

No.56 October 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)

VOL. XIX.

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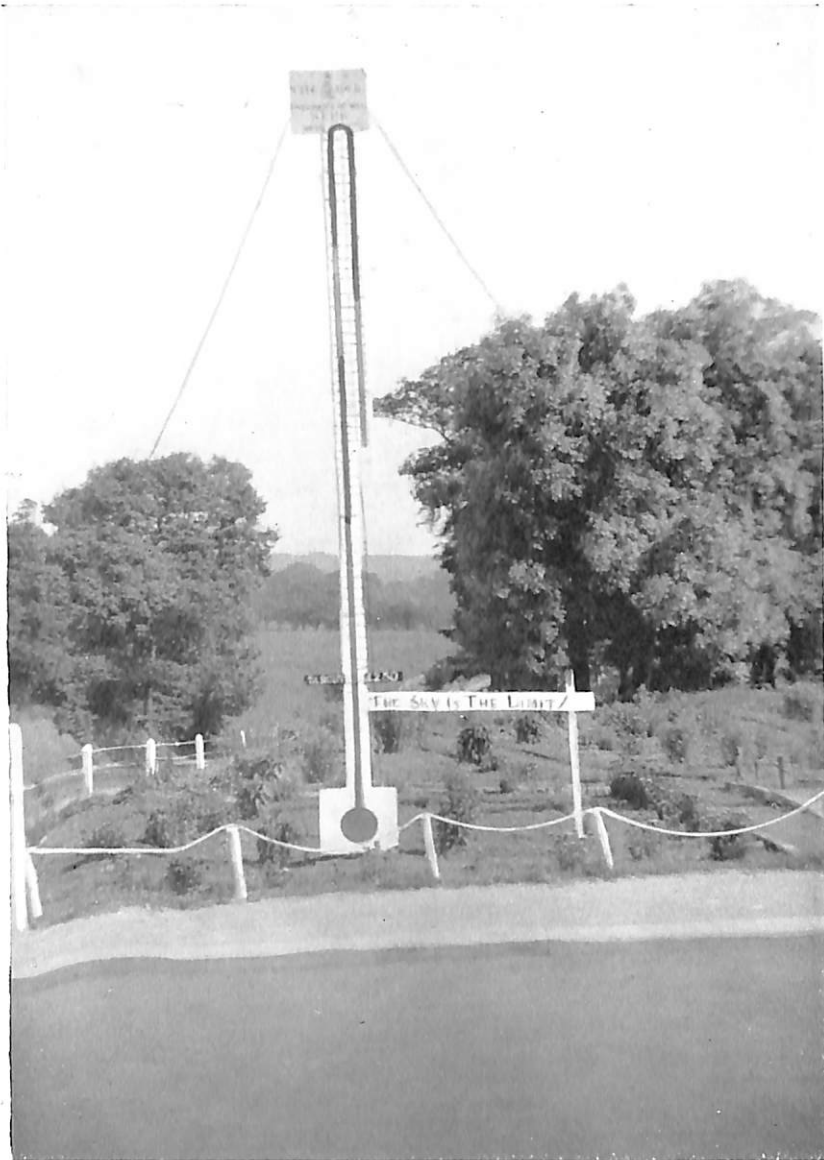
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The Thermometer put up at the I.T.C. to record the takings at the Prisoners of War Week. (See page 112).

# THE IRON DUKE

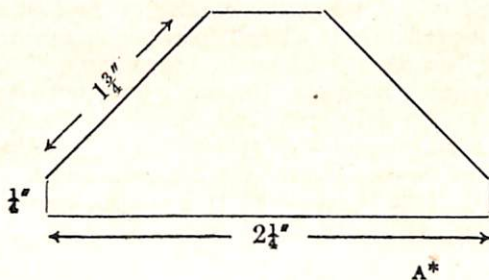
## EDITORIAL.

Although many of our readers were aware that the Regiment was represented in the dramatic events that swept the Germans and Italians out of North Africa, it is only now that the part taken by one of our Battalions has been allowed to be disclosed. We are sure that our readers will be grateful to the writers of the graphic accounts which appear on succeeding pages. Included with them is an account of the Battalion's landing on Pantellaria. The Battalion has added fresh laurels to those gained by it in the past, and has maintained the highest traditions of the Regiment. In a message to the Battalion the Colonel of the Regiment wrote :—" Tell the Battalion that we at home are all watching their exploits with great interest. We have heard how well you did in the campaign. Good luck to you all." Another tribute to the Battalion comes from a field artillery officer in North Africa who wrote to a friend :—" Our favourite Brigade includes your — Battalion, now commanded by a delightful chap . . . Your chaps are jolly good. We like them. They back us up and don't panic and we mix very well." Colonel Pickering's comment on the above reads :—" A word of praise of this sort is very gratifying to all members of the Regiment, but it only confirms what was said by an officer commanding a battery supporting us in France at the time of Dunkirk. This is the real spirit of co-operation."

We would like to refer here to this question of recording actions in which the Regiment has taken part. Much of what comes in to us cannot be published till the end of the war, but it is important, since memories are short, that personal experiences should be recorded as soon after the event as possible. Major S. E. Baker is keeping a file of all such letters and records so that when the time comes for the history of the Regiment in this war to be written there will be plenty of material for the historian. Those who had anything to do with the History of the Regiment during the 1914—1918 war know how handicapped Brig.-General C. D. Bruce was in drawing upon personal accounts, since there was no arrangement for collecting them, and the history was not written for some years after 1918. We would therefore welcome personal accounts from anyone engaged in active operations. Some parts it may be possible to publish in THE IRON DUKE, and what is not will be sent to Major Baker at the Depot.

Our frontispiece shows the thermometer which was put up at the I.T.C. to record the takings at the Prisoners of War Week held there in July; the photograph was taken at the end of the week when the magnificent total of £2,153 3s. 8d. was reached. The target aimed at was £250, and the success of this great drive, which is fully recorded on pages 110-113, reflects much credit on the organisers as well as the subscribers. We would like to congratulate also the — Battalion, who, as recorded on page 83 of this issue, made a splendid collection for the same cause.

We are asked to refer to the wearing of a scarlet background to the cap badge, which it has been suggested should be adopted by units of the Regiment. Below is a sketch of the dimensions of the background. C.Os. will obtain their own supply of scarlet cloth. In the case of the bronze badge of officers the two prongs will keep it in place, while that of the men's will need tacking at the three corners.





## REGIMENTAL NEWS

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The news of the part played by a Battalion of the Regiment in the fighting in North Africa is now allowed to be published, and the following are some extracts from letters received by the Editor from the Commanding Officer of the Battalion.

The Battalion took part in the later stages of the Tunisian campaign, and were complimented by the Corps Commander on three occasions. In the C.O.'s letter dated 13th May, 1943, he says :—" We defended Banana Ridge in the German attack before our offensive started, and the troops put up a first class show. It was a company commander's battle absolutely. We then took part in the attack, and took a feature in a counter attack from which another battalion had been beaten. In the recent successful operation the Battalion took the Bou Aoukaz position, and enabled the armour to go through. We have been lucky really as regards dead—two officers and about 60 other ranks, but we have about ten officers and 250 other ranks wounded. . . . At the moment we are guarding about 20,000 prisoners. They still pour in. . . . The Battalion is in excellent heart and ready for our next rôle. I gather we wont wait long. . . . My regulars are Maurice Davie, who missed the battle owing to being bitten by a dog, and Alec Smith."

In a letter of 15th June he tells of the Battalion's next operation :—" We were with the K.S.L.I., the first battalion to land on Pantelleria. Actually it was rather an anti-climax. We landed armed to the teeth, and—in my case—full of lively apprehension, to be met by crowds of grinning Wop soldiers waving white flags of remarkable dimensions. The poor little Podesta (Mayor and Civil Chief) surrendered to me. The mass bombing as we approached in our craft was a terrifying sight. . . . As regards immediate awards, Sgt. Hayward of 'A' Company has got a M.M. for very gallant work on the Bou Aoukaz."

It was mentioned in the Press that Major Fred Huskisson, the adjutant, and ex-rugby captain of England, was the first to leap ashore with the first wave of attackers.

In a further letter of the 17th June, the C.O. writes :—" It is amazing here how old Dukes keep turning up. We had R.S.M. Kerr here the other day—now at a reinforcement camp—also Nobby Clark, who was M.G. sergeant of this Battalion when I joined and is now Q.M. of some anti-tank regiment in the 51st Division. Old rugger experts in the Regiment will be glad to hear that Joe Annesley is doing us proud as R.S.M. of the Battalion. . . . To-morrow is Waterloo Day, and I have just been to Division and got permission for a rum issue. We shall drink the health of the Regiment, and hope to emulate our predecessors of Dettingen, Fontenoy, Alma and Inkerman, etc. . . . I hear that Jones-Stamp and two other Dukes—Hall, late O.R.S. at the Depot, and one, Peebles, are at large in some reinforcement depot, and I hope to get them."

In a letter dated 10th July the C.O. writes :—" We had a pleasant little parade this morning when our Brigadier invested Sgt. Bailey of the Carrier Platoon with the Croix de Guerre. We got two actually—one for Bailey and one for a Pte. Allinson of "C" Company, who was wounded at the Bou and hasn't got back to us yet. They got them for gallantry in a small operation on 6th April when my predecessor was wounded. . . . I saw Bob Wathen the other day with his beach group. He dined with me here. I daresay he is over the water now, but we expect to see more of him later."

On 29th July the C.O. writes of a flying visit to Malta, where he spent seven hours and saw a lot of people he knew, including Major Sir Robert Henniker, who was very fit and in good heart, and is now a sapper and second-in-command of the Fortress R.E.

In a letter dated 12th August he writes :—" We had a Prisoners of War Week last week in aid of the Regimental Prisoners of War Fund, and the sum of £267 10s. 0d. was

raised by the Battalion. C.S.M. Wood and Sgt. Warner were largely responsible for the fine total subscribed by "A" Company."

The following are the amounts collected :—

"A" Company	...	...	...	...	...	11,626.25	Francs
"B" Company	...	...	...	...	...	8,500.	"
"C" Company	...	...	...	...	...	2,700.	"
"D" Company	...	...	...	...	...	10,315.	"
"S" Company	...	...	...	...	...	5,325.	"
"H.Q." Company	...	...	...	...	...	10,500.40	"
C. of E. Church Parade	...	...	...	...	...	3,717.35	"
R.C. Church Parade	...	...	...	...	...	920.	"
P.R.I.	...	...	...	...	...	96.	"
Total						...	...
Total						...	533,500.

Enclosed with this letter was the following translation of a General Order by Army Commander Juin, commanding Land Forces in French North Africa, citing the award of the Croix de Guerre to Cpl. Bailey and Pte. Allinson of the Battalion :—

#### CROIX DE GUERRE.

Cpl. BAILEY, JOHN, No. 4612293, — Bn. The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

"In the course of an attack which took place on 6th April, 1943, 11 kilo to the north of Bou Arada, against a well-defended enemy post, he directed the action of the section he commanded with energy and intelligence, covering the attack of the assault troops and stopping an enemy counter-attack.

"He showed a high devotion to duty in protecting the evacuation of several wounded under heavy fire and placed himself to the fore in order to assist the evacuation.

"During the retirement, over difficult country in view of the enemy, he facilitated the transportation of three wounded by throwing himself in the mud with a wounded man on top of him and dragged him 400 yards. He succeeded in this manner in evacuating two wounded under heavy mortar fire. In spite of his exhaustion he insisted on going back to find the last wounded man."

Pte. ALLINSON, EDWARD, No. 4395279, — Bn. The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

"Taking part in a particularly bold section attack which took place on 6th April, 1943, at pt. 11 kilo to the north of Bou Arada against an enemy post well defended.

"During the retirement he retraced his steps several times in spite of enemy fire in order to assist aiding the wounded. He succeeded in evacuating two wounded in his section, proving himself an exemplary soldier and showing complete disregard for his own safety."

Signed—GENERAL SEVEZ, Chief of General Staff, for GENERAL JUIN.

Below are published accounts of the several actions in which the Battalion took part, together with the *Times* correspondent's report on the First Division's exploits :—

#### POINT 174, 23rd APRIL, 1943.

It was Good Friday, but I doubt whether many of us were conscious of the fact ; Easter holidays seemed very remote—things of another world almost, as we lay up on the ridge waiting for the great attack to begin. Few of us had any illusions as to what it meant. In the 30 miles that lay between us and Tunis were many thousands of German troops, most of them skilled and experienced fighters, backed up by hundreds of tanks—



including many of the new and formidable "Tigers." Their positions would undoubtedly be strong, for they had had several months in which to prepare them (and the countryside lends itself admirably to the preparation of defensive positions). Above all, the enemy must know there was no retreat for him. He had his back to the wall, and in that knowledge would fight bitterly with everything he had.

All this we knew, other things we knew as well. We knew that the plans for this final drive had been long and carefully laid; we knew that behind us we had an overwhelming superiority in guns and tanks and 'planes; we knew that our commanders were confident that within a fortnight Tunis and Bizerta would be ours. Above all, we knew that the eyes of the world were on us, and that we must not fail. Some of us had vivid memories, nearly three years old now, of the retreat to Dunkirk, and vowed no doubt that this would be another Dunkirk—but a Dunkirk with a vast difference.

It was in full knowledge of this that we prepared ourselves for the battle that Good Friday morning.

At first all was silent as the grave; the troops that were to start the attack had moved to their start line on the plain down in front of us; behind us the guns in their hundreds were drawn up waiting. Then at the appointed hour they opened up, and it seemed as if all hell had broken loose. For hour after hour they kept it up, so that it seemed one incessant roar, and all the while the shells whistled and screamed over our heads.

It was not until well after first light that we moved forward, down from the ridge across the main Tunis-Medjez road into a new country of rolling corn-fields thick with poppies. The opening stages of the attack had gone according to plan, and the battalions in front of us were several miles ahead. As we wound our way along the track, white with dust, the noise of battle grew steadily nearer and it was obvious that the enemy was putting up a stiff resistance. Little groups of German prisoners were coming back and already the ambulances were busy bringing back their first loads of casualties.

The advance had clearly come to a halt along the great rocky ridge that blocked the view to the north-east, and we sensed that it would not be long before our Battalion was thrown into battle. So it proved; there was a brief halt while plans were quickly laid, and then we were on the move again under orders to move up and capture Pt. 174, which the Loyals and N. Staffs had already succeeded in capturing earlier in the morning, but which they had been unable to hold unaided.

As we neared the crest of the ridge we came under heavy and accurate mortar fire and soon our men were digging for dear life, scraping little holes in the hard rock to get some shelter from the barrage. It was grim work, but we eventually succeeded in clearing the forward slopes and the summit of the ridge. Throughout the day the enemy kept up an almost continuous barrage of mortar and artillery fire, and inevitably our casualties mounted. Then towards evening news came that enemy tanks were moving up the other side of the ridge towards our positions, and it was clear that a counter-attack was coming in. A hasty summons was sent back for support from our own tanks, and after a while we could see the giant "Churchills" lumbering up—all too slowly, it seemed to us—towards our positions. Then, as darkness fell, a furious tank duel took place, and streams of tracer bullets wove brilliant patterns across the night sky. At last it all died down; the tanks on both sides retired, apart from some which had been put out of action and now burned fiercely, throwing a lurid glare over the scene of battle. We still clung to our positions on the ridge, but our casualties had been heavy, and now it was our turn to be relieved. We moved back from the front line to enjoy a very brief respite, rather weary, and with our ranks considerably thinned, but proud in the knowledge that we had carried out successfully the task allotted to us, and that those of us who had fallen in the fight that day had not fallen in vain.

## THE BATTLE OF BANANA RIDGE.

“ Running in a general line from N.W. to S.E. and overlooking the main road from Medjez el Bab to Tunis is a long, low whale-backed feature known to all the First Army as Banana Ridge. Behind it lies a small plain flanked by high rocky hills.

“ On the night of 20th April this plain was a scene of great activity, as a vast concentration of guns, ammunition carriers and trucks was being moved into position in preparation for the launching, a day or two later, of the great drive which was to take the British troops in this sector after a fortnight's fierce and bitter fighting to the gates of Tunis itself.

“ It was to prevent these preparations being disturbed that the Duke of Wellington's had been ordered to move up the previous evening and occupy Banana Ridge, which, till then, had been unheld by our troops, apart from a small outpost force from the Brigade of Guards. The occupation proved uneventful, and daylight found us safely in position on the ridge.

“ The following night, however, our peace was to be rudely shattered. Two or three hours after darkness had fallen, while a continuous stream of guns and lorries were moving stealthily into their appointed position by the half light of the moon, word came that a German attack was believed to be imminent. A matter of moments later, the first shots rang out from the ridge and the battle was on.

“ The enemy came in strength, some of his forces attacking straight up the ridge, some working round the flanks and into the plain behind. Firing on the ridge grew fiercer, minute by minute, and red tracer from enemy machine guns was soon criss-crossing the plain behind our forward companies, while fires blazed up as some of our guns and ammunition dumps were set alight, before they could be got away.

“ Meanwhile on the ridge itself our troops were hard pressed. ‘ D ’ Company on the right had the enemy on three sides of them ; ‘ A ’ Company, on the left, found one of their platoons completely isolated from the rest of the company, while ‘ B ’ Company in the centre, were being subjected to fierce machine gun and mortar fire from a body of the enemy who had established themselves in a small mosque perched right on the highest part of the ridge between them and ‘ D ’ Company.

“ It was in this mosque, the following morning, that the Germans got a real surprise when our artillery fire was directed on to them from ‘ D ’ Company area. Pte. Spellman of ‘ D ’ Company, who had the misfortune temporarily to be taken prisoner, will testify to the unpleasantly accurate and shattering nature of our own gunfire on this occasion.

“ As dawn approached, ‘ C ’ Company were ordered forward from their reserve position to make their way up to join ‘ B ’ Company, who had by then suffered a number of casualties. It proved an exciting journey across the plain, where German tanks had joined the infantry, and several clashes took place before the ridge was eventually reached and contact made with ‘ B ’ Company.

“ When day broke, we were better able to take stock of our surroundings. Enemy tanks and infantry still swarmed over the plain ; bodies of the enemy still occupied several strong points on the ridge ; but the Dukes held firmly to their position in the face of the worst that tanks and mortars and machine guns could do, and gradually the tide of battle turned.

“ Our gunners did magnificent work, blasting the enemy from their positions, and our tanks came up to counter-attack and add to the German discomfiture, but most of all, perhaps the grim refusal of the forward infantry to budge from their positions made the Germans realise that they were beaten and by mid-day they were either in full retreat or coming over in increasing numbers to give themselves up.

“ It was, for most of us, our first real taste of battle, but we had the satisfaction of knowing that a grand job of work had been done. Not only had we administered a severe defeat on some of Hitler's crack troops—mainly Herman Goering Grenadiers—but we



had undoubtedly averted what might have been a major disaster. Casualties, alas, we had in some number, and none more grievous than the loss of such an old and trusted member of the Regiment as C.S.M. Hemblys of 'B' Company. C.S.M. Hemblys was the son of C.S.M. Hemblys of 12 Albert Gardens, Halifax, late of the Regiment, who, when he retired, was sergeant-major of 'B' Company of this Battalion.

"But there was a lighter side, too, as when Major Benson worked his charmed way back across a tank infested plain with nothing more formidable than the Battalion water-cart. But whatever our personal experiences may have been, none of us, I fancy, will ever forget the night of the battle of Banana Ridge."

### PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE BOU AOUKAZ ACTION, MAY 5th and 6th, 1943.

Before the big attack which was to result in the fall of Tunis and the collapse of Axis resistance in North Africa, it was essential to clear the Bou Aoukaz feature which dominated the Medjez-Tunis road from the left. This road was to be the axis of the armoured thrust at Tunis.

The Bou had been the final objective of a long and arduous attack by the — Guards Brigade late in April. The Guards put up a magnificent show and almost attained complete success. The — Grenadiers captured Pt. 171, the feature immediately before the Bou, and the Scots Guards after suffering heavy losses, actually reached the Bou itself and precariously held it for some hours. The troops were exhausted and too thin on the ground, however, and were dislodged by a particularly vicious counter-attack. Lord Lyell\* was killed there, and the morning after our successful capture of the feature we found the peculiarly dramatic sight of that officer's body surrounded by those of eight Guardsmen within 25 yards of the 88mm gun that they had lost their lives in attacking.

Just before dawn on 2nd May our Brigade Commander led his "O" Group up to Pt. 171 where the Grenadiers had established an O.P. It was impossible to reach the Grenadiers by day as their positions and the approaches to them were completely dominated by German O.Ps. on the Bou. Going up to the O.P. one by one, the Commanding Officers of the Brigade cautiously peered over and had their first close-up of that singularly sinister-looking Bou. The officers of the Churchill Tank Squadron which was to help the Brigade in the attack were also present, and they—in their turn—looked with professional gloom at the formidable crags and sheer rock face which we were to attack. The Brigadier then led us off to the Grenadier reserve position immediately behind Pt. 171 where he proposed to give out his orders. I have attended a number of "O" groups on T.E.W.Ts.—at the Senior Officers' School—and even one or two in action, but never have I attended such a wildly improbable brigadier's orders. Our cautious activity at the O.P. had been duly noticed, and the Bosche, resenting our presence and probably guessing its import, proceeded to knock hell out of the Grenadiers' positions. I thus got my first realisation of what that devoted battalion had put up with for ten days and was to put up with until we had cleared the Bou. The Germans knew exactly where the positions were and a hail of mortar and gun fire descended on Pt. 171 and the feature behind it. With difficulty we made our way back to the Grenadiers' H.Q. and with the Brigadier in one slit trench, taking each C.O. in turn to give him his orders, the rest of us crouched in an adjacent trench. The whole position was systematically bombarded. My note book which I left on top of my trench was punctured—my pencil was shattered. I had a little leisure to watch the activities of the Grenadiers, and my already great admiration for that regiment and for the whole of the Brigade of Guards began to grow—an increase which was to continue the longer I stayed with

\* Since the above was written the announcement has been made of the posthumous award of the V.C. to this officer.—ED.

them on that unforgettable position. It will be appreciated that in those circumstances troops can do one of two things. They can lurk in the comparative safety of their slit trenches all day and become "trench bound" but suffer few casualties, or they can take every opportunity to leap out of the trenches when there is a lull, with the inevitable result that a few are caught by the opening burst of the next bombardment. I don't say which is best—the *moral* advantages of the latter are obvious and it was that course which the Grenadiers adopted. They took every opportunity to hit back. They manned their mortars and fired at the German mortars which were out of their range; they sent out patrols; they encouraged the men to leave their trenches and perform their normal duties. In all cases it was the officers who were to the fore. It was the officer who left his trench first, it was the officer who went down the hill under fire and fetched the rations for his platoon. It was the officer who picked up the wounded and called the stretcher bearers.

The Brigadier finished his orders, but we were bound to stay until nightfall before we could take the utterly exposed road back to our rest area. It seemed interminable and there was little to do. One couldn't even continue the reconnaissance as the Grenadiers naturally discouraged outside officers exposing themselves at the O.P., with the inevitable consequence of their own positions receiving more attention from the enemy. I spent the 3rd of May completing my reconnaissance, and on the morning of 4th May I brought up my Battalion "O" Group to pass on my orders to them. This proved an even more bizarre performance than my experience of 2nd May. The German, well knowing that an attack was impending, determined—as was his custom—to forestall it, and as my party arrived in the early dawn, so the Germans launched a determined counter-attack on the Gordons' position to the right. The Gordons were to provide a base for the attack of the K.S.L.I., as the Grenadiers were to provide one for us, and it was vital that their position be held. As we laboriously wound our way up the steep slopes of Pt. 171 to the O.P. the sounds of furious battle increased on the right. We were nearly at the O.P. when Jim Urmson—my support company commander—said in a voice of interested inquiry "What are those tanks, Sir?" We looked where he was pointing and away beneath us in the corn which filled the gap between the slopes of Pt. 171 and the turgid stream of the Medjerda river could be seen five or six tanks. Before any of us could answer, the tanks saved us the trouble. They opened fire with Besa and gun on the clearly visible positions on Pt. 171. My "O" Group dived for cover. I shared a hideously inadequate scooped out depression under a projecting ledge of rock with a very young Grenadier. Major Benson was in a slightly better slit below me—the other company commanders were out of sight behind the projecting rock but found shelter in other Grenadier positions. I suppose it only lasted about a quarter of an hour or so, but it seemed interminable. The tanks milled round in the corn and methodically shelled the little rocky emplacements in turn with armour piercing shells. One struck a position just beyond Benson's and wounded Norman Barnett, the Grenadiers' company commander. Another struck in the vicinity of where I knew my other officers were, but they shouted that they were all right. One hit the shelf of rock just above my rat-hole and besides nearly frightening me out of my life dislodged a large piece of solid rock which fell on my shin. As they say, I gave myself up for lost, and taking what comfort I could from the then singularly inadequate thought that I had had quite a lot of fun in this life, I awaited the *coup de grace*. I think, perhaps, that the worst feature of the party was that neither I nor my officers had any command or particular responsibility as regards the position. We could only be spectators. The Grenadiers on Pt. 156—the feature behind Pt. 171—were not idle however, and getting into touch with the gunners directed shell fire on the tanks. After a few ranging rounds, we were much relieved to see a battery concentration burst neatly in the middle of the tanks, which began to scuttle about in the corn like monstrous beetles. A few more salvos and the tanks withdrew. Cautiously we emerged from our holes. Everyone was more or less



covered with dust but except for Tony Peel, who like me had had a lump of rock on his leg, all were untouched.

Meanwhile the battle raged on the right, and from just below the O.P. one could get a grandstand view of German tanks lumbering forward towards the Gordons. We seemed to be giving a good account of ourselves and it was obvious that the infantry attack at any rate had flickered out. Then crash, crash, crash, the Germans—determined that we on 171 should not interfere with what was going on on the flanks—let go their mortars on the Grenadier positions again. I then saw what was—to the Duke's—a providential sight. Immediately behind Pt. 171 and running between that feature and Pt. 156 behind it was a wadi. It was my intention that the Duke's should form up for the attack in that wadi and then, threading their way through it, assault the Bou from the right. Now I saw a mortar detachment of the Grenadiers setting up their piece in that wadi. It was a good mortar position and the N.C.O. in charge swarmed up to a position beside me at the O.P. to direct the fire. Two rounds were fired and then down, with appalling accuracy, came the answering mortar fire of the Bosche and right along the line of the wadi. One burst and half the mortar detachment were out of action, another, and the ammunition was set ablaze. Another, and the mortar itself was hit and out of action. It was a massacre—and showed only too well that the wadi was a death trap which the Bosche had utterly taped and could plaster at will. Wherever we formed up, that wadi was out of the question.

The company commanders looked at the Bou. They were "put in the picture" as the saying is, as much as possible. We repaired to the left of the wadi and the drivers and batmen dug a few slit trenches for us and themselves, and there under intermittent fire we spent the rest of the day. I went up to see the Grenadiers' C.O. to get his advice on the urgent question of where the Battalion was to spend the day before the attack, which was to commence at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. We couldn't move up by day in full view of the enemy—the Scots Guards had had to do that and suffered heavily, and if we moved up the night before, where could we hide the troops from dawn till 1700 hours? We discussed pros and cons and eventually a small olive grove sufficient for one company was found, and also a small narrow wadi which, if the men kept quite motionless, they could not be seen in. There was nowhere else. The Grenadiers' C.O. expressed fears of the troops being seen when the little wadi would become a death trap and would also disclose the whole plan, but—knowing the Battalion—I felt we could rely on the troops to lie doggo.

The day came to an end and the company commanders went off to meet the Battalion who were moving up in the dark from their rest area about six miles behind. I fell into my slit trench and had the first more or less unbroken night's sleep for four nights. Before dawn Bruce Hindley, the adjutant, reported the Battalion in and company commanders were impressing on the men the desperate urgency of their remaining immobile all day. May the 5th dawned and the endless day began to pass. In sharp contrast to the previous day an uncanny and disquietening peace reigned. Not a round was fired by the Bosche all morning and our own artillery—massing its immense ammunition dumps for the dual attack—was quiet. The Grenadiers' C.O.—looking anxiously down from his H.Q. at Pt. 156—saw no movement from the little depression where three companies and rear H.Q. of the Duke's crouched, cursing at the flies. In the little olive grove "B" Company—after a preliminary brush with an angry anti-tank gun crew posted there in case of a repeat performance by the German tanks the day before—were invisible. The anti-tankers, alarmed that their position would be disclosed, were pacified, and the Battalion set its teeth and gave a remarkable demonstration of true discipline. The attack was to have the support of the massed artillery of practically the whole of the First Army and a large measure of air support as well. Early in the afternoon we saw evidence of this as squadrons of our aircraft in formation passed majestically overhead, circled the Bou and dropped their load in the Wadi Rmel—known inevitably as the Rommel Wadi—

**D.W.R. INFANTRY TRAINING CENTRE.**



**Permanent Staff, Specialist Company, June 1943.**



**"G" Company. Winners of the Athletic Sports and Inter-Company Cricket Tournament.**





**Colonel K. G. Exham.** (See page 118).



**The late Mr. C. J. Puplett.** (See page 122).

behind that feature which we thought sheltered the German mortars. A fair amount of flak came up—otherwise the enemy showed no sign of life. At about 4.30 p.m. I set off with Bruce Hindley and my two signallers to the O.P. on Pt. 171 where I hoped to watch the opening stages of the attack. Two gunners—one very suitably called Gunn—had arrived to act as liaison officers between us and their batteries. The F.O.Os. had joined the companies. My orders were given out—there was nothing more to do until the battle started. The plan was simple; and following the barrage closely, the Battalion was to attack with two companies forward and two in support. There were four objectives for the Battalion on the Bou, picked necessarily off the map, and these had been given the code names of Brian I, II, III and IV. Brian I was a jutting out feature of the main mass of the Bou and was called on the exiguous maps available Dr. Brahim. We all knew that the abbreviation Dj. meant Djebel, but no one knew what Dr. signified. The feature was naturally dubbed Doctor Brahim, or more familiarly "The Doctor." The other objectives were peaks rising from the dark hulk of the Bou itself and Brian III was Pt. 226—the highest point in the whole range. As Bruce and I started a note arrived from the Grenadiers' C.O. It congratulated the Battalion on its achievement in utterly concealing itself during the vital hours of waiting and wished us the best of luck. Its symmetry was slightly marred for me as—with true Guardsman-like vagueness as to the nomenclature of officers of the line—it was addressed to a name only somewhat similar to mine.

We threaded our way through a narrow offshoot of the wadi where I had left my nominal H.Q.—represented by my batman and my carrier—and there passed the regimental aid post. The medical section were laying out their kit and our doctor and the Grenadiers' M.O. were there together. They knew, and I knew that they would be busy all too soon. There was nothing to say. Bruce and I began to wind our way up the familiar incline of Pt. 171. At 1645 hours the barrage started—there was an immense whistling over our heads and we could see our shells beginning to burst on the lower slopes of "Doctor." There seemed to be a comforting number of them. We pressed on up the hill—the signallers loaded with the wireless set lagged behind. At 1650 hours we looked back at the little wadi where most of the Battalion lay and saw "C" Company (Capt. Turnbull) rise out of the ground and, well extended, begin their advance. We gained the O.P. and sat down to watch. Our gunners began to mix smoke with their high explosive and drifts of it began to blow back from the objective and billow over the small plain between us and the Bou. At 1700 hours dead (zero hour) "C" Company had reached the line of the olive grove where "B" Company (Capt. Smith) was waiting. Both companies—"B" on the left, "C" on the right—now advanced, definitely committed to the attack, and behind them "A" and "D" had left the precarious haven of the little wadi and were advancing steadily. The line of advance skirted the fatal 171 wadi where my H.Q. was, and leaving Pt. 171 on its right and Medjerda river on its left pressed towards the "Doctor." And then with a sudden and appalling crash down came the German defensive fire. The Duke's had good cause to thank themselves for their own skill in concealing their presence. The German, blinded by the smoke of the barrage, obviously thought that the Grenadiers were staging an attack, and for the hundredth time the positions of that decimated battalion were systematically shelled and mortared. Simultaneously a terrifying barrage of really heavy shell fire came down on those cornfields by the river bank which had harboured the tanks the morning before. The Scots Guards had attacked that way and doubtless it was a pre-arranged task for the German heavy artillery to make that line of advance impossible. It was in its true sense an awful sight. The noise was bewildering, the smoke was now eddying about in quite thick clouds but in between its whirls could be seen the small pathetically thin lines of Yorkshiremen pushing stoically on. It could be seen that the majority of the defensive fire was over to their left and missing them completely, but as one looked—sick with anxiety—one could distinguish some of the lilliputian figures falling and stretcher bearers running forward to carry out their task. No reports came in from companies—they were too



busy. It was my intention, having witnessed the opening of the assault, to return to my H.Q. in the wadi and get in touch with Brigade, but we were pinned to the ground. The Germans excelled themselves in their shelling of Pt. 171 that afternoon. It almost seemed as if they knew this was their last chance to hammer at the Grenadiers and they took full advantage of it. A new experience was added to our already all too rich knowledge of being bombarded. We heard our first six-barrelled mortar. With a scream like ten thousand banshees, each travelling in a separate express train, these appalling missiles crashed on to Pt. 171. They filled all their unwilling auditors with a firm conviction that he—personally—was the sole target. We saw the wadi beneath Pt. 171—our wadi—raked from end to end, and one group of shells burst just by our H.Q. I prayed for little L/Cpl. Gough, my batman, and for the gunner officers who I knew were somewhere there. The troops had pushed steadily on and were lost in the thickening smoke. I knew Brigade starved for information would be anxious, and at last we were able to pick our way—for the last time—down those fatal slopes of 171. We gained our H.Q. An ambulance was blazing beside it but our little staff emerged grinning and scatheless from their slits. We got through on the 22 set—the “Blower”—to the Brigadier and were able to report the capture of the “Doctor.” Soon Brian II was in our hands and the two supporting companies were pressing on the summit of Pt. 226 where it was known that the Bosche had his O.P. As the companies began to ascend the rocky slopes of the Bou the defenders—emerging from the depths of their slits where they had crouched during the barrage—began to bring rifle and machine gun fire to bear on the intrepid infantrymen picking their way upwards. Lt. Denman—the first officer of the Division to gain a decoration in the field in this theatre—was killed, and soon after Lt. Millard, leading his platoon in an attack on a machine gun nest, fell—killed instantly by a bullet in the throat. Companies had gone into this attack only two weak platoons strong, and now casualties who could be ill spared began to occur right and left. Major Benson—shot in the arm—had to be evacuated, and it fell to Capt. Jacobsen (“D” Company) to collect the fragments of “A,” “C” and “D” Companies into one composite body to assault 226. “B” Company was firmly established on the “Doctor,” and formed a base for our steadily increasing but hotly contested hold on the Bou. Over to the right there could be distinguished sounds of violent fighting as the K.S.L.I. pressed on to their objective on the right sector of the feature. It was dark by now and the formidable silhouette of the Bou slowly merged into the general blackness. Fighting died down for a time, and it was possible to get a general picture of our sector. The subsidiary feature of the “Doctor” was ours and although the actual peak of 226 had not been achieved, the feature as a whole was under our control. The first essential was to ensure artillery support for the defence against the inevitable counter-attack at dawn. The sapper detachments who had accompanied the Duke’s on our assault got to work with their explosives and blew a small emplacement in the rock. A gunner F.O.O. installed himself therein and got into wireless communication with his senior officer at my H.Q. The infantry—as far as it was possible—dug themselves in, scooping out the thin earth and piling stones round to make emplacements. Water and ammunition were urgently demanded and were not easy to supply. No wheeled vehicle could ascend the precipitous slopes of the Bou and it was doubtful if even the carriers could make the grade. There were minefields to be crossed and no one seemed to know precisely where they were. Jim Urmson was given the task of supplying the companies, and wasted no time in implementing it. The Carrier Platoon—impatient at their enforced inactivity—worked like beavers to load up their vehicles with stores. Led by their company commander, they drove up the water and ammunition to the parched, sweating infantry in front. Snipers and minefields—real or imaginary—were ignored and the vital replenishing of ammunition reserves was accomplished before dawn.

At about midnight the comparative quiet was broken by an outburst of frenzied firing on the right. The K.S.L.I. were the target of a counter-attack made in the pitch

dark and with desperate ferocity. Listening anxiously at the "Blower," we could hear the reports of the K.S.L.I. and Foresters' C.Os. and the crisp confident tones of the Brigadier directing the battle. Throughout that long night I felt enormously sustained by the clear cheerful note that could be discerned in all our Brigade Commander's directions. Harried as he must have been by the critical situation on the right, he gave us on the left—who had our hour of trial to come—every assistance, moral and material. We required reinforcements and, being completely committed ourselves, were given a platoon of the Foresters, the reserve battalion. This platoon made its hazardous way across from the right along to our thin band hanging like limpets to the reverse slopes of Pt. 226, but with difficulties of terrain, scattered firing and running clashes with snipers on the way, only a very small percentage of the Foresters' platoon arrived with their officers.

Our guns had been quiet for some hours when at 3 a.m. on the morning of the 6th they started their last epic barrage for the grand attack on the plain between the Bou and the Tunis road. Simultaneously the infantry of the 4th Division and the 4th Indian Division rose from their trenches and—secure from the now neutralised Bou—began to move irresistibly forward. We had reports over the "Blower" as dawn approached of the success of this attack, but despite the threat to their left the Germans continued their bitter counter-attack on the K.S.L.I., who with great tenacity and suffering heavy losses in the confused fighting hung on grimly to their dearly won objectives.

The beginning of 6th May dawned on the haggard Duke's thinly perched on their positions, and with the coming of light the fighting on the K.S.L.I. front died down to open with equal ferocity on our sector on the Bou. The enemy snipers—with orders to fight to the last—grasped machine gun or rifle. The mortar crews—still lurking in the Rommel wadi—stood to their pieces and the counter-attack infantry began to work their way forward. Our men were pinned to their slits and the situation became serious. The F.O.O. in his blasted-out emplacement did noble work. With enemy snipers less than 50 yards from his niche, he calmly directed defensive fire from his battery. The enemy infantry could make no headway and their attack withered away. The enemy mortars, however, continued their telling fire and the snipers in their well dug-in laboriously prepared positions carried on with their deadly work. It was necessary to deal with these gentry one by one. A variety of methods were used. The direct assault—in one such gallant effort C.S.M. Shilleto was killed—and the use of the mortar. This weapon was an anti-tank projector and its bomb was found useful in dealing with the miniature improvised strong points in which the sniper lurked. It was obvious that tanks, or even one tank would do the business for us with ease and with perfect safety. There were no anti-tank guns on the Bou, and now that carriers had proved that tracked vehicles could make the difficult ascent of the feature the use of tanks was the obvious answer. It is difficult to write even now without resentment of what ensued. I spoke to our Brigadier and explained the situation to him and asked for a troop of tanks—for one tank even. He agreed to the plan and wasted no time in giving clear and definite orders for the tanks to move up to Pt. 226. Time passed but there was no sign of our armour. I spoke to Brigade again and even more categorical orders were given to the tank squadron commander to send one of his units to our assistance. It had been considered—and rightly—that in the initial stages of the attack the Churchill Squadron should assist the K.S.L.I. on to their objective. The country on their sector was more suitable for them, but it had been made quite clear by the Brigadier that if possible and as early as practicable the tanks were to make their way to Pt. 226. Difficulties of terrain, lack of artillery support, fear of the 88mm guns were produced in turn and, as the morning wore on, the infantry paid in blood and mutilation for this incomprehensible delay. Support from our own arm was not lacking, however, and soon after first light I heard that a battalion of York and Lancasters had moved up behind us. One company was put under my command and I lost no time in sending it up to the Bou. The C.O.



of the York and Lancs, who had in happier times often stayed in the Mess of this Battalion for rugger matches, came up to see me. The York and Lancs. Company was actually not committed as it was about to leave the "Doctor" when the enemy counter-attack died away and it never left that feature. The moral assistance of reinforcements was, however, invaluable, and we all felt that the crisis was past.

We had been intermittently shelled in our wadi since dawn but at about 10 a.m. the enemy began to concentrate on us. I think that the wireless masts of the "Blower" and of the H.Q. No: 18 set were clearly visible above the low bank of the wadi, and knowing it was a headquarters, the well-trained Bosche very rightly began to plaster us in earnest. Our rear H.Q. in what I call the small wadi were in no better shape, as some vehicles necessarily had been passing to and fro from it to the track. Both wadis received really heavy shelling and it was unpleasant. The acting C.O. of the Foresters came up to see me. His task, as reserve battalion, was to put in a full scale attack and finally clear up the Bou of lurking snipers. We gave him what information we could and he moved back to his battalion. Just afterwards the carriers of the York and Lancs. appeared, to my horror, on the forward slopes of Pt. 156 behind me and then proceeded to mill round about 50 yards from my H.Q., oblivious of the fact that they were in full view of the enemy. We yelled at them and—looking slightly hurt—the carriers lumbered out of sight. But the harm was done. This last ostentation evidently enraged the Bosche and his mortars crashed down on the wadi again. I had sent for Jimmy Rowe, my intelligence officer, and had just given him instructions to go to the Foresters H.Q. and get their plan of attack when the ominous whistle of approaching shells was heard. Jimmy flung himself down beside my carrier, his batman, Pte. Mernor, flattened himself against the wall of the wadi. It was a direct hit in the wadi with one shell actually against the carrier. Mernor was killed instantly and I heard a groan from Jimmy Rowe and other cries from the bend in the wadi just beyond. The Doctor—ever fearless—rushed to the rescue. My batman, L/Cpl. Gough, was hit in the right arm and shoulder, Jimmy was hit in the head and legs, and Tony Peel, already lamed by his brush with the tanks the day before, was wounded again. I was sharing a slit trench with a signaller from Brigade called Cpl. Cash, whose mission was to tend the "Blower." We looked at each other as the smoke cleared. "This 'ere is too bloody much," said Cash with deep sincerity. I could only mutely agree. The "Blower" was out of action and—rather belatedly perhaps—I ordered both wireless masts to be lowered out of view. It was the last effort of the Bosche mortars. It was 12 noon. Reports had been coming in from the rifle companies that enemy resistance was slackening, and at about this time the last sniper was disposed of. At last the success on the Tunis road was having its effect and the enemy were in retreat everywhere. The armour had passed through at dawn and the sound of fighting in the plain died away towards Tunis. The Duke's—literally bloody but unbowed—were masters of the Bou and the fall of the Axis in North Africa was inevitable.

Casualties at the Bou :—Officers, 2 killed, 4 wounded ; other ranks, 29 killed, 76 wounded, 3 missing.

### PANTELLARIA, 11th JUNE, 1943.

We did not know it was Pantellaria we were bound for until two or three days before the operation took place ; we knew of course it was to be a combined operation ; we knew, too, the nature of the country we would have to fight over ; many of us made shrewd guesses, but that was all.

As soon as the news was revealed, there was considerable excitement at the thought that the Duke's were to be one of the first two battalions to land on the Axis metropolitan territory almost exactly three years after being driven out of Europe at Dunkirk. The task promised to be formidable enough. The information was that at least 10,000 Axis

troops were on the island, and according to all the maps and aerial photographs fortifications of all types from large coastal batteries to machine gun positions bristled all round the coast and up in the hills behind. Five years had been spent in strengthening the defence of the island, and Mussolini boasted that it would never be taken. Against all this we knew for some time past it had received a terrific pounding from both sea and air, though just how devastating the effects of the bombardment were I doubt if any of us had an inkling of until we landed and saw for ourselves.

Our journey over proved uneventful ; the Navy saw to that ; and at the appointed time and place the landing craft were lowered from the parent ships. It was then, I think, that most of us got our first view of Pantellaria. Seen from a distance, it appears to be one solid mountain mass rising straight out of the sea, and that morning it looked grim and sinister enough. The lower slopes were shrouded in a huge grey dim-coloured pall, which at first sight appeared to be the morning mist, but which later we knew to be the clouds of dust and smoke left by our last bombing raid.

As we moved steadily nearer the shore, it was an impressive sight to look round and view the whole great convoy moving along in perfect formation with its escort of cruisers and destroyers steaming ahead and to either flank. But the most impressive of all was when our bombers came over to blast the defences for the last time before we landed ; that was a sight that none of us could ever forget. By now it was only half an hour before we were due to land, and already we could clearly make out the harbour with the small town behind it, and could even distinguish such details as pillboxes and gun positions. Suddenly the drone of approaching aircraft could be heard, and turning round to look behind we saw them. Wave after wave of heavy bombers, all keeping perfect formation, seemed to stretch back as far as the eye could see. They came steadily on, passing right over our heads and making a beeline for the harbour area. As we watched, we could clearly see the first bombs falling from the 'planes, and then after a breath-taking pause came the first sickening thuds as they found their mark. For ten minutes or more it lasted, and one felt almost horrified to think that men and women were living on that island in such an inferno. A few feeble puffs of smoke from anti-aircraft shells greeted the first waves, but gave up ; it was impossible to see anything behind the huge pall of smoke that enveloped the whole harbour area.

Meanwhile we moved steadily nearer in, and one could see flashes from the guns of our naval escort, as they too joined in the bombardment. As each minute passed we expected to come under the answering fire of the coastal batteries ; they must—it seemed—be holding their fire to the very last moment, and excitement grew steadily more intense. Some of the destroyers were now within a few hundred yards of the shore, firing at point blank range, and still there came no reply from the guns on the island.

Then, almost before we realised it, we were inside the harbour, and already the leading troops were jumping out of the assault craft on to the moles. It seemed almost like some giant exercise and not real war as they scrambled over the great heaps of rubble that told of the colossal havoc wrought by our bombers, until one saw little groups of bewildered Italian soldiers hurrying to meet our troops with hands high in the air. As we made our way inland through the wreckage which was all that remained of the town, it was the same story. All the streets were empty and desolate, and nothing barred our progress.

As we reached our appointed positions clear of the town, and now as we looked towards the great peaks that towered up behind it, a host of white flags seemed suddenly to have sprung up. One huge flag fluttered from the look-out station on the top of Semaphore Hill, and everywhere little bands of soldiers, each seemingly armed with his own token of surrender, were making their way down towards us, some preceded by a leader bearing a great white banner, almost as if at some Salvation Army rally.



The rest of the story was undramatic. Throughout that day and the next the prisoners poured in, soldiers, sailors and civilians—many of these last pathetic sights—all seemingly only too glad that their ordeal was over at last.

Before we left we had our troubles too, when enemy dive bombers came roaring down to attack our ships as they lay in the harbour, but we came through unscathed. And so the capture of Pantellaria remains in our memories as a great adventure and a remarkable triumph for British arms. Much of the credit must deservedly go to the Navy and the Air Force, but, after all, it was we who took the island, and made Mussolini's boastful claim look a little silly.

### EXTRACT FROM "THE TIMES" DATED WEDNESDAY, 16th JUNE, 1943.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Pantellaria, 13th June.

War correspondents on the Pantellaria expedition were warned before they started that they must not name the Division engaged in it, and they were, therefore, surprised to hear it named in last night's B.B.C. news bulletin. But they were also pleased, for the First Division had already done splendid work in the Tunisian campaign and received less than full recognition for it.

It had fought in one of the hottest sectors, that which lay between Medjez-Tebourba road and the Medjez-Tunis road, and included Bou el Aoukaz, and had suffered heavier casualties during the final fortnight's offensive than any other Division. It was commanded in France by General Alexander and later by General Anderson, and included a certain number of veterans of Dunkirk, but had not since then been in action, apart from patrols, until 24 hours before our Good Friday offensive started.

#### FIRST DIVISION'S TEST.

It was then that the enemy launched a sudden heavy night attack with infantry and tanks on the First Division's positions on and behind Banana Ridge. Inexperienced troops could hardly have had a more difficult test, but they passed it triumphantly, and then went on from strength to strength.

It was one of their Brigades which finally captured Bou el Aoukaz the night before our attack on 6th May—a difficult job, beautifully carried out. The same Brigade provided the first wave of assault troops on Pantellaria—an honour well earned.

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Silence, although proverbially golden, must be very aggravating to the Editor of a regimental magazine. For this we apologise, and, although it is now late April, the "Dukes" wish all at home a victorious 1943.

Under the untiring leadership of our C.O., ably backed by Major Dick Cumberledge, who has returned to us after his long sojourn at G.H.Q., what was a motley collection of male Britons has now been welded into a Battalion of the "Dukes." Stationed under canvas, we have already completed platoon and company training, and we now hope for bigger things to come.

#### OFFICERS' MESS.

No words can express the deep feeling of irreparable loss at the absence of so many familiar faces amongst us. The tragic death of our late commanding officer, Col. H. B. Owen, at the hands of a Burmese traitor, is something we can never forget or forgive.

The Battalion has also lost four of its most gallant and loyal officers in Major Jack Robinson who, after being reported missing since the battle of Shwedaung, south of Prome, has since been awarded the Military Cross; Capt. Donald Coningham, who was killed

leading his Company in the same battle ; Capt. John Christison, who was killed with all the crew of his carrier near the Taukkyan road-block ; and Capt. E. (Cushy) Mason, who has been missing since the Sittang river crossing.

It is with the deepest regret that we have also to record the loss of Lt. Jack Sutherland, who was severely wounded at Shwedaung and died in a field hospital at Allanmyo some days later ; and of Lts. Peter Travis and Eric Skinner who were drowned crossing the Sittang river, the latter after being badly wounded by a mortar bomb ; and of Lt. Frank Slater, who was killed in the Shwedaung battle before many of us had even had time to get to know him. Our most sincere sympathies go out to the wives and families of these gallant officers who died upholding the highest traditions of the Regiment.

We have one feeling, which is common to all of us, that it is our solemn duty to those we left behind in Burma to ensure that they did *not* give their lives in vain, and to live up to the fine example of courage and devotion to duty which they have set us.

To turn to more cheerful things, we have had great pleasure in welcoming to the Battalion many new officers, some of whom have always been "Dukes," and many who have joined us from other regiments.

On the "Q" side we have finally said farewell to Major "J. C.," who is now in a staff job, and we congratulate him on his promotion. Lt. Tom Jowett has been forced to leave us for reasons of health. His untiring work for the Battalion as "Q.M." throughout the Burma show cannot be too highly praised. Meanwhile he has an able successor in Lt. W. Hunt, to whom we offer our hearty congratulations on obtaining his commission from R.Q.M.S.

We have been very sorry to say farewell to our M.O., Capt. O'Hara, R.A.M.C., and we congratulate him on receiving the very well-earned award of the Military Cross for the magnificent services he rendered to the sick and wounded throughout the Burma campaign. To his successor, Lt. Hughes, R.A.M.C., we offer our very best wishes, and may his stay with us be a long one.

News comes in occasionally of other old "Dukes" in India. Capt. (now A/Major) A. C. S. Savory, and Major (T/Lt.-Col.) J. H. Dalrymple are both serving on the staff under Major Savory's uncle. Major A. D. Firth, whom we congratulate on a well-earned promotion, may soon be rejoining us. Capt. R. Moran recently rejoined us.

### COMPANY NOTES.

"H.Q." COMPANY.—We pay a tribute to the officers and men of this Company who were lost in the Burma campaign. Many changes have taken place to fill up the gaps, and in the re-organised Company there are many new faces.

We welcome into the Company the new platoon commanders and congratulate all N.C.Os. and men who have risen to authority in the recent re-organisation. Let it suffice to mention Capt. J. E. V. Butterfield as Company commander, (Buddy) S. Norton as C.S.M., and the granting of a commission to an old hand, Bill Hunt, who is now Lt. and Q.M. Finally, we must *not* forget "Sticky" Glew, who was mentioned in despatches for good work in Burma.

Our Christmas festivities of 1942 were carried out in very different circumstances from past years, but fortified with an issue of beer, we did our best. It is worth recording the tale of a certain B.O.R., who carried out the spirit of initiative to a high degree. He was seen to consume half a bottle of beer and, following this, run round his tent a considerable number of times. In the state of dizziness thus induced, he proceeded to finish off the bottle, thereby persuading himself that he had reached a state of intoxication.

In the recent inter-company soccer competition "*not* quite completed," "H.Q. B." leads, "H.Q." on top, as usual. The "Dukes" can't be kept off rugby for long, and even in the wilds we have managed a few games between showers of rain. There have been one or two company scratch games, and the Battalion team, generously sprinkled with "H.Q." men, has beaten all opposition to date. Strange to say, badminton has



become a hot favourite with the troops, who have found this a far more strenuous and tricky game than they first believed.

Let us hope that by the time these notes are in print at home *peace* will be in sight and the time will be close at hand when the firm hand of the censor need no longer cramp our style.

"A" COMPANY.—Since last writing, "A" Company has undergone many changes. At one time it formed with "B" Company a composite company known as No. 1 Company. But happier days are here again and "A" Company is once more "*on the map*." We suffer from the loss of many old friends, foremost among which are the late company commander, Capt. "Cushy" Mason, Lt. Eric Skinner and our C.S.M., "Horsey" Brown.

Although we have *not* yet quite reached the standard of the old "A" Company, we are rapidly approaching it in both work and sport. We have produced quite a good soccer team, and are eagerly looking forward to the Battalion sports meeting. Unfortunately we have had little chance of playing much rugby or hockey.

We have recently said good-bye, or we hope only *au revoir*, to "Tich" Grant, who has left us for that country which is reported by so many to be "*out of bounds to British troops*."

We welcome our new company commander, who brings with him from the U.K. the nickname of "*Seven Days Sam*," although the name *Olive Oyle* is preferred by some. We also welcome Lts. Whitehouse, Hayes and Binnie, also from the U.K.

We congratulate C.S.M. Wood on his promotion to R.S.M. and welcome Sgt. Wrigley in his place. Finally, we welcome all the men who have recently joined us and we wish them all good luck and good hunting.

"B" COMPANY.—It seems rather hard to write these notes again as "B" Company is greatly changed. But we still have a few old faces amongst us. Incidentally, to "B" Company fell the honour of having the first decoration in the field; and we would like to congratulate Pte. Rawnsley, M.M., on his award.

Amongst the newcomers to the Company are Lts. Sissons, King, Bond, Harris and Gilbey, all of whom, with the exception of Gilbey, are recently out from England. We wish them all "good hunting" when the time comes. Other newcomers are C.S.M. Yarnold from "H.Q." Company, who got a well-earned "Mentioned" in Burma, and Sgt. Checkley from the Signal Platoon as C.Q.M.S.

In the field of sport we have done fairly well. In rigger we lowered the might of "H.Q. B." by a good margin, but unfortunately the ground is too hard now to allow any further play. In soccer we have held our own in the inter-company league although half the regular team has been on leave. Ptes. Rowland and Bright leave us to-day to take part in the India boxing championships. We wish them the best of luck.

"C" COMPANY.—To write up notes on the Company after a lapse of over a year is no mean task, but we will do our best. Furthermore, in passing we may say that the thought of having to write something which will *not* displease the censor authorities absolutely appals us, for we are told to displease the censor is no mean thing.

Of course we do *not* see many of the old faces, so prominent in "C" Company before we proved ourselves against the Japs. Very few men remain and our officers are all new. However, the Company is still looked upon with awe by the lesser fry.

It is pleasing to see that all the recipients of military medals in the Battalion are of this Company; although we admit that one has but joined us after his award; congratulations to them.

We are sorry to lose C.S.M. Lyons, who is to receive a commission, and we wish him the very best of luck for the future. We are pleased to have in his place C.S.M. Bentley, whom we congratulate upon his promotion.

As regards sport, we cannot say very much, facilities being so limited. In the limited time at our disposal we have picked upon an athletic side which gives a very decent

promise. At soccer we have held our own with the picked and case-hardened veterans of "H.Q." Company, and we are *not* doing too badly in the league. Although we have lost some good material, we are looking forward to the time when we can field what we consider should be a pretty decent rugger side. We can guarantee a good run for its money to any side which comes up against us.

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Now that we are no longer permitted to say in our notes who, what or where we are, it is increasingly difficult to find material of sufficient interest for publication. Censorship regulations have not only deprived us of the privilege of describing ourselves as "A Battalion in Ruritania" or some such place but have practically stopped the publication of matters of military interest altogether. We console ourselves, however, in the knowledge that such restrictions are necessary in the interests of our own security, and we must put up with them until our friend Hitler is finally disposed of.

It was a great relief, when in October of 1942, we at last received our orders to move from the tented camp where almost constant rain had reduced the whole area to the state of a quagmire, to more comfortable and hospitable quarters. We cannot record where we are but we can say that it is a treat to have a solid roof over our heads and to be able to have a bath without the necessity of wading through a foot of mud to the miserable showers previously provided in a rural "retreat." Our present surroundings are extremely pleasant and one might say "too pleasant to last for long."

Many large and small exercises have taken place from this, our present station, and although we cannot describe the nature of the training, we can at least say that all ranks have gained some valuable experience.

We congratulate the following on being awarded certificates of merit for outstanding service:—C.Q.M.S. A. Whiteoak, Sgt. T. Beard, Pte. C. Baldwin. C.Q.M.S. Whiteoak and Sgt. Beard have given the Battalion many years of faithful service both before and during the present war, and have well earned their certificates. Pte. Baldwin's certificate was awarded for outstanding service in Iceland, and all of us who served in that outpost know him to be a most reliable dispatch rider. One could almost bet one's shirt that, no matter what the state of the so-called roads, he would complete his journey and his task even if he broke his neck in the attempt.

No doubt the officers will record in their notes the loss on account of temporary ill-health of Capt. and Q.M. O. Ramsbottom, but it is felt to be a matter that should also receive mention in the Battalion notes. Capt. Ramsbottom, affectionately known as "Rammy" (when he was not listening), served with various Battalions of the Regiment for a considerable number of years, including the last war. He terminated his service as R.Q.M.S. of the Regimental Depot and later accepted a commission as Quartermaster of this Battalion. Since taking up that appointment his one ambition has been the welfare of the Battalion from the "Q" point of view, and his constant and sound advice will be greatly missed. We are glad to hear that Capt. Ramsbottom is now fit again after undergoing an operation, and is now straining at the leash to be back on the job again. All ranks wish him the best of luck wherever he may be posted. We welcome in his stead Lt. and Q.M. (Tim) Tullett.

A recent inspection by our Divisional Commander caused considerable excitement, gnashing of teeth and splashing of whitewash, not forgetting innumerable headaches, but the resultant report was well worth the hard work put in by all ranks.

The Battalion has just concluded a "Regimental Prisoners of War Fund Week" under the able direction of Major J. T. Rivett-Carnac and Capt. A. E. Chandler. The target aimed at was £250 but the final figure of the amount actually raised is not yet to hand. Numerous methods have been resorted to for the purpose of producing "brass"

for this worthy cause and the most popular proved to be the officers' dance, two all ranks' dances, a regimental sports meeting, a Derby sweep and tombola. The two all ranks' dances were crowded affairs, and there was much to be thankful for in the fact that recent A.C.Is. had ordered a reduction in the number of studs in the soles of "Boots, Ankle," which did to a certain extent make the operation less painful and ladders in silk stockings less numerous.

The Regimental sports were a welcome relaxation from the constant grind of training and some excellent sprinting, etc., was witnessed. The following are congratulated on winning the events as shown:—100 yards, Lt. J. Green; 220 yards, Lt. J. Green; 440 yards, Cpl. F. Floyd; 880 yards, Pte. J. Normally; one mile, Pte. I. Hailes; two miles, L/Cpl. J. Mushet; cycle race, Sgt. N. Wilkinson; slow cycle race, L/Cpl. J. Holdsworth; high jump, Capt. Manning and Lt. Haldane; obstacle race, Cpl. J. Iredale; cricket ball, Sgt. T. Evans; long jump, L/Cpl. M. Winn; tug-of-war, Support Company; relay race, "A" Company.

"B" Company were awarded the sports cup for the year and the following is the order of merit at the end of the sports meeting:—1, "B" Company, 44½ points; 2, "C" Company, 33½ points; 3, "A" Company, 31 points; 4, "H.Q." Company, 29½ points; 5, Support Company, 25½ points.

It is fondly hoped that the officer who laid down the conditions for the Company "H.Q." race which resulted in the R.S.M. and C.S.Ms. crawling on hands and knees for 60 yards will allow sergeant-majors to lay down conditions at the next meeting.

The Derby sweep had the appearance of being a complete wangle, the first prize being won by the orderly room staff. However, we all hope that the money raised from the various functions will provide some sort of comfort for the chaps who have been unfortunate enough to land in enemy hands.

### OFFICERS' MESS.

The Battalion moved into winter quarters late last year after all the delights of camping in a wet autumn had been proved. Now the background is racy, the ghost of Gordon Richards plays about in the orderly room—though where once Arab blood pounded round the course, only an occasional hot and sweaty figure may be seen trundling, heaving with enthusiasm for sports meetings.

However, to begin at the beginning—Christmas passed in a whirl. There is little now to be said about it—if indeed it can be remembered at all, but several of the Battalion complained, as they marched on Boxing Day to a meet of a well-known pack of hounds, that small black things kept on leaping out at them from an apparently deserted road.

Then there was a lull—a period of concentrated training before important spring manoeuvres, when the Battalion discovered itself on the outskirts of a University town with firm intentions about defence and counter-attack. But they were unfortunately forced to withdraw through the city with mediæval walls standing like bastions against the barbarities that were to follow through, and the streets agape with free Europeans, sandbags and intelligentzia. The Battalion did a noble attack around which much pivoted, but if the higher strategy was realised by our action we ourselves were put in a somewhat Italianate position, and were therefore out of the battle. Pockets of resistance did fight on and the adjutant found himself playing a gaulleist rôle with the second-in-command doing a giraud.

Then came another lull, broken up by inspections, courts of enquiries on losses on training generally, before a move from one place to another—this time a pleasant little industrial town, festooned with lace and aspidistras. Several tables simply asked people to put their feet under, and a most successful all-ranks' dance came about. However, we were not there long enough to enjoy all the pleasures offered by the townsfolk as the Battalion was ordered to move once more and found itself in *loco quo*—much to the entertainment of many who before had made an end to several interesting little contacts.



Then the electrifying news:—The G.O.C. will inspect. What preparations. What chits arrived at and departed from Battalion "H.Q." What a buzzing and a ringing, what a slashing of paint and whitewash, what initialling of A.Bs. 64, what clothing inspections, parades of guts and gaiters, musters of men and matchets, tolls of trucks and tappets. The band blasted the afternoon air for many a day; every cobweb was blown to bits.

And then the day. Thank God it was fine and everything went according to plan—even the information room. The General was pleased, and the Battalion closed the day in contentment with the congratulations of the G.O.C. in their ears.

War Weapons Week saw pomp and ceremony come into its own as the Battalion impressed the local town with almost Axis eyewash. But the Prisoners of War Week proved a high spot with a most successful seven days, including sports, all-ranks' dances, various minor ceremonies, and an officers' dance at a local hotel—one of the best we have had.

Apart from that there have been officers' days (training) and ladies' nights (recreation) to provide a rhythm to existence—and concert parties—one of which was American under the care of Miss Ann Dvorak. The whole evening became just terribly transatlantic and hands across the sea.

We welcome to the Battalion several new officers, many of whom joined us on recent manoeuvres, Major Rivett-Carnac to swell the hierarchy and our gathering of military pundits, and several more junior than he who, if on parade are uniform in their O.C.T.U. training, off parade as individual in their tastes as could be—ranging from drums in a dance band to international ballet, from higher mathematical spheres at Cambridge to currlinean blondes at the nearby town.

Father Costello was not long enough with us for us to get to know him, but we welcome in his stead Father Scott.

One wishes for good fortune to go to Wynne Morgan and Jimmy Green who have merged into matrimony, and our congratulations go to the C.O., Major R. C., Ronnie Helme and Teddy Manning on the arrival of first borns, and to John Haldane on his third.

### SERGEANTS' MESS.

Since the publication of our last notes social events have been more or less confined to a social evening on each Sunday to which our civilian friends have been invited. Although these social evenings have not been a subject of special organisation, they have proved to be extremely popular both to our members and to our guests. The inability to obtain liquid refreshment (legally) on Sundays from other sources in this area has, no doubt, added to the popularity of these events.

The periodical games evenings between the officers and sergeants to decide ownership of the games trophy has been held in the home Mess and resulted in the sergeants receiving a sound thrashing by four games to one. A polar bear medal has been awarded to the C.Q.M.S. who kept the scores. Darts, dominoes, crib and "tippet" were played, and in all departments except one our scorer declined to do any faking and let us down miserably. A magnificent trophy for the event was constructed by our able friend Sgt. Johnson (R.E.M.E.), and it is hoped that the salvage authorities will not miss the two-pounder shell from which it was made. Our provost sergeant, with the aid of his own specially trained Gestapo, has been ordered to investigate the mysterious disappearance of 52 gallons of ale during the evening's entertainment.

A Mess dinner followed by a dance was held in the Mess on 4th April, and our thanks and congratulations are due to the messing and amusement committees for the organization of a really excellent show. Approximately 90 people were seated at dinner, and as can easily be imagined the provision of cutlery and crockery for such an unusual gathering was in itself a tremendous problem. C.S.M. Halls, however, proved himself equal to the

task, and by wearing out several pairs of boots and at the cost of two or three nights' sleep produced the goods on the day required. It is said that he is still troubled with nightmares in which he fancies himself battling his way through hordes of knives, forks and spoons; and when it was suggested that a similar function be held in the near future, he promptly collapsed with a heart attack.

We welcome Sgt. Kirby to the ranks of those held in matrimonial captivity, and take this opportunity of wishing him and his wife much happiness. Some of our married members are to be congratulated on the increase in their families during the past few months:—Sgt. Edgar, a son; L/Sgt. Seggar, a daughter; C.Q.M.S. Willis, a son; L/Sgt. Tea, a daughter; L/Sgt. Clarke, a son; Sgt. Wilson, a daughter.

We feel that we should record in these notes our heartfelt relief on the return of C.S.M. (Charlie) Mann from a tour with the Royal Navy. The misgivings that some of us felt on saying a temporary good-bye to this curly-haired C.S.M. of the Battalion were unfounded. He has returned with decided list to port and starboard and has developed the sailor's rolling gait. It is said that he is having a row of portholes constructed in his quarters.

We congratulate the following on their promotion to the rank as now shown and wish them every success in their new appointments:—C.S.M. Halls, C.Q.M.S. Calvert, Sgt. Dronfield, Sgt. Williams, Sgt. Law, Sgt. Lister, Sgt. Bradley, L/Sgt. W. Smith, L/Sgt. Reynolds, L/Sgt. Chamberlain, L/Sgt. Stead, L/Sgt. Atkinson, L/Sgt. Richardson, L/Sgt. Seggar, L/Sgt. Evans, C.Q.M.S. Metcalfe, Sgt. Tea, Sgt. Atkinson, Sgt. Stead, L/Sgt. Boucher, L/Sgt. Smith, N. R., L/Sgt. Huckstep, L/Sgt. Bates, L/Sgt. Trembath, L/Sgt. Glew and L/Sgt. Kendall. We also congratulate Sgt. Ancill on having mastered the intricate method of shaping rissoles by the "armpit" system, and thereby qualifying himself for entry into the exalted ranks of the A.C.C.

There have been many departures from and postings to the Battalion in the past few months and it is with regret that we have to say good-bye to the following:—C.S.M. Robinson, C.S.M. Lobb, C.S.M. Sullivan, C.Q.M.S. Ellis, Sgt. Norton, Sgt. Hunter, L/Sgt. Lilley, L/Sgt. Clark, all of whom were down graded and posted to less strenuous spheres of army life. Sgt. Forsyth, Sgt. Barlow, C.Q.M.S. Hannam and C.Q.M.S. Turner successfully passed the eagle eye of the interviewing board and are now attending an O.C.T.U. Sgt. Hardy on account of his special qualifications has been posted to a school as instructor. Sgt. Young developed a mania for wishing to break his neck as a glider pilot and Sgt. H. Smith has been posted to a P.T.C. We wish them all the best of luck and happiness in their new rôles. We welcome the following to the fold with open arms and wish them every happiness with the Battalion:—C.S.M. Nall, C.Q.M.S. Willis, C.S.M. (Jackie) Horne and C.S.M. Melber.

### COMPANY NOTES.

"A" COMPANY.—The memory of exercise "Spartan" is fast giving way to the hopes of bigger things, but is still worthy of mention in the annals of the Company. "Bish" and his boys of No. 7 Platoon won much glory in their plucky fight round B. and the rest of the Company did the longest march of the whole exercise under Capt. Hewitt. Trumpets were not silent though and they let no opportunity slide of telling the rest of the Battalion that they were not captured. Unfortunately, during this operation we lost one of our comrades, Pte. C. Thompson, through an accident. To his relatives we extend our deepest sympathy.

After surviving fairly successfully the subsequent G.1098 blitz, we settled down to training under a new team of officers. We welcome to the Company our new commander, Major J. T. Rivett-Carnac and at the same time congratulate him on the birth of a daughter. Other newcomers, Lt. J. Green, 2nd Lts. Hills, Keighley and Parr have all entered into the spirit of the Company, and the two last named are at the time of writing "enjoying" the wares of the Battle School. Mr. P. is well renowned locally for his authoritative

knowledge on the subject of cider, but at one period of late he looked like forsaking the beverage for ever.

To L/Sgts. Kendall and Boucher and Cpl. Iredale we offer our congratulations on their promotions, and to our newcomer from "C" Company we say welcome.

It has been whispered that the Company clerk is preparing a remarkable document—a dossier of men's domestic qualifications for circularising to mothers and wives. During the past few weeks we have found remarkable talent in the fields of painting, blackleading, whitewashing and general sprucing up. Pte. R's kit yielded five spare suits of denim and each one honourably spattered with lime. Everything went well and our only regret is that the G.O.C. did not spend more time with us on his inspection. The report that a "fainting squad" was warned to get rid of the undesirables is not true.

On 9th June a composite platoon defied the "Stay Put" order and set off on a three-day tactical march. The "carrot" that kept people moving was the offer of a night out in P. Anyone sending a stamped addressed envelope and P.O. for 2/6 to Russell, Jessop & Co., will receive by return instructions on how to make 5/- go a long way. From the point of view of training, we showed in a field firing exercise just what we would do to the Hun if we found him in a pillbox. We arrived back in camp just in time for pay—some wishing that they could walk on their hands, but all having displayed bags of *guts*.

*Well done, "A" for ABLE.*

"B" COMPANY.—Since our last notes appeared in THE IRON DUKE we have had several changes. Major "Bullet" Johnson left us and now commands "SP." Company. However, we still hear his voice from the other end of the camp half a mile away. We wish him the best of luck. C.S.M. Turner is now at an O.C.T.U. and many others of our stalwarts decided to take the "air." Capts. McHarg and Allan joined the Company and seemed to have settled down, and we welcome C.S.M. Horne. We also have several new subalterns, but although we welcome them we may have said farewell before the end of these notes—with the rate of progress these days.

In sports we lead the way. We won the Battalion rugger and soccer cups last season and are now well on the way to repeating the performances. C.Q.M.S. "Osga" keeps up the tradition at indoor sports and amazes the locals in the locals at twice nightly performances. We also won the Battalion athletic championship. In other "sports" we got a good chit from an inspecting general, as our pickheads were so sharp that he could not see them. We are also indebted to the Company cat, who distinguishes herself on these occasions.

Finally, we should like to congratulate all those within the Company who have either just got their feet on the ladder of promotion or who have taken a further step upwards. "Spotty" Metcalfe pulled C.Q.M.S. off—and don't we know it. He managed to buy two crowns—biggest crowns in Skipton. (Congrats. Spotty.)

SUPPORT COMPANY.—We congratulate Capt. Tom Chadwick on his recent promotion. We were all extremely sorry to lose Capt. and Q.M. O. Ramsbottom who served the Battalion so well since the outbreak of war, but we welcomed in our midst Lt. and Q.M. A. E. Tullett, well known to us all in Iceland. We are very pleased to have with us C.S.M. Melber (late Green Howards); also we congratulate Sgt. Tea and L/Sgt. Trembath on their promotion.

In late April we changed our address to "Somewhere in —," where everyone soon made friends with the local inhabitants. Quite a number of the officers and other ranks spent the first few evenings flying round to find lodgings for their wives and sweethearts. Anyone would have thought we were about to go some place, but almost without any warning and like a pleasant dream we entrained again and we awoke in the early hours of the morning to find ourselves back from where we had started. Despite the excellent time we had in the "Land of the Kilts and Bagpipes," we were not sorry to be back, as the memory still lingers of what happened to us when we last stayed up there.



Since we last appeared in THE IRON DUKE we have on two occasions moved from the sublime to the ridiculous. First time was a few months ago and turned out to be a week's holiday and change of scenery at the Army's expense. Then back we went most hurriedly to the sublime, acquaintances were soon renewed and everything was "as you were."

About a month ago, however, we again "upped sticks" and, after much conjecture, arrived once more at the ridiculous. Milton's "fresh fields and pastures new" were not so new nor fresh after all. Perhaps the biggest difference between up here and down there is the weather and scenery. Whatever else the old billet lacked it could certainly boast a beautiful landscape and the weather was almost always good whatever the season. At our new station, however, not even the most ardent supporter of "this heathen country" can say the countryside is easy on the eye or that the weather is pleasant. It seems to rain at least once a day as a matter of course.

Recently, the Battalion has acquired a lot of new faces, both officers and other ranks, and all appear to have settled down at the time of writing. Training continues apace and we feel we are just about ready for anything.

In the field of sport the tradition of the "Immortals" has not been forgotten by us. Our soccer team, ably led by C.S.M. "Ned" Chadwick, has acquitted itself with distinction, and crowned a very good season in our old area by soundly defeating a team of "stars" representative of the remainder of the district and including Bryn Jones of Arsenal fame.

Major Frankis and his cricketers gave a Higher Formation XI a good trouncing on at least three occasions. "Franky" was also responsible for organising a very enjoyable Battalion sports meeting on Whit Monday. "H.Q." Company were successful in carrying off first prize. Prizes were presented to the winners by Mrs. Bishop.

The Battalion's stalwart tug-of-war team has gained fresh honours for itself. They carried off a trophy in the Area sports meeting, and reached the final of the Divisional sports only to be narrowly beaten by a team of gunners (Heaven forbid!). In the Brigade tournament our sports team came in a good second to our sister Battalion.

### OFFICERS' MESS.

We have to report many changes since our last notes, not the least being our relinquishing our country estate in the south-west for more business-like areas in a colder clime. Tales of Iceland are being told to warm the Mess by comparison.

Other changes are amongst the members themselves, and we have to extend our welcome to Capt. Kavanagh, Lts. King, Jameson and 2nd Lts. Delaney, Evans, Hall and Lawson, all of whom are settling down and becoming part of the furniture. Major Roy Exham is busy reminiscing with some of the old friends he has discovered in the Battalion.

Great relief is felt amongst the members of the Mess that Ben Thomlinson and Steve Scarlett are getting over the pangs of fatherhood and we are glad to report both are bearing up well under the strain.

The older members of the Battalion learned with regret of the sudden death of Harold Bridge, whom we all remembered so well. Our sympathy goes out to his family.

### SERGEANTS' MESS.

Since our last contribution to the journal we have changed Messes. Our new "home," although not so large as our old one, is, nevertheless, extremely snug and should prove to be as comfortable. A good many of the old faces have, alas, departed, but as in all Messes, there are a crop of new ones to take their places. Foremost amongst the losses are our old friends Sgts. Gudger and Robbins.

Anno Domini having overtaken "Goodge," in spite of all his protests, he left us for another unit. However, we are certain that whatever unit has the luck to retain his services will also be prevailed upon to grant him his main desire—to be allowed to wear the Duke's badge. Over twenty years with the same Battalion is a very proud record, and we hope that he will always keep in touch with us. "Pal" Robbins, we understand, is still messing around with "transportation" somewhere in England and explaining the inner workings of the I.C. engine to unwilling victims. Amongst the newcomers, we welcome C.S.M. Stone, whom many will remember from his "Indian" days. He has settled in very nicely indeed.

As yet we haven't had an opportunity to explore the realms of sport, but our "boys" did very well in the last station. Our tug-of-war team (I say "our" because it was the inspiration and energy displayed by the coach, R.S.M. Townend, that pulled them through) wiped the board at Area sports and won some very nice little cups for themselves. Sgt. Fennell proved to be a quarter-miler with a beautiful action and won quite decisively.

We have had to say good-bye to Sgts. Wightman, F. Johnson and little Jimmy Thickett. The last named is now a staff sergeant in the R.E.M.E. The best of luck to them all. A whole flock of new crowns are now to be seen, and the unenviable job of quarter bloke now rests on the shoulders of C.Q.M.Ss. Maiden, Hellawell, "Rip" Hunter and "Piggy" Milhench. All his old fans will, we know, be pleased to hear that the last named won another yodelling competition the other week. Our congratulations must also be extended to "Ned" Chadwick who now wears a crown and laurel wreath.

Our thanks to all the ex-members and friends of the Mess who still write and let us know how they are faring—keep up the good work.

Our social "programme" really went with a bang. The high spot of the season being the Whitsuntide dance. In the afternoon the Battalion held a sports meeting, which, in spite of inclement weather, was well attended. Through the generosity of the Commanding Officer, who gave us permission to use the Officers' Mess, we were able to stage a dance on a rather ambitious scale, having our own Mess free for refreshments. Sgt. Ray and his stooges made a very creditable job of decorating, with flags of the Allied nations and all the local greenery that could be "scrounged." Music was provided by the Battalion dance band under the direction of C.Q.M.S. "Gob-stick" Maiden, and in endeavouring to satisfy the demands of the dancers, they nearly played themselves to a standstill. It was gratifying to see even notorious "non-dancers" shaking a leg along with the Battalion gigolos, Bolton and Fisher. The event was attended by the Commanding Officer and his wife and most of the Battalion officers.

Meanwhile, of course, the work and training is still going on in preparation for the day when we shall be sending these notes from some more active theatre of war.

### COMPANY NOTES.

"A" COMPANY.—We congratulate Capt. "Paddy" on attaining his majority, but this unfortunately coincided with his departure from the Company to Camberley. We wish him good luck. However, this blow has been somewhat softened by the acquisition of Capt. F. C. S., who now leads a very happy Company. We also welcome Lt. Jameson, who has joined us from another Yorkshire regiment, and C.S.M. W. H. Wood and C.Q.M.S. Hunter are also newcomers to the Company.

We congratulate Ptes. Machon, Smart, Beetham and Sedgewick who have recently married.

All have settled down in the new location and, like all "Duke's," are getting on well with the "natives."

"B" COMPANY.—Owing to the latest move many tears of regret were shed from "B" Company personnel who had found "down-homers" at the old billet, but, as usual, we have adapted ourselves to our new surroundings and no time has been lost in taking full advantage of the hospitality offered by our new friends. Nice work, boys.

Our football team has once more reigned supreme and "B" has been the mainstay of the Battalion team. At cricket we challenged all and sundry, emerging with an unbeaten record—thanks being due to our "demon" bowlers, Capt. Kilner and "Wedding Legs," who completely mesmerised all opposition. We regret the departure of "Queenie," but offer our congratulations upon his promotion. He is missed particularly by "Fingers" and "Those."

Our efforts on sports day were affected by leave and duties which robbed us of our "stars," but all who did endeavour to uphold our record are worthy of praise.

To all who have gained promotion in "B" Company we extend our congratulations.

L/Sgt. Sales and Cpl. Mitton became well known upon local concert platforms and have quickly made their mark in new circles, being in constant demand.

After months of anxious waiting, clouds were lifted from the furrowed brows of Eddie and Ernie after the arrival of the stork.

To all who have recently joined us we extend a welcome and hope that they will adapt themselves—upholding the grand record of "B" Company.

"C" COMPANY.—As, for reasons of security, we cannot give a graphic description of our tours at the Government's expense, these notes must again be confined largely to our "off-duty" activities.

Platoon football matches continued to be played throughout the summer, but unfortunately weather, exercises or allocation of the pitch to some other team, prevented any cricket fixtures from being fulfilled. At the athletic sports we showed a great improvement on last year's form, when we had a struggle to avoid being last. This year we were neck and neck with "H.Q." Company for leading place, but eventually had to award them the palm. With Ptes. Hildreth, Thompson and Gibson, who also distinguished themselves in the Battalion cross-country team, the long distance events were in the bag before the meeting started. Two new-comers to the Company, Ptes. Taylor, B., and Howarth, distinguished themselves in the sprints and long jump respectively. For the exhibition boxing display, "C" Company put up a good show with Sgt. Higgs, L/Cpl. Orange, L/Cpl. Lowe and Pte. Gibson.

We welcome 2nd Lt. E. R. Evans to the Company to help make up the deficiency of officers. Lt. D. H. King, another addition to our strength, we lost to "D" Company within a fortnight of congratulating ourselves on this acquisition. To 2nd Lts. F. A. Gardner, G. Cobb, L. Titterton and H. Lewty, "Hail and Farewell." These are the new officers, they were. Capt. B. Kavanagh is temporarily attached to this Company to find his feet after a long period in tanks, but already he has disappeared on a course. Occasionally we see the second-in-command, Capt. J. P. Symonds, but acting as stand-in for Adjutant, Q.M., Sigs. Officers, and P.R.I. when they go on leave, interferes somewhat with his regular attendance.

We record with sadness the loss of Pte. Harry Place, drowned when crossing a river on a cross-country run. Despite the fine efforts of C.S.M. Wootton and Cpl. Brockhurst in pulling him out of the river, and of the doctor and the stretcher bearers who tried artificial respiration for five hours, the Battalion sustained its first accidental death in four years of service.

Another loss to the Company is that of Pte. Toone, hit in the arm by a piece of shrapnel on a demonstration given to Command by this Battalion, and to whom we wish a speedy recovery.

"D" COMPANY.—Under the affable and kindly leadership of Capt. "Charlie" Hill, "D" Company was brought into being in July, and has since been occupied in training up to the Battalion standard the various drafts that have arrived from other units. The task was not an easy one, but our leader remained benign and unperturbed as he watched his polyglot company assume the dimensions, as some of his cynical comrades remarked, of a "Lumbering Juggernaut." And now, in August, the Company



is able to supply keen and trained soldiers to any other company commander who finds his strength rather "light" as they say.

These results have been obtained by the diligent work of the newly formed "A" staff coupled with the energetic efforts of the training personnel and the fatherly eye of C.Q.M.S. Milhench. The lads who arrive here, bemused and inarticulate in a new world, soon find themselves guided, pushed or jostled into a standard method of procedure, and towards the end of a month, emerge clear-eyed and alert, to face further advanced training.

Shortly after its formation, Lt. Hounsfeld joined the Company, to be joined later by Lt. King, who arrived from another Yorkshire regiment and very soon settled down to his new job. The men work well under the disciplinary hand of C.S.M. Powell, and a happy and workmanlike atmosphere has been created, so that by the time our next notes come to be written, we hope to be able to record more fully the interesting aspects of our adolescence, as opposed to these brief data of our birth.

"H.Q." COMPANY.—Since the last issue we have to welcome as C.S.M. "Ned" Chadwick, and at the same time say good-bye to "the voice that breathes o'er Eden" (C.S.M. "Killer" Powell). We can scarcely, at this stage, welcome any cook sergeant in particular—they are coming and going almost daily. However, it would appear that Sgt. Gridley is with us to stay as well as Sgt. Inskip. We also congratulate Sgt. Maw and C.Q.M.S. Hellawell on their promotion. Sgt. "Powder" Bolton is still a disturbing influence among the fairer sex, and invariably makes a kill wherever we happen to find ourselves.

In the sports arena, we are still to the fore, having trounced all our opponents well and truly in every sphere.

Capt. Gillison, after much coming and going, is still at the helm, we are pleased to report.

"SP." COMPANY.—Since our last issue we have been unfortunate in losing Sgts. Dalziel, Taylor and Thickett, the first two named through ill-health, but we hear that they are doing well as instructors elsewhere. Jimmy Thickett has fulfilled his ambition to get into the R.E.M.E., and if the samples of his work that we have seen are anything to go by, he should do well. Good luck to all three.

Sgt. Milhench, well known for his vocal capabilities, has left us, but we are glad to think that "D" Company has acquired an able C.Q.M.S., and no doubt "D" Company lines are now echoing to the strains of "King of the Road am I," etc.

We congratulate our Company Commander on the birth of a son and heir.

We welcome to our midst Lt. Hallsworth and 2nd Lt. Hall, both of whom are an asset to our sports team. "Cass" Humphries and the oldest chorus boy in London both came to us for short spells as second-in-command. The former is now the unit general factotum and the latter is commanding the new "D" Company.

In the Battalion sports at Whitsuntide we did not do as well as we had hoped, but the Company team put up a very good show and competitors gave of their best.

We are settling down in our present location, and from what we hear the local inhabitants are living up to their well-known reputation for hospitality.

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.

Since writing our last notes the Regiment has passed through stirring times to a great victory. We were extremely fortunate to have such an inspiring leader as Lt.-Col. — and his incomparable deputy, Archie, in such critical days, and to them both we offer a hearty welcome.

We sadly miss Tommy F., Tony G., the Monk and all other ranks who gave their all in this campaign; a moving memorial service was conducted by Robert Barlow on 30th May at Medjez-el-Bab.

Great delight was felt throughout the Regiment when it was heard that "Doc" had been awarded the M.C. and Sgt. Brocklehurst the M.M. To them both we offer our heartiest congratulations.

The Regiment went through the usual stages that affect all units going overseas. A "flap" began to brew and everyone went on leave. Then Tiny and his minions started to run around and produce lots of goods in return for multiple forms. About this time, Tim took over the "Home Comforts" prior to his going to Staff College. Rumours began to fly around and at last the day arrived. Of the voyage little can be said, but appetites failed for a couple of days at one stage. On arrival in North Africa the first event was when Herbert fell into the sea as he got off the ship.

For a short while life was very pleasant—bathing in the blue of the Mediterranean—but orders came in due course for the Regiment to go up the line, and the result of much hard training was to be tested.

After some hair-raising drives by day and night, and halts for varying lengths of time, the Regiment arrived on the Medjez front. There the Hun appeared to have laid on an especial welcome, and the Regiment received its baptism of fire after a night of rumours and semi-confusion. The following day, however, we were able to show the Hun and our own people what we were made of. Many are the stories that could be told of the days that followed, of gallant deeds in front of Medjez, of how Jeff became Mayor of Grich-el-Oued, and of the many old friends from another Battalion we met as next door neighbours whilst we tackled the Bou.

The great day came when we played our part in smashing the Germans and Italians and sped into Cape Bon. In this area, cars, boats, tents, swords and banners were all collected, and one trooper, out on a poaching expedition, returned with three officers and 100 men as his prisoners. This phase then came to an end, and bathing and relaxation were then followed by good old English customs, such as work tickets, recreational transport, and rumours as to where the Regiment would be going next.

During this period we settled down to some hard training and as much entertainment as we could muster, backed up by wine mysteriously produced by "Waddy" and thoughts of beer that seldom materialised. We had our birthday celebrations consisting of some very "serious" sports, such as chasing greasy pigs and falling off poles into water.

Great interest was shown in H.M. Navy, and many happy and instructive hours were spent together, and it is rumoured that Bruce has been learning how to do the horn-pipe.

"Henry's Guest Night" was a huge success and thoroughly enjoyed by all, and the sight of a lorry full of charming British sisters raised *morale* at least 100 per cent.

And so life goes on; Steve, strong and silent as ever, has taken on some of Joe's cares and, in addition, tries to create a Fleet Street atmosphere around the B.B.C. news. Bathing returned to the fore again and once a week we slipped right away to taste the joys of North Africa—if any.

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

### OFFICERS' MESS.

Very little of note has happened since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE, except for our activities in the Prisoners of War Week (which is reported elsewhere in this number), when for a hectic eight days and nights we none of us spent much time in our beds.

We have had several games of cricket—one in particular being of great excitement because we very nearly beat the corporals, who last year had inflicted so humiliating a defeat upon us.

Amongst our old friends, John Horsfall, Freddie Pearse and Peter Knight have left us and now also Bill Skinner has gone. We wish them all good luck.

Some of the old friends still remain, however. "Tuppence" and "Creepy" are still basking in the north-eastern sun. Peter Garnett is commanding "George" Company and John Steele is in the adjutant's office, quarrelling with the peacocks outside. Colin Hill is still doing "big stuff" with his pigeons, ducks and rabbits and other various forms of animal life, whilst Phillip Diggle is usually observed running after the athletic team. He has not yet been seen to catch up with them. We welcome amongst others Peter Ellis, Smith and Burton who have recently been posted to us.

### SERGEANTS' MESS.

Since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE, nothing unexpected has happened, except that "Topper" has gone on the "tack." Our social life has been quite hectic, judging by the bar takings.

Members come and go very rapidly and those who have joined us of late are too numerous to mention by name, but our best wishes go with them wherever they may be. A happy welcome goes to those who have joined us.

We were able to entertain our families and friends at our annual sports; tea on the field was provided and the weather was so perfect it was like a gift from above, and all enjoyed the day. Our best wishes go to "Minch" and Mrs. "Minch." We hope they will have long life and happiness together.

### CORPORALS' MESS.

The Mess has spent a peaceful but very enjoyable summer, having twice beaten the officers at cricket. Challenges were flung far and wide to everyone but none have so far been taken up.

The high light of our activities was the week-end, when we were visited by — I.T.C. and a splendid time was had by all. Their visit coincided with the second anniversary of the date on which we joined with the D.L.I., and consequently a party spirit was observed everywhere.

We offer our congratulations to those of our members who have been promoted to the Sergeants' Mess, and send best wishes to all the Duke's wherever they may be serving.

### SPORT.

**CRICKET.**—We have had quite a successful cricket season and, though the performance of the team has been variable, play has at times reached a very high standard and we inflicted a severe defeat on an R.A.C. side which included three county players.

Cpl. Horner has been consistently good both with the ball and the bat, and Sgt. Durham and Cpl. Townsend have bowled with great skill.

Amongst others should be mentioned the cricket officer, Capt. Garnett, whose shots off the tee have been terrific, quite a number of his drives having landed on the adjacent



course. Bowman has been a most consistent run-getter, and of the veterans, though out of practice, "Woody," George Riley and John Steele have all at times beaten the ball in directions which they least expected, but which nevertheless have secured some runs for us.

**ATHLETICS.**—The athletics team came third in the District sports and we hope to do well in the Northern Command events. The sports day coincided with that rarest of all things in this part of the world—a heat wave, and a most enjoyable afternoon was spent in watching the really excellent programme arranged by Lt. Diggle. "George" Company won the cup with "A" Company a very good second. The tugs-of-war were terrific, as indeed were all the events.

### COMPANY NOTES.

**SPECIALIST COMPANY.**—In addition to our normal training activities during the past few months we took an active part in a strenuous week of organised robbery without violence in aid of the "Duke's" Prisoners' of War Fund. Bright lads of the permanent staff devised ingenious ways of extracting money from the unwary, one of the most successful being a raffle for a five pound note and four other valuable prizes. This produced the respectable sum of £271, which was £21 in excess of the whole I.T.C. target. How it was done will be sent under a *most secret* cover to all enquirers, sending a further substantial contribution to the fund, address:—Robber Chief, Bill Skinner, Specialist Company.

Incidentally the five pound note was acquired under unusual circumstances. A trainee who was warned for draft offered £5 to the P.O.W. Fund if the "Sarnt Major" would blanco his equipment for him. C.S.M. Reed obliged. He not only obliged but did the job publicly and thoroughly, and detailed some full ranks to take up a collection from the spectators. This realised a further 28 bob, a stout effort.

Following this we took part in a "Fun Fair," which is reported elsewhere. Our main contribution was a general store established on a troop carrier, a junk stall on a 15 cwt., and a second-hand book stall. A large variety of articles were sold or auctioned, from a pair of very old socks to a pair of lady's—er—gloves, or something; from a block of salt to a tin of salmon; from a primus stove to Capt. John Horsfall's K.D. shorts; and a picture of the "Soul's Awakening" to a 1900 vintage phonograph. Well, by dubious sales methods and so on a further £67 went into "the kitty," and everyone had a grand day, except Cpl. John Bury, who lost his voice through prolonged efforts as an auctioneer. C.S.M. Reed couldn't resist taking up another collection (he would make a good sidesman). This time it was from the paraded company for the privilege of witnessing the arrival of their O.C. to open the proceedings—riding a particularly stupid donkey. Everyone enjoyed this too—except Major Bill Skinner.

These notes would not be complete without a tribute to the very stout effort of the concert party in raising over £154 by giving five shows in eight days. They are not 100 per cent. Specialist Company but Specialist Company is the father and mother of them, so they must be included here. They started humbly enough by making weird noises in huts and garages, spread to the Corporals' Mess, did primary training in a pub or two, corps training in clubs and institutes, acquired a local reputation and were finally produced as specialists by O.C. Company and the Assistant Adjutant, and put on very creditable shows to packed and appreciative audiences. Compere, Cpl. Danny Cohen; the street singer, L/Cpl. Ulewich; dialogues written and given by Cpl. Naylor; trumpeter, Pte. Pearce; the three versatile balls of fire, L/Cpls. Audoire, Little and Johnnie Jones; pianists, L/Cpl. Hartley and Cpl. Brown; drums, Cpl. Hughes; vocalists, Pte. Roach; and illusionist, the Great Kardini, Cpl. Cocksedge; and last, but not least, "Our George Formby," Pte. Calvert; variety *in excelsis*.

It was a hectic week. Our official target was £15, Bill Skinner fixed his own at £200, and the Company made that look sick by making £432 11s. 11d., so everyone was satisfied.

There seems to be a perfect mania for livestock here just now. Not to be outdone by pigeon pens, peacock farms, geese, duck and bantam pens, Specialist Company quietly started a rabbit club in a quiet corner of a storeshed. It was doing very nicely indeed and had just produced a very pretty litter of eight chinchillas when the C.O. discovered it (no, not by the smell) and took a rather dim view of it. Why will C.Os. look where they shouldn't? We know it took up a bit of space devoted to carrier spares but—well, we'll leave it at that. We are now moving to new quarters. Capt. Hill is acting as clerk of works so the work should again be palatial.

By the way, the war is still on. This is just part of our war effort—fur and food, y'know, food and fur.

Saturday, 26th June, 1943, was both a glad day and a sad day for Specialist Company. Glad because the I.T.C. paraded on the square in strength for the presentation by the C.O. to Specialist Company of four very handsome trophies for winning the I.T.C. soccer, rugger, cross-country and road walk for the past season. We appreciated his very handsome "basket of strawberries" quite as much as the cups.

The sad part of it was the fact that he had to announce our disbanding in the very near future. We appreciate the necessity of such a move, but everyone from the Company Commander downwards feels very sad about the break up of a grand team of fellows who have worked hard and played hard and gone far to cement the friendship between the Duke's and the Durhams. These may be our last notes, so we take the opportunity of wishing all old Specialists wherever they may be good luck and a speedy return.

"C" COMPANY.—At this year's sports meeting we were unable to hold the championship we won in the 1942 meeting. However, considering the talent at our disposal we did well to obtain sixth place. In the swimming gala we obtained fourth place and we reached the final of the pass ball competition.

New members in the Company are Lt. Cook, Cpl. Peel, L/Cpls. Watts, Rickets, Emerson and Needles. The first named can be seen at any time on the square plus bags of recruits dithering at "Stand Still"—"Don't look at me like that"—"Understand?"

Under the guidance of Capt. Hill and Cpl. Baxter our gardens have been well "dug in" and "set." The strain on one N.C.O. must have been too much for I came across him the other night standing smartly to attention with a wild look in his eyes, shouting, "Runner Beans . . . Mark time."

We are watching with interest the efforts of our comrades abroad and we wish them and all other "Duke's" the very best of luck.

"D" COMPANY.—Since our last notes, a few changes have taken place in our personnel. We were sorry to lose our company commander, Capt. (Johnnie) Horsfall, whose infectious enthusiasm will long be remembered and was much appreciated. Capt. Ellis, our new O.C., is settling down both in the Company and in the cricket team. It is rumoured that he already suffers from the disease peculiar to his predecessors (company commander's elbow), contracted by the signing of countless documents or the tantalising tangle of periods and programmes.

Lt. Lawson, too, is on the Company inventory, pulling his weight alternately between A.B.C.A. lectures and the Company tug-of-war team. Lt. Diggle, the old hand in the Company, is usually found when not on the range supervising some sport in his capacity as officer i/c athletics. The best of luck to Sgt. Huckstep and Cpl. Spikings who have left us for a field unit.

The "Duke's" P.O.W. Week was a real success. Our share in the fun fair on the final day included a freak show (the Company N.C.Os. as exhibits), a dart stall and a "throw your own penny" swindle. Everyone that week from "Spud" Waller to the O.C. were absolutely penniless. Raffles were run for almost everything from a canteen of cutlery to a kick at the Company office door.

Our Company team in the I.T.C. sports meeting consisted mainly of N.C.Os., and what they lacked in athletic prowess they made up by their keenness. Cpl. Salmon, who assisted Lt. Diggle in the selection of the team, gave a good account of himself in the sprints. L/Cpl. Ferguson, our "miler," ran well in all his events. We finished fifth, and although we had high hopes of a better placing, everyone, competitors and spectators alike, thoroughly enjoyed it and declared it to be "A reight good do."

To "Duke's" everywhere, good luck.

"F" COMPANY.—From out of a steady stream of recruits, and all the paraphernalia of enlistment, has emerged the sound and solid name of "Fox" Company. We are now nearly one year old and as fit as ever. Once more the "skipper" has been changed. We welcome the presence of Capt. A. Smith at the helm and wish the best of luck to Capt. "Freddy" Pearse, wherever fate may have taken him.

Although great honours have not yet come our way in the field of sport, we are formidable opponents and our Company cricket team reached the semi-final of the knock-out competition.

One or two familiar faces have disappeared. C.S.M. "Matty" and "Shorty" Latimer have left us, but "Big Hector" is still "shaking" N.C.Os. (and even privates) around our "Garden City." C.S.M. "Dick" Melvin has arrived from a Battalion looking none the worse for wear. Cpl. Schofield has left us to join the élite and there is a whisper of his impending promotion: "Tod" Slone still holds the Company together and even finds time to strip and disport his corpulent figure on the cricket field, with no extra worry to the scorer. New arrivals amongst us are Cpl. Middleton from a Battalion, and our congratulations are extended to Cpl. K. Wilkinson on his recent promotion.

Good luck, ex "F" Company men, wherever you may be.

"G" COMPANY.—Drastic changes in our staff are the high lights of our notes. "George" Company's first company commander, Capt. Steele, has taken leave of us and we wish him all possible success in his new duties as adjutant of the I.T.C. Capt. Garnett ably succeeds Capt. Steele as company commander.

Lt. Bedford and about seven feet of 2nd Lt. Burton have joined us since our last notes. As Garnett and Bedford and Burton are all true Yorkshiremen, we sympathise with O'Sullivan—the only foreigner. (He claims, though, to be strictly neutral!)

Heartiest congratulations are due to Lt. Bedford and all members of the Company who participated in winning the sports cup for "George" Company. It was our first great victory and a grand display of united effort. We feel capable of winning anything now, as the final round of the cricket cup will show.

We are gratified to learn that 2nd Lt. O'Sullivan does not intend to make a habit of extending seven day leaves to last two months. So, "Carry on, 'George' Company," truly a youthful veteran. Make it always "G" for guts.

### PRISONERS OF WAR WEEK.

From 4th to 11th June the I.T.C. held a Prisoners of War Week. The results obtained are printed in full on another page, but we cannot open this account of the week's proceedings without recording that the target was £250 and the final figure obtained was the amazing sum of £2,153 3s. 8d.

As day succeeded day and the money flowed in, the organisers themselves could hardly believe that such a total would be possible, but towards the end of the week it began to appear likely that something in the neighbourhood of £2,000 would be collected and, in fact, this was exceeded.

The reader will ask how this result was possible in an ordinary infantry training centre situated in a remote and rural part of north-eastern England. There is only one answer. Everyone in the unit was determined that the money should be obtained, and



so the individual efforts succeeded to so great an extent that in some cases more than 2,000 per cent. of the sub-target was reached.

For the benefit of any other unit which may decide to emulate this feat, the following points are of interest :—

1. The week started on a Friday and finished on a Friday, thus covering two pay days, which, as all Army people know, is a very important factor indeed.
2. Raffles produced an enormous part of the total.
3. Entertainment was provided for every night in the week, so that in addition to giving money to the prisoners, the troops and their girl friends spent their money on entertainment inside the camp instead of outside.

All this, of course, would not have been possible without the assistance of the Band of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, which, under its splendid conductor, Mr. F. Ashton-Jones, worked itself nearly to death in order to provide the various forms of entertainment required.

Altogether there were five dances held, two variety concerts, a boxing tournament and a fun fair. The last named was undoubtedly the high light of the week and raised £213 in one Saturday afternoon and evening.

During the whole of the week and at all the functions mentioned, willing helpers sold tickets for raffles. Specialist Company raffled a £5 note; "D" Company, through Capt. Horsfall, raffled a canteen of cutlery and a Waterman fountain pen and pencil; "C" and "G" Companies, through Capts. Hill and Garnett, raffled personal gifts of wool and cloth.

On the Thursday evening the Band beat "Retreat," and Inkerman Squad from "G" Company (the Dukes' own special stronghold here) gave an exhibition of arms drill under Lt. J. Bedford and Sgt. Edwards. It was a splendid parade and was much enjoyed by everyone who saw it.

And so the week drew to its close and a most outstanding success was obtained.

This account cannot finish without reference to our friends of the Durham Light Infantry, who not only obtained more than 1,000 per cent. of the target they set themselves, but in every way increased the total of all the other targets. If ever two teams worked as one they did so on this occasion, and Specialist Company's effort, which headed the list, was an effort half Duke and half Durham throughout.

The general feeling of all concerned can be summed up in this way: "Good though the result was, nothing can be good enough for our friends in prison camps, so 'Go to it, Duke's everywhere and see if you can beat the I.T.C.'s total.'"

#### NOTE BY THE COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT.

This is a really wonderful achievement, and our thanks are due to Major H. Harvey, M.C., who organised the "Week," to Major St. J. T. Faulkner, who did all the complicated accounts, to the Commander of — I.T.C., and his Adjutant, to all others who assisted and helped in the launching of this successful organisation. Our special thanks are due to all ranks of the Durham Light Infantry, and I have left it to the last to record a very extra tribute to the women soldiers of the A.T.S., who when they placed their collecting boxes in front of you, would not accept "NO" for an answer, or regard you as immune simply because you happened to be wearing a "flag" in the lapel of your coat. This device was no safeguard, and the only way out was to ensure that you were always provided with plenty of small change. Let this effort be an example to others. One Battalion Commander has already said that he is damned if he is going to be defeated by the I.T.C., and he has already started on his campaign. My message to all Battalion Commanders is "Go thou and do likewise."

C. J. PICKERING, Colonel,  
The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT PRISONERS OF WAR WEEK—  
4TH—11TH JUNE, 1943.

THE TARGET WAS £250.

The target was split into the following sub-targets:—

Serial No.	Unit.	Original Sub-Target.	Responsibility of	Final Sum Collected.	% of Sub-Target.
		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
1	Officers' Mess ... ..	20 0 0	Major H. Harvey ...	213 12 11	1,068%
2	Sergeants' Mess ... ..	20 0 0	C.Q.M.S. Melville ...	54 3 2	270.7%
3	"H.Q." Coy. ... ..	12 10 0	Capt. & Adj. J. P. Knight	50 0 0	400%
4	Spec. Coy. ... ..	15 0 0	Major W. W. Skinner ...	432 11 11	2,883.7%
5	P.S. of "C" Coy. (D.W.R.)	10 0 0	Capt. C. Hill ... ..	150 0 0	1,500%
6	P.S. of "D" Coy. (D.W.R.)	12 10 0	Capt. J. M. Horsfall and Capt. J. H. P. Ellis ...	102 11 5	820%
7	P.S. of "F" Coy. (D.W.R.)	10 0 0	Capt. A. Smith ... ..	65 7 4	653.5%
8	"G" Coy. (D.W.R.) ... ..	15 0 0	Capt. Joe Steele and Lt. P. R. Garnett ... ..	372 11 0	2,483.3%
9	"B" Coy., A.T.S. ... ..	5 0 0	Jun. Comd. Macfarlane ...	38 10 7	766.%
10	A.P.T.S. ... ..	7 10 0	S.M.I. Crowley ... ..	82 0 0	1,093.3%
11	Catering Staff ... ..	2 10 0	Capt. W. Carter and S/Sgt. Prince ... ..	52 2 0	2,084%
12	Church Collections ... ..	10 0 0	The Padre (Rev. Lindsay)	17 9 10	175%
13	The Band (D.W.R.) and Entertainments ... ..	65 0 0	Capt. Joe Steele, B.M. Ashton-Jones and Sgt. Wilson	318 8 3	489%
14	Police and Bugles ... ..	2 10 0	Sgt. A. Edley ... ..	21 18 4	876%
15	Corporals' Mess ... ..	5 0 0	Cpl. R. C. Roberts ... ..	7 18 9	159%
16	Brancepeth Village ... ..	5 0 0	Mrs. J. P. Knight ... ..	11 0 0	220%
17	Orderly Room ... ..	2 0 0	Sgt. Whittaker ... ..	10 2 0	505%
18	C.R.S. and Dental Centre ...	2 0 0	Major French and Capt. Hicks	3 0 4	151%
19	Personnel Selection Staff ...	2 0 0	Capt. J. Allerton ... ..	4 18 8	246%
20	N.A.A.F.I. Staffs ... ..	2 0 0	Mrs. J. Body ... ..	5 5 0	262%
21	Barber's Shop ... ..	2 0 0	L/Cpl. J. Brown ... ..	4 2 6	206%
22	Our Friends The Durham Light Infantry	10 0 0	Major A. A. T. Wil- loughby and R.S.M. L. J. Jamieson	116 16 8	1,168%
23	Q.M. Staff ... ..	2 10 0	Sgt. J. Oakes ... ..	8 13 0	343%
24	Sundries ... ..	10 0 0	Capt. O. H. Pearson ...	10 0 0	100%
		£250 0 0		£2153 3 8	

The handsome sum of £213 12s. 11d. shown under Serial No. 1 was received from the under-mentioned officers and ladies of the Regiment and their friends:—The Colonel of the Regiment, Colonel C. J. Pickering, C.M.G., D.S.O., Lt.-Col. F. R. Armitage, O.B.E., Brigadier J. C. Burnett, D.S.O., Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. G. Burnand, Lt.-Col. J. Bennett, Chief Constable Capt. R. H. D. Bolton, Lt.-Col. S. C. Brierley, D.S.O., The Rector of Blakney, Lt. J. Bedford, Lt. S. M. Burton, Major J. C. Bull, M.C., Lt.-Col. and Mrs. M. N. Cox, M.C., Major R. O. D. Carey, Major T. St. G. Carroll, Capt. Hope Crisp, O.B.E., Lt. J. Cook, Lt. C. P. H. Diggle, Capt. J. P. H. Ellis, Major St. J. T. Faulkner, Brigadier V. C. Green, Capt. G. C. Griffen, C.B.E., M.C., Capt. K. Gregory, Lt. P. R. Garnett, Major H. Harvey, M.C., Major J. P. Huffam, V.C., Capt. J. M. Horsfall, Capt. C. Hill, Capt. F. E. Hiorns, Lt.-Col. C. W. G. Ince, O.B.E., M.C., Capt. J. P. Knight, Lt. D. M. King, Miss J. King, Mr. S. I. King, Mr. D. R. King, Brigadier J. H. C. Lawlor, Lt. H. J. Lawson, Miss K. Lawson, Major J. C. Lepper, Major T. V. Laverack, M.B.E., M.M., Lt. D. McGuffog, Lt. H. A. Mitchell, Major-Gen. W. M. Ozanne, C.B.E., M.C., Major R. H. W. Owen, Lt.

B. Oattes, Lt. E. Oliver, Lt. J. O'Sullivan, Lt.-Col. D. Paton, Lt.-Col. F. G. Peake, C.M.G., C.B.E., Lt.-Col. O. Price, Lt. K. Reade, Col. K. Sykes, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. S. H. Sayers, Major W. W. Skinner, Capt. J. O. E. Steele, Capt. R. A. Scott, Capt. A. Smith, Lt. A. O. Sanderson, Lt.-Col. M. V. le P. Trench, Mrs. and Miss Turner, Major C. Harker Taylor, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. B. W. Webb-Carter, D.S.O., Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. H. B. Wellesley, Lt. K. G. O. Whitehead, Lt. H. Wilcox, Retired Officers' Fund, per Miss K. Turner.

## OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS

During the financial year ended 30th June, 1943, the number of cases assisted was as follows :—

Name of Fund.	Number of Cases.	Amounts granted.
O.C.A. ... ..	31	£ 54 s. 6 d. 1
Battalion Charitable Fund ... ..	4	35 2 6
Battalion Fund ... ..	6	7 4 0
Service Battalion Fund ... ..	—	—
Service Battalion Fund ... ..	—	—
Mitchell Trust Fund ... ..	2	9 0 0
Total ...		£105 12 7

The amount granted from the Battalion Charitable Fund includes £25 expended on amenities for married families.

## The Regimental War Memorial Chapel.

### STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS FOR 1942.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURE.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Balance brought forward 1.1.42 ...	9 3 5½	Subscription, IRON DUKE ...	9 0
Subscriptions ... ..	31 2 0	Postage ... ..	5
Interest on 3 per cent. Defence Bonds ... ..	6 0 0	Balance credit ... ..	45 16 0½
Total ...	£46 5 5½	Total	£46 5 5½

### BALANCE SHEET.

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Balance at Bank ... ..	43 17 7	Nil ... ..	—
Cash with Hon. Treasurer ... ..	1 18 5½	Balance credit of Fund ... ..	245 16 0½
3 per cent. Defence Bonds at purchase price ... ..	200 0 0		
Total ...	£245 16 0½	Total ...	£245 16 0½

Littlecroft, West Clandon, Near Guildford, Surrey.

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



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

CASH DONATIONS FROM 11<sup>TH</sup> DECEMBER, 1942, TO 21<sup>ST</sup> AUGUST, 1943.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood ; Mrs. Dunkley ; "Ace of Clubs," Grasscroft ; 4th Bn. O.C.A., per Mr. Fred Smith ; Mr. W. Greenwood ; Mr. F. Clements ; Lt.-Col. M. V. le P. Trench ; Mrs. Exton ; Mrs. Reynolds ; Mrs. Yates ; Mr. R. E. M. Thackeray ; Mrs. J. Croker-Fox ; — Regt., R.A.C. ; C. Ellis and R. Pickersgill, per Gen. Sugden ; Sgt. Zenner, per Major Faulkner ; Brighthouse S.C. and A.R.W. Club ; Mr. W. Handley ; Mrs. Travers ; Sowerby Bridge P. of W. Fund, per Mr. Harold Clay ; 23rd, 24th, 26th Battalions W.R. Home Guard ; No. 5 Platoon, "C" Company, 21st (Ripponden) Home Guard ; — Bn. D.W.R. ; — P.T.C. ; Mr. Lydon ; Mrs. Mondy ; Mrs. Betts ; Mrs. Campbell ; Mr. Schofield ; Mr. Allen (Siddall School) ; L/Cpl. Jessop, 23rd W.R. Home Guard, proceeds of dance ; Mrs. Boardman ; Mrs. Bowen ; Mrs. Buckingham ; Mrs. Gillott ; Butler Machine Tool Co. ; Mrs. Hallas ; Mr. Farrar ; — Bn. D.W.R. ; "B" Company, Durham Group A.T.S. ; Mrs. Keate ; 282 Det. Red Cross, per Mrs. Haworth ; Miss Lord ; Miss K. Turner ; Her Grace The Duchess of Wellington ; Mr. F. Crouch ; Mr. Pearson ; Mrs. Mount ; Miss Thompson ; Administrative Officer — I.T.C. ; Sergeants' Mess, — I.T.C. ; Mrs. Ansell ; Employees, J. Clay & Sons, per Mr. H. Smith ; Chief Commander M. D. Norris ; Mr. Butler ; Mrs. Clutson ; Miss Sidebottom ; Miss Titelbaum ; Halifax Artillery Association ; Mrs. Eckersall ; Mrs. Wood ; — Regt. R.A.C. ; Welfare Club, Inf. and A.E.C. Records, York ; Mr. Bowen ; Mrs. Riley ; Mr. Vine ; 266 Det. Red Cross ; Mr. A. Somerville ; Mr. Bert Haigh ; Mr. F. S. Smith ; Mrs. E. M. Strafford ; Mr. W. G. Harte ; Capt. J. A. Taylor, per Sir J. D. Horsfall ; Manor Heath Knitting Party, per Mrs. E. Scaife ; Elland Prisoners of War Fund ; Capt. G. E. Pollard ; Major H. A. Luhrs ; Mr. Gould ; Mrs. Butterworth ; Mrs. Myers ; 260 Det. Red Cross ; 317 Company Halifax G.T.C., per Miss Titelbaum ; Sergeants' Mess, — A.T.S., T.C. and Officers' Mess, — A.T.S., T.C. (on disbandment) ; Mr. H. Riley ; Mrs. Forrester ; Capt. R. M. Hill ; Mrs. Taylor ; Mr. Exley ; — Bn. D.W.R. ; Sergeants' Mess, N.2.N., C.I.D. ; Depot Company, D.W.R., No. 2 N.C.I.D. ; Mrs. Haydon ; 27th W.R. Home Guard ; Mrs. Kay ; Pte. D. and Mrs. Hartley ; Sgt. L. Sykes ; Mr. and Mrs. Brewer ; Mrs. Pease ; Lt.-Col. B. W. Webb-Carter ; Major H. Harvey ; Major W. W. Skinner's Concert Party, Brancepeth.  
Major W. W. Skinner's Concert Party, Brancepeth.

DONATIONS IN KIND FROM 11<sup>TH</sup> DECEMBER, 1942, TO 21<sup>ST</sup> AUGUST, 1943.

The Downs Hospital for Children, per Miss A. Thompson ; Mrs. A. C. Firth ; Sowerby Bridge Red Cross, per Mrs. A. L. Sutcliffe ; Sister Smith ; Mrs. W. M. Watson ; Mrs. J. Moore ; Mrs. A. E. H. Sayers ; Mrs. C. J. Pickering ; Mrs. A. S. Henochsberg ; Sgt. Price, A.T.S. ; Mrs. H. Dewhirst ; Mrs. Collins ; Chief Commander M. D. Norris ; Greetland and West Vale W.V.S., per Mrs. H. Holt ; Elland Comforts Fund, per Mrs. W. Lumb ; Miss R. M. Cole ; Wells, Norfolk, G.F.S., per Miss Jenny Baker ; Mrs. J. Chatterton ; Mrs. Cyril Wildy ; Manor Heath Knitting Party, per Mrs. E. Scaife ; Mrs. Baume ; Sam Smith, Esq. ; Sen. Commander Hull ; Mrs. E. Moseley ; Mrs. Cecil Ince ; Capt. Harper ; Mrs. Piggote ; Society of Yorkshiremen in Southport ; Lt.-Col. W. G. Officer ; Mrs. Booth ; Mrs. E. M. Strafford ; Sister Graham ; Mrs. D. M. Waller ; Mrs. D. Paton.

## Dukes Abroad.

"Army life," said Lt. Slaithwaite (pronounced Slawit), as he slew an egg in the station restaurant, "is definitely not what it was. Remember when we were recruits ? Those berets and flannels that used to knock 'em flat on Gibbet Street. Those glorious guards we did (they said it was the I.R.A.) the week before the war. Old Two-bits and Queen's Hall and then O.C.T.U., then Depot again, when our first job was shooting off

the recruits at Deerhill in the snow. Then those idyllic days before Dunkirk at Boston Arch.

I thought I detected a tear for Storkey & Co. and even Two-bits, but the shrilling of the train-whistle broke in upon my speculations.

\* \* \*

If it hadn't been for the fact that the Q.M. was on board and had pulled the communication cord we would have been left behind. As it was, we streamed out of the breakfast room, carrying our cups of coffee along the platform and the gravelled permanent way, commenting on Africa as we clambered aboard. The Asian guard, statuesque behind his beard, overheard a free horoscope as we bundled into our compartments.

"Just what I was saying," said Slaithwaite, slopping coffee all over my berth, "nowadays you never know what's going to happen next."

"It could only happen in Africa . . .," I began timidly.

"Exactly," said Slaithwaite (who prefers to be called Slawit), prodding me in order to emphasize his point. "Exactly. Take Details Camp, for instance. You pitch up there after a leave or course and expect to be returned to your unit. But, oh no, they give you a job to do. Line you up in the morning and detail you off; you may find yourself checking clothing sheets for the African Personnel Company, or a member of a court of enquiry, or even sitting dumbly beside a telephone. You never know. Even the Acting Assistant Adjutant who details you off is himself a pressed man. I have a theory," said Slaithwaite, "that every job is 'ghosted' at Details."

"You don't say," I said.

He ignored me. "Of course, you may be lucky and not get a job, if you cower behind one of the chaps in the middle rank. There comes a time when they've reached saturation point, filled all the chores, found a chartered accountant to cook the Mess Accounts, and the Training Wing is a gaggle of subalterns who terrify the odd half-dozen Africans on parade. Then," and Slaithwaite's eyes glowed with the recollection of minor triumphs, "you may get away to town for coffee, or hare back to the Mess for the second half of your breakfast."

Slaithwaite's face grew hard. "The jobs I've done. I've been one of a platoon of officers sent out to look for a suspected suicide. I've patrolled the back of the African cookhouses in the rain, in order to nip in the bud any obscenities that might present themselves to the eyes of an Important Person passing from the airport. When I'd left, he came back the same way. I often wonder," said Slaithwaite thoughtfully, "whether he saw anything he shouldn't have." Slaithwaite stared moodily out of the window, and went on:

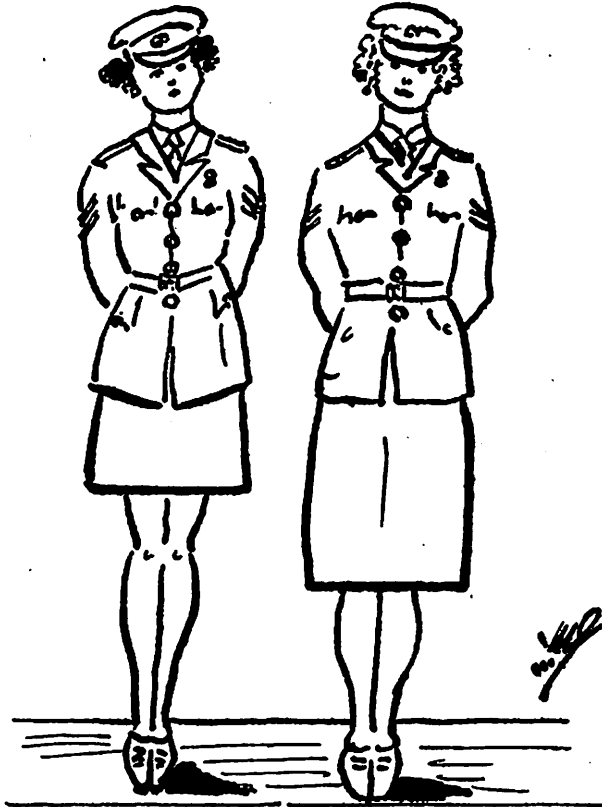
"I reported back after my course last week. 'Do you speak Swahili?' asked the Adjutant. 'Yes,' I said. 'Then you can do this recruiting safari to-morrow, starting at 8 o'clock. You'll have to look slippy. Collect clothing and rations for the recruits, arrange transport, collect attestation forms, see the Mess about your own food, fetch some blankets from Ordnance and report to Capt. Whatsisname at Headquarters. Pick a reliable British N.C.O., choose a Kikamba-speaking African N.C.O. (you're going into Wakamba country), and make sure your identity card is in order. Here's a letter for the District Commissioner at K. And there's one other thing.' 'Sir?' I said. 'For the love of Lobengula, put your hat on straight.'"

Slaithwaite ended his bitter reminiscence. At that moment the train jerked violently and tipped the last of Slaithwaite's coffee into my lap. The compartment shuddered; we looked out. The engine-driver had said "phooey" to some firewood and derailed our carriage.

"It could only happen here," said Slaithwaite (whose name is Slawit) expressively.

J. H. E. S.

## THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.



Corporal A. and Corporal B.  
 Are pretty smart we all agree.  
 In the A.T.S. they have to be,  
 Or they don't keep their stripes!

Now though they both see eye-to-eye  
 In matters of propriety  
 Affecting the proud corps, whose crest  
 They wear upon their tunic breast:  
 In the matter of the length of skirting  
 Their views are rather disconcerting.

For A. wears short while B. wears long,  
 Who is right and who is wrong?  
 Can it be quite *comme-il-faut*  
 That A. should show,  
 Like any Jock,  
 So short a frock?

Or is it B. expects to grow  
 And therefore likes a furbelow  
 To reach a bit below her knees  
 In spite of uniformities?

But p'raps it's just a case of "fit"  
 And that's the long and short of it!!

J. C. B.



## Personalia.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Lt.-Colonel B. W. Webb-Carter on his award of the D.S.O. ; this is the first D.S.O. to be won in the Regiment in this war. Also to L/Sgt. A. Haywood for his award of the M.M., and to Capt. T. G. Swithenbank and R.S.M. S. E. Code on their awards of the M.B.E. in the recent Birthday Honours.

Colonel A. Curran, who, as mentioned in our last issue, reached the age of 90 last May, in a recent letter writes :—" With a half-closed house and no car, walking powers limited, I am practically a prisoner, and an internment camp would be almost a pleasant change. I went for a mile or two last evening in the unrestricted area on my bike, but came to the conclusion that with my bad sight it was rather dangerous."

The following births have been announced :—

Roberts.—In May, 1943, at Simla, India, to Phoebe (née Crump), wife of Capt. Derek Roberts, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a daughter (Jacqueline Anne).

Haggie.—On 1st July, 1943, at Halifax, to Nelly (née Eyre), wife of R.Q.M.S. T. W. Haggie, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a daughter (Valery June).

Hibbert.—On 2nd July, 1943, at Alexandra Nursing Home, Devonport, to Maisie, wife of Major Tom W. Hibbert, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, a son.

Congratulations to all concerned.

The engagement is announced between Capt. Richmond Edward Makepeace Thackeray The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, son of the late Colonel Charles Thackeray, D.S.O., R.A., and of Mrs. Thackeray of 6 Fernshaw Road, S.W.10, and Jean Christian, daughter of the late W. A. Bankier and of Mrs. Bankier of Letcombe Regis, Berkshire.

The following story appeared in the *Yorkshire Post* of 20th August, 1943 :—

### NO JOKE.

Before the landing of British Commandos in North-East Sicily early on Tuesday, the Mess steward of the assault ship in Messina Straits approached a Commando captain with a victualling form and requested his name for the Mess.

" Wellington," replied the Captain.

" Initials, please, Sir," the steward asked.

" The Duke of Wellington," said the Captain.

" Oh, now seriously, Sir, all joking aside," protested the steward.

" I am serious," said the Captain, tugging at his dark moustache.

It was the Duke of Wellington, and the scarlet-faced steward wrote in the book : " Captain, Wellington, Duke of."

When he apologised, the Duke soothed him with the remark : " Think nothing of it. So many pubs. bear my name that I am used to scepticism."

The episode may remind some people of another in which the first Duke of Wellington is reputed to have been involved. If I remember rightly, the Duke's identity was in question on that occasion also.

Someone stopped him in the street and said : " Mr. Smith, I believe."

" Sir," said the great Duke, " if you believe that you will believe anything."

Miss Turner has had a letter from Brigadier C. W. Grimley, whose whereabouts we had been unable to trace for some time. He returned from Nigeria in July, 1942, and has been in England since. He writes that R.S.M. Myatt is in his brigade. While in West Africa he met George Laing and Davis ; the former was second-in-command of a battalion, and the latter a company commander.

Colonel G. S. W. Rusbridger writes that he has now gone over to the Ministry of Home Security, and has been appointed (since October last year) Director of the Southern Regional Training School. Colonel Pickering had visited the school a few weeks previous

to the date of his letter (21st June). Colonel and Mrs. Rusbridger have now given up their home in Warwickshire and have settled at Orchard Cottage, Ruishton, near Taunton, Somerset.

Colonel K. G. Exham, who, as mentioned in No. 50 (June, 1941) of THE IRON DUKE, accompanied the Military Commission that went out to Moscow on the outbreak of war between Germany and Russia, has returned to England, and has been succeeded in his post by Colonel R. G. Turner, who joined the Commission last year, and to whom we offer our congratulations on his appointment and promotion to full colonel. While in Russia Colonel Exham spent three months in the autumn of 1941 in Archangel, making all the arrangements for dealing with the arrival of the first consignments of our lease-lend. He also paid several visits to the Russian armies. We hope that he will send us some account of his experiences there, which would be of very great interest to readers of THE IRON DUKE. A photograph of Colonel Exham appears opposite page 89.

We have recently heard from Lt.-Colonel A. W. H. Lawless, an old 3rd Battalion officer, who served with the 2nd Battalion in France in the last war. While resident in India he joined the Army in India Reserve of Officers, and on being called up was appointed to G.H.Q. staff. He writes that he met one of our Battalions, and spent several happy evenings with the late Lt.-Colonel Owen and officers of the Battalion at their Mess. He has now been posted to the 10th Army, in the Hirings Department.

We have had news of the sons of several old officers of the Regiment. Colonel Pickering's eldest son is an instructor at the Army School of Education in Pachmari, he has been over six years in India and ought to be coming home soon. The second son, after two years as an instructor at the Naval School of Gunnery has now joined H.M.S. *Ceylon*, one of the new six-inch cruisers, and has been appointed officer-in-charge of Marines.

Lt.-Colonel C. W. G. Ince, who we are sorry to say has been laid up recently, writes that his eldest son (R. H. Ince) is now in England recovering from wounds which, as mentioned in our last issue, he received while serving with a parachute battalion in Tunisia last February. He is now lecturing on parachuting. The second son (A. P. G. Ince) is serving in a Recce regiment in Sicily. The two brothers met by chance in Algiers just before the eldest was sent home.

Capt. Charles Oliver's son, Lt. (Roddie) Oliver, is now serving in H.M.S. *Aurora*, and his father writes that he gets little news of his doings, but that from Press reports H.M. the King went to Malta in his ship, and that she had been operating round Pantellaria, Lampedusa, etc. Lt. Oliver recently met some of the officers of one of our battalions.

Capt. J. K. Sugden writes that he is now serving with the Leeds University Contingent, Senior Training Corps, and has with him R.Q.M.S. Moody. Capt. Herbert Coop is garrison adjutant for Leeds. He last heard of Capt. Bruce Lowe as serving in North Africa with the Information and Censorship Section of the U.S. Army.

Capt. Oliver paid a visit to Morecambe recently, and met Mr. J. W. Paling each evening for a chat over old times. He writes that Paling looked very well and was feeling no ill effects from his operation. He also met R.Q.M.S. T. McMahon and ex-C.Q.M.S. R. Wootton, both of whom were looking very well; they were staying with a Mr. Beaumont, another old member of the Regiment, who served with the 1st Battalion in Gibraltar some 20 odd years ago.

Referring to the death in action of Sgt. John Edwin Cunningham, reported in Obituary on page 75 of our last issue, his father, Mr. John Cunningham, has had further news from North Africa that a relative in the R.C.S. had found Sgt. Cunningham's grave at a place

where some 100 Commandos were killed, only six of whom had been identified. The late Sgt. Cunningham enlisted in the Regiment in 1933; he served in Malta and at Aldershot, and during the war transferred to the Commandos.

Mr. John Cunningham enlisted in the Regiment on 11th August, 1890, and served with the 1st Battalion in England, Malta and during the South African War, being discharged in 1902, leaving the Battalion at Nilstroom, South Africa. His brother, Mr. H. Cunningham (No. 3198, private), also served with the Regiment, in the 2nd Battalion; he was discharged in 1898, after serving at Pietermaritzburg, South Africa, rejoined in November, 1899, and served with the 8th Mounted Infantry in the South African War. Mr. John Cunningham's eldest son, Robert Edward (Andy), served in the 1st Battalion from 21st July, 1921, until transferred to the 2nd Battalion in 1923, and left them at Singapore in 1928. He is now in the R.A. as a sergeant. A very good family record.

Mr. T. Kenny (ex-C.Q.M.S.) of the Hare and Hounds Hotel, Bradford, recently came across an old soldier of the Regiment, Mr. J. McPherson of 311 Midland Road, Royston, near Barnsley, and has sent us the following notes about him. Mr. McPherson was born on 4th December, 1856, and enlisted at Bradford on 4th January, 1877, at the George and Dragon Hotel, Old Westgate (since demolished and newly built on). His number was 931 and he served in the 33rd Regiment as a bandsman. On enlistment he was sent to Chatham, where the 76th Regiment and two companies of the 33rd were stationed, and he was posted to one of the latter, his company commander being Lt. Preston (the late Major A. S. Preston, a former contributor to THE IRON DUKE, who died in 1930). In 1877 he went to Highroad Well, Halifax, where the new barracks had just been opened. He went to India in 1879 and served with the 33rd at Kamptee, Nowshera and Pindi. He was playing in the band at the Officers' Mess in 1881 when "Paddy" Connor went out to them during the break and told them that they would in future be known as the 1st Battalion West Riding (Duke of Wellington's) Regiment, and remarked, "Don't forget, we are still the Dukes." He served for six years and four months on first enlistment, and re-enlisted in the Royal Reserve on the outbreak of the South African War, being discharged at Newcastle in March, 1900. In March, 1915, he re-enlisted for the Great War, and was posted to the 12th K.O.Y.L.I. at Farnley Park, Otley, and served for one year and four months.

In a letter to Capt. Oliver he mentions a number of old members of the Regiment: Capt. (the late Colonel) Cecil Connor and Capt. (the late Colonel) Tidmarsh, "Sunny" Seaman (the late Major Seaman), Bandmaster Ford and Sgt. Dowd of the Band, Ike Rapley, Dodger King and Sgt. Whip (recruiting sergeant), some of whom he had met in Bradford on several occasions. He was a noted singer in the Regiment, and as postscript to his letter writes, "I still sing yet and don't require any bird seed." He says that he would be very pleased to hear from anyone who served with him in those far-off days, but it is very doubtful if any are now alive. Mr. Kenny says that McPherson looks very well and smart, can converse on almost any subject and is very witty; his left hand is partially crippled owing to three slight strokes, but a doctor who examined him a short time ago told him he was good for another 10 or 12 years. Good luck to him.

We have just had a letter from Lt.-Colonel J. C. de Balinhard, late of the Yorkton Regiment, from Vancouver, B.C., sending a subscription for THE IRON DUKE. He says he has always enjoyed the magazine and keeping in touch with the Regiment. He mentions that some of the older officers of the Yorkton Regiment are still serving—namely, Lt.-Colonel Waterman, and Majors Lovell and Crosthwaite; as for himself, having served through the South African War and the Great War (in the latter he gained the D.S.O.), he is deemed too old for service now. He adds, "I am looking forward to the end of the war when the censor ceases troubling and it can be told what a tale the Duke's can have to tell."



Mr. Harry Winn, ex-R.M.S. of the 1st Battalion, writes that he recently contacted Mr. Thomas who was formerly band sergeant in the 1st Battalion for a good number of years, and later at the Regimental Depot, Halifax. Mr. Thomas, who holds the meritorious service medal, looked remarkably fit and well in spite of his 75 years. Nothing he likes better than a good chat about the Duke's and the happy times of past years.

He adds that older members of the Regiment will regret to hear of the death of Nora (Mrs. Tyler), the only daughter of ex-C.S.M. and Mrs. A. Tanner, at Newport, Isle of Wight, on 8th August, 1943, aged 29. Nora was born in the Regiment on the 4th August, 1914.

### The Connaught Memorial.

The object of this memorial was fully explained by the Colonel of the Regiment in the last issue of THE IRON DUKE.

It is hoped that the necessary £1,000 will be raised so that the Regiment will be able to nominate, in perpetuity, a boy to a free scholarship at the Royal Albert School, Camberley.

Donations should be sent to the O.C., Regimental Depot Party, D.W.R., The Barracks, Halifax, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

The subscription list so far is as follows:—

— Battalion, D.W.R.	...	...	...	£100	0	0
Admin. Officer, — I.T.C.	...	...	...	36	14	0
T. L. Hartley, Esq.	...	...	...	1	0	0
Sam Smith, Esq.	...	...	...	5	0	0
Col. C. J. Pickering, C.M.G., D.S.O.	...	...	...	10	0	0
				<hr/>		
				£152	14	0
				<hr/>		

### Correspondence.

[The following letter has been received by Miss Turner.]

8 Hazlewood Court,  
Victoria Rise,  
Clapham, S.W. 4.,  
12.5.43.

Madam,

I am writing these lines in hopes that you will forward same to the magazine for publication.

My name is Clothier, late Regimental No. 8864, 2nd Battalion. During the blitz we had cause to be in contact with Pte. Bolton, "Ninety Bolton," as he was known in both Battalions. In fact he was *well known*. A few weeks ago I called at his old address to see how he was progressing. He was not there, he had gone to play a turn in a darts match. When the warning was sounded, Ninety immediately returned to see if his wife was in the shelter. She was, so back he goes to complete his game. It was most unfortunate, for the public-house caught a direct hit, only one escaped; the others were all fatals. *Ninety never came back.*

I have confirmed all statements before sending to you, as it is only a stone's throw from me where he lives.

#### A SURPRISE MEETING IN LONDON 1921.

I was chauffeur to a well-known military gentleman. One very hot sunny day (I was driving a new Rolls-Royce) with all my people in the car I was driving in the West End. The car was one of the smartest in town. I also was very smartly dressed complete with peak hat. On reaching the end of South Molton Street we were held up with a traffic jam, also by some men working on the road. We were due for lunch in Berkeley Square about that time so I was doing my best to get a move on. I waited patiently till my boss told me to try a move; he knew my ability to get out of scrapes. I then started to manoeuvre my car so as to get past the workman.

This caused a bit of surprise as our car was almost the same as the King's in colour. Immediately the men all stood up. One in particular was staring at me, my peak hat just like our Regimental walking out cap, *and my face just the same*. The man gave one spring to attention and said "Blimey," that was all. It was then that I knew who he was, Ninety Bolton. I had left him in France and lost touch with him after that.

I could not help a grin. Back came the remark quickly, "You were always *jammy*." The contrast between the two of us at this moment was rather comical, Ninety was grimed in road dust, shirt open at neck, corduroy trousers, etc. I was made up as smart as a chauffeur could look. My boss, a colonel, asked me who he was. I told him one of my Regiment. When I had dropped them, he told me to go and have a chat with him. I did so. I found Ninety had not altered a small bit. He was at many meetings afterwards, including the D. of W. Home Counties Social Club, which I helped to form. He was a real hard working man, a credit to the Regiment, never out of work. When the war broke out I lost touch with him for a time. It was with deep regret that I had to tell many of the old boys of his unlucky end.

I borrowed the last issue of the magazine off of Mrs. Moore, as I have been blitzed and no correct address for a long period I could not trouble you to send. When I am settled I would like to have the magazine sent regularly. I trust that this will meet with your approval.

Thanking you for your attention,

I beg to remain,

Yours respectfully,

ERNEST CLOTHIER.

## Obituary.

We regret to record the following deaths:—

**BINNEY.**—On 16th May, 1943, at 191 Hall Road, Handsworth, Sheffield, as the result of an accident, ex-Sgt. Charles Binney, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Mr. Binney enlisted at Sheffield on 9th June, 1934, and served with the 2nd Battalion in Egypt, Singapore and India. He was for a time machine-gun sergeant; he took a keen interest in sport, and was a very good referee at association football and hockey. He leaves a widow and two small daughters.

**BRIDGE.**—On 30th June, 1943, at St. Thomas's Hospital, Godalming, Surrey, of typhoid fever, Lt.-Colonel Harold Bridge, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 38 years.

**HIRST.**—At Halifax, on 19th June, 1943, Mr. Charles William Wood Hirst, ex-corporal, 1st Battalion. Mr. Hirst joined the 9th Brigade, attesting at Halifax on 21st December, 1878. After spending two years with the 76th Regiment, he was transferred to the 33rd and after a period of seven years was transferred to the Reserve. After leaving the Regiment Mr. Hirst became keenly interested in labour and the trade union movement, was widely read in the classics and English literature and for many years was a trustee of Pellon (Halifax) Methodist Church. He won several prizes in the University extension courses. The O.C.A. and the Regiment were suitably represented at his interment.

**JENKINS.**—On 6th August, 1943, at Hove, as the result of an accident, Helen Blanche Jenkins, widow of the late Colonel Vaughan Jenkins, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Mrs. Vaughan Jenkins was the eldest daughter of the late Major-General Edward Nugent Norton, Madras Staff Corps, and was born at Arcot in the Madras Presidency on 16th June, 1858. She was married to Capt. Vaughan Jenkins in 1876 (?) at Hoshungabad, Central Provinces, India, and had one son, the late Major Edward Vaughan Jenkins, D.S.O., The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, who died on 20th February, 1941 (see page 179, No. 50, October, 1941, of THE IRON DUKE) and one daughter, Mrs. Reginald Pratt Barlow, who survives her. The late Colonel Vaughan Jenkins joined the 33rd Regiment on the 30th December, 1871, and served with them throughout his service, except for a period of staff service in Bengal from 1887 to 1892, during which he saw service in the Miranzai expedition in 1891 as A.A.G., when he was mentioned in despatches. He was adjutant of the 1st Battalion from 1882 to 1886, was promoted brevet lieutenant-colonel in 1891, and retired on 2nd November, 1895. He died on 6th March, 1901.

Mrs. Jenkins accompanied her husband on all his service, and after his death continued to take the greatest interest in the Regiment. She regularly attended the annual

Regimental ladies' tea in London, when in addition to renewing acquaintance with old friends, she made a host of new ones among the younger generation, whom she attracted by her kindness and interest in their doings, and by her generous and happy disposition. She had resided in Hove, Sussex, for the last 40 years, and had been untiring in her social work. Her brother, Mr. A. Norton, writes:—"She was wonderfully active for her age, and only six weeks before her death visited St. Paul's and the City to see the damage done by the Huns." Her death was caused by an accident when getting on to a bus, when she fell and broke her leg. Some days later an operation was found to be necessary, and she died while undergoing it. Colonel A. Curran writes of her:—"Singularly alert and active minded, she was a dear old lady with a host of friends, and never lost touch with any of them. Her love for the Regiment was almost a passion. Those who knew her in the days when she followed the drum are a very restricted circle now, but such as remain will be sorry to hear of her tragic end."

Mrs. Jenkins was a loyal supporter of THE IRON DUKE, and on several occasions contributed news for the Personalia column. She is a great loss to the Regiment.

LEACH.—On 10th May, 1943, at Queen Mary's Hospital, Roehampton, after a long illness, ex-Pte. No. 8971 James Leach, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Mr. "Jimmy" Leach joined the 2nd Battalion at Lichfield on 2nd March, 1907, and served with them there and at Dublin, proceeding to France with them in 1914, being discharged on 25th June, 1918. He was Officers' Mess steward most of his service and was very popular with all ranks. Mr. Ernest Clothier writes that after his discharge he had a travelling grocer's cart, "a smart turn-out with a smart horse to match;" and he was also chairman of the Chelsea branch of the Old Contemptibles' Association. He was in possession of the 1914 Star and British War and Victory Medals. He is survived by his wife and five children, two boys and three girls.

PARKER.—In July, 1943, at Leeds, Mr. James Parker, ex-C.Q.M.S., The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Capt. C. Oliver writes:—"Many will remember Parker, who was popularly known as 'Jim' amongst his fellow members of the Mess. He was a cheerful and popular fellow and had many friends. He joined the Regiment in January, 1896, and was discharged in November, 1917. He was in possession of the Military Medal, British War, Victory and Good Conduct Medals. His service appears to have been spent with the 1st Battalion in Malta, then with the 2nd Battalion in India and Burma, and he was for some time with the 3rd Battalion. He went to France with the 2nd Battalion in 1914. After leaving the service he managed, firstly, the Lounge Picture House and the Hyde Park Picture House in Leeds for some years and retired on account of ill-health. When he recovered sufficiently he joined the Corps of Commissionaires and was a member till he died. He was employed at the *Yorkshire Evening News*."

PUPLETT.—On 15th April, 1943, at Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, Mr. Charles James Puplett, late C.S.I.M. The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 72. Mr. Puplett was the son of the late Sgt. Alfred Puplett, 33rd Regiment, and was born in the Regiment at Aldershot in 1871. He enlisted in the 2nd Battalion as a boy (tailor) in November, 1885, and went out with them from Aldershot to Bermuda in October, 1886, serving with them in Halifax, N.S., Barbadoes, Wynberg and Pietermaritzburg, South Africa. Whilst at the latter station he proceeded with the Matabeleland Relief Force for service on the lines of communications. He rejoined the 2nd Battalion in April, 1896, and in December of that year went to India with them, serving at Bangalore, Rangoon and the Andaman Islands. He was invalided home with beri-beri fever in 1902 and was posted to the 1st Battalion at York, being appointed C.S.I.M. On the Battalion proceeding to India in September, 1905, he was posted to the 2nd Battalion and joined them on their arrival at Lichfield in November, 1905. He was discharged to pension in 1907, and went out to Halifax, N.S., the home of his wife. On the outbreak of the Great War he joined the Canadian Forces, and served with the R.C.A.S.C. and R.C.A.P.C., coming over to



England with them. He was demobilized in 1919 and returned to Canada. For the above details of service we are indebted to his old friend Mr. J. W. Paling, who was one of the eight N.C.Os., which included Puplett, who accompanied the Matabeleland Relief Force. He writes:—"When we were in Bangalore he (Puplett) told me that he lived with his parents in the same place which was used as the company store; that must have been after the 33rd went to India in 1875."

Mr. Puplett's daughter, Mrs. Nobuary, of 11 Summit Street, Halifax, N.S., who also furnished some of the above details, has kindly sent a photograph of her father, which is reproduced opposite page 89, taken a few days before he entered hospital. She writes that her father's uniform is in the Museum in Fort Anne, Annapolis, Nova Scotia, to which he presented it a few years ago. He was very interested in this Museum, and was responsible for the article entitled "The Last Military Commander of Fort Anne" being reproduced in THE IRON DUKE (page 131, No. 16, June, 1930), which eventually led to the erection of a tablet in Fort Anne subscribed to by officers of the 2nd Battalion (see frontispiece to No. 20, October, 1931). Mr. Puplett was a very staunch supporter of THE IRON DUKE, and constantly sent items of Regimental interest from Canada; in fact he was our Canadian correspondent, and his loss is a sad blow to the Editor, with whom he kept up a constant correspondence. Mr. Puplett is survived by his widow and five daughters, all living in Canada. His only son died in infancy in India. Four of his sisters, one of whom is in Canada, and three in England survive him; his only brother, the late Alfred Puplett, late of the Regiment, died in April, 1941.

SUGDEN.—In May, 1943, as the result of an accident on active service, Lt.-Commander Peter Goldthorpe Sugden, D.S.C., R.N. (Fleet Air Arm), aged 29. Lt.-Commander Sugden was the elder son of Brigadier-General and Mrs. R. E. Sugden of The Newlands, Brighouse, Yorkshire. He was educated at Stubbington and the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, which he entered in May, 1927. From January, 1931, he was a cadet and midshipman for three years in the cruiser *London* in the Mediterranean. In 1935 he transferred to the Fleet Air Arm, and served as an air pilot in four aircraft-carriers. On October 22nd 1941, he was awarded the D.S.C. for "gallantry, determination and outstanding devotion to duty in an attack on German shipping and harbour works at Kirkenes and Petsamo." He married in 1941 Penelope Anne Erskine, third officer, W.R.N.S., fourth daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Erskine of Cambo, Kingsbarn, Fife. He is survived by his widow and one son. His father, Brigadier-General R. E. Sugden, had a distinguished record in the Regiment, and commanded a brigade in the field in the last war.

TUCK.—On 8th May, 1943, at the Watham House (Christie's) Private Nursing Home, Capt. Albert Edwin Tuck, in his 70th year. Capt. Tuck enlisted in the Duke of Wellington's Regiment in September, 1890, at the Depot, and joined the 1st Battalion in York the following November. He was promoted corporal in December, 1893, and sergeant in September, 1895, on embarkation for Malta. He was posted to the 2nd Battalion at Bangalore, India, in October, 1898. During the plague in Bangalore, 1898-99, he was a/S.M. of the detachment of the Regiment on plague duty. He afterwards served with the Battalion in Rangoon, where he was promoted colour-sergeant in 1901, and after further service in India returned to England with the Battalion in November, 1905, to Lichfield. He afterwards served at the Depot and rejoined the Battalion at Tidworth in 1908. In 1909 he was posted to the 7th Battalion (Mossley) and was appointed R.S.M. of the Battalion in 1914. He proceeded to France with the 49th Division in 1915, and was promoted lieutenant and quarter-master in 1916. Shortly after his promotion he was posted to a training school at the base. In 1917 he proceeded with the Forces sent to reinforce the Italians in Italy on the staff and was there till cessation of hostilities. He was afterwards posted to the K.R.R. Regiment for service with the Army of Occupation in Germany till February, 1920, when he was reposted to the 7th Battalion, retiring in 1924.

**TIPPET.**—On 5th August, 1943, in a London hospital, Mr. Albert E. Tippet, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 66. Mr. Tippet enlisted in the 1st Battalion on 2nd February, 1895. He served with them in Malta and Dover and went out with them to the South African War in 1899, receiving the Queen's Medal with clasps, Relief of Kimberley, Paardeberg, Dreifontein and Transvaal, and the King's Medal with clasps 1901 and 1902. He reached the rank of corporal and was transferred to the reserve on 9th October, 1902. On 11th December, 1915, he rejoined the Regiment and was torpedoed in the Mediterranean when on his way out to India, being picked up and landed at Malta. He eventually reached India and was attached to an officers' cadet unit near Murree and at Sialkot. He was discharged on 15th August, 1919, with the rank of lance-sergeant. We are indebted to his son, Mr. W. F. Tippet, for the above details, who writes that his father was always very interested in the Regiment and looked forward to receiving **THE IRON DUKE.**

## Roll of Honour.

The following casualties in the Regiment have appeared in the Press since our last issue :—

### KILLED IN ACTION.

Lt. L. B. Denman, M.C., Cpl. J. T. Cavagan, Pte. G. W. Davis, Pte. T. A. Hadley, Pte. H. Huckle, Pte. R. Jasper, Pte. A. McGlove, Pte. A. E. Page, C.S.M. R. J. Shilleto, Pte. C. J. Walls, Pte. H. A. Wells, Pte. T. C. Wright, L/Cpl. G. F. Brown, Pte. G. Cooper, Cpl. J. W. Dixon, Pte. T. Hoop, Pte. F. Hutte, L/Cpl. D. G. Lloyd, Pte. C. Mills, Pte. E. Senior, Pte. W. Sunderland, Pte. T. Waterhouse, Pte. J. C. Williams, Pte. S. Blount, Pte. S. G. Clarke, Pte. J. Denning, Pte. G. Hatto, Pte. W. Kendall, Pte. W. P. Mernor, L/Cpl. A. Saville, Cpl. W. E. Stephens, Pte. G. G. Ward, Pte. J. E. Wilde.

### DIED OF WOUNDS.

Pte. G. Cariss, Pte. R. Edley, Cpl. G. R. Hodgins, Pte. C. Langstaff, Pte. B. J. Puckett, Pte. C. Thompsett, Pte. E. Willoughby.

### WOUNDED AND PRISONER OF WAR.

Lt. P. P. Kingsford.

### WOUNDED.

Lt. M. H. Curtis, Capt. P. R. Faulks, Lt. P. V. Lacey, Lt. P. W. Laycock, Lt. N. E. Tuckwell, Lt. S. R. Turnbull, T/Capt. J. O. Urmson, T/Capt. L. Wardle, Major P. P. Benson, Lt. A. G. Peel, Pte. J. Butler, Pte. A. Clarey, Pte. R. G. Feltham, Pte. J. Pratt, Pte. C. A. Stuart, Pte. R. Woodrow.

## Our Contemporaries.

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

## Late News.

We regret to record the death of Lt.-Colonel S. B. Kington, who commanded the — Battalion during the operations in Belgium and the retreat to and evacuation of Dunkirk. An obituary notice will appear in our next issue.

DEKKO!

DEKKO!

# THE IRON DUKE

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S  
REGIMENTAL MAGAZINE

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