

No.55 June 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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2nd BATTALION RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM.
Winners of the Army Rugby Cup, England, 1907.



Cpl. FINNIGAN, Pte. SWIFT, Pte. DAVEY, Lt. THOMPSON, Pte. GARSIDE, Pte. MARTIN, Cpl. FLAHERTY.
Lt. EGERTON, L/Cpl. RAMSDEN, Pte. GILLGALLEN, Sgt. DENTON, Drm. CURTIS, Pte. GODDING, Pte. LISTER.
Pte. T. LISTER, Pte. BROWN.

THE IRON DUKE

EDITORIAL.

The inadequate sketch in our last Editorial of the prospect of the dawn of Victory was a correct forecast of what is now an accomplished fact ; and with the stirring news from North Africa of the total defeat of the Axis forces, the sky has lightened ; and, as Field-Marshal Smuts has expressed it, this is the Beginning of the End.

With the approach of what may be even more momentous events the need for Security is even greater than in the past, and this alone prevents our publishing news of what our Battalions are doing. We regretfully therefore have to go to press with very little Regimental News, but we hope that before long we shall be allowed to publish news of the part units of the Regiment are playing in this great struggle for the defeat of Hitler and his satellites.

It seems an appropriate time now, when the Country is being urged to support the Wings for Victory Campaign, to publish, on a later page, the exploits of a young airman who has gained many distinctions, Wing-Commander D. E. Gillam, son of a past officer of the Regiment.

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.

REGIMENTAL NEWS

We are sorry that this is the first news of us that has reached THE IRON DUKE for such a long time, with the exception of that very excellent article by "Bill" Skinner, who, to our great regret, had to leave us at Cape Town. To make an excuse for ourselves, our minds have been so over-burdened with new ideas, that any literary effort would probably have flooded us!

The delights (which we had heard about before we came out, but which we have yet to contact) of India should have been ours for a year now. We spent some eight months in the vicinity about which Colonel "Blimp" has sadly misled the world. Glad to be free from its convention-bound throes, we set forth on a little road trip of well over a thousand miles.

The Battalion, as it was in England, is somewhat changed in personnel. Additions and subtractions among the officers and other ranks have moulded it into its present form. Among the officers, though a good many of the old Battalion remain, there are as many new faces; among the warrant officers and other ranks there are some distinguished new arrivals.

SPORT.

The tradition of the "Immortals" has not been forgotten by us in the field of sport. In the Army football tournament we have made our way to the semi-finals—through various reasons the tournament cannot be continued, however. Cpl. Kaye at centre-half makes a stalwart and far-seeing captain with a strong team to support him.

Our cricket team some months ago had some excellent matches. Trevitt kept wicket with great skill, and Peter Buckland's bowling gave him the distinction of being chosen to play in the Pentagular.

At hockey we reached a very reasonable standard, for few people knew the game when we first arrived. Recently we have been able to play one or two rugger matches though the season is now nearly over. Unfortunately Alan Bucknall is in hospital as the result of a fall, and owing to so many cuts going septic we doubt if we shall have many more games.

OFFICERS' MESS.

"Stebbo" and Alex Luhrs are long-standing majors by now, and the second-in-command is with us as ever. Alan Bucknall's inventions are still startling us and corps commanders alike, and G.H.Q. seem to have taken up some of the great ideas, which are, as always, nearly all connected with bangs and explosives! Bob Burton has now taken on the job of adjutant in place of Alec Morgan-Kilner, who has gone on to the higher call of a Staff College. The three "Joes" are still going strong, though Plush has kept off the liquor for a record time now—it's said he is saving up to get married! The "Bish" and "Joe Soap" have been hitting the high spots, but it doesn't seem to have affected their capacity at all. Ken ("Joe Egg") Robson still holds the fort of "A" and David "Bucket" of the fiery hair, has just returned from a month's leave in that officers' paradise. We are surprised his hair has retained its colour. "Cookie" still quotes the Bolivian cavalry and Chilean navy to us, but as P.R.I. he has to concentrate on more monetary matters, he has been very quiet since his leave too! Roy Crawshaw is inseparable from his (second) monkey, and Mike Rawlins, we learn, has acquired a snake, which he has graced with the name of "Creepy"! Mike Girling keeps disappearing on leave—we hear things are progressing favourably.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

When one considers that our last contribution was despatched from the wilds (*sic*) the most difficult task would seem to be keeping this one short, but it just ain't!

It is impossible to keep track of arrivals and departures. We are continually welcoming new members and saying good-bye sometimes to old ones. At the time of going to press, we still have with us R.S.M. Varley, S.Ms. Gill, Beech, Hammond, Woolner, R.Q.M.S. Quirk and, of course, one of the "Old Brigade," the ever green "Bertie" Hemblys.

Best wishes for 1943 to all brother Messes and an early re-union, *but* at an O.C.A. dinner!

D.W.R. Infantry Training Centre.**OFFICERS' MESS.**

The "whisperings" we overheard in the Mess on the eve of our last notes bore fruit in the shape of a huge Christmas party which turned out to be a great success. After a splendid dinner we were entertained to a charade which provided plenty of amusement. In one scene whilst "Titus" Oattes attempted to put Bill Skinner through "squares" Peter K. carried on an imaginary conversation with an A.T.S. at the War Office, which leads one to suppose that he had taken pains to practise the scene! The *piece-de-resistance* came, however, when John Horsfall admirably represented a "pukka wallah" falling off an elephant. The tiger got him! After all that we resumed a more even existence, until lately when we returned some hospitality and entertained the Sergeants' Mess.

More recently still we had the pleasure of seeing the Colonels of two Regiments at dinner together, with other guests. The occasion was the formal visit of the Colonel of another Regiment, whom we were very honoured to meet for the first time.

Since your correspondent heaved a sigh of relief at the conclusion of his last outpourings, a number of new faces have been seen in the Mess. A number of old faces have also been lost sight of. Of the former we welcome Donald McGuffog "Duggie" King, Jack Lawson, Colin Hill (the immortal), Sanderson, Bedford, Wilcock, Mitchell and O'Sullivan—these last two from O.C.T.U. Among the latter, gone, though not forgotten, are Jimmy Ogden, Peter Green, Jack Robertson and Alex Peebles. Peter Green departed in a blaze of glory in the shape of a cocktail party at which he and Peter K. did the honours.

Of the imperishables—or old faces that persist—"Tuppence" and "Creepy" are still to be seen. The former is still the first to see his jokes and the latter is still the last! Freddie Pearse still appears occasionally out of "F for Fox" Company, whilst Ken Whitehead and Peter Garnett are heard to echo in the main hall.

Some of us have been here so long that a facial resemblance to the fauna adorning the Mess walls is becoming daily more apparent! Your correspondent records with gratitude that the sporting proclivities of our "head" hunters did not include—an ass.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Since the last issue we have experienced rather a quieter time than usual, owing to pressure of work. We have however made time for our normal dances and Sunday evening socials, which have been very successful and have been enjoyed by a great number of members and their friends, who in some cases have had to make long treks home in the early hours of the morning. In what "spirits" is the question!

A most pleasant evening has been spent again in the Officers' Mess in the form of a games evening. Now that the better weather is approaching we are looking forward

to some village green cricket, and hope this year to get our revenge against the officers and corporals, who last year beat us badly.

Congratulations to R.S.M. French on his promotion. We wish him, C.S.M. Honeybell and all others who have left us all the best of luck, and welcome in turn C.S.Ms. Robinson, Duncanson, Sgt. Wood, L/Sgt. Gill and many others to the fold. We also wish all our old mess-mates wherever they may be the best of luck. The time is drawing near when we hope to renew many old acquaintances. Unfortunately many have departed from our midst but the old memories will ever remain with us, and we offer our sincere sympathy to those they leave behind.

CORPORALS' MESS.

The Mess has just spent a very successful winter quarter. Activities have been many and various, most notable being the socials held every second week. We have a great array of talent, and there is never any difficulty in getting plenty of "turns." A dance held in the cinema to the tune of the Dukes' band was acclaimed by many as the best we have ever had and undoubtedly it was a great success. An inter-company snooker competition evoked a great amount of interest and friendly rivalry, "D" Company defeating "E" Company in the final. Whist drives, tombolas, dart competitions, etc., have all helped to build up a grand spirit of friendliness among members.

At the moment we are very busy selecting a soccer team to defeat the sergeants when we meet them in the near future. We are also looking forward to an excellent evening with them as our guests after the match.

We give our heartiest congratulations to all of our members who have been promoted to higher ranks, and also to our new members who have joined us. There are many who have left us for other stations and the best wishes of the Mess go with them.

SPORTS NOTES.

RUGBY.—The rugger team has almost completed a very successful season, having so far won 18 out of 21 matches played. Such success has been attributable to a most enthusiastic side, the energy of Peter Green and a host of stalwart supporters, chief of whom have been John Horton, "Nick" Carter and C.S.Ms. Reed and Stork.

Our forwards have been variable and their success has been largely due to the consistent good playing of a few of the pack. Sgt. Beddows as "hooker" has been outstanding, and Peter Green, "Big Hector" Wilson and Pte. Bailes have all played some fine games.

The scrum half, Sgt. Huckstep, has played consistently well, and has been of great help to the three-quarters. Without doubt the best of these have been the two sergeants—John Sergeant and L/Cpl. Sargeant—who have been responsible between them for a greater part of the tries scored. "Freddie" Pearse, Sgt. Anderson and Cpl. Milner have all played well, whilst in the earlier part of the season Pte. Millen as right wing three was in a class by himself.

Space does not allow mention of more names and details but the keynote of our success has been the excellent team work of all who have played. They are all to be congratulated on an excellent season. The Second XV has been less fortunate but has won three out of eight games played.

SOCCER.—Soccer has again provided very keen competition. Specialist Company finished top although very hard pressed by "D" Company. "H.Q.," "A," "D" and "E" Companies, in the top half of the company league, have changed places several times, "H.Q." Company finally securing second place. Depot Company are to be congratulated on consistently playing a good side though very handicapped by a changing population.

The I.T.C. team has again been most successful. We won the Area Cup final after some very hard fights in the qualifying rounds, and finished up with a very hard battle with an R.A.C. XI whom we beat five goals to four. We are still in the local Hospital Cup and meet a local team in the semi-finals in the near future. Some good games have been played against the local Colleges and University, all of which we have won.

Altogether soccer has gone well—a very enjoyable season. This in large measure is due to our indefatigable Q.M. "Oswald" Pearson and Jack Robertson and a host of other keen supporters.

BOXING.—Great interest is shown in boxing throughout the I.T.C. The boxing team won through to the finals and were only narrowly beaten by an R.A.C. team, whose football team we beat in the soccer finals.

Throughout the competition we were well served by Dukes. Cpl. Taylor, L/Cpl. Johnson and L/Cpl. Marsden all did well, the first two winning every contest in which they took part. The same two boxers were then chosen to represent the Area in the semi-final of the inter-area competition, and they have just been selected again for the finals.

Cpl. Taylor, one of the country's leading middle-weights, has been in great demand in individual contests and in representing the Northern Command against the R.A.F. and the Northern Counties A.B.A. He fought very well in the Northern Command championships held at York in February, and only lost in the final to his old opponent and Army champion, S. I. Shackleton.

The novices' inter-company individual competition has aroused great enthusiasm. The C.O. very kindly put up a trophy for novices' inter-company boxing. This is held for three months only. Specialist Company were the first holders but had to yield to "B" Company in the second tournament. The third tournament saw a splendid tussle between "B," "D" and Specialist Companies, and amid great excitement the trophy again changed hands—this time to "D" Company. Here the matter rests at present. Whatever the contestants lacked in skill they certainly made up for in enthusiasm and their obvious keenness to give and take made good watching.

ATHLETICS.—In this field of sport the chief events this winter have been a cross-country run competition and a road walk competition. Here again Specialist and "D" Companies have shown their mettle. Specialist Company "ran away" with the cross-country trophy, pursued by "D" Company, who came in second. Specialist Company also "walked off" with the road walk, again pursued by "D" Company, who just failed to catch up.

Courses were tough on all occasions and the weather, being most variable, has not made the going easier. Distances have been $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles for the cross-country and $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles for the road walk. Best times have been 22 and 66 minutes respectively. Congratulations to Specialist and "D" Companies on an excellent performance.

COMPANY NOTES.

SPECIALIST COMPANY.—The only newcomers to the Company since the last issue have been Lt. McGuffog, who is now O.C. Carriers, and Sgt. Wood, who comes to us from one of our Regular battalions. We are a large family nowadays and serious training occupies most of our time, but we have found sufficient time to ensure the capture of certain sports events, notably cross-country running, road walking and soccer. The permanent staff also enjoyed an evening out and a visit to the Christmas pantomime at the nearest city. More recently they held a smoking (etc.) concert at a local hostelry, which was a great success and enjoyed by everyone except the Company Commander, Major "Bill" S., who shocked everyone by joining the Blue Ribbon Brigade!

Our carrier pigeons are very busy just now and applications for a maternity ward are getting really overwhelming! In fact, the pigeon C.S.M. is finding it almost impossible to provide the pigeoneer with a duty roster.

"C" COMPANY.—Two notable changes have taken place since our last notes. We have lost our company commander, Captain Peter Green. He will be greatly missed by us and by the I.T.C. rugger team. In his place has come Captain Colin Hill, whose broad Yorkshire humour has already pervaded the company lines.

C.S.M. Honeybell's short stay has been a "sweet" one. He will be remembered if only because of the huge cane he carried. He has been succeeded by C.S.M. Duncanson, a former member of the Company at—you know where. The presence of the latter in the soccer team has already yielded good results—we've won a match! We wish all four good luck.

C.Q.M.S. Hickox continues to glare defiance at our G.S.C. recruits. He keeps giving them an advance—by the right! One poetical member of the Company on pay parade was heard to murmur, "Have mercy, Percy!"

Our team in the I.T.C. road walking and cross-country events did fairly well considering the numbers on our strength at the times they took place. We gained second place in the last road walk.

We continue to turn out millions of troops to beat the Boche—soon.

"D" COMPANY.—And a voice from afar saith to the multitude, "Poles shall be white-washed," and verily it was so. And it came to pass that the "Burma Road" was in need of repair, and the 25 per cent. did go forth nightly, and there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, but verily, verily it was so.

With clockwork regularity our intakes come and go, consequently training has reached a new high standard of speed and perfection. We find relaxation in sport of even greater variety. We boast a good side at soccer, rugger, road walkers and cross-country runners, not forgetting our barrack room sports—*i.e.*, dry scrubbing. Our soccer team is the best we have had, and is giving the corps training companies something to worry about. The I.T.C. runs find us always in the first three. Our boxing element once again gave a fine show, with a smashing win by seven clear points.

Few changes have taken place since our last issue. We welcome Lt. "Duggie" King and 2nd Lt. Wilcock. We did say hello to Lt. Diggle, but he went away again, much to our and his regret. Jean, the A.T.S. clerk, is a new addition to our administrative staff. With Jean and Jock from Scotland, and C.Q.M.S. "Busty" from Ireland, a mere Englishman must tread with caution. After all two of Scotch and one of Irish is enough for any man, especially in one glass! Even Captain John Horsfall retires to his sanctum where English is still the vulgar tongue. Sgt. Caddick from one of our Battalions moans about his Plymouth Rocks of which he has only one pair. He still thinks P.1954 is a quarter bloke's rifle number.

To all Dukes and friends the best of luck.

"F" COMPANY.—Last time we submitted our manuscript to a perspiring sub-editor we were writing our first notes. Then we were a new and good company. Now we are an older and better company.

Captain Freddie Pearse still commands. Unfortunately, however, he no longer commands Freddie Company, because some wicked person has changed our name to Fox Company! We welcome Lt. "Sandy," but regretted to see 2nd Lt. Alex Peebles go. Good luck to him.

"Matty" the C.S.M. and "Big Hector," who both hail from over the border, are considering changing their regiments to the Dukes—their language will never change! Not forgetting Todd Sloane the "Q," who has violent headaches when things start moving—*i.e.*, draughts in and drafts out.

We welcome two newcomers, Cpls. Hughes and Field, and hope that their stay in Freddie Company—sorry, Fox Company—will be a long one. Cpls. Schofield and Horner have recently been promoted to the dizzy heights of A/Cpl. We heartily congratulate those two hard-working N.C.Os.

"G" COMPANY.—This is our first appearance in these notes. Last time it was "F" Company, now it's us. We are a beautifully new company. So far only one bottle of ink has been spilled on the company commander's table and our files look nice and new. Besides which we are in the happy position of not having lost anything, and if we have no one has had time to find out about it.

Our company commander, when not i/c entertainments, is Captain John Steele. Lt. Peter Garnett is also here with 2nd Lt. Sullivan—also beautifully new. We did have Lt. Jack Robertson, but he was spirited away. Good luck to you.

Sgt. French came to us to help us start, and got himself made a C.S.M. and then an R.S.M. He has left behind such a legacy of red paint, Regimental crests and badges, and there is no mistaking where we begin and where we end. Even the dustbins stand to attention on a C.O.'s inspection! Good luck, "Frenchie," wherever you are. You did us proud. C.S.M. Robinson takes his place. With his arrival the A.F.W.3005 becomes a prelude in D. "Topper," hot from India, keeps purse, and the rest of the picture is a bunch of fine N.C.Os. who are rapidly turning out brand new Dukes.

OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS

During the period 1st July, 1942, to mid-April, 1943, the number of cases assisted was as follows :—

Name of Fund.	Number of Cases.	Amounts Granted.
		£ s. d.
O.C.A.	28	41 18 2
Battalion Charitable Fund	3	34 10 0
Battalion Fund	4	4 2 6
(Service) Battalion Fund	—	Nil
(Service) Battalion Fund	—	Nil
Mitchell Trust Fund	2	9 0 0
Total ...		£89 10 8

The amount granted from the Battalion Charitable Fund includes £25 expended for the Christmas tea, etc., given to the married families of that Battalion.

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.

Wing-Commander D. E. Gillam, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, A.F.C., R.A.F.

In the *Times* of 22nd January, 1943, an account was given of the successes of the new Typhoon fighter aircraft, and it was mentioned that the first Typhoon Wing was formed and led by Wing-Commander D. E. Gillam.

Our readers will be interested in a few details of this very gallant officer's career. Denys Edgar Gillam is the second son of Major and Mrs. T. H. J. Gillam, of North Grimston, Malton, Yorkshire. Major Gillam served in the 2nd Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment from 1907 till 1919, and saw active service in France. On retirement he entered the business of his father-in-law, the late Mr. H. J. Homfray, of Halifax.

Denys Gillam was born in 1915 and joined the R.A.F. in 1935. In June, 1938, he was awarded the A.F.C. for carrying much needed supplies of food by 'plane to Rathlin Island off the coast of Northern Ireland, when the inhabitants had been isolated by gales for three weeks, no boats being able to approach the island. He had to make two journeys from Northern Ireland in terrible weather conditions.

In November, 1940, as a flight lieutenant, he was awarded the D.F.C.; the official citation reads:—"This officer has been responsible for the destruction of seven enemy aircraft and probably four more, and has damaged six."

Another of his exploits was the shooting down of one of a large force of Messerschmitts with which he was engaged. His own aircraft caught fire, and he descended by parachute, and returned to his station in time to lead the next patrol. On another occasion he shot down a Junkers and landed within eleven minutes from taking off.

In October, 1941, he received a bar to the D.F.C. for distinguished service against enemy shipping. It was reported that his squadron had carried out twenty-four sorties against enemy shipping in which eleven ships were destroyed, five left burning and eighteen damaged. Squadron-Leader Gillam led the squadron on ten of these sorties.

On 23rd November, 1941, his 'plane was shot down over France and he had to bale out into the sea, after sustaining gun-shot wounds in his left arm, right leg, and left thumb.

In November, 1941, he was awarded the D.S.O. The official citation reads:—"This officer has led the squadron with conspicuous success against enemy shipping, which, escorted by armed ships, were passing through the Straits of Dover. He has participated in every attack and has displayed fine leadership and enterprise. Throughout, Squadron-Leader Gillam has displayed great daring, and he has set a magnificent example, which has undoubtedly contributed materially to the notable successes achieved."

Wing-Commander Gillam's elder brother, Jim, served at one time in a Battalion of the Duke's and is now with the R.A.C. His sister is assistant adjutant of a R.A.F. unit.

Our Contemporaries.

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



The Prime Minister with Squadron-Leader (now Wing-Commander) D. E. Gillam, D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar, A.F.C., on the occasion of his visit to No. 615 Fighter Squadron, of which he is honorary Air Commodore.

13 Roman Catholic

Enlisted for the 33 Regiment of Foot on the 28th 1858 at Newry St. in the County of Down at the age of 18 years in months, born in the Parish of St. Peter in or near the Town of St. Peter in the County of Down

Trade or Calling Labourer

Last permanent Residence, Down

Size 5 Feet 4 Inches.

Complexion Fair

Eyes Blue

Hair Brown

Marks None

Services (if any) prior to his Enlistment into 33 Regt. 1st

A Soldier is not to marry without a written sanction, obtained from his Commanding Officer. Should he marry without this sanction, his Wife will not be allowed in Barracks, nor to follow the Regiment, nor will she participate in the indulgences granted to the Wives of other Soldiers.

Soldier's Number. 375

Every Soldier is to communicate to his Friends the number by which he is known in the Regiment, and to acquaint them, that in all inquiries which they make after him, whether addressed to the Regiment or to the War-Office, they are to state such number.

Soldier's Signature. James Morgan

Whenever a Soldier who cannot write makes his mark in acknowledgment of having received Pay or Allowances, &c., such Mark is to be attested.

Station	Year	Account of		
STATEMENT of the Balance of Account on the expiration of each Monthly Period, as shown in the Troop or Company's Ledger.				
Month.	Amount due to	Amount due from	Officer's Signature to Credit	Soldier's ditto to Debit.
January	<u>Hyman</u>	<u>Hyman</u>		
February				
March	<u>11 1/2</u>		<u>J. Morgan</u>	
April	<u>11 6-11/2</u>		<u>J. Morgan</u>	
May	<u>11 1/2</u>		<u>J. Morgan</u>	
June	<u>11 1/2</u>		<u>J. Morgan</u>	
July	<u>11 1/2</u>		<u>J. Morgan</u>	
August	<u>11 9/2</u>		<u>J. Morgan</u>	
September	<u>11 5/2</u>		<u>J. Morgan</u>	
October	<u>11 1/2</u>		<u>J. Morgan</u>	
November	<u>11 1/2</u>		<u>J. Morgan</u>	
December	<u>11 1/2</u>		<u>J. Morgan</u>	
Clothing Account of		<u>Hyman</u>		
Articles of Clothing.		Date when received by the Soldier.	Signature of the Soldier.	
<u>Hyman</u>		<u>Hyman</u>	<u>Hyman</u>	
<u>1 per 1000</u>		<u>1858</u>	<u>Hyman</u>	
<u>1/2</u>			<u>Hyman</u>	

A Soldier of the Sixties.

It is a far cry from the Crimea to the present day, and the soldier to-day lives and fights under very different conditions; how different, we scarcely realise until we see a record of the period, such as the pay-book here illustrated, once the property of Band-Corporal T. Horgan of the 33rd Regiment, who enlisted in 1858, three years after the close of the Crimean war and six years after the death of the Duke of Wellington.

The pay-book states that Timothy Horgan, labourer, of County Cork, aged 18 years, enlisted at Worship Street, Middlesex, on 26th February, 1858, in the 33rd Regiment of Foot (although the 33rd had received the title of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment in 1853 this is not shown in the book, the old number only being given throughout) and received a cash bounty of £3 and a "free kit at the public expense." His regimental number was 375, a reminder that at that date many regiments counted an establishment of no more than 700 rank and file. From '58 to '61 Pte. Horgan was stationed at Fermoy. He signs, in the same month of joining, for the issue of a pair of boots, ditto trousers, a tunic and a shako. (This last had a singularly low monetary value, for in '61 we find him signing again for receipt of 2/6 "compensation in lieu of Chaco." The shako survived, with various modifications, until 1880, when it gave way to the helmet.) In April of each following year he gets a new issue of each item except headgear. There is one entry of an advance of £1 18s. 8d. when going on furlough, and then in August, '61, "on board ship" is marked across the pay sheet of this and the two following months. The 33rd spent twelve weeks at sea, and in November Captain Badgely writes down "landing in Bombay" under Pte. Horgan's foreign service section. There seems to have been no issue of thinner clothing for troops in tropical climates, for Pte. Horgan's issue in April is no different from that of England save for "one helmet" of which no details are given. His pay has changed to rupees, and from evidence at the end of the book he started a savings account, lauded, in the preface, as an "encouragement to habits of temperance and economy."

The Regiment left Bombay for Poona in '62 and remained there until '67, when they moved to Kurrachee. There is little in the pay-book except the inscription of various amounts of compensation received by Horgan for bedding, etc.; his savings account shows a slow but steady increase. In '67 the trouble between the British Government and Theodore, King of Kings of Abyssinia, reached its climax, and in November of that year the 33rd left Kurrachee under the command of Lt.-Col. Dunn, V.C., as part of Napier's expeditionary force against the Monarch. Captain Campbell marks the landing of the Regiment in Abyssinia on the 28th December in Cpl. Horgan's book, and it is his hand which later notes the award to him of the Abyssinia medal.

It is hardly necessary to detail the assault on Magdala itself in which the 33rd played so notable a part, and in which Pte. Bergin and Drummer Magner both gained the V.C. for their brilliant and determined breaching of the main gate, for the story is known to every student of the Regiment's history; but those who sigh over the campaigning hardships of a modern army may take salutary note of the difficulties endured by Napier's force fighting in some of the hardest country in the world, where horse and mule transport together lay down and died from exhaustion. Elephants were used for the transport of mountain guns, and the 33rd laboured at track, for it could hardly be called road, making, a contemporary report commenting on the men's "addiction to strong language when so engaged." They covered, according to the marches listed in Captain Fawcett's notebook, 397 miles, from the Red Sea to Magdala, and they marched the same distance back when it came to re-embarkation. In September, '68, back in England, they received their reward, when the Queen approved of Abyssinia being borne as a battle honour on the Colours.

The troops were refitted on their return home, for at Portsmouth in the beginning of '69 Cpl. Horgan received two pairs of boots, one pair of cloth and one pair of serge

trousers, a tunic, and a "headdress and ball." In '71 the Regiment moved to Aldershot, and here the record ends, for the pay-book contains no entries after August of that year. According to Cpl. Horgan's step-son, Mr. Green, himself an ex-serviceman and now a War Office messenger, by whose kindness the book is lent, his step-father was injured by a kick from a mule, and left the Regiment after twelve years' service.

Here it is of interest to note the section at the beginning of the pay-book, covering extracts from the articles of war, will forms, personal details of the man to whom it belonged, and a section on pensions, good conduct pay and gratuities. The gulf between past and present pay scales for the soldier is underlined by the information here printed that a disability pension for a private commenced at 8d. a day, or 1s. daily for an N.C.O., whilst a gratuity could only be earned by 21 years' infantry or 24 years' cavalry service, without any conviction by court-martial during the period, and with a record of irreproachable conduct, and then amounted to no more than £15 for a sergeant and £5 for a private. The extreme smallness of the sums granted was due to the fact that a regiment with a strength of 700 was allowed no more than £30 per annum for allocation in gratuities, whilst for a smaller number the allotment was reduced to £20 per annum.

The Articles of War include a reminder to the soldier that grave crimes could have a court-martial award of transportation for life, and promise strong penalties for "vice, intemperance and misconduct." The soldier was, however, also reminded that he had the right of complaint over any matter "if he conceives himself aggrieved" and may "address himself to the Captain of his Company . . . his tone being temperate and respectful." He is asked to note also that good conduct pay is 1d. daily after five years' service and two years without inscription in the defaulters' book, and that this is increased to 2d. daily after ten years' service.

We may, by contemporary standards, think these rewards pitiful in their scope for men who faced the hazards of war and served long terms far from their home and country, but the pay-book is insistent in its emphasis that it is the service and not the reward which counts, for in its first words, which will also be our concluding ones, it says that the "principal object of this Book is that the Soldier may have a record . . . of good and faithful Service" and that in "the event of a Soldier dying in the Service his book will be forwarded to his relations if they desire it . . . and . . . will contain a record of distinguished acts of Bravery and will remain an honourable memorial of his character and conduct."

C. R. G. A.

Prize Essay Competition on Industrial Design.

An essay competition on industrial design, open to members of H.M. Forces of either sex, is announced by the Royal Society of Arts.

Competitors are asked to give, in not more than 2,000 words, a reasoned scheme as to practical steps to be taken (a) to increase the general appreciation by the public of well-designed things, and (b) to improve the method of education and training of those who desire to become designers for industry. No mention must be made of weapons of war, equipment, etc.

The first prize is for £20, the second for £10, and the third for £5.

Essays must reach the Secretary, Royal Society of Arts, "Westfield," Purley, Reading, Berks, not later than 1st August, 1943. Army competitors must send their essays through their commanding officers.

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.

REGIMENTAL CLERICHEWS.

Colonels Burnett and Pickering
Permit no bickering,
But maintain perfect peace
Betwixt Tyne and Tees.



Major-General Ozanne
Said " I'm going out to make a plan.
If anything important's on,
Ring me at Worplesdon."



Brigadier Grimes
Subscribed to the *Times*,
And read the leader daily
Grimly but gaily.

Editor Trench
Would be an ornament to the Bench
With his mental agility
Reinforced by Lucy-dity.



Pip Naylor
Was cut out to be a sailor.
Instead he's the life and soul
Of Movement Control.



O. P.



A FULL CORPORAL

Emergency Exercise.

I entered the lounge of the New Stanley as the sirens began beeping for the fifth time that morning and thought Nairobi was going to be a hell of a place for an Imperial on leave. I toyed with the idea of cancelling my room and going up country to a very pleasant farm I knew. I would appreciate the situation over a drink. If the sirens sounded the all clear soon . . .

Veering towards a John Collins, I was arrested in my flight by an unmistakable odour of ducal sanctity. It disturbed the workings of grey matter ; it intruded on my recollections of the pleasant farm at Limuru ; it thrust itself upon me, receded and focussed itself into a Cap. A Duke's Cap.

I jinked between the tables and the white-kanzaed waiters and sat down beside The Cap.

"Morning. You a Duke?"

"Yerss." The owner of The Cap shook himself into a simulation of interest, but I could see he was too far gone to be much use ever again. I glanced at the armband and murmured "Staff?" He sighed, nodding. We exchanged banalities. At last he leaned over and his tache quivered with the responsibility of closely-guarded secrets.

"The Japs invaded Portuguese East this morning ; Madagascar went last night. That's what all this is for, old man—just a blind—avoid panic!" He waved his hand at the posters announcing the Exercise.

"No!" I said.

"Yerss, and the West Coast has gone Axis except for Sierra Leone." He leaned forward and added "The White Man's Grave!" as an afterthought. I got up, badly shaken.

"Excuse me a minute. I've got to make a call." I backed away and left him sipping sadly at his noggin.

Once at the telephone booth I bolted myself in and rang the Police.

"Hello, Police?" I said, "I say, there's a staff officer here giving away pretty frightful information ; careless talk and all that. Can you do anything?" They couldn't and suggested I approach the Military. I shuttled through a maze of telephone extensions at Headquarters.

"Hello," I said, "I. Branch, Special? There's a fellow who purports to be a staff officer in the lounge here, giving away the most appalling information."

"Thin sort of chappie with a droopy tache and armband?" said I. Branch, Special.

"Yes, yes," I almost choked, "Are you on to him?"

A chuckle came over the wire. I was going mad. Africa had got me.

"That's all right. It's Percy Porncliffe." [the name is fictitious] "Jolly good chap. His job is . . ." (I. Branch, Special, rustled the pages of a document I guessed was Emergency Exercise Regulations) ". . . er, yes, here we are. 'Spreading Alarm and Despondency'; but thanks all the same."

I wandered back to the lounge. The Cap was there, but the owner was leaning over a couple of South African Fanys in the corner. His tache positively trembled as I passed on my way to the bar.

". . . women and young girls . . ." I heard him say. "The yellow rats got Kilimanjaro this morning!"

Sic Virtutis Fortuna Comes, I thought.

Ichabod.

I went to my farm.

J. H. E. S.

D

"To Be or Not to Be" or "Little By Little."

A SYMBOLICAL TRAGI-COMEDY IN ONE DAMN LONG ACT.

THE CAST.

Major Flagshore	An anxious aviator
Eric	A tubular tycoon
James	A horse coper
Jehovah	A Hill God
The Faery Prince	A Nathan, not a Pathan
Ned Sparkes	Successor to Squeers
James Landlost	An old retainer
Tadge	}	Heavenly twins by Thor out of ROR
Tara		
Jean Artier	A bald-headed French anarchist
Snakehips Chisenhall	A courtier
Tow 'em in Ted	An old lag
O Lunn	A Chinese statistician
Tol Lee	A harassed accountant
Sarnt Curzon	A master gunner
Sarnt Turton	An old pioneer and anarchist's mate
Sarnt Blister	A motor-cyclist
Doctor Thornton	A medical menace
Witnesses to Jehovah, Servants, Cooks, Bottlewashers, Soldiers, a Village Idiot.						

SCENE THE FIRST.

The scene is set symbolically. A flat and desolate countryside ; up left three goats are eating a pile of brand new boots. Pinned to the backcloth are Members' lists of twenty-three working-men's clubs. Suspended mid-stage a battered trombone and three pints of bad beer. A crowd of women wait in a queue outside a door marked Star Hall.

As the curtain rises, Jean Artier is scrutinising a tree-stump. With him, carrying slabs of gun-cotton, is Sarnt Turton.

JEAN ARTIER : Six pound. Enough, think thee, good Turton ?

TURTON : Nay, mak' it ten.

(They start packing the gun-cotton in holes round the tree stump. Jean Artier laughs a maniac laugh, flings the hair back from his forehead and strikes a match on the seat of his pants.)

CURTAIN.

SCENE THE SECOND.

The same set may be used for this scene.

Enter James, he staggers forward pathetically letting a heavy burden fall from his shoulders. The burden breaks open and a multitude of brightly-coloured charts pour out. James sighs pathetically. He sits and surveys the charts. Suddenly with anger and frustration writ large on his face, he rises.

JAMES : A horse, a horse, my Kingdom for a horse.

CURTAIN.

SCENE THE THIRD.

The same set may be used for this scene, except that it is now dawn. Enter Tow 'em in Ted dragging a pile of old iron.

TED : A clutch, a clutch, my Kingdom for a clutch.

CURTAIN.

SCENE THE FOURTH.

The same set may be used for this scene. A crowd of soldiers stand in lines across the stage. Standing majestically up on the pile of boots Tara is breathing flame. At each opening of his mouth a clap of thunder is heard. The soldiers are frightened.

Enter the Village Idiot.

IDIOT (to Tara) : Don't shout.

He is struck dead. Tadge rushes from the wings and kicks the dead body.

CURTAIN.

SCENE THE FIFTH.

The scene has changed. It is midnight. A backcloth shows the frontage of a public house. Two recumbent figures lie on the pavement. A drunken soldier enters, he sees the two figures, he salutes, turns about, and falls in the gutter.

CURTAIN.

SCENE THE SIXTH.

The scene has changed again. As the curtain rises a thunderous roar shakes the stage, the air is full of pieces of flying metal and wood. Sarn't Curzon stands aloof amid the chaos.

SARN'T CURZON : That was a live round.

CURTAIN.

SCENE THE SEVENTH.

The scene has changed again. It is now laid by the seaside. Eggs are growing from trees in the background. Up right a red cat and a black horse sit motionless. Seven inanimate blocks of metal are lined up across the stage. Jehovah stands majestically in the foreground.

JEHOVAH : Stir, O you mighty masses of metal. Stir, and do my bidding.

The blocks of metal throb with life.

JEHOVAH : Begone and cease not your wanderings till darkness falls, tarry not by the wayside for beauty in a mobile canteen, and cross not the road of the King lest evil befall thee. Begone.

The blocks of metal move slowly off stage.

CURTAIN.

SCENE THE EIGHTH.

The scene is the same as in scene the seventh. Voices are heard but nothing can be seen of anything, anywhere.

A giant bird flies slowly across the stage. Major Flagshore leans from an aperture in the belly of the bird. He holds a No. 2 Brownie in his hands. He is taking photographs.

CURTAIN.

SCENE THE NINTH.

The set is the same as for scene one. A soldier sits in the middle of the stage. He is groaning and holding his stomach. Enter a second soldier.

SECOND SOLDIER : What ails thee, mate ?

FIRST SOLDIER : I have butterflies in my belly.

SECOND SOLDIER : Ah, it appears that thou art in need of the good Dr. Thornton.

(Shouting off) What-ho, without !

VOICE OFF : What-ho, within !

SECOND SOLDIER : Is that you, doc ?

VOICE OFF : It is.

SECOND SOLDIER : Prithee come quickly, good Beaver has butterflies in his belly.

Enter Doc Thornton. He surveys First Soldier.

DOC THORNTON : Pass me that junior compressor.

CURTAIN.

SCENE THE TENTH.

The scene is set as in scene one. On a rostrum three judges sit, before them in prayer is an immense company of soldiers. The words "one and threepence a day" are burning in letters of fire behind the judges.

JUDGE : And what is this ?

SUPPLICANT : An epileptic spring, Sire.

Off right James writes feverishly on his charis.

CURTAIN.

FINIS.

K. D. B.

PERSONAL SELECTION.

The doctor and the V.A.D.

Were standing side by side,

"This man," the V.A.D. remarked,

"Has pains in his inside,

Do you suppose it's Christmas

Or Potassium Cyanide ? "

"I cannot tell," the doctor said,

"From whence this trouble comes,

The most extraordinary things

Happen to soldiers' tums,

It may be intestinal rash,

It may be just his gums."

"If seven dental surgeons came

With seven drills," said she,

"And put a simple stopping where

The pain's supposed to be,

It might do something to restore

His natural bonhomie."

"Perhaps the kind psychiatrist

Might analyse his brain,

The ophthalmologist, perhaps,

Might test his eyes for strain.

A masseuse or a midwife might

Alleviate the pain."

"Of dentistry," the doctor said,

"I take a poorish view,

Of massage and midwifery,

And psychi-what-not too.

We'll open his abdomen with-

out any more to do."

The sympathetic maiden paled,

Her tears began to run.

"You doctors seem to think," she said,

"An operation fun.

I have to scrub the theatre floor

After the deed is done."

"Supposing that I undertook

To marry him, the knife

Might prove unnecessary and

The shock might save his life."

"I doubt it," said the doctor,

Who already had a wife.

"An operation there must be,

So dry those childish tears.

Bring me my gag, my snicker-snee,

My forceps and my shears.

I haven't had a chance like this

For years and years and years."

"Bring swabs, spittoons and syringes,

Bring bandages and twine,

Fill beakers high with chloroform

And stoups with iodine.

And clear the patient's system

With a healthy number nine."

Swift through the wards the rumour sped,

Like whooping-cough or mumps,

"The doctor's going to operate,

All hands to man the pumps.

Dyspeptics, cast away your pills,

Cripples, discard your stumps."

The boilerman forsook his fires,

The orderly his lint,

The laryngitis crowed with joy

The fracture waved his splint,

And all towards the theatre ran

As hard as they could sprint.

Each V.A.D., her beauty veiled

In shroud of spotless white ;

An evil, faceless mask concealed

Her comely head from sight.

They seemed like ghosts, who chill men's blood

In mortuaries by night.

Thus went they forth, a grisly crew ;

The matron led the way,

Then followed the anæsthetist,

The staff in grim array,

And last of all the doctor with

The Hero of the Day.

They stretched him out upon a slab

Cold as a long dead trout—

My muse prefers to leave the more

Revolting details out,

Up to the thrilling moment

When the doctor gave a shout.

" I told you from the very first
That there was something rum.
O unbelieving sisters, let
Amazement strike you dumb.
Behold what I have found inside
My patient's stomachum."

And, lo, before their wondering eyes
Five pull-throughs he displayed,
A secret file, three buckets, fire,
A part-worn razor blade,
Two pairs of half-digested socks,
Six spanners and a spade.

" Now summon your psychiatrists,
Now call your P.S.Os.,*
The doctor's task is done, 'tis up
To them to diagnose
His inhibitions and decide
The corps to which he goes."

From near and far the P.S.Os.,
Like vultures, came in swarms,
With clerks and audiometers,
With sheaves of army forms,
With treatises on matrices,
On reflexes and norms.

In heated conclave they discussed
Psychology and food,
And whether appetite disclosed
A tradesman's aptitude.
And some were faintly cynical,
And some were downright rude.

" This lust for secret files suggests
A budding clerk, it's clear,
And yet the pull-throughs indicate
An armourer's career,
Though half-digested socks proclaim
An unarmed pioneer."

Till one more brilliant than the rest
Got up and took the floor,
" This catholic voracity,
This all-devouring maw,
Indubitably point towards
The Royal Salvage Corps."

They argued far into the night,
Then by the dying lamp
They signed the secret documents
Affixed the solemn stamp,
And sent him off at crack of dawn
To the Salvage Transit Camp.

Now he is happy, fit, and free ;
Purged of desire and passion
He feasts on scrap and rubber tyres
And journals, Ladies, Fashion,
The best loved man in camp, because
His comrades get his ration.

* Personal Selection Officer.

O. P.

Change of Address.

Copies of No. 54 of THE IRON DUKE addressed to the under-mentioned subscribers have been returned to the Treasurer from the Post Office, subscribers having left the addresses stated. Help in tracing the whereabouts of any of these subscribers would be gratefully received by the Treasurer, 66 Storey's Way, Cambridge :—

Capt. G. A. Fontes, 6 Carr Road, Hale, Cheshire.

Brigadier C. W. G. Grimley, c/o Mrs. Grimley, 5 Dryfesdale Place, Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire.

Major H. Harvey, c/o Headquarters, 6th Group, R.A.F., Abingdon, Berks.

Brigadier E. M. Liddell, O.B.E., Broad Oak Manor, near Bexhill-on-Sea.

Mr. F. May, Royal Dragon, Military Road, Canterbury, Kent.

Capt. A. B. Rothwell, 14 Culford Gardens, Sloane Square, S.W.

M. Sykes, Esq., Dudwell Grove, Halifax.

J. S. Wayland, Esq., D.W.R., Newton Abbot.

J. O. Urmson, Esq., D.W.R., 9 Pedu Olver Terrace, St. Ives, Cornwall.



S75



"Please. Then I'll peel
your spuds after parade"



The Harder Road.



The small, bowler-hatted man tore his gaze from the retiring form of the soldier and swept the company with a boiled, indignant eye.

"Commando!" he jeered, his wrinkled features twisted into a hideous sneer. "Bloomin' 'ero, that's what he is! Bit of a kid acting like a pirate with a baynit in his teeth. Nephew of the wife's. Spends his leave with us and tells us a lot o' fancy tales about swimmin' ashore at nights and cutting Jerries' throats. Seems to think 'e's got a tough job!"

He emitted a mirthless, jarring laugh.

"Tough job! What's 'e know about tough jobs? Has he ever had to storm a fishmonger's shop in the middle of a queue of ragin' women, with one hangin' on to his collar behind and another in front ramming his false teeth down his throat with her umbrella handle? Has he been shoved accidental up agin a lady what's wiped him one over the mug with the tail end of a cod, an' then had to buy what was left from a sixteen-stone fishmonger, who said 'e'd spoilt it?"

"'E talks big about the Dieppe raid, but has he got a wife what's lost the use of pretty near everything except 'er tongue? I'll take me dying oath he 'asn't! Has he 'ad to offer a fourteen-year-old minx five 'ard-earned shillings to come and do the washing, and then be told by that same minx, frank and free, what to do with 'is five shillings? Said it would spoil 'er 'ands. What about my pore 'ands? There wasn't no skin at all left on 'em when I'd finished that washing, an' I couldn't 'a been wetter if I'd walked all the way to Dieppe and back. No, nor more tired neither!"

"And when I'd 'ung all them wet things up on a line to dry, the next door dawg come along an' took 'em all down agen. To 'ear my missus carry on you'd 'ave thought it was the dawg what 'ung 'em up and me what took 'em down! I asks yer, has any Commando ever been clouted on the ear with a pair o' wet smalls what's been trailed round a dirty yard by a 'orrible dawg? I'll stake me blinkin' life 'e ain't!"

"And there wasn't no lovely 'ospital nurse to soothe me fevered brow an' call me a 'ero when I give that dawg one for 'isself an' got bit. I 'ad to find me own wound with two mirrors, and when I broke one of 'em the missus started me seven years' run o' bad luck off with a bang by 'anding me a pot o' mustard ointment instead o' cold cream."

"Commando! Cor lumme, when 'e's cut a few throats he can take it easy for weeks. All the women fawn on 'im. Do they fawn on me? They do not, though the woman next door did say once that she wished I was her husband—just for ten minutes. And when I up an' told 'er that'd be nine and a 'arf minutes too long for me, 'er 'usband come dancin' out in 'is shirt sleeves, spitting on his 'ands. I 'ad to lock meself in a room for fear o' what I might a' done to 'im if I'd given way to me feelings. I ain't encouraged to cut no throats."

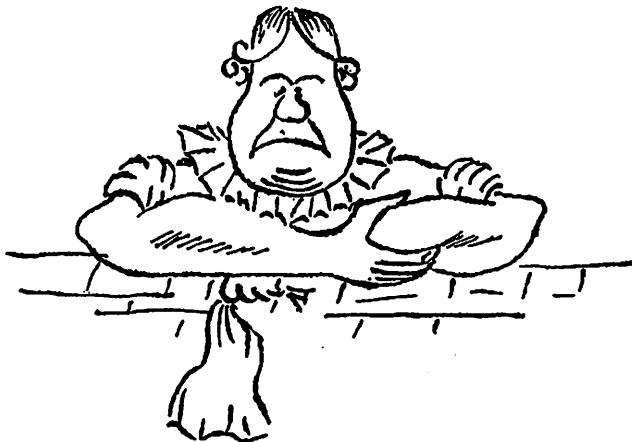
"An' that young feller says he 'as to run up and down cliffs and crawl through barbed wire to foster 'is offensive spirit! He wants to 'ave to carry the coals in same as what

I 'ave. He wants to fall over the bucket in the best parlour same as what I done, and then listen to a woman, what can work up more offensive spirit in ten seconds than 'e could in a lifetime, wonder out loud why she ever married such a worm. An' every little bit o' that coal had to be picked up before I could look to see if me legs was broke, even."

"'E can talk as big as he likes, but he can't fool me. I was in the last war, and I know a thing or two. I thought it was pretty tough, but I can say, frank and truthful, that I'd rather be sitting in a trench full o' muddy water with a barrage rattlin' round me ears, than 'ave to go, as I 'ave to now, and ask a grocer what I don't like, an' what don't like me, for a tin o' treacle 'e'll swear blind he 'asn't got, and then go 'ome an' be told I should 'a got it if only I'd asked proper."

"I'd go for a Commando any time, if they'd 'ave me. And it's fellers like me they need, not bits o' kids; fellers what's been seasoned by thirty years o' married life and don't 'ave to be scratched with barbed wire to work up a grievance; fellers what's got a natural grievance growing permanent in their systems. Why, an army of fellers like me 'ud go slap through anythink! We couldn't be 'eld. Tanks, dive-bombers, mines, nothink 'ud stop us! Nothink at all, except—except p'rhaps"—the small man faltered, the fire died out of his eye and was replaced by a furtive, hunted look—"except p'r'aps," he added thoughtfully, "a woman with a dishcloth in 'er 'ands!"

P. M. L.



POTSDAM DIARY.

"When the time comes that we are guilty of making war on women and children, Germany will be near her fall."

Moltke to Bismarck on their way to the Siege of Paris (quoted in *Daily Chronicle*, 11th May, 1915).

The Connaught Memorial.

A new Memorial to His late Royal Highness The Duke of Connaught has been decided upon, with the full approval of His Majesty The King. It is to take the form of a new modern Engineering and Electrical School and Workshop, which will be erected and endowed after the war on the estate of the Royal Albert School, Camberley.

The Army Council, who have promised to subscribe, have also expressed their approval of an appeal being made to colonels of regiments, and I feel sure that our Old Comrades' Association would wish to be associated with this Memorial, the funds for which are to be administered by The Right Honourable The Lord Mayor of London. A donation of £1,000 will entitle the donor in perpetuity to nominate a boy to a free scholarship in the School. And it is hoped that the Regiment will be able to raise this amount so as to ensure us the right to nominate a boy from the age of six for training as a qualified electrical or mechanical engineer. We owe it to all the brave men who in our defence have made the supreme sacrifice, to care for their boys and do everything in our power to give them an even better chance in life because of what their fathers did for us.

A letter, explaining the scheme, has been sent to all our Battalion commanders, and here again we hope that Battalions through the medium of band concerts, dances, whist drives, etc., will be in a position to assist our fund by donations from time to time. A fund has already been started and subscriptions will be thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged by Major S. E. Baker, The Barracks, Halifax, Yorks. Particulars of subscription by covenant which may be of interest to individual subscribers are given over leaf.

The Duke of Connaught was for 44 years the President of The Royal Albert School and took a very active interest in the welfare of the boys. The school was founded in the year 1864 as a Memorial to His late Royal Highness's Father, The Prince Consort, and since its foundation more than 2,700 boys have received a training which has assured each of them a real start in life. H.R.H. would have asked for no more fitting Memorial than to bring up to date and enlarge this school for orphaned children. The late Duke was essentially a soldier and always took the greatest interest in the soldiers' welfare. At the time of the outbreak of the Boer War in 1899 he was Commander-in-Chief in Ireland and had under his command the details of the Regiment, who were stationed in Victoria Barracks, Cork. I had just joined the details in Cork when the Duke came to inspect us. Walking down the ranks, the Duke spotted a soldier named Shaw who was shivering with cold as he was dressed in a thin red tropical serge uniform. After a little cross-examination H.R.H. elicited from Capt. Hume, who was commanding the details, the fact that Shaw had recently arrived from Burma, where the 2nd Battalion were stationed, for discharge as an invalid. As the man was due to be discharged, he could not be issued with a home service outfit, but on the other hand all discharges were held in abeyance because there was a war on. The Duke, turning to Hume, said, "See that this man is given a free home service outfit at once, and say that I authorised it." This was my first introduction to the cutting of red tape and I have been cutting it ever since.

The Duke was succeeded by his grandson Alastair Arthur, only son of the late H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught, and it is sad to have to record his death on 26th April, 1943, when staying at Ottawa with the Governor-General of Canada, the Earl of Athlone. The second Duke served in his father's regiment, the Royal Scots Greys. He was with them in the Middle East and had only recently gone to Canada on a visit to the Governor-General. The title is now extinct.

C. J. PICKERING,
Colonel of the Regiment.

SUBSCRIPTION BY COVENANT.

Any subscriber—an individual, a firm or a company—who is willing to enter into a covenant to contribute a certain sum of money annually for seven years may deduct income tax on his subscriptions.

For example, should a subscriber desire to contribute £100 per annum to the Royal Albert School for seven years, he or they would enter into a covenant and send a cheque for £50 only, which represents the £100 less income tax at the standard rate of 10s. in the £.

The Royal Albert School would recover from the Inland Revenue the £50 deducted by the subscriber for tax. Any sur-tax payer would also save the sur-tax on the £100, as his total income liable to sur-tax is reduced by that amount.

Under a simple seven-year deed of covenant, a subscription of £1,000 gross (less income tax £500) would cost a payer of sur-tax at the rate of 9s. 6d. in the £ only £25, or £3 10s. 0d. a year over the seven years.

Under this same plan a payer of sur-tax at the rate of 9s. 6d. in the £ could subscribe £100 at a cost of less than 10s. a year; and a sur-tax payer at the rate of 5s. in the £ could subscribe £200 gross at a cost to himself of £50 or £7 a year over the seven years.

Personalia.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Colonel A. Curran on reaching his 90th birthday on 7th May, 1943. We are glad to hear that he is keeping well, though with no car now he leads rather an armchair life. We print below a letter just received from him:—

“ 8 Bruce Road,
Southsea,
12th May.

“ My dear Trench,

“ In sending you my thanks, for your kind congratulations, on my becoming a nonagenarian—(if indeed that be a matter for congratulation)—I should like to express my appreciation of all you have done for some years now to keep old boys, like myself, in touch with the Regiment they were proud to belong to.

“ It is no easy task to run a Regimental paper in times of peace—when there is a war on, everything very “ hush, hush,” and the Censor wielding a blue pencil, it must be more than difficult.

“ There has been no Army List for so long, it is impossible to get the names of those serving, but I expect that, as usual, there are a good many sons of old officers in the roll.

“ There is no better criterion of a good Regiment than this feeling of *esprit de corps*, and it is not confined to the officer class, as I know from reading your paper, there are instances of several generations in the same family, joining, and names crop up that I knew 70 years ago.

“ Good luck and prosperity to THE IRON DUKE.

“ Yours very sincerely,
“ A. CURRAN.”

We hear from Colonel Pickering that the Band of the Regiment played at the Odeon Cinema in Newcastle on Sunday, 9th May, to a full house. He says that they were exceptionally good, and that we are most lucky in our Bandmaster. The Band is going to the I.T.C. for a week on 9th June next, during which it is hoped to raise about £700 for our Prisoners of War Fund.

We regret to hear that Major R. H. Ince was severely wounded last February while serving with a Parachute Battalion in Tunisia. He was hit in both legs by a German

mortar. We are glad to hear from his father, Lt.-Colonel C. W. G. Ince, that he is making a good recovery, and hopes to be fit again in a few weeks. He is at present at a convalescent home somewhere in North Africa. Colonel Ince's youngest son (Tony) is serving in the Reconnaissance Corps.

Captain Greville Acworth, who is now at the War Office, in a letter some time back writes that there were three Dukes officers there: Dick Collins, who still wears Duke's badges but a parachutist's arm badge and cap; Beuttler and another officer who had been in Iceland. David Strangeways went back to the Regiment a short time before, but has returned to the staff overseas. Colonel "Bonzo" Miles recently paid him a visit.

Mr. Owen Owen, who served in the Regiment from 1903 to 1905, and was invalided after transferring to the Indian Army on account of ill-health, writes from Cyprus that he has been lucky enough to get a civilian job with the Hirings Department out there, and was very bucked to be working with the Army again. He sends his best wishes to the Regiment. His younger brother, Major (Snikey) Owen, is living down at Weymouth again, and is "doing a job as ammunition officer and bottle washer to the local Home Guard Battalion," as he describes it. We haven't had a contribution from him for a very long time, and in replying to a request for one he writes:—"You would think that the Home Guard would offer plenty of scope to a would-be facetious poetaster and cartoonist, and believe me, I have sought inspiration for something to send to THE IRON DUKE, but absolutely nothing comes, neither muse functions. . . . I think you are doing a great job keeping THE IRON DUKE going. I will try to produce something, but I am not hopeful." We hope when the above meets his eye that he will make renewed efforts.

We very much welcome a couple of contributions from Major Owen Price, after a long absence from the pages of THE IRON DUKE; and we also hope that Major R. G. Turner, another old and valued contributor, will send something from Moscow, where there should be plenty of material for his rhyming and artistic abilities.

The following births have been announced:—

Gregory.—On 14th January, 1943, at Fulmer Chase, Fulmer, Bucks, to Philippa (née Bonham-Carter) and Major Kenneth Gregory, Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a daughter (Fiona Margaret).

Davidson.—On 28th January, 1943, at Dalwhinnie Manor, Heath Road, Halifax, to Dorothy (née Cunningham), wife of Major J. Davidson, Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a daughter.

Hield.—On 5th February, 1943, at Green Bank, Ilkley, Yorkshire, to Violet, wife of Captain R. H. Hield, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a daughter.

Rivett-Carnac.—On 26th April, 1943, at Crevenagh Nursing Home, Halifax, to Winifred (née Eglin), wife of Major John Temple Rivett-Carnac, Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a daughter.

Waller.—To Ruth (née Gravell), wife of Major W. A. Waller, M.C., The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, at St. Edward's Nursing Home, Herne Bay—a daughter, Stephanie.

Congratulations to all concerned.

The engagement is announced between Major Frank Jeffrey Reynolds, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (attached R.A.C.), eldest son of the late Dr. W. Graham Reynolds, of Canton, China, and Mrs. Reynolds, of New Road, Chatham, Kent, and Marjorie Kay, elder daughter of Dr. Hobart Kay, F.R.C.S.I., and Mrs. Kay, of Mill Park, Port Elizabeth, South Africa.

Captain J. E. Pollard, when sending a cheque to Miss Turner for the Regimental Prisoners of War Fund, writes that he served in Malta from April, 1937, to the end of May, 1942, as Command land agent, with the local rank of major. While in Malta he met quite a few ex-Dukes, some of them serving with an A.A. battery, and the Q.M. of a battalion there had been a staff sergeant at the Depot when Capt. Pollard did his training there in 1935. He writes of his Malta experiences:—"Life out there was very hectic, and hard on the gunners, who were on the job almost continuously, not for weeks, but months, and they certainly put up a magnificent show. In April, 1942, the R.A. alone accounted for over 100 enemy 'planes, not bad for 30 days! I feel it is not sufficiently appreciated what a marvellous show our gunners and infantry put up. Of course, the Maltese were excellent too, but they had good shelters to go to, and the troops none, those off duty only slit trenches, and when working on the aerodrome nothing. Those who have seen good dive bombing will, I am sure, agree when I say it takes some 'taking.'" Captain Pollard is now serving as assistant land agent and valuer for the War Office in Devon.

We very much regret to hear that Mr. C. J. Puplett has been in hospital for some three months with an internal complaint. He was able to write from his home in Halifax, N.S. Referring to the late Captain E. Abrams, whose death was recorded in our last issue, he says that he was sorry not to have been able to meet him on the several occasions on which he passed through Toronto on his way to and from Vancouver.

We have recently had the following news of the family of Mrs. Firth (widow of the late Major Denys Firth). Dick, the eldest son, is in North Africa; Anthony is commandant of a jungle warfare school in India; John is a prisoner of war in Italy—he was awarded the M.C. in North Africa before being captured; and Michael is in the R.A.F. in South Africa. Barbara's husband is also in that country.

We offer our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. William Mears of 71 Leamington Street, Manningham, on the celebration of a double anniversary, their golden wedding and Mr. Mears' 73rd birthday on 1st March, 1943. Mr. Mears served with the Regiment for 27 years. He joined the 2nd Battalion in 1885 and served with them in Nova Scotia and the West Indies, and South Africa, and with the 3rd Battalion in the South African War, receiving the King's and Queen's medals with three bars. He also received Queen Alexandra's pipe for meritorious service. In the 1914-18 war he again saw service, and was successively colour-sergeant, C.S.M., acting R.Q.M.S. and R.S.M. Military Provost Staff Corps. All his life he was a music lover, and for four years was drum-major. For many years he was bandmaster of the Bradford Transport Department's band. Mrs. Mears is a sister of the late Mrs. G. Fricker, and she was married to Mr. Mears when he was serving in Barbadoes. Of their eight children, four sons and two daughters are married. Mr. Mears is a keen supporter of the O.C.A. and THE IRON DUKE, and has given help to the Secretary of the former and to the Editor from time to time.

We offer our congratulations to Sgt. Fred Wright, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, on being specially commended by the G.O.C.-in-C. Western Command for his courage and presence of mind in a grenade practice. In Command Orders it was stated:—"This N.C.O.'s prompt action and complete disregard of his own safety most probably averted a fatal accident." An *Express Staff* reporter records the incident in an account of "four seconds in the life of Fred Wright":—

Scene: A grenade throwing training ground in Western Command, a series of priming and throwing bays separated by partitions. Sgt. Wright is supervising recruits practising with live grenades. The grenades have a four-second fuse.

Second One: Recruit throws awkwardly. The grenade lands smoking on top of a partition. Wright seizes the recruit, pushes him out of danger.

Second Two : Wright realises that the man in the priming bay on the other side of the partition will not know that he is in danger ; rushes to the partition.

Second Three : He gets right under the spot where the grenade is, hauls himself up.

Second Four : Wright grabs the grenade, flings it in a safe direction. Almost immediately after leaving his hand it explodes—harmlessly.

Mr. F. Crouch in a letter to Miss Turner forwarding his subscription and a donation to the Duke's Comforts Fund for Prisoners of War, writes that he has recently renewed acquaintanceship with two old Dukes now serving with the D.C.L.I.—namely, Bandmaster F. Rose and C.S.M. Sorreno. He also says that some of his comrades in the Home Guard, who underwent training with a battalion of the Dukes recently, spoke of the thoroughness and keenness shown therein.

In referring to the retirement of Sir Charles McGrath from the clerkship to the West Riding County Council, a Yorkshire newspaper records of him :—

“ Sir Charles's father was a Regular Army sergeant-major who had been sent to Skipton as instructor to the old Volunteers and as recruiting sergeant, and Sir Charles lived with his father, mother and sister in a house known as The Armoury in Court Lane. The father is recalled as a strict disciplinarian and a fine figure of a man, and there was no doubt considerable heredity in Sir Charles's smart appearance and brisk precision.”

Captain Charles Oliver, who sent us the cutting, writes :—“ I knew an ex-C/Sgt. John McGrath in Halifax who had been an instructor in the Volunteers, a fine looking old soldier, Crimean veteran, etc. ; whether he was Sir Charles's father or not I do not know.”

Captain Oliver makes a suggestion which we should like to see acted on. He says :—“ It would be nice if old members of the Regiment who have sons and daughters, born during the former's service in the Regiment, now in the Services, would write up their experiences for THE IRON DUKE.” He also informs us that he recently ran across Albert Newby, who was company cook of “ A ” Company, 1st Battalion, in York in 1890. Although some 76 years of age he looked very well, and he asked to be remembered to any old friends through THE IRON DUKE. His regimental number was 866.

No. 4608167 Pte. C. Mawer, who is now serving with the R.A.S.C. in North Africa, in a letter to Miss Turner mentions that he met C.S.M. Holder and Ptes. Davis (Dinkie) and C. Newton (both of the R.A.S.C.) on the boat going out. He continues :—“ Life out here is quiet and uneventful, with plenty of work. . . . We are located in a very quiet spot off the beaten track, which a regular and never-ending stream of traffic passes night and day. When a breakdown happens in our area we glide out of our hiding place, bring in the cripple, repair it and send it on its way. All around us are mountains, and a very small Arab village is a few hundred yards away. This is the only habitation for miles and is ‘ out of bounds ’ for reasons of health. . . . I have been to the cinema established in a small town some few miles away, but to reach it we have to cross a range of mountains, which makes the journey by road treble the distance it would be. As one climbs and looks back the curves and S bends make it difficult to realise where the road starts and finishes. Often the clouds are below us in the numerous valleys. The countryside appears best in the moonlight when the rugged features and dark and light patches in the mountains blend and reveal the splendours of nature. The climate is moderately warm at present, the hot season being late. Further back the country is more cultivated. Oranges, figs and dates are plentiful here, Owing to the rocky nature of the soil only pockets of land are tilled by an Arab using a wooden plough and two mules to draw it. Sheep, cattle and goats and olive groves are the chief industry. Mr. Arab is very friendly and wishes us to stay here in preference to his own overlords. However,

two square yards of English soil would be preferable to many acres of this country. . . . In closing, I wish all my late comrades of the — Battalion, and the old I.T.C. the best of luck."

The following Press cutting has been sent to us :—

This is the three-war career of Colonel F. G. Chamberlain, a distant cousin of the late Sir Austen Chamberlain :—

South African War.—Served in the Army throughout.

1914–18 War.—Commanded 7th Battalion Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment ; wounded three times.

This War.—Served with the Army pigeon-carrier service until " axed " under the age limit. Now, at 66, he is being trained at a Home Counties war factory as a factory inspector.

Sir Stafford Cripps, Minister of Aircraft Production, spoke to him when he visited the factory.

Army Welfare.

[Captain R. A. Scott, who is an Army welfare officer in Sussex, has sent us the following notes which we think will be of great assistance to many of our readers.—EDITOR.]

FORCES BOOK CLUB.—Rates and conditions of membership are to be found on the back page of Current Affairs, No. 25, dated 29th August, 1942, or can be had from O.i/c Services Central Book Depot, Finsbury Barracks, City Road, London, E.C.1.

PENGUIN BOOKS at 35s. per 70 books, carriage free, can be had from O.i/c Services Central Book Depot, Finsbury Barracks, City Road, London, E.C.1, to whom cheques should be made payable. Cheques to be attached to the order. Auth. S.E. Cmd. Order 557 of 23.6.42.

OFFICERS' HOSTEL—*i.e.*, NUFFIELD HOUSE, 9 HALKIN STREET, LONDON, S.W.1., near Hyde Park Corner, Tel. Sloane 1539, was opened on 1st October, 1942. Bed and breakfast 5s. 6d. Other meals available to non-residents. Afternoon tea served to officers and their guests 4—5.30 p.m. Ladies not admitted except for afternoon tea. Officers are advised to write or telephone the Secretary beforehand if they want a bedroom.

OFFICERS' FAMILIES MEDICAL EXPENSES.—Officers frequently experience hardship owing to heavy medical expenses. The attention of all officers, therefore, is directed to the British Provident Association for hospital and additional expenses, as well as surgical and medical fees, 30 Lancaster Gate, London, W.2, Tel. Paddington 7601. This is a mutual benefit organisation, of which officers and civilians can become members on payment of a moderate subscription.

MATERNITY HOSPITAL FOR OFFICERS' WIVES at reduced fees at Fulmer Chase, Bucks. Apply to the Secretary, Fulmer Chase Maternity Home for Officers' Wives, 60 Portland Place, London, W.1. Tel. Langham 4322. Fees.—Four guineas per week inclusive for incomes under £400 per annum. Early application is advised owing to the large number of applications.

Fulmer Chase has recently made arrangements with the following additional hospitals, who will give special consideration to officers' wives :—

Addlington Hall, Cheshire (in connection with St. Mary's Hospital, Manchester) ; 20 beds. £5 5s. 0d. per week, inclusive of all fees.

Queen Mary's Maternity Home, 27-35 Chalmers Street, Edinburgh ; 12 beds. 4½ guineas per week inclusive, plus moderate medical fee.

Woking Maternity Home, Heathside Road, Woking, Surrey ; 36 beds. 4 guineas per week inclusive, plus moderate medical fee.

Application should be made direct to the hospital to which admission is desired.

OFFICERS' FAMILIES FUND, 3 Wilton Row, Belgrave Square, London, S.W.1, Tel. Sloane 3608, helps :—

(a) Junior officers suddenly confronted with financial difficulties because of grave illness or swift reduction of earnings on giving up a good civilian post or some such reason.

(b) Mitigates the lot of officers' widows and dependants. It has helped with confinements, medical treatment and the removal of furniture from homes damaged by air raids.

(c) Financial help is given as quickly as possible to widows and dependants, pending the settlement of their pensions, and help has been given when officers are reported missing.

(d) The clothing branch has done useful work by sending out welcome parcels of clothing.

THE OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION, 8 Eaton Square, London, W.1, Tel. Sloane 7182, helps with the education of officers' children, disabled officers, officers' widows. It has a pensions department and a legal advice bureau. It gives help to ex-officers in genuine financial difficulties. It has an employment bureau for ex-officers at 20 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1, Tel. Sloane 2315.

WAR SERVICES GRANT for officers and other ranks.—See A.C.1 2308 of 22.11.41, para. 1, the importance of which cannot be over-stressed.

OFFICERS' KIT REPLACEMENTS FREE, Infants' Hospital, Vincent Square, London, S.W.1, has relieved many officers of the financial hardship of maintaining their kit at their own expense. It helps officers in need of tropical kit when suddenly ordered East. It supplies officers in need of civilian suits when invalided out of the Service and looking for work.

Obituary.

We regret to record the following deaths:—

CUNNINGHAM.—Killed in action on 22nd February, 1943, while on active service in North Africa, No. 4612416 Sgt. John Edwin Cunningham, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Sgt. Cunningham was killed while serving with the 6th Commando, to which he had transferred from the Dukes. He was the second son of Mr. John Cunningham of 26 Clarence Crescent, Sidcup, Kent, late 2797 ex-corporal of the 1st Battalion. His elder brother, Robert Edward (Andy) Cunningham, late of the 2nd Battalion, is serving in the Security Police at Woolwich. Mr. John Cunningham has received a letter from his son's commanding officer telling him that when affairs could be made known he would feel proud of his son.

GARRETT.—On 25th April, 1943, suddenly, at 128 High Street South, Dunstable, ex-No. 3363 Sgt. P. H. Garrett, D.C.M., late of 6th Battalion. Mr. Garrett enlisted in the 1/6th Battalion in 1914 and served with them in the last war; he was discharged in August, 1919. The following is an account from the *Colne & Nelson Times* of 21st January, 1916, of his award of the D.C.M.:—"Sgt. P. H. Garrett is a member of the Bearer Company, 6th Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. He was admitted to hospital at Walley suffering from gas poisoning and a bullet wound in the back, received whilst attending to the wounded during an engagement on Sunday, 10th December, [1915]. Early in the morning the Germans resorted to the use of asphyxiating gas, by which Sgt. Garrett was almost overcome at 5 a.m., but despite the entreaty of his senior officer he continued his attentions to the wounded until mid-day, when he received a bullet in his back. It is for this heroic act that he has been awarded the D.C.M."

HEMBLYS.—Died of wounds on active service, C.S.M. Albert Hemblys, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. C.S.M. Hemblys was the son of C.S.M. Albert Hemblys who served in the Regiment from 1897 to 1923. He joined the 1st Battalion on 10th October, 1922, at Gibraltar, where his father was nearing the completion of his service. He had almost completed 21 years' service in the Regiment at the time of his death. The remarkable record of the Hemblys family was published on pages 120 to 123 of No. 28 (June, 1934), of THE IRON DUKE, and a photograph of L/Cpl. (as he then was) A. Hemblys appeared opposite page 121.

MIKESCH.—On 6th January, 1943, at his home, The Lodge, Stanmore Engineering Company, Lawther Road, Stanmore, Middlesex, Henry A. J. Mikesch. Mr. Mikesch joined the Regiment in 1907 and served for eleven years with the 1st Battalion, being discharged on the 31st March, 1920. He was always interested in the activities of the Regiment and, prior to the outbreak of the present war, regularly attended the re-union dinners held in London. With his passing we have lost a fine Old Comrade of the Regiment.

ROBINS.—On 20th August, 1942, at his home, 4 Dale Street, Sowerby Bridge, Mr. F. Robins, late No. 6446 Sergeant, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Mr. Robins joined the Regimental Details at Mullingar in 1901, and after serving at the Depot, Halifax, joined the 1st Battalion at York on their return from South Africa. He went out to India with them in 1905, serving with them there for a number of years until he returned to England and joined the 4th Battalion, with whom he went out to France in 1915. He was severely wounded and lost a leg, and was then discharged.

ROLLINSON.—On 28th March, 1943, at 3 Lower Horley Green, Claremount, Halifax, Mr. Joseph Albert Rollinson, late R.S.M., The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 64. Mr. Rollinson joined the 1st Battalion in 1895, being transferred from The York and Lancaster Regiment on being claimed by his elder brother Harry. He served continuously with the Battalion in England and Malta, and took part in the South African War, 1899 to 1902, receiving the Queen's and King's medals. He later served with them in York and in India until 1914, when he came home to help to train the new armies, serving as R.S.M. with the 11th Service Battalion. Joe Rollinson was a fine athlete, and was a member of the 1st Battalion rugby, cricket and hockey teams, and was also a good cross country runner. He was a very cheery companion and made a host of friends, a few of whom attended the funeral—namely, Captain C. Oliver, ex-R.S.Ms. Winn and Moseley, and ex-Sgts. Taylor, Hemblys and Yaxley.

ROTHERY.—In March, 1943, killed in action in North Africa, Major Geoffrey Rothery, Airborne Forces and late Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Major Rothery who was 39 years of age, was well known in Huddersfield and district. From 1923 to 1926 he served with the 5th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. At the outbreak of war he was on the T.A. Reserve and rejoined the Regiment in the rank of lieutenant. Later he was promoted captain. Subsequently he was transferred to a parachute regiment and was promoted major.

Major Rothery was the third son of the late Major W. U. Rothery, who served with the 7th Battalion for many years.

In business Major Rothery was the head of the firm of Messrs. Benjamin Armitage & Sons, Ltd., fancy worsted manufacturers, of Shipley, near Huddersfield.

He was educated at Bradfield College, Berkshire, and resided at Oakwood, Kirkburton, near Huddersfield. He leaves a widow and four children.

WHALE.—On 30th July, 1942, at 30 Wodehouse Street, Southbourne, Queenstown, South Africa, Mr. Henry James Whale, late bandmaster, 2nd Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, in his 72nd year. Mr. Whale enlisted in the 2nd Battalion at Aldershot in 1886 as a boy from an industrial school. He was promoted lance-corporal on attaining man's service and served with the Battalion in the West Indies, Halifax, N.S., South Africa and India, taking his discharge after 18 years' service in Dinapore. He was promoted bandmaster in 1896 while serving at Pietermaritzburg. On leaving the Service he went to South Africa, where he had previously met and married his wife, and settled in Queenstown, where he obtained employment in the Star Brewery, and continued his musical activities by taking over the leadership of the Queenstown Rifle Volunteers' Band. He was a good rifle shot and cricketer, and played for the Regimental team, and continued his interest in sport in Queenstown, where his kindly nature endeared him to everyone. His wife died some years ago, and he is survived by five sons (four of whom are on active service) and three daughters. He took a great interest in THE IRON DUKE and was a subscriber from its inception. We are indebted to his daughter, Mrs. E. Derman, who was born in the Regiment in India, for some of the above details.

DEKKO!

DEKKO!

THE IRON DUKE
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S
REGIMENTAL MAGAZINE

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