

No.54 February 1943



THE IRON DUKE

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

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

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1st BATTALION RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM. Winners of the Calcutta, Madras and Bombay Presidencies Open Rugby Challenge Cups, 1907.



BOMBAY CUP.

Sgt. Sutcliffe Pte. Crampton Pte. Stanbury, Pte. Johnstone
Sgt. McCormack Cpl. Craven Pte. Stokes Pte. Waddington Pte. Morris

MADRAS CUP.

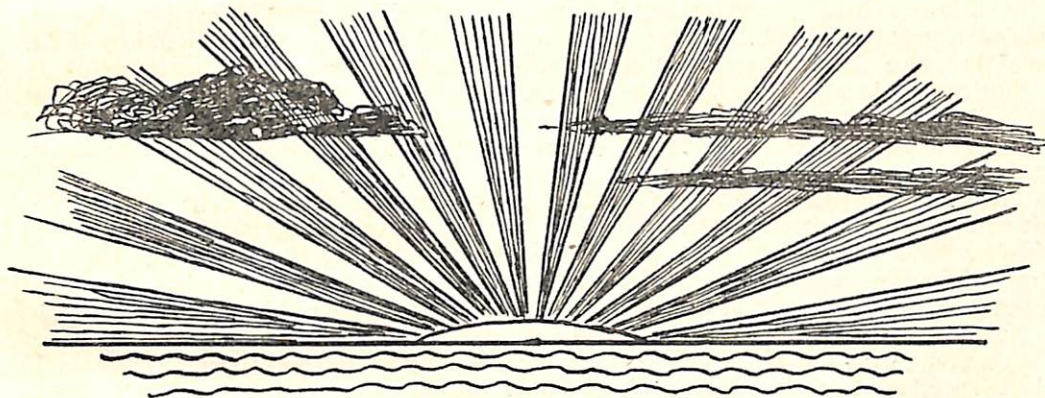
L/Cpl. Mitchell Pte. Turner
L/Cpl. Lister Pte. Riley
Capt. Liddell Lieut. Fleming

CALCUTTA CUP.

Pte. Sadler L/Cpl. Wilson Cpl. Webster
Pte. Ryan Sgt. Major

THE IRON DUKE

EDITORIAL.



DAWN ?

Security Comes First.

Our readers must bear with the increased anonymity of Regimental news which the censorship demands.

We very much regret the late publication of this number, for which neither contributors, the Editor nor our printers are responsible.

FRONTISPIECE.

Owing to a paucity of photographs received for this number, we reproduce as frontispiece a photograph of the famous rugby team of the 1st Battalion, which won the three premier open cups in India in 1907.

REGIMENTAL NEWS

In these hectic days a period of six months witnesses many changes in the personnel of the average battalion, and we are no exception to the rule. Our comings and goings both of officers and men since we last recorded our doings in *THE IRON DUKE* have been far too numerous to record in detail. For the great majority all we can do is to wish a communal farewell to those who have left us and give a communal welcome to those who have recently joined our ranks.

One or two changes, however, call for special mention. It must have been with the greatest regrets that all ranks of the Battalion heard of the impending departure of Lt. Brenchley some six months ago. "Bill" Brenchley was, of course, something of an institution, and had been our Q.M. throughout the whole of the campaign in France at the beginning of the war. He takes with him our very best wishes in his new job, and we would like to take this opportunity of extending a hearty welcome to his successor, Lt. Lyons.

Nearly a year ago Major H. Drury came to us as second-in-command. Now he has left us to take up a new command, where we wish him every success. We welcome in his place Major Armstrong, D.S.O., M.C., from the East Surrey Regiment, and hope his stay with us may be both happy and a long one. Another departure we view with great regret is that of Major Carroll, but we are fortunate to welcome in his place an old friend in Major Strangeways.

Several among the W.Os. and N.C.Os. have left us to go to O.C.T.U.s. We would like to mention especially R.S.M. Ley, and offer to him and all the others our heartiest congratulations and best wishes in their future careers. We congratulate, too, R.S.M. Duncanson on his recent appointment, and wish him every success.

In the course of one week during the summer the Battalion suffered grievous loss by the sudden deaths of two old and tried friends—Capt. Gresham and C.S.M. Brannon. We extend our very deepest sympathy to their relatives in their great bereavement.

On 13th June we were honoured by a visit from the Colonel of the Regiment, in company with Brigadier Burnett. They lunched in the Officers' Mess, and afterwards went on a tour of inspection round the camp.

We have also had the pleasure, since our last notes appeared, of two visits from the Regimental Band, one in June and the other in November. Both were highly successful, though it was most unfortunate that on the latter occasion a large part of the Battalion should have been away on training.

The exigencies of training and a general lack of necessary facilities have unfortunately reduced our sporting activities to a minimum, but we did manage to hold a most successful sports meeting on 20th June, at which General Ozanne honoured us with his presence. Lady Walpole very kindly presented the prizes on this occasion.

Our long stay has now come to an end, and it was with regret that we had to say good-bye to the many good friends we made there. It is not, of course, permitted to tell of our varied movements, but perhaps we might be allowed to mention that we spent the best part of a month at what must surely be the wettest spot in Great Britain; we shudder to think how long it would take to play a no-time-limit test match in those parts; but our activities while we were there were for the most part of a sterner type, though we did find time for a certain amount of relaxation, and a brigade regatta in naval cutters resulted in an easy win for the Battalion crew.

So we go on, training all the while, and getting, we hope, steadily more efficient and better prepared for the day when we get a chance of putting to a real test all that we have learnt and practised so assiduously in these long months of waiting. May that day not be far off now.

OBITUARY.—Capt. A. Gresham spent the whole of his military service with the same Battalion. He enlisted in 1931 and saw service in Malta from 1935 to 1937. After being eight years with "A" Company, he was transferred to the Carrier Platoon in 1938, where he remained until the outbreak of war, when he was promoted P.S.M. He served in this capacity in France and Belgium, but shortly after returning to this country he was commissioned in September, 1940. He was promoted in 1941, and acted as second-in-command "A" Company.

C.S.M. F. P. Brannon had a record of 16 years' service with the Regiment. After enlisting in 1926 he served for a year with the 1st Battalion. From 1927 to 1936 he was with the 2nd Battalion both in Singapore and India, gaining the I.G.S. medal. In 1936 he rejoined the 1st Battalion, serving for a year in Malta, and subsequently up to the outbreak of war, in this country. He was with the Carrier Platoon throughout the campaign in France and Belgium. He was promoted W.O. Class II in 1941, being C.S.M. of "A" Company until his death in August of this year.

OFFICERS' MESS.

Reference is made elsewhere in this issue to some of the many comings and goings among the officers in the Battalion, as well as to the very sad loss we suffered in the death of Capt. Gresham. We will confine ourselves to adding our own tribute of sympathy and respect.

We would like to offer our heartiest congratulations and best wishes to Capt. Jacobsen and Lt. Tuckwell, both of whom have "crossed the Rubicon" by getting married in recent months. Some of us have fancied we saw signs of a change for the worse already in Lt. Tuckwell, but he assures us there is nothing to touch married life.

We have a new Padre, the Rev. C. F. Richardson, who joined us during the summer; he soon became our friend, and apart from carrying out his official duties with tact and energy, has shown us how soccer should be played.

An event which is infrequent in the life of a battalion is the appointment of the son of an ex-commanding officer; we refer to 2nd Lt. G. N. Burnand. Many readers will remember his father in the Regiment.

Not many months ago we had the impertinence to challenge a crew consisting entirely of naval personnel to a boat race. We had no acknowledged experts among our numbers, but Major Davie was said to have rowed *at* (if not *for*) Cambridge, so he automatically became stroke. Unfortunately his rate of stroke disagreed sharply with that shouted out by our cox, Lt. Hindley, so that our efforts were not always characterised by a complete harmony of rhythm. Both the Adjutant and Capt. Benson were seen to catch prodigious crabs, while whenever one looked round at Capt. Randall in the bows, his oar was invariably to be seen in the vertical position, and inaudible mutterings were heard coming from his lips. Anyway, we finished a good second.

Owing to lack of accommodation and our numerous moves, entertainment in the Mess has been on a much reduced scale. We gave a tea party after the Regimental sports, at which we were glad to welcome many of our civilian and military neighbours. Guest nights were held to dine out Major Drury and Lt. Brenchley, and also during the visit of the Regimental Band.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Since these notes last appeared we have had little opportunity to function as a Battalion Mess owing to moves in many directions. We were pleasantly surprised to be "hoofed" out of our Tarzan-like existence. A few of us had the doubtful pleasure of taking over winter quarters of the Battalion, quarters of undreamed-of luxury (sea view, h. and c.

with bath) with many local amenities. However, the pundits were right again, such quarters were not for us. We now have the consolation of having a complete Battalion Mess again.

Our social activities have been very restricted owing to moves and environment, but we managed to run one dance, which was marred somewhat by the absence of spacious accommodation. The Mess lost a terrific race in the Battalion sports in the "officers *versus* sergeants" event. An acrobatic display by the officers gave us a good start of 20 yards, but on receiving the bâton one of our ex-Band members gained the impression that he might be transferred back to the Band and gave a perfect imitation of Toscanini conducting *The Flying Dutchman*, lost the bâton in the process, and the officers ran out winners by a good ten yards. If we had run as fast as we moved the beery prizes we would have won hands down—and that's an idea for another kind of contest at some future date.

A very enjoyable dance was held by the members, but owing to the splitting up of the Mess it could only be attended by a dozen or so members. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Jones and the Band for their excellent efforts to entertain the remnants of the Mess in the absence of the Battalion.

We deeply regret to record the death on 28th August, 1942, in hospital, of C.S.M. F. P. (Mickey) Brannon from heat stroke. The funeral took place on 31st August, 1942, with full military honours. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Brannon of Bradford. "Mickey" is keenly missed by us all, and his unfailing cheerfulness was ever an inspiration.

Many changes have taken place in the Mess during the past six months, and the old "die-hards" are becoming fewer and fewer. We have regretfully said good-bye to the following who have left us for other spheres, and wish them all the luck in their new surroundings:—R.S.M. Ley, C.S.M. Deighton, C.Q.M.S. Oliver and Sgt. Mitchell to O.T.C.U.s.; C.Q.M.S. Sutherland to hospital; Sgt. (Busty) Crossland, A.C.C., to primary training centre; L/Sgt. (Doddles) Taylor to I.T.C.; and C.S.M.I. (Jock) Nichol, A.P.T.C., to the "Shiny"; our soccer fans miss the advice and encouragement of the old "Pompey" player. We take this opportunity of welcoming the following, who have joined us from other units:—C.S.M. Duncanson, from a recently converted "nuts and bolts" battalion; Sgts. Pollard and Bell, from Y. & L.R. We hope they will have a happy stay amongst us.

Congratulations to the following on their promotion, and we welcome the newcomers into the fold:—C.S.M. Duncanson to R.S.M., C.Q.M.S. (Nipper) Birch to C.S.M., Sgts. (Chippy) Leggatt, Ernie Oliver, Reg. Shillito, Alf Bryant, Lakri Wood and Tug Wilson to C.Q.M.S. Sgts. Duggie Brown, Emery, Simms, L/Sgts. Faulkner, (Stiff) Holt, Wilks, Smith, Jackie Dodds, Druce, Crawford, Priestly and Nelson, on promotion.

C.S.M. (Joe) Annesley recently dived headlong into the state of holy matrimony. We wish Mrs. Annesley and Joe the best of luck, health and prosperity.

COMPANY NOTES.

"H.Q." COMPANY.—Having parted, not without some relief, with our former burden of modern frivolities, we now more closely resemble our ancestors, the "H.Q." Wing, and as such, we deport ourselves with greater dignity and cohesion. Certain it is that, despite many changes, we can still claim a big majority of "old soldiers" and are proud of it. But even old soldiers are taken by surprise sometimes, and the news that our C.S.M. "Joe" has sacrificed his moustache on the altar of matrimony has caused quite a stir. We all wish him the very best of good luck and happiness. Sgt. J. Johnson preceded him by a short head and to him too, we extend our congratulations and good wishes.

The Signallers, those mysterious personages who flap flags, flash lamps, get entangled with wireless sets, sometimes answer the telephone and deal more or less tactfully with

irate adjutants, report that they are in good fettle. With an almost entirely new body of N.C.Os. they have certainly put in some useful work.

The Pioneers are as busy as ever, have said good-bye to Sgt. T. Leggatt, and wish him good luck in his new job as C.Q.M.S. to "D" Company; Sgt. J. Dodds takes his place.

Of the M.T., we can only tell a tale. It seems that a duty officer one night, in order to test the alertness of the vehicle guard, disturbed the tranquillity of a dark winter's evening by sounding a number of horns. Unmolested, he sought the sentries. To his inevitable question, the reply was, "Well, Sir, we saw it was you having a bit of fun, so we didn't worry." Yes, we still have our old soldiers!

"A" COMPANY.—At present the Company are enjoying a certain amount of "city life," which came as a pleasant change after our rural stations in many parts of the country. Unfortunately we have lost many old members of the Company but we welcome the many new faces around us.

Since notes from this Company were last published we have found new ways of passing spare hours. The most outstanding events were the rain and marching on Exercise "Limpet," the rain and salt water in August and our few days with American neighbours. The latter is perhaps best remembered by the cigarettes and candy, and the afternoon when we provided entertainment for ourselves and our Allies with a very vigorous game of "all in."

The Company regret the loss of Capt. Gresham and C.S.M. Brannon, who died within a few days of each other, and remember the days when they worked so well together for the benefit of the Company.

"B" COMPANY.—It is very seldom we like to put down on paper all the wonderful things we do, but now that you have asked us to tell you about ourselves—you'll have it.

Our life is like that of Nomads. We move and move and move—pack and unpack and pack again, like a grand rehearsal of Carter Patterson's. Officers come and go, and it is very difficult to get the same fellow to take two successive parades. But the "big show" goes on, and our "Alec" (company commander) is keeping us right there. It is a pity actually that the War House has asked us to keep quiet about what we do do, but when next you see some huge elephant-size headlines—good old "Beer" Company has done it again. Yes, C.S.M. Hembllys is doing fine, figure still the same, and he has now, for patriotic reasons, put a big "V" sign in the back of his trousers. (Good for morale, he says.)

Lts. Denman, Turnbull and 2nd Lt. Streatfield are presiding over our three platoons now, and by Gad, Sir, they have had some luck, coming to a Company like ours. We don't know quite what to do with our second-in-command, he got married the other day at the Royal Norwegian Embassy, and has had a face like a fiddle ever since. He'll get over it. Our heartiest congratulations to Capt. and Mrs. Smith on the birth of their son Anthony, a great big fine fellow, a future "Duke"?

"C" COMPANY.—We have had many comings and goings in the Company since we last produced any notes for THE IRON DUKE. Among new officers we should like to welcome Lt. Sherratt, 2nd Lt. Hoyle and 2nd Lt. Cook, and we wish them a long and happy stay with us. We are very sorry to have lost C.Q.M.S. Birch, but we congratulate him on his promotion to C.S.M., and extend our best wishes to Sgt. Bryant who succeeds him as C.Q.M.S. We recently had to say farewell to L/Sgt. C. Taylor whom we all miss greatly, as he had been with the Company since the outbreak of war.

Among recent successes gained by the Company were the winning of the Battalion two-inch mortar competition, and the performance put up by a section of No. 14 Platoon under L/Sgt. Smith, which recorded the highest score in the section competition at the

recent brigade skill-at-arms meeting—a really gruelling test. We offer our heartiest congratulations to all concerned.

We have not had all the opportunities for sport we should have desired, but one or two events deserve mention. L/Sgt. Priestley deserves great credit for winning the heavy weight title in both the Battalion and Brigade novices' boxing competition, especially considering he had had little or no previous ring experience. At the Battalion sports meeting held in the summer we finished runners-up close behind "H.Q." Company, and produced the winning tug-of-war team, whilst Pte. Taylor proved himself to be a very fast "quarter-miler," and was chosen to represent the Battalion in a race open to all members of the Brigade.

We have not managed any cricket this summer, but some very keen inter-company football matches were played recently, and although we did not finish very high in the league, the side was capable of playing a really good game, and we have plenty of talent available.

A welcome break in the ordinary run of training enabled us to participate in such activities as swimming, boat races, mountaineering and cliff-climbing. The last named proved distinctly thrilling, and we were able to run some exciting inter-platoon races. The Company also supplied four members (C.Q.M.S. Birch, Sgt. Bryant, Ptes. Lee and Bradbury) of a Battalion boat crew, who covered themselves with glory by defeating a crew formed entirely of naval personnel.

Our many newcomers have lost no time in settling down, and the spirit of the Company remains excellent. When the time comes for more active operations, we are all determined that "C" Company will, as usual, be "in at the kill."

"D" COMPANY.—Men may come and men may go, but "D" Company goes on for ever. Since the last Company notes were written, we have had many changes. Old faces have gone and many new have taken their places. After a comparatively short stay with the Company, Major Carroll left us for a new appointment. Though his stay was short, it was very active, for it was in his time that battle drill was put on the map, and it may be said that he gave birth to a company of Commandos. He has been succeeded after a short interval by Major Strangeways who has rejoined us from the War Office, and now has to fight the "bump" war on the losing side. Two sad losses were Lts. Jacobsen and Wardle, promoted at the same time to captain and posted to different companies, but the spirit of their old platoons lives on. We all miss Capt. Jacobsen's exhortations on the assault course, even though he was frequently moved to call his platoon a bunch of old women.

C.Q.M.S. in "D" Company seems to be a springboard to better things. "Chico" Hemblis, after long and valued service, is now C.S.M. in "B" Company. He was succeeded by C.S.M. Deighton, now a cadet at an O.C.T.U., and finally by ex-Pioneer Platoon Sgt. Leggatt. C.S.M. Stringer remains and can still give most men several yards in a hundred. Sgt. Mitchell has left us for an O.C.T.U., but we have gained Sgt. Thompson from "C" Company. We have had many well-deserved promotions; L/Sgt. Killien was promoted sergeant in July and L/Sgt. Goldsbrough in December.

We have moved to our present location at X by rather a circuitous route from our last area in the mud. We spent many months there in the camp of a large country house, and our huts were cunningly sited so that they were sheltered from the sun but not the wind, and had a magnetic attraction for rain, drains and all types of water. These surroundings so preyed on the minds of one member of the Company that when he was asked as "D" Company representative of the Brains Trust where the White House was, replied, "just down the road."

These notes would not be complete without mention of the Company football team, which won the inter-company football league without losing a match. Their continued success was due largely to the steadiness of L/Sgt. Wilks and Cpl. Thomas at back, and

the dash and good combination of Bennett, L/Cpl. Wilson, L/Cpl. Pass, Wagstaffe and Smith in the forward line. What they lacked in size they made up in skill.

We have weathered many storms—schemes, assault courses, field firing, special training, rockets—we have taken them all in our stride, and as we look forward to the new year with sober confidence, the new Company motto is ringing in our ears: "It's up to You."

SUPPORT COMPANY.—It is not easy to give an account of our activities. Formed only a couple of months ago, the Company has a history which reads more like an excerpt from Bradshaw or, perhaps, a "Guide to the British Isles" than orthodox company notes. We hope, however, that our days of dispersal and confusion are over and that we are now on a more normal and satisfactory footing.

At the moment of writing we are without a C.S.M. C.S.M. Duncanson, with whom we formed, has been promoted R.S.M., and we regretfully congratulate him and wish him luck in his new job. We have also lost a mortar platoon commander, Mr. Siddall, who has, unwisely we think, transferred his attentions from "A" to "B" vehicles. We are perhaps biased; in any case, we welcome Mr. Millar, who has taken his place. We are not left in the rear by a Battalion which is speedily transforming itself from the deplorable bachelor estate; we give our best wishes and congratulations to the latest converts in the Company. We must also congratulate C.S.M. Annesley, with whom we have all served even if we have now left him. Better late than never!

When these notes were started, the triangle of the tent door framed a view of mud, leaden sky and forlorn marquees, and blustering wind shook the canvas. Through half-closed eyes it was no effort to see the boulders and the distant hills of another camp we occupied a little over a year ago; the other details remained the same. It has been a long, slow year, a year in which much has happened and much changed, and yet like the view from the tent, *we* haven't altered much.

The period under review is, of course, much less than a year, but it seems fully that since the affairs of this Battalion were last recorded in THE IRON DUKE. The scene opens with the Battalion still in Iceland. The tail end of our second year and our second winter found us still on the wide heaths and near-deserts of that anything but emerald isle.

A move was in the wind; the signs were unmistakable and impossible to camouflage. Packing cases were taking shape under our hands by the hundred, packing itself had started and C.Q.M.S.'s and seconds-in-command were going on mysterious and improbable courses. But still no official mention was made of a possible move, and so lip-service at least was paid to old Dame Security. Two things only remained in doubt—time and destination; and these were never discovered until we were actually under way.

On the day we embarked a fall of snow, unwontedly soft, shed Iceland's icy tears of regret to see us go, and there is no doubt that the Battalion left behind many friends and some even closer attachments—for ever. A small party headed by "Honest John" were left to complete the hand-over and to perfect the already cordial relations between ourselves and our successors. It proved, we think, to be more a pleasure than a task, and we understand that they even went so far as to hand over a list of the more important telephone numbers—in the regulation septuplicate, of course.

The voyage home in glorious weather was uneventful if a wee bit cramped, and it will be long remembered for the good food and the coffee which the weather so kindly allowed us to retain. We were welcomed at our port of disembarkation by a wind-storm of Icelandic violence, and wondered if we were to take it as an evil omen.

The march to our first camp in England for two years is still a pleasant memory. Real trees, really green hedges and flowers, and singing birds lined our way from the station

through the early summer morning. And we found a grand place, huge house, "huge trees," plenty of room for sports, and the sun shone.

The baggage arrived a day or so later, and searching for one's belongings among the heap of battered cases was like searching the debris of an earthquake for bodies. But disembarkation leave erased all that, and we settled down for a short but pleasant stay. On the wide green fields we played football and cricket, and on one Sunday afternoon a battalion sports meeting took place, organised with great success by Major Frankis. At the end of a very enjoyable afternoon the prizes were presented by the wife of the C.O.

The walk to the nearby village from camp in the evening was almost a 100 per cent. parade at first, until the novelty of a village and all its amenities wore off. Dances were run in the village hall, and although everyone felt that it was all too good to last, they made the most of their opportunities.

This idyll lasted just one month and then, forewarned but not fore-armed, we climbed the hills again for the summer, and we feared, the autumn. Rainy, chilly, muddy, smelly, bare and dull, we rank that camp now with Iceland's worst desolation.

We used to long for the English scene and now we've seen it—by a series of conducted tours through all the beauty spots of our part of the world. The couriers thought of everything, from picnics to boating, paddling, hill climbing, rambling, black-berrying, night walks in the moonlight—we sampled them all.

Our nights have been undisturbed and they are dryer now than a while back, for we didn't spend all our days in our summer resort, and many are the nights we have spent beneath the stars or under the fragrant hedge-row; and even it it *was* a bit damp we didn't suffer—much—and it *did* make us glad to get back to camp: a sentiment notably absent at other times.

Horrific tales from our comrades at the Battle School drifted down to us, and they came back looking a little thinner but no doubt full of the right ideas. We not only supplied students but instructors as well, and soon we were able to open a branch establishment of our own which flourished exceedingly.

Polar medals now adorn the meritorious, we have our due proportion, and opportunity is not lacking to win a few more.

Late in the autumn the long-awaited—and rumoured—move took place, and after a period of vacillation we finally cast anchor in the very creek we found on our return to England. It isn't quite as urban as many would like, but it has a great many advantages over our miserable summer resort; the memory of which is kindly fading.

Education and winter stare us in the face but do not appal us. Brighter news and brighter surroundings make our hearts glad, and we look forward to a pleasant time here, and toast our future success with confidence.

OFFICERS' MESS.

When the time came for us to leave Iceland we looked around us at our various homes (we had four then) and found them good. Comfortable chairs, fires and carpets, and even curtains made things quite pleasant, and the more discerning of us said then that we should come to look back on Icelandic days with regret. How right they were. This summer we spent ankle deep in mud, huddled over an oily stove or a smoke-blackened brazier in the Mess or shivering to the bone in our tents.

We saw the last "mule-course" depart from Iceland and wondered at its constitution. Soon we knew that we were to go too. "Tissy" led that mulecourse and he provided the first of several shocks. We only had a fleeting glimpse of him when we arrived at our country seat and we learned that he had been given a command. To say that we all wished him well and would have liked to congratulate him is a miserable under-statement, and we are glad that we still occasionally have the pleasure of his company.

Besides "Tissy," we lost Frank Jowett, the old and trusted friend of us all, who left us for medical reasons after eleven years with the Battalion and 24 with the Regiment.

He exchanged places with Lt. and Q.M. Ben Temple, and we feel now that though we lost a good friend we have found another. Frank is now back in civilian life and we know that he will hate that. We wish him the best of luck and every success.

We have had other casualties in this period, not to mention several more or less short term acquaintanceships. We said good-bye to "Cooky," "Potty," "Charlie" and "Pip Vic" Carey when they went their various ways. "Cooky" and "Tissy" taught and steered us, "Potty" and "Charlie" contrived to cheer us: each in his different way, and all were well liked and most sincerely regretted. We wish them all the best.

P. B. Kingsford, transferred to another regiment last May, is now reported missing in the Middle East. We hope for better news of him. Lewis Kershaw, after a comparatively brief stay, has now gone to instruct the young, and we congratulate him on his appointment. Our congratulations go, too, to A. W. both on his appointment and the less arduous task which now lies before him. "Paddy" Hirst and Jack Crossland have rejoined us after long sojourns at Div. and Brigade respectively, and a welcome is also extended to our brand new 2nd Lt. Smith.

As winter approaches we find ourselves back in the original country seat, and have by now scraped off the noisome mud and settled down to enjoy our leisure hours, few and harried though they are. We should indeed be content if we never found a worse billet, it has nearly all the attributes of a country club. The trivial round—the common task—have lost their sting, and with a greater feeling of stability and a re-gathering of the clan, the cup would be full.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

"The old order changeth, giving place to new." From treeless hills and lava beds, Nissen huts and Kronur, back to fertile valleys and tree-clad climbs, pounds, shillings and pence, houses with real slate and tile roofs, after we had all given up the idea as hopeless. We accomplished the move with very little loss—in fact, I think that "Pal" Robbins at least did rather well out of it, and made up all his deficiencies and acquired an American accent from our old friends. He now insists that we call him "transportation sergeant."

After a brief spell we shifted in our entirety to what was called a summer camp. I think that it is better that I draw a veil over our sojourn there. Suffice it to say that if the summer had continued much longer the camp would have been entirely washed away.

We have now a new Mess in more ways than one; not only have we an almost luxurious ante-room, but we have no longer with us many of the "lads" who made the welkin ring in Iceland. Losses are far too many to enumerate in detail, but we are glad to say that many of them still correspond with present members of the Mess and inform them of their progress. Foremost amongst our correspondents are C.S.M. "Jackie" Horne and O.R.S. "Paddy" Wood, who both write frequently. We hope that they will keep on with the good work and that others will follow their example. We still remember all the old "stulka" chasers.

Amongst the latest of our losses are C.S.M. "Tommy" Beech who, we are given to understand, has on medical grounds been given a bowler hat, Sgt. "Swing" Dawes, Sgt. Ferriday Corbett, Thompson and "Danny" Gough, L/Sgts. Parnham and Wood. We wish them all the very best of luck in their new units and hope that we shall hear from them very soon.

We welcome from other units R.Q.M.S. Bush ("Walt" Smith now having joined forces with C.S.M. Horne), Sgt. Bottomley, and are also very fortunate to have attached to us Bandmaster Eames of the Queen's Bays, who, although having been with us only a short time, has already improved the Band out of all recognition. We extend a very warm welcome and hope that their stay will be a long one. We also congratulate all the members and new members who have been promoted, and who we are sure will all "pull their weight" towards making the Mess as successful as it has been in the past.

Guest nights on Sundays are an innovation which has proved very popular amongst our many friends, and also give an opportunity to many of our talented members to inflict on us their favourite songs, recitations and stories. The loss of Sgt. Thompson is felt quite keenly in this respect, but no doubt his new unit will listen with as much appreciation as we did to that classic of classics—"Wheel 'em in."

Ample facilities exist at our present abode for sport, there being both rugger and soccer pitches within the camp area. Incidentally it has been found that R.S.M. Townend has lost neither his speed nor his skill with the oval ball. (I know, because several of the opposing team showed me their bruises.)

The "Dukes" reputation of always making friends in every station still holds good in our present location, the "native" girls being extremely friendly, so much so that the Casanova Brothers (Fisher and Bolton) are beating all their previous records of badly-bent (I won't say broken) hearts.

In conclusion, although publication date makes it a little unseasonable, we should all like to extend to all our ex-members our very best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

COMPANY NOTES.

"H.Q." COMPANY.—Since last compiling notes, great improvement has been noticed in the Battalion Band, directly owing to the able leadership of Bandmaster Eames. Although it is small in numbers, results produced are very satisfactory. In addition, we are able to boast a dance band, which finds itself very much in demand in the district, consisting of members of the Battalion Band. This also is under the wing of Bandmaster Eames. Its popularity would undoubtedly stretch farther afield were it not for the difficulty of travel. As it is, unit dances are organised in the local village hall weekly.

Sport has had to take a place in the background these last few months, although we can record numerous good soccer games. In the early months back home we had great difficulty in obtaining a ground, but since moving to winter quarters we have two grounds at our disposal and fixtures are being pushed ahead. Platoon league football was being played in great style, but owing to pressure of training these games are postponed for the present.

The changes taking place in the Company are varied and numerous. We have to record with regret the loss of several senior N.C.Os. and of men for reasons of medical grading. We are also to be found very busily engaged from a training point of view; in fact "H.Q." Company could almost be termed a company not only of specialists but of first-class riflemen also; and no doubt would, but for the fact that our rifle companies might be led to take a poor view of this!

"A" COMPANY.—Hurrah for small mercies! Having left one of the more desolate parts of the country we find ourselves still in the neighbourhood but in rather more civilised surroundings. Mind you, don't gallop away with any wrong ideas; amenities and attractions are few, but a Duke soon makes himself at home, and liaison with the local coppers confirms that "Indeed to goodness, the boys are very good." The girls come down from the hills to dance and the troops get their feet under the table; indeed, sort it out friends, it's past me, but I guess the verdict is favourable.

Ships that pass in the night, or company commanders that come and go. A succession of officers have slid into the Company office, assumed the imperial mantle of O.C. Company, blown the dust off the table, meted out justice, appeased the Regimental Paymaster, and departed whence they came.

Since the departure of Capt. Kershaw—to whom we wish the best of luck in his new position as a teacher of leaders of leaders of section leaders (I'm probably a leader or two short, but in other words O.C.T.U.)—amongst the holders of office we welcome back to the Battalion after a long absence Capt. P. E. Hirst from Divisional "H.Q." Alas, after a few days we were destined to see very little of him, as he was whisked away to the

Battle School. Another lost soul then returned to the Battalion in the shape of Capt. Crossland from Brigade "H.Q."

As to sport, 'Nuff said—"A" Company still on top, unbeaten as yet, but, being naturally modest and with respect to the feelings of the less fortunate companies, we will content ourselves with these few lines.

"B" COMPANY.—Since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE we have said good-bye to the land of mud, canvas and chlorinated water, and are back once more in familiar surroundings, where we are settling down in comparative comfort.

Major Frankis is again leading the Company, having taken over from Lt. "J. P. S.," "complete with the exception of deficiencies already noted."

Christmas will soon be upon us and we are now wondering what Sgt. Gudger and his merry men have in store for us (knowing Gudger, perhaps we shall be having pork *before* Christmas if the little pigs continue to run about the camp area).

We have in our new camp more and better amenities than has previously been the case, our company recreation room and shower baths being ably managed by Old King Cole (Pte. Bridgehouse).

Our Battalion transport runs trips to the nearby towns, and it is understood that both these places of entertainment are well patronised by "B" Company personnel (perhaps the air is very bracing!!!).

A few of our leading lights have recently joined the ranks of the "unfits," amongst them Sgt. (B.7 knee) Thompson, Sgt. Hett, Ptes. Kay and Wall; it is whispered within the Company that Sgt. Hett has asked the R.S.M. if he can take with him, when he leaves, the red sash of the B.O.S. as he feels naked without it!!

A "talent-spotting" concert organised by Bandmaster Eames was held in the Y.M.C.A. and was voted by all present a howling success ("howling" by Ptes. Beardmore and Jones). In Pte. Biggs was discovered a second Larry Adler and, once on his feet, "Freddie" gave us all he had. But for a few "gentle reminders" from one or two of the more unkind listeners he would probably have been there still!! Our accomplished baritone, Cpl. Mitton, treated us to a couple of songs and was undoubtedly the best turn of the evening.

In the sport line "B" Company, as usual, proved pretty well invincible, and our only reverse to date is at the hands of "A" Company in a soccer match. Our centre-half, Cpl. Fennell, was injured during a game against "C" Company and is now in hospital. We wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

"C" COMPANY.—Winter finds us completely settled in Nissen huts, glad to exchange the mud for firm standings. Since our return to this country training has occupied most of our time and given us many a char-a-bancs ride round the country side; "Join the Modern Army, it's motorised" has almost had a meaning for us at last. Despite this the Company has provided its quota of stars to the various battalion teams, and No. 13 Platoon continues to hold its head high in the association football world. Ptes. Knight and Hildreth have been regular, and L/Cpl. Dawtrey and Pte. Wright occasional, members of the Battalion association team, and Ptes. Gardner, Valentine and Burden have turned out for the rugby fifteen. The latter had the misfortune to break a leg whilst playing, and has joined the "Y" list, from which we all wish him a safe return. Ptes. Hildreth and Thompson, R., are two of the Battalion cross country team, and Sgt. Higgs remains of the former champion company boxing team.

Inter-company transfers cause the loss to "C" Company—where they were practically born and bred in their soldiering career—of Sgt. Jones and Sgt. Ward; and ill-health makes us bid farewell to Sgt. Gough, who has been with the Battalion since the outbreak of war and to whom we all wish the best of luck.

"D" COMPANY.—Summer in Britain! Our appetites were whetted by the glories of the valley in the early summer, but the requirements of higher authority soon destroyed our fond hopes and transported us to the wilds. There, under canvas and damp, leaden skies we sojourned, while brigade and divisional exercises crowded in space. At long last our celibate existence drew to a close, and we anticipated "bright lights" and pastures new. Alas for our cherished dreams of winter quarters, it was ordained that we should return to our erstwhile country seat. Since our return the camp has resounded with the bark of mortars, the thump of H.E. and the rattle of S.A.A., while the hoarse cries of sweating N.C.Os. continually rend the air in the wake of panting saturated mortals in denims plus. 'Tis even said that occasionally in the still of the night an anguished cry is heard—"Down, crawl, observe, fire!"

The last few months have seen many changes in "D" Company. Major J. Cook, so long the inspiration and guiding hand, has left us to work in close collaboration with the R.A.F. We regret his departure but wish him continued good health and success in his new job. Good hunting, "Cooky." In succession the command of the Company has since rested on the shoulders of a regular galaxy, each particular "star" flitting precariously across the company stage, some to attain a greater eminence and others to resume their mundane duties; Capt. H. M. (Glamorous) Whitman, now living in luxury at Brigade "H.Q."; Capt. A. (Giii) Woodcock (congrats. on your third pip, Arnold); Lt. W. L. (Amnesia) Denton, now emulating J. E. D.; Lt. F. (speaks Icelandic like a Swede) Dyer, now unhappily lost to the Battalion; Lt. J. (Newlywed) Illingworth, Capt. T. L. (Battle Drill) Gillison, and the present wearer of Cook's mantle, Capt. F. S. (Education) Humphreys.

C.S.M. (Cushy) Crowther is still with us, and verily his shadow does not decrease. Sgt. (Rose-a-day) Parkin is alone of the old crowd, for we have seen C.Q.M.S. Skellern, Sgt. Glew and Sgt. Measey depart to fresh fields. C.Q.M.S. Dowson is now lord of the "bump" and G.1098, and no doubt reflects sadly on the past joys of the M.G. Platoon.

In the world of sport we have lost (temporarily we hope) the undisputed sway of the field, although Cartwright, Fielding, Roberts and Jarman still shed lustre on the Company by their feats with the Battalion soccer team. However, the Company is in good heart, and all old friends will rejoice to know that the old "Don Bty" spirit is just the same. Still as tough as they make 'em. But what is this? 1515 hours? I must away—where the h— is that A.B.C.A. pamphlet?

OFFICERS' MESS.

If one really wants to rhyme and keep it going all the time, one must ignore the sober fact that Webb-like one requires tact to approach names circumspectly and sort ranks quite correctly. If I fail to make the grade (I'll always stand a lemonade). To give a subaltern priority I need not have abused majority but for the necessity of metre (pity I can't here name Peter).

You'll also find a fair disparity in chronology, if not clarity; but those of you who know us well will understand, the rest—oh heck, it doesn't really matter. The ones who've gone we really flatter.

GOERS.—There was once in dark green wood, a Babe—alas he's gone for good (surprising how with so much ease one makes a bad thing rhyme with trees), the "good's" for those of spuds and pigs—we hope he gets his Turkish cigarettes. One name a verse is not enough. To these is offered no rebuff—Firth, Lynes the Younger, Grieve and Myers who've left this mucky land of squires. Lord George (a grand surname to rhyme) left us 'ere he reached his prime. Green, Oakley, Hamer, Royds and Cobb—the latter lost his hard three bob—will doubtless earn an easier five as Tanny's ghost—though still alive.

Even if he's not an Adj., he still retains a decent badge. Moncaster I must call Jack to keep me on this rhyming track. Iain's gone to relive history—if it looks a cloudy mystery we only say we really heard a Div's most short of George the Third. Luscombe, Thompson and Bettison, my ode are likely to jettison. They upset the swing of this poetic thing and only leave Tony (now ne'er short of a pony), the fair woman hater wearing only one gaiter.

COMERS AND GOERS.—The chaps we mention here below—we saw them come and we saw them go. Easy to meet—a popular lot. None of them went by causing a blot. Some got commands and some got less pay, some were just lucky—example :—Bill "A." For us disappointment—for others a Banquet, Malaya Crook, Lane-Joynt and Bosanquet.

COMERS AND STAYERS.—The new C.O. should head the list, even if his name is missed. We can't use surnames—it's no pity, it's bad enough to write this ditty and find good rhyme—I have no leisure to worry over man's displeasure. Monty really burnt his boats when he sent Pat Whitney Coates to sell instead of socks and wool—P.R.I. blanco—his stores were full. Thornton's a name that's pretty tricky, so we'll plum for just plain Dicky. We understand a Wren just dotes on the second of the name—B. Coates. These newcomers make quite a posse—Thank the Lord!—a rhyme for Ossie. For Boswell I could well have used abbreviation most abused—anything to get a name in—how well the poets I am shamin'. George and Alfie from Brigade take no small part in this charade. I must say it—last not least in this nomenclative feast—a brand new firm, easy at that, of Messrs. Newbury, Harper and Platt. On all above—just one small dictum, we're grateful indeed to those who picked 'em.

STAYERS.—Rugged Reg roars roughly round, a brighter polish can't be found. Bertie and Ben bought bountiful booze to celebrate—they can't refuse. Skippers both—a long, long wait just for a reason to celebrate. With six pips each they're not bombastic, they've stitched 'em up with black elastic. Bill Parsons "doesn't keep it like," by A.C.Is. he's now "Queen Mike." Instead of monkey—quite a shame, I much prefer the latter name. "George" is easy, not so Bogle, with Eileen one could bring in "Ogle." He's Adjutant—a striking feller—in headgear like an onion seller. Harold Tunstall, "Swing it, brother"—gun in one hand, drum in t'other. Thompkins and Sutton—the former a spouse, rarely indulge in a Brixworth carouse. For any illness go to Pick, his pills are bound to do the trick. The last of my lines—get up and stan' agin, gives welcome from "Lunnon" to new Father Brannigan.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

The past few months have seen great changes in our members. Owing to the re-organisation many old faces have disappeared, some to the Depot, others to another Battalion of the Dukes. "Hunnybee," "Dicky Bird," "Botty," etc., all preferred footslogging to the smell of petrol fumes.

Two of our members are at present training for appointments on ships' staff. Their nautical language has been apparent for some time and both begin to develop an Atlantic gait at about 2155 hours each evening.

C.Q.M.S. "Eight-nine-ten," Sgts. "Snap" Carter and "Henry Hall's brother" have all left to become foster-fathers to new recruits. Harry Benner also left us this summer; we hope he didn't take up flying duties.

We take this opportunity of welcoming all new members who have been posted from another unit.

D.W.R. Infantry Training Centre.

Visions of a case-hardened Censor preclude our saying all that we are doing here. There is a hum of activity about the camp however which there is no denying. Never have we been so busy or done so much in so short a time. Come and see us some time and we'll show you round the "works." The site is unrivalled and production in full swing.

OFFICERS' MESS.

We closed last on the eve of our "At Home." As your humble subscriber passes this in review he recalls the occasion, rather spoiled by rain, but otherwise quite memorable for an unprecedented number of guests seated before a gargantuan tea and served by a large and perspiring "staff" of officers. This we called a great success. The Mess then, relieved of this burthen of hospitality, retired into its shell and only occasionally popped its head out at odd Home Guardes and Cadet Wallahs who from time to time descended upon it at week-ends.

More recently we threw caution to the winds and dined some members of the gentler Service from a nearby A.T.S. training centre. This proved a very pleasant departure from our normal custom, and even the most austere of our members wagged his beard sagely towards the end of a very delightful evening. Despite this, as if appalled at this display of levity, the Mess has again resumed its pipe and paper. There is now some talk we hear of further doings at Christmas. Committees gather furtively in odd corners of the Mess and hatch plans, doubtless for our discomfiture.

As we type laboriously, the 'phone rings and the Band arrives. Incidentally the last time it was here we dined the Colonel of the Regiment and were pleased to see that he was in great form. "Willie" Wathen was here at the time too and his vocal renderings in close harmony with the "Babe" and "Tuppence" were a joy to behold though painful to listen to. Actually the duty officer did not report that there was an "Alert" on! "Bish" called on us later. He seemed very fit. Apart from one or two local celebrities and Rupert Carey occasionally we have seen no one else.

Fortunately there have been few changes in the Mess. Some come and some go, mostly though we go on for ever. We welcome however 2nd Lt. A. S. Peebles from O.C.T.U. and J. O. E. Steele. Since the arrival of this latter officer we have been the butt of a fair amount of criticisms of our "tone" qualities in the bath. "Freddie" Pearse, by the way, has another "pip" up, *apropos* of which thanks for the drink, Freddie. We digress.

In the rugger field we haven't done so badly. As yet we are only once beaten. We are reminded, however, that the season is not yet over. Our indoor sports are thriving, too. We beat the sergeants up the last time we had a match with them. We are indebted to them for a very pleasant evening spent in their Mess, also for many dances with them. Quite a few of us shake a moderate hip. The senior officers are undoubtedly very agile.

We must leave you now to return to our pallet. In the meantime, however, before we have the misfortune to perpetrate a further "note," we wish all Messes, wherever they may be, a Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

We take the opportunity of wishing all our friends of THE IRON DUKE the compliments of the season, and hope that 1943 will bring many opportunities for a chin-wag and a pint of old and mild together. Here we are as busy as it is possible to be, and in our leisure—what there is of it—we record further "high jinks," sometimes with the officers, sometimes with the corporals. At the hands of the latter we recently, though we say it with regret, suffered a resounding defeat on the rugger field. Though undoubtedly

very strong on paper, we were not up to the mark. A case of youth takes a bow! We were later the guests of the Corporals' Mess and must thank them for a most pleasant evening spent in their midst. We recovered much of our lost prestige when we trounced them at snooker.

We are a very "mixed grill" these days. Several members hail from over the Border and they are rapidly expanding our vocabulary! We are a very jolly crowd, however, though our Mess committee have some very difficult problems to solve. We are much indebted to our chief of staff, R.S.M. Jamieson, for all his care and trouble. "Busty" Melville has been in great form of late, and when not groaning under the weight of sundry income tax returns he puts in some splendid work organising Sunday evening socials which have been a resounding success.

We wish all ex-members the best of luck and welcome all newcomers. The latter are too numerous to mention individually, but we offer them our congratulations on their promotion and wish them a very happy time with us.

CORPORALS' MESS.

The Mess, always very pleasant, now looks even cheerier than ever, owing to some sound spadework by a conscientious committee. Many new faces have been seen. We wish them all good luck, and offer them our congratulations on their promotion.

The opportunity of gloating over the sergeants is too irresistible to miss, as we remember how we put it across them recently at rugger. They turned out a smashing team 'tis true, but our president proved the shining light of the game. It is said he ran most of the way through the adjoining "tater" field before scoring our first try! Be that as it may, it was a rattling good game.

Whist drives and socials are going down well fortnightly. The amount of talent in the Mess ensures this. Not so long ago we had a dance in the cinema and hope to repeat the success on Christmas Eve. On New Year's Eve we have another social. All members of the Mess join in wishing all ranks of the Regiment a Happy Christmas and New Year.

COMPANY NOTES.

HEADQUARTER COMPANY.—Our late O.C. "Creepy" has renounced the title of "Baron de B." in favour of the pig and poultry business, which he now runs as a side-line to his duties as admin. officer. With him goes our chief pretence of being a "Duke" Company, particularly as we are now considerably outnumbered.

Life still continues the same. We still assert our overlordship over those unfortunates who live in less marbled halls at the camp! Before "Creepy" left us he redecorated our ancient demesne, a benefit we are now enjoying to the full.

We are sorry to lose no end of good chaps shifted hither and thither. Good luck to you all.

SPECIALIST COMPANY.—Despite determined attempts by P.S.Os., psychiatrists, S.M.Os., ordnance workshops and other trials of the flesh, to throw a spanner in our "works," the Spec. "omnibus" still ticks over.

We still maintain our proportion of one private soldier to twenty N.C.Os. and doubt the existence of such kindergarten institutions as primary companies! There are occasions, of course, when they come along to us for a little instruction in rugger, soccer and boxing. The M.O. is so overworked, however, we may have to discontinue our kindness!

Our M.T. and carrier drivers, Sigs. and Mortars are renowned and our fan mail is terrific. We have a large staff of A.T.S.—14 stones—to deal with it!

One of our "special" lines is now the Pigeon Letter Service (not to be confused with DRLS). Only carefully selected eggs are sat on and the young trainees undergo a short course of basic training followed by a toughening course to fit them for the hazardous journeys they have to make. Only the other day one of these splendid birds flew five miles with a message from an exhausted carrier crew to tell the C.O. that they had run out of cigarettes! For sheer grit the prize goes to Annie (a year-old blonde) who crash landed twenty miles from base and walked home in fourteen days.

Our personnel changes little. Captain "Bill" Skinner still holds the wheel, while C.S.M. Reed changes down at corners. "Titus" Oattes still maintains some of the wheels in motion. He is thinking of starting a motor coach company after the "flap"! "Crafty" Smith is still here with brothers Duce and Douse and 'umpteen more.

We wish all ex-specialists good luck in the New Year. Over to you, over.

"C" COMPANY.—Pioneers in the manufacture of primary trainees, we are now forging ahead with production. The factory manager is Peter Green and assistant works manager Peter Garnett. C.S.M. Hunneybell (late of a line battalion) is works foreman and leads our workers' playtime! C.Q.M.S. "Percy" is still popular on pay day, whilst young Johnny H. can be found any time of the day or night feverishly attacking a "pending" basket.

A few N.C.Os. have joined us with quaint Scotch caps. Their otherwise cheerful countenances became slightly melancholy when "Percy" saw their 1483's!

All the best to all who have passed through "C" Company and there's a deuce of a lot of you!

"D" COMPANY.—After the comparative calm we have now embarked on the tempestuous G.S.C.! Our military vocabulary has now been enriched by such words as "P.S.O.", "Agility", "Acuity" and "Assembly." Any of these whispered to a conscientious squad sergeant will cause him to turn pale and glance furtively at his chronometer!

Was it Captain "Johnny" Horsfall who said—as he signed his 10,000th A.F.H. 1157—"Never was so much work done for so many by so few!"

Our sporting activities are many and varied. We boast two of our number who represent the I.T.C. at rugby, Sgts. Zenner and Huckstep, whilst Sgt. Bentley proudly displays two ribs he broke recently playing for the Company. In the last I.T.C. boxing tournament we finished third, which, considering the few men in the Company at the time, was a really good show. Another notable achievement was our finishing second in the I.T.C. sports.

We are pleased to welcome Lt. Robertson to our Company and are looking forward to next summer if he is still with us. To "Paddy" Kirwin and "Johnny" Jacques, who left us in a blaze of glory for O.C.T.U., "good luck."

Twenty men—a pause of 2, 3—terrific shuffling of feet—then silence. Who could that be but "Frenchie" with a squad? Welcome "Frenchie," and welcome Sgt. Taylor, recently from a Battalion.

As the old year closes, we send greetings to all our friends. May the new year bring victory and peace.

"F" COMPANY.—These are our first notes. We enter cautiously into the literary world and introduce ourselves. We are "Freddie" Company and "Freddie" Pearse is i/c. We are not called "Freddie" Company because of that. Neither is "Freddie" called "Freddie" because we are "Freddie" Company. It just happened. Just like that. Of course it was a bit awkward at first because we didn't know exactly what we were with so many wild Scotsmen about, but eventually it all came out. Now we are

a "Duke" Company and quite happy, except that we are at last on the telephone and the Adjutant can talk to us. We are a very young Company. We like it that way. We are a much better Company than all these other companies.

Welcome to 2nd Lt. A. S. Peebles from O.C.T.U. and C.Q.M.S. Sloan, ex "A" Company across the square. Sgt. Skipper and Hatch are here, amongst others, both doing noble work with the I.T.C. soccer and rugger teams.

Watch our chaps. Make way for "Freddie."

OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS

(1st and 2nd BATTALIONS).

The following is a brief summary of the number of cases helped and the grants made during the period 1st July to mid-December, 1942 :—

Fund.	No. of Cases.	Amount Granted.
		£ s. d.
O.C.A., 1st and 2nd Battalions ...	23	39 16 6
2nd Battalion Charitable Fund ...	2	7 10 0
3rd Battalion Fund	2	2 10 0
Mitchell Trust Fund	2	9 0 0
Total ...		£58 16 6

In addition to the above, the sum of £25 was granted to the married families of a Battalion still in India.

5th BATTALION.

The annual general meeting of the 5th Duke of Wellington's Old Comrades' Association was held at the Crown Hotel, Huddersfield, on Saturday, 24th October, 1942. Colonel G. P. Norton presided over an attendance of 70—80. The statement of accounts showed a very healthy state of affairs, credit balances being as follows :—General Account, £80 0s. 1d. ; Benevolent Account, £123 10s. 9d. ; and Entertainment Account, £53 17s. 11d. The retiring officers were re-elected and thanked for their services. Colonel Keith Sykes was unanimously re-elected president of the Association for the next four years from February, 1943. The Secretary's report showed that the Association was keeping up its activities in every direction so far as war conditions allowed. Nearly every member was doing some voluntary work of national importance. The branches at Holmfirth and Mirfield were also in a healthy state.

After the formal business was over a very enjoyable smoking concert took place. It was a very good meeting and fully representative of the Association, and considering the transport difficulties was well attended. In addition to the chairman and president, it was very gratifying to see the following vice-presidents present : Colonel R. R. Mellor, Colonel R. Rippon and Lt.-Col. J. M. Haigh.

10th (SERVICE) BATTALION.

Another twelve months have passed in the life of the O.C.A. and we are still waiting for that grand re-union when this war is over. On Saturday, 31st October, 1942—only four days after the 24th anniversary of the launching of the offensive over the Piave in the first phase of the Battle of Vittorio Veneto—we held our fourth war-time annual meeting.

Major W. N. Town (our chairman) presided, and others present included Lt. M. A. S. Wood, Lt. E. L. M. Lumb, Messrs. Frank Stephenson, W. Kershaw, C. H. Bolt, W. Brown, H. Bray (honorary treasurer), of Bradford; H. T. Frise and J. Barnes (Huddersfield); H. Squire (Brighouse); C. Wade (Halifax); Frank Bounds (Wakefield); and the honorary secretary. This was regarded as a very representative company—as, indeed, it was—and indicated that interest in the Association does not wane despite the continuance of the war.

All the officers and the committee were re-elected, with the addition of Lt. J. H. Midgley of Halifax (who later agreed to take on the job of representing the O.C.A. on the Mitchell Trust Fund in place of the late Lt. A. A. Jackson). The financial statement revealed a credit balance of £74 9s. 11½d.—£50 of which is on loan to H.M. Treasury free of interest—and the only sad note during the all too brief gathering was the report that Lt. S. B. Airey (Skipton) underwent a severe operation some time ago and cannot go out after he has done his day's work; that Len Pickles (Keighley) has had an operation in Bradford Royal Infirmary and is expecting to face another, and that Jim Howarth (Huddersfield), our former bandmaster, is having considerable difficulty with his eyes. The hope was unanimously expressed that they will all make good recoveries and be able to join us again.

We have been trying to obtain information about the war-time activities of more of our members. Details regarding a number of them have already been published, but here are some more:—ex-R.Q.M.S. Frank Stephenson, now Lt. and Q.M. of the 1st Bradford (Cadets) Battalion; Lt. J. Habbishaw and Sgts. C. Wade, S. Vickers and N. Nutton, all of Halifax and in the Home Guard, J. H. Gibson (Halifax), A.R.P. warden.

Our Chairman entertained those present at the annual meeting to tea—a gesture much appreciated—and he vowed that he would communicate with the Editor if I did not record the fact that I celebrated my silver wedding on 22nd October. It was very nice to receive the congratulations of my colleagues, but “Duke’s” shrink from personal publicity. So, Mr. Editor, I will let it go at that—having carried out the wish of my Chairman.

We lost by death on 7th November Arthur Holden, of North Road, Wibsey, Bradford, who had been a member of our committee for some years. Arthur was 60 years of age. He was quiet in disposition but reliable in advice, and we always appreciated his presence at our meetings. At the funeral the Association was represented by Lt. Wood, Mr. Stephenson, Mr. Walter Wilkinson (our former postman) and the Honorary Treasurer and Honorary Secretary; and a British Legion wreath was sent as a token of respect and remembrance. The Association's condolences have been conveyed to Arthur's widow.

Lt. C. W. Wildy, one of our former signalling officers, has removed to Green Trees, Woldingham, Surrey.

Christmas has brought very welcome news of our adjutant—Capt. L. Norman Phillips—who, I believe, shares with Capt. R. Bolton the distinction of being one of the only two officers of the Battalion to remain with the unit throughout the last war. (Somebody, no doubt, will correct me if I am wrong.) A card from him to Major W. N. Town (our Chairman) discloses that he now holds the rank of lieutenant-colonel commanding the 1st Cadet Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment. We offer him our congratulations upon such an important appointment, and extend them to his officers, N.C.Os. and men, because they are very fortunate to have such a C.O. Knowing Colonel Phillips, I should say—and here there can be no doubt at all—that nobody is better fitted than he for the position he now holds, because he not only had experience of front-line fighting and active service administration of a battalion in the last war, but his normal duties as a clergyman have brought him into close touch with young people. It is splendid to know his talents are being put to such good use in the present struggle.

G. R. G.

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

One executive meeting has been held during 1942, at which Members J. W. Crossley, J. Bailey, E. Turner, W. Quermby, St. North (Holmfirth), J. Kirk, F. North and the Secretary, E. M. Ward (16 Forrest Avenue, Edgerton, Huddersfield) were present.

Again mine host Philips of the Royal Hotel, Brighouse, welcomed the Association to his house, although, alas! he was quite unable to refresh us inwardly. Nevertheless, we are anticipating with relish (and a more preferable liquid) the holding of our next re-union as soon as possible after the younger end have settled matters "over there."

Letters from absent members show that most of them are undertaking home defence duties in some form or other. It was resolved that the Association's existence should be maintained in spite of the wear and tear of Anno Domini. The financial position, showing cash assets to be upward of £31, was found to be very satisfactory. Grants from the Benevolent Fund were made, and again members dipped into their purses for the same.

The failure to hold re-unions has weakened the benevolent side of our activities, though we have strong faith that we shall eventually re-unite to celebrate once again the honour acquired when we became attached to the great and famous Duke of Wellington's Regiment, even if only in the status of the Volunteer.

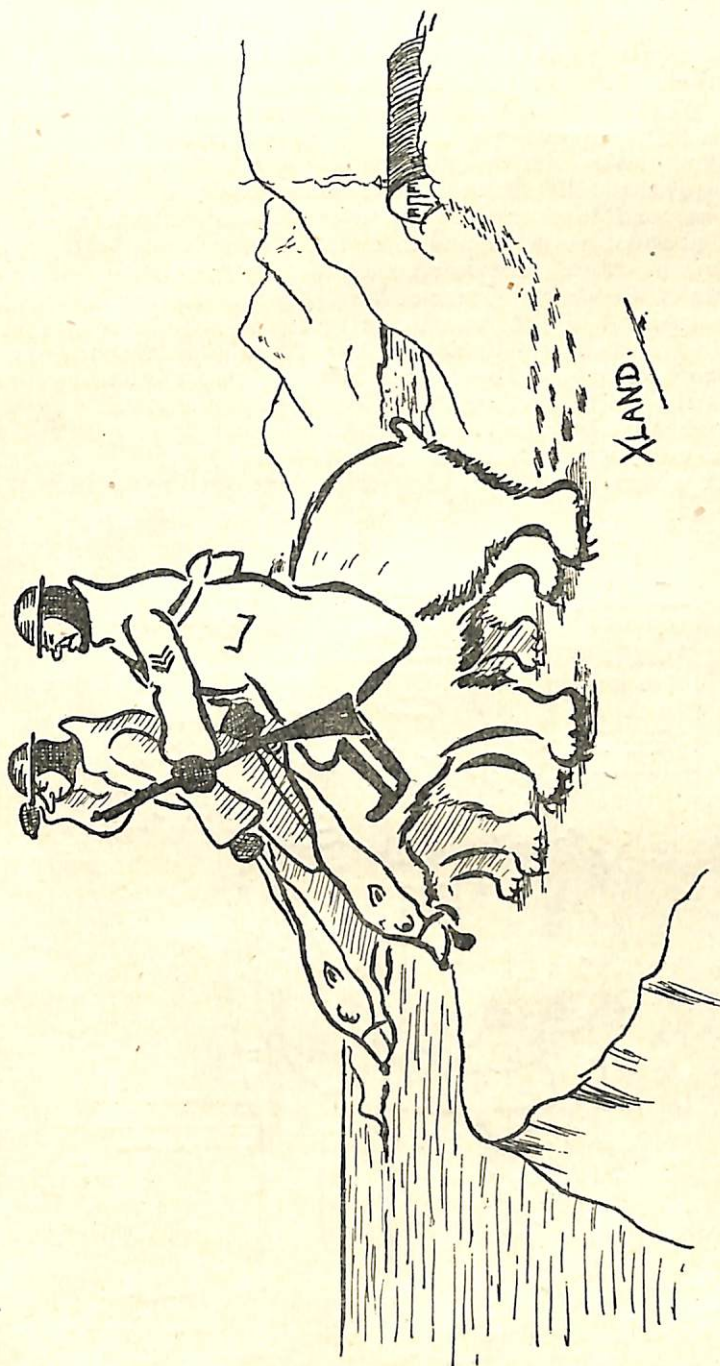
We send best wishes to all Dukes, especially those carrying on the great deliverance "over there."

"Virtutis Fortuna Comes."

E. M. W.



ICELANDIC "REPRESSIONS"



POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS No. 1 - ICELAND PATROL

D.W.R. Prisoners of War Fund.

Since the report published in the last issue, the sub-committees, formed in the various areas served by the Dukes, have got under way and results so far have been very gratifying.

Sir J. Donald Horsfall, Bt., had a most magnificent response to his appeal in the Craven Valley, and amongst the donations received by him was one from a child of ten, Rita Binns, who collected £1 10s. 0d. for the fund by making and selling paper doylies.

Halifax has also been most generous to our cause. Under the able leadership and chairmanship of Mr. Sam Smith, various functions have been held and have all shown excellent results. These include a flag day on 3rd October, organised by Senr. Cmdr. M. D. Norris, Mrs. M. Harrison and Mrs. E. Bogle, and a concert at the Odeon Cinema on 4th October, for which Mrs. M. Harrison was indefatigable as organiser and secretary. Both Home Guard Battalions in this area have started schemes of weekly contributions, and the money has been coming in very well, and the various Regimental O.C.As. have also been most generous to our funds. Various children have supported us with "bring and buy" sales, and many other Halifax donations are acknowledged in this issue.

Brig.-General R. E. Sugden organised the appeal in Brighouse; a flag day was held on 5th September and a concert was given by the Regimental Band, assisted by a number of voluntary artists, on 6th September; the results were most encouraging and reflect great credit on those who worked so hard in organising this "Dukes" week-end.

As these notes are written, a fortnight's drive for the Prisoners of War Fund is being run in both Sowerby Bridge and district and Elland and district; part of the proceeds from both these are to be given to our Regimental Fund. The former, run by Mr. Harold Clay, who has already given a very generous personal donation to our fund—is being highly successful, and the Elland "drive," organised by Mr. Joe Brearley under the chairmanship of Councillor E. Lumb, is exceeding all expectations. It is hoped to give details of activities of other sub-committees in our next issue.

The Battalions of the Regiment have loyally supported the fund; the appeal in the last issue of THE IRON DUKE has, so far, realised £25 10s. 0d.

Two letters, received to-day, from Regimental prisoners are given herewith:—

"Thank you for splendid parcel, received last week, dated 1st August. It is nice to know we are still thought of, even though we have been in captivity so long." This letter is dated 24th October.

"I received the parcel you sent to me and I wish to thank you very much indeed. I can't really explain how pleased I am with it. I hope to thank you more when I come home."

No record of the recent activities would be complete without reference to the work of the Regimental Band who, under the able leadership of the Bandmaster, F. Ashton Jones, have given many excellent performances in aid of the fund.

Further subscriptions will be gratefully acknowledged and should be sent to the O.C. Regimental Depot Party, Halifax, Yorkshire.

CASH DONATIONS FROM 8TH AUGUST, 1942, TO 10TH DECEMBER, 1942.

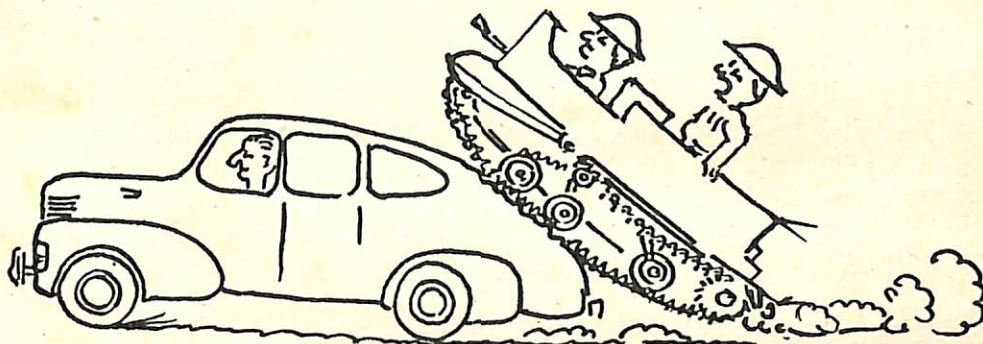
King Cross C.C., Halifax; Sir Gilbert Tanner, Bart.; Mr. Herbert Sykes; Mr. H. Hopwood; Mr. L. Gumby; Companies, 23rd and 24th W.R.H.G., per Os.C.; Mrs. Butler; E. Womersley; S. Clapham; Miss Clough; Children's Bring and Buy Sale; Mrs. Blount; Mrs. Grundy; Mrs. Hallas; Mrs. Campbell; Harold F. Clay; Mrs. Haydon; H. A. Smith; Capt. and Mrs. Riddiough; Ogden Golf Club; Rona and Betty Naylor; Leslie A. Hutchinson (Hutch); Mrs. Wood; Mr. Farrar; Mr. and Mrs. Baguley; Mr. Greenwood; Mrs. Mundy; Mr. Edward Lund; I.T.C., per Major Ogden; "Eight Lads at Denholme," per Mr. W. Dawson; Mrs. Langley; further donations, per Sir J. Donald Horsfall, Bart.; Lt.-Col. Nash; Mrs. Eaton; Mrs. Eckersall; Mrs. Hewitt; — Battalion O.C.A.; Mr. J. Lofthouse; proceeds of Flag Day and Concert at Brighouse, per General R. E. Sugden;

I.T.C. (Concert); Mrs. Jones; Saddleworth War Charities; A. Graham & Co., Ltd.; West End Golf Club, Halifax; H. H. Baxendale; Mrs. Spencer; Capt. F. Williams; T. E. Jessop; Mrs. Betts; Mrs. Scholfield; Mrs. Ansell; Mrs. Sugden; O.C.A., per Mr. Fred Smith; Mrs. Norris (Commanding No. 6 A.T.S. T.C.); Proceeds of Flag Day, Halifax; Proceeds of Concert, Halifax Odeon; Mr. Eric Portman; Miss Jenny Baker; Mr. Fawcett (profits on Dance); O.C.As.; Col. F. S. Exham; Mrs. G. Baxter; Miss Thompson; Major F. M. R. Ford; Lt. H. S. le Messurier; Lady Belfield; Capt. R. A. Scott; Mrs. Basil Owen; Mrs. Sidebottom; Lt.-Col. O. Price; Anon.; Detachment, 266th Red Cross; Detachment, 260th Red Cross; Halifax Bowling Club; H.G., Halifax G.P.O.; Mr. A. E. Miller; Mrs. Clutson; Mrs. Katee; Mrs. Chapman; Head Postmaster, Halifax; Mrs. M. Johnstone-May; Mrs. Gould; Mrs. Mount; Detachment, 282nd Red Cross, per Mrs. Haworth; June D. Hemblys; Mrs. Myers; Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. G. Officer and Miss Officer; Mrs. Tolson; Sowerby Red Cross; — Regiment R.A.C.

DONATIONS IN KIND FROM 8TH AUGUST, 1942, TO 10TH DECEMBER, 1942.

Mrs. J. S. Wildy; Miss Jenny Baker; Mrs. Watson; Wells, Norfolk G.F.S., per Miss Jenny Baker; Mrs. Baume; Downe Hospital for Children, per Miss A. Thompson; Mrs. I. Moore; Mrs. G. L. Wildy; Mrs. Earnshaw; Mrs. C. J. Pickering; Mrs. W. G. Officer; Mrs. Ince; Miss R. M. Cole; Mrs. Strafford; Sowerby Bridge Red Cross, per Mrs. A. L. Sutcliffe; Doctor H. Roberts.

BATTLE SCHOOL PRACTICE ?



JON JONES.

"CHANGE DOWN JOE."

Dec. 1942.

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.

Lt.-Col. F. G. Peake Pasha, C.M.G., C.B.E.

As many of our readers know, Lt.-Col. F. G. Peake Pasha has had a most distinguished career, but owing to his modesty and reticence few have known more than the barest details of his service since he left the Regiment in 1913. It is therefore all the more welcome that his biography should have been published, in a book entitled **"Arab Command,"* written by Major C. S. Jarvis, a close friend of his.

Major Jarvis, the author of several other works dealing with lands inhabited by the Arabs, is well qualified to write of one who spent the most important part of his life in Transjordan. As he says in his introduction, ". . . . for fourteen years Peake and I held similar administrative posts on either side of the river Jordan—he to the east of it, in the ancient Biblical lands of Moab and Edom, and I to the west in the equally ancient Biblical land of Sinai."

Peake's early life is only touched on lightly, and Major Jarvis will forgive me for correcting two minor errors in his account of Peake's regimental service. Peake transferred to the 1st Battalion, then stationed at Sitapur, not Ambala, as stated on page 8, though they moved to Ambala soon after. He came out to India from the 2nd Battalion with a draft commanded by the late Lt.-Col. A. G. Horsfall (then a captain). On page 10, line 10, "the 2nd Battalion of The Duke of Wellington's" should read "1st Battalion."

Peake was seconded to the Egyptian Army in 1913, and an account is given of his introduction to Lord Kitchener, and the friendliness the latter showed him on later occasions. When the war of 1914-18 broke out he was serving in the Sudan, and saw his first active service with the Egyptian Camel Corps in the operations against the Senussi; and on the close of that campaign, having been granted three months' leave, he got attached to the R.F.C. at Salonica. Here he overstayed his leave by two months and was ordered back to Cairo, rejoined the Camel Corps, was thrown from his camel and dislocated his neck. That should have ended his career, but his restoration to health was brought about by another accident which sounds almost too fantastic to be believed. His next adventure was to be torpedoed in the Mediterranean while returning from leave in England; he was rescued after spending five hours in a bitterly cold sea.

In January, 1918, began his service in Sinai which was to settle his career for the next 21 years. A force of Arab Scouts had been raised for service with Feisal's Army operating east of Jordan, and Peake was appointed to the command; but they were not a success, and on their disbandment he was appointed to a newly-formed Egyptian Camel Corps. With this force he took part in the operations of the Arab Revolt under Lawrence of Arabia, when he developed the system of blowing up the railway line, known as "planting tulips." Lawrence in his book *"Seven Pillars of Wisdom"* makes frequent mention of Peake and his Camel Corps in this stage of the operations leading up to the fall of Damascus; but in *"Arab Command"* we get a much fuller picture of Peake's exploits. On page 52 is given in Peake's own words an account of the meeting he had with Lawrence when the latter was returning to England. Lawrence, when asked why he was leaving, had said: "I am going because the entry into Damascus was the climax." Then he added after a pause: "Never wait for the anti-climax. Come out on the crest of the wave, and don't wallow out in its trough." A remark that Peake was to remember when his own time came to retire in 1939.

Up till the end of the war Peake had been a soldier, but it was now his lot to become an administrator, and his name will live as such in the annals of British service in the Middle East. In October, 1920, he raised the Arab Legion for service in policing the new State of Transjordan, under the ruler, the Emir Abdulla, with whom he worked in complete amity for 19 years.

* Arab Command. The Biography of Lt.-Col. F. G. Peake Pasha, C.M.G., C.B.E. By Major C. S. Jarvis, C.M.G., O.B.E. (Hutchinson & Co., price 18/-).

Those years were full of incident, and in the space available we cannot do more than quote a few examples to whet the curiosity of our readers. This is how Peake made a lifelong friend :—

Whilst the enlistment of the first contingent of the Arab Legion was proceeding in 1920, Peake took a small house in Amman and ordered one of the newly-joined gendarmes, an ex-Turkish policeman, to move his baggage into it. The following morning, when he woke up, Peake found this gendarme lying asleep across the doorway, and on asking him what he was doing there, the recruit replied that he had appointed himself as personal orderly to Peake and that he had no intention of leaving him in any circumstances. It was in this way that Peake obtained the services of, or to be more exact, was adopted by, Ahmed Salem, who remained with him the whole of his time in Transjordan and who has now come home with him to England.

In October, 1921, T. E. Lawrence was sent out to Transjordan as an official of the Colonial Office to study conditions and to advise on the policy to be adopted ; and for about three months he stayed with Peake at Amman.

Lawrence was an amusing guest to entertain, but he was a man of moods ; on some evenings he would be the best of company . . . on others he would be depressed, incommunicative, and obviously weighed down by the cares of fashioning a post-war world in the Middle East. On occasions he would disappear without notice and be absent for three or four days, returning with half-a-dozen Arab friends. Peake's house was too small for these parties, and to accommodate the guests he obtained a large Beduin goats' hair tent, which he fitted up with blankets and cushions for Lawrence's Arab cronies, who usually stayed for some days. . . . The meals served consisted usually of a sheep or lamb roasted whole, or if the party were a small one, a turkey resting on a mound of boiled rice, flavoured with saffron, and containing pistachio nuts and raisins ; and into this the party would put their hands, pulling out chunks of meat and catching up handfuls of rice.

On one occasion Peake and Major Glubb, his assistant, had to entertain a particularly important Arab Governor from Saudi-Arabia, and discussed what topics they should talk about to him during lunch ; deciding on camels, date palms and Beduin tribal customs as suitable subjects. The Arab Governor, however, had no desire for such topics. Instead of arriving, as expected, on a magnificent fast-trotting camel, he came in a very large American car of the latest model, and proceeded to take photographs of Peake and Glubb with the newest thing in reflex cameras. The first question he asked was : " Can you tell me what has happened in Japan ? "

Peake and Glubb, much amazed, had to admit they knew nothing about Japan and had heard no recent news. " It's just come through on the wireless," said the Arab Sheik, " I switched on the radio set in the car as I was coming here, and heard that the Government had fallen."

And during lunch this up-to-date sheik proved he had no desire whatsoever to talk of the Arab world, being far more interested in European matters, the latest thing in wireless sets, and synchronized mesh gears in motor cars.

In 1930 Peake decided to fly a privately-owned aeroplane and got a first-class pilot, named Roger Atcherley, to teach him. On the second day of his instruction he had two crashes, in the second of which he broke four ribs and just got clear of the machine before it burst into flames. Undeterred, he bought a new aeroplane, continued his lessons, and was soon able to manage his machine, and thereafter made all his visits of inspection by air.

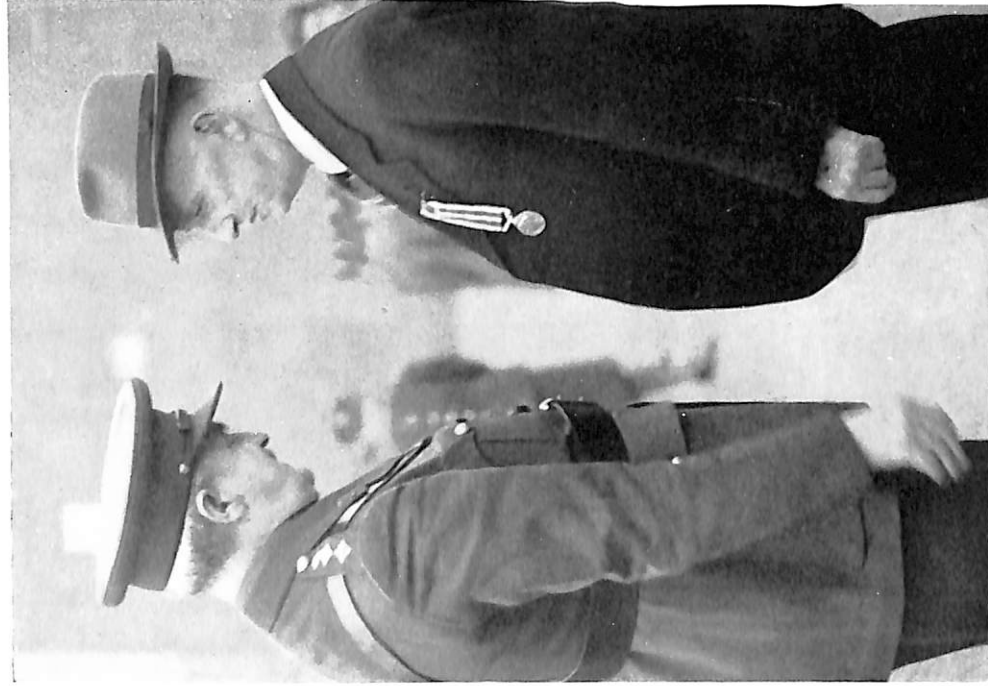
One of Peake's troublesome duties was to escort sightseers to Petra, a noted place of antiquity, in the wildest part of his command. Here hundreds of tombs had been cut out of the cliff, some of which had been cleared out for the accommodation of visitors by Thomas Cook & Sons ; the remainder, however, were used by Arabs, and in consequence were infested by swarms of blood-thirsty fleas.

On one occasion there was a very troublesome lady in the party who was never satisfied with her seat in the car, the pony allotted to her, or her place at wayside meals. On arrival at Petra she was, of course, dissatisfied with her cave. She said she was going into another, and Peake advised her strongly to put up with the one she had, but naturally she knew better. The following morning early the guests saw a naked woman dancing about on the cliffs and slapping herself vigorously, and were under the impression at first that they were watching some native orgy connected with the mysterious past of Petra ; but it was merely the peevish member of the party endeavouring to free herself of the fleas that had collected on her during the night.



Lt.-Col. F. G. PEAKE, C.M.G., C.B.E.

VISIT OF THE COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT TO THE DEPOT, 25th November, 1942.



Col. C. J. Pickering, C.M.G., D.S.O., presenting the M.S.M. to
Mr. George E. Fricker.



and speaking to a Member of the A.T.S. Band.

The wonderful send-off Peake had on his retirement in 1939 is described in the last chapter ; but earlier in the book there is the tribute to him which T. E. Lawrence paid in his report to the Colonial Office after his visit to Transjordan ; and the unofficial summing-up of him he wrote to a friend of the R.A.F. who was being sent to the Amman station :—

"Peake is a very good fellow. He has stuck splendidly to three or four thankless jobs and made a deal out of them. A hot, impatient soul, too !"

"This," says Major Jarvis, "is the correct summing-up to which everyone, except possibly the inefficient or the ineffectual, would subscribe. . . . It represents in a short sentence the admiration, respect and loyalty which was a marked feature of the bearing of the Arab Legionaries, officers and men, under his command."

We hope we have given in these quotations some slight idea of the good stuff this book contains, and that very many readers of THE IRON DUKE will be encouraged to read it.

Col. Peake now holds the appointment of Regional Inspector of Constabulary, and is serving in the Northern Region with Col. Pickering, the Colonel of the Regiment and Brigadier Burnett.

The following is a list of his medals and decorations :—C.M.G., C.B.E., Cmdr. Order of St. John of Jerusalem, G.S. War Medal, Victory Medal, Palestine General Service Medal, Jubilee Medal, Coronation Medal, Order of the Nahda of Trans-Jordan 1st Class, Order of Istiqlal of Trans-Jordan 2nd Class, Order of the Nile of Egypt, Order of the Zikra Istiqlal of the Hijaz, Order of the Nahda 4th Class of the Hijaz, Sudan General Service.

EDITOR.

Personalia.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Lt.-General A. F. P. Christison on his being awarded the C.B. in the New Year's Honours.

At a ceremonial parade of the A.T.S. at the Barracks, Halifax, on 25th November, 1942, the Colonel of the Regiment presented the Meritorious Service medal to Mr. George E. Fricker, late band sergeant of the 2nd Battalion. On making the presentation, Colonel Pickering referred to the long and excellent record of service of Mr. Fricker, who joined the 2nd Battalion in 1887, serving with them in the West Indies, Nova Scotia, Burma and India. On the occasion of this ceremony the newly-formed drum and fife band of the A.T.S. made their first appearance on parade. Mr. Fricker's record of service and that of other members of his family was published under "Notable Family Records in the Regiment" on page 136 of No. 34 (June), 1936, of THE IRON DUKE. As recorded there, Mr. Fricker had ten children, all, except the youngest, born in the Regiment ; and four of his sons served in the Army, one of whom, Lt. G. W. Fricker, died recently ; an obituary notice appears on page 42. Mr. Fricker's wife died on 22nd February, 1937. He informs us that he now has 14 grand children, one son and two grandsons are serving in the present war, and two of his grand daughters are married. Mr. Fricker's present address is : No. 6 Landemere Syke, Northowram, near Halifax. We offer Mr. Fricker our heartiest congratulations.

We are glad to add the following record received from Mr. W. C. S. Harte, whose family record (Harte and Harper), totalling 199 years' service with the "Dukes," appeared on page 140 of No. 31 (June), 1936, of THE IRON DUKE. Mr. W. C. S. Harte (late Regimental No. 7669, Private, 1st Battalion) is at present serving as a lieutenant with 60th Battalion West Riding (Rotherham) Home Guard. His son, L/Cpl. C. W. S. Harte, aged 26 years, has eight years' service in the Royal Corps of Signals, and is at present serving

in the W/T Section of the — Indian Divisional Signals in the Western Desert, where he has been since October, 1939. He has been wounded three times and has twice been mentioned in despatches. Two daughters are also serving : A.C.W./1 W. Harte, aged 24, is a dental clerk orderly, W.A.A.F., and Private K. M. Harte, aged 22, is a signaller in the Royal Corps of Signals, A.T.S.

The following births have been announced :—

Lunt.—On 16th August, 1942, at Murree, Punjab, India, to Muriel, wife of Capt. J. D. Lunt, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, a son—Robin James Cameron.

Horsfall.—On 3rd October, 1942, at Newfield, Crosshills, Keighley, to Cassandra, wife of Capt. John Musgrave Horsfall, D.W.R., a son—Donald James Linton.

Armitage.—On 15th October, 1942, at Farnborough War Memorial Hospital, Hants, to Sheila (née Allen), wife of Lt.-Col. F. R. Armitage, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, a daughter.

Coningham.—On 31st October, 1942, to the widow of the late Capt. W. D. Coningham, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, killed in action in Burma last March, a daughter.

Jackson.—On 3rd December, 1942, at White Broom, Crowthorne, Betty (née Astbury), wife of Major K. L. T. Jackson, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, a son.
 Congratulations to all concerned.

The following wedding has been announced :—

Jones-Stamp : Monro.—On 6th October, 1942, at All Saints' Church, Langholm, by the Rev. S. Morris, Chaplain to the Forces, Capt. Douglas Jones-Stamp, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, attached R.A.C., only son of the late Mr. Charles Douglas Jones and Mrs. Douglas Jones, of The Green, St. Leonards, Sussex, to Marion, only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Alastair Monro, of Craigcleuch, Langholm, Dumfriesshire.

The following awards for gallant and distinguished service in Burma were announced in the *London Gazette* of 28th October, 1942 :—

MILITARY CROSS.

Lt. (temporary Captain, acting Major) Jack Robinson (The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, West Riding), Wilsden, Yorks.

MILITARY MEDAL.

Cpl. Albert Fox (The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, West Riding), Bradford.

L/Cpl. Robert Roebuck (The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, West Riding), Bradford.

We very much regret to hear that Major Robinson has been missing and believed killed since last March.

We occasionally get news in letters of ex-members of the Regiment, but should be glad of much more, as by this means many readers will get to hear news of their friends. We hear that Brigadier C. W. G. Grimley is back in this country from East Africa. We are also very glad to hear that Brigadier F. H. Fraser is safe, though a prisoner in Japanese hands.

Lt.-Col. W. G. Officer wrote that he had recently seen Lt.-Col. Michael Cox and Mrs. Cox ; the former is now serving in the Home Guard, and the latter is, we are glad to hear, making a good recovery from an operation. Mrs. Marriner, widow of the late Major S. F. Marriner, and her daughter have moved from Yorkshire to Putney, where they have taken a flat ; Peter, the son, is an officer in the Recce Corps.

Lt.-Col. R. Booth Scott, writing from the Middle East, says that he has not met any of the "Dukes" lately. His wife has a commission in the A.T.S. and is junior to their daughter, who is in the W.A.A.F.S.; their son is still a sergeant in the O.T.C.

Capt. C. H. D. Kimpton, who gained the M.C. and lost a leg in the last war, serving with the 9th (Service) Battalion, has been promoted from corporal to major and the command of a company in the Home Guard. He finds the work a bit strenuous, as we may well imagine. Some of our readers may remember that he is a managing director of Messrs. Bostock & Kimpton, the well-known wine merchants in the City.

Colonel G. B. Howcroft has written again of his sea trips, some of which have been unpleasantly stormy. On a Dutch ship he was on in a heavy storm when the lounge furniture had to be lashed together, a Dutch seaman was reported as being missing for 24 hours, but he was only down in a hold wishing he was dead! He ends up with, "I complete two years afloat to-day [14th December]. What a strange fate for a soldier to spend so long at sea! I should have liked to see my old battalion when I was home, but couldn't manage it."

We congratulate Major C. H. B. Pridham on the great success of his handbook, "Lewis Gun Mechanism Made Easy," which was reviewed on page 113 of No. 49 of THE IRON DUKE. It has now reached its 27th impression, with sales approaching 120,000. Another of his handbooks, which was also reviewed in the same number, was "Anti-Aircraft Defence against Low Flying Enemy Aircraft." This has now been revised in its third edition, and bears the title of "Defence against Dive-Bombers and Low Flying Enemy Aircraft." It has excellent illustrations and diagrams. The former handbook is published by Messrs. Gale & Polden, while the latter is published by Messrs. George Allen & Unwin. Both these publications are specially recommended to members of the Home Guard.

Mr. F. May, in a letter to Miss Turner, from his new address, "Royal Dragoon, Military Road, Canterbury," writes:—"I have not come across any of the old 'Dukes' in Canterbury, but left a few behind in Folkestone. Col. Tidmarsh, I believe, is still there. He was president of our branch of the S.A. War Veterans' Association. We had a good branch and four members were old Dukes. I had a nice hotel at Folkestone, but it stopped a land mine and nearly me as well. I took this house in Canterbury as I had nowhere to go, and this caught another packet, but only lost the roof and back wall."

Capt. Charles Oliver writes that his son, Roddie, is now a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and is serving on the destroyer *Loyal*. We hope some day he will find time and inclination to send us an article.

Pte. Mawer (No. 4608167), who is now serving in a water tank company, R.A.S.C., in Westmoreland, in sending his subscription for THE IRON DUKE, writes:—"Would you be so kind as to give my kind wishes to all the old friends in the D.W.R.?"

Capt. J. D. Lunt sends interesting news from somewhere in the U.P., India. Here are some extracts from his letter:—

"It is extremely difficult to fit names to all the initials for officers, used for security purposes I expect; it is particularly hard for me who have been away from the Regiment for nearly four years now. . . . I see that most of those I knew in Multan are back in England 'in the seats of the mighty.' Most of the old names appear in the various notes—Dick Collins, Mac, John Fallon, Terence Carroll and so on. The imagination boggles at the thought of Douglas Jones-Stamp in mechanic's overalls, but perhaps a yellow waistcoat beneath it, restores his *amour propre*. One feels one would like to congratulate those at whose feet one sat as a very, very junior subaltern, on getting commands, and it seems this is an excellent way of congratulating my old company commanders of Multan and Amritsar days on their commands.

"I think you would all like to know that the — Battalion put up a really magnificent show in Burma. I have yet to meet anyone who does not speak of them as 'second to none.' I was very proud indeed of them, although I was not actually fighting with them. We were all terribly sorry to hear of the death of Basil O. I saw him at Pegu the day the Battalion landed and he was full of fight. The Battalion suffered severely, particularly in the 'married patch' I'm afraid, but they showed that they could whack the Japs, given a fair chance to do so; but he was too many, and he had the air support. 'Bull,' from all reports, acquired a great reputation as a fighting soldier; the Morans came out safely, as did Derek H., who was wounded by machine gunning from the air; two Jap fighters gave him a command performance while he was lying out in a paddy field devoid of any cover, so he was lucky to get away with one through each leg and one in the behind. He is likely to be *hors de combat* for some time to come.

"I was in the show from the outset since I was with a brigade in the Tenasserim province—the long narrow strip running down from Moulmein to Victoria Point. We had a pretty sticky time, as we were very thin on the ground. I only got my wife out of Moulmein a week before the Japs arrived! I eventually succumbed to very bad dysentery which I had been suffering from since early November, 1941, towards the end of March, 1942, and was evacuated to a base hospital in Maymyo, being finally flown out to India at the end of April. Since then, until late July, I have been almost continuously in hospital with the wretched disease, and have lost about four stone in weight! I seem to be more or less right now again, and have a job here till I'm really fit again, I hope. Having lost every stick I possessed in Burma, including horses and a car, I am beginning to realise what the 'blitz' victims feel like. However, we'll take it all back in our own good time; the 'Dukes' have shown that they can lick the Jap if given the chance.

"It may be of interest to officers of the — Battalion in Malta in '37 and to the — Battalion in Multan before the war to hear that Shelagh Harris presented her husband with a son in February.

"I hope the line of Lunts in the Regiment is definitely established by my wife's action in presenting me, two days ago, with a son and heir!"

We offer our congratulations to Sgt. Allen Brook, who served with the Volunteer Service Company of the Regiment in the South African War, 1899—1902, on the presentation of a certificate of merit. The following account of the ceremony is taken from the *Huddersfield Examiner* of 14th September, 1942:—

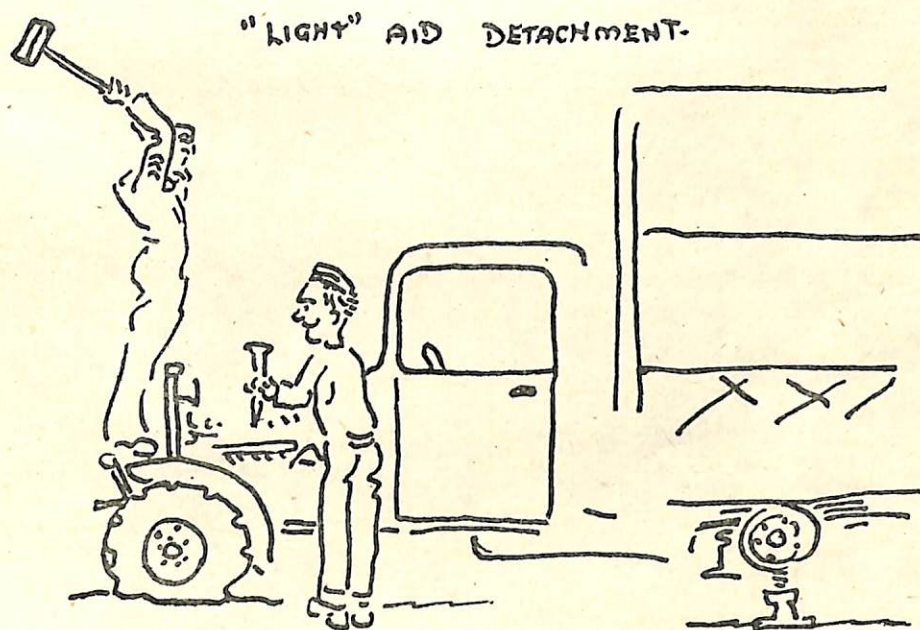
The presentation of a certificate of merit signed by Lt.-General J. G. Swayne, Chief of the General Staff to the Commander-in-Chief Home Forces, was made on Sunday to Sgt. Allen Brook of "C" Company, 26th Battalion West Riding Home Guard.

Sgt. Brook, who lives at 1 Edgerton Lane, Huddersfield, has been a member of the Home Guard since its formation and was in the L.D.V. from its inception. He served in the South African War in 1901-2, and was in France from 1915 to 1919 during the Great War. In civil life Sgt. Brook is employed as chauffeur by Mr. Horace Broadbent of Edgerton. He is married and has three sons, all serving in the Forces.

The presentation was made by Colonel J. T. C. Broadbent (group commander) at a special parade of "C" Company at Outlane. Colonel Broadbent congratulated Sgt. Brook and said that his distinction had been richly earned and fully merited. At the same time, continued the group commander, without detracting in any way from the individual merit of Sgt. Brook, he thought the award was a compliment to the whole company, whose enthusiasm had not waned, and he was sure would not do so until the end.

We are asked by Mrs. Owen, widow of Lt.-Col. H. B. Owen, who was killed in Burma last March, to correct the statement made on page 130 of our last issue (No. 53, October, 1942) in which Brigadier V. C. Green wrote: "My staff captain is Leslie Thomas, Mrs. Owen's brother." Capt. Thomas is the late Colonel Owen's brother-in-law, he having married Colonel Owen's youngest sister.

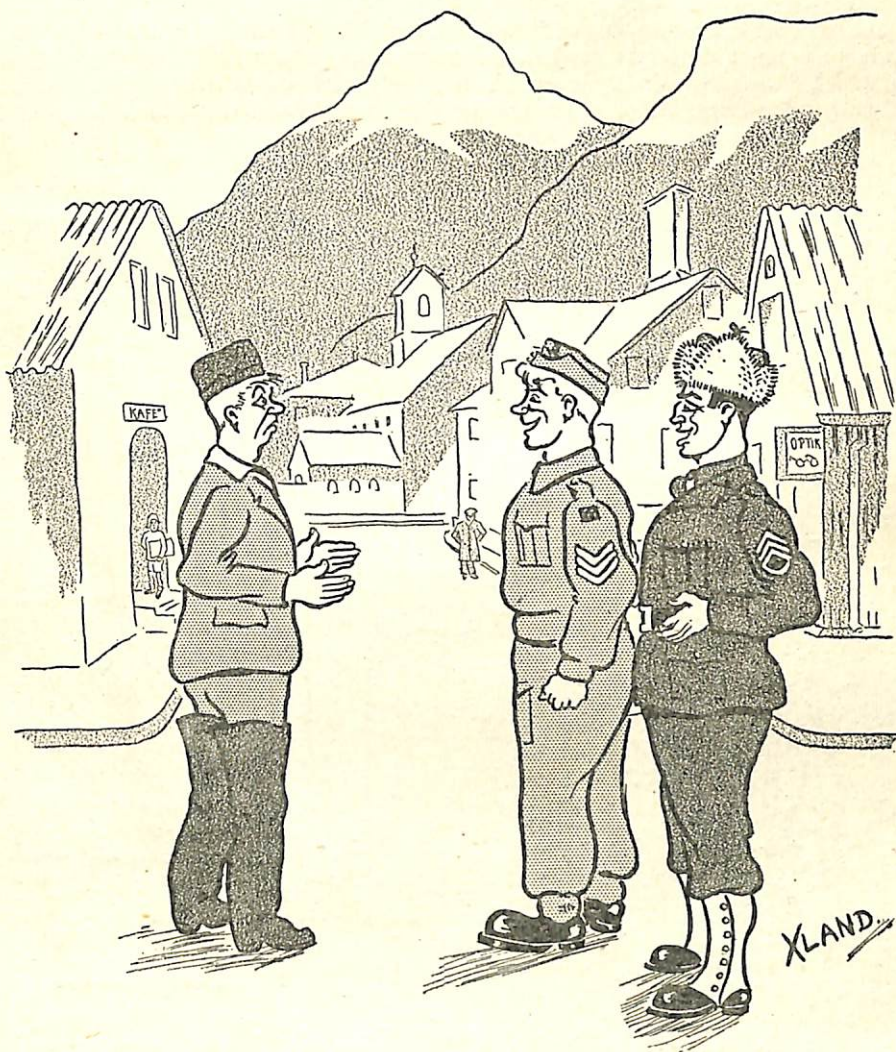
Opposite page 37 appears a photograph sent to us by Lt. F. Bruce Murgatroyd. The plaque, which shows the two Regimental crests, in new surroundings, was in the Officers' Mess of one of our Battalions when in camp somewhere in Britain.



Sgt. DOUSE DECOKING.

JOHN JONES. DEC. 42

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.

ICELANDIC "REPRESSIONS"

"SAY BUDDY, ANY HOOCH ROUND THESE PARTS" ?

"AYE LAD, WHERE'S NEAREST PUB ?"

"I AM SO SORRY, I SPEAK ONLY ZE ENGLISH !"

Grindadrap.

A WHALE HUNT IN THE FAROES.

Garrison Headquarters in the Faroes may not sound an exhilarating address, but it is at least one which can offer a recreation unknown to other H.Q.—namely, “Grindadrap,” whale hunting—and the hunt is conducted in a manner which owes nothing to such scientific methods as the harpoon gun or the specially equipped whaler. The annual arrival and killing of whales took place just before the writer left the island, and as a participant and amateur photographer he offers the details.

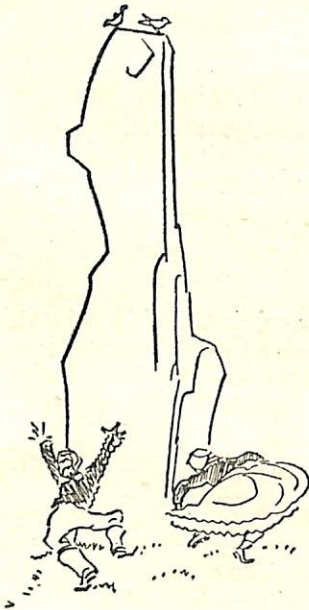
The background is the treeless rocky perspective of islands which are gale-swept for most of the year, and to whose inhabitants the arrival or non-arrival of the whales means the difference between a well-fed and well-lit winter, or one on perilously short commons; and thus for weeks before the whales are expected a look-out is kept so that there shall be no possibility of the school escaping. As the days passed stories, tall ones, of what happens after a “Grindadrap” began to circulate in the Mess. It was, so rumour said, an occasion of feasting and drunkenness, there was dancing on the sands, and revelry which, again so they said, went from the unseemly to the frankly pagan.

Was not the Island's capital named after Thor the Scandinavian god, and had not one heard that after a whale hunt the veneer of civilisation peeled away, and left capering heathen who danced before idols? Padres began to look anxious, to talk about bad examples, the Mess began to prick up its ears, and, such was the effect on the innate respectability of the troops that the F.S. sergeant came to the Staff Captain asking whether he should put an armed guard on the beaches, as he understood that the “population relapses into a state of primeval savagery, Sir . . .”

All of which slandered in point of fact the islanders' natural inclination to celebrate a fine hunt and the assurance of a season's food supply.

The long anticipated day arrived at last, just when there was anxious speculation as to whether this year of all years the whales had chosen to abandon their traditional feeding grounds. We got news that the school had been sighted soon after breakfast, and a flotilla of boats set out to head them towards the mouth of the fiord where we were stationed. The Faroese rowboat is built on the lines of a Viking ship, long and low with a high vertical prow. The crews of six men wore heavy sea-going clothes and carried nine-foot stabbing spears, knives and a load of stones.

It was lunch time before the boats had headed the whales, by means of shouting, splashing and stone throwing, to the entrance to the fiord and the beginning of the killing. Daring hunters, the Faroese, who take to the hills when a strange plane passes overhead, will take the gravest risks on water without a second's hesitation, drive their boats close to the frightened thrashing animals, and leaping on the back of one, literally “ride” it in towards the fiord. Once the animals were penned in narrow waters the hunters stood upright in the boats attacking with their spears, whilst the sea churned and foamed round them as the whales turned and plunged in fruitless attempt at escape. Others jumped into the shallow waters and killed by seizing the animal's head and cutting its spinal cord. (These whales are not more than thirteen to twenty foot long, so no one need imagine something on the scale of Jonah's.)



“Dancing before idols.”

Boats are upset in the struggle, or partially swamped, and the scene is not one for a queasy stomach, as the sea turns from green to cloudy scarlet and the beach is piled with dead and dying animals. However, when your dinners for a long time to come depend upon such a massacre, you are apt to take a different viewpoint, judging by the fact that every man, woman and child in the place was either on the beach or the surrounding rocks, yelling and cheering on the hunters, applauding any particularly skilful kill and exclaiming at the size and fatness of different victims.

With them were the troops who, silent at first, gradually got caught up in the general excitement, so that before the afternoon was over it was possible to see one corporal leaping and howling like a demented football fan, and another acting as assistant butcher. (By contrast, there was a certain private who retired to a quiet corner to be sick, and for days after held to a strictly vegetarian diet.)

They were still getting the bodies on shore at nightfall, and next day the stripping and curing and boiling would begin, a procedure that meant several weeks' endurance of the smell of blubber, and the sight of decomposing remnants still littering the sand.

But that was for to-morrow. The night of a "Grindadrap" is devoted to celebration, and a swaying line of people, arms linked, had already begun the traditional dance, backwards and forwards, chanting under their breath, a dance which had no recognisable step, and, as was soon apparent, no recognisable end. Behind them certain officers who, when their boat overturned, had had to swin cheek by jowl with the whales for dry land, slunk mess-wards. Only a Faroese constitution can stand up to dancing after the exertions of a hunt. Others seek an armchair.

And the whale supper? It was ample and lengthy, but whale meat is an acquired taste, and its indulgence apt to make one unnaturally contented with the ration issue. There was more, much more dancing, and more, much more, singing, and very much more drink, but if the F.S. sergeant still cherished a hope of seeing relapse into "primeval savagery" he must have been grievously disappointed.

Next day the procession of visitors who arrived by boat from the other islands to view the kill and interrogate the by now heavy-eyed and heavy-headed hunters heard that over five hundred whales had been slaughtered out of an estimated school of six hundred, a great total, and one which they all agreed was worthy of being "written about in English."

C. R. G. A. AND C. B. A.

Our Contemporaries.

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

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A WHALE HUNT IN THE FAROES.





Plaque in an Officers' Mess (see page 33).



Syd Walker and Richard Tauber in a duet at the opening ceremony of the British Legion's Gramophone Record Salvage Campaign (see p. 138, No. 53, THE IRON DUKE).

A Middle East Anchorage.

The great liner lay at anchor, her engines still after the ten days' fast run from South Africa. But if her engine room was quiet, every other part of the ship hummed with activity; in less than 48 hours some four thousand troops were to be taken off, with all their kit, and another three or four thousand were to be embarked. Oil was to be taken on, fresh water slowly delivered from a barge, stores replenished, and, slowest job of all, the hold full of miscellaneous gear, described by the Army as G.1098, was to be laboriously unloaded into lighters.

And so the big ship had a swarm of smaller craft round her. A good-sized tanker lay alongside, barely big enough to fill up the liner's enormous oil tanks; a water barge lay next, slowly pumping fresh water on board: half a dozen lighters lay forward, some still being pushed into position by a tug; a couple of local craft were edging through the crowd with stores. Only one gangway was available for the troops and they had to walk, laden with equipment, plus two kit-bags, across the water barge and so climb on to the lighters and ferries which came in relays to take the men ashore.

On board all was hurry and everyone was busy—except the more fortunate of the local stevedoring gang, who had managed to elude the cold eye of the English sergeant in charge of them, and lay rolled up asleep behind hatches and in holds and wherever a quiet corner could be found.

In the O.C. troops' day cabin the embarkation staff officer, the trooping officer, the assistant purser and the O.C. troops were discussing details of the next load and the allotment of accommodation. It was a quiet, luxurious room, familiar, it was said, to many lovely film stars, and to many famous but less attractive financial magnates. Now it was the O.C. troops' sanctum, and for a day or two before each voyage it became a busy office, as it was now.

The new load it seemed was an infantry regiment, some artillery and sundry odd units—two thousand or so, plus, said the E.S.O., a thousand Italians. Quite an easy number to fit in. The prisoners could go forward, as usual.

"By the way," said the E.S.O., "the Italians are officers."

"What—all of them?"

"Yes, all but forty or fifty sailors to look after them."

"Well," said the O.C., "that's a bit outside my experience. What do I do with Italian officers?"

"No special instructions," replied the E.S.O., "except that they are to be accommodated in cabins. The shore authorities thought that would be the best way."

The O.C. troops indicated with some heat and great clarity that the shore authorities could think again and that a whole series of unusual phenomena would take place before he would take a thousand prisoners spread all over the ship in cabins. The trooping officer taking the same view, the E.S.O. weakened to the extent of promising to state the case when he went ashore. And ashore he shortly went, dropping the final tit-bit of information that there were two Italian generals coming, who were to be first-class passengers—but, he agreed, still prisoners.

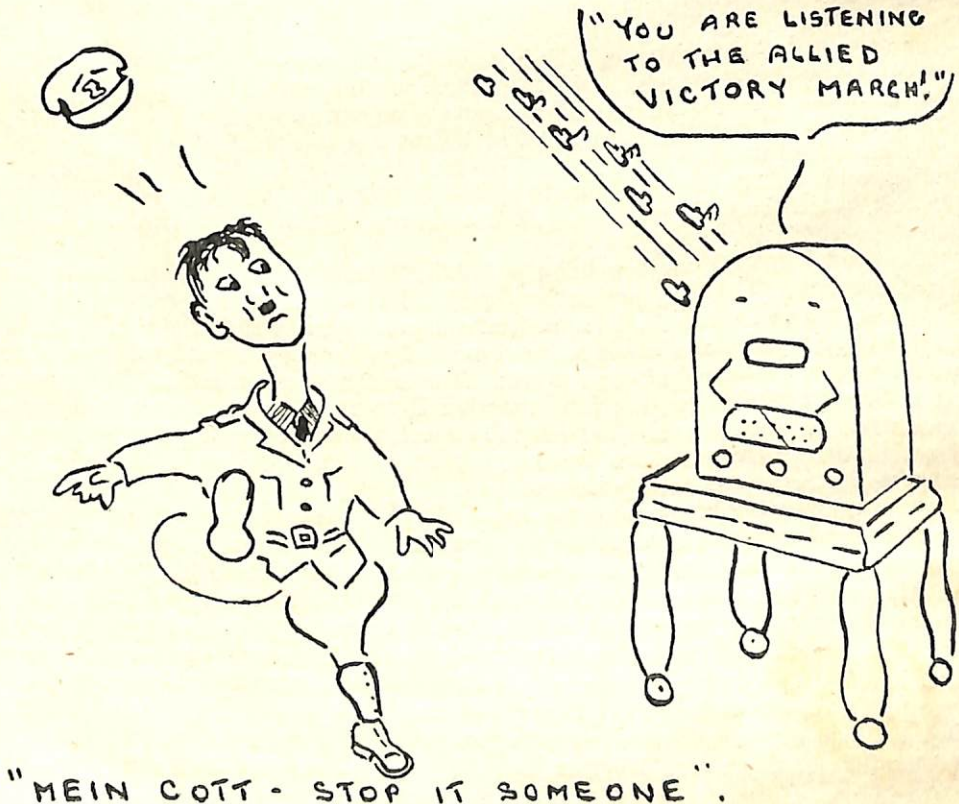
Early next morning, before the unloading of equipment was finished, the new passengers began to come alongside—first the infantry escort, then the prisoners, then the remaining British troops. In the intervals of organizing guides, looking for a likely adjutant and other ship's staff and answering endless questions, the O.C. troops found a few minutes to devote to the Italian generals, who arrived last of their party. The negotiations, conducted in bad French on both sides, attempted to reconcile the status of a prisoner with that of a first-class passenger. The only instrument of reconciliation seemed to be a written parole on the part of the prisoners not to play any tricks while on board; but while the two distinguished prisoners were most willing to state in general terms their good intentions, nothing would induce them to put their names to a document. The

O.C. troops, thinking no worse of them for that, regretted that they must leave the nice cabin he had tentatively given them and move to a much worse one near the troop decks, where—as the staff had now agreed—the other prisoners were to go. “But,” said he, “you are nevertheless first-class passengers and must come to the first-class saloon for meals.” “No,” spoke up the senior general, “we shall take no favours that our officers are not to have. We shall have our meals with them and shall not wish to receive anything better.” Stout fellows, thought the O.C., and went away thinking better of Italians than he had ever had reason to do before.

The embarkation went on, and before long the usual miracle had been accomplished of stowing more men in a given space than ever a slave trader would have thought possible. At noon the Italians took first sitting at dinner in the great saloon, and, after a proper reluctance on the part of commissioned officers to act as mess orderlies, were at last persuaded to sit down and eat the meal when their own people had fetched it. At the top table sat our two generals and several colonels, all resplendent with medal ribbons and all sharing the same meal as the more humble officers. Pretty good for the first day, everyone said, and again thought not too badly of the Italians.

By now the last broken fragments of G.1098 were in the lighters, the last sleeping figures had been kicked out of quiet corners and had just been let down in the last sling. The anchor was up, the E.S.O. was wishing everyone a good trip, and there ran through the ship that exciting tremor that heralds its re-awakening to life—the turbines were turning once again. The O.C. troops, once more, now the shore staff had gone, monarch of all he surveyed, gave a sigh of relief and went down to lunch. And there, in the first-class saloon, tucking into a really first-class lunch, sat our two generals.

G. B. H.



Short Cut.

My position at the bar commanded an uninterrupted view of them as they sat at a small round table. One was a dreary little man with a dull, colourless eye in which both dyspepsia and disillusionment lurked, and the other a massive thick-necked, bowler-hatted individual whose bulging waistcoat served the dual role of ashtray and indicator of its owner's emotions.

"Things," remarked the small man, a trifle grudgingly—"things don't seem to be going too bad just now—in Africa, I mean."

His companion grunted.

"I won't go for to deny," he admitted generously, "that Alexander and Montgomery ain't done a fairly decent job o' work. But it shouldn't have been necessary. That's my point. Look here."

He dipped a huge finger into his beer and drew a pear-shaped outline on the table.

"That's Africa," he announced.

The small man sniffed.

"'Ere's Rommel," went on the other, "and 'ere's us."

"Just outside o' Torbrook?" inquired the small man, studying the diagram.

"It don't signify," the stout one told him. "They can be outside o' Torbrook or any other place. My point is, what's the sense of punchin' a feller on the nose when you can kick 'im in the pants?"

The small man shifted restlessly. His brow clouded. It was obvious that the import of the question eluded him.

"Where's the Fust Army?" he demanded.

"There ain't no Fust Army," replied his companion. "I'm talking about the time before it was invented even. I don't need it."

"Listen," he went on, after a short pause. "What have we been doing? We've been sending tons o' stuff and men right round Africa, ain't we? Tharsands o' miles. Now, if I'd had me way, I wouldn't have done that. I'd have landed here."

His sausage-like finger descended with crushing force on the west coast of Africa and spread a lot of it into the Atlantic.

"Dakar?" hazarded the small man.

"That's right. Dakar."

"But," objected the small man, "the French held it then. They wouldn't let us have it."

The large man's waistcoat rose and fell alarmingly.

"Ho! wouldn't they?" he snarled. "Well, I'd have taken it off 'em—Peetain or no Peetain. I'd have blasted 'em to blazes out of it! There's no kid-glove stuff about me!"

The small man sniffed again and sipped his beer.

"And then what?" he inquired.

Once more the stout man dipped his finger in his beer. Slowly he drew a line diagonally from Dakar across North Africa. A blaze of triumph gleamed in his protuberant eye.

"See what I mean? I'd have gone slap at Rommel's rear. No muckin' and messin' round the Cape of Good 'Ope."

"An' what about the Sahara?" queried the small man.

"Well, what about it?"

"It's a norful place," the small man told him. "Nothink but rocks and sand. Just a 'ell of a lot of damn all. Nothink 'ull grow there."

The stout man heaved an exasperated sigh.

"It's a war I'm runnin'!" he bellowed—"not a perishin' blue-pencilled allotment!"

"There's no roads," persisted the other.

"I'd build 'em."

"An' what about labour?"

The stout one's eye grew bloodshot.

"There's millions o' niggers in Africa, ain't there?" he sneered. "Zulus, Bedwins, Arabs an' such-like. D'ye think I ain't thought it all out?"

"Then there's water," pointed out the other, obstinately. "You've got to have water in them 'ot places, whether you like it or not."

"There's a lake that's full of it," countered the large man, "just there." His finger hovered momentarily, and then plunged down to flood the Belgian Congo in beer. "Lake Chat, or something, it's called."

"Never 'eard of it," said the small man, sceptically.

"Well, it's there," the other assured him vehemently. "It's a big part of me plan. I dunno what I should have done without it."

A short silence fell. The small man gnawed his finger nails as he sought further flaws in the stout one's strategy.

"What about the Jerries an' Wops in Choonisia?" he demanded. "They'd 'ave a smack at you. Not 'arf, they wouldn't!"

The stout man leaned back complacently and inserted his thumb in the armholes of his waistcoat.

"I've thought of that," he conceded graciously. "When I got half way across the Sahara I should detach a couple o' divisions or so to dror them south. Then when me and the Eighth Army had crushed Rommel between us like the 'am in a sangwich, we should rush along the coast 'ere and cop them so-and-sos in the rear."

He held the other transfixed on his triumphant regard.



LONG "I WISH I WAS IN THE SADDLE AGAIN."

SHORT "WHO DID YOU RIDE FOR?"

LONG "WALLS ICE CREAM!"

"A couple o' months," he breathed—"just a couple o' months, I reckon it would take. An' we've been messin' about for years! Makes you think a bit, don't it?"

The critic, convinced at last, sniffed his agreement.

"What beats me," he began, "is why Winnie—"

The fat man checked him abruptly with an upraised hand.

"That'll do!" he said sternly. "I won't have Winston blamed. He's had more to think about than me. No, the real reason why it wasn't done is—"

I finished my drink hurriedly and departed. I knew what was coming. Having seen the Axis crushed in Africa, I was satisfied. I had no desire to witness the rending of the Old School Tie by the same merciless hands.

P. M. L.

Obituary.

We regret to record the following deaths:—

ABRAMS.—In October, 1942, at his home, Millwood Road, Stratford, Ontario, Canada, Capt. Ernest Abrams, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 62. Capt. Abrams was born in Brighouse; his father, the late C/Sgt. George Abrams, who had served in the 49th Regiment, being then an instructor in the 1st Volunteer Battalion of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and about 1894 becoming canteen steward at the Depot, Halifax. Capt. Abrams enlisted in the Regiment as a boy about 1895 and went out to join the 1st Battalion with the draft that was blown up by the Boers near Haman's Kraal in the autumn of 1901. He served with them through the remainder of the South African campaign, and in December, 1902, went out to the 2nd Battalion, then in Calcutta. The remainder of his service was with the 2nd Battalion in India and England, except for three years at the Depot with the 3rd Battalion from 1910 to 1912. He was promoted to R.Q.M.S. of the 2nd Battalion in 1912, and went out to France with them in 1914. In 1916 he was transferred to the 7th Battalion The King's (Liverpool) Regiment as R.S.M. Later he was transferred to the 58th Battalion Machine Gun Corps, and after the Armistice to the 9th Battalion The East Surrey Regiment, then with the Army of Occupation in Germany. He was discharged in 1920, and obtained a post with Messrs. Asquith of Halifax. About 1921 he and his family went out to Canada, where he joined the Queen's York Rangers as captain and quartermaster. He is survived by his wife and two sons.

BRANNON, C.S.M. F. P., see page 7.

CARLILE.—At Bishops Down Grange, Tonbridge Wells, on 26th September, 1942, Colonel Sir E. Hildred Carlile, Bart., C.B.E., T.D., D.L., J.P., at the age of 90. After serving with the 2nd West Yorkshire Yeomanry as a captain, Colonel Carlile was appointed to the command of the 2nd V.B. West Riding Regiment from 1898 to 1904. He was honorary colonel of the 2nd V.B. West Riding Regiment, which later became the 5th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, from 1906 to 1939. He was awarded the Territorial decoration in 1912. Colonel Carlile took a prominent part in the movement that led to the building of the Huddersfield Drill Hall, which is acknowledged to be one of the finest in the country. Until advancing years and ill-health prevented it, Colonel Carlile always took the liveliest interest in everything appertaining to the 5th Battalion, and was a munificent supporter of its activities. His only son was killed in action in 1918.

COOPER.—On 27th July, 1942, in the Middle East, from a gunshot wound, accidentally sustained, Capt. W. H. Cooper, The Green Howards. Capt. Cooper enlisted in the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment at Gosport in 1925, and served with them until 1941, when he was given a commission in The Green Howards. Mr. T. B. Norman (ex-Q.M.S. (O.R.S.) of the 1st Battalion) writes:—"Cooper was very interested

in sport. He was a member of the very successful Battalion cricket team in its tour in Malta, and was on the football league list of referees, having obtained his first appointments for the season the war broke out. He was a very likeable fellow."

EASTWOOD.—On 30th November, 1942, suddenly, at The Beeches, Weaponess Park, Scarborough, Capt. James E. Eastwood, late of Huddersfield, aged 72. Capt. Eastwood served in the 5th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment for many years before the outbreak of the last war. He was in command of "B" Company, which he took out to France in 1915, until invalided to England, and retired soon afterwards. He retained his interest in the doings of all ranks of his old company, and was president of "B" Company annual re-union.

FRICKER.—On 27th July, 1942, after a severe operation, at the Halifax Infirmary, Mr. George Wallace Fricker, late R.F.A. and The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 46. Mr. Fricker was born at Pietermaritzburg on 4th January, 1896. He was the son of Mr. George Fricker, ex-band sergeant of the 2nd Battalion, whose family record was given on page 136 of No. 34, June, 1936, of THE IRON DUKE (see also page 29). He enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery on 2nd September, 1914, but was transferred to the 10th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment at his father's request. He proceeded to France with the Battalion in September, 1915, and took part in the battle of Loos, and was invalided home after four months' service in the front line. He rejoined the 10th Battalion in France in August, 1916, and after 12 months with them was given a commission and posted to the 13th Battalion. He was promoted first lieutenant in December, 1918, and retired in April, 1919, receiving three war medals. He was then employed with Messrs. Ramsden & Sons, brewers, of Halifax. He leaves a widow and four children. A portrait of Lt. Fricker appeared opposite page 136 of No. 34 of THE IRON DUKE.

GRESHAM, Capt. A., see page 7.

HALL.—On 11th September, 1942, at a nursing home in York, Colonel the Rev. S. Howard Hall, T.D., C.F., age 92. Colonel Hall was born at Richmond, Surrey, in 1850, but lived for so long in Yorkshire that he counted himself as a Yorkshireman, and for many years was closely connected with the Regiment. Indeed his interest in it continued up to his death. He was a keen supporter of THE IRON DUKE, and in 1936 contributed a series of articles (Nos. 33, 34 and 35 of THE IRON DUKE) under the title of "Reminiscences of an ex-Territorial Chaplain," besides corresponding frequently with the Editor. His first connection with the Regiment was in 1889, when he was appointed chaplain to the Burley-in-Wharfedale Company of the 3rd Volunteer Battalion West Riding Regiment. He had already had some experience of soldiering, having been a private in the Cambridge University Rifles as early as 1872. In 1908 the 3rd Volunteer Battalion became the 6th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, T.A., and during the years from 1889 until 1915, when the Battalion went overseas, Colonel Hall attended every annual camp. In 1915 he accompanied the Battalion to France, and served with them in the trenches for five months, his age then being 65, retiring in August of that year, and settling at Wakefield, where he continued to live for the rest of his life. He continued chaplain's duties until 1919, and also gave his services during the strike of 1921. In 1925 he consecrated the new Colours presented to the 6th Battalion by the late General Sir Charles Harington at Skipton. He was a life member of the 6th Battalion Old Comrades' Association, and attended their re-unions regularly until about four years ago. Colonel and Mrs. Hall celebrated the 66th anniversary of their wedding in August last. Mrs. Hall only survived her husband for two months; she died on 18th November, 1942.

McCULLY.—On 17th September, 1942, at 51 New North Road, Huddersfield, Dr. A. L. McCully, aged 70. Dr. McCully served in France as medical officer (with the rank of captain) of the 1/5th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment from April, 1915,

to April, 1916, and later was surgeon at No. 56 Casualty Clearing Station from May, 1916, to October, 1918. He always retained his active interest in the Battalion, and was a member of the Old Comrades' Association. He was late corps surgeon to the Huddersfield Division of St. John Ambulance Association, of which he was a life member.

NOWELL.—On 10th April, 1942, killed on active service, Pilot Officer John Sinclair Nowell, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment and R.A.F. Pilot Officer Nowell joined the Royal Artillery, T.A., before the outbreak of war, and served with the Kent A.A. Battery, Dover. In consequence of the good work he did as troop sergeant-major during the Battle of Britain, he was recommended for a commission, and was posted to a battalion of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment in the autumn of 1940. Some time later volunteers were asked for for transfer to the R.A.F., as bomber or fighter pilots, and Lt. Nowell was accepted and got his wings. He was posted to a station in Scotland as a pilot officer instructor, and met his death whilst flying there. His mother, Mrs. Nowell, writes:—"In civil life John was a Government officer and, like many other brave men, scorned a safe job; he could have been exempted from military service, but right from a boy as a Scout he put country first. He was quite sad the day he took off his khaki; he loved his 'Jumbos' and red lanyard of the 'Dukes.'"

PUPLETT.—At Williton, Somerset, on 30th October, 1942, Elizabeth Margaret, widow of the late Sgt. A. Puplett, 33rd Regiment, aged 93 years. She was married at Portsmouth on the strength of the Regiment on 24th May, 1870. She accompanied the Regiment to Aldershot, Colchester and Ireland, and embarked on the troopship H.M.S. *Jumna* for India 28th October, 1875. She was with the Regiment at Kamptee, C.P., and Wellington, Nilgiris, and returned to England on her husband's discharge to pension. Her husband died in October, 1883. She is survived by one son, Charles J. Puplett, who served 21 years with the Dukes and is now living on pension in Nova Scotia, Canada, and four daughters. Mrs. Puplett came of a naval family; her father and four brothers served in the Royal Navy, and four sisters married men of that Service.

ROBERTSON.—On 16th October, 1942, at Huddersfield Royal Infirmary, as the result of an accident, Capt. W. Robertson, M.C., M.B., Ch.B., age 64. Capt. Robertson had been in medical practice in Huddersfield for about thirty years. When the 2/5th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's was formed during the last war he became its first medical officer. He served with the Battalion in France, and was awarded the Military Cross. He took a great interest in the 5th Duke of Wellington's Officers' Dinner Club, and was also a member of the Old Comrades' Association. At the time of his death he was medical officer of a Home Guard battalion in Huddersfield.

SKINNER.—On 1st October, 1942, as the result of an accident, T/Major H. P. Skinner, M.B.E., The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Major Skinner joined the Regiment on 1st September, 1932, as a University candidate, and served with both Battalions. He was on leave from India when war broke out and joined the Depot. When a composite battalion of Yorkshire regiments was formed after Dunkirk, Skinner was appointed adjutant of it, and later was transferred as adjutant to a battalion of The Green Howards. At the time of his death he was second-in-command of this unit. He was to have been married on 2nd October, the day after he met his death. Major S. E. Baker writes:—"Skinner was head boy of the public school at which I was headmaster, and so his death was a very great shock to me. He was a fine fellow, a capable officer, and his death is a great loss to the Regiment."

SKINNER.—About 23rd February, 1942, killed in action in Burma, 2nd Lt. E. J. Skinner, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. 2nd Lt. Skinner was born on 23rd March, 1914, he was commissioned in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment on 21st February, 1941, and joined at the Depot. He sailed for India in July of that year, and joined the — Battalion. He was married on 1st May, 1941, while on embarkation leave. His

mother, Mrs. F. Skinner, and his widow would be very glad of any information, as they have up to date only received the bare War Office notification of his death.

TRAVERS.—On 24th October, 1942, killed in action in the Middle East, Trooper H. J. Travers, Royal Tank Regiment. "Jim" Travers was the only son of the late Major H. P. Travers, 2nd Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, who was killed at Suvla Bay, Gallipoli, whilst serving with the 8th (Service) Battalion in 1915, and of Mrs. Travers. He was born on 2nd November, 1909, and was educated at Wellington College and Cambridge University. He enlisted in the Tanks and enjoyed the life. In his last letter to his mother he wrote:—"Life out here may be pretty grim, nasty and brutish it unquestionably is at times, but it develops a spirit of comradeship and mutual generosity which is unique in my experience, and which it was certainly worth coming out here to find."

TRAVIS.—In March, 1942, killed in action in Burma, Lt. O. E. M. Travis, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

WILLIAMS.—On 17th September, 1942, accidentally killed on active service in Great Britain, Lt. Roger Anthony (Tony) Williams, R.A., aged 22 years. Lt. Williams was the only son of Capt. and Mrs. C. A. W. Williams, Gynn House, Honley, near Huddersfield. He was commissioned to the 5th Duke of Wellington's A.A. Battalion in 1938 and was mobilised with that unit in August, 1939. Later he formed part of a cadre sent to form another S.L. regiment of the Royal Artillery, where he met his death. His father served in the 5th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment throughout the last war. The funeral took place with full military honours on 22nd September, 1942.

[We are indebted to several of our readers for some of the above details of service, and offer them our grateful thanks. It is becoming increasingly difficult to get such information and we depend to a great extent on the relatives and friends of those who have passed on to give us the necessary information to enable obituary notices to be compiled. We regret any omissions that have occurred in this and past numbers of THE IRON DUKE.—ED.]

Notice.

Mrs. W. M. Watson, Munstead Oaks, Godalming, Surrey, is anxious to obtain a copy of No. 27 (February, 1934) of THE IRON DUKE. As this number is out of print, will any reader who may have a spare copy please send it to Mrs. Watson at the above address?

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