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THE IRON DUKE

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

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

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THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE IRON DUKE

THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

We regret to record the death of the Duke of Wellington in London on 11th December, 1941, at the age of 65.

Arthur Charles Wellesley, fifth Duke of Wellington, was born on 9th June, 1876. As Marquess Douro he was educated at Eton and Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He served in the Grenadier Guards from 1900 to 1903, taking part in the South African War.

He succeeded to the title of Duke of Wellington on the death of his father on 18th June, 1934, the anniversary of the greatest victory of his famous ancestor.

Though not so well known to the Regiment as his father was, the late Duke attended the Regimental dinner on two occasions, in 1935 and in 1939, the last to be held before war broke out.

The late Duke was married in 1909 to the Hon. Lilian Maud Glen Coats, daughter of the first Baron Glentanar. He is succeeded by his only son, Captain the Earl of Mornington, who was born in 1912, was educated at Stowe School, and commissioned in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment on 13th November, 1935. He joined the 1st Battalion in Malta and served with them until February, 1939, when he went out to East Africa to serve with the King's African Rifles.

The funeral which took place at Stratfieldsaye on 15th December, was attended by Lt.-Colonel Duncan Paton and Major Rupert Carey, representing the Colonel of the Regiment and the Regiment, and a wreath was sent on behalf of the Regiment.

We offer our sincere sympathy to Her Grace the Duchess of Wellington and to the new Duke.

A GOOD MAN AND A GREAT GENTLEMAN.

A correspondent to *The Times* pays the following tribute to the late Duke :—
“The Duke of Wellington possessed simplicity, loyalty, and complete sincerity of character in a remarkable degree. His tolerance, keen sense of humour, and kindly hospitality endeared him to a large circle of friends. His nature was compassionate and happy. He had the power of dignifying duty and a nobility of soul that sought always to efface himself; although he was endowed with sound judgment and a fine discrimination of character, he always insisted on fair play. A lover of nature and essentially an outdoor man, he was never more contented than by the riverside or in the woods of his beloved and historic home of Stratfieldsaye. A splendid horseman and magnificent shot, he will be remembered by many of us as striding across the park, gun or rod in hand, with a Labrador beside him, in the vigour and joy of his fine manhood.”

MERCURIUS.

EDITORIAL.

LIKE other publications, THE IRON DUKE is suffering from the restriction of the supply of paper, and in consequence this number is considerably reduced in volume. We shall therefore restrict our editorial remarks to a minimum.

We would however like to repair an omission in our last issue, in which when thanking our contributors of the past we regrettably omitted to mention the great service our printers, Messrs. Lawrence Bros., Ltd., have rendered us for so many years. We cannot thank them enough for their help and consideration, and we feel sure that all our readers will agree that the standard of the magazine is in no small degree due to their excellent work. We offer our grateful thanks to Mr. W. A. Francis and the whole of his staff.

We would also like to thank our advertisers for their support, without which it would be impossible to balance the finances of the magazine ; and we would ask our readers in their turn to deal with those firms who advertise in THE IRON DUKE and whose continued support present conditions make difficult.

DEPOT NEWS.

OFFICERS' MESS.

Since our last notes we have experienced a revolution—we are now a combined Mess of A.T.S. and training cadre personnel. Misgivings were plentiful when the scheme was first mooted, but everything is now working smoothly, and the only person upset is the Duke, who frowns on us from the mantelpiece, though the glint in his eye is beginning to relax a little.

Ladies first :—The C.O. has reached the exalted rank of Chief Commander, and although looking somewhat harassed at times she has never lost her sense of humour. "Tuppence" is second-in-command, very austere, but full of knowledge and the milk of human kindness.

We were bound to have a K.M. ; she attacks everything and everyone with unbounded enthusiasm but the only thing she has not lost, so far, is her head. "Rufus," "Tantrums" and "Mac"—a pretty trio—have taken up squash with more vigour than science, but it has helped them to throw a pretty card at bridge.

The Quarter Mistress keeps a motherly eye on us all ; she is not quite so consistent at saying "No" as most Q.Ms., and she has never been known to say "No bid" at bridge ; her unbounded optimism at the latter is proverbial, but it has caused no heart-burnings so far.

Our lady doctor, a demure soul, has suffered considerably from "parkroaditis," and is now an expert on knitting—she is developing the power of a Samson.

The mere male ; the C.O. is, I think, pleased with his mixed brood, and it allows him to go completely berserk during the occasional rubber of bridge.

Rupert has taken up squash to improve his figure, digestion and wind, and hopes thereby to beat somebody at snooker some day. Joe has gone all staid and serious ; we think he must have some secret sorrow.

Honest John, now O.C. Fire Committee, is carrying on his new duties with his usual zeal and enthusiasm, and the lawn is daily drenched with his spray. Joe Steele, now a captain, has taken on the onerous duties of adjutant ; he strokes a pretty ball at squash and snooker, and has organised a carol singing squad which occasionally marks time on the correct beat.

The Colonel of the Regiment attended a communal guest night about two months ago (see page 36) and made a happy little speech ; he has promised to hold a repeat performance in the near future.

These notes are written before Christmas, and we take this opportunity of wishing all Battalions of the Regiment good luck and best wishes for the new year.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

As we settle down to compile these notes we think of the times that have gone and the great changes that have taken place since last Christmas. The members of the Mess are doing their best, however, to make the coming Christmas as cheery as possible under the circumstances. The children's treat is well on the way, and the annual Christmas draw is over, one member having had to use his kit-bag to carry away his prizes.

One of the outstanding events of the last quarter was the farewell party to R.S.M. Code who has left us to join a field force unit "Somewhere in England." We were honoured that evening by the presence of the Colonel of the Regiment. Colonel Pickering spoke of the good work put in by R.S.M. Code during his tour of duty at the Depot, and wished him the best of luck and success in his new sphere. R.S.M. Code, in response, thanked the members for their loyal support in the past and asked for the same support to be given to his successor, R.S.M. H. F. Smith.

During the evening nine members of the Mess, including the two R.S.Ms., sat at one table and one member checked the total service. The total service of the nine was 250 years; one member remarked later that old soldiers would not even fade away these days.

A very successful dance in aid of our Prisoners of War Fund was held in the new Gymnasium on 28th November, and thanks to the efforts of the sergeants, this proved a great success. All thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and to let you into the secret as the balance sheet has not yet been published, we can tell readers that we made a profit of more than £100 for the relatives of our less fortunate comrades.

We welcome R.S.M. H. F. Smith who has come amongst us as R.S.M. in the place of R.S.M. Code and we wish him luck during his stay with us.

In conclusion, we send our best wishes to all "Dukes" the world over, hoping for a meeting under happier circumstances before very long.

EXERCISE "WEEKLY."

It was about 0930 hours that the enemy were first spotted. A small reconnoitring force made its appearance. It viewed our defences, then quickly withdrew. At 1000 hours the attack came. It bore down on our front with great vigour and determination, but after a time it withdrew, having failed to achieve its object.

A great battering at our rear warned us of new danger; our rear was being attacked. As we rushed to defend ourselves we saw that one of the enemy had actually pierced our outer defences. He was quickly dealt with however and our position was saved. From then on a few attacks were made but they were futile and nothing was gained by them. The time was 1120 hours.

Ten more minutes and the Sergeants' Mess doors would be opened. The scrubbed floors would be trampled on. The C.O.'s inspection would be over.

Our instructors adapt Army instructions to suit A.T.S. Overheard on barracks square: Sergeant to squad of girls, "Now another little carry on we have in the Army is the right dress."

TRAINING CADRE COMPANY.

Since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE there has been very little activity in the Company, as we all seem to have settled down to the job of teaching the A.T.S. the correct method to run a training depot. We have had very few changes in male personnel with the exception of our very popular R.S.M. (S. Code) being posted to a field service battalion. We wish him every success in his new sphere and also take this opportunity of extending a very hearty welcome to his successor, R.S.M. F. H. Smith.

Considering the small number of men stationed here at the present time, we have performed quite creditably in the field of sport, the rugby team having the fine record of four wins, one draw and two losses. The soccer team, too, with the exception of the last two matches, have scored fluent victories. After a struggle we managed to raise a team of ten runners to take part in a Yorkshire area relay race and though on the whole rather outclassed, we put up a very good performance in finishing tenth out of a field of 26 teams. A week later we entered four men in the Yorkshire area trial and had the satisfaction of one man being picked to represent the Area in the Northern Command cross country championship—L/Cpl. G. Norcliffe. In the latter race the Area were successful in pulling off the team race and also having first two men home, our man finishing second. He was selected to represent the Northern Command in a triangular contest on 29.11.41, the other contestants being the Northern Counties Cross Country Association and the R.A.F. The Army again proved too good for the other two, and in this event Norcliffe finished fifth, third man in the Army team.

BAND.

Though so much has changed in our midst, the Band is still with us and goes from strength to strength. The dance band has twice broadcast in the Forces programme and also "topped the bill" at a local Hippodrome; it is really becoming quite famous.

Recently a visit was made to a north-east coast town where a massed band concert was held. Though the programme was ambitious and classical to such an extent that Schumann's piano concerto was played, the concert was a great success, and no little enhanced the Band's reputation which was already high in that district.

The activities of the Band are varied and the facility with which the members turn themselves into a military band, string orchestra or dance band is truly remarkable. We have indeed a versatile set of musicians with a most accomplished bandmaster, under whose bâton any orchestral musician would be proud to play.

MERITORIOUS SERVICE MEDAL AWARDED TO AN OLD SERGEANT OF THE DUKES.

Mr. F. W. Thomas, formerly of 23 Third Avenue, Halifax, and now living with his daughter at 3 Golf Crescent, Highroad Well, Halifax, has been awarded the meritorious service medal for long and distinguished service in the Army. Mr. Thomas is now nearly 73 years of age.

The meritorious service medal, which may be granted for gallant conduct, is also, as in this case, awarded to pensioners above the rank of corporal who have given long and faithful service. The medal carries with it an annuity and there are only two allocated to the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Mr. Thomas was presented with the medal at the Depot by the Commanding Officer.

Mr. Thomas had a distinguished record with the Dukes and spent 29 happy years in the Service. He joined the Regiment as a boy of 14 in 1883, and because of his small stature—4ft. 5in.—he was known as "Tiddley." To this day he is still addressed by this name. He saw service in India, Aden, Malta and South Africa, and after completing 25 years with the Colours was discharged to pension in 1908 with the rank of band sergeant.

On the outbreak of the last war in 1914 he rejoined the Regiment and saw active service in France with the 1st-4th Battalion, going out with the rank of sergeant at the age of 45. He later served as divisional quartermaster-sergeant to the 49th Division. He went out to France in 1915 and was invalided in 1918.

DEPOT SERGEANTS' MESS.



ICELAND.



Geyser.



The Waterfalls at Gullfoss.



Depot Sergeants' Mess.

During the first period of his service he was a noted athlete, specialising in running and cricket. On one occasion he had the distinction of being selected to play with the Dover Garrison cricket team under the captaincy of Prince Christian against a team captained by Prince Ranjitsinghi. Among his many medals and trophies is the Maltese Cross, given to him as a member of the 1st Dukes' team which won the Malta Governor's cup in 1898. Thirty years later the Battalion won the cup again.

After leaving the Army, Mr. Thomas was employed by Thomas Ramsden & Sons, brewers, Halifax, as a clerk for 18½ years.

A.T.S.

Many changes have swept through the Depot during the last few months, resulting in a rather breathless, neck-twisting feeling of "That's us—that was!" Never have we had so many inspections, visits, courses, promotions, cadres, matches (of both kinds)—and above all, we have had plenty to gossip about. That, of course, is the first necessity of the A.T.S.

In the old days one believed—and rightly—that all gossip worthy of the name emanated from the Dukes' Sergeants' Mess. Now, our own Sergeants' Mess have beaten them hollow at their own game, C.S.M. Heap and Sgt. Bradwell being, it seems, mainly responsible. But perhaps the best bet of all—if one wants advance inside information—is the dining hall staff. They, invariably and accurately, under the able leadership of Sgt. Price, *know everything*.

In October we were honoured by the first Royal visit since we became No. 6 A.T.S. Training Centre. H.R.H. The Princess Royal, Controller-Commandant of the A.T.S., seemed eminently satisfied with all she saw, and after the presentation of a gift-parcel from America to L/Cpl. Bradley (as being the auxiliary with the longest service, and with no known crimes) the visit ended with lunch in the Officers' Mess.

A week later we were inspected by our own Director, Chief Controller Jean M. Knox, whom we were more than delighted to meet. For many of us it was the first time we had seen her since her appointment as D.A.T.S.; for most of us, the first time we had seen her at all. Never have the barracks so shone with the fierce white-heat of cleanliness; never have so many right arms wielded to such good effect so many scrubbing-brushes. A plan to whitewash the entire parade ground was only, we understand, rejected for reasons of air-security.

Ovenden camp, however else it may differ from the Promised Land, has at least one characteristic in common. The Israelites, we are told, took forty years to reach Canaan; and if the analogy holds, we have only another 38 years to go before moving in. Those false prophets, the "Military Spokesmen," tell us daily that "It will only be a fortnight more"—but we know better now. They have been telling us so since last July.

Rumour has it, incidentally, that there is to be a joint D.W.R. and A.T.S. Sergeants' Mess at Ovenden; but we are inclined to take the view that this is merely wishful thinking on the part of C.S.Ms. Clinch and Hodgson, who, with "Mr. Heaven," seem to have formed an offensive and defensive alliance against the world in general and employed personnel in particular. ("Mr. Heaven," to the uninitiated, is the name bestowed by the A.T.S. on a certain C.Q.M.S. who, as a stout upholder of the Mohammedan faith, as well as for other reasons, is unlikely to reach the Golden Gates. Besides, it would be such a pity to waste his genius for stoking the office stove.)

To be serious for a moment. We really feel that we are beginning to be "less nuisance than we are worth"—and the entire credit for this goes to the Dukes, of all ranks, who have cursed, guided and helped us through our rather difficult growing-stage. We do not know how we should ever have learned the first thing about the running of a depot, without their help and advice; and they are always ready to step in and right matters when we have made a mess of them. Our thanks are especially due, we feel, to the com-

pany commanders, C.S.Ms. and C.Q.M.Ss. who have worked alongside their counterparts in the A.T.S. companies.

We feel honoured and proud to wear the Duke's badge (over the heart—most appropriately, in many cases) and we hope that we may, in a small way, carry on their traditions.

E. M. S.

A Battalion in India.

Since our last notes life has pursued a singularly regular course. The heat gave way to rain, which is unfortunately once more giving way to heat again. However, we have not given way to either and now the cold weather is almost upon us and we have already had a foretaste of training in a Battalion route march which turned out to be three miles longer than was intended.

By the time these notes go to print in England we hope to have our training in full swing and be revelling in the cool of the Indian winter.

OFFICERS' MESS.

For once, with the exception of routine hill moves, the faces in the Officers' Mess have almost had time to become familiar to us.

With the return of the Band from the hills we have started our Wednesday band-nights again, which have been, on one occasion at any rate, a rolling success.

We had great pleasure in entertaining two officers of the Royal Navy recently, but whether we "Spliced the Mainbrace" correctly or sufficiently is still a moot point.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Included in our hot weather programme have been games of hockey weekly against the officers. Though we have not had a win, some good games have been seen. We also played the officers at tennis.

Two bachelors' social evenings were held, one in July and one in August, and we are sure all enjoyed them. Some people are still whispering "Have you heard this one?"

A detachment of the Royal Navy visited us in August and we held a social evening at which they were present and had a good time. A "Matlow" is a rare sight here.

A straight billiards tournament resulted in Sgt. Hall winning and Sgt. Brearley running up.

We offer best wishes to all who have departed from or joined the Mess, and congratulate all who have been appointed to or promoted within it.

COMPANY NOTES.

SUPPORT PLATOON.—Since our last number we have experienced a great heightening of the barometer readings; under such conditions the training of our new hands and the firing of our A.R.C. were trying, even to the hardened veterans. However, these new hands are pretty tough and the results were good.

These notes are written from a considerable height (*not* from the top of the bungalow, but from our hill station, 7,000ft.). We are up here recuperating after the humid heat of the plains. This is the third and last party for the hills, consisting of "B" Company, the Drums and the Gunners.

Training is carried on as usual (music provided) under more pleasant conditions. The air is very bracing and the weather is just like an English summer; of course we are frequently reminded that the monsoons have not yet exhausted themselves, still we are thankful for small mercies.

We have plenty of sport in the form of tennis, football, boxing and 15 mile khud hikes (less khud sticks, plus rifle and equipment). As far as boxing is concerned, our detachment hope to emulate the victories of "A" and "C" Companies.

That, I think, is all our news in a nutshell. We are longing to be home again.

"A" COMPANY.—Whilst we wrote our last notes 7,000ft. above sea level amid the showers, so we compile our next addition, this time down on the plains in a "new" home. Being segregated from the other companies, we become a happy little band, working and playing with zest.

The rains have started and green grass grows around us whilst we purchase our new rugby kit, and get down to some real sport under the able leadership of our Company Commander, Capt. E. Mason. We welcome into our team a stalwart of Ilkley in 2nd Lt. D. L. Ambler and a new recruit in Lt. R. G. Bailey. Our C.S.M., "Shep," as ever frolics in his usual way, and is giving sound advice to the beginners.

The Company has every reason to be proud of its sporting activities; at swimming we had a friendly gala with "H.Q." Company, and after a great tussle in the second half, managed to win with a two point margin. Later we had a battalion gala, with the exception of "C" Company who were in the hills, and again we won. This time the shield and cups become our property until it is our misfortune to fail on one of our off days. Our polo team, under the leadership of Pte. F. Taylor, has won all its matches this season.

So far the hockey and football competitions have not begun, but with the winter approaching we may expect some really interesting games. The cricket season begins in October, and we hope to be able to raise a representative side under Lt. R. G. Bailey.

We have little or no scope for training, but by dint of keeping fit, hope to be able to take our place whenever we are needed.

The recent visit of the Royal Navy to our midst has been a very pleasant interlude, and we enjoyed this social call as much as our guests.

"B" COMPANY.—Since our last jottings we spent some two months in the health-giving atmosphere of the Fort. Nothing much of importance occurred during our stay. We challenged the might of cantonments at football on two occasions, and it is the sad duty of the chronicler to record the fact that we went down twice, albeit with flag flying to the last.

We entered with some small success in the swimming gala at the beginning of August. Due to some water thrashing by Mr. Williams, Sgt. Hall, Cpl. Dixon and L/Cpl. Richardson, we won the back-stroke relay. We lost the variety relay by a touch, which showed up the Company Commander as a false prophet to all and sundry, and incidentally left him somewhat out of pocket.

We now revel in the delights of our salubrious hill station. And straining bodies are to be seen struggling up almost impossible khuds at all hours. Prickly heat is even worse than on the plains.

Well, folks, as R. E. Jefferies says, "That's all for the present."

"C" COMPANY.—Since our last notes, in spite of dispersion from the remainder of the Battalion, we have endured another hot summer. Of course we enjoyed six weeks in the hills, which I think everyone looked forward to after being three months in the Fort, where it was 109 in the shade, but we could not find any shade.

Sport in the Company is just beginning to reach the standard of the "Old 'C' Company." "Robo" and his rangers started off the season by walking away with the Battalion boxing shield. We then went to K—, where we proved to the S—s that Yorkshiremen could take it. All these successes we owe to "Topper" who once more proved that "*keeping fit is essential*." We also congratulate the under-mentioned B.O.Rs. who gave us a fine display of boxing:—L/Cpl. Ballard, Pte. Hardwicke, Pte. Sharples and Pte. Leather.

During our stay in the hills the Company, assisted by the Bandmaster and his Band, put another nail in "Hitler's Coffin" by running some very successful shows in aid of the War Fund.

We welcome to the Company C.S.M. Hird, who has spent all his time with the Gunners; also 2nd Lt. F. Heaton.

Our congratulations go to the under-mentioned on their promotion and appointments :—Cpls. Whitton and Handley, L/Cpls. Johanson, Burbridge and Meik.

"D" COMPANY.—The Company is now in a stage of praying ardently for a real good Yorkshire winter after a long sojourn on the plains. This does not mean that we have not had our turn in the hills, but merely that, having formed the bulk of the first party, it is now some twelve weeks since we had the pleasure of sleeping under a blanket. However, we are living up to our reputation of "Mad Englishmen" and playing soccer, hockey and rugby in temperatures in the region of 90 degrees.

While in the hills we had the pleasure of welcoming a new draft of officers and men from home, and everyone spent a very happy week or two hearing at first hand what really was happening at home. It was rare that we could not find someone from our own village, or at least, somewhere near it, to tell us about people, streets and landmarks that we remembered long ago. The draft was soon settled among us, and to hear some of them now one would think they had been in India for years.

The question of training is still a very tiresome one as we find it very hard to turn out in full strength. However when we do we make the best of it and night exercises are enjoyed by all. In recent years, although possessing plenty of talent, we never seem to have managed anything big in the way of sport. But this year both at football and hockey, we are turning out winning teams, and have started well by winning the inter-detachment football cup at K—. Congratulations to the team. At the swimming gala held recently we had a certain amount of bad luck and were disqualified in two events, so losing our chance of, if not winning, at least being second. Much of this improvement is due to the untiring efforts of the Company Commander, Capt. W. D. M. Coningham, under whose leadership the Company now takes a keen interest in sport.

The men of the Company are at the moment looking a little worried, but this can be credited to the fact that we are at the moment "Firing for our Pay." We have a "Strong wind blowing from right to left" and it needs plenty of determination and concentration to hit the target enough times to qualify.

Since last going to press our old C.S.M. has returned to the Battalion in the form of Lt. J. Wardle. We wish him all the best and our congratulations. We are lucky in having his place taken in the Company by C.S.M. Starr who has been away from the Battalion for some time but who we hope is with us now for a lengthy stay.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

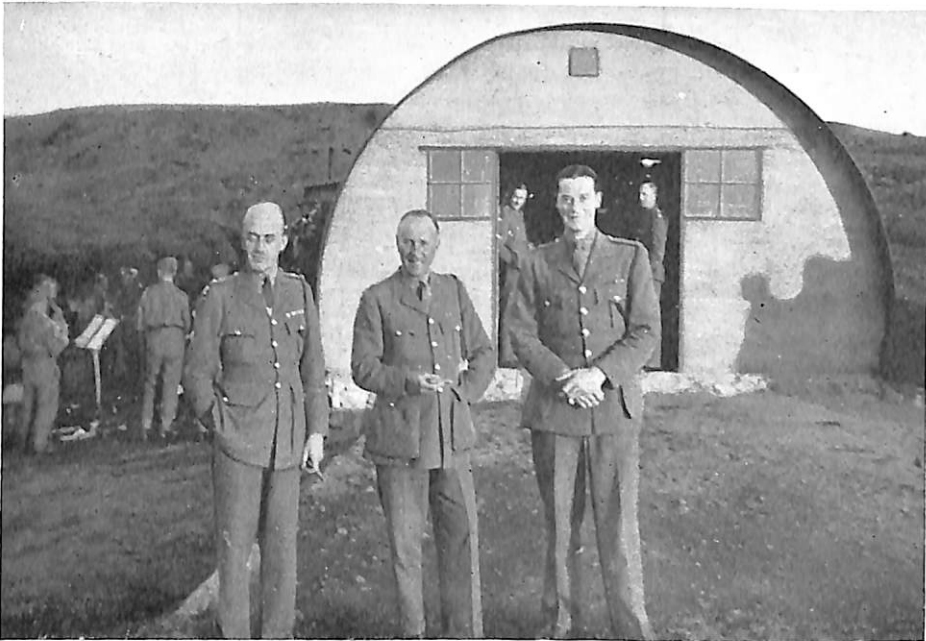
During early March we spent some time looking for new talent and young blood, and were fortunate enough to add a good right winger to the Battalion XI in the shape of Pte. Hughes.

Having re-organised ourselves for the fray, we proceeded to give Army "H.Q." a sound beating of 4 goals to nil on Wednesday, 2nd April. On 5th April, fresh from our success, we met the "H.Q." — Armd. Brigade. Once more the result was in our favour, at 6 goals to nil this time. Fletcher and Trigg were outstanding, while Cpl. Abbiss played a very strong game at centre half.

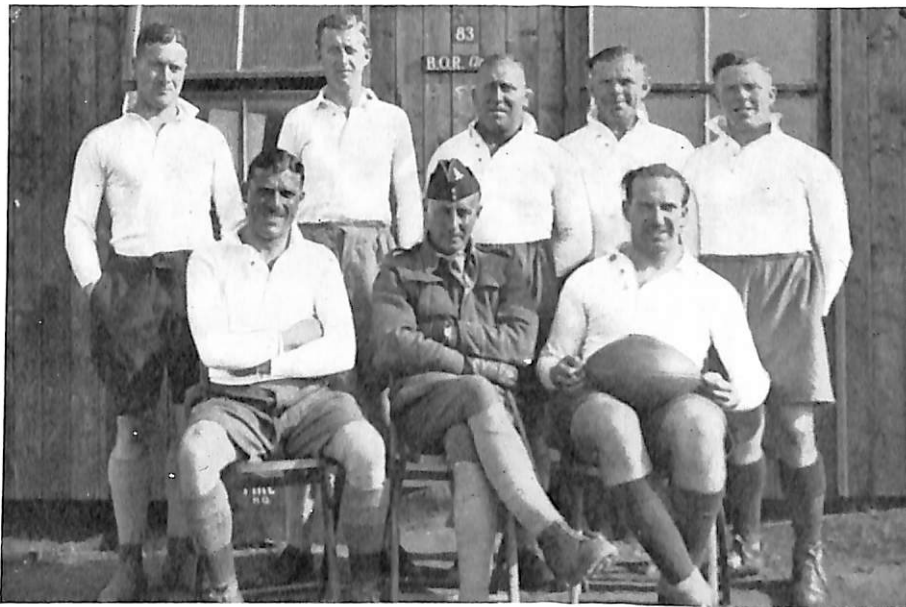
The S.H. provided us with the most exciting game of soccer seen here for some time. Both teams were on their toes the whole game. The Dukes spectators exercising their vocal powers were a treat to hear. The result was a draw, 1 goal each.

On 14th April we drew 1—1 with the — Hussars; neither team, however, was representative of their respective units.

With the coming of the hot weather, part of the Battalion team has again gone to the hills and Battalion soccer will not get into swing again until next winter, but there is the pleasant thought that we have not lost a game this season, despite the fact that some strong teams have been up against us. Prospects for the future are definitely good.



Three well-known Officers of the Regiment in Iceland.



Winners of Iceland Force Seven-a-side Rugby Tournament.

Back Row (left to right) LIEUT. THE HON. J. H. P. GILBEY (Harlequins), LIEUT. J. C. CLOUGH (Skipton),
CPL. MORREL (Hull), SERGT. A. HORNER (Skipton and Yorkshire), L/CPL. PATON (Keighley).
Front Row (left to right) CAPT. E. TYRER (Skipton and Bradford), THE C.O., LIEUT. E. A. MANNING (Skipton).

VISIT OF THE PRIME MINISTER TO ICELAND.



The Commanding Officer meets the Prime Minister, prior to the inspection of the Battalion.



The Prime Minister inspecting "C" Company of the Battalion.

A Battalion in Iceland.

When writing up our notes for the last publication of *THE IRON DUKE* it was felt to be a foregone conclusion that the Americans would be taking over Iceland in a very short time, and that our next notes would be written up, we hoped, in the Home Country. During July and August rumours of our impending departure came fast and furious, and it was generally felt that the only safe thing to do was to keep one's kit permanently packed so as not to be caught on the hop by a sudden move.

Iceland appears to have absorbed quite a number of Americans, but as yet they have not decided to take over the Island entirely, despite the fact that we have tried our utmost to make them comfortable by handing over some of our best camps. However, everything comes to those who wait.

Much of our time since the publication of our last notes has once more been devoted to building a new camp for ourselves and trying to make it comfortable. It is now practically completed and should we have to stay here for the remainder of the winter we have the satisfaction of knowing that we shall be well protected against the weather.

On 15th August quite a stir was caused when it was announced that a distinguished visitor from the United Kingdom was to visit the Forces in Iceland in the near future, and that all units were to be prepared to take part in a large scale ceremonial parade. The identity of the distinguished visitor to Iceland was not, for obvious reasons, disclosed, and he was referred to only as the D.V.I. Speculation was rife as to the identity of this personage, and sweepstakes were run in various Messes, etc. Guesses ranged from H.M. The King through long lists of other distinguished people to the bold "Adolf" himself, but only one arrived at the correct solution. Congratulations, Captain Hill, on winning the sweep, but we still think that you had some inside information.

On 16th August a full-dress rehearsal of the ceremonial parade was arranged, and on reaching the appointed place of parade we were informed that the distinguished visitor to Iceland was the Prime Minister, The Right Hon. Mr. Winston Churchill, and that instead of a rehearsal the actual parade would take place.

The job of the Prime Minister, walking along the miles of troops assembled along the roads to greet him, was not an enviable one, and many a younger man would have preferred to face the ordeal in a car. Had there been any doubts in our minds as to our ultimate victory over "Hitlerism," the grim yet confident look on the Prime Minister's face, and the cheery smile that he had for many of us would have been sufficient to dispel any such fears.

In one of the recent editions of *THE IRON DUKE* we had pleasure in recording an act of gallantry by No. 4615067 Pte. L. C. Williamson, who at considerable risk to himself attempted to save a comrade from drowning. We take further pleasure in recording that this act of gallantry has now been recognised by the Royal Humane Society, and that the Society's bronze medal has been awarded to Pte. Williamson.

Since the publication of our last notes leave in the Home Country has been going on without pause, and it is hoped that by the time these notes are published, all ranks will have had a well-earned leave in the "war zone." It is now the earnest desire of those who had their leave with the earlier parties that the dose will be repeated.

A physical fitness campaign consisting of P.T. and cross country running is at present in full swing, and the old gag of being too old for such strenuous exercise is completely washed out. To turn out for P.T. or a cross country run in a gymn. vest and a pair of shorts in this land of blizzards requires considerable courage, but out they come, from the Commanding Officer down to the youngest soldier, to prance about on the Battalion parade ground on P.T., or to leap across the countryside like mountain goats on a five-mile run.

OBITUARY.—It is with regret that we have to record in these notes the death of the following:—No. 4616871 Pte. W. A. Lingard, who died as the result of a motor

accident. He was buried with full military honours in the military portion of a local cemetery on 23rd October, 1941. The deepest sympathy of the Battalion is with his relatives in their sad bereavement.

SPORT.

INTER-BRIGADE BOXING TOURNAMENT.—This tournament was held on 16th August, and some excellent scrapping was witnessed. The Battalion provided several members of the team, and Sgt. Ancill and Pte. Kelly are to be congratulated on winning their fights. Pte. Milner, who gave an excellent display of boxing, was unlucky for the second time. In the general opinion he was an easy winner but the judge gave the verdict to his opponent. The tournament was won by our opponents by the narrow margin of 23 points to 21.

SEVEN-A-SIDE RUGBY.—In a Force competition played during July and August the Battalion entered two teams, "A" and "B," and once again it was proved that the Battalion was capable of holding up the traditions of the Regiment as a whole. "B" team were unfortunate in being knocked out in the semi-final by a score of 8 points to 3. "A" team reached the final and succeeded in beating their opponents by 24 points to 6.

ATHLETICS.—A Force athletic meeting was held during the latter part of July, and the Battalion, taking into consideration that two companies were unable to take part, acquitted itself admirably by taking second place on the score board. It is worthy of note that the Brigade, of which our Battalion is a part, claimed the first three places on the score board.

SOCCER.—Since starting the physical fitness campaign mentioned earlier in our notes, soccer has taken first place in our sporting events. By considerable labour on the part of our sports officer, a football field has been made, and at the moment a six-a-side section competition is in full swing, and a company league has been commenced.

The section competition has aroused great interest from all directions and has been the means of dragging out young and old, player or non-player, in the fight for section supremacy. The headquarters of companies are also compelled to provide a team, and C.S.M's and quarter blokes are of necessity dragged away from their administrative labours to do battle on the soccer ground.

OFFICERS' MESS.

Iceland remains unchanged, it's cold, it's warm, it's dry, it's wet, it hails, it snows, it rains, it pours, winds howl and winds blow, and occasionally—very occasionally—the sun shines. We have not seen any bananas or water melons growing here (though certain war correspondents apparently have), and we do not eat sheep heads—yet.

Our tents have given way to a delightful new Nissen hut Mess (again built by our own pioneers) with a bar far surpassing all our others in beauty, and, more important, usefulness. Another innovation by our pioneer officer in this Mess is a series of booby traps around the entrance—and very successful ones they proved too, as certain officers will vouch; however, as a result of public opinion, they have now had to be withdrawn.

Owing to the distance to town over typically bad Icelandic roads and the calls of training, the Mess has lately become the chief place of entertainment for most of us. Even the "Don Juans" are staying in more often than usual, and—fine show—they are persuading their damsels (in some cases the plural is fully merited) to come to our ladies' nights which we hold every fortnight. This change appears to have in no way affected our relations with the Icelanders which remain steady and we hope select.

A number of small dances have been held, including one at which an E.N.S.A. concert party were entertained; fortunately—or perhaps some people would say unfortunately—"gin slings" were on this occasion non-existent.

A number of officers were in the team which won the seven-a-side Force rugby competition ; there are further details of this elsewhere in the issue. Battalion cross country runs are held weekly, and rumour has it that they are arranged by the Commanding Officer, not only to prevent the M.O. from having his siesta, but also to enable him to win one kronur from the same personage by coming in before him.

Captains Ricketts and Horsfall and Lts. Smith and Holmes have left us. Captain Ricketts has returned to his own regiment, leaving us, however, a very handsome tankard to remind us of his stay ; Captain Horsfall has gone to the U.K. to take up administrative employment ; and Lts. Smith and Holmes have both gone to the Army Co-operation Squadron of the R.A.F. (or we hope they have, as, both of them being notably bad correspondents, we have not heard if they actually got there). In their place we have 2nd Lts. Davy, Sanderson and Bradley, all of whom we heartily welcome.

We congratulate Major Banks on being selected to attend a course at the S.O.S., and also on spending a greater part of the second winter in succession at home. Captain Hewitt has also attended a course in the U.K., and Lt. Haldane is about to go on one. We congratulate Major Whittaker on becoming second-in-command, also Major Johnson, Captains Chandler, Tyrer, Hewitt, Mackintosh and Darling and a number of full lieutenants on their promotion, and wish them every success. Our congratulations go, too, to 2nd Lt. Stone who won the officers' moustache competition, and then let us all down by cutting it off before he went on leave. And we like to convince ourselves that even if we did not win the officers' compass march competition, we came very near to it.

Finally, we offer our very hearty congratulations to our late second-in-command on getting command of a Duke's Battalion. We were all very sorry to lose him, and he has left a distinct gap here. We wish him every success and hope that in his spare moments (if he has any) he will remember us.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

For the first time since 3rd September, 1939, the whole of the members of the Mess are concentrated in one place, and the difficulty of accommodation is somewhat trying. The powers that be have looked with sympathetic eyes on our urgent appeal for the allotment of a further "huts, Nissen," and it is understood that it will be arriving in the near future. At present recreation is almost having to be taken in relays.

Functions at which outside guests are invited are at present impossible owing to lack of space, and for that reason we have, since the publication of our last notes, contented ourselves by running a fortnightly dinner for members only.

Keen interest has been taken in the new form of competition which has been held in the Officers' Mess. This, as they will no doubt describe in their notes, took the form of a moustache growing competition starting from a smooth upper lip. The start of the competition brought many surprises. Officers who had the night before left their office with a healthy bunch of face fungus returned in the morning looking years younger and minus moustache. We feel that some of the older officers must have a great advantage over the younger ones, particularly those who at the best of times can only grow "seven-a-side." Rumour has it that some of these younger officers crept stealthily around the older officers' quarters at the dead of night and applied liberal quantities of "Veet" to their upper lips in an effort to gain supremacy. We wonder who applied hair restorer to the upper lip of Lt. Stone.

Our Pioneer Platoon are at present, for the third time, doing their utmost to make us comfortable in our new Mess. The bar, always a matter of vital importance, is practically completed and an artistic fireplace is in process of construction. A new member of our Pioneer Platoon who was in civilian life an upholsterer has proved to be of inestimable value from the furnishing point of view, and three-piece suites of the most modern design are being turned out at a marvellous rate.

The glowing description of Iceland given by our Mess "war correspondent" to the

local Press whilst on leave has given rise to the feeling that we have after all probably been walking around with our eyes shut. Eager search parties have, however, not as yet discovered the banana plantations and fields of water melons which he so aptly described. His statement that "The abundance of hot water always 'on tap' was a great boon to the troops" brought tears of anguish to the eyes of the men who several times daily proceed to the river about a mile away, and patiently fill petrol tins with icy cold water for their comrades' ablutions. The messing committee have turned down unanimously the suggestion that "sheeps' heads" be introduced into the diet sheet.

We regret to record in these notes the loss of several valued members of the Mess:—C.S.M. T. Uttley, who has returned to England for the purpose of attending an O.C.T.U. We hope he is successful. C.S.M. T. J. Smith who, having been regraded, has been returned to the Home Country for service at home. His wit and entertaining abilities will be greatly missed in the Mess. C.Q.M.S. J. Collins, an old and valued member of the Mess, who through a physical disability was compelled to leave the Battalion for service at home. Sgts. Hopkinson and Ingleson having been regraded, have left us for service at home, and Sgt. A. E. Brown has been posted to another unit on the Island.

We wish them all the best of luck in their new rôle whatever and wherever it may be.

A Battalion in England.

Since the last notes were published, the Battalion has once again changed its home. We were sorry to leave the feudal magnificence of the deer park that sheltered us, a deer park also sheltering a goat population of ever increasing numbers and never diminishing pungency. This pungency is perhaps an added cause for the enthusiasm with which we received news of the move; we all felt that nine months was more than long enough to remain in one place in these times of trouble and strife.

The move was accomplished with remarkably little discomfort and very little flap, for which blessings we were grateful—we have moved often—perhaps we are getting good at it.

Our new billets were a delightful surprise, such luxury as we had never known before. The C.O. has been seen with his brow deeply furrowed for many weeks in the past; we are all convinced that he is vainly trying to decide which of the many possible sites for the Headquarters Mess is the most pleasing. To make this decision it will be unfortunately necessary to rob Peter to pay Paul—some of us find ourselves playing Peter to the C.O.'s Paul and, not unjustifiably, we are worried. And that is how the Battalion finds itself at the moment, surrounded by good things and, like a small boy in a sweet-shop, undecided as to what to eat next.

Leaving this tale of moves and of the amenities of our existence, we come to the business of the fortunes and misfortunes of the Battalion as individuals. We welcome a new second-in-command, Major Turner. He comes to us surrounded by an aura of mystery, fresh from a divisional "H.Q."

More of majors, Rivett sneaked away one day and returned a few days later, married, of this we knew nothing until it was presented to us, *fait accompli*. Good luck to you, Major Rivett, but we think you might have told us. Major Johnny has also presented us with something to wonder at; we try, how we try, to visualise a snarling, scowling Johnny all girt about with Tommy guns and bristling with grenades, dropping to earth like a personal manifestation of the Spirit of Mars, but somehow the picture evades us—we shall see.

Some few weeks ago we were shocked and horrified to lose Dennis, bound for somewhere overseas. We think that he is as sorry to go as we are to lose him. We all shall remember him as a very grand person and an example to any of us. He has proved himself in action, something that we have not all had a chance to do. With Dennis,

Vic also left, after a short time as a company commander. We hope he will find the excitement he always wanted in his new sphere of activity—he deserves to.

Another marriage celebrated since the last notes appeared is that of Nathan John Bertram; Nathan has surrendered the chair of office in the orderly room to Barry, also to be congratulated upon his marriage. So much marriage and so much change bewilders us, but they seem to like it. Captain—Lieutenant—Captain Michael is to be congratulated on having finally secured the spectral pips that have been flitting about his shoulders for the past few months. The will o' the wisp has nothing on some pips that have been with us recently, they come and go like the leaves on the trees.

A re-assortment of officers from two other battalions presented us with several new members recently—Kershaw, Andreae, Reed. An O.C.T.U. has given us Capt. Parkes; soon after his arrival he was asked what we were to call him; he replied, "Call me Blossom." Thy will be done, etc., and it was so. Also from O.C.T.U. but not as ex-instructors, Brewis, Kerwin and Parkinson have arrived. We hope they will all be happy with us. All this produces a situation best described as "Re-union" or "Just another long drink," a play in innumerable acts by the brothers Andreae.

Taking the events in chronological order, another wrench, reminding us of Dennis's departure, tore away from our midst Derek and Bill Rowes; by now both of them old-timers and deeply mourned. Leaving the Officers' Mess, the final item is one of glad tidings—Jimmy has an heir, often to be seen in a perambulator equipped with immaculately painted divisional signs and number plates, except on Mondays—sacred to make and mend.

We now proceed to congratulate several recently appointed W.Os.—"Sandy" England is R.S.M., lending to the office a martial dignity and convincingly terrible aspect. Sgt. Duncanson and C.Q.M.S. Bagshaw are now C.S.Ms.; congratulations and welcome to S.M. Sullivan. New C.Q.M.Ss. are legion and all to be patted on the back for their deserved promotion, Hardy, Beswick, Biggin and Davies—let us hope they can stand the strain.

The Battalion soccer side, led by a star in the football firmament, Alec Stock of Queen's Park Rangers, has been acquitting itself with honour. The rugger team has not played many matches, but Peggy, Andrew, Eric, Mills, Trumble and the rest are still with us, and the divisional cup will stay in its present place if they get half way to the top of their form. In other fields of sportive endeavour we have run a little, boxed a little and managed to keep ourselves fit, and we wait for the future with justifiable confidence.

To wind up these notes, the Battalion is happy and flourishing; regardless of many irritating snags in our path we seem to be making headway and we are proud of ourselves. We are learning to be soldiers fast, and we can pull up sugar beet with the most adept farm labourer.

COMPANY NOTES.

"A" COMPANY.—Since the last publication of this mine of information, "A" Company has spent most of its waking hours helping to maintain the home front. The Company is now fully proficient in any agricultural work from "flax pulling" to "potato digging." Our "Luck of the Draw" in respect of billets has been somewhat inconsistent, varying from "Wigwams" to palatial country farms.

The Company N.C.Os. have changed considerably. R.S.M. England, C.S.M. Bagshaw, C.Q.M.S. Davies and C.Q.M.S. Beswick are all to be congratulated on their promotions. C.Q.M.S. Davies is now with "D" Company and from all accounts is upholding the prestige of "A" Company. C.S.M. Bagshaw and C.Q.M.S. Beswick are still with the Company. Pte. Thomas is now applying his brains to wireless, and left us some time ago for a tour in the North Country.

Lt. Slater and 2nd Lt. Paterson have left us for warmer climates. We wish them all the best. We welcome to the Company Lt. Leach from No. 1 Platoon, 2nd Lt. Walker

from "B" Company and 2nd Lt. Scissors, a newcomer to the Battalion, straight from O.C.T.U.

It is regretted that sport has not figured prominently owing to the unsettled location, nevertheless several games of soccer have been played and proved very interesting. The officers and sergeants were soundly thrashed by the O.Rs., but revenge was sweet when the goal-posts were lengthened and an oval ball substituted for a round ball.

In conclusion, the Company wishes the best of luck to all those who have left us either for "civvy" life or service elsewhere.

"B" COMPANY.—Once again we have many changes to record. Capt. Kavanagh left the Company in November after a very short period in command; we welcome Capt. Parkes, who has already seen the "inside" of three companies in the Battalion.

Since the last issue, "Barry" has been married; we congratulate him. We welcome to the Company Lt. Wright, 2nd Lts. Reed, Stock, Kirwin, Brewis. C.S.M. Duncanson was stolen from "the wreckers" platoon in October, also Sgt. Hardy, who is now in charge of G.1098 and B.293, for which he has a crown and three.

On the whole the officers, N.C.Os. and men look very fit, for which we thank the summer P.T. 0700 to 0730; now we are all looking forward to next spring. The soccer team at present is "all out for victory"; no doubt "Alec's" keenness on the turf has created team spirit.

"C" COMPANY.—Until recently our working parties have been going very smoothly, except when they have been interrupted by the exigencies of training. Indeed, the Company now consider themselves past-masters at the ancient arts of pulling the beet and stacking the hay, and are ready to challenge any other body of men in England—Italian prisoners excepted, of course.

The Battalion continues to hold us at arm's length, but we are never forgotten. Periodical monsoons have descended on us, in spite of our isolation, and have swept away large batches of our officers. First and foremost in these changes, we have to record with infinite regret that Capt. Riddihough was torn from us to count the shekels in the P.R.I. office, and has since travelled even further from us. Nevertheless, his spiritual home will always be with the Company, and we all hope that he will pay us a visit as soon as he gets the chance. We have also lost Capt. Vickers, Derek Holland and Bill Bowes, whom we were glad to see again when he returned to us after an illness, and Freddie Pearce, who is now installed in the Regimental Museum up North. There were rumours that Vic. was going to leave us his dumb friend ("dumb" is about it!), but fortunately for C.S.M. Pearce's peace of mind, he took it with him. New arrivals have been 2nd Lts. Parkinson, Andreae and Clay, who had an all too short stay with us. However, let us hope he has managed to get warm at last!

We are now commanded by a well-known Indian warrior, Major Johnnie Lane, who has been with us since Vic.'s departure. We hope he will stay with us long, but we understand that he has other things in mind, and we can but advise him to take Bovril to prevent that sinking feeling! Several N.C.Os. have been spirited away into "H.Q." Company's web, and we wish them the best of luck in their new capacities.

Since the last set of notes was written, we have moved twice, but never nearer home. We are now lying in a spot which must have been delightful during summer before the war, but at present we are being assaulted by boisterous winds, very wet rain and a considerable quantity of mud. The writer at least is convinced that the mud follows him about at night. All the same, the whole Company is agreed that the billets are the most comfortable we have had for some time, and are now wondering how soon it will be before someone finds worse ones for us!

"D" COMPANY.—"Don" Company without "Don" is like Anne Boleyn—body without head. When our jovial O.C., Donald Roston, headed for warmer climes, one and

all felt the loss of this "Duke of Dukes." We wish him a happy landing and every success in his distant travels.

It says much for his successor, Capt. N. J. B. K., that the Company continues to run smoothly and ever to the fore; in welcoming him to this onerous position, we kept a wary eye open for secret weapons—"new broom," "ox-gun" and the like. But peace "reigns," keeping low the dust of "overturnings." And though the captain's candle burns late into the night, he is the early bird who catches the "worm" crawling down to a tardy brekker after a night on the tiles. Other newcomers are C.S.M. Sullivan and C.Q.M.S. Davies—the former with an outstanding soccer reputation from the 1st Battalion; his inclusion in the Company team has heightened our already high hopes in the soccer league. "Q" has taken in his stride the formidable obstacles of G.1098, "my wife's allotment," Pte. Snook's "drawers, woollen, long," and such other preliminaries to a straight-jacket!

After a while in our present area we should all be candidates for the chorus in the next show at the "Windmill" for "mud packs" are the order of each and every day! Making the most of this God-sent opportunity, we regularly plough strictly through the marshes that encircle us on cross country runs and marches.

At a recent Company concert the Battalion dance band played with such gusto that a gale warning was issued in the Channel. From our midst emerged much talent. No. 18 Platoon's "master of mirth" told us a few we didn't know; Pte. Kershaw tinkled and trilled but came off unscathed—probably due to the salvage drive! while Pte. Watson, D., brought out the animal in us with a masterly performance at the drums. And a vocal effort by the cook-sergeant solved the mystery of the sour duff t'other day! Silence is now enforced in the cookhouse. Thanks to Raleigh and Whitbread—and Mr. Hall's able canteen management—the atmosphere very soon became delightfully "D-ensa"!

Congratulations to "Teddy B." and "Johnny P." on gaining a paternal interest in life.

"H.Q." COMPANY.—Since last writing we have been on the move again—to a town at last after nearly twelve months of existence far from civilisation; still we did learn a little about farming during the brief moments between bulldogs and bumpers, etc. We are spending Christmas in the workhouse this year—yet another new experience for us, and plans are now completed to make it a big success; bunting and streamers have appeared from nowhere and the dining hall is gaily decorated.

We were all very sorry to lose our company commander, Johnny L., to "C" Company, but welcome Major Rivett in his stead, who has, we regret to say, started his command by promptly developing mumps. Nevertheless, he has timed his sick leave admirably for the Christmas festivities.

Congratulations to Jimmy Landless on his third pip, also for being a proud father. He is now weighed down with all his responsibilities. Peggy Leach has left us, we are very sorry to say, but welcome in his place Bill Halse, who is now carrying on the noble art of signalling.

The rest of "H.Q." Company's news is left to the platoons themselves.

NO. 1 PLATOON.—The sudden lapse in form of the Signals' football team is one of the mysteries of the Battalion, but they will come again, so to their conquerors we say *beware*.

Hello! Hello! This is No. 2 Platoon (A.A.) calling. We are pleased to welcome into the fold Cpl. Unger who we hope before long will be able to play two tunes on his saxophone. We still have with us our undaunted piper despite many threats.

Since our *curly-headed sergeant* took us shooting down balloons we are anxious to see if we can shoot down some Jerries, so Luftwaffe, *beware*.

Our solo drummer still maintains that the guard is turned out at Reveille, Retreat, Tattoo and ta-ta; will anyone interested please confirm this.

No. 3 PLATOON.—Our football team are thinking of challenging the Arsenal (bob a man). We are very sorry to have left Ramsden Ranch where we had a happy party on our own, especially the feather bed which two of our sergeants enjoyed.

Since the last issue we have lost our company commander, who seems so heart-broken that he talks of jumping off trains travelling at 20 m.p.h. We wish him all the best of luck.

The influx of new blood into the Recce Group has caused many grey hairs to the driver mechanics and driving instruction has made the civilians turn over in their beds.

The Platoon is now well up in the knowledge of world events, and we have a wireless in each room.

Recce Group sport has started to brighten up. We have a decent team and they are all out to win the league this year. We have also been playing some rugger occasionally—very occasionally, thank goodness.

No. 6 PLATOON, M.T. SECTION.—The past season has been a very busy one for all the lads of this section, but never have we been a happier lot. We like our new area but miss sometimes the services of Jack, that unforgettable dispenser of good cheer at the Social Club. It is with regret that we lost 2nd Lt. J. Denham, assistant transport officer, who now seeks fame with "Carson" Turton and his Pioneers. Our best wishes are with him. Now, Lt., begging his pardon, Captain J. Landless, with frequent tweakings of his inimitable moustache, carries on in solitary state, assisted by Humphries, the ever ready, and the maintenance circus, under its ringmaster, Cpl. "Whipper" Watson. We congratulate our old Transport Sgt. Swire on his promotion and extend to him and all the "old lads" of the Section our greetings.

A Battalion Somewhere in England.

OFFICERS' MESS.

Whilst waiting for our very own Mess to be completed, we have spread ourselves in little colonies around the countryside. Of course, many of our Benedicts live in the bosom of their families, some have even been seen airily pushing perambulators up and down the village street.

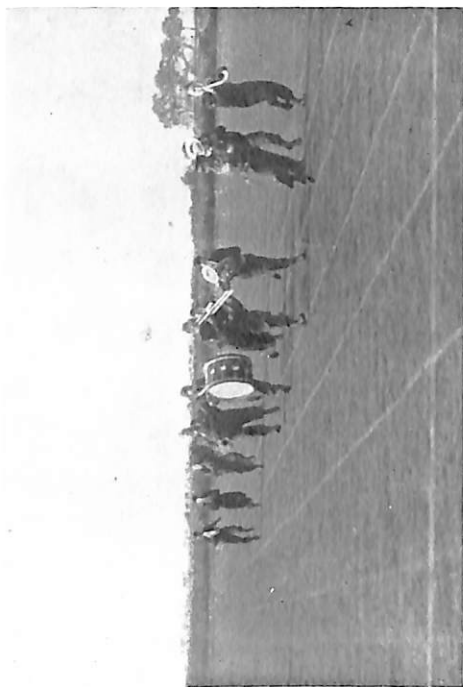
The C.O. and the second revelling in the new era, take high delight in inventing all sorts of T.E.W.T.S., sand table and cloth model exercises for our edification, and believe it or not, we enjoy them.

"Pullie" is now marshalling his rugger enthusiasts, with a view to local supremacy at least. Congratulations to Jeff on being "crowned," and even more on leaving the sedentary life for one of action. He looks ten years younger already. Welcome to "Ding-Dong" Bell, Tom Foweraker (pronounced Fire-eater) and all other "black-berries"—a fruity lot—we hope!

Old "Pick On" is smiling again and for very good reasons; firstly, "Bruce" does M.T.O. now; secondly, having acquired an increase in pippage (Congrats., Tom!), no more orderly officer! What a pity the Padre is so busy just now touring his parish—such a lot of game about—just asking for it. "Tiny" and "Lofty" continue to break the hearts of the local lads at darts. "Lofty" is P.M.C. (acting) and no complaints to date, but we wonder where he buys the Scotch which he keeps for special customers? Little Audrey, now a "really truly" adjutant, has acquired all the mystery and exclusiveness associated with that strange species.

By the way, Chris. Timoshenko—Thompson—who spends his time with us between Twickenham and Twickenham, is having much success with his points system; he regularly scores a ruthless 9 or 12—during week-ends. Alas, George is no longer around, having

AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT S.L. REGIMENT, R.A., SPORTS.





The late Mr. Wilson Sutcliffe.
(see page 46.)



Cpl. A. P. G. Ince.



Lt.-Col. C. W. G. Ince, O.B.E., M.C., and
Capt. R. H. Ince.

(see page 39.)

departed to higher formation in a crescendo of security. It is not believed that Ken Foulds, Just Jake to his friends, was caught in the car park by the guard whilst trying to palm three large "greenhouses."

Tommy Crowther and John N., the latter now a veteran husband of some six months, share a farm miles from anywhere, relying on the local fauna to wake them at reveille. That old warrior Tungate, whose motto is "Try anything once," has been experimenting with CO₂, much to the disgust of a certain driver i/c. Mac. still sojourns in Devon, but we hope to have him with us shortly. One of the local sights is watching Douglas Jones-Stamp playing "Tantivvy" on his hunting horn to bring his batman to heel. The other Douglas grows more Shavian as the days pass by. We are waiting for the beard to sprout.

Many other picturesque characters are here with us, for example "Jock" Williams, he of the rich baritone voice, which he will insist on using at full blast first thing in the morning. Then there is Jimmy Ingram, so dour by day, so genial by night; and that robust fellow, Kerr-Nesbitt grows more Falstaffian as the weeks go by. Eric (Little-by-little) Holland is busy organising the local W.A.A.F. His map-reading cadre course leads him into some interesting and profitable spots, which, needless to say, he has pinpointed for future reference. Our Boogly, Woogly Piggy, young Reggie Grieve, is achieving fame on the rugby field.

Tim (Sea Lion) Till who hob-nobs with the great at Brigade, sometimes manages to do a bit of slumming to see how the poor live. That wise bird, Dickie H., has chosen the right perch this time, near enough for a quick one—when he gets tired! Steve is as talkative as ever, indeed, one might describe him as a one-man debating society. We believe the M.O. vaccinated him with a gramophone needle. "Noah" Flood, Skelton, Ken Rhodes, Roach and Bob Walkden are disgustingly normal people, far too difficult to caricature. Jimmy James manages the P.R.I.'s onerous duties with method and benevolence, whilst "Waddy" has succeeded in almost humanising the adjutant's office. Poor Old Joe bringing up the rear, as usual, is the Pooh Bah of the outfit, his latest being Unit Pied Piper.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Since our last notes, we have said good-bye to R.S.M. "C.," and now congratulate R.S.M. "W.," who we know will guide us through our coming difficult times with good sense and fairness. We congratulate R.Q.M.S. Holmes on his promotion. Under the guidance of the Q.M. he promises well as a manager of a chain store! Also, we congratulate all our new members, especially those from other Corps, and we hope we can give that welcome that only real Yorkshiremen can give.

A Battalion in Yorkshire.

It is seldom that one can pick up any periodical to-day without finding in its columns a complaint of the paper shortage. Even classics like THE IRON DUKE appear to be feeling the draught, but it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and your sub-editor can, for the first time in his career, cut down his notes to a bare skeleton with the comforting knowledge that he is performing a patriotic and disinterested duty. But, in truth, he is making a virtue of a necessity, for there is little he can say that is worth saying. Our news must be principally confined to games, and though they form only a small part of our activities, we can be justifiably proud of our successes. For the first time in our history we have been sufficiently concentrated as a Battalion to organise and train Regimental teams.

Our soccer side has of late scored quite exaggerated figures in every match it has played, and the rugger team is rapidly becoming formidable. We have had only one boxing meeting, where we lost by a very small margin to the best team in the district, and with more experience and training we should soon produce a first-class team.

We have just finished very successful Christmas celebrations, and we take this opportunity of wishing our sister Battalions a Happy and Victorious New Year.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

This is our first contribution to THE IRON DUKE, and we take this opportunity of sending "greetings" to our sister Battalions, wherever they may be, and to wish them "good hunting" when, and wherever they come in contact with Hitler and his clique. In our present location we are very fortunate to have a Mess which very nearly approaches peace-time standards; it is well appointed and we are making the most of it.

During August, we had a visit from a few of the "stalwarts" of the Regiment, R.Q.M.S. Brooks, Vic. Whittell and Sandy Sunderland. We were delighted to see them, and although their visit was a brief one, we trust that they took away with them the impression that we are trying hard to maintain the best traditions of the old corps.

We run a dance every Saturday evening; this gives us an opportunity of meeting our officers and friends and we have had some pleasant evenings together.

During September, we ran a sweepstake on the "Cesarewitch." The draw provided an excuse for a smoker, which was a huge success. The Commanding Officer conducted the draw and made a hit by drawing for Mrs. Chatterton the winner, "Sun Castle"; we were delighted. We take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Chatterton for entertaining the Mess members shortly afterwards; it was a sporting gesture, and very much appreciated by all.

At a later date, some of us visited a famous Battalion on the occasion of a soccer and rugger match; we won the soccer but lost the rugger; next time we meet we hope to win both. After the game we were entertained royally in their Mess. It was a really splendid effort on their part. We thank R.S.M. Ley and the members of his Mess for a magnificent entertainment, and hope that at a not too future date we shall be able to arrange a return function, when we will endeavour to surpass even their efforts. It was nice to meet once again many of our old comrades in arms; Joe Annesley still looks good for a long time yet, and Bill Seaton looks as well as ever. Good luck to them all.

We have had a number of changes recently. We welcome C.S.M. Melvin, C.Q.M.S. Padgett and C.S.M.I. Bruton of Blackburn Rovers and international fame; we hope they have a long and pleasant stay with us. We also congratulate Sgt. Akrigg on his promotion to colour-sergeant.

Finally, we must record that during a little excitement a few nights ago the R.S.M. gave a display of high diving into a goldfish pond. It is to be regretted that at the time of the incident it was dark; he has, however, promised to repeat the performance in daylight, so as to bring out the finer points for the benefit of those curious people who missed the event.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

The earlier part of the season did not develop as well as we thought it might have done. Somehow, the team could not get going properly. We had the players, but they seemed to lack cohesion and plan; however, this was soon rectified by the timely arrival to the Battalion of C.S.M.I. Jack Bruton, the Blackburn Rovers' star and an international of some repute. This warrant officer has worked wonders with the team, and we are most grateful to him for the complete transformation which he has created in the side. Since his arrival we have not lost a match, all of them, except one, have been won by fairly big scores.

The following is a list of results to date and we hope to continue the good work in the new year:—5th November, D.W.R. 6 goals, R.W. Fusiliers 1 goal; 8th November, D.W.R. 8 goals, — Regiment R.A. 3 goals; 12th November, D.W.R. 6 goals, D.W.R. 4 goals; 15th November, D.W.R. 5 goals, R.A.F. 1 goal; 22nd November, D.W.R. 10 goals, Gloucester Regiment 1 goal; 29th November, D.W.R. 8 goals; Recce Battalion 1 goal;

4th December, D.W.R. 7 goals, Y. and L. Regiment 1 goal ; 6th December, D.W.R. 3 goals, R.A.F. 3 goals ; 10th December, D.W.R. 10 goals, R.W. Fusiliers 1 goal ; 13th December, D.W.R. 10 goals, K.S.L.I. nil. Well done.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

In spite of a nucleus of last year's side, the rugger side began badly, and by losing the first match of the season and drawing the second we found ourselves knocked out of the Divisional competition. However, with the help of a general change-round and the introduction of new players, the side has gone from strength to strength. We owe a debt to our full back, who has turned himself into a brilliant scrum-half, and to many old-timers, including "Jumbo" Miles, Sgt. Metcalfe, Cpl. Colbeck and Joe Hirst, who have all turned out regularly and done much to put the side on its feet. To add to this list one would have to include many players of both Rugby League and Rugby Union who have settled down to make the present team worthy of a regimental side.

We had a most enjoyable fixture with another Battalion of the Regiment in Lincolnshire, even though we were well beaten. We still hope that a return fixture, when we may supply the beer and win the game, may be possible. So far this season we have lost 3, drawn 1 and won well over 12 matches. An attractive fixture list has been arranged for the coming months, and we hope to complete the season stronger than ever.

The difficulty of running inter-company matches has been enormous, but with the help of the growing popularity of rugby in the Battalion and many spirited supporters who cheer the Battalion side, we hope to run an inter-company rugger tournament in January and February. These notes would not be complete without a mark of esteem to our Medical Officer, who so efficiently handles the whistle and learns more and more about obstruction as the season goes on.

GEMS FROM AN EXAMINATION PAPER.

(Recorded somewhere in Yorkshire.)

1. Grenades weigh 4lbs. and are filled nightly with glycerine.
2. When you are firing at a target and there is a dip in the ground and a man in it, he is deflated.
3. Cavalry, some of which are mobile.

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

Two winters of war has taught the Regiment much, and the prospect of a third in the field is viewed with confidence. The approach of Christmas brings that feeling of anticipation culminating in the Christmas spirit which flourishes alike in field and family, hut and house.

Work by day and watch by night, summer and winter alike, is the lot which has fallen to us. Interspersed are such occasions as inter-battery games and the very successful regimental sports. These were held on a beautiful day at the end of which the Brigadier presenting the prizes expressed the feelings of all when he termed it "a most enjoyable afternoon."

Apart from these sports and two very hospitable functions at Brigade and Regimental "H.Q.," routine has occupied our minds, and time has passed swiftly and peacefully.

Although no great losses in quantity of officers and other ranks have occurred lately, it is with deep regret that we say farewell to such old and tried members of the Mess as Capt. G. H. Binns, Lt. R. V. Garton and Lt. J. F. Overton. The Regiment has also lost a pleasing and capable instructor in 2nd Lt. F. L. Harris.

As most of the sergeants have changed Messes lately, we hope that they have settled down in their new quarters as comfortably as possible. No doubt this will be the case after suitable preliminary acquisitions and dispositions have been made. The acquisition of a billiard table has greatly increased the amenities of the old "Mirfield" Mess. Sgt. F. Walker has been granted a commission and is now back serving with the Regiment in his new capacity. The R.S.M., who is already in possession of the Territorial Efficiency medal and clasp, has been awarded the Efficiency medal (Territorial).

We welcome the following officers who have joined the Regiment during the last few months:—2nd Lts. J. H. Baker, S. G. Rowland, K. F. C. Wood, F. Walker, H. J. Gilbert, A. W. Simpson, C. H. T. Barber and E. R. W. Blackwell.

We congratulate 2nd Lt. P. F. R. Griffiths on his engagement to Junior Commander A. K. Broadbent. Our best wishes and congratulations go to Capt. P. Hinchcliff on the birth of a son, and to 2nd Lt. H. Cooke on the birth of a daughter.

D.W.R. Infantry Training Centre.

Some months having elapsed since our farewell to Elysium, we now venture to unshroud the mystery which veiled our departure from that town and the circumstances of our arrival here. As uneventful a train journey as the writer can remember—a last testimony perhaps to Ken G's staffwork—deposited us at the small country station of B, from whence we marched to our new billets quickened to the tunes of the D.L.I. band. At the camp a most impressive welcome awaited us as we marched on to the square and in traditional manner were greeted by all ranks of the D.L.I. and addressed by our new Commanding Officer on their behalf.

Since then a period of great re-organisation has followed, details of which would be out of place here. Suffice it to say, however, that whatever difficulties might have been encountered in the way of efficient administration and training have all been smoothed away. No too great tribute could be paid to our new friends for the way in which they have contributed to our comfort and well-being. Now, happily for all of us, though we still retain our regimental individuality, a great spirit of comradeship prevails between our two Regiments, and much friendly competition and fusion of different ideas has given us all a fillip in the direction of better things.

OFFICERS' MESS.

Amongst those of us who scorn the gentler a(r)ts of those we left behind at Wellington Barracks, "Creepy" and "Tuppence" figure prominently. The former is now P.R.I. and also concerned in the welfare of a large number of pigs. The latter, when he can be spared from his duties as second i/c, can be seen at odd intervals ploughing his way through the rough on the course nearby. A rumour that the hon. secretary has written requesting him to move on to the second hole has been proved to be malicious! Jimmy P. can often be seen too, when not engaged in giving paternal advice to local A.T.S. In this he was assisted by Peter Cockcroft until recently when it was decided that his unmarried status was a handicap. 'Tis whispered that Peter proposes to remedy this shortly. "Mac" McCreddie is developing an offensive spirit in the H.G. In which direction we are not told. Robbie goes about with a crown, and as an epicurean has much to do with the culinary excellence of our Mess. Dick Royds and Peter Green still preserve unbroken fronts, the former either at the 18th or 19th and the latter amid a welter of "paper" strength and "y" lists. Peter K. occasionally voices his opinion but things go on just the same. George Littler was with us and appeared to be in the running for the adjutant's stakes, but later deserted us to reorganise Corps "H.Q." Neil Pascall, John Brook and George Pedley are on leave pending certain mysterious departures, whilst John "Twin" Horsfall has come to thaw out. Incidentally, more recently we encountered

a tropical luxuriance in our midst which, on parting the undergrowth, proved to be Jimmy Ogden blown here by a S.E. trade, but now unfortunately on sick leave. "Tiny" (Carrier) Carden, Peter Garnett, Nick, Donald McGuffog and Jack Robertson are still with us, the latter frequently demonstrating great agility with the winter spheroid. Freddie Pearse has also joined us and has now gone away to learn all about weapons!

So much for our personalia. Our Mess is equally distinctive. Frequent cases have occurred of officers losing themselves and only being found several days later groping their way about the underground passages and secret staircases that abound. Any officer with a tendency for head-hunting would delight in the variety of specimens to be found here, though much abstemiousness has been caused through the number of fearsome glances from the walls which accompany one to bed after a band night, whilst the cry of peacocks from the lawns does nothing to lessen one's anxiety in this respect. The myth of the "White Lady of B." has been exploded on the discovery of the orderly cook in unexpected places.

In a period when much has happened the visit of H.R.H. the Princess Royal to lunch is most prominent. A number of officers were presented.

The Band spent a week with us, during which time they proved themselves very popular and played at a number of dances. The massed Bands of the two Regiments also played "Retreat" on one occasion, and we had the pleasure of the Band in Mess twice. The Colonel of the Regiment has visited us and we have entertained quite a few local celebrities.

We have played several games of rugger with the D.L.I. but are lighter in the pack, though we have won and lost fairly evenly.

Any officer with agricultural, architectural or zoological leanings is cordially invited to visit us.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

As most of our readers are already aware, we changed our place of abode in August to join our new comrades the D.L.I., and right royally they received us. For those members of the Regiment who were fortunate enough to be present on that auspicious occasion it will be a lifelong memory. We hope to have many more nights like it before we have to say adieu to this place, for we all realise that the day will come when we shall be hiking up Gibbet Street again, and although we shall be loath to leave we shall all be glad to get back to the land of "fish and chips."

Since arriving here several changes have taken place within the Mess; old faces keep appearing and disappearing, notable amongst these are the arrivals of C.S.M. (Chinny) Holder and C.Q.M.S. (Skipper) Churchill. It seems that even the fortunes of war cannot separate the Siamese twins, as members of the 2nd Battalion will remember. Several W.Os. and sergeants join us from day to day and also depart for pastures new, one departure of note being C.S.M. (Chesty) Anderson, who along with other W.Os. and sergeants, was posted to another Regiment. Good luck to them.

Various competitions have just been concluded in the Mess and the "local lads" fared well in them. We have had several darts matches with the local pubs. and up to press are holding our own. Our "star" players, "Dinger" Bell and Percy Hickox, are the numbers one and two of the I.T.C. team. We have had several dances recently and owing to the organising abilities of our amusement committee presided over by "Chinny" they have all been voted a huge success.

In closing these notes, we wish all our readers a bright and prosperous New Year, hoping that 1942 will bring peace once again to our dear old shores.

COMPANY NOTES.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY.—Captain Peter Knight has assumed the dignity of Baron de B., and together with Neil Pascall, Keeper of the Castle Keys, holds dominion

over a number of tireless serfs composed of men of both Regiments. Our employment roll more closely resembles a list of characters in a Philpotts' play than anything else, including as it does such various occupations as gardeners, geesemen, pigeon feeders, pigmen and punka wallahs!

We are good at football. If this inspires a challenge, beware! Our chief difficulty is to meet our opponents' requests not to play more than half the Depot team! This should dispel any idea that we are a lot of crocks. Actually we draw the line at crutches.

Our battle cry is "We Also Serve Who Only Stand And Wait." If we are attacked, we propose to pour boiling lead over our assailants from our battlemented towers.

DEPOT COMPANY.—Captain (Not so) P. D. Green presides over a Company more reminiscent of a Labour Exchange than any recognisable military formation. Comprising several hundred souls of both Regiments, this heterogeneous miscellany of categorical humanity is the official source from which flows a constant stream of "employees" engaged in such divers fatigues as peacock searching, potato picking, pig cleaning, turf laying, etc.

Capt. John "Twin" Horsfall, just returned from a "cold climate" for an administrative appointment, is expecting a seat in the Ministry of Labour consequent upon his recent experiences here! A rumour that the Minister of Pensions was to visit us proved to be false. 2nd Lt. T. B. Williams, now bemoaning the loss of his furniture to the Japanese, is pining for a return to his "native" land and is heard muttering imprecations in Malayan. 2nd Lt. Donald McGuffog is with us, but 2nd Lt. "Duggy" King has unfortunately left us for a D.L.I. Battalion.

To all men of Depot Company posted by Records to other Regiments—Good luck.

"C" COMPANY.—Since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE little of note has occurred excepting the promotion of our C.O., now Major T. W. Robertson. Best wishes to him.

At football the Company has more than held its own in the various matches played in the local league—even holding the crack team of Headquarter Company to a draw.

The Christmas dinner served in the camp was excellent, thanks to the untiring efforts (we presume) of our master cook C/Sgt. P., and his staff. All ranks of "C" Company gave a choice rendering of select songs directed by that wizard of the bâton, Sgt. Cockerill, his energy being due no doubt to the "D" collected on his recent course. C.Q.M.S. Hickox led the "singing" amidst applause. Another N.C.O. full of beans is Sgt. Carter, just recently returned from a commando's course. The cadre frequently faint at recollection of his gentle manners.

On the whole the N.C.Os. in the Company are the same as on our arrival here. We welcome, however, L/Cpl. (Postman) Clarke and L/Cpl. (Willie) Ogden. We congratulate Cpls. Walker and Edwards on their promotion to lance-sergeant and L/Cpl. Davison on his promotion to corporal.

"D" COMPANY.—Capt. "Dick" Royds is "boss" here when not with the H.G., in which event 2nd Lt. "Tiny" Carden assumes command. Until recently the Company mustered "Bob" Johnson and 2nd Lt. F. E. Hiorns, both now, however, have left for line Battalions. The latter as an exponent of the ancient order of "hut swooping" had no rivals here.

On the whole the Company has settled down well in its new surroundings. We started off by assuming the rôle of "Home for Lost Dogs," including "Y" List personnel, but after passing these on to Depot Company (so glad to receive them), we found that we had only N.C.Os. left. Our eyes were dazzled with countless stripes, and crowns were as numerous as the ribbons on our chests.

C.S.M. "Chesty" left us for a Yorkshire Regiment. His successor, C.S.M. "Chinny," occasionally pops in to see us. C.Q.M.S. "Sammy" Halstead has left us for a warmer clime. Our new C.Q.M.S., "Dinger," has settled down well but resents being dragged into fire courses, as do "Hally" and "Shack," nevertheless they are all very proud of

their diplomas. C.S.M. "Tom" Uttley is here and specialises in the inspection of hut door tops.

In hut 38 the famous "Spud" Waller frequently delights the rookies, and brings back happy memories to the "old 'uns" by sitting round the fire spinning yarns of his escapades in various parts of the world with additional dialogue by "Geordy" Dawson. "Duggy," the late messing sergeant, is now a budding commando. R.S.M. Cubitt and R.S.M. Barnes have both been and gone. We congratulate the latter on the award of the M.B.E.; Military Division. C.S.M. Hoddinott has also been and gone. -

OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS

(1st and 2nd BATTALIONS).

The activities of the Association for the period 1st July to mid-December are summarised as follows:—

Fourteen applications for assistance were received from ex-members of the 1st and 2nd Battalions and the sum of £18 15s. 0d. was disbursed in aid. Two members of the 2nd Battalion who did not otherwise qualify for assistance were helped from the 2nd Battalion Charitable Fund to the extent of £5 12s. 6d. A 3rd Battalion applicant of the wayfarer class was given bus fare at 2s. to help him on his way. The administrator of the 9th Battalion Fund made grants to two necessitous cases, totalling £7.

Various gifts of clothing have been made during this period, and the committee are grateful to Captain R. A. Scott for a parcel of underwear. Further gifts of this nature would be welcome.

5th BATTALION.

The committee of the O.C.A. of the 5th Battalion have issued a small booklet containing a brief history of that Battalion, now an Anti-Aircraft Searchlight Regiment, R.A. The history was compiled by the President of the Association, Colonel Keith Sykes, and is prefaced by a word of greeting to all ranks of the Regiment. It traces the history of the old 5th Battalion from its formation in 1859 until it was transformed into a Searchlight Regiment in 1936, with details of the service of the first and second line Battalions during the last war; and it closes with some notes on the activities of the Regiment since that transformation. We are indebted to the committee for a copy of the booklet.

EDITOR.

10th (SERVICE) BATTALION.

We have not taken up much space in THE IRON DUKE since the war started, but feel impelled to do so now because of the regrettable death of Lt. Andrew A. Jackson at his home at Mytholmroyd, near Halifax, on Thursday, 27th November.

He was a most active member of our committee and had been directly interested in the work of the O.C.A. since its inception in 1933. Lately, he had represented the 8th, 9th and 10th (Service) Battalions on the Mitchell Trust Fund. He served with our unit in France and Italy; he was wounded in the raid on Vaister Spur on the night of 26th-27th August, 1918, and was a most popular officer.

He was only 53 years of age. Since 1913 he had been headmaster of Burnley Road Council School, Mytholmroyd, and had taken part in most local activities—including, of course, the British Legion. He leaves a widow. The O.C.A. was represented at the funeral at Elland Cemetery on 1st December, and sent a wreath as a mark of their respect and their keen regret at his death.

The committee held their annual meeting in Bradford on 25th October, when Major W. N. Town (Chairman) and the other officers and members of the committee were re-elected.

The accounts showed a very healthy state of affairs. Besides a loan of £50 free of interest to H.M. Treasury, the O.C.A. had a credit balance of £24 18s. 4d. ; so that when the war ends it will be able to resume operations immediately.

A suggestion has been made by Lt. J. R. Dickinson of Barrow-in-Furness that the O.C.A. should endeavour to comply with the request of the Editor of THE IRON DUKE that details of the national service at present being rendered by former members of the Regiment should be compiled. The Hon. Secretary (Mr. George R. Goodchild, 991 Leeds Road, Thornbury, Bradford) is willing to do this if former men of the 10th (Service) Battalion will let him know what they are doing.

Here, however, is a start :—Capt. R. S. S. Ingram, R.A.F. ; Sgt. C. Hoyle (Signallers), R.A.F. ; Cpl. H. Bray (orderly room), lieutenant in Bradford Home Guard ; R.Q.M.S. Frank Stephenson, C.Q.M.S. in Bradford Home Guard ; Lt. W. Brown, Bradford Home Guard ; Major W. N. Town, Leeds Civil Defence Service (warden) ; E. Dracup, Bradford Home Guard ; J. Feather, Keighley Home Guard ; G. R. Goodchild, senior O. i/c " B " Division Report Centre (Bradford Civil Defence Service) ; L. Pickles, Keighley Home Guard ; Lt. J. R. Dickinson, second-in-command of his company in Barrow-in-Furness Home Guard.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE COMPANY, D.W.R., SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD FORCE

At an executive meeting recently held it was decided that the Association should continue to function for the " duration " though annual re-unions and dinners are now obviously out of the question. At the same time it may be borne in mind that when this world conflict is ended it will be duly celebrated by those whom providence will have spared.

The above meeting was well attended and members present showed their confidence by paying up subscriptions, some to the end of 1942. They likewise contributed generously to the benevolent fund as well as making two grants from it. This in spite of the fact that not a drop of good English beer was to be had from the hotel in which the meeting was held.

Members will recognise the increased costs of stationery and postage, the only means of keeping contact with the Association, hence an appeal is made to associate members to keep up their subscriptions (some of which are now two years overdue), and thus maintain the old volunteer spirit, which was so significant of willingness some 42 years ago. Many members are now directly acting for national welfare in the same old voluntary spirit, and therefore showing that there's life in the old dogs yet, even though the three score years' span has been long passed.

During the past year the death has occurred of Sgt. W. E. Tolson, O.B.E., of the Holmfirth section. He saw service in the Great War as well as in South Africa. His prompt and daring action in dealing with fire at a local munitions factory gained for him the national honour of the O.B.E. He was crippled permanently as a result of his bravery. Keenly interested in all spheres of activities, work, sport, rifle-shooting and Boy Scouts, he was also a very successful allotment holder. He " sat " as the model for the two South African plaques erected in the old Holmfirth Drill Hall. In him the Association mourns the loss of another staunch supporter.

The general fund of the Association shows a bank balance of £29.

Col. Keith Sykes once urged us to remain in Association up to the last two survivors. This we hope to do, so please stick to us. There are very few units of our category in existence, though of course we are " Old Dukes " ; hence we are hanging on and mean to do so as we did some forty odd years ago.

All the best. Cheerio, until we meet once again round the festive board and renew the happy days of yore (and with a drop of decent ale to help matters on).

E. M. W.

H.M.S. IRON DUKE.

c/o G.P.O., London,
9th December, 1941.

Dear Mr. Editor,

It is with a certain amount of diffidence that we take up the pen to write to you this time, because we do not think that it can have escaped the eagle eye of your readers that it was not only pressure of work that made our last letter to you so brief, but also that there had been some lapse of memory. This is in fact true, but we must plead some excuse that we were, just at the critical time, when the article was to have been completed, very busy.

We live in hopes that some of the Regiment will pay us a visit one day. We are not allowed to divulge to you our whereabouts, or how the visit can be achieved, but we can assure you of this, that if any of you should find your way, then we will give you as great a welcome as you have ever had in days gone by.

We are sending you a sketch of one of the ship's company done by our most renowned artist. We are not sure if it will pass the Editor. But in order that it shall pass the censor, you will notice that the artist in his fear of breaking the regulations, has most faithfully disguised the cap-ribbon. It is perhaps only fair to the original to say that he does not usually grow hair on his chin, as he appears to do here.

We always look forward to the magazine, and we think it is one of the finest periodicals of the war.

Our best wishes to you, wherever you may be. We do not forget you.

H.M.S. "IRON DUKE."



The Duke of Wellington's Regimental Comforts Fund.

GIFTS IN KIND.

Sowerby Bridge Red Cross, per Mrs. A. L. Sutcliffe ; P.R.I., 9th Battalion D.W.R. ; Mrs. Wildy ; Mrs. W. M. Watson ; Miss R. M. Cole ; Wells, Norfolk, G.F.S., per Miss Jenny Baker ; Mrs. Cecil Ince ; Mrs. Henochsberg ; Mrs. Paton ; Col. B. St. T. le Marchant ; Mrs. C. J. Pickering ; Mrs. Hack, per Lady Sutcliffe ; Mrs. H. Earnshaw ; Miss A. Thompson, Downs Hospital for Children ; Mrs. H. P. Travers ; Rothwell Drive Knitting Circle, per Mrs. Moseley ; Mr. Sam Smith.

CASH DONATIONS.

Mr. J. Broadbent ; Mrs. Johnston May ; Society of Yorkshiremen in London ; Mrs. Mabel E. Trafford ; Lt.-Col. M. V. le P. Trench. No. 4. I.T.C. (D.W.R.).

PRISONERS OF WAR DEPARTMENT.

A "Prisoners of War" Department has been formed at the Depot, Halifax. The object of this department is threefold : (1) To help with the individual parcels sent by relatives to prisoners four times a year ; (2) to help relatives with any problems which arise concerning Army allowances, etc. ; (3) to help relatives financially and otherwise when distress is being caused by war conditions.

We have 164 Regimental prisoners and are in touch with all their relatives ; we have also become affiliated to the "Prisoners of War Relatives Association" so that the latest news can reach us.

Financial assistance and woollen comforts are urgently required to carry on this work. Wool can be supplied for working parties free of charge—and free of coupons !

All correspondence should be addressed to the P.R.I., Depot, D.W.R., Halifax, Yorkshire, who would be glad to hear from ladies of the Regiment who are willing to help in any way.

Donations, etc., have already been received from the following :—Miss Jenny Baker ; Major-Gen. W. M. Ozanne, M.C. ; Rothwell Drive Knitting Circle, per Mrs. E. Moseley ; P.R.I., No. 145 R.A.C. (8th Battalion) ; 2/7th Battalion D.W.R. ; Col. R. H. Goldthorpe, D.S.O. ; Mr. Hodgson ; Mrs. I. A. Croker-Fox ; Sergeants' Mess, Depot, D.W.R. (proceeds from ball in aid of "Dukes" Prisoners of War Fund) ; Mrs. H. P. Travers ; Sergeants—"Dukes" at Brancepeth ; Carol Singing Party, No. 6 A.T.S., T.C.

From "The Times" of 1841.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1841. Price 5d.

["UP, GUARDS, AND AT 'EM"].—The authenticity of the following anecdote may be relied on :—"The Duke of Wellington recently honoured one of the most distinguished of living sculptors by sitting to him for his bust. The artist, wishing to observe the full play of the Duke's features . . . suggested that, if it could be made to represent his Grace at the moment when he uttered the memorable words 'Up, Guards, and at 'em' at Waterloo, the statue would be more popular at the present day and be more highly valued by posterity. The Duke laughed very good humouredly at this observation, and said 'Ah! the old story. People will invent words for me . . . but really I don't know what I said. I saw that the moment for action was come, and I gave the command for attack. I suppose the words were brief and homely enough, for they ran through the ranks and were obeyed on the instant . . . but I am sure I don't recollect them, and I very much doubt whether anyone else can.'"—*Britannia.*

THE REGIMENTAL WAR MEMORIAL.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS FOR 1940.

RECEIPTS.				EXPENDITURE.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Balance brought forward, 31.12.39	46	18	0	Upkeep of Chapel ...	4	17	5
Subscriptions ...	31	2	0	Gratuities, Sexton ...	4	0	0
Receipts from Chapel box ...	9	3	9	IRON DUKE, subscription ...	9	0	0
Sale of Regimental History ...	1	2	0	IRON DUKE, printing ...	10	0	0
Deposit interest ...	10	0	0	Postage ...	1	10	½
				Balance credit ...	78	17	5½
...	£88	15	9		£88	15	9

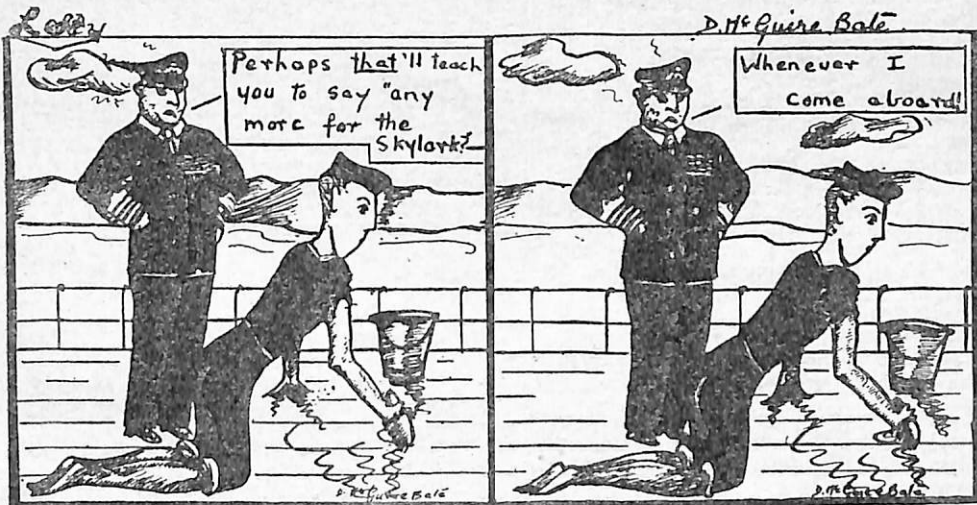
BALANCE SHEET.

ASSETS.				LIABILITIES.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Balance at Bank ...	76	16	3	Due to Children's Flower Fund ...	100	11	9
Cash with Hon. Treasurer ...	2	1	2½	Balance credit of Fund on 31.12.1940	78	5	8½
On deposit at Lloyds Bank, Ltd., 6 Pall Mall, S.W.1 ...	100	0	0				
	£178	17	5½		£178	17	5½

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

Littlecroft, West Clandon, near Guildford.

5th January, 1941.



THE PURSUIT OF THE T.E.W.T.

"Just the place for a T.E.W.T.," the Major cried

As he gazed o'er the slumbering plain,
"Just the place for a T.E.W.T.; but what kind of a T.E.W.T.

Is the problem that puzzles my brain.

"I have forty-six officers coming at ten
All agog and equipped for the fray,
With notebooks and pencils and maps, but, alas,
I've forgotten the plot of the play.

"Through my talent for making out schemes
I've attained

My present respectable rank,
But now at this critical moment my mind
Is a perfect and absolute blank.

"I had written a narrative witty and wise
With completely new problems and data
With aeroplane photographs, sketches and plans
And a list of amended errata.

"But I've lost it, it's vanished beyond all
recall,
Though I know it was frightfully good.
It might have been mines, or conventional signs,
Or protracted defence of a wood.

"I've lectured on fieldcraft, I've lectured on gas,
I've discoursed on grenades and patrols,
I've sharpened their wits on the digging of pits
And debated the tactics of moles.

"I've fortified villages, studied supply,
Repelled fierce assaults on my flanks,
I've rounded up parachute troops by the score
And hunted imaginary tanks.

"Shall I call the great minds of the past to
my aid
And beg them their tactics reveal
To these forty-six chaps with their notebooks
and maps,
All bursting with breakfast and zeal?

"Or shall I descend to my hoary old friend,
A march across country by night,
I've done it three times, but at least one can say
When I've done it three times it is right?"

So mused the unfortunate Major. At last
Sinking down by the side of a stream,
Overcome by his sorrow he fell fast asleep
And dreamed a peculiar dream.

He dreamt he had summoned to Battersea Park
Great generals of various nations
And was holding a T.E.W.T. on the weapons of
war
And the theory of ground and formations.

Augustus Adolphus and Marlborough were there,
Napoleon and Robert E. Lee,
With Wellington, Hannibal, Fabius, Foch,
And others of lesser degree.

A famous announcer from Broadcasting House
Had arrived in a fawn-coloured suit,
And reporters galore, for never before
Had the Empire tuned in to a T.E.W.T.

There were Cabinet Ministers, Lords of Appeal,
Several bishops, a duke, and a dean,
Tipsters and bookmakers shouting the odds
And stars from the stage and the screen.

But somehow the show didn't go with a bang.
The generals all argued and swore.
Whatever the question Foch answered
"J'attaque,"

While Wellington murmured "Withdraw."

Napoleon insisted he wanted more guns
And loaded the board with abuse,
Hannibal sulked, because Marlborough main-
tained
His elephants weren't any use.

Fabius, of course, arrived late on parade
And immediately quarrelled with Blücher,
Stonewall Jackson chewed gum and Goering
looked glum
Because no one thought much of his Stuka.

Hengist and Horsa called the Black Prince a cad,
Attila pinched his protractor,
And Boadicea's great eyes filled with tears
When Cæsar ungallantly smacked her.

Rude words led to blows and soon battle was
joined,
Adolphus got one on the jaw;
"Warm work," said the Duke, and a blow of his
fist
Laid Ludendorff flat on the floor.

The turmoil grew fiercer, blood reddened the
sward,
None heeded the Major's request
To get on with the T.E.W.T. So at last in
despair
He put them all under arrest.

At this moment of anguish he woke in a sweat,
His watch showed a quarter past three,
So he softly and silently trotted off home,
For the T.E.W.T. had been cancelled, you see.

Now he lectures on searchlights, he lectures on
law,
On contours and King's Regulations,
On sappers and cyphers, but never again
Will he lecture on ground and formations.

O. P.

Hythe Course.

In peace time a Hythe course is, or used to be, something of a metaphorical laurel wreath for the officer selected for it, the reward of hard work and of a certain natural facility in handling small arms ; in war, with new weapons and consequently new methods of approach, appearing almost daily, its implied compliment is eclipsed by the unfeigned apprehension with which a posted candidate views it. So at least I judge, as the wife of one who has recently passed through this onerous mill (I had already learnt, by the means of having been brought up in the Army as well as married into it, that a soldier's wife is required to combine unnatural powers of endurance in order to cope with constant moves, a calm which can surmount lost luggage and non-existent accommodation, great gifts as a needlewoman, a cook, and a tailoress, in addition to all those human qualities normally expected in any wife ; to this, since the Hythe course, I find one should add high secretarial and educational qualifications if one is to be in any sense considered an efficient helpmeet).

The course lasts approximately five weeks, and can be divided into a corresponding five sections—namely, Apprehension, Reassurance, Industry, Exhaustion, and finally, Frenzy ; each of which has to be met as it comes and smoothed away.

The first begins at the moment the Candidate's name is posted and runs till the end of his journey to camp, *via* the degrees of " I Have No Time To Prepare In " and " Every Other D.... Man on This Course Will Know More Than I Do," to the final cry of " My Name Must Have Been Put Down by Mistake and I Shouldn't be Going There At All." With the exception of Stage V this is the most exhausting one to deal with, exceeding even the trials of Stage III.

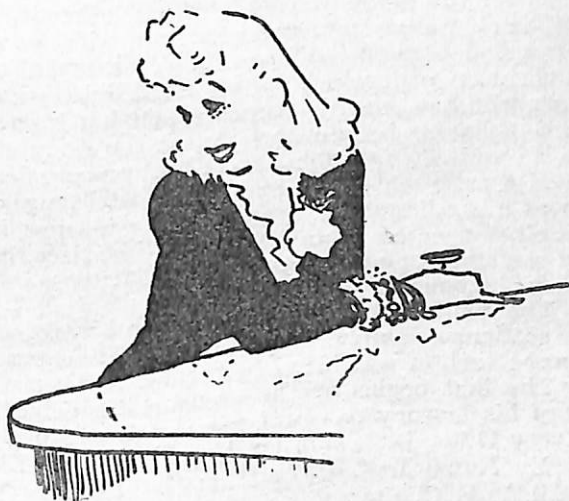
Harrowing verbal pictures are painted for himself by the Candidate, *genii* from the Gunners, crack shots from the Rifle Brigade, Sergeant Instructors who know more than an entire Army Corps, all this is repeated and magnified *ad infinitum*.

Stage II succeeds rapidly on Stage I from the moment the Candidate is safely lodged in the train *en route* for Bisley, and has had leisure to observe that other rifle-burdened officers are going the same way, all wearing the expression of hunted misery which he himself has displayed. Reassurance proceeds apace once he has further discovered that the camp is like any other camp, that the inhabitants of the Mess in no wise differ from any other and show his own inclination to fortify their spirits by a drink, and that the instructors seem men of unusual mildness. (To those wives therefore whose husbands are bound for the same destination I will point out that Stage II will be their only leisured and peaceful interval during the course, and that it is as well to make the most of it.)

Stage III is heralded by many symptoms. The sudden appearance all over the room of grubby white cards illustrating the hindquarters of a tank or the upper half of a German soldier encircled by rings showing at what moment these should be fired on is one ; so is the arrival of packages of books on aircraft identification and a conversational trend wholly concerned with " an- and di-hedrals," " lift," " cannon fire " and other technical terms. This will be followed by incessant demands from the Candidate that you should " Hear His Piece," such demands being generally made at awkward moments, as in the middle of breakfast preparation, the middle of the night, or the exact instant when you are trying to set your hair. There will be much copying to be done, and even, if you are considered handy with a pencil, diagrams of bomb construction to be enlarged. (This last will leave you with an enduring respect for the bomb disposal squads of the R.E.)

Moments of acute depression must also be met, and embittered anecdotes of how some insignificant and unpleasant fellow candidate showed unnecessary prowess on the range gently placed in their right proportion. This stage is one which will last until about ten days before the end of the course, by which time you yourself will be in almost

the same stage of nervous weariness as the Candidate. The period of Exhaustion, Stage IV, is one that will be considerably more restful mentally, though apt to produce several wounds to your pride, as it is largely surmounted by excursions to a good restaurant for dinner and dance, with the knowledge that the Candidate's eye is likely to light on some platinum lovely in the bar wearing several years' coupons-worth of clothing, and that his expression of wistful yearning will be one you will not enjoy watching. Outbursts of extravagance are also likely on the grounds of "let us eat and drink for to-morrow (or next week, according to the date of the final examination) we die." These must not be commented on unless you wish to be made to feel a monster of cruelty, as the Candidate will round on you asking pathetically why his "Last Bit of Fun" should be forbidden him.



"A platinum lovely."

The stage of Frenzy is one I do not wish to dwell on now. Into it was packed a complete resumé of the course from A to Z, five weeks' worry as to the ultimate result, the entire text of several intricate handbooks and a verbal cross-examination on How to Destroy Unexploded Grenades (a piece of knowledge which I fancy will last me a lifetime) plus an extensive ranging over all the unlikely subjects which the examiners "might" pick on as matter for awkward questions in the written papers. The evening before the examination bore a marked resemblance to the Last Moments of a convict in the condemned cell though we managed to steer clear of Total Collapse.

The Candidate walked to the examination room next morning with an upright bearing and a steady footstep.

And the result? We (taking it by and large it is permissible to say "We," don't you think?)—we were rewarded by an A certificate, so those five weeks of hard labour were not wasted ones.

C. B. A.

Our Contemporaries.

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

From One Old Duke to Another.

As a pensioner residing for some 21 years within "Bugle Call" of our Regimental Headquarters, which I pass almost daily, I at times tarry for a few moments at the gates and reflect upon the various episodes that have taken place during, say, the past 43 years, within that walled enclosure.

There must be a good number of "Old Soldiers" alive to-day who have not either seen or heard of the doings there since leaving the service, except, perhaps, through the Depot notes in our Regimental magazine, and these "Old Dukes" must, at some time or other, recall happy memories of Highroad Well. It is to these old soldiers that I now refer.

To me, generally speaking, there seems but little change. As one approaches the Barracks, one spies the familiar fort-like armoury building, and on looking through the new iron gates, the same two blocks of barracks, guard room, officers' mess and married quarters come into view.

The lawn looks as neat, trim and green as ever, and a casual glance around reveals the same orderliness as in days gone by.

What "Old Duke" of, say, in the 90's of last century, does not conjure up in his memories, at the mention of the Depot, the names of the stalwarts of those days:— That fine, soldierly-looking gentleman, Col. H. M. Le Mottée, ably assisted by his adjutant, Capt. F. A. Hayden and Quartermasters Fitzpatrick and Hyde?

These were the gentlemen of that period who moulded the present-day old soldier. What "Old Duke" of those days can fail to recall that fine, smart, well-built, loud-voiced sergeant-major, Laurence Bellew, dressed in his scarlet tunic and shining sword, as he supervised the training of the recruits, also dressed in scarlet jackets. Yes, this gentleman could and did "bark" at us young 'uns, but we all knew at the same time that behind his "bark" a kindly word spoken in a somewhat fatherly way to the more backward recruit was very often his rule when "off parade."

Well, well, commanding officers at our Headquarters come and go and others take their place, but, let me here mention, that as one who has had the privilege of attending social functions of various kinds and witnessed on numerous occasions the method of training the young Dukes, that the *esprit de corps* and traditions of the 33rd and 76th are still carried on in the same manner and in the same spirit as when you and I "laid off" many years ago.

"OLD DUKE."

BOOMPS-A-DAISY.

Omsk, Tomsk, and Akureyri,
That's where my sweetheart will be.
Omsk, Tomsk, and Akureyri,
That's where I'm going to she-ee-ee.
Omsk, Tomsk, and Akureyri,
Those are the places that freeze.
Omsk, Tomsk, and Akureyri,
Too cold to wear a chemise.

P. B. T.

A Cock and Hen Party.

Many of our readers will know that our Depot has been invaded by the A.T.S. who, like bailiffs, are in complete possession. When the I.T.C. were turned out, they left behind a small cadre of officers (which included the Commanding Officer) whose duty it was to initiate the newcomers in army and depot routine. The Officers' Mess ante-room is now a communal room. Two of the upstairs rooms have been converted into sitting rooms, one of which is allotted to our officers and the other to the superior sex. This innovation was brought into being during November by means of the usual guest night when the Band was heard at its best. The Colonel of the Regiment was present as the guest of honour, and after the wine had been passed round, I watched him carefully when the President rose, saying, "Mr. Vice, The King"; then a smile came over his face when he saw a New Zealand blonde, incidentally our P.T. instructor, rise and at the same time raising her glass, say in a calm and clear voice, "Ladies and Gentlemen, The King."

I asked the Colonel what he thought about it all, but he merely said that he thought he ought to come to the Depot for a course of P.T.

ANON.



"And I suppose the S.P means you're in charge of the stirrup pump"?

The Far East.

The other evening, after listening to the news on the wireless, my thoughts went back to the days when the names of places in and around Malaya and the Dutch East Indies were often in the news of the 2nd Battalion, stationed in Singapore from 1926 to 1928; so I took up the old volumes, II, III and IV of *THE IRON DUKE* to refresh those memories.

At that time Colonel C. J. Pickering (now the Colonel of the Regiment) was in command of the 2nd Battalion, with Major (now Brigadier) J. C. Burnett as second-in-command; and the names of many officers, then captains and lieutenants, now senior officers (some battalion commanders), appear frequently in the news.

The first event of importance recorded in *THE IRON DUKE* after the arrival of the Battalion in Singapore is the pageant (page 289, No. 5, November, 1926), in which Lt. Chatterton led 400 men of the Battalion in a P.T. display, and Lts. Turner, Miles, Armitage and L/Sgt. Wood played the characters of Drake, Captain Cook, Wellington and Nelson, while Lts. Frankis and Harker Taylor portrayed the founders of Penang and Singapore respectively.

The 2nd Battalion had a strong literary side in those days, and visits of the Battalion football XV's and XI's to foreign lands were well reported. The rugby XV's two trips to Sarawak were described (anonymously) on page 294 of No. 5, November, 1926, and page 25 of No. 9, February, 1928. A detailed account of the soccer team's tour in Java, when they visited Sourabaya, Bandoeng and Batavia, was written (if memory serves us right) by Major Burnett, who with Mrs. Burnett accompanied the team; the hospitality of the Dutch is much to the fore in this interesting article. R. O'D. C. contributed an account of the rugby XV's trip to Saigon in Cochin-China, on page 96 of No. 10, June, 1928; and R. G. T., in an article entitled "Bankok" on page 99 of the same number, gave an amusing account of the rugby XV's visit to that place. Colonel Pickering accompanied the soccer XI on their visits to Sumatra and Java, and contributed interesting accounts of both tours on pages 168 and 169 of No. 11, October, 1928.

Two other interesting articles included in these numbers are "Penang Hill" by K. G. E. on page 120 of No. 7, June, 1927, and "Just Japanese Jottings" by "B. O. Y." on page 62 of No. 9, February, 1928, which describes a visit to Japan which he and "Tinker" made while on leave from Singapore. The recent series of articles entitled "A North American Link" in numbers 43, 44 and 45 by "Tinker" is also of great interest at the present time.

In addition there is frequent mention in the company notes of visits to Port Dickson, half way up the coast between Singapore and Penang, where training camps were held; and there are accounts of racing meetings at Kuala Lumpur, where Lts. Armitage, W. A. Woods, Owen and Hiddingh (now, alas, reported killed in action in Libya) had successes. Those must seem happy, far-off days to the members of the 2nd Battalion who served in Singapore, and who are now scattered far and wide. Anyone who can get hold of these old numbers of *THE IRON DUKE* would, I think, re-read them with as much pleasure as

YOUR EDITOR.



TOUGH IN THE DUKES.

Oh they're tough, mighty tough, in the "Dukes,"
 And they're always boning scabbards and their boots.
 Building sangars is a pastime,
 But they hope it is the last time,
 'Cause they're tough, mighty tough, in the "Dukes."

Chorus.

Singing, oh Colonel Blanco, you'll be the death of me,
 But you old green devil, we will throw you in the sea.

Oh they're tough, mighty tough, in the "Dukes,"
 They're always sewing bears on their suits.
 Though they cannot get the lasses,
 They are always cleaning brasses,
 'Cause they're tough, mighty tough, in the "Dukes."

Oh they're tough, mighty tough, in the "Dukes."
 They're always playing hell up in their huts.
 Though they don't know what a fight is,
 Yet they all got "Sangavitis,"
 Oh they're tough, mighty tough, in the "Dukes."

Oh they're tough, mighty tough, in the "Dukes,"
 And they always do their P.T. in their shorts.
 Though the roads are wet or jarry
 Or they're thick with frost and stony,
 Oh they're tough, might tough, in the "Dukes."

Cpl. D. BURGIN (Iceland).

Personalia.

Colonel C. J. Pickering has drawn our attention to an error which occurred on page 173 of our last issue, in which it was stated that we understood that Lt.-Col. F. G. Peake had returned to Trans-Jordania. This is not the case, as Colonel Peake is serving on Colonel Pickering's staff in the Northern Regional Office at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and has done so for two years. We regret the error, due to a newspaper report that was sent to us.

Colonel Pickering also informs us that Brigadier J. C. Burnett, who was recently retired from the Army on reaching the age limit, has joined his staff. We received a short time ago a very complimentary letter from Brigadier Burnett on the 50th number of THE IRON DUKE (too flattering to reproduce here as he had wished), and we would like to repay the compliment by referring to his part in the success of the magazine. He was one of the few who first started the idea of the magazine, when he was commanding the Depot in 1924, and he himself designed and drew the cover of the magazine, that striking silhouette of the Iron Duke which is familiar to all readers.

The marriage of Miss Jennie Constance Strafford, daughter of the late Major P. B. Strafford (killed in action serving with the 2nd Battalion at Mons in 1914) and of Mrs. Strafford of 51 Furze Croft, Hove, to the Rev. Hugh John Wollaston Wrenford, Vicar of St. Simon's, Bristol, took place at the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Brighton, on 24th September, 1941. A guard of honour was found by members of the Red Cross Detachment of which the bride had been commandant for three years. Lt. Orrell H. Strafford, brother of the bride, gave her away, and among the guests were Brig.-General and Mrs. C. V. Humphrys, who came all the way from Guildford by bus, and Mrs. Vaughan Jenkins. The Rev. and Mrs. Wrenford are now residing at Burrington, Devonshire, where the former has been inducted to a country parish.

The marriage of Major John Temple Rivett-Carnac, son of the late Rev. Sir George and Lady Rivett-Carnac of Brighton, Sussex, to Miss Sarah Winifred Eglin, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Eglin of Trimmingham, Halifax, Yorks, took place at the Parish Church, Appledore, Kent, on 20th November, 1941.

We offer our congratulations to Major and Mrs. D. I. Strangeways on the birth of a son on 11th November, 1941. Also to Captain and Mrs. R. E. Sugden on the birth of a daughter on 11th August, 1941.

We also offer our congratulations to Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. C. W. G. Ince on the celebration of their silver wedding on 29th November, 1941. Mrs. Ince, whose maiden name was Frances Marian Phayre, is the daughter of the late Lt.-Colonel R. Phayre of The Green Howards; she was married to Captain Ince at Christ Church, Woking, on 29th November, 1916. Colonel Ince is well known to our readers for his many activities on behalf of the Regiment. Of his two sons, Captain R. H. Ince joined the Regiment in 1939, and is now serving in a special air battalion as a parachutist, while the second son, A. P. G. Ince, is a corporal in a young soldiers' battalion of the Oxford and Buckinghamshire L.I., and is due to go to an O.C.T.U. as soon as he reaches the necessary age. Colonel Ince is still serving in the War Office. A photograph of the three appears opposite page 21.

We have had no news from either of our Allied Regiments for some time, but we recently heard from Colonel W. S. Forsyth, who commanded the 33rd Battalion Australian Military Forces some years ago; his letter was headed "At Sea." His term as area commandant at Tamworth, New South Wales, finished last March, and after holding a command staff job, he has now an A.I.F. appointment.

We also heard from Colonel A. V. Laban, a previous C.O. of the Yorkton Regiment, which was converted from an infantry battalion into two Royal Canadian artillery batteries in 1937. One of these batteries, he tells us, is serving in England. We are sorry that we have had no news from either battery since their formation. Colonel Laban being a Civil servant was refused permission to join up again as he wished at the outbreak of the war.

We have not had any news of Brigadier C. W. G. Grimley for a long time, but in a recent copy of *Ca Ira*, the regimental journal of The West Yorkshire Regiment, we noticed a photograph of three officers, entitled "Three West Yorkshiremen somewhere in Africa," one of which was Brigadier Grimley, who is claimed by that regiment on account of his having previously commanded a battalion of The West Yorkshire Regiment.

We offer our congratulations to Lt.-Colonel S. Naylor on his promotion to full colonel ; he is still employed on movement control in South Wales. Also (belatedly) to Lt.-Colonel N. R. Whitaker on his appointment as Chief Recruiting Officer for Wales last September year.

We had another interesting letter from Lt.-Colonel G. B. Howcroft when he returned to this country from a recent voyage, when he was unlucky in only getting four days' leave. He had three Duke's officers with him on his last trip : Seddon, Hoslin and another going to East Africa for police duties. He also met a padre with a row of medals and pilot's wings, who had recently been serving with one of our battalions in England. On the return trip he had a number of Italian prisoners on board—"very docile hard-working, little men, who never complained or gave the slightest trouble, and who were only too glad to do any odd job that could be found for them. The word 'fatigues' disappeared from the vocabulary of the British troops on board—you could always find a prisoner to do anything that was wanted." Referring to some of his contemporaries in the Regiment, he says, "Waite has a job at the Ministry of Supply, and Coop is convalescent in Harewood House. Lt.-Colonel Hinchcliffe is very busy getting the air cadet movement going in the old Battalion area."

Captain R. A. Scott, who is still doing very good work as a welfare officer in Sussex, sends the following yarn :—"A company of the R.W.F. is billeted in a country house near here. Neighbours are few and very far between. Despite this, the company decided to hold fortnightly all ranks' dances. The first one fell rather flat owing to the lack of partners. There were many suggestions as to how to remedy this, but it was the resourceful C.Q.M.S. who solved the problem. He telephoned the laundry that does the company washing, and on the evening of the next dance two laundry vans arrived, from which emerged a bevy of laundry maids" !

In response to our request for news of ex-members of the Regiment now serving in the Home Guard, we have received news of the following :—Captain H. J. G. Griffin is serving as adjutant of the 25th Hampshire Battalion. Captain H. C. Bladen, who served in the 11th, 9th and 3rd Battalions in the last war, is liaison officer and chief guide of the 5th Staffs (Leek). He mentions that Captain Kimpton, who lost a leg serving with the 9th Battalion in the last war, is serving with a Home Guard unit in the London area, and Lt. Fenn is, he believed, in charge of a section of Guy's Hospital Home Guard. Lt. H. M. Hands is serving in the 7th Worcesters, and he states that Captain Banks, late R.Q.M.S. of the 1st Battalion in 1921, is now adjutant of another nearby Home Guard battalion. On page 28 under O.C.A. notes of the 10th Battalion a number of other Home Guard members are reported.

Major C. H. B. Pridham has sent us the following :—" Playing for the Army v. a Lord's XI at Lord's on 6th September, and *wearing the badges of the Duke's*, was one of the best young professional cricketers in England, and an almost certain No. 1 Test batsman v. Australia after the war. This is 2nd Lt. J. Robertson, the Middlesex opening batsman, whose appearance recalls that of his predecessor, J. W. Hearne, but whose style—scarcely yet fully matured—may prove to be even superior to that of the great England player of the recent past.

The only previous case of a cricketer of Test rank who served in the Duke's was that of A. D. Nourse, the famous South African, who joined the Duke's as a drummer and proceeded with the Regiment to South Africa. He afterwards settled in Natal. For something like twenty years Nourse played in every Test match for South Africa. His son, A. D. Nourse, has succeeded him in the South African XI and is now one of the leading cricketers out there."

Lt.-Colonel F. A. Hayden sends us another couple of yarns from the West Riding, culled from the notebook of Bishop Walsham How of Wakefield :—

1. "A man of Birstall, who had a scolding wife, met a mate one morning who looked rather sad, and asked him what was the matter. The other said, 'I've lost my old missus.' To this the former replied, 'I'll swop my wick un for your dead un, and pay t' funeral expenses too.'"

2. "A Yorkshire clergyman the other day, visiting a man who had just lost his little boy, endeavoured to console him. The poor man burst into tears, and in the midst of his sobs, said, 'If 'twarna' agin t' law a should ha' liked to have t' little beggar stoofed.'"



"10000 OF THE ENEMY WERE KILLED.
WE LOST, I BEG YOUR PARDON. IN OUR
CAMP A BABY WAS BORN."

The Duchess's Duck.

Our battalion has recently enjoyed a pleasant change from the small-town atmosphere of the dreary little village in which we have spent too many months. We have spent the last few weeks in camp on a ducal estate, a beautiful place whose owners did all they could to ensure the comfort of officers and men. It was there that we broke the heatwave, whose existence the papers dared not reveal to the enemy, by much bathing, and it was while so doing that we noticed on the surface of the lake the floating, dilapidated carcass of a large indiarubber duck; one of those beach toys which support a nervous swimmer or make a small child think a bathe less formidable than it seems at first plunge.

The Duchess told us it was the favourite toy of a grandchild, who daily mourned its punctured condition. Anxious to repay much hospitality, we offered to undertake its repair, promising that our M.T. department, "so *very* efficient," would produce a duck as good as new.

It was carted back to camp by the C.O. and an Acting C. Commander, who handed it over to the M.T.O. with the necessary instructions. It was there the trouble began. The M.T.O. suspected the orders; suspected in fact a practical joke in doubtful taste. He

wasn't going to mend indiarubber ducks, Oh dear no, and early next morning the A.C.C.'s batman was told to return the creature to his officer's company office, as it was—and quickly.

In this manner it re-appeared. The A.C.C., his temper at its early morning worst, ordered its immediate removal back to the M.T.O. *and its repair*. A brief passage of arms on the 'phone with the M.T.O. gave him an assurance that this would be done and he went out to attend to matters of even more importance than duck adjustments.

When he returned at the morning's end it was to find the C.S.M. and the C.Q.M.S. in anxious confabulation together, their theme the M.T. Runner, a hitherto blameless young man, whom they now suspected either of mania (in which case it was their duty to overpower him and carry him bound to the M.O.) or of an insufferable and unsuspected insolence. He had appeared from nowhere in the C.S.M.'s sanctum (thus ran their story) babbling a demand for the "Duchess's Duck."

"The batman was told to return the creature—quickly."

WHAT DUCK? Runners should not break in on the orderly routine of offices with such verbal nonsense. Had he a written message to explain his insane demand?

He had not. He had "been told" to fetch the Duchess's Duck. The atmosphere became glacial, the Runner suspect of an attempt to be rude to our hostess. He asked yet again for the Duchess's Duck.

The C.S.M. took him firmly by the arm and led him to the tent door, determined to impose some test of sanity. Could he see the trees clearly?



Apparently yes.

The grass beyond? Yes, he saw it all right but he wanted the . . .

The C.S.M. quenched the interruption. Could he by any chance see that rotund khaki shape in the middle distance, known to his questioner as the posterior view of the C.Q.M.S. busy examining some weapon.

He saw. "That," said the C.S.M. grimly, "might be the Duchess's Duck. You go and have a look," and he propelled him on the words to his doom.

The C.Q.M.S. dealt faithfully with his victim.

The arrival of the A.C.C. accorded a tardy absolution to the wretched Runner. Another 'phone through to the M.T.O. elicited the fact that that exasperated officer had told the Runner to fetch the duck over without the formality of a written message, and that the C.S.M. had seen nothing either of the first arrival of the duck in camp or of its subsequent temporary appearance on the office shelf.

Yes, we have repaired the duck by now and it floats on the surface of the lake, a rejuvenated and arrogant bird. They say though that the Ordnance Fitter Sergeant who ultimately did the repairs dare not poke his nose into the Sergeants' Mess these days for fear of the taunting chorus which greets him with the malicious title of "duck-mender."

And if you want testimony as to the manner in which we carry out a job, no matter how small, here is the M.T.O.'s official appendix:—

Subject :—Her Grace's "Duck."

To The Officer Commanding, — Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

From The Officer i/c Duck Repairs, — Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

Sir,

Reference Ducks, Rubber, aged, for Swimmers, on charge to Her Grace the Duchess of P—. As ordered, I beg to submit the following report :—

(a) The Duck was collected at approx. 0900 hrs. on 12/7/41 and after inspection and consultation it was decided that a major operation would be necessary. To this end a special valve was constructed and affixed to the stern of the said Duck and we thereby not only succeeded in ensuring that the Duck could be "Blowed up" but effectually changed its sex (hereinafter referred to as Drake).

(b) It was discovered that the Drake's undercarriage was leaking badly and this was sealed by a "Stambois" operation, more commonly known as vulcanisation.

(c) The patient was exercised in water and appeared to be making satisfactory progress when a relapse occurred and a sinking condition became present which made further vulcanisation necessary.

(d) Attention was now diverted to the Drake's wings, which received the skilled attention of Vet. Howarth, who operated successfully with a "John Bull" puncture outfit.

(e) The final result appears to be satisfactory, though owing to the age of the Duck, Drake, Patient, it is not possible to prophesy how long this condition is likely to be maintained.

(f) Permission is requested to strike off charge the following :—

(i) 20 yards of tape, rubber, pure.

(ii) 14 patches.

(iii) $\frac{1}{2}$ ton rubber solution, and

(iv) The Q.M.'s remarks when asked to provide one cycle valve.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

A. CADWELL,

Officer i/c Duck Repairs.

Copy to Captain C. R. G. Acworth (i/c Duck Conveyance),

Officer i/c Training.

A.C. and C.R.G.A.

Correspondence.

BY MARCH ROUTE.

Dear Sir,

In the November issue of "Blackwood's Magazine" there is an article entitled "By March Route" from the pen of Lt.-Col. P. R. Butler, D.S.O., which I commend to all readers of THE IRON DUKE. For the benefit of those who are unable to obtain a copy of "Blackwood," I would quote two short references to the 33rd and 76th which appear in the article:—

(A) "Commanding (at the age of twenty-four) the 33rd Foot was Lt.-Colonel Arthur Wellesley, who, with the unit which later was to bear his title, conducted the rearguard with such rare ability."

(B) "Thinking, again, down the Army List (which is to say down modern British history), one sees outstanding certain epic marches of our regiments in India. 'Prodigious' marchers—the epithet will bear repeating—were always 74th, 76th and 78th Foot throughout Lake's and Wellesley's campaigns of the first few years of the nineteenth century (the 76th were the legendary 'Old Immortals' of Lake's battles). Their marching prowess set a standard that has never since been surpassed."

Yours sincerely,

C. J. PICKERING,

Colonel, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

THE 76TH GET 76.

[It is not customary to print letters sent to the Editor under a pseudonym unless the writer encloses his name and address, though not for publication, to prove his good faith. However, as the following letter is of interest and is not controversial, we are allowing it to appear.—ED.]

Dear Mr. Editor,

I would like to offer an additional incident to Major Pridham's article, "The 76th get 76."

In his description of the match against R.H.A. Brigade he has neglected to mention an exception to his strictures regarding the fielding of the "76th."

Major Pridham was a gallant and effective fieldsman at mid-on but was not normally to be seen fielding in the deep. On this occasion, however, he was there when Fowler skied a ball from Peel over the bowler's head. Major Pridham had to make a considerable amount of ground to get underneath it and, while he was running, I got the impression that if the ball had been red-hot he would have hung on to it. He did.

Major Pridham's scores and this fine catch indubitably carried the side through that round.

I would like to add that he was one of the cleverest captains that I have ever had the privilege of playing under.

Yours sincerely,

"ONE OF THE PLAYERS."

[We print below some remarks by Major C. H. B. Pridham, to whom we sent the above letter for comment.—ED.]

In the interests of *strict accuracy*, I wish to make a correction in his account of the incident he refers to. I was—as he says—fielding at mid-on (my normal place). Two officers of the R.H.A. (their best batsmen) got together and put up a stand. I got the impression that, unless we could separate them quickly, we would lose the cup, as we were already in a serious position, behind on the first innings. So I laid a trap for one of them—Fowler—and put Cpl. Peel on to bowl. Peel had been a good bowler (in 1922) but had got very erratic in Egypt, with a habit of sending down loose balls on the leg-side. I felt certain that Fowler would be tempted by one of these into a big leg-hit into the deep. So I edged away from mid-on towards mid-wicket—each ball a bit deeper—until I was halfway to deep square-leg. When the expected catch came, however, it soared away so far to leg that I feared I could never reach it, especially as I was a poor runner, owing to a leg which afterwards earned me a wound pension. However, that cup was my objective and I suppose that gave me an extra incentive. So the writer is wrong in saying it went "over the bowler's head." His memory might fail in this respect but *not mine*, for I shall never forget that catch as I have never caught one to compare with it—before or since!

Needless to say, I am delighted to get any appreciation, of any kind, from any member of the Regiment, especially from any one of the Dukes' XIs who played with me from 1922 to 1925.

The way the other members of my XI backed me up was wonderful—especially when we were up against it. There may be some incidents, affecting others of the XI, which I have forgotten. If so, I should be *happy to hear from any of them*—particularly Cpl. Simpson and Cpl. Peel. (I wonder if the latter is still alive.)

"THE LINES OF TORRES VEDRAS."

[Copy of a letter printed in a recent number of *The Field*.]

SIR,—The following might please your subscribers in these stern days :

A certain well-known veterinary surgeon in the Sussex Weald told me of the following incident the other day. He said : " I have just come back from ' W ' cross-roads, at the foot of the Downs. No end of a traffic block there, mostly Army traffic. Could not get through at any price ; everybody out of their vehicles, standing on the road looking up at the Downs, so I went up to an A.A. scout. ' What's up ? ' I said. ' Parashots ? ' ' Parashots ? ' replied the scout. " Lor, love yer, no ; fox 'ounds. "

Shades of the Duke of Wellington !

Yours faithfully,

R. A. SCOTT.

Redfold, Nutbourne, Pulborough.

Obituary.

We regret to record the following deaths :—

CAIN.—In September, 1941, at Burnaby, British Columbia, ex-Sgt.-Major William Cain, aged 71. Mr. Cain joined the 2nd Battalion at Aldershot in 1886 and served with them in Bermuda, Halifax, N.S., Barbadoes and St. Lucia until 1893, when he went to the Depot, Halifax. He rejoined the 2nd Battalion at Bangalore in 1898, and whilst at Rangoon in 1901 was appointed regimental sergeant-major of the Battalion, which appointment he held during further service in India and in England, and he was discharged to pension at Lichfield in 1907. In 1911 he went out to Canada, and during the 1914-18 war served as a sergeant-major with the 18th Field Ambulance, Canadian Medical Army Corps. He had resided at Bowen Island, a summer resort near Vancouver, for the last 14 years. He is survived by four sons.

HIDDINGH.—In November, 1941, killed in action in the Middle East, Major A. G. Hiddingh, attached Royal Tank Regiment, and late 2nd Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Major Hiddingh joined the 2nd Battalion in Aldershot in September, 1922, and served with them in Egypt, Singapore and India. He was posted to the 1st Battalion while on leave in England in 1929, and in July, 1930, went out to East Africa for service with the 5th K.A.R. He rejoined the 1st Battalion in 1932, was promoted captain in May, 1933, and in July transferred to the 14/20th Hussars ; he joined them in India, after being attached to the 7th Hussars in Aldershot for a short time. He retired in 1935 and went into business. On the outbreak of war he rejoined 14/20th Hussars at Tidworth. Last January he was serving on the instructional staff at the combined training centre in Scotland, and several members of the Regiment who attended the course met him there and had a cheerful re-union. Shortly after this he went out to the Middle East to command a squadron in the Royal Tank Corps, where he met his death in action. Major Hiddingh was a good horseman, and had many successes at polo and racing. He contributed greatly to the winning of the Malayan polo championship by the 2nd Battalion team in 1928. He was an enthusiastic traveller, visiting Indo China, Australia and South Africa while serving in the East. He married in 1934 Miss Mary Lindsay, who with their two sons, survives him.

Lt.-Colonel F. R. Armitage writes :—" Having served with ' Hidge ' for many years, and been on many trips of various types with him, I got to know him very well, and since he left the Army we have frequently met. He was a real enthusiast for anything that caught his fancy—whether a polo pony, racehorse or fast car. He was inclined to find certain aspects of infantry soldiering a bit dull, and was certainly more suited to the cavalry, and more still to tanks, with which arm he was serving at the time of his death."

MARRINER.—On 5th October, 1941, Major Sydney Fox Marriner, late 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Major Marriner was born on 20th June, 1880, and joined the 3rd (Militia) Battalion on 26th January, 1900, and went out with them to the South African War in February. He served with them until 30th April, 1902, when he was given a regular commission in the 1st Battalion. During January to March, 1902, he had acted as adjutant to the 3rd Battalion under Lt.-Col. Hayden, who had assumed

command from Colonel Wyllie, invalided home. He served with the 1st Battalion at York and in India until April, 1913, when he was appointed adjutant of the 6th Battalion T.A., and went out to France with them in April, 1915, serving with them there until 5th August, 1916, when he was appointed G.S.O.3 of the 49th Division. In January, 1917, he returned to England for light duty, and on 8th March, 1917, was appointed brigade major of the 208th Infantry Brigade at Doncaster. He acted as G.S.O.2 of the 68th Division for a short time in April, 1918, and then joined an officers' cadet battalion. On 18th January, 1919, he retired with the rank of major, after having been on half-pay owing to ill-health. For his war services he received the Queen's South African medal with three clasps and the King's medal with two clasps, and for the war of 1914-18, the 1914-15 Star, British War and Victory medals. He was mentioned in despatches on 1st January, 1916. Major Marriner was married on 10th February, 1917, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Miss Olive Garencières Pearson, third daughter of H. Garencières Pearson of Barrow-in-Furness. Of their two children, Eve is running a communal feeding centre for school children in Skipton, and Peter, who volunteered in July, 1940, in the 18-20 group, is serving with the 70th R.N.F. as a lance-corporal, and is shortly going to an O.C.T.U.

Lt.-Col. W. G. Officer writes:—"Sydney Marriner has left us all too soon, but the Great War had laid a heavy hand upon him. He was a staunch and loyal friend, one you could depend upon to stick to you through thick and thin. His quiet and unassuming manner hid a devotion to duty and to all he held dear from which he never swerved. He was a great hand at hobbies and left his valuable collection of medals to the 1st Battalion."

RHODES.—On 19th December, 1941, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, at his home address, 56 Parham Road, Gosport. Mr. Rhodes joined the Regiment in August, 1923, and served for seven years with the 1st Battalion. He reported for duty on the outbreak of the present war, but failed to pass as fit. He then returned to Gosport, where he was employed at a munitions works. He had not enjoyed good health for some years and was finally brought home shortly before he died. He leaves a widow and five young children.

SHEARING.—On 6th August, 1941, at "Shearbyrne," Princess Road, Strensall, York, Mr. William Shearing, late Q.M.S., Depot, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and sergeant-major of the 4th Volunteer Battalion The Essex Regiment, aged 76 years 10 months. An interesting account of the service of the Shearing family in the Regiment, which was written by the deceased, appeared on pages 64 and 65 of No. 30 (Vol. XI), 1935, of THE IRON DUKE, and from it we reprint Mr. Shearing's record of service:—Born Belgaum, October, 1864. Enlisted Halifax 1877 for the 9th Brigade. No. 1148. Joined 76th at Aldershot, February, 1878. Transferred to P.S. 3rd and 4th Bns. West Riding, May, 1886. Promoted colour-sergeant 1889, quartermaster-sergeant 1894. Was acting schoolmaster at Halifax for several years. Transferred to Essex Regiment as sergeant-major 4th V.B., April, 1896, at which time the Adjutant of that battalion was Capt. (the late Brig.-Gen.) C. D. Bruce, Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Was a member of the Army Eight and Revolver Eight for several years. Discharged to pension 1.11.1904 and re-enrolled as a Volunteer 2.11.04. Served as brigade sergeant-major at annual training until 1907. Chief Steward of Malta Union Club from 1907 to 1928. Married only daughter of C./Sgt. C. Byrne, 33rd Regiment, February, 1888.

Mr. Shearing was a very fine shot, and had many medals, won by his prowess; a photograph of some of these appeared in the same number.

Mr. F. Shearing, late bandmaster, 2nd Battalion The P.W.O. West Yorkshire Regiment, writes that the deceased (his father) died very suddenly of heart failure. He had been in good health and until a few weeks before his death had regularly taken his turn at night duty as an A.R.P. warden in the village. He was very much hurt when they would not have him in the Home Guard.—A fine old soldier.

SUTCLIFFE.—On 24th October, 1941, in a nursing home at Rainhill, near Liverpool, ex-Sgt.-Major Wilson Sutcliffe, late the 1st Battalion. Mr. Sutcliffe was born at Sowerby Bridge and enlisted at the Depot, Halifax, in January, 1899, and joined the 1st Battalion at Dover in the following April, serving with them throughout his service, which included some 15 years in India, except for a short tour of duty at the Depot in the early 1900's. In 1917 he was appointed sergeant-major at the Staff College, Quetta, and retired to pension in 1920, when there was a change of establishment at the College.

Sutcliffe will be remembered as a very fine rugby football player in the 1st Battalion team for many years. He leaves a married daughter, his wife having pre-deceased him. A photograph appears opposite page 21.

We print below an appreciation by Mr. Harry Winn (ex-R.S.M. 1st Battalion) :—
 “ ‘ Good Old Sut. ’ was the familiar way Sutcliffe was referred to by his fellow-members of the Mess. He was kind-hearted to a degree, but, should occasion demand it, he could ‘ cut up rough, ’ as a few will have cause to know when he carried out the duties of Depot provost, Regimental and Garrison provost at York. A keen sportsman, both inside the Mess and on the playing fields. While at the Depot in the early 1900's he turned out, when military duty would permit, for Halifax Rugby League at Thrum Hall and played for two seasons. He also played in the 1st Battalion Regimental teams in York and India, and one of his proud possessions was his football cup presented to the team by the late Colonel H. D. Thorold on the occasion of winning the three premier cups (*i.e.*, Calcutta, Bombay and Madras).

“ Sutcliffe, to my knowledge (I have known him 43 years), retained up to his death a large circle of friends in the Regiment, and despite his somewhat iron discipline, he had no enemies. After leaving the service, he settled in business in Southport, Lancashire, and remained in this business up to about 18 months ago, when for health reasons he had to give it up. Many of the older Mess Members at the Depot will recall, perhaps, the generous way he helped to entertain them when, on several occasions, they paid a visit to Southport. ‘ Good Old Sut. ’ ”

Extract from a Private Letter of an Officer in a Battalion of The York and Lancaster Regiment who were at Crete.

Where we were there were no airborne troops and the whole thing was done by parachutists. I don't think the censors will mind if I say we were at Iraklion. We had been expecting a parachute attack for some days, and the battalion and other forces there had taken up a position covering the town, harbour and aerodrome. We were all dug in, in slit trenches, platoon posts and caves. The first thing Jerry got was complete air superiority. Crete is too far away from Egypt for us to operate fighters, and having only three aerodromes on the island, he attacked them very heavily and destroyed all our aircraft on the ground. At half-past two in the afternoon they put in a very heavy bombing attack, which lasted three and a half hours. Bombers, dive-bombers and ME 110 bombed and machine gunned, coming down really low, to about 20 feet. The Bofors gun crews knew what was coming and lay quiet. At 6 o'clock there was a complete lull and five minutes later the first Ju 52 were seen coming in very slowly in threes and at about 300 feet. They dropped their parachutists off at about that height, the parachute opening immediately. A good number did not open and they just fell straight down, of course. The Bofors came to life immediately and shot down a number, and some of our men got them down with Tommy guns and rifle fire. In all we got 16 down that evening. As a result of 3½ hours' blitz, we had no casualties and those on the aerodrome had 16 killed and wounded. Our men were in no way demoralised by the bombing and as soon as the parachutists appeared were out of their trenches and after them. All the parachutists (called P. in

future, it's too long to write) who dropped anywhere near us were immediately killed, many of them actually being killed in the air. It was essential to keep the aerodrome and harbour secure, so it was impossible to go after the P. who landed two or three miles away. They were equipped with Tommy guns, three types of bombs, 3 machine guns and mortars, about 2in. and 4in., which were efficiently handled. The troops which landed out of our reach started firing in about five to ten minutes. A good deal of equipment was landed in containers, well fitted up with pram handles and wheels, so you could just wheel it away. They were all well equipped throughout and good at camouflage and infiltration. If an attack was held up, the odd man would crawl on and make a nuisance of himself. Their use of ground was good, too.

They put in an attack the following day and again the next but one, but we beat them off all quite easily. Throughout the next day they continually landed P's and guns (light field) about three miles away and we were unable to get at them. After both their attacks the most forward elements often hung about and slowly worked their way forward and necessitated definite operations to move them. The main body would then run away and most of our casualties occurred in following these up, as we ran into M.G's left behind. These were resolutely handled and well sighted. The P. also carried an entrenching tool and often lay under their P. and dug themselves in, if they landed too close to us. A P. is not dead until you have definitely got bullets into him. Most of our prisoners came in and gave themselves up. Their *morale* fell very quickly when they found things weren't going too well. A lot of them were in tears and very young and quite willing to give information. It is quite definite that they carried drugs on them, though we had no actual proof of them using it. You will notice that we actually put in no counter attack on a big scale. That was why we had to leave Iraklion, but it was not our fault. We had a very large area which it was essential to hold and we did not have a mobile reserve to attack them. What you want in a force is a highly mobile reserve of carriers or light tanks that can get after the P. wherever they land and before they can get properly organised. They were the most fully equipped that you can imagine, with first class wireless and everything. We used a lot of their equipment and found it good. We used their mortars and M.G's against them. They land A.T. rifles too.

Well, I hope that may be worth reading and useful to you and worth passing on. They are efficient troops, but ours are a full match for them. It was simply the Luftwaffe and their complete air superiority which won them the day. Our men are in great heart and fully confident that with air support they can beat Jerry wherever they meet him. I feel certain that such an attack would never succeed in England, as they can't get air superiority and a Ju 52 or dive-bomber is just cold meat to any other aircraft. The night before we left we got another three hour blitz and again had only five casualties, although by then they knew our exact positions. Their ground to air signalling is very good. Another point, their rifles are landed in chests after them; they themselves carrying Tommy guns, as I said before.

DEKKO!

DEKKO!

THE IRON DUKE

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