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THE IRON DUKE

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

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

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	49
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON	49
 REGIMENTAL NEWS—	
— BATTALION	50
— BATTALION	56
— BATTALION	57
D.W.R. INFANTRY TRAINING CENTRE	59
DECORATIONS	62
 GENERAL—	
OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS	63
THE REGIMENTAL WAR MEMORIAL CHAPEL	64
D.W.R. PRISONERS OF WAR FUND	64
CONNAUGHT MEMORIAL FUND	65
RELICS OF THE LATE CAPTAIN THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON	66
MEDALS OF THE LATE SERGEANT-MAJOR C. WALLER, 33RD FOOT	66
A LETTER OF APPRECIATION	67
REGIMENTAL SALUTE	68
LETTER FROM MALTA	68
BREATHLESS FERDINAND OR THE SECRET WEAPON. By O. P.	71
OUR CONTEMPORARIES	72
EXPERIENCES OF A NAVAL OFFICER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. By Lt. R. C. OLIVER, D.S.C., R.N.	74
PERSONALIA	76
QUESTION TIME IN THE HOUSE. By CLIVE TERRY	79
REVIEWS	80
CLAW THEM DOWN. By P. M. L.	81
STAFF OFFICER—FEMALE. By C. R. G. and C. B. ACWORTH	83
CORRESPONDENCE	84
OBITUARY	85

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

LT.-COLONEL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON	<i>Frontispiece</i>
RELICS OF THE LATE CAPTAIN THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON	FACING PAGE 66
THE EMPRESS OF INDIA MEDAL	67
CARTOONS :						SEE PAGES
“IT MUST BE COFFEE.” By S. F. SWIFT	65
“NOT TOO LITTLE.” By S. F. SWIFT	70
A SIDELIGHT ON THE DESERT CAMPAIGN, 1942. By J. C. B.	73
“HEY HO. HEY HO.” By Lt. BURNAND	73



LT.-COLONEL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE IRON DUKE

EDITORIAL.

As we write on 15th May all thoughts are overshadowed by the lull before what will probably be the greatest clash of arms in the history of the British Empire, and consequently events that would be of interest in normal times seem almost trivial. Little of importance too in our Regimental life can be recorded owing to the strictness of the censorship; but it can now be stated that one of our Battalions has been engaged in the Anzio Beachhead, and have suffered casualties. Several decorations have been awarded to members of this Battalion and are recorded on another page of this issue. At the moment no further details may be given.

An event of importance has been the broadcast of a message by the Colonel of the Regiment, which is printed on page 68 of this number.

The Duke of Wellington.

Lt.-Colonel Gerald Wellesley, M.C., succeeded his nephew, the late Captain The Duke of Wellington, on the latter's death in action on 16th September, 1943; and became the seventh Duke of Wellington. He was born in Ireland on 21st August, 1885, the third son of the fourth Duke. He was educated at Eton and entered the Diplomatic Service in September, 1908, and served for four years in Russia, two in Turkey and four in Rome. In 1919 he retired to follow the practice of architecture, and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Institute of Architects in 1928. In reply to the Government appeal for an Emergency Reserve of Officers, he volunteered in the autumn of 1938. He was commissioned in the Grenadier Guards on 16th September, 1939, and in November went out to France, where he served until the evacuation in 1940, except for a period of two months' special duty in England during February and March. In June, 1940, he was appointed to the staff of the Scottish Command, and after other appointments was transferred to the Middle East in October, 1941, to organise "I" training. In June, 1942, he was transferred to Civil Affairs Branch in Italian East Africa, serving as Senior Political Officer at Asmara, with the rank of Lt.-Colonel, from November, 1942, until May, 1943, when he accompanied the Sicilian expedition, landing with the assault troops on 10th July, 1943. He took over the administration of Syracuse on its capture next day, and of Catania early in August. On his succession to the Dukedom in September he returned to England, and in December was released from the Army to attend to private affairs. The Duke was married in 1914 to Dorothy Violet, daughter of the late Robert Ashton of Croughton, Cheshire, and has a son and daughter. The son, Arthur Valerian Wellesley, now the Marquess Douro, M.C., was born on 2nd July, 1915, and is a captain in the Household Cavalry; he has served in Middle East, where he won his M.C.

Both the Duke and the Duchess are authors; publications by the former include "The Iconography of the First Duke of Wellington" and "The Diary of a Desert Journey," while the Duchess as Lady Gerald Wellesley has published several books of poems and a biography.

Since the above was written, the Duke has been appointed a member of the Commission set up to advise on measures for securing the restitution of works of art, etc., stolen by the enemy.

REGIMENTAL NEWS

Although we are no longer permitted to say in our notes who, what or where we are, and consequently find difficulty in getting material of sufficient interest for publication, there is quite a bit of activity to report since we last appeared in THE IRON DUKE.

Early in the year, we changed our location from There to Here, and the Battalion seems divided in its opinion whether This is a better billet than That was (Isn't censorship wonderful?). However, we are well housed, with the "Brains" centrally situated in just the very place they have no doubt been consigned to by rifle company personnel on scores of occasions—a gaol-like workhouse!

Two companies—superior people these—are away out on the other side of the town while the babes are in the next village. Major Kavanagh's indent for buckets and spades was, however, frowned on by our worthy Q.M.—Lt. "Stick Tight" Temple—but in spite of this we are happy to report that both Major K. and the children are doing well.

In addition to a change of location, though, we have changed C.O.'s twice. Shortly after our last notes had been sent off to the Editor, Lt.-Col. L. E. B. left us after two years in a "very happy command"—his own words.

Shouts of "mush" and the howls of huskies heralded his successor who came to us fresh from his triumphs with the Moscow Military Mission. He very soon made himself at home, and the way he "shifted his grandfather's grave" on guest nights will long be remembered in the Officers' Mess. He stayed with us about two months and then went on a leave from which he never returned. In his place we got a C.O. from another regiment.

Of all things, just imagine! Was there such a thing as another regiment? On leave, we'd seen soldiers walking about with odd cap badges but we'd never given it a thought. Well, the great day arrived and Col. — stepped out of his car and from that minute he became a "Duke" in every sense of the word. He identified himself with the Regiment literally down to the last button and was one of us within five seconds. As a matter of fact, we are sure that if he ever goes sick it will be with an attack of elephantiasis! We get on together like a house on fire and all ranks are praying that the Battle Shack has made its final choice.

But that's not all. We've changed second-in-command twice too! Major Sydney Whipp left us after serving continuously with the Battalion since 1923 and Major Roy Exham, from Staff College, took his place. He stayed with us until a few weeks ago, when he left to take a well deserved command. Good luck, Roy, wherever you may go. Your stay with us was a happy one for all concerned. In his place, another Staff College "don" in the person of Major H. C. B. Cook, of the South Staffords, has joined us, and he too seems to be settling down nicely, thank you.

We offer our congratulations to C.S.Ms. W. Wootton and W. Radley who have both received C.-in-C's certificates for gallantry and merit, respectively. C.S.M. Wootton made a plucky but unfortunately unsuccessful attempt to rescue Pte. Place from drowning last year, and C.S.M. Radley has given the Battalion many years of loyal service both before and during the war, as his steady climb up the ladder shows. Congratulations also to the following for their awards of the Africa Star and 1939-43 Star:—Sgt. J. Robinson, Cpls. Tremeer and Myers, L/Cpl. Tabor, Ptes. Abell, Hodgett, Keymer, W. Lilley, H. Moore, E. Ray, Spencer, W. Wainwright, Weedy, Coleshill, J. Dixon, Gluck, Hobbins and Wilford (1939-43 Star), Ptes. Bacon and Smith (Africa Star). Many more are pending but have not yet "come through."

Our sympathy is extended to the families of Lt. Hall, Pte. Seddon, Pte. Watson and Pte. Baxter. Lt. D. Hall, our Carrier Platoon second-in-command, was killed in

the recent train smash at Ilford whilst proceeding on a course; Pte. Seddon of "A" Company and Pte. Watson of "C" Company were killed in accidents whilst training with their companies, and Pte. Baxter of SP. Company died as a result of injuries received whilst watching a mines demonstration. More about personalities will be found under the Officers, Sergeants and Company notes below.

In the field of sport it can be frankly said that we have done better.

Our rugger and soccer teams were both defeated in the first rounds of the Divisional K.O. competitions for those sports, but these disappointments were offset by the excellent results attained by our boxing team, who won through to the semi-final of the Divisional competition before they were narrowly beaten by the R.E.

Training has proceeded apace these last few months, and a particularly hectic period culminated in an inspection by General Montgomery, who confirmed our own opinion of ourselves by saying that, in his opinion, we were ready for anything! There was, however, just one thing we hadn't done and so we did it. We spent a rather chilly week under canvas, and at the end of that period felt that our training really was complete. It was a most interesting week for all concerned.

Our social activities, meanwhile, have not been neglected. At Christmas the usual festivities took place, and since our arrival in our new area weekly dances have been held at all billets. A feature of these efforts has been the posters advertising them—surely, Lt. F. A. Gardner, you'll be running out of ideas soon.

Before winding up the introductory part of these notes, our congratulations must be given to the Doc. and his S.B's, who brought honour to themselves and us by walking away with the first place in the Divisional first aid competition—no mean feat.

OFFICERS' MESS.

The changes in C.O's. and second-in-commands seem to have been fully covered above, but may we also add our own greetings to Col. — and Major Cook. Long may they reign.

Greetings also to Lts. Hodge, Alexander, Hick, Duncan, Riddle, Birch and Wood. An old stalwart rejoined us in the person of Tom Hibbert, but with his arrival an equally old stalwart left us when Leslie Gillison went air liaising. Good luck, Gilly—when we heard of the R.A.F.'s new 12,000 pounder we knew at once what they meant. Tom stayed with us a few months and then the elusive individual went off again—this time as a staff learner. We were sorry to see him go if only for his extensive knowledge of the Leave Manual. His tips on "Leave and How to Get It" are already being missed. The pocket thunderbolt, Hoppy, departed for a spell with paratroops but returned a sadder, wiser and broken man. Young Brewer followed him. Ken Hounsfeld has gone to a higher formation to join our galaxy at that particular establishment, and Lt. Burnand has also disappeared.

Promotion has been fast and furious. Congratulations to Bernard, Barrym, J. K. I., Denis, Hugh and Steve. Bernard also figures in the list of newly-weds along with Jim Hallsworth. We were all expecting to have John Pyrah's name amongst this list as well, but he hasn't done the trick yet. He'll never have sufficient money to do it in our opinion—not if his night 'phone bill is anything to go by. There is no truth, however, in the rumour that the G.P.O. are laying a special line from here to the Wrennery on his behalf. "Q" and Jack Illingworth are sporting 1939-43 Stars—now, in the latter case, the girls just don't stand a chance at all. Frank Gardner has acquired a pair of "long boots" and there's no holding him. The man really thinks he's one of us but he's not—until he can pronounce the word "Hafnarfjordur" properly. Frank Scholes, that acme of sartorial perfection, is the father of a baby girl and since the news, his moustache—although still an awesome thing—seems to have become aware of its responsibilities.

We were all deeply moved at the loss of Lt. Hall in the recent Essex train accident. Don was always cheery and affable and will be missed by us all.

Our Christmas festivities were enjoyed by all, and in passing, let it be said that the night the sergeants invited us to all indoor sports—well, nearly all—from shove ha'penny to darts—is still remembered. Incidentally we more than held our own and we notice that they haven't been quite so free with their challenges since.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

I suppose it must be expected in war time to have so many changes in Mess members, and to record them all would entail writing an extremely long list of names. Among the new quarter blokes are to be found C.Q.M.S. Wilson (the Wimbledon wonder) and "Braces" Poolman. With regard to the latter, it is generally conceded that he has increased in figure since his appointment—rather in the manner of the strong man adverts.—it's probably something to do with U.P.D.R. C.S.M. Fagan, who had been with us so long that he was regarded as a part of the G.1098, has left us and is now putting light infantrymen through their paces; we all wish him success in his new job and at the same time offer our congratulations to his successor in Charlie Company—C.S.M. Radley. Norman Taylor, who is now a C.S.M. (O.R.S.), still keeps very much in touch with us, and assures us that his post isn't the "piece of cake" that many had been led to believe. He is of the opinion that Goering's Luftwaffe has a personal enmity against him and is doing its best to keep him out of bed at nights. Those legions that know "Piggy" Milhenc will be glad to hear that he is the proud father of a future "Duke." He still seems as carefree as ever.

Training is proceeding apace and we are all very busy, but we have of course increased our "panel" of experts who disappear into the blue on courses and as suddenly reappear bursting with knowledge and advice. Foremost amongst these are Sgts. "Pretty boy" Fisher and "Kiwi" Charlesworth, whose list of qualifications have reached an alarming length. It is embarrassing too for the latter to be toasted as "one of our gallant Indian allies." At the same time a complexion like his will be useful in future "ops." He has no need to use camouflage cream.

We had four members of the Mess in the team which succeeded in winning through to the semi-finals of the Divisional boxing tournament, and the Mess was also well represented in the Battalion rugger team, the side including R.S.M. G. Townend, C.S.M. Wootton, Sgt. Charlesworth, Sgt. Nicholls and Sgt. (B.L.R.) Woolley, our R.E.M.E. armourer.

Once again we have to thank all our ex-members who keep in touch with present members of the Mess and hope that they will continue to let us know of their progress. Last week, for instance, we heard from Sgt. John Taylor, our ex-mortar wizard, who now holds the rank of C.S.M. in India. We all offer our congratulations.

Finally, for all the officers say regarding our "Tourney," it was more like taking candy from a baby. The only games the officers won was by the illegal use of the adjutant "genie"—a peculiar gremlinlike little body who can apparently produce anything at any given moment.

COMPANY NOTES.

"A" COMPANY.—Cheerfully convinced that they now lead the Battalion in other things besides route marches, "A" Company have followed the battle pennants of Capt. Scholes's moustache rampart north, south, west and—some day soon we may suppose—east. When that day comes the Company will take it with their customary *sangfroid*. Having carried out most of our training to the accompaniment of bagpipes—sometimes mercifully distant, sometimes painfully near—we felt that nothing the Boche have can shake us.

The latest recruit to the Company is Capt. Scholes's small daughter—too small yet to have an official name. Recruits are always welcome and we congratulate Capt.

and Mrs. Scholes on their addition to the Company strength. Congratulations are due also to Ptes. R. Shields, Hodgett and F. Wild who have recently become proud fathers.

For some time past Lt. J. Jameson has been second-in-command of the Company, and we take this opportunity of welcoming him. How we managed for housewives, boot repairs and other vital administrative matters before he came is a mystery. Another newcomer is Lt. John Hick, who has quickly made himself at home in the Company. Lt. Robert Hayes (Sniper) Smith's protégés continue to infest all our schemes. It is now impossible to move a yard in "A" Company without being sniped. Sgt. Parkin and his platoon of hobgoblins solve the problem by covering the entire battle area with smoke.

Recent promotions include:—L/Cpls. Nield, Stewart, McCann, Storey, Hallas, Turner, Ormerod, Wainwright, Johnson and L/Sgts. Judge and Hocking. L/Sgts. Finan and Higginbottom went to sergeants. More power to their elbows, not that they carry an extra stripe. Ptes. V. Smith and Simister have taken the momentous step of matrimony and we wish them well.

We regret to record the death of Pte. Seddon who was killed in an accident recently. We were very sorry to lose a first class sniper and offer our condolences to his mother. Ptes. Kalaher, Sedgewick and Hamer, who were injured in the same accident, are now well on the way to recovery.

"B" COMPANY.—With Major Kilner still at the helm, we have steered our course through another strenuous period, which has taken us through wind and rain and many uncomfortable "wetshods," until now we rest on our laurels, almost bewildered at the realisation that the sun still shines. But we can take it—and when the time comes we shall give it—"B" for Best.

One heard on our arrival in more civilised climes a story of a "lofty" C.S.M. being accosted by a small boy politely offering him the loan of a bucket and spade—but, unfortunately, he preferred his collection of picks and shovels.

Congratulations to Major Kilner and Capt. Le Messurier on their promotion, and to all other ranks who have gained worthy recognition of their ability.

As to sport, Company activities have been rather limited, but we are still open to all challengers at football, and we are pretty good—ask the Navy. We have been well represented at rugger and boxing and all our chaps have acquitted themselves well. Unfortunately Sgt. "Stand Easy" discovered whilst playing rugger that a flying tackle can considerably injure one's shoulder.

On Friday nights it is a pleasure to see the spectacle of "Those" and "Trundle" shaking a wicked hip around the "crowded" dance hall where "B" Company offers open house to the locals. However, we all await the signal for the final kick at Hitler's pants, for when the boys of "B" kick, they kick very hard. We wish good luck to everyone.

"C" COMPANY.—We extend a welcome to 2nd Lts. R. B. Birch and W. G. Wood, new arrivals in the Battalion, and are glad to see back Lt. W. A. Hopkinson, who has returned to foot-slogging after many months of riding with guns and dropping from the skies. Days of having a surplus of officers are, however, numbered, and we have to bid farewell to Lt. G. N. Burnand, who departs to a more artistic life in the Army. Another loss to the Company is that of C.S.M. Fagan, who has been a loyal "C" Company stalwart since his Territorial days and who now has gone to learn to drill in quick time. To both of them we wish all the best of luck in the future. As successor to the latter we are fortunate in having C.S.M. Radley to whom we offer congratulations on his promotion and on his being awarded a well-merited certificate of good service by the C.-in-C. A welcome, too, to C.Q.M.S. Poolman, who has returned to the Company as custodian of our G.1098.

In one of the rare accidents sustained by the Battalion on training, Pte. T. Watson

was killed, and Pte. S. Foster seriously injured when a shell burst close to them. Both are sadly missed by their numerous friends in the Company. To the relatives of the former we offer our deepest sympathy and wish Foster a speedy recovery. On that occasion, Sgt. Higgs, L/Cpl. Wright and Ptes. Cooke, Hampton and Slaney, who were all in the immediate proximity of the wounded men, continued to execute their duties and were afterwards commended by the Divisional Commander. Good show!

Intense training has interfered with a regular sporting programme, but we have reason to be proud of ourselves whenever we have been given the opportunity to show our paces. A company to be reckoned with on the football field, we came in third in a well-contested cross country race, where only a narrow margin of points lay between the winners and us, with the rest nowhere. Ptes. Hildreth, Gibson and R. Thompson are all to be complimented on being in the first five home. At the Divisional semi-final boxing contest Sgt. Higgs not only won his fight but was conspicuous for his "copy book" style.

"D" COMPANY.—Since making our last appearance in the Regimental chronicles, affairs have moved at a fast speed with us. Having successfully overcome our teething troubles we have been so well nursed into a corporate force that we have managed to win the Battalion cross country competition and, although our soccer leaves much room for improvement, we provided no less than six members of the Battalion boxing team which has fought its hard way to the Divisional semi-finals. This has done much to convince our discomfited critics that there must be something in Glaxo after all; the town chemists report a sharp increase in the sales of that delightful food—mainly to heavily disguised officers and generally after dark.

Food remains our principal problem, for however satisfactory our military and physical efficiency, our table manners show a sad lack of regard for the usual niceties of polite society. The C.Q.M.S.'s life is an endless procession of P.1954 charges for forks and (we blush to say) knives bitten right through by over-eager teeth. However, by the fortunate purchase (for 9d.) of a copy of "Dos and Dont's at the Dinner Table," visible progress is being made against the prejudices of a lifetime.

These disadvantages are of a minor nature, however, and merely serve to throw into sharp relief the fact that the men of "D" Company have learned to march and soldier as well as, if not better than, others years their senior. When the present training period is over we hope to be able to show the enemy as well-knit a company team as there is in the Regiment.

As members of this team we welcome Lts. Riddle and Alexander, but say a reluctant farewell to Lts. Brewer and Hounsfeld (both to higher spheres in more than one sense). Congratulations on their promotion to L/Sgts. Le Cornu and Swanwick, Cpls. Dunleavy and Russell and all the many lance-corporals.

"H.Q." COMPANY.—Since our last contribution there are not many changes to note, and not many interesting episodes have occurred. We have, in the past few months, taken part in such training and have found time for little else. We congratulate our S.B. section on a brilliant win in the Divisional S.B. competition. A very good show. Further congratulations we offer to Capt. Scarlett on his promotion. We are now able to disclose that, after months of research behind locked doors, our Lt. "Marconi" Driver has at last emerged triumphantly into the light of day, proudly displaying a crystal set which almost works. Congrats., George!! Capt. "Shoulders" Hibbert is away from the Company for a spell, Capt. "Shake" Pyrah having taken over the reins in addition to his duties as T.O. We fondly hope that he is getting pay for both jobs; he'll need it when he receives his telephone account!!

The powers that be were astounded the other day when L/Cpl. "Quiz" May appeared on parade, complete to home scale, and in battle order. They were further astounded to learn that this elusive N.C.O. staggered to the firing point and produced an 8-inch group

avec grandeur. It is perfectly true that Sgt. "Powder" Bolton, with useful assistance from our C.S.M. (Sanku) Chadwick, managed to roll up and safely bring home all the white lines between the local and our billet. They were re-laid with vigour and accuracy in the C.S.M's bunk. We sincerely hope we shall have more news to offer in our next effort. Our publicity hounds have already been briefed.

"S.P." COMPANY.—We, in this heterogeneous yet happy Company, have observed much water to flow under the bridge since sending in our last notes. Under the somewhat harassed but always kindly leadership of our Company Commander we have weathered many military storms, amounting at times to gale force. But Ben has held the helm firmly in both hands and steered us safely through various moves, exercises, schemes and co-operations despite many other duties he has had to perform.

Anti-tank have also had one or two changes. Dead shots with their guns, they continue with their up and down existence, and appear able to keep most of their vehicles on the road in spite of many handicaps. Versatility seems to be the keynote of the platoon. Their new leader has come direct as one might say from the microphone to the telescopic sight, and can be as quickfirin' with one as with the other. The gargantuan second-in-command combines an exhaustive knowledge of the internal combustion engine with an ability to take people on P.T. or drive them into the ground like tent-pegs. And the lads are a good lot and working well.

Mortars, as ever, are quietly efficient and bang up to date. Their shoots are a delight to see. In fact the shooting of all the platoons in their various orbits has been commended by higher quarters. Lt. Ross, overcoming the difficulty of our new infantry hat, which has caused much sardonic comment as far as he is concerned, has an excellent team working with him.

And the Pioneers, ever useful whether in the field or in barracks, continue to show us the way through minefields, or anywhere else for that matter. Their signature tune is "The Song of the Jeep," inspired no doubt by their musical and voracious platoon commander, Danny, who is a wizard of the keyboard.

To turn to more serious matters, and in a note of regretful valediction, we have been deeply moved by the loss of Lt. Hall in a train accident; and then on training, we had another very sad accident which resulted in the death of Pte. Baxter, our efficient and esteemed company runner. Everyone had a good word for him and we all wish it could have been otherwise.

The Sergeant-Major, strong, silent and modest, has not let it be generally known that he has received an award for gallantry from the Commander-in-Chief. We heartily congratulate him on this achievement. The C.Q.M.S. is always helpful, whether it be in musical matters or in the field. There are many notable figures that deserve some sort of mention, but we never were a mutual admiration society, though their work is much appreciated by all. It is sufficient to say that they play a large part in all Battalion activities, whether it be training, rowing, boxing, football, or may we say, the arts.

SERVICE.

A record to be proud of is that held by the family of Pte. W. Cook of "A" Company. He, his father and grandfather have between them a total of 60 years' service with this Battalion.

His grandfather, C/Sgt. E. Cook, served from 1875 until 1906, was six times a marksman and was the proud possessor of the Volunteer Long Service medal. Cook's father enlisted on 7th April, 1900, and was discharged on 6th April, 1916; and Cook himself has served continuously since 1931 and has the Territorial Army efficiency medal.

The Regiment has settled down to a routine life in a foreign land. We lined the route when H.M. the King visited North Africa. He drove slowly through the ranks of the Regiment and so for the second time in less than six months we were able to cheer him heartily, and feel inspired by his presence amongst us.

André's gallant action which cost him his life, and for which he was awarded a posthumous George Cross, has been reported in a previous issue, and we all miss him sadly. He was a fine soldier and a true friend; and a gravestone, suitably inscribed, has been placed in Herbillon Cemetery.

We are at present all feeling a great sense of personal loss as Lt.-Col. Jackson has left us to take up another appointment. He came to us as second-in-command and shortly before we came overseas he was, to our great delight, made C.O. We had come to know him as a most efficient officer, and a very human man. These qualities showed themselves still more strongly in the days that followed, and when we were called upon to fight the enemy he showed himself to be a great tactician. He never spared himself for one moment if he could help anyone in the Regiment. His familiar figure will for a long while be missed, and everyone will feel the loss of a real friend. His parting act was to present a flag to the Regiment with the Duke's Regimental crest and our present badge on it. When he left he drove along the road and every available officer and man was there to cheer him to the echo.

We shall also miss Archie, who left at the same time. His cheerful bright manner and ever ready eagerness for a party saved many a dull moment. We wish him luck, as also we do to Ding, who will be able to produce as many inventions as he likes now.

To our many newcomers we offer a hearty welcome and especially to Henry Tobin, who took André's place.

We were very pleased to see Benny Hearsam for a few days. By a happy coincidence the rucker team of the — Battalion of the Duke's paid us a two-day visit, starting on Cambrai Day. They arrived at mid-day and were just in time to sit down to a dish of roast pork. In the afternoon there were some Regimental sports (of a very comic nature), and the high spot of the afternoon was a series of donkey races. Doc. had been very busy collecting and then de-lousing these animals, and had gathered a small collection of enthusiastic stable boys around him, and whilst tips were freely offered, it is sufficient to say that Tiny won heavily as the king of the tote. It was decided eventually that the art of riding a local donkey was to sit almost on its tail and waggle your feet in an idle manner.

During the summer everyone took all available opportunities of having a bathe. The Med. is a paradise for those keen on swimming or bathing at all. Perhaps the greatest surprise the weather had for us was the amount of rain and the coldness of the winter. One hardly expects to see snow-covered mountains in Africa or to hear of roads blocked by snow.

Visits to the battlefields around Medjez have been arranged for a number of officers. "Treks" have also been arranged for officers, W.O's. and sergeants to see some of the ancient cities of North Africa, and others have gone as far as the desert. Indeed, if Chris. had not been strongly restrained he would have probably not stopped till he'd reached Cape Town!

There were many eager listeners to the tribute to the Duke's in the series of regimental broadcasts, and many felt that Col. Pickering was speaking personally to us all in his fine broadcast, which was received very clearly. His words have been taken to heart, and the required articles on the unit's activities are being compiled.

Changes in all ranks in the unit since last our notes appeared have been considerable, but the proportion of "Duke's" remains very high. "Once a Duke, always a Duke."

It should be mentioned that in a local officers' club "the Duke's come up the hillside" every Wednesday night.

We have been fortunate enough to have two visits from Mr. Plater and the R.T.R. Band, which includes the famous trumpeter Nat Gonella.

At present our camp has a collection of home-made huts, which will no doubt be extremely useful for the local Wogs when we move away.

MENTION IN DESPACHES.

The following honours and awards have been received by members of this Regiment since the last number of THE IRON DUKE:—

Major F. J. Reynolds.

Captain R. F. Grieve.

Lt. A. H. Wood.

Cpl. C. Dixon.

Tpr. G. Doughty.

All the above were for actions in the Tunisian campaign.

We are still getting over a very lively Christmas which exceeded anybody's expectations. It was more like another Cambrai Day than the old Christmasses that we thought of during the King's Speech, of course, but there is a war on.

We started our festivities after two very strenuous nights of "night into day" training, with a first class Regimental concert, got together by Lt. Roy (de l'organisation) Crawshaw, who also was the master-mind behind the next day's Christmas dinners. Tony Butcher and a comparative newcomer, Jack Harris, who is now well established in the Regiment (especially in the Officers' Mess where he is chef-de-maison), did their famous female impersonation and the cowboy chorus gave us a very pleasant musical interlude. I think the high spot of the show was probably R.S.M. Gill, Cpl. Clough and George Cox giving a contemporary parody of "Tit-Willow," entitled "Book-Wallah, Fruit-Wallah, Char-Wallah." The concert lasted for three hours.

Christmas Day dinners were, as usual, served by the officers and sergeants, and the menu was stupendous; duck had to be substituted for turkey, but the pudding had rum in it and rum sauce, and oranges, bananas and nuts were plentiful, to say nothing of a free issue of beer and cigars.

The traditional soccer match between officers and sergeants took place in the evening, and the fact that both goalkeepers were in the same goal at one time may give some idea of the standard of play, though it had to be seen to be believed, and the Christmas spirit was particularly prevalent. The score against the officers nearly reached double figures, and our worthy adjutant, John Bilham, successfully propelled his massive frame into the sergeants, not unlike a bowl into a bunch of skittles.

In the Officers' Mess there was a quiet dinner in the evening before drinking the King's health and listening to his speech, which came over to us at 8.30. Meanwhile many troop parties and other festive gatherings were taking place all over the camp.

Boxing Day started fairly quietly, and by 4 o'clock when the officers played the sergeants at hockey, it was going well. The hockey match was also rather a classic; soon after the start both goal-posts were down and Captain "Joe" Carr, the technical adjutant, had acquired a bench to put in front of where his goal had been. On it three stalwarts took up station, in the shape of Sgt.-Major "Bert" Beech, T.Q.M.S. Marshall (the lad from Derbyshire) and R.Q.M.S. "Ginger" Quirk, the latter being armed with a massive mallet, which was swung in no uncertain manner. They were later strengthened by Lt. "Bish" Carey, that bish-waller. Well, before the end of the game it was decided the ball was too small, and a soccer ball was substituted—hard to control with a hockey stick, so sticks were strewn all over the field and an animated game of rucker ensued which left 22 exalted members of the Regiment completely exhausted, to say nothing of Messrs. Beech, Marshall, Quirk and sundry others who had unaccountably joined in.

To finish off Boxing Day in true style, the sergeants asked the officers over for dinner, and after a few drinks we were piped over to "H.Q." dining hall by a piper of a neighbouring Scots infantry battalion, where the regimental dance band took over with the strains of the regimental march. After a very excellent meal, and a speech by the R.S.M. and the Colonel, we were piped back to the Mess, where we sang songs, told stories and danced eightsores (or our rather wild and very energetic versions of them) till well into the next morning. Altogether a thoroughly well organised evening, engineered, I'm told, by Sgt.-Major Jim Woolner and his committee—under the paternal eye of the R.S.M., of course.

And so Christmas ended and the daily round started again—but New Year's Eve will see the sergeants in the Officers' Mess, and so ends '43.

P.S.—We have just heard that R.S.M. Stanley Gill is about to leave the Regiment after 22 years and take a "Q" commission, and we wish him the very best of luck; also to Herbert Beech, who follows in his shoes.

OFFICERS' MESS.

We have welcomed many new members to the Mess since we last wrote, the most notable, of course, being our new Colonel, who is now well established. He has already commanded a Yorkshire regiment during this war, and his second-in-command, "Jock" Hetherington, who has taken "Cocky's" place, is a North Countryman. We wish our old C.O. and Major Haslock, who have both been with us for a very long time, God-speed and the best of luck in their new jobs. We also welcome Jack Simon and his followers who are now well ensconced in the Regiment.

It was a great blow when we lost "Pip" Thornton, who is posted as "missing"—we hardly expect to hear any further news of him till after the war, but keep on hoping. Alan Bucknall still seems to enjoy making bangs, but Alex. Luhrs seems to have contracted rather a worried look these days. Others we have lost are "Stebbe," Alec Morgan-Kilner, Bob Burton and Arthur Spong, but the Ducal banner still flutters bravely in front of the Mess, and others come to take their places.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Since our last contribution, there have been a great many changes in the Mess. We have welcomed to the fold 14 new members, who are a very welcome addition, and wear the Duke's lanyard with the pride it deserves. We are hoping that in the very near future the Regular soldiers at least will form their link with the Old Comrades.

Most of the original cadre are still with us, the W.O's. being R.S.M. Gill, T.Q.M.S. Marshall (Timo), R.Q.M.S. Quirk, Sgt.-Majors Beech, Hammond, Woolner and Huntley. R.S.M. Varley left us to Q.M.'s commission and Huntley is at present waiting to proceed to O.T.S. Q.M.Ss. Spooner, Hall, Hough and Dick are all doing sterling work.

We have just said good-bye to Sgts. Mitchell (Reggie), Maddison (Snowy), and Nowell who have gone to take up that excellent work of bayonet fighting. We all wish them luck and know that they will make a good job of it. We shall all remember Reggie's carrier work and his method of baling the crew out.

We were fortunate enough to be able to hold our annual Sergeants' Mess dinner with the officers as our guests. The star turn of the evening was the Duke's Song, at which our new C.O. and second-in-command are making great strides, special copies having been printed for both. All were agreed that the dinner and entertainment were a great success. The officers gave us a return show on New Year's Eve. All the arrangements had been worked out in secret. With the sign of the "White Swan" outside (on which we congratulate the Officers' Mess and hope to go one better), one sensed that the plot had been well and truly worked out. It became evident some two hours later what the plot was, after all had had their fair share of rum punch. We suggest whoever was

responsible for the brew must have been in the bootlegging business. All greatly appreciated the good time we had and agreed that their star turn was "Crawbags" trying to run the show. The number of requests for advance booking for tickets for the first annual dinner when this war is over, all goes to prove that we have no worries, whatever this Mess is called upon to do.

SPORT.

In reviewing our sport for the last six months, I think we can truthfully say that our standard in all games has been high, not only in Regimental teams but also in other teams, despite the fact that at times conditions and grounds have not been too favourable.

I suppose the most popular game is still football. Our Regimental side is undoubtedly one of the best in our area, and improving. Cpl. Kaye, our captain, is still a pillar of strength in the side and we have still to play against a team who can produce a centre forward to beat him. He is excellently backed up in the half-back line by Cpl. Jackson and Bazier, the latter a fairly new comer who, to say the least of it, plays very pretty football. Kirby at back still kicks the ball as hard and far as ever. Our chief trouble has been to get a settled forward line, especially a centre forward. Machen still plays a grand game at inside left and is responsible for many of the goals we score.

In the recent tournament, after a bad start, "A" Company won fairly decisively; having five regular members of the Regimental side, this was not really surprising, but some very good games resulted.

At hockey nearly all our games have been inter-company and we have played very few inter-regimental games. We are chiefly handicapped here by lack of grounds, but the Company's standard is still high and given a little practice we could produce a good Regimental side.

We played a few rigger games in the recent monsoon, but again never really got a regular side together. We entered in the Divisional tournament and were only just beaten by the winners in the third round; at the time we had one complete company away on leave which was rather unlucky, and we did not have much chance to practise.

Cambrai Day produced a good day's sport which included hockey, soccer and swimming. The Officers' Mess, Sergeants' Mess, corporals and O.Rs. each produced a hockey and soccer team; the corporals won the soccer and the officers won the hockey. In the afternoon we had inter-companies' swimming sports, which included water-polo, and produced some very good performances, in which Capt. Matthew shone. "C" Company finally won.

It merely remains to say that all our sports officers and committees have worked very hard, a thing very often not appreciated by the people who actually play, and finally, that the sergeants still beat the officers at football.

D.W.R. Infantry Training Centre.

OFFICERS' MESS.

The situation in the Mess has been fairly quiet since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE, the main event being the Christmas party at which the wives of some of the married officers and a few local friends were entertained. It went really extraordinarily well and we were honoured by the visit of three well-known West Riding musicians—Muriel Stokes, soprano; Henry Gill, baritone; and Ronald Murgatroyd, tenor.

Colin Hill is in cracking form. In addition to agriculture, he has now taken up hockey as a hobby—a rather peculiar form of hockey, which consists not in playing the game, but preparing the ground for future players—a very popular pastime. In the intervals he holds highly heated arguments with some of his less savoury friends as to who is "Cock of the North" and who isn't.

All the old stagers go on in the same old way, and amongst the newcomers we welcome Cannon, Hardy, Rhodes, Oakes, Haywood and Gray. Oakes was with Wingate in Burma and has some very interesting stories to tell.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Since our last notes were published nothing very exciting has happened. Only one event is worth a little comment, and that is the social evening when we challenged the officers to snooker, table tennis and darts. The sergeants came off best by 40 points to 32 and a right good evening was enjoyed by all. Harmony was most ably rendered on the piano by Captain Steele, and the sweet melodious tenor of Major Hill was well appreciated. This is the first of a series of social evenings with the officers, and we hope to have many more in the near future.

Our best wishes go to all those who have left us since our last notes. Lest we forget, congratulations to Sgt. Walker on the birth of his son and heir, and may it not be the last.

CORPORALS' MESS.

We have spent a very pleasant winter session with socials and snooker tournaments, Headquarter Company (Camp) walking off with the honours again, and the prizes, in the snooker tournaments. Whist drives were held almost every week and went down pretty well. For our last dance we had the help of the D.W.R. Band, and it was a great success.

We were most unfortunate to lose to another unit our very popular Mess president (Dickie Roberts) early in January. We will always remember him for his courtesy and fine sportsmanship; we wish him every success. A social evening was held for his send-off and a presentation made.

We are looking forward to the coming cricket season when we will endeavour to hit the officers and sergeants for "six."

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

COMPANY NOTES.

"C" COMPANY.—We don't know where they all come from for instruction in the art of warfare, but they do come—yards and yards of mankind! So the life of the Company on the whole has changed very little. Like other companies, we have become almost a machine for turning them out; big 'uns and little 'uns, thin 'uns and fat 'uns.

Readers may not have heard of our lecture room. Some officers from the A.E.C. recently inspected it and gave it high praise, but when some of our ideas were honoured by them, Lt. Cook's pride was touched and high words ensued. Speaking of the famed 6ft. 2ins. Lt. (252) Cook, recent reports indicate that his tactics have changed. On a recent march he was singing on the way back to camp with the lads. Maybe we have an E.N.S.A. star in our midst, who knows? Our latest addition to the staff, 2nd Lt. (Half-pint) Gill, wasn't with us very long before being sent on a P.T. course. We weren't aware there was an A.P.D.C. for officers!!!

The paint pots and brushes have been working overtime down the lines inside the N.C.O.'s bunks. The R.S.M. congratulated Cpl. Holstead on a fine display of futurist art, and now he's having "buckshee" courses on decorating for the benefit of Cpls. Baxter, Forsyth and Wilkinson, who know very little about it. We hear Cpl. Duffin is also interested with a view to affording technical advice! C.Q.M.S. Percy Hickox has been on a course, and we are given to understand he is now civil to the recruits, but we haven't noticed any rise in our pay yet; perhaps we shall hear of a "Percy Pounds Plan" or something soon.

We just missed winning the inter-company boxing competition the other week. Judging by the grin on the O.C.'s face that night, we did quite well.

In closing, we wish the very best of luck to all who have "suffered" at our hands and are now giving Jerry hell, but offer a word of warning to all newcomers—the gardening season is getting into swing. . . . Good luck to all.

"D" COMPANY.—Since our last issue, many intakes have strolled in and "marched" out. Training has reached a new high level, if recent successes in the "Pass Out" are any criterion.

We don't wish to draw hasty conclusions, but since our C.S.M. (Shepley) began to bark on daily "Form-up," we have been officially re-named "Dog" Company.

With reference to recreational training, our recruits invariably have a couple of periods (after parade hours) wielding picks on the hockey pitch.

Our Mr. Caddick claims the doubtful distinction of having had the squad with the most "jeeps." He was laying slight odds that on the drill test the R.S.M. would pass out—incidentally he didn't. The O.C., Captain Ellis, recently became a Bisley "Old Boy" and "Company Commanding" is strictly as per pamphlet. We welcome 2nd Lt. Hardy, a new addition to the P.S., and wish him good luck. Cpl. Salmon, who leapt into the Sergeants' Mess, is now swimming in "F" Company's pond. A new sergeant arrived; on parade he is Sgt. Holmes, but when he shows a clean pair of heels to score another try, he is "Basher" to all and sundry. Sgt. Kaye, Cpls. Spink, Wilson, Dunhaven and Broadbent came to us and soon wore that "N.C.Os. with Squads" look. Cpl. Nobby Clarke left us for His Majesty's Detention Barracks, and we hasten to clarify that the aforesaid "Nobby" is an instructor and not a guest.

The I.T.C. rugby, inter-company competition, as we go to press, is still in the balance, with "Dog" in the semi-final. Our team, selected entirely from P.S., includes many old hands and the remainder are new enthusiasts. That concludes our news bulletin for this quarter. The next news will be following in approximately four months' time.

"G" COMPANY.—The past few months have brought numerous changes to the staff of "G" Company. Congratulations to Sgt. Collier, Cpl. Marriott and Cpl. Dunhaven (since unfortunately departed to another company) on their recent promotions. Sgts. Edwards and Killien have left us to work elsewhere in the I.T.C., and we wish them luck. To the Company we welcome an old friend in Sgt. Verity and many ex-"G" Companyites, who have obtained their first stripes, in L/Cpls. Driver, Kay, Coy, Halmer, Whitworth, Raynes and Bateman. "Mac," from abroad, now has our stores looking like the proverbial new pin.

In the sporting world we can claim to have held our own. "H" Company knocked us out in the boxing tournament, and "H.Q." Company ruined our hopes of the soccer cup, but our cross-country and road-walking teams have had great success in all competitions to date, and we have high hopes in the rugger competition.

The work of turning out "Dukes" goes on unceasingly. Peter Garnett is still at the helm, doubting the sanity of some of his subalterns, and even more deploring their snooker. "Robbo" and "Topper" still hold the fort on the "A" and "Q" sides respectively, nobly assisted by L/Cpl. "Billie" and Elsie. To all Dukes at home and abroad, the best of luck.

SPORT.

In the sphere of sport the I.T.C. has had a highly successful winter, having won the District cup both at rugby football and at association football, run second in the cross-country run and reached the semi-final of the boxing tournament.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.—We have had an amazingly successful season. We narrowly lost the first match of the year to the well-known Hartlepool Rovers Club, and were never beaten again until the new year, when we lost, again narrowly, to Durham University Medical Students, when we were minus our fly-half. After an unbroken succession of

victories, during which we became District champions and reached the semi-final of the Northern Command cup, we finished the season on 8th April by losing to the Guards after extra time, the score being six all at the conclusion of the normal period of play. This was a match which will long be remembered by those who watched it. At the end of the season we had played 28 matches, of which 24 had been won, one drawn and three lost; we had scored 542 points against our opponents' 172.

It is invidious to single out for praise individual members of a team which was as grand as ours, but it must be recorded that a great deal of success was owed to "Big Bill Burton," who captained the side and led a fine pack of forwards throughout the season. Behind the scrum two veterans, Cpls. Milner and Bonner, were outstanding, as indeed one would expect two such well-known players to be. Their sturdy and crafty defence never gave anything away, yet in spite of the fact that they are veterans in terms of years, their attack was sharp enough to pierce most defences. We will not mention any more names—it was a grand team of 15 grand players, with about ten grand reserves, and that is the best one can say of any rugby football side.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.—Though not many "Dukes" figured in the soccer side, there were, nevertheless, a few who were regular members of the cup team which won the District competition, and is now in the final of the Durham Hospital cup. It is a fine football side with some extremely skilful players in it. Good luck to them for the short remainder of this season.

ATHLETICS.—The cross-country team trained hard and was placed second in the District run. This was a highly creditable result, and, in point of fact, we were very unlucky, because our first string was injured during the run itself, and two of our best men could not be present. As we were only seven points behind the winners we feel entitled to think that, given reasonable luck, the cup would have been ours.

BOXING.—The boxing team was beaten only in the semi-final round of the District cup, and has had a highly successful season. Cpl. Taylor reached the final of the Army championship, and is defending his title in the Northern Counties championship this month. Joe Lee (D.L.I.) became Army champion.

Lt. Bob Mitchell also figured prominently in the boxing team and was a tower of strength. Recently some friendly contests have been arranged, all of which have been won by the I.T.C.

Decorations.

The following citation has only just been received, though the award was made last summer :—

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER (Immediate.)

993. LT.-COLONEL B. W. WEBB-CARTER.

Lt.-Col. B. W. Webb-Carter has commanded the — Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment throughout the recent successful operations carried out by an Infantry Brigade in Tunisia. Throughout this period this officer has shown conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty.

1. On the night 20th/21st April his Battalion was holding Banana Ridge with the vital task of protecting the grouping of Divisional artillery prior to our attack being launched. During the night the enemy attacked the Ridge both frontally and on the flanks and by 2320 hours infantry and tanks had penetrated to the rear. Throughout the whole operation the Battalion remained intact with the exception of a platoon area, which was over-run; knowing at once the seriousness of the situation, the commanding officer personally led the relieving force and personally directed the re-occupation of the area penetrated by the enemy.

2. On the 23rd April the D.W.R. were called upon to restore the position on the Ridge Pt. 174—Pt. 176. Whilst the area was being subjected to continuous shelling, mortar fire and aerial bombing, the commanding officer made his reconnaissance for the attack, personally directed it from his carrier and, once the objective had been gained, established his H.Q. immediately behind the forward companies.

The commanding officer's high example of courage and level-headedness were outstanding and a pattern to all.

3. On 5th May the D.W.R. were the left Battalion in the Infantry Brigade attack on Pt. Bou Aoukaz feature. Despite the fact that he had been wounded whilst on reconce the previous day, the commanding officer throughout the battle showed the finest qualities of determination and initiative and under his fine leadership all objectives were reached by dawn and held.

The following immediate awards have been made since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE :—

MILITARY CROSS.

MAJOR P. P. BENSON (since killed in action).
 MAJOR F. E. HUSKISSON (since wounded).
 CAPTAIN N. WIMPENNY.
 CAPTAIN HALL (late O.R.S. at the Depot).
 LT. R. SCOTT-EVANS.

DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL.

C.S.M. McNEE (since killed in action).

MILITARY MEDAL.

PTE. BAKER (stretcher-bearer).
 PTE. PAULL (since wounded and missing).

OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS

During the period 1st July, 1943, to mid-April, 1944, the committee has dealt with the following cases, disbursing the grants as shown :—

Fund,	No. of Cases.	Amount.
Old Comrades' Association	29	£ 60 8 3
— Battalion Charitable Fund	2	8 10 0
— Battalion Account	11	33 0 0
— Battalion Account	1	3 0 0
Mitchell Trust Fund	1	13 0 0
		£117 18 3

The Regimental War Memorial Chapel.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS FOR 1943.

RECEIPTS.			EXPENDITURE.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Balance brought forward on 1st January, 1943	45	16 0½	Subscription IRON DUKE	82	8 7½
Subscriptions	31	2 0	Postage Account		5
Interest on 3 per cent. Defence Bonds	6	0 0	Balance credit		
Total	£82	18 0½	Total	£82	18 0½

BALANCE SHEET.

ASSETS.			LIABILITIES.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Balance at Bank	80	10 7	Nil		
Cash with Hon. Treasurer	1	18 0½	Balance credit of Fund	282	8 7½
3 per cent. Defence Bonds at purchase price	200	0 0			
Total	£282	8 7½	Total	£282	8 7½

Littlecroft, West Clandon,
Nr. Guildford, Surrey.

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

D.W.R. Prisoners of War Fund.

A dance was held in Halifax in aid of the Fund on 25th February, 1944. The event was well patronised by the residents of Halifax and a strong contingent from the I.T.C. turned up; it was good to see so many red lanyards in Halifax once again.

The Colonel of the Regiment and Mrs. Pickering were present, and the former, in a cheery speech, thanked the dancers for their support.

The dance was organised by the Halifax sub-committee of the Prisoners of War Fund under the chairmanship of Mr. Sam Smith; the ladies' committee, composed of Mrs. Sam Smith, Mrs. N. F. S. Winter, Mrs. J. D. V. Mackintosh, Mrs. F. Bentley, Mrs. T. A. Hoyle, Mrs. R. W. Asquith and Miss K. Roscoe, worked indefatigably, and much of the success of the evening was due to their efforts.

The Regimental Band rose to the occasion and gave of their best, and a special acknowledgment should be made to the bandmaster for the tremendous amount of work he put in, both in the selling of the tickets and the arrangements concerning the decorations of the hall. The profit realised was approximately £240.

CASH DONATIONS FROM 1ST JANUARY TO 18TH APRIL, 1944.

— Bn. D.W.R.; Mr. F. Crouch; Mr. G. Shaw; Mr. W. Pownall; Anonymous; Miss Taylor; — Bn. D.W.R.; Sergeants' Mess, — Bn. D.W.R.; Mrs. A. E. Farrar; Mrs. Mount; Mrs. E. Patching; Mrs. E. Wilsher; Mrs. I. A. Croker-Fox; 23rd Bn. (W.R.) Home Guard; 31st Bn. (W.R.) Home Guard; 32nd Bn. (W.R.) Home Guard; Mrs. Exton; Mrs. Ansell; Mrs. Vine; Mr. Robinson; Mrs. Eckersall; 27th Bn. (W.R.) Home Guard; Mrs. Godson; Mrs. Kay; Mrs. Mondy; "Ace of Clubs," Grasscroft; Mrs. E. Johnston-May; Mrs. Keate; Mrs. Hallas; 266 Det. Red Cross; National Council of Social Services Benevolent Fund; Major G. Hamilton, R.E.; Sergeants' Mess, No. —, I.T.C.; N.A.A.F.I. Staff, No. — I.T.C.; No. 317, G.T.C.; Mrs. E. Henderson; Major F. M. Bridge, M.B.E., R.E.; Northowram Ladies' Navy Club, per Captain J. Shales; — Bn. O.C.A.; Mr. Clements; Mr. J. Baume;

24th Bn. (W.R.) Home Guard ; — Bn., D.W.R. ; Lt.-Col. and Mrs. M. V. le P. Trench ; Lady Anne Rhys, per Editor IRON DUKE ; Mrs. Bulmer ; Mrs. Boardman ; Mrs. Smare ; 260 Det. Red Cross ; Lt.-Col. W. A. Woods ; Mrs. Schofield ; No. 2 N.C.I.D., per Lt.-Col. Rowland ; 21st and 22nd Bns. (W.R.) Home Guard ; Mrs. Hughes ; Major W. L. James ; Mr. A. Chapman ; Major W. Abbott ; Mrs. Bathurst ; 28th Bn. (W.R.) Home Guard ; — Bn., D.W.R. ; No. —, I.T.C., per Captain W. Carter ; — Bn., D.W.R. ; Mirfield P/W. Association, per Mr. C. W. Thornton ; P.M.C., Officers' Mess, No. —, D.B., R.E. ; Manor Heath Knitting Party, per Mrs. W. Skaife ; 25th Bn. (W.R.) Home Guard ; Mrs. Norris ; Major S. Hickson ; Mrs. Lane ; Captain P. D. Green ; Mrs. M. Jones-Stamp ; Concert Party No. —, I.T.C., per Captain R. M. Cross ; No. — Regt., R.A.C., per Captain D. J. Tanfield ; Lt.-Col. R. M. Tidmarsh ; Mrs. Heydon ; Captain G. E. Pollard ; Mrs. Lynch ; Mrs. Turnbull ; Mrs. Townend.

DONATIONS IN KIND FROM 1st JANUARY TO 18th APRIL, 1944.

Mrs. C. J. Pickering ; Miss R. M. Cole ; Mrs. W. M. Watson ; Mrs. Holt ; Mrs. I. Moore ; Sowerby Bridge Red Cross, per Mrs. A. L. Sutcliffe ; Mrs. Baume ; Mrs. Barker ; Manor Heath Knitting Party, per Mrs. E. Skaife ; Mrs. Cecil Ince ; Mrs. Peat ; Wells, Norfolk, G.F.S., per Miss Jenny Baker ; Mrs. E. Moseley.

Connaught Memorial Fund.

Amount previously acknowledged	£172	7	0
Bank interest	7	1
					£172 14 1
					£172 14 1



IT MUST BE COFFEE, IT COST 1½^D

Relics of the late Captain The Duke of Wellington.

Last January the officer commanding a Battalion of the Regiment wrote that he was sending home some relics of the late Duke of Wellington which had been handed over to him by the officer commanding No. — Commando at Molfetta on 28th December, 1943.

These relics are to be the property of the Regiment with the proviso that should Commandos survive as separate units at the end of the war, No. — Commando should have a claim on some of them. The relics have now been received by Major S. E. Baker at the Depot and have been placed in a special case which he has had made for them, and will be kept in the Regimental Museum until the end of the war. The O.C. — Battalion has asked that one of the Duke's badges of rank should be reserved for his Battalion as a memento after the war.

The O.C. — Battalion also wrote that he was arranging for a cross with the following inscription to be put up on the late Duke's grave :—

Captain The Duke of Wellington,
The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, attached No. — Commando.
Killed in action, Sept. 16th, 1943.
" Virtutis Fortuna Comes."

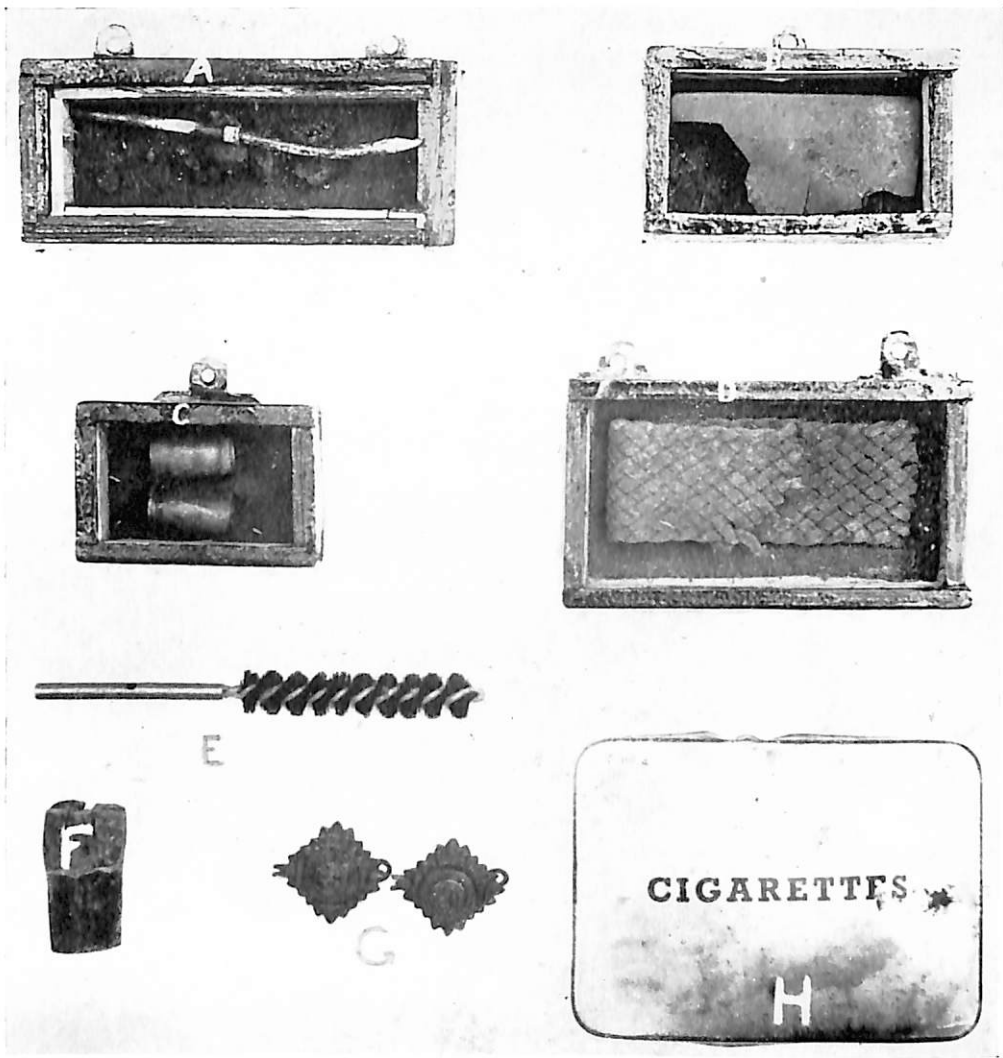
KEY TO THE PHOTOGRAPH OF RELICS OF THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

- A—Remains of pipe stem.
 - B—Base of field glass case.
 - C—Two T.M.C. empty cartridge cases fired by the Duke before he fell.
 - D—Portion of his belt.
 - E—Cleaning brush of T.M.C.
 - F—Wine bottle cork used as water bottle cork.
 - G—Two stars—badges of rank.
 - H—Cigarette tin from " Compo " ration box used as cigarette case.
- All the above are badly charred.

Medals of the late Sergeant-Major C. Waller, 33rd Foot.

In No. 27 (February, 1934) of THE IRON DUKE we published the record of the Waller family in the Regiment, and as recorded there many of the details were sent to us by Captain Alexander Waller, who served in the Essex and East Surrey Regiments for 36 years as R.S.M. and quartermaster. We very much regret to record his death recently, and in informing us of it, his widow, Mrs. Waller, of Hylands View, Writtle Road, Chelmsford, wrote to say that her husband had expressed a wish that the medals of his father, the late Sergeant-Major C. Waller, 33rd Foot, should be offered to the Regiment on his decease. This kind offer was, naturally, very gratefully accepted, and the medals have been received by Major S. E. Baker for safe custody at the Depot, Halifax.

They consist of the Abyssinian medal of 1867 and the Empress of India medal, the latter a very rare one we imagine. Sergeant-Major C. Waller was the head of this famous family, of which 13 members served in the Regiment, with a total of over 190 years' service. Two of them reached commissioned rank, while of the remaining 11, nine reached the rank of sergeant or over, and all except two had war service to their credit. In addition, five other members of the family served in the Army, the late Captain A. Waller being one of these, and the total Army service of these 18 soldiers amounted to over 300 years. Since it is ten years ago that this record was published, we print below the record of service of Sergeant-Major C. Waller as given in No. 27 of THE IRON DUKE :—

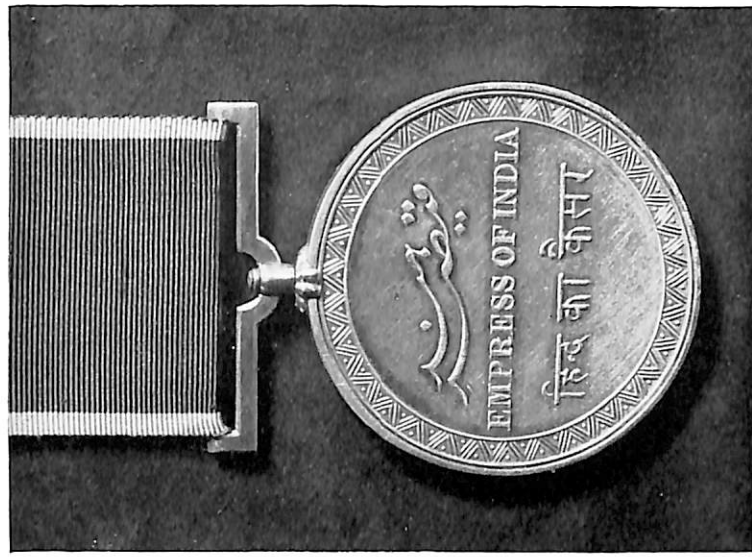


Relics of the late Captain The Duke of Wellington.

THE EMPRESS OF INDIA MEDAL.



Obverse.



Reverse.

Sgt.-Major C. Waller enlisted at Dunmow, Essex, towards the end of 1857, and early in 1858 joined the 33rd Foot, who were at that time taking part in the clearing up operations after the Indian Mutiny. He served with the 33rd in India, and proceeded with it to Abyssinia in 1867, taking part in the march to, and capture of Magdala, for which he received the medal. He saw further service in India as sergeant-major of the 33rd from 1874 to 1878, his last station being Kamptee; and during this period he received the Empress of India medal, which was awarded by Queen Victoria to one man in every regiment serving in India on the 1st January, 1877, the date Her Majesty was proclaimed Empress of India. He was discharged to pension in 1878, with 21 years' service, and then joined the permanent staff of the 3rd Bn. The Essex Regiment at Warley Barracks, Brentwood, serving with them for a further period of 17 years, making a total Army service of 38 years. In addition to the medals mentioned above, Sgt.-Major Waller held the good conduct medal and meritorious service medal, with annuity of £10 a year. He married a Miss Annie Quin, daughter of the late C/Sgt. James Quin, who died at Cawnpore, after its recapture during the Indian Mutiny. Sgt.-Major Waller died at Brentwood on 26th December, 1909, at the age of 70.

The late Captain Alexander Waller was in his 75th year at the time of his death. He was the eldest son of the late Sgt.-Major C. Waller, and was born and spent his early days in India. He enlisted in the Essex Regiment as a boy, reaching the rank of sergeant, and when war broke out in 1914 he was appointed staff instructor to the 5th Bn. The Essex Regiment (T.A.). He saw service in the war, was for a time attached to the East Surrey Regiment as R.S.M., and later became quartermaster of one of the Line battalions, retiring with the rank of captain. He was a man of fine physique, and for many years was gymnastic instructor at the King Edward's School, Chelmsford, and to the old Essex Volunteers. He is survived by his widow and five sons and two daughters, to whom we offer our sincere sympathy. One son is a flight-lieutenant in the R.A.F., and another is serving in the Essex Regiment. Captain Waller took a great interest in the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and told us years ago that he had tried to exchange into it to be with his brothers, but had had no reply to his request.

A Letter of Appreciation.

The following letter from Mrs. Daykin was received by Major Sills of the — Battalion, in whose company the late C.Q.M.S. Daykin was serving when killed in Tunisia. The men of the Battalion subscribed a sum of money which was sent to his widow:—

“ 15th December.

“ Dear Sir,

“ I am writing to try to say thank you to all the Battalion for the wonderful sum of money raised on my behalf in memory of my dear husband. I can hardly believe that all have been so generous and kind to me and our children. I feel very much honoured by their great kindness and would like all to know how greatly I appreciate their sacrifices. I shall care for each penny and will use it to the best of my ability to give the children a start in life. No one would be more proud than my husband to know everyone has helped me so very much both in words, prayers and financially. I am glad, Sir, you told me the name of the one who has given me his badge as I have written a little letter to thank him; it was such a noble thought and I could have asked for nothing more valuable; my husband was proud of his badge. Thank you, Sir, for all you have done for me and I will always think of the Regiment with love and admiration. You are more than right when you say that about the Yorkshireman and I bless them every one. My loss is great, but I am proud to be the wife of a 'Duke.'

“ Yours gratefully,
“ M. DAYKIN.”

Regimental Salute.

On 9th March, 1944, the B.B.C. broadcasted in their General Overseas Service under the title of "Regimental Salute" a history of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. The Regimental march was played before the narrator began and at intervals in the history. The narrator closed his remarks with the following words:—"and now to all members of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment serving overseas, we bring you this message from your Colonel, Colonel C. J. Pickering, C.M.G., D.S.O."

The following is a transcript of Colonel Pickering's address:—

"Greetings to all ranks serving in our several Battalions overseas. We, on the home front, are proud of you, for we know how well you are keeping up and maintaining the reputation of the Regiment earned by our forefathers who served under the Iron Duke and under General Lord Lake in India well over one hundred years ago. Those of you who are serving in the Battalion which I had the honour to command for five consecutive years, I would remind of the words of Lord Lake, who said every morning when he woke in September, 1803, 'Bring me my boots and the 76th Regiment of Foot and I am ready to do anything and go anywhere.' Again in his general orders of the 4th November, 1803, he made special mention of the conspicuous gallantry of officers and men, calling them 'this handful of heroes.' Your conduct and gallantry throughout the Burma campaign equals in every way that displayed by the Regiment one hundred and forty years ago. I served for three years in the country through which you fought and I know of all the discomforts and hardships which have been yours. To those who have unfortunately fallen into enemy hands (and I hope that they are able to listen in at this moment), I send a special message to tell you that, thanks to the generosity of your brother comrades in arms at home and to our local friends, we are in a position to help you and look after your personal interests. Not one of you is forgotten by families or friends, whether in the Regiment or outside.

"To those who are serving in units which have discarded the rifle for other weapons, I would say, 'once a Duke, always a Duke.'

"We, at home, anxiously await an account of your doings and activities, so please send us short articles or stories about yourselves—send them to Major S. E. Baker, whose address is the Depot Barracks.

"Dukes, we are proud of you. May your efforts lead from one success to another until final victory is achieved, our enemies overthrown, and a permanent world peace ensured."

We have since heard that the broadcast was well received by members of the Regiment in North Africa and India. Colonel Pickering's son, Carey, heard it in his ship somewhere in the Pacific and wrote that it was "as clear as a bell."

Letter from Malta.

[The following are extracts from a letter received by an officer of the Regiment from a lady who was well known to most of the 1st Battalion when they were in Malta in 1935.—ED.]

With the siege lifted in November, vanished our "glamour"! Let me, however, send you some Malta news as it strikes Vice-Admiral Malta's typist.

A year ago, Lady — was saying to her cook—"What shall we have for lunch?" and getting the reply—"Another air-raid." A retired colonel was grinding down his macaroni to make flour, and I ate horse and goat. When rations were increased, Lord Gort said, "It does no one any harm to suffer want a little while." He certainly steered us through.

The news of the North African landing was wonderful. I was at church in a white-

washed Grand Master store—we sang Blake's Jerusalem. Till then, after Tobruk's fall, I had had every night a nightmare vision, as I went to sleep, of sandy wastes between us and the 8th Army. That was over.

The Navy brought us gifts and we had a grand Christmas. We procured a 4lb. turkey (costing £3) and had three friends to a feast. We gave a drink party for the village and I toasted absent friends. . . . Slowly we realized that we were getting more to eat and that sailor friends were turning up. There was an office notice to say that we were an "Offensive Base."

Tripoli was gained suitably on my third anniversary in the office. The Maltese now felt their war was over, but Lord Gort continued to remind them to stand fast in the coming offensive.

In carnival weather, I found myself on the library roof watching an investiture concerned with local deeds of gallantry. . . . One day there was a naval parade down the main street, whose roofs were gay with self-sown stocks and daisies—and a military one in our village with Home Guard farmers marching past a brigadier who, wherever he went, had a self-appointed guard of little boys. One began to see sailors in the streets. . . . Maltese damsels appeared in Air Force blanket coats and a supply of lipstick was "flown in." The Archbishop had to write a letter on "Friendships" and "Mixed Bathing."

I could hardly live for excitement when I typed "Our forces are in Tunis," "We have captured Bizerta," and A.B.C.'s "Sink, burn and destroy, let nothing pass." "Tunis is ours" screamed the Maltese, parading with banners and effigies in front of the Palace, quite delirious with joy. At this moment there was a slight raid, so the Maltese' sense of humour sounded the sirens backwards, "All clear" as the fighters went over, and a derisive "Alert" as they vanished.

Mother — at the Convent was dreadfully embarrassed when ordered to receive two female Italian prisoners, whose main attire was shorts. She was sure they were men and she "Could not admit men."

The King is here! I saw him on *Aurora's* bridge entering the harbour in the bright morning light. "We have the sea and he is its Master," cries an old Maltese seaman. His Majesty's reception in Valetta was stupendous. He was hours touring every part of the island, and went on foot through the dockyard with Admiral Mackenzie, and in Senglea with the parish priest. Here he was greatly moved. The people went quite mad with joy. . . . At Verdola Palace they received the King's ration for the day—same as the Army with one "extra"—pickles. . . . "Did you see the King?" I asked a pink-faced Marine messenger. "Yus, I don't know if it was a honour or a catastrophe, I bumped into 'im. I was runnin' up a ladder and 'e was comin' down." "What did he say?" " 'e said nothing and I said nothin'—it was the C.-in-C. as said a mouthful!"

Now came Malta's great hour. An urgent notice cancelled all days off and we beat our typewriters with fervour. Malta, the "unsinkable aircraft-carrier," was almost awash with personnel, camps, hospitals and dumps! and the harbours full-full! Palaces became H.Q., crammed with scarlet, gold and blue, and the anchorages and hards with small craft.

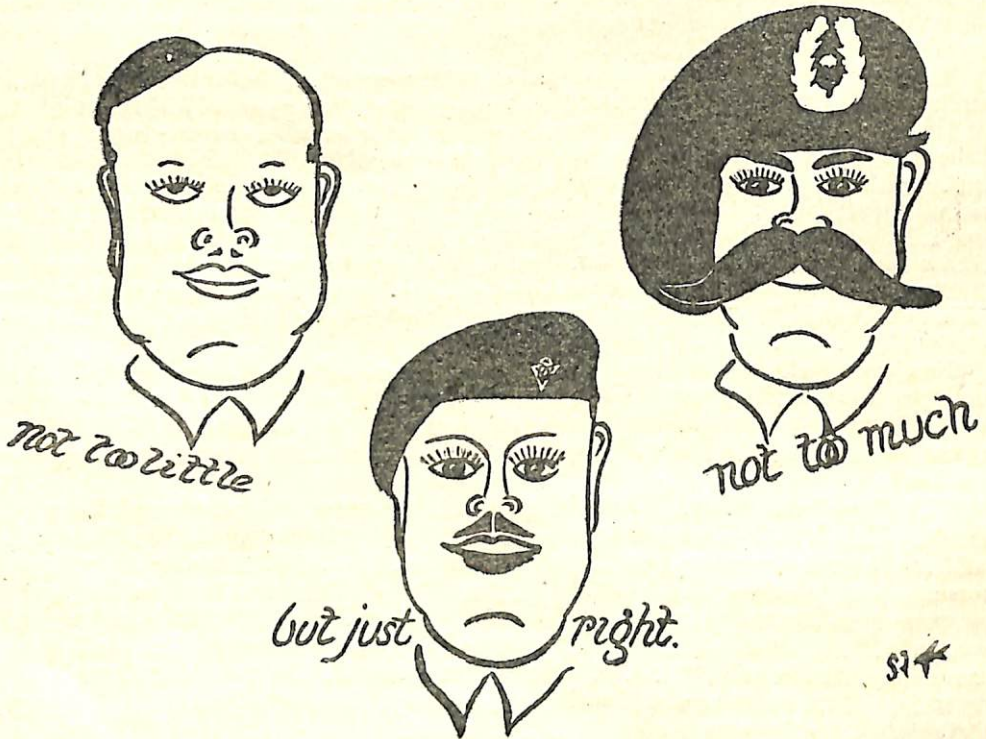
"The Day" was windy. I saw the matter-of-fact seasick departure of the modern armada. They looked like a great party of pleasure boats slowly tossing forward. I could see the red toories on the Scottish bonnets. . . . Eisenhower stood upon a promontory to see the gliders go. . . . The Rabat butcher closed as he watched transports from the bastions. . . . Instead of "being invaded," Malta had staged an invasion. . . . "We did not think," said the Italians, "that even the English would come on a night like this!" . . . As the moon waxed, the people gathered on the city walls. There would be a sudden shudder, a distant shaking—then from the people a great sigh. Our ships were bombarding. . . .

And on St. Elmo Fort, where the two siege stones mingle, I stood to watch the enemy battle fleet appear ; vision incredible, these grim, disarmed, obedient ships. . . . So ordered was the pageant, it recalled the sailing of the fleet in peace time, and I remembered once a commander calling a ship's company to cheer for "our friends on the breakwater." . . . I wished so terribly I could covey the unique emotion of the scene. As one of our big ships passed by, her band started playing an ordinary quick step and the gay music blinded me.

We cross the harbour by Dghaisa. "I wish to be a sailor," explains the dghaisaman, "but the doctor he say—no good—no teeth. Signura, I speak to you as if you my wife—for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake—is this war to be won *by biting?*"

At the Customs House, the Italian admiral is landing. . . . The admiral's white uniform is rather crumpled. . . . He is driven through the "City built by gentlemen for gentlemen" and sees the people going about their work as usual. He is taken through the tunnel to meet A. B. C. "I see him," one of our bandsmen tells me later, "he very pale, perhaps he have more courage when he with us a little while." . . . "The Marines tell me" that when A. B. C. met DeZara, he gave him "ever such a funny look" before receiving him with every courtesy.

The Malta bells ring now. The bells of St. Angelo sounded in 1556 when the first siege was raised. Now, they were honoured by being rung first of all—and, when they had broken the silence for some minutes, the other bells joined in.



BREATHLESS FERDINAND or THE SECRET WEAPON.

Private Ferdinand Edgar Hall
 Was no good on the range at all,
 For though he tried with might and main
 His breathing he could not restrain.
 As good a recruit as e'er was seen,
 Honest, hardworking, sober, clean,
 Poor Edgar simply could not stifle
 His abject terror of the rifle.
 The very thought was quite enough
 To make the wretched fellow puff ;
 Like some immense soprano in
 An aria from Lohengrin,
 Who quivers and shakes from head to toe
 With her impassioned tremolo,
 While she endeavours to outsing
 Her hated rival in the Ring.
 Behold her bosom rise and fall
 Like balloons, barrage, in a squall.
 So rose and fell young Edgar's chest
 When he surveyed an aiming rest ;
 But when they put him down to shoot,
 His malady became acute.
 His breathing rocked the firing point,
 It put the rifles out of joint,
 It spoilt the sergeant-major's aim,
 It shook the targets from their frame
 And filled the butts with clouds of dust.
 The markers' language waxed robust
 With many a rude and vulgar phrase,
 Resulting in a lurid haze
 Visible forty miles away
 That blotted out the range all day.

But as his comrades' anger grew
 The more he puffed, the more he blew.
 Quicker and quicker grew his pants,
 A tidal wave invaded Hants,
 This sovereign realm began to sway
 From Cannon Street to Colwyn Bay.
 And still the tremors grew and spread
 From Bannockburn to Beachy Head.
 No Brixham trawlers put to sea,
 Strong men felt ill in Linden Lea,
 While weaker mortals took to bed,
 Wishing in vain that they were dead.
 From every village, town, and shire
 The flood of grievances grew higher.
 The citizens of Tavistock
 Complained that the unwonted shock
 Had stopped the corporation clock.
 In Birmingham the watch committee
 Forestalled a panic in the city
 By issuing to all adults
 A six-ounce bottle of emul-
 sion Guaranteed, if used with care,
 To cure attacks of mal de mer,
 Machynlleth, not to be donee,
 Presented free to everyone
 A pint of bitter and a bun.
 Then smaller boroughs followed suit.
 Whenever Hall began to shoot
 And make the landscape heave and tremble,
 The population would assemble

Outside the local pubs in queues
 To draw their anti-seasick booze.

It chanced one day Sir Stafford Cripps
 On one of his inspection trips
 Found that employees in his shops
 Instead of making wings and props
 Were wasting valuable time
 Imbibing rum, and gin and lime,
 And brandy with their fish and chips.
 This did not please Sir Stafford Cripps,
 Nor brought it undiluted glee
 To the Financial Secretary,
 Who hurried down by special train
 And asked the Council to explain
 By what authority they spent
 On alcoholic nutriment
 The rates and taxes, which were due
 To swell his Inland Revenue.
 But as he rose to take his leave,
 Once more the earth began to heave.
 For lo ! Upon that very day
 Young Ferdinand far, far away,
 Was having yet another try
 To classify, to classify.
 He quailed and turned a livid hue,
 Pale as a ghost Sir Stafford grew,
 And both these statesmen joined the queue,
 As eager as their humbler brothers
 To draw their tot of ruin, mother's.
 But being made of sterner stuff
 They said, " This is not good enough.
 All avenues must be explored,
 Great Britain shall not sheathe the sword,
 Nor will we leave a stone unturned,
 Nor will we sleep, till we have learned
 From whence and why this earthquake comes
 That so disturbs our comrades' tums."
 Still slightly puce and breathing hard,
 Hot-foot they sped to Scotland Yard
 And summoned all its vast resources,
 Cops in cars, and cops on horses,
 The Flying Squad, the C.I.D.,
 Constables of low degree,
 Peelers, bobbies, busies, beaks
 Scoured the countryside for weeks,
 Till they found the criminal,
 Would-be marksman, Pte. Hall.
 And now the matter came before
 The Secretary of State for War,
 Who laughed a disillusioned laugh
 And called upon his General Staff.
 " O Gentlemen," he said, " see what
 Happens when I'm not on the spot.
 This Hall, they call him Ferdinand,
 Is spreading terror through the land.
 To me it's absolutely plain
 That he must never shoot again,
 So take his gat away, before
 We go and lose the blinking war."
 The Staff sat pallid, dumb, dismayed,
 Dissenting, but to speak, afraid,
 Till one, less bashful than the rest

Arose and whispered, " I suggest,
 With all respect, that your instructions
 Will lead to murder, rape, and ructions.
 O, think what the despair will be
 In some unhappy I.T.C.,
 Totally unable to
 Complete his A.B.142.
 Think of the feelings of poor Hall,
 Think of his pa and ma and all,
 Knowing their son to be a rabbit
 Condemned for ever to inhabit,
 By friends despised, by sergeants hated,
 The limbo of the relegated ;
 Condemned year after doleful year
 To tread the same old barrack square
 And watch the youngsters passing by
 With haughty mien and scornful eye.
 Take pity on this poor recruit,
 And please, O please, let Edgar shoot."
 The Minister here shook his head.
 " I fully sympathise," he said,
 " I know what the reserve division
 Will feel about this cruel decision.
 But these upheavals of the earth
 Are more than my position's worth."
 But now Sir Harry Weevil-Wombat,
 Veteran of many a hard-won combat
 On foreign fields, said, " Half a mo !
 Consider one point ere you go.
 Granted that, when young Edgar shoots,
 He shakes this country to the roots.
 Granted he makes our people sick,
 Still they are British and can stick
 Worse things than that. But can the Boche ?
 Suppose we sent him to the Wash,
 Or Dover or the Isle of Wight,
 And make him practise day and night,
 Might not these earthquakes cross the sea
 And shake the ranks of Tuscany ?
 Would it not thoroughly dishearten
 The Autocrat of Berchtersgarten
 To find he could no longer chew
 The carpet as he used to do ?
 Now is the time for us to strike
 A fatal death-blow at the Reich.
 This is a chance I'd stake my rep. on,
 A cheap and simple secret weapon."

That very night an order came
 Addressed to Pte. Hall by name
 To pack his kit without delay

And journey to St. Margaret's Bay.
 They put him by the waterside,
 Rifle in hand, and well supplied
 With ammo, and for aiming mark
 The whole of Europe. " What a lark !"
 Said Edgar. " Here's at last my chance,"
 And popped a bullet into France.
 The next shot went a trifle wide
 And hit a blonde in Merseyside.
 The third and fourth, aimed rather high,
 Produced two Heinkels from the sky.
 The fifth, fired low, a proper skimmer,
 Punctured a lady Channel swimmer.
 But in a little while the sea
 Arose in tortured majesty
 And men began to heave and writhe
 In Romney, Winchelsea and Hythe.
 The tremors swept across the Straits
 From Dover's cliffs to Calais gates.
 Swift across Europe's plains they sped
 From Bouillabaisse-sur-Mer to Bled,
 To Antwerp, Anschluss, Amsterdam,
 Hamburg and Humperdinck and Ham.
 Men said that life in lovely Lvov
 Would simply not bear thinking of,
 Others that life was even horridier
 At Dantzig in the Polish Corridor.
 The Finns in frozen Petsamo,
 The Japs in distant Tokyo,
 The Croats in the Ægean Sea
 Were all sick as they could be.
 The Waffen S.S. felt the shock
 In Leberwurst and Languedoc.
 Goering's expansive stomach sagged
 And Hitler's intuitions flagged.
 And so, before the sun had flown,
 The flower of German arms lay prone,
 Wallowing in anguish and despair,
 Pale, stricken, smashed beyond repair,
 While by the sea young Edgar smirked.
 In short, the Secret Weapon worked.

Enough. But, ere the curtain fall,
 Let us with pride his feat recall
 And note with satisfaction too
 That perseverance had it's due.
 For England, to express her thanks,
 Raised her young hero from the ranks,
 And now he stands for all to see
 Unpaid Lance-Corporal Hall, F. E.

O.P.

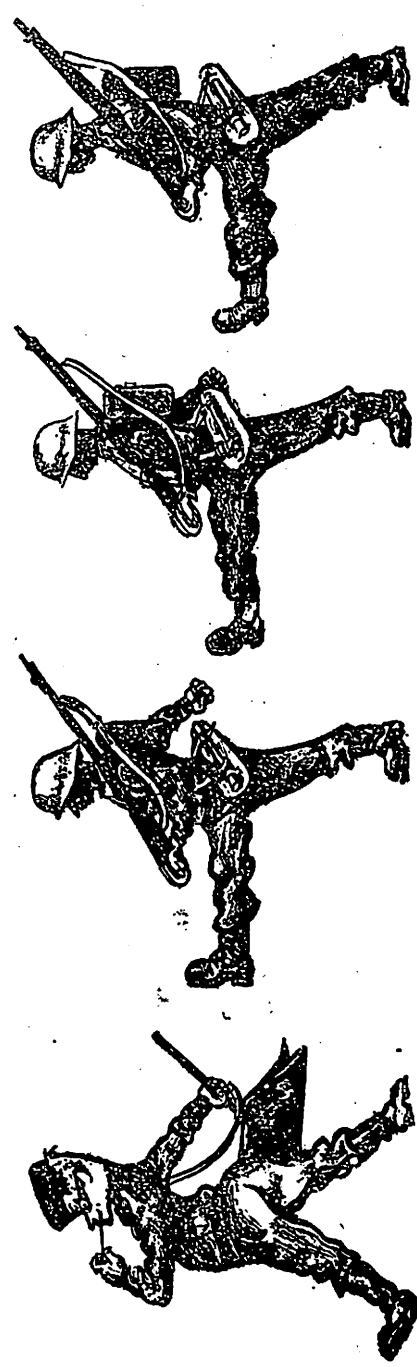
Our Contemporaries.

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

A "Mildred" on the Desert campaign 1942.



A. I see this Mitchell here has been giving away another million quid. What would you do that if you had a million quid?
 B. Me - why I would buy the whole of this B---Y desert and put it "out of bounds" to troops!



Hey Ho! Hey Ho! Off to war we go, with our new Stahl Helm and our new Mk. IV's! Hey Ho! Hey Ho! Hey Ho! Hey Ho!

Experiences of a Naval Officer in the Mediterranean.

Lt. R. C. Oliver, D.S.C.,
H.M.S. *Aurora*,
c/o G.P.O., London,
27.3.44.

Dear Colonel Trench,

Whenever I see a soldier I attack him with enquiries about the Regiment. I always find that a Battalion is just about to come to where I am, but will not arrive until after I leave, or I find that they have just left. I never really seem to make contact. I have now concluded that the Dukes are kept up in the line as a permanent fixture. Other regiments are frequently withdrawn for rest and recuperation—but not the Dukes.

1943 was quite a fast year for me. Up to Cape Bon I served in the destroyer *Loyal*, a fine ship with a grand crew. We spent our time in defending convoys and the forward ports from air attack and, at night, going about between Africa and Sicily in an effort to make a mess of Rommell's supplies and reinforcements. We were fairly successful and caused some bonfires on the sea. We used to get very tired, though, because, at that time, the days were one long air raid and the nights were tense-ish. The few nights spent in harbour were also full of ack-ack work. However, we saw day bombers and dive-bombers give way to night-bombers and fighter-bombers and, later, to tip and run raiders. This was due, in the main, to the arrival of our own fighters and to the increased efficiency of the combined gunnery of Army and Navy.

The final stage in the North African campaign saw us fielding in the slips off Cape Bon. We bombarded the Hun, who was being forced towards us by the Army. Usually, when supporting the Army, we start shooting at short range and end at extreme range. At Cape Bon we started at extreme range and ended over open sights—and then dealt with the Hun boating parties. Before the boating started, however, we had some trouble with various 88mm. batteries whose gunnery, both ack-ack and surface, was very good indeed.

We had one quite thrilling incident at this time. We were three destroyers in line ahead steaming at ten knots into the Gulf of Tunis on a very dark night. We became aware that three vessels were passing us on an opposite course, so we swung round to follow. We increased speed and, when doing about 16 knots, found that we were overhauling. The range closed until we saw dim shapes ahead. They looked like destroyers. Our leader did not fire but, suddenly, there was a flash and a crash and one of the shapes disappeared. She had evidently discovered the minefield of which we ourselves were terrified. The remaining two turned quickly to starboard, followed by us—we putting an extra puff or two into the lifebelt just in case.

At this time we had to reduce speed to avoid approaching too close to the enemy. So, two Huns leading, we steamed along the safe channel.

When our leader thought that all was clear, we hauled out to port and again increased speed. The overhauling process recommenced until our leader was abeam of the leading enemy.

For the last 15 minutes all depended on the enemy attention being directed anywhere but on us. The battles on shore helped quite a bit in this. We were to seaward. Had the head of our line been seen, the action would have commenced with a stern chase, the visibility being such as to offer the enemy a good chance of keeping clear of us until he could run under the guns of Pantellaria. However, he gazed steadily at the shore until our leader's first salvo split the night. This was at once followed by salvos from the next in line and from ourselves, and was immediately rewarded by our own target catching fire amidships.

Inside a minute both enemy ships were ablaze and our own opponent was down by the stern. We could now see that these were not destroyers but "K.T." craft—

vessels used for carrying troops, fuel and ammunition quickly across the narrows. They were armed with a couple of 88mm. guns apiece, and smaller guns, but, apart from a little 20mm. stuff, they did not shoot. Troops were rushing in masses down the sloping deck of our victim and, Gadarene-like, were plunging into the sea. That ship sank.

We sped after our consorts and found them, silent, circling the enemy leader. This vessel was afire from stem to stern. Occasional explosions with showers of rockets and tracer gave evidence of her cargo. At one part of our beat we passed her survivors, getting thinner in the water each time we came past. The shock of the sudden attack and the immersion must have sapped their strength.

Being satisfied that there were no more enemy ships in the vicinity, our leader broke line and picked up a few swimmers. We could not collect many because we had fighting to do. It was expected that very few of the survivors would reach shore and, in fact, at dawn, when we were sent to investigate, we found no-one alive.

There is, of course, a lot to tell of the succeeding days, and the surrender, and of some mopping up afterwards. One night, for instance, Zembretta Light winked and blinked into Morse. "We are fifty men, thirsty. Please come for us." Then there was a pause—"We hope you are gentlemen." However, I must get on.

After "Retribution" as the operation at Cape Bon was called, I was very suddenly taken from *Loyal* and ordered to join *Aurora*. In 21 naval years, and except for one trip, *Aurora* was my first cruiser. She seemed quite big to me and I felt rather lost. Still, "Bill" Agnew was her captain and she had a first-class record.

Back to Bone, and then came my first contact with the Dukes. I was walking along the deck by the gangway when I saw two Army officers wearing a lanyard that was familiar. These officers were Major Montgomery-Campbell and Major Bell. They had come aboard by accident, having mistaken one ship for another.

We had a yarn and arranged baths and what not for the chaps and a run around for ourselves. On about the 1st of June, 1943, I rode around at Bone, and afterwards had char, an egg and some cherries in a tent with the two officers mentioned and some others. I am ashamed to say that the only other name that I remember is that of Captain Greave. They told us tales of battle and showed us trophies: captured guns and boots and a typewriter.

Shortly after this we embarked General Eisenhower and Admiral Cunningham and went off to give Pantellaria something to ponder over. We managed to get to within 8,000 yards of the beach and, of course, the destroyers got in a lot closer. The M.T.Bs. actually went right into the harbour. The return fire was not very dangerous for most of the time. Much of the enemy shell went screaming overhead.

Three days later we again appeared off Pantellaria, this time with the Dukes astern of us, waiting to assault. Routine was carried out, and the result entered in the history books. That night we started the attack on Lampedusa. We continued next day and the island surrendered in the evening. Good for them that they did, because we had fixed up a fine treat for them that night.

Then to Algiers, to parade before His Majesty the King. He looked very well, and pleased with all that he saw. Some days after the parade, we found ourselves off a harbour in North Africa. H.M. came aboard and we sailed with him to Malta, where we arrived on 20th June. Being selected for this honour, *Aurora* became known as "*Auroria and Albert*."

The King appeared to be much affected by the sight of the crowds on the ruined Baraccas and by the sound of their cheering as it came crashing over the water. The constant, flat noise of hand clapping made an unbroken accompaniment to the organised and unorganised vocal riot. His Majesty toured the island and returned. We sailed and, next day, he left us—And all this in waters which, so recently, were more than dangerous.

Followed a period of gathering. Tremendous armadas of ships and barges moved

to and fro. The enemy attacked by air and submarine, but was defeated on both fields. Destroyers, sloops, corvettes and motor craft worked day and night to give protection, and the R.A.F. did splendidly.

One day we found ourselves in company with the battleships. It is not known how these leviathans managed to find their way to the scene, but it is supposed that they were guided by some destroyer. We trudged about with them by day but, at night, went off on our proper job.

That night, 10th July, the invasion of Sicily started. The Air Forces swept in and pounded point after point. We pantingly arrived at full dark and selected Catania and Taormina as our targets. This sort of thing went on night after night. While Sicily was a battleground we reached further and shot up places in Italy proper. We even reached into the Gulf of Taranto, but the Italians in that port would not climb aboard their ships and come out. We only found some unfortunate minor war vessels at sea. They were swept up.

One good effort was a night run to Castellamare, near Naples. We attacked from behind the hills to the south of the town and lobbed our shells over the top. This started a grand air raid alarm which provided lots of fireworks.

The evacuation of Sicily commenced and we switched our tactics. A bag of seven barges loaded with enemy troops was our best single effort. The destroyers, working closer inshore, used to get barges and boats and trains and lorries—and bicycles. By this time we were fairly well tired out but there was no rest, and the invasion of Italy saw us rushing to Taranto. These really were first-class troops. On the way, we saw some of the Italian battleships coming out of Taranto to go to Malta to give themselves up.

From this job, straight to Salerno. Here we backed up the Royal Marines and Commando troops and American Rangers who were working on the heights to the north of the landing beaches. The best single effort we managed was a factory chock full of German troops.

It was, of course, at Salerno that the Regiment lost the Duke of Wellington, and there is no need for me to tell you about the changing fortunes there.

Since Salerno, a fair amount has happened but I cannot yet write about what happened after. The Censor wouldn't like it.

Well, I am afraid that I have not done very well by you during the war. You know that I would if I could. I do hope that the Regimental historians will do better than I have done.

I wish the Regiment here and in Burma and everywhere the very best of luck during the coming trials. We in the Navy know that only the soldier can really win this war for us. We can take you there and supply you and we'll back you up, but we know that you are the decisive weapon.

Yours in thought,
R. C. OLIVER.

Personalia.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Colonel A. Curran on reaching his 91st birthday on 7th May, 1944. We are glad to hear that he has now been given a small petrol ration for his car and so can get out a little. On another page he has contributed an appreciation of the late Brig.-General C. V. Humphrys.

The following birth has been announced:—

Gilbey.—On 24th February, 1944, at 27 Welbeck Street, W.1, to Maureen, wife of Captain the Hon. John H. Gilbey, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a son.

A marriage has been arranged between Captain the Marquess Douro, M.C., Royal Horse Guards, only son of the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, and Diana, only daughter of Major-General D. F. McConnel, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., and Mrs. McConnel, of Knockdolian, Colmonell, Ayrshire.

The engagement is announced between Captain Torquil Macleod, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, second son of Dr. and Mrs. N. A. Macleod, of Scaliscro, Isle of Lewis, and Eileen Mary, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Kingsley, of 48 Cleveland Square, W.2, and Darjeeling, India.

We offer our congratulations to Major-General W. M. Ozanne on his appointment last December as Major-General (Training) Home Guard, after having completed three years in command of a Division. He mentions in a recent letter a curious coincidence :— "Christison was commanding the 76th at the same time as I was commanding the 33rd. Later I commanded the 76th Division (having originally joined the 76th in 1911) and Christison commanded the 33rd Corps. I do think it is a curious incident that ex-commanding-officers should be commanding formations of their regimental numbers." Lt.-General A. F. P. Christison is mentioned in the Press as being in command of the operations in Arakan under General Slim, commander of the Fourteenth Army. His early service was with the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.

We hear from Colonel Pickering that his son Carey is serving on H.M.S. *Ceylon*, the flagship of Admiral Sir James Somerville, which took part in the battle of Sabang in Sumatra. We hope that he will be able to give us some account of it later on, as far as the censorship will allow. As mentioned elsewhere, Lt. Pickering heard his father's broadcast very well.

We were very sorry to hear that Mrs. W. M. Watson had had a severe accident recently, but are very glad to be able to say that she is making a good recovery. Last March her youngest daughter, Anne, who is a junior commander in the A.T.S., had to come home with an attack of arthritis, brought on by strain and exposure on a gun site. Mrs. Watson nursed her for eight weeks, and then met with an accident in which she fell and fractured her arm just above the wrist. Ruth, the second daughter, has also been in the wars with sciatica, and is in the Wingfield Hospital, Oxford. She is in the M.T.C., and has been working long hours driving a lorry.

On leaving Halifax, Mrs. Sayers, wife of Lt.-Colonel A. E. H. Sayers, has had to relinquish office as honorary organising secretary of the Halifax Comforts Fund, which she and other ladies started in September, 1939. Mrs. Sayers has, for more than four years' of devoted work, made contact with large numbers of relatives of prisoners of war, and as a mark of their appreciation they presented her with a gold watch on 21st April, 1944. Although the organisation has dealt with men in all the Services, a considerable number of them are Dukes, and largely as a result of Mrs. Sayer's visits to some 164 families of prisoners of war of the Regiment, and of her report of these to the Colonel of the Regiment, the Regimental Prisoners of War Fund was started.

The following is an extract from *Union Jack*, a newspaper published for the Forces in the Central Mediterranean, dated 7th January, 1944:—

IS THIS A RECORD?

I am told that Cpl. Sidney Olliff, aged 64, of an infantry regiment in the Mediterranean, first joined up as a signaller in the Boer War. He joined the West Riding Regiment. He went through the Great War (old-fashioned term, by the way) with the Somersets, and in 1919 was in the Russian expedition. He claims to be the oldest soldier to go through the North African campaign.

Can any of our readers remember Cpl. Olliff?

It is a long time since we had news of Major W. T. Wilkinson. In a recent letter to Miss Turner, enclosing his subscription for THE IRON DUKE, he gives his new address as 60 Rome Street, Toowoomba, Queensland. He mentions that he has been placed on the retired list, and is now travelling for a firm of printers, his territory being the Darling Downs, and most of his journeys are done in a Ford 10-h.p. car. He ends:—
“I am pleased to see that Captain Oliver and his son Roddie are still going strong. All copies of THE IRON DUKE sent to me have been received. I conclude and wish the Dukes the best of luck and an early victory.”

Captain Charles Oliver writes:—

“I have had a line from Mr. W. E. Brennan (Jerry), who must be nearing 80 years of age, he was colour-sergeant instructor of musketry when I joined the 1st Battalion, also elder brother of the younger Brennan of the 1st Battalion. It appears that Brennan was blitzed out by the Hun and moved to Shipley some two years ago. He writes very cheerfully and wishes to be remembered through THE IRON DUKE to any old friends that are left. The men who served with ‘Jerry’ in his younger days are few at present.

“All old members of the Regiment and friends of the late R.Q.M.S. Steele will be glad to know that his sons are both doing well in the service. I had a letter from Gordon (the elder); he is a battery Q.M.S. in the Royal Artillery. He informs me that he met a number of the — Battalion at some recuperation camp and was very interested in the news they gave him of the splendid work done by the Battalion during the retreat in Burma. He mentions his brother Roy who is with the same regiment but not at the same station, but both I think are much occupied in attending to things that count in the matter of dealing with the Japanese. Both these lads were born in the Regiment during their father’s term of service, Roy in Quetta and Gordon, I think, somewhere about Lahore. In my reply I requested Gordon to send anything interesting that he came across to THE IRON DUKE. I might add that both the Steeles joined the local Territorials before the outbreak of war. Also that Gordon had mentioned that he had listened to the Colonel of the Regiment’s broadcast, and said how very proud he felt at knowing that he had been born in the Regiment.”

In a later letter Capt. Oliver writes that he had just met No. 9873 ex-Sgt. Senior, who was in “B” Company in the 2nd Battalion, and served with them in France in the last war. He asked to be remembered to old friends through THE IRON DUKE.

In the fifth war-time report of the Society of Yorkshiremen in London it is mentioned that the Yorkshire Regiments’ Comforts Fund had contributed cash and gifts to the Depots of the County Regiments, and that Miss A. J. Thompson organised a group to knit for The Duke of Wellington’s Regiment.

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

Question Time in the House.

He is my favourite nephew ; consequently every leave finds me spending a day or two at least in his company. Perhaps it was his merry antics that fascinated me at first but as time passed by it became more evident that I was the entertainer.

" Why," he asked me one day, " does the moon sometimes appear large, sometimes small." Eager to satisfy his curiosity, I set to work with a melon, an orange and an apple.

Have you ever tried to walk round a melon, making an apple revolve in one hand and an orange circulate in the other ? If you're not careful you find yourself in a most complicated Gourdian knot. I had to stop and unwind myself three times before I'd got very far.

Of course I see now that I need not have walked round the sun to illustrate the phases of the moon but to tell the truth the whole thing wasn't as clear in my mind as I'd thought. Pictures in books and personal illustrations are very different. My explanation came to a premature but not unwelcome end when I caught my foot in a small occasional table nearby, sending a whole lot of odds and ends flying.

" There," I said, " you see how it works now, don't you ? "

Oh, he was tactful all right but it was clear that in his own mind things would be better left as they were.

" I think," he said, " that I would like a slice of melon."

So we picked up the odds and ends and consumed the moon and a couple of segments of the sun. The first breach had been made in my defences.

The very next day I was sure of it. We were in the sitting-room. Outside the rain was pouring down, filling the gutters till they looked like swollen streams. I watched him as he stood by the window gazing at the spectacle and as I perceived a more studious look steal over his features, I prepared myself for further questioning.

" Where," he asked, " does all the rain come from ? "

This was easy and a chance to recover my prestige.

" The hot sun draws the moisture up from the earth into the clouds and it falls in other places as rain," I replied.

" And has the sun drawn up more moisture than it usually does this year ? " he asked.

" Yes, I suppose so," I replied. " The real reason is, of course, hidden from us, but that's what it does."

" How long have you known this ? " was his next question. The very oddness of the question should have warned me but it was so innocently camouflaged.

" Oh, a long time now," I replied airily.

" Then why did you say to mummy the other afternoon when you wanted to go shooting, " Wherethedeucedoesallthedarnedstuffcomefrom ? " "

" That," I said, " was a figure of speech."

" Do you know what a figure of speech is ? " I asked, taking on the offensive.

" No, I don't," he replied.

" A figure of speech is a remark or fanciful observation which may or may not possess literal accuracy," I said. " Do you understand ? "

" I think," he said thoughtfully, " that I would like another slice of melon."

C. T.

Reviews.

THE BATTLE IS THE PAY OFF. By Ralph Ingersoll (The Bodley Head).—The meaning of the title of this book is not disclosed to one ignorant of the American idiom until the last chapter. All through the book the author harps on the necessity for training, toughening, and the highest skill with weapons, and in his own words he says, "I chose to write about the battle because the battle is the pay off. It is what training is for." The author is an American newspaper editor, or was we should say; as he is now whole-heartedly and without any reservations a soldier. He was 42 when he enlisted. Before America entered the war he had, as a journalist, visited England, Russia and China, and had been bombed in London, Kharkof and Chungking. He thought, and still does, that newspaper publishing is an essential war occupation, nevertheless he enlisted.

The main part of the book is a personal account of a single day's battle in Tunisia, in which some 400 to 500 American Rangers and a company of an engineer battalion marched by night across the mountains to take in the rear an enemy position in a narrow pass through which runs the road from Gafsa to Sfax. It was brilliantly accomplished, and some 1,400 Italians were killed and taken prisoner with the loss of one Ranger; though later in the day there were losses from dive bombing attacks by Stukas.

The author first tells us something of his training in America, and then appears as an officer just landed in North Africa. He has some good stories to tell of the original landing, which he had heard from those who had taken part in it. One is of a young officer who single-handed captured an entire French battery, but was *not* decorated for it, and the amusing reason why. Another, of an old French poilu who held up a whole American armoured column. He has some trouble in reaching the unit he is to be attached to, owing to the secrecy of the whereabouts of all headquarters. Hardly has he joined the engineer regiment than he volunteers to join the company detailed to accompany the Ranger battalion on the night march; though he is concerned as to his physical ability to stand the strain of a long night march and action at the end of it.

The account of this operation is told with a wealth of vivid detail, that is in our opinion unsurpassed by any war story we have read; and his very narrow escape from being blown to bits by a Stuka's bomb is as realistic as imagination could picture. But apart from such a superlative story there is other matter in this book that makes it worth reading. There is a chapter on American Army organisation that, though written to enlighten his own people in America, cannot but be of great interest and enlightenment to British people. There is, too, a moral for the American people, which, put shortly, is that Americans are not in this war as whole-heartedly as the British, Russians and Chinese, and this because their country has never suffered from Nazi terrorism. They, as he says, are fighting an evil that must be destroyed, that is their whole incentive. 'The Americans' is to get the job done and get home again. It is a frank book, and it would be unbecoming to comment on its lessons for Americans.

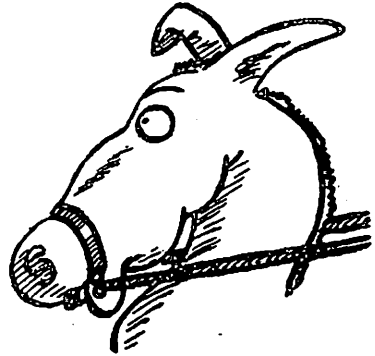
EDITOR.

I'M A STRANGER HERE MYSELF. By Antony Thorne (Heinemann).—This book should by rights be reviewed by one of our friends on H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, for it is a story about sailors. And it seems almost impertinent for a "Pongo," as sailors nickname a soldier, to tackle the task. Even if we cannot estimate the value of it as a sailor could, it has for a landsman that indefinable tang of the sea that one gets in Conrad's books. But more than this picture of a cruise is the character drawing of Mr. Thorne's shipmates. The reader can see and almost hear them, just as Mr. Thorne says on his last page:—"Whenever I see Matelots, in the train, in the street, I recognise one or other of them. Stripey, Curly, Knocker—I've seen them all within the four sides of Trafalgar Square at one time or another, and have only just stopped myself from calling them by name." They are real men, not just types, and one parts from them when the book is laid down with a regret that cannot be much less than the author's. For as the publisher's note on the jacket says, 90 per cent. of the book is fact, though it is in the form of a novel. Mr. Thorne is a novelist who enlisted in the Navy as a "White paper candidate," that is, with a view to getting a commission. He joins an armed merchant cruiser, and opens his story when he finds himself among his future messmates on the lower deck. There follows a voyage of some six weeks, with a murderous storm as seen from between decks, action stations for what proves to be a false alarm, shore leave at a foreign port, and then the trip home with a convoy of 47 ships, crawling at the six knots of the slowest. That is the bare outline. Not very interesting you may say. Nor is the outline of many good tales, but get inside them, and live with the characters as one does in this book, and there is a different story to tell. Not Kipling's "Soldiers Three" are more alive, nor hold the memory longer. They are authentic, these messmates of Mr. Thorne's, and he was as successful in living with them as in depicting them; for they took him, the white paper candidate they might conceivably have shunned, to their hearts.

EDITOR.



Claw Them Down!



The crew of the Bofors gun work smoothly under their instructor—a man almost fatherly in his attitude towards them. There is no driving, no heat or coarseness. Comparisons are odious, but as I join the little group of onlookers my mind travels back down the years to when this branch of the service was in its infancy.

We are moving across the moor in column of route, but to-day we are moving with the times. Behind us, in rear of the horse-drawn limber carrying their equipment, marches our newly-formed anti-aircraft section, filled with a sinful pride and the desire to show off.

Sergeant Bloodworth, their commander, scans the clouds with a questing eye for the R.A.F. 'plane which is coming to give them their first real test. His section, heads back and mouths open, help him to scan them. Their example is infectious. With our gaze also on the clouds we trust to Providence to guide our steps. The result puts a dangerous strain on the arteries of an Adjutant who has rejected his breakfast a bare half hour since.

The drone of the engine becomes audible before the 'plane appears, and we look eagerly round for it. This upsets even more the uneven tenor of our way. In thirty seconds there is a scene which has probably no parallel outside the Chicago stockyards, and then, swept off the road by a gust of temper, we are urged to take cover and keep our something heads down.

Sergeant Bloodworth gives tongue. His section falls on the limber like a pack of hungry wolves. Every man, trained on specially selected adjectives, knows exactly what he has to do. But there is a hitch somewhere. The neat precision of the parade ground breaks down under the less favourable conditions. Confusion sets in.

An English elbow gets in an Irish eye, and the spark of dissension thus created is fanned into flame by an army boot. Private Higgins, groping inside the limber for the Lewis gun, is torn out by the collar by Private Termoyle, who wants the gun's mounting—a sort of music-stand affair. Corporal Clutterbuck, capsized in the first rush, goes down to form a convenient step for Privates Mulligan and Macginty, who don't like corporals anyway.

Into this seething maelstrom Sergeant Bloodworth, using the Australian crawl, plunges to restore order; but not seeing the prostrate form of Corporal Clutterbuck, takes a rollicking toss over it head first into the limber. His exclamation of annoyance pierces even the din raised by his frantic troops. The horses grow restive; they exchange inquiring glances, and finally, overcome by curiosity, they look round.

That does it. Unnerved by the awful spectacle in their rear, they bolt. Their gallant driver, standing apparently on his horse's neck, his body arched backwards in a taut semi-circle, implores them in vain to stop.

British soldiers are famous the world over for sticking to their guns, and we are proud to see our comrades living up to this tradition nobly. Like a swarm of khaki

bees, they cling in a desperate bunch to the back of the rocking limber, all except Corporal Clutterbuck, who, entangled in a forest of trailing feet, is towed along in his own little private cloud of dust.

Sergeant Bloodworth's superstructure is down out of sight in the limber. Private Termoye is attached limpet-like to the back of his trouser band. That Sergeant Bloodworth deploras this attachment is apparent even above the appalling racket of the departing limber; but Private Termoye, self-preservation uppermost in his mind, hangs grimly on.

There can be only one end to such a situation. Sergeant Bloodworth's suspensory arrangements are carried away with a sharp crack, and Private Termoye goes down to join Corporal Clutterbuck in the dust. Sergeant Bloodworth's trousers go down with him, and their fulminating owner, drawn irresistibly out of the limber, remains suspended at full length by his hands.

But the disaster proves to be all for the best. A bevy of warriors, swung outwards by their emerging sergeant, force the seat of Private Chawker firmly against the limber's off wheel. Private Chawker's ear-splitting wail of anguish chills the blood of the stampeding horses and brings them to a quivering halt.

Once again our intrepid anti-aircraft section goes into action—with three exceptions. Corporal Clutterbuck, who has broken Private Termoye's fall, expresses a desire to do the same for his neck; Private Chawker, with both hands clapped on a scorched and devastated area, marks time at the gallop; and Sergeant Bloodworth, for once speechless because there are no words bad enough, crams himself untidily back into the remnants of his trousers.

And then the Adjutant appears. He arrives sideways on a reluctant horse just as the Lewis gun is fixed on its stand, and striking the anti-aircraft section like an equine tidal wave, sweeps it in a confused welter of tangled humanity into a ditch. Sergeant Bloodworth, springing automatically to attention, comes out of his trousers again.

The Adjutant's horse has been well brought up. After one horrified glance at the sergeant's lingerie it gives way to an hysterical outburst which takes its maddened rider half a mile of frenzied sawing and slashing to quell. Relieved, the anti-aircraft section salvage the gun, empty it of ditch water, and replace it on its stand. Then, breathless but undaunted, they await orders.

Sergeant Bloodworth sweeps the heavens with an inflamed eye. The 'plane is now a mere speck in the distance, and an uneasy suspicion that perhaps it is not the expected one is borne in on all of us. But Sergeant Bloodworth is not to be denied. Calming a flapping shirt tail with one hand he speechlessly indicates the target with the other, and the rattle twirls as a stream of imaginary bullets speed away in hopeless pursuit of a quarry with fifteen miles start.

A foaming Adjutant on a sweating horse appears again, and it is left to this carping critic to discover that both the anti-aircraft gunsight and the magazine are absent without leave.

To such an extent does he harp on this theme that the approach of the R.A.F. 'plane is never heard. With its engine cut off it swoops down, flattens out, and the observer, leaning over, lands the Adjutant a shattering smack on the back of the neck with a bag of flour.

The Adjutant's horse goes off again—this time alone. The Adjutant, after one fleeting moment of airborne life, comes down out of control to make a pancake landing in the ditch.

We British are a sporting race, and the anti-aircraft section's appreciation of the R.A.F. success reveals this quality at its best. Their tactless cheer rings heartily out over the desolate moor; then, still undaunted, they turn to face the unbridled fury that is creeping upon them from out of a stagnant ditch.

P. M. L.

Staff Officer—Female.

Once upon a time—in the days before “man-power” became a word of urgency—the idea of a female Staff Officer would have produced ribald mirth at Camberley and derision in the monastic precincts of the War Office. Those days are past; young, charming, fresh from the A.T.S. Staff College, and warranted to be in every respect the equal of the men they replace, the G.S.O.3 (female) has come, if not to stay permanently, at least to be a prominent part of the War Office war personnel.

The changes introduced into a Department by the presence of several young women are those only to be expected when a feminine hand is laid on a hitherto impersonal machine; yet so lacking in imagination is the average male, so incapable is he of visualising the inevitable, that each innovation has been greeted with incredulity and pain (not wrath. Oh dear no, we know better than to be wrathful, there is always a danger of tears as a retaliation).

The Department takes on a new and fresher aspect. Inkwells which had a decoration no more harmful than a few cigarette stubs are swept and garnished, and as like as not a jam-jar of flowers is placed menacingly before their ordered cleanliness; cushions appear on chairs to counteract a much talked of shine on khaki which the Chair-Borne Div. had never perceived when alone; a Tea Club materialises out of the empty air with a rigorously extorted weekly subscription of which the fruits are a variety of little bits on trays, slabs of the yellow sandstone which by some quirk of humour the war-time baker names cake, tea and coffee pots, and much soprano lamentation over the scarcity of milk. (Between ourselves, gross materialists as we are, we marvel at the amount of food our girls manage to put away without detriment to their figures.)

They have been the reason for many an anxious conference among senior officers as to methods of discipline. How for example does one reprimand for breach of duty someone who either shakes a headful of curls in your face and exclaims “O Colonel, you *are* amusing!” or else gazes at you in hurt silence whilst her eyes slowly fill with tears? Or worse, when things look really black, takes refuge in collapse or sudden indisposition?

A concensus of opinion declares tears on the whole easiest to deal with; the sensation of being an unworthy brute, unfit to associate with anything so sensitive disappears once it has been realised that these demonstrations sometimes have a strategic intent. Those who fled, with apologies, at the first ordeal now find it possible to remain stonily impassive, facing the even greater threat of genuinely damp handkerchiefs (which they themselves may be called on to supply) in the face of Junior Commander X's wailings because she has heard that Harrod's have a few pairs of *real* silk stockings in stock, and she must, she simply **MUST**, get

away from the Office before a ravening mob of civilians has bought them all. (And incidentally, could Major X lend her the wherewithal to purchase them as she hasn't any money till the end of the month?) Chill reminder that the starving population of



“O Colonel, you *are* amusing.”

N., for whom she is expected to put through some work, will suffer for this dereliction is useless. In the face of sheer silk stockings, Junior Commander X is without heart for others.

Collapse is rare, and far more ominous. A certain G.S.O. celebrated her first day with us by dropping in a dead faint at the feet of her G.S.O.2 even as he spoke his first welcoming words. This officer, who had believed himself a genial character, beloved of children and animals, given to a winning way with women, and even, so he said, hen-pecked at home, had thought himself to be cooing like a cushat dove, and the consequent shock to his feelings was great. The inferiority complex which followed could only be kept in check by his confining his orders to such robust spirits as the military clerks (corporals, male).

We had wondered between ourselves how those same clerks would take to women in uniform. Regulations exact respect, but as they could hardly be addressed as "Sir," there was some speculation as to whether the correct term of "M'am" would be employed. But you do not easily embarrass a Staff Sergeant and his men. One and all they passed over rank and militarism as non-existent. Our Junior Commanders are referred to collectively as "the Young Ladies" and addressed individually as "Miss." Even less formality prevails between equal ranks. A certain shyness at being called "Sir" by attractive blondes vanished on finding that they intended to abolish such stilted phrasing at a very early date. Christian names became, and have remained, general, and we have reached a pitch where some young gentlewomen have to be reminded that whereas a full General may be known to his compeers as "Fred" it is hardly advisable for a junior officer, even with the best and friendliest intentions, to follow suit should business take her into his exalted presence.

Yes, our rigid military minds have become very adaptable under the new régime. They have had to, though not, strangely enough, in the respect of language. Those who blushed after the utterance of an incautious or unseemly phrase found they blushed alone, their G.S.O.'s cheek was no pinker than its usual wont. But—let some unfortunate drop ash in any other than the appointed receptacles, and they become positively scarlet with indignation. And those men who used to scatter their caps and greatcoats on whatever piece of furniture came handiest now look, under the pressure of glances only a fool would dare to misunderstand, for the distant and inconvenient pegs on which they have been told to hang them. Feet must be wiped on mats even in the driest of weather, for our "Young Ladies" cherish theories about dust being harmful to their beautifully waved hair. Maps which lay about anywhere are neatly pinned to the walls, and a few dog-earned photographs of pin-up girls—owner and origin unknown—have been consigned to the outer darkness with scathing comment on the type of man "who likes such things." Such is the power of virtuous indignation that not one, but all, the male members of the staff donned immediate expressions of self-conscious guilt.

"But," someone may say, "come to the real point—are they efficient?" They are. Speaking seriously and without frivolity, they are extremely efficient. And we don't know what we should do without them.

C. R. G. and C. B. ACWORTH.

Correspondence.

Lands Branch,
War Office,
London, S.W.1.,
14.2.44.

Dear Sir,

I have just received the February number of THE IRON DUKE and have read "Boffin's" letter in which he refers to my note concerning Malta, G.C., which appeared in the June number, 1943.

I agree it was unfortunate that I did not mention the Royal Malta Artillery, nor did I mean to belittle in any way the courage and fortitude of the Maltese civilians.

My note was not intended to be a survey of the courage of the people, service or civilian, who were living in the Islands during the siege.

I entirely agree with all "Boffin" says concerning them all, and in this connection I feel that I am perhaps in a position to know something of how the civilian population felt, as I had over twenty civilians, male and female, serving under me, all of whom showed fine courage and none of whom failed to report for duty each day even when the raids were at their worst, though many had to come some distance.

I hope you will be able to find space for this letter in the next number of THE IRON DUKE.

I expect to be leaving the War Office shortly and join Hirings.

Yours faithfully,

J. E. POLLARD.

To the Editor, THE IRON DUKE.

Obituary.

We regret to record the following deaths:—

BATHURST.—On 25th August, 1942, Major Charles Bathurst, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Major Bathurst was born on 16th January, 1893, and joined the 2nd Battalion on 4th September, 1912, and served with them in England and in France during the last war. He also served with the 10th Battalion, and was in temporary command during the assault of Hill 60, and Battle Wood, on 7th June, 1917, when his gallantry won him the M.C. From March, 1918, to April, 1919, he held a special appointment in West Africa, and resigned his commission on 15th July, 1919. After his retirement he was a rubber planter for a number of years, but returned to this country shortly before the present war. He is survived by his widow.

BENSON.—Killed in action in Italy in February, 1944, T/Major P. P. Benson, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Major Benson joined the — Battalion from the H.A.C. in January, 1940, and served with them in France, Belgium and through the evacuation of Dunkirk. Major T. St. G. Carroll writes:—"He was a splendid leader of men, and liked by everyone. He played a sterling game of rugger despite his age. He played for the Battalion regularly as a forward, and he must have been 40 years of age when he was killed. He is survived by his wife and two daughters."

FISHER.—On 18th January, 1944, accidentally killed during an exercise, No. 4797326 Sgt. Harry Fisher, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Sgt. Fisher enlisted in the Lincolnshire Regiment on 27th January, 1925, and went on to the Reserve after completing seven years' service. He re-enlisted in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment on 3rd November, 1939. He was posted to an O.C.T.U. on 28th December, 1942, and was serving with it at the time of his death. Captain L. F. H. Kershaw, under whom he was serving, writes:—"He had specialised in signal work and was of great use to the O.C.T.U. The accident was caused by a carrier, in which he was travelling, overturning, and subsequently crushing him. I cannot speak too highly of his work here and I am extremely sorry that his death occurred in such tragic circumstances."

HUMPHRYS.—On 21st April, 1944, at Bournemouth, after a short illness, Brigadier-General Charles Vesey Humphrys, C.B.E., late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, of the Old Manor House, Chilworth, Surrey, eldest surviving son of the late John Winter Humphrys, D.L., J.P., Ballyhaise House, Co. Cavan. General Humphrys was born on 1st October, 1862, and was gazetted to the Regiment on 9th September, 1882, and joined the 2nd Battalion. In the following year he went out to India to the 1st Battalion, serving with them there and returning with them to England in 1889. In December, 1891, he was appointed adjutant and held the appointment until September, 1895, when the Battalion went to Malta; he then took over the adjutancy of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion (later the 5th Battalion D.W.R.) at Huddersfield. "Cordite" in the *Huddersfield Daily Examiner* of 26th April, 1944, writes:—

A firm and strict disciplinarian, he helped to make the local Volunteers a unit of considerable importance to the town. At the same time he always had the welfare of the men at heart, particularly when under canvas at the annual camps. He served under the commands of Colonels Carlile and

Beadon, and instilled into us civilians the need for a soldierly bearing in all our activities. His voice on parade was truly a thriller, and his control of the Battalion in exercises at Longley is not forgotten by us who had the privilege of responding to his commands. He was essentially a man-maker as well as a soldier, beloved by all. The country is the poorer by the loss of such gentlemen.

On 14th February, 1901, General Humphrys relinquished the adjutancy and went out to the South African war on the staff and later served as administrator No. 1 Martial Law Area, Cape Colony District; he was mentioned in despatches and received the Queen's medal with three clasps. He rejoined the 1st Battalion at York in July, 1905, as second-in-command, and went out with them to India. On 30th November, 1908, he succeeded Colonel Thorold in command of the Battalion, and held the command until 5th March, 1912, when he was appointed Commandant of the School of Musketry at Pachmari. From April, 1915, until May, 1916, he had a Brigade in India with the temporary rank of brigadier-general, and on returning to England was given the command of 216th Infantry Brigade, Home Forces. This appointment he held from November, 1916, until February, 1917, when he went out to France, and commanded the 176th Infantry Brigade in the line until April of that year, when he was invalided home. He then commanded the 6th Training Reserve Brigade from April to September, 1917, and the Special Reserve Brigade from December, 1917, until April, 1919. He retired on 30th April, 1919, with the rank of hon. brigadier-general.

General Humphrys married his cousin, Florence Jane Humphrys, in 1900 and had a son. She died in February, 1904. In June, 1905, he married Miss Marion Owen, who accompanied him on all his service after that date, and who survives him.

The following is an extract from a letter we received from Mrs. Humphrys:—

It has been my whole care to keep my husband fit, active and happy, so that he could enjoy his later years of leisure to the full. We had always close companionship, ideally happy home life and we treasured our memories of the Regiment together.

We came to Bournemouth when the house was requisitioned by the Army for Canadian officers. His nearest brother, an invalid, was already established here.

The greatest interest was to watch the training of infantry and Commandos along the coast when he took in all weathers his long walks with his well-known Aberdeen, "Mr. Bruce." Countless overseas men knew him, recognised a soldier of distinction by his bearing—rather Spartan—but easy to approach when they were off duty and always friendly. They were astonished he was so well informed about their home town or country problems and their activities and his up-to-date knowledge of training. He was always able to make them see it was all worth while. That a high standard of discipline or whatever it was that led to efficiency was to their own advantage and it was up to them to keep fit—here would come sketches of "The Dukes" achievements at rugger, sports or arms. He would enthuse on the traditions and beauties of this old land of ours—village cricket, cottage gardens, men of the land, the mills, the shipyards and mines—with so much practical sense, kindness and humour.

He spoke of his old Regiment with great pride and gratitude for the happy years he spent with officers, N.C.Os. and men, to whose loyalty and co-operation he said he owed everything.

Below we print appreciations from some of his brother officers:—

Colonel A. Curran writes:—

His was a happy-go-lucky Irish nature, and he was full of chaff and jokes, but beneath this veneer of frivolity was a very sound brain; and when an adjutant had to be appointed in a cast-iron hurry, owing to the unexpected resignation of Godfrey, some of the senior officers—I rather think Le Marchant and myself—suggested to the C.O. that he should try Humphrys. Our judgment was sound, and during the tenure of his office things went very well with the Regiment. He was very quick in the uptake, and his decisions generally correct. He quickly got through the routine in the orderly room, and was then off to the Mess, to smoke one of his innumerable cigarettes, which he always rolled himself, and was soon immersed in the latest racing intelligence, which was his chief hobby; whether it endured to the end I know not.

Lt.-Colonel F. A. Hayden writes:—

The death of General Humphrys has reduced the number of surviving officers of the old 1st Battalion to four—namely, Colonel Curran, Colonel le Marchant, Colonel Harrison and myself. If there be any of the "other ranks" surviving, I am sure the Editor of THE IRON DUKE will be glad to have their names. General Humphrys joined the 33rd from the 76th at Nowshera in the cold weather of 1883-84. I was with the 33rd at the time; the 76th were then in Ireland. From Nowshera we went to Rawal Pindi, and Humphrys was with us when we went to Kuldunnah in the Murree Hills. The last I

remember of him was at my wedding at Murree in September, 1885. I did not see him again until I rejoined the 1st Battalion at Dover in November, 1893, when he was adjutant to Colonel Conor who was commanding. There was a story about him and the 1st Battalion when he was commanding them at Umballa. General Pilcher was commanding the District; he was a man who never got tired, and didn't let anyone else *not* get tired, and he was in advance of his day in infantry training, especially in fire discipline, as we used to call it. He became so proud of Humphrys' battalion that it became known as "Pilcher's Pets." Years afterwards when General Pilcher was my Divisional general in 1914-15, I told him this story and he did not deny it, and told me he well remembered Humphrys' battalion.

Lt.-Colonel W. G. Officer writes:—

General Humphrys came into his own when he took over command of the 1st Battalion in the autumn of 1908. We moved to Ambala, where there was a large garrison, and there his knowledge and skill had fuller scope and he was seen at his best. He was well versed in all the customs and traditions of the British Army, was unsurpassed at handling the Battalion on the drill ground, and at the same time he made light of all such tactical problems as came his way on manœuvres or exercises in the field. I remember well how he used to glance through orders received from Brigade and in a moment his decisions were made; and we waited and waited till others were ready. There are probably many who will remember his dexterity in securing the return of the Battalion to Ambala at Christmas-time ahead of schedule—and who paid for the train!

The General expected a high standard from his officers and non-commissioned officers—the non-treating order was well known in the Officers' Mess in his time—and was ever solicitous in his care of the men and their none too well appointed institutes. His indignation when he heard of an injustice was great, and he laboured hard, when occasion demanded, to get wrongs righted. In Government service this is often a difficult thing to do.

In barracks and in the field he trained the Battalion well, and perhaps it reached its highest pitch in the winter of 1911-1912, when preparing for the Delhi Durbar, where the Battalion gave a fine display of physical fitness over a stiff obstacle course. It was common rumour at the time that there was no better trained regiment in India than the 33rd.

The General was appointed Commandant of the Central School of Musketry at Pachmarhi before his period of command was up, and there his knowledge and ready Irish humour served him well. From Pachmarhi he went on to command a Brigade at Wellington and was employed there during the first years of the Great War. When he returned home he volunteered for service in France, and, to his eternal honour, be it said, commanded a Brigade in the snow and mud of the front line for some months before authority deemed it wise not to demand service in the trenches any longer from an officer with close on 40 years' service. He came home and commanded a Brigade in East Anglia till the end of the war.

On retirement he lived up and down the country in different places and often in France till finally he and Mrs. Humphrys settled down at Chilworth, near Guildford. It was always a pleasure to meet him and see his roses, and talk about regimental days—he was ever humorous and genial in his outlook and enthusiastic about the Regiment. He used to recall with pride an inspection of the 1st Battalion at Ashford (Kent) in the 90's by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, when he was adjutant. The Duke was so impressed by the steadiness in marching of the troops that he pressed forward on his horse to see better down the ranks and exclaimed with fervour—"They're as good as the Guards—as good as the Guards!"

He served his country well. We were lucky to have had him in the Regiment.

INCE.—On 22nd April, 1944, at a hospital in Surrey, of wounds received in Italy in September, 1943, Lt. Antony Phayre Gason Ince, Reconnaissance Corps, aged 21, younger son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Cecil Ince, of Littlecroft, West Clandon, near Guildford. "Tony" Ince was educated at Eastbourne College, and enlisted in the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry at the age of 17½; before that he had served with the Home Guard in West Clandon during his holidays. He was commissioned in the Reconnaissance Corps in November, 1942, and went out to North Africa in May, 1943. He was with the 8th Army in their victorious drive through Sicily and up the southern part of Italy, and was wounded in the neck north of Foggia in September, 1943. He was sent home by air and sea *via* North Africa in November. The damage to his spine caused paralysis from the chest downwards, and though he suffered great pain both during the trying journey home and for months in a hospital in Surrey, he was always cheerful and never complained. The sisters, nurses and doctors in the hospital all testified to his courage and fortitude, and said that he was an inspiration to all, always smiling and thinking of others. Colonel and Mrs. Ince ask us to say that they are very grateful for all the letters of sympathy they have received from so many members of the Regiment. The funeral at Clandon

was attended by Colonel G. S. W. Rusbridger and Captain and Mrs. R. A. Scott. The "Last Post" was sounded by buglers of The Queen's Royal Regiment.

LLEWELLYN.—On 26th February, 1944, at the Beeches, Carleton-in-Craven, Skipton, Yorkshire, after nearly four years of illness nobly borne, Alice Geraldine Llewellyn (néé Green), wife of Lt.-Col. E. H. Llewellyn, M.C., The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 53 years. Cremation took place at Harrogate on 29th February and a memorial service was held at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Carleton-in-Craven, on 5th March. She is survived by her husband and one daughter.

RICKETTS.—On 4th January, 1944, in Italy, Captain H. O. D. Ricketts, The Leicestershire Regiment.

Lt.-Colonel J. H. C. Lawlor writes:—"It was with the greatest regret that I saw in a recent casualty list Harry Ricketts' name as having died of wounds. Harry joined the — Battalion in April, 1940, on the night before we left Malton, to embark for Norway. He came to us on a special posting from the Leicesters as a mountain warfare expert. He had had a good deal of experience of this on the Frontier and had taken part in operations there just before the war. He started on the job of running T.E.W.T.S., etc., immediately we got on board, and during the ten days or so we were embarked had taught us all a lot. On the calling off of Norway and our embarkation for Iceland, Harry accompanied us. In Iceland he was for a time weapon training officer, and then took over command of 'A' Company. Under his inspiring and enthusiastic leadership, 'A' Company soon became a first class company. Under the joint leadership of Harry and John Gilbey the Battalion soon produced a first class rugby side which remained unbeaten during the whole of our stay in Iceland.

"After a little over a year in Iceland, Harry was due to go on leave, and approached me with a view to returning to his own regiment. He said he had been very happy indeed with us but that he felt in honour bound not to stay too long away from his own regiment. I said that we should be extremely sorry to lose him but that I understood fully his feelings in the matter and would not stand in his way. So at the end of his leave Harry joined a battalion of his own regiment and later went to North Africa.

"I know Harry's death will be felt very keenly by all ranks of the — Battalion and in particular by the officers and by his old company. Regular officers of Harry's calibre and knowledge, experience and enthusiasm were not so easy to come by in the difficult days of early 1940. Harry was invaluable and the Battalion owes him much for his loyalty and devoted service. In his death the Army and the Leicestershire Regiment lose a fine and a very gallant officer and I and my old Battalion a very valued, sincere, loyal and devoted friend.

"The following is an extract from a letter I have received from Mrs. Ricketts, Harry's mother:—

"He was thoroughly happy with you and the Battalion in Iceland I know—he often spoke of you with affection. You may care to hear a few details of Harry's doings last year. In February, 1943, he was taken prisoner in North Africa and made a prisoner of war in Italy P.G.49 (North Italy). When the Armistice was concluded the whole six hundred of this camp walked out, camped in a wood near by, fed and clothed by Italian peasants. After three days, they wished each other luck and set off in little groups whither they would.

"Knowing Harry so well, his only idea would be to make for Allied lines; and this he set out for, although it meant a trek of more than six hundred odd miles through awful country. I shudder to think of his sufferings and what he must have endured during those three months—the hidden dangers and difficulties—then at the end, in front of our lines, to be injured by a mine explosion! It seems a grim, ghastly tragedy! The four with him were killed outright, and Harry injured in the thigh and very seriously in the chest. He was rescued with great difficulty, operated on, and did well for three days and the surgeon had every hope of his recovery, but he died on the ninth day after the operation, and is buried in Isernia.

"I am told he was fully alive and seemed in no distress at any time, in fact he sent me a wire saying "Safe, slightly wounded, writing"—so the W.O. telegram that I received on 4th January informing me he had died of wounds was a terrible shock to me, coming so soon after Harry's reassuring message—and that the first news since August, 1943."

DEKKO!

DEKKO!

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