

No.50 October 1941



THE IRON DUKE

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

THE IRON DUKE



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

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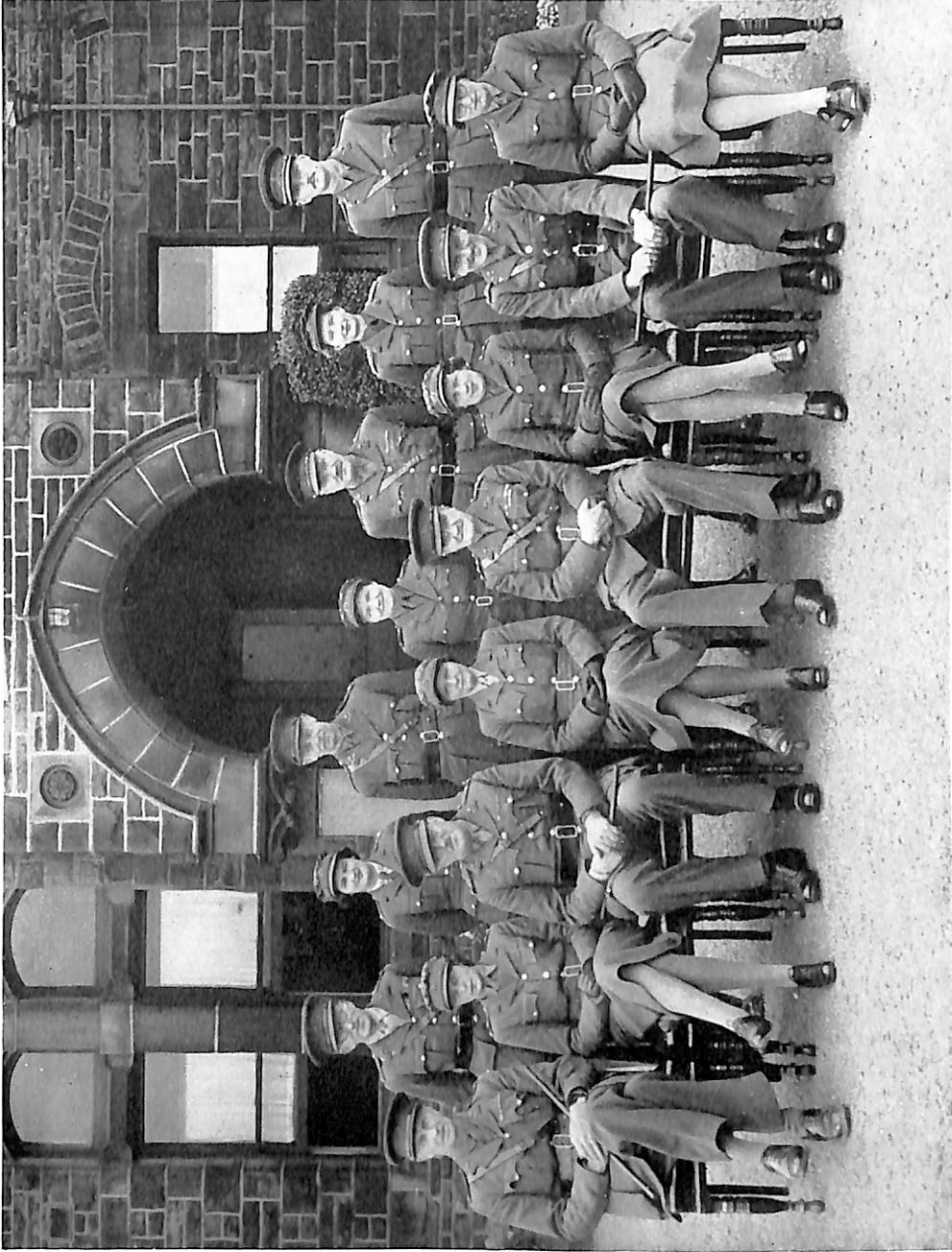
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THE DEPOT, 1941.



"Blondes prefer Tuans."

(Many of our readers will remember the above expression being used while the 2nd Battalion was in Singapore.)

THE IRON DUKE

EDITORIAL.

FIFTY up! and the Editor has carried his bat throughout the innings so far, though no doubt he should have been dismissed on more than one occasion. We are in the fashion too with the first figure of our number **V** or if you like it . . . — Would that victory could come before our next number.

The Editor frequently receives praises for the standard of the magazine, and he has saved them all up, and now hands them out to all our contributors, past and present, to whom all the praise is due. We had hoped to have a representative number this time, with articles or drawings from all past contributors who have not been able to brighten our pages for some time; but, alas, many of them have failed owing to pressure of work. Some no doubt have wondered whether the Editor knew there was a war on, when such pressing requests for "copy" have reached them! One in particular, Major Owen Price, while unable to contribute himself, has supplied an excellent substitute in his son Peter, who has given us an admirable innovation in the shape of a crossword puzzle. We congratulate both father and son, and hope some more of the younger generation will take note and give us their help. In this connection we should like to refer to Miss Desirée McGuire Bate, who has contributed the "Lofty" series of drawings, another of which appears in this issue. Miss Bate is the daughter of Major W. T. McGuire Bate.

As we write this the date by which the Prime Minister told the Army they were to be at concert pitch has passed; but no doubt, to change the metaphor, they will be on their toes on the starting line for some weeks to come, and we are sure that all Battalions of the Regiment will get a good start if and when the flag falls.

From the Colonel of the Regiment.

This is our fiftieth issue and our readers have every right to congratulate themselves on its appearance. Long may it continue.

Our thanks for this continuity are due to Lt.-Col. M. V. le P. Trench who has acted as our Editor from the start in the year 1925. We hope that Colonel Trench will accept our grateful thanks for all the good and hard work which he has put in over this long period. There are many good regimental magazines, but we think that ours is second to none, and this high standard throughout has been maintained by the efforts of our contributors. To them also we say "Thank you."

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

Stop Press.

Col. Trench, Llwyn-Celyn, Pennal, Machynlleth.

H.M.S. *Iron Duke*.

Best wishes for anniversary of IRON DUKE Magazine. Unavoidably prevented from writing.

Commanding Officer, H.M.S. "IRON DUKE."

A Battalion Somewhere in England.

Since our last issue we have had the honour of receiving two distinguished visitors. Some weeks ago Sir Nevile Henderson came down and gave us a most interesting lecture on his experiences as H.M. Ambassador in Berlin. After listening to him, one realised more than ever how inevitable was the failure of his mission to establish better relations between this country and Nazi Germany. Afterwards Sir Nevile was the guest of the Officers' Mess at dinner. Recently H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester came down to see the Battalion and inspect training. His visit was marked by a complete absence of any ceremonial and normal training was carried out as on any other day.

We would like to offer our sincere congratulations to Major F. P. A. Woods on his appointment as commanding officer to another Battalion of the "Dukes," and to our late Padre—the Rev. V. D. Siddons—who has been posted as senior chaplain to another Division. Naturally we are sorry to lose them both, but they take with them our best wishes for success in their new jobs.

The death of R.S.M. Glasbey, which came with such tragic suddenness some weeks ago, was a great shock to his many friends among all ranks in the Battalion. We offer to Mrs. Glasbey and the family our deepest sympathy in their great loss.

We congratulate Colonel and Mrs. Kington, Major and Mrs. Cartwright, and Captain and Mrs. Coldwell on the birth of a son apiece. Doubtless in twenty years' time all three will be serving in the "Dukes" together.

Others among the officers have not been idle, and we congratulate Captain Tull and Captain Faulks on their forthcoming marriages.

There remains little else to be said, or more accurately, little else which the censorship permits us to say. The Prime Minister recently announced that every effort was being made to see that the Army was at concert pitch by 1st September. That date is drawing near as we write these notes, and speaking for ourselves, we can safely say that, if we are not at concert pitch by then, it will most certainly not be for want of rehearsals.

OFFICERS' MESS.

The Officers' Mess, after a month in camp, when we were all together, has now split up into company Messes. We shall no more be privileged to see one of the majors giving a spirited display of gymnastics over the roof of a large marquee, nor an officers' relay race (obstacle). Major Woods has left us, and, while congratulating him very heartily on getting the command of a battalion, we deplore his departure; Padre Siddons and Lt. Rickards have also left, the former for warmer climes and the latter as a staff captain. At the same time we welcome our new padre and a bevy of subalterns.

As we rather suspected, the Adjutant and Intelligence Officer have become engaged; the former hopes it won't interfere with his fishing and appears indeed quite worried.

Tennis and bridge seem to occupy our spare time, if any; St. Swithin must be the patron saint of bridge fans. We are now looking forward to some rugby and to some more "old-fashioned evenings."

SERGEANTS' MESS.

It is with profound regret that we have to record the untimely death, on the 25th June, 1941, of R.S.M. Joshua Glasbey. His cheerfulness, kindness, loyalty and true gentlemanliness, which showed itself no less in his treatment of the most newly joined recruit than in his kindness and loyalty to us all, endeared him to all ranks. In his passing we mourn a very fine gentleman and friend and extend to Mrs. Glasbey, Colin and Raymond our deepest sympathy.

Our semi-collective and pleasant stay in our late location, like all good things, came to an end, and like the proverbial draught, we have been moved again. This time we

are not so fortunate in finding social amenities so near to hand. We have five company Messes, which, whilst resulting in much "visiting," ought to provide a competitive spirit in the entertainment and social side of the Mess, with marked effect on the standard of entertainment provided by company Messes. The writer sincerely hopes so, but like the statesman of old will wait, though he may be too old to see. Little entertainment was organised at our last location as amenities were "on tap," and the amusement side of Mess life has in consequence been sadly neglected. However, we are hoping to rectify this omission immediately.

After four days in our present location we held a whist drive and tombola, which under trying circumstances was quite a success. We hope to hold them weekly in future, among other entertainments. Novel suggestions regarding the form of entertainments to be held will be welcomed, as our ideas in this out-of-the-way place are like our necks, thick.

During July we had a very pleasant spell in camp and many of our members were back in their peace-time environment. The local miners' social club invited the Mess to two social evenings. Owing chiefly to the hard work of Cpl. Warner, the "Ambassadors" dance band and members of the Battalion concert party, we succeeded in returning the compliment and giving the club two splendid shows in the club's modern and up-to-date concert hall, which was very adequately equipped for such occasions. Both shows were much appreciated by all and we were pleased to discover some hidden talent among the Mess members—gold among the "quarts."

We congratulate R.S.M. Ley on his promotion and look to him to continue on a battalion scale the good work he carried out in his late company.

COMPANY NOTES.

"A" COMPANY.—We have seen many changes in the last few weeks. We will miss 2nd Lt. "Freddie" Huskisson and 2nd Lt. "Genial Bob" Gledhill, but at least they are still with the Battalion.

We welcome 2nd Lts. Denham, Sindal and Kitchen, and our new C.S.M. and C.Q.M.S. (C.S.M. Brannan and C.Q.M.S. McCracken).

Sport has taken a back seat to training recently, but at camp we had two notable victories. At cricket we beat "H.Q." by several wickets, at soccer we beat "B" Company 8 to 1.

In the recent 70-mile march to camp the Company did exceedingly well—every man marched in.

We have quickly settled in our new village home; the locals have taken us to their hearts, and what with weekly dances and whist drives, a good soccer pitch, table tennis, billiards, tennis court, the use of a first class miniature range and a very enthusiastic sports officer, our spare time should be very full and very happy.

"B" COMPANY.—Company notes are a peculiar institution. Nobody reads them except the company concerned, and they know all the dope anyway—so why bother? The writer is forced to the melancholy conclusion that they were introduced by a perverse fate purely in order that he might make an ass of himself.

At least we have been active enough since these notes were last written—indeed, we have travelled a good deal. From our original stagnation at "A," we moved for a month's training at "B." Thence, taking a back bearing, we cunningly contrived to return to "A." Still not satisfied, we are now at "C," and the amazing part about it all is that we are still "Somewhere in England." Having thoroughly confused and bewildered any enemy agents anxious to know of our whereabouts, we will speak more concretely of our activities. People have come and gone even more rapidly than usual.

We have said good-bye to Major Carroll, but wish him all success in his new position of second-in-command. C.S.M. Ley, too, has left us for more exalted duties, and we shall never forget the man who managed to make even a drill parade comparatively humorous. We welcome C.S.M. Kerr in his place.

"B" Company has continued to uphold its athletic traditions, and the cricket team trained on the "Oval" defeated all comers. Ptes. Bailey, Mitchell, Redmayne and Ainsworth were outstanding in an excellent all-round team. In the novices' boxing, too, we did creditably. Bailey in particular fought a great battle against his more experienced "H.Q." Company opponent. But we have brains as well as brawn. No less than three out of the four essay prizes offered by the Brigadier fell to our literary talent.

The Sergeants' Mess have little to say for themselves—though they deny the rumour that Sgt. Botham is trying a brand of hair restorer recommended by the C.Q.M.S.

The Officers' Mess continues to flourish. Our Company Commander is taking to bridge very seriously, and is hoping to supplement our menu with an occasional rabbit. 2nd Lt. Tuckwell has betaken himself to the evanescent joys of teaching bridge, searching for eggs and contemplating pigs for Christmas. 2nd Lt. Miller's activities have been somewhat obscured in an atmosphere of 3in. mortars and maps. 2nd Lt. Brook collects salvage and samples beer. 2nd Lt. Curtis unblushingly continues to learn bridge, though he has an unfortunate habit of trumping his partner's ace. And then we have a newcomer, 2nd Lt. Hesford, whose well-known prowess on the football field should prove invaluable to our team next season.

Finally, in all humility, we will tell you a story. It is pay-day and the C.Q.M.S. is watching a nervous private filling in his name and fumbling with a reluctant pencil. "Put your weight on it, put your weight on it," says our colour bloke a little testily. The answer (in triplicate) was—10 stone 3.

"C" COMPANY.—Since our last notes we have lost Lt. Rickards, and Capt. Benson is temporarily engaged in instructing platoon commanders "somewhere in England." We had an amusing 36 hours' scheme whilst at camp and, emulating "Rogers' Rangers," formed a human chain to cross a river. C.S.M. Seaton is becoming a demon for marching, and we are hoping to make him play soccer again. We are now settled as a company, rather isolated from everybody else—which is perhaps all to the good. After marching some 70 miles a short while ago in the region of a famous forest, a weary and "browned off" private was heard to say, "Well, this may be Robin Hood's home, but we aren't his 'adjective' Merrie Men."

"D" COMPANY.—Since we last wrote our notes, much water has flowed under our feet (literally true). Places and people have changed and we get pushed from pillar to post.

C.S.M. Wardle went to an O.C.T.U. and we welcome in his place C.S.M. Sutherland. 2nd Lt. G. has been promoted and consequently given up being canteen manager. He has left us for Brigade and we see him occasionally on schemes, hunched up, begoggled, begrimed, but gaily grinning. We hear that M/Cs at Brigade are always in the shops now.

Talking about motor bikes, Ptes. Waterworth and Redding have started an intensive (?) course of rough riding—how rough they alone can say—but mention a M/C, for the use of runners, and their faces positively beam and radiate happiness. In fact all company H.Q. seems to be mechanically minded—"Quarters" whisks along at the wheel of a 30-cwt. and Pte. Flay chugs about with his mobile canteen.

Once, and only once, two whole days were allotted to the Battalion for training of a different nature. A Battalion inter-platoon all-in sports competition was held in which we came second out of about 30 odd teams.

No. 16 Platoon still belongs to those hard-working "chaps." Silent and quiet we go about our duties, keen as smell of musty hay. Apart from a few severe cases of indigestion, we are all well. On drill parade the other day, upon the word of command, "Change arms," our reliable mortarman most precisely changed arms with one of our Bren gunners. We do not mind that sort of thing. It is all hard work and good exercise. There is very little to say about us, actually, all we do is so frightfully secret.

Inspired by the spirit of Robin Hood, No. 17 Platoon has developed a 100 per cent. guerilla complex. In a recent company exercise Cpl. Reed, having been banned from fighting patrols for rough play (truly an asset!), returned, together with our toughs Skitt, Gull and O'Donnell, to do sterling work in the defence of one Sultana of Portland.

During our period in camp we were given a chance to try our hands at cooking, and under the supervision of a unpaid cook Rilatt, the wolves were very successfully kept from the door. Never has meatloaf disappeared so quickly as at supper time that evening. If the cows in the nearby fields knew half the rough handling that was contemplated they would be sour for months.

One of the members of the platoon had a premature attack on his honour when returning off day pass. "Who are you?" enquired the guard commander (new to the Battalion). "Abson," replied the fellow, and was thoroughly shaken when the corporal retorted, "All right, Company office in the morning."

No. 18 Platoon.—27th June saw the "Fighting 18th" straining at the leash for the trek to the "Forest" for a month under canvas and when the 65th mile was completed the platoon, as usual, was on top (flash), not one man having fallen out; in fact when we got in front we had to cut the pace down as we were getting too far in front of the remainder. (Fitness wins.)

Our month's stay under canvas found us busy working to programme, starting at 0715 hours with P.T. and finishing at 2100 hours with teas and cakes at the N.A.A.F.I., the latter being enjoyed by all. We discovered some good swimmers in the Platoon—*i.e.*, the Platoon Sergeant and Ptes. Beaumont, Stone, South and Cherrille, the former introducing a new stroke which he calls the "Flap."

Our platoon mascot "Cherry" has been causing quite a lot of amusement giving the nightly talks on the international situation and "Night Life in the East End," of which he is the uncrowned king. Finally, we congratulate Capt. G. V. C. on his promotion to Major, also L/Cpl. Wilks on getting his second tape.

HEADQUARTER COMPANY.—"H.Q." Company is best likened to a young but already monstrous dragon. We continue solidly on our course, no limb quite certain what each other limb is doing, and snatching in hungry jaws any bright young rifleman who strays too near our path.

But, in spite of our size, one we remain, showing this, amongst other successes, by winning the Battalion novices' boxing competition.

We welcome Major Davie as our new company commander. Capt. Acworth, whom Major Davie follows, has turned to more specialised fields from the acrobatic feats of interest and attention required by a headquarters company commander.

As an ex-C.S.M. of ours, R.S.M. Glasbey is particularly missed by the Company, and we offer our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Glasbey.

In happier mood, we congratulate the M.T.O., Capt. Coldwell, C.Q.M.S. Daykin and Cpl. Gill on the birth of children, as well as others less recently in our minds. We also congratulate Cpl. Gould, L/Cpl. Snelling, Ptes. Bilborough, Errington, McHugh and others who have recently been married.

Finally, we congratulate rather tardily C.S.M. Brannon and C.Q.M.S. Birch on their promotion, whilst regretting that they have left us. We assure ex-comrades that we have many more where they came from.

A Battalion in India.

After a strenuous collective training season during which at one time or another we all sampled the discomforts of war—which did us a load of good—we have now settled down to do what we can during the hot weather.

It is claimed by some that mother earth is gravitating steadily nearer the sun, for as might be expected, this summer has already proved itself to be the "hottest ever," being two or three degrees hotter than last year. Others, more psychic, claim to see the hand of "Adolf" working in league with the elements.

However, others as well as ourselves in this rapidly expanding cantonment are putting in much useful work, be it here or in the hills, and we all look forward to some really first class training throughout the next cold weather.

OFFICERS' MESS.

Arrivals and departures have become even more impossible to keep up with; in fact the Mess increasingly resembles a London tube station at rush-hour.

We have had to bid farewell to A/Capt. Jones-Stamp, Foster, Baxter and Burton, and to Lt. Kavanagh. We wish them the best of luck wherever they may be.

Shortly before leaving us Lt. Kavanagh announced his engagement to Miss Sheilagh Hogge. May we take this opportunity of congratulating them and wishing them a speedy re-union?

We would also like to take this opportunity of welcoming Lts. Mason and Davies, who joined us from an O.T.S., and congratulating them on being appointed a/captains. We also congratulate 2nd Lts. Roberts and Christison on being appointed a/captains.

Finally we welcome to the Mess Lt. Bailey and 2nd Lts. Horsfall, Wood, Heaton and Ambler. We hope their stay with us will be long and enjoyable, though the sub-editor complains that the arrival of a second 2nd Lt. Heaton has already caused complications.

There have been no social activities of late in the Mess, owing to the intense heat, though on 12th June the C.O. and all officers in the cantonment dined in to celebrate His Majesty's birthday. As far as the sub-editor remembers, His Majesty's health was still being drunk at 4 a.m.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

The Mess is once again split up 'twixt hills and plains. Members depart hither and thither, new members come into the Mess, and even the caterer cannot keep time with the letter-rack. For a couple of days we have had a full Mess on the change-over of hill detachments.

We are developing our billiards talent and the chhota monsoon has permitted tennis to commence again. We ran successful dances and social evenings at the close of the plains season, and in March we ran a dance for the Battalion Ambulance Fund, a high-stepping, elaborate affair, which was a huge social and financial success. We are looking forward to October and the consolidation of the Mess in the plains once more on the close of the hill season.

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

CORPORALS' MESS.

At the time of submitting these notes "B" Company are preparing for their routine move to the Fort to relieve "C" Company, who, together with the Band and Signal Section, are due for their summer "rest" period at the hill station, Kailana.

In our section, however, we would like to welcome Cpls. Humpish and Riley, and L/Cpls. Hall, Sykes, Fowlkes, Goodaire, Heppinstall, Sanderson and Greenwood, who have recently joined us from a cooler climate.

To our former members who have now risen to higher spheres we offer our heartiest congratulations. We offer special congratulations also to Cpl. Abbiss on being selected to attend a second cadre class as an instructor.

COMPANY NOTES.

"H.Q." COMPANY.—At the time of writing these notes we are sweltering in a heat of 115 degrees in the shade (and no shade).

Since our last literary effort we have had quite a few changes. Our venerable, but likeable C.S.M. (Squad-er) Spink has left us to train young officers at D.D. He relieved "Chesty" who has risen to the dizzy heights. We wish them luck and welcome in "Joey's" chair C.S.M. "Topper" Brown and as C.Q.M.S., "Alma" (O.R.C.) Ginns. We would like to congratulate C/Sgt. (O.R.S.) "Ernie" Iggo on his promotion.

A football and hockey league was run during the early part of the hot weather period. The hockey was won by the M.T. (and attached personnel) and the soccer by the Employed. During the summer evenings we aim to hold social evenings in one of the dining halls with singing, dancing, tombola, darts and, of course, everyone will be called to the bar. We hope they will be a success.

We regret to announce the death of No. 4614414 Pte. H. Mosley who died at the B.M.H., Delhi cantonment, on 3rd May, 1941.

"A" COMPANY.—Since our last efforts not a great deal has occurred, the main item being a draft of 21 "stalwarts" from the home front; we hope that their stay with us will be enjoyable. The draft includes the noted "Humpy" of Navy fame (our gain is the Navy's loss).

We were sorry to lose the services of "Tony," our ex-company commander, and we wish him the best of luck. We welcome to our midst "Our Khushi" and pray that we be spared the horrors of "Tony's" flying visits to our "dens."

Our new arrivals include Lt. Bailey and 2nd Lt. Ambler, Sgts. Longfellow and Wrigley, L/Sgt. Black and Cpl. Townend, and we wish them a happy sojourn in the Company.

Our stay in the hills has been made very pleasant through the enthusiasm of all ranks in holding various company socials, tennis "at homes," whist drives, etc., and our hope is that our stay in the dust and heat of the plains will be equally pleasant.

A glance round the faces of our new "comrades-in-arms" shows promise—not for beauty, but for rigger in the cold season. We foresee having a hefty and experienced side.

Sport in the hills found us perpetually in the finals, and the detachment boxing team, found solely by the Company and Attached, put up a display well worth remembering in the annals of regimental boxing. Their fighting prowess and ability to "give and take" made the display even more encouraging. It is difficult to make special mention of any team member, but one cannot but remark on the fighting capabilities of Pte. Ready, one of the new arrivals.

Cpl. Humpish (Devonport Terror) and Pte. Fenton did "seconds" in no mean way. It was thought that only a little encouragement would have found the pair giving a display in the ring instead of at the ringside. We are looking forward to the next inter-company boxing competition.

We take this opportunity of congratulating C.Q.M.S. Grant on his recent promotion.

"B" COMPANY.—Since our last contribution nothing very important has happened to us. Life proceeds in the same old strain, or should I say to the same old strains, for the number of wireless sets in the Company is now legion.

We continue to keep up the standard of our sports in the Company, and although we cannot claim to be the best in the Battalion, we can at least say that we always appear in the final of any sport that is going. We must congratulate Cpl. Abbiss and Pte. Dagnall on gaining first and second places respectively in the Battalion cross country run, and we regret that their performance did not prevent the team from being placed fourth.

The Company sports were held with some success, and some good timings were achieved despite the heaviness of the going. It is still rumoured that a shot may be found in the vicinity by a digging party, the said shot having been sucked into the morass after a particularly vicious effort by Sgt. Gilliver. Cpl. Waterhouse topped the list and was awarded the Victor Ludorum, while No. 11 Platoon maintained their superiority.

In the boxing competitions our small team did very well considering their lack of training, and they carried off the light-weight and fly-weight classes.

We must congratulate C.S.M. Jones on the birth of a daughter and also upon his translation to higher spheres of activity. He leaves with the best wishes of all those for whom he did so much, and we feel that the gap he left in our ranks will be filled with no little difficulty.

Our best welcome is extended to C.S.M. Wond and to 2nd Lt. Horsfall (who is newly arrived from home). We hope they will be with us for some time to come, which is "some hope," seeing that our numbers seem to rise and fall with as much fickleness as the temperature this year.

"D" COMPANY.—There being no Battalion sports meeting this year, companies held their own. Our finals were held on 2nd April in weather that was already beginning to stoke up. This did not, however, affect the competitors and the results were well up to standard. The interval was marred slightly by a dust storm.

No. 16 Platoon won the platoon shield and the tug-of-war cup. We must congratulate Sgt. Foster on winning the Victor Ludorum and many other prizes. Mrs. Owen very kindly presented the prizes.

Once again we have been deprived of our selected men for the "Gunners and Flappers," but in spite of this we got in some useful training while in the hills.

Apart from various socials and dances we have been running billiards, boxing and football competitions, and the Company shows great promise in all these sports.

We congratulate C.S.M. "Jackie" and hope he comes out on top, though we are very sorry to lose him. Finally we congratulate all those who have been promoted within the Company.

DEPOT NEWS.

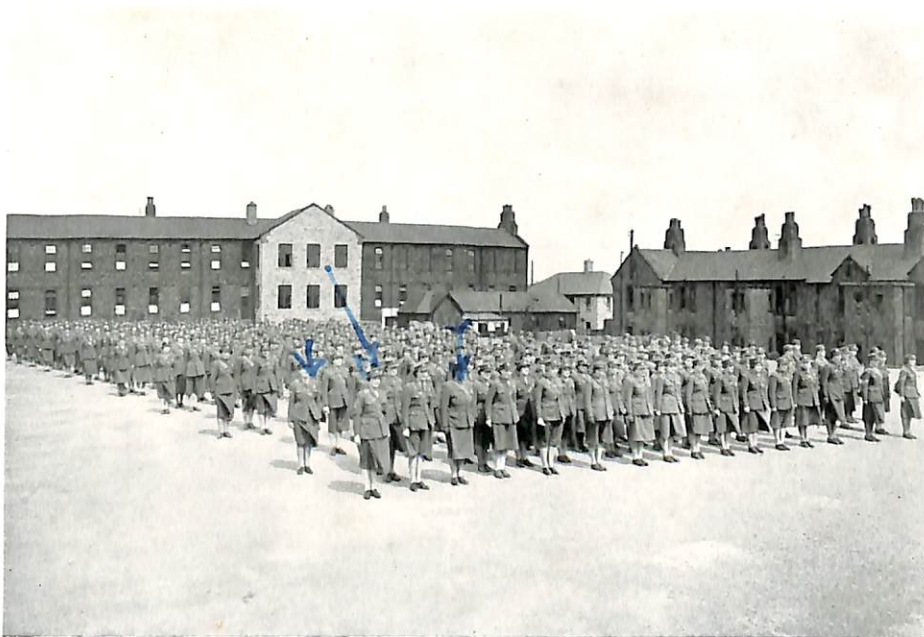
OFFICERS' MESS.

SINCE the last issue of THE IRON DUKE many changes have taken place and we have lost some old friends. Swazi has moved to higher places and Roger has also left us. Both of them are much missed. Jimmy went away, but decided that he couldn't trust us to behave properly in his absence and so returned to the fold. Amongst those who have also departed are Bob, Guy, Iain, George and Eric.

Robbie returned to us a few months ago and many of the old hands are still here. The C.O. has rather more cooing to do than formerly, and is busily engaged in threatening unsuccessful cricketers with a trip to a cold climate. Sammy B. is still looking after us and turns out for the Depot at cricket and golf in addition to his many other interests. Rupert C. and Joe B. have forsaken the Home Guard for the A.T.S. and are now strenuously selecting "promising material" for provisional lance-corporals! Ken is enjoying his last few weeks of freedom. His numerous married friends have all talked to him but he remains obdurate and the wedding day is now very near. *He has been warned.* Rodney is looking more harassed than ever but has his hair cut more regularly

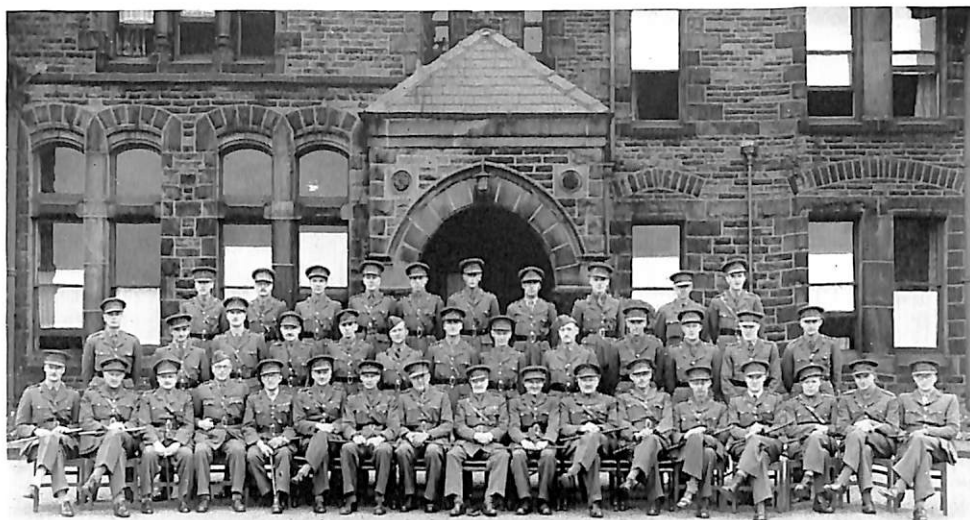


Cup presented to the — Field Battery, R.F.A., by all ranks of the — Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment in appreciation of their gallant and indomitable support from the Dyle to Dunkirk, 10th May—2nd June, 1940. To be known and played for annually as the Inter-Troop (Dukes) Football Cup.

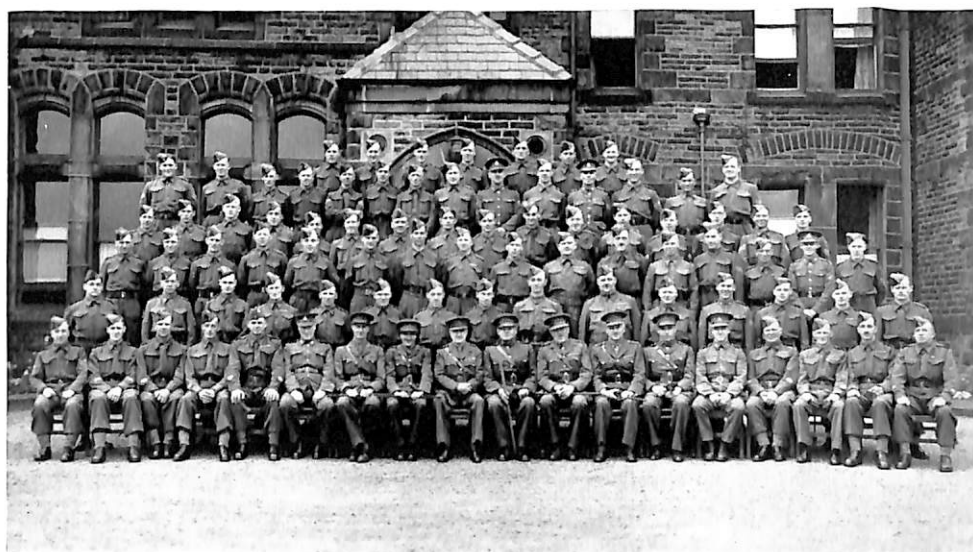


The A.T.S. on parade.

THE VISIT OF THE COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT TO THE DEPOT.



The Officers.



The W.O's and Sergeants.

than was his wont. Secoff returned to his former home and has since been amusing himself by nightly prowls—all in the interests of duty, we understand. The Doc and the Messing Officer are often seen entering and leaving the various cinemas in the town. They also play snooker with considerable aplomb, if not with that amount of skill, though it is untrue that the Messing officer has cut himself enough lengths of cloth to provide a new uniform.

Three events stand out in our memories this summer. Firstly there was an officers' dance in barracks which was enjoyed by all and was a great tribute to the skill of our P.M.C. and his staff. Then Lady Snowden presented the Mess with a portrait of the Duke of Wellington—a gesture much appreciated—and finally the Colonel of the Regiment visited us. He spent the day here and we had a most enjoyable lunch, followed by a photograph parade in which the A.T.S. officers took part.

We are now getting used to the feminine element in our midst and in fact are rather enjoying it. Last week we were entertained to a party, followed by a concert and dance in the gymnasium, and we can do with many more like it. Floreat A.T.S.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Since writing our last notes we have had several social functions and events in the Sergeants' Mess. Our first effort in this direction was the entertainment of the Constitutional Club to a games evening. This went down very well indeed, and we feel that we have made some new friends. The Constitutional Club thought that they could not let this pass without a return, and two evenings later they entertained the Mess to a function in their club, which was a great success.

Our second move in this direction was a farewell concert raised owing to a number of members leaving the Mess. This took the form of a band concert. All arrangements were left in the capable hands of Q.M.S.I. Smith and everybody voted it a great success. All officers were invited and we judged by the remarks the following morning that everyone enjoyed themselves. At this concert a certificate of merit was presented to Major Carey for his untiring efforts for preservation of the ancient and historical edifices of the Regimental Depôt. Last but not least, the Commanding Officer and the Regimental Sergeant-Major said a few words, and the concert closed down with the singing of Auld Lang Syne and The King.

We have to report the departure of C.S.M. Kerr and C.S.M. Turner, both of whom have gone to Service Battalions. We wish them success in their new sphere, and we also thank them for the work they have put in at the Depôt.

We had a local boxing tournament at the Shay, at which all units stationed in the Garrison took part. The boxing was of a fairly high standard, and the show was well supported. Although we did not win the cup we were only one point behind the winners, and the Depôt put up a very good show. The show was run for the benefit of the Comforts Fund, for which the Mayor is an untiring worker.

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of R.S.M. Glasbey of the 1st Battalion who died suddenly with his "harness on." We extend our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Glasbey and the children in their very sad bereavement, and we are sure that all who knew him will echo these sentiments. No doubt a brief outline of R.S.M. Glasbey's career with the Regiment will be found elsewhere. We ourselves feel that we have lost a great friend and keen supporter of the Regiment.

In conclusion, and by the time these notes go to print, very many changes will have taken place within the Depôt, and to all those who are going away, and wherever they go, we wish them well. In most cases the warrant officers and men concerned have put in a lot of work to contribute to the success of the I.T.C. To those who are stopping, we know that they will carry on the work and maintain the name of the Regiment.

CORPORALS' MESS.

Since the last issue of *THE IRON DUKE* we have had two outstanding functions. We entertained the corporals of the I.T.C., West Yorkshire Regiment, to a cricket match and a social evening. Although the West Yorks' cricket team proved to be an equal match, as we only managed to draw, the social evening was a very successful event—at least the R.S.M. thought so (viewing the situation from another angle). We thank the corporals of the I.T.C., West Yorkshire Regiment, for their return invitation, which also proved a very happy event.

The privacy of our Mess has been disturbed by the admission of the fairer sex (no hard feelings against the A.T.S.). It is whispered that some of our members are taking up knitting. We are very sorry to be leaving the barracks, but we all hope to be together again in the I.T.C. at some future date. While we are away we hope the A.T.S. will take as keen an interest in the Mess as we have done.

COMPANY NOTES.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY.—The changes in the personnel of this Company have been few since the last issue of *THE IRON DUKE*. We still have the "backbone" of the Company with us:—Major B. and C.Q.M.S. M.

The latter has been rather ruffled the last few weeks owing to having to move from his old home, but we are now pleased to record that he seems to have recovered from the great upheaval. We still have with us that most jovial and good natured of C.S.M.'s—C.S.M. Oakes; he seems to be the envy of all other C.S.M.'s with his ever smiling face and complacent attitude in the knowledge that "H.Q." always come through top dog in any kind of sport, if not in the more serious side of army life.

We have just completed a very successful season at billiards, having only one defeat all through the season, this at the hands of No. 1 Infantry Company early on, but we are pleased to say that in the return match we gave them a sound beating, thus maintaining our position at the head of the table. The darts team also have had a very successful season, being winners in all but two games.

DEPOT COMPANY.—In the (sometimes) merry month of May the Company removed itself (in plain vans) from the graveyard of Square School to the catacombs of Marlborough Hall, in which we found billeted a scamp of rats, in prime condition. C.Q.M.S. Melville wanted to take them on charge, but the rats apparently decided that they could not adapt themselves to our rarified atmosphere, and evacuated their positions in good order shortly after our arrival. Rumour has it that they were frightened by the C.S.M.'s language and thought it might be a bad influence for the children.

In recent weeks we have harboured so many elderly gentlemen that we have almost qualified for appointment as the Regimental Chelsea. A rag-and-bone man who presented himself here the other day was mistaken by the Provost Sergeant for a soldier returned from the Y List. We are now awaiting the arrival of Hess, with full deficiency of kit.

The only department of sport in which the Company has distinguished itself is darts—including the celebrated "Cupid" brand. In this direction a happy example was set by our Company Commander whose marriage took place in Halifax in April. We wish him and his charming wife all happiness and good fortune.

Lt. Jordan left us recently to rear haggis in the wilds of Scotland. He took a rather dim view of the A.C.I. requiring him to "dismount" his observer's wings and threatened never to smile again. Messrs. Travis, Dunn, Bedford and Jansen have departed for a tropical climate; from an opposite direction has come 2nd Lt. Williams, whom we are trying to coax into giving imitations of the habits and mannerisms of the Polar bear. 2nd Lt. Pankhurst, one of our more permanent "residents," has just been translated to another sphere, where he is expected to become an efficient exponent of the art of

spaghetti-bending. Lt. Black joined us from a Battalion in June for a few days before attending a course. He has now returned to the fold with a voluminous note-book which requires a dispatch-case to accommodate it and other mysterious articles.

C.S.M. Clinch continues to deliver picturesque comment and advice to the sap-headed and ham-handed. He dealt sternly and effectively with a frivolous and abortive attempt to send him on a cruise to the tropics. The majestic figure and Irish brogue of C.Q.M.S. Melville continue to grace the premises. It is a pity he is not known to the Egyptian Army, where promotion depends entirely on the length of one's Sam Browne. C.Q.M.S. Halstead, after struggling cheerfully with his arduous duties here, has transferred his labours to another company. We welcome C.Q.M.S. Slone from a Home Service Battalion and C.Q.M.S.'s Page and Butcher from a hot spot somewhere in Devonshire. We have seen very little of C.S.M. Uttley, who has been spending his time fitting from one company to another. C.S.M. Swallow is unfortunately on the sick list; we wish him a speedy recovery.

No. 1 INFANTRY COMPANY (previously Recruit Company).—During the past few months we have had many changes. Major P. left us for a Young Soldiers' Battalion and 2nd Lt. Bob H. and C.S.M. G. have also departed since last we wrote these notes. Most of the soldiers in the Company having completed their training, have gone to various spheres of activity.

In May, Capt. R. took over command of the Company and is still with us, having meanwhile called on His Majesty in order to receive a medal for gallantry in France last year. Shortly after he arrived he was joined by an old friend—Lt. Sam T., whose technique was known to him, though not to the other officers in the Company, who profited much from his advice, particularly in regard to manicures. Jack R. is now with us and spends much of his time "clouting" cricket balls about the countryside (with an occasional visit to Lord's, to make sure that a little "clouting" is still done in his native country). After a recent shuffle, Lt. K. and M—l found their way to us and seem very happy. Sgt. H—d seems to spend a lot of his spare time in the N.A.A.F.I. John S—le was transferred from us recently and is now engaged in training a new type of recruit. He is said to consider it a very "fair" job, and "Bob" wants to come back to the Depôt again to help "John" in his work.

Some time ago a detachment of soldiers from "Bonnie Scotland" joined the Company for infantry training and has settled down well, most of the men taking a keen interest in their work and succeeding well in overcoming the many difficulties involved. Like the rest of the Company, they are now ready to take their place in the field and will not much longer be with us. We wish them "Good luck" and a safe journey home—*via* Berlin.

No. 2 INFANTRY COMPANY.—Since Capt. Knight took over command of the Company many changes have taken place in personnel and location. Quite a steady stream of young officers drifted in and out, but few remained long enough to establish themselves. A notable exception was 2nd Lt. Jansen, whose versatility created quite an impression.

The high spot of the period under review was the "Ouse Plan," in which the Company took a notable part. It was a novel experience for many of the men, and if they did work hard, they thoroughly enjoyed it all. It was something akin to the real thing, and undoubtedly it was a valuable experience.

After the return from the Ouse, draft after draft from the Company was sent off to the various service battalions, until there was but a mere skeleton left.

About this time, our good friend Capt. Knight took his departure, and in his place there appeared a magnificent moustache recently returned from a warm climate. Behind this wonderful growth was to be found the charming personality of Lt. Burton. Unfortunately his stay was a very brief one, and he soon left us for a more active rôle. By

now the Company was merely a heart without a body, and Lt. Kelly, having stayed the course, handed over the remaining cadre to Capt. "Dick" Royds, to be absorbed in the new Infantry Company.

Our best wishes go with the officers, C.S.M. Stork and our invaluable C.Q.M.S. Howe in their new appointments. Finally, we express our congratulations, and send our best wishes to "Bill S." on his acquisition of a majority.

RECRUIT COMPANY.—Since the last publication of these notes great changes have taken place both in the personnel of the Company and its organisation. In fact we are at present a mixture of the old No. 1 Infantry Company and No. 2 Recruit Company and an assortment of specialist N.C.O's and men, some of the former being delegated to train the fair sex in the art of flattening out the barrack square. The remainder we are a little afraid if we said where, it might offend the very sensitive ears of the unit security officer.

Our efforts in the way of sport have met with very little success, due no doubt to the smallness of man power available. Before departing from the field of sport we would like to congratulate the following members of the Company in being selected to represent the I.T.C. at cricket:—2nd Lt. Dredge, Cpl. Durham and L/Cpl. Phillpott. Pte. Bates, our promising young fistic artist, gave a first class display of boxing in the triangular competition held on the Shay ground in aid of the Lord Mayor's Comforts Fund.

Our efforts in training have been rather disjointed, due again to the smallness of numbers, but we have managed occasionally to have company and platoon schemes of a skeleton nature which have been of great interest and value to all concerned.

In conclusion, we may extend a hearty welcome to Capt. T. W. Robertson and all new arrivals posted to the Company, and regret the departure of all our old friends since the last write up of these notes, wishing them the best of wishes in their new spheres.

FROM THE DEPOT CALENDAR FOR 1st APRIL.

"But you can't catch Joe, ma'am," said the Major. "He's tough, ma'am, tough, is J. B. Tough, and de-vilish sly!"

A.T.S. TRAINING CENTRE.

So much has happened to us since THE IRON DUKE last went to press that we find it difficult to be coherent. Unlikely as it may seem, there are now hundreds of us at the Depôt.

On 25th July we opened officially as an A.T.S. training centre. Since then we have all been "in training," including our very able "A.T.S. Advisory Board." Elsewhere in this number there is a very charming studio portrait of the a/m Board. The A.T.S. officers would, however, like to point out that they were not responsible for the semi-blotto appearance of the two commanding officers; there was no joint celebration prior to this photograph being taken.

On 4th August Col. Pickering, Colonel of the Regiment, visited the Depôt and very kindly said a few words of welcome to the assembled A.T.S. recruits.

Our recruits are having plenty of new experiences. No. 1 Recruit Company, after fourteen days' training, paraded in the recruiting campaign and did us great credit. In spite of the long march, they were able to do justice to the tea provided by the Mayor of the City.

As an example of how we are lapping up our training, two of the A.T.S. officers visited Miss Dorothy Ward in the wings of the local theatre and invited her to come and perform for the "Troops," which she very kindly consented to do, and brought with her "Les Boys" (so dubbed by us) to assist her in the performance. We had a very enjoyable evening, greatly enlivened by the assistance of Chris, the senior officer attached to No. 1 Recruit Company.

The one subject which is "taboo" at the moment in the Depôt is black out, so at this point we black out.

A First Line Battalion in Iceland.

Since the closing of our last notes the powers that be decided that we were far too comfortable in the camp that we had constructed for ourselves during the early part of the occupation of Iceland, and on 7th March moved us to a district practically devoid of human habitation six miles from our old location.

In our new camp, despite the fact that it was situated in rather pleasant surroundings, we found few if any of the amenities to which we had been accustomed, and much hard work had to be done in building cookhouses, dining-rooms, making roads and generally making the camp habitable. For a large amount of the construction work we have again to thank the Pioneer Platoon of the Battalion, who were untiring in their efforts. As one reads on through these notes it will be seen that our stay in this our second camp was only to be of short duration, and that soon after having made it to our liking we were fated to leave before we had had time to enjoy the fruits of our labour.

Since our arrival in Iceland 15 months ago rumours of leave and of being relieved have, as ever, been prevalent. The rumour of leave has now become fact, and for some months parties have been proceeding at regular intervals for three weeks' holiday in the "War Zone." All ranks are eagerly looking forward to the day when their turn for leave comes along. Knowing as we do the more urgent demands that are being made on our shipping at the present time, the facilities being given us for leave are all the more appreciated. Those of the Battalion who have had the good fortune to go on leave with the first four or five parties have returned looking remarkably fit and well, and are full of admiration for the way in which our people at home are keeping their chins up and meeting every "Blitz" with a grin.

Now that daylight is more or less continuous, training has become a matter of first importance, and practically all our time is spent in preparing for the big day when we shall be called upon to have a smack at the enemy. Many arduous days and nights are being spent on operations of all descriptions, with the result that all ranks are now as hard as nails and ready for anything that may come their way.

Many times during the month of June one heard whispered conversations to the effect that "The Yanks were coming," and on the 7th July our hopes and prayers for their safe arrival were answered, as the first of a long stream of American transports nosed its way into harbour carrying the first contingent of American troops. The news that the Americans were going to take over Iceland was the best we had heard for many months, and we are now looking forward with the keenest anticipation to the day when the rest of their forces arrive, so that we can hand over the place lock, stock and barrel and with fish, dust and lava thrown in.

The arrival of the Americans necessitated our removal from our latest camp in order to provide accommodation for the new arrivals, and we are now undergoing a miserable though healthy existence under canvas. However, the general feeling is to make them as comfortable as possible, even though it is to our own discomfort, rather than that they should dislike the place and change their minds about taking it over.

Since the publication of our last notes the band instruments of the Battalion have arrived from the Home Country, and a regimental band has with some difficulty been formed. The musicians of the Battalion are widely distributed, and many of them are employed in departments where they cannot easily be spared to do duty with the Band. However, most difficulties have been overcome, and when the Band is required to produce soft music the Sergeants' Mess have to cook their own food and wait on themselves, the C.O. is left without a batman, the sanitary section is reduced by two, the Regimental postman ceases to collect mail and the A.A. Platoon down tools altogether.

C.S.M. Robinson, who at one time was band sergeant of the 2nd Battalion, is giving the Band the benefit of his able leadership and is making a success of it.

OBITUARY.—It is with regret that we close our notes by recording the deaths of the following :—

No. 4617179 Pte. Sherratt, J. W., of "A" Company, who died on 2nd July as the result of a motor accident. He was buried in the military portion of a local cemetery on 25th July, 1941. The deepest sympathy of the Battalion is with the relatives in their sad bereavement.

We also regret to record the death of one who, although not serving with the Battalion at the time of his death, did so for many years before the outbreak of the present war. Mr. G. Horner died at Skipton 30th March, 1941. Mr. Horner joined the Battalion as a volunteer some years before the last Great War, and served with it continuously until 1937, when he reached the age limit and was compelled to retire. His heart was with the Battalion and he could not for long be separated from it, with the result that a few days after his unwilling retirement he took an appointment as civilian storeman with the Battalion, and served in that capacity until the outbreak of the present war. The deepest sympathy of the Battalion is with his wife and family in a bereavement which means the loss of a good friend to all those who served in the Territorial Battalion before the war.

We also offer our deepest sympathy to the wife and family of R.S.M. J. Glasbey, — Bn. D.W.R., who died recently in the Home Country.

We have just heard of Major Webb-Carter's selection for command of a Battalion. Major Webb-Carter has now served with us as second-in-command for over a year and it is with the greatest regret that we shall say good-bye to him in a few days' time. We all wish him the best of luck and a successful command.

OFFICERS' MESS.

July in the land of the Midnight Sun finds the Mess once again under canvas. Still we curse the rain and the wind, the smell of dried fish, potholes in the roads, and the lava dust which somehow finds its way into every nook and cranny of the body.

Since our last notes we have twice moved our Mess. We vacated our last Mess, a most tastefully furnished and decorated Nissen hut built for the most part by our own Pioneers, to the American Marines. "Tim" Tyrer will vouch for their hospitality, as a "return visit" on the part of our officers necessitated for him a very short stay in hospital.

17th May, the anniversary of our landing in Iceland, was celebrated by a grand cocktail party at which all services, both military and civil, were present. A few weeks previously we held a dance at which an E.N.S.A. concert party were the chief guests. At this "Gin Slings" were prominent.

The sleeping problem in the land of 24 hours' daylight seems to have upset some of the officers. Not content with rising at 4 a.m. for schemes, route marches and field firing exercises, they deem it necessary to go fishing at this unearthly hour—and even appear to enjoy it. Others, notably the M.O., appear to be able to sleep during the afternoon only. The Carrier Officer never seems to be able to sleep at all.

Since May we have had a change both in Brigade commands and Brigade majors. A farewell luncheon was held before the departure of the Brigade Commander and a photograph taken afterwards of some of our officers with him. (This photograph appears elsewhere in THE IRON DUKE.) Our former Brigade Major, H. G. P. M. ("Bonzo") has gone on a well deserved course at the Staff College. He has had a long and happy association with this Battalion and the Brigade and we hope that this will not end it. We welcome to the Brigade our new Brigade Commander and Brigade Major and hope that their stay with us will be a happy one.

In sport our officers have taken a leading part, the rugger side including nine. 2nd Lt. The Hon. J. H. P. Gilbey, deputising for the Battalion heavy-weight at the eleventh hour, succeeded in knocking out his opponent (and his thumb) in the second round of

his fight in the final of the Force team championship. Cross country running and field sports find the officers represented by Lts. Tyrer, Clough and Manning.

We welcome back Major B. W. Webb-Carter, our second-in-command, after his prolonged course at Devizes. Capt. Schofield and 2nd Lt. Williams have left us. We congratulate Lt. F. E. Woolard, our interpreter, on securing a very special staff appointment; also Capts. Proom and Nichols (R.A.M.C.) on their promotion.

Capt. K. W. McHarg and Lt. A. H. Darling were married during their short leave in the United Kingdom and we wish them every success and happiness. Finally, we most heartily congratulate Major A. T. Banks on his well-deserved award of the M.B.E.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

On 7th March, 1941, much to our dismay, we were ordered to move from the camp where we had made ourselves so comfortable and take over a camp in the wilderness. On entering the new Sergeants' Mess which we were to take over our dismay knew no bounds and tears of anguish came to our eyes. It consisted of one Nissen hut which had apparently been used as a weapon training store, for landscape targets, pictures of grenades in section and various other diagrams of a military nature adorned the walls. The cookhouse was, in the general opinion, something like the "Black Hole of Calcutta" with a smell considerably worse.

However, weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth would not get us anywhere and so, with the aid of our Pioneer Platoon, a plan was devised whereby the place could be made fit for human habitation. Painters and decorators quickly obliterated the traces of weapon training, and bricklayers built us a new cookhouse, and by the 1st of July the Mess had been converted from a hovel to something that we could justly be proud of.

We were not however to enjoy the fruits of our labour for long, for on 7th July our friends from over the "Herring Pond" arrived and it was decided that they should take over our camp and that we should once again be relegated to a miserable existence under canvas. However, our hopes at the moment are that this life under canvas will only be of short duration, and that by the time our next notes are due we shall be back in the Home Country for a spell.

As will be seen by the Battalion notes, a tug-of-war between the officers' and sergeants' Messes was staged. The sergeants were the victors by two clear pulls. It is worthy of note that this was the first occasion for many years that the sergeants had beaten the officers. It is thought that the officers' downfall was due to training on a diet of draught Bass, a consignment of which had arrived from England, and too frequent trips to the Borg.

At a later date the officers challenged the Mess to a game of soccer and thoroughly defeated us. All count of score was lost by half time but it is believed that the officers' score ran into double figures.

Since our last notes social functions have been few and far between. On the occasion of the sports meeting, referred to in the Battalion notes, we entertained the opposing W.O's and sergeants to a dinner and social evening which, judging by the vocal efforts of departing visitors and the figures in the stock book next morning, must have been a huge success.

We congratulate the following on their promotion to the rank as now shown:— C.S.M. (O.R.S.) E. Rothwell, Sgt. W. D. Young and L/Sgt. T. Beard. At the conclusion of our last notes C.S.M. Rothwell had reached the dizzy heights of Sergeant (O.R.S.) only, but since then, like the proverbial mushrooms, he has shot up over night. Before the Part II order elevating him to the exalted rank of colour sergeant had time to dry, a further issue was pounding its way through the dusty and intricate machinery of the

orderly room duplicator making him a warrant officer class II. Members of the Quartermaster's staff were kept feverishly busy rendering daily indents for crowns, small, and crowns, large, and are now stood by in case the necessity for pips, two should arise.

We regret to record in these notes the loss of two valued members of the Mess :— Sgt. H. Barnes, who has served in the Battalion for a number of years, has now left us on compassionate grounds to serve in the United Kingdom. Sgt. M. Whitham, who having served with the Battalion for many years, has been graded by the medical authorities for "change to England." We wish them both the best of luck whatever their new rôle may be.

SPORT.

Since being situated further away from all the attractions of a fairly modern town, the attention of the Battalion has been directed more than ever towards the field of sport, and the following is a summary of some of our efforts :—

TUG-OF-WAR.—Officers v. Sergeants.—(The Sergeants propose to boast about the result of this match in the Sergeants' Mess notes.) Corporals v. Privates.—After three vigorous pulls, was won by the privates, who were ably coached by C.S.M. Smith. Inter-Platoon Competition.—Was won by Battalion Headquarter team after three excellent pulls against a team of giants produced from a platoon of "B" Company.

A tug-of-war competition arranged between ourselves and another Battalion of the Regiment resulted as follows :—Officers' team won, sergeants' team lost, corporals' team won, privates' team won. Shame on the sergeants for having allowed the sequence of wins to be broken.

RUGBY.—Now that the ground is released from the grip of winter frosts, rugby has again become possible. A Brigade trial match to select a Brigade team was arranged, and no less than 14 of the Battalion were selected for trial. This goes to prove that our rugby capabilities are well appreciated.

In the first round of the Force inter-unit competition between ourselves and a unit of another Brigade we were victorious by 28 points to nil, but later suffered our first defeat since arriving on the Island and were knocked out of the competition. At the time of this, our first defeat, our team was badly weakened. A number of our best players were on courses and others were on leave.

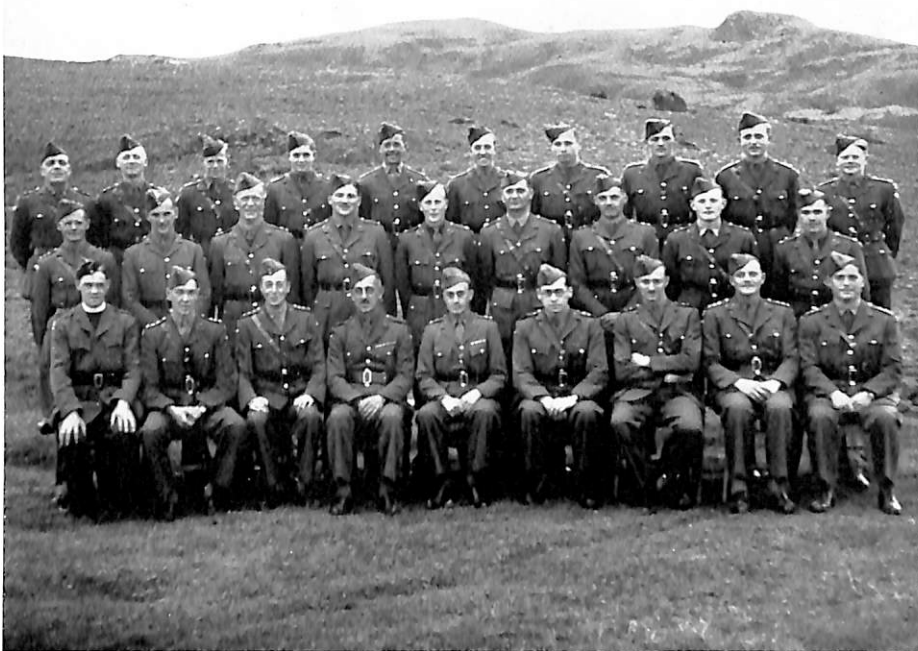
BOXING.—As recorded in our last notes, a Force team championship was in progress. Our team reached the final by beating another Battalion of the Brigade by 20 points to 15. As indicated by the score, our entry into the final was no easy matter, and keen and spirited fighting was seen on both sides. In the final we met a team from the Royal Engineers and lost by the narrow margin of 17 points to 19. The Royal Engineers had no walk-over, and both teams were to be congratulated on an excellent show of clean and clever boxing. We congratulate the team on their magnificent efforts in the competition.

INTER-UNIT SPORTS MEETING (OUR BATTALION V. ANOTHER BATTALION OF THE REGIMENT).—This was held on 21st June, 1941. The day selected for the meeting was not favoured with the blessing of good weather, and a strong wind reaching almost gale force did anything but aid the competitors in the running events. However, the weather did not deter the competitive spirit shown by both Battalions, and very keen events were witnessed. Full credit is due to the organisers of the meetings and the efficient way in which the whole show was run, particularly to C.S.M. (O.R.S.) E. Rothwell, whose skilful manipulation of chalk on the score board made a final win for the Battalion possible.

The combined Bands of both Battalions, under the direction of C.S.M. Robinson, played an enjoyable programme of music throughout the meeting. After the meeting our opponents were entertained in the various Messes according to rank.



Some of the Officers of a First Line Battalion in Iceland with Brigadier L.



The Officers of another First Line Battalion in Iceland.

ANOTHER FIRST LINE BATTALION IN ICELAND.



General view of country near camp.



The Band and Drums playing Retreat during the Officers' sherry party (see page 141).



Another view near camp.



Lt.-Col. J. H. C. L. and the salmon (see p. 175).



The Band playing in camp for the troops.

Another First Line Battalion in Iceland.

For many months past the main topic of conversation had been leave—if, when and how long; and as the first parties left for England in April, excitement ran high. Not even the "Pilgrim Fathers" would have set off with such high hopes of a better land. Like the Vikings of old, it is said that they discovered a fair land across the sea, and yet, like Erik the Red, they returned again.

The doubting Thomases were dumbfounded when our hard-working intelligence section won the Force Intelligence competition on 17th April. They are now no longer known as Jed's Own Yorkshire Low Intellectuals. The more "spick and span" amongst us had their day when the Battalion provided its quota of "best dressed men about Iceland" to the King's birthday parade on 12th June.

Our activities in the realms of sport are ably recorded elsewhere. The general level of ability and enthusiasm is high.

Entertainment here is necessarily largely self-made, but our thanks are due to E.N.S.A., the F.F.I. mobile cinema and several concert parties and orchestras for their support, not forgetting the Padre's ever useful cinematograph. Weekly dances have been held at which the local "flora and fauna" have been well in evidence, and only the 24 hours' prevailing daylight discourages the ardent.

And so time passes, too slowly for some, until the day when our troopship leaves, laden with time-expired men, and the sounds of "Omsk, Tomsk and Akureyri" replaces "Boomps a Daisy" in the dance halls of England.

OFFICERS' MESS.

In April we welcomed 2nd Lt. W. L. Denton, posted from the Depot, and in May 2nd Lts. G. F. Driver and W. H. Hopkinson followed in his wake. Our Commanding Officer whilst enjoying a well-deserved leave in England, was appointed to command a Brigade, and thus we were denied the opportunity of saying him farewell and wishing him "God-speed" in the old traditional manner. Our thanks are due to him for the untiring energy with which he devoted himself to the welfare of the Battalion during his period of command. After a short interval we welcomed in his stead Lt.-Col. L. E. B., whom many will remember as adjutant of the 4th Battalion during earlier peace-time days in camp at Ripon and elsewhere.

To Capt. T. L. Gillison we offer our congratulations on his promotion. To Lts. P. V. Carey and C. H. Hill, who have recently acquired second "pips," we all offer our best wishes. Even in Iceland you cannot keep good men down.

We have been lucky enough to have a Battalion Mess with all our chickens under one roof. On 28th June a "sherry" party was held. Our friends said they enjoyed it and we believe them. Several Regimental guest nights have been held, ably assisted by our untiring Band, who would surely nowadays put even "Black Dyke" or "Besses o' the Barn" to shame. But a tinge of real regret coloured our farewell dinner to Major H. G. P. Miles before he left for England. Our Battalion, our Brigade, are somehow the poorer since his going. Those of us whom he moulded, helped and guided, hope he will go far as a soldier, yet know he will not be too far from us as a friend.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

To describe all the activities and changes of our Mess would, we are afraid, take up too much space. Many have been the changes and many new faces are to be seen (colours varying according to situation). We extend our congratulations to all new members on their promotion.

We congratulate our late Commanding Officer on his promotion to Brigadier, and

our good wishes, confidence and willing support go to our new Commanding Officer, with whom many of us have had happy experiences of old.

A welcome attachment to our Mess is "Wee Muscles fra Scotland." We will all be dancing about like fairies when he's brought us to perfection.

After congratulating ourselves on the completion of a first-class Mess room, the English atmosphere of which was furthered by our Pioneer Sergeant and "crew," again we moved. Nevertheless we soon adapted ourselves to the new surroundings and again the Mess rings merrily.

Easter was spent in glorious sunshine. Good Friday and Easter Sunday saw the defeat of the officers in a friendly soccer match by our team, including R.S.M. Townend, C.S.M.'s Horne, Wootton, Roberts and Turnbull, and only the excellent guardian of the goal, Capt. Tanner, averted a cricket score.

An enjoyable sports day was held with a rival Battalion of the Regiment in June and many fine events were witnessed. Although defeated, the warm welcome we received and the trouble taken to ensure our comfort and entertainment might have been the feting of the victors. A good old Yorkshire dinner, followed by still better English beer, songs, lyrics and community singing concluded the day, and we returned to our home in the hills with a feeling of contentment, good-will and a day well spent.

Social life still continues to be a success, notwithstanding the little difficulties such as language, transport, etc., and our friends look forward with eagerness to our little affairs and dances.

A big factor contributing to the joviality of the Mess was the gift of a piano from some British sailor friends who occasionally visit us. We send these friends our best wishes and hope for further happy meetings.

HEARD IN THE SERGEANTS' MESS.

"When are the A.T.S. arriving here?"

"There's no A.T.S. coming."

"Oh yes there are. The Q.M. wants two 15 cwts. to collect some brassiers."

SPORT.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.—Soccer in the Battalion has enjoyed the fine enthusiasm of all ranks during the course of the season. We were unfortunate enough to lose two Battalion matches in April (5—0) and (3—1).

A particularly high standard of football has been maintained in the platoon league championship, which was won by No. 9 Platoon, with No. 13 Platoon on their heels. The inter-platoon knock-out competition has now reached the semi-final and is creating as much excitement as the league championship. It is hoped in July to commence a platoon divisional league and also an inter-company championship league.

In the first round of the Force six-a-side knock-out competition we were successful in a win over — on their ground (1—0), but in the second round the Royal Artillery proved just too good for us with a 1—0 victory in the last minute of an exciting match.

ATHLETICS AND CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING.—A lively interest was taken in the sports meeting held within the unit on 24th May. This proved quite a novelty as it was the first since our arrival in Iceland. The rough "boulder-strewn" track cannot be recommended for the Olympic Games, but to our lads, who have been wearing out lava fields for 12 months, it presented little trouble. Even the rain could not deter us, and the interest had been aroused by Sgt. C. B. Dawes winning the 100 yards in 11 secs. The meeting resulted in an overwhelming victory for "B" Company. It was a good rehearsal for a sports meeting held on 21st June against our other First Line Battalion in Iceland. Although the weather was once again appalling, we had a very interesting contest, but our friends proved just too good for us and carried away the trophy.

During the past year cross country running has been continually boosted, and starting with half a dozen keen enthusiasts, we have now formed a unit team with ample reserves. A team of 15 was entered for the Force competition held on 28th June.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.—As soon as the climate permitted, rugger was considered again. With great difficulty a ground was found, and was shared by units of the Brigade. Practice games were played, and the P.R.I., generous as usual, bought us some new kit. A Force league has been formed, and we are now getting down to it.

A Second Line Battalion in East Anglia.

As the time approaches once again to write of the fortunes of the Battalion, I find myself envying those luckier people who have some chronicle of military achievement to set down. As it is, I have to content myself with the task of out-Winchelling Walter Winchell and of producing a gossip column of unprecedented impertinence.

Firstly, to talk of personalities, we have gained, at least numerically, more than we have lost. We weep to see the tail end of Fernley disappearing towards the R.A.O.C. Brains was promoted a few months before he left and he surrendered to Derek the task of merely being intelligent, to sink into the intellectual no man's land of a rifle company. We congratulate him upon his promotion, his display of versatility, and hope that he is happy with his new job. Phil Walley has gone in the same direction—once again, good luck—incidentally it is whispered that Phil is now adjutant of his new unit. If that is so—Well done, thou good and faithful infantryman.

The Padre has left us, a loss which we all feel deeply. He was such a good P.M.C.—and though spiritually that which was lost has been replaced, we cannot but grieve for his other valued attributes. In Padre Watkins' place we welcome Padre Thomas, who has already shown himself a worthy ornament of the Battalion establishment. Some more welcomed arrivals are 2nd Lts. Stocks, Whitehead and Marsh and Lts. Kavanagh and Hall. Kavanagh comes with the tan of India's sunshine on his manly features and is now enlivening "B" Company with his presence. He is already well known to the local yokelry because he tours the countryside on a machine that makes a noise like a windy baby. *Chacun à son goût.* Geoff. Dixon departed a short while ago, yearning for activity in a more rarified element. May he soon have the opportunity to take a bird's-eye view of Berlin, and may he soon learn to achieve the same astonishing accuracy with his little gifts, as the crow that lives outside my tent. We offer congratulations upon the birth of another Geoff., recently, and we hope he is a trifle smaller than our edition. Another change in our roster is that of quartermasters—McGarry disappeared one day to do something unmentionably secret to someone else's stores, and his place was taken by Lt. Berregan, of whom we shall be hearing much in the future.

Moving away from personalities to sport, we anticipate future historians to decide that this war was won on the playing fields of H— Hall. A long time ago we won the Divisional rugger cup and since then we have been displaying our shapely limbs and vigorous capabilities in the Brigade cross country run, which we won, the Brigade swimming competition, which we won, the Brigade athletic meeting, which we won—almost, and the Divisional cross country run, which we didn't win but in which we had the first man home, Noel Marples, a second lieutenant of astounding fleetness of foot. He makes a habit of going back to look for laggard members of his team and then going on to win the event off his own bat. Cricket has been going strong, sometimes strong to the point of murder but rarely accurate.

For all these notable successes we have to thank especially Marples, our expert on all things that run, and his team, 2nd Lt. Miller in the swimming bath, Michael Horsfall for his wicket-keeping and leadership of the cricket team, and lastly, S. I. Cullen for his wonderful keenness in all branches of bodily exertion. They have all contributed, as has every member of the Battalion, to a series of victories that are truly noteworthy.

To wind up this sports commentary, I should like to announce that the rugger team promises to be utterly unbeatable and if any nearby unit reads these notes and presumes to doubt us we are prepared to accept their challenge.

Tactical football—a "sport" the first trial of which was essayed by this Battalion some months ago, will be news to most people. It takes the shape of a major war with teams of five hundred arguing over two or more footballs. One of our matches was filmed by a newsreel unit in order to show the public this great new military game. It is intended primarily to be an exercise in tactics, an intention which does not allow for the natural quarrelsomeness of the players, alas. Apart from the odd tactical kick in the kidneys or an occasional strategical smack in the eye, tactics are lamentably primitive on these occasions. (Photographs will be seen opposite.)

During the early part of the summer we had the good fortune to move for a short summer holiday, returning to the old familiar haunts after a few weeks. We took the opportunity to make the holiday most gay by having the I.T.C. Band with us for a week. It played on all and every occasion, in church, in the village, at an all-ranks' dance, and at an officers' Mess guest night. Sometimes I found myself wondering what would happen if some one were to change the music round a little. Its versatility was so great that I am sure that "Atisket Atasket" might have been persuaded to creep into a church parade.

The Officers' Mess guest night was made an especial success by the presence of the Brigadier and his staff and of Colonel P. from the Depôt.

COMPANY NOTES.

"H.Q." COMPANY.—The period since our last report has seen no revolutionary change in our Company. Major J. H. S. Lane continues his beneficent rule, and comings and goings among the subalterns of the Battalion have left our Company undisturbed. The C.S.M. finds it as difficult as ever to get 30 per cent. of the Company together on a parade, but his watchful eye ensures a maximum attendance at the popular P.T. entertainment in the early morning.

C.Q.M.S. Nolan is to leave us for an O.C.T.U. course. Our best wishes accompany him on his journey to more elevated spheres. We have lost familiar faces. Other arms of the service and also the R.A.F. are the gainers. Meanwhile we continue to excel in work and sport; we are always ready to take on any or all the rifle companies, whether at games or route marches. The past cricket season left us with a high reputation; we think we can maintain it in the days to come upon the football field.

NO. 2 PLATOON.—Contrary to malicious rumours, No. 2 Platoon does in fact exist. When we can be persuaded not to run the cookhouse or gather in the harvest, we carry out useful training. Our ability to distinguish between Lysanders and Dorniers is increasing every week. From time to time we blaze away considerable quantities of ammunition at sleeve targets and balloons. Personally, we are inclined to believe that the Germans are unlikely to come over in balloons, but one never knows.

NO. 3 PLATOON.—Greetings to fellow "sludge-pumpers" in the Regiment all over the world. During the past few months we have been busy instructing the uninitiated in the intricacies of the Mark I. This instruction culminated when a dear friend with a bee in his bonnet decided that we were good enough to put the gunners to shame with a demonstration. Now our minds are full of zero lines and switches. N.C.O's we have in abundance, the *Rodney* sails daily with a full cargo. Our human pullthrough, Pte. Castello, still likes to speak his mind while sleeping. Always presuming that breath is still in us, we hope to bore you again next issue.

The Recce group are still going strong, much bronzed by our stay at H., where digging was added to the many roles of this versatile platoon. We were sorry to lose Sgt. Cav. The platoon cricket team is definitely good and will challenge all comers—including the Battalion team.

TACTICAL FOOTBALL, A MATCH BETWEEN A SECOND LINE BATTALION OF THE REGIMENT AND A FIELD REGIMENT R.A.



Soldiers.



Soldiers with a ball.



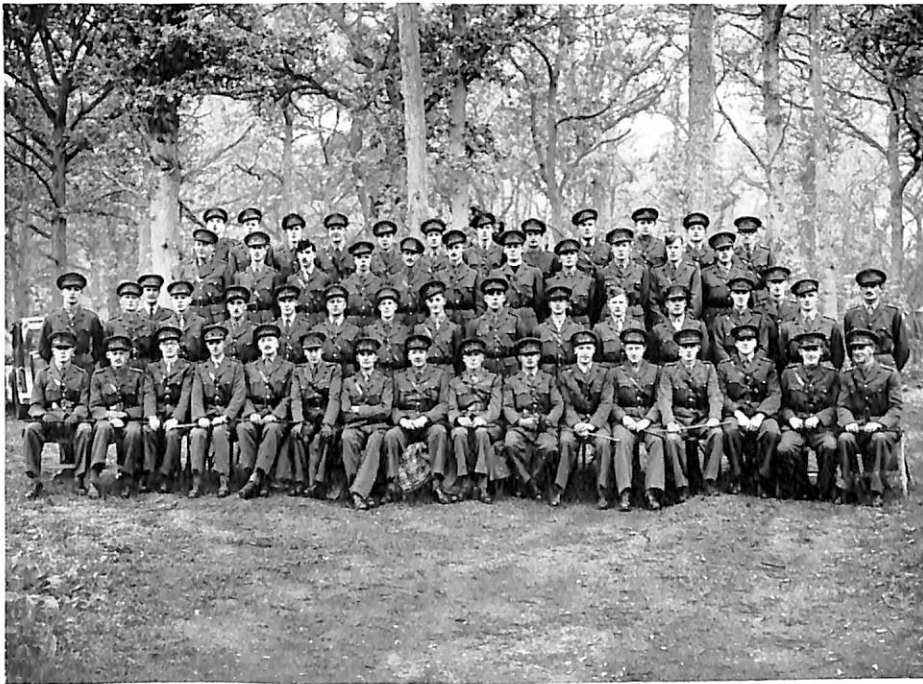
Soldiers with the same ball and some water.



Soldiers with no ball but a lot of water.



Lt.-Colonel F. R. A., commanding a Battalion of the Regiment, taken by one of his officers who was formerly a Press photographer.



The Officers of two Second Line Battalions in England.

No. 5 PLATOON.—Our Brick, Pte. Barker, H. is now on W.T. Reserve, enjoying the tightness of a civvy collar. He takes our best wishes for the future. We are always to the fore at meal times and have adopted as our war cry "Any Buck?" We hear that Paddy Ryan is sending a cook on a special course to discover how to make this popular dish. Sam Turton, our platoon sergeant, proved the soundness of his legs by winning a one mile open walking competition, part of the war weapons week effort of a local village. Our O.C., 2nd Lt. "Wally," has, with true Yorkshire insight, changed his vocation and has on his hands, or should we say has his hands on, the Company cash. He still refuses to pay out more than once a week. Is it true that he is going on extended leave?

No. 6 PLATOON.—News of our army, which masquerades as a platoon, is hard to amass. The Q.M.'s staff hide away behind innumerable forms, indents and requisitions. A recent condemnation board nearly condemned the entire office staff in error. 2nd Lt. Jack Lawson, O.C. messing, has a continual struggle with Lord Woolton, and if one can judge by results, especially on schemes, he is most successful. As for transport, the high standard which this unit maintains both mechanically and tactically is a tribute to our beloved and moustached Jimmy Landless. Incidentally, we hardly know Jimmy nowadays; he has recently indulged himself in a junior leaders' course and the noble art of tactics, hitherto just so much closed book to him, is now just his cup of tea. He had to be forcibly restrained from clawing the wheels off the water-waggon and fitting tracks because no one would give him a carrier to play with.

SIGNALS CALLING.—Since the publication of our last notes we have suffered a loss that we all feel very deeply. Sgt. Spaven, our signal sergeant, was involved in a serious motor-cycle accident and will not be able to return to us. We all wish him a speedy recovery and the best of luck in the future.

Coming to the sport side of our activities, the dot and dash boys still lead the field. Two song and rhythm experts, Ptes. Slingsby and Sivell, have left us for the R.A.F. We wish them the best of luck. General De Gaulle's brother, Pte. Barwick, has rejoined us. Hello everybody, Signals calling, O.K. Off.

"A" COMPANY.—During the summer, which now appears to be committing suicide in a cloud of raindrops, the Company's fortunes have waxed and waned in a number of small details, as they have remained constant in the greater ones. We have lost officers and men but we have had new arrivals as well and the balance has been maintained.

Nos. 7, 8 and 9 Platoon are their normal selves, pausing only in their exchange of insults to make a common front against any other company unwary enough to lay open its defence to their vulgar comments. Our superiority complex is strong enough to stand any buffet that they may care to dish out, anyway.

We have had to say good-bye to Phil Walley and this parting retained its sting till his place was taken by Guy Marsh.

We have changed billets once during the period covered by these notes, but now we are back again at H—H—. The interval providing a holiday such as we yearned for in our youth. Believe it or not, we were allowed to stay up all night and dig in the sand and have picnics and all sorts of wonderful things for a whole month—we came back all browned up.

We welcome Sgt. Barker and Cpl. Cundall who have come to us to better themselves. We congratulate Sgt. Beswick, "Featherbed" to his intimates, on his marriage.

The only other arrival whose importance merits a place in this commentary is Frank Slater's newly acquired hound, "Oy," an intriguing small animal at present more of a perambulating paunch than a recognisable breed of dog; however, we live in the hope that some day we may be able to take a rough guess as to who his parents were.

"C" COMPANY.—There is very little of importance to relate since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE. Training has proceeded satisfactorily when not interrupted by working parties or changes of stations.

There has been a large number of changes in the Company recently, both in officers and other ranks. We are sorry to lose Capt. Fearnlay, S. C., who has left us for the R.A.O.C. His loss will be felt by all, as he was one of the most popular officers in the Battalion. We hope that the "Powers that be" will endeavour to get him back to the Battalion. 2nd Lt. Miller has also left us for a young soldiers' battalion. C.Q.M.S. Dinsdale was a victim of "Y" Listitis; it appears that we are doomed never to have a permanent C.Q.M.S. Sgt. Tosney has gone to try and grow some wings. On the credit side of the Company ledger we have to welcome C.Q.M.S. Biggin and Sgt. Wood from "H.Q." Company. At the time of writing we have heard that 2nd Lt. Geoff. D. is rejoining us from Brigade.

Also at the time of writing we are on detachment—about 20 miles from the Battalion and life at present is very peaceful, though of course all good things come to an end and we shall be relieved just in time to take part in the Divisional exercise.

"D" COMPANY.—The Company, in the words of our worthy O.C., is in "good pomp." Through extremes of conditions, "t' lads" have maintained a high standard of fitness and cheerfulness. A heat-wave found No. 18 Platoon battling for Divisional cross country honours, and with first man home, they must be complimented on a very creditable performance. Athletic meetings, company, battalion, brigade and nondescript have found "D" Company well to the fore; we pride ourselves that we wear the running pants in this Battalion. Willy-nilly, we intend to hang on to the said pants throughout the forthcoming rugby season.

Variety being the spice of life, we have had a lively time; places and faces changing constantly. We welcome Lt. Hall and 2nd Lts. Brownbridge and Powell—and the consequent lightening of duties. Freddie H. cruises in and out of the Company during the intervals between periods of detachment. We are always pleased to see him. A rumour of well-informed origin leads us to believe that we are shortly to welcome "Vic" back to the fold. Furthermore, we understand that he is bringing an illegitimate son to the Hound of the Baskervilles with him.

A Duplicate Battalion in England.

Since our last notes were written, much has happened. We moved into and have now experienced our summer home. Let it be enough that when the news came that we were moving to the coast for a period, with the prospect of billets, the spice of camp life lost its savour. We were pleasantly impressed with our new location, and the change of duty provided a welcome break from schemes.

The clerk of the weather excelled himself and we were able to enjoy cricket, swimming and other outside sports, including our athletic meeting, when we were delighted to welcome Major-Gen. Ozanne, who presented our prizes. The variety of entertainment was somewhat limited in our new area, but mine host in the "Vatican" soon made us at home. Many enjoyable evenings were spent there, and will not be soon forgotten.

Shortly after our arrival at the coast we returned to our camp to enthusiastically (?) partake in "extensive military manoeuvres somewhere in England." Whether or not we distinguished ourselves is not for us to say. This ordeal once behind us, we returned to the coast. Shortly after our return we were pleased to welcome the Band of the I.T.C., who delighted us with their musical programmes. Lt.-Col. D. P. also honoured us with a visit.

We returned with regret to our clammy home in the forest. At this stage the clerk of the weather forgot our existence, the heavens opened and the rains poured down. However, try as they have, the elements have failed to damp our spirits.

It was with great regret that we bade farewell to Lt.-Col. C. H. W. His presence amongst us has been a great joy and we congratulate and offer him our best wishes on his taking command of a Battalion of his old Regiment. Lt.-Col. J. E. F. took over command, and under his sound judgment and leadership we hope to rise to still higher planes.

We welcome back to the fold Lt. J. O. Dyson and 2nd Lt. J. Illingworth, who recently returned from the next higher formation. This formation however having given with one hand have taken away with the other Capt. G. Parfitt and 2nd Lt. R. T. G. Lynes. We wish them both success in their new appointments. Capt. J. K. Sugden, now W.T.O., is going all out to produce us better and brighter wars. The terrific explosions we constantly hear prove to us his ardour and enthusiasm. Our Adjutant, Capt. W. W. Hamer, has at last forsaken the office and handed over his sea of "bumph" to 2nd Lt. W. H. C. Cobb, to whom we offer our best wishes and congratulations.

OFFICERS' MESS.

If Herbert at the B.B.C. can rhyme a postscript so can WE. And if he uses poorish verse, we guarantee that ours is worse.

We start our letter with a tear, our late C.O's no longer hear; and if Syd Walker wants to know, we're very sad to see him go. Now J. E. F. steers our ship with a steady hand and an acting pip, until we do a spot of barter with a colder climate for Webb-Carter. And Francis Ramsay St. Pierre is sometimes here and sometimes thierre, he spends his time in equal parts in teaching drill and playing darts. The rarest sight down here, I guess, is Samuel Hoyle in battle dress; though at the slightest sign of rain he puts his breeches on again. But Suggie, who's a hardier flower, keeps weapon training in a shower; and with his graceful, quiet aplomb, explodes the most revolting bomb. We've simple pleasures in our Mess, some beer (perhaps), a game of chess, for "Ernest" is our P.M.C., of some "importance" you'll agree. We hear our Q.M. "Frankie" state "it isn't G.1098." We see Jim Abbey, Barnum, Wright off to the Duke's Head every night, watch with an agonising frown Vic Gledhill going seven down, Reggie Rugg, our cowboy pard, at Solo palm a pretty card, and with Dan Chaucer we can write of our "verray parfitt gentil knight." Into the small hours the candle burns for army forms and nil returns, and this most necessary job is done by Messrs. Cobb and Bob.

And now it is our task to greet our new recruits from Gibbet Street. The OCTUs still a harvest yield from Halifax and Huddersfield, who from the Queen and from George Square come to our slightly purer uare. Reading now between the Lynes we see the most revealing synes of this Battalion, like others, becoming a home from home for brothers. Consider the Messrs. (Cards) Macleod; one's bad enough but two's a creed.

The first shall be last and the last shall be first, so we finish up with Ivan Hirst.

J. E. F.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE we have again moved at least three times, and are well and truly living up to our title of the "Wandering Dukes"! First, we built a camp in a lovely wood, moving in when spring arrived, and settled down very well with our neighbours—*i.e.*, one vixen and four fox cubs, numerous squirrels, wood pigeons and moles, amongst tons of dead leaves. Next, came the stage of caterpillars and mosquitoes which were rather numerous and very vicious, attacking us at the most inconvenient times and in the most awkward places. The caterpillars were of a curious type and quite new to us North Country folk; to quote the words of Sgt. J. Cavendish, R.A.O.C., they had "legs supporting, front and rear."

After numerous exercises, we moved to the coast to relieve a static unit for training, and enjoyed a very pleasant summer holiday (?). Life in the Mess goes on as usual,

with Sgt. J. Winterburn and O.R.C./Sgt. G. Wood arranging dances when possible, ably assisted by Sgt. J. Cavendish and his dance band, and numerous W.A.A.F's who have to be indented for in triplicate to the nearest R.A.F. station.

The visit of the I.T.C. Band was very much enjoyed by us all, and we think, the Band too. If these notes should catch the eye of B.M. Ashton Jones and his band sergeant, we hope they have not forgotten their first lesson in golf given by the R.S.M.

The Battalion athletic and swimming sports were crowded into one hectic week, and the swimming cup presented to the Battalion by the Sergeants' Mess was won by "H.Q." Company. During the presentation of prizes the Commanding Officer very kindly called on R.S.M. H. F. Smith to present this cup. The staff remains more or less the same as published in the last issue. One or two new sergeants have been promoted to the Mess, and we welcome them all most heartily, and hope they soldier on to keep up the tradition of the Mess according to the example set by the older members.

The last paragraph brings us to the point of congratulations and we think the place of honour goes to R.Q.M.S. J. Slane. The R.Q.M.S., as you all know, saw considerable service in the last war and retired on pension, joining this unit on its formation. R.Q.M.S. Slane has since then seen active service again, has been introduced to a German Panzer division, had a ducking in the sea, and is still A1 and serving in a field force. If that does not deserve congratulations, what does, we ask?

We have said good-bye to our Commanding Officer, Lt.-Col. W., who has left us to take command of another unit. Col. W. was our guest to luncheon on his last day with the Battalion, when he thanked the members of the Sergeants' Mess for their loyal support during his year with the Battalion. We of the Mess have lost a very good friend who was a soldier and a gentleman, and our good wishes go with him wherever he may be. Congratulations to Lt.-Col. F. on taking over command of the Battalion; nothing pleased us better than this appointment and he knows he has the loyal support of this Mess.

We send our best wishes to all units of the Regiment and to H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, hoping the time is drawing near when we can all meet in happier circumstances.

CORPORALS' MESS.

At last we are established in a Mess of our own, thanks to the efforts of Lt.-Col. W. and Major F. Although only a store tent in the midst of a jungle, it is at least a home to go to, and has that rare distinction of having a fireplace built into it. Thanks to the Mess President and P.R.I., we are the proud possessors of sets, wireless, one, and all we need by the way of comfort for the time being.

We take this opportunity of again thanking the members of the Sergeants' Mess for their kind invitations to their dances, and are looking forward to being able to repay them in the near future. Best of luck to our members who have been promoted to the Sergeants' Mess, at the same time all our new members are welcomed.

We hope that by the time the next issue of *THE IRON DUKE* is available we shall have some more news, but being in our infancy and also as this is our first contribution, we are satisfied to start with small things and achieve greatness later.

The staff at present consists of:—R.S.M. H. F. Smith, Mess president, Cpl. W. H. Bayes, Mess secretary, Cpl. J. S. Swift and Cpl. H. Staples, and great things are expected of them.

Our greetings to all other Messes in the Regiment.

COMPANY NOTES.

"H.Q." COMPANY.—Should these notes seem rather disjointed, please do not blame me as I am writing in the company office where at present there is a minor blitzkrieg going on. You see we have a new company commander. His name? Capt. I. Hirst, and he's certainly sweeping clean. Everything we did before was wrong, and Lor' help

the poor paying-out officer on Friday, with his money in one hand and sheet of instructions in the other.

Though they are not newcomers to the Battalion, there are two new arrivals to the Company in Lt. Bob Bates, our new P.R.I. (previous record intact), and 2nd Lt. I. Clarry, Messing Officer. We have a new sergeant-major, also a new "Quarters," both coming from "D" Company. They are C.S.M. Truman (no relation to the brewers), whose bite is not as bad as his bark, and C.Q.M.S. Ainley.

In spite of lengthy schemes, lots of rain, mud and flies, and in spite of a new O.C. and C.S.M., the Company seems to be bearing up well. Lanky Overman and Fitz Sykes are "making up" with their hair-dressing business, and should be in a position to retire when the war is over. They tell me L/Cpl. Baines, "Brigadier" to the boys, actually kept quiet for two whole minutes the other morning—he was eating. Someone almost shovelled up Burgin with the coal recently (incidentally wasn't he proud of his new size fives). Sgt. "Cab" Cavendish is moulding the Band into fine shape, and the boys are in demand everywhere. We thought certain men had gone back to childhood days, seeing them playing about with sand; how mortarfyng, Nick! Bravest men hereabouts are L/Cpl. Fawcett's section—a sewer by any other name would smell as sweet. Mention Caldecott Farm to the Pioneers and you won't get away alive; incidentally, how many walls have Joe Bailey's carriers knocked down?

Frank Firth, lieutenant and quartermaster (the Greeks had a word for him), has a new hobby—chasing moles. He only wants 396 more for a fur coat.

"A" COMPANY.—Since the last phase in the history of the Company was penned we have been in occupation "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife" in our summer (?) camp and our otherwise uneventful existence has been punctuated by numerous alarms and excursions. The amazingly rapid changes which take place amongst the officers of the Company make the chameleon look like a second-rater.

Jimmy, who has been in and out of the Company like a Jack-in-a-box, has finally left us for "B" Company. We greatly regret his going and wish him luck in his new role. Wright has taken his place as second-in-command and is at present convalescing from a violent attack of Army Formitis. Sam Townend is still on the sick list, though we understand that he is now getting along well. We hope that he will be able to return to us and take over once again his duties as sports officer. Much of our success during the summer season was due to his efforts.

Ray Farrar has left the Company for another battalion, and Ron has left to take up an appointment at Brigade. We understand that he became involved in a controversy with someone there and has been roped in, in order that argument might be fought to a successful conclusion. Iain McLeod popped into the Company and popped out again before anyone had a chance to rob him at bridge. "Andy" Eastman has joined the Company and meanders about wearing a misleadingly innocent look on his cheerful features.

C.S.M. Ackroyd has been somewhat subdued by being thrust into hospital to have his toes straightened. We welcome Sgt. Clayton to the Company and congratulate him on the excellent report he received on his recent course.

The Company has had a very successful sports season, terminating the proceedings by winning the Battalion sports trophy. It is worthy of note in this connection that Pte. Lowes, who is the backbone of the Company sports team and a prominent member of the Battalion sports and swimming teams, won the Victor Ludorum award for both sports and swimming at the Battalion meeting. We congratulate this very fine athlete on his wonderful performance.

Exercises, large and small, still continue from time to time and certainly afford us ample opportunity for expending any surplus energy which we may have acquired. With the approach of winter these events will no doubt take on a more gruesome aspect.

"B" COMPANY.—Our sojourn at the seaside made us more or less "browned off" both literally and metaphorically, and one wonders exactly what circumstances would have to obtain to ensure that such a state (of mind, at least) is cured. However, these notes are required as the history of "B" Company, but it is not intended that they alone should be the better for a realisation of the necessity of "making do" with conditions, however tedious.

To revert to our holiday at the seaside, we did feel, at last, that we were "on the job." The rats and "crashing aircraft" helped to confirm the illusion. The sight of a platoon "H.Q." dodging a falling "Queen Bee" was no joke until afterwards. However, the R.A.F. were courteous and grateful (but not very apologetic) when we returned various parts to them which we had picked up from our platoon position.

One wonders how trade is affected since our custom was removed from the hostelry in the vicinity. However carefree and self-indulgent our successors may be it is felt that a gap must have been caused when we left. East Anglian beer never tasted so good, darts never flew so straight, the "Rest Platoon" never rested so sweetly, as after a bout on the forward position.

Our first few nights were disturbed by reports "Gunfire at sea, Sir," "Red lights on the horizon, Sir," "Dive-bombing a convoy, Sir," "Bombs a few miles inland, Sir," but after a few weeks one felt that the appearance of the Hun Armada itself would only have brought in a small dog-earned paper with the report "Slight activity at sea."

2nd Lt. Ben Taylor (Taylor, Mark II) is welcomed to the Company with as much pleasure as our regret at losing Lt. Taylor (Mark I). The Company is also the richer for the recent addition of a new second-in-command—Lt. Mowat; we wish them all success.

Capt. Rugg still skippers in his own inimitable fashion, and is still touchy over stationery. He still evinces a real interest in the moral welfare of his subalterns whom he often addresses in friendly spirit!

The passage of the seasons we appreciate more fully in our present surroundings; we have had the moth and mosquito stage, the caterpillar stage, and we are now passing through the toad stage. We dread the next stage, locusts, rivers of blood or what have you may well be our lot. Please heavens, the rumours we hear are true and that we go to bricks and mortar before we are stricken by the plague.

We started in serious vein—so let us finish. "B" Company, knowing full well that many tributes will be paid to that friendly gentleman—Colonel W.—in other parts of this journal, claims space to add its own appreciation of a C.O. who can only be regarded with affection and respect by every officer, warrant officer, N.C.O. and private soldier in the Battalion. There is little more to say, except that, much as we regret his departure, we hope he will find conditions pleasant in his new sphere, and that his new "family" appreciate their good fortune.

"C" COMPANY.—The Company may now be likened to a balance sheet, what with "Takes On" and "Strikes Off." The strength of the Company has increased and decreased. First to strike off our accommodation store inventory was "Sally" Seddon who has gone to the quiet countryside of Abyssinia. Next on the list comes "Torchy" Blane, the daring motor-cyclist, and perhaps the most serious of our losses was Capt. G. Parfitt. Alas, even "D" Company won't have him long as he has been ear-marked by Brigade. We welcome hard-working 2nd Lt. Baxter and 2nd Lt. Pickering. Two smiling faces were lost with Ammednagar MacGregor and Hooley to training centre courses from which there is no return. Congratulations to L/Sgt. Dooley on his promotion, and welcome to the fold Sgts. Baron, Harper and Hett from various companies. Since the last notes country and sea have been two of our many changes. We hear a certain Brigadier may have got his bowler hat through allowing a mere lieutenant to capture him in the middle of a nap in a big operation. (Mind, we were only playing!)

At the seaside we welcomed the Band of the I.T.C. and give our thanks for a grand

performance. They played at our Battalion sports where five of our valiants—2nd Lt. Lynes, C.Q.M.S. Milnes, Cpl. Nicholson, L/Cpl. Hanson and our chirpy clerk Rothery—managed to pinch a few prizes. "Boy" Ratchford is still boxing and collecting his cups; even the Company Commander gets annoyed at seeing so many ALL over his desk.

Congratulations to Capt. Royds, M.C., on his investiture by the King, and also on joining the married army. May all his troubles be little ones. Further congratulations to 2nd Lt. Cobb, late "C" Company, on his promotion to adjutant, and to Major F..... on his promotion to lieutenant-colonel. We regret the departure of a well-liked C.O., Lt.-Col. C. H. W., to command a Battalion of his old Regiment, and wish him every success.

We have a new job. Everyone got down to it with vim and vigour, and we sent a crack platoon down to Corps to demonstrate to all the junior leaders. Brother and sister Battalions, please note you receive the best demonstrations in the Corps, and we won't let the "Dukes" down.

To finish these notes we welcome the draft from the Depôt and hope they turn out to be as good as the old hands.

"D" COMPANY.—Since our last issue there have been many changes in the Company. Capt. Sugden has left us, to the great relief of Company "H.Q.," because with him went the store of T.N.T. which used to lie around the Company office. Capt. Parfitt visited us for a short while to command, and his place has been taken now by Capt. Macleod, after a short sojourn in "H.Q."

According to the parade state there are ten officers on the strength of the Company; where they are or get to is a mystery. One can still see the same old faces in the Company lines and hear the same old language from No. 16 Platoon. If we can hold at bay the greedy hands of "H.Q." Company, we ought to be able to find one man for C.S.M. Hunnybell to bawl at.

Our exploits on Divisional exercises will be written up after the war is over, although a record should be made of Pte. Peck shouting "Any Buck."

SPORT.

The Battalion has had a very full programme of events in the shape of cricket, athletics and swimming during the summer season. To deal with cricket first, we were unfortunately unable to compete in the Divisional league owing to a late entry. We have, however, had a number of friendly matches, and one or two useful players have come to light. We have defeated the — D.W.R. with some ease on two occasions and also a neighbouring aerodrome, whilst we have lost to the — W.Y.R. and to the same aerodrome. Prominent batsmen have been Lt. W. A. C. Johnson, who made 53 not out against another Battalion of the D.W.R., 2nd Lt. R. T. G. Lynes (45 not out against the same Battalion) and Sgt. Robinson, who, in addition to making several useful scores for the Battalion, had a half century to his credit when playing for an Army eleven against the R.A.F. On the bowling side, Pte. Moxon and Sgt. Robinson were the opening bowlers, and usually managed to break down the defence of the opposing sides' opening batsmen at an early stage. The side has normally been skippered by Bill Johnson, who changed his bowling with some skill and played a captain's innings on more than one occasion.

On our visit to the coast, opportunity was taken to make use of a very fine ground in a neighbouring town to hold a Battalion athletics meeting. Glorious weather graced the occasion and a very pleasant meeting resulted. Pte. Lowes ("A") narrowly won the Victor Ludorum from Sgt. Duggan ("H.Q."), Cpl. Hudspith ("D"), C.Q.M.S. Milnes ("C"), and Cpl. Nicholson ("C"), whilst a popular feature was the compulsory relay race (4 by 75 yards) in which the teams consisted of company commanders, C.S.M.'s, C.Q.M.S.'s and one private per company. B.O.R. was also represented (O Tempora, O Mores) by the Adjutant, O.R.Q.M.S., R.S.M. and one clerk. The Battalion open

mile relay race was carried off by the — Battalion W.Y.R., with our own unit a close second. We were very fortunate in having Major-Gen. Ozanne, himself an "old Duke," to present the prizes. The Battalion is always pleased to see one of its old members in high places, and Major-Gen. Ozanne was welcomed very heartily.

It is worthy of note that only the day before these notes are being written a team consisting of Sgt. Duggan ("H.Q."), Cpl. Hudspith ("D"), Pte. Lowes ("A") and Pte. Rothery ("C") attended the — Battalion W.Y.R.'s athletic meeting and, by way of revenge, carried off their open mile relay race by something in the nature of a 200 yard margin. We are now awaiting the Brigade athletic meeting to see what we can do in direct competition with our sister units.

We have held a well-supported swimming meeting at which the versatile Pte. Lowes again won the Victor Ludorum (I don't know what the Latin for swimming is), and the inter-company competition was won by "H.Q." Company by a handsome margin. The M.O. revealed himself as a diving expert (coming in second both in the Battalion competition and also in the subsequent Brigade event), but nobody fell in. We did not shine too brightly in the Brigade competition, only coming in third, but some good performances were put up nevertheless.

Our main handicap throughout the summer has been the lack of proper facilities either for training, at athletics, or for practice at both swimming and cricket. It is felt that had these facilities been available, even in modified form, proportionate results might have been obtained.

A Resurrected Battalion in Devonshire.

Having spent some eight months on and around the so-called Cornish Riviera and having temporarily avoided incurring further responsibilities, the Commanding Officer decided to take seven days' leave early in June. No sooner had he turned his back on his widespread flock when the Gods of War delivered something in the nature of a bombshell amongst us. They not only suggested that a change of air would do us good but also threatened to add tons and tons of hitherto mysterious contraptions to our lives. However, they consoled us with the fact that if we were good boys and looked after divers places a little further east, we should be rewarded with a regular feast of blackberries in the autumn. 'Nuff said. We will tell you more about it in the next issue and those with one-track minds will have to wait !!

Quite a lot of time seems to have been spent during the spring and summer in raising money for war weapons weeks, and local organizers seem to have found us very useful. At one place, however, there were two minor hitches. All arms took part in the march past which was marshalled by Jeff. He experienced a little difficulty when confronted with a direct disobedience of orders by an attractive marker from the W.A.A.Fs. We've no idea what his order was, but his only remark afterwards was "She was mustered" and we are still uncertain which way he wants it spelt!

The other hitch was caused by Newton-Thompson in the seven-a-side knock-out rigger tournament. This dashing forward broke away from a scrum to score a magnificent try against his own side through running in the wrong direction, successfully knocking the Dukes out of the competition. He had the cheek to say that his map reading was complimented by a senior officer! Apart from these two incidents, the Dukes' effort was highly successful; their activities in this particular town raised nearly £150, the greater part of which was raised by a revue (thanks to Kenneth Foulds' exertions) which ran for three days. Tiny and "Pick-on" Starkey figured prominently, and the Band did a splendid bit of work.

We made many good friends in Cornwall and we were sorry to leave. Judging by the letters we have received the Dukes won't be forgotten all at once.

Our new station is in the Glorious County and Battalion Headquarters is situated

in a charming country village, entirely unspoilt. The thatched houses and queer narrow streets and a first class trout stream, sheltered under thickly wooded hills, are apt to make one forget the war. The village boasts of having harboured Judge Jefferies of the Bloody Assizes—it can now boast of harbouring the Dukes of all sizes!

Major E. and the Padre have been flinging a pretty fly in the evenings, and every fourth day or so a rather weary-looking fish appears at breakfast. Others thought they could fish, but so many casts were ruined and thistles caught, that it was not until a borrowed rod was broken that one particular aspirant ceased practising on the lawn and repaired to the old skittle alley at the local.

The Mess has had so many coming and going, it is difficult to keep up with the names of officers. Edwin Merrall has gone to reorganise something, as yet we know not what—we are wondering if it's the I.T.C. Nick has also left the Battalion and is attached to a County Division not very far away; he visited us the other day for the express purpose of bartering his old battle dress for a new one; but Tiny is an excellent business man.

A lot of us have already gone to see if the promised blackberries are ripe yet, and they are finding plenty of thorns about as yet, so it won't be all jam.

In the meantime Little Audrey is carrying on, bearing quite a considerable weight on such a diminutive frame; however, he has broad shoulders and he is doing well, ably supported by F. O. Till.

Several new officers have joined us lately, and two from other Battalions; Jones-Stamp has arrived from the 2nd Battalion and is busy getting his nose down to unaccustomed things. Williams from the 1st and 2nd Lts. Overend, Owen and Holland who are new to the Regiment have also joined recently.

We congratulate Roach on getting his "undetected crime" ribbon, and R.S.M. Cubitt on his.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

One fine summer's day we were all startled, and like birds suddenly frightened we took to wings and fled. At last we settled to roost for how long no one knows, somewhere in England. In our new roost several members are trying the new wine commonly called "Jungle Juice," but from reports it is not finding favour.

Since we arrived here we have assisted the locals in their war weapons week, and from this assistance we have unearthed many talents amongst our Mess members.

Last week we brought laughter and happiness to the villagers by a Sergeants' Mess dance, Sgt. Myt doing a good job of work as compère. It has been reported in our Intelligence Summary that the R.Q.M.S. showed us all how to "shake a wicked leg" at this dance, and only by sheer will power did he convince the judges that his efforts were deserving of a prize of one packet of cigarettes. Also a flutter was caused to the dance committee by our Provost Sergeant in one weak moment demanding that the dance band should be charged for not playing at 120 to the minute, and also that it cramped his style of dancing. However he did show us how to do the modern waltz with the knees well braced back and head erect. Our R.S.M., whose fame has covered the globe, has obviously studied the "Highway Code" by his masterly dancing under difficulties, but one wonders if he observes the STOP (major road ahead).

A Battalion in Yorkshire.

This Battalion has recently celebrated its first birthday. The exact date it is difficult to determine; few can say when we emerged from the embryo and became a living reality. We did not spring, like Athene, from the head of Zeus, fully armed; like Topsy, we "just grewed" in a welter of complicated returns and administrative headaches. However, one company, "B," decided to celebrate the day on which they changed from mufti into battle dress, and gave an excellent concert and reception.

It seems a far cry from those days, when company commanders wrangled about whose turn it was to use the Bren, and our few precious rifles were passed from platoon to platoon.

This last year has been one of continual change ; change of station and change of personnel. We have lain luxuriously in houses of great magnificence ; we have shivered in shacks and caravans. We have improvised, economised and compromised. Not the most comfortable of lives, but good for the soul. We reckon ourselves poor, but tough. Our annals of the past few months are short and simple with plenty of incident but little that would pass the eye of the censor. Training has necessarily been our chief care. A little bathing, a little cricket, a few concerts, many successful dances, and of late athletic sports have brightened the dull round.

Horrors have included :—

(a) A purposeful P.T. course for the whole Battalion, which kept the M.O. busy who, himself a brilliant exponent of the art of jumping off the top of a tree in a gas mask, spent all his spare time in patching up less successful practitioners of this alarming hobby.

(b) Boating by night, including the art of striking your superior officer with a paddle under cover of darkness.

(c) The birth of the Drums. Older battalions, who have inherited fully-fledged drum and fife bands, know little of the squeaks and squawks and agonies of their parturition. However, we have been given the tools and Capt. Collins, revealing a hidden talent, is seeing that we use them.

Changes in personnel are too many to recapitulate. Lt. J. I. Brierley, who, as one of our foundation members and first transport officer, saw our transport grow from one decrepit saloon to an impressive fleet of W.D. vehicles, has been stolen by an envious Ordnance. Our Brigadier, who nursed us, cursed us, and inspired us from our first days as a fighting unit, has, to our lasting regret, left us for higher things.

As these notes are being written we are coming to the end of a month's intensive training. Another move lies before us and then perhaps we shall settle down, like Cæsar's army, into winter quarters. Or perhaps not.

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

Although it is nine months since the last contribution, the period seems much less owing to the many changes which have affected the Regiment in this time. Perhaps the greatest change to be seen is amongst the junior officers, no less than 27 having been posted to the Regiment since the new year. The senior officers, however, remain unchanged in their commands, thus ensuring a certain amount of continuity in the Regiment.

It was with regret that the Regiment lost the valuable service and congenial personality of Major T. G. Roberts, who is now commanding a battery of heavy guns. We wish him every success in his new role. Cadres, O.C.T.U's and other postings have all taken their toll of the Regiment. Early this year we lost the services of Major G. P. Norton, Capt. B. W. Woodcock, Capt. P. A. Senior and 2nd Lts. J. A. Batterson, D. K. J. Reeve, P. M. Stuart, A. Wilson and H. R. Hart to a cadre which is now in the field as an operational battery. Major A. B. Sawers and Capt. J. A. Sykes are now occupying instructors' vacancies on various school establishments. We congratulate Major R. W. P. Sanderson on his appointment as brigadier major to our own Brigade.

The following W.O's and sergeants of the Regiment have been appointed to commissions :—T.S.Ms. J. E. Hallas, G. N. Hallas, E. A. Kaye, J. Crosland, R. H. Booth, J. Hirst, L. Sheard, F. W. Pohlmann, S/Sgt. Turnbull J., and L/Sgt. Mitchell, A. G. Of these, 2nd Lts. Hirst, Pohlmann and Mitchell have been posted to the Regiment.

It was with regret that the Regiment was compelled to part with its orderly room sergeant, C.S.M. T. W. Burrell, who after 15 years' invaluable service to the Regiment was compelled to retire on medical grounds. C.S.M. Burrell goes to a similar post in the Home Guard with the rank of R.S.M. with our best wishes and deep gratitude for the services he has rendered to the Regiment.

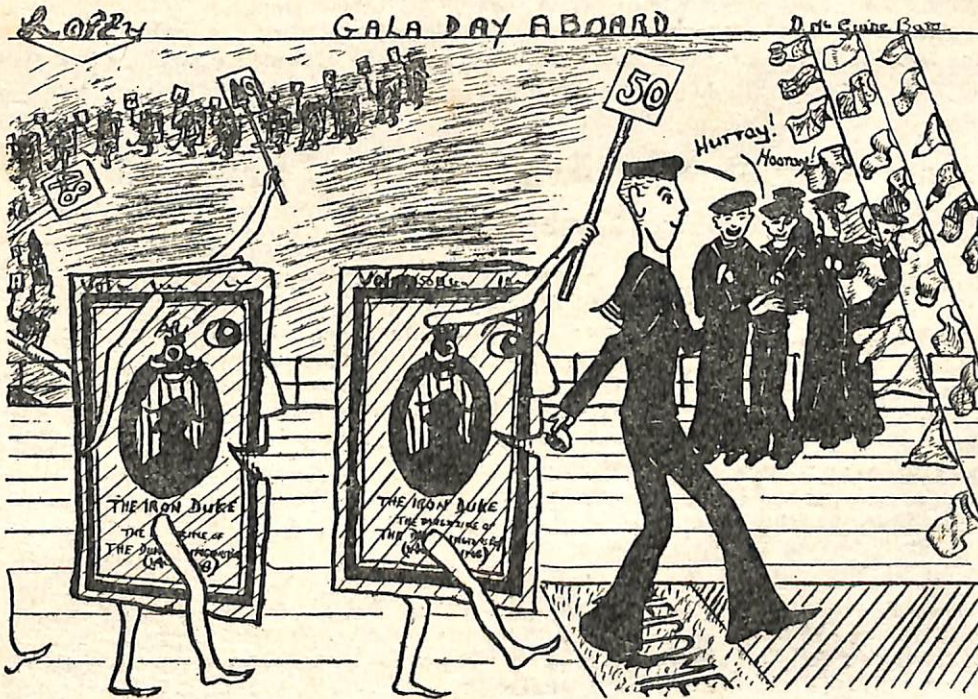
Regimental "H.Q.," which for the past 22 years has operated from our home town, has now moved into a more central part of the Regimental area. A suitable baronial hall was found and all members of our old Regiment will receive a warm welcome at our new "H.Q." at somewhere in Yorkshire, which is now known to all local inhabitants.

The Regimental Band has been re-instituted, and its visits to battery headquarters have been greatly appreciated. The most eventful occurrence of the year was the confinement overnight of four German airmen in a battery headquarter guard room.

New interests have been aroused by the Army Educational Scheme and lectures on numerous subjects are a frequent occurrence. This activity will be very much appreciated during the approaching long winter nights.

Congratulations and every happiness for the future are our wishes for the following officers on their marriages:—Major J. B. Sugden, Capt. E. J. Pye-Smith, Capt. J. W. Bell, 2nd Lts. M. Moss and F. L. Harris. Lt. P. Hallas and 2nd Lt. J. M. Hale are to be congratulated on their engagements and Capt. C. B. Kaye, Capt. T. E. Price and Lt. S. J. E. Huxley on the birth of their daughters.

The following officers have been awarded the Territorial decoration:—Major R. C. Laurence, Major D. H. Hirst, and it is hoped that the Regiment will continue to benefit from their continued service and experience.



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

The following brief summary of the work carried out during the period 1st July, 1940, to 30th June, 1941.

Thirty-seven applications for assistance were considered by the committee, and an aggregate of £70 19s. 11d. was disbursed. In addition, the sum of £25 was granted to the 2nd Battalion married families by the O.C. of that Battalion.

Twenty-seven appeals were dealt with in respect of those having served in the 1st and 2nd Battalions, and £58 3s. 6d. was granted in aid. Two applications were considered from those who were eligible for assistance from the 2nd Battalion Charitable Fund, and to these grants totalling £4 were made. A total of £6 1s. 6d. was disbursed to six applicants having served in the 3rd Battalion, and the administration of the 9th Battalion Fund authorised a grant of 14s. 11d. Two pounds was disbursed on account of the 10th Battalion Fund.

The Duke of Wellington's Regimental Comforts Fund.

GIFTS IN KIND.

Members of the G.F.S., Wells, Norfolk, per Miss Jenny Baker ; Mrs. Pickering ; Mrs. E. S. Henochesberg, 16 Miller Grove, Durban, Natal, South Africa ; Mrs. Cecil Ince, Littlecroft, West Clandon, Surrey ; West Riding Wallpaper Company, Trinity Street, Leeds ; Mrs. Wildy, Mirador, Horsell Park, Woking, Surrey ; Mrs. Hembley, 2 Ripon Street, Halifax ; Sgt. Price, 12 Ovenden Way, Halifax ; Rothwell Drive Knitting Circle, per Mrs. Moseley ; Mrs. Booth, 37 Cross Bank Road, Batley ; Miss D. Stirk, Beechfield, Illingworth, Halifax ; Mrs. L. E. Bishop, 9 Brunswick Terrace, Weymouth, Dorset.

CASH DONATIONS.

Society of Yorkshiremen in London ; Major Baker, " Auction of Onions " ; R. E. M. Thackeray ; J. T. Shaw ; G. Gledhill, M.P. ; Mrs. H. P. Travers ; Lord Mayor of Leeds ; West Riding Police.

DEFAULTERS.

The shades of night are falling fast,
When through the air there's a bugle blast,
I start to run, I start to swear,
I fly across the barrack square,

DEFAULTERS.

In the barrack room I see the light
Of cigarettes all burning bright,
I get no time for smokes at all,
For still I hear that clarion call,

DEFAULTERS.

The old sweat says be careful there,
Beware of that confounded square,
Lest you should tumble and chance to fall,
And fail to answer that hellish call,

DEFAULTERS.

One fellow cries, " Give me a light,"
And tries to stop my headlong flight,
I almost barge him through the wall,
For louder sounds that devilish call,

DEFAULTERS.

My life is sad and I long for sleep,
Between those sheets how I could creep,
My days of rest and peace are past,
For all day long I hear that blast,

DEFAULTERS.

Life's full of misery and woe,
Out in the town I cannot go,
I'd love to choke the bugler tall,
Who rends the air with his strident call,

DEFAULTERS.

I think I'd kill him, if I had my way,
Lifeless and unbeautiful he'd lay,
But I suppose that even so,
Some other fool would start to blow

DEFAULTERS.

ANON.

The 76th get 76.

Some years ago the story was told of how (in 1924) the cricket XI of the 2nd Battalion won the Army Challenge Cup in Egypt. How—after losing half the side for 30 runs, against the strongest team in the competition—a heroic seventh wicket stand by Cpls. Peel (134) and Simpson (56), followed by Simpson's and Lt. Norman's great bowling, actually enabled the Duke's to win the final by an innings and 80 runs; a result so amazing as to be described by the local critics as a "complete reversal of form."

The final of 1924, so typical of the glorious uncertainty of cricket, will surely never be forgotten by those who took part in it. Only a year or so before the present World War broke out, the rival captains on that occasion—Lt.-Col. H. A. Henson and the writer—renewed their acquaintance in the pavilion of the County Ground at Bristol; whilst the former—now secretary of the Gloucestershire County Cricket Club—told Hammond's men, at lunch, how his guest's eleven, by a combination of low cunning and extraordinarily good fortune, had triumphed over his superlatively strong R.A.S.C. team in a manner most regrettable.

The sequel to the above story—viz., how the 2nd Battalion XI again won the cup in 1925, has yet to be related; and, to my mind, the tale is well worth the telling. The triumph of the Duke's in 1924 (brought about by the so-called "reversal of form"), was attributed to the rules of the competition—aided by the luck of the draw—which had resulted in the success of a supposedly inferior team. The authorities at G.H.Q. Cairo, therefore, decided that two full days would be allotted, in future, to all competition matches. The final would be played to a finish, with no time limit, on the neutral ground of the Gezira Sporting Club. All preliminary rounds, hitherto, had been one-day single-innings contests; and it was calculated that the new rule would remove any possibility of a weak or unbalanced team surviving to compete for the cup.

The prospect of having to defend the trophy in 1925, throughout a series of played-out matches, did not fill us with forebodings of disaster. On the contrary, we regarded the arrangement as much to be desired. It would give us a much better chance of defeating our rivals. Two-innings matches would put us on our mettle, and do away with the danger of over-confidence.

What a peculiarly English institution, by the way, is that of the second innings—a second chance to put things right after a bad start. England never gets going properly until she finds herself well behind on the first "innings." It is only then that she begins to fight back in earnest, and her "second innings"—against the Hun gangsters—has scarcely yet begun. But she always wins the "Final"!

For the 1925 season the 2nd Battalion XI received reinforcements. A new arrival from the R.M.C., Sandhurst—2nd Lt. H. C. Harker-Taylor—was a notable addition to our batting strength. A new bowler, a totally unknown player, was discovered—literally, by accident. Just as the season opened, Cpl. Simpson—a great-hearted cricketer, rugger, soccer and hockey player—became a victim of a bomb explosion in Cairo; and hence arose an urgent necessity for another bowler to take his place. An S.O.S. went out to all companies to send bowlers along to the nets for inspection; and Pte. Osborne (of No. 2 Company) was selected. His immediate debut was so sensational that it might almost be described as miraculous. The first (away) match of the season, on 21st April, was v. The Gezira Club—the "M.C.C." of Egypt. At full strength the Gezira C.C. were far too strong a side for any Battalion XI. But on that day we were amazed to find arrayed against us an eleven of abnormal batting strength, captained by the best known cricketer in Egypt—the late R. E. More, Agent-General of the Soudan, a famous Oxford blue and Middlesex amateur. What was the real reason for this display of force? Maybe it was intended as a compliment to us as holders of the Army Cup; but it may also have been an attempt to "show up" our bowling. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that Gezira chose their strongest available side for this match. Moreover we lost the

toss, and Gezira's innings opened ominously. Our bowlers seemed outclassed and lost their length, but even so two wickets fell—both of them “bowled Osborne.” In spite of this the score rose rapidly to 90, with two good men in and batting all the way down to No. 11. Then it was that Gezira got a big shock, utterly unexpected and almost incredible. Osborne, the cricket recruit, was put on to bowl for the third time that morning, and with the last four balls of his first over he clean bowled *four* of their best batsmen, including the great Dick More himself—out first ball, middle stump. His next ball (in his succeeding over) also got Col. J. B. Wells (Gezira's No. 1) out—lbw. Osborne thus, in his first match and unaided by his field, *sent back five good batsmen with successive balls on a batsman's wicket*, an extremely rare, if not unique, performance. His analysis in this innings of 165 (though the ninth wicket fell at 108) was 7 for 37—all of them batsmen picked to make hay of our bowling. Thus were we in part avenged for being under-rated as holders of the cup. Possibly it may have been forgotten that the Duke's are recruited in Yorkshire, a county much respected throughout the cricket world!

In 1924 our cup opponents had been the R. Artillery, the R.A.M.C., the R. Engineers and the R.A.S.C., and all of them had been beaten with plenty to spare. This year we were drawn against the R.E. (again), the 2nd Bn. The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the R.H.A. Brigade and the R.A.O.C.—a nice variety of units (out of 20 in all) representative of all arms in the Army of Occupation. The opening rounds proved to be easy ones—the Sappers being beaten by an innings and 121 runs and the Scotchmen by ten wickets. The semi-final, however, was a much more serious affair. The Duke's lost the toss and then took matters far too lightly. Quite a number of catches were missed, and we found ourselves 39 runs behind at the close of a scorching hot day's play.

The dazzling light, dry atmosphere, and bare out-field of the ground at Heliopolis (“City of the Sun”), where the match took place, could not entirely excuse our faulty fielding. The second morning, however, when we found ourselves facing probable defeat and loss of the cup due to our own carelessness, saw everyone fighting back in the true Yorkshire spirit. Bowlers and fielders alike were keyed up, the catches were held, and the Horse Gunners—bar one stout stand in mid-innings—were quickly dismissed for 90 runs. (This was one of Norman's best matches, with 13 wickets in all for 111 runs—8 for 68 and 5 for 43). The scores now were: R.H.A. Brigade—193 and 90; 2nd D.W.R.—154; which left us with 130 runs to get to win. The captain had got top score in the first innings, so he was persuaded to go in first. It was “Smuts” Norman who summed up the situation, saying:—“You go in first, block up one end, and we'll get the runs at the other!” This scheme, as it happened, worked very well, and eventually we won by five wickets. The captain's ambition had been to score a century for the Regiment. This was not to be; but he managed to secure 102 runs (for once out) in this match and remained undefeated at the finish, a source of much satisfaction to himself. What was far more important, the cup had been in danger, but a serious situation had been averted. The scores in the semi-final were:—

R.H.A. BRIGADE v. 2ND BATTALION D.W.R.
(Played at Heliopolis S.C., Cairo, Egypt, 27th and 28th June, 1925.)
R.H.A. BRIGADE.

First Innings.				Second Innings.			
Sad. Newbould, c. Frankis, b. Norman	8	lbw., b. Norman	6
Dvr. Webb, c. Frankis, b. Norman	33	run out	7
Capt. Harrison, b. Norman	8	b. Norman	0
Lt. Fowler, b. Norman	30	c. Pridham, b. Peel	23
Lt. Hyde-Smith, c. Bennett, b. Simpson	34	c. Osborne, b. Norman	23
Sgt. Stephens, c. Allsop, b. Norman	4	c. Osborne, b. Norman	8
Bombdr. Dye, b. Norman	13	b. Osborne	0
Signr. Weetman, c. Bennett, b. Peel	58	b. Osborne	14
Gnr. Rustell, b. Norman	0	b. Osborne	5
Bombdr. Garrett, b. Norman	0	b. Norman	1
Gnr. Fletcher, not out	1	not out	1
Extras	4	Extras	2
			<hr/> 193				<hr/> 90

Bowling—Lt. Norman 8 for 68	Norman 5 for 43
Cpl. Simpson 1 for 62	Osborne 3 for 16
Cpl. Peel 1 for 22	Peel 1 for 8

2ND BATTALION D.W.R.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Lt. J. E. Frankis, lbw., b. Garrett 14	lbw., b. Fletcher 0	Sgt. Bennett, b. Garrett 10	c. Webb, b. Rustell 38
Pte. Allsop, b. Rustell 17	c. Newbould, b. Garrett 6	Major C. H. B. Pridham, b. Fletcher 62	not out 40
2nd Lt. H. C. Harker-Taylor, run out 0	lbw., b. Fletcher 14	Cpl. S. Peel, c. Newbould, b. Fowler 5	not out 18
2nd Lt. H. G. P. Miles, b. Fletcher 16	b. Garrett 9	Pte. Smith, c. & b. Garrett 8	
Cpl. Simpson, b. Fletcher 0		Lt. L. P. Norman, not out 13	
Pte. Osborne, lbw., b. Garrett 0		Pte. Osborne, lbw., b. Garrett 0	
Extras 9		Extras 7	
			(for 5 wkts.) 132
	154		

Result—D.W.R. won by 5 wickets.

So, for the second time in Egypt, we reached the final. Our rivals were to be the R.A.O. Corps, whose XI—captained by a warrant officer, a great enthusiast, but with no officer element to assist him—had built up a reputation that summer for fine team work and certain catching. With their faultless fielding, good length bowling and stubborn batting, they looked to be dangerous. Their sureness in holding catches caused no little anxiety, for our epidemic of “butter fingers” in the semi-final had nearly let the cup slip out of our hands. At a committee meeting it was decided to include two of the best catchers available, regardless of other considerations.

Meanwhile, in their penultimate match, our opponents had given ample proof of their all-round ability. To meet them, the K.O.S. Borderers chose an eleven which included eight officers and, on paper, they appeared to be a strong combination. The Ordnance men, however, dealt with them in a manner so convincing as to make themselves hot favourites for the cup. Winning the toss, their opening pair actually put together over 200 for the first wicket, and their ultimate total realised 420 runs. Whereupon the K.O.S.B's were twice dismissed in summary fashion, leaving the Corps winners by an innings and a big margin over.

Thus the day approached for the final to be fought out on the Gezira ground across the Nile. Rumour went around—and duly reached the Duke's—that the Ordnance captain, provided he won the toss, had vowed he would put us in to bat. This dire threat was calculated to upset our morale, on the grounds that, in batting first in the 1924 final, we had almost lost the match during the first half-hour's play. As this appeared to be an attempt to create over us a sort of moral ascendancy, the Duke's captain promptly decided that, if he got the chance, he would take similar action and put the enemy in.

The usual blazing sky of Cairo in mid-summer saw us at Gezira—on 6th July, 1925—and—important item!—*we* won the toss and put the Ordnance in to bat on a perfect wicket. Here it should be explained that, though the risk of putting one's opponents in to bat on a true wicket is always considerable, a matting wicket in Egypt (on grass) does not deteriorate like a grass wicket in England.

The start went all in favour of the R.A.O.C., one of whose opening batsmen scored with the utmost freedom. This was Sgt. Rogers—a very gallant foe—whose hitting was devastating. Acting on W. G. Grace's famous maxim, he “got at the bowlers before they could get at him.” At 39, however, his partner Baker, whose share of these was only 2, was caught off Norman at the wicket; but then followed a tough time for our bowlers. Rogers continued his hitting, being particularly severe on Norman—hooking him to leg, driving, or pulling him fiercely to the mid-wicket boundary. At one time three of us together were out guarding the fence between square-leg and long-on. Several times

was Norman put on and taken off again, to prevent Rogers mastering him—his bowling was our trump card, and it was essential to nurse him. The score rose rapidly to 90; and, from the captain's point of view, with only one wicket down and Rogers doing practically what he liked with the bowling, things looked serious. At 92, however, Simpson got Scruton caught at slip by Osborne, his share of the 53 added being only 11. Cross then joined Rogers, who looked set for a century. With 100 up Norman went on yet again, and at last—at 112—got Rogers' wicket to an lbw. decision, for a magnificently hit 85. A few minutes later, with the score at 114 for three wickets, we went in for lunch.

The policy of putting the R.A.O.C. in to bat now seemed far from justified. Our opponents had made a bold start and must have felt satisfied with their position. Lucky indeed for us that we had got rid of Rogers; but a big effort must be made, after lunch, to dispose of the seven outstanding wickets. On resuming against Simpson and Norman their total was carried without further loss to 130; but then "Smuts" got the Ordnance captain given out lbw.—a much criticised decision. Two runs later Simpson had Cross caught at the wicket—132 for 5—and without another run scored he held a return catch from Partridge. Baxter and Denham added 12, and then Norman got through Baxter's defence. The next pair put 150 up before Norman bowled Hine; 151 for 8. Eleven runs later Norman had Denham stumped by Bennett, and the last wicket made only two more before Norman completed a fine piece of bowling by defeating Ames, and the whole side were out for 164. The last seven Ordnance wickets had collapsed for 34 runs. Norman, after very severe treatment by Rogers before lunch, met with great success afterwards, claiming seven wickets for 77 in all and his last five for only 15 runs. Simpson, whose three for 43 looks less impressive, was our most reliable bowler throughout and kept the best length. The sudden downfall of the Ordnance batsmen was a sad disappointment for them; but, if they could have found even one other man to attack the bowling, we might have had cause to regret the gamble of putting them in.

The Duke's began their innings at 3.50 p.m., our opening pair being Lt. Frankis and Pte. Allsop. Frankis had been in splendid form in May, with three centuries to his credit inside twelve days—two of them in successive innings—viz., 110 (not out) v. Gezira C.C. on the same ground, and a very finely hit 158 (his highest score) in the first round of the cup on a sandy desert ground at Ismailia. Allsop—unhappily absent in 1924, as some may remember—was a stubborn little batsman, very determined and hard to shift at a pinch, with a knack of keeping his wicket up when others failed. The Ordnance men bowled and fielded with the utmost zest, and with only twelve runs scored Baker—a fastish right-hander—got Frankis out lbw. 2nd Lt. Harker-Taylor, who had recently joined us from Sandhurst, was next. A No. 1 batsman in the Charterhouse XI, he had compiled a fine century for his school in their annual encounter v. Wellington College. Our score then rose to 40 without further loss, when a most dazzling piece of fielding by Sgt. Rogers—close in, at silly cover-point—dismissed Harker-Taylor. Rogers took a tremendously hard drive, high up with one hand above his head, with the ball travelling like a bullet; 40 for two. The captain followed in, but a few runs later the tea interval intervened, with the score at 50 for two wickets.

Soon after the resumption—at 57—a smart slip catch disposed of the captain. Sgt. Bennett, who revelled in important occasions though prone to risky running, then joined Allsop and this pair put up a good stand. The latter was playing a very sound and steady innings. Bennett was inclined to force the pace; but it was impossible to score freely owing to the fine team work of the R.A.O.C.—their accurate bowling so well backed up by the field. Going well, they sent the 100 up; but, at 111, a sad error in running cost Allsop his wicket. The fault was entirely Bennett's, as he hit straight to deep mid-off and called Allsop for a run. The little man had no chance to get in, and was so disgusted at his hard luck that he angrily dashed his bat down on the ground, in the most tragic-comical manner, as he walked out. Allsop's 46 had been a most praiseworthy and valuable innings; 111 for four. Cpl. Peel—big hitter, and hero of the 1924 final—now

ARMY OF OCCUPATION, EGYPT. CRICKET CHALLENGE CUP FINAL.
Gezira Sporting Club, Cairo, 6th and 7th July, 1925.
2nd Battalion D.W.R. v. R.A.O.C.



D.W.R. First Innings.—Returning for tea interval—6th July, 1925. (Batsmen: Major Pridham and Pte. Allsop. Score: 50 for two wickets.)



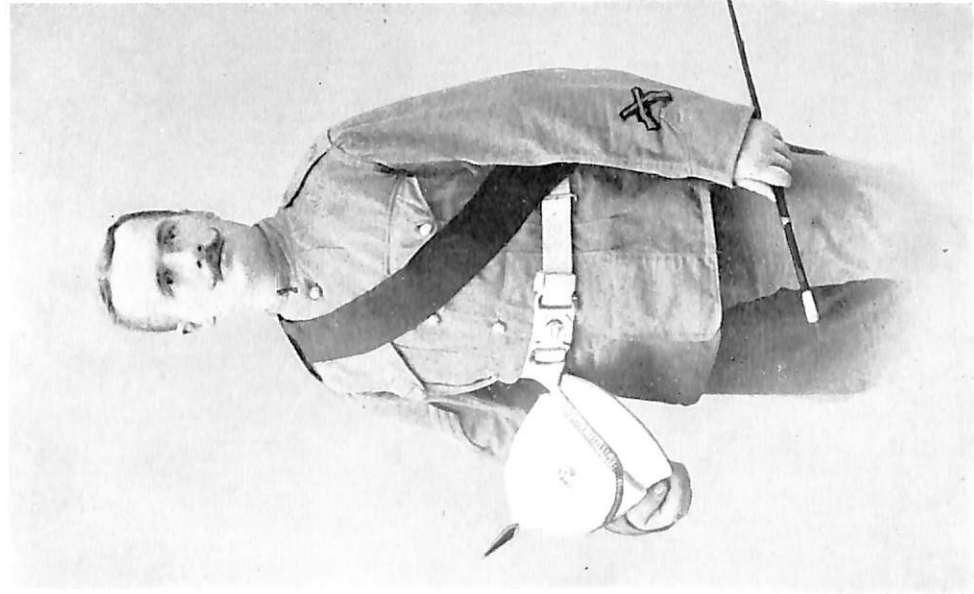
7th July, 1925.—R.A.O.C. Second Innings.—Lt. L. P. Norman bowling.



Close of D.W.R. First Innings for 167—a lead of three runs.
Lt. L. P. Norman carries out his bat for 44.



D.W.R. Second Innings.—Score: 50 for two wickets.
Lt. Frankis batting with Sgt. Bennett.



The late Mr. Alfred Puplett.
(See page 180.)



The late Mr. Harry Rawson.
(See page 180.)

came in, only to be dismissed without scoring; 111 for five. Joined by Lt. Norman, Bennett survived until at 128 he fell to a ball from Patrick for a very useful 33; but his sacrifice of Allsop's wicket somewhat detracted from its value.

The remainder of our innings was practically all Norman, who, taking tremendous risks, boldly hit out and monopolised the scoring. Indulging in high pull-driving— anxiously watched by us—his hits luckily fell safe, whilst handsomely increasing our total. His partners—Sgt. Hemblys, Cpl. Simpson, L/Sgt. Butterworth and Pte. Osborne—all quickly fell to the keen attack; but—thanks entirely to Norman's "charmed life"—the R.A.O.C. score was passed, by the bare margin of three runs. "Smuts" carried out his bat for 44 out of 56 runs scored whilst he was batting. Our last five men obtained four runs only between them, so that the value of Norman's plucky innings was immense. Truly a case of fortune favouring the brave! Of the Corps bowlers, Baker was easily the most dangerous and effective, his analysis being five wickets for 32 runs in 19 overs. With the close of our innings at 167 stumps were drawn for the day, the game being thus left in an extremely interesting condition.

Next morning the Ordnance men, determined to improve on their first innings, began with the same pair—Rogers and Baker—who had scored over 200 together v. the K.O.S. Borderers only a few days before. Cpl. Simpson and Lt. Norman, as usual, began for us; and from the outset the latter struck a length that troubled the batsmen—especially Baker, who was almost helpless and confined entirely to defence. Only eight had been scored when Norman completely beat and bowled him. Scruton joined Rogers, but two runs later the lion-hearted Simpson with a fine ball (as in 1924) clean bowled the enemy's best batsman; 10—2—6. Shortly afterwards Norman had another victim in Scruton, who fell to a mid-off catch by Harker-Taylor. C.S.M. Patrick—the Corps captain—was next, but at 28 he was run out without scoring, a sad fate for so keen a player to whose efforts much of his team's success had been due. Cross and Denham stayed awhile, but it was only a matter of time before Norman, now at the top of his form, met with further success. At 35 he disposed of Denham, and at 41 he got Baxter caught at slip; 41—6—4. With Partridge joining Cross something resembling a stand ensued, which resulted in a change of bowling—Osborne relieving Simpson. At 61 this change was rewarded by Osborne bowling out Cross, the only R.A.O.C. man to have scored substantially in both innings; 61—7—23. His successor soon succumbed to Norman, whilst Osborne claimed a second victim in Partridge. Ames and Hine added a few for the last wicket; but—at 78—Norman bowled the latter, and the Ordnance Corps' second innings closed at that total.

The main feature of this extraordinarily low score on a perfect matting wicket was the clever and destructive bowling of Norman. On unchanged, he took six wickets for 32 runs, and has surely never had a side more completely at his mercy.

Thus it came about that the XI of the 2nd Battalion—the old 76th—had exactly 76 runs to make to win the cup. Intent on a desperate struggle to snatch victory by their bowling and fielding, the Corps men went out to field in the fourth innings of the match. Realising the danger of a collapse if Frankis were again dismissed quickly, the Duke's captain decided on a change in the batting order. It was felt that Frankis might be more valuable if kept back to go in rather lower down. He himself, therefore, as "cannon fodder" (for early loss of a wicket or two seemed certain) went in first with Allsop. This policy, as it turned out, worked according to plan. Baker began the bowling—fast, and with plenty of devil—and, at 7, he got the captain well caught at third slip. Bennett joined Allsop, and the score crept slowly up to 25, when Allsop was out lbw. to Partridge. Frankis followed in—at No. 4; and then came a stand that ensured us victory. Quiet at first Frankis gradually wore down the attack, playing a watchful game of the utmost service to his side. Having at length taken the edge off the bowling, he suddenly began to hit out, putting 50 up with a grand square-leg hit for 6 which soared away over the trees across the road. This practically made victory a

certainty though the partnership was broken at 71, when Bennett was stumped. Harker-Taylor came in next, but he fell at the same total to a slip catch off Baker ; 71—4—0. Five runs only were wanted when Cpl. Peel arrived ; and with the score at 72 the latter made a big on-drive off Partridge to the boundary which brought the total to 76, and the Duke's had won by six wickets.

Frankis remained to carry out his bat for a most excellent 34. Our opponents had strained their utmost to win by splendid team work ; but it was their batting that had failed. Except when Rogers was punishing him on the first morning, the Ordnance batsmen were all at sea with Norman's spinners. No one else could follow his outstanding example, and with the bat they were a big disappointment to themselves and their supporters. With his 13 wickets for 109 runs, and his 44 (not out), it was indeed "Smuts" Norman's match. In competition fixtures alone in 1925 he took 44 wickets for under nine runs each ; in all matches for us that summer he had 104 wickets at an average of just over 12. During our two successful seasons in Egypt (1924 and 1925) Simpson—fast-medium right, and Norman—slow left-hand (his spinners so well suited to the matting) had invariably been our opening pair. This combination had provided just that contrast that had enabled us to win our matches. Prior to 1924 Norman had not been available, and all our bowling had suffered from similarity in pace and style. Consequently we sustained severe defeats in the first rounds of the competitions—both in 1922 (Aldershot) and 1923 (Egypt).

A contrasted pair of bowlers is a first principle of cricket tactics. During the past twenty years or so the prevailing practice, in all big matches, has been quite the reverse ; and two bowlers of similar type and pace—fast, or fast-medium—are preferred, as new-ball swingers. Slow bowlers, on a batsman's wicket, are rarely put on to bowl until the foundations of a big score have been laid by batsmen who virtually are playing the same bowling at both ends. First class and Regimental cricket may have many differences. *But do first principles—in cricket, or in war—ever change ?*

To the writer fell the honour of captaining the cricket XI of the 2nd Battalion for four seasons—from 1922 (at Aldershot, on taking over from that brilliant batsman and fielder, Capt. R. H. D. Bolton), until the end of our time in Egypt. During those four summers the XI had included representatives of every rank and appointment from boy to brevet colonel. By playing cricket with them an officer learns to understand his men as individuals, and the characteristics of each. The great game has this advantage—also that it lasts longer, whilst all ranks mix together in a kind of peaceful warfare. For me, Regimental cricket was a joy and an education. But was it not a strange coincidence that the regimental number of the 2nd Battalion should have been the fateful figure in this final match ? For, as stated, the score stood at 72 when Cpl. Peel hit a boundary to make the total 76 precisely, and not 77, 78 or 79, as might so easily have happened.

ARMY OF OCCUPATION EGYPT—CRICKET CHALLENGE CUP FINAL, 1925.

(Played at Gezira S.C., Cairo, 6th and 7th July.)

2ND BATTALION D.W.R. v. R.A.O.C. EGYPT.

First Innings.				Second Innings.			
Pte. Baker, c. Bennett, b. Norman	2	b. Norman	4
Sgt. Rogers, lbw., b. Norman	85	b. Simpson	6
Cpl. Scruton, c. Osborne, b. Simpson	11	c. Harker-Taylor, b. Norman	2
Cpl. Cross, c. Bennett, b. Simpson	18	b. Osborne	23
C.S.M. Patrick, lbw., b. Norman	9	run out	0
Pte. Baxter, b. Norman	5	c. Allsop, b. Norman	4
Pte. Partridge, c. & b. Simpson	0	b. Osborne	18
L/Cpl. Denham, st. Bennett, b. Norman	11	b. Norman	3
Pte. Hine, b. Norman	7	b. Norman	0
Sgt. Smith, not out	7	b. Norman	2
L/Cpl. Ames, b. Norman	0	not out	12
Extras	9	Extras	4
			<hr/> 164				<hr/> 78

THE IRON DUKE

Bowling—Cpl. Simpson 3 for 43	Simpson 1 for 28
Lt. Norman 7 for 77	Norman 6 for 32
Pte. Osborne 0 for 20	Osborne 2 for 14

2ND BATTALION, D.W.R.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Lt. J. E. Frankis, lbw., b. Baker 6	not out 34	lbw., b. Partridge 16	
Pte. Allsop, run out 46	c. Hine, b. Baker 0	c. Baxter, b. Baker 2	
2nd Lt. Harker-Taylor, c. Rogers, b. Baker 19	st. Cross, b. Baker 17	not out 4	
Major Pridham, c. Partridge, b. Hine 6			
L/Sgt. Bennett, b. Patrick 33			
Cpl. S. Peel, b. Partridge 0			
Lt. L. P. Norman, not out 44			
Band Sgt. Hemblys, c. Denham, b. Patrick 1			
Cpl. Simpson, lbw., b. Baker 3			
L/Sgt. Butterworth, c. Partridge, b. Baker 0			
Pte. Osborne, c. Cross, b. Baker 0			
Extras 9			
		Extras 3	
		(4 wkts.) 76	
	167		

Bowling—Baker 5 for 32	Baker 3 for 16
Patrick 2 for 36	Partridge 1 for 33
Partridge 1 for 58	
Hine 1 for 29	

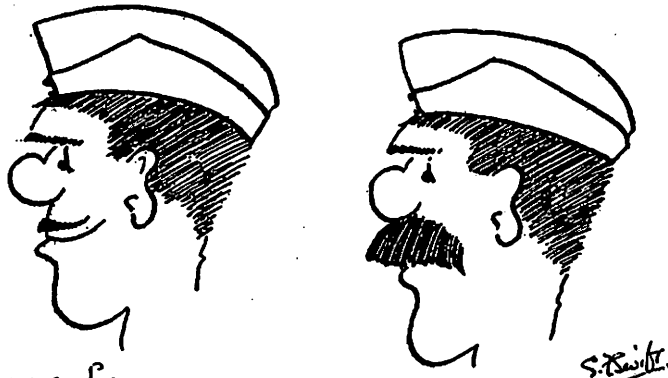
Result—D.W.R. won by 6 wickets.

NOTE.—The scores of these matches are recorded in the Cricket Album of the 2nd Battalion. This album is bound in dark blue pigskin, with the colours of the Regiment inlaid across the cover and the Duke of Wellington's crest printed in gold.

A silver cup (a replica in miniature of the challenge cup that never leaves Egypt), in the possession of the Officers' Mess, has inscribed upon it the names of the XI who played in the final in 1924, together with the scores and result.

Below, on the ebony plinth, a silver band records the names, scores and result of the 1925 final. Both the cup and the album were presented to the 2nd Battalion by the writer.

C. H. B. P.



EXTRACT from I.T.C DAILY ORDERS.

THIN PENCILLED MOUSTASHES WILL NOT BE WORN.

IS THIS OUR SECRET WEAPON?

A Regimental Crossword.

The history of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment is a long and eventful one. For more than two hundred years its soldiers have fought, either as a detached unit or as *7 down* in Britain's wars. Let us recall some of those campaigns.

In its original form the *2 down* existed many years before the birth of the man whose name it now bears. It was raised during the Wars of the Spanish Succession. It fought under George II at *3 down*, the last occasion on which a British sovereign commanded his troops in *5 across*. Later, with the rise of Napoleon and the formation of its second battalion, the Regiment entered upon the most glorious phase of its history. It accompanied Colonel Arthur Wellesley to India and stormed the citadel of Seringapatam. This was the beginning of many years of service in that country—service of which its device, the *8 down*, is significant. Since then the Regiment has been quartered in many parts of that land; under canvas in the Deccan, in a barracks in Delhi, in a *22 across* in the country of *24 down*, in a perimeter camp in Waziristan.

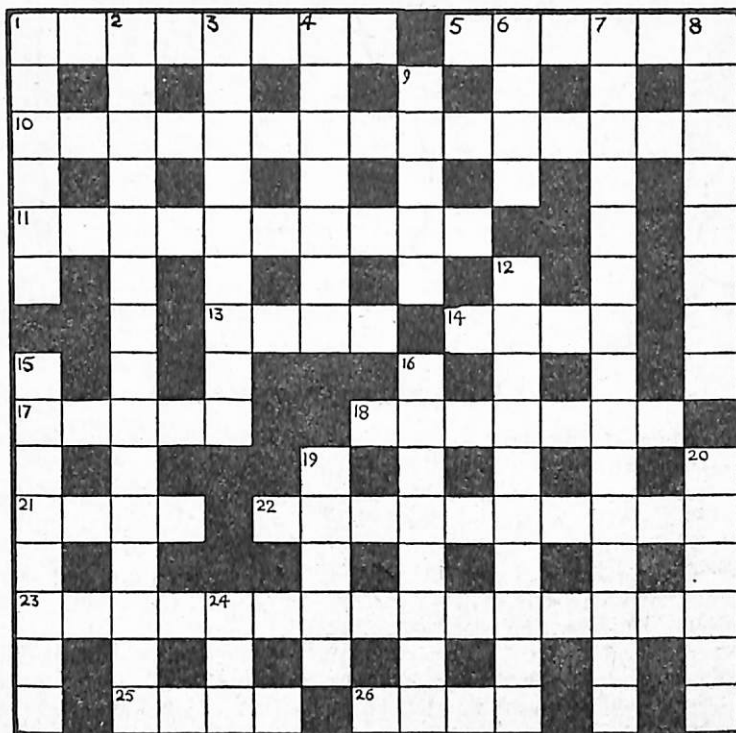
After his Indian campaign, Sir Arthur Wellesley was sent with an expeditionary force to Portugal. Here he showed himself at his greatest. Far from his base, in an unmapped *17 across* country, feebly supported at home, often badly, even disloyally, served by his officers, he met and mastered the greatest of Napoleon's *15 down* and finally drove the French from the Peninsular. In the terrible retreat from Burgos, when his troops were desperately short of food and had barely a *9 down* of clothing to their backs, he showed the most masterly generalship. Time and again he *11 across* his army from positions of great peril and used his rearguards so skilfully that not one of his *13 across* fell into the enemy's hands. Finally, he halted his weary troops, turned and hurled Masséna's army down the steep *21 across* of the Busaco ridge. Then he withdrew behind the lines of Torres Vedras, to rest and train his forces before beginning the great advance which was to culminate in the Battle of Vittoria and the downfall of French power in the Peninsular. During the latter part of these campaigns his own regiment was once more serving under him.

In speaking of the Duke it is worth mentioning that, despite his clumsy and inelegant seat, he was a keen horseman and, while he was in Portugal, he used to hunt a pack of hounds specially sent out from England. He was, however, a humane man and loathed bloodshed. He bade his troops—not always with success—to *4 down* from using unnecessary violence and it is certain that he was never seen acclaiming the feats of the Portuguese *1 across*. If the gentlemanly game of *14 across* had been known in his *25 across*, he would probably have played it.

Later in the 19th century "the Dukes" figured prominently in a campaign in Abyssinia. The Emperor of that country, angered at having his offer of marriage to Queen Victoria turned down, ran *6 down* and killed, tortured or imprisoned the British consuls and missionaries in his territory. Sir Charles Napier dealt so severely with his armies that the naughty man committed timely suicide. The Regiment now own the *10 across* as a notable ornament of its *26 across*.

Much has changed since then. To-day, for *16 down*, the Tommy-gun has replaced the *1 down*. The Iron Duke had no A.T.S. to write his letters, no *19 down* to hold his horse. The present colonel, no doubt, has bevvies of both. But then the Duke did not have to contend with howitzers in front, *20 down* above and fifth *12 down* behind.

To-day the Regiment is once more in the field. No longer are there officers *18 across* or golf clubs in the adjutant's office. But once again that lion, irreverently known as *23 across*, who rages above the legend "Virtutis Fortuna Comes"—once again that lion has unfurled his battle-standard.



For solution see page 178.

EMPLOYED AGAIN.

My employed job was cushy,
I lived a life of ease,
But a day or two of duty
Got me on my knees.

I got up at 6 one morning,
To shave I did neglect,
And when I got out on parade,
I got blinking checked.

The "sarge" came round inspecting,
He just looked at me dial,
And bolloed "Dafter, 9 o'clock,"
So up I goes for trial.

Then things happened rather fast,
It gave me quite a jolt,
C.S.M. sez "Take thi 'at off, lad,
Right Turn, Quick March, Right Wheel, Mark
Time, Halt."

The captain said, "Now Hallicraft,
No. 4632803,"
I said "Now, cappy, don't be daft,
Tha knows damn well that's me."

The C.S.M. said, "Quiet you,
That's no way to behave,
The capting nobbut wants to know
Why tha didn't shave."

Capting said "Why didn't tha shave,
Afore going on parade?"
Ah said, "It's like this cappy,
Ah didn't have a blade."

The Captain said to t' C.S.M.,
"I don't think this lad's sane,
Still we'll give him seven days,"
SO I'M EMPLOYED AGAIN.

A MEMBER OF "A" COMPANY,
A BATTALION IN INDIA.



The Mercenaries.

Love smote them at first sight—at first sight, that is to say, of her deceased husband's will in the paper. They were literally overwhelmed by it. And from being bosom friends they changed overnight into bitter rivals—rivals for the hand and heart of a thirteen-stone widow with a passion for Pekinese and fried onions.

But the widow couldn't make up her mind. Nature seemed to have designed Birtwhistle for a pull-through. Postlethwaite reminded her of a highly-coloured barrage balloon. She wished there was more of the one and less of the other. Her Peke hated both with a deep, abiding and vociferous hatred.

The war came, and the widow ceased to mourn her departed husband. She missed onions more. Delicately she intimated that an onion might tip the balance in a suitor's favour. In vain Birtwhistle and Postlethwaite harried, cajoled and threatened the local shopkeepers. Postlethwaite even took to highway robbery, only to discover too late that the string bag he had snatched from a screaming child contained tennis balls.

And every time the siren went they raced round to comfort and soothe the widow. Her Peke got sick and tired of biting them. It seemed as though it could never get the taste of the blighters out of its mouth.

When the Home Guard was formed they were amongst the first to join. They hoped a martial appearance would soften the widow's heart. It didn't, but it nearly broke her nerve. They looked as though they had escaped from Dartmoor in somebody else's khaki pyjamas. Even the Peke was scared.

Slowly but surely the strain began to tell on the suitors. And one night the safety valves blew off. Postlethwaite, who was six months the younger, appealed to Birtwhistle as a sort of human being to cease from pestering the widow with the unwelcome attentions of a decrepit old wreck with one foot in the grave.

Birtwhistle retorted, with a frightful sneer, that in a more enlightened community anyone as fat and unwholesome as Postlethwaite would have been destroyed by the sanitary authorities long since.

Postlethwaite paled under the taunt. He asked Birtwhistle to say it again. Birtwhistle said it again. Postlethwaite clenched his fists. Birtwhistle laid his ears back. Both warriors began to tremble. For a moment anything might have happened. But somehow it didn't. They managed to hold themselves in.

Postlethwaite then said that although he might be constitutionally on the stout side he could run a long streak of pump water like Birtwhistle off his legs any day. Birtwhistle brayed his scorn and offered to race Postlethwaite over five miles of country, and proposed, furthermore, that the loser should relinquish all aspirations to the widow's hand. Postlethwaite accepted the challenge with an alacrity born of large whiskies and small sodas.

The race was fixed for 6 o'clock in the morning. Postlethwaite turned up in a pair of shorts so misnamed and voluminous that he might have been mistaken for a competitor in a sack race. Birtwhistle's, starched and meagre, topped his skinny shanks like an abbreviated ballet skirt. Fourteen assorted dogs were present at the start. All fled in disorder, however, as the field thundered off.

For the first half mile there was nothing in it. In speed and lack of condition they were well matched, but their styles differed. Birtwhistle, his head thrown back and his eyes half closed, adopted a sort of stiff-legged skimming gait. Postlethwaite, his teeth bared to the gums in a ghastly grin, alternated between a pounding canter and a staggering gallop.

They reached a gentle slope and breasted it neck and neck, and it was here that the rot set in. They developed a marked tendency to lurch into one another. Time after time some curious magnetic force drew them into violent collision. Lost to all sense of decency they tried boring and swiping. Their punches, however, went wide.

At the crest of the slope there was a post-and-rail fence. By mutual consent this marked the end. Postlethwaite, clutching feebly at it and emitting an awful groan, sank by the stern. Birtwhistle simply folded over it like a limp rag. Nothing but the hideous sound of their whistling respirations disturbed the peace of the countryside. Some cows came up to inspect them, but finding they were not edible departed disappointed.

Suddenly Birtwhistle tottered upright and extended a quivering finger. Peering hazily in the direction indicated, Postlethwaite saw a beautiful sight—a bus approaching along the road below them.

Bracing their buckling knees, they reeled weakly down the slope to intercept it. Half way down Postlethwaite took a rollicking toss over a clump of gorse, but as he was as fast rolling as running no time was lost.

They burst through a hedge into the road just as the bus swung round a corner. The driver, making an inspired swerve, missed them by inches and then appeared to regret his humane action. But they were past caring. All they wanted was to sit down.

The bus was full, but by adroit jockeying Birtwhistle annexed the only vacant seat. Postlethwaite promptly climbed on to his lap and fell asleep.

Speculation about them was rife among the passengers. By the time they had given their names and addresses to the conductor, and received his views on cock-eyed chumps in exchange, they had begun to wonder if even a wealthy widow was worth it.

But the moment the bus reached the town Postlethwaite was out of it in a single bound, and instantly divining his purpose, Birtwhistle plunged after him. The race was on once more.

Postlethwaite had five yards start. Birtwhistle set his teeth and tore after him. Spurting desperately, he just managed to insert one hand in the back of Postlethwaite's flapping shorts; then, his effort spent, he fell back.

There was a sharp crack, a rending sound, and Postlethwaite's shorts were gone. Like a streak of nude lightning he wheeled in mid air and flashed into a shop doorway. His piteous screams smote even Birtwhistle's conscience. Reeling after him, Birtwhistle tried to screen him from the public gaze.

A passer-by stopped and regarded them intently. To his mind they could mean only one thing. They had got the wind of something worth having in that shop and had run in from miles away to get it. Hopefully he lined up behind Birtwhistle.

In thirty seconds there as a queue as many yards long. Powerful matrons hurried up, and prizing small men out with their umbrellas, took the best places. Under the ever-increasing pressure Postlethwaite's figure accommodated itself ever more widely against the glass-fronted door.

The shopkeeper, alarmed by the uproar, dashed into his shop, and after a prolonged and horrified scrutiny of Postlethwaite's rear aspect raced upstairs and yelled for the police.

But the only policeman near had been knocked down and run over by a platelayer's mother-in-law. He was too busy trying to get the gravel and tarmac out of his system to worry about the woes of a greengrocer.

Back to the shop dashed the greengrocer. There was more of Postlethwaite than ever plastered on the door. Moreover, the glass was bending. Swiftly he unlocked the door and flung it open.

A tidal wave of frenzied humanity poured in. Uttering a wail of horror, the hapless shopkeeper went down under it. Postlethwaite, hurled irresistibly backwards, struck a potato barrel, folded up and crashed down inside it. Birtwhistle, an umbrella ferrule under one ear and some three tons of determined womanhood behind it, shot clean over him and made a crash landing under a shelf.

For a moment he lay stunned. Then he became aware of a round, vaguely familiar object also lurking under the shelf. He caught his breath. It couldn't be! But it was! An onion! Not perhaps a new onion; there was some evidence of senile decay; but it was an onion nevertheless. Birtwhistle grabbed it and rose stealthily to his feet.

He glanced round furtively. The crowd's attention was momentarily held by the greengrocer who was speaking with his mouth full of another gentleman's ankle. Postlethwaite, still in the barrel, was building himself a kilt of potatoes. Birtwhistle sneaked out the back way and fled.

The widow was having breakfast when he burst in upon her. At the sight of him she rose with a strangled scream. She had never seen Birtwhistle outside his trousers before and the shock was shattering. Then she saw the onion . . .

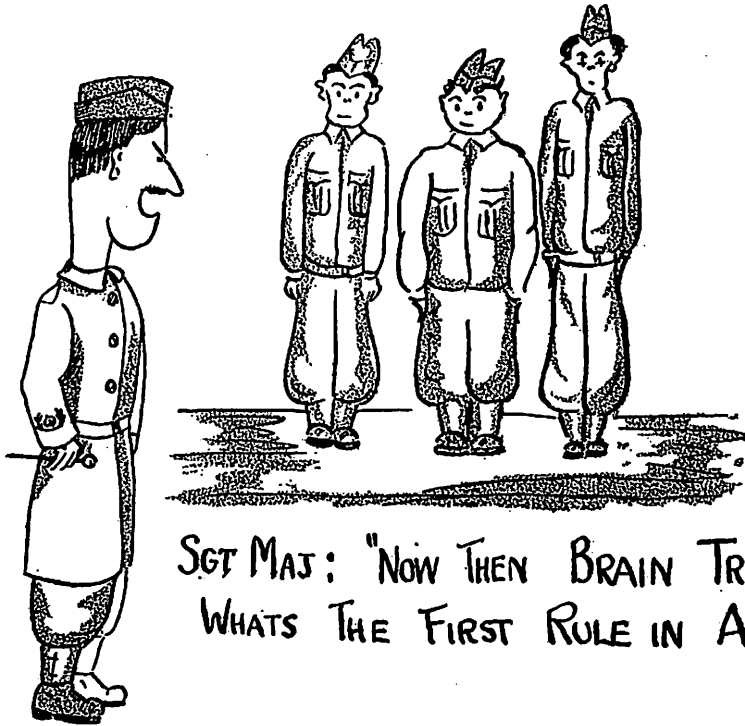
It was all over in twenty minutes. They were planning the honeymoon before a raving greengrocer had succeeded in charging famine prices to Postlethwaite for the use of a pair of trousers and a jacket that had been used a lot before.

The Home Guard formed an archway of rifles outside the church and the identity of the voice that gave the command to order arms as the bride and groom passed under it was never established. None of the troops had ever ordered arms from that position before, but they accomplished it all right and stood stiffly to attention whilst a hastily formed salvage corps restored the bride and groom to an even keel.

And that night Postlethwaite, pleasurably visualising a bride with two scalp wounds and a groom whose moustache and part of one ear had been carried away by a piling swivel, consoled himself with the thought that even if the blighter had collared the money there would soon be precious little for him to spend it on anyway.

P. M. L.





SGT MAJ: "NOW THEN BRAIN TRUST,
WHATS THE FIRST RULE IN AIMING.?"

Brighter Courts-Martial.

A short while ago there appeared in one of the national daily papers a rather interesting article. It concerned a soldier who had been brought before a court-martial on a charge of drunkenness. There's nothing of especial interest in that, you say—but wait awhile.

The case for the prosecution was that the accused was found by a person of higher authority, surrounded by amused comrades, whistling, grunting and making grimaces. Insobriety seemed to be the only reasonable deduction. The defence was that he was trying to imitate an Irish song he had recently heard. The song was about an old sow and her little pigs, the chorus consisting of whistles, grunts and grimaces. Being invited by the President to give an illustrative rendering of the refrain, he did so. His evidence not only convulsed but convinced the Court and he was acquitted amid scenes of merriment.

Now I was really pleased to read that, for I have long been of the opinion that the average court-martial is a pretty dull affair. It is a storm cloud on what should be the jolliest and most carefree of existences. It is even worse than having a General unexpectedly to lunch in the Officers' Mess.

So I lift off my Glen-tootle to that President. His boldness in thus breaking with tradition and demanding a little light relief from this wearisome business of filling in Army Form A9, was only equalled by his bravery in asking to hear an unknown song in open Court. Only those who know what soldiers' songs *can* be, will appreciate this to the full.

Thanks to him we may in the future expect to see court-martial rooms holding their own with White City, Saturday night Music Halls, the Old Bailey, or Company drill by the new subaltern, etc.

At present two things are responsible for the dullness in these affairs. The first is that Rules of Procedure are too solemn. They allow no latitude whatever for brightness. Even the last rule, 139B, where one might reasonably have hoped that the weary compiler

would allow himself some slight relaxation, reads :—" Any court-martial proceeding, or thing held, done, or commenced under the last-mentioned Rules of Procedure shall be as valid and may be completed and carried into effect as if those rules were still in force."

It seems pleasant enough but my contention is that that rule has no lighter side. I don't believe the compiler even tried to introduce one. One might gather from the above that a copy of the Army Act had just fallen on his skull from a height, and one could almost see him failing. But pause and try to imagine how changed all courts-martial would have been if only he had lasted another five minutes and written further rules on the following lines :—

RULE 140.—A military band must be in attendance at all courts-martial to render incidental music.

RULE 141.—Light refreshments, to the extent of one pint of beer per man, may be served during courts-martial proceeding.

RULE 142.—Any breach of rules should be punished by the President calling upon the offender to give a song or dance, perform a card-trick or tell humorous anecdote.

Note.—The President himself should always remember that one good turn deserves another.

It is not too late to insert these rules even now.

The second thing is that it never has a good, enthusiastic audience to help it go with a swing. This is, of course, entirely due to the unattractiveness of the Order convening the Court. It is not set out invitingly. How much more attractive it would be if it was set out as follows :—

On the 8th August the
UMPTIENH INFANTRY BRIGADE COURT-MARTIAL TROUPE
will present
TRIAL BY COURT-MARTIAL

or

WHY PRIVATE ATKINS FAILED TO APPEAR AT THE PLACE OF PARADE APPOINTED BY
HIS COMMANDING OFFICER.

Characters in order of their appearance.

Here would follow a list of the members of the Court (headed, of course, by the President who, being a rather antiquated Major, has a more important appearance than anyone else),
and

The Accused, Pte. Atkins (by kind permission of his Colonel).

Gentlemen of the Chorus, Officers under instruction, Witnesses, Court Orderlies, etc.

The performance convened by order of the General Officer Commanding (G.O.C.).

Scene : A derelict Army hut (labelled Court-Martial Room on the Barrack plan).

Note.—The Court will be closed at intervals during the scene to denote considering of points of law, etiquette and chivalry, the prisoner's objections and the verdict.

Speciality step dance by Prisoner and Escort (directed by the R.S.M.).

Court furniture and stationery by the —th Blankshire Regiment.

Court dresses by the Army Clothing Department.

Hard swearing by the Witnesses.

Copies of Army Act and Rules of Procedure supplied by H.M. Stationery Office.

The above suggestions are now on their way to the Army Council. By the time you read this they may even be on the way back with a raspberry from Somebody Very Senior written across the top left-hand corner.

C.T.

Personalia.

Colonel C. J. Pickering, the Colonel of the Regiment, has been appointed by His Majesty The King to be a Deputy Commissioner for Civil Defence in the Northern Region. We offer him our heartiest congratulations. Colonel Pickering's elder son, who is in the Army Educational Corps, is now a captain and is serving in India. The younger son is in the Royal Marines, and has recently taken up an appointment as instructor in gunnery at the Naval School of Gunnery at Whale Island, Portsmouth. He thus has a shore job for some 12 months after having been afloat and taking part in the landing in Norway last year and serving for some time on the flagship, H.M.S. *Nelson*.

In our last issue we referred to Colonel A. Curran as being the oldest officer of the Regiment, a mistake which has been pointed out to us by Colonel F. A. Hayden. The oldest officer is Colonel G. L. E. May, of Rockingham, Winchester. He joined the 76th as an ensign from the 84th Foot on 27th June, 1868, and transferred to the Yorkshire Regiment on promotion to major in 1883. Colonel May is in his 92nd year and is, we regret to say, not in very good health, though his handwriting in a recent letter to us was as clear and firm as that of anyone half his age. We offer him our apologies for our previous mistake.

We have also to apologise for another error which appeared in the same paragraph (see page 109 of No. 49, June, 1941). In it we stated that Colonel Curran was the last remaining officer to have served in the 33rd or 76th Regiments. Actually in addition to Colonel May, two other officers can lay claim to be included, Colonel F. A. Hayden, who joined the 33rd on 22nd January, 1881, and Colonel B. St. J. Le Marchant, who joined the 76th on 19th February, 1881. In referring to the Army List of 1881, a page of which was published in page 120 of our last issue, Colonel Curran informs us that the line in the first column immediately below his name had the following significance: *i.e.*, that those whose names appear above the line could claim that their next step in promotion should be in their old Battalion, while those below it were eligible for promotion in either Battalion.

We offer our congratulations to the following on their awards in the Birthday Honours of last June:—Major-General W. M. Ozanne was awarded the C.B.E., Brigadier E. N. F. Hitchens the C.B.E., and Major A. T. Banks the M.B.E.

Through an oversight we overlooked the award of the M.C. to Major R. K. Exham for his good work at Dunkirk last year, and we offer him our belated congratulations now. We also congratulate his elder brother, Lt.-Colonel K. G. Exham, on having been selected to accompany the commission sent to Moscow on the outbreak of war between Germany and Russia. We hope some day we may be able to publish some of his experiences.

Captain R. H. D. Bolton, until recently holding a special appointment with the Metropolitan Police, has been appointed Chief Constable of Northamptonshire County Police. We offer him our congratulations. Captain Bolton, who will be remembered as a notable member of the Regimental cricket eleven some years ago, was the recipient of a special presentation on the occasion of a cricket match between the Metropolitan

Police and a British Empire eleven, which was played at Imber Court, East Moseley, on 2nd August, 1941. Sir Philip Game, Chief of Police, London Area, presented Captain Bolton with a gold medal, in recognition of his services to the sports section of the Metropolitan Police at Imber Court, and to mark his promotion to his new post. Amongst a number of guests present at luncheon were Sir Pelham Warner, who represented the M.C.C., and Major C. H. B. Pridham, another well-known past member of the 2nd Battalion cricket team, representing the Regiment.

We offer our sincere apologies to Brigadier G. Flemming for having mis-spelt his name in the personalia column of our last issue. A slip of the pen, and not, as Brigadier Flemming surmised, of memory.

The engagement is announced between Barry Martin Kavanagh, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, only son of Major Kavanagh (late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment) and Mrs. Kavanagh, and Sheilagh Margaret, only daughter of the late Lt.-Col. A. H. F. Hogge, 8th Punjab Regiment, and Mrs. Hogge.

The engagement is announced between the Rev. Hugh John Wollaston Wrenford, Vicar of St. Simon's, Bristol, youngest son of the late Rev. W. H. and Mrs. Wrenford of Shaldon, S. Devon, and Miss Jennie Constance Strafford, only daughter of the late Major P. B. Strafford, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and of Mrs. Strafford of Hove, Sussex. Miss Strafford has been a member of the Red Cross for seven years, and in 1938 was appointed commandant of the Red Cross Detachment being then formed in Rottingdean. On the outbreak of war she had raised the numbers of the Detachment to between 40 and 50, and offered the services of the Detachment for the Brighton A.R.P. Casualty Service, herself being appointed charge nurse at the A.R.P. first aid post.

The marriage of Captain William Augustine Waller and Miss Ruth Gravell took place at the church of the Holy Name, Esher, on Saturday, 28th December, 1940. The above notice was unfortunately received too late to be included in our last issue. Captain Waller had the honour of being summoned to Buckingham Palace on 20th May, 1941, to receive his Military Cross from H.M. The King.

The marriage of Lt. Robert Burton, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Burton, and Miss Rosemary Thornton, daughter of the late Captain J. C. Thornton and Mrs. G. Barfoot-Saunt, took place at Hampton Hill on 2nd August, 1941.

The marriage of Captain Kenneth Gregory, younger son of the late Major A. J. R. Gregory, D.S.O., R.G.A., and Mrs. Western of Exmouth, to Miss Ethel Philippa Bonham Carter, daughter of the late Lt.-Commander P. H. Bonham Carter, R.N., and Mrs. Bonham Carter of Westerham, took place at St. Mary's Church, Westerham, on 28th August, 1941. The Rev. W. M. H. Wathen officiated.

We are pleased to record the following births and offer our congratulations to those concerned:—

On 3rd June, 1941, at the Maternity Home, Corbridge-on-Tyne, to Mary (née Chapman), wife of Lt.-Col. S. B. Kington, a son.

On 6th June, 1941, at the Holmes, St. Boswells, to Elspeth, wife of Lt.-Col. F. G. Peake, a daughter. We understand that Colonel Peake has returned to Trans-Jordania to carry on, under war conditions, the good work he did there for so many years.

We had a letter last June from Lt.-Colonel Howcroft, who had just returned from a trip to Egypt with troops. He had a fortnight in Cairo, time to see all the sights, and got as far up the Nile as Luxor. He met F. Yates, who used to be in the 7th Battalion and is now serving with the R.A.F. in Cairo, and in Capetown he saw A. C. Wilkinson, who left the 7th Battalion about 1937 for the Fleet Air Arm. Another ex-member of the Regiment he met in Cairo was Captain Hodgson, who was joining the staff there. In Durban he met Lt.-Colonel Llewellyn, late 2/6th Battalion, who is on the same job as himself. He also saw some subalterns of the Regiment on their way to India, one of the four Horsfalls among them. As he says in his letter, "our red lanyards are a wonderful means of recognition."

The following is an extract from the Annual Report for 1940 of the Corps of Commissionaires:—" . . . at Manchester and Captain Oliver at Leeds, both had the satisfaction of seeing their divisions increase in strength, and we are fortunate in having such good officers in charge of those important centres—which between them number nearly 1,000 Commissionaires."

Home Guard notes have not so far figured in these columns, but we see many interesting reports in some of the regimental journals we receive of the doings of ex-members of their regiments now in the Home Guard. It might interest some of our readers to hear of some of our own ex-service men's doings. So far we have only heard of the following:—Colonel Keith Sykes is commanding a group of the Home Guard in the West Riding. Lt.-Colonel Boutflower is serving, but in what capacity we have not heard. Major R. Wood has been appointed adjutant of a West Riding battalion. Your Editor is liaison officer and chief guide of a battalion in North Wales, with the rank of captain. Let us have some news from the many others who are serving in the Home Guard.

We are indebted to Colonel F. A. Hayden for the following stories which he has culled from "Lighter Moments" in "The Notebook of Bishop Walsham How":—

1. At the church of Strathfieldsaye, where the Duke of Wellington was a regular attendant, a stranger was preaching, and the verger, when he came up the stairs, opened the pulpit door a little way, slammed it to, and then opened it wide for the preacher to go out. He was asked in the vestry why he had shut the door again while opening it, and the verger said, "We always do that, Sir, to wake the Duke."

2. The headmaster of the Wakefield Grammar School, in an examination paper on general knowledge, asked, "Who was John Wesley?" One boy answered as follows:—"John Wesley invented Methodist chapels, and afterwards became Duke of Wellington."

A staff officer is one who knows very little about a great deal and goes on learning less and less about more and more until eventually he knows nothing about practically everything,

Whereas:

A clerk is one who knows a great deal about very little and goes on learning more and more about less and less until eventually he knows practically everything about nothing.

Diary of the Scheme "Vixen."

- Tuesday, 0700 hours.—Stand to.
 1300 hours. Still standing to.
 1600 hours.—Message arrives from Battalion "H.Q." "Stand to." Wonder bitterly if they have just got up.
 1800 hours.—Move off. Move carried out with fair success at 3 m.i.h. and 150 v.t.m.
 2000 hours.—Arrive at harbouring area, and find comfortable billet in waterlogged ditch. "H.Q." are in very pleasant house—pure coincidence of course.
 Wednesday, 0500 hours.—C.O. comes round to inspect. Seems to take a gloomy view of the company having a slice of organized rest during "stand to." Departs after short homily.
 0900–1200 hours.—Bill keeps sending a series of intelligence reports. They contain a vast number of conflicting rumours. Reflect that he is probably showing that he is worth 13 bob a day.
 1400 hours.—Battle begins. Vic commanding a varied force of artillery, mortars, carriers, and Reg. Rugg launches a terrific attack on two enemy parachutists. The battle rages for some time and Beer company is sent for.
 1530 hours.—Beer Company attack in a very heavy shower.
 1531 hours.—Beer Company ambushed.
 1532 hours.—Beer Company wiped out.
 1533 hours.—2nd Lt. Paul Shortside extricates himself from the shambles and returns to his billet.
 1700 hours.—The enemy retires for the night.
 1701 hours.—So do we.
 1800 hours.—Second-in-command comes to inspect my position. Finds me asleep. Must be very unlucky in this respect. Launch into long explanation about saving my strength for the morrow, but it doesn't seem to go down very well. Second-in-command departs, washing his hands of the whole business. Settle down again to sleep.
 2300 hours.—Brigade think they have found a much wetter billet for us about twenty miles away. Prepare to move.
 Thursday, 0030 hours.—Move off. Destination is so secret that the drivers haven't been told where it is. Don't imagine it will make much difference, because Philip would lose us anyway.
 0400 hours.—Brigade think out a new round game. We all get out of our trucks and sit on the radiators. For the purposes of scoring a man who falls off counts one point, but if you can run him over as well you score two. The battalion easily wins the prize.
 0600 hours.—Arrive a few miles from the enemy. After a hard hour's work organizing the transport by Ivan, no one can find any vehicle; this is known as "cover from view."
 0700 hours.—The O group get together to find out the longest way round for the companies to march.
 0730 hours.—Charlie company attack a lightly held section post.
 0745 hours.—Charlie annihilated.
 0746 hours.—Sam and Barnum mount their carriers and gallop into the middle distance.
 0800 hours.—Don company take the first bound.
 0900 hours.—Don take the second bound.
 1000 hours.—Don take the third bound.
 1100 hours.—Don get tired of bounding and get on their trucks.
 1200 hours.—Occupy large coastal town with five men. Establish my "H.Q." in local saloon bar.
 1300 hours.—Doc stops playing bowls and sets up R.A.P.
 1301 hours.—Negative Vixen.

IAIN.

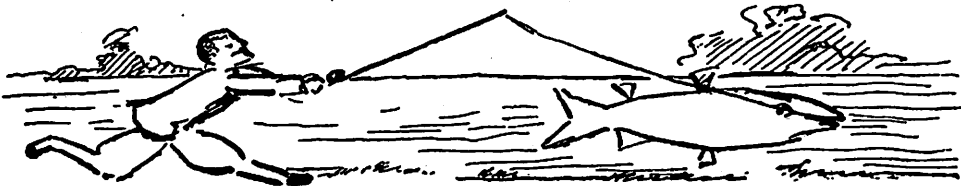
An Afternoon's Fishing.

Yesterday a certain Major of ours and I were asked by an Icelander to go fishing. The invitation was to one of the larger rivers of Iceland where there was a prospect of good-sized salmon, so needless to say we jumped at it. A thirty-mile drive brought us to a village where we picked up our host, and a little further on we arrived at the scene



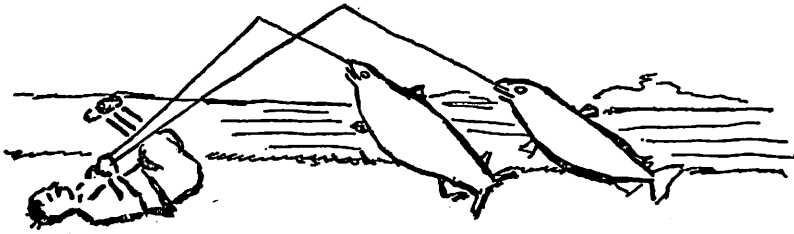
Off to Fish.

of action at the junction of the rivers Olfusa and Zog. At this junction the main stream becomes indeed a mighty river. It reminds me somewhat of the junction of the White and Blue Niles just below Khartoum. There the whitish sud water from Central Africa joins the fertilizing mud water from the Abyssinian mountains. So, at the junction of the rivers Olfusa and Zog two different coloured streams of water join. The Olfusa carries the light grey water from the glaciers of Central Iceland and the Zog the brown water from the great Pingvellir Lake. The contrast of colours at the confluence is most striking. The Olfusa, the bigger of the two rivers, comes in with its grey at right angles, narrowing the Zog soon after they join to about 50 yards, the whole width of the joined rivers being some three-quarters of a mile. The two flow for some way as distinct coloured streams before merging into the final mighty torrent of grey. It was at the junction of the two rivers that we put up our rods and I my light 14-foot Hardy. I tied on a large "Black Doctor" fly and fished for about 20 minutes, wading nearly to the top of long boots and casting to the green rough water at the junction of the grey and brown. It was a normal Icelandic summer day—drizzle, with occasional glimpses of sunshine with a strong wind blowing directly upstream in the worst possible direction for casting. But our Icelandic host thought it a promising day for salmon. After 20 minutes I hooked a fish—obviously a big one, though I was not to catch a glimpse of him for

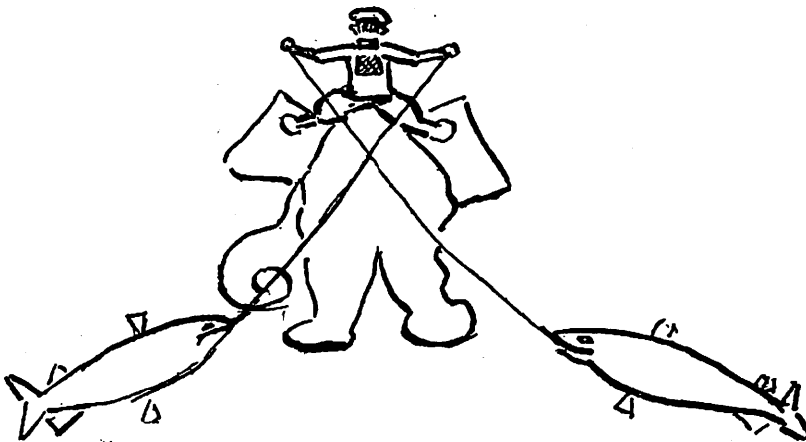


The Chase.

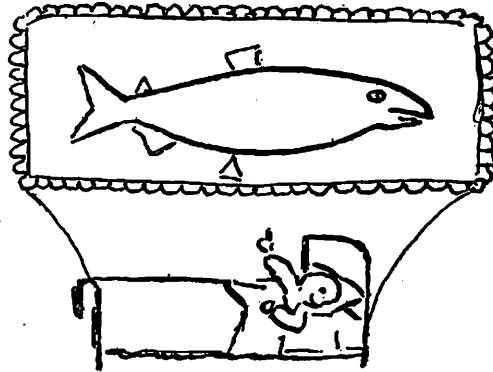
another half-hour. Lord Grey says in "Fly fishing" that in his experience the supreme moment in salmon fishing is the moment when the salmon takes the fly, and that this far surpasses the excitement of the battle which is to follow. In this I agree and would go further. I have dabbled to a greater or lesser degree in most of the blood sports in many parts of the world, but I do not think that any moment in any of these can equal the thrill of the moment when a big salmon takes one's fly. This fish took me an hour to the minute to play and land, and he turned the scale at 18lbs. and was a beautiful fresh-run fish. This was my 19th salmon this season and my biggest so far by 2lbs. I may say here that it is my ambition to equal my father's record in a certain river in Northern Ireland of a 32lb. salmon, which he got on a trout rod and landed without assistance after a two-hour fight, and the best part of half-an-hour's wrestling with it on the shingle.

**The Catch.**

I had been fishing again for less than a quarter of an hour when I got my second salmon. After taking out a certain amount of line and taking me down to a rocky point some 100 yards down stream he sulked on the bottom in deep water for a while. He then just broke surface and I was able to see that he was another fine fish. I was now thinking that I had only to work him gradually round the point into the bay where I had landed the first and that the main part of the job was over. But the salmon thought otherwise. He now went up stream again to where he had started, nearly catching my line round some rocks on the way. Here he stayed for some time swimming about, and once more I thought it must be nearly time for him to come into the bay and out of the fast flowing stream. He came down towards the bay but just as I came again to the point he decided to make out towards the middle of the river and down stream, which he did with great speed. I ran for a couple of hundred yards round the bay to the next headland. My salmon was still making outwards and still doing it at considerable speed. Below me was another bay but this went farther inland than the first one. I could not go round this as my remaining line was getting short. So I decided to stand on the headland and fight it out from there. Of 45 yards of line and 55 yards of backing on my reel all was out except about five yards when to my relief my salmon decided to stop. Then followed a run up-stream and inwards and some feverish reeling in on my part and running into the bay. I had now had him on for some 40 minutes and thought it was really time he came to heel. He came into the still water of the bay but stopped stock still and remained immovable for a quarter of an hour. With the grey water I could not see an inch below the surface and could form no idea of the depth of the water. So I decided to try wading out to see what had happened to him. The bay proved to be of wading depth and to have a sandy bottom. When I got to within rod's length of him he at last moved. He had been sulking on the sandy bottom. Another ten minutes of play in the bay and I had him on dry land. But just before I landed him I saw he was foul hooked

**Triumphant Return.**

with one of the hooks of the double-hooked fly through the front part of the dorsal fin. Hence the great fight he had put up. He had taken me nearly half a mile down stream and by a strange coincidence he also took exactly one hour to the minute from the time I hooked him till I had him out. He was a shade smaller than the first and turned the scale at 17lbs. He also was fresh run and in fine condition. I had had all the luck. The only other fish of the afternoon was a nice 4lb. sea trout caught by the Major. But as he had taken out a 20lb. salmon from this spot a week before he did not complain. It was now approaching 7 p.m. and the weather had developed into pouring rain and gale so we decided to call it a day and make our way homewards.



"Shall have no need to lie."

J. H. C. L.

[We are asked by the artist to state that no reflection is intended on the author's veracity. A photograph of the author and his salmon appears opposite page 141.—ED.]

A FORESHADOWING OF TANKS.

From "And so to Bath" by CECIL ROBERTS.

"In a sense Hounslow was destined to figure again in military history as the place where, in 1826, something that might be termed the first tank was displayed. An inventor named Gurney ran his famous steam carriage along the Bath Road in the 'thirties.' Its incredible performance of 15 miles per hour soon drew the attention of the military authorities to its possibilities. Accordingly a demonstration was arranged near the Bath Road beyond Hounslow, with the Duke of Wellington present as head of the Army. A number of soldiers clambered on to the steam carriage which then, to the wonder of all, proceeded to do a series of manoeuvres over the rough heath, making little of the obstacles it encountered. The Duke was highly pleased at the success of this demonstration and warmly congratulated Mr. Gurney. 'It is scarcely possible,' he said, 'to calculate the convenience that would be derived from such an invention as this in war-time, and that, if fitted with sheets of armour, no enemy could withstand its charge.'"

It is related of the Duke of Wellington that when dining in his old age at the mess of a regiment of which he was honorary colonel, he said that he remembered that "when we were in the lines of Torres Vedras they brought me a bottle of Port one night which, on being opened, was found to contain a dead rat." "It must have been a very small rat, Sir," ventured a young subaltern. "It was a damned big rat, Sir," said the irate Duke. "Perhaps it was a very large bottle," said the wretched subaltern. "Damme, I tell you, it was a damned small bottle," roared the crusty Duke.



CONVERSATION AT THE BAR.

Well, fancy seeing you here. Thought you were dead.
 Not sure I'm not.
 Don't think you can be. Wouldn't be here.
 Not sure I am here. Doesn't feel much like it.
 Couldn't be talking to you if you were somewhere else.
 Might be somewhere else too.
 Don't think so. Came here anyway.
 Ah, but did you get here?
 See your point.
 Probably somewhere quite different.
 Where?
 Moot point. May be dead.
 Said you thought I was dead. Think I'm dead myself. All fits in.
 Certainly thought you were dead. Saw it in the papers. Throstlewhistle. R.I.P.—
 Down in black and white.
 Who's Throstlewhistle?
 You are. Known you for years.
 There you are then. Proves it!
 Very sad, really. First rate chap.
 Sorry about you too. These things happen though.
 Yes, no use grousing. Have a drink.
 No, no, old boy. Wouldn't be respectful.
 Think not?
 Sure of it. Besides, must go and tell Mrs. Throstlewhistle.
 Shouldn't tell her, old boy. De mortuis and all that.
 Perhaps you're right. Let's have a drink, then. Throstlewhistle'll understand.

R.G.T.

Obituary.

We regret to record the following deaths :—

ELMER.—On 16th June, 1941, at his home, 14 Weymouth Road, Frome, Somerset, Captain Henry Elmer, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment and R.A.M.C. Captain Elmer enlisted on 9th March, 1886, in the 2nd Battalion and sailed with them for Bermuda in October of the same year. He served with them there, in Halifax, N.S., and in Barbados, and whilst at the last place (1891 or 1892) he was transferred to the Army Medical Corps. He gained his commission in the R.A.M.C. and retired (date not known) with the rank of captain. On page 51 of No. 45 (February), 1940, we published a letter of his giving some reminiscences of his service with the 2nd Battalion.

GLASBEY.—On 25th June, 1941, in hospital, R.S.M. J. Glasbey. R.S.M. Glasbey was born at Rawmarsh, near Rotherham, in 1899, and joined the Army at the age of 20. From that time until his death he was with the Regiment and saw service in Egypt, Palestine and France. In 1934 he was appointed P.S.I. at the Drill Hall, Brighthouse. During a four years' stay there, he earned the respect and esteem of all ranks. When he left, a smoking concert was held and presentations were made to Mr. and Mrs. Glasbey by Major R. Sugden, who paid warm tribute to them. After six months at the I.T.C., he returned to his old Battalion, and it was in France, after eight years as C.S.M., that he was promoted to R.S.M. During the withdrawal to Dunkirk, in which his Battalion played so vital a part; his work was invaluable. From then until his sudden death he played a big part in the re-forming and training of his Battalion.

R.S.M. Glasbey was the antithesis of a traditional sergeant-major. His tact and quiet voice, and the intense interest he took in all the activities of the Regiment, as well as in the welfare of the troops, endeared him to all ranks. With his death the Regiment has lost a very loyal member and friend.

JENKINS.—On 20th February, 1941, Major Edward Vaughan Jenkins, D.S.O., late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, son of the late Colonel Vaughan Jenkins, also of the Regiment, and of Mrs. Vaughan Jenkins, of Hove, Sussex, aged 61. Major Jenkins was born in the Regiment on 14th October, 1879. He joined the 1st Battalion in Dover on 20th May, 1899, from the Militia, and went out to South Africa with them in December of that year. He took part in the march to Bloemfontein, including the actions at Klip Drift, Paardeberg, Poplar Grove and Driefontein, and also in the operations in the Transvaal 1900 to 1902, including the action at Rhenoster Kop. He was mentioned in despatches and awarded the D.S.O. for his services, and received the Queen's medal with four clasps and King's medal with two clasps. In April, 1902, he went to Uganda for employment with the King's African Rifles, which had just been formed. He served with them until April, 1912, and during this period was in command of an expedition against the Masai. He was again mentioned in despatches and received the East African medal with clasp, Naudi 1905-6. In 1912 he joined the 2nd Battalion in Dublin, and went out to France with them in August, 1914. He was wounded on the 24th of that month in the action on the Mons-Condé Canal, and invalided to England. He received the 1914 Star, British War and Victory medals. He served throughout 1919 on the embarkation staff at Southampton, rejoining the 2nd Battalion at Sheffield in 1920. He retired on 20th May, 1920, with the rank of major.

Major Jenkins was a very popular officer with all ranks, a fine cricketer and good all-round athlete. He had been an invalid for some months before his death at Bolney, in Sussex, where he was living. Major Jenkins was married on 17th December, 1904, to Evelyn Marie Germon, daughter of Lt.-Col. R. C. H. Germon, Royal Norfolk Regiment, of Barn House, Edenbridge, Kent.

We regret that the above notice was not included in our last issue, but the news of Major Jenkins's death did not reach us until after its publication.

We print below an appreciation by Lt.-Colonel R. M. Tidmarsh :—

Edward Vaughan Jenkins, known to his friends, of which he had many, as "Ted," had a most loveable character. A fine fighting soldier and a great exponent at football, cricket and hockey ; although he was only able to play a few times for his county, had he not spent the best years of his life in a country where cricket was practically unknown, he would have been seen more often in county games. Sociable to a degree, he loved life and all that life could give, a most generous and staunch friend. I shall always retain happy memories of his unflinching gaiety, sense of humour and love of action. He understood what was his duty and had the courage to do it.

I have lost my greatest pal. Good hunting, old man.

PUPLETT.—On 9th April, 1941, at Minehead, Somerset, Mr. Alfred Puplett, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 68. Mr. Puplett was a son of the late Sgt. A. Puplett of the 33rd Regiment, and brother of Mr. C. J. Puplett, late of the 2nd Battalion and now residing in Nova Scotia, Canada. He was educated at the Duke of York's School, and enlisted in the Regiment in London in January, 1887, and joined at the Depôt at Halifax. He was later drafted to the 2nd Battalion, who were then at Halifax, Nova Scotia. He served with them at Barbados and in Cape Colony, South Africa, and took his discharge by purchase in September, 1894. In 1896 he enlisted into the Leicester Regiment, and was transferred to the Military Provost Staff Corps on its formation, serving with it until his discharge as sergeant-major in 1919. After leaving the service he joined the Corps of Commissionaires, and was employed at Baldwin's Tinsplate Works at Swansea, with whom he served for 20 years. Portrait opposite page 161.

RAWSON.—On 22nd April, 1941, at his home, 44 Paley Terrace, Bradford, Mr. Harry Rawson, late bandsman, 76th Regiment. Mr. Rawson enlisted in the 76th Regiment at Sheffield on 30th June, 1879. In August, 1880, he went to Ireland with the Battalion and served there until September, 1885, when he was discharged to the Reserve. Portrait opposite page 161.

Our Contemporaries.

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

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The Business Manager reports the following names to which copies of No. 49 were sent, but which have been returned marked "gone away" :—

Lt.-Col. V. C. Green, Major C. H. E. Lowther, F. May, Esq., Mr. W. Sutcliffe, R. F. Messervy, Esq., L. A. Wadham, Esq.

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

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