

No.53 October 1942



THE IRON DUKE

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

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The
REGIMENTAL MAGAZINE
of
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VOL. XVIII.

No. 53 :: OCTOBER, 1942

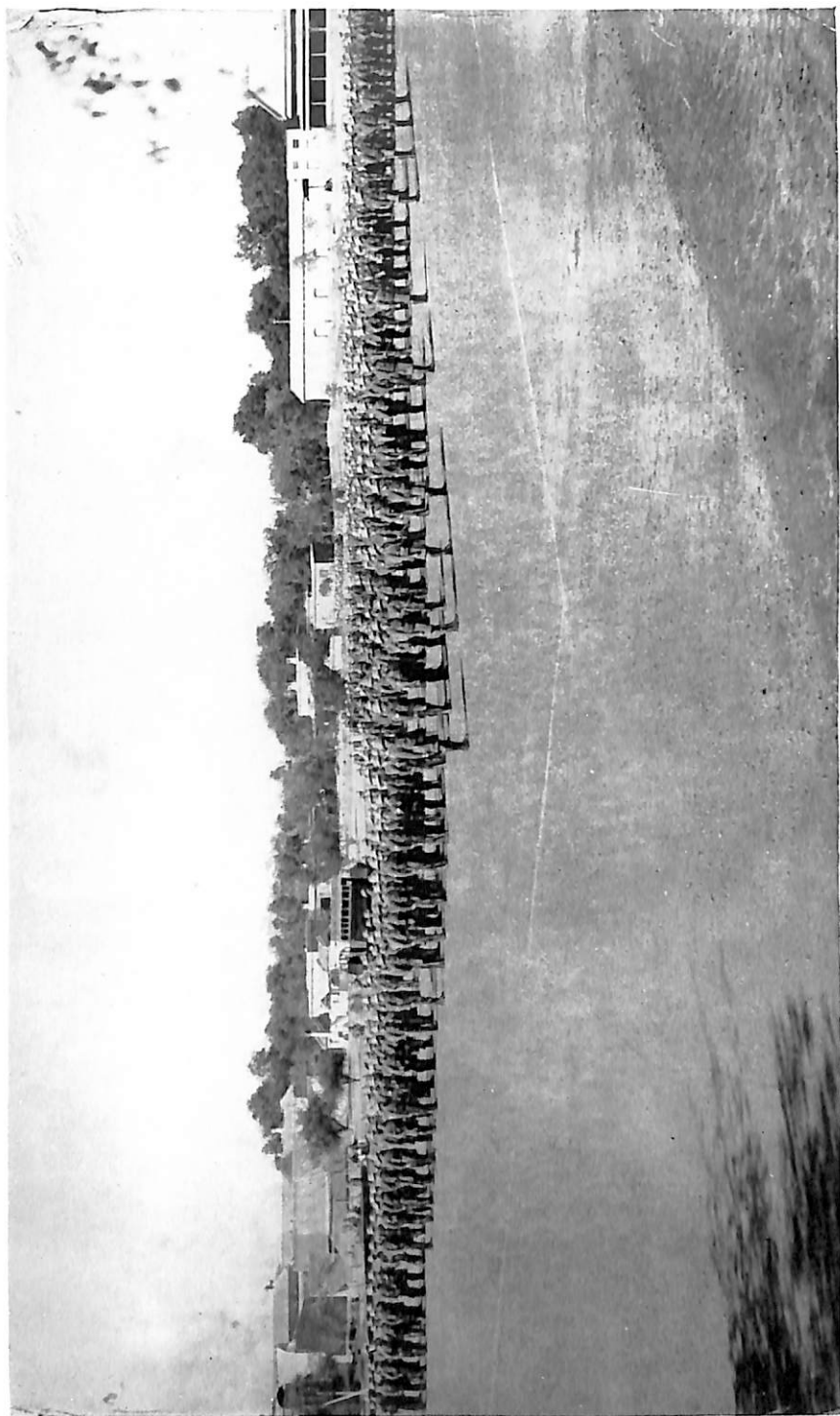
Printed and Published for the Regimental Committee by
LAWRENCE BROS. (Weston-super-Mare) LTD., North Street, Weston-super-Mare.
Members Association of Service Newspapers.
Advertising Agents for National and Local Advertising Combined Service Publications,
67-68 Jermyn Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1. Tel.: Whitehall 2504.

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Roll Call Parade of a Battalion somewhere out East. Taken on 3rd February, 1942, immediately before leaving for service in Burma.

THE IRON DUKE

EDITORIAL.

WE had hoped to be able to give an account of the fighting in Burmah in which a Battalion of the Regiment distinguished itself early this year ; but up to going to press we have had no news from them, and are only able to publish some news from the depot which was left in India when the Battalion went to Burmah.

Very few further details have come from other sources since our last issue, but the Colonel of the Regiment has informed us that Lt.-Col. H. B. Owen, whose death was reported in our last issue, was murdered by a dacoit fifth columnist who stabbed him in the back.

Referring to this Battalion, an Indian newspaper contained the following :—

“ The Battalion in Burmah has fought without respite against heavy odds of never less than three to one.

“ During the engagement between the Bilin and Sittang rivers, an important bridge-head was threatened by the Japanese. Men of the Duke of Wellington's charged with bayonets to restore the situation, and although the Japanese came again and again during the night, with heavy mortars in support, they were beaten off every time. For many days the men had no proper sleep. They were without regular supplies of food and depended on iron rations and what they could find.

“ A war correspondent wrote on 2nd March : ‘ When it is possible to tell the full story, something truly noble and imperishable will be added to the history of this Regiment.’ ”

We print below a tribute to Capt. J. A. A. Christison and two soldiers of the Battalion from the Colonel of the Regiment. It is possible that the two soldiers are Ptes. A. E. Frame and T. Williams, whose names appeared in the casualty list in the *Times* about the same time as Capt. Christison's death was reported :—

THREE GALLANT SOLDIERS.

When fighting in Burma with the Battalion, Capt. J. A. A. Christison, the only son of Major-General A. F. P. Christison, M.C., who commanded the same Battalion from 1937—1938, was instructed to carry out a fifty mile reconnaissance in order to ascertain what the Japs were doing. He carried out his task successfully and on the return journey, and at no great distance from his headquarters, he was attacked by a party of Japanese who bombed his vehicle off the road. Capt. John Christison, together with his batman and driver (names unknown) continued the fight whilst the remainder of his party, acting under his instructions, got away. A subsequent search discovered the three bodies together with over a dozen Japs killed. Truly they maintained the traditions of “ The Duke's.”

We salute them.

C. J. P.

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 Somewhere Out East.

The circumstances which led to the Battalion changing its abode from India to go and face the common enemy in the real business of war, must now be a matter of history to all our readers. That history has been made and will continue to be made by the Battalion is beyond doubt, but until it can be written by someone more competent than the writer, these notes must be confined to the gap between those appearing in the February, 1942, IRON DUKE and the departure of the Battalion overseas.

Our stay in Central India was brought to a close at the beginning of the 1941-42 cold season. If at first we viewed our new station on the North-West Frontier with a certain amount of apprehension, between freezing on the mountain tops in winter and roasting in "the Vale" during summer for the duration, we were all agreed that the change was a good one. Quite a few of the old stiffs know the surrounding district nearly as well as they do their own home towns.

We arrived just when the sting of the N.W.F.P. hot weather was on its last legs, and immediately got down to that form of training which is the bread of life to frontier troops and a perfect gold mine for army contractors and "chaplis" makers. Our Commanding Officer* took the opportunity of refreshing his memory of how things should be done by going on a mountain warfare course, and when he returned early in December our company camps were in full swing at the "delightful" little spot called D . . . , which lies at the foot of the long road running up to C Each camp was limited to ten days, during which, those who had not had the opportunity of khud climbing and experiencing the playful customs of the hillsmen, soon found that to carry out a scheme on the model table is very much less exacting and exciting than doing the real thing. The hardening-up process was followed by a two days "free for all" on a platoon basis, in which it was reported that the main objective of stalking each other over the wide expanse of the Vale and "annihilating" the enemy, led to wonderful marching records, and some very uncomfortable nights for those who lost themselves or had their transport captured together with bedding, food and liquor.

At least one incident during the company camps is worth mentioning. The Support Platoon under Capt. J. Christison,* whilst on their way out for a field firing exercise on the morning of December 11th, must have incited the envy of a few "badmashes" in the locality. Whilst peacefully marching along across a strip of open ground the platoon received a volley of lead from a feature some five to six hundred yards away. Three men, Ptes. Lawther, Hampshire and Dickinson, were hit. Lawther, who had a wound in the head, was in a bad way for a few days, but afterwards made a rapid recovery. The Gunners lost no time in getting into action, and their targets were not imaginary; but the "enemy," assumed to be a party of 10 to 12 Wazirs, made a hurried get-away and have not been rounded up.

The company camps were finally cleared and closed in time to allow all of us to concentrate in barracks for the Christmas break. Although this "break" did not last more than two days, we were able to appreciate and enjoy whatever could be obtained to keep up the Christmas spirit. The families' tree was again a huge success. The Sergeants' Mess, Corporals' Mess and all ranks' dances kept most of us busy getting over each in turn, and in spite of plenty of training from barracks in the form of day and night marches, demonstrations and the like, none of us were any the worse for this hectic seasonal strain. In the meantime certain senior officers could be seen conferring most secretly in cold offices wrapped up in greatcoats and Kashmiri boots, planning their schemes of how not to let us enjoy life in a battalion perimeter camp. And in the comfort of their quarters around the fireside, fond wives and children were knitting feverishly to finish woollen helmets, mittens and scarves for "father" and boy friends who would have to face the rigours of the Indian winter out in the wild stretches of the Vale.

*Reported killed in action in our last issue. ED.

On 12th January the Battalion left barracks in the early hours of the morning on a tactical march across country, having as its objective a perimeter camp some 20 odd miles away. Air attacks and imaginary enemy armoured forces of some strength kept us very much alive all day, and we were thankful when we arrived in the comparative safety area of the foothills in which our camp was set up. The following days and nights passed all too quickly, fully taken up with mountain warfare schemes and other forms of training, which, if severe, were at least interesting, and brought out those very important lessons of mental alertness, bodily fitness, and above all, the real meaning of being able to pull out that little bit extra when required.

On the evening of 22nd January steady rain set in, and continued throughout the night and all the next day. The 23rd being a day of rest prior to linking up with other units for a few days' brigade training, the bad weather was looked upon as one of those unfortunate incidents to be expected at that time of the year. It was therefore very surprising when orders were issued for the Battalion to return to barracks. As if by magic all kinds of M.T. appeared, into which soaking wet individuals, camp equipment and stores were bundled and rushed back to barracks. By dark everyone was back, except the A.T. section, which had been ordered off across country. They, too, got in the same night. The same evening it was pretty obvious that there was "something doing"; staff cars could be seen coming and going through barracks, and an atmosphere of secrecy seemed to hang over the orderly room and Q.M. stores. It would take too long to detail all that happened during the following hectic days. The midnight oil was certainly burned by those who understood and were responsible for putting into effect all that has to be done under mobilization regs., and by 31st January the Battalion was to all intents and purposes ready to receive further orders. The next couple of days were spent in perfecting last minute organization and administration, and on 3.2.42 the Battalion marched quietly to the station, entrained and disappeared for "an unknown destination." A temporary depot, under the command of Capt. J. Coulter, was formed on the departure of the Battalion, and consisted of all those who were unfit, in hospital, boys and others not eligible to go with the unit on service.

Lastly, congratulations to all who gained promotion and advancement on the mobilization and re-organization of the Battalion. The list is far too long to be published here, and must therefore be confined to the senior ranks:—R.S.M. T. Jowett to be Lieutenant (Quartermaster); Lt. (Q.M.) J. Coulter relinquishes appointment of Q.M. and is appointed A/Captain; Capt. J. Robinson, to A/Major; C.S.M. Ward, to R.S.M.; C.Q.M.S. Grant, to C.S.M.; Sgts. Aynesley, Crisp, Hall and Lyons, to C.Q.M.S. The following officers, who were seconded, rejoined the Battalion on mobilization:—Capt. D. M. Harris, from O.T.S.; Lt. J. H. C. Sutherland, from O.T.S.; Lt. G. H. Gilbey, from Tactical School. Capt. H. O'Hara, R.A.M.C., accompanied the Battalion as medical officer.



Major
R de la H. Moran

Capt.
J. Butterfield
Major
J. Robinson

Lt. B. Wood
Lt. Davies,
now D.C.I.I.

Lt. J. V. Heaton

Capt.
Cunningham

Capt.
P. de la H. Moran
Capt.
J. Coulter

The late Lt.-Col.
H. B. Owen

[Drawn by Major J. W. Rundall, Gurkha Rifles.

A Battalion in Wales.

It seems "many moons" to the writer since notes of our doings and wanderings were last placed on record. However, in the month of April, 1942, the advance party of the Americans who it was intended should relieve us, arrived at our camp, and made themselves comfortable in our midst, and we then knew that the time for quitting the barren country of Iceland was near at hand.

Towards the latter end of April our fondest prayers were answered when we embarked for the United Kingdom. It seemed that the elements were determined to give us a parting send off for the move down to the docks was carried out in a blinding snowstorm.

Very soon our voyage commenced and we said good-bye to those barren shores and most of us hope fervently that we shall never set eyes on the place again. There is however, no doubt that one or two of the Battalion who became enamoured of the fair sex in Iceland had some regret at leaving. Our voyage was uneventful from the point of view of enemy interference. We were however treated extremely well on the ship and had excellent food and accommodation.

On reaching home waters, "Movement Control" disclosed the all-important secret as to our final destination, and although the name of the place may not be given, it is not thought to be a breach of security to state that it was a small town in South Wales. Our journey from the port of disembarkation to our final destination was to us like riding through a new world; the beautiful English countryside with its green fields, forests and winding rivers was something that we had almost forgotten existed during our two years' stay in lava-covered Iceland.

Arriving at our destination at about 0200 hours one Monday morning, we were of course not greeted by town bands or the Lord Mayor and his officials. We were, however, met by our advance party who had left for the United Kingdom on the pretence of attending a "Mule Course" under the able command of our second-in-command, and from them we received a full account of our new station, which included how many pubs there were, a vivid description of the females, where the fish and chip shops could be found, how many theatres there were and lastly, what the billets were like. An excellent meal prepared by the cooks of the "Mule Course" was awaiting us, and by 0500 hours we were all posted to our billets and were attempting to get a couple of hours' well-earned sleep.

Our billets were of various types and fairly widespread, and once more we were faced with the problem of companies being detached some distance away. The billets consisted of palatial mansions (secured by "C" and "D" Companies), church halls, school rooms, shops, insurance buildings and portions of local pubs, and in these we quickly made ourselves comfortable.

The civil population of the town were extremely sociable, and everything that they could do to assist in making us comfortable and happy they did with the utmost willingness. Before we had been in our new station twelve hours, representatives of the social side of the town had visited our Headquarters, offering us the use of their tennis courts, bowling greens, rugger and soccer grounds, swimming baths, clubs and institutes, etc., and it was plain to see that our stay at — was going to be an extremely pleasant one.

Our first week in the United Kingdom was devoted chiefly to sorting out our heavy baggage and seeking lost contraband, but most of us found sufficient time to take full advantage of the facilities afforded us in our new station. Public-houses, clubs, cinemas and fish and chip shops were invaded, and the female sex were quickly contacted and linked up. Landlords of public-houses and secretaries of clubs were soon at their wits' end as to how to make their stocks meet the new demands, and many of their premises were soon entirely dry two or three days of the week.

We regret to record at this stage of our notes the loss of our former Commanding Officer, who, in the first week after our arrival in the United Kingdom, was appointed to command

a Brigade. He had commanded the Battalion for more than two years and during that time had succeeded in training us into a first-class fighting machine. Congratulations, Brigadier —, on your promotion, and we wish you the very best of luck in what we know will be a successful command. In saying good-bye to our late C.O., we at the same time welcome to our midst Lt.-Col. —. We congratulate him on his promotion and appointment to this Battalion, and wish him the best of luck and happiness in his new command. Our loyal support will be behind him whenever and wherever he leads us into battle.

A fortnight disembarkation leave was thoroughly enjoyed by all during the early part of May, and on return all ranks were ready for any type of strenuous training that might be in store for them.

Much as we expected, our stay in — was only of short duration, and after six weeks, which passed all too quickly, we departed for a district in a more northerly part of Wales, where we were to camp and commence our field training. But before leaving our many friends in — we would like to place on record in these notes our deep appreciation of the extreme kindness and hospitality shown to us during our stay with them.

The Band played a prominent part in this pause between the Icelandic frying pan and the Welsh fire. Whether it were hospital fête, church parades, or "H.Q." Company marching with pomp and circumstance back to "bangers and beans," the town invariably turned out to make a gala day of it.

On leaving Iceland we thought we had seen the last of rugged mountains, but we now find ourselves situated amongst those of Wales, where the whole of the surrounding countryside is a veritable paradise for G.O.C's, brigadiers and other commanders. Ground for training is abundant (too abundant in some people's view), there is only one pub, entertainment is practically nil, and the nearest inhabited place approaching the size of a town is six and a half miles away. We are, however, all of the same opinion, that no matter where we are dumped in England, Scotland or Wales, it is twenty times better than the best spot that could be selected for us in Iceland.

After our arduous training among the snow-clad mountains and blizzards of Iceland, the type of training that we are now called upon to perform has aroused but two comments—"aint it cushy" and "they are trying to reduce us to the commando standard." These comments are brought about chiefly by the facts that, in this country, we are not called upon to travel too far on our "plates of meat" which carried us so many hundreds of miles in Iceland. Also when we do have to march we have the benefit of good roads to march on, and we have not the same extreme elements to face. (It is hoped that the censors will not frown too severely on this paragraph.)

At the present moment we are enjoying a fortnight break from manœuvres and this period is being devoted to training of a more individual character. Field firing exercises and demonstrations are taking place, and practice on the open range is going on apace. A Brigade rifle meeting is threatened in the near future and we feel certain that we shall acquit ourselves very well.

We have not previously had the opportunity of offering in THE IRON DUKE our congratulations to our second-in-command on his award of the M.B.E. whilst serving in Iceland. We extend our belated but hearty congratulations on his well-deserved award. He was presented with his award by H.M. the King at a recent investiture held at Buckingham Palace.

We also heartily congratulate R.S.M. A. C. Bagshaw on the award of M.B.E., published in the Birthday Honours List. He has been with us now for many years and we all know well his cheerfulness off parade and his bite on parade. He guided us through our teething period at the beginning of the war, and has always entered enthusiastically into every activity in which the Battalion has been engaged, whether military or sporting. His M.B.E. is an award he richly deserves.

We also congratulate the following on their award of certificates for outstanding service in Iceland:—Lt. J. C. Clough, who in addition to his outstanding efforts in the training of the Battalion in winter warfare, was responsible, through his presence of mind, for saving from serious injury an officer comrade; Sgt. M. A. Duckworth, who through his constant devotion to duty, has been greatly responsible for the training and maintaining of a most efficient mortar platoon; Sgt. M. Whitham and Pte. G. Lister, who have now left the Battalion on medical grounds, and have been posted to home units, granted certificates for constant devotion to duty.

SPORT.—In the past six months sport has had to take a place in the background and there is therefore very little to record.

In the inter-unit boxing championships which took place before leaving Iceland we were knocked out by another unit of the Force, but only by a very small margin, 17 points to 15. We congratulate the winners.

We congratulate "A" and "B" teams of the Battalion for gaining first and second place respectively in the Force hare and hounds competition.

We also congratulate No. 7 Platoon of "A" Company on their excellent performance in winning the Brigade drill competition.

OBITUARY.—It is with deep regret we announce the death in Iceland of No. 4615633 Pte. J. A. Loveridge which occurred as a result of injuries received from a shell burst during a field firing exercise. Pte. Loveridge was interred with full military honours in the military portion of the local cemetery in Iceland. We extend our deepest sympathy to his wife and relatives in their sad bereavement.

The following message was received by the C.O. from the Force Commander:—
"Not only on my behalf, but on that of the British Army in Iceland (C), please accept my deepest sympathy in your loss of a gallant comrade, Pte. Loveridge, yesterday when carrying out vital war training."

OFFICERS' MESS.

Since we last wrote there has been a change of personalities. It was a great blow to us to lose a C.O., especially one of such calibre and force of character, but he has had greatness thrust upon him and is now commanding a brigade. On the other hand, it is delightful to welcome an old friend as our new C.O., and we wish him all success possible in the future.

There has been a change of scene too. Skis, Tropical coats, that chain of holes garnished with lava dust known to the charitable as roads, a pleasant sufficiency of alcoholic refreshment, the bodies undulating to Sgt. Kirby's band, and the general Icelandic background have gone with the Welsh wind.

After our Nissen hut on a barren bit of volcanic heap we discovered ourselves, inappropriately perhaps, in a temperance hotel of marked squalor, whose sole merit was occasional H. and C. and one window that looked on a Palais-de-Danse.

Entertaining has been at a minimum owing to training, but the other night a local repertory company were our guests after playing a thriller in the most difficult circumstances. Since when the writer has been approached quietly on several occasions as to the advantages of joining the theatrical club—well, we have known other ways.

There have been several departures. It was sad to say good-bye to Harry Beazley and John Gilbey who have suffered a "G" change into something rich and strange—to Sanderson, Stone and Reed; to Capt. Matthews who has gone back to his own sphere, and for the time being to Martin Hewitt and John Allan, who with grenades in either hand are instilling an offensive spirit into bemused officers and N.C.O.'s at a battle school. We do welcome, however, Gerald Russell of another corps, who has come to study our methods.

Both Teddy Manning and Geoffrey Davy have found their better halves and married them. We wish them good fortune.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

April of 1942 saw us say good-bye to the excellent Sergeants' Mess in Iceland, in which, in spite of the circumstances, we had spent so many happy hours. We, in our ignorance, handed it over to the Americans thinking that they would appreciate the wonderful bar we had constructed and the Victorian fireplace in the side of the ante-room Nissen hut; but alas, they promptly used the ante-room with its lino-covered floor as a men's cook-house and the bar they used as a ration store, and the dining room was taken over as a sort of old junk shop. However, we were bound for dear old "Blighty" and we were rather carefree as to what they did with the place.

Few of us had our regrets at leaving Iceland, or to use military abbreviation, L.B.H. (louse-bound hole); although there is no doubt that there were one or two of our members, those who had been fortunate enough to break down the icy reserve of Icelandic families, get their feet on the mantelpiece, and gain a privilege of spitting on the ceiling, who had some feeling of regret at leaving the haunts where they had spent so many of their leisure hours.

On the voyage home the food provided for the W.O's (and incidentally for everybody else) was excellent, and although the service was not carried out with the grace that they were accustomed to, the food did invariably arrive at the place intended after a 6ft. skid down the table. R.Q.M.S. Fitter, possessing the necessary kind-hearted and winning look on his face, was the only one who could persuade or cajole the waiters to throw his food straight at him instead of skating it down the table.

On arrival at our new station in South Wales, the members of the Mess were once again split up into five batches, and the running of a central Sergeants' Mess was hardly worth while. The billiard room of a local hotel was allotted to us for our wet entertainment, but it was soon discovered that the unaccustomed attractions of the town itself were occupying the spare time of the great majority of our members, although it was very noticeable that they turned up in full force at meal times.

The local Conservative Club offered its hospitality to many members of the Mess, and it was here that many friendships with the local people were made. It is considered that had we stayed in the locality for any length of time some of us would at least have been elected to the local council or have been managing a bank.

In the camp where we are now situated our Mess consists of two store tents, and our greatest difficulty is to provide furnishings to put in them. We are ardently hoping that by the time we have left here the Area welfare officials will respond to our appeals and forward the chairs, etc., that we have asked for on payment.

We are all happy to congratulate our R.S.M., A. C. Bagshaw, on his award of the M.B.E. We never really managed to have the usual celebrations for such an event, for we could only celebrate the (M) with Mild and the (B) with Bitter, whilst the (E) we are leaving in pickle for the winter months, when we hope that the Mess will be more stable. Nobody has yet decided what form this celebration will take, but let us hope that it will be (E) eventful. The R.S.M. still has to face the ordeal of his investiture and we wish him the best of luck, for we hear it is a dizzy job making the ceremonious bow.

We also congratulate Sgt. Maurice Alphonse Duckworth on his award of a certificate for outstanding service and devotion to duty. Our congratulations are also due to R.Q.M.S. A. A. Fitter who did a good morning's work with Lt.-Col. —, and escaped being roped in for a commission on account of old age and infirmity.

The following are to be congratulated on their promotion to the rank as now shown:—
R.Q.M.S. A. A. Fitter, Sgt. W. H. Wilkinson, L/Sgt. A. Mell, L/Sgt. W. Brownhill, L/Sgt. C. W. Bradley, Sgt. N. Wilkinson, L/Sgt. C. Lister, L/Sgt. G. Smith, Sgt. A. D. Barlow. It is with regret that we have to record the loss of several valued members of the Mess:—
R.Q.M.S. A. H. Parsons (commissioned as lieutenant quartermaster to another Battalion of the Regiment), Sgt. E. Haley, Sgt. (Wuff-Wuff) Hungtingdon, Sgt. (Bunt) Horner, Sgt. O. Phair, L/Sgt. (Digger) Brent, L/Sgt. Baxter and L/Sgt. Bainton, all of whom have

been re-graded and posted to home units ; Sgt. Lyons, who was posted as an instructor to a specialist training centre ; and Sgt. Wilson, who has been transferred to the Military Prison Staff. We wish them all the best of luck in their new rôle whatever and wherever it may be.

A Searchlight Regiment R.A. in Yorkshire.

Since the last appearance of these notes an account of our activities must inevitably consist largely of a record of changes ; the departure and arrival, particularly of senior officers, has during the past few months almost altered the face (in more senses than one) of R.H.Q. and B.H.Q.'s ; only one pre-conversion officer now remains.

Early this year we said good-bye to our late Commanding Officer on completion of his tour of duty in command. With him went the last link of the Regiment with the last war, so far as the officers are concerned. Those who were under his command on embodiment will always consider themselves in his debt for the paternal imperturbability with which he greeted those early hectic days, and his then battery commanders—now all save one transferred to wider spheres—will remember gratefully the consideration with which he treated their teething troubles. Our sorrow at losing him was tempered by our congratulations on his receipt of a certificate of meritorious service.

To our new Commanding Officer and second-in-command we extend a hearty welcome ; they are already one of us, and the Regimental tradition is safe and secure in their keeping.

Bobby, Denys, George and Charles have all departed to pastures new. We wish them every good fortune in their new appointments, and although the Regiment will not be the same without them, our loss is others' gain. In addition, we have also had regretfully to say good-bye to Capt. F. S. Robinson, Lt. J. W. Simmonds, 2nd Lt. J. N. Davey, 2nd Lt. H. R. May and last, but by no means least, on the grounds of ill-health, to Jimmy Hirst. In their stead we welcome Capt. H. C. Wenger, Lt. Qr.-Mr. H. J. L. Small, 2nd Lts. D. C. Morgan, C. E. Dodgson and S. Armstrong.

As a result of these changes promotions almost too numerous to mention have ensued, though it may be said in passing that not only did the present battery commanders all wear the same old school tie, but they also, in the early days of the war, were all members of the same officers' mess.

Two other losses which the Regiment has sustained must be mentioned—the departure to civil life of B.S.M. E. Heward, to the great regret of all who knew him, and the commission into the Pioneer Corps of B.Q.M.S. George Ware. Will ever the Q stores be the same without his stentorian "Outside" to the luckless intruder into that holy of holies !

Hatches and matches have kept up to par—Major J. C. Shaw, Capt. A. W. R. Brook and 2nd Lt. Morgan have distinguished themselves in the former category, and Lt. P. Hallas and Lt. P. F. R. Griffiths in the latter. To all of them we offer our congratulations.

The Commanding Officer and Major E. E. R. Kilner have been awarded the T.D., and meritorious service certificates have been awarded to B.Q.M.S. G. Ware, Sgt. H. I. Leahy, L/Sgt. R. Ellis and Sgt. W. H. McBurney. The news of the sudden death of the latter came as a great shock to the whole Regiment.

The Regiment stays where it did, with occasional alarms and excursions to add variety to life. Battery and regimental sports meetings have been held, successfully re-capturing the spirit of happier days (although the Band alas, has had to give way to loud-speakers and gramophone records). At the moment our athletes are anticipating turning their prowess to good account at the forthcoming brigade and divisional sports.

A Battalion Somewhere in County Durham.

The summer months have passed and the summer weather so long awaited has never been. We have, however, been able to make the best of what little there was, and spent a most enjoyable six weeks under canvas. It was a long awaited pleasure—the first time in our existence that we have had the Battalion sufficiently concentrated to have one central cookhouse, one Sergeants' Mess and one Officers' Mess. The Battalion as a whole benefited greatly, and although the hills were high and the marching long the six weeks was enjoyed by all ranks.

We were most unfortunate in losing Major Owen Price as the result of an accident just before going under canvas. His recovery was, however, rapid and without coming back he left us on promotion. We congratulate him on his promotion and wish him good luck for the future. It was also with great sorrow that we said good-bye to Major O'Connor and Major Fallon. We wish both of them good luck.

In the world of sport the Battalion holds its head high. In the football world we have never doubted our worth, boxing we can always do well in, and now after two dormant summers we have produced a cricket team of real note. Further details of our sporting activities appear below.

Lastly, we wish good luck to all those officers and other ranks who have left us for further afield. A number of newcomers have joined us and we take this opportunity of welcoming them.

SPORT.

BOXING.—The first contests of 1942 were the Brigade team knockout tournament, February, when the team consisted of eleven. In the draw we drew a bye in the first round. This put us in the finals where our team put up a very strong opposition, but were beaten by seven fights to four after some close contests. The winners went on to win the Divisional championships.

Our next match was the E.R.C.A. individuals held at Bridlington, and the following boxers of the Battalion were entered:—Pte. McIlwraith, Pte. Armitage, Cpl. Vanmale, Sgt. Good, Sgt. Tompkins, Cpl. Murray, Cpl. Brumfield.

Ptes. McIlwraith and Armitage and Cpl. Murray lost their fights on points after some hard tussles. However, Cpl. Vanmale won his first two fights in a convincing manner, and in the final lost narrowly on points to Sgt. Tompkins, who had a bye in the first series and won his second fight quite easily. Sgt. Goode drew a bye in the first series and lost by k.o. in the first round against Cpl. Vanmale in the semi-finals. The two outstanding boxers in these championships were Sgt. Tompkins and Cpl. Vanmale.

Owing to an injury to Sgt. Tompkins in this competition he was unable to compete in the Command individuals. His place was taken by Cpl. Vanmale who won his first two fights, but in the semi-finals lost on points to S.I. Galley, the Army champion and A.B. champion for 1942.

We then held our individual match for novices and all comers, which took place in April. This affair was very energetic and showed us good material on which to work.

Finally, we fought the local Home Guard, a very strong team who had never been beaten by an Army unit. We won seven fights to three, Cpl. Taylor disposing very effectively of the local champion. We are looking forward with high hopes to the Command championships, and would especially like to thank Cpl. Nash and C.S.M. Bye for their expert assistance.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.—Since the last issue soccer in this Battalion has boomed. In the Area competition, which consisted of 32 teams drawn from all the Defence Services, we reached the final without much trouble. We were beaten in the final by an R.A.F. bomber squadron. This was due to a great extent to the fact that both the outside right and outside left were injured on a bad ground, and C.S.M.I. Bruton, our

captain, went down with the 'flu two days before the game, and the result was, R.A.F. two goals, Duke's nil. However, we were pleased with the performance of our team.

The high spot of the season took place in March when our team were selected to represent the Area against a team selected from another Area. This team consisted of all first and second division players. Although we were beaten by five goals to two the result did not represent the closeness of the game.

The above match was played on the ground of a famous Northern club and was in aid of Mrs. Churchill's Aid to Russia Fund. The effort realised £360.

We are hoping for big things this season, and already we have won an inter-unit competition, the final score being nine goals to nil in our favour. A good start.

SWIMMING.—The Battalion swimming team were only able to come in second in the Brigade swimming tournament, but since then the team have won all their matches against both Army and civilian teams, Sgt. Good being especially shining and winning a tremendous number of savings stamps.

CRICKET.—We have run two very successful sides this year, a first and second XI, and have won all our matches against Army sides with ease. We also tackled the local league side (professional and all) and the score stands at one each, which is very good considering their strength. Our main stalwarts in batting have been Capt. C., L/Cpl. Lee and Pte. Dawson, while the "demon" bowlers have been L/Cpl. Binns and L/Cpl. Townsend. But the whole side deserves praise for team work. We are also indebted to C.S.M.I. Bruton (A.P.T.S.) for his excellent coaching and his example on the field.

ATHLETICS.—The season opened with a Brigade sports meeting on 4th July. Competition was keen and the Battalion only finished third. However, we won all the sprints and the relay and hope to do better in other events next time as we have improved considerably. Since then we have won all the local sports meetings, and whenever you see a really prosperous "Duke" you can bet he is one of the athletic team who has found the "Holidays at Home Sports" in the neighbourhood most remunerative.

The outstanding athletes have been Lt. H. (Slough A.C. and Berkshire), who has trained all the sprinters (Pte. N. Smith and Cpl. Senior, Cpl. Vanmale (long jump and sprinter) and Pte. Stanley (high and long jump). Also Pte. Hicks is remarkably agile at the obstacle race. Lt. D. has tried very hard to find some "distance" men and we are looking forward to some more important Army meetings.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.—Since our last notes the rugger team has blossomed out and ended last season with great success. This season is about to open and we find ourselves in even greater strength.

Every effort was made last year to make the team play together. This was accomplished. No one is worth more note than another, except perhaps Pte. Field who, after everyone in the side has worked hard, does nearly all the try scoring—he could not do it, however, without the other fourteen.

We are now looking forward to a new season.

A Former Duke's Battalion Somewhere in Scotland.

Having stampeded most of the flocks and herds in England during the last year or so, we have been shifted *en bloc* to glorious isolation "over the Border, up so-and-so way." Here we have tried all the local sports and pastimes—*i.e.*, "Roamin' in the Gloamin'," "Comin' thro' the Rye," or anything else, and certain of our best known characters have even endeavoured to possess G . . . on a Saturday night (or was it Tuesday). Taking it all round, we enjoy the change, though we still dream of Perranporth, Newquay, Mevagissey and Padstow.

The powers-that-be have taken "Boy" from us; we miss him, and wish him every success in the high office he now holds. We wish our new C.O. the very best of luck.

Early morning P.T. is now one of the social events of the day, and as a consequence swinging the lead has become an art worth cultivating; but there are some enthusiasts, notably "Paddy" and "Mac," who insist that it is doing them good. The other school of thought represented by Ken Rhodes and Tony Gibson contend that wild horses would not drag them out of bed at such an hour, if it were not for the joy of seeing the "Wee Doc" attempting to give "Tiny" a piggy-back.

Fishing in the local stream—one of Scotland's best—continues to attract our Isaak Waltons between exercises. "Paddy" is our most successful angler, but Douglas J-S., after many blank evenings, was seen recently breakfasting off two sardine-like minnows which had apparently sold their lives dearly.

"Pullie" having discovered embryo Sutcliffes and Bowes galore, regularly produces cricket teams which habitually win by one wicket. The sight of "Tiny" pounding down to the crease has unmanned many a brave batsman!

The Tuesday (Free Day?) passion wagon still carries our gay Lotharios into civilisation. Jack Tungate, Tom Starkey, Ding-Dong and Tom Foweraker occasionally solace themselves for the life of austerity they have to endure.

Our inseparables, Jimmie and Eric, having contracted mumps almost simultaneously, spent quite a cheery time in hospital despite certain indignities at the fair hands of the nurses. They are among those present again.

Jock Williams and Frank Skelton have taken the fight to the enemy and we wish them the best of good fortune.

It is worth noting that Little Audrey has found an office worthy of himself; where, surrounded by three sets of telephones and a veritable warren of files, he dominates the room upholstered by at least two telephone directories. The Ack obliques Mark I and II—Waddie and Steve—patiently wait their cue to accept whatever robes of office may come their way.

Bruce has gone to Brigade, where, let us hope, his sterling worth will be recognised; there he will be ably guided through the maze of pomp and circumstance by Tim Till who has acquired more brass these days.

It seemed like gilding the lily to send our tame philosopher, Douglas Overend, on an intelligence course, but no doubt he will bring the lore of ancient Greece to bear on some of our present-day problems.

We were most relieved when Reggie and Dan Sheers returned from their battle exercise, but after hearing their thrilling account of shot and shell flying about at head height, we trembled for Dickie who, with Tommy Crowther, is next on the list for the ordeal.

After a long absence Ken Foulds bobbed up to restore our flagging spirits; there seems to have been a slip twixt the razor and the lip in the interim period.

Geoff flits from conference to conference with his usual enthusiasm; indeed, it is a matter of conjecture whether his command is being run on Soviet lines or not.

We congratulate "Werfy" on his marriage at a very awkward time and hope it did not interfere with his natural exuberance.

It is pleasant to watch Herbert swelling visibly before our very eyes; what an advertisement for the P.M.C.! (Joe to speak.)

We had almost forgotten about Chris until he rejoined us the other day, and now the familiar sight of him patting his curls into shape whilst deep in the toils of some brain-teasing world problem sends a thrill of awe round the Mess.

A Former Duke's Battalion Somewhere in the East Midlands.

With the blue pencil of censorship hanging over our heads like the Sword of Damocles, nothing remains but to embark upon personalities; the standby and sure support of unfortunate contributors to regimental magazines.

A spate of festivities have recently occurred; the reason for these, a delicate subject, can we feel be immortalised only in verse; therefore:—

The Doc gave a lead
And Eric agreed
To deny hypothetical maybes.
Derek Andreae and John
Were blithely led on
To substitute maybes with babies.

Incidentally Brownbridge has also qualified for similar congratulations. These we willingly offer, but not in verse, for any man who can find a word to rhyme with Brownbridge is hereby admitted to be our intellectual superior.

Coming back to personalities, but less delicate and therefore to be dispensed in unglamorous prose, Rivett has left us. Having missed five trains and had five parties instead, he finally tore himself away. Much as we enjoyed your parties, Rivett, we would like to see you back again.

Peggy and Shufflebottom are gone away, they are still mourned.

Of newcomers, first and foremost, we have a new C.O. By now we have had time to become acquainted. If he feels about us as we feel about him, it should be easy to get a bit of leave.

Major Bagshawe, too, is well and truly amongst us, so much so that I am wondering whether he's a new second-in-command or just my shadow.

Mr. Quicksley we are gratified to see wearing a Duke's badge; we ignore the pained look on his face daily.

Chilton we hear is a positive devil on the organ. Positive proof will doubtless be in the hearing, which pleasure we are saving up.

Finally, to finish these notes and possibly the author, again we burst into verse:—

To things unimportant
We feel that we oughtn't
To abandon our scandalous pen;
When we're feeling the blow
Of a vanished C.O.
The inimitable, incomparable Ben.

D.W.R. Infantry Training Centre.

Following a visit from the workpeople of the Northern Sabulite Explosive Company, Ltd., to this centre to see a demonstration of modern infantry weapons, including many manufactured by this firm, a gift of £2 10s. 0d. was received in aid of the P.O.W. fund, which was gratefully acknowledged.

OFFICERS' MESS.

Your unfortunate scribe again sadly recalls the past and painfully records further changes in our personnel. Duncan has left us for Yorkshire again, Rupert has gone north and "Robby"—almost regarded as a landlord's fixture here—has departed, to throw light, doubtless, on the heathen, at No. 2 Infantry Depot. "Nick," Hartley and Hiorns

have all discharged obligations to an exacting P.M.C., the latter though unfolding his tent but a short distance away and favouring us with visits occasionally.

In more cheerful vein we recall several new visitors. At the moment of writing we are "holding the Babe," which rather overgrown infant suddenly appeared in our midst to our great delight and surprise. "Bill Proom" and Plumb are both here, whilst the African bush has again parted to reveal "Fish" Lennon, Ken Pearson and Lauder.

Of the veterans, "Tuppence" still remains indispensable, though our faith was recently shaken when an incredulous Mess were asked to believe that a recent find on the golf course was edible! A post-mortem held prior to cremation revealed a distinct putrescence emanating from the bird, which on investigation proved to be an ex-peacock!

"Creepy" has handed over the pig and poultry business to Jimmy Ogden as a going concern, but has usurped Peter K. as uncrowned king of B. This latter individual now sits cheerfully on a barrel of gunpowder in the Adjutant's office waiting for a light!

John Horsfall is hitting a very fair drive of late, and young "Robbie" when not in Mess is usually flashing his bat somewhere.

Peters Green and Garnett still remain with us, the former a trifle shaken but fit G.S. from a recent battle course. "Bill" Skinner and "Titus" Oattes still echo in the hall, the latter most popular at leave time when it is so convenient to have a truck to the station.

"Honest" John B. still invades the Mess at lunch time. The local H.G. can now recognise a rifle and we believe he has much to do with this. Freddy Pearce is still whole, despite several theories on "blast" effect!

We propose to maintain a discreet reticence about our activities of late as these included a match with the Sergeants' Mess at snooker, darts and "bones" which we narrowly lost, and also a cricket match with the Corporals which, though most enjoyable, did not evidence on our part any marked proclivity with the willow! We have to acknowledge a very pleasant evening and afternoon spent with the two Messes.

In our own Mess we were pleased to see Colonel Pickering on one or two occasions and more recently at dinner with us.

As we go to press, we are preparing for an "At Home" about which more anon. In the meantime, all the best of luck to all Battalions wherever you may be.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

A snooker competition which is in progress at the time of writing is providing curious onlookers with heart-rending scenes. Champions are being outclassed by outsiders with black ball for game—the outsider looking to the crowd of eager faces for the thumb signal, as gladiators did in days of old, before crashing the ball into the pocket, thus spelling defeat for the "idols of the ivories"!

Amongst those taking part are well-known characters of the "Dukes," one especially being Bargoli Vic, the cook sergeant, who was recently absorbed in to the establishment of the A.R.M. (Army Rissole Makers), sometimes confused with the A.C.C. Also C.S.M. "Teddy" of "Mobile" fame, mentioned in previous issues of THE IRON DUKE. If he gets them down as quick as he shouts "Mobile" we can see many more champions of the ivory pills being in the also-rans.

Many are the strange faces that venture in and out of our Mess daily. Amongst the habitués A. H. Frost is one of the most prominent figures, having taken over the "Dido" from C.Q.M.S. "Stotty" of the Durhams. Dances are frequent and learners are cordially invited—if they can find room on the dance floor.

Recent re-organisation has resulted in many "Dukes" members leaving the Mess for another destination; with them go the best wishes of the remaining members, who take this opportunity of wishing them and all other members of the various Messes of the "Dukes" both at home and abroad the best of luck wherever they may be.

CORPORALS' MESS.

By the time these notes are "devoured" by all the members who have "been and come and gone," the Mess will have celebrated its first birthday.

There are not many of us left who can remember the first night in our new home, but those who do can say that it has been a most successful year of events. Most of the credit is due to our late president, Cpl. Scargill, who has taken a fancy to wearing pips! We miss him very much and all wish him the best of luck and feel sure of his success. During the past year we have had several successful dances and social evenings and have even shown a profit on dances. We have also taken part in several sporting events, mainly against the Sergeants. We are asked to contradict the rumour that several sergeants have asked to revert, so that they can be on the winning side for a change! We rounded up a good series of events and proved ourselves "cock of the north" by taking on and beating the officers at cricket.

These notes would not be complete without a word about our Castle Mess, better known as "Hell Fire Corner." Here congregate the cream of the administrative staff who have formed a "Brains Trust," and each noon hold heated discussions on subjects varying from "The Welfare of a Young Married Man" to "What Price for Goebels?"

There have been too many promotions to name personally, but we give our heartiest congratulations to all those who have left us for higher ranks and to those who have joined our ranks.

We are now looking forward to the second year and only hope it will prove as good as the first.

COMPANY NOTES.

HEADQUARTER COMPANY.—Since the last issue of *THE IRON DUKE* the reins of command have passed to the steady guidance of Major St. J. T. Faulkner—better known as "Creepy." Our former O.C., Peter K., has now taken over the high office of adjutant, where he commands a fine view of the lawn, and is able to watch his new acquisition—a dog—wandering among the other weird members of the Castle—batmen, bantams, officers, peacocks and regimental police.

As well as the community at the Castle, we boast of two huts in the camp. There is much rivalry in sport between Castle and camp, and many a happy Wednesday afternoon has been spent at soccer and cricket. Of course, the camp has an answer to the Castle's peacocks in its lovely paths, potato patches, pigs and geese. We are thinking of applying for a few land girls!

A large number of new recruits appeared for the Castle a short while ago, and after being checked and numbered they are being put on the permanent staff and found places on the walls. The old "Heads" have been put in the dungeons and relegated to Class "W" Reserve.

"Tuppence" may still be looking for the "Boar's Head," but it is not true that he is taking a week-end to see if it is in Halifax!

SPECIALIST COMPANY.—It has become quite customary for these notes to coincide with changes in our command. This time Capt. Peter Green has left us and we welcome in his stead Capt. "Bill" Skinner, who now wears a suitably harassed appearance and a "third pip." (This is not to be confused with the "pip-pip" of our baby Austin.)

2nd Lt. "Titus" Oattes has the job of nursing our M.T. baby now, and has already got it off the bottle and taught it to say "I'm sorry, there's nothing available" to an unbelieving world.

C.Q.M.S. Colley has left us for a pedestrian life in "civvie" street, his place being taken by C.Q.M.S. "Crafty" Smith.

Training, or the interminable "sausage" machine, still turns out non-stop signallers, mortarmen and drivers.

Recent re-organisation besides giving us a fearful headache has produced a spate of promotion. When it was all over and the smoke had cleared, we discovered but a few men without a stripe. These were left for junior N.C.O's to practice on! C.S.M. Reed was rather taken aback but is unbroken! We especially congratulate L/Sgt. Pembury, who has coupled a recent marriage with a very spectacular "rough ride" to his present rank. We wish all new N.C.O's the best of luck in their new appointments. Finally, we send best wishes to all ex-specialist men wherever they be.

"C" COMPANY.—We are very sorry to report the loss of our company commander, Major "Robbie," who has left us for No. 2 Infantry Depot. We now have an opportunity of saying what we thought of him! He did many a fine job of work with the Company, and the many letters we have received from recruits who have passed through our hands testify to his popularity as a company commander. We wish him luck in his new surroundings.

In his place we have Capt. Peter Green, recently returned unscathed from G.H.Q. battle school. Fortunately he is just "settling in" and we have time to appreciate the situation preparatory to a more strenuous existence.

These are our only changes. 2nd Lt. "Robbie" Junior is with us still and our sport lives and thrives on his enthusiasm.

Our Company cricket team looks very strong on paper and is in the midst of doing remarkable things. With the willow, Cpl. "Ike," and with the ball, Cpl. Durham, almost anything can happen. This latter N.C.O. goes about with a perpetual beam on his face as he recollects how he took Middlesex's opening batsman's wicket on a certain memorable occasion when the corporals played the officers. The result is not published for fear of reprisals!

"D" COMPANY.—We have (we hope) settled down to a static rôle—to be exact, an infantry company. Our staff, with few exceptions, remains "as you were." Capt. John Horsfall still "shepherds" us through our many trials, with C.S.M. Johnnie Stork beaming in the background.

2nd Lt. Peter Garnett can be found almost any day digging and wiring. We welcome to our midst Capt. Lauder, recently arrived from warmer climes. Major John Bairstow has now deserted his beloved P.A.D. for a more strenuous and mysterious "battle drill."

"Skipper," his face wrinkled in smiles, has gone to "charm" a field unit somewhere in England (you lucky people); whilst C.Q.M.S. "Busty" Melville baffles the recruits with his characteristic "Blarney" in his stead.

The quiet of the Company office and the moderate language used there is not the result of a reform, but is due to our A.T.S. runner (Jock), or maybe the one-time Sunday school teacher, Pte. Bull. The dazed expression on the faces of our N.C.O's is not due to the "local" but the endless duties and proverbial "night stunts."

To all who have passed through "D" we wish the best of luck and good hunting.

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

HELPFUL HINTS.

Now that you have learned about the barracks, I think I had better tell you something about Army subjects, like pay being what you don't get enough of, and leave what you go absent without. After all, you have to learn them whether you like it or not. The first is rights and privileges.

Rights are the things you don't notice but you do get.

Privileges are the things you do notice but you don't get.

Now, you know all about rights—food being sausages and accommodation sleeping on the top shelf. You have four privileges in the Army. The first is leave. There

are six kinds of leave—leave you have had, leave you haven't had, leave you never get a chance of, leave you thought you should have had, leave you are really going to have and leave you think you may bring off if you are lucky.

The second privilege is a good conduct stripe which is a lance corporal upside down after two years of never doing anything you shouldn't, only we hope the war will be over by then.

The third is relegation to the unemployed list, which you wouldn't understand, but I know somebody who said they knew somebody who once got it.

The fourth is dependent's allowance, which is what you asked for but didn't get so you have to do a voluntary allotment instead (sixpence for mother).

Pay.—Your paybook is called A.B.64. Now A.B.64 Part I is the brown bit where you keep the photograph of John and your soap coupon. A.B.64 Part II is the bit that falls out of A.B.64 Part I.

Now 1/8 a day won't pay for permanent waving, shoe polish, button polish, tooth polish, nail polish, hair pins, powder, cream, paint, soap, soap flakes and so on, so they give you 3d. a week kit allowance to cover that. Then there's N.H.I. and 6d. for the paymaster—after all he has a lot to do, poor man.

Rank is the thing you want to be, but appointment is what you don't want to do but you have to. The difference is this. When at a battalion parade, Junior Commander Collins stands facing the Armoury, then she is a company commander, but when she stands with her back to the Armoury she is second-in-command. That's appointment. Promotion means getting one more of whatever you've got unless you have three of it already and then you get something different. Establishments mean you can't get promotion anyway because that would mean the adjutant taking the drawing pins out of her board.

The quartermaster is the person who gives you quarter of what you ask for on a special day when you aren't free. Before she does give you anything, the one you have has to be fairly worn and torn, which means pale yellow stockings with dark green darns half way up the leg. In the case of a vest it means if you wear it it will tear. The place where all the stuff is hoarded is called, as you can guess, the keep or even the queue stores—obviously. Clothing, of course, is what you wear on the top of necessaries.

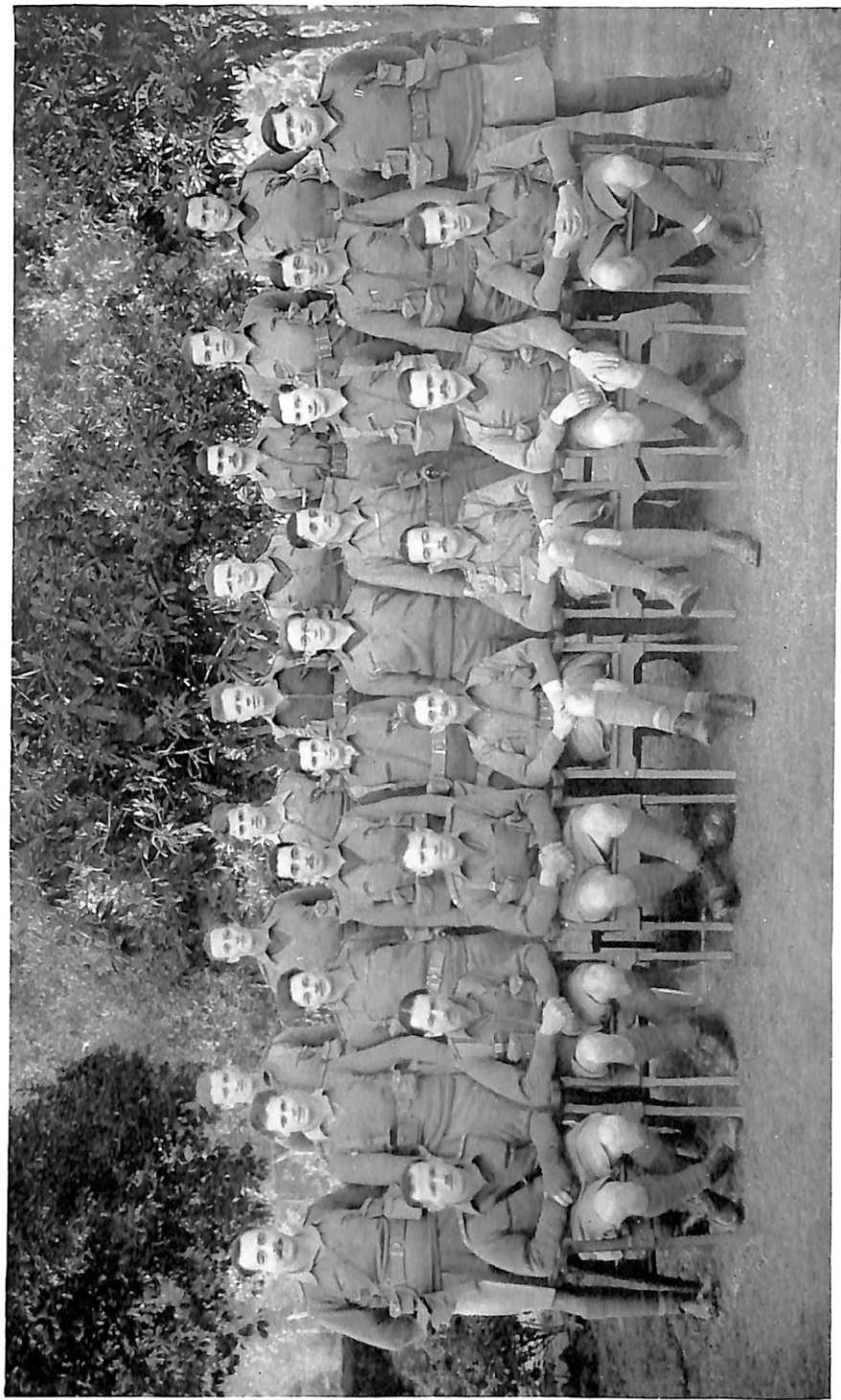
Salvage means "waste not, want not." That is to say you don't want it and they say you must not waste it, so you get a pig to eat it and then you eat the pig. This is called national economy and it prevents inflation.

Now, since the beginning of time, women have interfered with what men were trying to do. This interference has become more stubborn, more blatant and better organised. This is called the great tradition of the women's services, and it includes Boadicea, Florence Nightingale, and FANY whoever she was. Now just lately the men thought the women had been a law unto themselves for long enough, so they put the A.T.S. under military law, and ever since they have been trying to explain military law to the women—with very little success.

There are three kinds of orders. Standing orders are hung up everywhere and always too high so that you have to read them standing. (The bit you ought to have read but didn't is on the last page and who could stand as long as that anyway?)

Daily Orders Part I are what Poohbah would call "a bald and unconvincing narrative." They are the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, but I have never noticed them to be stranger than fiction. They are published on a pale blue or pale pink paper as the adjutant chooses. Colour, you know, is her only failing—have you seen the church parade roster, with sea blue squares for the officer commanding the parade and blood red squares for the officer reading the lesson?

Part II Orders is a mysterious document which the adjutant is said to understand. It makes about as interesting reading as a railway time-table.



The Officers of a Battalion somewhere out East. Taken on 3rd February, 1942, immediately before leaving for service in Burma.

VIEWS IN THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS.



(see page 123).

If you want to get on in the Army you must learn to put as many syllables as possible into everything you have to say, to put "For your information and necessary action" instead of "Read this and do something." "For favour of insertion in Part II Orders" instead of "Please put this in Part II Orders," and "Expedite the rendition of the above-mentioned return" instead of "Send that list quickly." Every now and then, however, the Army feels conscience stricken about the amount of paper these syllables use, so they reduce everything to its initials—like W.E.F. for Women's Expeditionary Force and C.T.B.A. for Confined To Barracks Always (that must mean you and me).

A return, you must remember, is a thing the adjutant returns to you because it is wrong; and it adds up across the way to the same as itself added up down the way, and in peace time the answer was a lemon, but in war time the answer seems to be a raspberry, rationing or something.

Now a Pep Talk is another name for a clothing lecture, so if you do go to one do be careful lest you should find you have volunteered to act as a barrage balloon or become a deep sea diver. It's apt to happen like that with the quartermaster.

H.M.S. IRON DUKE.

25th August, 1942.

Dear Mr. Editor,

There is really nothing to report from our own particular front.

Summer has passed us almost completely by, and those who have not been on leave have forgotten what the sun looks like.

In June we forgot the war for a time, and held a most successful inter-part regatta. A band, a tote and the strong support of all available ladies helped to make an afternoon worthy of peacetime.

When are we going to have a Battalion of the Duke's as neighbours?

It would be pleasant to revive the entente.

Good luck to you all.

YOUR CORRESPONDENT.

The First H.M.S. Iron Duke.

The following is an extract from "300,000 Sea Miles," by Admiral Sir Henry Pelley, K.C.V.O., C.B., published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. It was sent to us some time ago by Captain T. K. Wright:—

"On completion of the courses, I was appointed to H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, an old central battery ship, barque-rigged, though her sails were of little use.

"She belonged to the Channel Fleet which then consisted of the *Monarch*, *Iron Duke* and those two remarkable looking five-masted ships, the *Agincourt* and *Northumberland*. The fleet was completed by the addition of one small cruiser, the *Curlew*. They were at Gibraltar at the time and I was ordered a passage in the P. & O. *Pekin* and to take charge of a large party of naval cadets for the fleet. In bad weather they gave me no trouble, but in fine, I had constant complaints from the other passengers of the pranks of these boys. Now, being a sub-lieutenant, I was lucky enough to have a cabin to myself. Certainly it was on the lowest deck and quite airless, but it is always the first great jump in the Service from a chest and hammock, and life in the public eye, to the privacy of one's own cabin.

"The cruises then were of considerable length compared with present-day routine, and regular Christmas, Easter and summer leave were not considered necessary. One of the early ones was from Almeria to Gibraltar and back to Cartagena with H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge on board, who was to inspect the garrison of Gibraltar. He quite unconsciously hurt my feelings badly when, on coming on to the bridge where I was

officer of the watch, remarked: 'Who's in charge of the ship?' I replied that I was, and he then said: 'Why, you are only a boy.'

"We had an exceptionally good cruise through the fiords of Norway and as far north as Trondjhem, then to Elsinore, Copenhagen, Kiel and Karlsrona. At Kiel we were much entertained by the Germans, and I remember one dinner party in the *Iron Duke's* gunroom where we were dining young German officers. One of them, having drunk more champagne than was good for him, suddenly jumped up from the table and leapt through the port. There was a rush to man the lifeboat, and we had some difficulty in saving his life.

"Gunnery practices were generally considered a nuisance, and I am afraid we did not take that part of our work very seriously. I remember being sent away in charge of boat firing and had to return to the ship, reporting that it was unsafe to fire as there were so many fishing boats about. I was immediately told to go and expend that ammunition somehow—which I did by firing the guns and dropping the projectiles overboard by hand. Otherwise, the cruises of the Channel Fleet of those days were very much the same as at present—rather dull and monotonous, with seldom anything of much interest to relate."

OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS

(1st and 2nd BATTALIONS).

The Honorary Treasurer and Committee are glad to be able to report a continued low expenditure in the matter of grants and the following shows the distribution of £109 8s. 2d. disbursed during the year 1st July, 1941, to 30th June, 1942:—

	£	s.	d.
O.C.A., 1st and 2nd Battalions, 21 cases	34	13	9
2nd Battalion Charitable Fund, 7 cases	15	12	6
2nd Battalion Charitable Fund, married families	25	0	0
3rd Battalion Fund, 2 cases	1	1	11
9th Battalion Fund, 3 cases	8	0	0
Mitchell Trust Fund, 5 cases	25	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£109	8	2
	<hr/>		

10th (SERVICE) BATTALION.

Many former "Duke's" were thrilled by the broadcast description of the appalling conditions under which the battle of the Sittang river was fought during the Burma campaign, and of the terrible "putting up" received by a Battalion of the Regiment. We were especially interested because of the message of encouragement we sent them earlier in the year. This arrived quite safely, and the Adjutant (Capt. B. C. Wood) sent us the following reply from Maymyo on 23rd March:—

"The Commanding Officer has asked me to thank you, on behalf of all ranks, for your kind thought in sending the cable received to-day. Rest assured that the Battalion will do what we know all 'Duke's' will do, and that is hit the enemy hard and often. All good wishes to the O.C.A. 10th (Service) Battalion."

That letter was written in ink on a page of a small writing pad—not on the familiar Regimental notepaper—and this gave us a rough idea of what was happening in the jungles and swamps of Burma. Well, the Battalion came through—not unscathed, of course, because its numbers were very materially thinned (the C.O. was killed)—and we must now await the termination of the war for the full story of this epic incident in the world struggle.

There has been a good deal of surmise regarding the "fortunes" of Colonel the Rev. R. Richmond Raymer, who commanded the 10th (S.) Battalion in the Ypres Salient in the spring of 1917. When last we heard of him a few weeks ago he was chaplain at the British Legation in Athens. We have not heard the story of his "get-away"—and we imagine he was very loth to leave, because he was always anxious to be "in" at anything stirring; but Major W. N. Town (our Chairman) spotted a newspaper paragraph stating that Colonel Raymer had been appointed by the Primate to the rectory of West Wickham, Kent. So it is evident he got clear from Greece and is back again in England—a fact which has allayed a good deal of anxiety among members of his old Battalion.

En route for a few days' holiday in the Yorkshire dales in July, I had occasion to change buses at Grassington. There I met ex-R.Q.M.S. Frank Stephenson and his wife who were waiting in the Square to welcome Capt. W. Oldfield, whose home was formerly in Grassington and who still makes regular journeys from the south coast to Yorkshire despite his blindness. Naturally, I waited, too, and was glad once again to have a word or two with our cheery colleague. He always strikes me as the essence of patient fortitude and is a healthy tonic not only as a friend but because, without any conscious attempt to do so, he makes us, who possess all our faculties and consequently feel we are entitled to grumble, grouse and criticise, feel very humble. His great desire is for the war to end victoriously and soon, so that we may renew the annual re-unions which were so generously supported by him. I assured him that everything is "in line" for a continuance of our activities as soon as circumstances permit.

Our Padre—Capt. the Rev. Canon T. J. Williams—gave the address at a drumhead service held on the Valley Parade Football Ground, Bradford, on Sunday, 26th July, in connection with the city's street savings group campaign. He is now back at his parochial duties as Vicar of Otley, after serving since the outbreak of war as a senior chaplain to the Forces.

News of our former Brigade Commander—Brigadier A. B. Beauman—has come to light in a small newspaper paragraph reporting that on 10th August he presented a Catterick police inspector with a pair of candlesticks upon his (the inspector's) retirement. The last previous news of Brigadier Beauman was that he was Major-General in charge of Lines of Communication in France in 1940 and that he executed a masterly withdrawal after the collapse of France.

G. R. G.

D.W.R. Prisoners of War Fund.

During the autumn of last year, as a result of a circular letter sent to the next-of-kin of all Regimental prisoners of war, it was decided to start a Prisoners of War Fund, for the purpose of sending the quarterly parcels to our prisoners in all cases where these were not being sent by home comforts centres, or where the next-of-kin were unable to send adequate parcels.

It was found that, of our 159 prisoners, 49 were catered for by comforts centres, so that we had 110 to look after, and it was felt at the time that we might be able to deal with these by means of the donations received from the Battalions and other friends of the Regiment. With our Regimental losses in Burma and Singapore early this year, it was realised that the funds available would be totally inadequate, and it was estimated that we should require at least £1,500 a year to carry on the work. As a result a meeting was held in Halifax on 27th May, at which the following were present :—Col. C. J. Pickering, C.M.G., D.S.O., Colonel of the Regiment, Sir Donald Horsfall, Bt., Brigadier-General R. E. Sugden, C.M.G., D.S.O., Mr. Sam Smith, Mr. Norman Winter, O.C. of the Regimental Depot Party.

It was decided at this meeting that sub-committees should be formed to raise funds in the various districts served by the Dukes ; these sub-committees are now functioning, and details of their activities will be given in our subsequent issues.

Besides sending parcels we are also sending cigarettes monthly to our men ; the acknowledgments we receive from the men give ample proof that the work is well worth while. To quote only one letter : " Thank you for the parcel ; everything is most welcome. I wish to thank you and the men of the Regiment for their kindness."

We should like to pay a tribute to the financial support we have received from the Battalions of the Regiment and to those members of various O.C.A.'s who have responded so generously to a circular appeal. We feel sure that it is the wish of everyone who is connected with the Regiment that our prisoners should be treated at least equally well as those of other regiments.

More working parties are required for the knitting of woollen comforts ; wool can be supplied from the Depot free of charge and free of coupons. Socks, gloves with gauntlets of three inches, and cardigans with long sleeves and polo collars are the main garments required.

Mrs. E. C. Bogle, the wife of an officer of the Regiment, is acting as hon. organiser, and the O.C. Regimental Depot Party is acting as treasurer of the fund.

A slip is attached herewith for the use of anyone desirous of supporting this fund.

.....CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE.....

D.W.R. PRISONERS OF WAR FUND

To :—

O.C. REGIMENTAL DEPOT PARTY, D.W.R.,
HALIFAX, YORKSHIRE.

I enclose herewith.....as a donation towards the above fund.

Name.....

Address.....

Date.....

D.W.R. Prisoners of War and Comforts Fund.

CASH DONATIONS TO 8TH AUGUST, 1942.

R.S.M. Code ; Sergeants' Mess, I.T.C. (twice) ; Corporals' Mess, I.T.C. ; Mrs. I. S. Turner ; Lady Belfield ; O.C.A. ; Mrs. C. Wood (twice) ; Mrs. Haworth (twice) ; Miss Lord ; Mrs. Myers ; Mrs. Hallas ; Mrs. Mount ; Admin. Officer, I.T.C. (twice) ; Mrs. H. Wood ; Capt. A. B. Sykes ; Mr. N. Empsall ; Lt. L. Dean ; Lt. C. S. Floyd ; Capt. E. N. Marshall ; Mr. Derek Tinker ; Mr. J. Lawrence Robinson ; Mr. John Greene ; Capt. S. Balme ; Mr. J. D. V. Mackintosh ; Mr. J. S. Trickett ; Capt. A. G. Smith ; Mr. M. S. Hardy ; Capt. W. B. B. Yates ; Lt. H. H. Martin ; Lt. E. N. Fairburn ; Lt. L. D. Gledhill ; Capt. D. A. Sutcliffe ; Lt. R. W. Gale ; Capt. H. S. Jackson ; Mr. L. M. Todd ; Mr. R. S. Greenwood ; Mr. F. Bentley ; Col. H. H. Ackroyd ; Mr. E. Hudson ; Mrs. Travers ; Capt. F. H. Thrappleton ; Mr. Sam Smith ; Lt.-Col. H. A. S. Stanton ; Major G. H. Oldham ; F. Marjorie Russell ; Mrs. Rothery (Westgate Canteen, Halifax) ; Mrs. Faithfull ; Mrs. P. B. Strafford ; Mr. G. P. Norton ; Mr. W. Handley ; Mr. J. Smith ; Brig. V. C. Green ; Major N. Geldard ; P.R.I., — Battalion ; — Battalion ; Mrs. Lubbock ; Mrs. Betts ; O.C.A. donations, per Mr. F. Smith ; — Battalion ; Capt. E. E. Ainley.

DONATIONS IN KIND TO 8TH AUGUST, 1942.

Mrs. Moore (twice) ; Miss R. M. Cole ; Sowerby Bridge Red Cross, per Mrs. A. L. Sutcliffe ; Wells, Norfolk, G.F.S., per Miss Jenny Baker ; Mrs. Baume ; Miss A. Thompson ; Mrs. C. Ince ; Mrs. J. Wildy ; Mrs. Travers ; Mrs. C. J. Pickering.

A LETTER OF THANKS.

22nd August, 1942.

Dear Sir,

I should be very grateful if you could allow me a little of your valued space in which to express the thanks of all officers and men serving in the several Battalions of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment to the citizens of the Craven Valley who have so generously contributed to our Prisoners of War Fund.

The magnificent response to Sir Donald Horsfall's appeal has resulted in the receipt of over one thousand pounds to provide parcels to our prisoners of war serving in the Regiment.

This wonderful gift will enable us to send a parcel every quarter to each man.

Yours truly,

(Sgd.), C. J. PICKERING, Colonel,

The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

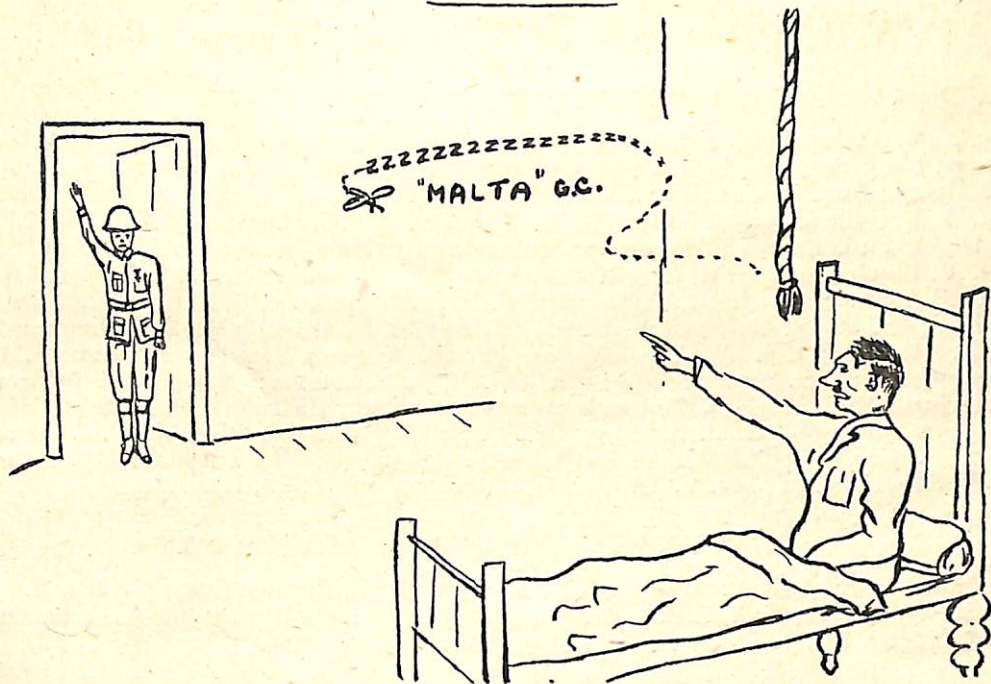
The Editor, *Keighley News*, Keighley, Yorkshire.

The Editor, *Craven Herald*, Keighley, Yorkshire.

Our Contemporaries.

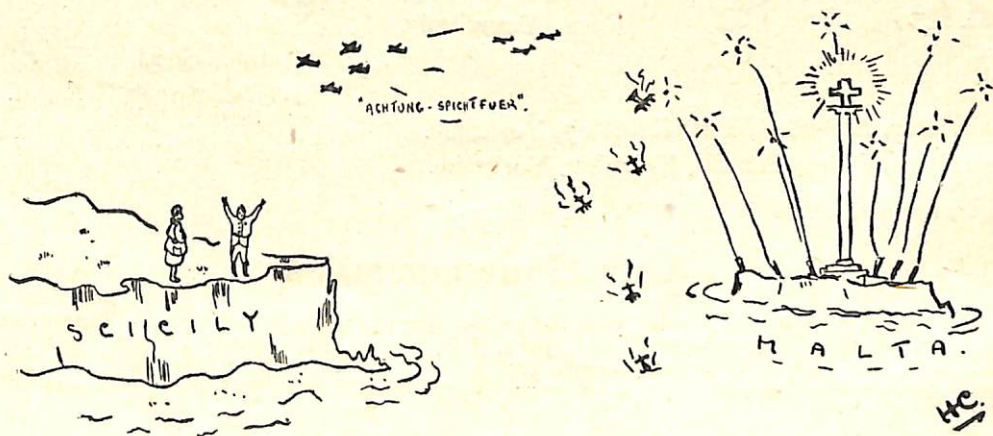
We have to acknowledge with thanks the following regimental magazines :—*The Dragon* (May, June, July, August), *The Snapper* (May, June, July, August), *The St. George's Gazette* (April, May, June, July), *The Suffolk Regimental Gazette* (April, June), *The Lion & The Rose* (May), *The Royal Army Ordnance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

"GOTT IN HIMMEL! CAN NO ONE DESTROY THIS INSECT?"



"CROSS" PURPOSES.

ADOLPH. - "GEORGE CROSS, HEIN?" - ADOLPH VERY CROSS!"
MUSS. - "SAMA LIKA HE, MUSSO MUCHA CAOSS TOO!"



A Subaltern in the Andaman Islands, 1901-1902.

This war, perhaps more than any past wars in history, must be improving the knowledge of many of us in the geography of the world. There are, for instance, innumerable islands and groups of islands in the Seven Seas whose names have hitherto conveyed very little to many of us; we may have associated some of them with stories by "Weston Martyr" and others who have knocked around the world in tramps and sailing ships, or connected them with romance as depicted on the films, but it is doubtful whether many of us have really bothered to think of them in terms of their geographical importance, having a bearing on the strategy of a world war.

Among the groups of islands which this war has brought into the limelight is the group called the "Andaman Islands" in the Indian Ocean, now in the hands of the Japanese. These islands are remarkable chiefly for the fact that on them exists a large penal settlement to which are sent convicts from India, Burma and Malaya. The existence of at least three large prisons on separate islands, as well as a large settlement of "lifers" who, having done their term in gaol, are allowed to live under supervision outside, necessitates a garrison of troops to supplement the police in ensuring law and order and the protection of life and property. This garrison always used to consist of a company of the British regiment and a company of the Indian Army regiment from Rangoon, and was stationed at Port Blair on Ross Island, the capital of the Andamans.

I joined the 2nd Battalion of the Duke's in 1901 when it was serving in Rangoon under the command of the late Col. S. J. Trench. I was very young when I joined, having only just had my 18th birthday. I was also impecunious, and since the climate of Port Blair is better than Rangoon and living there is cheap, perhaps it was because of my youth and impecuniosity that my C.O. decided that a term in the penal settlement of the Andamans would be to my good. I was therefore packed off to Port Blair to serve with "B" Company under the command of Capt. P. A. Turner (the late Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner) who had just completed a tenure of appointment as adjutant, taken unto himself a charming wife, and with his company proceeded to the Andamans in relief of "A" Company.

I had already had my first impression of these islands, having some two months previously touched at Port Blair *en route* for Rangoon from Madras when making a return journey from Deolali, whither I had gone on draft conducting duty from Rangoon, so their beauty was not something quite new to me; but the thought that that little island of Ross with the sea breaking on its rocky coast, its trees and luxuriant greenness, the picturesque bungalows dotted on its slopes, the stone-built barracks on the hill above a rocky promontory, the Commissioner's house flying the Union Jack in the trees on the highest point of the island, and the little harbour with the sailing boats anchored off the jetty—the thought that this spot, so pleasing to the eye, was to be my home for some time filled me with very pleasurable anticipation.

I remember the events of that morning well. A smart young British officer in white uniform and sword came out from the harbour in a boat rowed by six Burmese with the Regimental ribbon and crest on their turbans; this was Brett, a brother subaltern, who as station staff officer had to meet all ships that touched at Port Blair. Another rowing boat, this one handled by a crew of British soldiers from the detachment, came to collect my baggage; a drive up a steep hill in a rickshaw with Brett to Peter Turner's bungalow; my introduction to Mrs. Peter, and a delicious breakfast—that was my initiation to a happy period of 12 months spent in the Andaman Islands.

I have met several people who have served in the Andamans since then, and all of them, with me, have agreed that they were good days they would gladly go back to.

Here are some of the reasons why life in these islands is pleasant. The climate, although tropical, is never unbearable, and the sea breezes are always obvious at some time of the day, and when the monsoons blow one benefits from all that invigoration

which strong winds and rough seas bestow. When it comes to a question of the inner man, how many of us would not rejoice at the idea of oysters and turtle free of cost throughout the season, fresh fish—and very good fish—daily, good dairy produce and a large variety of delicious fruit, home-grown meat, duck and snipe galore, all as accessories to the Government rations; add to this a negligible tax on liquor and tobacco and, with a well-run Mess, the rate of messing so low that even the second lieutenant on his 5/3 a day could get something in the way of balance due on a month's pay after living expenses were paid.

Another great advantage from the financial aspect was that one used to get all one's servants for nothing, or next to nothing; they were all provided from the convict settlement, and one paid them a nominal wage more as a gratuity if they did their work well. I had a bearer from the North West Frontier of India whose record for "dacoity" made one's blood run cold, but he was one of the most trustworthy and likeable henchman I have ever had.

But perhaps more than anything else the real joy of life in the Andamans lies in the facilities that offer for sport and recreation, not only for the officers but for the rank and file too. For those who are fond of the sea there is sailing. We had a sailing club in my day and raced every week. I had a crew of three Burmese convicts and two British soldiers, and when we were not racing, we were often cruising and exploring the coasts of these islands. Then there was all the shooting and fishing one wanted, and such fishing! rod fishing from a boat for a fish called "Kokari," as game as a fresh-run salmon and almost as good to eat. I have caught them up to 15lb. and had some of the best fishing fun in my life out of them. There was also good sea bathing, though one had to be careful of sharks. There was cricket, tennis, hockey and football on good green grass, and plenty of matches to be had against police and native infantry teams. If one wanted to get away from civilisation one could go off for a forest trip with the forest officer and shoot wild pig and jungle fowl in the intervals; if one wanted to ride, one could get a pony from the police officer and hack in delightful country on the main island. I believe even polo has been played on these police ponies, but not in my time.

One travelled from one island to another either by rowing boat with your own convict crew to pull you, or by sailing if the wind was fair and time of no consequence. If one had any distance to go on land one indented on the gaol authorities for a rickshaw, and you were pulled by convicts in relays over a long journey.

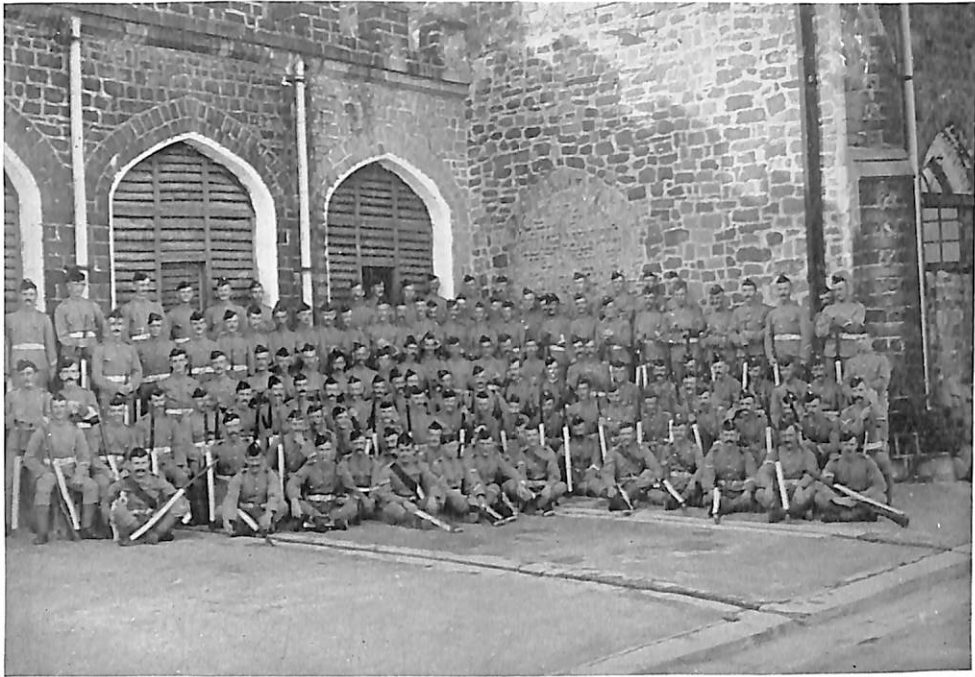
For those who were interested in the psychology of the Oriental criminal and the way in which their existence was ordered under the prison authorities, it was often possible to get a pass to go through the gaols. Sometimes well-conducted N.C.O's and soldiers were privileged to go and see a flogging, or even the carrying out of a capital sentence; there was not a little competition for such "outings" as these, so addicted is the British soldier to seeing anything savouring of the "macabre."

I have not mentioned work; a company on detachment is a responsibility, and we had plenty to do to ensure that its standard of efficiency and fitness did not fall behind that of the Battalion in Rangoon. As I have said, we had Peter Turner as our skipper, so perhaps it is enough to say that when we rejoined the Battalion after a year in the Andamans and went on to India, "B" Company took pride of place for the best shooting company as well as winning practically all of the inter-company trophies.

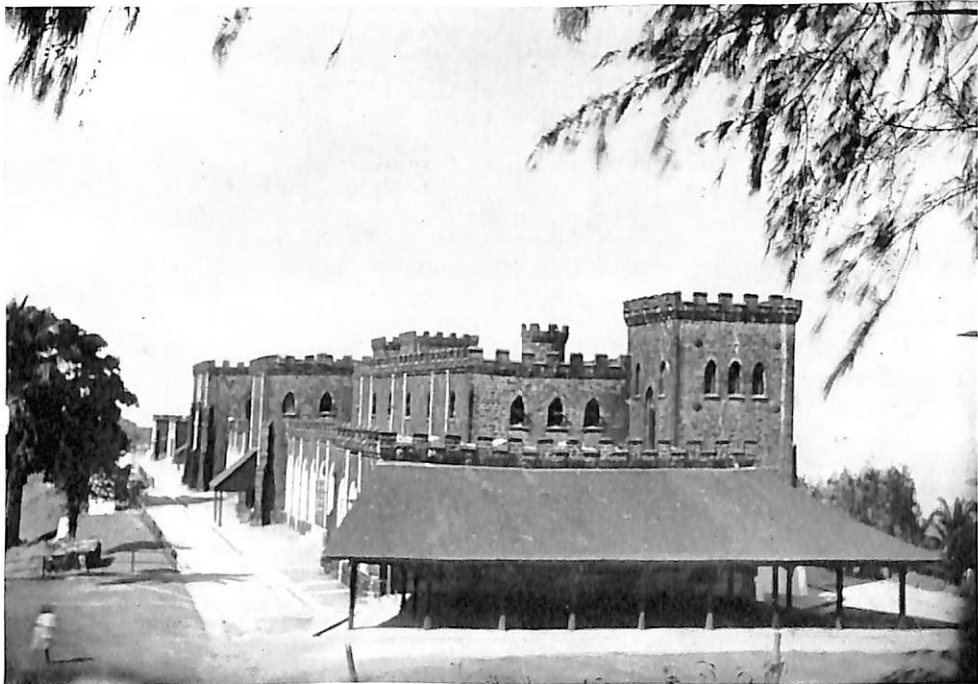
For my part, in my own estimation, I was an official only slightly less in importance than the High Commissioner (Sir Richard Temple), since I filled three important posts, that of station staff officer, A.D.C. to the High Commissioner and adjutant to the detachment. This arrangement suited me admirably as it is impossible to be in three places at once!!!

I tried in my spare time to do other things to stimulate the interest of the station community in the need for celebrating historical events and let the world know that the

PORT BLAIR, ANDAMAN ISLANDS, IN 1902.



Officers, N.C.Os. and Men of "B" Company, 2nd Battalion.



The Barracks and Officers' Quarters.

PORT BLAIR, ANDAMAN ISLANDS, IN 1902.



Fancy Dress Party.



A group of Andaman Natives.

British flag flew over the Andamans, but that's another story which perhaps would come better from the pen of my old friend C.S.M. Partridge.

When once more we take over the Andamans, as we shall one day, I shall envy those fortunates who are sent there, as I was, to do duty in a penal settlement under conditions so full of amenities for making life worth living.

J. C. B.

POSTSCRIPT.

[In answer to a request we made to Mr. Partridge for reminiscences of the days referred to above, he has sent us the following.—Ed.]

14 Moorgate Avenue,
Bradford, Yorkshire,
30th August, 1942.

Dear Sir,

I am afraid I shall not be able to add very much to the account by Brigadier Burnett about Port Blair, although I have some very pleasant memories of the time we were in Rangoon and Port Blair. I think we must have been one of the very few garrisons that held two Coronation ceremonies for the late King Edward; we did not know it had been postponed owing to his illness, so the ceremony was carried out as arranged. On the arrival of the mail boat from Calcutta two days later we learned it had been postponed; at that period there was no cable or wireless, the only communication with the outer world was when the mail boat arrived from Calcutta or Rangoon. Of course we had another parade, etc., on the second date that was fixed for the Coronation.

One particular incident I shall always remember was when Brigadier Burnett and some of the other officers celebrated the 5th November by letting off a bomb or large firework about midnight on the path near the orange tree seen on the left in the photo of the barracks, which aroused the whole island and caused all the Company to turn out; it was a proper joke for some time afterwards.

I am enclosing a few photos taken at Port Blair (see opposite pages 117 and 124.)

Yours truly,

J. PARTRIDGE,

ex-Colour/Sgt., D. of W. Regt.

“Off and Away.”

(Embarkation Leave.)

No one can pretend embarkation leave is pleasant. It is a form of holiday which has been handed out to many members of the Battalion in the last months, coming (as far as wives and families are concerned) without warning, and having to be faced as something of an endurance test.

It is, as every wife who has packed for it knows, attended by half a hundred minor pre-occupations in addition to its main one, and complicated by the veil of secrecy which renders that packing more than usually difficult. Uncommon types of equipment—oilskins were our prize item—must be made room for—their purpose not even guessed at; laundries to whom the word “hurry” when applied to the return of essential underwear is a phrase for airy misunderstanding, must be battled with; farewell gifts and letters must be answered, farewell visits made.

The letters can take almost as much time as the packing. Someone has sent "dear X a little Union Jack" with the suggestion that it can be flown wherever he is going; and well we know that to point out that only the highest of the high can fly a standard will be taken by the elderly donor as evidence of evasion if not downright ingratitude. Tactful thanks must be given, and the flag stowed away where it will make no unpermitted appearance.

And what is to be done with the stuffed mascot in a sort of decorated Christmas box? Or about the uncle who from his country vicarage has written begging that X will take careful and exhaustive notes of local folklore wherever he finds himself, so that the writer, and in reversion his Village Institute, may profit thereby during the winter evenings? (A postscript added an earnest request for coins, photographs, local curios, shepherds' crooks "if you should find yourself in a sheep-rearing country; otherwise I should be grateful for cattle-bells," dried plants, flowers and specimens of rock formation.)

The amount of luggage to be taken is another problem so long as authority chooses to withhold details of the weight permitted, and for long the fate of a rhorkee and a canvas

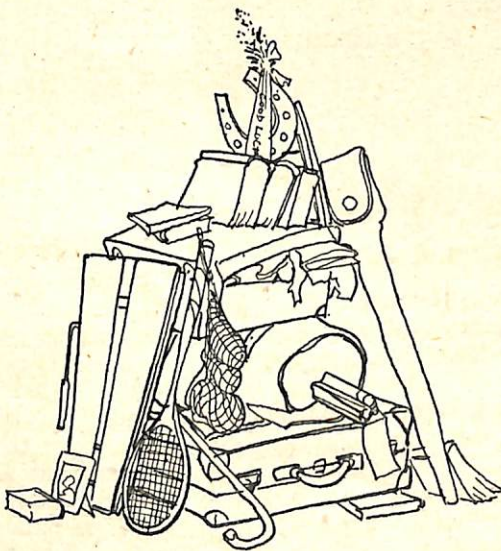
bath hung in the balance, the final announcement deciding not only their fate but that of a host of other miscellaneous items, and resulting in the erection of a small cairn of discards, all to be added to wifely luggage for the return home, and to become a source of frantic anxiety whenever their fragmentary assortment had to be decanted at a junction.

But on to this welter of packing and re-packing, letter receiving and letter answering, came a last, and pleasantly unexpected missive. X's batman wrote from the North, requesting to come too. Where he would be going if the request was granted, and for how long, he did not know, but he was prepared to take all that on trust, he was coming, and would his officer please take immediate steps to arrange it.

Followed thunders and lightnings.



" . . . someone has sent dear X a little Union Jack . . . "

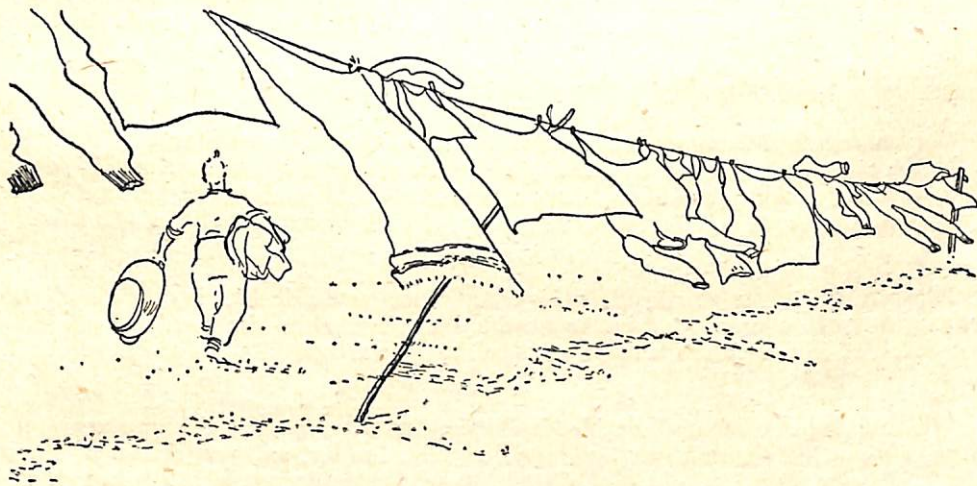


" . . . a small cairn of discards . . . "

A readily accorded permission from the Commander, an equally ready one from the Battalion—and a cloud of suspicious telegraphic objections from Records.

Why did Pte. Z express this wish to volunteer? What reason lay behind it? His Company had not been detailed for overseas. Had sub-departments A, B and C been consulted as to the request and ruling D referred to? No, they could not in any case be expected to hurry into a decision one way or another; the matter would be considered, decently, without rush or fluster and with ample written verification for every move made. They would take the "necessary steps" for communicating with the department proper for dealing with Pte. Z's unusual request, and when a reply therefrom had been received, they would convey it to us, together with their own comments thereon.

The days which remained contracted one by one. Records jibbed and shied, doubled round corners and peered into forms, produced a galaxy of other departments whose permission must first be obtained before the matter could be taken further, and only in the last thirty-six hours, following a final astringent cable from the Commander, was the impossible achieved, and Pte. Z, weary from a cross-country journey, turned up at the mobilisation centre, to be hurriedly outfitted and added to the departing force. (How useful was his addition to the unit can be gauged by letters home since, which have detailed achievements as valet, mess waiter, and not least, one-man laundry.)



“. . . not least, a one-man laundry. . . ”

And so to the last day, which so rapidly becomes the last half-hour and the last ten minutes—after which those who stay at home have resolutely to remind themselves that long though the time may seem, a step nearer the enemy is a step nearer the end of the war.

C. B. A.

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.

Personalia.

The Colonel of the Regiment attended the ceremony of the enthronement of the new Lord Archbishop of York in York Minster on Thursday, 11th June, 1942. Colonel Pickering mentions that it was one of the rare occasions when he gets into his old uniform. In a recent letter he mentions that No. 6 A.T.S. Training Centre are starting a drum and fife band, and with the advantage of one of our Battalion bands to teach them, he thought the girls should do very well.

We hear that Captain His Grace the Duke of Wellington is now serving with a Commando, and we wish him the best of luck.

The following births have been announced :—

Exham.—On 1st June, 1942, at Shearwood Nursing Home, Sheffield, to Avril (née Price), wife of Lt.-Col. R. K. Exham, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a son.

Miles.—On 20th May, 1942, at Westwinds, St. Merryn, Cornwall, to Margaret, wife of Lt.-Col. H. G. P. Miles, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a son.

Smith.—On 27th May, 1942, at Chelsea Hospital, Dovehouse Street, S.W.3, to Margaret (née Robb), wife of Capt. A. P. R. Smith, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a son.

Congratulations to all concerned.

The engagement is announced between Capt. Douglas Jones-Stamp, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (attached R.A.C.), only son of the late Charles Douglas Jones, of Kenya and Sevenoaks, and Mrs. Douglas Jones, of St. Leonards, Sussex, and Marion, only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Alastair Monro, of Craigcleuch, Langholm, Dumfriesshire.

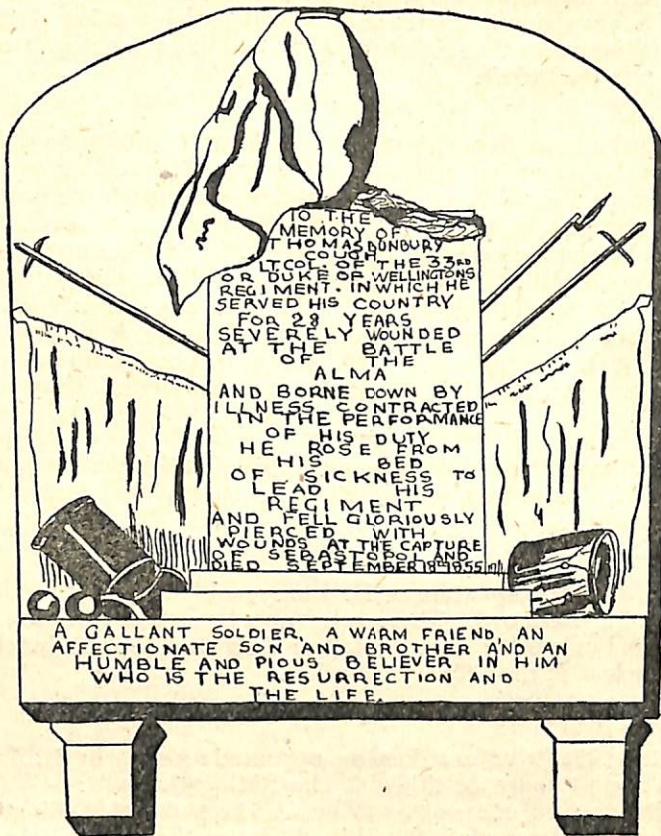
Major R. G. Turner recently left this country for service in Russia, and we offer him our congratulations on his appointment there and wish him the best of luck. Major Turner studied Russian at Riga some years before the war and obtained an interpretership.

The drawing of a memorial tablet in Londonderry Cathedral which appears opposite this page was kindly sent to us by Brigadier J. H. Lawlor, and was drawn by his son, J. M. C. Lawlor, aged 12. Lt.-Col. Gough, to whom the memorial refers, was a major in the 33rd during the Crimean War. He did not command the Regiment, and presumably was promoted after leaving it.

We offer our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Beese on the celebration of their golden wedding last May at their home, 28 Ashville Gardens, Pellon, Halifax. We are indebted to the *Halifax Evening Courier* for the following details :—

“Mrs. Beese's grandfather and father served in the Army, and she herself was born in Beggar's Bush Barracks, Dublin, in 1874. Her husband, who was born at Deptford, London, in 1869, joined the Army as a band-boy in 1883. The couple met in Barbados, West Indies, and they were married in May, 1892, Mr. Beese then being a corporal in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. The great-uncle of the present Vicar of Christ Church, Pellon, who had married Mrs. Beese's father and mother, officiated at the ceremony. Mrs. Beese's maiden name was Lydia Beatrice Phillips.

“Mr. Beese returned to England in 1893, and was made sergeant in 1894. He played in the 'Duke's' Band at the Depot for a couple of years, and later became acting



schoolmaster. He was promoted colour-sergeant in 1896, and quarter-master-sergeant in 1898, being discharged on pension in 1907.

"For three years after his retirement from the Army, Mr. Beese assisted in the canteen at the barracks, and, in 1910, joined the staff of John Priestman & Co., Bradford. Later, he was a collector for the Halifax Medical Agency. He was one of the last ten in the test for the election of Halifax mace-bearer in 1907. He was appointed barracks warden at Highroad Well in 1913, holding the position until 1930, when it was discontinued.

"Mr. and Mrs. Beese, who enjoy good health, have seven children—three boys and four girls. All three sons are serving in the R.A.F. The eldest, Alfred, is a squadron-leader, and the other two are flight-sergeants. There are nine grand-children. A grand-son is in the Navy, and served as an able seaman on the boat which brought Sir Stafford Cripps to England from Russia."

Another old member of the Regiment with sons in the R.A.F. is Mr. F. Partridge, late of the 2nd Battalion, who has made a contribution on page 125. His eldest son, E. F. Partridge, has served for 25 years in the R.A.F.; he was a flight-sergeant when he went to France at the beginning of the war, was mentioned in despatches in January, 1941, and gazetted pilot officer. He now holds the rank of flight lieutenant. The youngest son, F. W. Partridge, has been in the R.A.F. about four years and is now a corporal. In the words of an officer when he enlisted, he would have to run fast to catch up his elder

brother. One of the daughters married R.Q.M.S. C. Menzies, who served for 20 years in the Regiment. He was seriously injured while serving with the 1st Battalion at Bordon before the war, and is now on the staff of the A.T.S. His father, the late Mr. J. Menzies, served for 12 years in the Duke's.

We recently had a letter from Brigadier V. C. Green in which he writes :—" General Ozanne is a near neighbour of mine, as also is (or was—I haven't seen him for a month or two, so don't know) Bob Wathen. I saw Armitage two or three months ago, shortly before he got his present appointment. A few days ago I came across Cook, who is on an aerodrome ; I also met an uncle of Howard Skinner's at the same time, he is A/Wing Commander Saunders, R.A.F. Bobby Bray's brother, Bill, was here recently for a night ; like Bobby, he is also a lieutenant-colonel. My staff captain is Leslie Thomas, Mrs. Owen's brother. She and her children have arrived home from India. It was very tragic about Basil Owen's death. . . . My wife is in London up to her eyes in W.V.S. work—organising some branch of it in the St. Pancras Borough. Mary is a W.R.E.N."

Mr. E. Moseley has sent us two sketches (reproduced in this number), which he recently received from Lt. H. Coates from Malta, where he is serving. Mr. Coates was R.S.M. at the Depot some years ago.

The cartoons, over the signature of H. Fazey, which appear in this number were sent to us by Capt. P. M. Learoyd. They were drawn by Driver H. Fazey, of the R.A.S.C., who has been posted as missing since the fall of Tobruk. We are indebted to his wife, Mrs. Fazey, for the loan of them for reproduction.

A very old story, in a (to us) new dressing, appeared recently in the *Bradford Telegraph & Argus* of 11th August under the title of "The Riding Dukes" :—

"Men who have served, or are now serving, in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—and there are, of course, thousands in this district—know the correct title of the Regiment, but what might be termed the lay reader would be puzzled by this story if we did not explain that the proper designation is Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment. The tale, by the way, relates to the Great War, but it is too good to be left to linger only in the minds of the few who remember it.

"A man with a knowledge of horse, gained from dealing with them on the Earl Fitzwilliam estate near Wakefield, enlisted in 'the Duke's' at Halifax, and after having spent a day in ordinary drilling on the square, he asked his sergeant, innocently, when the horses would be coming along. There was naturally a roar of laughter when he declared that he had thought he was joining a cavalry regiment. Although born near Wakefield, he had never heard of a riding as part of a county. 'West Riding Regiment' had suggested a mounted unit.

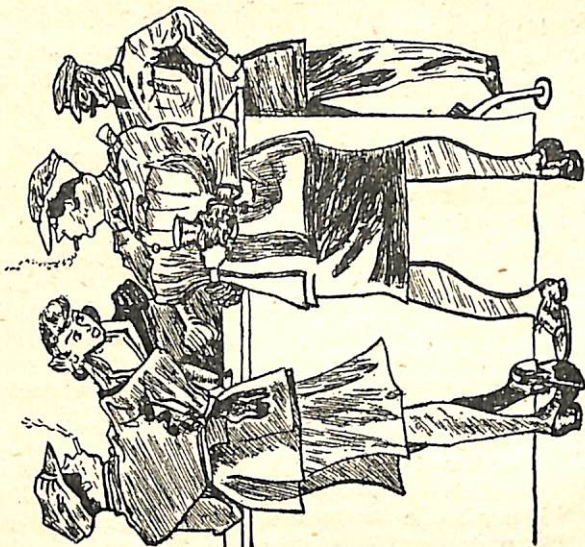
"But the lad wasn't having any. He'd serve only in cavalry, he said, and from that day he refused to obey orders on parade. 'Crimed' and brought before the colonel, he declared that he'd never 'soldier' until he was transferred. The C.O., as obstinate as he, clapped him into the guard room.

"The 'rookie,' however, never weakened. He served such a succession of sentences that from every parade he was escorted into the guard room. He came to like it, for, as he told a friend, 'it's not bad when you get used to it.' In France he still kept it up, but how he eventually fared we don't know. The man who served with him and who told us the story was wounded and left the Battalion. One wonders whether this demon of stubbornness ever got among his beloved horses again."

"I WONDER IF HE COULD DIRECT US TO
THE NEAREST PERISHING 'LOCAL', SARGE."



1947



"HEY, WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE — THERE'S A GENTLEMAN AT
THE BAR!"

1947

Tally-ho !

[Reprinted by kind permission of the Proprietors of *Punch*.]

History has repeated itself ; I am late for the conference again. And it is obvious that my lack of punctuality has lost none of its old power to infuriate this man. His slowly reddening eye and congested appearance suggest that my diagnosis of the vehicle's trouble as a choked jet might well apply to himself. Once again, as on that memorable occasion years ago, I catch a glimpse of the atavistic brute beneath the veneer of civilisation.

I had been late then—so late, in fact, that the conference was all over before I arrived ; but the fault was not mine. My steed, a jerry-built relic of the milk-float era, had a top cruising speed of four miles an hour, and the task of covering the distance in the given time was beyond its powers.

Although the others had gone he was still waiting for me. Some people might have felt flattered by this attention, but I wasn't. There was in his eloquent eye a steely glitter which hinted darkly at the fury seething within.

I apologised frankly, putting all the blame on my horse. It was an indifferent performer, I explained, leaden of foot and sluggish of liver.

He said nothing. He mounted his own horse and came sidling alongside, his riding-crop swinging suggestively in one hand. Too late I divined his evil intention. With an arm nerved by chronic irritation he fetched my poor charger a frightful clip behind.

That a man wearing the insignia of a Lieutenant-Colonel in the British Army could commit such a cowardly assault on a dumb animal may seem incredible, but it was done. It was done deliberately, regardless of its sex, heedless of the fact that it was probably old enough to be his mother.

For a moment my steed was stunned by the outrage. She turned upon me a boiled, incredulous eye. What the blazes, it seemed to ask, did I think I was a-doing of ? And before I could explain, that soulless Colonel landed her another swipe.

That did it. Miraculously shedding the mantle of old age, my gallant steed set off for home with a bound that would have done credit to a particularly athletic kangaroo. I went with it, and the Colonel came galloping after.

Nowadays when people talk about the dangers of the Grand National I smile scornfully. Jockeys know nothing of the agonies I endured. They sit *on* their horses, whereas I spent most of the time floating a good yard-and-a-half above mine, preserving a perilous equilibrium by using my feet as wings, and only returning to the horse for a brief, jarring impact which renewed my impetus and prevented me from being left behind.

Away we went, scouring like furies across the sunlit countryside, the foaming Colonel slashing and swiping with undiminished ferocity. Not the least of my worries was that in the heat of the moment he might plant a clip on the wrong district. I chewed a piece clean out of my chin-strap and swallowed it. My cap soared aloft to join gloves and stick long since gone.

I have every reason to suppose that as an exhibition of fancy riding my performance transcended anything hitherto witnessed in this country. Even the Colonel, half blinded with rage though he was, could not help exclaiming in amazement at the vistas of rural England which constantly opened up between my anatomy and my horse's.

He urged me to sit down, complaining bitterly of the daylight he could see. But I was not interested in daylight. All I could see was a depressingly prophetic vision of myself drawing a harp and a pair of wings at some celestial quartermaster's stores.

There was a roaring in my ears. The wind whistled through my clenched teeth. Telegraph poles, walls and hedges rushed towards me and then were gone. We tore through a coppice, uprooting a shower of shrubs and bushes. We swept panic-stricken flocks of sheep like chaff before us. Cows fled bellowing from our path, frenziedly tossing

each other aside to give us a clear run. I would not absolutely swear to it, but I believe I saw a pig swarm up a tree out of our way.

In a country lane a startled farmer propelled his fat wife backwards into a stagnant ditch and dived headlong after her as we thundered past. A motorist, unnerved by the awful spectacle of our whirlwind approach, swung his car up a bank and spilled its cargo of screaming women into a bed of nettles.

And still the Colonel slashed away at my sobbing charger, driving her to ever greater speed and myself to even more spectacular aerobatics above her. Down the lane to the camp we sped, slap through a whole company of infantry, leaving behind us clouds of dust, a train of somersaulting and capsized soldiery, and the hatred and ill wishes of all.

But even the worst of horrors comes to an end at last. We parted company at the camp entrance. My unhappy steed swung sharply through the gate to the left, and I kept straight on. I ploughed up fifteen feet of hedgerow, mowed down a line of half-clad figures at an ablution bench, and fetched up against the side of the dry canteen with a smack that split the canvas from top to bottom. After that I went and had a drink in the Mess. I felt I needed it.

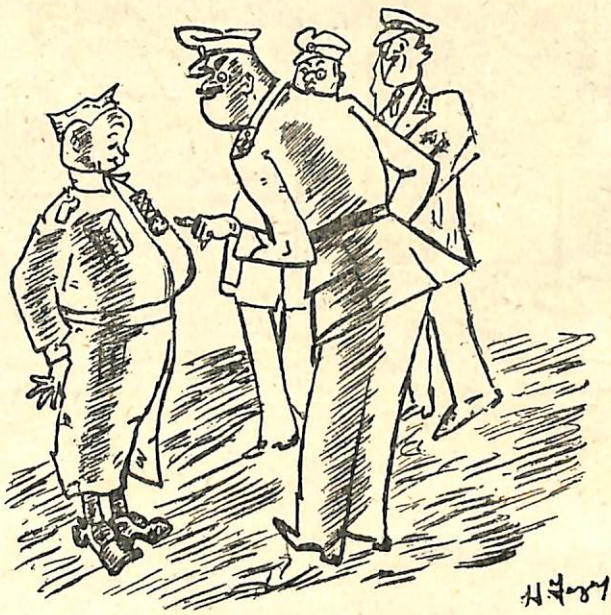
My horse was found some three hours later, hiding under a table in the orderly room, and although the groom did his best with her she was never any use again. Every time the Colonel came on parade she trembled so violently that she shook me off.

One of us had to be destroyed, and public opinion drove the Colonel, against his better judgment, to condemn the horse, in spite of its greater monetary value; but from the lowering way in which he continued to regard me I knew he still thirsted for my blood. You have escaped me this once, his eye seemed to say, but a time will come . . .

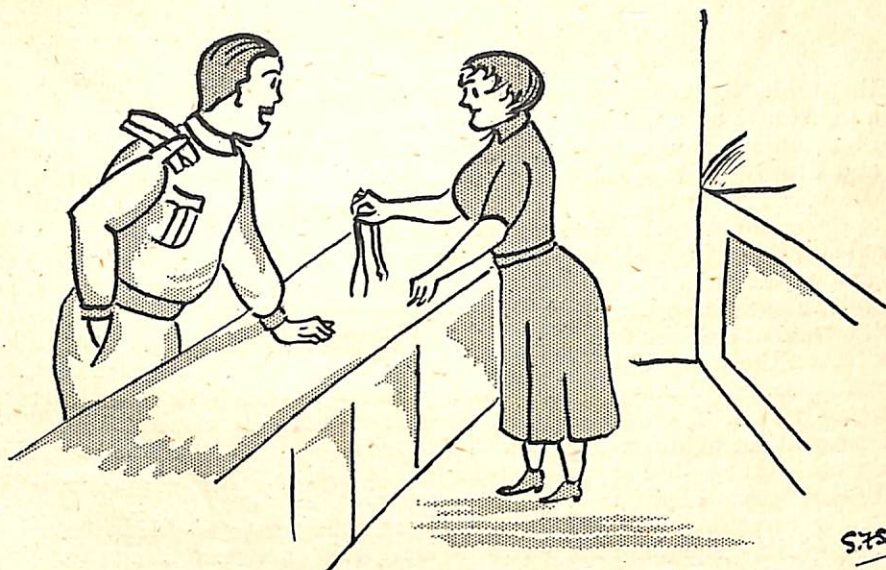
Now it appears to have arrived, but what can he do? Progress has deprived us of our horses. He cannot pursue me on his caterpillar wheels; he cannot hound me to my doom before his menacing radiator. And mere words can afford him no relief.

But if he doesn't think of something quickly I very much fear that apoplexy will supervene.

P. M. L.

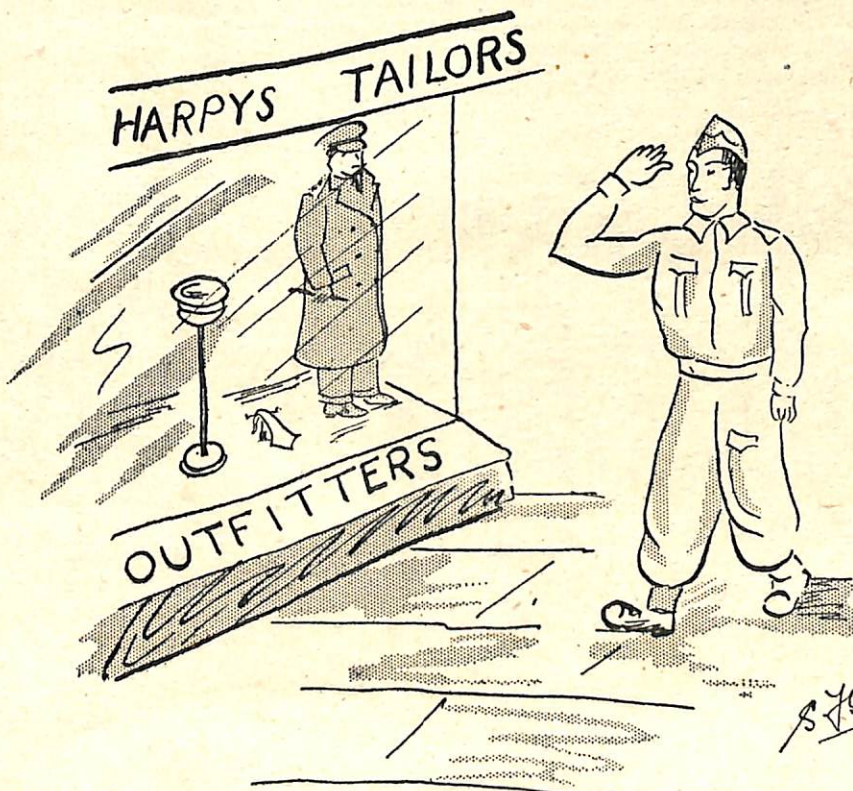


"Dunkirk?" "Naw! Darts."



S. J. Swift

Pte LASH Pair of bootlaces please,
Not those, I want a pair of those rolled up ones
to lay on kit inspection.



S. J. Swift

“Into Battle.”
(56)

THE BATTLE OF THE SITTANG RIVER.

Written by PHILIP JORDAN.

Extract of a broadcast given on 4th August, 1942, by kind permission of the B.B.C. and Mr. Philip Jordan.

[An eye-witness account by a British newspaper correspondent, Philip Jordan, describing the tenacious resistance of our troops to the Japanese drive through Burma in the spring of this year.]

In the great Burmese jungle there is only fear. It is an enemy in itself: a violent, convulsive enemy that scorches men by day, and at night, covers them with cold dew so that they shiver like men with fever.

You do not take a blanket into the jungle, for it is too cumbersome: you take a dagger and, if you are lucky, a tommy gun: if not, a rifle. You may be only ten yards away from your neighbour; and you are as likely as not never to see him again. The earth seems to swallow men up—You cannot see your enemy until he is upon you, often so close that you could punch his face.

The Japanese in the jungle stayed “hull-down,” so that British soldiers, unaccustomed to the cruel ways of that tropical world, might come within a step of treading on them; and had their first vague knowledge of the enemy’s whereabouts from a sudden burst of fire.

Those were the conditions of battle in which British troops, all trained for more orthodox war, met and fought the Japanese.

They were rarely fighting against odds of less than three to one. Often the Japanese outnumbered the British by five to one, and when the last British troops marched into India, they had a preponderance of eight to one, for after the middle of February, the Japanese were free to bring up from Singapore as many reserves as they could pack into the country.

It will always be one of the abiding glories of military history that so few British troops kept from their goal so many Japanese troops for so long.

All through January and February, 1942, British units—the “Koylis,” the Gloucesters, the Cameronians, the Duke of Wellington’s, the 7th Hussars, had kept open the Burma road by which supplies moved up to China: between 16th January and 27th February they had fought without a single casualty being replaced, and without a day’s rest. They had fought in country of which they knew far less than their enemy knew; and because of the thickness of the jungle or the broken ground of dried rice fields, they had had no real protection or support from armoured fighting vehicles.

At 5.30 on the morning of 23rd February, 1942, the bridge across the Sittang river was blown by sappers, and two brigades of British and Indian troops who heard the explosion through the thick jungle knew that between them and Rangoon there now lay no path of retreat. They were on the wrong side of the river and outnumbered by at least three to one. For more than 24 hours, five thousand Japanese troops had been storming the bridgehead from the east, driving for Rangoon; which when captured would lay open to them the fabulous wealth of Burma. They were supported by an abundance of mortars and by artillery infinitely superior to the two mountain batteries which were all the British troops had at their disposal.

In their sudden concentrated push for this bridge the Japanese had isolated all but a decimated brigade of the British division; and were now crowding into the approaches of this supremely important military objective.

All night long the intensity of their attack had grown; all night long the power of the defenders had been weakened by heavy casualties; and now in the first hours of dawn

it was impossible any longer to provide reinforcements. Most of them were cut off, on the wrong side of the river, exhausted and almost out of ammunition.

Vested with powers to act as he thought best, when he thought best, the brigadier in charge of defence ordered the destruction of the bridge at half past 5; and in the face of tremendous fire and attack by mortars, the Sappers performed their task "efficiently and gallantly."

"Efficiently and gallantly." Those were the words that their divisional commander, "Jackie" Smythe, V.C., used of them when he reported to the General Officer Commanding British Troops in Burma next day.

They were indeed efficient and gallant. Several of them had gone out under fire during the previous afternoon to remove a smashed lorry which had overturned on the bridge and held up the withdrawal of all motor vehicles for more than two hours. When the sun rose above the jungle on the morning of 24th February the Japanese advance on Rangoon had been stemmed for a while—but at a heavy cost, the cost of leaving two infinitely precious brigades on the wrong side of eight hundred yards of flowing water. But those brigades were not lost. They were determined to cross that river, bridge or no bridge, to re-form on the other bank and fight again.

"Dunkirk was a picnic compared with this: I was in both, so I ought to know," said the brigadier a few days after it was all over. Three times he had swum the river to help organise the escape of men. You could see that: the honourable faded crimson of his tabs had run in streaks, like newly spilt blood down the chest of the bush shirt he had had no time to change.

For three days and three nights the river Sittang was filled with the bobbing heads of tired men, swimming not to safety but to immediately renewed struggle, with only partial re-equipment.

Above their heads the sky was filled with almost untroubled Japanese fighting planes that came low between the jungle trees and shot them up, and Japanese bombers that blew them from the water. But they went on.

On the far side of the river they tore up trees and lashed their trunks together so that they might make rafts for the wounded, hundreds of whom were ferried across those dangerous eight hundred yards of open water by men who used their legs as outboard motors to kick themselves and their comrades across. When they could find no rafts, they launched out on their backs, each man supporting a hopeless case or a non-swimmer, as boys are taught to do when they learn first aid at their swimming baths. Some swam the river half a dozen times.

Their arms they abandoned in the steaming jungle: many left their clothes too; and swam naked beneath hideous sun. And eventually there came to the western bank the greater part of two brigades of naked ragamuffins, with nothing to attack the enemy but their fists.

They loaded the wounded into railway trucks, and pushed them six miles until they found an abandoned locomotive. And then they sat down and ate what was for most of them their first meal in three days. Then they fell asleep. But only for a few hours. The Japanese were now crossing the Sittang, the last natural barrier between themselves and Rangoon. Once they captured the city, they would soon be masters of the country.

For the British forces, arms and a motley collection of shoes and clothes came from Rangoon; a new Dunkirk was over. But this time, there was no rest, no repose to follow: only the renewed honour of jungle war.

Only a fortnight after the Sittang bridge was blown they were forced to abandon Rangoon and—reinforced now with one brigade that barely compensated for their losses—they turned north and hacked their way through strong Japanese units that barred the road to India and to China.

Just north of Rangoon the road divides and two long arms stretch towards China and in the direction of Mandalay. Here the Japanese had moved astride the road; and

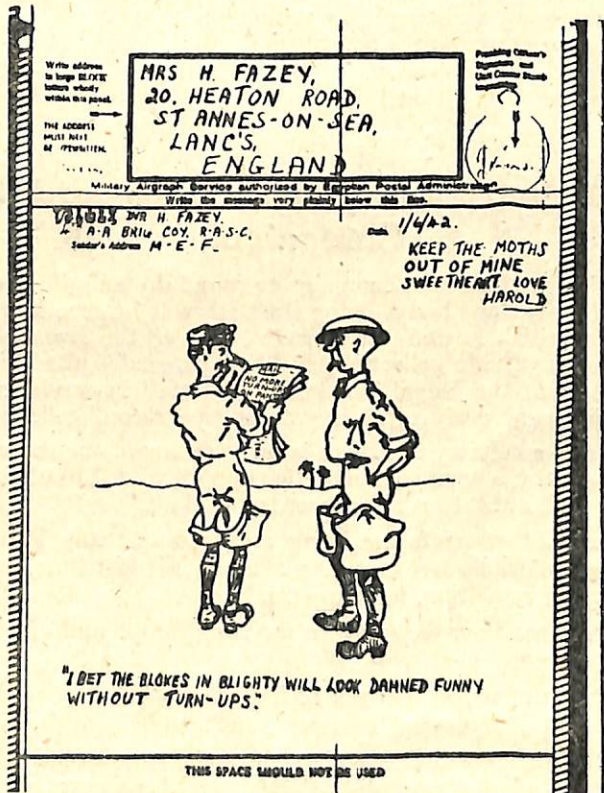
the armoured brigade moved forward to blast a hole through them and through the barrier they had created.

Several hundred more men died here to let the remainder of their companions pass through. They did pass through, only to turn and fight again as soon as the sun rose next day. Those who were with them that March morning, when the sun came through the rubber plantations and striped the wide road like a convict's dress, will always wonder how it was that the Japanese did not finish the campaign in a few weeks.

Our lines of communication had gone when Rangoon went, for there is no road from India—only a track along which it is impossible to bring supplies for a modern army. We no longer had an air force in Burma: the freedom of the skies belonged to Japan, and they could harass and strafe almost as they wished.

Yet the British forces in Burma, operating under conditions that, according to the text books, were almost impossible to endure, stayed in Burma until June.

Salute to them: the Koylis, the Gloucesters, the Cameronians, the Duke of Wellington's and the 7th Hussars—the regiments which added an imperishable renown to the British armies in Burma.



"Farewell to All That."

I think of spray lashed by a northern gale against the grey rocks of the coast ;
 The blast of wind-driven snow beating at the hut doors on a wild winter night ;
 " Islands of Sun " yellow in the fields by Kollafjord ;
 The white nights on Skalafell stricken with silence ;
 Thingvellir shimmering in the sunshine, dreaming of its past ;
 Sangars standing in the rain, and men bedraggled there ;
 The smell of fish, and cod-heads staring by the roadside ;
 A late November sun on a frosty morning painting Esja's whiteness with magic colours ;
 Arctic terns diving and wheeling on the moors near Hafravatn ;
 Trout playing in the stream at eventide ;
 The after-glow on Vifilsfell ;
 Pink flowers defiant in a waste of black sand ;
 Women in black Sunday velvet walking to the church door ;
 Little children laughing, eager, trusting, fair and free.
 I think of the lights of Hafnarfjorour shining across the bay on a calm September evening ;
 The " Northern Lights " stabbing the clear night sky with mystery from some other world ;
 The hush of a dead land and the teeming silences heard there ;
 Nissen huts haphazard, squatting between earth and sky ;
 The Westmann Isles standing sentinel in the sea far off to the south ;
 A trawler struggling home at eventide, and women waiting on the quay ;
 Rejkjavik in Christmas week and people hurrying by ;
 The tramp of marching feet across the Sandskeid Plain ;
 This I remember as if it were yesterday.

Farewell to all that !

P. B. T.

British Legion's Gramophone Record Salvage Campaign.

The British Legion's nation-wide campaign to round up ten million old and unwanted gramophone records for salvage had a flying start when it became known that H.M. the King—Patron of the British Legion—had handed over all the gramophone records that he could spare from his private collection, and had persuaded the Princesses to do the same. Other members of the Royal Household and staff in residence at Buckingham Palace are also giving generously of their gramophone record collections.

All up and down the country the drive is on ! Gramophone record dealers all over the country are giving the scheme enthusiastic support, and 6,100 British Legion depot secretaries are giving " all-out " to get the records " all in."

" Hail and Farewell " concerts are being arranged at many British Legion posts, where records will be " officially welcomed," played for the last time, and then consigned without further delay for remelting, for war work !

Detailed arrangements have been made for the prompt and efficient handling and transportation of all records.

The need is vitally urgent, as the lack of imported shellac for record making means a hold-up in the production of vital overseas propaganda records.

Recorded instruction, recorded speeches, recorded music—all play their part in the world war to-day and adequate supplies of raw material can now only be made available if everyone gives up every gramophone record that can be spared.

Old-fashioned cylinder records, or cracked and broken discs are not required, but discs which have the edges chipped are acceptable.

Every ten- or twelve-inch disc, single- or double-sided, of the following brands is urgently needed, provided that it is not broken or cracked:—H.M.V., Columbia, Parlophone, Regal-Zonophone, Zonophone, Brunswick, Decca, Rex, Panachord.

So make the effort to-day. Search out every record that you can spare, and take them to your local British Legion depot. If you don't know the address—just enquire at the local post office, they have the answer all ready for you.

Review.

APPROACH TO FARMING, by Frances Donaldson (Faber & Faber).—Numbers of books have been, or are being written about farming and life on the land, but this is certainly one of the best. It is so practical that it answers all the preliminary questions likely to be asked by a would-be farmer, and will help him to solve most of his problems; and it is so well written that it can be read with pleasure by anyone who admires pluck, humour and straight thinking, or who likes to see a risk bravely taken.

The author describes herself as having lived many years of her life in a hothouse atmosphere, but as being no orchid; the "fairly conscientious" parent of two children; and blessed with a husband with enough trust in her judgment to encourage her to sink all his money in the venture of buying a farm. Once she had decided on this course she did the thing thoroughly, even when it involved going to school again at the Agricultural Institute at Moulton, and later on living in a semi-detached villa residence—one in a row of eighteen—because the bailiff had to live in the farmhouse. She was very fortunate in her friends and advisers, counting among them no less a person than Sir George Stapledon, the apostle of scientific grass improvement, whose name will surely rank with that of "Turnip" Townsend in the history of agriculture. She also considers that she has been "extraordinarily lucky" in the people who have come to work for her—but that, it is pretty clear, only means that she had the workers she deserved.

Of the two sections into which it is divided, "history" and "opinions," it is the second which strikes one as giving the book its special value. Mrs. Donaldson is uncompromising in her insistence that, though methods of exploitation may seem at first to pay the farmer, in the long run nothing pays but to maintain the land in good heart and the stock in good health. In war, as in peace, this is the farmer's golden rule, and no short cuts to prosperity exist. She is not only sound but refreshingly downright. How one's heart warms to her when she roundly declares that it would give her no pleasure to sell (or eat) eggs produced by hens kept in a battery, and refuses to believe that pasteurized milk is as good as fresh!

There was a day when her four-year-old son Thomas, "being out of temper with me for some quite other reason, turned on me in passionate rage and said, 'You ought never to have bought the farm. Only people who have always lived on farms should live on farms!'" To this statement Mrs. Donaldson's book gives the lie direct. All that her readers now ask for is a sequel.

"MIDDLEBROW."

Obituary.

We regret to record the following deaths:—

BURNETT.—On 20th July, 1942, suddenly at Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Mary Isabelle (Maribelle), wife of Brigadier J. C. Burnett, D.S.O., late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, of Hardings, Farringdon, Hants. Mrs. Burnett was born on 16th August, 1885, and was married to Brigadier (then Capt.) J. C. Burnett on 20th October, 1908. She spent most of her life with the 2nd Battalion, in Dublin, Sheffield, Singapore, Ahmednagar and Kamptee, with a tour at the Depot, Halifax, when her husband commanded it from 1922 to 1925. Brigadier Burnett commanded the 2nd Battalion from 1929 to 1933, and afterwards the 147th Infantry Brigade, T.A. On his retirement they settled at Farringdon in Hampshire, where they were able to indulge their taste for gardening and country pursuits.

Major R. O'D. Carey writes :—" To all ranks of the Duke's who knew her the sudden death of Mrs. J. C. Burnett (Maribelle) will have come as as great a shock as it did to me, who had seen her, apparently in the best of health, only three days previously. Those of us who had the pleasure of serving at the Depot or with the 2nd Battalion when she was " Mrs. C.O." will recall with happy memories her kindness, hospitality and keen interest in our various activities ; her unflagging energy, vitality and cheery spirits in fair or foul weather. Her conscientious devotion to the care and welfare of the married families was a factor " behind the throne " which in no small measure contributed to the happy spirit within the unit. This loving interest in the families of the Regiment was borne out to the end by her final wishes regarding floral tributes.

In retirement she was never so happy as when welcoming any passing " Duke " to her home ; then the talk would revolve round the past and present doings of the Regiment, and the latest news of all mutual friends would be exchanged. So solicitous of others' worries and health she was loth to draw any attention to her own ; this unselfish trait prompts the thought that the manner of her passing was such as she might have wished for herself.

All who were privileged to know her will mourn the very personal loss of a friend, as true and loyal as she was a devoted wife and mother. On behalf of all old friends, I would offer to Brigadier J. C. Burnett and to his daughter, Joan, our deep sympathy in their sad loss."

KELLETT.—On 27th July, 1942, suddenly, at his daughter's residence, 6 Tower Street, Bradford, ex-Sgt. F. Kellett, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 65. Mr. Kellett enlisted in the 1st Battalion on 1st November, 1894, and served with them until January, 1896, when he was transferred to the 2nd Battalion at Pietermaritzburgh, Natal. He served with them there, in Bangalore and the Andaman Islands until 1902, when he was transferred to the Army Reserve. He re-enlisted in the 2nd Battalion in August, 1914, and served with them in France until he was wounded in 1915. After his discharge from hospital he was transferred to the South Staffordshire Regiment, with which he served until finally discharged on 14th February, 1919.

LIDDELL.—On 2nd August, 1942, Lt.-Col. John Liddell, V.D., J.P., of Burbank, Huddersfield, aged 93. Colonel Liddell had a long association with the old Volunteer movement. He joined the West Yorkshire Rifle Volunteers in 1869 and served with them for four years as private and non-commissioned officer, and was then gazetted to the VI West Yorkshire Rifle Volunteers. He became a captain in 1875 and major in 1882 and retired with the honorary rank of lieutenant-colonel in 1895. His later associations were with the 2nd Vol. Battalion and 5th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Lt.-Col. Liddell was the oldest link with the Volunteer movement in Huddersfield and always took a great interest in the welfare of the Battalion. He was a vice-president of the 5th Duke of Wellington's Old Comrades' Association. He is survived by two sons—Lt.-Col. E. Liddell, late 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and General Sir Clive G. Liddell, the present Director-General of Training.

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