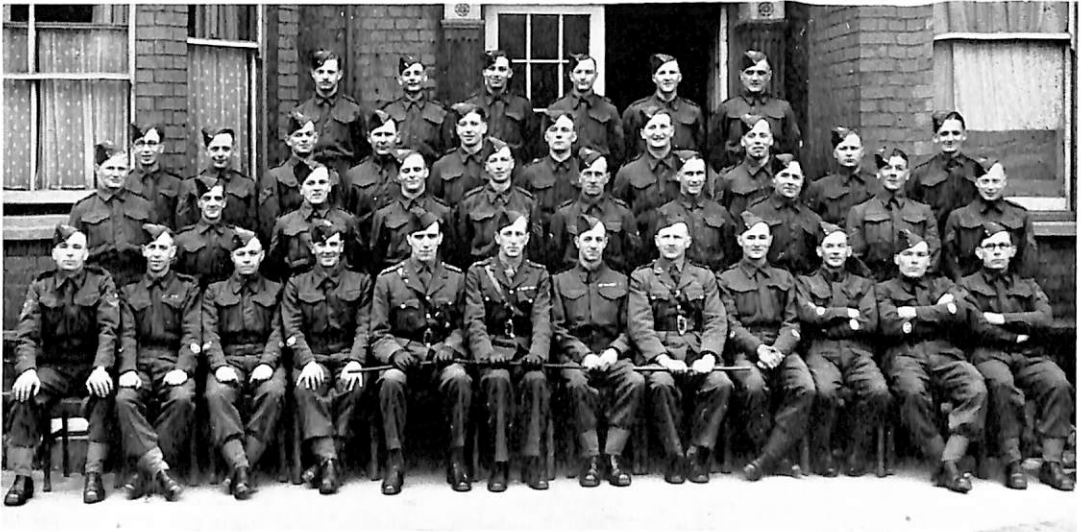
Along the lanes so fresh and green,
The birds, the trees, the things that mean
So much that they will always be
Stored away in my memory
Until the day when I shall stand
On thee again, my native land.

CPL. D. BURGIN.

A BATTALION IN YORKSHIRE.



The Officers.



The Warrant Officers and Sergeants.



Capt. R. H. Royds, M.C. (see page 86).



The late R.S.M. T. Sheridan (see page 118).

A Second Line Battalion Somewhere in England.

It appears to be customary to entitle such notes as these with a reference to the approximate location of the Battalion. As these notes cover a period of many months, and as the Battalion can only be described as perambulatory during this period, the question of entitlement is productive of confusion. Perhaps the only solution is one of magnificent vagueness:—"A Battalion in the British Isles."

Casting my mind back, with an effort painful in these times of swift events, I remember that six months ago we were in Scotland. I also remember that the most momentous occurrence in our existence at that time was the loss of our C.O., Lt.-Col. L., and the assumption of the command of the Battalion by Lt.-Col. S. This event provides, perhaps, the best place to start this chronicle of our history, as it produced some clear-cut changes in the even tenor of our existence. So clear cut were the changes, in fact, that one can hardly forbear to wince at the remembrance of the devastating suddenness of their appearance.

Before I go careering through the Battalion's history from that time forward, however, I would like to express "a genuine regret" for the loss brought about by the departure of Lt.-Col. L. Lt.-Col. L. commanded the Battalion during its unforgettable time in France, and this fact, added to the affection felt for him by the whole Battalion, ensures for him a position of permanence in our memories.

The first and most important item that connects itself with this part of Scotland is the universal happiness of the troops; I have been told, on various occasions by many assorted ranks and personalities, that they would willingly return for the duration of the war. The reason for this undisguised appreciation of the district lies mainly in the overwhelming kindness and hospitality of the civilian population. We are indebted to them. I forecast with confidence that in future, tellers of tales concerning Scottish parsimony will find us most resentful of aspersion.

In October, 1940, after living amidst a welter of rumour and counter-rumour for weeks, and after at least one false start, the Battalion moved to somewhere else in Scotland. Our new home-town was very close to the Border. If I say that its atmosphere was one of "Scots wha hae w' Wallace bled," it will give enthusiastic intelligence officers of the German and associated races something to set their beak in, and can do us no harm if they extract the kernel from the nut.

On arrival we found that the Battalion was to be concentrated, not as a parent mass with a series of growths as hitherto. This was received with mixed emotions; the troops tried to make themselves comfortable in a billet that did not lend itself to the height of comfort. The officers, meeting the possibility of a Battalion Mess for the first time in many months, reacted with many varied suggestions from conservative to frankly Bolshevik. From these two extremes of Blue and Red, a Battalion Mess of a Pale Yellow hue emerged and was found to be comfortable. I do not think that I commit *lèse-majesté* if I remark that during the first few weeks we came forcibly under the influence of a pair of very bushy eyebrows. At first the influence was interpreted as one of terror, but time and a better knowledge of the eyebrows, and what lay behind them, transmuted the terror motif to one of respect.

During this mutual development of ideas and standards, another problem reared its ugly head—training. The areas were quite excellent and ideally suited to infantry manoeuvre, but the fly in the ointment was the distance that lay between them and "our mill." A modest unassuming company scheme, therefore, took on the appearance of a more magnificent affair; however, it cannot be denied that the fitness of the Battalion was improved by this irritating blessing in disguise.

During this period we lost Capt. Rhodes, Capt. Hutchinson, Lt. Hardisty and Lt. Charlesworth to other military employment and to civil life. Their departure left a gap in our ranks which was difficult to fill.

Having performed the duty of forcing myself to think of and record some of our losses, I can now proceed to record our gains. 2nd Lt. Keen appeared in our midst to take his place as our adjutant; his promotion to a captaincy, upon which he is to be congratulated, came so soon after his arrival that one finds it hard to remember him unbowed by the becoming masses of brass on his shoulders. It would now behove me, I am sure, to make some great hearty jest about his name, and the job he performs amongst us—however, the prospect fills me with such horror that I am sure he will forgive me if I refrain.

Later in our stay we were further uplifted, strengthened and augmented by the arrival of Capt. Trench, now to be congratulated on his majority, and 2nd Lt. Nickell-Lean. Purely in writing and with an out-moded Gallic fervour we kiss them upon either cheek and bid them make themselves at home.

Christmas and that Scottish Bacchanalia with the suitable name Hogmanay came and went in a flurry of exceedingly good cheer and meritorious festive spirit.

Passing onwards and upwards, sport now shows its smiling face in these pages for the first time. The Battalion strove and strove mightily—several rugby matches were played and none were lost, several soccer matches were played. We ran, not overwillingly in many cases, in cross country races, and No. 18 Platoon covered itself in glory.

Here we have to say farewell to the hills and winds and whiskey of Scotland, and transfer our attention to a less undulatory part of Great Britain. A week or so after Hogmanay the Battalion moved again. Our new location was in —. Battalion "H.Q." and "H.Q." Company found themselves entranced in the zoological magnificence of a very beautiful park. Deer gambolled in the not inextensive greenwood, lending a touch of the medieval to the scene, and recalling the days when the custom of the inhabitants of the world was to cleave one another from skull to stomach with large axes, instead of more refinedly blowing each other to pieces with elephantine fireworks. The hall and the stables moulded themselves to the need for offices, stores, quarters and other messes. And the Battalion made itself at home. . . . The rifle companies billeted in less magnificence but in solid comfort also seemed contented.

Once again I have to smile and weep as the need arises for mentioning arrivals and departures. In the last two months we have received into our midst a large number of new, or more accurately, unfamiliar faces; officers gathered from far and wide, from Depôt and from O.C.T.U.; we welcome them all, may they stay with us for a long time. First and foremost we welcome a new second-in-command, Major Rivett-Carnac, from Northern Command, Capt. Skinner to command "B" Company, and 2nd Lts. Mitchell and Walker. Capt. Hutchinson has also returned to us, filling the recently vacated chair of the P.R.I.

To proceed to a story of melancholy bereavement, we have, in the past few weeks, lost Major Ogden, Capt. Knight, Capt. Ibbotson and 2nd Lt. Vickers. We are very sorry. Finally and to complete this bloodless and bare statement of profit and loss, we lose one M.O. and find another; good-bye to Lt. Dennehy and hail to Capt. Wilson. Such a bewildering rapidity of change within the Battalion is a very great pity; one hardly has time to make friends before those in authority decree that they shall disappear the very hour of their arrival. An institution which has seen birth and has almost achieved maturity during our stay here is the competition for the platoon flag. This terrifying innovation involves competitive performance of every sport and military virtue in the calendar. We, I speak as a platoon commander, have already ploughed our way through the Slough of Despond that was the marching and shooting contest. At the moment, laboriously we climb the Hill Difficulty of the kit inspection, and we stand face to face with Apollyon personified by the R.S.M. in the drill competition. In the middle distance the great shadow of Giant Grim or the cross country run looms menacing before us. As one of the men was heard to say after the march, "I hope this — flag is studded with diamonds, if it isn't it's not worth it."

Sport has also been thriving recently, and boxing has taken on itself a new lease of

life, and the Battalion team has not disgraced itself; at the moment we stand upon the threshold of an orgy of fisticuffs from which I think we shall emerge a trifle sanguinary but triumphant. Several games of rugby have had eminently satisfactory conclusions, and the appearance of an officer of high repute in the realm of running inordinate distances in unmentionably slimy fields gives us confidence for the future.

The Battalion Transport deserves mention in these pages, as it has achieved the pride of second place in the list of excellence of all the Corps Transport.

As I contemplate the end of my task I wonder just how much space I have wasted in long-windedness, just how many events and achievements that deserve inclusion have been forgotten, how much kindness has gone unacknowledged. If I have forgotten anything or anybody I hope they will forgive me. Let it be my poor defence that I knew not what I did.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

The Sergeants' Mess in Scotland was, unfortunately, not brought into being until just prior to the unit's vacation of that ever to be remembered land, conditions previously never seeming to prove favourable. However, the Sergeants' Mess opened, and was the first meeting to be held since the unit's return to British soil. Although accommodation was not exactly what it might have been, we had triumphed. Our gracious thanks are extended to our Commanding Officer whose intention was for us to reach this end. Conditions for so long had seemed against us, billets never seeming to allow for this formation. However, the ball began to roll. Travellers journeyed from distant lands with their rare spices—glasses loaned—and an excellent Christmas dinner was enjoyed by all, the newly available "comforts" being much appreciated.

It came to pass again that the fates decided that we should wander out into the wilderness, and on arrival at our new destination we were very cordially welcomed by the R.S.M. of the vacating unit. Blessing be upon his head, it was a royal welcome. At last we could settle down to enjoy our newly found home.

The officers of the unit decided to challenge us at a game of football. After a very strenuous game in which our bold "Hat-trick" Ryan 461 (I.G.S.M.) decided to bring the goalkeeper (the frail 2nd Lt. B. S. Nickell, L.) down with a fine rugby tackle, the score was as follows:—Sergeants 5 goals, Officers 3 goals.

Since the unit's change of location to its new area, there has been an epidemic of early rising, due to a certain W.O.'s tour of detachments at the unearthly hour of reveille. However, as this seems to have waned, it is thought that it must have necessitated a tremendous amount of recuperation.

COMPANY NOTES.

"H.Q." COMPANY.—During the past six months we have had several changes in command, but have now settled down under the inspiring leadership of Major "Johnnie" H. S. L., who is still faithful to Jacqueline of Divisional Concert Party fame.

Lts. "Peggy" L. and Derek H. have succumbed to matrimony. C.Q.M.S. Nolan is now reaching the shore after being submerged for the last three months.

No. 1 PLATOON.—A classification takes place soon and a good result is expected. Apart from signalling the main pastime of the platoon is soccer, and several exciting tussles have taken place. We were unfortunately knocked out of the flag competition by fielding a weakened team. We also did a forced march of ten miles in two hours, but owing to a misunderstanding of the route we were disqualified, but nevertheless not disheartened.

No. 3 PLATOON.—Since our arrival at our present billets, the Mortars have lost several notable members, chief of whom is Pte. Downsborough, R.; "Our Reggie," as he was known by all, never ceased to keep us amused by his escapades and his famous "stamp

in"; some unsuspecting N.C.O. has now got his hands full. Amongst the present "drain-pipers" we have quite a good swing band, Pte. White, J., being the moving spirit. The rest of us enjoy nothing better than a good "long carry" across plough. In passing, we would add that there is no truth in the current rumour that the Pioneers are making a ladder to enable Pte. Smailes to climb into bed.

No. 4 PLATOON.—It will be noted that Heinkels carry a black cross on the fuselage; while Blenheims are marked with the R.A.F. rings, Corporal.

The Recce Group's live-wire lieutenant's resemblance to Goering, H., is not only physical—for the way he blitzed certain institutions in this Battalion was nobody's business.

Who was the W.O. that the guard caught with his hand on the door-knob, crouched for a flying start at 06.29 hours? Reveille 06.30 hours.

The Recce Group's weekly dance is continuing, despite the fact that the feminine Blues are no longer seen there. We wonder why? or do we?

The tactical football match, troops for the enjoyment of, had been in progress for some time when the Recce Group moved up to the forward line and took the ball, only to hear the finishing signal—they saw us coming.

No. 5 PLATOON.—We are delighted that we are no longer company guards and fatigue men; the mantle has now fallen on the shoulders of No. 3 Platoon. Our worthy sergeant did a very neat dive from the top of a truck and got six weeks' leave for a broken leg. We hope that his appointment at the Woolpack will not prevent him from returning on the day that his ration card expires.

No. 6 PLATOON.—Thanks to the T.O., we have reason to look back on the activities of the M.T. Section during the past three months with some pleasure.

We were sorry in some respects to leave Scotland, as we found the Scotch people "kindness itself," but on the convoy down we had the satisfaction of knowing that this unit was the only one to reach the destination without the loss of a single vehicle. The excellent standard of our vehicles has been maintained, thanks to the efforts of our corporal mechanics.

We are looking forward to the completion of the Platoon Flag competition. We managed to win one soccer match, but proved that we could march as well as ride.

"A" COMPANY.—After our return from across the sea there was considerable re-organisation to carry out. It is regretted that we have only about a dozen of the old original Company still remaining. This is chiefly due to postings away to other units, and not, we are glad to say, to many casualties while overseas.

The Company consists of a cosmopolitan collection from all parts of the country, but the original Yorkshire men welcome to the Company the members of the various intakes which have been posted to us.

Sgt. Jones is the outstanding cross country runner in the Company, having distinguished himself by winning the Battalion cross country run in Scotland.

Pte. Berry, F., is to be congratulated on being awarded the Military Medal. We regret very much that he is no longer with us, having been posted to "Y" list soon after returning from overseas.

We welcome four new officers from O.C.T.U. to the Company, although one has already left us to take over the duties of assistant adjutant, and Capt. Knight has departed to the Depot, and has taken over command of No. 2 Infantry Company, in which capacity we wish him the best of luck. Capt. Stell has taken over the command of the Company.

C.Q.M.S. Bagshaw has taken over duties from C.Q.M.S. Nolan, who has moved to the high realms of C.Q.M.S. of "H.Q." Company.

Socially the Company has had quite a number of activities. Two dances were held while in Scotland, both being very successful. Two E.N.S.A. films have been shown,

and several dances held since coming into England. Much of the success of these dances may be attributed to the support of the local W.A.A.F.S.

The Company continues to be on detachment, in which state it has been since July, 1940, with the exception of some eight weeks while in Scotland.

"B" COMPANY.—This is the first time that we have contributed company notes, and as the last issue of THE IRON DUKE contained no Battalion notes, there is a sufficiency of material at the writer's disposal. Of the original Company embodied in September, 1939, there are only 19 now with us, and only 16 who saw service overseas with the Company. On our return from France last June we saw several stations in England before going to Scotland in early July. There we received drafts from the I.T.Cs. and from another regiment to fill our depleted ranks.

During early August 2nd Lt. J. R. Hargreaves contracted pneumonia and died in hospital after a very brief illness, leaving a wife, to whom we extend our sympathy.

In early September we welcomed 2nd Lts. King, Freeman and Dunn, losing 2nd Lt. Pearce, who is now to be seen riding a motor cycle attired in an immense number of "comforts." After a very happy time in Eastern Scotland, we moved south-west. There we lost 2nd Lts. Freeman and King and welcomed 2nd Lt. Dixon from "H.Q." Company. There also 2nd Lt. Dunn temporarily left us to command the demonstration platoon. At the beginning of December C.S.M. Jessop left us for "H.Q." Company and we welcomed C.S.M. Hayward, C.Q.M.S. Tucker and Sgt. Dewhurst.

After some three months spent in hard training amongst very pleasant scenery, a Christmas celebrated in the true English manner, and a New Year brought in as it can only be north of the Border, we were again moved, this time to England. We have now settled down in a "truly rural" district.

Once again we have many changes to record. Capt. Ibbotson, who had commanded the Company since October, 1939, left us for the R.A.O.C. at the end of February. In his place we welcomed Capt. "Bill" Skinner from the Depot, and also 2nd Lt. Mitchell. Once again we have C.S.M. Jessop with us, C.S.M. Hayward having gone to "H.Q." Company, together with Sgt. Sims. At the time of writing, Capt. Skinner is leaving us, and 2nd Lt. Walker has just joined us from the I.T.C.

Since last autumn we have supplied several gun crews for the defence of merchant shipping, one member, Cpl. Cotton, being mentioned for bravery. We regret this N.C.O. has now been reported missing at sea.

We were exceedingly sorry to learn recently of the death of 2nd Lt. "Jack" Reynolds, who died of wounds in hospital at Amiens last July. Jack had previously been reported prisoner and the news came as a great shock to all who knew him. We extend our deepest sympathy to his wife and family.

At the moment we are all training hard, the Nazis occasionally supplying splashes of realism, for the day when once again we shall come to grips with the enemy.

"C" COMPANY.—Our notes, I am afraid, will not be too interesting as we are only novices at the art of writing. During the last nine months we have seen many changes. First we lost C.S.M. James, who left us to become R.S.M. of another "Dukes" Battalion, and we have later heard that he is now a company commander. We wish him the best of luck. Our new W.O. is C.S.M. Pearce from the I.T.C. C.Q.M.S. Mooney went into hospital, and was posted to "Y" list; C.Q.M.S. Dinsdale has since joined us from "H.Q." Changes of N.C.Os. are too numerous to mention but we wish them the best of luck whether they have left or joined us.

2nd Lts. Teddy and Smithy left us for promotion in another "Dukes" Battalion. We hope Capt. Teddy is making a good adjutant and Capt. Smithy a good company commander. Later we lost 2nd Lt. Jimmy T., who donned his shorts and, along with topee, proceeded (with strict orders from our company commander) to settle Mussolini once and for all. According to reports, he appears to be carrying out his orders. Whilst

in Scotland we welcomed to our fold 2nd Lts. Andrew B., Derek A., and Geoff. D., but we are sorry to relate Derek and Geoff. have left us for more important work. We also had 2nd Lt. (Stonewall) J. L. posted to us, but he seems to spend all his time carrying out the duties of lieutenant and quartermaster.

Our new C.O. instituted a cup for cross country running, and No. 13 Platoon, commanded by Capt. Riddiough (last man home), had the honour of being the first platoon to win it. Pte. Stobbs upheld the tradition of "C" Company by going to Edinburgh for a Scottish Command boxing competition and knocking out his opponent.

We are now in the midst of cultivating our Company garden, for the Battalion has started a "Digging for Victory" campaign.

On paper, we are over strength in officers and other ranks, but how tiring it is to try and get more than one officer on parade!

On a recent review of the Company it was found that only five members of the original Company remained.

We are at present stationed in a small village "somewhere in England," but happy and content. We hope all companies of the "Dukes" are as happy.

"D" COMPANY.—We would like to take the opportunity of welcoming 2nd Lt. D. S. McLean and 2nd Lt. N. I. Marples to the Company. Mr. Marples served in Norway with one of the independent companies and can spin a good yarn.

The Company regrets the loss of one of its original officers, Lt. N. Vickers, whose qualities as a soldier have made him an instructor at 163 O.C.T.U. We all hope to see him back with us one day.

One and all anticipate "counting" of goals in the Battalion Platoon Flag competition final when No. 18 Platoon meet No. 11 Platoon. No. 16 Platoon were third in the Battalion marching competition, and also represented the Battalion in the Brigade marching competition; they can average four miles an hour without a breather for three hours. Our billets down here are very comfortable in comparison with the latter part of our sojourn in Scotland, and hopes of flowers outside the huts in May run high. The men have started gardening *en masse* and we find gardening for "janker men" a change from the cookhouse. All have hopes for the future and are ready for anything.

LATE NEWS.—We regret to announce the death of 2nd Lt. C. L. E. Mitchell, who died of pneumonia at King's Lynn Hospital on 25th April, 1941. He will be remembered by many serving at the I.T.C.

A Duplicate Battalion in England.

It may be noticed that the words "Second Line" have been replaced in the title of these notes by the alternative pre-war designation of "Duplicate." The unit is proud of being raised as a Second Line Territorial Battalion before the war, but the change in words will remove the possibility of misinterpretation by those who were not associated with the expansion of the T.A. Field Force in early 1939.

The draft for the last issue of THE IRON DUKE was submitted before the publication of the Supplement to the *London Gazette* of 20th December, 1940. Therefore, this is the first opportunity to congratulate several members of the Battalion.

We offer congratulations to Capt. R. H. Royds on the award of the Military Cross, and to the following who have been brought to notice in recognition of distinguished services in connection with operations in the field in May and June, 1940:—4607723 R.Q.M.S. J. S. Oakes, 4602645 Sgt. E. Lees, M.M., 4610782 L/Cpl. W. Gamble, 4612226 L/Cpl. S. Draper.

In addition, it is felt that we must include others of the Regiment who have been "mentioned," although they were not actually on the Battalion's strength during the critical months last summer. Therefore we also congratulate 2nd Lt. J. O. Dyson, who

is really "one of ours" although he is "on Brigade"; and Major J. P. Huffam, V.C., who was closely connected with the unit at Dieppe, and under the Highland Division; also Major A. H. G. Wathen, who joined us soon after the return from France.

The first months of the new year have passed with surprising speed. Location has been changed but once, and our winter training programme has been carried out quite as rigorously as intended. The members of a draft from an I.T.C., who were welcomed in January by the C.O., Lt.-Col. W., have discovered that there are different kinds of soldiering, but that curious affection for real battalion life has already replaced their original preference for the peace-time standards of amenities, and a comfortable bed *every* night of the week.

Soon we shall leave behind the local drill hall, our weekly dance, the town's cinemas and the appropriately named "local," "The Duke's Head." "A" Company are already preparing our summer home.

Major Frankis is welcomed on his posting to the Battalion, as are Messrs. Fairley, Lynes and Lingen. We congratulate R.S.M. Chandler (late Coldstream Guards) on his appointment to an immediate commission in the Regiment, in Iceland. Lt. Chandler, while R.S.M. of the original Battalion, played an important part in recruiting and moulding the embryonic unit into shape in the months preceding the embodiment of the T.A.

Capt. R. Blakeley, after many years with the Battalion and on the Reserve, has been posted to the R.Es., handing over P.R.I., etc., to Major I. Hirst, late in December last. Lt. P. E. Winter has exchanged "Messing" for "Claims Commission." Capt. B. D. Eaton-Smith is to be congratulated on his appointment as an instructor at a company commanders' school, but we regret his departure.

In our part of the world, inter-unit competitions are coming to the fore. The Battalion has made a good start by winning the Brigade's platoon turnout, marching and shooting competition. Keen competition between companies resulted in Lt. R. L. Bates' No. 16 Platoon representing the unit, to win with a very healthy margin over the other entrants.

Sport remains popular—we do find time, somehow—and our recent activities have been as follows:—

FOOTBALL.—The Battalion has had a full season at association, and has still a chance of winning the Divisional league group. Soccer has been more prominent than other games this winter, and we have been fortunate in being able to field the same Battalion team each week. Pte. Whitton (goal), Sgt. Warburton (full back), Cpl. Walker (left half) and Ptes. Gallacher and Hatton (right half and centre half respectively) have been consistently good players, without whom the Battalion could not have maintained its run of victories.

Only recently have any rugby matches been played. The Battalion is capable of putting out a good team, but more practice is needed.

BOXING.—There has been much boxing in the past months. "C" Company won the inter-company championships, and at the present the Brigade individual championships are in full swing, with the Brigade inter-unit boxing mill also in hand. The Battalion was unfortunate in being narrowly defeated by another unit in the early stages of the inter-unit knock-out.

CROSS COUNTRY.—A cross country run starts the training programme of each week at 0815 hours. This popular (?) feature had its effect in producing some good times in the inter-company cross country, which was won by "C" Company with a narrow victory over "H.Q." Company. Sgt. Fitton ("H.Q.") finished first, with Roundthwaite ("C" Company) second and Wigglesworth (Signals) third.

A peculiar game known as "tactical football" has made its appearance. This

amazing game requires 600 players, three footballs, three wireless sets and about twelve umpires and referees for its effective operation and control. The pitch is anything up to three miles by one mile. Comment is withheld.

OFFICERS' MESS.

There is a movement on foot to change the title of this Battalion to "The Wandering Dukes," so many times have the "powers that be" seen fit to change our location. We are now hovering, for we can never consider ourselves settled, in East Anglia. We have all very happy memories of the days we spent in Scotland, where such pastimes as Divisional exercises were not the grim realities that we now know them to be.

To hear from Lt.-Col. T. and Bill L., both guests of Adolf, is very cheering, more particularly the news of the engagement of the latter, whom we congratulate.

With all the officers now living in the Mess Lt.-Col. W. has plenty of opportunity to keep a fatherly, but tactfully blind, eye on the goings on. We welcome Major Frankis to our midst from Belfast; his willingness to co-operate and help has earned for him the title, among the less reverent members of the Mess, of the "Yes Man." Major Hirst, in order we presume to lighten his burden on Battalion runs, has had his tonsils removed. Major Bunbury we see very little of these days, attached as he is to some higher formation, though from what we can gather his area includes Lincoln, Newmarket, Nottingham, etc.

"Suggie" in the intervals of blowing up the countryside, is generally to be seen somewhere in the East Anglia. Sam Hoyle has been married since our last issue. We congratulate him, but notice with regret the taming of the shrew. David Eaton has left us for the moment and Reg. Rugg takes his place. "Vic." is at the moment preparing our summer camp, and has been erecting a veritable circus, although we understand he is having some difficulty in locating his performing fleas. Wright is still on view in the adjutant's office, going down for the third time under a sea of army forms. Last of those privileged to pay the higher rate of income tax is Torquil, who can be seen, stirrup pump in hand, fighting his way through his fans (both of them) from the stage door of the Pilot.

That once select rank of lieutenant is now held by so many officers of the Battalion that we can only congratulate them collectively. Frank (G.1098) Firth still issues us only with what we are entitled to, withdraws it, reports us to War Office and re-issues. Bill Johnson does most of the organising of the shows at the Pilot, and is one of the best talent spotters we have. Jimmy Mowat runs the Battle Patrol, guaranteed to shake anything they come up against. Bob Bates spends most of his time away on courses and is now qualified to instruct in almost anything. George Seddon spends most of his time riding around in a 32-seater looking for his pick-up. George Parfitt is always either putting reds into the pocket on the billiard table in the Mess, or putting his hand into his pocket on the bridge table. Sam Townend has just had his tonsils out and is now on twenty days' sick leave. Brian is still hearing somebody "strength ninah" and it is rumoured that the B.B.C. are negotiating for his services to read the ninah clock news.

William Cobb, editor of "Comic Cuts," on Sundays is to be seen seated at the Manual of Military Law. Messrs. Lynes and Farrar have become engaged; we congratulate them. Philip Diggle, understudying Brian, was heard to remark drily, when told not to repeat over the wireless, that onions were impossible to obtain anyhow. Messrs. Clarry, Abbey and Gilmore spend most of their time on (not under) the billiard table in the Mess.

We welcome to the Battalion Messrs. Eastwood, Halfhide, Riches, Sanctuary, Fairley, Lingen and Lynes. They have already dug themselves in and made the Battalion their home from home.

The Padre is tireless in his efforts to improve the welfare and comfort of the Battalion and can still obtain the odd (appropriate word, that) cheese for the Mess. The Doc. is

still inserting needles, blunt, one, into the arms of his unfortunate victims ; he is to be congratulated on having stars, officers, one more, on his shoulder.

We have lost one or two of the old faces since our last issue. Reg. Blakeley has left us for another arm of the Service and our best wishes go with him. Peter Winter is very busy, according to Winter, compensating the local inhabitants for the destruction done to their property by the troops at play.

We cannot close these notes without recording with regret the tragic death of P.S.M. Millar. He was very highly thought of by officers and men alike, and we take this opportunity of extending our deepest sympathy to his wife in her bereavement.

We have had on numerous occasions the pleasant duty of guarding the remains of the Luftwaffe, and have even had the pleasure of mounting a guard on a Wop who was in hospital with a fractured skull and broken thigh ; we certainly do not under-estimate the qualities of our foes.

News of our activities must naturally be restricted under the eye and blue pencil of the Censor, and it is with regret that I must now close. In any case I shall never make a journalist, as I cannot spel wel.

We extend our best wishes and greetings to all the other Battalions.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

We have at last settled down somewhere in England, after two moves since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE, and have established ourselves in an old Priory, which is fairly comfortable under the conditions obtaining at present.

Entertainments in the Mess have been very good indeed during the last three months, and have been thoroughly enjoyed by all concerned, thanks to the efforts of O.R.S. G. Wood and Sgt. J. Winterburn who comprise the entertainments committee. Sgt. Winterburn is often seen in the Mess on pay days with a small notebook demanding sixpences from the members in connection with various competitions which he organises, during which he is the subject of many rude remarks.

Dances are being held as far as possible each Wednesday evening. Admission is by invitation only owing to the size of the ballroom and the abnormal feet of various sergeants. We must thank Sgt. Jack Cavendish (Cab) and his regimental dance band for their musical efforts at these functions. Sergeants from neighbouring units have been invited and we were especially pleased to have the pleasure of the company of sergeants from an old "Dukes" Battalion, now Royal Artillery, at several dances. Many old faces were recognised and "yarns" exchanged.

Our congratulations to R.S.M. H. F. Smith who has just completed his first year as R.S.M. of this Battalion. We hope he is with us in that capacity for many years to come. In addition, R.S.M. Smith is congratulated on receiving the clasp to the T.E. medal. Also we congratulate Sgts. D. Baron and W. Fitton in obtaining honours as follows :—Sgt. Baron, platoon sergeant of the platoon, was successful in winning the Brigade Evelyn Wood competition recently for turnout, marching and shooting. Sgt. Fitton is senior N.C.O. of the Medical Section, which gained second place in the Divisional stretcher bearers' competition.

We regret to record the death on active service of yet another of our oldest members—P.S.M. Harry Millar (Dusty). P.S.M. Millar had, for many years, been the life and soul of all Sergeants' Messes with which he had been associated, and was well known throughout the Regiment. His untimely death was a great blow to all members of the Mess ; his cheerful disposition is still missed by all of us. "Dusty" was taken home by his old friend the R.S.M., who saw him buried with military honours in the presence of many old comrades of the "Dukes" and members of other organisations of his home town.

The following new members who have joined during the last quarter are welcomed to the Battalion :—C.S.M. L. Trueman and C.Q.M.S. F. Glenn from the Depôt, Sgt. W. Smith (cook sergeant) from the Lincolnshire Regiment.

The above made themselves at home very quickly and have become so well known that a limerick has been composed by a certain member of the Mess in which one of these gentlemen figures very prominently. Unfortunately we are unable to print the limerick as it is copyright within the Battalion.

We were extremely sorry to lose one of the oldest members of the Mess—namely, Sgt. Jim Allaway, who has passed on to that home for old soldiers—the I.T.C., and we are still left with the problem to solve as to who was the oldest member of the Mess, he or Sgt. Cavendish.

There is no truth in the rumour, however, that he was seen by Sgt. Cavendish applying bread poultices to his insteps to produce flat feet. We honestly believe that the condition of the aforesaid feet was due to normal "wear and tear." "Old Jim," as he was known by his friends, is very much missed for the work which he has done for the Mess, and we wish him every success in his new sphere whatever that may be.

At the time of writing these notes, the staff of the Battalion is comprised as follows:—R.S.M. H. F. Smith, R.Q.M.S. J. Slane, C.S.Ms. H. Downs, G. G. Hunneybell (Mess president), J. R. Ackroyd, W. Bawtry, F. Wood and L. Trueman, P.S.M. J. W. Lord, C.Q.M.Ss. S. L. Cryer, F. L. Milnes, S. Lunn, A. A. Ainley (Mess treasurer), H. Jackson, T. Haggie and F. Glenn.

We extend our greetings to all Messes of the Regiment and to H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, and hope to meet them at some time in the future under happier circumstances than at present, when this job of work is done.

COMPANY NOTES.

HEADQUARTER COMPANY.—In the past few months we have seen one or two changes in the Company, but in the main all the old stalwarts are still here. Taking the officers, Capt. R. W. Rugg left us to go to "B" Company and Major R. St. P. Bunbury took over. A short time ago, however, he went to Brigade and we haven't seen him lately, so Joe Bailey has taken over the wheel. Joe (who looks more like Winston every day) went on a junior leaders' course recently. I am told he cut quite a dashing figure in a bayonet charge! He likes running so much that when the weekly Battalion run was cancelled, he turned up changed at 8 a.m. in the morning just the same!

Talking about running, Brian Webb has been showing a clean pair of heels lately and once or twice has won the race. Of course the boys have to drop back and let him pass—it's impossible to run with someone panting in your ear—"Can-er you-er hear me-er; strength-er nine-er fading," etc. "Killer" Haigh tells me he offered to lend him a pound the other day; "Wooderson" Webb replied, "Your message indistinct and not understood. Please-er repeat-er."

Other people one occasionally sees around the Company office ('cept when there are any acquittance rolls to sign) are Lts. Johnson (the man who knows more about the German army than Hitler himself), Lt. Rowcliffe and 2nd Lt. Phillip Diggle (recently a winner in the matrimonial stakes).

Now we come to the men who do the work:—"Chippy" Wood, our lanky C.S.M., who's been asked to star in "The Thin Man Re-appears," C.Q.M.S. Jackson and C.Q.M.S. "Gigolo" Lunn. L/Cpl. Grundy and Ptes. Palmer and Harris are the poor lads who take the brunt of the storm the mornings after the Sergeants' Mess dances.

BREVITIES.—"Curly" Cavendish, our wizard saxophonist, has definitely refused to sign a contract with Duke Ellington's band—Katalikitis was the man who caused a riot at Somerset House when his birth was registered—Greenwood's blowing of the "Reveille" was the cause of a record number on sick parade.

"A" COMPANY.—Having been confronted for the first time with the task of compiling a record of events concerning the Company, the writer submits with some

trepidation the following brief account of the Company's doings and misdoings since the beginning of the year. The new year found us celebrating Hogmanay with true Scottish fervour; the spirit of the new year penetrating to Company "H.Q." in the shape of the Company storeman attired in kilt and sporran, only to be immediately charged with being improperly dressed.

A few days later we learnt with regret that we were to leave Scotland, taking with us the memory of lavish hospitality and leaving behind us hosts of friends. The middle of January found us in England, where training was again resumed at high pressure. Since our arrival here sports have been organised under the able direction of Lt. S. B. Townend with gratifying results; the Company having won all inter-company soccer matches, played a drawn game with the rest of the Battalion, and lost their only match with an R.A.F. station of some 20 times the strength of personnel by two goals to one.

Changes have taken place in the personnel of the Company, and the continuous succession of courses results in an ever-changing pattern of fresh personalities. It is with no little regret that we erased the name of Lt. Parfitt from the Company roll, and we congratulate "C" Company who benefit by our loss. We extend a hearty welcome to our new officer, 2nd Lt. R. T. G. Lynes, and to 2nd Lt. Farrar on his return to the Company after long attachments at Brigade and Divisional "H.Q." Lt. Townend is at present on sick leave after undergoing an operation, and we wish him a speedy return to health. Lt. Mowat, who has been away from the Company for numerous short spells of duty, is back again, we hope this time for good. Among the "old timers" are Sgt. W. Higgins, C.Q.M.S. T. Haggie (Five Pay Day) and C.S.M. J. R. (Smack On) Ackroyd, whose air of mild ferocity and fund of ready wit are unimpaired by the vicissitudes and manifold changes of environment through which we pass.

The Company is now detached from the Battalion under canvas, but the record of our life as bush rangers and constructional engineers must be reserved for another occasion.

"B" COMPANY.—Thunderstorms are unusual in March, but "B" Company, after discussing the possibility of a "Blitz," consulted the calendar to reassure themselves that natural atmospheric were not the cause of the sudden (but not heavenly) visitation upon them.

A magic "carpet" (forgive the pun!) had found its way to the unromantic quarters of an East Anglian port. Warehouses which had previously held grain from the world's granaries, spices from the East and salt from the earth were, at the time, holding merely salt of the earth in the shape of the brave lads in khaki who bear the rampant lion. They were a little surprised at the large dose of pepper added by higher authority!

With the characteristic adaptability of our race the Company joined in the fun, and a material result was the capture of Brigade honours in a boxing milling competition in no uncertain manner by "legs" Platoon.

It is an even bet amongst subalterns in this Company that grand fun can be had by the removal of an odd pencil or blotting paper from the O.C.'s desk; the fun is purely from a spectator's point of view, and the office staff gambol playfully like lambs in their endeavours to replace the elusive items. The invective meanwhile can be attributed only to the experience gained in a neighbouring regiment of the same county as the "Dukes."

Talking of invective brings us to the shocking experience of a newly acquired subaltern of this Company. He had travelled straight from the austere and dignified atmosphere of the Mess at the Dépôt. He entered the Mess of this Battalion, if not with trepidation, at least with apprehension of his welcome. A voice from the North (Pole) rent the air—"Shut t' bloody door." At last he realised—he was with a fighting unit!

The fighting unit has much to do about anything but fighting. Our lot varies from cookhouses to quarries and the Company has even laid (perhaps "built" would be better) a railway under the jeering but envious eyes of sappers and pioneers. We hear much of our womenfolk replacing men in non-battle pastimes, but so far as we are concerned

the A.T.S. are still immune from *our* gaze as they work (?). The number of cooks, canteen men and shoemakers on the strength of this Company is astronomical; yet somehow they give good account of themselves on the many infamous schemes in this Command. It is felt that they might be replaced by a fairer sex for many reasons; perhaps those very reasons are good enough to keep them well away from our canvas!

Sgt. Bird and Pte. Dryden are to be congratulated on winning the Brigade individual championship of their respective weights.

"C" COMPANY.—Since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE many things have happened to this Company and many the changes. Temporary Company commander, Capt. Blakeley has left us to shake up some other units on R.E. fittings. With the homecoming of Capt. S. R. Hoyle came the announcement that he was going to join the married mans' army. On 10th February we offered our hearty congratulations and we hope all his troubles will be little ones and again thank him for a grand glorious consumption night on the eventful day.

We welcome to the fold a new second-in-command, good looking, popular, Lt. G. Parfitt, but we are sorry to lose a chocolate king—namely, 2nd Lt. Eastwood, to a worse hole ("B" Company).

Alas, our P.S.M. left us for "H.Q." to take up the duties of the late P.S.M. Millar. We hope that he will occasionally put aside his motor cycle for a bugle.

Our soccer teams are performing wonders, losing only when they can't help it, but even then, other results are very fruitful. Being in possession of the Battalion boxing cup, we could not find a suitable table, but since then, owing to some very fine runners and boxing experts, we now can't get a table big enough; as a matter of fact it takes a platoon an hour now to clean up the silver. Ptes. Hooley and Ratchford are the boys for a scrap, and in the Brigade and Divisional competitions their opponents were generally on the floor by the second round. We have thoughts of sending these two to Italy, and quite possibly a couple of divisions of Black Shirts with yellow backs will scuttle themselves, as usual. Fifth column activities within the Battalion nearly lost us our Sally on one scheme; he should have been wearing gaiters.

Our Company was the only one selected in the Brigade to represent the British Army in a march past during the war weapons week in a town somewhere in England. But we are too modest to elaborate on this.

By the time these notes appear we will probably be in more sumptuous quarters (?) and need some town hall for our silver.

"D" COMPANY.—The Company as it is to-day bears very little resemblance to that which set out for France about a year ago. Many of the old faces are missing, although most of them fortunately will be absent only for the duration. Many new drafts have brought the Company up to strength again, a large number of these being "cockneys."

The Company has been glad to welcome back from his temporary (whilst in France) command of "H.Q." Company, Capt. J. K. S., who will undoubtedly disappear from the face of the earth with a large bang one of these days.

"Ali Baba" Bates and his Forty Thieves (No. 16 Platoon) have been winning honour for the Company by carrying off the Brigade marching and shooting competition by the substantial margin of 200 points. The little celebration for this fell somewhat flat, as the "Doc." was waiting for the team with his needles, which make elbow bending rather difficult. The honour for this victory is claimed by the Padre who claims that they all belong to his special flock.

Question: Give the five chief duties of a company orderly sergeant.

Answer: 1. He is responsible for the religious state of the R.S.M. on Monday morning.

2.

Extract from a cadre examination paper at the I.T.C.

A Resurrected Battalion in Cornwall.

A winter of wild storms, lashing seas, torrential rain and, for Cornwall, exceptional cold is now behind us, and the spring, with its better weather, is here to renew our efforts to fit ourselves for the battles that must inevitably lie ahead of us.

The defence of aerodromes and beaches has claimed prior attention during the winter, but training has continued all the time and at a steadily increasing tempo.

Our commitments never allow the whole Battalion to be together, so that companies are almost strangers to each other. Only on the occasion of larger scale exercises has it been possible to assemble the greater part of the Battalion in one area.

March 14th was one of these occasions and was made memorable by the fact that we were honoured by a visit from H.R.H. The Duke of Kent. His Royal Highness, wearing the uniform of a group captain R.A.F., visited companies at training in turn and spoke to a number of officers and men.

OFFICERS' MESS.

The Mess is still divided into "Town and Country membership" and although moved to billets a little more pleasant than tents and Nissen huts we are still widely dispersed. Most of the mud-ponds have been taken over by a less fortunate unit, and several of our company commanders have become local squires.

We welcome several new officers most of whom have gone out to companies, and we part company, rather sadly, with some of the A.O.E.R. Brigade—"the Ancient Order of Ever Readies"—who have decided to leave us for Corps.

In "H.Q." life just exists—the C.O. insists on rushing round an area far bigger than his worst nightmare of a point-to-point. His steed is the envy of W. Heath Robinson, as its inside is literally tied together with string and elastic bands, carefully adjusted each morning by the M.T.O., whose great slogan is "Why pick on me?" "Pick-On" as we have christened Tom Starkey is worried to death as he cannot find a car-dump to "flog" broken down P.U.s.

We have noticed that Major Sir Paddy E., after ferretting out errors in accounts all day, takes himself off to the Bristol, which has reverted from a girls' school once more. Jeff is still so busy he rarely leaves his "room with sea view," he hardly has time for a hair-cut, and it is feared he might be trying to grow a Chinese pigtail. However, he occasionally makes up enough time to play a game of rugger, and sometimes to attend a dance. At the latter he enjoys all the fun of the "fair" and is streets ahead of his brother officers.

Early one morning the whole of "H.Q." was surprised by the arrival of a loose semi-inflated barrage balloon. When it was ascertained that it was not Tiny Smith returning from his ration of beer, calm was restored once more.

Lt. Edwin Middleton Merrall and Lt. Beaton Merrall have combined their duties, and on the whole the messing arrangements give a great deal of pleasure throughout the Battalion. If he would only leave the jobs of Q.M.—O.C. "H.Q." Company—I.O.—and the M.T.O. alone, then the Signal Platoon would be a success.

We congratulate Pulley on his promotion and wish him all luck. His strenuous efforts during war weapons week at St. C. were well rewarded. Anyway, it is apparent that a seaside holiday was necessary to recuperate, and he will certainly get more rest when he gets his subalterns back to company duties.

Tommy Crowther takes on the rôle of a wealthy hotel proprietor at P.-and-P., but he obviously dislikes hotel life as he lays his head on a pillow elsewhere in the town. He has with him John N., Ingram, Mayers (C. W.), and Rhodes—on the whole a good hunting pack.

Little Audrey has come up from the south and is skipping elfin-like amongst the

daffodils and primroses at C. That nasty Ogre, Jerry, tried to brighten up the night for him recently, but Little Audrey misunderstood his intentions and turned it into a torch dance. He looks upon a 500-pounder as a lovely Easter egg.

Congratulations to Jimmy James on his third; we notice he has placed Lord George in the suitable surroundings of a castle; let's hope that he is able to control the extraordinary digestive powers of Dennis, S., and the other lusty eaters down at V.

Lofty has taken over R. and we are anxiously waiting for his next operation. His magnificent stalk and ultimate capture of the observer post by the whole company down at V. still lives in our memories. There is no truth in the rumour that he is now stalking chickens.

We are glad to see that Mac. got his leave after all. Well, if he will entertain alien visitors, he must fulfil his obligations as a host. We notice they did not stay with the Navy for long. We understand that Mac. is learning a new dance called the Admiral's Barge.

A Resurrected Battalion Somewhere in England.

Since our last notes we have celebrated our first Christmas in the field. In spite of dispersion, the festivities were successfully carried through and all ranks enjoyed a "Right good do."

Two of our original officers have left us for other fields—namely, Capt. Farquharson and 2nd Lt. Twitchin. We wish them the best of luck. We also welcome our new arrivals.

Much work has been done on local defences from which we have learnt a lot, and by the end of March we really felt that we were in a position from which it would have been difficult to shift us.

However, the Higher Command considered a change of scenery was necessary, and on 1st April we moved to fresh fields. To some the move was not very popular, owing to the high lights of town life rapidly vanishing into the folds of rustic England.

Work on new defences is in full swing, and we hope to complete shortly and get down to some real training. Equipment of all kinds is coming in, and we now hold various weapons which did not appear in the pre-war establishment.

We have had the pleasure of a short visit from Major Malcolm Robertson who was one of the original officers of this Battalion in the Great War. Members of the Regiment from Winchester will probably know him better as "The Bobber."

We offer our congratulations to our late R.S.M., Mr. Roach, on being commissioned. We were very sorry to lose him and he leaves us with the best wishes of all ranks.

A Battalion in Yorkshire.

When we last wrote some notes for THE IRON DUKE we were living under conditions which forbade almost entirely any centralised amusement. We were scattered over a vast area, communications were never easy and at one time cut completely by snow-drifts. It is now a matter of history how two company commanders were directed to dig out the roads joining their respective billets—a matter of some eight miles—so that rations could be sent out. Both started digging simultaneously from either end, but not until they had got half way did they discover that they were digging on different roads. They were both, strange to say, Irishmen.

"Charles was East and John was West,
But never the twain did meet."

This story is so libellous that it is probably true; at any rate it illustrates our difficulties in those days. Since then, however, the Battalion has managed to collect all its chickens under its wing and every kind of activity has quickened into life.

Our new area boasts a fine dance hall. Our R.S.M., ever fretting for new worlds to conquer, pounced on it enthusiastically and weekly dances crowded to capacity have been the result.

We have, rather late in the season, started rugby, soccer, cross country running and boxing, and in the inter-brigade competition have done well enough to warrant a hope that when all the results of all games are totted up, we shall find ourselves at the top of the tree.

We much enjoyed a week's visit from the I.T.C. band.

The sergeants' Mess entertained the officers to a smoking concert, where the pitiable efforts of the latter to raise a smile on the faces of the former were in the best tradition. Later the officers' Mess branched out into a mild cocktail dance which, like most tactical exercises, lasted twice as long as scheduled and may therefore be considered a success. The band played as well for an all ranks' dance, which was perfectly terrific, hundreds being turned away at the door, and in the intervals of a boxing competition. They seemed to enjoy themselves as much as we did, and we are most grateful to them.

Three weeks ago we were honoured by a visit from the Colonel of the Regiment. He came on an auspicious occasion, for we were able to hold our first and only Battalion parade since our formation. Among other visitors have been Colonel Rusbridger and Lt.-Col. Kington. We hope for an early return visit from all of them. All this gaiety sounds rather lurid when condensed into a few lines of print. Actually, spread over six months, it does not amount to very much, and the rest of the time has been fully occupied with training and other unmentionable activities, so that we have had little time to think of amusements. Even Saturdays and Sundays seem to have a habit of becoming full working days. However out of it have come two good stories, both absolutely true.

SICK PARADE.

M.O. (sympathetically) : " How are you feeling, my man ? "

Pte. Glanders : " Very well. And how's yourself ? "

OUTSIDE THE ORDERLY ROOM.

C.O. : " Why don't you present arms ? Don't you know who I am ? "

Sentry : " No, Sir. I'm a stranger in these parts. "

To end up on a note of cheerfulness, we offer our heartiest congratulations to Capt. and Mrs. McLaren on the birth of a daughter.

SPORT.

RUGBY FOOTBALL, SEASON 1940-1941.—We took to the field for the first time rather late in the season, though a number of abortive attempts had been made to play some inter-company and battalion trial games during the miserable weather round Christmas. Nevertheless we faced up to this game, the first in the Brigade tournament, with plenty of zeal and confidence based on some well-seasoned players like Cpl. Dowas, still immensely energetic in spite of increasing rotundity. Sgts. Hobson and Metcalfe, both with a vicious glint in the eye, Dick Collins, whose knuckles still show signs of wear, and a number of experts from the north who soon adapted themselves to the new rules.

It was a splendid start and we won fairly comfortably. But over-confidence and lack of experience and practice were responsible for less successful results in the next few games, until Peter West came into the side and livened up the outsides. All the games were close contests ; we won twice, drew two and lost one.

The forwards soon settled down and played extraordinarily well together considering the little practice that was possible. The outsides had flashes of brilliance, but some of their tactics were most alarming. After the first game, which caused a certain unpleasant breathlessness, it was a thoroughly enjoyable season both for the players and for the spectators.

SOCCER, SEASON 1940-1941.—The soccer season is almost ended. For this Battalion it has been all too short. For a variety of reasons it was not possible to arrange any matches at all until December. After two trials we played half a dozen matches against units in the neighbourhood. We were beaten. Results such as 1—5 and 1—7 speak for themselves. It was a disappointing but inevitable start. Early in March a brigade tournament commenced in which we fared much better; out of six matches played we have won 3, drawn 1 and lost 2. The team lacks some really good inside forwards, and if this can be remedied there should be plenty of opportunities for goal scoring. Pte. Homer on the left wing is a very clever and versatile player, and L/Cpl. Helliwell on the right wing has played consistently well. Among the half-backs Sgt. Gummer and L/Cpl. Watson have put in plenty of hard work. Next season the team should do well.

An inter-company tournament was also started in March. After a hard-fought match, "B" Company defeated "H.Q. B" team in the final.

CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING.—This was won by "C" Company on their heads and an inter-platoon tactical competition by "A" Company.

"H.Q." Company won the inter-company boxing.

Our Allied Battalion, A.M.F.

[We have received the following letter from Colonel Forsyth, who commanded the 33rd Battalion A.M.F. some years ago.—ED.]

Officers' Mess,
Area Commandant's Headquarters,
Tamworth, N.S.W., 7.1.41.

Dear Trench,

Your letter of 19th September eventually reached me here a few weeks ago. I am sorry I have been unable to acknowledge it sooner. Thanks so much for writing.

I was grieved to learn of General Turner's death. We had corresponded for years and his letters to me always contained a quality of warm friendliness which made them more than welcome. I shall miss this happy contact very much.

My sympathy goes to his home circle, and also to the wide circle of friends, including yourself, who will miss him so greatly.

My job in the Army has been a busy one, but unexciting so far. I was appointed an area commandant at the beginning of September last. It is interesting as an "A" and "Q" job, although I would prefer to be more closely associated with troops.

However, as I am too old for a battalion command overseas, "A" and "Q" seems to be my best bet for employment with the A.I.F. abroad.

My two sons, who are both sergeants in corps artillery, expect to sail shortly. One of them has completed O.T.C. and expects his commission this month.

It is always a great pleasure to receive THE IRON DUKE—and I think your last issue was up to the highest standard. Notwithstanding the great difficulties under which you must be working, I hope the publication will keep on making its welcome appearance.

Although the year will be well along the pathway of Time when this reaches you, may I extend to you and yours the warmest good wishes for 1941, and to all Battalions of "The Dukes" my humble admiration of their splendid service and high hopes for victorious achievements.

Sincerely yours,

W. S. FORSYTH.

P.S.—A number of old comrades of the 33rd Battalion A.M.F. were in the Bardia victory.

H.M.S. IRON DUKE.

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

5th May, 1941.

Dear Mr. Editor,

It is nice of you to continue to wish for news of us, but I fear that to attempt to produce uncensorable information of any interest is rather like trying to make a meal off the blown shell of a shell-less egg.

There is quite a lot that could be said, but I must confine myself to the following "snippets." First of all, since writing to you last, we have had a change of commanding officer. Much as we regretted the departure of the one when he went to "greater things," we very warmly welcomed the other. There have been other changes, too, but we may have cause to refer to those another time. Second, the scorn and scurrility which seem to be heaped upon the growers of beards (referred to in our letter before last) appear to be reaping a good harvest—beards seem practically to have disappeared. Third, it is occasionally possible, for those who like that sort of thing, to proceed ashore for exercise—they do.

We send our greetings and good wishes to all who belong to The Duke of Wellington's Regiment wherever they may be.

From your correspondent,

H.M.S. "IRON DUKE."

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

During the period 1st July, 1940, to date, 38 applications have been considered for assistance and the sum of £61 19s. 11d. distributed.

These were as follows:—1st and 2nd Battalions, 28 applications, on which it was decided to disburse £49 3s. 6d. Appeals from ex-members of the 2nd Battalion, who were not qualified for help from the Association's Fund, two cases in which a total of £4 was granted. To six members of the 3rd Battalion the sum of £6 1s. 6d., to one man of the 9th Battalion 14s. 11d. for boots; and to one ex-member of the 10th Battalion £2.

The committee would like it to be known that there is still an outlet for discarded garments, gifts of which would be appreciated. They acknowledge with thanks a parcel of clothing received from Lt.-Col. M. V. le P. Trench.

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

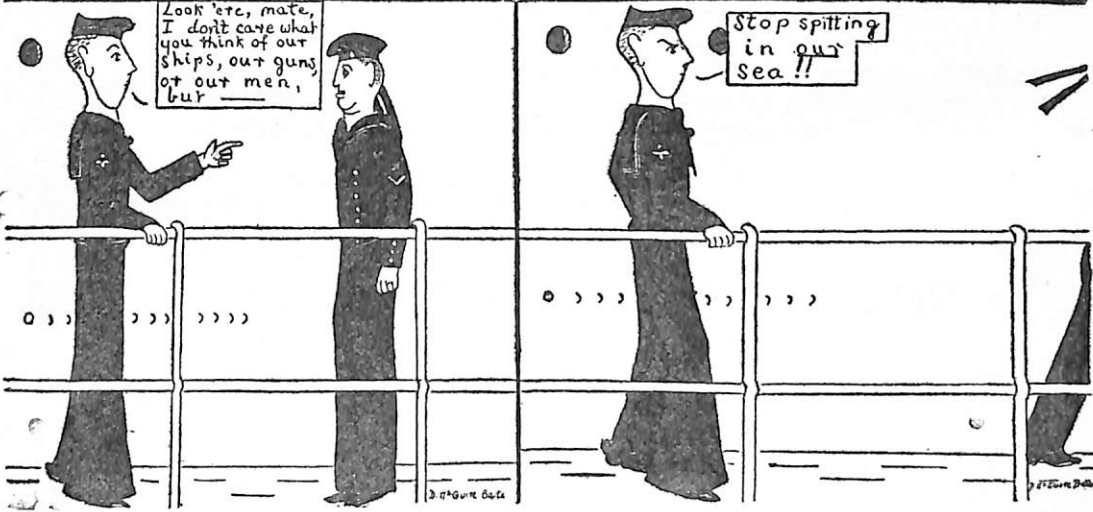
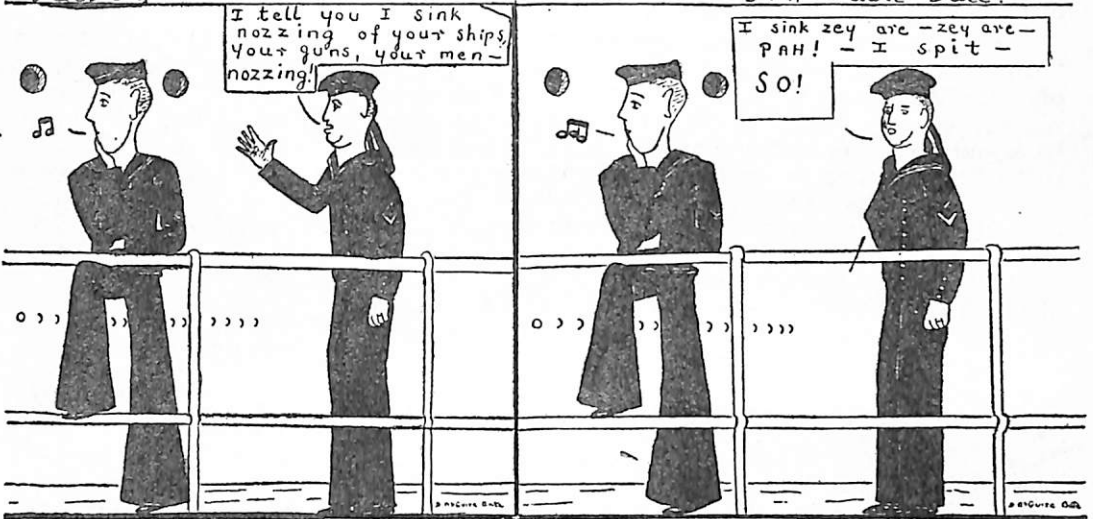
Mrs. E. P. Henochsberg; Mrs. Watson and Lady Radcliffe; Miss R. M. Cole; Mrs. G. H. Beyfus; Miss Jenny Baker and Members of the G.F.S., Wells, Norfolk; Mrs. Sayers; Mrs. W. G. Officer; Miss Dorothy Hartley; Halifax Girl Guides, per Miss Dewhurst; Mrs. C. Rowland, Northern Ireland; Mrs. Moseley and Working Party; Mrs. Earnshaw; St. Hilda's Knitting Party, per Mrs. Cower; Mrs. C. J. Pickering; W.V.W.S. Centre, Skipton; Miss Hack; S/Ldr. Price, A.T.S.; Girl Guides, per A.T.S.; Mrs. Sutcliffe; Miss Margot Bishop; Mrs. M. Hall; Mrs. Bishop; Mrs. Wildy; Miss P. Preston; Mrs. E. W. Stevens; Mrs. Game; Mrs. Cecil Ince; Army Comforts Depot, Reading; Mrs. Keith.

CASH DONATIONS.

Mrs. Strafford; J. A. Croker Fox, Esq.; J. Broadbent, Esq.; Society of Yorkshiremen in London (two donations); O.C. No. 1 Recruit Company; collection at dances in Barracks, A.T.S., "K" Company, Group 4.

Lofty

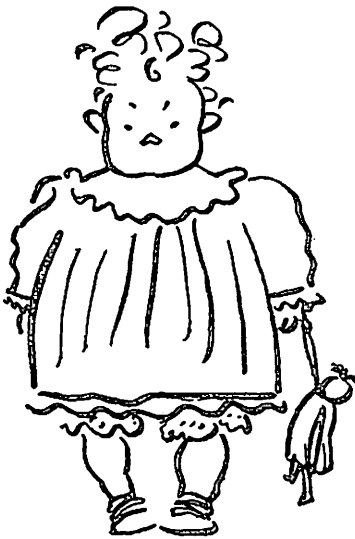
D. 17^e Guire Bate.



“What we think . . .”

From time to time the Press pauses in its description of action and counter-action in the fighting zones to ask of the world in general “What the Soldier Thinks about the War”; and to supply the answers from what one suspects to be mythical conversations with selected troops, mythical because Our Opinions have not the slightest resemblance to those set down, and, when We can be persuaded to voice them, are considerably less edifying than the sentiments of Pte. X or Sgt. Z as reported in the gossip columns.

We are not articulate about the larger issues involved, We do not consider them topics of conversation when and if We think about them, and if urged to talk We are apt to tell our questioner his home address and the speediest method of reaching it. But for those who wish to have concrete comparison of Our outlook with that of the reported conversations in the Press here are a selection of Our Opinions, as given without thought of future publicity. “What do You Think about the War?” was the question in every case, beginning with Company Commander’s Batman, who commented first on its effect in increasing price of Blanco and metal polish, diverged thence by train of thought unknown to enquirer to a soliloquy on Colour of his own Hair When a Child, proceeded to his views of Hitler’s Home Life, compared it with Home Life of C.S.M., and added Company comments thereon as well as his own interpretation, remarked on unpleasantness of Greek fruiterer in his Home Town, difficulty of Getting Bird Seed in same Town, probable Death of Wife’s Canary as result of shortage, and inaccuracy of Racing Forecast in Sunday paper.



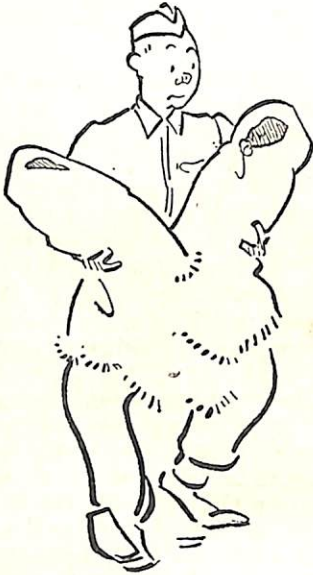
Colour of Batman’s Hair when a Child.

Indoor Shoes in the back of the Mess Oven, and that you couldn’t Call Your Soul Your Own with so Many People Poking Their Noses in Your Ash-Pail to Look for Food Wastage.

The Corporal said we should have more chance of Winning the War when Pte. Blank had learnt Not to Keep Half a Kipper Under His Mattress for Future Consumption, as relic had been discovered by Platoon Pet Kitten “Blitz,” who, after ghouls feast on remains, was now seriously ill and unlikely to Recover. Cruelty to Animals Never Paid, and Pte. Blank should have eaten Kipper before Kitten could. He hadn’t time to Think About the War, but all the same it would be nice to get a Spot of Sunshine in Africa if We could only go there.



A ghoul’s feast on the remains.



**The Lance-Corporal said His Wife
had just Had Twins.**

The Lance-Corporal said His Wife had just Had Twins and as they were both boys they would be Just Old Enough to Fight in the Next War, and he Was going to have a Few Words with His Wife about her mistake in not producing Girls.

The Sergeant's Wife said Things'll be Worse Before They are Better and Shoe Leather Was a Shocking Price Now, and if That Man Were Married instead of Being What He Is He'd have Known Better than to go Messing About With Europe, and Anyhow Thinking About the War Didn't do Anybody Any Good as You Couldn't Alter things by Thinking, Could You ?

The M.T. Driver said it was a pity the War Had Stopped Speedway Racing, that His Brother had once Won a Cup in a Motor-Cycle Race, that no doubt we should come to Eating Racing Greyhounds if food got Much Scarcer, and that the Sunday Paper had better look out for Another Tipster if they couldn't do a better Racing Forecast than their Last One, which had caused Disappointment and Financial Loss to Everybody Concerned.

Pte. D., overhearing conversation, pointed out that anyhow Astrologer's Prediction of Great Events in Same Paper had been confirmed by outbreak in the Balkans, and that His Wife's Sister had Written His Wife that Everyone Knew the First American Troops had Already Landed in Ireland and What Was one to Make of That ?

The Sergeant said that We Shouldn't Have had to Think About War at All if we hadn't made the Mistake of All This Soft Pedalling and Soft Soaping of Everything and Everybody. A Bit More of the Iron Fist and Not So Much of the Velvet Glove, That's What We Needed.

An attempt to round off the enquiry by asking the Officers' Mess what they thought of the new Wartime Budget produced replies so emphatic as to be incapable of reproduction, so the foregoing opinions must stand alone as a cross section of What We Think About This War ; and if you add to it the view, so universal that it is not even voiced, that the sooner We have finished with Hitler the better We shall be pleased, you will have a very fair estimate of Our Opinion.

C. B. A.

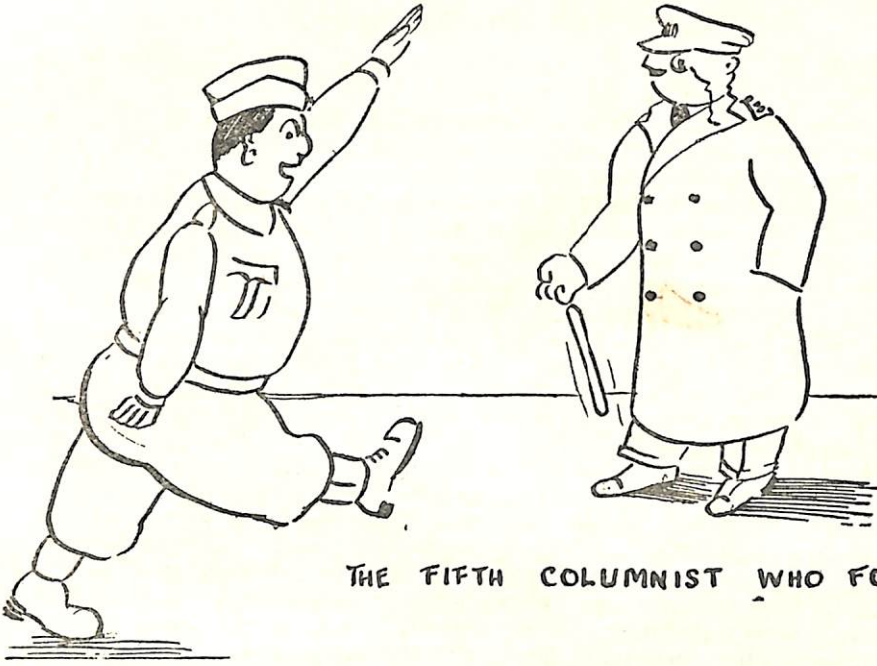
Extract from a soldier's letter to his wife :—

" Darling,—I have been promoted lance-corporal, but don't move into a bigger house yet, and speak to the neighbours as usual."

M.O. : " Coming sick to me with a cold ? If you were in civil life, would you come to me just for a cold ? "

Pte. Sniffs : " No, Sir, you would come to me."

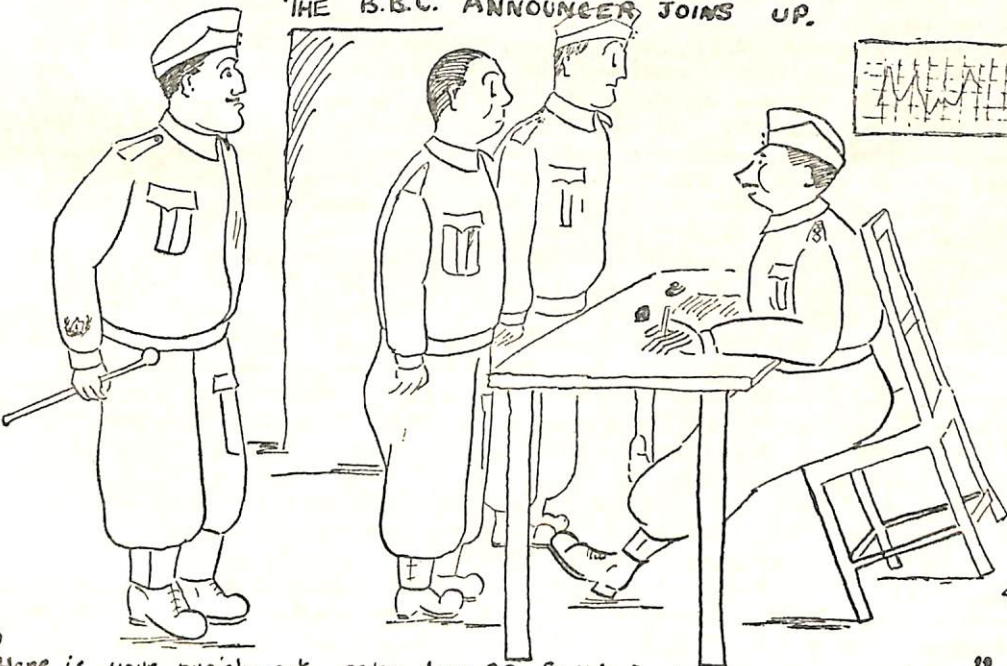
And then there was Pte. Block who thought " General practitioner " was in command of G.H.Q.



THE FIFTH COLUMNIST WHO FORGOT.

S. Swift

THE B.B.C. ANNOUNCER JOINS UP.



S. Swift

Here is your punishment, seven days C.B. & this is LT SMIGGS awarding it.

A Year Ago in Norway.

(Written on 9th April, 1941, by a Norwegian officer now serving with a Battalion of the Regiment.)

It is a year ago to-day that the German Minister in Oslo, Norway, Dr. Bräuer, came to the Norwegian Minister for Foreign Affairs and presented to Professor Koht, the Minister, a number of certain demands from his Government.

But several hours before these demands were presented, German forces had already attacked Norway. It was learned about midnight that foreign warships had passed Faerder lighthouse, and thus had entered the Oslo fjord. Later on, fighting was reported to have taken place between these warships and the forts of Bolaerne and Rauer. Just after midnight similar advance of warships was reported outside Bergen and Trondheim, and as they went along, fighting took place between them and the shore batteries.

Our Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, had on several occasions warned Norway of the possibilities of such an invasion, but with a negative result; we now had to learn of this brutal attack on a peaceful small nation, without much chance of preventing it.

So while the German Minister handed in his Führer's memorandum, warning Norway of an invasion from England, their own attack had already started. Once again Germany used their "gangster trick" which we now know so well, the starting of wars on smaller nations without even a declaration. (You may know that Norway has been the distributor of Nobel's peace prize for several years, the last prize being presented to our late Premier.) Under false pretences and excuses Germany marched in, stating they had undeniable proof that Great Britain and France were about to do the same. So the memorandum mentioned above goes on saying, that: "the German Government would in no circumstances allow the Western Powers to make Scandinavia a battlefield against Germany, or permit the Norwegian people, directly or indirectly, to be used in the war against Germany."

The brave Norwegian King, hearing of the invasion, reminded the German Minister of Hitler's own words, that, a people who humbly submits to an aggressor without the slightest resistance, does not deserve to exist. And we, the King declared, will maintain and defend our independence. The Norwegians were called to the colours, and I, being in London at the time, volunteered at the War Office. So over night, practically, I obtained my commission and joined a small but well-trained force somewhere in England. I was tremendously impressed by this little force. They looked like men that wanted to fight and kill, and they did it.

In spite of having had military training in Norway, the last time in 1938, I found my entry into battle dress rather a big change from civil life. But there was no time for grumbling or sentimental thinking. We were off. I cannot remember the very first time I crossed the North Sea as a baby in 1915, but I shall never forget this crossing as a liaison officer 25 years later. Sea-sickness was a common disease amongst these brave officers and men. I spent practically the whole time in my valise and from time to time at the rails. . . . Our first landing was not too successful, but we tried again and made it. I can't quite explain my feelings when I saw Norway again in the spring, under war-time conditions. Everything looked the same as before. Those huge white mountains diving into the sea, and fast rivers running furiously through the valleys. No signs yet of destruction. Our small steamer found its way so easily and unescorted through the friendly fjord towards an unknown battlefield.

The men, keen as they were, were eager to see this country in which they should fight—and true to British humour many a good joke was cracked when they saw the mountainous country—*i.e.*, their battlefield. Never before have British soldiers fought north of the Polar Circle as some of these men were to do. They made gallant history I thought, as they set foot ashore, while silent Norwegians watched us during the sunlit

Nordic night. The midnight sun was just rising when we arrived, giving us a glorious reception, wonderfully unreal, and making us forget the reason why we had arrived. But Lord Haw-Haw soon put a stopper to that, by announcing over the radio that we had arrived "but a small German force had pushed us into the sea again"! Some fifth columnist must have given our arrival away. I hope that to-day's condition in Norway will make that fellow regret what he did! Never again shall I take things for granted as regards "friendly" people giving information. Norway was badly let down by fifth column work, and our force suffered accordingly.

We were just completing our defence positions when the Boche was reported to be coming up the fjord. By making use of a looted Norwegian steamer they came into "our" fjord, but we were ready to meet him.

One platoon was sent to take up positions where Jerry were supposed to land, and with a detachment of sappers a hot and persistent reception was given him. We did not know, however, that our Navy was coming in behind him brewing a similar reception for him, so from the very moment our sappers pressed the button, our "Suomi"-guns (Finnish tommy-gun) and Brens were blazing off. Dead Jerries were all over the place until the Navy put an end to it all by firing two torpedoes through the German troopship and into the quay. But all the time Boche troop-carrying 'planes were landing on the lakes just behind. The balloon will soon go up again, and by midnight the day after we had contact with Jerry again. The Boche had now been able to get big reinforcements up to the front and information reaching us gave his strength to be approximately 4,000. With a strength of 250, our commanding officer attacked before dawn and thus the enemy was held for two days. Our reinforcements came late. The first unit was mainly Norwegians with a Danish captain in charge. They were a good hundred. While we took up positions further back, they volunteered to support us. But Jerry pushed in wave after wave regardless of his losses, ruthless with his own men as with those of the enemy. Without further reinforcements we found it impossible to attack again. We withdrew.

An impressive battalion of a Guards' regiment came up a few days later. They fought with marvellous accuracy and brilliancy, I thought, but were too few in numbers. Fifth columnists were busy around their quarters too, so to my mind, the enemy would here have been repulsed if their column work had failed.

The main attack was started by the Guards on 17th May, the Norwegians' national independence day. For 36 hours fighting was unbelievably fierce, and the invading Jerry sustained very heavy losses. A few Norwegians with a machine-gun insisted on staying behind to meet the main column of Germans pouring in to the village. I heard later on that hundreds of Jerries had met their death from this gun. To stake a mile or two Hitler had to pay dearly. He flung into battle thousands of men with strong air support and artillery. Our men had no support by air at all until very late in the campaign. Just before the main retreat had to commence waves of German aircraft attacked our formations, machine-gunning and bombing civilians and refugees. But our ack-ack were accurate shots, so many a time we were entertained by watching Junkers 88s diving into the sea.

So after fierce fighting we had to start that endless retreat through the Salt-valley, passing the Polar Circle towards Bodo, one of the largest towns in the north. The march was long and tiresome, and with the increasing midnight sun even I, used to Nordic conditions, soon got tired and worn out. I do not know what can beat a sense of good British humour. With its help the men more or less pushed on, milking cows at evacuated farms in their tin hats and from time to time unusual noise went on in chicken farms. . . . Thus we reached the small villages south of Bodo. Smaller units were left behind at strategic points to fight rearguard, and again Jerry had to pay dearly to push his way through.

As a very pleasant surprise, down the Salt valley we were met by another Guards' regiment, all keen men and eager to fight in spite of a very unpleasant journey they all

had had in the North Sea. A Norwegian battalion joined us as well, so the higher command was able to plan another battle. Again, I feel our plan was given away by fifth columnists, as the Boche seemed to know our positions extremely well.

You may wonder why I on several occasions attribute our failure to fifth columnists. As an officer on the spot, I made several observations without being able to pinpoint where this work was going on. Our men, when in battle, fought with outstanding efficiency, and stood up to strain heroically. The only answer I can give for our retreat in my humble opinion is this disastrous column work by traitors, or Quislingists if you like. Germany had, years before this invasion was planned, extensive interests in Norway, particularly along the west coast and right up to Narvik and the Lofoten Islands. Our well-known traitor Quisling, who as well had many friends where we were fighting, surely saw to the fact that his men were evenly distributed amongst our forces. I shall never forget when a patrol of Norwegians went out to contact the Germans during one of our first battles and never came back. Not a shot was fired and at dawn the next morning the Boche attacked us from the back.

As we reached these small villages outside Bodoë, as I mentioned, fierce fighting was reported to be taking place in the mountains north-east of Narvik. Our allied forces were driving the Jerries towards the Swedish border, and as they were absolutely cut off from other German forces, it was interesting to see how German aeroplanes twice daily dropped them food. On their way back from these operations they dive-bombed and machine-gunned our village.

The snow was still yards deep at places so we were able to send our fighting patrols on skis. Dressed in white battle dresses, we made our way quickly up the Salt valley and well camouflaged in these white suits we could sneak in rather close to the Boche; but in the valley on the other side, spring was already in full swing, enabling the Jerry to bring up transport and artillery much more easily than we ever would have dreamt of. Life was grand up there in the snow. Standing still on our skis listening to the advancing spring, we could hear gunfire and screaming bombs echoing through the mountains. We had our complete freedom up here, out of reach of Hitler's penetrating gangsters. They never dared to send even smaller detachments to meet our patrol, but had to allow us to execute our guerilla warfare on a small scale. With heavy losses to himself and extremely favourable weather conditions, it was a very exhausted Jerry that entered our evacuated village. It took him over 36 hours to continue his advance across the fjord, a stretch of a mile and a half. Trying in a way to make up for the heavy losses we had inflicted upon him, a squadron of Junkers 88 flew over Bodoë town dropping thousands of incendiaries on this charming wooden-built district in which our troops were resting. The over-crowded hospital was one of the first houses set on fire; it was a dreadful sight to see both wounded Englishmen, Norwegians and Jerries crawling together on the roads and in ditches in their nightshirts. We managed somehow to get everything with us from this town, that is to say, everything that was not burned.

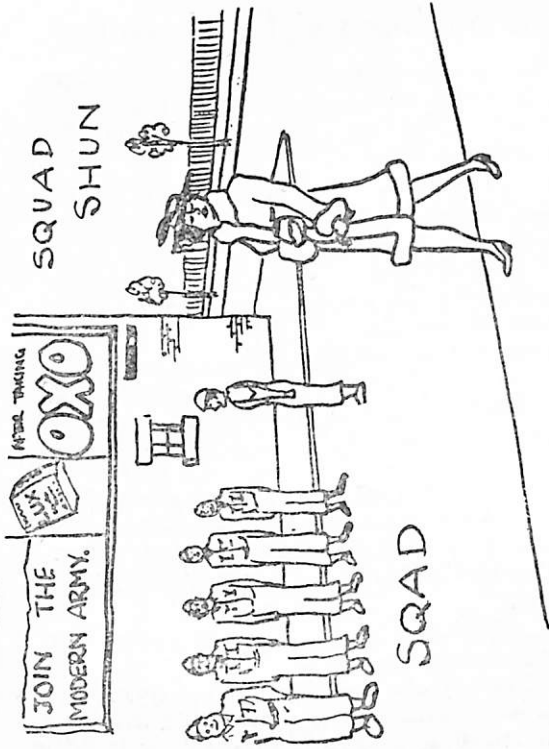
So again we set out on a long retreat, this time by boat. Many of us had hoped that the fight would be carried on further north, but the country so far north does not lend itself at all to any operations. Narvik town had been retaken by our forces, and efficient work from the sappers made it impossible for the Boche, even to-day I believe, to use this place for transhipment of Swedish iron ore.

The campaign was coming to an end. The Norwegian King, haunted by German aeroplanes ever since the first day of war, had now reached Tromsøe. From time to time news reached us from there pointing to the fact that we had to return to England, as Norway would be given up for the time being as a battlefield.

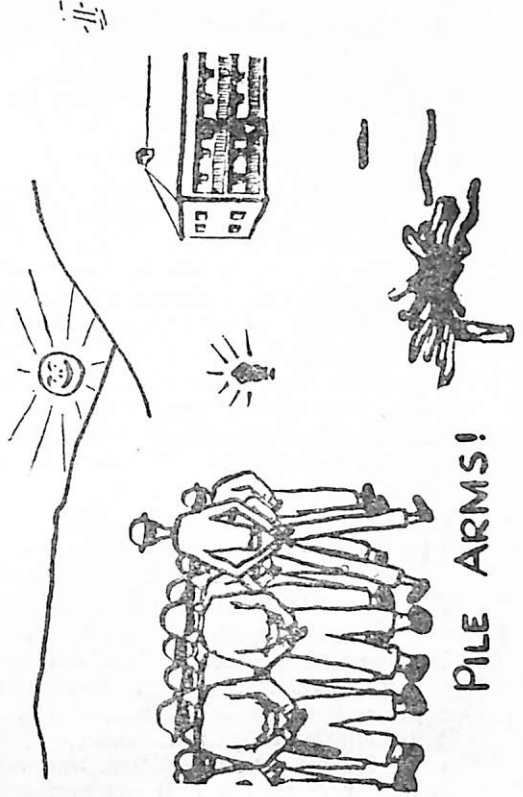
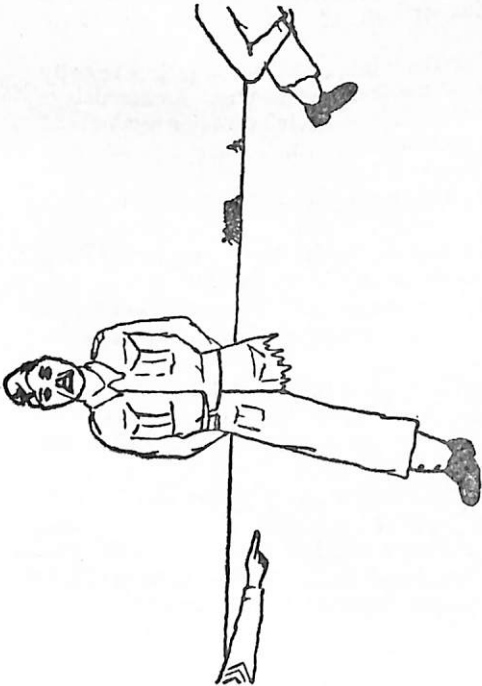
It was a big convoy that left the Norwegian shores after order of cease fire, a convoy shipping men still eager any day to take up battle against Jerry.

A. J.

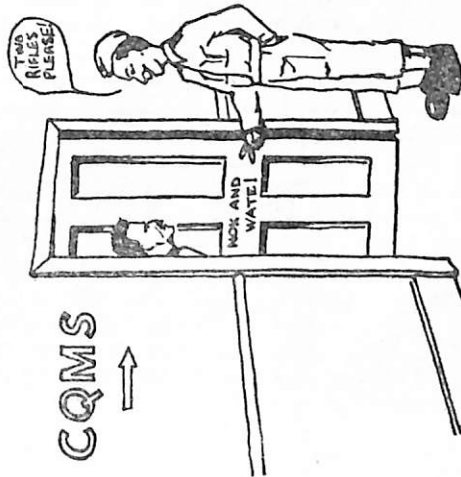
ARMY TERMS ILLUSTRATED.



CARRY THAT LEFT FOOT OFF!!



ORDER ARMS!



A Method of obtaining Extra Regimental Employment.

Mind you, this is going back a bit, but what with one thing and another, not excluding "The Censor" in these warlike times, one feels safer writing about things of the past; the past smelling faintly of lavender, or possibly to be more accurate in this particular case, smelling faintly of camels, as the scene is laid in Egypt.

Early in 1916 I was a subaltern stationed in Cairo. Most afternoons, about the time of which I write, it was my custom to "wallop" a golf ball round the well-kept course at Gezirah.

One afternoon my partner and I were badly held up by two elderly civilians who appeared to be marking score-cards for each other. They played so slowly and talked so much that the whole course was held up behind them.

My partner and I reached the eighth tee and waited there for a considerable time whilst the two offenders holed out and argued on the eighth green which lay some 250 yards away. Whilst waiting we were joined by the couple playing immediately behind us. This couple consisted of two Senior Staff Officers from G.H.Q. and I knew they were in a hurry because G.H.Q.—well, you know what I mean.

After a while one of these officers, a Major-General, who saw my ball was teed up, said, "Oh, drive into the old so-and-so's." Being a bit of a Tiger for discipline myself, I took this as a very definite order, and in a frenzy to obey clouted the ball of my career.

Believe it or not, but that ball passed head high between the two old blighters on the green 250 yards away at the rate of knots.

This effort, almost needless to say, started a bit of trouble, in fact it reached what is sometimes described in Parliament as "The Committee Stage."

I must confess that the Major-General rose to the occasion in grand style. You must remember this was at a time when Major-Generals were Major-Generals, not young lads of fifty years and under. Anyway he owned up that he had ordered me to drive off. He even went further and added a rider to the effect that where I had failed, if at all, was that I had not seriously injured either or both of the complaining elderly civilians.

Well, to cut it short, so far as I can remember the affair ended more or less happily ever after. Most of the Committee at one time or another had suffered similar delays from the two complainants. After this episode the Major-General occasionally unbent sufficiently to acknowledge my existence with a brusque sort of nod when I passed him on the course.

I felt a bit flattered at the time as my social circle was somewhat limited to a bunch of "dogs' bodies" rather like myself.

One day it went even further than that; he actually spoke to me, saying, "Look here, I'm looking out for an A.D.C. Do you know of any likely lad?"

I replied, "Yes, Sir, I am certain I can find you someone." I actually hadn't an idea in my head but one has to make it snappy when answering enquiries from senior officers.

The General muttered something about "getting on with it" and left me.

I remember ruminating after this. Had the Major-General noticed me because of the way I had hit that golf ball? or was it just my pleasing personality that had forced itself upon his attention?

I mean the golf drive was not exactly an everyday affair in my young life, far from it, in fact some 24 years have elapsed since that particular "tonk." I can soberly and honestly say that I have never, before or since, smitten a golf ball so far and so straight. No, in classic parlance, it was "one out of the bag," and in my straight dealing manly way I would have preferred to have had my character and mode of living assessed by some other standard.

That very same evening whilst chatting in the Mess over a couple of "sniffers" I told a Major of my unit what the General had said to me.

He replied, "You blistering wart! the Old Cock meant YOU!!" Readers, you can tell from the tone of this particular field officer's conversation that my own *locus standi* at this chosen moment had not exactly reached its zenith. Such is life. One learns to take the rough with the smooth and later in life, if one survives, considerable entertainment may be obtained from simply "handing out the rough"—I know because I've done it!

However I digress; now to resume the thread of the narrative or yarn. Gradually the idea of becoming an A.D.C. permeated my being. I am not and never was the sort of bloke that allowed a "good thing" to sort of drift. I sank another couple of "sniffers" and went off hastily to connect with the Major-General in case some other "bone-headed" subaltern might decide to forestall me and "lift" the job.

After a lot of enquiry and quite a big cab fare I ran my quarry to earth at "The Club." He appeared to be "chucking" a largish dinner party, but I was genuinely aroused by this time, and the idea of being an A.D.C. appealed to me like anything.

In I barged, dinner party or no dinner party, and said to the General, "Oh, hello Sir, about this A.D.C. business, I'll come!" The Major-General regarded me in rather an old-fashioned way, I mean to say he gave me what might almost be described as a "dirty" look, and said, "Very well, my lad, come and see me in the morning when you are sober."

At this sort of crucial moment some of his guests thought it advisable to snigger a bit, so I withdrew in some disorder.

That's how it started, dear readers, and within seven days I was an A.D.C., a job I had coveted because I had gained the erroneous impression from certain books of fiction that the job of an A.D.C. was a "soft job"; in a nutshell "money for jam." I have made many mistakes in my life, but this was what the Bishops call a "Cardinal Error."

I can honestly say I never worked harder in my life than I worked when an A.D.C. All these ideas of picnics with fairies and taking the dog for a walk in between meals of caviare and champagne, you can take it from me, all these ideas are "bogus."

I will own I got a bit of kick out of my "red tabs"—we were allowed to wear 'em in those days—and a couple of horses that went with the appointment suited me. Having said that I have said all on the *couleur de rose* side, what remained was just husks, in plain words, work and plenty of it.

I feel I have written enough for the time being to show that two old sayings contain a soupcon of truth—*i.e.*, all that glitters isn't gold, and, you can never tell a sausage by its skin.

I feel I would like to tell you how I progressed in the job, but at the moment feel you may possibly have had quite enough.

I will say *en passant* that I held the appointment down for one whole year. It was painfully obvious however to everyone that I was reducing my Major-General to a nervous wreck, and that sooner or later one of us would have to go.

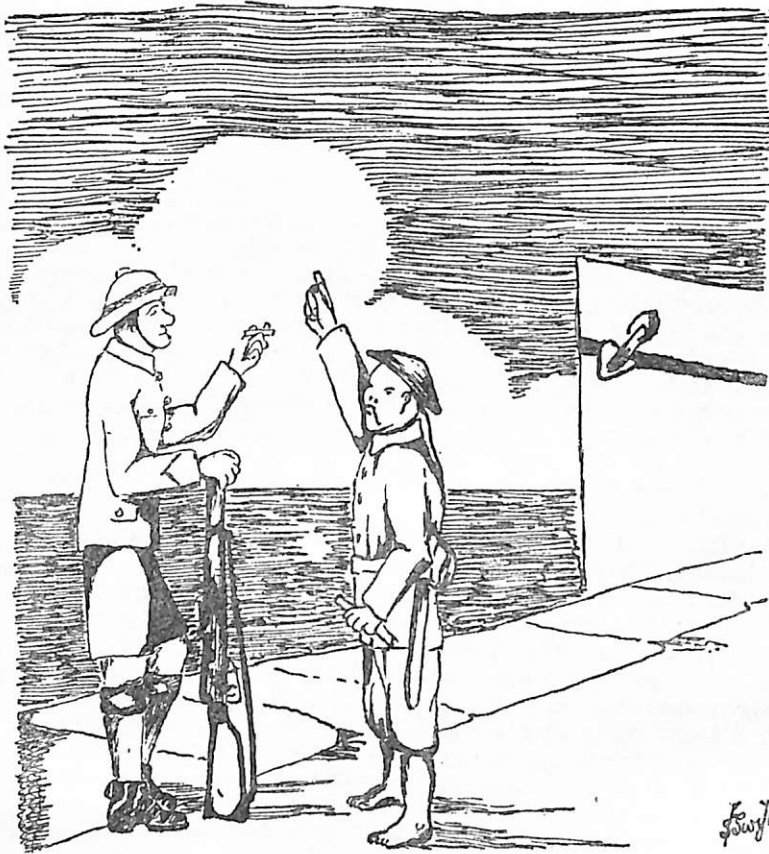
I went, but that's another story, and should "Our Editor" require a bit to fit an otherwise blank space in a subsequent edition I might possibly be persuaded to say more.

One must consider one's Public, mustn't one?

S. N.

Our Contemporaries.

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



CHINESE SOLDIER - "HOW IS IT THAT
THE ENGLISH ALWAYS WIN THEIR WARS?"
TOMMY - "WE ALWAYS PRAY FOR VICTORY."
CHINESE - "WE PRAY TOO, BUT WE DONT WIN"
TOMMY - "WELL YOU DONT EXPECT
TO WIN DO YOU? PRAYING IN A
LANGUAGE LIKE CHINESE. NO ONE
UNDERSTANDS CHINESE"

Personalia.

We offer Colonel A. Curran our heartiest congratulations on his attaining the age of 88 on 7th May, 1941. Col. Curran, who resides at Southsea, is, we are glad to hear, in fairly good health, and has come safely through the German attacks on that district. He is the oldest officer of the Regiment, having joined the 33rd Regiment in 1872, and is also the last remaining officer to have served in the 33rd or 76th Regiments before their amalgamation in 1881. On page 120 we print the Regimental page of the first Army List to be published after the amalgamation.

We were very sorry to hear that Colonel and Mrs. F. A. Hayden have had their house at Plymouth demolished by enemy action in a recent raid, and have had to move to Newton Ferrers; we offer them our congratulations on their escape. Colonel Hayden's name appears amongst the lieutenants in the Army List mentioned in the previous paragraph.

We offer our congratulations to Brigadier F. H. Fraser on his appointment to the command of a brigade in the Far East.

Also to Brigadiers J. C. Burnett and G. Fleming who have been promoted to that rank and appointed to the commands of sub-areas in this country.

We had a letter recently from Colonel G. B. Howcroft saying that he had been appointed O.C. of a ship, and although suffering from a septic foot, had managed to get a shoe on, and join his command where, as he puts it, he is living a life of luxury. The letter was written at sea and he expected to be away some months.

Major C. H. B. Pridham, who served in the 2nd Battalion for some years, and was a notable member of their cricket team, has produced two very excellent handbooks on light automatic weapons, which are reviewed on page 113 of this issue. We offer him our congratulations on the success of these works, which we hope will have a good sale. Major Pridham contributed some interesting articles on cricket in the 2nd Battalion to THE IRON DUKE some years ago, and we hope that he will write some further reminiscences for the magazine.

The following announcements have appeared in the Press and we offer our felicitations to all concerned :—

MAJOR J. T. BAIRSTOW AND MISS OAKLEY.—The engagement is announced between Major John Taylor Bairstow, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, only son of the late Charles Bairstow, J.P., and Mrs. Mary Bairstow, J.P., of High Royd, Keighley, and Mary Elizabeth Oakley, only child of Dr. G. Gardner Oakley and the late Mrs. Gardner Oakley, of Holly House, Halifax.

CAPT. R. H. BURTON AND MISS R. THORNTON.—The marriage has been arranged between Capt. R. H. Burton, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Burton, and Rosemary, daughter of the late Capt. J. C. Thornton and of Mrs. Barfoot-Saunt (now at 47 Berkeley Avenue, Reading), and will take place in India soon.

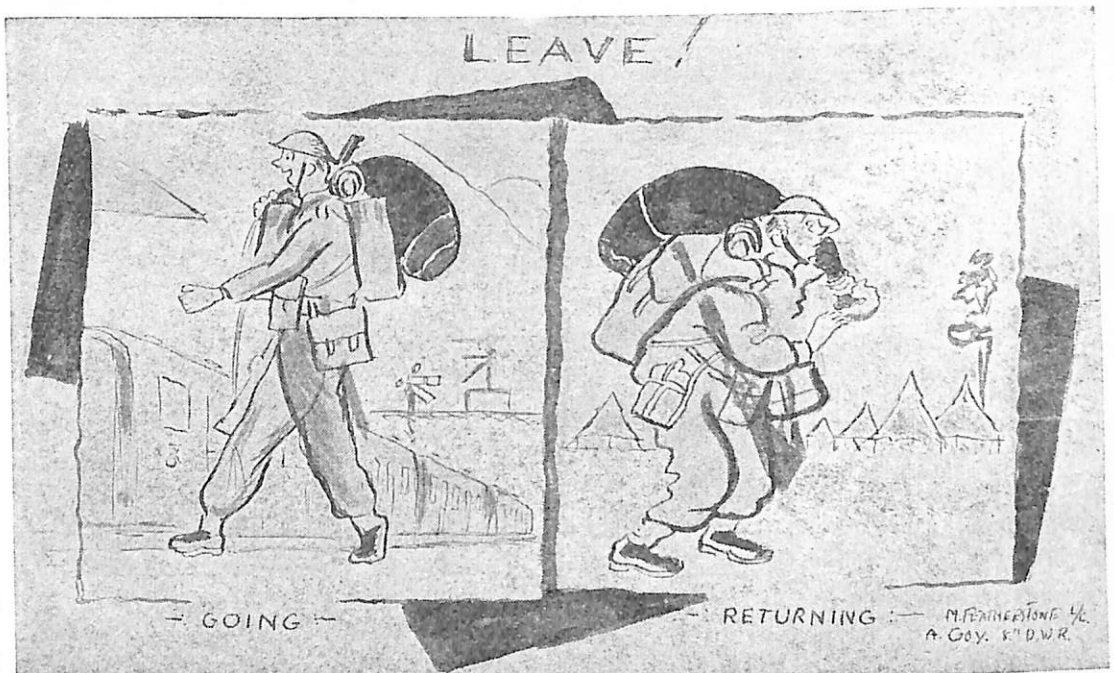
NIGHTINGALE : LIDDELL.—On 8th February, 1941, at St. Mark's, Little Common, Bexhill-on-Sea, Flight Lt. John Nightingale, R.A.F., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Nightingale, of Reading, to Rosemary Liddell, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. M. Liddell, of Broadoak Manor, Bexhill-on-Sea.

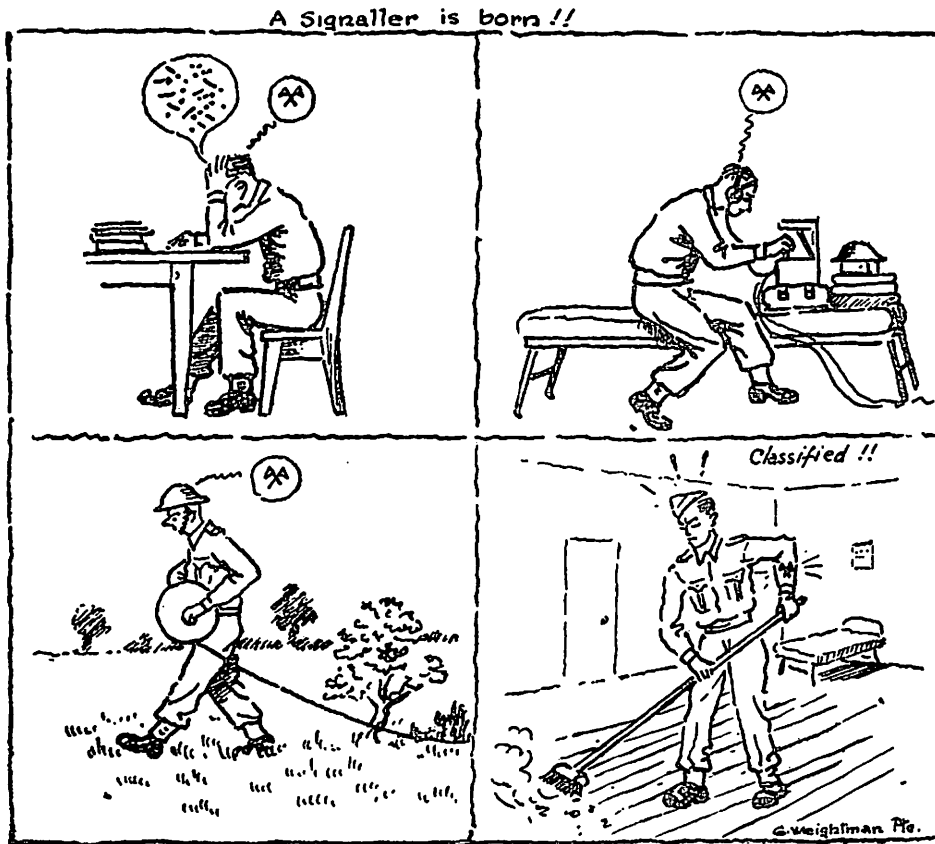
BUNBURY.—On 13th February, 1941, at Harrogate, to Pamela, wife of Major F. R. St. P. Bunbury, Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a son.

CHAPMAN: GRADY.—On 10th August, 1940, at St. Timothy's, Toronto, Canada, Mr. E. Chapman to Marian Blanche, daughter of the late ex-C.S.M. R. W. Grady, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment and of Mrs. Grady. (The above was received from Mr. T. E. Hoyle, late of the Regiment.)

Capt. Charles Oliver, writing from a room in a bombed square with no glass in the window and some brown paper flapping in the wind on a cold March day, says:—"Many readers will remember Leeming, a bandsman; I have recently got him into the Corps of Commissionaires; he has taken up a job in the Huddersfield district. He looks very fit and well and wishes to be remembered to any old friends through THE IRON DUKE. Mr. E. Ogden writes from India and informs me that he has about recovered from his illness and is feeling fit again. He also informs me that Mr. A. Field, who is still in Quetta, expected to be given an emergency commission and to join some unit in India. Field is very well. Ogden also states that Sgts. Osborne and Rogers, both of whom worked in the orderly room, 1st Battalion, in India, have been commissioned, the former in the cypher department of his division and the latter in his own unit, the Ordnance Department. I met ex-Sgt. Fricker the other day, ex-band-sergeant, 2nd Battalion; he looks very fit and well despite his 70 odd years."

Mr. John Cunningham, late No. 2797, corporal, of the 1st Battalion, in a recent letter, writes that when walking in Lewisham the other day he met a lady, who recognised his Regimental tie, and who proved to be the wife of S.M. Scouter. They had a talk of old times in the Regiment in the 80's and 90's of the last century, recalling Colonels De Wend and Connor, Major and Q.M. John Seaman, the two "Dodger" Bonds, C/Sgt. Pilgrim and S.M. Marshall, known to the boys as "the Masher." We print a letter from Mr. Cunningham on page 119 regarding a namesake's medal.





BALLAD OF A DOGSBODY.

I hate the tinkle of that telephone,
 And all the silly things that people say ;
 I have a Garbo urge to be alone,
 But " Can we have the band for Saturday ? "
 And " What about that Corporal's extra pay ? "
 And grumpy colonels ring me up and fuss.
 I pace the office like a stag at bay—
 I think I'll throw myself beneath a bus !

The C.O. worries, like a dog a bone,
 At A.C.Is. about a soldier's pay,
 And says that any idiot should have known
 Exactly what the War House meant to say.
 I wish they'd put it in a simpler way,
 It's far too complex for the likes of us.
 Dill doesn't get eleven bob a day—
 I think I'll throw myself beneath a bus !

It is a soldier's privilege to moan.
 I find the letters that have gone astray.
 I think I'm there to add a little tone,
 And tend the flowers when HE'S on holiday.
 I keep the piles of files in neat array,
 And rubber-stamp the Army Forms ; and thus,
 For months I've ploughed my very weary way—
 I think I'll throw myself beneath a bus !

ENVOI.

Prince, can you hear my plaint without dismay ?
 I have no under-adjutant to cuss ;
 And if I want to swear I have to pray—
 I think I'll throw myself beneath a bus !

IAIN.

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.

The Business Manager reports the following names and addresses to which copies of No. 48 were sent, but which have been returned marked "gone away" :—

Mr. M. H. Baxter, "Lynden," Old Lane, Hawksworth, Guiseley, Yorks.

Mr. T. Brady, 34 Waterloo Street, Waterloo, Liverpool 22.

J. R. Dickinson, Esq., 33 Strand, London, W.C. 2.

Major D. M. Jenkins, Dorchester House, 30 Shorncliffe Road, Folkestone.

Major H. R. Kavanagh, "Trees," Gosmore Road, Hitchin, Herts.

Mr. W. Lane, 28 Wellington Street, Laisterdyke, Bradford.

Capt. A. E. Miller, 17 Hove Park Villas, Hove, Sussex.

Capt. C. St. J. Phillips, Oast House, Crowhurst, Near Battle, Sussex.

2nd Lt. F. C. Scholes, Knowle Grove, Mirfield, Near Huddersfield.

S. R. Wilson, Esq., 33 Strand, London, W.C.2.

The addresses of the following are unknown :—

Brigadier C. W. G. Grimley, M.C.

Capt. J. A. Lennon, D.S.O., M.C.

Capt. W. A. Waller.

No. 396379 Sgt. R. Pye, 2nd Bn. Royal Irish Fusiliers.

Will any reader who knows the present address of any of the above please inform the Business Manager ?

Trials of Debussing. Our U.G.P. in Action.





"BUT MAM, IT SUITS
ME SO MUCH BETTER"

Reviews.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENCE AGAINST LOW-FLYING ENEMY AIRCRAFT, by Major C. H. B. Pridham, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, late Officer Instructor, School of Musketry, Hythe (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.), price 1/6.—In this handbook for light machine-gunners are set out the first principles of how to engage low-flying enemy aircraft. The recognised principles of A.A. fire control (as applicable to all small arms) are arranged in a clear and concise manner, calculated to save time in training for all personnel manning light machine guns in naval craft, mine-sweepers, trawlers or A.A. units of the Regular Army, Pioneer Corps and Home Guard. The eight parts cover the following subjects:— I. Lewis gun notes. II.—Particulars of the '303 Lewis gun. III.—Particulars of the '300 (American type) Lewis gun. IV.—Bren gun notes. V.—Hotchkiss gun notes. VI.—Engagement of air targets by light automatics. VII.—Aiming and controlling fire by observation of tracers. VIII.—Notable Lewis and Bren gun successes against enemy aircraft. The handbook is illustrated with a number of interesting photographs, and Part VII has very clear diagrams illustrating the observation of tracer bullets.

Since writing the above, Major Pridham has sent us a copy of a previous publication of his LEWIS GUN MECHANISM MADE EASY (Gale & Polden, Ltd.), price 1/6, and gives the following interesting details about it:—

"Quite a 'romance' attaches to this handbook. It was originally compiled during the autumn of 1918, whilst I was an officer instructor (Lewis gun) at Hythe. Ready for publication just before the Armistice, it made its first appearance in January, 1919. At a time when demobilisation of the fighting services was in full swing, no worse date for the publication of a handbook for Lewis gunners could possibly be imagined. The 'War to end Wars' had just been won, and the minds of everyone—even those who were still in uniform—were turned entirely towards peace. Weapon training was practically at a standstill. Consequently this little handbook was almost entirely ignored, though during the ensuing fifteen post-war years a few thousand copies were sold.

"When at length the Lewis gun became superseded throughout the Army by the Bren (as a platoon weapon for use against both ground and air targets), it looked as though the book was certain to die a sudden death. But with war breaking out again in 1939 the Lewis, hitherto used almost exclusively as an infantry weapon, now found itself of considerable value for A.A. defence—particularly at sea. It became necessary to arm all merchant shipping, trawlers, mine-sweepers and small naval craft generally (not to mention certain R.A.F. requirements) against sudden attack by enemy dive-bombers; and the Lewis, being available in large numbers and suitable for this purpose, once more became a 'front line' weapon. It proved its worth at Dunkirk, and on numerous occasions both ashore and afloat Lewis gunners, trained and untrained, used it with great success to destroy Heinkels and Dorniers from the decks of fishing trawlers and mine-sweepers. It also had its successes ashore and, being now supplied with good ammunition of British make, its old complaint of stoppages (the direct result of having to use bad S.A.A. of foreign manufacture) was rarely in evidence.

"The widespread use of Lewis guns in A.A. defence quickly converted the book into a best seller, and since June, 1940, over 50,000 copies have been sold—quite a feat for a last-war production by now over 21 years old. The main idea of the book is to arouse interest in a necessary but rather dry subject—mechanism—and also, in the arrangement of its text, to save time in training during a war in which, with so many other subjects to master, limited time only is available. A fine coloured plate is a main feature of the book. It is now in its sixth edition and 19th impression.

"The second book [reviewed above—Ed.] is the only unofficial publication dealing with the important subject of defence against low-flying enemy aircraft. Now in its second edition (published by Allen & Unwin in March, 1941), it has sold over 2,000 copies in the first few weeks. A previous first edition (in 1940) preceded the public edition of the official 'Small Arms A.A. Training.' Orders for copies have been received from Australia and South Africa. The surprising successes of Lewis and Bren guns in destroying enemy dive bombers is clearly brought out in the numerous examples quoted and selected from Ministry of Information reports. This book includes both diagrams and photo illustrations."

Both handbooks are very well arranged, with black type titles of each sub-section in the margin, and it can be confidently recommended to all who have an interest in light automatics, as well as those who have to handle them.

EDITOR.

THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT, by James Lansdale Hodson (Victor Gollanz, Ltd.).—Described as "Being some account of a War Correspondent's journeys, meetings and what was said to him in France, Britain and Flanders during 1939—1940."

The book is divided in four parts. Part I, B.E.F., First Phase, describes the author's visit to France in October, 1939, and his various journeys to R.A.F. and Army units there, including trips to the Maginot Line. On page 58, under a chapter heading of "A Matter of History," he tells of his meeting one of our Battalions, and how "a Major in a Yorkshire Regiment (The Duke of Wellington's), with a big square face, twinkling grey eyes and strong teeth," told him, "We fired the first shots, if you call a grenade a shot . . ." And there are further tales of what others related to him. Mr. Hodson had served in the last war, and in visiting places so well known to him in those days he says, "We feel as if we stand apart, as though only the half of us walk the earth, and the other half is already inhabiting the past. There are moments when it is to-day, and not long ago, that is a dream."

In Part II he tells of his visits to the Fleet, the R.A.F. and industrial centres in England, where he had returned in February, 1940, and he writes vividly of trips to sea in a variety of craft.

Part III, B.E.F., Second Phase, deals with the German invasion of the Low Countries. Mr. Hodson gets out to France in time to see the British Army's advance into Belgium, and he constantly visits the front line during the retreat. In speaking of these visits by war correspondents, he says, ". . . We were free to go away whenever we pleased, back to comparative safety, whilst they [the troops] had to stick it. No, we didn't feel very pleased with ourselves. The fact that we did their job twenty-odd years ago didn't make it any better. There seemed so few of them, and they didn't appear to have the foggiest notion what they were in for. Possibly all the better for that." Eventually Mr. Hodson returned through Arras to Boulogne, where he was evacuated before the final fighting that ended in its capture by the Germans.

What will be of special interest to the Regiment is the chapter, "First In, Last Out," pages 273 to 280, in which he recounts many details of the Battalion's part in the retreat to Dunkirk. Some of these have been referred to in THE IRON DUKE, but there are some that might be drawn on when the Battalion's part in that heroic episode comes to be written up.

Mr. Hodson returns to France on 11th June, landing at Cherbourg, and sees something of the confused fighting that went on there as the Germans pressed back the French and a portion of our Army to the south, and he gets away just as France capitulates.

Part IV, War in England, describes London and the provinces under the strain of heavy bombing, with comments on the situation from day to day, and conversations the author had with all sorts and conditions of men. The whole book is a vivid and realistic picture of the first year of the war, and is strongly recommended to our readers.

EDITOR

The Wynyard Ghost.

By I. C. McCaw.

[The following story appeared in January, 1941, in the *Standard*, Montreal, a copy of which has been sent to us by Mr. C. J. Puplett. We hope the Editor of that magazine will forgive us for publishing it without permission, as time does not allow of our getting a reply in time to include the story in this issue.—EDITOR.]

In the year 1785 the 33rd Regiment (afterwards known as The Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment) was on service in Canada and was quartered in the newly built barracks at Sydney, Cape Breton Island. Col. Yorke was the officer commanding and among the junior officers were Capt. John Cope Sherbroke (spelled also Coape Sherbrooke), Lt. George Wynyard, and Lt. Ralph Gore.

Winter had arrived very early that year; the weather was bitterly cold and Sydney harbour was blocked with ice on that memorable 15th of October.

Sherbroke and Wynyard were sitting after dinner in Wynyard's quarter, occupied in studying professional subjects, for both young men were ambitious. Neither had taken any wine at dinner. The room in which they were sitting had two doors, the one opening into the passage, the other leading into Wynyard's bedroom. There was no other means of entering the sitting room but from the passage and no other egress from the bedroom but through the sitting room, so that any person passing into the bedroom must have remained there unless he returned by the way he had entered. Even though there was a fireplace the sitting room was chilly and both officers wore furs and wraps owing to the severity of the weather.

Both men concentrated on their tasks in silence. Sherbroke "happened accidentally to glance from the volume before him towards the door that opened to the passage and observed a tall youth of about twenty years of age whose appearance was that of extreme emaciation, standing beside it." (A later detail states the figure was dressed in a light indoor costume.) "Struck with the presence of a perfect stranger, Sherbroke immediately turned to his friend and directed his attention to the guest who had thus strangely broken in upon their studies. As soon as Wynyard's eyes were turned towards the mysterious visitor, his countenance became suddenly agitated."

"I have heard," Sir John Sherbroke is quoted as saying afterwards, "of a man's being as pale as death, but I never saw a living face assume the appearance of a corpse, except Wynyard's at that moment."

The story continues:—"As they looked silently at the form before them—for Wynyard, who seemed to apprehend the import of the appearance, was deprived of the faculty of speech, and Sherbroke perceiving the agitation of his friend, felt no inclination to address it—as they looked silently upon the figure, it proceeded slowly into the adjoining apartment, and, in the act of passing them, cast its eyes with an expression of somewhat melancholy affection on young Wynyard.

"The oppression of this extraordinary presence was no sooner removed than Wynyard, seizing his friend by the arm, and drawing a deep breath, as if recovering from the suffocation of intense astonishment and emotion, muttered in a low and almost inaudible tone of voice, "Great God! my brother!

"Your brother!" repeated Sherbroke, "what can you mean, Wynyard? There must be some deception—follow me!" Immediately taking his friend by the arm, he preceded him into the bedroom.

"Imagine then the astonishment of the young officers when, on finding themselves in the centre of the chamber, they perceived that the room was entirely untenanted. Wynyard's mind had received an impression at the first moment of his observing him, that the figure he had seen was the spirit of his brother. Sherbroke still persevered in strenuously believing that some delusion had been practised."

According to the version of the story given in Jarvis' book, both officers took note of the day and hour at which the occurrence had taken place, but resolved to keep silence before their brother officers. But Wynyard's anxiety as to his brother's health betrayed him into a revelation of the reason for his solicitude. The destiny of Wynyard's brother became a matter of universal and painful interest to the officers of the regiment.

The winter was long and no word could be expected until the late spring or early summer. The first ships to arrive had sailed from the Old Country before the 15th of October, so no news could be anticipated until a later date.

"At length the long-wished-for vessel arrived. All the officers had letters except Wynyard. They examined the several newspapers but they contained no mention of any death, or of any other circumstance connected with his family that could account for the preternatural event. There was a solitary letter for Sherbroke still unopened. The officers had received their letters in the mess-room at the hour of supper. After Sherbroke had broken the seal of his last packet, and cast a glance on its contents, he beckoned his friend away from the company and departed from the room.

"All were silent. The suspense of the interest was now at its climax; the impatience for the return of Sherbrooke was inexpressible. They doubted not but that the letter had contained the long-expected intelligence. After the interval of an hour, Sherbrooke joined them. No one dared to be guilty of so great a rudeness as to inquire the nature of his correspondence; but they waited in mute attention, expecting that he would himself touch upon the subject.

"His mind was manifestly full of thoughts that pained, bewildered and oppressed him. He drew near to the fireplace and, leaning his head on the mantelpiece, after a pause of some moments, said in a low voice to the person who was nearest him: 'Wynyard's brother is no more!'

"The first line of Sherbrooke's letter was—'Dear John, break to your friend Wynyard the death of his favourite brother.' He had died the day, and at the very hour, on which the friends had seen his spirit pass so mysteriously through the apartment."

An addition to the original story states that some years after, on his return to England, Sherbrooke was walking in Piccadilly with two friends who knew the tale, when on the opposite side of the street he saw a person bearing the most remarkable resemblance to the figure which had been disclosed to Wynyard and himself. He went over and spoke to the gentleman who turned out to be the twin-brother of the youth whose spirit had been seen. (This particular was denied later.)

Before continuing with an account of the controversy aroused by the tale, it is opportune to tell something about both Wynyard and Sherbrooke. Wynyard was the eldest son of Lt.-General William Wynyard who died in 1789. He had two brothers, Henry, who was an officer in the Coldstream Guards, and John Otway, a lieutenant in the 3rd Regiment of Foot Guards. It was John who died on the 15th of October, 1785, and whose spirit was seen in Sydney barracks. George Wynyard rose to be a general and died in 1809.

Sir John Coape Sherbrooke (or Cope Sherbrooke) was with the Duke of York in the Netherlands in 1794, at the Cape and in India in 1796, in command of the troops at Messina in 1805, was entrusted with a special mission to the Beys of Egypt in 1807 and was at Lisbon under Wellington in 1809. He was Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia from 1811 to 1816 and was Governor-General of Canada from 1816 to 1818.

In the years 1858 and 1859, the publication "Notes and Queries" of London, England, carried in its columns quite an extended correspondence on the subject of the Wynyard ghost. A letter in the issue of 2nd July, 1859, is worth quoting in full:—

"On the 23rd October, 1823, a party of distinguished bigwigs were dining with the late Chief Justice Sewell at his house on the esplanade in Quebec when the story in question became a subject of conversation. Among the guests was Sir John Harvey, Adjutant-General of the Forces in Canada, who stated that there was then in the garrison an officer who knew all about the circumstances and who, probably, would not object to answering a few queries about them. Sir John immediately wrote five queries, leaving a space opposite to each one for an answer, and sent them to Col. Gore, who, if my memory serves me rightly, was at the head of either the Ordnance or the Royal Engineers Department. The following is a copy of both the queries and the answers, which were returned to Sir John before he and the other guests had left the Chief Justice's house:—

"My dear Gore,—Do me the favour to answer the following queries:—

1. Were you with the 33rd Regiment when Capts. Wynyard and Sherbrooke believed that they saw the apparition of the brother of the former officer pass through the room in which they were sitting?
2. Were you not one of the first persons who entered the room and assisted in the search for the ghost?
3. Were you not the person who made the Memorandum in writing of the circumstances by which the singular fact of the death of Wynyard's brother, at or about the time when the apparition was seen, was established?
4. With the exception of Sir J. Sherbrooke, do you not consider yourself almost the only surviving evidence of this extraordinary occurrence?
5. When, where, and in what kind of building did it take place?

(Signed) J. HARVEY.

Thursday a.m., 23rd October, 1823.

Answers.

1. Yes, I was. It occurred at Sydney, in the Island of Cape Breton, in the latter end of 1785 or 6, between 8 and 9 in the evening. We were then blocked up by the ice and had no communication with any other part of the world.—"R. G."
2. Yes. The ghost passed them as they were sitting before the fire at coffee, and went into G. Wynyard's bed-closet, the window of which was putted (sic) down.—"R. G."

3. I did not make the memorandum in writing myself, but I suggested it the next day to Sherbrooke, and he made the memorandum. I remembered the date, and on the 6th June our first letters from England brought the account of John Wynyard's death on the very night they saw his apparition.—" R. G."
4. I believe all are dead, except Col. Yorke, who then commanded the regiment and is Deputy Lieutenant of the Tower—and I believe Panton Jones, then an ensign in the Regiment.—" R. G."
5. It was in the new barracks at Sydney built the preceding summer, one of the first erections in the settlement.

(Signed) RALPH GORE.

Sherbrooke had never seen John Wynyard alive, but soon after returning to England, the following year, when walking in Bond Street with William Wynyard, late D.A. General, and just after telling him the story of the ghost, he exclaimed, " My God ! " and pointed out a person—a gentleman—as being exactly like the apparition in person and dress. This gentleman was so like J. Wynyard as often to be spoken to for him, and affected to dress like him. I think his name was Hayman.

I have heard William Wynyard mention the above circumstances and declare that he then believed the story of the ghost.

(Signed) R. G.

" The above is taken from a copy made from the original queries and answers and given to me only a few weeks after the date affixed to the queries ; and to it, is added, in the handwriting of the copyist, the following :—

" A true copy of the original. The queries are written in black ink in the handwriting of Sir John Harvey, Dept. Adjt. Genl. of British America, and signed by him ; the answers are in red ink, written and signed by Col. Gore. The original paper belongs to Chief Justice Sewell. Sir J. Sherbrooke was lately Governor-General of Lower Canada (from July, 1816—July, 1818). It is said that Sir John Sherbrooke could not bear to hear the subject spoken of.

" The copyist was a near relative of the Chief Justice and died in 1832. He was one of my most intimate friends."

(Signed) ERIC."

It is too bad that " Eric " did not give his full name but the information in his letter to " Notes and Queries " is vastly interesting. One wonders if any member of the Sewell family has preserved the original paper referred to by " Eric."

Obituary.

We regret to record the following deaths :—

BOURNE.—On 19th December, 1940, at Hull, ex-C.S.M. Thomas Bourne. Mr. Bourne joined The East Yorks. Regiment on 23rd January, 1911, transferring to The Duke of Wellington's Regiment in 1919. He served at the Depôt and with the 1st and 2nd Battalions, and unfortunately suffered a breakdown in health, in consequence of which he took his discharge in 1933. He retired to Hull, and had had indifferent health for some time.

BROOK.—On 26th October, 1940, at his home in Huddersfield, Capt. Edwin Brook, D.C.M. Capt. Brook joined the 2nd Battalion in 1882, and was transferred to the 1st Battalion in 1884. On the return of the Battalion from Malta to England in 1898 he was transferred to the newly formed Chinese Regiment, going out to China with the late Brigadier-Generals Bruce and Watson. He took part in the Boxer rising in 1900 and was awarded the D.C.M. While serving with the Chinese Regiment he was promoted regimental quartermaster-sergeant and later regimental sergeant-major. In 1907, on the disbandment of the Chinese Regiment, he came home and was appointed regimental sergeant-major of the Depôt. He retired in 1908, and returned to China where he took an appointment in some mines near Woochow ; later he was appointed secretary of the Country Club, Shanghai. On the outbreak of the Great War he came home and was

given a commission in the R.A.S.C., later being given command of a section of the Chinese Labour Corps, and was awarded a decoration by the Chinese Government for his services. After the war he again returned to China and continued his secretaryship at Shanghai until 1927, when he returned to England. Capt. Brook suffered from poor health contracted in China since his return home. Capt. C. Oliver, to whom we are indebted for the above details, writes:—"Personally I have long and happy remembrances of Brook. He was the colour-sergeant of my company when I joined the Depôt. Afterwards we were colour-sergeants and regimental sergeant-majors together. During his service in the Regiment I never knew him take part in any games except billiards, and he was captain of the team which won the Malta billiards cup. After he took to his bed I visited him several times and he was always delighted when we could talk of the old days in the Regiment."

BYRNE.—On 14th January, 1941, at his home, 29 Bessboro' Gardens, S.W.1, ex-C/Sgt. Patrick Byrne, late the 76th Regiment and 2nd Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Mr. Byrne was born in 1853 and joined the 76th Regiment's Depôt at Shorncliffe in 1868, later going out to the Regiment, who were at Secunderabad. He served with them in India, England and Ireland, and went out with them (now the 2nd Battalion D.W.R.) to Bermuda, serving at Halifax, N.S., and in the West Indies. In 1891 he was posted to the 1st Battalion, serving with "F" Company at Tynemouth, and with headquarters at Bradford, and in 1892 was discharged to pension. He joined up again during the Great War, and served with the 7th Battalion The Bedfordshire Regiment, later transferring to the Army Pay Corps. For many years he was a barrack warden in the London District Command. We are indebted to Mr. J. W. Paling and Mr. Edward Byrne (son of Mr. Patrick Byrne) for the above details, and the latter has also given us the following information:—Mr. E. Byrne was born in the Regiment at Tipperary in 1883, and served in the Great War in the Army Pay Corps; another son, born in 1885, was killed in action at Ypres in 1914, while serving with The Royal Scots Fusiliers. A third son served in the 7th Bedfords with his father, went to France with the 18th Division as C.Q.M.S., and was wounded. Mr. Edward Byrne recalls being paid a visit by Major Ellam, quartermaster of the 2nd Battalion, when they were at rest at Bray-sur-Somme, and how Major Ellam told him that it was his father (Patrick Byrne) who had given him his first stripe.

HALE.—On 17th February, 1941, at Boutiliers, Nova Scotia, Mary, wife of the late Sgt. R. F. Hale, 2nd Bn. The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Mrs. Hale was married on the strength at Halifax, N.S., in 1890, and accompanied her husband during his tour of duty with the Battalion in the West Indies, South Africa, India and Burmah. On the death of her husband she returned to Nova Scotia, her native country. She is survived by one son, Ralph, who was born at Deolali, India. Mrs. Malone, formerly of the 2nd Battalion, was present at the funeral. The above details were kindly supplied by Mr. C. J. Puplett.

O'SHEA.—At his home in Tralee on 9th December, 1940, ex-C.S.M. Daniel O'Shea. Mr. O'Shea joined the Regiment on 21st August, 1903, and served with the 1st and 2nd Battalions until 1912, when he was transferred to the Army Reserve. He rejoined on mobilisation and went to France with the 2nd Battalion, being wounded in March, 1915. He was demobilised in April, 1919, and settled in Tralee. Owing to wounds he was in indifferent health for some years, and his inability to follow any employment was the reason for a pension being awarded him from the War Memorial Pension Fund. He is survived by a widow and nine children.

SHERIDAN.—On 11th February, 1941, ex-R.S.M. Thomas Joseph Sheridan, familiarly known as Bunty, aged 63. R.S.M. Sheridan enlisted in the Regiment at the age of 14 in 1892 at Bradford Moor Barracks. After serving a few months with the 1st Battalion, he was transferred to the permanent staff at the Depôt at Halifax, where

he proved himself to be a capable musician. He re-joined the 1st Battalion in July, 1896. He took part in the South African War, 1899—1902, serving with distinction as a sergeant in the Mounted Infantry, being mentioned in despatches. In 1903 he was posted to the permanent staff and subsequently transferred to the 6th Battalion (Territorials) in 1909. He was promoted colour-sergeant in February, 1913, and became a W.O. second class in June, 1915. He served throughout the Great War. At the beginning of the war he was with the Guisley Company, subsequently at Immingham Docks, and later employed as instructor to a school for young officers, which continued to function until September, 1916, when the school was closed down. In October, 1916, he was transferred to the 4th (Res.) Battalion and promoted to the rank of acting R.S.M. He was awarded the Meritorious Service Medal and was also a recipient of the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal.

Capt. D. Looney, to whom we are indebted for the above details, writes:—"He was a good all-round athlete, a versatile comedian and a good rifle shot. He also excelled as an instructor and believed in upholding the traditions of the Regiment in and out of season. It may be truly said that even in civil life Tommy Sheridan was 'always on parade,' and this became more pronounced as time passed on. In recent years he became abnormally stout and grieved that he was unable to obtain lucrative employment. Normally, he was of a cheerful disposition and took a keen interest in THE IRON DUKE, the Regiment, old friends and all that these stand for. His one regret was that he could not take part in some way or another in an attempt to defeat the common enemy.

"In 1903 he married Katherine Balarin of Bristol, who shared his vicissitudes during a long period of years."

A photograph of Mr. Sheridan appears opposite page 81.

Correspondence.

26 Clarence Crescent,
Birkbeck Road,
Sidcup, Kent,

Dear Mr. Editor,

Should you print my address in one of your issues, I would like it to catch the eye of (if alive) 2927 Cpl. J. Cunningham of Halifax or Bradford, as the War Office sent me his medal (King's S.A. War) and I expect he has mine; it was only by chance that I discovered it. I should like to get into communication with him for old time's sake. He was in the next block-house to me at Hamman's Kraal (South Africa). Hoping I am not asking too much or trying your temper,

Believe me,

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Peckwater House,
Charing, Ashford, Kent,

26th April, 1941.

Dear Sir,

I have a Waterloo medal to "Ensign William Bain, 33rd Regiment Foot." He became lieutenant, I believe, went on half-pay and died about 1860. Is anything known about him after he retired on half-pay? I should be most grateful for any information, however meagre. It seems that Records were most imperfectly kept in those early days of England's glory.

Yours very truly,

W. G. HARDING.

The Editor, THE IRON DUKE.

To the Editor, THE IRON DUKE.

Sir,

I recently managed to procure a Crimean War medal belonging to the late Lt. B. M. Kenrick of the 33rd. Records have no trace of this officer at present, so I wonder if any of your readers are able to supply details of his career, without delving too deep into official papers which have been placed in safe keeping "for the duration."

I have the honour to remain,

Your obedient servant,

P. BRUCE LOWE, Lt., D.W.R.

P.S.—Lt. Kenrick, as he then was, was awarded the bar for Inkerman and Sebastopol.

THE IRON DUKE

ARMY LIST, 1881.


355	356	357	358
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S (WEST RIDING REGIMENT).			
Regimental Dist. No. 33.....Halifax.			
The Elephant. Crest and Motto of the late Duke of Wellington. "Hindoostan," "Serlingapatam," "Nive," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Alma," "Inkerman," "Sevastopol," "Abyssinia."			
<p>1st Bn. (33rd Foot) ... <i>Lucknow, Bengal.</i></p> <p>2nd ,, (76th ,,) ... <i>Limerick.</i></p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Dépôt ...</p>	<p>3rd Bn. (6th West York Mil.) ... <i>Halifax.</i></p> <p>4th ,, (6th West York Mil.) ... <i>Halifax.</i></p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Dépôt ... <i>Halifax.</i></p>	<p>Agents.—Messrs. Cox & Co. <i>Irish Agents (1st Bn.).—Messrs. Cane & Sons.</i></p>	
<i>Uniform.—Scarlet. Facings.—White.</i>			
<i>Colonels.</i>			
<p>Hutchinson, Gen. W. N., <i>m.c.c.</i> ... 1st Bn. 1Apr.63</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;"><i>Lt.-Colonel Commanding Regtl. Dist. ...</i></p>	<p>George, Gen. F. D., <i>C.B., m.c.c.</i> ... 2nd Bn. 28Apr.75</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">Freer, R.....21May81</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;"><i>col.23June74</i></p>		<p>Carey, C. F., <i>hon. capt.</i></p>
<p>1st and 2nd Battalions.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;"><i>Lt.-Colonels. (4)</i></p> <p>1Castle, F. J. 11Oct.79</p> <p>2Allardice, J. McD. 25Feb.80</p> <p>2Hodges, T. T. 1July81</p> <p>1Bally, W. 29Oct.81</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;"><i>Majors. (8)</i></p> <p>2Pearse, A. E. 25Feb.80</p> <p>2Talbot, J. 1July81</p> <p>1Fenn, E. G. 1July81</p> <p><i>Tidmarsh, F. J. 1July81</i></p> <p>2De Wend, D. C. 1July81</p> <p><i>Everett, W., p.s.c. 1July81</i></p> <p>1Nesbitt, E. 1July81</p> <p>1Jerrard, F. B. J. 14Sep.81</p> <p><i>Best, T. W. 1Oct.81</i></p> <p><i>d. 2Burton, H. 1Oct.81</i></p> <p>1Fraser, A. H., <i>p.s.c.</i> 29Oct.81</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;"><i>Captains. (10)</i></p> <p><i>Brett, H. L. 4July77</i></p> <p><i>Logan, A. A. R. 10Nov.77</i></p> <p>2Welch, F. 12June78</p> <p>2Mar.78</p> <p>2May, G. L. E. 22Nov.78</p> <p><i>d. 1Conor, C. 7Jan.79</i></p> <p>2McDonald, D. D. C. McC. 7June79</p> <p>2Brett, C. A. 1Nov.79</p> <p><i>Gore, C. W. 15Dec.79</i></p> <p>1Robbins, A. G. J. 28Dec.79</p> <p>1Preston, A. J. 1July81</p> <p><i>s.c. 1Duke, J. C. 24Aug.81</i></p> <p>1Jenkins, V. 1Oct.81</p> <p>1Curran, A. E. R., <i>adjt.</i> 1Oct.81</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;"><i>Lieutenants. (30)</i></p> <p>1Booth, L. E. B. 21July75</p> <p>10Jan.72</p>	<p><i>Paym. Regtl. Dist. ...</i></p> <p><i>Lieutenants—cont.</i></p> <p>2Coode, R. C., <i>adjt.</i> 10Sept.75</p> <p>1Seton, W. 11Sept.75</p> <p>11Feb.75</p> <p>2Trench, S. J., <i>I. of M.</i> 6Oct.75</p> <p>2Ruggles-Brise, C. E., <i>d.</i> 28Oct.76</p> <p>2Fellowes, H. G. 28Oct.77</p> <p>2Hume, A. R. 31May78</p> <p>1Saunders, H. R., <i>I. of M.</i> 21Aug.78</p> <p>30Dec.72</p> <p>1Price, E. C. H. 1Nov.79</p> <p>2Molyneux, G. P. B. 15Dec.79</p> <p>2Were, A. S. 28Dec.79</p> <p>2Landon, F. W. B. 19May80</p> <p>1Cornish, W. H. 19Sep.80</p> <p><i>Rich, W. H. D. (prob.) 22Dec.80</i></p> <p>1Eagar, F. W. 22Dec.80</p> <p>2Thorold, H. D. 1Jan.81</p> <p><i>d. 1Marshall, F. M. H. 30Mar.81</i></p> <p>12Jan.81</p> <p>2Goold, W. J. 18May81</p> <p>1Gore, G. E. 1July81</p> <p>1Burton, E. B. 1July81</p> <p>1Serres, E. D. 1July81</p> <p>1Buist-Sparks, F. B. 1July81</p> <p>1Colomb, R. P. 1July81</p> <p>1Smith, P. B. 1July81</p> <p>1Hayden, F. A. 1July81</p> <p>1Chesney, K. 1July81</p> <p>2Le Marchant, B. St. J. 1July81</p> <p>2Buckle, A. W. B. 1July81</p> <p>1Crommelin, C. Y. 22Oct.81</p> <p>1Harris, A. P. D. 22Oct.81</p> <p>2Mathias, L. J. 22Oct.81</p> <p><i>Paym. 1Dring, Staff Paym. W., hon. m. 2Lysaght, J. D. hon. capt. I. of M. 2Trench, S. J., lt. 1July79 1Saunders, H. R., lt. 16Apr.81</i></p> <p><i>Adjts. 1Curran A. E. R. capt., 19Feb.77 2Coode, R. C., lt. 1Jan.79 6Oct.75 1Ames, W. 19Oct.72 2Bailey, S. 12Feb.81</i></p>	<p>3rd and 4th Battalions.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;"><i>Hon. Colonel.</i></p> <p><i>Stansfeld, R. 16May74</i></p> <p><i>Lt.-Colonel Commandant.</i></p> <p>3Bayly, F. J., <i>hon. c.</i> 13June74</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;"><i>Lt.-Colonel.</i></p> <p>4Garnham, R. E. W. 11June79</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;"><i>Majors.</i></p> <p>3Wemyss, F. C., <i>hon. l.c.</i> 10Mar.75</p> <p>4Stansfeld, G. 11June79</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;"><i>Captains. (12)</i></p> <p><i>p.s. 3Birkbeck, R. S. 8Apr.72 3Trevelyan, H. W. 1July74 3Daubeny, St. J. E., hon. m. 30Sept.74 3Stovell, G. 1July76 4Bacon, H., Capt. ret. pay 5Sept.77 3Skene, J. 31July78 3Holroyd, J. H. G. 18June79 4Dunn, R. G. 2July79 4Rouse, F. 3July79 4Wyllie, A. K. 23Nov.81 p.s. 4Heydemann, H. E. 4Feb.82 Douglas, Hon. Maj. G. M. 18Feb.82</i></p>	<p><i>Lieutenants. (18)</i></p> <p>3Brinkley, C. M. E. 20Sept.79</p> <p>4Mittin, G. J. 3May80</p> <p>4Sparrow, T. S. P. 3May80</p> <p>3Williams, L. A. 3May80</p> <p>3Birdwood, A. R. 19Jan.81</p> <p>4Coulson, A. L. H. 19Jan.81</p> <p>3Bruce, R. N. D. 19Jan.81</p> <p>4Walker, J. C. A. 19Jan.81</p> <p>4Welch, G. O. 19Jan.81</p> <p>4Adams, A. W. 1July81</p> <p>3Cordes, E. L. 1July81</p> <p>4Smith, C. O. H. 1July81</p> <p>3Taylor, G. van S. 1July81</p> <p>3Calverley, H. W. 1July81</p> <p>3Williams, B. T. 1July81</p> <p>4Travers, G. D. 1July81</p> <p>4Foster, E. C. 1July81</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;"><i>I. of M.</i></p> <p><i>Adjts. Logan, A. R., Capt., 2nd Bn. 9Feb.80 (Capt. in the Army 10Nov.77)</i></p> <p><i>Q.M. 4Harvey, W. 5Nov.79 (temp. Q.M. in Army 5Nov.79)</i></p> <p><i>3Bell, J. E. 26Jan.81 (temp. Q.M. in Army 24Jan.74)</i></p> <p><i>Med. Off. Wright, J. H. sur. m. 23Mar.75</i></p>

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THE IRON DUKE
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S
REGIMENTAL MAGAZINE

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THE IRON DUKE.

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