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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 DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

# THE IRON DUKE

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## EDITORIAL.

SINCE our last issue news has come of the heavy fighting in which a Battalion of the Regiment has been engaged in Burma. With it comes the report of the regrettable loss of three of its officers, Lt.-Colonel H. B. Owen, the commanding officer, Captain A. A. Christison and Captain W. D. M. Coningham. That there must have been heavy casualties in such intensive fighting is unfortunately only too likely, but so far no others have been reported. The news is very scanty, and has already been reported in the Press, but there is no doubt from what has come through that the Battalion has magnificently upheld the traditions of the Regiment.

On page 85 we reprint, by kind permission of the Editor of *The Times*, an account of the fighting in Burma, and to supplement this we add here a few further details that have been sent us by the Colonel of the Regiment, who from his service in Burma at the beginning of this century, has an intimate knowledge of the country. He writes:—"The Battalion went to Burma early in February, and was stationed in the Pegu area. At the battle on the Sittang river they put in a counter-attack across the river against much greater forces, but the attack did not succeed. The Japs then got our bridgehead, and we had to blow the bridge over the river, leaving our Battalion with others on the other side. They had to swim across the river, which is a very wide one, and my recollection of it is of a very swift current rather like the Irrawaddy. A number of men were drowned and the rest amalgamated with the K.O.Y.L.I., who had already suffered casualties." He then gives the latest figures of those remaining, which for obvious reasons we cannot publish, and goes on to say:—" . . . there is still a chance that others will have been able to make their way back and rejoin. I have had no news of Hugh Fraser [who it is believed was in Singapore when it surrendered], and I expect he is a prisoner in the hands of the Japs."

Our frontispiece is a portrait of the sixth Duke of Wellington, who succeeded to the title on the death of his father in December last. The Duke, who is serving as a captain in the Regiment, has recently returned from East Africa, where he was serving with the King's African Rifles.

### Late News.

We regret to hear that Mr. J. W. Paling is seriously ill after undergoing an operation for appendicitis. His many friends will wish him a speedy recovery.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this magazine should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

## A Battalion in England.

In spite of the manifold departures and arrivals of all ranks, the Battalion is settling down for summer training. We extend a hearty welcome to our new C.O. and wish him every success, also to Major H. D., who comes as second in command from the East Lancs. Early this year we said good-bye to our late C.O., who left the Battalion, having been medically regraded. He had commanded the Battalion for over two years and we will always remember his imperturbability in action and the credit due to him in bringing the Battalion through Dunkirk.

We deeply regret that we saw in the *Times* that Lt.-Col. H. B. Owen has been killed in action whilst leading his Battalion in Burma. Many officers of the Battalion will have happy memories of service with Basil in Gibraltar, Constantinople and Malta. We wish "all the best" to our sister Battalion fighting in Burma, and know that whatever the odds they will put up a magnificent show.

During March we received a letter from Capt. R. A. Scott giving the address of our Canadian Allied Regiment. Although personal contact has not been possible, greetings have been exchanged between commanding officers and we hope that we may meet the rest in the near future.

Going into more exalted spheres, we welcome our new Brigadier, and congratulate our late Brigadier who is now abroad on his promotion. Last, but not least, Capt. E. Cullen, R.A.M.C., has left us for service abroad. He was a good friend to all of us, and many of the casualties in France have good reason to be grateful to him.

Since those responsible for building our camp have finally succeeded in overcoming most of the difficulties, we hope that before long the Battalion will be concentrated together, and we shall be ready to work hard and play hard.

### OFFICERS' MESS.

Summer camp found the Mess whole and undivided for the first time in many long months. It was an idyllic month, salted, as it were, by a goodly proportion of training. Among other things, we became tank-minded, and plumbed hitherto undreamt-of wells of resourcefulness—*vide* the episode, recorded last issue, of the Duchess's duck. Alec Smith improvised a boat of canvas and timber for pike fishing. Everybody, including the Adjutant, fished. We were awakened by the noisy early morning excursions of the Quartermaster and Tom Mullen (now one of the dear departed)—both of whom ran up enormous cartridge bills, a Mess mouse tells us, although we cannot quite recall any substantial supplementing of the Mess menu.

There was boating and tennis (by courtesy of the Duchess) and a stream of visits to the local township. We remember vaguely too, among a host of memorable things, something about a Mess marquee obstacle race.

We came back to our old area for a week only, and then moved north to a new home—another deer park, where unfortunately separate company messes were again the order of the day. Socially, the "bright lights" consisted of the very famous fishing port nearby. We relieved a Brigade in the fishing town and liaised with the Wavy Navy. Many of us went mine-sweeping and were introduced to a multitude of seafaring folk. We went back to our deer park and less frequent contacts with civilisation. Notable were a guest night for our host of the deer park and others, and a completely successful sherry party. Soon we were moved once more to cope with fresh responsibilities in another county.

It was a cheerless camp we arrived at one November day, with the mud at its creamiest and yellowest. Gloomily we thought about Christmas, and weighed our chances of leave in the very near future. But the camp improved rapidly. Lino and hot showers and electric light have banished concrete floors and the smell of paraffin lamps and valor stoves. Christmas included an officers' dance in the nearest coast town, and festivities in general were voted as good as last year. With the exception of an unlucky minority,

we moved in January to the county town where, expressively, a "good time was had by all."

We came back in due course with a new second-in-command and later, a new commanding officer. Many of the old faces have gone, their owners drafted overseas; there are many new ones, including those owned by the new Padre and the new Doctor. Much as we would like to catalogue them all, space and security forbid; we will however mention one who felt himself as much a Duke as any of us—Doc Cullen—who has gone East.

### SERGEANTS' MESS.

Since the last issue nothing momentous, stupendous, or outrageous has happened to disturb the tranquillity of our peaceful surroundings in this outlying district. However, now the disturbing influence of the builders has been removed from the precincts of the Mess, we are hoping to strike out in all directions at once. Many of the members are simply itching to show their skill as professional "Leaners."

We would like to congratulate our new C.O. on his promotion, and express our pleasure at having the honour of serving under him.

We offer our congratulations to "Tiffy" on his promotion but are very sorry to lose him on his reposting. He has been a member for quite a while and his services to the Mess have been many and varied—perhaps we shall meet him again in the near future and have the pleasure of again having a drink with him.

We thank R.S.M. Wilcocks and the members of the — Battalion Mess for their kind hospitality and generosity on the occasion of the visit of our Mess to theirs, and we hope to return this compliment in the very near future.

### COMPANY NOTES.

"A" COMPANY.—Since we last appeared in print several well-known faces have disappeared from our ranks. Captain T. G. Mullen has left us for sunnier climes, and in his place we welcome Major M. M. Davie, who has been with the Company for short periods ever since.

We left K. in November, and moved to C., where we soon settled down to the envy of our less fortunate fellows at W.P. We had a very good Christmas there. Early in January we moved to L., where we took over the, to us, novel task of ground defence. The only item of interest during our month's stay was when one of our more ambitious corporals allowed his zest for the chase of birds (feathered variety) to gain the better of his judgment, to the detriment of his pocket.

In the world of sport we have reached the semi-final of the inter-company soccer competition, and our rugby team (under the guidance of the junior sub.) has gained the honour of qualifying for the final of the inter-company competition after only one gruelling game.

"B" COMPANY.—To the great satisfaction of all, we have for the time being somewhat lost our role of nomads. Our unaccustomed static state has given everybody a chance of putting in some sound work and play. Training has proceeded merrily and on the whole has been thoroughly enjoyed. The country has been good and in addition has provided material for several novel types of training, which has given an added interest.

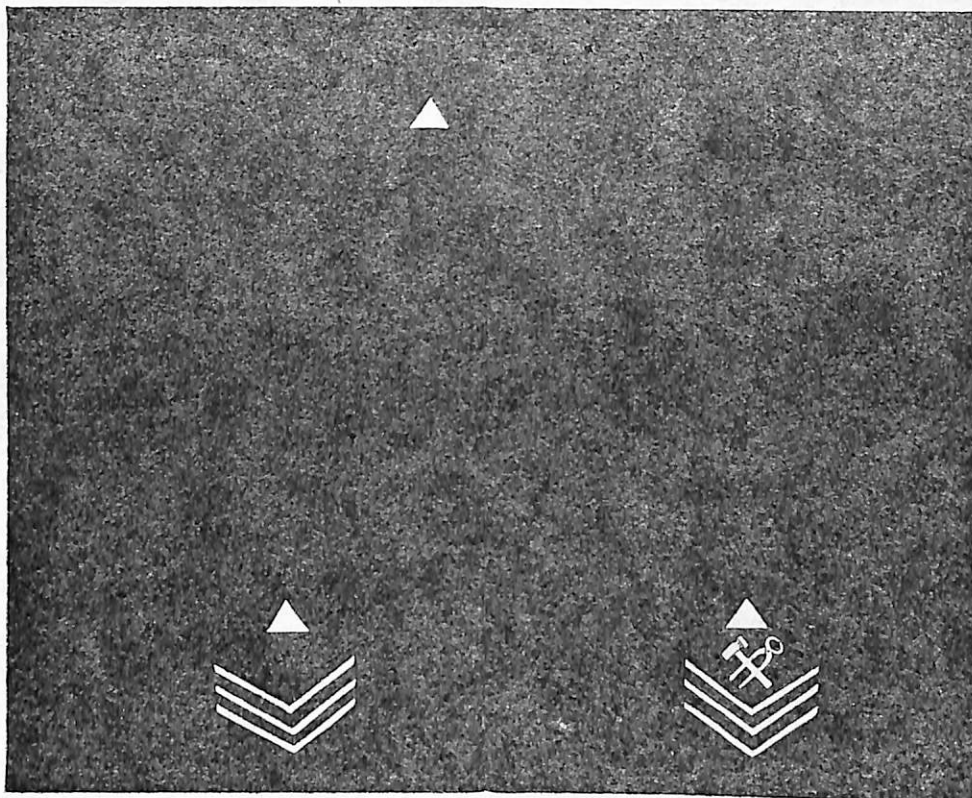
Opportunities for sport have been good, if the weather has not always been of the best. The Company has provided a good proportion of players in Battalion teams, prominent amongst whom have been Cpl. Dyson, Ptes. Robson and Roberts in the soccer team. The Company rugby team is at the time of going to press still in the Battalion knock-out competition, having recently scored a good win over "C" Company. This is in spite of the fact that one newcomer from another Battalion was heard to say, "I didn't think this Battalion was ever interested in rugby"!

"C" COMPANY.—Our last notes appeared in the autumn issue of THE IRON DUKE and at that time we fondly imagined we were establishing ourselves in our winter quarters



in a pleasant little village not far from G. ; most of the billets were tidy little semi-detached villas, h. and c., etc. There was a football ground, a church hall for dances and last, but not least, a jolly good pub with a piano and a room large enough for a little light entertainment, principally by Pte. Ramsden, late of Smithfield Market, and Pte. Taylor, "the human greyhound." This of course was far too idyllic and we awoke one morning to find ourselves on the way to a hutted camp, set in the usual 12 inches of mud ; "they" were just commencing to construct all the most modern conveniences and answers to all our queries were, "Yes, I promise it will be ready by Christmas," "Yes, old boy, in three weeks' time at the latest," and so on and so forth, but was it ? hell !! However we survived, had some goods at Christmas washed down by mild, and with the help of recreational transport managed to support various local dances. The trenches, holes in the ground, thick mud, etc., led to several mishaps in the black-out, all laughable to those not involved, but it takes more than that to keep a "Duke" down. We then spent a month on an aerodrome, but unfortunately the station staff were too busy training their own pilots to spare time to give us any trips. Then back to billets in an East Coast town, where the first week was spent in scrubbing out and preparing for the Brigadier's annual inspection ; everybody was well coached, and being trained in an aggressive spirit

#### THE BRIGHTER BLACKOUT.



Scene :—Outside the Sergeants' Mess. Time :—2330 hours.

Sgt. HOWARTH :—"Who is that private over there ?"

Sgt. SHILLETTO : "Shh ! That's C.S.M. Annesley wearing his brass badges."

the various questions and inspections put by the Brigadier were answered as they should be, and everybody's hard work was rewarded by a pat on the back for the Company from the Brigadier.

During all this time we have had many comings and goings, both officers and other ranks going on draft for the East and a cold climate. Lt. G. Couldwell was one of these, and as he had been with the Company since its re-formation in July, 1940, he deserves a special mention. 2nd Lt. W. Westmoreland also went and 2nd Lt. J. Gwinnett had no sooner settled in than he left. Amongst the troops, the first batch were all volunteers and included some very old timers such as Pte. Leach; as he went off singing at 0600 hours on a December morning, some thought he already had a touch of the sun. Many more have also left, and to all and sundry we wish the best of luck; we hope they enjoyed themselves with "Charlie" Company and we hope at some future date to join hands once more.

Training during the autumn was interrupted by spud picking and beet pulling, with obvious results; so once more we have had to start at the bottom and work upwards and we have definitely enjoyed a lot of it—house clearing in bombed areas, assault courses, battle practices, cliff-climbing and a mock landing from fishing boats; the spirit is there all right even if the minor points are not all they should be.

Sport has suffered owing to the frost, many moves and lack of kit—Lt. A. G. Peel has spent five months of the last seven away from the Company instructing, and his leadership in the sports line has been sadly missed. However some rugby football was played in November and December and we had one glorious afternoon spent in inter-platoon and company "H.Q." seven asides. Soccer is now on the go again and our C 2 team (No. 14 Platoon and No. 15 Platoon) is through to the inter-platoon final of this area. One or two very good games have been played amidst a big barrage of benevolent barracking. Boxing is now done with unarmed combat, and tell it not in Gath, but one or two are getting quite interested. It is hoped to run a few more athletic meetings such as those that were such a success last summer.

We welcome Lt. Vaughan, who has just joined us from an O.C.T.U.

"D" COMPANY.—Many changes have taken place in Company "H.Q." since our last contribution to THE IRON DUKE, the most regretted being the departure of Major G. V. Cartwright, our late company commander. This came as a nasty shock to us all, but we had to "take it." We wish him the best of luck wherever he may be. However, we received some measure of compensation for this body blow by the arrival of Major T. St. G. Carroll, our new company commander, to whom we extend a hearty welcome. We also welcome back to our midst after a lengthy absence Pte. Peat, who already bears many scars nobly won on the sports field for "D" Company "H.Q." In conclusion, we congratulate Pte. Banks, our worthy cobbler, on a happy family event. (There is no truth in the rumour that this was broadcast on the Forces Programme.)

The Company put up a great fight in the Battalion rugger knock-out. They drew 9—9 with a strong "H.Q." side after extra time, but lost the replay 15—6, having led 6—3 at half-time.

In No. 16 Platoon we are now nearly down to our last tin of bully, most of our regulars have left us for service elsewhere, J. P. being amongst them. One ex P.L.D. was heard to remark "They can't take me," but away to the wood he went. We have been doing some heavy training. It is rumoured that we are having a 25-hour day to get it all in. Our platoon commander has left us, but only temporarily we hope.

There are only a few diehards with No. 17 Platoon nowadays, many having left us for other spheres, notable amongst them being Lt. Comer, who has left us for warmer climes. We felt his loss keenly, but to counteract our regrets, we welcome into our midst Lt. Wardle, whom many remember as our platoon sergeant in more active days of the past. The "outgoing" and "incoming" receive our sincere wishes and good fortune for the future. A knock-out competition at soccer is now in full swing; but in conjunction

with No. 18 Platoon, we lost in the first round. "Attack" we did, but in the excitement forgot our "flanks and rear."

No. 18 Platoon has lately been depleted of many of its old comrades. They have left us to carry on their tasks in other spheres of the present conflict. We wish them good luck and "good hunting." Mr. Scarfe continues to be platoon commander, but is at present with "A" Company. Sgt. Ford has been training recruits for the greater part of this year. Under the new "Commando" training we are like the old saying, "That's Shell that was." However, we are all fit and in spite of exercises described by the Press as "Realistic" we are all living and carrying on the traditions of No. 18 Platoon.

"H.Q." COMPANY.—We are at present "somewhere else" in England rustivating among the increasing signs of spring which have already begun to transform the mud of winter. It is now possible to step outside our huts and tread among snowdrops and primroses, where we once thought nothing could exist except that everlasting mud. Spring is showing itself, too, in the "tidying-up parties" that shovel away energetically the piles of debris left behind by those who built the camp; in the neat white post and rope fence of the guardroom is the Regimental flag that appeared as if by magic one sunny morning recently. Even the Shetland pony known affectionately as Joe, who has watched us at work in all weathers, is feeling the urge to be up and about; but Shetland ponies of the opposite sex are rare in these parts, and he looks for his soul-mate in vain.

Christmas was a great success, and dinner was voted the best ever by all who partook. Festivities culminated in a Battalion dance on Boxing Day, when everyone who mattered was present. It was a crush, but much enjoyed by dancers and "sitters-out" alike. The Regimental Band was a huge success throughout its short stay with us; we are looking forward to its permanent residence one day in the not-too-far-distant future.

Evening transport to the county town has been at a premium on Wednesdays and week-ends, anyway during the winter months. Now that the evenings are longer, the accent is on sport and recreation within the camp area, although we have seen some of our older members tottering in after strenuous cross-country runs this last month or so. Inter-platoon soccer and group rugby have been the main sources of interest of late. The Mortars are in the semi-final of the former, and have come up against one of the teams found by our supporting Gunners. Rugby is very much in the melting pot, with "H.Q.'s" "B" team still battling on for the Company.

The Signal Officer is away on a course at the moment, and the late platoon commander is acting for him within the Company. We have seen shoals of signal recruits plying their lamps and field equipment; the resonant bass of a certain exchange operator still floats over the wire. We can only conclude that the Signals are all right.

The A.A. Platoon were ever a "clannish" family, but the one thing sure to bring them out of their shell these days is to enquire about their new establishment, or possibly their new A.A. magazines, and they will talk for hours.

The Drums have been revived and turned out to march the Battalion to church on a recent C.O.'s parade. We hope to beat "Retreat" shortly.

Mortars are now fully machine-minded; life in the platoon a swirl of battle drill, maintenance, map-reading, D.I's and local protection. The Mortar Platoon commander is leaving for a battle course, and then, if he survives, a rifle company. We wish him good luck and his successor good shooting. Mortars have excelled on range work recently; the platoon motto, "Smack On," they certainly live up to!

Carriers are temporarily depleted by courses. We are glad to see the platoon commander back again after being an acting company commander. 'Twas rumoured he tried to teach rifle sections armoured action, but this is probably a slander of the first order.

Pioneers are the moles of Headquarters Company, working unobtrusively but getting things done. They have also been sadly depleted by courses of late, but are all back and down to it again. We welcome their platoon commander to Headquarter Company, and congratulate him on his recent promotion.

We have a new Doc and a new Padre ; the former has already established his reputation in the Battalion by a particularly deft piece of work with a disjointed finger during a very vital football game, the latter is already hard at work on welfare. Our late I.O. and M.T.O. have gone to warmer climes, and we welcome their successors to Headquarters.

Training goes on as usual, with the usual admixture of higher exercises, and sub-units of the Company continue to get good reports. In general we are feeling more competent even than last year to do our job efficiently when the Boche comes—or when we go to him.

### RUGBY FOOTBALL.

Rugger in the Battalion has been spasmodic for many reasons, of which training and the weather have been the main offenders. What rugger has been played has been highly successful, and we are now firm favourites in the final of the Divisional competition.

Out of the various matches which the first team have played we have only lost one against a fairly strong R.A.F. side. One of our prized victories was a win over — Battalion by 17 points to nil. We hoped for a return game on their ground but it could not be arranged.

Our team has varied little from that of last year and we cannot be said to have got any new young blood. Two members of the team deserve special mention for their whole-hearted play in every game in which they took part. They are Cpl. Holt and Pte. Bailey.

Novices' rugger has also been started and there is evidence of plenty of endeavour if not over much skill. It seems to interest the chaps and one hopes that before long the followers of the round ball game will be made to see the folly of their ways and the Battalion will be 100 per cent. for the oval.

We congratulate Capt. Huskinson on having played for England and the Army in all the representative matches during the season, thus worthily following in the footsteps of Horsey Brown, Bull Faithfull and others.

### A Battalion in Iceland.

Much of what has happened since last we were mentioned in these pages is but a repetition of experiences already described in THE IRON DUKE. We, too, welcomed the Prime Minister ; we, too, on that memorable day stood shoulder to shoulder with our American allies ; we, too, look forward to the day when we shall be able to put our training to a sterner test than that of a " skeleton enemy."

Since May, 1940, this island has known us in many rôles. The places we have built, and the places we have left, hold interest only for the builders and the tenants. Omens have happened, come and gone ! Are not the officers' and sergeants' Messes completed ? Is not the concert stage rebuilt, painted and curtained (P.R.I. to pay) ? Have not the M.T. their " private " parking grounds, and the carriers their " ramp " ?

Spring is in the air. Optimism reigns supreme, but life, hereabouts, is much the same as ever it was. Training proceeds at full speed to the deafening crash of fallen arches, and the deadly crack of the displaced cartilage. When at last the obscuring veil of security is lifted, what a fund of anecdotes we shall be able to relate—but till then, walls have ears !

We have said good-bye to many old friends and hailed as many newcomers, and soon we shall be at the stage when we can count on our fingers the original Iceland invaders. Phillip Tanner left in December after 14 years with the Battalion ; Tom Hibbert and Tom Buckley also left recently for the U.K.

The Band still flourishes, and is in great demand for broadcasts, boxing contests, guest nights and concerts. A dance orchestra is now making itself heard, and bids fair to outdo the Force orchestra itself—we only lack a wooden floor and partners !

The Force concert party and orchestra put on a show for us in our own Theatre

Royal—décor by Fisher (Interior Decorations), Ltd. Nor has E.N.S.A. neglected us. Miss Mai Bacon with her party "Musical Cheers" visited us recently, and proved very popular with the boys. Not all the entertainment is musical, however; we have a cross-country run every Saturday.

Little can be said as yet of our co-operation with the American. The cultural contacts take people different ways—Potty acquired an American accent while John Pyrah contented himself with a furlined coat. To be *au fait* here, one no longer refers to "exercises," but to "prahblems," and one never rides in a "truck" but in "transportation."

The winter snows, now fast disappearing, provided many with an opportunity for ski-ing. Individual success is varied; some having attained a high standard while others have not been as skilful. The Adjutant leads what is known as the "three-point landing" school—a third ski fastened to the seat making an excellent auxiliary runner in the event of a spill. It is felt that the post-war anecdotes of the skiers will turn even hardened anglers sick with disbelief.

### OFFICERS' MESS.

Many months seem to have passed since we last attempted to record incidents and happenings for the purpose of these notes.

Changes in location, although not so frequent as a year ago, have been even more wholesale. From a palatial Canadian-built structure we passed to tents I.P., in the mountains, and then to an open piece of rock-strewn land. There, Nissen huts resembled mushrooms, and before long, colour schemes for painting and curtains were discussed, and settled. An upholsterer with a few u/s blankets produced marvels in the way of furniture (shades of Mr. Drage and his plain vans!).

Well ahead of schedule and Christmas, our Mess was a place of comfort and good cheer, well up to best Icelandic standards. Unfortunately, Cookie and Gerry with their attendant troops removed themselves to do a job of work elsewhere. Even now, the Mess secretary cannot state with confidence what they did not take with them—but their day of reckoning is nigh!

Christmas came, Christmas went, but with what memories! Once more the occasion was equalled by our faithful staff, Messrs. Robinson, Rainford, Elvin and Letch. Q.M.S. Laming may be proud to know that his tradition still lives as high as ever.

Guest nights and ladies' Sunday nights have all helped to while away the hours of darkness. Mai Bacon and her E.N.S.A. party recently split the sides, or broke the hearts of the Battalion, according to sex (of the entertainers, of course!). Some members even now wonder how and why they evaded their promises of voluntary mountain climbing.

We bade farewell regrets to Phillip Tanner, Tom Buckley, "Cherub" Hallas, "Bill" Wayland and others, and wish them good fortune. We have welcomed many, including "Frankie," Freddy Humphreys, Lewis Kershaw, and "Toss" Bates, the latter three having returned to the fold.

Mr. Punch's advice has been ignored, and the gaunt spectre of matrimony has claimed three more victims from our already depleted bachelor ranks—Major Tissington, Steve Scarlett and Leslie Gillison. All "fell" in that order, to the clink of glasses and hiccoughs of congratulations.

A peremptory order that all dogs had to disappear within 24 hours brought some amazing reactions and suggestions—manslaughter included! Whether to blame another battalion for this order, or to sympathise with them financially, is still a matter for discussion. They had their fun while it lasted, but what happened to the mutton?



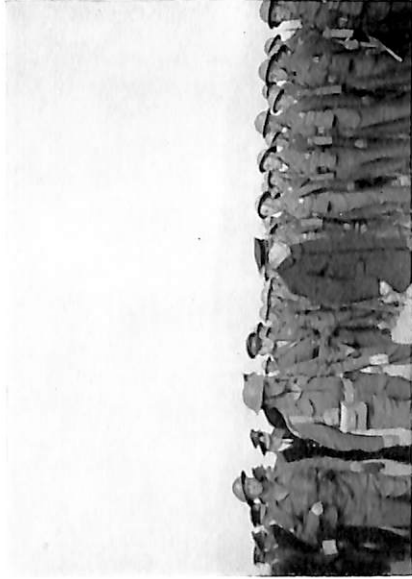
A BATTALION IN ICELAND.



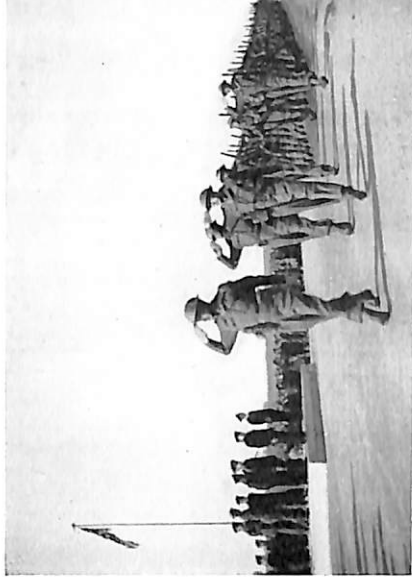
The Battalion Cross-country Team.



Iceland Force Cross-country Run.



Visit of the Prime Minister to Iceland last year.



**SERGEANTS' MESS.**

Since our last notes the weather, our "homes," thoughts and occupations have been variable. From I.P. tents to Nissen huts—"Riding on Rainbows to Greenland"—making the girls in England stare with our polar bear signs—viewing the magnificent Northern lights—experiencing depressions over Iceland—these are our conflicting thoughts at the time of writing.

A comfortable Mess has now been established in this little estate of Nissen huts, and happy nights are spent around the "old Johanna." We are fortunate in having a first-class pianist, Sgt. Thorpe, and several members think they are budding "Crosbies." Our American friends pay us regular visits and enjoy participating in the revelry.

Owing to two of our companies being detached, we are unfortunate in not having all the members together. From all accounts they are doing themselves well, and it is possible to write letters in their Messes, an impossibility here.

Happily, we are in walking distance of another Battalion and many happy times have been spent in the respective Messes. Often our paths have been lighted with the Northern lights, or knee-deep in snow, but such minor details are forgotten when good English beer is "on tap" and songs and lyrics plentiful.

Stamina was tried to the utmost on a recent scheme when nights were spent in the bleak, gaunt mountains in torrential rain. Sgt. Powell had a harassing time recovering his vehicles and checking them. "Bouncing Bertha," our orderly room truck, resembled Noah's Ark at one period when wheel-deep in mud. Great work by the Carriers soon put everything in order again, and a very tired, but not depressed, Battalion returned to camp, many having had to ford rivers during the night.

A hearty send-off was given to O.R.C.S. Salmon—"Sam." He returned to England on medical grounds, and we wish him good health and good luck in his new sphere. Many will remember the night when a combined party of officers and members of the Mess bade bon-voyage to Lt. Wayland and "Sam."

In the Island's sporting world, the sergeants' rugger team were invincible in the "Sevens," and further enhanced their reputation by beating the officers 11—7 in a six-a-side soccer match. In the "international" matches between troops on the Island we were well represented by Sgt. "Taffy" Davies, who in spite of the Welsh name, played for the English side.

We regret the departure to England of C.S.M. Roe, and extend to him our best wishes.

Advertisement seen in troops' Icelandic newspaper:—

"Soldier will consider exchange of bedding and part share of Nissen hut for feather bed and small cottage in rural England."

**COMPANY NOTES.**

"H.Q." COMPANY.—"H.Q." Company has now settled down in the new camp, only partially submerged in mud, and all the specialists are hard at work, surrounded by masses of books, training programmes, and notes for lectures, educational talks and A.B.C.A.

"Potty," our Company Pooh Bah, having acted as "locum" while Q. was on leave, is now messing and pioneer officer. It is said that the pioneer training is to be based on a 6d. copy of "Handicrafts" purchased locally. "Bill" Wayland alternated between the "Thugs" and mortars before leaving us, and now the platoons are commanded by Jack "Farmers' Boy" Cannon and "Charles" Hill respectively. The T.O's returns continue to show that all vehicles are on the road, although company commanders find difficulty in reconciling this with the fact that there is never any company transport available.

"Frank" Scholes is usually to be found under a carrier, and "Johnny Pinder" is



rarely seen without a telephone set under his arm. "Q." is still unchanged from embodiment days, and, of course, his answers to C.Q.M.S.'s queries will never alter. A newcomer to the Battalion is 2nd Lt. D. P. Seaman who is now assistant Carrier Officer.

"Tom" Buckley handed over command to "Gilly" in December, and the latter promptly forgot that a good soldier is wedded to his profession and married a charming Sister from the General Hospital.

Rank and file are still reeling from the blow received at the E.N.S.A. concert when Mai Bacon disclosed to a house spellbound with amazement that C.S.M. Horne possessed "Oomph" and "it" to an extraordinary degree. As no satisfactory explanation has yet been offered, a close watch is being kept on "Jacky" to prevent any further outbursts on the part of would-be-victims.

"A" COMPANY.—We hesitate to welcome, or say farewell, to present and past Company officers, as changes have occurred frequently, and the references to them may be out of date when published. We do, however, welcome back to the fold Lt. Lewis Kershaw, who left us in the early days of the war.

At present we are training hard, and high-spirited-members of the Company alternate between baa-ing like sheep and baying like hounds, and there is truth in the rumour that one or two of the more sprightly have become known as "Big Chief Mountain Goat"! It is hard to say cheerio to so many familiar faces, but we welcome those who replace them. They have a hard job to do, but are getting down to it like—nobody's business.

There is little to say about our activities in detail, except for a few sports notes, in which sphere the Company had maintained its ever-high reputation. In the realm of soccer, No. 9 Platoon won the Battalion inter-platoon championship, and No. 8 Platoon won the knock-out competition—it wasn't only a similarity of colours that led them to be taken for Arsenal at their best. Cpl. Brockhurst was brought in at the last minute to represent the Army (v. R.A.F.), played an excellent game, and was in no way abashed by the "stars" around him. Six of the Company boxers trained with the Battalion team, and three of them fought in various fights up to the semi-final, when our hopes were dashed, but only just!

We should like to assure our friends who have a soft spot for bird-fancying (no cracks, please!) that our pigeons are doing well and include several new faces, or beaks. Although one pigeon took a month to cover three miles (walking, we believe), we do feel that a start has been made. Congratulations to No. 1234567 Pigeon Snooks on getting his third good conduct feather.

Before closing these notes, we should like to record how sorry we are to lose (to "H.Q." Company) S.M. Roberts, and we wish him good fortune in his new company.

"B" COMPANY.—Before dashing away to inflict English on the boys (education is very popular with the powers-that-be these days), I have just time to tell you what is going on in the Company. At the helm (steering wheel or reins) we have Major J. E. Frankis, to whom we extend a hearty welcome. Changes and inter-company transfers are too numerous to mention; suffice it to say that Capt. Kilner is now with us, hard at work attempting the impossible task of converting every Lancastrian to the Yorkist faith. A neutral observer is Peter Carey, who has forsaken his alleged pipe, while in training for the Battalion cross-country run. We congratulate C.Q.M.S. Dawes on his promotion, but at the same time bid a reluctant farewell to C.Q.M.S. Merritt.

According to the calendar, spring is here, but we have not noticed any difference in the weather. Whatever its state, it is only of secondary importance compared with the never-ending argument between the men of Stalybridge and Mossley as to which is the "Home of Champions."

With regard to sporting activities, "B" Company has excelled. All platoons qualified for the first division of the soccer league and the outlook was very bright. They knew every stone of their home ground, and then our friends from across the water came

and saw, and we lost the pitch. For all we know, "baser" ball games may be played there now. No. 10 Platoon reached the final of the inter-platoon knock-out competition, but lost to No. 8 Platoon by 4—1. It is said that the presence of some grass near one of the goals upset their calculations.

In athletics we really excelled, for we had eight members in the Battalion team in the Force competitions held in August. Cpl. Fennell won the 440 yards race, open to all units in Iceland, and L/Sgt. Radcliffe coupled a nice balance with amazing momentum to hop, skip and jump further than anyone else, to win this event for us too. Such a monopoly of sprinters did we own, that of the Battalion team which won the 4×220 yards race, "B" Company provided three of the runners:—Lt. Gardner, C.S.M. Wootton and Sgt. Dawes.

In spite of the vagaries of the weather, and Mr. Carey's pipe, we are a happy band in a strange, but often pleasant land; and our chief wish is to forsake our passive rôle and get to grips with the enemy. We are certain we shall give a good account of ourselves.

"C" COMPANY.—Since last the activities of "Charley Boys" were mentioned in THE IRON DUKE, we have not had such a bad time, and there are no complaints. Route marches, hill climbs and other minor trials are taken in our stride, and no matter what we are called upon to do, "we can take it," as the boys say.

Although it happened quite a while ago, we should like to mention how proud we felt when we had the honour, with the rest of the Battalion, of being inspected by the Prime Minister, and marching past him. On that occasion everything seemed perfect, and even the sun "rose to the occasion."

And now to mention a few personalities. Lt. "Freddy" Humphreys rejoined us in October. He left us for a while, acquired another "pip," and is now in command. 2nd Lt. Duncan Ross left us for "A" and subsequently to "H.Q." Company, his place was taken by 2nd Lt. Van Abbe (formerly of Shorncliffe and Pwllheli) but who has since returned to England. Other new blood was supplied by Sgt. Kenny, but we have now lost C.S.M. Turnbull, who has gone to an O.C.T.U. L/Cpl. New, Ptes. Dimmelow, G. L. Parkin and J. Jones have returned to a warmer clime; and Cpl. "Jimmy" Thickett, the Company's joiner-extraordinary, has been transferred to "H.Q.," where he is now doing his extraordinary work with the Pioneers.

At soccer, our's is a tale of woe, for twice we were defeated by "D" Company, and we shall never live it down. We recovered some of our prestige by trouncing the Air Formation Signals.

Our Saturday nights have been brightened by visits from the Regimental Band, the Force orchestra, an E.N.S.A. concert party and the mobile cinema. We still have fields to conquer—viz., the hearts of the local "stulkas," but rumour has it that there exists a village belle whose heart is not all ice. Soldier on, Tommy!

"D" COMPANY.—Still on detachment and under command of Major J. Cooke, "D" Company has now settled down in what are, for Iceland, ideal surroundings. With the aid of the P.C., our next door neighbours, a first-class football pitch was made, and thereupon "D" Company proceeded to challenge all and sundry to mortal football combat. Almost every night there are either inter-company or inter-platoon matches and the frenzied shouts of spectators can be heard a great distance away.

At first we were under canvas, but the R.E's eventually built us a hutted camp, and we had the task for some time of road making. So proud are we of our roads that we do not like to spoil them by even walking on them and woe betide any unauthorised Icelandic lorry which trespasses.

Whist drives have been very popular, also voluntary shooting competitions, while A.B.C.A., our latest form of training, is both instructive and entertaining, especially when Lt. "Joe" Bailey was in charge. In spite of the close proximity of one of the best fishing rivers in Iceland, fishing has not become a popular sport. Lack of success

was probably the reason, as only "Doc" Shaw on his periodical visits could ever catch anything edible. Birds (feathered) of all descriptions were plentiful during the autumn months and shooting was easy, though retrieving difficult.

As leave times draw round, terrific demands for ladies' underwear, stockings, etc., are made at the Company canteen. We wonder what the fair recipients will think—bribery, peace offering, thanks offering—who knows?

### SPORT.

**ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.**—There is little to report in the "soccer" field this quarter as frozen grounds have continuously interfered with play. However, with the advent of spring, the Battalion inter-platoon league has recommenced and is now in full swing. The Force inter-company knock-out has begun and our next notes will certainly include a photograph of the cup. Since our last notes, the only game of importance has been against another Battalion which, after some excellent football, we won 9—3.

**BASKET BALL.**—Under the supervision of Lt. LeMessurier and C.S.M. Roberts, we have now convinced even the toughest members of the Battalion that basket ball is not a sport played only in ladies' seminaries and it is proving one of the most popular features of camp life. No. 7 Platoon are at the head of the league, but we have it on good authority that this is only because the officers have not played so many games. Lts. Woodcock and Gardner cause great headaches to opposing defences by dropping the ball into the net instead of throwing it up.

**BOXING.**—For the Force inter-unit contest the Battalion entered a strong, well-trained team. After winning the first round, in which our opponents—an A.A. Regiment—put up a magnificent fight, we were defeated by one point in the semi-final by a Machine-gun Battalion. 2nd Lt. Seaman, now boxing officer, states that we have formed the nucleus of a splendid team which should do very well in any future contest that may be held. Special praise is due to Sgt. Ward, Sgt. Higgs, L/Cpl. Downs and Pte. Sleigh for winning all their fights in the competition, and we congratulate all members of the team on such a grand effort.

The Icelandic Prime Minister and British Minister were amongst the G.O.C's guests at the tournament, and were accorded a hearty welcome by the hundreds of other spectators. Our Band helped the whole affair to go with a swing.

**SWIMMING.**—Swimming in Iceland commenced with a dip by hardy members of an outpost platoon taking a plunge in a glacial river. The sport was later resumed at the Sundhollin Baths, undoubtedly the finest baths any of us have ever seen. Here every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon many of us spend hours in the clear naturally-heated water. With the approach of winter we are now training a water polo team to represent us in the forthcoming inter-battalion matches, also against American and local Icelandic teams. A gala scheduled to take place within the next few weeks will give our individual stylists a chance to shine. The only snag with which we have to contend is that training will persist in interfering with our arrangements—ah well, c'est la guerre.

**ATHLETICS.**—On 26th July, as a preliminary to the Force sports, a Brigade sports meeting was held at the Stadium, Reykjavik. Competition was keen, but the Battalion had the misfortune to be third owing to difficulties experienced in the foregoing months. However, a week later, when the day arrived for the Force sports, competition was intense and the Battalion left for the Stadium with unbounding zeal and confidence. During the previous week the team had been on intensive training and every man was on the top of his form. We managed to get firsts in several events. L/Cpl. Fennell won the 440 yards, Cpl. Radcliffe won the hop, skip and jump. In the 100 yards 2nd Lt. Gardner came in second and Sgt. Dawes third. Our relay team, composed of 2nd Lt. Gardner, C.S.M. Wootton, Sgt. Dawes and Pte. Richardson, won the 4×220 yards relay, and with

with a change of L/Cpl. Brockhurst for Pte. Richardson, we came in second in the 4×110 yards relay. There were about 15 various units competing and the Battalion finally came in third, showing very considerable improvement indeed on the previous week's times and placings. When the last event had been run, we were only two points behind the unit which came in second. Our team had gone out with their usual fighting spirit right from the start, and after the sports were highly complimented by the Brigadier on their magnificent achievement.

## A Battalion Somewhere on the South Coast.

The ideal style for battalion notes in *THE IRON DUKE* we find difficult to achieve. Perhaps a careful blend of the daily whimsicality of *The Times* fourth leader, with the austerity of the Hebrew chappie who wrote *Chronicles*, is most suitable. Let us attempt the mixture.

We have (starting with Jove) a new C.O. New only in the sense that he has not yet been hymned in these pages. And here we run into the first snag. Even a few months ago he could have been greeted with the initials of his hyphenated surname—unsuitable as it is for abbreviation. Since then colonels have retreated further into anonymity. This is presumably to baffle the Bosch. Not having a Press photographer on the staff, we are unable to present a smiling picture of him taking orderly room. No formal greeting is thus possible. An informal Americanism (Hi'yah, Babe!) is perhaps unwise. Anyway, we are very glad to have him.

This Battalion, like the old grey mare, "ain't what it useter be." We have lost Bob, Frankie, Ramsay, Ivan, Vic, Suggie and a host of lesser luminaries. To them all, wherever they may be, from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands—change at Leeds University Medical School—we send greetings. They are not forgotten.

We have been fortunate in the N.C.O.'s we have secured from the Depot, though probably Bill's nocturnal raids chez Cutbill have had their effect. As a Battalion we still wander. Retreats have been beaten over half England to induce the yokels to buy corvettes. Our football teams play everybody with varying success. We even produced a revue. In our spare time we diligently acquire *binge*. For the benefit of those not in this Command, this is a nebulous remedy (akin to Beachcombers' Snibbo) which will cure everything from invasion to boredom. And now with a nice new cross-heading we shall proceed to write some chit-chat about the

### OFFICERS' MESS.

The Mess has been in barracks, billets and hotels. We retain—in spite of numerous "casualties," a nucleus of sound Huddersfield stock. The C.O. in the Mess talks about regimental history, drinks port and plays bridge. He is an authority on the first two. Bob, and another Battalion, are to be congratulated. We welcome two friendly aliens in Majors Crook and Lane-Joynt. Reg. (now crowned) reigns over some wild Canucks. William Cobb's second glass of port is the signal for his grievances anent the C.O.'s sick fund, and for the voicing of his dark suspicions about the ultimate destination of the money he collected for ecclesiastical charity by singing carols. The carols were sung in 1940 but the melody lingers on. Dickie and George have come back to us and are at present coursing. Torquil was unforgettable as the fairy queen in the Battalion revue, and at present bellows at the Home Guard. Iain is now a parent, but informs us that so far he hasn't got a word out of his son except "double." Sam and C. and Seven Days are still synonomous. Brian still keeps up an interminable flow of solicitous conversation. Wright and Tony have—softly be it spoken—become engaged. Ray has gone further and got married. Brian, Iain, Ray, Tony and George now pay more income tax and look suitable solemn. Two pips are now rare and the only owners at present are Joe,

Ben and Victor. The Mess is now strangely hushed and the B. door stands ajar ; *sic transit gloria*, Suggie. A new subaltern is something of an event these days and the Mess is a-tiptoe for days before, while hungry company commanders intrigue for his services. Paul's somewhat precarious hold on England, home and beauty finally slipped, and he is now doubtless sipping chota pegs somewhere. Father is comparatively new and already a very good friend to the Battalion. We have had a series of M.O's, most of whom only stayed long enough to be recommended for a course in tropical medicine, but we seem now to have sailed safely into a Levantine harbour. The M.T.O. informs me that the water cart is now permanently attached to B.O.R. The idea I understand is to cool off the transport rockets ; the water is changed daily.

Too much has happened to us for more than the sketchiest outline to be given. Too many old friends have left us for a separate farewell to them all. We mention only three. Major J. E. F., who had been with us so long that he had become a part of the Battalion ; Frank Firth, who as the oldest Roman of them all was suitably dined out by the officers ; and Victor Gledhill, who was known and liked by everybody. Sometime we hope to see them all again.

### SERGEANTS' MESS.

Since our notes were last published the unit has moved down "among the hops" ; it will be noted that the unit still carries on the traditions of the "Wandering Dukes." Our present location allows us to enjoy all the amenities of the town, sea and countryside. For the first time in a considerable period we are now housed in a comfortable central Mess, which has proved to be a great advantage socially among the members.

The last few months have brought many changes in the members of the Mess. We bade farewell to R.S.M. Smith on his appointment to an "Attery" connected with this Regiment. He had been with the unit since its formation as a C.S.M. and then R.S.M. His place has been taken by R.S.M. Code, who was posted from the home of the Regiment late last year. Changes have also taken place on the "Q" side. R.Q.M.S. (Blanco) White replaced R.Q.M.S. Slane upon the latter's appointment to an Army training school. There have been other numerous changes involving the disappearance of several old friends, and new ones have joined us in their stead. To the former we wish good luck in their new spheres wherever they may be and to the latter we extend a hearty welcome.

During our recent stay on the "Smugglers' Marshes"—a place not without mention in English history—the good relations existing between the Dukes and the local population were very noticeable, both socially and officially. On the Mess side, several functions were held to which the local Mayor and members of the Corporation were invited. These events proved most successful. Several official eyebrows were raised when the Sergeants' Mess gave their interpretation of that heart-rending ballad, "The Green Eye of the Yellow God," at one of these functions. When we eventually left the district, the Corps Commander received a letter from the Chief Constable of the County congratulating the Battalion on its good behaviour and relations with the civil authorities.

As these notes are being written, events are moving fast and no one can foretell what the future holds in store for us. We take this opportunity of wishing good fortune to all Dukes' Messes wherever they are at present or wherever they may be in the future. Our special thoughts are with our fellow members at present fighting in Burma. We know they will put up a good show.

### CORPORALS' MESS.

Since we left East Anglia we have been unlucky with our Mess, but we seem at last to have fallen on our feet and now own a grand Mess, which even includes a billiard table. We ran a small snooker handicap which was won by Cpl. Howard (Bull).

We wish all the best to all our new members and also to the corporals who have left

us to join the Sergeants' Mess. Sgt. Baines (Brigadier) has now left the M.I. department to join the "Dead End Kids" of No. 5 Platoon. We send greetings to our late R.S.M. Smith and hope that he is looking after the A.T.S. girls well. We welcome in his place R.S.M. Code.

We are hoping that Captain (ex) Suggie has successfully changed over from firearms to doctors' knives. We should like to send our best wishes to all in this Battalion who have gone abroad and wish them a safe return. We were sorry to lose our late C.O., who left to command a Battalion of his old Regiment, but we are very pleased to welcome in his place our new commanding officer.

## D.W.R. Infantry Training Centre.

It is with great regret that we record the death, in tragic circumstances, of our late Commanding Officer, Lt.-Col. J. O. C. Hasted, D.S.O. Though we only had the privilege of knowing him for a short while, we learnt during that time both to like and respect him. Our sincere sympathy goes to Mrs. Hasted in her sad loss.

### OFFICERS' MESS.

Since our last editorial venture the changes in our Mess personnel have been numerous. Duncan is now with us amidst a "murmuration" of majors who at one time outnumbered us 3 to 1 (see cartoon on page 88).

Rupert, John B., and Joe were the latest arrivals, though the latter has now, after subjecting the local P.O. exchange to a constant strain, returned whence he came, doubtless to continue where he left off! John B. has paid several visits to the local A.T.S. under the heading of "Admin."

Of the permanent residents "Tuppence" still figures prominently on the local golf course. He has now moved his "H.Q." to the 5th. His appreciations on taking turf are a masterpiece of restraint. We understand the grass is growing again. "Creepy" is now considered our best authority on swine fever. No further bulletins are being issued on the condition of his porcine charges! Harold Bridge has been here and gone. Jimmy Ogden still hides in the undergrowth, while "Robby" preserves his sunny outlook despite soap rationing!

Peters Green, Garnett and Knight are with us yet, the latter now a proud father. We are pleased to see "Bill" Skinner here again after a long spell on the sick list, though commiserate with him on his rotten luck. John Horsfall is still here and was seen entertaining brother Michael recently. Jack Robertson and Freddy Pearse are looking forward to cricket weather, the latter for different reasons. As a slow underhand grenade spin bowler he shows much promise against Home Guard elevens! As W.T.O. we understand he has some difficulty in obtaining "cover"!

T. M. B. Williams has perfected a plan for exterminating "yellow fever," and is anxious to put his course of treatment into effect. Hiorns, Hartley and Oattes have expressed a marked dislike for the tundra, and are now in our midst, joined most recently by "Hoppy" Hopkins from the dark continent. He walked into our office and gave us a great scare as we imagined him in pigmy territory. We are relieved that this is not a manifestation of D.T's!

We congratulate "Nick" Nicholson on his recent marriage nearby. We are sorry we could not turn out in strength but the occasion caught us in an unprecedented mass of work. Peter Garnett represented us and acted as best man.

So much for the livestock. So far as our activities are concerned we have led a most sober existence during the last few months. Our chief relaxation has been bridge without

tears, "slosh"—an intricate mixture of billiards and snooker—and an occasional "hop" with the A.T.S. Duncan is the leading light in such frivolities as we enjoy in the Mess, though his visits to the billiard table are most discouraging to his opponents!

On two occasions we have competed with the Sergeants' Mess at snooker, darts and "bones," and have spent most enjoyable evenings dancing with them in the Great Hall.

We send our greetings to those officers and men of our Battalions in contact with the little yellow men and wish them the best of luck. We shall be with you yet—we hope.

### SERGEANTS' MESS.

Space will allow only the briefest outline of our activities in the past few months. So far as the members of the Mess are concerned, we have had so many changes of late that the President has the greatest difficulty in keeping pace with things. At the moment we are a very mixed "bag" of "Hinnies" and "Tykes" though we get on splendidly together and by common consent have swept aside county boundaries, and a peaceful spirit of friendliness and loyalty exists between the two Regiments.

Our entertainments manager and his able assistants have prepared very thoroughly our fortnightly dances and socials. "Happy" and "Roy" demonstrate very ably the noble art of self defence to the local not-so-dumb blondes deep in the ghostly subterranean territory of the Mess.

Social events with the officers and corporals have been a great success. The officers' social was, so far as we can gather, a mysterious affair of "Hush, hush," due to the presence of the two "fuhrers." The first attack consisting of snooker, darts and "bones" was exploited later in the Officers' Mess. Our first encounter with the corporals resulted in our being whitewashed. The return saw happier results and we are now level pegging.

We wish good luck to all who have departed from the Mess and welcome all those who have just joined. Congratulations to all our colleagues who have been promoted in all Messes of the Regiment.

### CORPORALS' MESS.

We are most comfortable in our new abode, consisting of two fine Messes well furnished and tastefully decorated. An energetic committee are in charge of affairs, and functions are held regularly. A short time ago we entertained the sergeants to an evening of games, and proved our superiority. Later when they reciprocated we were narrowly beaten. A football match is arranged for Easter. We are confident of victory.

We have held two dances in the imposing castle adjoining the camp at which we were pleased to see the officers and sergeants enjoying themselves as thoroughly as ourselves. Tombola is in full swing and woe betide anyone who interrupts the Mah-jong school! We hasten to congratulate those of our members who have left for the Sergeants' Mess, and take this opportunity of welcoming new members.

A fine feeling of *esprit-de-corps* exists between our two Regiments, and we have made very many good friends here whom we shall be sorry to leave. We wish all the best of luck to all former members and all "Dukes" wherever they may be.

### COMPANY NOTES.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY.—Captain Peter Knight still commands here. His comments on establishments are not pleasant to hear! In addition to being hon. chairman of the castle charladies' committee, he is rapidly assuming the responsibilities of Minister of Labour from Depot Company. Indents for labour should be submitted in triplicate and written in illegible handwriting on both sides. Incidentally applications for employment as pigman will be welcomed. In the past few months it seems we have supplied pigmen to all parts of the country! We still excel at football though our activities of late have not given us much opportunity. We hope shortly to fire on the open range.

A BATTALION ON THE SOUTH COAST.



The Commanding Officer.



The Corps of Drums.



BRANCEPETH CASTLE.



We were sorry to lose 2nd Lt. Pascall and wish him luck wherever he is. At the time of going to press we have just heard of the very sad loss, due to an accident, of Cpl. Taylor, D.L.I. Our sincere sympathy goes to Mrs. Taylor in her bereavement.

DEPOT COMPANY.—Captain Peter Green has now left us to take over Specialist Company, where we are pleased to notice the wrinkles on his brow are smoothing out. Captain Horsfall has taken over "D" Company and has been joined there by 2nd Lt. T. M. B. Williams. One or two senior N.C.O's have also left us.

In spite of the O's and S's who are now being weeded out we can hold our own with other companies in sport, schemes and route marches under the indefatigable "Peggy" Martin, although in the rapid change of faces few remain to recount our deeds. We have been fortified recently by a number of men who have expressed a marked dislike for being paid out in kroner!

SPECIALIST COMPANY.—We take this opportunity of welcoming our new company commander, Captain Peter Green, and Lt. W. W. Skinner as second-in-command. We also welcome C.S.M. Reed and C.Q.M.S. Colley. We were sorry to lose 2nd Lt. Nicholson but congratulate him on his recent marriage. Our hard-worked M.T.O., 2nd Lt. P. R. Garnett, performed the onerous duties of best man admirably.

Our M.T. is still flourishing in its usual efficient manner (thanks to the sixteen "do's") and our carriers continue to strike fear into the hearts of the aged local inhabitants. So far, however, and we promptly touch the table, neither villagers, carriers nor walls have suffered material damage. Our signal and mortar classes are hard at work ready for action in other spheres. The Quarter's best story concerns a learner driver who, when told that his plug was "missing" carried out a diligent search throughout the Company area! Another learner driver when asked what to do in case of an accident replied, "Plead not guilty, Sir"!

In conclusion we wish the best of luck to all departed from this Company and to all "Dukes" wherever you may be.

"C" COMPANY.—Since our last notes we have had two intakes of thriving Yorkshire lads, judging by their performance in the dining hall! We welcome two new arrivals, the Mayors Elect of Cawood, Sgts. Etches and Cocker. We hope their stay with us will be pleasant. C.S.M. "Teddy" is still with us and fairly lets the dust fly when he shouts "Mobile." We congratulate our skipper, Major Robertson, on his appointment as unit "psychologist."! Judging by the smiling faces of the recruits and the worried look on the major's face he is making a great success of it. We have a football, hockey, basket ball and running league in progress and a rigger team in the making. All are keenly looked after by 2nd Lt. Robertson, who is still trying hard to make the grade for the unit football team. Major Pott and Captain Schofield have both left us, the latter with two lovely black eyes after a slip in the black-out. We wish them the best of luck, and also Sgts. "Larry," "Snap," "Frenchy" and "Billy," the unit "gig"!

Copy of telegram sent by six recruits who were recently interviewed by Major Robertson, trade tested, and posted to the R.A.O.C. at Corsham:—

"To Major Robertson, "C" Company, I.T.C. Please try to get us back into the Dukes at all costs.—SIX LADS SENT TO CORSHAM."

"D" COMPANY.—We welcome Captain John Horsfall, our new company commander, and also 2nd Lt. T. M. B. Williams, who have joined us from Depot Company. We wish good luck to Captain Royds now left for his old Battalion, and also 2nd Lt. Carden now at another training centre. Our numerous deadlegs have been wheeled over to Depot Company to make room for that long awaited intake. C.S.M. "Johnny" Stork, fresh from his conquests with the A.T.S., is now the "big shot" here. C.Q.M.S. Churchill now sits in "Dinga" Bell's old seat. Major Bairstow is from time to time O.C. "D" Company when we then take the opportunity of catching up on our P.A.D. schemes!

C.S.M. "Chinny" Holder, between rounds of golf, conducts the orchestra in the gym, while "Tommy" Uttley, eagerly awaiting cricket weather, shakes the deadlegs up in Depot Company. C.S.M. Oakes has now retired to the sacred precincts of the Q.M.'s office.

A day with the Company will see Captain Horsfall and 2nd Lt. Williams leading the field in the cross-country run, with a string of 35's well behind, and the broad smiles on the face of Johnny Stork as he flits from hut to hut will tell you all is well with "D."

## No. 6 A.T.S. Training Centre.

### THE BARRACKS.

#### IN SIMPLE LANGUAGE FOR SIMPLE PEOPLE.

At the gates of the barracks you will meet two men—two rather insolent men, although they don't look it. I call them insolent because, if you are an officer, they want to look at a very funny photograph of your face, while if you are a recruit, they simply try to find out what you are paid and how much you weigh—which is none of their business. All this is called Security, and you just have to put up with it.

When you leave these men you will see on your right a grim building like a castle or a dungeon in a tale of romance, but don't worry about it, because inside, it's just like a country shop without the satin pincushions.

The first place you must go to is the guard room. Now, to reach the guard room you must walk behind a high wall till you come to a door. Beside the door are two mirrors with words of wisdom written over them. This all sounds rather like "Pilgrim's Progress," but it isn't really. Furthermore, you're wrong about the guard room—it never was a coal cellar. It contains men and women and half-drunk cups of tea and prisoners and keys and a bugle, and in the passage there are iron gadgets called water, gas and electricity, put there for the orderly officer to fall over once on each tour of duty.

The Adjutant's office is very important because the Adjutant knows everything. You can see at once how important it is because it has three calendars. It has also a large mirror so that you can always see two adjutants, the real one and the reflection. That is because everything in the Adjutant's office must be in duplicate, which means two; one you keep and one you lose. There is a special telephone there, through which the general public are allowed to ask the orderly officer any stupid question that comes into their head.

Above the Adjutant lives Miss Hoyland, who is the R.S.M., and she is the only person in the barracks who is allowed to have red hair. She is also allowed to keep kittens because she is so special. Having red hair is a right, of course, while keeping kittens is a privilege.

Outside, in the centre of the barracks, is the parade ground, which is made up of soft green grass, for keeping off, and hard black asphalt, for walking on. The only people allowed to stand on the grass are the daffodils, who stand on the top edge by the Officers' Mess, and Mrs. Norris and the Adjutant, who stand on the bottom edge facing the parade ground. Mrs. Norris is only allowed to stand there when there are so many people on the parade ground that there isn't room for her.

Now, all the company offices turn their backs on the parade ground, to show that they are much more interested in the *papers* than the *people*.

The nearest office is No. 3 Company. It isn't a club house like "H.Q." office. It's a service flat with bath, hot and cold, a kitchen to cook the accounts in, and a dear little sitting room where they are said to do their work.

No. 1 Company is wholly a Peter Pan company. If you turn first on the left and straight on till morning you will find the Never Never Land with outdoor mazes and indoor mazes and underground mazes and things to fall through or over or into. Then the three officers live in a Wendy house and run their Company as a Women's Rural Institute.

No 2 Company is quite different. It lives among the coal heaps and the N.A.A.F.I. rations right down at the bottom of the hill and nearly out of the barracks. It tries to keep up the traditions of the men by efficiency on paper, strong language and three inches of dust.

Near No. 2 Company is the school room where the Cadre is run. The Cadre is a meeting where the N.C.O's are allowed to ask the officers questions they think the officers can't answer. Back to back with the school room lives Miss Trantom, the barrack fortune teller, who is allowed to ask the recruits questions she knows they can't answer. She is a D.S.P. officer, which means Distinctly Superior Person, and she gives the recruits perfect freedom to choose to be what she has already decided they are going to be.

There are three symbols in the barracks. The first is the barrack clock, which is a symbol of discipline. It is kept ten minutes wrong to prove whether you will go on duty when you think or when they say.

The second is a rustic summer house which is a symbol of truth, because if a civilian had made it the logs on the outside would have looked real, whereas anyone can tell that they are just a sham. This is because the army never pretends.

The third symbol is in the Adjutant's office and is a pair of tongs which have only one handle and are no use whatever. They symbolise the human touch, which means that even an adjutant may be wrong and, as the proverb has it, "a chicken may look at a quartermaster."

### SERGEANTS' MESS.

Since the Dukes first welcomed (!) the A.T.S. Training Centre to their barracks, there has been a steady deserving of the honour, as there has been built up, little by little, an A.T.S. Sergeants' Mess—little by little in sizes, numbers and experience. New and spruce young sergeants have been, literally, drafted in, and a galaxy of crowns and wreaths have appeared. Now, if not already at the top, the Mess is on the brow of the hill to the exalted position which it should occupy. Ask the recruits!!

Quite a few activities show that the sergeants have the right idea in running play as well as work. Christmas belongs to the long ago, but then the Mess began to show its mettle.

A bar run by the sergeants at the recruits' dances is a good idea and the beer is good! Dances in the Centre come and go, but when the Mess decided to play with hearts on Valentine's Eve—now, that *was* a dance! Many of the Dukes were pleased to see and meet lots of their old friends there. Perhaps they wondered how the A.T.S. looked them up. A second dance since then was also a successful function. What dance floor wouldn't be popular with boxes of chocolates and toffee as prizes and the Mayor of Halifax to present them? Even an Army chaplain (there were at least two of them there) wouldn't mind being caught in a Booms-a-Daisy position to win such a prize. Have the sergeants some other weapon up their sleeves?

While not yet on a scale comparable with the famous Dukes' Mess, the A.T.S. Mess has now many amenities in that little hut. A nice bar, dining room for forty, comfy lounge, etc.

The loss of R.S.M. Randall was a great blow, and the Mess wish her luck and success in her new Centre, while taking to heart her successor, R.S.M. Hoyland.

### CORPORALS' MESS.

No sooner do we become familiar with the faces of the members of the Mess than we see them go and the Mess fills up with a brand new complement. Thus, trying to remember who's who, is, to say the least, a difficult task.

The queue for morning coffee in the Mess is terrific—and to catch a glimpse of the fire is well nigh impossible, unless you are an "early bird"!

A corporals' dance, held some weeks ago, proved a great success, and will be followed shortly by various entertainments, including another dance—the efforts of our entertainments committee are stupendous!

We should like here to offer congratulations to all who have left the Corporals' Mess for the Sergeants' Mess, and wish all success to those members who have left No. 6 A.T.S.T.C for pastures new.

During the past few months the E.C.T.C. has been flourishing, and the students cheerily turning out food for the troops, even using the field kitchen, despite severe weather. So far we have not heard of anyone suffering from starvation in the barracks.

### THE SONG OF THE COOKS.

Join our easy teasy,  
Cook food for to pleasy,  
Why don't you make your way there—  
Go there—  
Stay there?

Be the weather cold or breezy  
Or the cookhouse hot and greasy,  
We carry on to feed you—  
Serve you—  
Please you!

Any morning, any day,  
If you stroll round cookhouse way,  
You'll see us all—  
Learning the way to cook!

[It is regretted that it is impossible to reproduce the sketch which accompanied the above lines.—ED.]



The New Order.

**H.M.S. IRON DUKE.**

c/o G.P.O.,  
London,  
30th April, 1942.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Our artist is still with us and we submit a drawing of his for your approval. When asked why he had chosen such a subject, he replied that it represented "Hope deferred." He is himself a telephone operator and, like many others of our ship's company, is waiting patiently until he can use a real telephone to talk to someone who does not wear bell-bottom trousers.

News from the *Iron Duke* is scarce, in fact non-existent. Since your last issue we have welcomed a new captain and many of our officers and ship's company have changed, indeed there are only a handful who have served in the ship throughout the war.

New Battalions of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment must be forming and to them, as well as those who have seen previous letters from the *Iron Duke*, we wish good luck.

YOUR CORRESPONDENT.



## OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS

### (1st and 2nd BATTALIONS).

The following is a summary of the cases dealt with by the committee for the period 1st July, 1941, to mid-April:—To sixteen cases of ex-members of the 1st and 2nd Battalions grants totalling £21 6s. 3d. were made. An aggregate of £30 12s. 6d. has been paid from the 2nd Battalion Charitable Fund to four applicants and to 2nd Battalion families. The 3rd Battalion Fund met the needs of two applicants by payment of £1 1s. 11d. The Administrator of the 9th Battalion Fund authorised the payment of £7 in two cases of need, and the Mitchell Trust Fund was called on to the extent of £10 10s. 0d. in aid of three local cases.

### 10th (SERVICE) BATTALION.

While the O.C.A., as such, is more or less dormant during hostilities, it does not mean that members are inactive. Indeed, many of them are playing a very useful part in the nation's war effort, and the following are additional items of information concerning the work of some of them.

Lt.-Colonel S. S. ("Slasher") Hayne is now Squadron-Leader Hayne, commanding the Defence Squadron of his aerodrome. One cannot say whether the soubriquet "Slasher" remains with him, because we are unaware whether he still carries the whip he had with him in the last war. He joined the R.A.F. in 1940 as pilot-officer—we always knew he had plenty of pluck! and by 1st November of that year had become squadron-leader.

Major J. C. Bull is now Captain Bull, second-in-command of a Home Guard company whose territory covers—or appears to—about 100 square miles. He, accompanied by his brother-in-law, has had the happy experience of rounding up a crew of four from a Junkers 88 brought down during a raid. He comments—in his drily humorous way:—"They were not hostile. In fact, when we drove a car across country at them they lined up like a reception committee. And when I ran my hands over the first for hidden arms, he seized my hand and shook it warmly! The 'plane was practically intact and our people were trying it out a week later. It happened about 5.30 p.m. and within ten minutes of our being on the spot at least 20 of my H.G. were there also in uniform—good, as it was a mile from the village."

Mrs. Bull, by the way, is running a large canteen in Winchester and has with her about 300 voluntary workers operating on the shift system. That's splendid work—though, apparently, it involves coping with drunks, fights, knife wounds, fits, etc. Every "Duke" who knows the real value of canteens will wish her the very best of luck.

Captain F. H. Baume is now Major Baume and senior commander in his local Home Guard battalion. He has as his assistant company commander Captain W. H. Harvey, who, he states, will be well known to many through his association with the 3rd Battalion.

With the idea of giving encouragement to the "Duke's" fighting in Burma, the 10th O.C.A. on 28th February sent the following cablegram to the Officer Commanding:—

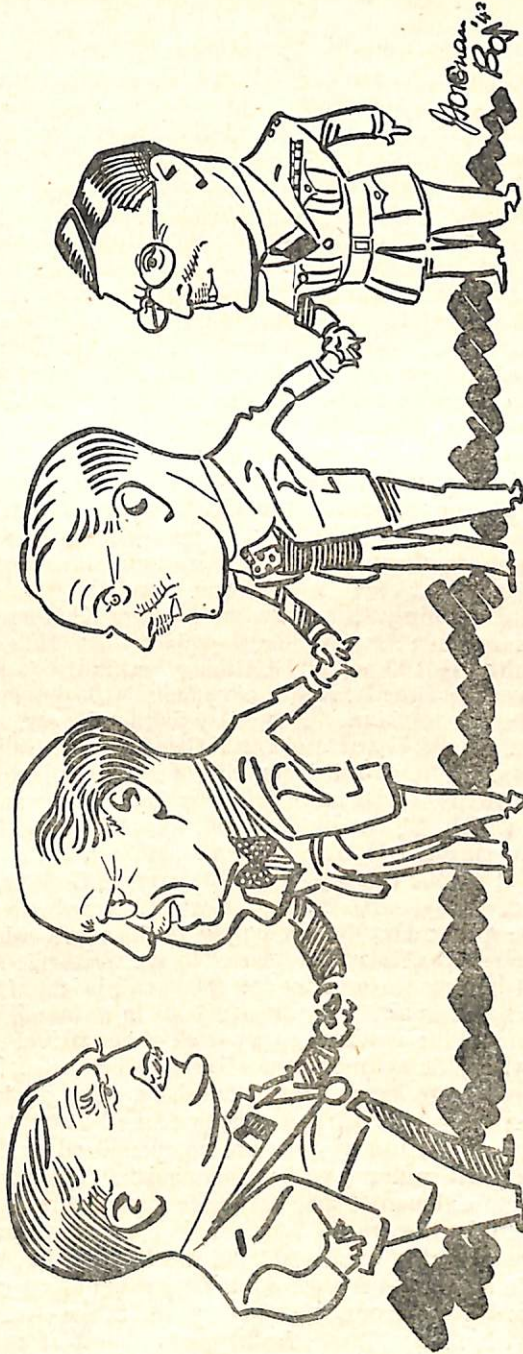
"Greetings and good luck.—10TH DUKE'S O.C.A., BRADFORD."

We hope the knowledge that former "Duke's" have had this unit in their thoughts during the recent fighting under most terrible conditions will have been of some help to them. Theirs will be a wonderful story when it can be told.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this magazine should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

# The DUKES

HAND-IN-HAND IN CIVIL DEFENCE



COL. C. J. PICKERING,  
C.M.G., D.S.O.,  
COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT,  
AND  
DEPUTY COMMISSIONER.

BRIGADIER J. C. BURNETT,  
D.S.O.,  
A CO-ORDINATOR.

LT. COL. F. G. PEAKE  
C.M.G., C.B.E.  
1/3 TRAINING

MAJOR T. V. LAVERACK,  
M.B.E., M.M.,  
SENIOR COMPANY OFFICER  
IN NATIONAL FIRE SERVICE.



## Iceland in Peacetime.

Of all unlikely places for a Battalion of the Regiment to be stationed—before this amazing war burst upon us—surely Iceland tops the list. Could anyone have foreseen a British occupation of this hitherto isolated island? Certainly the writer did not, although he can claim to have spent a full two weeks there five years before the Duke's pitched their tents on the lava fields. This was in the late summer of 1935.

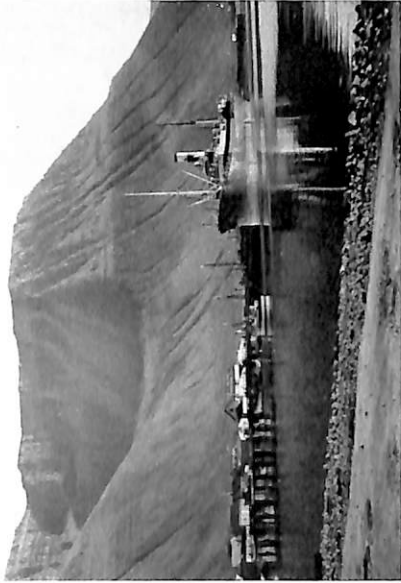
For some unknown reason, I had sometimes dreamed of finding myself in Reykjavik. The idea of travelling somewhere off the beaten track, free from trippers, seemed mildly romantic. So when opportunity arose—thanks to a substantial refund of income tax—a passage was arranged with the "Eimskipafjelag Islands" (Iceland Steamship Company).

We experienced quite a thrill when the S.S. *Godafoss* set off from Hull down the Humber into the unknown on a glorious August morning. This pleasurable sensation lasted until we had passed the Orkneys, when great Atlantic rollers, driven across our path by westerly winds, occasioned feelings of a different kind. The four days' voyage to Iceland can scarcely be recommended to any but good sailors, and two or three days and nights of internal discomfort followed. The captain of the *Godafoss*—an Icelander, as were all of the crew—was a splendid specimen of his profession, with a wonderful respect for—and faith in—the British Navy, and an equal contempt for the Hun. We touched at the Westmann Islands, wild and remote, but with a distant view northwards of Iceland's southern glaciers. Rising almost perpendicularly out of rough seas were precipitous cliffs, dotted with sheep clinging like flies on slopes so steep that one false step, it seemed, would send them crashing down into the foaming waves breaking on to the rocks beneath.

Reykjavik was reached early next morning, and there we spent several days. We visited the lovely lake Thingvellir, with the Logberg ("Mount of the Law") and the wide plain below where, in 930 A.D., first assembled the world's oldest Parliament, which celebrated its millenium in 1930. The "Althing" sat in the open air, during the summer, for eight hundred years; thus having some affinity with the Tynwald, the ancient open air Parliament of the Isle of Man. A two-day journey by car, spending a night *en route*, took us to Gullfoss and the Great and Little Geysirs. The Gullfoss Falls are well worth a visit, though it means a long and tiring drive of some 90 miles each way from Reykjavik over fearfully rough roads. The main drop pours into a deep and narrow chasm, sending up clouds of spray which, blown by the wind, spread half a mile or more away and rise hundreds of feet overhead. Double rainbows arch across the Falls, whenever the sun shines, with beautiful colour effects—hence the name of Gullfoss, the Golden Falls. Just above the chasm, drenched with spray, a few wild strawberries were growing.

Our trip to the Great Geysir, the largest in the world (which gave its name to all other geysirs elsewhere) was somewhat marred by the weather. At full blast it sends forth an immense gush of boiling water, nine feet thick, to a height of two hundred feet. Prior to August, 1935, it had remained for twenty years in a state of complete quiescence, but most obligingly came to life again the very week of our arrival. The Great Geysir, however, dislikes cold windy days and wet weather, of which Iceland, as no doubt the Duke's ere now have good reason to know, gets its full share. The geysir can be made to vomit—out of turn, so to speak—by giving it a large dose of soap; "Sunlight," we were told, gives the best results. Casual visitors are not permitted to dose the geysir, which is the property of the Government, without permission. Too many doses affect it to such an extent that it gets exhausted and may take many years to recover, as was the case prior to 1935. When in the mood, however, it bursts forth automatically at irregular intervals. We were unlucky, as a cold wind was blowing, but we saw the beginnings of an eruption—a false alarm, as it died down after rising about twelve feet. The geysir's surroundings are dangerous ground. Its mouth lies in the centre of a boiling pool about thirty feet wide, with many other smaller pools almost at boiling point eighteen feet deep and flush with the crumbling surface, so that any living thing stumbling in to one of

ICELAND IN PEACETIME.



S.S. "Godafoss" at Isafjordur, August 29th, 1935.



Great Geysir, August 1935, at full blast again, after 20 years quiescence.



Reykjanes, September 5th, 1935. Unique SALT water boiling spring.



Stadur, near Grindavik, September 5th, 1935. Iceland ponies en route to Reykjanes.

(All these photographs were taken by Major C. H. B. Pridham, except the Great Geysir, for which thanks are due to Mr. K. O. Skagfjord, of Reykjavik).



Grave of the late Colonel A. P. Dunn, V.C., at Senafe, Abyssinia (see page 89).



Coast Scenery at the Westmann Islands, Iceland.

them gets boiled alive. The eruption may last for as long as ten minutes, the water gradually giving place to clouds of steam. The road to the geysir is (or was in 1935) rough going, and a car has to drive through at least one river which is unfordable when in flood.

We made another journey to Reykjanes, at the south-western tip of Iceland, where we bathed in a sea water cave, warmed by a submerged hot spring. From the summit of the lighthouse nearby one gets a fine view of a cluster of springs, each giving off little clouds of steam. The largest of these is something of a curiosity as the boiling water is *salt*, though well over half a mile inland; whilst all the surrounding springs are fresh water ones. Our guide said that this was the only inland salt water spring in Iceland, so it is probably unique. The way to Reykjanes was by Iceland pony from Grindavik, a ride of about eleven miles each way. Returning from Gullfoss, we spent a night at Laugarvatn, one of the many lakes into which pour streams of glacier water. A hot spring oozes into the lake at one corner, making the water warm enough for bathing. Close by is a sulphur steam bath (excellent for rheumatism), and a large building used as a school for eight months of the year, which becomes a hotel during the summer. School holidays are from June to September, but the term lasts throughout the long winter months from October onwards. Icelanders are extremely well educated—especially in languages. A girl of about seventeen we met here was typical—an accomplished pianist, singer, and broadcaster for the Iceland Radio, she also spoke six foreign languages. The chauffeur who drove us to Gullfoss spoke English fairly well, and had ambitions towards a European University education; though his career for several years had been as one of the crew of a fishing trawler in the Arctic Seas—one of the world's toughest professions. We visited his parental home near the Little Geysir—"my village," he called it. The cooking was done in an open air oven heated by a hot spring, whilst an old piece of iron piping, carried into the cottage from outside, provided continual central heating. Dotted all over the landscape in Iceland may be seen, for ever lazily rising upwards, these little clouds of steam—a picturesque sight. A great scheme for providing Reykjavik ("Reyk," by the way, means steam) with central heating for every home of its 25,000 inhabitants, was under consideration in 1935, but was held up through lack of capital—Iceland's main problem. It merely entailed a pipe line a few miles long from the nearest springs, which would ensure an everlasting hot water supply without any fuel consumption—a project much to be desired, and, on so large a scale, unequalled anywhere else in the world.

One would not imagine Iceland as being the sort of place for which one packs a bathing costume. But good facilities can be found at Alafoss, only a few miles out of Reykjavik, close to the Cloth Mills (which manufactures cloth in imitation of Scotch tweed, and good rugs made from Iceland wool). Here is a covered-in bath of tepid sulphur water, ideally soft and very beneficial to the skin. The river runs very hot further up the valley, but cools down to a nice bathing temperature at the Mills. The local lads are taught to swim and dive and competitions are held during the summer. Nearby are greenhouses, heated from the hot springs, where almost anything can be grown; and green turf abounds along the river banks, with grass growing in water not far below boiling point.

Leaving Reykjavik by sea we sailed northwards up the west coast, past the volcano of Snaefellsjokull, and around the curiously shaped north-west peninsular, stopping at Patreksfjordur and Isafjordur. The latter is a pleasant little port lying up its fjord about twenty miles south of the Arctic Circle. We arrived here on a gloriously sunny August day. Seeing some boys bathing off the long jetty in hot sunshine, we decided to follow their example. My wife jumped in recklessly—it looked so inviting—only to scream out, "It's icy!" and scrambled out hastily. She agreed, however, that the after effect of the icy plunge was most exhilarating. The Boy Scouts of Isafjordur were well established. At a villa where we were invited to tea we found a sort of shrine in honour of the Chief Scout (the late Lord Baden Powell), whom our host's young son almost worshipped. Siglifjordur, our next stop, was far

from a pleasant spot ; but it is the centre of the dried fish industry—Iceland's main export. Everywhere were stacks of salted cod, drying in the sun, and giving off " an ancient and fish-like smell." The fish is packed into barrels and—in peace time—shipped to Portugal, Spain and Italy. Akureyri, our last port of call, lies at the southern end of a fjord some thirty miles long, is the largest town on the north coast, and probably ranks next in importance to Reykjavik. It is quite a cheerful little place, with a street of shops, a cinema, one or two hotels, and an imposing looking High School. Here we came across a youthful English couple—only just married—who had chosen Akureyri for a honeymoon !

From Akureyri we arranged a long motor drive to Lake Myvatn visiting *en route* the Godafoss Falls. This is one of the largest of Iceland's many waterfalls—a miniature Niagara. Tradition says that here, nearly 1,000 years ago, an Icelandic Viking made an important decision. The original Norsemen who settled in Iceland appear to have been pagans, until at length Christianity was brought there by missionaries from Norway. The Viking sought inspiration at the Falls for a day and a night, until finally he made his choice for the new religion, by hurling his stone images into the raging glacier waters. Myvatn (" Lake of Midges ") is a mysterious looking volcanic lake, dotted with islands of jet black lava (extinct craters) which contrast vividly with the deep emerald green of the grass growing down to the water's edge. From Myvatn, at Skutustadir, where the road ends—if time permits (which for us, unfortunately, it did not)—one can reach the great Dettifoss Falls, the grandest and largest in Europe. Few people have seen Dettifoss, owing to its remoteness and the difficulty of getting there, as there is no road, and it takes a full day to ride there by Iceland pony from the Skutustadir rest house. The Falls are at their most spectacular in the spring, when the Jokulsa river, flowing northwards from the great Vatnajokull glacier, carries down huge blocks of ice which are precipitated suddenly over a 330 feet drop into a great gorge nearly twenty miles long, between rocky walls 150 feet high. Further inland lies the vast lava desert of Odadahraun (" desert of evil deeds "), and the great crater of Askja with a tepid lake in the centre. The eruption of Askja in 1875 wrapped all eastern Iceland in dense darkness, and spread an immense tract with a stifling bed of pumice.

Roads with a good surface are (or, in 1935, were) scarce ; whilst no railway exists throughout a country about the size of Portugal. Many of the coast villages are isolated, as the solitary track that straggles a few miles behind them gradually grows worse until it ends abruptly. Their sole means of communication with the outside world is an occasional call by small coastal steamers. On the other hand, practically every small hamlet is connected by telephone with Reykjavik. Iceland's total population does not much exceed 100,000, and the vast majority of these are confined to the coastal districts. The whole interior consists of trackless wastes, glaciers, lava fields, extinct craters and volcanoes. There are no fewer than 130 of the latter, the best known being Hekla in the south, but several others have erupted during the past 100 years. Vatnajokull, in the south-east, is the largest glacier in Europe, with an area greater than that of Sussex and Kent combined. One of the very few who have traversed Vatnajokull from south to north, and from west to east, is my good friend Mr. K. O. Skagfjord, an accomplished skier, who also claims to have climbed nearly every peak in Iceland. He is the representative of a number of British business firms, and, with his excellent spoken English, was of great assistance to us during our stay. This kindness was returned to him in 1937, when I had the pleasure of showing him something of London, including a debate in the House of Commons. Mr. Skagfjord is one of the few Icelanders who does not conform to the age-old custom of sons and daughters taking their surname from their father's *first* name. Thus the son of Jon Olafsson, for example, becomes Jonnson, whilst his daughter is known as Miss Jonnesdottir. This seems confusing to us—*au contraire*, our simple system appears peculiar to Icelanders. It seems that their method of surnaming was also used in Britain 1,000 years ago. The Icelandic language, which has remained unchanged throughout the centuries, has much in common, basically, with English ; as

can be seen by reference to any good dictionary, where the Icelandic equivalent of many of our words is quoted in brackets. Here are two curious coincidences—the national flag of Iceland has the same design (and colours) as the Union Jack—with the sole exception of the St. Andrew's cross; whilst Iceland's national anthem has exactly the same metre, and lines to the verse, as ours; and could be sung to the same tune. This holds good both when written in Icelandic, and also in an English translation—to quote the last verse:—

“ Fire-olden Iceland strand,  
Heart's dearest foster-land.  
Hill-maiden rare!  
Best gifts be thine alway,  
From heart and soul we pray,  
While this world's night and day  
Steadfast endure.”

Icelanders, English and Scotch are all Anglo-Saxons, mainly descended from the same stock. People in Reykjavik did not strike us as being more foreign than Highlanders, and the climate is not very different from that of the Highlands. This is entirely due to the Gulf Stream, which not only encircles the British Isles but Iceland also—an advantage enjoyed only by these countries, thus separating them climatically from the Continent of Europe. The northern arm of the Gulf Stream passes between Iceland and Greenland—whose nearest point is only about 150 miles away. Iceland's coastal lowlands show up a deep green; but one of the first Vikings to settle there—one Floki, by name—happened to see a fjord “full of polar ice”—hence he named it Island (“Is”=Ice). Greenland's first visitor caught sight of a small patch of green vegetation—about the only one in that vast region of ice and snow—and thus named it euphemistically. How many historians, by the way, have known that the first European explorer to reach America was one Thorfinnur, an Icelander, who arrived there in 1003 A.D.—nearly 500 years before Columbus? He spent four years there, calling it Vinland, as he found vines growing wild on the mainland. His statue, the work of Iceland's greatest sculptor, Einar Jonsson, is one of Reykjavik's main features of interest; and another statue to Thorfinnur was unveiled at Philadelphia in 1920.

Numbers of Icelanders have long since settled in the States (and in Canada), and now the U.S.A. have returned the compliment with an Army of Occupation. This suggests that Iceland's 1,000 years of complete isolation—except for the slender link with Denmark, now severed by the war—is fast drawing to a close. The military occupation must already have brought increased prosperity. In May, 1940, our first troops landed at Reykjavik, to be very coldly received by its inhabitants who did not realise that the alternative—a Hun invasion—would strip them bare. Money follows the Union Jack wherever it flies, and the advent of the Stars and Stripes must have accentuated the flow. English pound notes were avidly snapped up in 1935; pounds and dollars by now must be plentiful. The fishing industry, too, has greatly benefited by sales of cod and herrings to add to our rations. Trade will surely increase and Iceland will be able to import some of the luxuries of life, until now sadly lacking.

As a matter of interest—is not Major-General H. O. Curtis (who has recently handed over command of the forces in Iceland to Major-General Bonesteel of the U.S. Army), the same officer as the Major H. O. Curtis who was so well known to the Duke's 2nd Battalion in Egypt in 1923-24? Major Curtis was brigade major to dear old “Buggins” (the late Brigadier W. G. Braithwaite). There must be many who will remember the latter's visits of inspection to Ismailia, whilst we were under canvas there. He was so nicknamed, I fancy, by our adjutant, whose fertile imagination likened him to the conventional stage conception of a fiery general. He used to bark very fiercely at us on training; but his bark was far worse than his bite, and I still treasure a most kind personal letter sent to me by “Buggins” after his presentation of the Command cricket cup at Gezira. Iceland is thus linked up in my mind with happy days of long ago in Egypt.

To sum up, our pre-war Iceland tour, to me, was far more interesting than a more conventional trip to a better known country—a later visit to Copenhagen, for example, fell flat by comparison. As a holiday resort—except for salmon fishing enthusiasts—it cannot, as yet, be recommended to those who prefer a high standard of living. Camping out on the lava fields, on the other hand, is said to be as healthy as we found it to be when under canvas at Mena Camp, near the Pyramids. In Iceland one has to rough it “more than somewhat,” and the beds surpassed in discomfort any I have sampled elsewhere. (We did not, however, sample those at the Borg Hotel.) Our car trip to Myvatn we shall never forget; for it appears to be an old Icelandic custom to crowd *at least* ten persons into a car with seats for six—a giant of 6ft. 7in. also squeezed in on the way!—a method not to be recommended when travelling for many miles over the roughest roads. At one place we left the road altogether and jolted for miles over a trackless waste, full of crevices and ditches. Iceland is, or was, under Prohibition, and the national drink appeared to be milk, or coffee of a somewhat inferior brew. To put it bluntly, some Icelanders are liable to be even worse toppers—*when they can get “it”*—than either English or Scotchmen. The Government consequently decided to follow the example set by the U.S.A. and go “dry.” There was an amusing sequel to this, for it had the effect of stopping all imports of wine from Spain, Portugal, and Italy, who happened to be among Iceland’s best customers. Whereupon the countries concerned retaliated by pointing out, quite politely, that if Iceland would not buy their wines, neither could they buy her fish! This made a compromise of some sort imperative, so that by the time of our visit we found it possible to purchase wines (and spirits) at one solitary shop in Reykjavik, which was open only from 5 to 6 p.m. Never have I been to a country where a whiskey and soda tasted more like nectar—on the very few occasions when one came my way!

Iceland is a land of contrasts: of the grandest and wildest scenery; of fire and frost, snow and steam; of magnificent Northern Lights and glorious sunsets; of abominable weather (when England enjoys a fine summer) and of over 20 hours in every 24 of sunshine (when England is suffering from “a depression from Iceland”); of summer basking below and winter raging above on the glaciers; also of the purest air in the world, exhilarating to breathe and acting like a tonic on jaded nerves.

But perhaps the men of the Regiment who have served in Iceland will have a different tale to tell—after the war is won.

C. H. B. P.

## D.W.R. Comforts Fund.

### DONATIONS IN KIND.

Mrs. A. L. Sutcliffe, Miss Thompson, Miss Jenny Baker, Miss Dert, Rothwell Drive Knitting Circle (per Mrs. E. Moseley), Mrs. W. M. Watson, Miss Cole, Mrs. Ince, Mrs. J. S. Wildy, Mrs. Travers, Mr. Sam Smith, Mrs. Pickering, Col. W. G. Officer, Mrs. Earnshaw, Mrs. Rowland, Chief Commander Mrs. Norris, Dr. Roberts, Mrs. E. S. Henochesberg.

### CASH DONATIONS.

No 4 I.T.C. (twice).

## D.W.R. Prisoners of War Fund.

### DONATIONS.

Mr. Lydon (twice), No. 6 A.T.S.T.C. (collection), Anon., Mrs. Wood, Mr. H. Clegg, Mr. T. Littler, Mr. Pearson, Mr. W. Handley, Mrs. Lowther, Mrs. Grundy, P.O.W.R.A., Rothwell Drive Knitting Circle (per Mrs. E. Moseley).

## The Quitter.

"And how does Army life suit you?" I inquired, as the aged waiter slopped beer over us with palsied hands and withdrew.

My companion inflated his chest, patted his middle section—once his most prominent feature—and thoughtfully flexed his biceps.

"It's done me a world of good," he replied. "Never felt better in my life. I was running to seed—badly. Now I'm as fit as a fiddle, sleep like a top and eat like a horse."

He paused to drink like one and fixed me with a glittering eye.

"As a matter of fact," he went on, "I've just given up my last bad habit. For fifteen years I've been smoking about forty cigarettes a day, and I've decided to cut 'em right out. No half measures, mind you; I've finished with 'em for good and always, as from right now. Couldn't have done it in civil life," he added. "Just hadn't the strength of mind."

He groped in the recesses of his battle-dress, and producing a brand new pipe, eyed it admiringly; then, borrowing my tobacco pouch, he put a little of its contents in the pipe and a lot on his trousers.

"Better not fill it too full to start with," he said, brushing about a quarter of an ounce to the floor.

He struck a match and the room became filled with the sound and fury of a strong man trying to suck a draught through an airtight packing. It was finally interrupted by a vicious imprecation. The blazing match whizzed past my ear and his forefinger disappeared into his mouth. Suction was resumed—this time, however, on an incipient blister.

"Burnt it?" I inquired.

He gave me a dirty look, and removing the finger fondled it tenderly; then, replacing the pipe, he squared his elbows and tried again.

At the end of five minutes, perseverance was rewarded; the pipe was alight; three small fires on his battle-dress had been extinguished, and a depleted match-box returned to his pocket. Rubbing an inflamed eye, he sat back and prepared to enjoy himself.

"Smoke all right?" I asked.

"First rate," he replied, and thoughtlessly inhaled a mouthful of smoke.

He owed his survival to my prompt action, but when the shouting and the tumult died he was just a quivering heap of wheezing humanity. He had aged visibly, his eyes were streaming, but the glint in them was undimmed. He stuck that pipe back in his teeth, and, at the trifling cost of another blister, relit it.

"Best of a pipe," he observed, speaking thickly round the stem, "is that you can't overdo it easily. One's opportunities for smoking it are limited."

"There's a bright side to nearly everything," I agreed.

We lapsed into silence—a silence that became broken by a hideous bubbling sound. He snatched the pipe from his mouth and flailed it viciously floorward.

"Seems to collect moisture," he remarked apologetically.

He replaced the pipe and disappeared momentarily behind a billowing cloud of smoke. When it cleared away, however, the sight of him brought me leaping to my feet in alarm. His eyes were closed, and from his open mouth his tongue protruded revoltingly. He was hissing like a burst steam valve.

"Hold up, man," I cried, shaking his shoulder, "hold up, for heaven's sake!"

He sat up with a jerk, his tongue went in and his jaw came out.

"What the blazes is the matter with you?" he snarled. "Can't I cool my tongue if I like?"

I sat down, relieved.

"Anyone would think you'd never seen a chap smoke a pipe before," he went on bitterly.



"Well, as a matter of fact," I confessed, "your technique is new to me."

He grunted, and then emitted a sharp howl as his hand touched the bowl.

"Hot?" I hazarded.

"Hottish," he snapped. "Your baccy seems a bit fiery."

As though to confirm his words, a shower of sparks erupted from the bowl. He slapped them out irritably, dashed some more moisture from the stem, dipped his sizzling tongue in his beer, and returned to his enjoyment of the smoke.

Conversation languished. I noticed he was developing a tendency to swallow convulsively. After each spasm he removed the pipe and regarded it pensively. A pallor began to creep over his features; beads of perspiration started out on his brow.

"Nearly finished," he gulped, peering into the bowl and smiling wanly.

He swallowed once more and began to tap it out on his heel, but such was his new-found strength that he put too much beef into his efforts. There was a sharp crack and the stem snapped off close to the bowl.

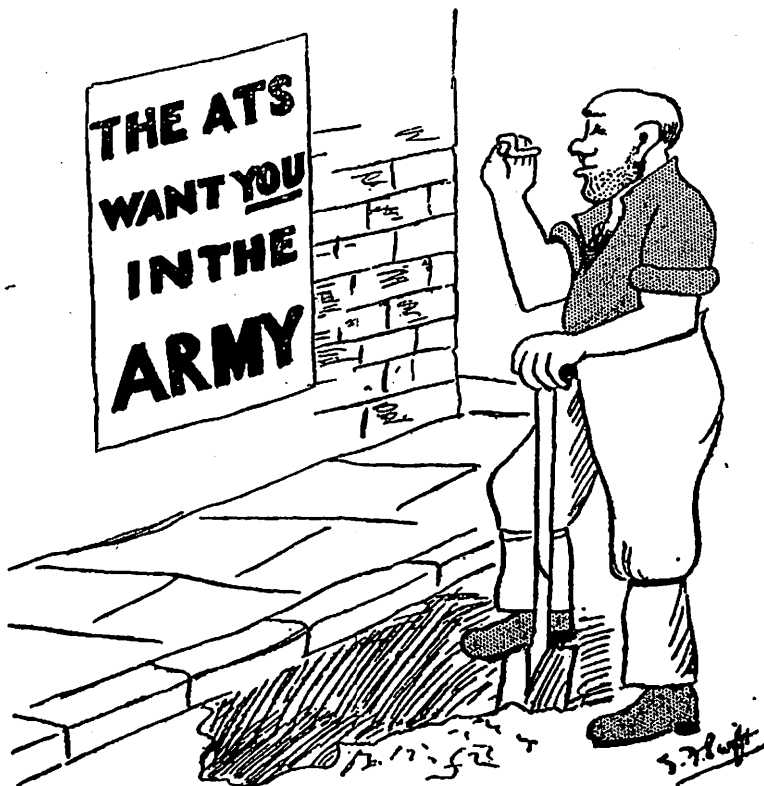
"Damn," he said, making an heroic attempt to look annoyed.

Our eyes met. His hand crept into his battle-dress and emerged clutching a packet of cigarettes. Still staring at me, he slowly extracted one and placed it in his mouth.

"Only until I can get another pipe," he explained defensively.

But I knew better. Another of our war efforts had failed.

P. M. L.



## A Duke's Officer in the Cape.

The Editor, THE IRON DUKE.

January, 1942.

Sir,

Last summer our —th Battalion sailed from a British port for an unknown destination ; at least the authorities fondly imagined it was unknown to us, but actually everyone down to the sanitary man knew which country we were bound for ! When once the fellows got their sea legs they thoroughly enjoyed shipboard life. Food was plentiful, fruit and chocolates were available and cigarettes and tobacco were cheap and unrationed. Beer was *not* so good and many beer drinkers reverted to soft drinks, which in the tropics helped them to sweat just as adequately as beer would have done. P.T. and games and as much training as limited deck space would permit helped to pass the time away and kept the men from the utter boredom of the sight of miles and miles of nothing but so-and-so sea !

The first sight of land was hailed by most with excitement. Tall palm trees on the horizon conjured up visions of dusky maidens in grass skirts doing the lord knows what—but it did not pan out quite like that because no-one was allowed to land, and in fact after several days lying at anchor in a most sticky heat with the thermometer round about 110 degrees everyone was glad to get to sea and feel a relatively cool sea breeze again.

After a further uneventful period at sea we docked in a South African port and daily shore leave was granted to all ranks. The memory of the hospitality and kindness shown to the many thousands of British troops who have passed through this port will remain with them for the rest of their lives. It was wonderful and unforgettable. The credit for splendidly organised hospitality must primarily go to S.A.W.A.S., the South African Women's Auxiliary Services, who met the boys as they came out of the dockyard, gave them information about the town and its facilities and varied amusements, had fleets of big cars and motor coaches to take them sight-seeing tours, "manned" the very fine services canteens and clubs, found hosts and hostesses for them who took them to their homes and fed and fêted them, and in fact did all in their power to make their short stay one long party ! After a rather drab war-time England this South African town seemed to be a veritable paradise. No bomb damage, no black-outs, shops, cinemas and public buildings blazing with lights and neon signs, shops stocked like pre-war, chocolate and cigarettes galore, pubs open twelve hours a day, free transport on all municipal services, and everywhere smiles and real South African hospitality. More than once Dukes officers in twos and threes showed signs of embarrassment when stopped in the main streets by bright young things and invited to tea at the expense of the B.Y.Ts. It was, of course, the height of rudeness to refuse, and we are not rude fellows, are we ? Well, it all passed too soon and the Battalion, and others, went to sea again, leaving a trail of broken hearts and memories behind them. They also left me behind, I am sorry to say, as I had been taken ill on the voyage out and medical advice prevented me from going to the final destination with them. I must confess I had a hump as large as a camel's when I said " Au revoir " to the C.O., the officers, my men and my batman (Pte. Bower). However, when I eventually arrived in a private nursing home in Cape Town I very soon found that I was not a stranger in a strange land ; in fact it was almost a pleasure to undergo a major operation in the surroundings in which I found myself. Friends seemed to spring up from nowhere, and after the butchery was over and the mists had cleared away I wondered whether I had been put into a film star's bedroom by mistake, it was so full of flowers, fruit and kind messages and promises of hospitality on recovery. All promises were kept, by the way ! Through the kindness of one friend I spent a convalescent period on a 26,000 acre sheep farm in the Karroo, where I lived on mutton, eggs, cream and butter (and other trimmings, of course) for three weeks, and walked, rode and shot from dawn to dark. It is a fine country but amazingly " large " to a townsman. One night a small party of us went " just up the road " to the bioscope (movies).

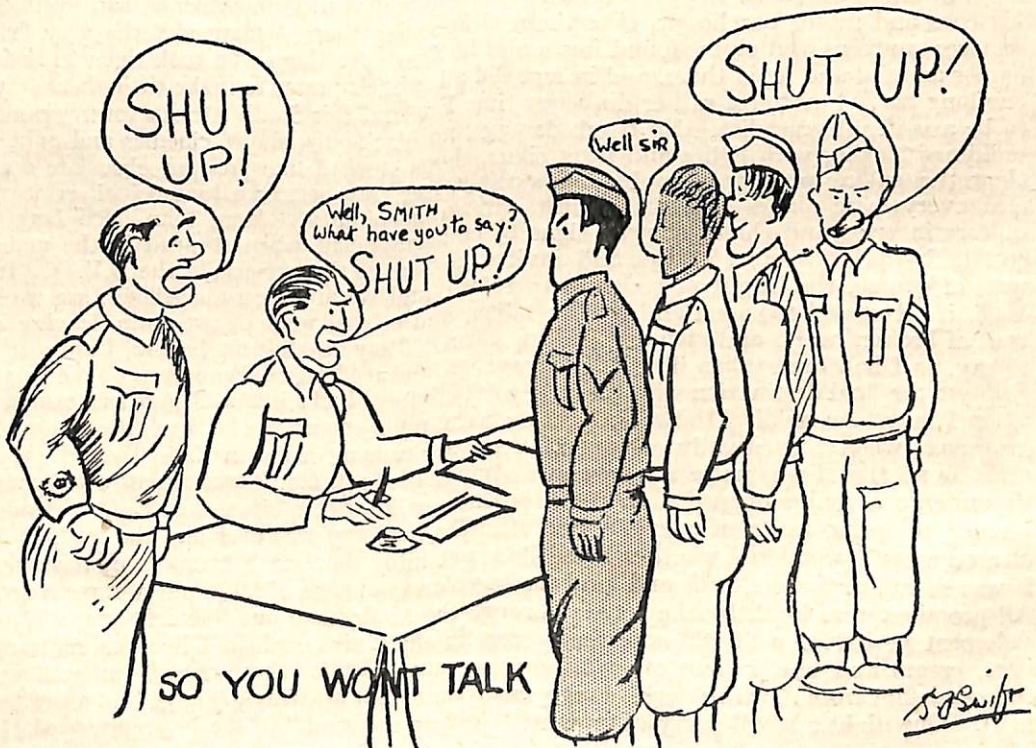
"Just up the road" was 32 miles to the nearest small town. Another night my young hosts and I went to a dance—just 40 miles to collect our partners and then a further 35 miles to the dance—but the Afrikaner thinks nothing of this! On another occasion I went to see the monthly drill meeting of the Home Guard. Some of them motored 60 miles to attend. It was an amazing affair, quite a social event. All the fellows' mothers, wives and sweethearts came with them and parked their cars in a big semi-circle on the parade ground to watch the show. I do not think the H.G. entirely agreed with the applause of their womenfolk, it rather cramped their style—especially when the instructor was teaching them slow march. At "half-time" the ladies provided tea, and after it was all over nearly everyone adjourned to the hotels in the town (both of them) and "wattled" for some considerable time—the South African works hard and plays hard too!

My personal doings on returning to Cape Town would be of small interest to you, but I took whatever opportunities came my way to learn as much as I could about South Africa, her peoples and her troubles. I talked to people of many classes ranging from a well-known general to a native taxi driver. She has troubles that few of us know about at home. It must be remembered that South Africa is a comparatively new country and her troubles are both inter-racial and political. I cannot discuss either here, but I can say that when this war is over, British settlers will be welcomed with open arms; the climate is kind, the opportunities almost unlimited, and the fact that so many of our young men have seen and heard of this at first hand will, I am sure, have a very far-reaching effect after the war.

I left South Africa on my voyage home once more with many regrets but with a very warm place in my heart for the country and her courageous kind-hearted people.

Yours,

W. N. ("BILL") SKINNER.



## The Epic of Burma.

TENACIOUS REARGUARD ACTION AGAINST ODDS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AT DELHI.

[Reprinted from *The Times* of 23rd April, 1942, by kind permission of the Editor.]

The battle for Burma has developed into an epic campaign similar to the fight for the Bataan Peninsula. In both places allied troops encountered superior enemy forces, but Burma has an alleviating advantage in that if our troops can hang on they know that further help will finally reach them. The Japanese are making desperate efforts to reach Mandalay before the rains break, and to drive if possible a wedge between the forces of Britain and India on the one hand and of China on the other. The resistance put up by British, Indian, Chinese and Burman troops against an enemy whose numbers and equipment have always given him the advantage and the initiative, make a narrative of gallantry, courage and devotion to duty on the part of men of many races, whose heroic efforts will take a significant place in the final story of the war.

In the early stages confusion and the rapidly changing situation combined with bad communications and devastating events elsewhere, left the world at large in ignorance of the true situation in Burma. When Japan attacked the British Commonwealth and the United States last December, Burma was neither mentally nor materially prepared for war. The Far East Command, in whose charge Burma had been placed, was hard put to it to obtain men, equipment and aircraft on a scale which could be regarded even as a minimum for the defence of the Malay Peninsula, but without an effective attack against Malaya the Japanese could not seriously threaten Burma. Consequently almost everything that was available—and how little that was the world knows too well—was concentrated in Malaya and Singapore.

In the whole of Burma, with a frontier bordering a potentially hostile territory of some 1,600 miles, there was one diluted Burman division guarding the long border of the Shan States, while the best part of another division was distributed widespread along the 800 miles of the Tenneserim, stretching from Moulmein to Victoria Point. The enemy had several alternative approaches into Burma, through any of which he could concentrate his effort. The defenders were impelled to disperse their spare resources, to watch each of the approaches, and without any means of rapid concentration in the event of attack. The first serious contact was made east of Tavoy in December and the battalion there was unable to restrain the enemy. This cut off another battalion further south guarding Mergui, which had to be withdrawn by sea. The Japanese then attacked with a full division by way of the main route through Siam, on the Kawkareik Pass. The pass was guarded by an Indian brigade plus a battalion of the 7th Gurkhas.

### THE LOSS OF MOULMEIN.

By this time the American Volunteer Group were putting up their magnificent initial defence of Rangoon against Japanese air attacks. The enemy, however, had complete local superiority in the air on the frontier, and, being unable to hold the combined land and air attack, the brigade withdrew slowly to Moulmein, Indian sappers particularly distinguishing themselves, not only with successful road demolitions, but by successfully operating steam ferries and motor-boats on which the force depended for supplies.

Now for the first time Burman "fifth columnists" began to assist the Japanese, not in actual fighting, but in guiding them through the jungle, while a full-scale attack was launched against Moulmein. A special Japanese detachment descended by devious routes on the aerodrome, but were received with a dogged resistance which denied them their prize until Moulmein itself had actually been evacuated. Outnumbered and pressed on all sides, the Moulmein garrison fought its way down to the jetties and managed to embark successfully, after inflicting heavy casualties on the enemy. The enforced loss of

Moulmein greatly increased the threat to Rangoon. Fortunately some reinforcements had now arrived from India and the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, a British battalion with the advantage of six years of experience of Burma, arrived on the scene.

Nevertheless, the defence problem not only demanded the protection of the direct approaches to Rangoon but it required the defence of the rail and roadhead at Mataban and of the main crossings over the Salween River, apart from the necessity of guarding the long line of communications back to the Sittang bridge. Despite the brilliant efforts of our reinforced air force the troops were having to stand up to continuous bombardment from artillery and from the air. On 10th February the Japanese attacked Mataban by a coastal landing from Moulmein, but there a Gurkha battalion held them until nightfall. Two days later a battalion of the 10th Baluchis, which had never before been in action, fought like tigers in hand-to-hand battle with a whole Japanese regiment, which forced its way across the river at Paan.

Only after prolonged fighting, and when the Japanese had put in heavy dive-bombing attacks against this exhausted and devoted battalion, were the Baluchis dislodged. The 17th Division had now been concentrated behind the Bilin river, and fierce counter-attacks against the enemy were put in by the K.O.Y.L.I. and two Gurkha battalions. The Japanese were now attacking with one whole division from the front, while another complete division was working round the left flank of the Imperial troops. The newly arrived Gurkha Brigade was thrown into the battle, and a famous battalion of the 5th Gurkhas cleared Bilin village of the enemy with a speed and resolution which obviously surprised the Japanese. Indeed, one encouraging aspect of the whole campaign in Burma is that British and Indian troops alike have shown themselves superior to the enemy in hand-to-hand combat.

The troops were now getting effective support in the air, and greatly heartened by this development they held firmly to their positions, while a battalion of the Frontier Force Rifles brought off a very successful night attack against the Japanese troops moving round on the left flank. Although the Imperial forces had obviously inflicted serious casualties on the Japanese division, troops were not available in sufficient numbers to stop the movement round the flank, and two further landings on the coast again made withdrawal inevitable. The troops had to march back to Kyaikto, while a dawn attack from the coast was successfully beaten off by the protection troops of divisional headquarters. A fresh Japanese division moving round the left flank was now rapidly approaching the Sittang bridge, in an obvious attempt to interpose themselves between the 17th Division and Rangoon.

#### AN UNEQUAL STRUGGLE.

It was imperative to keep what forces we had in Burma intact. There were little or no reserves if these troops were lost. A battalion of the Frontier Force Rifles, supported by the 3rd Burma Rifles and a company of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, were disposed in positions to protect the Sittang bridge. For two days fierce hand-to-hand struggles raged round the bridgehead. The bridge itself was lost and retaken several times. But the Japanese forces had actually succeeded in interposing themselves between the bridgehead and the 17th Division. Kukri and bayonet came into their own against the sword and bomb of the enemy. It is estimated that the Japanese suffered at least 2,000 casualties. Finally, however, the pressure became too great, and the bridge had to be blown up under fire by the Royal Engineers.

So exhausted were the enemy that it was possible to evacuate the tired and wounded troops by trains and transport, which ran down to the river bank; but except for the damage inflicted on the enemy the loss of the Sittang bridgehead was disastrous. The disaster was relieved, it is true, by the splendid and heroic efforts of The Duke of Wellington's and the Gurkhas. A large part of the 17th Division had been cut off and trapped between the two Japanese forces. The majority managed to fight their way back through

the jungle and ended by swimming the river to safety, but their heavy equipment had inevitably to be abandoned, and the men arrived back in only what they stood up in.

After this ordeal the troops had to be re-equipped and re-organized. The situation was critical. On 15th February Singapore had fallen. It was obvious that it could not be long before the Japanese would concentrate reinforcements on the land and in the air, while, with the capitulation of the Singapore garrison, troops who might have made all the difference to the defence of Rangoon had been lost. Some reinforcements, however, did now reach Burma, including one or two British battalions and some units of the Royal Armoured Corps. Our forces were now concentrated in more open country near Pegu in a final effort to screen Rangoon, but prolonged defence of the approaches to the capital with the forces available was out of the question. Effectively assisted by Burman guides, fresh Japanese forces were thrusting northwards to cut the vulnerable lines of communication from Rangoon to the north. Already the Japanese had more or less gained command on the side east of the Bay of Bengal.

#### THE NARROWING FRONT.

There was thus no alternative but to arrange to abandon the capital and withdraw across the lines of approach to the oil-bearing area. Some splendid work was put in by the Royal Armoured Corps, with whom the Cameronians and West Yorks co-operated east of Pegu. These regiments held on against superior forces, then fought their way out with great gallantry after the evacuation of civil personnel into North Burma by the Rangoon-Mandalay railway had been completed. Finally the Gloucester Regiment stood fast before the capital itself until everything of value to the enemy had been effectively destroyed.

Then these tired but gallant forces retired towards the semi-isolation of Upper Burma. The fall of Rangoon inevitably meant that effective reinforcements in any quantity must for some time remain problematical. From that moment, therefore, the troops in Burma have been carrying on a fight against the time when the routes from India into Upper Burma will be sufficiently developed to carry the heavy traffic required. In anticipation of this very situation developing the Chinese Government, to whom the link with India across Burma is of vital importance, sent some of their best troops down to take over the left flank. On this still formidable, but gradually narrowing, front, still against superior numbers, against renewed Japanese attacks in the air, the same troops, some of whom had been fighting continuously since December, and others since early February, have fought on and are fighting on with little or no relief. The discouraging weeks of rearguard campaigning have been interspersed with brilliant offensive episodes and acts of individual heroism by officers and men alike.

## The Struggle for China.

(With no apologies to the Brains Trust.)

By H. H.

Being a discussion (with a moral) in a N.A.A.F.I. canteen between Pte. Sagacity, Cpl. Toad, Cpl. Camel and Pte. Stooze.

Sagacity: The next question comes from Bombardier Askew, who asks, "Why the shortage of crockery in the canteen? And is it not time that utensils with edges like sharks' teeth, looking as though they had been through the Libyan Campaign in both directions, were added to Lady Rummage's 'Collect Your Old Crockery' Drive?" Anything to say, Toad?

Toad: It seems to me that the whole question of the preservation of china, glass, earthenware and similar utensils of a frangible nature for the holding of liquids consumed in canteens, messes and other convivial places is to a large extent dependent upon their degree of frangibility—

Camel : Absolutely, Toad—I remember . . .

Toad : Just a moment, Camel. As I was saying, if they are of a frangible nature, they are breakable. If *in*frangible, they are *un*breakable. As I see it, we have not fully probed the depths of containers for liquids.

Sagacity : Do you agree, Stooze ?

Stooze : Up to a pint—I beg your pardon, point. I think that blokes who smash up everything coming before 'em deserve to drink out of a slop-pail.

Camel : Absolutely, Stooze—I remember . . .

Sagacity : One moment, Camel. Perhaps Pte. Stooze can elaborate that point ?

Stooze : I wouldn't say that, but I can add to it. Now, take Aspro—blimey, the other night he broke five cups with his gas-mask . . .

Toad : Respirator.

Stooze : . . . Broke five cups with his gas-mask in two minutes.

Sagacity : You mean, in passing, he knocked them off ?

Stooze : I didn't say he pinched 'em, I said he broke 'em ! But Aspro's not the only bloke who's careless about what his gas-mask does behind his back.

Toad : The question rests upon whether they should be worn permanently at the alert.

Camel : That's a digression, Toad.

Stooze : An imposition, if you ask me.

Sagacity : Well, Camel ?

Camel : I remember a party they had in the officers' mess when I was mess waiter. By gad, what a hearty business ! Not a cup or glass left in one piece when they'd finished. Talk about the "Wrecking Corps !"—ha ! ha !

Toad : Not funny, Camel. While admiring things Russian, I see no reason for emulating their historic custom of tossing their glasses against the mantelpiece after imbibing the contents.

Camel : There was also the night in the canteen when L/Cpl. Witt, having poured a pint of wallop into the interior of the piano to make the rendering of "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" flow more melodiously, placed the glass on his head in the manner of a fez and proclaimed himself a Turk.

Sagacity : Breaking the glass and wrecking the piano ?

Camel : I'm afraid so.

Toad : Proving my point about their frangibility. They *do* break, Camel, and nowadays there are no more. The cautious suffer for the imprudent.

Stooze : You're right, Toad. Take Aspro—with a shout of "Six coming down !" he sent half-a-dozen cups whizzin' down the counter to the N.A.A.F.I. girl at the other end, who stood there catchin' 'em as if she was fieldin' at Lord's. "Four cups chipped," she says, givin' Aspro a dirty look, "and there's a war on !" Aspro was proper sheepish, and rightly too. It's us who have to drink out of the ruddy cups when Aspro's done 'em in.

Toad : Concisely expressed, Stooze. It all tends to illustrate my point that utensils of a frangible nature require that degree of judicious handling conducive to the prolongation of their durability. Doesn't that sum the whole thing up in a nutshell ?

Sagacity : Absolutely, Toad. A coconut shell. But I think that's all Bombardier Askew wants to know about the canteen crockery shortage, and why some of it looks like the Ruins that Cromwell knocked about a bit. The solution seems to be "look after the cups and the saucers look after themselves."

Canteen Manageress : Yes, and more than that—if you'll forgive me for butting in on your debate. I've been listening to you boys—and here's my side of the picture. There's a war on. Cups and glasses get more and more difficult to replace. If you break them, you have to wait longer while we wash up what remain. If Pte. Sagacity will expound his views to all and sundry, we might get fewer breakages, and I could give you better service. What about it, Brains Trust ?

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Owing to the unfortunate mislaying of the cartoon "The Unemployed Exchange," referred to on page 67, we regret its unavoidable omission.

## Personalia.

We offer our sincere sympathy to the Colonel of the Regiment on the loss of his brother, Colonel E. W. Pickering, D.S.O., T.D., who was killed in a riding accident on 14th March last. Colonel E. W. Pickering was formerly M.P. for Dewsbury, and was well known in Yorkshire for his great and untiring work for the British Legion.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Colonel A. Curran on reaching his 89th birthday on 7th May, 1942. We also congratulate Mr. T. E. Hoyle of Stratford, Ontario, Canada, on reaching the age of 75. Mr. Hoyle attained the rank of colour-sergeant in the Regiment, he went out to Canada in 1913, and for the last seven years has been secretary of the Canadian National Railway Veterans' Association. He was at one time Mess sergeant at the Depot Officers' Mess. He is a member of the O.C.A. and a subscriber to THE IRON DUKE.

The engagement is announced, and the marriage will shortly take place, between Major-General W. M. Ozanne, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Ozanne, Guernsey, and Susie, widow of Captain R. G. Kerrison (late Royal Artillery) of Hill House, Wroxham, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. van Citters, Broadlands, Wroxham, Norfolk.

The wedding between Captain Barry Kavanagh, only son of Major H. R. Kavanagh, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and Mrs. Kavanagh, and Miss Sheilagh Hogge, only daughter of the late Lt.-Colonel A. H. F. Hogge, 8th Punjab Regiment, and of Mrs. Hogge, formerly of New Delhi, took place at St. Michael's Church, Mickleham, on 21st October, 1941.

The wedding between Wing-Commander M. G. Stevenson, R.A.F., son of the late Major-General A. G. Stevenson, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Stevenson of Sandhurst, and Miss Margaret Yeoman Gibson, W.A.A.F., daughter of the late Captain James Gibson and Mrs. Gibson of Paignton, took place on 19th April, 1942. Mrs. Stevenson is a granddaughter of the late Captain W. H. Yeoman of the 2nd Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, who died in 1929, and of Mrs. Yeoman, who resides at Paignton with her daughter, Mrs. Gibson. Mrs. Gibson's son, H. F. Yeoman Gibson, passed out of Sandhurst nearly two years ago and was commissioned in the 6th Gurkhas. Mrs. Yeoman's son, Major W. H. L. Yeoman, is in Basra, Iraq; her second daughter, Mrs. Waite, lost her husband over a year ago, and lives in Bristol, where she is doing war work; she has two daughters.

Opposite page 77 will be found a photograph of the grave of Colonel A. P. Dunn, V.C., at Senafe, Abyssinia. It is one of two photographs sent from India by Captain A. C. S. Savory, who had received them from his uncle with the following account of how he came to take them:—"The other day I was in a place called Senafe, just on the border of Ethiopia and Eritrea, north of Adigrat. I had a look when there at the local cemetery, and was surprised to find the grave of an officer of the 33rd. I had photographs taken, and enclose them. The inscription runs:—'In memory of A. P. Dunn, V.C., Colonel 33rd Regt., who died at Senafe on the 25th January, 1868, aged 38 years and 7 months.' I am having the grave tidied up, and have given orders for its maintenance."

A record of Colonel Dunn appeared on page 203 of Nq. 29, 1934, of THE IRON DUKE, and in a later issue (No. 41, 1938, of THE IRON DUKE) there appeared on page 172 an account of a visit to the graves of the 33rd Regiment in Abyssinia contributed by Captain A. W. S. Agar, V.C., D.S.O., R.N., together with photographs of the cemetery and of Colonel Dunn's grave. Captain Agar's ship had paid an official visit to Massawa, and he and a



party of his officers and men had been invited to Asmara as the guests of the Italian Governor. Accompanied by the Provincial Commissioner, they visited the cemetery, and after describing it, Captain Agar wrote :—" I was assured by the Italian authorities that so long as they are there the cemetery and graves will be properly cared for. . . ."

Captain W. W. (Bill) Skinner, who recently returned from South Africa, in a letter, says :—" In the last issue of THE IRON DUKE I noticed in Personalia that nothing had been heard of Brigadier C. W. G. Grimley for some time. In South Africa a short time ago I happened to be in hospital with the M.O. of one of the battalions under his command and heard that he was very fit. The second-in-command of this same battalion is Major ' Fish ' Lennon, who, I understand, is in his usual excellent form, and has not yet lost his monocle in the jungle."

We have recently heard from Lt.-Colonel G. B. Howcroft who, writing from Durban in January last, says :—" Your last letter was written as I sailed to Canada, after having four days' leave on returning from this end of the world. I think even the Censor would let me say now that part way across we got a most impressive American escort—they really did us proud, with a very respectable fleet making circles round us and over us, and all sorts of things. We brought back some Canadians who were excellent fellows, and not at all tough or troublesome, as they are sometimes reputed to be.

" Canada made the fourth continent I set foot in in 1941 ; I am waiting for the fifth to complete the record, and I am beginning to forget the times I cross the line. It was nine in 1941 ! I was unexpectedly transferred a fortnight ago from the ship in which I had spent about seven months and put on another one twice the size, in which I, at any rate, am housed as a man deserves. I am told that the accommodation occupied by four of us—mostly by myself—cost £250 per day in peace time ! and I found alongside me Llewellyn in a ship slightly smaller, but with a more famous name. To make complete re-union, we remembered that Irish had gone abroad, so we found his name in the telephone directory, and all lunched together in the more famous of the two ships. I also saw one of my own old officers, Captain Satterthwaite, on his way to India."

Another letter comes from another ex-Territorial Army officer, Captain Bruce Lowe, who, writing from Edinburgh, says :—" So far as the local colony is concerned, Bob Wathen went back to the Battalion some months ago. The Command Company Commanders' School is not what it was. He has been replaced by John Oliver Dyson, who you may remember as having got a mention while Brigade I.O. at Dunkirk. He is by way of being an architect so he has been " put into employment in which his professional abilities are of greater use." He was garrison engineer at Selkirk for a few days but was very soon brought up here to build gun emplacements instead of textile mills and modern villas. George Little, who apparently knows Scandanavian languages, got himself invalidated home from his battalion after a refresher course in Iceland, and dropped in on me about a month ago *en route* to join the Norwegian Liaison ' H.Q. ' Ivan Hirst is now through his R.A.O.C. course at Mill Hill and is running the instrument training end of the show, so far as testing goes. Seems a pity in a way when one thinks of how he fetched the crowd of us out of St. Valery after George Taylor walked into trouble, and poor ' Choti ' Gerrard got drowned trying to swim out to get an authoritative story to the ships as soon as they appeared. Mention of ships reminds me of some news of ' the grey '—Colonel Llewellyn. We had an awfully good young gunner up a month or so ago to tell us how they dealt with the parachutists in Crete and he spoke most awfully well of him. He said he was the ideal ship's commandant. My tour of duty here should be ending soon, I imagine, for with eighteen months to my credit as I.O., I am the oldest inhabitant here."

Referring to the Crimean medal of Lt. Kenrick, mentioned on page 119 of No. 49, June, 1941, of THE IRON DUKE, Captain Bruce Lowe says that the Assistant Librarian at Windsor Castle very kindly informed him that Kenrick was invalided out of the 33rd just before the 1868 Abyssinian War. He has not been able to get any other information about him. Finally, in a postscript, he writes:—"I certainly ought to mention my batman, Martindale, who after making a first-class soldier and orderly, the best Mess waiter at Divisional 'H.Q.', and a wizard in the rejuvenation of leather, has now turned into an excellent clerk-cum-draughtsman, and one-man intelligence section. Needless to say, he is now in danger of being ousted by something from the A.T.S."

We were sorry to hear that Major C. H. B. Pridham was in Putney Hospital, having had a recurrence of the wound in his leg received in 1917, and having to undergo an operation. He is, we are glad to say, getting on well, and hopes to be out of hospital soon. We congratulate him on the continued success of his Lewis gun book (reviewed in our issue of June, 1941); 100,000 copies of it have been sold, a record we believe, for a non-official handbook on mechanism. The 23rd impression (seventh edition) was printed last February and another is shortly to be issued.

Major T. V. Laverack, writing from Newcastle-on-Tyne, says:—"Referring to the anecdote related on page 30 of the February issue of THE IRON DUKE, may we now anticipate a suggestion (or claim) from some members of the A.T.S. at Halifax, that what the Duke really said at Waterloo was not 'Up Guards and at 'em,' but 'Up 'A.T.S.' and guard 'em.'?"

Under the heading of "Tobruk's Defender—'Holy Terror' Knighted," *Our Empire* prints the following:—

"The *London Gazette* of January 6th announced that Maj.-General Leslie James Morshead, the Australian commander at Tobruk during the siege, had been made a K.B.E.

"In the last war, the famous Australian 33rd Bn., which he commanded, nicknamed him the 'Holy Terror.' The fact that he should have earned such a title from Australians, of all people, speaks for itself. Formerly he was a schoolmaster, like some others of the Commonwealth's military leaders. Now 52 years old, he took a prominent part in General Wavell's great victory over Graziani last year."

As our readers know, the 33rd Battalion A.M.F. is allied to the Regiment, and on page 31 of No. 15, February, 1930, of THE IRON DUKE, we printed a Brief History of that Battalion. Lt.-Colonel L. J. Morshead, as he then was, was in command of the Battalion when it landed in France in November, 1916, and during its fighting experiences until the Armistice. We are sorry that we have had no news from the Battalion since the present war started, but we understand that they are serving in an expeditionary force.

Our other Allied Regiment, The Yorkton Regiment, has not contributed to THE IRON DUKE since their conversion to artillery some three or four years ago. But one battery is serving in this country and contact was made with them by Captain R. A. Scott a little time ago, while a visit was also paid to them by an officer of one of our Battalions serving on the south coast.

We congratulate Mr. George Finding, at present serving as a sergeant in the Acton Company of a Battalion of the Middlesex Home Guard, on being awarded the King's Certificate of Good Service. Mr. Finding joined The Duke of Wellington's Regiment 46 years ago and served for 23 years, including service in the last war. He was discharged to pension with the rank of R.S.M. in 1920. He was employed by the National Provincial Bank, Leeds, after returning to civil life, and served as a member of the Leeds Division of the Corps of Commissionaires under Captain Oliver for some years. His two sons

are serving now. Jack, the eldest, is an R.A.F. pilot in the Bomber Command, and Kenneth is in the same company of the Home Guard as his father.

Captain Charles Oliver, writing on 23rd March, says :—" Yesterday I met in Keighley, Browse, 9120, old " A " Company, 1st Battalion, looks very well, doing very well at work, and he would like to be remembered to all old pals through THE IRON DUKE. He particularly mentioned his old colour-sergeant, Joe Rollinson. Its nice to be recognised' by these old friends and to spend a few minutes talking of good days spent in the Regiment." In a later letter he mentions that he had just had another old " A " Company man in his office, joining the Corps, Pte. Kendall, who was looking very well and is taking up a job in Bradford. Captain Oliver's son, Roddie, is fit and about again now, and hopes to go to sea again when he has finished a course he is on.

Miss Turner has received a letter from Mr. Whale, from which we print the following extract :—

30 Wodehouse Street,  
Queenstown, C.P.,  
South Africa,  
2.3.42.

Dear Miss Turner,

I am extremely sorry that I did not have the pleasure of paying your Dad a visit during the time I was in England from South Africa in 1939; you will remember at that period the Old Country was in a bad way. I had the pleasure of receiving a nice letter from him which I have sent home for you to read, then you can put it in THE IRON DUKE when you send it out to me. We had a few good days together on the cricket field, both playing for the Regiment, besides playing with the Garrison team with men like R. M. Poore of the 7th Hussars, also Dave Nourse (a drummer in the Regiment), and he's still going strong in Cape Town, coach to the Universities. I have been a sick man for the past 18 months with pneumonia, bronchitis and a motor accident in which I received a broken rib and several bruises on my body, especially at my age, approaching 71, but am pleased to say I am feeling fit once again. Have just returned from a visit at the coast, East London, having spent no less than five weeks enjoying all the best from the sea air, and the weather was splendid. Please accept my deepest sympathy in the sad loss of your father, with whom I had the pleasure of serving in the same Regiment (2nd Battalion Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment) for no less than 19 years, during the time your Dad was my adjutant for a few years, also as my band president, and was captain of our Regimental cricket, rugby and football teams. He was a very keen sportsman and was an ideal officer and gentleman, he was respected by all who came in contact with him. Then I notice in THE IRON DUKE the passing of Col. Watson, who your Dad went on active service with in 1893 to capture Lobengula in Matabeleland; then in the same issue I notice the passing of Capt. R. J. Moore and Capt. G. P. Bennett, who was a drummer boy with me. I had the pleasure of seeing the last two, also Col. C. J. Pickering when he was on the staff of the A.R.P. in London, and a few others who served in the good old Dukes.

With kind regards from an old soldier, having joined them in May, 1886,

Yours sincerely,  
H. WHALE.

We were very sorry to see the announcement in *The Times* last March of the death of Lt.-Colonel W. St. Pierre Bunbury, late R.F.A., at the age of 83. Colonel Bunbury was a very loyal supporter of THE IRON DUKE for many years and contributed the series of extracts from the letters of his father, the late Captain H. W. Bunbury, who joined the 33rd Regiment in 1830. The series ran from 1929 to 1935.

We also regret to record the death of Major Joseph O'Regan, M.C., V.D., news of which we have received from Lt.-Colonel Laban. Major O'Regan succeeded Col. Laban in command of the 1st Battalion The Yorkton Regiment, our allied Canadian Regiment, in 1933; he was 57 years of age. He served in the last war with the First Canadian Mounted Rifles, going overseas in 1915; and he won the Military Cross and bar in France for bravery on the field. He was at Mons when the Armistice was signed in November, 1918.

# The Duke of Wellington's War Memorial Chapel, York Minster.

## STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS FOR 1941.

### RECEIPTS.

|  | £           | s.        | d.         |
|--|-------------|-----------|------------|
| Balance brought forward 1.1.41 ...           | 78          | 17        | 5½         |
| Subscriptions ... ..                         | 31          | 2         | 0          |
| From Deposit Account ... ..                  | 100         | 0         | 0          |
| Interest on 3 per cent. Defence Bonds ... .. | 1           | 15        | 2          |
| Interest on Deposit Account ... ..           | 5           | 4         |            |
| <b>Total ...</b>                             | <b>£211</b> | <b>19</b> | <b>11½</b> |

### EXPENDITURE.

|   | £           | s.        | d.         |
|---|-------------|-----------|------------|
| Upkeep of Chapel ... ..                           | 2           | 5         | 2          |
| Subscription, IRON DUKE ... ..                    |             | 9         | 0          |
| Purchase of £200 3 per cent. Defence Bonds ... .. | 200         | 0         | 0          |
| Postage ... ..                                    |             | 2         | 4          |
| Balance credit ... ..                             | 9           | 3         | 5½         |
| <b>Total ...</b>                                  | <b>£211</b> | <b>19</b> | <b>11½</b> |

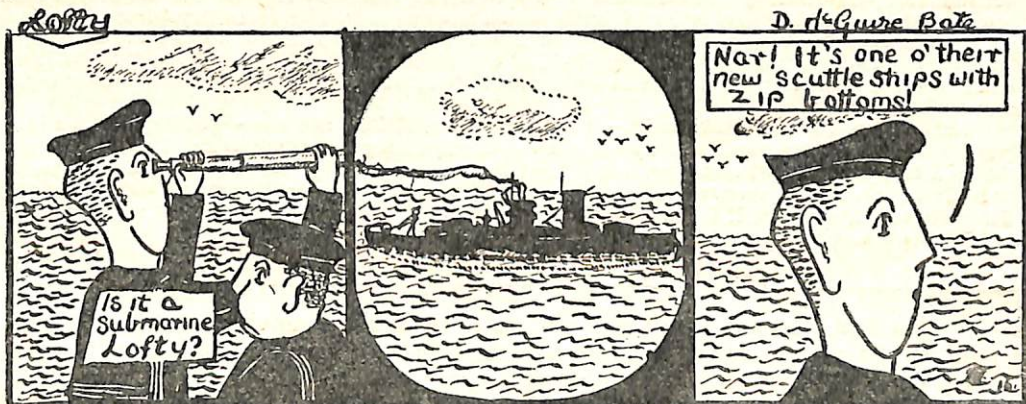
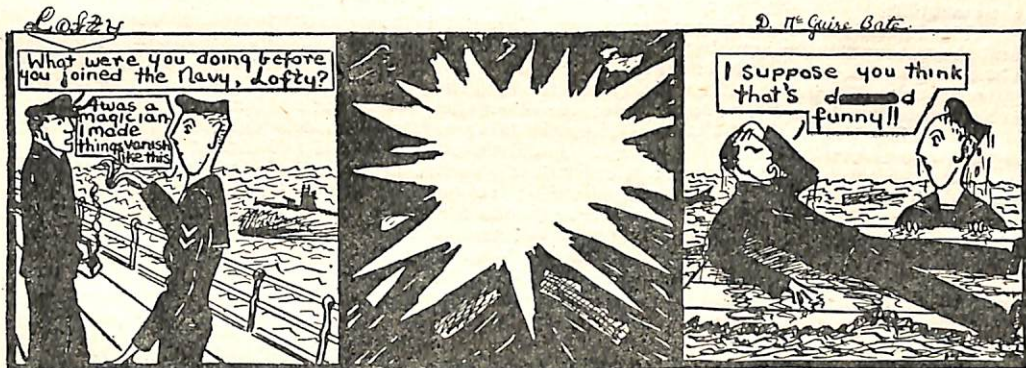
### BALANCE SHEET.

| ASSETS.  |             | £        | s.        | d.  |
|--|-------------|----------|-----------|-----|
| Balance at Bank ... ..                             |             | 7        | 4         | 7   |
| Cash with Hon. Treasurer ... ..                    |             | 1        | 18        | 10½ |
| 3 per cent. Defence Bonds at purchase price ... .. | 200         | 0        | 0         |     |
| <b>Total ...</b>                                   | <b>£209</b> | <b>3</b> | <b>5½</b> |     |

| LIABILITIES.                        |             | £        | s.        | d. |
|-------------------------------------|-------------|----------|-----------|----|
| Due to Children's Flower Fund ...   | 100         | 11       | 9         |    |
| Balance credit of Fund 31.12.41 ... | 108         | 11       | 8½        |    |
| <b>Total ...</b>                    | <b>£209</b> | <b>3</b> | <b>5½</b> |    |

Littlecroft, West Clandon, Near Guildford, Surrey.  
13th January, 1942.

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



## Review.

THE SWORD IN THE SCABBARD. By Michael Joseph (Michael Joseph, Ltd., 10/6).—Captain Michael Joseph joined up in 1914 at the age of 16, giving his age as 26—"thus anticipating Hitler's theory that a big whopper is more likely to succeed than a little one," and helped perhaps by the precocity of a juvenile moustache. In the 20 years between the wars he was engaged in his business of publishing. For several months before war came in 1939 he felt the restless urge to join up again, and like so many others, and though only 41, he met with nothing but discouragement. It was not until July, 1940, that he was finally accepted and commissioned as lieutenant in a battalion of the Queen's Royal West Kent Regiment, then being formed. The author from this point gives as detailed an account as the censorship will allow of his year's service in the Army, until he was invalided out in 1941. One of the most interesting portions is the manning by his battalion of the beach defences on the South Coast during the critical period of the Battle of Britain and after, during which invasion seemed almost certain. The state of the defences and the equipment of his battalion seems almost incredible, and that Hitler "missed the bus" at that period can hardly be denied.

To those readers who have left the Army for some years the book gives a most interesting picture of life in an infantry battalion in the present war period, and of the personalities of officers and men. If the author's battalion is a sample of the rest of the Army one can be pretty confident of the efficiency of the latter as a whole. Some of Captain Joseph's criticism of discipline and administration may be open to disagreement, but on the whole it seems fair and convincing. That this particular battalion was subjected to more spit and polish than is necessary in war time at least is no doubt true, and the author criticizes his commanding officer pretty freely in this matter, though he gives him full credit for the high state of training and well-being of his battalion, and has a personal liking and admiration of him as a man. But he may perhaps overlook the fact that a smart, well-turned-out battalion is more likely to be a good fighting machine than one lacking in such discipline, however well trained in tactical warfare. Over-indulgence in spit and polish may often be as much an inspecting general's fault as the battalion's, for a wise general will search behind the outward show and put his finger on the essentials.

The Battalion got a very good mark from General Sir Claude Auchinlech when he inspected them, and the author tells an amusing story of how, after luncheon in the officers' mess after the inspection, General Auchinlech spoke to him in flattering terms of what he had seen. In his reply, Capt. Joseph gave his colonel entire credit for the battalion's smart appearance, and as he was saying this:—"the colonel detached himself from a group on the other side of the room and came over to us, pointed to me, and said jokingly, 'Don't believe a word he tells you, Sir.' The colonel had not heard what I was saying, and General Auchinlech laughed. So did the colonel when I told him about it later on."

On page 163 the author gives a list of "Questions for All Officers Having Beach Responsibilities," drafted by his brigadier, which is a model of such a questionnaire. At this period of beach defence Captain Joseph had to form a special service section for dealing with any landing of enemy troops by sea or air. The men were specially selected and trained, and whether by accident or design, looked the part of "a mobile patrol of cut-throats." When the brigadier inspected them he was suitably impressed by their aggressive appearance, and "asked as we were walking away, what the third man from the right, who was scowling so ferociously, had been in civil life. I did not remember and said so, but added, as innocently as I could, that I thought he had been a murderer. Some brigadiers would not have been amused."

At one period courts of enquiry, conferences, lectures, demonstrations and courts-martial seriously interfered with Captain Joseph's duties as a company commander. He comments:—"My case was not unique by any means. I heard with fervent sympathy the story that went round of a battalion commander who told the brigadier he really would have to put in for seven days' leave in order to see something of his battalion." Military correspondence was (as it is to most serving soldiers) the bane of the author's life, and we specially like the labelling of his letter baskets, "Unintelligible, Unimportant and Funny," which, as he says, could have accommodated 90 per cent. of the correspondence that came his way.

Let us close with his final words:—"For the officers, N.C.O's and men—and in particular for the junior officers on whom so much will depend—I have nothing but admiration. I am quite certain that if I had paraded my company before I left and called upon any man who wanted to go back to civil life to take a pace forward, at least 90 per cent. would have promptly stepped out of the ranks. But I am equally certain, if I had asked how many wanted to quit the Army before we had put paid to Hitler's Germany, that not a man would have moved from his place."

EDITOR.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this magazine should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

## Obituary.

We regret to record the following deaths :—

**BETTISON.**—On 24th February, 1942, at Leeds General Infirmary, Mr. John Henry Bettison, aged 49. Mr. Bettison joined the 2nd Battalion as a boy on 1st July, 1910, and served as a drummer, his regimental number being 9925. He was later posted to the 1st Battalion, and joined them at Ambala. He was present at the Delhi Durbar of 1911, and took part in the Afghan Campaign of 1919, receiving the British War Medal and Indian General Service Medal with clasp "Afghanistan 1919." He was discharged on 24th August, 1919, and then was employed with the Leeds City Tramways Department for a period of 21 years. He had been a member of the Leeds Division of the Corps of Commissionaires for a year before his death. He leaves a widow and one daughter.

Captain R. Maurice Hill, late hon. secretary of the Leeds and District Branch of the D.W.R. O.C.A., writes :—"On leaving the Regiment, Bettison, his liking for soldiering still being strong, joined the Territorial Army and became bugle major of the 7th (Leeds Rifles) Battalion The Prince of Wales's Own West Yorkshire Regiment, a position he held for several years. On leaving the Territorial Army, Bettison joined the Leeds Squadron of The Legion of Frontiersmen as a trumpeter, and in 1937 he was largely instrumental in forming the corps of drums of the Roundhay and Harehills Branch of the British Legion. A man of very smart appearance, six feet in height, John Bettison was an ideal drum-major, and under his leadership the drums and fifes of the Roundhay and Harehills British Legion gained a well-deserved reputation. At the Leeds Armistice Festival of Remembrance at the Paramount Theatre, Leeds, in November, 1937, their playing of 'A Vision of 1914,' a musical sketch specially arranged and composed by Drum-Major Bettison, was a popular feature and was very highly praised by the principal guest of the evening, Field-Marshal Sir Cyril Deverell, then Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

"Always very quiet and modest about his own personal accomplishments, but always speaking with pride of his long connection with 'The Dukes,' John Bettison was widely known and highly respected among ex-servicemen in Leeds, and his passing at such an early age is much regretted."

**BROWN.**—Reported missing at sea, Gunner Sydney Brown, the Maritime A.A. Regiment, aged 28. Gunner Brown joined The Duke of Wellington's Regiment in 1940 and a year later was transferred to the Merchant Service. Mrs. Brown received an official report which states "Your husband was continually in the front line, and was one of the men who are fighting unceasingly in the Battle of the Atlantic." Before joining up Brown was employed by the Leeds Housing Department.

**CHRISTISON.**—Killed in action in Burma in March, 1942, Captain J. A. A. Christison, only son of Major-General A. F. P. Christison and Mrs. Christison, aged 23. Captain Christison joined the Territorial Army on 17th March, 1939; he was promoted war substantive lieutenant on 1st January, 1941, and acting captain on the 1st May, 1941. He was serving with the Battalion of the Regiment fighting in Burma at the time of his death. His father, Major-General A. F. P. Christison, commanded the 2nd Battalion from March, 1937, until February, 1938.

**CONINGHAM.**—Killed in action in Burma, Captain W. D. M. Coningham, son of the late W. F. M. Coningham, and grandson of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Allsop of Brighton. Captain Coningham entered the Army from Cambridge University (Sidney Sussex) and joined the Regiment on 27th January, 1938. The news of his death only reached us as we went to press, and we have therefore been unable to get any further information about Captain Coningham. We hope that some reader who can give some further details will let us have them for the next issue of THE IRON DUKE.

**HULBERT.**—On 19th February, 1942, after a short illness in hospital, Mr. G. T. Hulbert, aged 70. Mr. Hulbert enlisted in the 1st Battalion on 16th June, 1890, serving

with them at Dover and in Malta, except for a period at the Depot from 1892 to 1895. He went out to South Africa with the Battalion in 1899, was invalided home and served with the details in Ireland at the end of 1900, rejoining the 1st Battalion in South Africa early in 1902. He was later posted to the 2nd Battalion in Rangoon, and served with them in India and England until his discharge on 15th June, 1911. He then took up the post of sergeant recruiter at the Depot and held it till 1914, when he joined the postal staff at Halifax as a postman. He served in the Post Office Battalion in the south of England during the war, returning to his job of postman after his discharge in 1919. He retired on reaching the age limit about ten years ago. During this period he served for 13½ years with the 4th Battalion, T.A., retiring with the rank of C.S.M., and being awarded the T.A. efficiency medal.

OWEN.—Killed in action in Burma in March, 1942, Lt.-Colonel H. Basil Owen. Colonel Owen was commissioned in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment in December, 1921. He joined the 1st Battalion at Tidworth early in 1922, going out to Gibraltar with them in March of that year. In April, 1923, he went with the Battalion to Turkey and in September transferred to the 2nd Battalion in Egypt, serving with them there, in Singapore and in India. While in Singapore he was appointed A.D.C. to the G.O.C. Malaya, Major-General Sir Casimer Van Straubenzee, holding the appointment from 1927 to 1928. In 1930 he was appointed adjutant of the 5th Battalion, T.A., and served with them until 1934, when he joined the 1st Battalion at Aldershot. In 1935 he went out with them to Malta and in 1936 rejoined the 2nd Battalion at Nowshera. He was attached to the R.I.A.S.C. in 1938 pending transfer, but rejoined the Regiment on the outbreak of war.

Colonel Owen was married at Wakefield on 11th October, 1932, when a captain, to Miss Muriel Clair Holdsworth, who survives him (see page 71 of No. 24, February, 1933, of THE IRON DUKE).

Lt.-Colonel B. W. Webb Carter writes:—"The death in action, at the head of a Battalion of the Regiment, of Lt.-Colonel H. B. Owen will be an irreparable loss to all who knew him. I have soldiered with Basil Owen off and on since our Sandhurst days and knew him particularly well. He always 'went' 'all out' at whatever he was doing—whether playing polo for the 2nd Battalion, running an exercise, commanding a company or giving a party. He was a leader in the best sense of the word and was always popular with all ranks. It seems hard to believe that that gay, irresponsible, gallant life has been blotted out."

SLINGER.—On 15th December, 1941, Mr. Joe Slinger, aged 68. Mr. Slinger enlisted in the 1st Battalion on 26th July, 1893, and joined them at Dover from the Depot. He was posted to the 2nd Battalion in October, 1894, and joined them at Pietermaritzburg, Natal, on 22nd November of that year. He served with the Matabeleland Relief Force in 1896 in Rhodesia, receiving the medal. He proceeded with the Battalion to Bangalore in 1898 and served there and at Rangoon. He was invalided to England in 1900 and served with the 1st Battalion details in Ireland. He later served at the Depot and with the 2nd Battalion until discharged at Dublin on 8th April, 1912. On the outbreak of war in 1914 he rejoined the colours and served with the 3rd Battalion until 1919, when he was discharged with the rank of sergeant. After his discharge he took a farm at Ladstone Rock, Norland Moor, Halifax, where he bred Angora rabbits, afterwards turning it into a holiday camp. He retired about four years ago. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Slinger.

## Our Contemporaries.

We have to acknowledge with thanks the following regimental magazines:—*The Dragon* (Jan., Feb., March, April), *The Snapper* (Jan., Feb., March, April), *The St. George's Gazette* (Dec., Jan., Feb., March), *The Suffolk Regimental Gazette* (Dec., Feb.), *The Lion and The Rose* (Feb.), *Journal of The South Wales Borderers* (April), *The Sapper* (Jan., Feb.), *The Royal Army Ordnance Corps Gazette* (Jan., Feb., March, April), *Our Empire* (Jan., Feb., March, April).

DEKKO!

DEKKO!

# THE IRON DUKE

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S  
REGIMENTAL MAGAZINE

### EDITORIAL REQUIREMENTS

(a) Articles and stories, especially those of a light nature.

(b) Personal notes.

All contributions to be in  
**B**  **15th August**

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