

No.57 February 1944



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. XX.

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THE IRON DUKE

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S
REGIMENTAL MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL REQUIREMENTS

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

(b) Personal notes.

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

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THE IRON DUKE.

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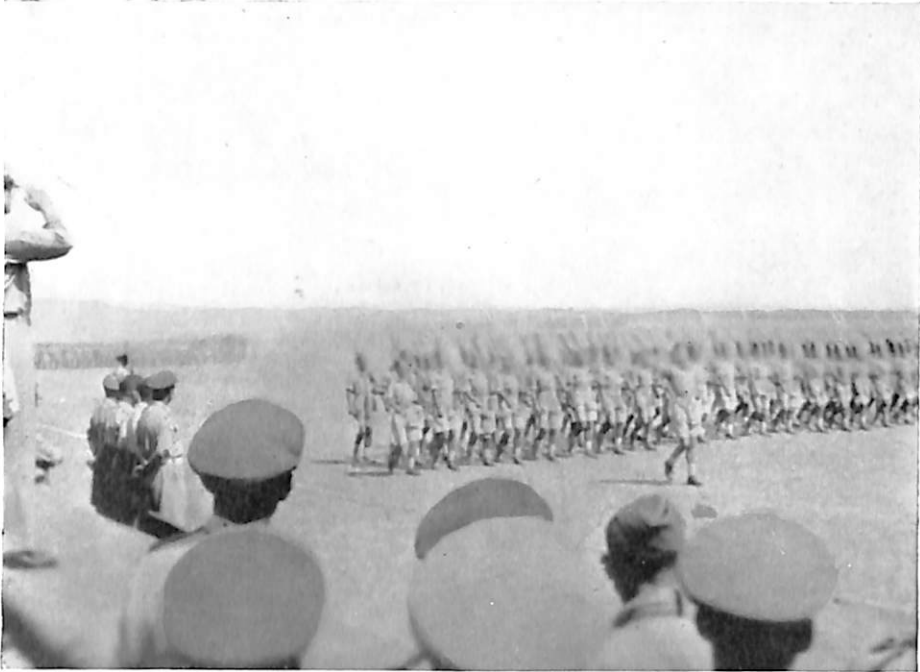
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— Battalion marching past General Eisenhower somewhere in North Africa, August, 1943.

[This snapshot was received just before going to press. Unfortunately a much better photograph which it had been hoped to send "did not materialise."—Ed.]



[Portrait by Janet Jevons

THE LATE CAPTAIN THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

THE IRON DUKE

The Late Captain The Duke of Wellington.

We deeply regret to record the death in action in September, 1943, in Italy of Captain The Duke of Wellington while serving with No. 2 Commando, aged 31.

The Most Noble Henry Valerian George Wellesley, sixth Duke of Wellington, Marquess Douro, Marquess and Earl of Wellington, Somerset, Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and Baron Douro, of Wellesley, Somerset, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom; Earl of Mornington, Viscount Wellesley, of Dangan Castle, County Meath, and Baron of Mornington, County Meath, in the Peerage of Ireland; Conde do Vimeiro, Marquez de Torres Vedras and Duque da Victoria, in Portugal; Duque de Ciudad-Rodrigo, in Spain, and a Grandee of the First Class; and Prince of Waterloo in the Netherlands, was born on 14th July, 1912, only son of the fifth Duke whom he succeeded in December, 1941. He was educated at Stowe, and was gazetted to the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment on 13th November, 1935, joining them early in 1937 in Malta. He served with them there and in England until February, 1939, when he was seconded to the King's African Rifles and went out to join them in East Africa. He saw active service with them in the Abyssinian campaign, and returned to England in 1942, when he joined the Commandos, with whom he was serving in Italy at the time of his death in action. The late Duke was unmarried, and is survived by his mother, Maud, Duchess of Wellington, and his sister, Lady Anne Rhys. He is succeeded by his uncle, Lt.-Colonel Lord Gerald Wellesley, Grenadier Guards.

A memorial service was held at Strathfieldsaye Parish Church on 9th October, 1943, and was conducted by the Bishop of Winchester. Colonel C. J. Pickering, the Colonel of the Regiment; attended, representing the Regiment, and Major R. H. Ince represented his father, Lt.-Colonel C. W. G. Ince.

In the course of his address, Canon J. B. Barker said:—"A century and a quarter ago England's Sovereign conferred a Dukedom on England's greatest soldier. To-day we mourn the sixth holder of that honoured title—the first to lay down his life in action—whom all men knew as 'Morny.' What kind of man was he? We will ask it first of his fellow-officers and men, and they will tell you of his bravery—his utter fearlessness in the face of danger. More, they will tell you of a young man unspoilt by great titles, a man of great personal charm, loved by all with whom he came in contact. We will ask it of his tenants, whether here or on his estates in Spain. They will all speak of his charming smile, his ready willingness to meet and talk to those who were in any way connected with the land he owned. Once again we will ask the question, and this of the parson of the parish where he was brought up, and he will tell you of deeper things in the character that was so fair and lovely on the surface, and his parson will tell you that in spite of the pressure of business, his place in this church on each of those eight Sundays was never empty.

He, too, will tell you of his smiling charm, his friendly greeting, and he, too, can tell of the hope that was in him—the hope, when war had ceased, to live on his estate and to know his tenants and to see to the well running of it to the mutual satisfaction of all. So he spoke just before service in this church the last Sunday morning he was here. So there was vision behind that charm—a deep sense of responsibility—a seriousness unsuspected at the back of that smile. So we mourn his going—young, charming, yet brave as a lion and with a deep sense of responsibility.”

The following appreciation was printed at the end of the memorial service leaflet :—

*The first news of his death was received in a letter written to his Mother by Brigadier Robert Laycock, D.S.O.**

Combined Operations Headquarters,
28th September, 1943.

It is with heartfelt sorrow and my very deepest sympathy that I must break the tragic news to you of Morny's death.

He gave his life in the highest traditions of the British Army and of his illustrious name, leading his troops in a heroic attack against the German defences in the Mountains East of Salerno.

His great gallantry and his personal charm had so endeared him to all of us that there is not an officer or soldier in No. 2 Commando, and indeed, in the Special Service Brigade, who does not grieve most deeply at this, his supreme sacrifice.

May I, on behalf of all ranks, offer you our great sympathy in the hope that your suffering may seem perhaps a little easier to bear in your knowledge that your Son died—a shining example to us—and beloved by all who knew him.

His death was instantaneous and in the hour of victory after a desperate action in which his personal bravery and powers of leadership won the admiration of those who fought with him.

England has lost a great and gallant officer and we, who loved him, a friend never to be forgotten.

I am proud to have commanded Morny who was so brave and so dear to us and whose memory we shall cherish throughout our lives.

In an appreciation printed in *The Times*, Lt.-Colonel Lord Dorchester wrote :—The name of Henry Valerian George Wellesley, sixth Duke of Wellington, great-great-grandson of the Iron Duke, is now added to the long and glorious list of Englishmen who have died for their country during this war. “Morny”—the name by which we shall always remember him—was blessed with a delightful disposition and charm of manner which made him friends wherever he might find himself. It is often difficult for younger and older generations to “mix,” but not where Morny was concerned with his inherent gaiety and kindness. He never allowed anybody, not even the oldest of us, to feel out of touch with him. Nor was this all, for beneath his kindness there lay a strong will and a just appreciation of right and wrong.

The Army was always his first love but, as heir to great estates, his earliest manhood was devoted to studying the land and so he did not join his ancestral Regiment (The Duke of Wellington's) in Malta until 1937. From Malta he was seconded to the King's African Rifles early in 1939 and later took part in the victorious Abyssinian campaign. He succeeded to the Dukedom on the death of his father in 1941, an event that coincided with a severe attack of malaria, and so he returned home on sick and compassionate leave. During this home interlude he both took

* Now Major-General, and Chief of Combined Operations.

his seat and made a vigorous maiden speech in the House of Lords and further made time to visit, personally, all the tenants on his Hampshire estates and to inform himself as to their wants and well-being.

Later, his adventurous spirit prompted him to apply for Commando training and he won through the severe course with flying colours. Ordered south, in due course, he took part in the invasion of Sicily, and the Italian mainland, where, to quote from the letter of his commanding officer :—

“ Morny gave his life in the highest traditions of the British Army and his illustrious name, leading his troops in a heroic attack against German defences in the mountains east of Salerno. . . . His death was instantaneous in the hour of victory after a desperate action in which his personal bravery and powers of leadership won the admiration of those who fought with him. England has lost a great and gallant officer. . . . ”

Morny's daily prayer was so very typical of him—namely, “ Let me make my neighbours happy and myself good.” Truly it is in such a spirit that you have both lived and died, my Most Happy Warrior.

Major-General W. M. Ozanne has written the following for THE IRON DUKE :—
The name of “ Morny ” (by which we all knew him) will for ever be a treasured memory in the Regiment, and particularly with those who had the privilege of serving with him. We mourn his irreparable loss most deeply. I was commanding the 1st Battalion when he joined us in Malta in 1937, and very proud we were to have the great-great-grandson of the “ Iron Duke ” in our ranks. “ Morny ” was a delightful personality with quiet disposition and marked charm of manner, totally lacking in any sort of conceit, fearless and a fine sportsman. He soon became most deservedly popular and the trusty friend of all ranks alike. His fearlessness and sportsmanship were well seen on the polo field. Before joining the Regiment “ Morny ” had had but little riding experience, but in spite of this he took up polo without hesitation and with a determination which could only call for the utmost admiration by all. Undeterred by inevitable and numerous torses, he carried on courageously and eventually established himself firmly as a member of the Regimental A team.

With such a spirit it is little to be wondered at that he gave his life so heroically in the highest traditions of the British Army. I had always hoped to see him command one day and become the Colonel of the Regiment.

The following telegrams were exchanged between the Colonel of the Regiment and the Dowager Duchess of Wellington :—

The Duchess of Wellington,
Strathfieldsaye House, Mortimer, Berks.

Colonel Pickering and all ranks of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment deeply mourn the loss by enemy action of their comrade in arms and titular chief and offer to you their deepest sympathy in your bereavement.

(Sgd.) C. J. PICKERING.

Colonel Pickering, Duke of Wellington's Regiment,
No. 1, Northern Region, Royal Grammar School, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Grateful thanks for kind letter and telegram, which I deeply appreciate. Please convey my sincere thanks to all officers and men of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Yours in sorrow,

MAUD WELLINGTON.

EDITORIAL.

By the death in action of Captain The Duke of Wellington, the Regiment suffered a great loss, for not only was he its titular head, but had served in it for some eight years. As a young officer he had shown great promise, as his previous commanding officer, Major-General W. M. Ozanne, has testified on another page. The action in which he was killed, while gallantly leading his company in the Commandos, will live as an example of those dogged unflinching qualities which the British soldier has ever displayed in a desperate situation. For eleven days the Commandos and Royal Marines held on against overpowering German attacks at Salerno, when to have given way would have allowed the enemy to carry out their threat of driving the 5th Army into the sea. To his mother, Maud, Duchess of Wellington, and his sister, Lady Anne Rhys, we offer our deepest sympathy.

Major-General W. M. Ozanne, commenting in a letter last November on the exploits of the — Battalion in Tunisia, wrote :—" I saw Major-General Clutterbuck only a few days ago, and he was full of praise for the Battalion and their achievements in Tunisia and Pantellaria, particularly during the critical Banana Ridge battle. The Battalion never put a foot wrong in France, and never received their due, and now they have continued their grand record. Long may they continue to do so."

A list of the recipients of decorations and awards to members of the Regiment appears on pages 15 to 19, and we offer our heartiest congratulations to them.

We extend our greetings to the nine prisoners of war of the Regiment who recently returned from captivity in Germany. An account of their arrival in this country and some of their experiences appears on page 30.

Owing to the paper shortage and the large amount of material received for this issue of THE IRON DUKE, we have had to reduce the size of the print so as to include as much of it as possible.

1944 has dawned as we write these lines, and we wish all serving members of the Regiment the best of luck in the momentous events that are approaching.

Connaught Memorial Fund.

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

REGIMENTAL NEWS

It is well over a year since we last let the outside world know what we are doing, and consequently we feel that we ought once again to raise our voices. We embarked, therefore, on said task somewhat light-heartedly and got as much material together as we could, but as the days went by we grew more and more depressed, especially about the necessary restrictions of censorship, until finally we present the following as the best we can do in the circumstances.

Falling into line with the modern trend for tabulation and in order to avoid the ever open trap of bad journalism, we think that tabulated news will be easier to read than having to pick out personalities, etc., from a mass of script.

SPORT.

We know that sport is usually relegated to the rear end of Battalion notes, but when we asked ourselves what we could say almost everyone thought of sport first, so here it is; in short we have won the following :—

SOCCER.—Divisional inter-unit competition; our Support Company won the Division competition for company and equivalent sub-units; various friendly games with neighbouring battalions, including the battalion who won their own Divisional inter-unit competition.

ATHLETICS.—Local "Wings for Victory" sports, for which we entered 100 competitors; not so local (curse this censorship), in fact, County championships challenge cup, cubic capacity 1½ gallons; not so local relay cup; not so local—many events at an Army meeting.

BOXING.—Divisional boxing tournament—five fights to three; Brigade boxing tournament—seven fights to one.

CROSS COUNTRY.—Brigade cross-country competition.

SWIMMING.—Local "Wings for Victory" swimming sports.

RUGGER.—We regret to announce we only reached the semi-final of the Divisional championship, but apart from that have had a very successful season.

For those readers who would like more details of the above sports, here they are; for those who don't, they can skip to the next section, if there is one.

RUGGER.—The long history of rugby in the Regiment, and the outstanding success during the last half century is a very difficult one to live up to, but to live up to it we have determined. That our efforts failed last year, when we were on the threshold of success, was disappointing. It was almost humiliating to watch the success of the soccer and boxing teams, who carried off their respective Divisional championships with ease. Needless to say, we congratulate them. Although we were beaten in the semi-final of the Divisional championship, we in fact had a most successful season with many hard-fought and excellent games. Our third round Divisional game went to a second replay, before a try very much in the corner decided it in our favour. We recovered our status however by later winning the seven-a-side championship.

Many of the previous year's side were available last year and will be available again this year. The forwards, although not so heavy, were faster and very hard workers. Outside the scrum we had many old players in Captain Cox, Senior, Field and Brayshaw. At centre we were badly hit by losing first Roberts, posted to the R.E.s., and then Bonner with a badly broken leg. Bonner was the biggest loss—his is a name famous in Yorkshire football, both Rugby Union and Rugby League. We now hear that he is nearly fit again after almost a year under treatment. We wish him a complete recovery. Stone and Moore completed vacancies in the centre and played extremely well throughout the season. The main scoring power of the side was outside the scrum, but many tries were lost by a tendency to run across the field, especially with two wings as fast and strong runners as Field and Senior.

Of the forwards there still remain many old hands, Murray, Hirst, Whitley, Hobson, Vanham, Captain Holroyde and many others who have played during the season. New blood is the desire of all teams to continue the impetus and progress. We look forward to much new blood this year, especially in the forwards, where some of the old stalwarts are getting on in years and would be happier with less strenuous work to do. We look forward to another successful season and hope to maintain the rugger traditions of the Regiment during the present year.

P.S.—We have won the first two friendly matches of the present season. The absence will be felt of Major Davidson who has recently left us to study at higher levels. We wish him good luck.

SOCCER.—Since we last wrote the Battalion has gone forward by leaps and bounds in the soccer world. We won the Divisional inter-unit competition against very strong opposition, also Support Company won the Divisional competition for companies and equivalent units.

In two years we have lost only three matches and we have had some very enjoyable and hard games. The team played well together; all of them are much better players than they were when the Battalion

first formed, and have benefited from the experience and tutoring of our friend Jack Bruton, who has left us; we thank him for his efforts and wish him luck. Sgt. Gummer, another of our stalwarts, has had the misfortune to spend three or four months in hospital, and up to press there is little likelihood of his rejoining us. We wish him a speedy recovery and hope to see him back with us soon.

Although we viewed the oncoming season with alarm and concern as we are teaching the new men in the team, to our joy we have won the first two friendly matches we have played against neighbouring battalions; even by 4—1 the battalion who won their respective Divisional inter-unit competition last season.

Late News.—We have just won our first match 3—0 in this season's Divisional competition.

BOXING.—In March last year we fought in the final of the Brigade tournament and won comfortably by seven fights to one. Later in the month we fought another battalion in the semi-final of the Divisional boxing tournament, running out the winners by six fights to two. In the finals we managed to win by five fights to three. Our team was:—Pte. MacIlwraith (bantam), Pte. Hamilton (feather), Pte. Martin (light), Sgt. Brid (welter, first string), Pte. Hooley (welter, second string), Cpl. Vanmale (first string, middle), Sgt. Good (second string, middle), and Cpl. Murray (light-heavy). Sgt. Tomkins, Cpl. Nash and Pte. Lowther are to be congratulated on the very hard work put in training the team; they really did a first class job of work.

Cpl. Vanmale is to be congratulated on reaching the final of the Divisional Command individual boxing tournament.

In the inter-company boxing "B" Company ran out the winners.

Five Battalion boxers fought against the R.A. in a series of special contests and were the winners by four fights to one. Those taking part were Sgt. Britton, Pte. Martin, Sgt. Brid, Cpl. Vanmale and Cpl. Murray. Sgt. Al. Robinson, R.A.F., very kindly appeared in a four-round exhibition bout with Pte. Joe Lowther and some excellent boxing was beheld.

ATHLETICS.—The Battalion has had an outstanding and successful season. We began our activities by entering 100 competitors in the local "Wings for Victory" sports on Whit Monday. The results of systematic training were shown by the announcer eventually using "The Dukes" as his password.

Training continued and we entered a team in the — County championships in July. Again the team had marked success, winning altogether five county medals. Captain Hanna's wins in the 100 yards and 220 yards and Lt. Dodds' prowess at jumping were outstanding events, and backed up by the rest of the team this won us the County challenge cup, a large affair altogether, so large we hardly know what to do with it.

During the "Wings for Victory" sports mentioned above Lt. Dodds gave an exhibition of pole jumping which amazed all beholders. Needless to say he won the high jump with, we should think, quite a few inches to spare. He *did* take off his slacks for the last few inches!

Later in July we sent a skeleton team away and won the relay for which we received yet another trophy. The high jump was won by Pte. Stanley at 5ft. 5ins., a creditable effort, since he had changed his style from scissors to eastern cut-off. In August off our team went again, and again we were successful, especially in the mile medley relay, where Pte. Smith took over the baton on the last 440 yards with 50 yards to make up. He ran a marvellous race to win by three yards from a Canadian Army team.

The Battalion sports were won by Support Company by a narrow margin over "B" Company. Pte. Lintel headed the field in the five mile road walk by 800 yards.

GENERAL.

We are pleased to announce to those who skipped the last section that there are at least three more sections still to go and here is the next one.

From the above catalogue, of which needless to say we are somewhat proud, it would appear that we did or do little else than train for, and partake in, various forms of sport. On the contrary, our sport is snatched in odd moments which are free from training. We do train—one officer from another regiment who was with us for a short time stated that he had never known such a Battalion for training.

Actually, we feel rather like Sisyphus and his stone—only perhaps somewhat better off than he was, in fact we sometimes get the stone to the top of the hill. Also unlike Sisyphus our stone starts quite small at the bottom of the hill and gets gradually larger and better the further we push it up. Sometimes we don't reach the top before the stone slips down again, but occasionally we have, after manful efforts, got it there. It doesn't stay there long though—just as we are standing back to admire it it is given a push by an unseen force, and down to the bottom it goes again. And we start all over again.

Beyond the above we cannot go. We should love to tell you all about exercise so-and-so when Robin, Bill, Frank, Herbert or Martin did something outstanding, but alas we cannot. We can, however, say we are still a happy Battalion in that recently we got accused by the C.O. of too much levity in Battalion H.Q.

OFFICERS' MESS.

The amount of material for the Officers' Mess is so vast that we hardly know where to begin. For a long time we lived in company messes and are doing so again now, but for a few months we were together in one Mess. The writer of these notes was not living in the Battalion when it was living in

company messes, and those who were are much too coy to give away details, so we are rather restricted in time. We have some lovely tables to eat off, and these, combined with the silver cups we have managed to win, would give an impression of a peace time dining room, were it not for the fact that the walls are devoid of the usual pictures of the Iron Duke himself, and our cutlery and drinking vessels are of a most varied type. We have a cup which is not quite round, a constant source of wonderment to us all, and invariably brings forth one remark from all new arrivals, "Oh, look at this."

We are getting quite a few strangers in the Mess, for names see below, who bring fresh manners and customs amongst us. Occasionally one hears a group discussing the highlights of Port Said, another the joys of Durham and intermingled amidst the general conversation are various Hausa or Swahili words which we do not understand.

We say farewell to Majors Turner, Davidson, R. Sugden and Miles, Captains Black, Ellam, Bateman, Ellis, Gilbey and Jackson, Lts. Reilly and O'Meara. We also say hail and farewell to Major Sadler, noted chiefly for passing the Battalion S.P. smoking a pipe, a thing we have often wanted to do.

The old gang are still with us, Robin Cartwright still retaining his appetite, Mike Holroyde still persists in taking no notice of complaints, and Herbert Firth still giggles and laughs.

We congratulate Majors Forbes, Eaton-Smith and Curran on attaining their majorities, also Major Davidson, Captains Firth and Cox and Lt. Swire on the attainment of, or increase in, fatherhood.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

It is such a long time since we were asked to contribute an article that almost all the happenings of the last two years are forgotten. The chief things of note are about four dances which we have held in various places, and which were up to the usual high standard and have left happy memories!

The usual flow of new arrivals and of old members leaving still carries on. We wish good luck to them all. C.S.M. Mountain has left us since our last notes. He had an accident which resulted in his being discharged. We all wish him good luck. Sgt. Gummer, too, has left us, for the time being only we hope—he has been in hospital three months, but is now convalescent, and a speedy and complete recovery is hoped for. Jack Bruton left us on promotion—he has been a good member during his stay. We wish him good luck and were very sorry to lose him.

To our sister Battalions, wherever they be, we wish "Good luck and good hunting."

CONCLUSION.

In conclusion we should like to echo the Sergeants' Mess greetings to other Battalions of the Dukes. Though at the moment we are only on the touchline, as it were, we pine to be with you and read every detail of your exploits with pride.

Now and then the Battalion has moved. Up and down and then back again. This may seem incomprehensible but it is so true that a certain rather startled G.III at the War Office is supposed to have said, "Crikey! That's the — Div., that was!" We have in the last few months become a little more stationary, the scene is more northern and, according to some, — barbarian. Yes, Dr. Johnson was perfectly right, only it is doubtful what even he would have said of this little grey town built out of nineteenth century industrialism and self-help.

Not that we are often here. Exercises seem to be longer, more frequent, and farther away from home stations. Partly as a result, we have only had a very limited time for sport. We have played two games of rugger and won the first (or should I have said we lost the second?) In the summer we figured in Brigade and Divisional athletic meetings. What preparations! What running round in large circles, what collapses in small ones! We even discovered that John Haldane could jump. Well anyway, in spite of Sgt. Powell's hard work, if we did not feature quite so well "divisionally," we came first in the Brigade meeting.

Talk about a pride of colonels! First, giving us great pleasure, our old C.O. came to see us, looking very fit despite a long illness, and full of his usual briskness. Secondly, and there ought to have been Russian music in the background, a member of a military mission. His descriptions of the early days of the mission in Moscow and the Soviet banquets held there—two hours of vodka-swigging, chacun à sa bouteille, shook even our hardened "livers." Thirdly, Colonel "Pip" arrived one night, and straight away slapped that bass, saying "Righto! we'll have a song." Lastly, with a fanfare of trumpets, bugle-heralded, the Colonel of the Regiment inspected us. Not only that. He trod a Suzie Q at the all ranks' dance to the ho-hums of the dance section of the Regimental Band; and was present too, when the complete Band gave an open-air concert, which made even the natives forsake their brutish pipes and call for a different tune.

We have said good-bye to Martin Hewitt, Mac, "Basher" Holmes, C.S.M. Halls, Sgts. Greaves and Law, and L/Cpl. Hopkinson who, good fortune to them, have gone in an easterly direction.

OFFICERS' MESS.

Since our last notes we have again been on the move—appropriately enough exercise Overdo—and once more we are comfortably established in the industrial town we briefly got acquainted with earlier in the year. The Mess is a large, fairly bare country house containing a good hot-water system and too few bedrooms. The drive is a mile long by day and by some peculiar hocus-pocus at least two miles by night.

The winter spent in the racing town was almost as mild as the local beer, and the furnished house Mess can unfold splendid memories of intellectual jamborees inspired by John Beckwith, tactical teachings by our tall second-in-command and happy little Sunday night parties called ladies' nights because ladies have attended from time to time. We believe Arthur Chandler was disturbed at the thoughts of having to pay for his bridge after playing free billiards for ten months. Ronnie as rear party made a compromise settlement in full for furniture damage and rejoined with remarkably little delay.

We were pleased indeed to have our C.O. of Iceland days stay with us for a short week-end. In spite of his recent illness we thought he looked fit and well. The only entertainment we could lay on for him was a ladies' night which was highly successful, the ante-room being tastefully decorated with exotic blooms and blondes. A good night was spent by all, including jitterbugs McH. and Teddy; Milligan, absent, could not repeat his piano trick, Geoff couldn't hold tight, but we are now certain that the doctor has a match. Colonel —, late of the Moscow Military Mission, was attached to us for a time and left us all too soon. His charming personality gave him many friends in this unit.

We have been honoured by a visit of the Colonel of the Regiment in our present station, a happy coincidence with that of the Regimental Band, so we were able to come out in semi-ceremonial splendour. We were very glad to meet Col. Pickering, many of us for the first time, though our old soldiers J. T. R. C. and J. E. J. have served with him. We put on an inter-unit rugger match to show off our dazzling threes, Teddy Manning and False Start Tyrer. Was it after this game that Keith failed to react as normal and then blamed something he had "eaten"?

Unfortunately we have no births to announce nor any marriages. Some of our younger and more inexperienced have been engaged and disengaged in double quick time, but we can congratulate Denis Wilson on definitely becoming engaged. We think the mighty atom Parr will probably get engaged when she leaves school.

We welcome to our midst Captains Gunn and Delf, Lts. Giles, Siddall, Perrior and Woods, and 2nd Lt. John Turner, the latter, after only a short absence, in which to enlarge his military education.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Since the publication of our last notes a change in the Battalion location has taken place, and from the racy atmosphere of the "weighing-in" room the Sergeants' Mess has now been moved to the palatial confines of a co-operative ballroom.

The amenities of our new Mess, although leaving a lot to be desired, do at least offer excellent opportunity and accommodation for social events. The ballroom in its dual capacity of dining room and ante-room can quickly be cleared of its few sticks of furniture, and with little or no trouble be converted into an excellent ballroom, capable of holding two or three hundred people.

Social events since our arrival in the new station have been confined to an occasional dance and a social evening each Sunday, to which our civilian friends are invited.

The Sunday socials consisting of tombola, dancing and elbow-lifting were introduced with a certain amount of doubt as to their popularity in the district, and there has been a constant dread of visits from the local vicars, etc., with complaints that their flocks were being led from the path of righteousness by the introduction of such frivolity on Sundays. It was, however, quickly discovered that the population were quite prepared to discard their religious books and enter into the spirit of Sunday entertainment.

We extend our welcome to O.R.Q.M.S. Johnson who has now taken over his arduous duties in the Battalion orderly room, and hope that his battle with the regimental paymaster over a mere £36 reaches a successful conclusion.

We regret the loss of O.R.Q.M.S. E. Rothwell, who has now taken over the duties of Admin. Capt. and Q.M. to the Home Guard; we wish him good fortune.

Sgt. Beard, too, after over 23 years with the Battalion, now bids us "adieu" with sincere regrets on both sides.

Many events both domestic and otherwise have occurred in the Battalion since the last edition of THE IRON DUKE was published. It is very much regretted that it is not possible at this stage of the war to give details of all the interesting work which has been allotted to us, but we have by no means been sitting still and our mobility has been very exhilarating.

Col. G. P. Norton, Honorary Colonel of the Battalion, has paid us several visits, and it has been a great pleasure to show him our activities.

There have, as is only too common now, been numberless changes in the Battalion, and we wish Lt.-Col. D. T. Newton every success in his new appointment, and all who had the pleasure to serve

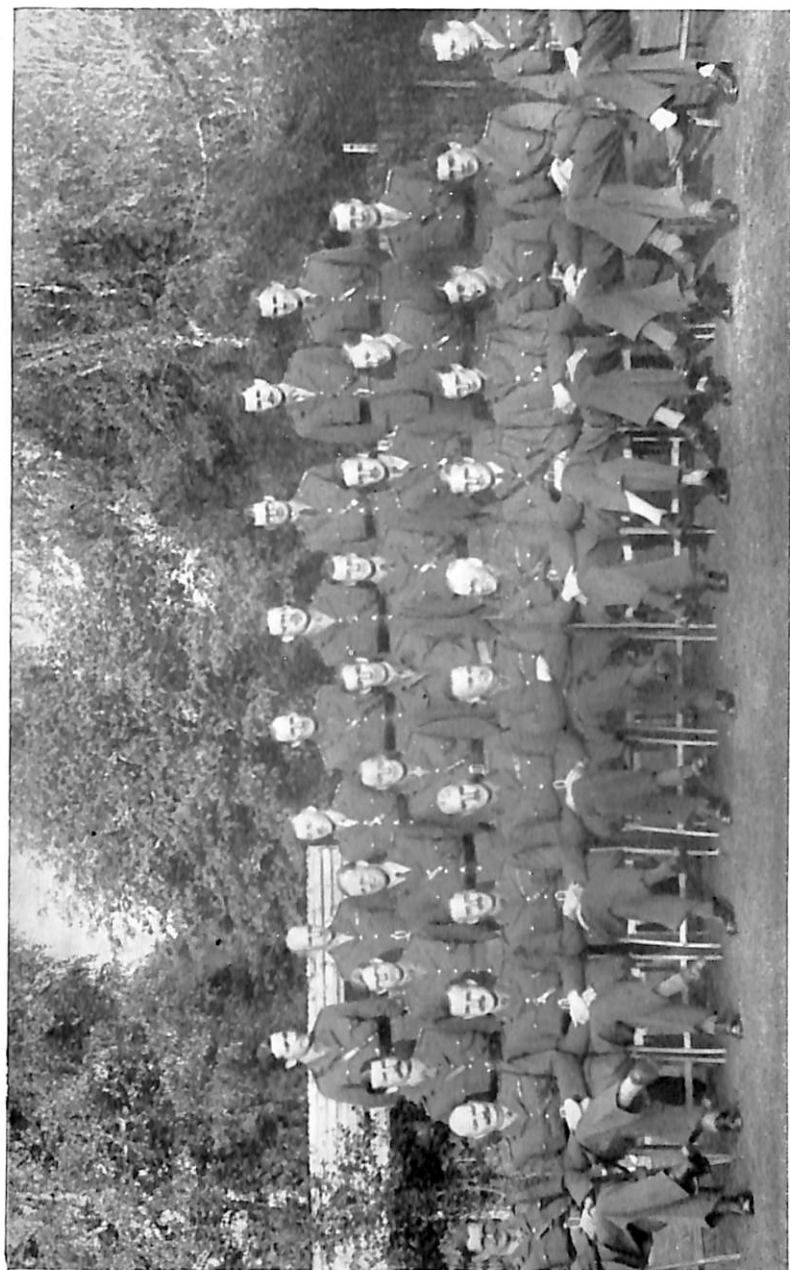
— BATTALION.



Winners of the Divisional Inter-Unit Tournament, 1942-43.



Dukes, representing East Riding Coastal Area v. West Riding Area, in the match in aid of Mrs. Churchill's "Aid to Russia Fund," 1942. £364 were raised. The photograph shows Mr. Wells, Chief Constable of Hull, being presented to the Duke's team.



The Officers of a Battalion somewhere in the British Isles.

under him wish him "Good Luck." We welcome our new commanding officer, and hope that his tenure of command may be a very successful one.

We wish good luck to those officers who have left us during this eventful year:—Major E. E. R. Kilner, Capts. W. J. H. Knowles, W. M. Dixon, P. Goodall, C. B. Kaye and T. Amers, Lts. D. C. Morgan, J. F. Benson, T. E. Owens, A. C. Cunningham, P. Hallas, P. F. R. Griffiths, A. J. Ratcliffe, K. F. C. Wood, W. J. L. Small, D. Mitchell, F. Walker, C. E. Dodgson, P. M. Rae and S. G. Rowland.

In their place we welcome those who have been posted to us, and may they feel that the Regiment has found a place for them.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to the following who have married:—Lt. H. Myers, on 3rd March, 1943, Lt. D. J. Hayman, on 19th October, 1943; and also to those whose wives have presented them with sons or daughters:—Major J. C. Shaw, a son, on 3rd August, 1943, Capt. S. J. E. Huxley, a son, on 3rd February, 1943, Capt. E. L. B. James, a son, on 24th September, 1943, Lt. P. M. Rae, a daughter, on 15th April, 1943.

On the sport side we have had many interesting events, our team beating a team from another Battalion of the Dukes at association football in April; a most enjoyable swimming gala, held by the Regiment during the summer; and Regimental sports held in July, which were well attended and in which great rivalry developed. Our congratulations are due to the winners.

We have now completed the arrangements for Christmas, 1943, which, although on a modest scale, should be much enjoyed by all, and it is our earnest hope that Hitler may be disposed of by the time Christmas comes round again.

D.W.R. Infantry Training Centre.

OFFICERS' MESS.

The most outstanding event since our last notes has been the departure of "Tuppence," who was last heard of sitting on a crate in North Africa eating bully beef. We wish him luck. He has been succeeded as second-in-command by Major Owen Price, well known to all readers of THE IRON DUKE. Our youngest member, O'Sullivan, has just left us and has been succeeded by White, fresh from O.C.T.U.

Our honour was lost one day when a tremendous race was run between an escaping prisoner and the officer i/c athletics. The prisoner won by a short head and the officer i/c athletics has not been seen to smile since.

An interesting ceremony was held in the Mess one guest night recently, when the President toasted His Majesty's health with a full decanter in one hand whilst the glasses of all the members were still empty. The chaos which followed was unbelievable until some clever person had the brilliant idea of filling the members' glasses in order that they could drink the royal health. This event will long be remembered by Dukes everywhere.

"Creepy" has had a tremendous battle with caterpillars. The issue still hangs in the balance, though "Creepy" says ultimate victory is certain.

Peter Garnett is still commanding "George" Company, which is still collecting trophies of the chase—athletic and otherwise.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Nothing very hectic has happened during the past quarter, but we do have our moments. Our various forms of indoor sport have afforded a great deal of amusement, especially the darts, in which "H.Q." Company, led by the R.S.M., beat "George" Company.

There have been one or two departures and arrivals since our last issue of notes. Tom Melville has gone to civil life. We welcome two old friends to the I.T.C.—C.S.Ms. Suggett and Shepley, and trust they will be happy with us. There are many other good old Dukes who have arrived for short spells, too numerous to mention by name, but wherever they may be, best of luck to them all.

Before closing, we wish all Dukes a Happy and Prosperous New Year and sincerely hope that by next Christmas they will all be home again, having completed the job, and that peace will be with us once more.

CORPORALS' MESS.

Nothing very eventful has happened in the Mess this quarter. A couple of good socials have been held and one very enjoyable dance. Half our committee were promoted sergeant, and we wish them good fortune and a happy time in the Sergeants' Mess.

Good luck to all the Dukes wherever they may be.

COMPANY NOTES.

"C" COMPANY.—We break the ice in these notes by extending our warmest congratulations to our company commander on his recent promotion to major. The following have received another "tape" and are to be complimented accordingly:—Sgts. Draycott and Drewry and Cpls. Duffin and Ferguson. At the same time we welcome C.S.M. Suggitt and Cpl. Forsyth, and wish 'Good Luck' to C.S.M. "Dunc" and "Smudge" Smith who have left us.

Some trained soldiers we got recently have caused Cpls. Baxter and Wilkinson to frown somewhat. Lt. Cook has taken a personal interest in them—in fact, when he's down the lines or on route marches, etc., the 252's fly about like a leaflet raid! To our consternation, when he's on marches his long legs carry him about seven miles before he thinks of halting!

We still have Lofly with us guarding our stores. Regularly at meal times one can see his flimsy form drifting down the road to the cook-house, ably shadowed, as always, by his 'mucker' Collinson. Percy's brows are puckered these days—no wonder—our latest office addition is a braw Scotch A.T.S. lassie! During "Q's" leave Sgt. Theaker developed dizzy bouts, having five different clerks in a week and half the Company going on leave in single file!

In the sporting world we now hope to tear up many trees as our numbers have increased of late. After viewing the "huskies" we got in a recent intake (over half were examined for the P.D.C.), Mr. Whitehead went sick for a new pair of specs.

Our company lecture room is now a picture; it's so clean (as many trainees are ruefully aware) that we are sweating on a company guard being detailed to watch it! There's a tale going round of a tall ghostly figure on a big black bike visiting it about roll call time and checking the maps, diagrams, etc., by the aid of a torch.

But we get by. Now that there's plenty of work (all spare N.C.Os. please note!) there are dozens of smiling faces and a very good spirit in the Company. We send our greetings to all "Dukes" abroad and at home and sincere wishes for a victory year in 1944!

"D" COMPANY.—With the exception of a few squads of somewhat unusual trainees, we can say business is as usual, G.S.C. training.

A new duty was introduced during the last quarter—"Caterpillar Picquet"—furnished by one full rank and as many unfortunate recruits as he could pounce on. The object was, of course, to separate the cabbage from the caterpillars.

C.S.M. "Johnny" Stork left us, and with him went his stick, his grin and the best wishes of all the Company. C.Q.M.S. "Busty" Melville next "steamed out" en route for Halifax and a bowler hat. Cpl. Moore's "You're telling me" no longer raises a laugh. The best of luck, Mr. Melville. Sgts. Zenner and Durham left us complete with topee and bush battle drill pamphlets for a P.T.W. somewhere in Africa. Sgt. Hay arrived and shortly afterwards left us. He is now digging for victory somewhere under England.

Promotion, that elusive spirit, so conspicuous by its absence, paid us a visit and left behind Sgt. L. Farrar, Cpls. Ferguson, Dennis and L/Cpl. "Vicki"—congratulations and, incidentally, many happy returns. W.O. i/c N.C.Os. Complaints, C.S.M. Shepley, "took over" the Company during an attack of intakes. Apart from one or two grey hairs, he settled in none the worse. We welcome back C.Q.M.S. "Dinga" Bell to his old chair.

Capt. Ellis and his Lts. Diggle and Wilcock remain the same. Mr. Lawson left the Company to take over W.T.O., and, we hope, promotion. To all N.C.Os. and recruits who have passed through we wish the best of luck and as "Shack," our inimitable storeman would say, we will "Sign off here."

"G" COMPANY.—Since our last notes went to press the Company has added to the silverware which adorns company office. First of all the cricket team rounded off a highly successful season by beating "H.Q." Company in the final of the inter-company cricket cup competition.

Congratulations are due to Lt. O'Sullivan, "Topper" Brown and all members of the boxing team who put up such a fine show and collected the Corps Company boxing cup.

Lt. O'Sullivan has now left us, and we wish him luck where'er he goes. In his place we welcome 2nd Lt. White from O.C.T.U. Congratulations also to "Gummy" on attaining a very well earned third stripe.

To all "Dukes" everywhere the best of luck in the New Year.

SPORT.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.—The first half of the season has produced a quite outstanding result. We have up to date played 15 matches, and having lost the first match of the season against Hartlepool Rovers, we have not since lost one single match, including the return game against that famous club. We are now in the semi-finals of the District competition, and hope very soon to be in the final. A great deal of the success is due to the wise and enthusiastic captaincy of "Big Bill Burton," and also to that outstanding player—Cpl. Milner. At the same time, it must be said that perhaps most of our success has been due to the fittest and best pack of forwards seen in these parts for many a day. It is a great team with a great spirit, and we look forward to as successful a time in the second half of the season as we have had in the first. To date we have scored no less than 301 points against our opponents 83

BOXING.—Again we are in the semi-finals of the District cup. This by a narrow win against a very strong team from the Devon Regiment.

Cpl. Taylor is better than ever he was (in fact whilst on leave he knocked out the amateur champion) and Lt. "Bob" Mitchell has now joined the team.

The company competition was this year divided into two, one for primary companies and one for corps companies. "George" Company pursued its usual custom of winning the corps company competition, whilst "D" Company won the primary competition.

We hope to see the boxing team in the final of the District competition.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.—The I.T.C. has a very fine association football team, and in the past there has not been a very strong representation of Dukes in it. This year, however, there are more than usual, and the team is well up to standard—in fact, it stands a very good chance of winning the District competitions.

Cpl. Roberts, Sgt. Walker and L/Cpl. Fox are the chief "Duke" representatives in the team and are all very steady players. Good luck to them in the competition.

Decorations and Mentions in Despatches.

The following is a list of awards made to officers and other ranks of a Battalion of the Regiment which took part in the operations in Tunisia in 1943, together with citations:—

MILITARY CROSS.

140631 W/LT. LESLIE BRIAN DENMAN (since killed in action).

BOU ARADA SECTOR.—(a) On the night of 23/24 March, 1943, while returning with his recon patrol encountered an enemy standing patrol of three. He displayed initiative and coolness in disposing of his patrol in such a way as to bring about the capture of the complete standing patrol from which important information was obtained.

(b) On the 6th April, 1943, Lt. L. B. Denman, while in command of the assault troops of a party of about 30 men, engaged in a daylight raid against a position in a large farm held by superior force of enemy, displayed coolness and great determination. The success of the operation was due in fact partly to his gallantry under fire and also to his courage in evacuating the wounded.

121115 T/CAPT. (now T/MAJOR) PETER FAULKS.

Capt. Faulks was O.C. "D" Company holding the extreme left of Banana Ridge on the night of 20/21 April. At 2230 hours this company was attacked from the rear and flanks by superior forces of Germans. The company soon became isolated and had to fight it out until the enemy withdrawal the following morning. For a period the company was out of touch, even by R/T, with Battalion H.Q. or other companies. Capt. Faulks by his inspiring leadership and personal gallantry was the soul of the defence, and by his energetic and enterprising action organised a defensive locality, including three 25-pdr. guns of a field battery R.A., which at first light engaged the enemy in the Mosque on Banana Ridge and routed them. With his runner, Capt. Faulks recaptured a section position of his company, enforcing the surrender of seven Germans. In all, the company under Capt. Faulks's leadership captured 21 prisoners and inflicted a similar number of casualties on the Germans. The holding of the eastern portion of Banana Ridge which was of vital importance was largely due to the leadership of Capt. Faulks.

128166 T/CAPT. ANTON HANNAR JACOBSEN.

This officer was a company commander during the attack on the Bou Aoukaz on May 5/6. Although his actual objective was a subsidiary feature beyond Pt. 226, he found himself, through casualties to senior officers and though being unable to attain his company objective in the early stages, the senior officer of the three companies on Pt. 226. Capt. Jacobsen organised the defence of this vital feature with great courage and skill. He made contact with the F.O.O. installed on the feature, and arranged for supporting fire, repelled several counter-attacks, and by his unfailing courage and resource enabled the companies to retain their hold on the feature. Capt. Jacobsen occupied his original objective, thus bringing the whole operation to a successful conclusion. At times, through shortage of ammunition and heavy casualties, the situation looked very precarious, but by his example and energetic action Capt. Jacobsen inspired the defence to hold on to the limit.

121383 T/CAPT. JAMES OPIE URMSON.

This officer showed great courage and skill in effecting the supply of ammunition, water, etc., to companies of the Battalion on the Bou Aoukaz feature on May 5/6. Although two companies had reached their objective by dusk on May 5, the hold on the feature was precarious and the route up to it

was dominated by enemy fire and snipers. Despite this, Capt. Urmson repeatedly led carrying parties with ammunition and supplies up to the companies on the Bou throughout the night, and led the carrier platoon up with further badly needed supplies after dawn. Although suffering from a slight wound, Capt. Urmson refused to allow himself to be evacuated and personally led every party up in turn. It was largely due to the replenishment of supplies ensured by Capt. Urmson that the feature was held during the precarious period.

DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL.

No. 3853977 Sgt. FRANK GOLDSBOROUGH.

For courage, determination and devotion to duty on April 23 and May 5/6, 1943.

After the occupation of Hill 174 on April 23 the company was subjected to heavy mortar and M.G. fire when digging in. Sgt. Goldsborough, who was commanding his platoon, went forward by himself, attacked an enemy post with grenades and brought back a prisoner. He returned and went out again at once with two men and attacked another post with grenades. He then took out a full section himself and attacked another post. He remained a long time with little covering fire and eventually returned with ten prisoners, Sgt. Goldsborough himself coming back several minutes after the section. He immediately asked permission to take out another patrol but was forbidden to do so. During the whole of this time the company was subjected to heavy fire and was suffering casualties.

During the attack on Hill 226 on May 5/6 this N.C.O. led his men with great skill and courage, engaging the enemy in a number of strong positions until they were either killed or driven off their positions. He attacked the ridge three times before the enemy were finally overcome. His courage and determination were an example to his men, and but for his inspiring leadership it is doubtful whether the force would have reached the position on Pt. 226 that they did. Under heavy M.G. fire Sgt. Goldsborough reorganised his platoon and defended his position stubbornly against a heavy counter-attack and then drove the enemy off, inflicting severe casualties on him.

MILITARY MEDAL.

No. 4610108 Sgt. GEORGE HALL.

This N.C.O. was platoon sergeant in one of the companies which attacked the Bou Aoukaz feature. During the night 5/6 May ammunition ran short and at first light Sgt. Hall went out to contact the company on the Dr Brahim feature with a view to replenishing the ammunition supply of his company. In spite of failure of a previous company who were driven back by heavy M.G. fire, Sgt. Hall achieved his object and brought back both ammunition and his party complete. Later Sgt. Hall went out to stalk a pair of snipers who were installed in a rock-built "sangan." He manoeuvred himself into position with a mortar and, having broken the "sangan" with accurate mortar fire, he disposed of the snipers. Sgt. Hall's conduct throughout the battle was an inspiring example to his men.

CROIX DE GUERRE.*

No. 4612293 Cpl. J. W. BAILEY (now Sgt.).

6TH APRIL, 1943—BOU ARADA SECTOR.—In the daylight raid on Carrier Farm on 6th April, 1943, Cpl. J. W. Bailey commanded the support group, consisting of two L.M.Gs. and two 2-in. mortars. He directed the fire of his command with precision and speed, effectively neutralising enemy automatics which had opened on the assault troops in enfilade. By rapid switching of fire power he prevented an enemy counter-attack developing from the east of the objective. During the withdrawal of the raiding party this N.C.O. showed great devotion to duty in covering the evacuation of the wounded under heavy fire, and himself went forward to assist in bringing in several casualties. At one stage of the withdrawal down a wadi where the going was particularly difficult Cpl. Bailey facilitated the carriage of three wounded men by lying in the mud with the wounded man on top of him and being himself dragged as a human sledge for four hundred yards. Two casualties were got past this difficult stretch by this method under heavy artillery fire. Cpl. Bailey was obviously in an exhausted state at this stage, but despite orders insisted on returning to assist the last casualty.

No. 4395279 Pte. EDWARD ALLINSON.

6TH APRIL, 1943—BOU ARADA SECTOR.—Pte. Allinson was one of a section of the assaulting party during a daylight raid on Carrier Farm on the 6th April, 1943. He showed coolness and determination in the assault. During the subsequent retirement of the party he displayed great devotion and gallantry in evacuating wounded men under fire. At one time he turned back to assist a seriously wounded man in face of direct automatic fire which had caused the casualty. His conduct throughout the operation was an inspiration to his comrades and his coolness and disregard for his personal safety were the means of successfully evacuating two wounded men of his section.

*[The citations in Army Commander Juin's general order appeared on page 83 of our last issue—Ed.]

MENTION IN DESPACHES.

153950 T/CAPT. BRUCE HINDLEY.

This officer is adjutant of the Battalion. During all the operations up to date he has shown exceptional courage and devotion to duty. In the attacks on Pt. 174 and the Bou Aoukaz Capt. Hindley was situated at advance Battalion H.Q. and during the course of both actions was working under constant shell and mortar fire. In the Pt. 174 action of April 23 Battalion H.Q. was four times dive bombed. Capt. Hindley by himself manned an L.M.G. and, standing in the open, set an excellent example to personnel around him. He continued to control operations during the Bou Aoukaz at both wireless sets under exceptionally heavy fire until the 22 set was rendered useless by a hit on the H.Q. carrier beside him. Capt. Hindley has shown courage and resource in all operations in which the Battalion has been engaged, and his work in action has been a very considerable contribution to what successes the Battalion has achieved.

237633 WS/Lt. NOEL WIMPENNY.

No. 4612187 L/Sgt. (now Sgt.) ROBERT WARNER (since passed W.O.S.B. for training at an O.C.T.U.).

During the counter-attack by the Battalion on Pt. 176 on 23rd April, 1943, "A" Company were left leading company with 9 Platoon under Lt. N. Wimpenny as left leading platoon. This platoon, having attained the ridge, were met by L.M.G. and sniping fire, but Lt. Wimpenny did not hesitate to advance forward, finally pinning down the last post of resistance, then when his platoon were too exhausted to finish off the attack, he and his platoon sergeant (4612187 L/Sgt. R. Warner) rushed the post with 36 grenades and tommy gun, receiving the surrender of a German officer, the sole survivor of the post. He then got his platoon to consolidate and for the remainder of the day they were pinned down by accurate L.M.G. and sniping fire. The appearance of tanks did not deter Lt. Wimpenny from holding on and at night when he received ammunition from company H.Q. he re-organised to hold the position in the dark. Lt. Wimpenny's encouragement to his men to hold the post in spite of being isolated, receiving casualties, demands recommendation. L/Sgt. Warner was later wounded.

No. 4607944 C.S.M. REGINALD JOHN SHILLETTO (killed in the action for which award has been made).

For great gallantry and devotion to duty during the defence of Banana Ridge on April 20, 1943, and during the attack on Hill 226 on May 5/6, 1943. During the night of the 20 April, C.S.M. Shilleto's company was attacked by the enemy, of whom small parties succeeded in infiltrating between platoon localities. This W.O. dismantled the A.A. L.M.G. from the Battalion water truck and personally beat off an enemy party advancing towards company H.Q. During the night the company was subjected to heavy artillery concentrations; during the whole of this time C.S.M. Shilleto showed complete disregard of his own safety and was continually moving his L.M.Gs. to whichever part of company H.Q. was most threatened. He was of invaluable assistance to his company commander in organising parties of gunners and signallers into a defensive force round company H.Q. At dawn the company was fired at by a concealed sniper who was located and killed by C.S.M. Shilleto. During the whole action his complete calm was a tonic to the men of the company. During the attack on Hill 226 on May 6th he displayed outstanding courage and determination. He was always at the head of the company and showed complete disregard of enemy shells and bullets. He organised a force from company H.Q. and led them successfully into attacks on enemy posts. During one such attack he was killed. Due to his inspiring and encouraging remarks during the battle, the company was spurred to carry on to its objective in spite of heavy losses.

No. 4608561 Sgt. WILLIAM BREARLEY.

During the attack on the Bou Aoukaz feature on May 5, Sgt. Brearley commanded one of the two platoons of his company. By intelligent leadership and courage he got his platoon almost intact on to the Dr Brahim feature and from there was ordered by his company commander to advance to the final company objective, Pt. 226. The other platoon of the company was dispersed at this time and Sgt. Brearley had to attack the formidable feature with no other support than that of fire from the troops on the Dr Brahim positions. He unhesitatingly led his men forward with fixed bayonets, encouraging them to face the considerable small arms fire which by then was being directed on his platoon. Sgt. Brearley was hit in the left shoulder when 60 yards from the objective and evacuated, but it was largely due to his inspiring leadership and personal example that his comrades achieved the initial capture of Pt. 225.

No. 4626167 Sgt. ALBERT JAMES SELWAY.

This N.C.O. commanded a section during the attack on the Bou Aoukaz feature on May 5/6. During the advance which was conducted under heavy fire, and the assault which was resisted with determination,

he was an inspiration to his men. Subsequently he encouraged his men to engage in the fire fight, and by walking about under fire among them persuaded them to rise from cover and take a more active part in the battle, thus greatly assisting the following company to gain its objective. His conduct throughout was of the highest order.

No. 4626193 CPL. WILLIAM STEPHENS (killed in the action for which award has been made).

For courage and untiring devotion to duty on May 5/6, 1943. During the attack on Hill 226, this N.C.O. led his men with great skill and courage. His platoon suffered heavy casualties from a strong post protecting the German O.P. Cpl. Stephens took his section forward and killed the enemy. During the night Cpl. Stephens remained with his L.M.G. in an exposed part of the ridge and inflicted heavy casualties on the enemy. During this action he was killed. Throughout the whole of the fighting he showed complete fearlessness and was the outstanding section commander in the company.

No. 4619960 L/CPL. WILLIAM HENRY JONES.

This N.C.O. is the driver of the medical officer's 15-cwt. truck. Throughout all the recent operations he has done his duty excellently and with utter disregard of his personal safety.

During the operation on May 5/6 he made several journeys from the R.A.P. to the M.D.S. along a stretch of track which was at the time under shell fire. Of the two ambulances available, one was hit and set alight and the driver of the other was not to be found. L/Cpl. Jones immediately took the wheel and drove patients through heavy fire to the M.D.S. His ambulance was repeatedly hit by splinters and one of his tyres punctured, but this N.C.O. continued to show great devotion and was largely instrumental in getting all the wounded evacuated.

No. 4611282 PTE. CHARLES HENRY HUBBARD.

Pte. Hubbard is a member of the medical section. His conduct during the operation on Bou Aoukaz was beyond praise. He consistently exposed himself recklessly to assist wounded men and assisted in their evacuation under heavy fire. He worked unceasingly throughout the whole operation with complete disregard to personal safety and by his gallantry saved the lives of several of his comrades.

No. 4611116 PTE. REGINALD WALTER O'DONNELL (now L/Sgr.).

Pte. O'Donnell acted as company runner during the attack on the Bou Aoukaz feature of 5/6 May. His company captured its objective of Pt. 226, and Pte. O'Donnell was employed carrying messages and acting as guide to carrying parties with ammunition and supplies, usually under heavy mortar and small arms fire. Pte. O'Donnell set an example of loyalty and devotion throughout the action. On several occasions he carried vital messages at great personal risk to himself which were of great benefit to the garrison of the feature, and he repeatedly ran the gauntlet of enemy snipers to guide carrying parties conveying badly needed ammunition.

No. 2056747 PTE. R. SUTCLIFFE.

BOU ARADA SECTOR.—Pte. Sutcliffe, a stretcher bearer accompanying the raiding party on the operation of the 6th April, 1943, continually dressed wounded under effective enemy M.G. fire and at one time had to be ordered not to go out to bring in under M.G. fire one man who was in fact dead. Throughout the operations Pte. Sutcliffe showed unflagging energy and continual cheerfulness and it was undoubtedly due to his efforts that so many of the wounded were able to reach our own lines.

216353 T/CAPT. ALASTAIR PATERSON, R.A.M.C.

This officer is medical officer of the Battalion. During the attack on the Bou Aoukaz feature on May 5/6 Capt. Paterson displayed exceptional devotion in attending to the wounded under heavy fire. The R.A.P. was situated near advance Battalion H.Q., which was in view of the enemy and subjected to particularly heavy shelling. In spite of this, Capt. Paterson never allowed himself to be deflected from his duty of attending to the wounded in the open and worked unceasingly for some 17 hours in circumstances of great danger. His example was an inspiration to his medical section.

In addition to the above, the following awards have been announced :—

THE GEORGE CROSS.

CAPTAIN (temporary MAJOR) ANDRÉ GILBERT KEMPSTER, R.A.C.

The *London Gazette* announces the posthumous award of the George Cross as follows :—

Captain (temporary Major) André Gilbert Kempster, R.A.C. Place of birth : Westminster. Address of next of kin : Pulborough, Sussex.

On August 21, 1943, near Phillipeville, Major Kempster was carrying out grenade throwing practice with two others in the same pit. A grenade which was thrown by Major Kempster rolled back into the pit. Major Kempster attempted to scoop the grenade out of the pit but failed to do so. By this time detonation was due. Without hesitation Major Kempster threw himself on the grenade just before

it exploded and received fatal injuries. By his self-sacrifice, Major Kempster undoubtedly saved the lives of the two other occupants of the pit. Major Kempster's act meant certain death, and he must have known this at the time. His was a supreme act of gallantry. (An obituary notice appears on p. 44.)

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER.

MAJOR (temporary Lt.-COLONEL) DAVID INDERWICK STRANGWAYS.

The official citation of the award, published in the *London Gazette*, states that during the final three months of the North African campaign Lt.-Colonel Strangeways was in charge of "tactical deception." After saying that he "met with extraordinary success," the citation goes on:—

"Thanks to his resourcefulness, determination and coolness in difficult situations, he carried out extensive reconnaissance in the forward areas under enemy fire and with a total disregard for his personal safety.

"He handled his equipment with imagination, boldness and ingenuity. He inspired all those under him with his enthusiasm and cheerfulness."

MILITARY CROSS.

CAPTAIN J. L. GWINNETT (attached 15th Punjab Regiment, I.A.), for service in Burma and India.
 CAPTAIN J. F. WEBB, R.A.M.C (attached D.W.R.), for service in North Africa.
 LT. G. A. LINDSAY GORDON, for service in North Africa.

BAR TO THE MILITARY MEDAL.

Sgt. J. ALLENDER.

MILITARY MEDAL.

Sgt. J. H. BROCKLEHURST, for service in North Africa.
 CPL. G. OVEN, for service in North Africa.

MENTIONED IN DESPACHES.

Lt.-Col. A. C. JACKSON, for service in North Africa.

CERTIFICATE OF GALLANTRY FROM ARMY COMMANDER.

TROOPER W. H. BENNETT, for service in North Africa.

OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS

The committee has dealt with the following cases during the period 1st July to mid-December, 1943, and grants have been made as shown:—

Name of Fund.	Number of Cases.	Amounts Granted.
O.C.A.	23	£ s. d. 47 11 3
— Battalion Charitable Fund	Nil	—
— Battalion Fund	9	25 0 0
— (Service) Battalion Fund	Nil	—
— (Service) Battalion Fund	Nil	—
Mitchell Trust Fund	1	13 0 0
	Total	£85 11 3

5th BATTALION.

The annual general meeting of the 5th Battalion Old Comrades' Association was held at the Crown Hotel, Huddersfield, on Saturday, 30th October, 1943. Colonel R. Rippon presided and was supported by the President (Col. Keith Sykes), the following vice-presidents, Col. G. P. Norton, Col. R. R. Mellor, Lt.-Col. J. M. Haigh and Major T. Goodall, and about 120 members.

The statement of accounts showed a healthy state of affairs, credit balances being as follows :— General Account, £108 4s. 11d.; Benevolent Account, £125 15s. 3d.; and Entertainment Account, £52 1s. 9d. The retiring officers were re-elected and thanked for their services. The Hon. Assistant Secretary's report shewed that the Association was keeping up its activities in all directions so far as war conditions allowed. Nearly all members were doing work of national importance. The branches at Holmfirth and Mirfield were also in a healthy state. Colonel Norton (Hon. Colonel of the Regiment) spoke of a recent visit to the Regiment and said that in spite of many changes the Regimental spirit was being well maintained. The President intimated that he was endeavouring to get a list of names and home addresses of all officers, N.C.Os. and men still serving with the Regiment who had enlisted before the war, with a view to the Association inviting them to become hon. members for the period of the war. After the formal business was over, a very enjoyable smoking concert took place in a crowded atmosphere, which prompted the hope that next year's annual meeting can take place at the Drill Hall once more. It was a most successful meeting.

10th (SERVICE) BATTALION.

It may—or, on the other hand, it may not—have been noticed that some months have passed since any news of our O.C.A. appeared in the Regimental magazine. The reason is—and this is quite truthful—consideration for the space available to the Editor and a realisation that activities of "living" Battalions of the Regiment are of vastly greater importance and interest than the little bit of work being done by our Association to "keep band in't nick" until after the war.

But on Saturday, 30th October, 1943—the nearest Saturday to the anniversary of the Battle of Vittorio Veneto in 1918—we held our fifth annual committee meeting in war-time, and I undertook to send up some notes—just to show we are still in existence.

The annual report proved that those responsible for keeping the O.C.A. going are very much alive. For example, the Honorary Secretary and Lt. M. A. S. Wood are respectively Chairman and Honorary Secretary of the Bradford Federation of ex-Service Associations—embodying all ex-servicemen's organisations in the city—which is determined to adapt itself to the requirements of the ex-service men of the present war. It is realised that men engaged in current hostilities will not wish to lose all connection with their comrades when fighting ceases, and the Federation wishes to cater for their needs. The founders of the Federation will, of course, be the "elder brothers" and they feel that their guidance and advice will be especially valuable to the new generation of ex-service men.

The Association also takes part in all ex-service men's parades, etc., in Bradford.

It watches, too, over the memory of those men of the 10th Battalion who died in the last war—by, for instance, proclaiming through the Press that it was not the Italians who found sufficient fresh vigour and élan after Caporetto in 1917 to win the Battle of Vittorio Veneto—which put Austria out of the war—but those Britishers who served under leaders like Plumer, Cavan and Babington and who gave their lives in the fight. Our Battalion lost a number of men—gallant soldiers of the calibre of the late Capt. R. C. Perks, D.S.O.—and we are jealous that nobody shall detract from the glory of what they did.

We are, of course, closely following the present Italian campaign because of our service in Italy in the last war, and are wondering how the 5th and 8th Armies will fare when they get to such familiar places as the Asiago Plateau, Il Montello and the Piave where we saw a year's service in 1917-1918. It will be tough going, no doubt, but we wish them the very best of luck.

Major W. N. Town—looking much better in health than a year ago—was re-elected Chairman of the O.C.A. on 30th October, 1943, and acted as host to those members of the committee who were able to stay after the meeting and have tea with him. The financial statement presented by the Hon. Treasurer (Mr. Harold Bray) showed a credit balance of over £72—£50 of which is on loan to the Government free of interest.

It has not previously been recorded in these notes that some time ago P.C. Fred Graham of Pateley Bridge, who served with our Battalion in the last war, has been commended in the *London Gazette* for his courageous efforts in attempting, though unsuccessfully, to rescue an airman from a crashed and burning aircraft which came down in his district. Well done, Fred!

Cpl. Frank Christelow, who used to be on our orderly room staff, is now intelligence officer in the Home Guard based on Otley. He looks very dapper in his uniform—complete with medal ribbons and the wings of the R.F.C.—for he joined the "fliers" after he left us in 1917. Major Edward Borrow of Diss, Norfolk—who, for a period, was our second-in-command in Italy—doesn't care much for this war because it appears that "nobody over 40 seems to be wanted." I've a notion, however, that he will not be entirely idle. Lt. J. H. Midgley of Halifax is our representative on the Mitchell Trust Fund. Lt. G. C. Sugden of Market Weighton is "seen" on the Leeds Corn Exchange fairly frequently. He is a "big shot" in the local Home Guard.

ex-R.Q.M.S. Frank Stephenson of Bradford is now Lieutenant and Quartermaster of the Bradford Cadets. He's in his element—and still has little patience with those whose work does not reach his high standard! Frank's a real "trooper." ex-C.Q.M.S. Hubert Hoyle, also of Bradford, is an officer in the Cadets as well.

Major W. N. Town has presented to Bradford Library, Art Gallery and Museums Committee a complete set of IRON DUKE's and has been thanked for his generosity. They are housed in the Reference Library.

Since these notes last appeared we have lost by death Mr. Leonard Pickles of Keighley. Leonard was a staunch supporter of the O.C.A. from its inception and was a member of the committee. We miss him very much. At the funeral the O.C.A. was represented and a floral tribute of remembrance was sent.

G. R. G.

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

Once again the national crisis prevented us from holding our annual re-union. One executive meeting had to suffice for 1943. Again, too, it was a "dry, affair." Mine host of the Royal Hotel, Brighouse, had a bare bar. Members F. North, J. Whiteley, Stephen North, E. Turner, J. Bailey, J. Kirk, J. Holmes and the Secretary, E. M. Ward (16 Forrest Avenue, Edgerton, Huddersfield), met under the chairmanship of John W. Crossley. During the year 1943, Members George Hinchcliffe and James Schofield had joined the "major battalions." We recognised their going in the usual manner, feeling a sadness that, as a result, our strength continues to diminish. Letters from Members Alderson (Skipton) and Wordsworth (Shrewsbury) with useful enclosures, bid us "carry on."

The financial side of the Association, revealing a bank balance of £31, was found acceptable, seeing that we have to be both self-reliant and self-supporting. The fact of being merely "attached" to units when on active service in South Africa nearly 44 years ago precludes us from participation in any of the benevolent funds developed from that campaign. At the same time, we are of opinion that those of the British public who, of their generosity, contributed so lavishly to the 1902 Peace Day fund as well as to the various Press funds, as a mark of thankfulness for the end of that war, would not desire that those who served voluntarily at the nation's invitation, should be found ineligible for grants to those who are now "unable to keep up with the column." Thanks to warm-hearted members, we dipped into our own personal reserves, and we hope that as a result a few of our unfortunate comrades will remember us gratefully. A fervent wish was expressed that 1944 would enable us to meet and celebrate a re-union in peace, happiness and rejoicing, duly washed down by a drop of Whittaker's long absent ale.

E. M. W.

D.W.R. Prisoners of War Fund.

CASH DONATIONS FROM 22ND AUGUST, 1943, TO 31ST DECEMBER, 1943.

Battalions of the Skipton Sector Home Guard, per Col. G. B. Harrison; Craven Canine Association; National Council Social Services, Skipton; Mr. W. D. Roberts; Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Illingworth; 23rd and 24th Battalions W.R. Home Guard; Mr. F. Crouch; Mrs. Baguley; — Battalion O.C.A., per Mr. Fred Smith; Mr. Clements; Mrs. Godson; Mrs. Lane; — Battalion D.W.R., — Battalion D.W.R.; — Battalion D.W.R.; — Battalion D.W.R.; Lt.-Col. W. G. Officer; Sergeants' Mess, — I.T.C.; No. — Regiment R.A.C.; Capt. J. E. Pollard; Mrs. Sidebottom; Mrs. Henderson; Mrs. Butterworth; Mrs. Farrar; Battison Road G.T.C.; No. 317 G.T.C.; Chief Commander M. D. Norris; G.P. Headquarters, Moorgarth; Mrs. Lubbock; Miss Jenny Baker; Miss K. Lawson; "Ace of Clubs," Grasscroft; Mrs. Riley; Mr. Lydon; Mrs. Mount; 266th Det. Red Cross; Mrs. Campbell; Mr. W. C. Harte; Mrs. Lynch; Mrs. Eckersall; Lady E. L. C. Carter; 282 Det. Red Cross; Mrs. Boardman; Mrs. Wightman; by Sale of Sir Wm. Nicholson's guns; Mrs. Hallas; Mrs. Mondy; Lt. H. S. le Messurier; Mr. R. Howe; Miss A. Thompson; Mrs. H. P. Travers; Elland Prisoners of War Fund; Mrs. Pease; Collection, Officers' Dinner, 28th W.R.H.G.; Miss S. Lord; Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Rowlands; Mrs. Schofield; Mr. W. Town; Society of Yorkshiremen in London; Capt. and Mrs. R. Burton; Mrs. Bowen; Mrs. Forrester.

DONATIONS IN KIND FROM 22ND AUGUST, 1943, TO 31ST DECEMBER, 1943.

Sgt. Price, A.T.S.; Dr. S. M. Harper; Manor Heath Knitting Party, per Mrs. E. Scaife; The Downs Hospital, per Miss A. Thompson; Mrs. C. J. Pickering; Mrs. Cecil Ince; Sister Graham; Mrs. Holt; Wells Norfolk, G.F.S., per Miss Jenny Baker; Lt.-Col. W. G. Officer; Mrs. Leslie Sutcliffe; Sister G. Peel; Senior Commander Hull; Mrs. W. M. Watson; Mrs. Baume; Mrs. J. Chatterton; Mrs. M. N. Cox; Miss R. M. Cole; Mrs. J. Moore; Miss E. A. Bennett; Chief Commander M. D. Norris; Mrs. Piggott; Mr. Sam Smith.

Personal Impressions of the Pantellaria Operation, 10th-11th June, 1943.

The battle for Tunis was not quite completed when we heard the first whispers that our Division was to start combined training at an early date. After the epic capture of the Bou Aoukaz we had less than 24 hours to recover our breath before the Brigade was put into the pursuit. On the afternoon of 7th May as we ploughed through the rain towards Tebourba we heard that Tunis and Bizerta had fallen. We occupied Tebourba that night and El Bataan the next morning. There followed a few rather muddled days of movement and counter movement and 11th May found us at Grombalia where we had the experience of guarding some 20,000 Axis prisoners. Several notabilities passed through our hands, including Graf Von Sponeck, the commander of the famous 90th Light Division. A large Italian general—gorgeously dressed but of vague origin and dubious charm—squatted on the verandah of the requisitioned house which formed my Battalion H.Q. for what seemed like days. I think someone took him away at last.

We then moved to Hammam Lif and there enjoyed a few days' rest. The whispers of our approaching operation assumed a more definite urgency, and the Divisional and Brigade commanders, accompanied by the bulk of their staffs, disappeared into the hinterland for "planning." On 19th May the Brigade moved and on the 24th combined training began in earnest. Life is a series of disillusionments and "combined training" proved no exception. I suffered at the outset a certain diffidence at being the only C.O. in the Brigade who had not had the inestimable benefit of a course at the combined training centre. Experts arrived, and, with all the portentous affability of the conjurer at a children's party, began to display their wares. About the second day the great truth dawned on me. Combined training is a racket—there is nothing to it. In spite of the efforts of the experts, we soon taught the troops how to get themselves and their gear into a boat and subsequently to transfer themselves as quickly as possible on to the beach. That is combined training.

Needless to say we were all much intrigued as to which place was to be the scene of our exploits. Pantellaria was a firm favourite from the start—Sardinia had its backers, Crete, and even Tangier, were starters. On Sunday, 30th May, I was summoned to Brigade H.Q. I arrived a little before "Bunny" Careless and Pye and found the Brigade intelligence officer, with a slightly pregnant air, guarding a large map. He showed it to me. It was Pantellaria.

From then on things became much more interesting. It was clear that the operation was a vast experiment. Could an island fortress be so subdued by air power that a landing by day was feasible? If it wasn't, casualties would be high. We were to discover the answer. The island was already receiving a heavy scale of bombing and this was to increase steadily until it worked up to a crescendo for the last five days.

A war room was opened at Divisional H.Q. and a large assortment of air photos, models and reports on the island were available for our study. The report on the island was well written, detailed, and ten years old.

From a psychological aspect the worst part of a combined operation is its cold-blooded nature. The performers have to study their parts for weeks beforehand and have ample time to weigh the chances. About a week before the actual day I was allowed to tell my officers the objective, and they in turn were allowed to examine the excellent air photos of the island and look—with passionate interest—at the model. There was to be an excellent arrangement whereby the Air Force supplied the war room daily with a new copy of air photos and the intelligence staff were to cross off each battery and pill-box in turn as it was knocked out. This was abandoned quite shortly—chiefly because direct hits on pill-boxes were too rare a phenomenon, and the photos were not such a morale-raising factor as the enthusiasts had pictured.

The plan was magnificent in its simplicity. We were to assault the only harbour on the island at 12 noon. There were three beaches—so called. The K.S.L.I. on the right were to land on the main quay and the Duke's on the left were to land on two "beaches"—one a minor quay and the other a shelf of rock outside the harbour proper. These two battalions were to seize a preliminary beach head and other infantry and the — Brigade were to advance through us to the airfield and complete the capture of the northern part of the island. The southern sector contained nothing but a few gun positions and would presumably fall automatically once we were the masters of the northern part. Air bombing was to be stepped up, reaching the fantastic figure of 2,000 sorties on the actual day, and the advance inland was to be supported by a sort of creeping barrage of bombs. The landing craft were to be escorted ashore by cruisers and destroyers who would engage any battery in the vicinity of the harbour which still functioned. There were to be several preliminary naval bombardments—notably, one the 8th June, after which the garrison would be called upon to surrender.

On 4th June we had a rehearsal. The most notable features of this were that the sea was very rough, that the Brigadier's boat was unable to beach, and that all the umpires were seasick.

On 7th June the Brigadier had a conference of all officers and explained the whole operation in masterly style and in great detail. We all felt much better after that, and a quiet confidence that whether

there was resistance or not we should capture the island. The next day a weird and colourful collection of individuals invaded our camp—sappers, assistant beach masters, military police, naval signallers and all the flotsam who are carried ashore in the wake of the assaulting infantry. On the 9th I gave out my orders. I think we all had a pretty clear idea of what we were going to do and every officer had an air photo and saw on that exactly where he was to go and how.

Early the next day the battalion split up. "A" Company (Major Huskisson) was with me on *Queen Emma*. About 1400 hours we sailed off and I settled down to read "Horse and Hound"—the favourite reading of the Capt. We had done all our training with the *Emma* and were the best of friends with officers and crew. They couldn't have done more to make us feel at home and we knew that their side of the business would be carried out with complete efficiency. Other companies spent most of the night off the harbour and saw an ineffectual air raid delivered on the port.

Some time during the night we joined the convoy and at dawn we could see the whole armada stretching over the ocean. Soon we could see something else, and the troops pressed to the rails to get their first glimpse of Pantellaria. The lower part of the island seemed covered in mist and all that could be seen was the sheer hulk of Monte Grande. Gradually we got closer and as the mist cleared—it was the dust and debris of an early morning air raid—we could pick out the features that we all knew so well from the model.

At 9.30 a.m. we were ordered to our boats. With Bruce Hindly, the adjutant, and our respective batmen, we climbed into our vessel. I looked with extreme distaste at the Brigadier's car which about half filled the craft. My experiences at the Bou had inspired me with a definite shrinking from advertisement, and I felt that should the eagle eyes of the garrison miss the forest of wireless masts, which seemed to rise from all over the craft, they couldn't well fail to see the glass of the car, which brightly reflected the morning sun. Those flame-throwing men, I thought gloomily, would be priming their monstrous apparatus. Capt. Gibbs waved us good-bye from the bridge and we waved back—with a rather false jauntiness. The troops were looking thoughtful, as well they might. All around us craft were lowered and we set out for the forming-up place. The cruisers now moved forward and began to engage the batteries on each side of the harbour. There was an answering flash from one battery, which was rewarded by a broadside. We slowly began to move in. Looking round it was like a Spithead review. Craft of every shape and size—all in formation and flanked by destroyers—moved steadily forward.

Now we could see more clearly and through glasses I could pick out the harbour buildings and even the pill-boxes—they looked depressingly intact. The tension grew as the battleships closed gradually to the shore and continued their bombardment. A battery to the left gave a feeble answer and we saw a hail of shells concentrate on to it. It never fired again. We began to wonder where the Air Force was—we were less than a mile away now. Then at 11.40 hours we looked over our shoulders and saw them. Formation after formation, over 100 Flying Fortresses majestically droned towards the island in tight battle array. We watched breathless. That bombardment was about the most awful sight I have seen. Wheeling directly over the harbour area the Fortresses released their bombs. The sickening "wumph," "wumph," "wumph" of the explosions followed each other with machine-like precision—all on the target area. We only saw a very few hit the water. The whole island seemed to rise in the air and then subside into a greyish brown fog. Then the fighter bombers roared overhead to bomb the line beyond our beach head and we could see our leading craft entering the harbour. Some considerable flak had met the Fortresses—quite ineffectually—and now was the moment I dreaded. Would the garrison lower their barrels and spray the open boats with air-bursts? Then over the wireless came the message—"Landing on Red Beach unopposed" and the second wave, which included my craft, spurred forward. Almost before we knew it, we had beached and the troops rushed ashore, Bruce and I among them. The signallers were struggling with the hand cart containing the 22 set and we all stumbled about in the churned-up rock of the landing place. There was some feeble wire—but what had survived the blast of the bombing had been flattened in gaps by our pioneers in the first wave. There was a roar of small arms fire behind me and, looking back, I saw the second wave of the K.S.L.I. on their beach and engaging a pill-box. One wretched Italian emerged—tactlessly bearing a Tommy gun—and was almost blown to pieces by the concentrated fire. Beyond their quay I could see the leading companies of the K.S.L.I. going like scalded cats up the small hill which was to form the pivot of their portion of the beach-head. Maurice, who had landed with the first wave and was in charge of the beach, met us and reported the bloodless landing of our leading companies. With Battalion H.Q. we began to push on inland. It was incredibly difficult. Both the landing places allotted to the Duke's flanked the town and we had to climb over the utter ruin and debris which was all that remained. Progress was slow and despite the prolonged study of the model and the photos, places were unrecognisable in the shambles.

About ten minutes after landing we met our first Italians. Grinning broadly and with relief written large on every face, the garrison was coming in. Every man was prepared for this eventuality—his kit packed and his white flag ready. The third wave had landed by now and were pressing on our heels. After some argument, we decided that what looked like a slag heap with a few twisted gun barrels pointing towards the sky must be the Windmill Hill which we had selected as our first H.Q. off the model.

Prisoners were flowing in now and it was obvious that no resistance was to be experienced. From the top of Semaphore Hill, where the signal station was, a large white flag fluttered. And, as we looked at the fortifications on all the features inland, a rash of white flags seemed to burst out suddenly all over

them. A message came from the Brigadier to meet him at the landing place and I walked back there to him. I reported my companies in position and the complete lack of resistance. He told me that the island had surrendered. He was anxious to push on to the airfield, but we couldn't advance until the Air Force could be induced to stop their bombardment which was still going relentlessly on.

I went forward with Bruce to look at the positions of the forward companies. It was difficult business picking our way through the rubble and heaps of stones which was all that remained of what had been a number of small terraced fields each surrounded with a stone wall, so typical of all Mediterranean islands. An oil dump was burning somewhere ahead and clouds of black smoke drifted past us. We passed a small crowd of civilians—mostly women and children. They looked dazed and were being regarded compassionately by the troops. The bombing died down about this time, and soon the other infantry had pushed through us and were making for the airfield. Bruce and I picked our way back to Battalion H.Q. and enjoyed that ubiquitous British panacea—a nice cup of tea. Sappers and Pioneers, with bulldozer, picks and shovels were desperately working to get the harbour and at least one road clear. War correspondents passed and one naval officer in spotless white uniform looking wildly out of place in the ruin.

About 1600 hours we were ordered to relieve the K.S.L.I. and take over the whole beach head. This necessitated moving my Battalion H.Q. and, dragging our wireless sets, we set out. It was a nightmare journey. Bomb craters were so numerous that we even saw one or two superimposed on each other. The handcarts lagged badly behind with about ten soldiers at each, pulling and lifting them by main force over what had been the outskirts of the little town. We passed a dead donkey—but otherwise no sign of life, human or otherwise. There wasn't an intact building to be seen and every wall in every field seemed to have collapsed. At last we identified the main road off which I was going to establish H.Q. and there we settled down. Crowds of prisoners began to file down the road towards the harbour to be embarked aboard our craft and taken to Africa. About 1730 hours two officers, accompanied by an unshaven and apologetic-looking little civilian, approached and signified that they wanted to surrender. The officers proved to be the chief sanitary man and the poor little civilian was the Podesta or mayor of the island. They were given tea, which they drank with a sort of wonder. They expressed passionate hatred of the Germans and a loathing for Mussolini. The poor little Podesta kept on forgetting the change of circumstances. He would give the Fascist salute and then blush guiltily and offer to shake hands. We despatched these gentry to Force H.Q. which was now at the aerodrome. We expected air attack and slit trenches were dug. Soon after dark we retired to sleep, not very successfully. The fantastic bombing seemed to have electrified what must have been the very considerable flea population of the island into almost hysterical activity, and sand fly seemed to have established complete air superiority over Pantellaria at night. A rather miserable night was spent, but we all, I think, were thankful for the success of the experiment and our lack of casualties.

The next day, 12th June, "B" Company was sent off to help comb the southern part of the island. They had a tiring day marching up the steep slopes of the island and found very few prisoners. The civil population were left undisturbed and were undoubtedly immensely relieved at the turn taken by events.

I was summoned to a Brigade conference and made my way up the airfield about 0900 hours. It was an interesting spectacle. The white cross which signified the surrender of the island was still to be seen on the landing ground. Wrecked Axis air craft—mostly German—littered the fringes, and on the airfield itself was a vast crowd of chattering Italian prisoners—sailors, soldiers and airmen. Brigade H.Q. was situated by one of the hangars dug out of the solid rock and I reported in there. However, the Brigadier was busy completing arrangements for the handing over of the island. The Italian Governor—Admiral Pavesi—was there with his senior staff officers, all talking at once. In a corner I saw the little Podesta being talked to ponderously by the American colonel who represented Amgot. The poor little man looked unhappy and bewildered.

I wandered off and looked at some of the hangars. The largest was a remarkable bit of engineering and contained three tiers, all dug into the side of the hill and utterly bomb proof. A chapel and a cinema were among the amenities. There was also an underground hospital. Everything was filthy and fleas abounded here as everywhere on the island.

The conference with the Italians came to an end. Press photographers surged round and took photos of Admiral Pavesi, of the General, of the Brigadier and of the Union Jack which fluttered over the hangar.

Our own conference then began. This was interrupted by a German air attack at 1030 hours—the first of many. Actually the target in all cases except the first raid was formed by the shipping in the harbour. I had never seen or heard a dive bomber before and I found them alarming if not particularly lethal.

The remainder of our stay on the island was uneventful except for the regular dive bombing attacks and for the periodical explosion of unexploded bombs—a heritage of our own air onslaught. There were a number of these and it was difficult to find positions for the troops which were 100 yards from any of them.

On 13th June our Brigade began its evacuation of Pantellaria. We embarked half the Battalion that evening. This was a slightly nerve-racking performance. We knew by now the German air

technique, which seemed to be to stage an air attack at regular three hour intervals. The embarkation vaguely resembled a sort of grotesque musical chairs—would one be on one's boat and out of the harbour when the next attack came or would one be standing in serried ranks, bang on the target area of the docks?

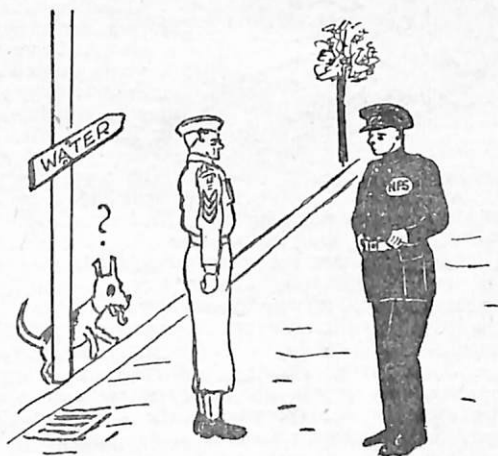
That night we suffered our only fatal casualty of the operation. I couldn't sleep owing to the fleas and was pacing about Battalion H.Q. about midnight when I heard a crash from the direction of "D" Company. Soon after a private soldier ran up asking for the M.O. and I made my way along to the company as quickly as possible. The wall of a bomb-wrecked house had suddenly collapsed—just missing one soldier but burying beneath a heap of rubble the sleeping body of Pte. Clark. It took the best part of half an hour to uncover the body—he was dead and must have been killed instantly.

Next morning the embarkation proceeded. Maurice was unlucky and just caught the air attack at noon in the harbour area. One of our signallers was wounded by a fragment.

At about 1430 hours Battalion H.Q. embarked—the rest of the Battalion had gone. We just had time to leave the harbour when the 1500 hours visitation occurred. All the craft milled frantically round and everybody fired everything they had. We had a fairly near miss and then in a flash the F.W. 190's were gone. Orders came for the craft to disperse and to re-assemble outside the harbour at 1800 hours for the journey home in convoy. We took all a pretty bleak view of this, as that was the exact hour that Marshal Kesselring would deliver his next act, but there was no help for it. We went for a pleasant little trip down the west coast of the island. The crew of our vessel could not have been kinder and gave the officers of my party the run of their little deck space and the use of their deck chairs. I ate a large egg sandwich produced by Pte. Barnbrook who drives the Battalion water truck and looked at the blue Mediterranean.

At 1800 hours we rather cautiously approached the rendezvous. There was a general air of apprehension. It was well justified. Punctual almost to the minute, the F.W. 190's dived out of the sun at us. Again we milled frantically round and the cursing gun crews fired their guns. One plane came for us but made a poor shot and in a moment they had gone. We calculated that in another three hours it would be dark and as the reddening sun sank down the sky we steamed off from Pantellaria. The experiment had succeeded.

'WATER' REMARK



N.F.S. BLOKE: COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE THE
E.W.S IS?

DINKIE: NO! - BUT I'M ACTING C.S.M.

L. Bull 4/c

Allied English.

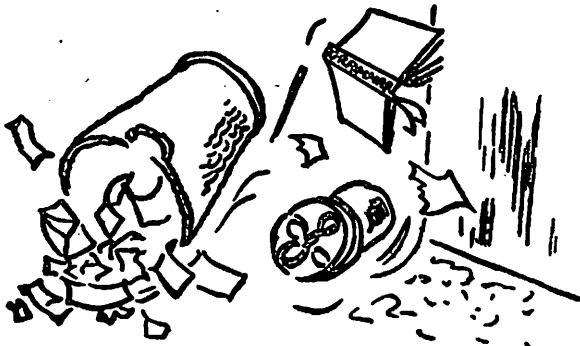
"A bus fare—a season ticket—a taxi-cab—a bus stop—*why* S is she sometimes that and sometimes Z? Bonté divine quelle langue! Quel pot-pourri!" and Commandant B. puts both elbows on his desk and mops his streaming forehead with a purple handkerchief.

Allied officers stationed in London find it necessary to learn at least a modicum of English if their way through war-time life and war-time regulation is to be reasonably smooth, but it is a step they undertake with a certain reluctance and only after months of mutual incomprehension have maddened both their hosts and themselves. The beginning is sunshiny, lit by golden rays of false optimism. Captain V. who escaped from Holland only three months ago, and Commandant B. who has been over two years in this country are alike in their happy insouciance. Various quips and much snapping of the fingers proclaim their disdain for difficulties, their assumption that compared with French, Dutch or Norwegian, English is a language whose rudimentary simplicity is almost laughable. A few weeks, and behold—it will be learnt.

This cheerful commencement is followed by a period of deep depression subsequent on the realisation that the English language is only too like the English character, superficially bland, but beneath that deceptive crust a veritable jack-in-the-box of unpleasant surprises.

It is then that the complaints begin, first tentative, then frenzied; then that ancient and deep-rooted prejudices against "perfidious Albion" raise their heads and find new expression, than that the sore throats and the aching heads take their toll of each student. Those who, as the proverb says, can embrace knowledge as a friend, are few, for most it is an enemy to be attacked and vanquished, and the English language is a cunning adversary particularly rich in grammatical and verbal traps, and in such devilish exceptions as the 'ough' endings.

"Uff,—Oo—Ow—Off—why has it no rule. How can the same letters sound different each time?" The cry is a heartfelt one. To continentals accustomed to a logical basis for syntax and pronunciation the airy hit or miss, good enough for my grandfather and good enough for me basis on which English is constructed is a matter for incredulous wonder and bitter comment.



"throw their service caps on the floor"

as feeble as that of 'girl friend.' In the course of browsing amongst the English classics he has come upon a fine old Anglo-Saxon title for good time girls, a name which leaves nothing to the imagination and spares no blushes. Tactful suggestion that the young lady herself may find it a little crude, may even perhaps take offence, is vigorously negated. Mais non et non—she find it so—so—(a hideous pause ensues while he seeks the proper adjective) so—Ah—so *cosy*.

Be that as it may, the young lady's appetite for expensive trifles is an unlimited one, and it is understood that she shows a pained incredulity if fobbed off with the excuse that they are virtually unobtainable in war-time London. Such no doubt accounts for the undertone of anxiety in the Commandant's requests for information as to where they may be obtained, the tendency to suggest that though it is understandable that the English should wish to keep secret the places at which luxuries may still be found, it would be a friendly gesture to an ally if a few, just one or two, addresses could be disclosed.

But if Commandant B. tends to laxity, General van der P. is rigidity itself. Sixty, a regular of nearly forty years' service, concealing behind an outward smoothness furious resentment at the fate which keeps him on the Staff instead of the field, and in exile in a country whose fog-bound and barbarous climate shows it to be abhorred of God and man. His conviction that in so God-forsaken an environment special precautions for health are necessary causes him to take his lesson early in the morning, fasting, and enveloped in a military greatcoat over startlingly bright pyjamas. But, in order that the niceties due to his rank shall not be forgotten, his uniform and decorations are neatly set out on a chair by his batman and placed opposite the table before the lesson begins, there to remain during the hour

On the teacher's side also there are difficulties. The English, when confronted by the incomprehensible do not seize their service caps and hurl them to the floor, jump on them, throw the ruins into the w.p.b. and then beat their heads against the blotting pad. The unknown is not a matter for emotional display. No. Certainly not. But Commandant B. will never see that.

Nor apparently will he see the impropriety of interrupting the tenor of grammatical research to demand information as to where scent, raw-hide luggage, real silk stockings, and chiffon underwear may be bought.—Not for his wife—no—for his girl friend—only too well known as the voice on the telephone, demanding to be taken out to lunch. Not that the Commandant refers to her by any term

in which he struggles with the English subjunctive. There is something rather taking about General van der P. He belongs to the school of direct attack. No trifling distractions are permitted, phones may ring, would-be callers may knock; neither will be heeded; the General is facing an enemy whose destruction can only be accomplished by the maximum of force, and the heavy artillery of his undoubtedly able mind is brought to bear on the spot chosen for attack, aided by lungs which years of service have strengthened to the pitch of resounding brass.

The only latitude, if such it can be called, is when the General allows himself a little light conversation. This has its unexpected side. Some of our shining lights in the Intelligence take on a new complexion viewed from the unexpected angle of a foreign eye. One would not have thought that, to General van der P. and his colleagues, Colonel Z. is a figure of delicate humour—still less that Major X. has a weakness for the opposite sex.

But once and yet again one is struck by the unlikelihood of the words whose acquisition is accounted an absolute necessity. Granted that even in these straitened days it may be useful to know how to ask for roast pheasant, but why, and under what circumstances is it necessary for a very senior officer to be able to ask in English for a baby's dummy? And why the re-iterated request to know the 'polite' way (dismal experience of our inhibitions causes them to stress the polite) of intimating that one has 'purged oneself'?

Better perhaps to pass over in silence such students as Engineer Lieut V., only too well known to the teaching profession as the 'I know it already' type. The sight of that small compact figure, eyes gleaming behind strong glasses, dictionary under one arm, and in the other hand a list of phrases, generally inaccurate, that he has overheard in bus or restaurant, gives the most hardened a feeling of dismay. Certainly, quite certainly, there will be on that list a smattering of proverbs, for which Lt. V. has a morbid liking, and which he will seek to introduce into the briefest of sentences, though it may be difficult to follow the virtue indicated in such unhappy compounds as 'A stitch in "Commandant B's girl friend" time while the sun shines.' Eager also is his research in the by-paths of knowledge, such as curiosity as to why usherettes wear a bow on top of their



"Commandant B's girl friend"

heads and Englishmen take off their hats in a lift. Well why do they? Anyone who knows the right answer will greatly relieve the mind of Lt. V's instructor. But let us turn from this anxious and persistent questioning, this brisk assumption that all he needs is a trifle of surface polish in order to be taken for an Englishman.—"On the telephone they think me English no?"—to the gentler tactics of Capitaine and Mme. de T.

In general wives, for despite such frivolities as Commandant B. indulges in they are all married, see no necessity for learning English. Some unerring instinct leads them directly to the hairdressers, the milliners, the dentists, even the grocers of their own nationality, and thus supplied they find no more than the rarest of uses for a foreign language.

The Capitaine and his wife are an exception, taking intensive lessons turn and turn about. In the beginning they attempted a dual seance, a short-lived and unhappy experiment, since each sat glaring at the other, the one who ventured first on an English sentence being greeted by short laughs in which incredulity and disparagement were nicely blended, by slapping of the knees, and invocations to Heaven to witness so ludicrous a performance.

The tension engendered by this running commentary has quite naturally brought about individual lessons, in which husband and wife have in turn proclaimed the obstinacy and irritability of their partner, detailing many of those aspects of family life which we are most apt to leave unmentioned. (Futile the effort to inculcate that useful phrase about not washing dirty linen in public.) Madame, in particular, blonde, petite, admirably chic, is so gifted in mimicry that the need for words is almost superfluous. It seems probably that at home Capitaine de T. is henpecked, that he—But it is time for Major R's lesson. Major R., whose speed is that of a rather tired snail, and who consoles himself for each lapse of memory by a



"Why do Englishmen take their hats off in a lift?"

repetition that after the war it will not be necessary for him to learn English. Yeah, and after the war, Major, it will not be necessary for me to teach you. But I think I shall miss General van der P. And Mme. de T.

A Letter from Malta, G.C.

To the Editor of THE IRON DUKE.

Malta, September, 1943.

Dear Mr. Editor,

For a long time past I have wanted to drop you a line just to let you know how things are in Malta, but a combination of circumstances seemed to make the task a difficult one. There has always been the feeling that, owing to necessary postal delays, what one would write of at the time would arrive too late in England to be of any interest, whilst there was a—far too long!—period when the constant and most, unfriendly, attentions of "Ities" or "the Bosche" gave one but little time or inclination to sit down and write. Then, too, although the always welcome IRON DUKE did its best, it was impossible for me to know anything about the Regiment, and this has been a handicap which made me feel even more cut off from the rest of the world than, in fact, one was. Two recent happenings—apart from the almost miraculous freeing of the Mediterranean and consequent speeding up of correspondence—have, however, roused me from my pen-lethargy and impelled me to break a three-year silence. Two events were, to take them in chronological order, the sudden and most unexpected arrival, on a literally flying visit of a very few hours, of our one and only 'Babe,' and the delivery a few days ago of the June number of THE IRON DUKE.

It is difficult for me to describe adequately my almost childish excitement when I saw the C.O. of the — Battalion, looking extremely fit and—as usual—debonair. It was only then, I think, that I realised to the full how very "out of it" one has been for all these weary years, since our — Battalion sailed away from Malta.

The time at our disposal was only about an hour, and we really only managed a series of "news-flashes," but it was wonderful to be, for a moment, back in the picture again, and to hear how well one's old comrades (of a younger generation) are doing, and to know how splendidly the — Battalion is upholding the Regimental name. Here, too, was visual evidence, not only of individual merit, but of Battalion achievement—the ribbon of the D.S.O. on Babe's shirt. I felt a very proud man walking beside him, I must confess. Good luck to him and all he commands.

The June number of THE IRON DUKE, too, revives many happy memories. O. P.'s "Personal Selections" is a gem, and it is great to read news of Snikey and his brother, of long John Scott, and mentions of many other old friends of more exalted rank, to all of whom "good hunting."

So much has been written and spoken about Malta that there is little, if anything, one can add. I feel strongly, however, that Capt. Pollard has expressed himself rather unfortunately in his deserving praise of the A.A. defenders of this island in the June issue of THE IRON DUKE. No doubt quite unintentionally he gives the impression that these were English troops, performing prodigies of valour and undergoing extreme hardships, whilst their Maltese comrades were able to take cover in rock-shelters. Nothing, of course, is farther from the truth. From first to last Maltese gunners have taken their full, and very gallant, share in the defence of the island, sharing the hardships, risks and privations under exactly similar conditions with their English comrades. It is this fact, coupled with the generally fine behaviour of the Maltese civilian, which rightly earned Royal recognition of Malta's garrison, service and civilian. Candidly, from the first bombing raid on the early morning of 11th June, 1940, I have been constantly surprised and gladdened by the courage and powers of endurance shown by the average Maltese civilian; this is not a reflection on their traditional fighting spirit, but a period of over a hundred years of peace is apt to soften the hardiest of races. It must be realised that, although there was a reasonable sufficiency of rock-shelter available when the all-out blitzes came on in March, April and May of last year, there was little real cover available until then. The average Maltese family comprises at least four or five children, and I take my hat off to the poorer class Maltese women, who carried on day after weary day, night after restless night, to obtain food and to cook it under every kind of difficulty. They are the ones whose courage deserves the thanks of a universe. Had the women failed, the courage and tenacity of husbands, brother and son would have been put to a test one dreads to imagine. In paying this tribute to the Maltese women, I should like to add that the women of Great Britain, who remained on in this island, have shown every whit as much fortitude as their sisters at home, and can be justly proud of their share in the defence of Malta.

The Government of any country always comes in for its full share of criticism, and ours has been in no way an exception, but we have been fortunate indeed in our Governors. Serving, as I am, here, I cannot make reference to our present Governor—but I do feel that his predecessor deserves a greater meed of praise than he appears to have received—certainly in the local Press. Sufficient will it be for me to say that, under the most exceptional circumstances, his cool, courageous and always calm confidence impressed itself on the Maltese people in a most wonderful way. Whenever General Dobbie broadcast to us all, we obtained an impression of unbounded and justifiable faith, which communicated itself to the great majority of his listeners, at times too when there was little that could be promised save "blood, sweat and tears."

The actual Government, presided over by these two great Governors, has been a constant target for destructive criticism, and "far be it from me" to comment either way, save to quote one example which caused a certain amount of humour to compensate for less worthy results. This was in the matter

of the recent attempt to achieve an equitable distribution of an extremely inadequate supply of clothing, textiles, etc. Pace "official" denials, there was a sufficiency of muddle to justify much of the general outcry. The Doggerel-imp, which always lurks at the back of my "grey-matter," recorded one example as follows :—

"We talk all day long, we read reams in the Press
How our clothes-distribution's been got in a mess,
But of follies galore, we agree not the least
Was 'Ladies' Knickers, 4 prs.,' which they sent to a PRIEST !"

I suppose one can hardly blame the local Press for ignoring my humble contribution, although I have no reason to doubt the truth of the "information laid."

As for myself, as you may know I became a Sapper on the outbreak of war with Italy. I was asked by the then Chief Engineer if I would undertake the raising and command of a works company of Maltese. I jumped at it and have never regretted it. Luckily I was assured that general military experience, rather than (my non-existent) technical knowledge was what was required. Suffice it to say that I have enjoyed the job tremendously. I have found the Maltese workmen to be first class material in every way ; they can and will work extremely hard for sustained periods if they have their heart in the work, and they respond to the usual incentives of "playing for the side." It has been most remarkable to compare the militarised men of the works companies with their civilian comrades. It has been proved over and over again, when we have worked alongside civilian labour, doing exactly the same type of work, that the men of the works companies do a minimum of twice the amount of work as do their civilian confreres—the latter often paid at much higher rates. The reason is not far to seek—proper supervision added to *esprit-de-corps*. All ranks are most loyal, not only to "King and Country," but to their immediate superiors, and they are extremely "friendly." Of course the national trait of "I know best" had to be overcome, but this did not take long ; what was most surprising to an outsider was the fact that they like, and respond to, firm handling, taking a pride in being "well-disciplined."

Having given up my company for another post, I miss them very much indeed, as they thoroughly deserve the pride, affection and gratitude which they have inspired in my feelings towards them. One only hopes, for the sake of all the people in this island, that service in the three forces will have a lasting beneficial effect on the future generations.

It is not without interest to ourselves, and with some pride, that we know that some extremely hard work put in between December, 1942, and May, 1943, afforded necessary safe accommodation for Eisenhower, Montgomery and certain very high up naval chiefs and huge staffs when the great days of Sicilian invasion arrived.

Since those days, Malta has passed from one jubilation to another, the greatest day of all—perhaps—being on that unforgettable Sunday when our Gracious King suddenly appeared amongst us. It was indeed a most moving occasion.

Of the three Englishmen who have served with me in the company, one was our old friend No. 4602348 Cpl. A. Simpson. He joined a works company on its formation in 1939 and transferred to my company in June, 1940. He did some extremely fine work as N.C.O. i/c P.A.D. Section, being officially commended on more than one occasion by the civil authorities for his courageous work in fire and rescue duties. He died suddenly and tragically on 2nd September, 1942, and was buried the following day with military honours. A wreath from "his Old Comrades of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment" was laid on the grave. His many Maltese friends and comrades in our company—and particularly myself—miss his cheery countenance and willing co-operation greatly.

The award of the B.E.M. to Cpl. Simpson was made known some months after his death. He, too, did not fail to maintain the reputation of the Duke's through many dark hours.

Every good wish to you and all old comrades,

Yours very sincerely,
"BOFFIN."

Our Contemporaries.

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

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.

Repatriated Prisoners of War.

During the latter part of October, nine other ranks of the Regiment were repatriated from Germany, L/Cpl. Lydon, J. H., Pte. Pollard, A., Pte. Craven, G., and L/Cpl. Dickinson, G. of the — Battalion, all of whom were wounded before Dunkirk, and Pte. Ellis L., Pte. Berry, F., Pte. Kitson, W. A., Pte. Stacey, N., and Sgt. Wightman, J. V., of the — Battalion, two of whom, Pte. Berry and Pte. Kitson, were stretcher bearers; the others, with the exception of Sgt. Wightman, who is suffering from stomach trouble, were wounded on the beach at St. Valery in sight of the British ships which had arrived to take them home.

All our repatriated prisoners came to Halifax during the first week of their leave to express their appreciation of the help they had received from the Regimental P.W. Fund, and it is satisfactory to find that all parcels of comforts, tobacco and cigarettes, which have been sent out have reached them—a great tribute to the organizations which have made this possible; our enemies have at least ‘played fair’ in this matter.

The unwounded prisoners at St. Valery suffered much hardship during the first nine months of their incarceration, commencing with the nightmare of a march into Holland; food was scarce, prisoners slept out in the fields, eating clover to keep them going, and they were escorted by brutal guards who beat them with the butts of their rifles on the slightest provocation.

During this time, French and Belgian women tried to give them food whenever they could evade the vigilancy of the guards. Pte. James Singleton, a former member of the — Battalion, and a Battalion boxer, who had transferred to the R.E. in May, 1940, was shot by one of the guards when, completely exhausted, he attempted to fall out on the line of march. In Holland the prisoners were put into the hold of coal barges without any food, and after a most uncomfortable journey, were transferred to cattle trucks and eventually reached Ziegenhain.

The food, until the Red Cross parcels arrived, between Christmas, 1940, and February, 1941, was appalling. “Senna” tea at 7.30 a.m., at 11.0 a.m. three or four potatoes, mostly rotten, 12.30 p.m., half-pint of watery soup, made mostly from swedes, and at 3.0 p.m. a 2lb. loaf of black bread was brought in to serve seven men—with this was issued a small amount of margarine, and twice a week a teaspoonful of jam.

The *morale* of the prisoners remained high, and with the arrival of supplies from the Red Cross, the spirits of everyone rose, in spite of the inhumanity of the German guards; these all carried truncheons of rubber tubing which they used to satisfy their sadistic tendencies, and three days in cells with bread and water were awarded for the most trivial offences. But, whatever “Jerry” did, he could not break the spirit of the men. One German officer who made the whole camp stand for four hours in the snow, said to them, “You laugh and joke whatever we do to you. I cannot understand you.”

Most of the able-bodied men, including the N.C.Os., were made to work; in coal mines, on forestry, in paper and sugar-beet factories. Men who did not work received no weekly pay; they were given about three marks a week for working, but there was nothing to spend it on. In the early days, the Poles were most generous, and were continually giving food to our men when they could escape the attention of the guards, but, as conditions deteriorated, the Poles were most harshly treated by the Germans. The worst sufferers, however, were the Russians; one of their ‘camps’ adjoins that of Stalag VIII B. During the winter of 1941 they were living in the open with practically no food; before the spring, over 7,000 died from typhus and starvation, and were buried in an adjoining cemetery.

Conditions have changed enormously in the camps during the past 12 months—the German guards have lost their early smartness, and are now heartily sick of the war—their only hope is that we shall get to Berlin before the Russians. The camps are now run internally by one of the senior N.C.Os., and classes in all subjects are available, and the men are allowed to keep pets. In Stalag 383 they have rabbits, pigeons, a few chicken and a solitary pig—for Christmas we presume!

In October, 1940, “our boys” started to come over, and since then they have relieved the boredom of life by the greater frequency and magnitude of their air raids. The Germans were careful to keep the prisoners from the devastated areas, but it was easy to see the effect on the German people. One German officer, during a recent raid on Munich, was foolish enough to say, in the hearing of our men, “Where is Goering’s Luftwaffe now?” He disappeared next day for an unknown destination.

Before coming home, most of the prisoners were sent to the Propaganda Camp O 64z for a period of approximately four months. Here, conditions were much less onerous, and the Germans did all they could to remove any false (?) impressions from the minds of our men. No reasonable request was refused, and facilities for games were of the best. Yorkshire beat Lancashire at soccer by 3—2 after a strenuous game played in pouring rain, when the only disgruntled spectators were the guards who could not understand our men playing games under such conditions.

L/Cpl. Dickinson has some most interesting souvenirs of the beach at St. Valery. He had been wounded in the arm and chest, when he suddenly received a tremendous kick in the pants. In the hip pocket of his battle dress he had a dozen copper coins, English and Belgian; a bullet hit the middle of them, bent most of them into fantastic shapes, and even imprinted the inscription of one of the Belgian coins on an English penny. Dickinson received only a slight flesh wound from this. Lucky man!

All our men speak with enthusiasm and admiration of the work of B.M. Doyle of the — Battalion, who was the life and soul of the camps he was in and helped many lame dogs over stiles.

At last "the day"; a long train journey through Germany, carefully avoiding the large towns; the short sea journey to Gothenburg, where the Swedish Red Cross were wondrous kind, and then the great moment of the arrival at Leith or Liverpool, in the midst of an autumn morning; bands playing, sirens screaming, people cheering, and "Roll out the Barrel"—the warmth of a British welcome home.

S. E. B.

Exercise "Bouncem."

Most Secret.

COPY No. 1.

18th November, 1943.

INFORMATION.

1. Enemy XV known to contain two internationals, otherwise information scarce.

INTENTION.

2. — D.W.R. Rugger XV will defeat — Battalion XV.

METHOD.

3. Tps. taking part.—Battalion team as per R.Os. Supporting arms R.S.M. Annesley.

4. The operation will be in three phases:—

Phase 1.—Advance to contact.

Phase 2.—The Match.

Phase 3.—Withdrawal.

5. PHASE 1.—(a) Tps. as under will R.V. as stated at 0830 hrs., 19th November, 1943.

"A" Company Office.—Major Benson, Major Huskisson, Capt. Peel, Capt. Randall, Capt. Paterson, R.S.M. Annesley, Sgt. Hall, L/Sgt. Alton, Pte. Brodie.

"H.Q." Company Office.—C.S.M. Birch, L/Sgt. Gill.

"S" Company Office.—Capt. Tuckwell, Lt. Miles, Sgt. Holt, Sgt. Bailey, Cpl. Duce.

(b) Tpt. as arranged by M.T.O. will pick up above tps. and will form up with head at "S" Company office at 0845 hrs. Zero for move will be 0900 hrs. Density 30 v. tm., speed 50 m.i.2h. Halts at 20 minutes to every even hour. Route cards will be issued. (Note.—Drivers' mates' drill will be practised at all halts. Brigade are arranging C.M.P. patrols to check and report on this.)

(c) Dress.—B.D. and greatcoats. Kit.—Blankets, mosquito nets, washing kit, water bottles full, football gear (Major Huskisson is bringing ten vests, but those with their own will bring them), and eating irons.

(d) Rations.—Taken in bulk by L/Sgt. Gill. Cooking equipment is being arranged by Major Huskisson. Haversack rations will be carried.

6. (a) A.A. protection during move will be provided by Capt. Randall and Capt. Tuckwell.

(b) On arrival Bone area patrols will be sent out and as much information as possible obtained about enemy team and layout. This inform. must be got back early.

PHASE 2.

7. The match will be won by hard scrumming by the forwards and good giving and taking of passes by the outsides. Any enemy player with the ball will be tackled.

No dummies will be bought.

Goals will be kicked by Capt. Peel unless otherwise ordered.

Sgt. Bailey will kick off and take other penalty kicks.

The R.M.O. will ensure that the ball is put in on the loose head side.

PHASE 3.

8. It is anticipated that we may become involved with the enemy during the course of Sunday evening. No plan of campaign is being made for this phase but Junior Cmds. must use initiative. Time of thinning out for the withdrawal to St. Germain will be given on the ground and must be adhered to.

ADMIN.

9. As in Para. 4.

R.A.P. at the base of scrum.

INTERCOMM.

10. For Phase 2 by whistle, otherwise nil.

DISTRIBUTION.

Major Benson, Capt. Randall (for inform. of L/Sgt. Alton also), Capt. Tuckwell, R.M.O., O.C. "H.Q." Company (for inform. C.S.M. Birch, L/Sgt. Gill.) Copies for Supporting Arms, Adjutant, File.

S. S. HUSKISSON, Major, Manager!

The Old 76th and the "Army of India" Medal.

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SIR GODFREY DALRYMPLE-WHITE (BART.) (late Grenadier Guards).

I have been asked by your Editor, Lt.-Col. Trench, to write an article on the above under the following circumstances. Following the lamented death in action of the Duke of Wellington whom I knew, as well as two previous generations of his family (his grandfather, the fourth Duke, having been one of my commanding officers in the Grenadier Guards during the "Nineties"), obituary notices appeared in the newspapers. That in the *Daily Telegraph* alluded to the 33rd as having fought at Waterloo but made no mention at all of the 76th or of its glorious achievements under General Lord Lake in 1803-4 in India.

Having been, since my youth, an enthusiast on military history, and since 1889 a collector of all war medals, I wrote a letter under the above heading to the *Daily Telegraph*, which was inserted in its issue of 5th October, to remedy this omission. For the story of the 76th in those campaigns is a veritable epic, more especially as it was the only British Battalion with his army. There were also three British cavalry regiments, the 8th, 27th and 29th Light Dragoons, who also behaved magnificently and rendered great assistance.

But the brunt of the fighting necessarily fell on the 76th, especially at the storming of Allighur (4th September, 1803) and at the "Battle of Deig" (13th November, 1804), at which latter it was the only "King's Regiment" employed. For it must be remembered that in those days, and for long after, it was always the British regiments which led the assaults, the Sepoy regiments only acting in support. In addition to the above actions, the 76th led the attacks at the "Battle of Delhi" (11th September, 1803), at the bloody battle of "Laswarree" (1st November, 1803), and at the "Capture of Deig" (4th December, 1804). The earlier actions were fought against the large and courageous Mahratta armies of Scindiah, of Gwalior and Holkar of Indore, which had a quantity of artillery and were trained and led by French officers.

The losses of the 76th were very great. At Allighur five officers and 19 other ranks killed, and four officers and 62 other ranks wounded. At the Battle of Delhi, killed or missing, 42 other ranks, wounded, one officer and 97 other ranks. At Laswarree, two officers, 41 other ranks killed, four officers and no less than 164 other ranks wounded. At the Battle of Deig, one officer, 31 other ranks killed, two officers, 120 other ranks wounded or missing. At the capture of Deig, five other ranks killed and two officers and 17 other ranks wounded. But the end was not yet. At the four terribly fought, but unsuccessful assaults on the breaches of the strong fortress of Bhurtpoor, in January and February, 1805, the 76th lost no fewer than six officers and 40 other ranks killed and eight officers and 240 other ranks wounded. (The above figures are taken from Lt.-Col. F. A. Hayden's thrilling book, "Historical Records of the 76th Hindoostan Regiment.")

No wonder that, after that, the Regiment was nick-named "The Immortals," for most of the men had received one bullet wound, many two, some four, and one man six! And it must be remembered that in those days, especially in India, a very large percentage of wounded, notably after amputations, died of their wounds.

Sir Arthur Wellesley wrote of Allighur, "I think that General Lake's capture of Ally Ghur is one of the most extraordinary feats I have ever heard of in this country." And Lord Lake, after Laswarree, dubbed them "The Handful of Heroes."

As I mentioned in my letter, no medal was issued for all these actions, nor for Sir Arthur Wellesley's campaigns of 1803 in Central India for "Assaye," "Argaum" and "Gawilghur" until 1851 (48 years after!) when the "Army of India" medal was instituted, "To those who still survive."

I mentioned that only 32 of the 76th survived to put in their claims and only three of these received the maximum of five bars, according to the India Office rolls. Of these, I have one, to Pte. Thomas Sillman. (By the War Office rolls there is a fourth, to a Pte. Eleanor, but in the India Office rolls he is only credited with three bars.) I have never heard of the other two, so probably they were melted down just for their silver value, as happened to so many of the earlier medals, between 1850 and 1890.

And now for a curious fact. Following my letter, I received quite a dozen letters, mainly from those who had served, or whose fathers or grandfathers, had served in the 76th. One grandfather,* indeed, had commanded the 76th at the Battle of Delhi. Yet every single one informed me that they "had never previously heard" of the "Army of India" medal! (Indeed, it is not even mentioned in Colonel Hayden's book.) But your Editor, Colonel Trench, when asking me to write this article, informed me that the Regiment has two of these medals, one to Surgeon Corfield, with three bars, and one to a private, with two bars.†

I was glad to know this. For I regret to say there are some regiments which appear to take no interest in the past history, nor the medals, of their corps. On the other hand, there are many, such as the Guards regiments, the Scottish regiments (notably the Royal Scots and the Cameron Highlanders),

*[See Major Boyes' article opposite.—Ed.]

†[These were referred to in the late Capt. J. V. Kirkland's article on 2nd Battalion medals, *vide* p. 112, Vol. 3, 1927, of THE IRON DUKE, and also in the late Col. J. C. Gibbs' article on medals, *vide* p. 173, Vol. 5, 1929.—Ed.]

the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, Gloucestershire and South Staffords, to name only a few, where either the regiment itself, or its officers, past and present, collect the medals of their own corps, at the least.

My own collection comprises *all* regiments, and also the Royal Navy. This, of course, involves thousands of medals. But I can vouch for the absorbing interest which any collection, however small, and confined perhaps to one specimen only for each campaign, can be to anyone who has served himself and is keen on military history.

The "Trade," nowadays, is centred chiefly on two firms, those of Messrs. Spink of King Street, St. James, S.W., and Messrs. Baldwin of Robert Street, Adelphi, W.C. Auction sales now are practically confined to Messrs. Glendining of Argyll Street, W.

In addition to the bars I have mentioned, the "Army of India" medal has 13 more authorised. These are "Asseerghur" (1803, of which the 94th ("Scots Brigade") were the only "King's Regiments" recipients), "Defence of Delhi" (1803), where only native regiments were employed, "Nepaul" (1816), "Kirkee," "Poona," and a combined bar, "Kirkee and Poona" (1817), "Seetabuldee," "Nagpore," and a combined bar, "Seetabuldee and Nagpore" (1817), "Maheidpoor" (1817), "Corygaum" (1818), "Ava" (Burmah, 1824-6), "Bhurtpoor" (January, 1826).

All the above, except the last two, and also "Nepaul," are very rare. This is partly owing to the later dates of these three but, even more, to the larger number of troops employed. I have two unique medals to "King's Regiments"—(1) a three-bar medal "Nagpore," "Maheidpoor," "Ava," to a man of the 1st Foot (Royal Scots), and (2) a medal to a man of the 65th Foot (York and Lancaster) with the bar for "Corygaum" as well as that for "Poona," which was gained by the 65th. How he got to Corygaum is a mystery, for only a small native force was employed there, and two officers and one man of the East India Company's service were the only other European recipients of this bar. But he is on the rolls.

The first general issue of medals was for Waterloo, and these were given not only to those who fought but even to General Colville's detached brigade, which did not even know that a battle was being fought! A few years later the Duke of Richmond, more especially, asked that a medal might be granted to those who had fought in the Peninsula. This was strenuously opposed by (of all men) the Duke of Wellington himself. In 1846 the Duke of Richmond went straight, on his own, to the Queen and she authorised it, from "Maida" (1806) to Toulouse (1814). Then there came an agitation for a bar for "Egypt (1801)," which was granted in 1850. This undoubtedly led to the demand for an "Army of India" medal, granted in 1851.

Finally, I may record that the 76th served also in the Peninsula War, gaining the bars "Corunna," "Nivelle," "Nive," and that five men received this, combined with the "Army of India" medal. But I have never seen any of these five, so they probably have been melted down.

Extracts from the Notes of the late Lt.-Col. W. J. Boyes. 12th Foot (Suffolk Regiment).

[Major J. E. W. Boyes, M.C., has kindly sent us the following extracts from the notes of his father, the late Lt.-Col. W. J. Boyes, in which the latter refers to his grandfather, Capt. W. Boyes, who commanded the 76th Regiment at the Battle of Delhi, 1803. It will be noted that in Lt. Col. F. A. Hayden's "Historical Records of the 76th 'Hindoostan' Regiment" Capt. Boyes' name is incorrectly spelt "Boys," and we are glad to be able to record this. The service of Capt. William Boyes is given on page 206 of that history as follows:—

"BOYS.—William Boyes, Ensign, from 73rd Foot. Lieutenant 8th September, 1789; Captain-Lieutenant, *vice* J. Robertson, promoted to 73rd Foot, 2nd January, 1798; Captain of a Company, *vice* S. Watson, deceased, 3rd November, 1798. Retired, November, 1807. Served in Mysore, and 1803-4-5 campaigns (wounded)."

Lt.-Col. W. J. Boyes, the author of these notes, joined the 12th Foot as an ensign in 1856, and served with them for 30 years. His son, Major J. E. W. Boyes, served in the Egyptian Government service for 32 years; he also served in the Royal Engineers during the last war from December, 1914, to July, 1919, and was mentioned in despatches and awarded the M.C., retiring with the rank of honorary major. His son is now serving in the Rifle Brigade, and has been all through the North African campaign with the 8th Army. As Major Boyes says:—"As a family we have acted up to and abided by our family motto, 'Per Aspera Belli.'"—EDITOR.]

EXTRACTS.

WILLIAM BOYES, T.—the third son of William Boyes* (born 1728), of Brookhill House, Magheragall, Lisburne, Co. Antrim, N. Ireland, was born on 8th December, 1760. Married Frances McKenny† (born 1761)—my grandfather. He had six sons:—

1. James, was a captain in the 85th Regiment, originally called "the Bucks Volunteers," but known throughout the service as "The Elegant Extracts." He served with the regiment in the American War of 1814, when he was severely wounded and invalided, and settled in Dublin.

2. John Monson.—Lt.-Colonel, 38th M.N.I., Indian Army. Settled in Dublin.

3. Lake.—Named after Lord Lake, Captain, 38th M.N.I., Indian Army.

4. Robert Nairne (my father), born 1797, 85th and 55th Regiments. Military Knight of Windsor.
5. Charles.
6. William.—Clergyman. Went to Australia.

My grandfather (the aforesaid William Boyes) was in H.M.'s 76th Regiment (now 2nd Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment), and (when a captain only) commanded the Regiment at the Battle of Delhi on 11th September, 1803, under General Lord Lake, when the Regiment charged with fixed bayonets, and to the Mahratta's guns in position. For this gallant exploit the Regiment received the thanks of the Government of India, and was also presented with a special set of Colours in honour of the victory. (The Colours are renewed by the Indian Government from time to time)—(see Arme's History of the War in India, 1803.) He was subsequently severely wounded at the Siege of Bhurtpore, 1805, and died of his wounds.

Extract from Public Orders issued by the Governor-General in Council after the Battle of Delhi, 11th September, 1803.† (See Major Thorne's "War in India, 1803—p. 119, 20, 21):—

"The decisive victory gained in the Battle of Delhi on 11th September, 1803, justified the firm confidence reposed by the Governor-General in Council in the bravery, perseverance, and discipline of the Army; and in the skill, judgment, active spirit and invincible intrepidity of their illustrious commander.

"The glory of that day is not surpassed in any recorded triumph of the British Army in India and is attended by every circumstance calculated to elevate the fame of British valour, to illustrate the character of British humanity and to secure the stability of the British Empire in the East.

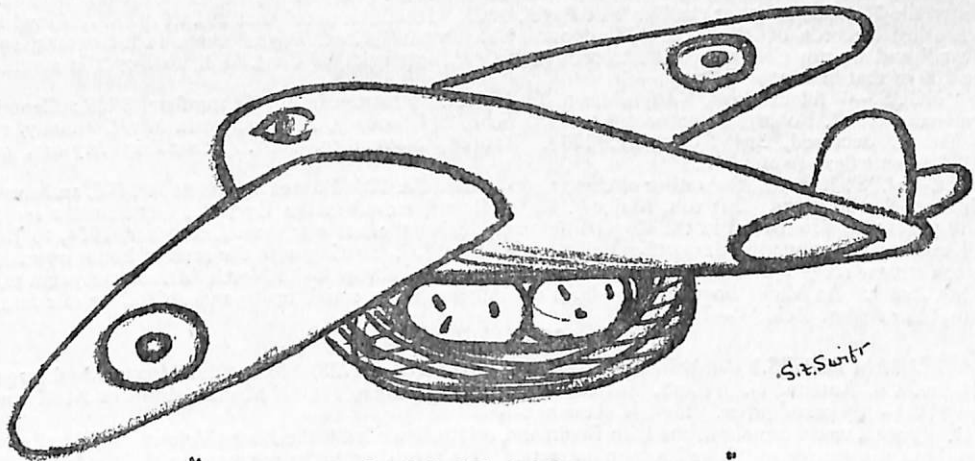
"The conduct of Capt. Boyes and of H.M.'s 76th Regiment is noticed with the warmest applause by the Governor-General in Council. The high reputation established by that respectable Corps in various circumstances of difficulty and danger in India appeared in the Battle of Delhi with a degree of lustre which has never been exceeded, even by British troops.

"In testimony of the peculiar honour acquired by the Army under the personal command of H.Ex's General Lake, the Governor-General in Council is pleased to order that Honorary Colours, with a device properly suited to commemorate the reduction of the Fatof Allyghur on the 4th and the victory obtained at Delhi on 11th September, 1803, be presented to the Corps employed on those glorious occasions."

*[Served in the Indian Army.]

†[Daughter of Admiral Watson, who served with distinction in the East Indian Company, and was mortally wounded at the Siege of Thanna, 21st December, 1774.]

‡[The full Order is given on pages 30 and 31 of "Historical Records of the 76th 'Hindoostan' Regiment."]



"OUR AIRCRAFT LAID MINES."



At the Sign of the Lonely Duck.

Many young soldiers are under the impression that the mechanized blitzkrieg methods adopted by the Germans in 1939 are new. This is quite wrong. They were employed when many of our stout-hearted warriors of to-day were drooling and slobbering in their prams, as the following drama of bygone time will prove.

The idea is born of a vengeful heart. Our C.S.M. and "B" Company's C.S.M. fall to discussing over a convivial glass the respective merits of the two companies, and finding none in each other's, embark on destructive and wounding criticism. The limit is reached when "B" Company's C.S.M. says that our arms drill almost justifies a charge of disorderly conduct. When the War Lords eventually part, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness seethe in their broad bosoms.

The C.S.M. explains his idea to me. On Sunday morning, he says, we are due to march forth from our drill hall at the same time as "B" Company march out from theirs, and meet on the moors in accordance with the scheme drawn up by Headquarters to test us with regard to advance guards and deployment.

Now here, continues the C.S.M., his eye glittering with an unholy joy, is our chance to kick "B" Company well and truly in the pants. With the few pounds we have in Company funds, why not hire a few lorries, rush out far beyond where we could march in the time, and lay a trap for the enemy? Even at this very moment a haulage contractor of proved integrity and moderate charges is lurking in the canteen awaiting my pleasure.

I approve of the idea and decide to carry it through. The prospect of a ten mile march on Sunday morning has no charms for me. What the Adjutant and his fellow umpires will have to say about it remains to be heard. Our initiative, at least, should be beyond criticism. I order the C.S.M. to produce his contractor.

The contractor proves to be a fine specimen of that rugged type of British commercial life which abjures collars and handkerchiefs as effeminate appendages. He confesses he has never carried troops before, but as he is accustomed to handling almost every other form of livestock it don't really signify anyway. What the C.S.M. considers a fair charge is finally reached by the simple process of beating down the price and shouting down the objections.

The plan is kept a close secret until the parade on Sunday morning, when the troops' jubilation at the prospect of riding to battle is considerably mitigated by the condition of the lorries, which have last been used to transport pigs. Evidence of their recent occupation is widespread, but the contractor assures us that familiarity soon breeds resignation. I elect to travel in a subaltern's car where previous occupants have left nothing worse than chocolate papers and a powder puff.

The C.S.M. has chosen the place of the ambush well. There is a bend in the road with plenty of cover for us and none for the foe. Company Headquarters are situated at The Lonely Duck, a tavern which, having acquired an old world atmosphere about the time of Waterloo, has since permitted its customers to breathe no other. Joseph Pugsley, proprietor, in a hen-cote negligee, receives us hospitably and denies his flock of goats their usual Sunday morning run of the bar on our account.

We dispose our troops for battle. The presence of The Lonely Duck in their rear fills them with confidence. The low morale engendered by Saturday night is dispersed by the crisp moorland air. Miles away I see through my field glasses the tiny forms of the Adjutant and his fellow umpires looking for us in the wrong place. It is a sight to gladden any man's heart.

The morning wears on ; the tension of expectancy wears slowly off. The Lonely Duck exerts its magnetic influence ever more powerfully. Our only teetotaller is posted on guard at the back door, where the goats instantly accept him as one of the family and spare no effort to make him feel at home.

Opening time arrives with still no sign of the enemy. The C.S.M., coming slowly to the boil under the strain, borrows my field glasses and goes off to scan the horizon for signs of "B" Company's approach. He returns with anxiety writ large in his bloodshot eye. Beyond a courting couple, who are behaving in an exemplary manner, he assures me there is no sign of humanity for miles.

We adjourn to The Lonely Duck to study our map and seek inspiration in Joseph Pugsley's muddy brew. But the map is barely opened before a hideous uproar breaks out. The place is suddenly flooded with elated "B" Company personnel. Two of them, their style apparently modelled on the American film police, try to arrest the C.S.M. and myself, but heedless of their menacing weapons I dash out.

I am just in time to prevent my annoyed warriors from trying to restore the situation by methods which, though appropriate enough to Zululand, would undoubtedly be frowned upon in Yorkshire.

There is only one casualty. Private O'Harrigan of "B" Company has playfully pretended to bayonet our Private Termoyle, and Private Termoyle has realistically pretended to resist. Sergeant Bloodworth, justly famed for his treatment of dogs in sickness and in health, is called in for consultation. He pronounces Private O'Harrigan to be suffering from the effects of a wipe over the ear with a rifle butt. He thinks, however, that the victim will recover, and suggests that for Private Termoyle's sake the next of kin should not be informed.

The Adjutant and the other umpires arrive. They unhesitatingly award the honours to "B" Company, who also chartered lorries and took us in the rear by a circuitous route. We are, they say, hoist with our own petard. It is difficult at times not to dislike some people.

Our troops climb dejectedly back into their pig-scented lorries, muttering terrible threats of a day of reckoning. Our C.S.M., avoiding the gloating look in the eye of "B" Company's C.S.M., broods darkly apart.

He chooses to journey back in the subaltern's car, where his speculations play on the backs of our necks like the blast from a blazing brewery. He will swear, he declares moistly, that he told no one of our plans. How "B" Company found out is a mystery he will solve if it takes him a lifetime.

It takes him three days. Deflated still further, he tells me that he has discovered our haulage contractor's eldest daughter is married to Corporal Brown of "B" Company. The contractor must have talked. Our C.S.M. doesn't wish him any harm, but—but—

But the rest is silence.

P: M. L.

From West Africa to ?

Okon Akpanya lay uneasily in his bunk thinking—an unusual and rather painful process for him. The West African native is conspicuous among other peoples for an ability to 'just sit,' and Okon usually was no exception. But now he was in the ship's hospital ; the white doctor had put a bit of glass in his mouth and said it was new something or other, and here Okon was in bed rather hot and with his memory turning over and over most distressingly.

He had never expected to be in a ship, but it appeared some white men were having a war somewhere. One of his uncles had once gone to a white man's war years ago and had set up as a wealthy and cultured man in the village on his return. So when the chance came Okon had leapt at a good thing as soon as he saw it. A good thing it was, too. Plenty of chop, no work, and incredible pay—a shilling a day, and a man who knew the alphabet could get some extra as a clerk. No work to do either. Only some peculiar games such as standing in a line and walking all together and swinging one's arms ; and joy of joys to a West African—the white man provided boots. The social status implied in wearing boots easily compensated for the pain and the discomfort. And such boots, too. Not the feeble inconspicuous things worn by a white man, but real good sound structures, nearly as broad as long and projecting backwards nearly as far as forwards. Fortunately they had not had to walk far in them.

There were a few peculiar rules, not too well understood, so you were liable to do something wrong almost any time. The first time he was taken to see his officer, and the officer said he had done wrong and would lose some pay and actually took some shillings out of his pay and threw them down a well. That just showed how honest the white officer was, because he could easily have kept the money, but anyway Okon had more money than he could spend and didn't mind losing some.

Next time had been different ; the officer said something to the Sergeant-Major and Okon had been taken and made to carry stones from one end of the parade ground to the other and then back again, while all his pals laughed at him. And since then he'd been very careful about rules, though some of them were very hard to understand. For instance, the very first day on the ship he had been using the side of the ship where the rail was for the most necessary and obvious purpose when an officer had suddenly kicked him very hard and had been most rude to him. Funny people, these white men. Luckily the officer had kicked his water-bottle as well and perhaps hurt himself on it, which might help to account for some of the expressions he used.

What a day it had been when they got on the ship. Chop very early and a lot of ridiculous bother about cleaning up the camp—ridiculous because they weren't coming back there any more—and then in the train to a place with big buildings and railways and high things to lift with. Okon couldn't see a ship at first till someone told him one of the buildings was a ship. He had never seen anything so foolish in his life. That thing supposed to be a ship! Why, it had holes all along the sides! A black man might be a fool but not a big enough fool to go on a ship with holes in it. However, before long someone had said 'march' and when someone said 'march' it's an order—rather like juju—and you have to march. And so he'd found himself at last going through one of the larger holes in the side into a big room with hundreds of his company all sitting at tables where there wasn't enough room for them. And Okon's troubled mind got very confused as to whether there was room or not, because sometimes they all seemed to be there having chop and another time he couldn't find anywhere to sleep and went on deck and then an officer came and said it was too cold and they must go below, and then he found a nice quiet corner to sleep in a lavatory, and then a tap must have leaked and he found the orderly was washing him in hospital and it was all very difficult.

He remembered another good spot for sleeping, too. For two nights—or was it more—he had been able to sling his hammock under a lovely round hole that blew cold air out—and just to show how clever and thoughtful white men are, you could turn this little hole so that it blew wonderful cold air right on to your chest. That was just before he came to hospital and the doctor said if he did it again he would go for die—but that cold air had been the nicest thing in the ship.

Good chop they'd had too, though he didn't seem to want any just now. Lovely palm oil stew with meat and fish and lots of pepper in it, and garri or mealie meal and rice. He liked it all but some of the others didn't like the mealies. But they all laughed and danced one day when they got real white man's chop—a loaf of white bread each. They had it three times altogether, and if the chief steward had had more damaged flour they would have had it oftener.

What a lot of water he had seen. The people in the village would never believe there was so much when he got back and told them. They must have been on the sea more days than his fingers before they got to a town—London, he thought it was, but some of the men said no—and they'd gone about as many days since. One day the sea went up and down. Okon had gone to sick parade that morning and told the doctor 'Belly humbug me plenty too much,' so the doctor had given him some medicine and then the trouble got worse and he was horribly sick and felt like dying, and they'd taken him back dreadfully sorry for himself to the doctor. And all the doctor had done was to curse him for throwing his valuable medicine away. Very hard, these white men. But he had given him another lot and Okon would have died rather than part with that. But privately he decided he was going to walk back when it was all over.

What things he would have to tell them when he got back. And how delightful it would be in the village again with the Mummy he'd left behind and missed so much. His company's band began to play on deck and Okon slept again with the drums and music of his village bringing peace to his unquiet mind.

In a day or two, thanks to M. and B., Okon's pneumonia left him and his brain reverted to its normal lethargy. He and many like him are going to a theatre of war, not to fight but to work. And he will work—like a nigger—so long as he can be given something reasonably heavy to carry on his head. Because so far as can be ascertained during a voyage in a troopship, that is the only purpose for which nature provided Okon with a head.

G. B. H.

Personalialia.

The following births have been announced:—

BEUTTLER.—On 30th October, 1943, at Downton Lodge, Hordle, Hants, to Pamela, wife of Major Beuttler, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a son.

HAMER.—On 3rd November, 1943, at the Princess Royal Maternity Home, Huddersfield, to Kay (née Dews), wife of Capt. W. W. Hamer, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, "Pendennis," Brighouse—a son.

BINNS.—On 6th November, 1943, at the Purey Cust Nursing Home, York, to Jean (née Greig), wife of Capt. Geoffrey H. Binns, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a son.

HINDLEY.—On 10th November, 1943, at Middlesex Hospital, to Lilian (née Peake), wife of Capt. Bruce Hindley, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a daughter.

SUGDEN.—On 16th December, at Whitby, to Dorothea, wife of Capt. R. E. Sugden, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—twin daughters.

Congratulations to all concerned.

The engagement is announced between Capt. John Edward Vincent Butterfield, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, only son of Lt.-Col. E. Butterfield, D.S.O., and Mrs. Butterfield, of Byways, Fleet, and Barbara Joan, only daughter of Sir Roger Hulton, Bart., and the Hon. Lady Hulton, of Lynnhurst, Farington, near Preston.

We very much regret to hear that "Tony" Ince, second son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. W. G. Ince, was very severely wounded at Foggia, Italy, whilst out on reconnaissance. The bullet went down his spine and has seriously damaged the spinal cord, paralyzing him from the chest downwards. Tony was serving in the Reconnaissance Corps; he had a very trying journey to this country with three aeroplane flights, hospital ships, trains and ambulance; but in spite of all this he is bearing his suffering with great fortitude and cheerfulness. We hope that there will be better news of him soon. It will be remembered that his elder brother, Major R. H. Ince, was severely wounded in Tunisia last February; we are glad to hear that he has sufficiently recovered to be back at duty in this country.

Last October we had a visit from Lt.-Col. J. H. C. Lawlor, who is stationed not far from the Editor's home; we were glad to see that he was in much better health again since his illness early in the year. In December we returned his visit and lunched with Colonel and Mrs. Lawlor and their daughter, Mary. One very seldom sees anyone of the Regiment in these parts, and it was a great pleasure to have the chance to do so, and exchange news.

Lt.-Col. G. B. Howcroft has been on leave recently after a long trip which included South Africa and the Mediterranean. He mentions meeting Capt. Donney and Lt.-Col. Hodgson during his travels.

We hear from Brigadier J. C. Burnett that his daughter Joan (Mrs. Lane) is at Muttra, U.P., with her husband. She is a second subaltern in the W.A.C., which Brigadier Burnett says he gathers is the Indian equivalent of the A.T.S. She has been abroad now for seven years.

Lt.-Col. E. C. Boutflower in a recent letter gives some news of his daughters. The elder, Daphne, is a section officer in the W.A.A.F., and is stationed in England. The younger, Rosemary, is a third officer in the W.R.N.S. and is at Alexandria. She left home two years ago and has been in Alex. most of the time, except when Rommel got so unpleasantly close and the Wrens were moved away for a time. Col. Boutflower is now intelligence officer in the Home Guard after "2½ years' hard labour getting a platoon going." We hope other old members of the Regiment will give us news of the younger generation.

We offer our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. George Schofield of 103 Green Park Road, Halifax, who held their golden wedding celebration last October, and are glad to hear that they are both in excellent health. Mr. Schofield is 77 years of age; he enlisted in the Duke of Wellington's Regiment in 1883, and joined the 2nd Battalion in Ireland; after five years' service with them, he was transferred to the 1st Battalion in India. He was married at Christchurch, Pellon, in 1893, while serving as a colour-sergeant at the Depot, Halifax. From 1899 to 1904 he was instructor to the Haworth Company of the 6th Battalion, retiring with 21 years' service in the latter year. During the last war he served at the Depot as C.Q.M.S.

Capt. C. Oliver writes:—"I have met Lt. R. Hart, Royal Corps of Signals; he is the son of the late Orderly Room Quartermaster-Sergeant T. D. Hart, 3rd Battalion and Depot. He has completed about 22 years' service with the Signals and had been nearly eight years abroad, and has just been sent home from the desert army. He was in India at the outbreak of war and went to Iraq with an Indian division; after clearing operations there to Persia, thence to Syria and from there to Egypt onwards. Quite an interesting experience. In Egypt he was transferred to Air Formation Signals. He looks very well and I am sure that all old friends of his late father will be glad to know that he is doing well."

We have just heard from Capt. C. Oliver that his son Lt. (Roddie) Oliver, R.N., was awarded the D.S.C. last October. We offer him our heartiest congratulations, and hope that he will find time some day for a contribution to THE IRON DUKE; it is a long time since he sent anything, but we realise how little leisure the Navy have. We also offer our congratulations to Mr. "Jack" Findings, R.A.F., son of Mr. (ex-R.S.M.) Geo. Findings, on the award of the D.S.C.

Reviews.

AN ENSA RECORD. Edited by Patrick Hamilton, and issued by the Department of National Service Entertainment.—This "Record" replaces the "Ensa Bulletin" formerly issued, and will be published occasionally for private circulation only. It contains an account of the vast activities that have been covered by Ensa since its inception in the early days of the war. Not only have entertainments been given to men and women of the three Services and to munition workers in all parts of the British Isles, but in Iceland, Malta, North Africa, Sicily and now Italy. Parties are travelling to give performances, often close to the battle front, and under many difficulties and hardships. The extension of these services is now being carried to British troops in India.

One of the surprises of these entertainments is the extraordinary success of the symphony concerts given by the B.B.C. symphony orchestra to the troops, many of whom had never heard classical music before. Another point of interest is the difficulty at first experienced of interesting men in stage plays, since so many of them had had no experience of the theatre, the cinema having killed stage performances in most provincial towns in this country. The difficulties under which Ensa has had to work, with so many artists serving in the forces, and restrictions of transport, stage furniture and props, have been surmounted in a way that brings great credit to the organisers; and this booklet tells in a modest and informative manner the story of the success that has been achieved.

One quotation may serve to show this. "The night before they embarked for Sicily, Will Fyffe gave a series of performances to a certain division, and when they landed on the beaches there those men went through the wire and over the obstructions singing 'I belong to Glasgie.' These are unforgettable experiences for the artists and the troops."

The booklet is well illustrated, and includes a very happy photograph of His Majesty The King enjoying an Ensa concert to the Home Fleet in 1943.

EDITOR.

RED MOON RISING, by George Rodger (The Cresset Press).—This is a personal account of the Burma campaign as seen by a war photographer, who was sent out to Burma on a roving assignment by Mr. Henry R. Luce and the Editor of "Life" Magazine. The eighty-three photographs alone would make the book remarkable, many of them taken in the battle line, and all having an artistic value and charm; but the text which they illustrate is a thrilling story that is lightened, amidst the horror so frequently depicted, by the humour and insight of the author.

Mr. Rodger landed by plane at Rangoon in January, 1942, and his first trip was to the Burma road, and the Yunnan-Burma railway, which was then in process of construction. Here he had some trouble with the Chinese authorities over his photographic activities, and was in danger of being treated as a spy. He then came south, and visited the recently evacuated Rangoon, just before the Japanese entered it, and the battle line on the Sittang river, where he met General Sir Harold Alexander. "It was an unexpected visit for he had only taken over command of the army in Burma three days prior to the battle. Even in that informal interview, in a little deserted Burman village, I was struck by his personality, and as we spoke I could see the determination that lay behind his quiet-spoken words." Mr. Rodger then visited the Toungoo front, where the Chinese army was operating, and met the American General, Stilwell. "The one time 'Vinegar Joe' of Fort Benning, addressed us with short-clipped words that went straight to the point, as he eyed us through metal-rimmed glasses. His close-cropped hair and hooked nose had perhaps given him his nickname of 'Vinegar,' but his manner was that of the 'Uncle Joe' of China, by which so many thousands knew him."

The author and his companion, W. G. Burchett, were constantly looking for trouble, either in the front line or in the bombed towns and villages, and many were their hairbreadth escapes, recounted with becoming modesty and humour. They travelled everywhere in jeeps, and those marvels of mechanical transport never let them down in the most trying situations until they had to abandon them on an impassable jungle track in the Naga mountains. They had decided to get to India when it was clear to them that Burma would fall, and their reasons for staying were at an end. So they drove through swamps and jungles until further progress by car was impossible, and for the final 130 miles over a 7,000 feet pass they footed it without guide or interpreter to Assam.

The title of the book is explained in the last paragraphs, which also sum up their experiences:—"As experiences of the last few months raced through my mind I found the most vivid impression left me of the whole campaign was that of the fires. To me it seemed the Japanese had blazed their way with flame through the country: the burning streets of Rangoon, the fires in Toungoo, Lewe, Pyinmana, Thazi, Meiktila, Maymyo and the awful charred desolation of Mandalay. I had seen all those, but there were hundreds more. The Japanese invaders and the fifth column pyromaniacs within the country itself had transformed it from a peaceful land of flowers and bright paper parasols to a vast and stinking funeral pyre.

"From where we sat we could see the dim outline of the mountains we had crossed in jugged silhouette against the night sky and, over their jungle-covered peaks, a deep red moon rose slowly as though reflecting the fires that still smouldered on the other side of the range. Burchett gazed towards it thoughtfully and its dim light was reflected in his tired eyes.

"That red moon marks the end," he said quietly, as though speaking to himself. "Millions of others will see it to-night. To them it will be the same old moon, but to us it stands for something more. It stands for the fires that raced through the villages—flames that made the people homeless; for Japanese terrorism and fifth-column treachery—horror, anguish, despair; for all those who gave their lives—that Sikh in Thazi and the little Burman girl; it stands for Mandalay and the blood of a beautiful country that has slowly ebbed away."

EDITOR.

TUNISIAN BATTLE, by John D'Arcy-Dawson (Macdonald & Co., Ltd.).—War correspondents are the chief contributors to the literature of the present war, and understandably so, since participants in the fighting have not, in most cases, the leisure for writing. But we think that in style and contents

the book reviewed above and "Tunisian Battle" are well above the average. Mr. D'Arcy-Dawson has given his readers a very clear and concise account of the Tunisian campaign from start to finish, and has added to it many details of individual heroism and gallantry, as well as exciting experiences of his own. He was constantly in the front line, taking his share of the hardships and hazards of war, and he came in contact with all the leading commanders.

He landed in North Africa a few days after the Allied landings and was quickly, in spite of transport difficulties, up with those troops whose hopes ran high of rushing through to Bizerta and Tunis. He pays high tribute to that small and gallant force who were foiled of their success by the smallness of their numbers and lack of air support, and to their heroism and tenacity in hanging on to their ground throughout the winter of 1942-3, against the great superiority of the enemy. He particularly mentions that superb force of paratroops, who achieved many successes, fighting as ordinary infantry, but whose exploits were never referred to in the Press reports for reasons of security. He pays tribute to the heroism of the ill-armed French troops, who he feels might have made better use of the superfluity of modern arms possessed by the Americans. The defeat of the Americans in the Kasserine calamity he puts down to their lack of training and organization rather than to any deficiency of courage and dash. But he clearly shows how dangerous the situation was when General Anderson had to weaken the northern line to divert troops of the 1st Army to their support. He shows that our general organization was (except for postal arrangements, which were very poor) in advance of the Germans or the Americans; a fact that may come as a surprise to many readers.

The operations in which one of our Battalions took part are only briefly touched on, but the author mostly confines himself to what he saw himself, and his record is intensely interesting and humorous in places. In the final break through to Tunis he drove his car alongside the leading tanks which entered the city well ahead of the rest of the troops. This is a book that is not only historically interesting but throws light on a great many incidents that puzzled the public at home during the campaign, and pays a high tribute to our soldiers and airmen. The author, who served throughout the last war, adds criticism and comments that are well worth study.

EDITOR.

Extracts from "Through the Dark Night, 1939-1940."

By WAR CORRESPONDENT J. L. HODSON.

[The following extracts have been made by Colonel C. J. Pickering, who informs us that Mrs. Hodson, in the absence of her husband in America, has given permission for them to be reproduced in THE IRON DUKE. We reviewed the book on page 114 of No. 49, June, 1941, of THE IRON DUKE.—EDITOR.]

FIRST IN, LAST OUT.

It was the fortune of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (Yorkshiremen from the West Riding) to fire the first British shots on the Western Front. That was in the Maginot Line last December. I met them in reserve there a day or two later. When the Low Countries were invaded, the Duke of Wellington's went straight forward through Brussels to the River Dyle, eighteen miles south-east of the city. No British infantry went farther. When Dunkirk was being defended so that our troops might be evacuated, the Yorkshiremen were part of the last British rearguard, fighting on the Bergues Canal, six miles outside Dunkirk, holding a brigade front of 3,500 yards with 260 men, fighting on doggedly in a tempest of shells and mortar fire, losing half their men in casualties, and only withdrawing when ordered by wireless to do so. At that time radio was the only means of communication. Later, a brigade major arrived in a cavalry tank to confirm the order. A platoon commander withdrew his force by swimming along a dyke—his force consisted of himself and two men; the other twenty-one had during those four days been killed or wounded. One lad fought on alone for two hours, using a Bren gun with great effect. The doctor was reduced, having no water or drugs left, to washing each wound with the same sponge and applying French dressings taken from abandoned ambulances.

Yet in these desperate conditions one armoured-carrier driver was fighting with his pet rabbit at his feet, occasionally picking it up to encourage it, and in the shelled farmyard that was B.H.Q., a "Tyke" was strutting up and down in shirt sleeves wearing an old top hat he had discovered. There was no quenching the spirit of the Duke's.

The withdrawal from the River Dyle beyond Brussels to the position on the Bergues Canal had occupied sixteen days (12th to 28th May), four of which had been spent in the Gort line, which British spades had dug during the winter. On the Dyle they saw their first German prisoners, some of them in civilian clothes armed with tommy-guns. "The Duke's" grew familiar with fifth columnist activities, noted how enemy aircraft were able to drop a flare over the very centre of our positions, and how, on three occasions, men in British uniform acted suspiciously and may well, looking back on events, have been spies—first a Guards' colonel who asked them to break orders and take up a new position, second a brigade major who said the road was impassable when it was not, and third, a brigadier who ordered a bridge in Tournai to be blown despite protests that it was still much needed. The Yorkshiremen noted with surprise that on returning through Brussels their reception was as cordial as when they

advanced—flowers, chocolates, cigarettes were given them. "The Duke's" were the rearguard with cavalry tanks, machine guns and artillery under the C.O.'s control. On the River Senne, bridges imperfectly blown had to be blown a second time, and the Battalion waited four and half hours for the last cavalry tanks to cross. Their first major encounter with the enemy was on the Escaut, but two days earlier the brigade was thought to be in danger of being surrounded—as a brigadier holding conference in a cellar had stated. However, positions in woods which were to be held to the last before Rennix proved both strong and flexible, and by means of lorries turning up at the last moment, the Escaut was reached at Pont Achin. "The Duke's" flanks were in grave danger here on 20th May, but the Lancashire Fusiliers counter-attacked on the right and the Guards on the left, and by evening the position was stabilised. The next stand was made in the Gort line, where enemy attacks were light and much-needed rest could be taken, rest from what had passed and was to come; for the next march was one of forty-two miles in twenty hours, and all on foot except that a number of push-cycles had been got and, on these, Bren and anti-tank guns could be wheeled or ridden. The Battalion was moving from 7 p.m. till 11 a.m. next day, halted three hours at Neuve Eglise and pushed forward once more. During these days food was, on the whole, good—calves and pigs were killed and the meat boiled, cows were milked. One dish of cooked chickens was spoiled by an alarm of gas, two pigs hung on a tree wrapped in a sheet startled a sergeant-major at night. The life had its humours. On one march a Bren gun passed from the shoulders of a sergeant to a subaltern and thence to a French soldier, all three carrying it in turn.

It was on the line of the Furnes-Bergues Canal that the Battalion's main work was done. As I have said, 260 officers and men held a brigade front with orders to stay there till further notice. "Good-bye and God bless you all" were the final words of a high staff officer. It was the job of these Yorkshiresmen to hold two bridgeheads while other British and French troops went through to Dunkirk—and finely they did it. "The Duke's" held on from 28th May to 1st June. The commanding officer had thirty-five Bren armoured carriers under his orders, including those of the Coldstreams. They all fought like tigers, being moved first to one side, then the other, and next in the centre, wherever enemy pressure became greatest; and that pressure was severe, for German mortars and machine guns were within 200 yards. Six different attacks were made. "The Duke's" Battalion headquarters staff were flung into the fight till practically nobody was left, and the struggle was not improved by our artillery's ammunition being limited, as it had to be; nor by the fact that the Battalion had a woeful gap on its left flank, as was the case; nor yet by the field of fire being terribly restricted through the piling up ahead by the French of their transport of all sorts.

A platoon commander describing his position said the canal was twenty yards wide. His platoon of twenty-three men had a 500-yards front, including a factory and brewery. They took up positions in heavy rain. Artillery came and tried to knock down houses to improve the field of fire and set several ablaze. Across the bridgehead he held came two or three divisions, including French. His orders were to allow through only transport in the shape of guns, tanks, carriers and ambulances—an unpopular order with the French, so much so that he had to pull one Frenchman out of his vehicle by the nose. He tried to set fire to the vehicles massed in front to clear the view. Being short of equipment, he and his men salvaged five anti-tank rifles, nine Bren guns, a Lewis gun and four machine guns. He climbed an iron ladder on the factory and saw from fifty feet up the enemy approach—motor cycles whistling up the road. Others advanced in extended order, coming under our Bren fire and suffering severely. But from now onwards "the Duke's" positions were mortared and shelled continuously and enemy attacks made at intervals. From Thursday night to Sunday morning this platoon commander had no sleep whatever, and few others had, either. By that time half the company were casualties. The medical officer was working day and night, dozing for ten minutes at a time as he stood up and leaned against the wall. He dressed 100 men, most of whom arrived drenched to the skin. Two or three he rigged out in women's clothes, having none others dry. He started a graveyard in which he buried six, but that, too, was despoiled by shells. A shell pierced the A.D.S., killing both his orderlies as they stooped over a patient. If the doctor hadn't risen for a second to fill his syringe with morphia he, too, would have perished. "But escaping so narrowly steadied me," he said to me, "made me more fatalistic." Men had to swim from forward positions to reach him—nobody knows how the wounded got to him. But the doctor had even worse experiences down at the beach, where he rifled a brigadier's discarded valise to get sheets and blankets to cut up for bandages. He had no chloroform or dressings. Once or twice he had to use an ordinary saw to do his work. His orderly was doing most valiant work taking wounded to the ships—five or six journeys a day under shell fire. First he used a 15-cwt. truck, next a 30-cwt., which was set on fire and its tyres punctured by blazing ammunition. Finally, he got a ditched British ambulance. He helped to carry men aboard, left the stretchers there and "scrounged" others on the way back. After three days and nights of this he was switched over to another ambulance unit. "By that time," he said, "I was getting a bit tired."

Meanwhile the platoon commander I spoke of had been ordered to retire one and a half miles, and he and his men now lay on small crops among water, shelled, mortared, but still punishing the enemy, who advanced 400 yards away. Two German attempts to cross a bridge were broken up. "To move about you had to snake your way through ditches," he said, and finally, when he withdrew under orders with his last two men, they had to swim for it. "The water," he said, "was cold, except where a shell had fallen in the dyke—there it was hot."

The Duke of Wellington's finally began to withdraw to Dunkirk *via* Bray Dunes at 9 p.m. on 1st June. During that movement not a shot was fired at them. "I can only think," said a senior officer, "the Germans had run out of ammunition—either that or the good God looked after us." It was next day when most of them embarked—some by destroyer. Seventeen fires were burning in Dunkirk then. The Adjutant sailed a Thames barge across, bringing thirty men home with him. Three compasses were on board, all different. He chose the average. One lad had reached Dunkirk on a Belgian cavalry horse, another took home a canary, the survivor of three he'd had. A third carried his heavy anti-tank rifle to Halifax, delivered it to the quartermaster, saying, "Here it is, and I'd like a receipt for it." That was typical of "the Duke's" to the end, Yorkshire and humorous and tough.

I met them again guarding the English coast the other day. "He'll get a belting if he comes here," they said, referring to the enemy. No doubt about that.

When the Regiment's doctor was working in a house on the promenade at Dunkirk he was asked to have a cup of tea across the road with some other officers. While doing so the house next door was hit by a bomb, and several people were killed and injured. Men were fastened beneath beams. One dead man was preventing the extrication of a live one, and the doctor had to take a saw and cut off the dead man's head to free the other. Another man was trapped by the arm, and the doctor was asked to amputate the arm. He had only the saw and a piece of string—no chloroform or even morphia. He decided against the operation and, later, the man was extricated. While the work of rescue was on, the top half of the house was hanging, so to speak, by a thread. That overhanging house worried men more than the bombs and shells.

"The Duke's" finally marched three deep up the Mole at Dunkirk. By that time organisation had been so much improved in embarkation that 4,000 to 5,000 men were got away in a few hours. As they got near the ships the Navy were shouting—"Double up!"

A senior officer of "the Duke's" said, "Our men never put a foot wrong. A third to a half of them were reservists who'd seen service in India." This officer added that one prisoner they took was only fourteen and a half years old, but very big for his age. He said he had read a R.A.F. communique in which it was recorded that in a captured enemy plane the navigator and gunner were both girls. This, admittedly, sounds incredible.

Two Thames barges were used, among other craft, to bring the Yorkshiremen home. One was full of petrol tins and, anticipating bombing, a number were thrown overboard before it was discovered that what they held was not petrol, but rum.

For some weeks before the invasion the C.O.'s driver had been virtually farming a small French farm near the Gort line—a farm from which the menfolk had been called up. During the retreat through Belgium he visited it and found it deserted, but with the four milking cows and two horses still there. "I thought what a lot of work I'd done for Jerry," he said to me. We talked about his adventures and escapes from enemy fire. He said, "It all seems a long while ago now—it's unreal now." Yet this is only two months afterwards. One day he saw a wounded man crawling along the road to the dressing station. Suddenly shells dropped in front and behind him, and this man, who was on hands and knees, leapt to his feet and dived into a ditch full of water. "I had to laugh," he said, "at the way he suddenly came to life."

A good many civilians were in Dunkirk right to the end, and many injured ones were attended by "the Duke's" doctor. He had six of them in one ambulance, including an old man turned eighty. A captain describing his feelings under shell fire said, "I never felt so lonely and insignificant. But if anybody had told me I could go through it and feel so comparatively unperturbed I should not have believed him. I was Liaison Officer, and once had to swim up ditches with orders." Another officer who had a gruelling time said the danger didn't worry him—the prospect of action was always a tonic to him.

It's clear that most men were not frightened as they expected to be.

A sergeant-major who marched fifty-four miles in twenty-eight hours said, "At the end we were marching fit. We'd got used to it." At Dunkirk he swam out to sea to bring men back from the water when he saw that the chances of their getting away that night were hopeless.

When lying out in a wet field beyond Dunkirk among small crops an officer saw a man bob up five yards ahead. He was wearing a blue suit and blue shirt, but he had a rifle and steel helmet. He was one of "the Duke's." He had been wet through and changed his clothes. This officer said, "Even in the Gort line I saw some of our chaps digging in bowler hats." A private finally arrived in Sheffield still in civilian clothes—Belgian riding-breeches and shirt and blue jacket. "Oh, I didn't know I was getting a refugee," said a woman on whom he was billeted.

The C.O. walked along the Mole carrying two men's overcoats. He thought one rather heavy and found there were fifty live rounds in the pocket.

A private said, "When we were short of water I milked some cows and the officers had a drink of whisky and milk."

When the colonel was doing a reconnaissance near the Bergues Canal he ran across an artillery officer also doing a reconnaissance. They had been together in the military form at Dulwich College twenty-six years before and hadn't seen each other in the interval.

Not all the wounded could be got away from Dunkirk. The divisional general in command had finally to make the choice whether he would get the fit men away or the wounded. It was a hard choice. He chose the fit.

It is of "the Duke's" that two stories are told—first of the private who fell with a sack of loaves into a canal. He clambered out. All he said was, "They'll have sponge cake to-night." The other is of the lone private on the North-West Frontier with an intractable mule. He looked at it for a long time. "And to think," he muttered finally, "as God put two o' you into th' Ark."

Obituary.

We regret to record the following deaths :—

BRIDGE.—On 30th June, 1943, at St. Thomas's Hospital, Godalming, Surrey, of typhoid fever, Lt.-Col. Harold Bridge, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 38 years. The above was reported in our last issue, but we were unable to obtain details of Colonel Bridge's service; we are grateful to Lt.-Col. Howcroft for the following appreciation :—

"Harold Bridge joined the 7th Battalion late in 1925 as one of a trio of young subalterns who played an increasingly large part in the Battalion. He was a capable and unfailingly popular officer, and an excellent rifle shot, in fact he was a member of the Battalion rifle team throughout his service, and once, in an emergency, qualified as a first class rangetaker after some ten minutes' hurried instruction before the test. By the outbreak of war he was junior major commanding "C" Company, and had been chosen to attend the first war-time staff course. He then went successively to a staff appointment in the West Riding Area, as brigade major to a Welsh brigade, as instructor at the Junior Staff College, and finally, early this year, as G.S.O.1 at the War Office. During a holiday this summer both he and his wife contracted typhoid. Harold died, and his wife, to whom we owe all our sympathy, was ill for months. His friends, and they are many, were gratified but not surprised by his success as a staff officer, and now mourn the loss of a most promising officer, a pleasant companion, and a delightful personality."

CLARKE.—On 25th October, 1943, at the City General Hospital, York, following a seizure four days previously, Mr. W. J. Clarke, M.C., late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Mr. Clarke was transferred from the 5th Lancers to The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, being claimed by his brother, and joined the 2nd Battalion in South Africa on 27th May, 1895. He took part in the Mashonaland campaign of 1896 with "F" Company, was present at the assault and capture of Mashongunbi's kraal, and received the Rhodesian medal. He proceeded with the 2nd Battalion to India in December, 1897, and served with them at Bangalore, Rangoon, Lebong, Dinapore and Barrackpore. He was transferred to the 1st Battalion when they arrived at Lebong in October, 1905, and served with them at various stations until 1st August, 1911, when he was discharged medically unfit, with the rank of colour-sergeant. He then joined the Birmingham branch of the Corps of Commissionaires, and on 9th September, 1914, re-enlisted and was posted as company sergeant major to the 10th Battalion. He was granted a temporary commission on 12th June, 1915, and proceeded to Gallipoli with the Battalion in September, 1915. He saw service there and in Egypt and France, until wounded (right arm disabled) on the Somme on 29th September, 1916. He was awarded the Military Cross in the *London Gazette* of 14th November, 1916. After recovering from his wound, he served as assistant instructor at the Tyne Garrison School from April to November, 1917, and at the Command Depot, Alnwick, from the latter month until February, 1919, being demobilised on 22nd March, 1919. He then settled with his family in York, and in 1935, when a local committee was formed to assist Lt.-Col. C. W. G. Ince in administering the Regimental Chapel in York Minster, he was appointed a member. He took his duties very seriously, and was a most valuable and conscientious assistant. Many of our readers will remember his constant attendance at the Memorial Chapel, acting as a guide to members of the Regiment who visited it. Mr. Clarke was married to Miss May Neill, eldest daughter of the late Bandmaster D. Neill, late of the 1st Battalion, at Ranikhet, India, on 26th August, 1908. They had one daughter, Sheila, born in the Regiment at Dagshai, in October, 1909, and now Mrs. Griffith Jones. His widow and daughter both survive him.

DE BALINHARD.—Killed in action in Sicily on 28th July, 1943, Lt. S. C. de Balinhard, son of Lt.-Col. J. C. de Balinhard, late commanding officer of the 1st Battalion The Yorkton Regiment, Canadian Military Forces. Lt. de Balinhard was born at Yorkton, Sask., on 13th March, 1909, and farmed in the Yorkton district for some years before the war. He served in the 16th C.L.H. and obtained his commission in June, 1932. In 1940 he transferred to the "Princess Pat's," and in 1942 returned to Canada as an instructor until January, 1943, when he returned to his regiment overseas. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Iris Alice de Balinhard, and four sons.

KEMPSTER.—Killed on active service on 21st August, 1943, in North Africa, Major André Gilbert Kempster, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. The citation of the award of the George Cross to Major Kempster for the gallant action in which he met his death is printed on page 18. The following is an appreciation by his late commanding officer :—

"All who knew him will have been very glad to hear the announcement in November that the George Cross has been awarded posthumously to André Kempster. His self-sacrificing action, which he must have known would entail certain death, has been fully reported in the official citation of the award. André was posted to the Battalion of the Dukes which I was in the process of raising in July, 1940. He joined as a second lieutenant, but his qualities as a leader and his quick mental reactions impressed themselves upon me from the outset, and in a few weeks he found himself as a company commander with the rank of captain. About a year later I took him as my adjutant. Well as he had done as a company commander, his special abilities of organisation became even more marked as an adjutant, which post he held with considerable success until I relinquished command to return to the staff in April, 1942. His abilities were quickly approved by my successor, who took an early opportunity to promote him to major. André Kempster was one of the keenest young officers I have ever met. He possessed a most determined character, and was never content to issue an order without satisfying himself that it was carried out in full. In fact he went all out in all he did, on the rugged ground, or on other occasions. He was, I believe, due to have gone to the Staff College, where he would undoubtedly have done exceedingly well. His death is a great loss to the Regiment and to the Army, which can ill afford it, but the sympathy of the Regiment will assuredly go out in particular to his wife and mother in their sorrow and pride."

KINGTON.—On 2nd September, 1943, at Nottingham, Lt.-Col. Stuart Brabazon Kington, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 47. Colonel Kington was born on 8th September, 1896, and joined the 3rd Battalion on 17th March, 1915. In the following year he went out to France and served with the 2nd Battalion, when he was twice wounded. From March, 1917, to March, 1918, he served as an observer with the R.F.C., and was further employed under the Air Ministry until February, 1919. After some service with the 1st Battalion he joined the West African Frontier Force, serving with it from March, 1923, until March, 1925, rejoining the 1st Battalion at Gosport. From 1st November, 1930, until 31st October, 1934, he served as adjutant to the 4th Battalion at Halifax; on completion he went out to India to the 2nd Battalion, and with them saw active service on the North-West Frontier (Loe Agra and Mohmand expeditions) in 1935. Early in 1938 he was posted to the Depot. He joined the — Battalion on being promoted major on 1st August, 1938, and went out to France with them, and on 4th February, 1940, assumed command of the Battalion with the acting rank of lieutenant-colonel, being granted temporary rank on 4th May, 1940. He commanded the Battalion during the operations in Belgium leading up to the evacuation of Dunkirk, and brought his Battalion back to England. For his service he was mentioned in despatches in the *London Gazette* of 20th December, 1940. Referring to this work, his brigadier stated that he was "proud to have under his command such a magnificent Battalion. Their efficiency and determination were in keeping with the highest traditions of the Regiment. The Battalion never once gave any ground away unless ordered to do so, and they inflicted serious loss on the enemy." He was in possession of the British War and Victory medals and the North-West Frontier of India medal and clasp. Colonel Kington was twice married, his first wife dying at Halifax on 16th August, 1939. In June, 1940, he was married to Miss Enid Mary Chapman, who survives him.

The officer commanding his old Battalion writes:—"Twenty-two years ago almost to the day, I joined this Battalion, and was met at Tidworth station by the orderly officer, who was Stuart Kington. I always remember his kindness to me on that rather awe-inspiring occasion, and it is a great shock to hear of his death.

"Stuart was a particularly vivid personality, and always took a prominent place in Regimental life before the war. All his friends were so pleased when he got command of this Battalion in France early in 1940, and that he had the honour of commanding it when it did so well in the Dunkirk operations. I got my last letter from Stuart only the day before yesterday, and he had expressed such pride and interest in the news of this Battalion's exploits in Tunisia that I was able to send him. All the surviving members of the Battalion who served under him are deeply grieved to hear the news of his untimely end."

MORTIMER.—In October, 1943, at St. Luke's Hospital, Bradford, Mr. (ex-Sgt.) Byron Mortimer, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Mr. Mortimer enlisted at Halifax on 3rd July, 1907, and after service with the 2nd Battalion at home, joined the 1st Battalion in India in January, 1910. He saw service with them there and in Afghanistan, and in 1919 came home with them and served in Gibraltar and in England. He was discharged at his own request in 1926, after over 18 years' service. He was in possession of the King George's Durbar medal, the British War medal, the Indian General Service medal "Afghanistan 1919," and the Long Service and Good Conduct medal. He had been ill for three years, and he leaves a widow and four children; one son is serving in the Regiment and a daughter has been recently discharged from the A.T.S.

ERRATUM.

We regret that in the obituary notice of the late Mrs. Vaughan Jenkins on page 121 of our last issue, the date of her marriage was given as 1876; this should have been 1879.

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