

No.59 October 1944



THE IRON DUKE

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

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The
REGIMENTAL MAGAZINE
of
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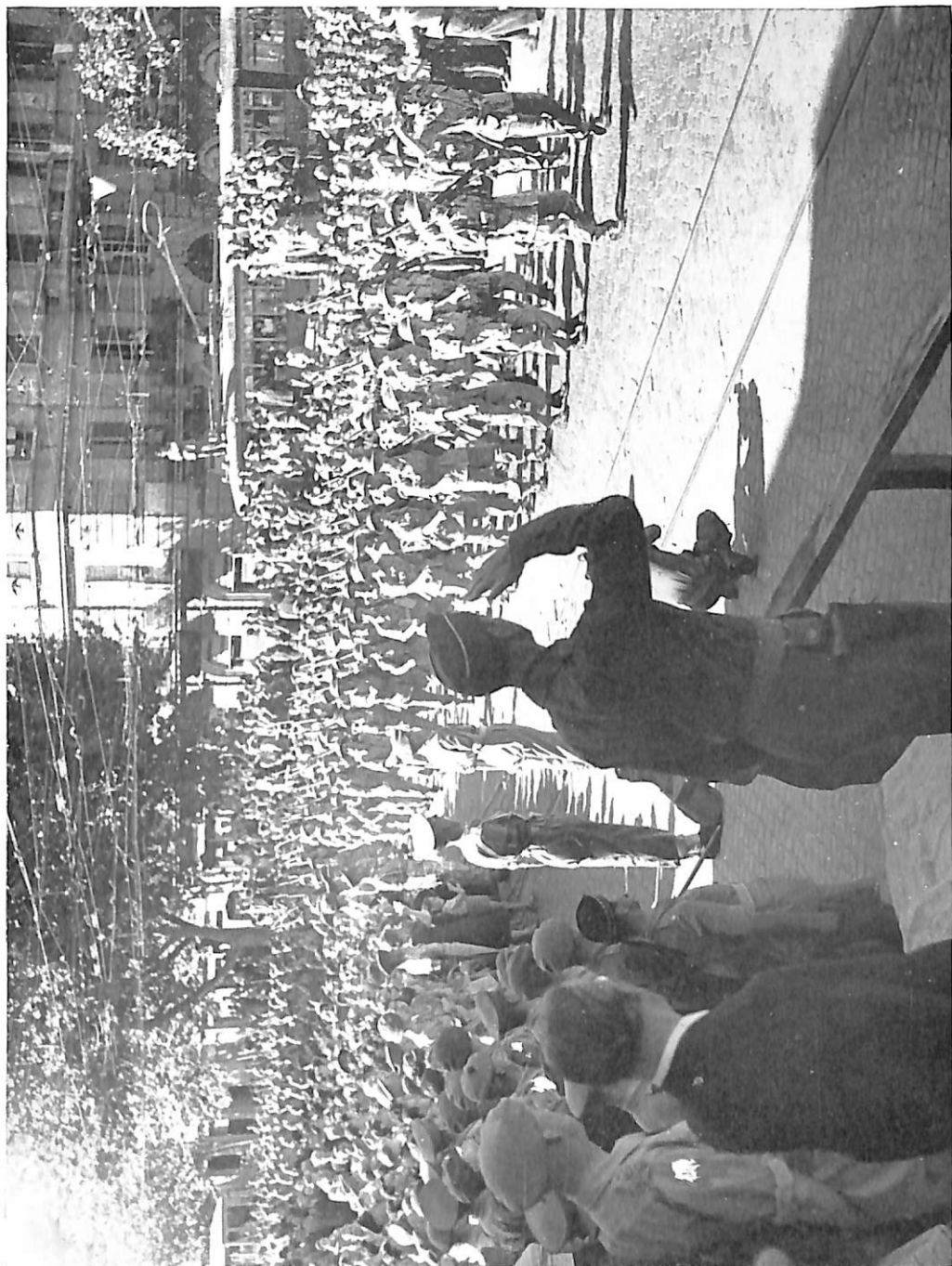
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General Mark Clark, 5th Army Commander, taking the salute as a Battalion of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment march in to garrison Rome.
(Major FAULKES, M.C., at head of "D" Coy., with C.S.M. McGOWAN on his right, and Pte. BAKER, M.M. behind latter.)

THE IRON DUKE

EDITORIAL.

With the war speeding to what may well be a conclusion in Europe in the near future, we can perhaps express a hope (writing on the fifth anniversary of the outbreak of war) that before the next number of THE IRON DUKE appears the downfall of Germany may be completed.

In a journal such as ours, published so infrequently, it is impossible to keep up with events at the pace they are now moving (even the daily Press can hardly do it) ; and so in these pages events recorded in the life of the Regiment must seem out of date.

When we wrote our Editorial last May it was possible, owing to the censorship, only to make the bare statement that a Battalion of the Regiment was in Italy. Now we are able to give details of that Battalion's part in the intense struggle in the Anzio Beach-head, the march on Rome and its final triumph ; having already distinguished itself in the retreat from Dunkirk, the freeing of Tunisia and the capture of Pantellaria, the Battalion was selected to march into and garrison Rome.

But that is not all the honour the Regiment has gained during the last few months. One Battalion, which distinguished itself in the retreat from Burma, has taken a notable part in the advance to free that country, and news has just been released that the Battalion formed part of the Chindit force landed by air behind the Japanese lines before Imphal, so leading to the freeing of that important base.

Lastly, two Battalions of the Regiment have won imperishable fame by their heroic fighting in Normandy.

In the following pages some account of all these actions is recorded as far as they are known and the censorship will allow. Some of these accounts are personal ones and these are of more importance in a regimental journal than the more formal and historical accounts of military correspondents and observers. The most notable of these is the epic account of the desperate struggle in February last in the Anzio Beach-head, written by the commanding officer of the Battalion. This officer has already, by his careful and restrained but vivid battle accounts, done invaluable service to the history of the Regiment. We have unfortunately no news from the Battalion in Burma, but a letter from an officer serving in another regiment in the same brigade gives a vivid account of the conditions under which they have been serving. Of the part played in Normandy by two Battalions of the Regiment we are fortunate in being able to publish several personal accounts.

We would like to draw the attention of our readers to the great need for further help required by the Regimental Prisoners of War Fund, so ably administered by Major S. E. Baker. The great increase in the number of members of the Regiment taken prisoner during the last few months of heavy fighting entails greatly increased expenditure, and we hope that all will give the fund the support so greatly needed.

We reproduce in this number caricatures of our two great leaders, both of whom are known personally to the artist, Brigadier J. C. Burnett. General Sir Harold Alexander has been connected with the Regiment in the past, as in 1934 he had the 2nd Battalion under his command in the operations on the North-West Frontier. In 1942 a Battalion of the Regiment served under him in Burma, while another Battalion which was with him at Dunkirk is now serving under him in Italy. To Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery we offer our sincere congratulations on his well-merited honour in recognition of the magnificent success of his operations in France. We hope these two great men will forgive the apparent irreverence of these cartoons, which were drawn last June.

REGIMENTAL NEWS

Italy.

In our last number we were allowed to publish the fact that a Battalion of the Regiment was in Italy, but could give no details. We are now able to give some account of the very fine performance put up by this Battalion, which had already gained laurels in Tunisia.

We print below a brief communiqué from the War Office, which is followed by a more detailed account of the Battalion's part in the Anzio Beach-head, written by Major S. E. Baker from the Battalion's war diary.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT IN ITALY.

(to the 4th June).

The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, engaged on the Anzio bridgehead from the beginning of operations in this sector, had an important share in General Alexander's great offensive. Their formation on the east side of the Albano-Anzio road pressed forward against a resolute defence on the 26th May, and forcing back strong and determined enemy forces, swung forward westwards through Carrocet during the final days of the month. By the 4th June the brigade with which the Duke of Wellington's Regiment was fighting had forced its way ahead to positions west of Campoleone on the right of the British line.

The Duke of Wellington's Regiment had previously taken part in many hard-fought actions on the beach-head. In the attack on 22nd April on Pantoni Farm, for example, they advanced through Pantoni village, mined and booby trapped as it was, and neutralised many machine gun nests before capturing their objective with a fine haul of prisoners. The Germans were not only driven out of a strong defended position, but the ground they evacuated was left strewn with their dead and wounded.

THE DUKES IN THE ANZIO BEACH-HEAD.

After the successful capture of Pantellaria, the Dukes, at the end of December, moved to Italy to a point just south of Naples, where the Battalion spent an unhappy time in atrocious weather, before being briefed for the landing at Anzio.

The Battalion disembarked at Anzio on the morning of 23rd January and for the first four days were in reserve, dispersed in the woods and digging defensive positions.

On the 29th the brigade of which the Dukes formed part was ordered to pass through the positions occupied by the Guards Brigade and capture the high ground in the vicinity of Campoleone Station. The occupation of this commanding feature would have led to a general extension of the whole bridgehead.

By the morning of 30th January this position was nearly won, in spite of very heavy shelling and mortar fire, and a forward salient three miles long and one mile wide was developed. The fighting to hold this involved the Dukes in one of the bloodiest battles it had ever been the lot of the Regiment to endure. They were attacked from all sides; thrusts and counter-thrusts were of hourly occurrence, and stirring deeds of personal and collective heroism will quicken the blood when the full story can be written.

On 5th February the Battalion was practically cut off and had to fight its way back.

During the next few days some reinforcements reached the Battalion, and on 10th February it was ordered to the railway embankment west of Carroceto to relieve a force of Grenadiers and Scots Guards; and the enemy, in great strength, attacked the positions held by the Dukes on the early morning of 12th February. The fighting was bitter and intense. During the night the Battalion withdrew about 500 yards and

occupied a position of great defensive strength, from which they were relieved on 16th February.

From that time, till the end of the month, the Dukes were continuously in action, fighting to maintain a precarious hold on the beach-head. By that time this object had been nearly achieved, and the Battalion settled down to uneasy static warfare to await the break through of the armies from the south; to be followed later by the triumphant march into Rome.

S. E. B.

For their gallantry and fighting qualities the Battalion was chosen to march into and garrison Rome, and while there the ribbons of the many immediate awards (recorded on another page) given for these operations were presented to the recipients on a special parade by the Divisional Commander. Photographs of this parade, and also of the Anzio Beach-head and the march into Rome appear in this number.

We have no full record of all these events, but we are able to publish some extracts from letters received by the Editor from the officer commanding the Battalion, as well as a very full and interesting account by him of one battle in the Beach-head in which the Battalion fought so doggedly and successfully.

EXTRACTS FROM THE C.O.'S LETTERS.

— Bn. The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, C.M.F.

21st February, 1944.

My Dear Colonel. . . .—Here we are in the Anzio Beach-head and for the moment pulled out for a rest. The Battalion had done wonderfully and has won golden opinions but we have paid dearly for it. Our losses are about 500—killed, wounded and missing—including 26 officers. All company commanders, three second-in-command of companies, adjutant, signal officer, mortar officer and three C.S.Ms. among the casualties. The poor old Battalion of the Tunisian campaign has gone. We have just had an excellent draft—140 men from the Essex. Mostly nice lads of 20 or so with a sprinkling of old sweats. If we are given time to absorb them we shall be a Battalion again. The Tunisian campaign was a picnic to this party and the Boche is making a supreme effort to drive us out. He is paying heavily for it and I think his *morale* is low though his first class officers and N.C.Os. keep the show going. Frankly it is all pretty bloody but I think we have seen the worst (touch wood!) Of my Regular officers—Douglas Jones-Stamp, who put up a gallant show, is missing. Maurice Davie is O.K. He relieved me in the line for a couple of days and had the unenviable task of extricating the Battalion when our Brigade was cut off in a salient. He did well to get half the Battalion back. Poor old "Brainy" Benson (O.C. "C" Company) was killed last week, the same day as Fred Huskisson (O.C. "A" Company) and Peter Faulks (O.C. "D" Company) were wounded. Fred, who is as strong as an ox, walked to an ambulance with a couple of machine gun bullets in him. Peter has a fractured skull and I fear we shan't see him for some time. C.S.Ms. McCracken, Fenwick and Wood are all missing and I hope are prisoners.

The Dukes will do our stuff but we are very thin on the ground now in the Battalion. Good luck to you and THE IRON DUKE, and if I can I will keep you posted.

26th May, 1944.

My Dear Colonel,—You will probably have heard that the announcement on the B.B.C. on the evening of 23rd May that "the honour of making the first attack to break out of the Anzio Beach-head fell to a famous English Regiment" referred to us.

The Battalion went extremely well and, thank God, it wasn't a blood bath. About 17 killed and 65 wounded. I enclose a very nice chit from Gen. —, our then Divisional Commander, in connection with this operation [see below].

. . . . We are off into the line again to-night. There are disadvantages in being known as a first class Battalion.

However, the troops are in fine fettle and very pleased with themselves. The whole Italian offensive seems to be going well. It may be of interest to know that the force of the — Regiment which joined with the main 5th Army force near Terracina was commanded by one who was a lance-corporal in this Battalion and went to Sandhurst as a Y cadet sometime in 1932 or 1933.

H.Q. Div., 24th May.

My Dear — . . . ,—I am very sorry I have not had time to come and see you and your Battalion. I am leaving in half an hour's time.

Please tell your officers and men that the task which they carried out on the evening of 22nd fully achieved its main object. I am certain it contributed directly to the successes gained by the Americans Corps the next day.

The determination and gallantry with which the operation was carried out reflects the greatest credit on the whole Battalion.

The very best of luck to all of you.

Yours sincerely,

4th June, 1944.

My Dear Colonel,—I write to you on this historic day—the Allies in Rome.

I am writing this in a rather pleasant barn about eight miles from the capital. We have been advancing since first light this morning to find the Boche had packed up and gone. We have picked up a few prisoners, and actually have found in this farm, which was a H.Q. of sorts, the interrogation report of some of our own Dukes' prisoners, taken at Campoleone on 4th February.

I am really writing to tell you that the Battalion have been chosen to represent the — Division in the ceremonial march through Rome when that occurs. The troops are very pleased and they deserve a treat, poor lads. Never in its history has this Battalion had such a pasting as it has had at Anzio. We have had over 100 per cent. casualties, 40 officers and over 900 other ranks—mostly wounded I am glad to say, and a number are now back with us.

Also we have had three immediate rewards in the field. John Streatfield, my intelligence officer, and a neighbour of mine in Hampshire, has the M.C. They have given me a bar to my D.S.O., which is a nice gesture to the Battalion which I appreciate. Gomm was wounded in our attack on 22nd May but not badly I am glad to say.

You will be glad to hear that those photos taken of the Battalion months ago by an Army photographer have belatedly reached me. I am sending you four, which I think are suitable for THE IRON DUKE.

I am so sorry I have contributed so little to THE IRON DUKE for June. Really I haven't had a chance. I pray we are going to have a rest after this business and I'll try and write up some of the actions.

I am thankful that the hell of Anzio is over. I shall never forget February, 1944. So many of our fine chaps have gone. A chap like C.S.M. McKea is hard to replace, and Brainy Benson was such an invaluable officer.

I see Bob Wathen frequently. I am so lucky to have an old friend in these parts. Most of us C.Os. are lonely people.

When is this second front starting?

P.S.—We have had a sweep for date of entering Rome and raised £35 for the Regimental Prisoners of War!

7th June.

My Dear Colonel, . . . I find now the Battalion have been selected from the whole British Army in Italy to form the British contingent of the Rome garrison. The others are an American division (the one which landed with us at Anzio) and a composite French battalion. I think this is a really signal honour which makes Regimental history.

A BATTALION OF THE REGIMENT IN THE ANZIO BEACHHEAD,
FEBRUARY, 1944.



The Officers.



The Sergeants of "S" Company
(Sgt. Bailey, Croix de Guerre, hand on hip).



"Make and Mend."



Sgt. O'Shea, Provost Sgt., and Provost Staff.

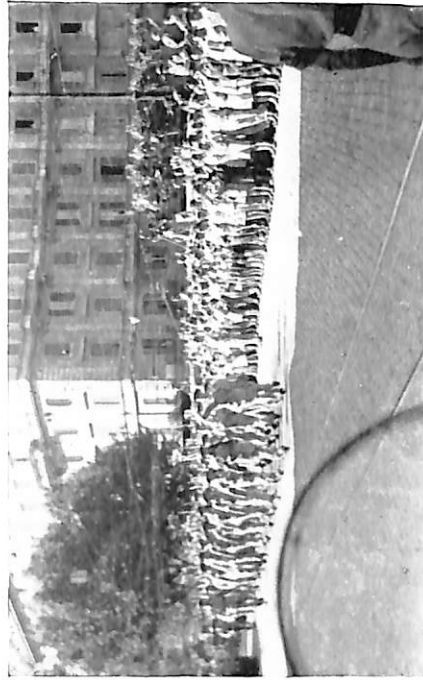
ENTRY OF THE — BATTALION INTO ROME.



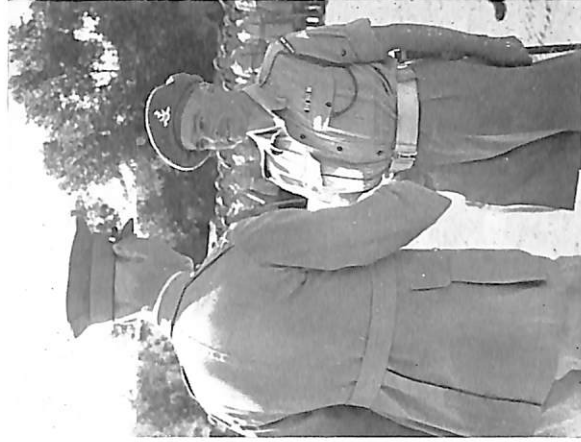
The C.O. shaking hands with General Clark.



C.O. moving to Saluting Base (2nd in Command and R.S.M., and "A" Company can be seen)



"C" Company (Major P. R. Faulks, M.C.)
(C.S.M. McGowan can be seen beside Major Faulks).



C.S.M. Selway after being presented with the ribbon of his M.M.
(See other photos facing page 100).

We move in to-morrow. I drove into Rome last evening with my adjutant. The city is intact and looks very clean. The people appeared well dressed and well fed, and were undoubtedly glad to see us.

. . . Kesseling has, I fear, got about two-thirds of his army away. He has lost over 50,000 of his best troops and a lot of vehicles, but he seems to have got his guns away.

This is tremendous news about the landings in France. I suppose our — Battalions are in the thick of it. God be with them, indeed.

It looks as if the Battalion will pause from fighting for a bit. I hope so. The Battalion has had a gruelling time but has come through marvellously. Everybody says the nicest things about us. We got back 28 more of our own wounded the other day, including that very gallant warrant officer, C.S.M. Selway, M.M. It is so nice to see their familiar faces again.

When we go into Rome to-morrow we de-bus about a mile from our destination and march in with fixed bayonets. The R.S.M. is almost beside himself!

20th June, 1944.

My Dear Colonel, . . . You will be glad to hear that I have been able to get down a bit to writing and have about half done a description of one of our beach-head battles. I hope we are going to have a fairly reasonable break from fighting now. . . . We had a really grand Waterloo Day this year. It fell on a Sunday, of course, as it did in 1815. The weather was also history-conscious, and it rained all the night of 17-18. Being in camp we didn't appreciate that as we might.

I arranged for a church parade in Rome. The service was at the English Church—open for the first time since 1940. The parson (previously instructed) made graceful references to the Regiment. We then marched past our Divisional Commander. There were just sufficient odds and ends on parade to show the Battalion off really well. We then fed the Battalion in a park, gave them their rum ration and released them on the town. They behaved beautifully and as ever were no trouble. The officers gave a party that evening at the Royal Hotel which was attended by some notables and by our good friends the K.S.L.I. and Gunner officers who had supported us in battles here and in Africa, and by Brigade staff and more of the Divisional staff. It went off very well and I think all that helps to enhance the good name we have in Italy—won on the field of battle. The R.Cs. we arranged to have a High Mass and a tour of the Vatican. We have also hoped to have them presented to the Pope. This was to have happened at 11 a.m., but His Holiness sent a message to say he couldn't receive our chaps until 1 p.m. The officer in charge told the troops they could wait till 1 p.m. or go back to the park for dinner. With true Yorkshire phlegm the troops all voted for dinner!!

Ramsay Bunbury came to see us to-day. He is second-in-command to the — King's Own.

. . . Here, the French have fought quite magnificently. The Americans very good and enormously improved.

14th July, 1944.

My Dear Colonel. . . . I was so pleased the other evening when General —, who commanded the Division for a month in the Beach-head, came in to see us as he was passing *en route* to Rome from Cairo. We were the only Battalion he called on. It was he who selected the Battalion to make the opening attack from the Beach-head and I think he had something to do with our being selected for the Rome triumph.

There is NO Regiment like ours for loyalty. We have had two old sweats along during the last week to see us. One was Garner, who was my company clerk in India with the 76th in 1928. He is with the New Zealand forces now and motored about 100 miles to see us. Another was one Robbins, who left my platoon the same year to go on the Reserve and is now with some reception camp. I had a nice little party the other day when our corps commander visited us and presented to him the five oldest soldiers in the Battalion. (I am No. 4!) He was charming to them.

FIFTY-SIX HOURS IN THE ANZIO BEACH-HEAD.

(9th—12th February, 1944).

It was the afternoon of 9th February. It was raining steadily and it was cold. The Battalion, or what was left of it, was huddled in an American-built trench system on the Campo di Carne trying quite ineffectually to keep dry. Occasionally an air burst from an 88 mm. gun arrived over our heads and everyone mechanically ducked, rather like worshippers at some strange rite. It was five days since the Battalion had fought its way out of the trap at Campoleone when we and the K.S.L.I. had got as near to Rome as the beach-head forces were ever fated to until the ultimate success of June. We had had no time to recover and little chance to refit.

Through the steady rain and about two miles away we could see a desultory bombardment going on over the railway bed which formed an embankment across the main Anzio—Rome road. We knew the Guards were there and that there had been a bitter attack on their positions there and in Carrocetto just beyond it. The chimney of the famous factory could just be discerned and we hoped the German O.Ps. there could not see us.

At about 1500 hours a message came from Brigade that the Battalion was going under command of the Guards Brigade and that I was to report to that Brigade H.Q. at once for orders. I warned the Battalion to prepare to move, observed with gloom that a large section of trench had fallen in, entombing my exiguous bedding, and taking John Streatfield, the intelligence officer, set off for Guards Brigade H.Q. This was situated in a battered farm house about a mile down the road that runs across the Campo di Carne. Guards Brigade H.Q. always was in a house in the Beach-head. During the peaceful days in North Africa following the end of the campaign there when everybody who could crammed into a building, nothing would induce Guards Brigade H.Q. to live anywhere else but in wild and inaccessible wadis. Now when we all shunned houses as they inevitably drew shells, they seemed to exert an irresistible attraction for the Brigade. As each building slowly crumbled round their heads, so this intrepid band made its way to the next house where the process was immediately repeated. I don't think they suffered more casualties than anyone else.

Outside the farm I met Geoffrey Hood of the Irish Guards, one of the liaison officers and incidentally a cousin of my wife's. He led me through the thick mud and driving rain in the farmyard into the dark candle-lit room where the Brigadier was sitting. He was unshaven and looked exhausted. I was told that the Battalion was to move to the railway bed that evening and take over from the combined battalion of Grenadiers and Scots Guards who were now precariously holding it. No one seemed to know precisely what the situation was except that all were agreed that it was desperate. A counter-attack was to be put in at first light next morning by the American 1st Armoured Division and the 45th U.S. Division, with the objective of taking the factory, and my rôle was to hold on at all costs to the railway bed to provide a "firm base" for the operation. Good artillery support was available and I was told that I only had to hold on until dawn when "the armour would go through." We had heard the same at Campoleone and I was—justifiably as it turned out—sceptical. A haggard Scots Guards subaltern was there to guide me to the positions of his regiment and we set out in my carrier to reconnoitre. We drove along the Campo di Carne road in the steady rain, turned right at the Flyover bridge and set sail down the Rome road. This was in full observation from the factory and under sniper fire, so we crouched low in the vehicle. The carrier made such a noise that I personally heard nothing, but John Streatfield reported that he heard bullets whistle over his head. We grovelled even deeper in our seats until the sudden right turn told us that we were at the railway bed and under cover from view from the factory at any rate. A scene of peculiar desolation met us. The area was littered with broken and burnt equipment and vehicles. The rain poured down on shattered ammunition and a derelict tank or two. Up on the embankment lurking miserably in their slit trenches

were what remained of two proud Guards battalions. Battalion H.Q. was in a culvert driven into the embankment and we made our way into it. It was knee deep in water and was crowded to capacity. The R.A.P. was there and a few wounded men being treated. A heterogeneous mass of officers and men were milling about, all talking a trifle hysterically. Looking tired but utterly unmoved in the babel was David Wedderburn, C.O. of the Scots Guards. He was surrounded by Americans, Sappers and Gunner officers, all of whom were under his command in the composite force which had been scraped together to hold the position. We stepped out of the mêlée and discussed the situation. The Grenadiers had been very badly mauled in the earlier fighting and had never really recovered from the loss of most of their company commanders and specialist officers on 29th January. The Scots Guards after days of heroic fighting had been more or less intact until the violent attack the previous night when tanks had appeared at the front door of Wedderburn's H.Q. and one complete company had been overrun. Losses had been very heavy and the troops were exhausted. The position was now being held by what remained of the two Guards battalions and by some anti-tank gunners who had lost their guns and by a platoon of sappers. In support were four American tank destroyers and a troop of British tanks. The former were snuggled up close to the embankment and looked comfortably formidable. The latter were some distance away in a sunken road. The Guards were about to withdraw from the actual line of the embankment to take up positions in the open from which they would have some field of fire and from where they could deny our side of the railway bed to the enemy. Their present positions were extremely blind and Wedderburn feared the Boche might form up on their side of the embankment and then swamp his defence by sheer force of numbers. I felt a bit dubious about this in view of my rôle of holding the actual embankment to allow the armour through it next day, but I agreed that the new dispositions were obviously tactically sound.

With much food for thought I got back into the carrier and we ran the gauntlet of the snipers again back to the Campo di Carne. Then I gave out my orders to my company commanders. I was lucky in having pulled out two of them—Peter Faulks and Brainy Benson—for a rest just before the Campoleone disaster. Freddy Huskisson had been in it but had fought his way out with his customary luck and toughness. I then went on to Brigade H.Q. to explain the situation as I had seen it. This didn't cheer them much, and there was a certain amount of delay while the position was explained to the Divisional Command. It was dark when I left but the rain still came pitilessly down. The Battalion had moved off and John and I rode again in the carrier down the Rome road. We found the Scots Guards H.Q. in the last house before the railway bed and about 300 yards from it. The two forward companies took over rather exiguous positions in the open about 150 yards to our front and with "B" Company (Major Faulks, M.C.) disposed to our left and the Beachcombers to our right we formed a fairly compact body. "A" and "C" Companies sent patrols forward to hold the embankment and I decided to move forward with these two companies complete before first light, so as to ensure the passage of the armour.

When the take-over was complete the tired Guardsmen marched off steadily through the rain. Wedderburn himself was the last to leave, having ensured that all that could be done was completed. I never saw him again as he was killed tragically by a shell that struck his H.Q. mess back in the "B" echelon area some days later. I then had time to look round. I decided to keep my H.Q. in the house as it was essential to have some cover and somewhere to shine a light and look at the map. Seated in a corner and smoking a singularly evil cigar with the band on was an American officer. He was the liaison officer from the tank destroyers. There was a Gunner representative and that seemed to be about all. The medley of sappers and anti-tankers who had been with the Guards had gone. A large tank was firmly stuck in the mud outside the front door and very successfully rendered it practically impossible to get in or out. A few signallers

huddled on the steps and tripped up everyone who had achieved manœuvring round the tank. "A" and "C" Companies reported the railway bed free of enemy and that the men were dug in. "B" Company appeared to be less miserable than could be expected in their water-logged trenches, but from the remnants of the Beachcombers an intermittent wailing began which continued all night until at dawn, when they were reduced to one officer and five men. I incorporated them in "B" Company. There was some intermittent shelling and the unfortunate officer in charge of the Beachcombers, with a few of his men, were hit and evacuated. The remaining officer spent the rest of the night bursting into Battalion H.Q. with alarmist reports of heavy shelling, carnage, death and disaster, until we were so rude to him that he was reduced to passing macabre messages over the wireless to an utterly unmoved signaller.

About 2200 hours an alert-looking Irish Guardsman presented himself. He said he was their intelligence officer and told me that his regiment was some 500 yards behind us. He brought me a message from his C.O. to say that he strongly disapproved of my present H.Q. and advised me to join him at his location in a large cave system behind me. Apart from the personal comfort of being with the C.O. there were obvious advantages in being in close touch with the only formed body of troops between us and the Campo. I therefore set out about midnight. We were a dreary little procession—my carrier with the 22 set, the gunner carrier and two Jeeps. Both carriers got stuck as soon as we left the road and it was only with great difficulty that even the Jeeps won through the mud. I reached Irish Guards H.Q. and talked things over with the C.O. That remarkable officer was as cheerful and helpful as ever but it was obvious that I couldn't have my H.Q. in such an inaccessible place. We therefore pulled the carriers out of the glutinous mud and struggled back to the house. There we sat, rather forlornly, listening to the occasional shell burst outside until just before first light. "A" Company (Major Huskisson) and "C" Company (Major Benson) then moved forward and occupied the whole embankment of the railway bed without opposition. Battalion H.Q. then moved and with a rather delicate tread we made our way to the culvert where the Guards H.Q. had been. Dawn arrived shortly afterwards and marvellously the rain at last stopped. Looking back along the road in the greyish light I was stupefied to observe a long column of tanks advancing towards the gap in the embankment which led to Carroceto and the factory. The armour were going through at dawn. We could see about 70 tanks all in file on the road and before long the leading one reached us. The column paused and then three tanks rolled through and out of our sight. Hell then broke loose. The enemy brought his guns down on the road and his mortars on the embankment. On the far side of the embankment we could hear the Besa fire from the tanks and the crash of anti-tank guns at work. One more tank went through. A little later three American tank men came into the R.A.P. in the culvert. They were bleeding from slight wounds and carrying a comrade who looked in a very bad way. They reported their tank knocked out. Sounds of furious battle now broke out to our right where presumably the U.S. 45th Division were putting in their attack. Then one Sherman shot back into view through the embankment and then—to our dismay—we watched the whole clanking column turn and slowly trundle out of sight. Brigade was barren of information, but from a very unsafe O.P. up on the embankment we could see the American infantry attacking the factory. They didn't seem to be making much progress.

It was just about now that an enemy shell hit a small dump of 3in. mortar ammunition left behind by the Guards and unpleasantly adjacent to my H.Q. We sat in the culvert in the swirling water up to our ankles and listened bleakly to the explosions. Snipers now began to worry us from the left when the Boche had turned our flank and were on a feature 400 yards away. A steady trickle of casualties began to come in to the R.A.P. It began to rain again and the shelling seemed to thicken up. About 1500 hours we heard that the Americans had the factory. This was cheering but quite untrue, and after it had finally been confirmed by Division about 1600 hours we were told by the

INSPECTION OF THE — BATTALION BY THE DIVISIONAL COMMANDER ON 7th JULY, 1944, IN ROME.



The Battalion on Parade.



"B" Company (Major Randall) at the General Salute.



Platoon of "A" Company Marching Past.
(Captain Wimpenny, M.C. at rear of Company).



"D" Company (Captain Ellam) Marching Past.

INSPECTION OF THE — BATTALION BY THE DIVISIONAL COMMANDER ON 7th JULY, 1944, IN ROME.



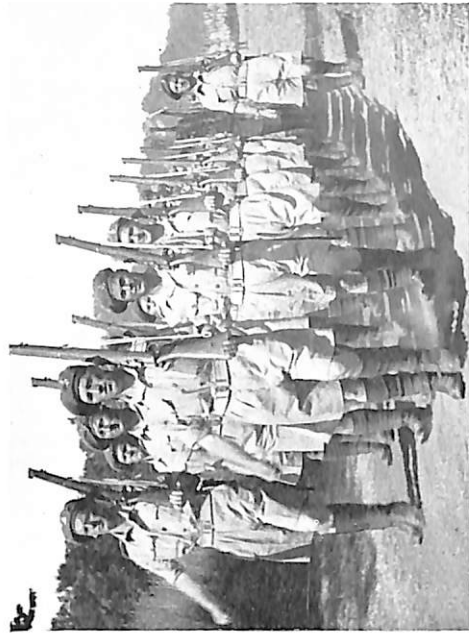
The Divisional Commander inspecting the Mortar Platoon.



The Divisional Commander speaking to Lance-Corporal Head of the M.T. Section.



Major T. F. Huskisson after being given his ribbon of the immediate award of the M.C.



A Platoon of "A" Company marching on.
(C.S.M. Hall, M.M. can be seen marching at the side).

Americans themselves that the fatal building was still in German hands. At this stage a Gilbertian figure bounced into the culvert. It was an American officer who was not only wearing highly polished field boots but was also shaved. A bright blue silk scarf covered rather a bull throat. He was smoking a cigar—the ash of which he generously showered on the bystanders. He was the General's aide he told me, and his General—who commanded the armour—wanted to be told the exact time to the second that his tanks passed through us the next morning. We rather wearily assented. No one had any faith that any armour would pass through our thinning ranks at any hour. The "Aide" then asked if there was any place where he could have a look. I told him there was an O.P. on the embankment but that any look from there was apt to be his ultimate one. He regarded me closely and then said "I kinda get your meaning, brother." He left without his look. The dreary day was enlivened by the C.O. who came through several times on the wireless to ask with shocking lack of military decorum "What's the news? I suppose our gallant allies are making a mess of it as usual." This raised *morale* quite unreasonably but very definitely. Just before it got dark we again came under command of our own Brigade, and I heard the welcome tones of our Brigadier on the blower. He told me my H.Q. was far too advanced—it was, in point of fact, in the front line, and that I was to move back, preferably to the sunken road.

The rain had stopped and in the last glow of the setting sun my little procession set out. My American tank destroyer said he knew of a place and, taking John with him in his Jeep, he led the way. I rode on the carrier and Jim Sills, who was acting adjutant, moved for lack of any other conveyance in the ambulance which formed the tail of our little column. At the sunken road we stopped and I looked back at the railway bed. It all seemed quiet there. A fitful glare lit up the left of "C" Company's position where a tank was burning, but otherwise the whole vista was gradually disappearing into the dusk. A Jeep drove up containing Phil Wood who commands our field ambulance. He handed me a cold roast chicken wrapped up in a newspaper. I was too tired for surprise and never even asked him how he came to be in possession of such an improbable article at that stage of the battle. John came along with the tank destroyer officer and reported that all possible buildings were occupied by Americans. Grasping my cold chicken, I walked along the main road rather helplessly. It was essential to get settled somewhere and eventually we found our way to the barn of Ration Farm. It was fairly full of sleeping Irish Guardsmen but we pushed into a corner and the wireless set got into communication from the outside world. Both the Brigadier and the C.O. came through on the blower and said that Ration Farm was about the most shelled place on the beach-head, but we were beyond moving. John, Jim Sills and the Doctor all went into a trance-like sleep. I spent a rather miserable night, listening to the shells bursting outside and occasionally talking to the companies on the 18 set.

Round about 0330 hours the shelling round my part of the world seemed to grow in intensity and in variety. It seemed a miracle that nothing hit the barn. Suddenly there was an outburst of small arms fire from the railway bed and shortly afterwards Freddie Huskisson reported an attack. Our Gunner had gone off to try and extricate his carrier which was stuck in the mud some hundreds of yards away, but getting through to Brigade I was able to get artillery S.O.S. fire brought down. There seemed little else one could do until the position was clearer.

The enemy in some strength had advanced round both our open flanks and attacked along the line of the embankment. On the right "A" Company, after some hot work, disposed of the attack, but on the left two of "C" Company's platoons were overrun. A desperate hand-to-hand fight developed in the pitch darkness which preceded dawn. Major Benson—almost alone—remained at his H.Q. completely surrounded. Parties of the enemy now established themselves on the north bank of the railway bed all along its length and began to throw grenades over the top on the stalwarts of "A" Company who were already battling heroically with Germans on their own side of the bank. In

a group of houses on our side of the embankment Lt. Hoyle and his platoon of "C" Company had tough hand-to-hand fighting, but maintained their position in one largish pink house. The others were occupied by the Boche who from there could command all our positions on the railway bed. As dawn came it was possible to get some idea of the situation. "A" Company were firm and had all their positions intact. It was feared that "C" Company was a total loss as the position at the houses was obscure and all that Company's positions in the railway bed were now in German hands. The Boche were in possession of the railway bridge and had dug in on the top of the embankment to the left. The attack from the right had fizzled out but the enemy on the other side of the bank still industriously lobbed grenades over to our side. Failing to dislodge "A" Company, the enemy now tried to by-pass their positions and push up on the west side of the road. Here, however, they came up against "B" Company who were in positions roughly round the little house which had formed my first H.Q. The Boche were engaged with spirit and repelled with loss.

At about this time Freddy Huskisson executed a neat little action by pinning down the enemy in the old "C" Company position by fire assisted by a tank, and enabled Brainy Benson and his Company H.Q. to emerge from their position and join "A" Company. Brainy had been completely isolated and was surrounded by Germans for some hours, but coolly remained quiescent until he saw the opportunity of extricating himself and his H.Q.

I spoke to the Brigadier on the blower and gave him a fairly full picture. To say the position of the Battalion was precarious was an under-statement. Our present situation was quite impossible. "A" Company was under close and accurate small arms fire from the left rear and the harassing effect of the grenade lobbing over the embankment was considerable. "B" Company could not move from their positions across the open in direct view of the factory. Similarly no extraneous counter-attack force could make its way to help our troops on the railway bed. The factory! it was the curse of the whole operation and the key of all operations round Carroceto. Its battered tower looming out of the morning mist dominated the whole area, and the failure to recapture it the day before had made our eventual retirement from the embankment inevitable. The Brigadier made the desperate but only possible decision. "A" Company must counter-attack and clear our side of the embankment and till dark we must hold the position somehow. I asked for tank support and was given a troop. I said I would meet the officer in command on the main road and then gave out my orders. I could only talk to companies on the wireless and I spoke to Brainy who was now in command of "A" Company and what was left of "C." Brainy didn't like the idea—who would?—but I thought that if the tanks did their piece the operation was possible.

Soon the three tanks of the troop came trundling down the road. A few bursts of 88 mm. H.E. greeted them but the amount of shell fire seemed to have slackened considerably with the dawn. I think the Boche must have been short of ammunition that day. I drove in the carrier to the road junction and waylaid the officer in charge. The other tanks rumbled on to get under the lee of the embankment. I told the tanker that I wanted his chaps to engage all the enemy positions with fire and keep their heads down while "A" Company advanced and took the positions. Attack to be launched when the infantry were ready. I also asked him to engage the houses on our side of the embankment which were in German hands with his 75's. The Germans—at this stage—began to take grave exception to an obvious conference in full view and sent over a couple of shell bursts. The tank officer disappeared inside his tank and shut the lid. I wished passionately that I had a lid to shut, and turning the carrier round we moved off to the reverse side of a small slope behind Ration Farm. The tank followed and the crew, climbing out, began—in the manner of private soldiers—to make tea. The rest of my H.Q. I sent off to join the Irish Guards in their caves. I had one or two more conversations with Brainy and he contacted the tanks on their arrival. Soon we could hear the Besa

fire of the tanks and, standing up on the carrier, one could just see them milling about to the left of the road and firing. The tank destroyers which had remained imperturbably in position throughout the whole action also opened up, and engaging each trench in turn enabled "A" Company to infiltrate forward and at the point of the bayonet take position after position. Soon the railway bridge was clear. The tanks then turned their guns on the houses and a few armour-piercing rounds through each caused the enemy to evacuate them. The Germans helped by also shelling the houses and killing some of their compatriots escaping in the open. Hoyle's devoted platoon suffered a few casualties as both sides slogged away at the buildings and it wasn't until the shelling died down that he was able to join the rest of the party on the embankment. One tank nosed through the road bridge and, running the gauntlet of anti-tank guns on the other side, cleared the enemy side of the embankment with bursts of Besa fire before returning.

It was now—just at the moment of victory—that Brainy was killed. He had directed the successful attack which had completely restored the situation and was reporting on the 18 set. Perhaps the ear-phones he had on prevented his hearing the approach of the mortar shell, or perhaps—as we had seen him do so often—he disdained to take cover. The mortar shell burst just at the entrance to his H.Q. where he was standing and killed him instantly. In the thick of it at Banana Ridge, wounded at the Bou Aoukaz, the inspiring leader in the attack on Campoleone, something vital left the Battalion that morning with Brainy Benson. Shortly afterwards Freddy Huskisson, standing by a tank to talk to the officer, was shot by a burst of M.G. fire in the shoulder. He crawled back to his H.Q. and, having handed the command of the Company over, he walked off with some other walking wounded to an American ambulance car behind a house 400 yards off. This left "A" and the remnants of "C" commanded by subalterns. "B" Company comparatively untouched remained in position commanded by Peter Faulks.

It was a fine morning and the sun had dried up the mud to a surprising extent. I parted from the tank officer and drove in the carrier to the Irish Guards H.Q., now reasonably accessible. I was met by their I.O. and conducted to the famous caves. These were of vast extent and had at least three entrances. A few Italian refugees were living there but chiefly it formed a shelter for all the guardsmen who were not manning positions and for their Battalion H.Q. I was met at the entrance by John Kennedy—a company commander of the Irish Guards—who, I suppose, had personally killed more Germans than anyone else in the Beach-head. He showed me the particular cave in the system allotted to my H.Q. and gave me a large mug of rum punch which was more than welcome. Large fires made from the empty cardboard containers of American 105 shells blazed in every cave. After the horror and discomfort of the last few days it was heavenly.

From the railway bed the companies reported all was quiet. The enemy was licking his wounds after his repulse. The batmen bustled about and got some breakfast and water to shave in. I remembered tardily my cold roast chicken—left at Ration Farm in the confusion of the night attack. I hoped some guardsman had found it and disposed of it.

About 11 o'clock the C.O. of the Gordons arrived. His battalion was to relieve the Irish Guards that night. With the C.O. of the Irish Guards we discussed the situation and agreed that at night the Dukes must pull back from their isolated position and get in touch with the Gordons on our left. My Brigadier arrived shortly afterwards and agreed to this. He gave me a company of the Gordons under command who I decided should take up a covering position by the sunken road and cover the withdrawal from the embankment. No move was planned until first dark and although I laid on a fairly extensive artillery programme I left it at call—hoping to get the Battalion back unknown to the enemy.

The day passed peacefully enough. I issued the orders for the withdrawal in some detail and in writing—we didn't dare to use the wireless. It was dark about 7 p.m.,

but about an hour before "B" Company was in trouble. There was a feature—Ring Contour 80—off to the left of the railway bed which was in enemy hands. Most of the sniping trouble we had had came from there, and about 1800 hours the enemy brought up a tank or self-propelled gun there. Anyway, an 88 mm. gun began to engage "B" Company's position. It was unpleasant but not particularly lethal. Unfortunately Peter Faulks was engaged in moving from platoon to platoon explaining the plan for withdrawal and he was hit in the head by a fragment and had to be evacuated. This removed my last company commander and worse still left his hapless company in the hands of the surviving Beachcomber officer, who was the only officer in the company. Alarming reports from this highly imaginative paladin began to flow in. "B" Company was pinned to the ground by tanks," etc. The O.P. could discern no tank nor could our force on the railway bed. I then left the caves and walked to the road to meet the Gordons' company and put them in position. Their very young company commander was there, having reconnoitred the ground, but the minutes slipped by and there was no sign of his men. Lyons, our faithful quartermaster, brought up the rations as dusk began to fall and also brought along Cpts. Wimpenny and Hall to take over "A" and "C" Companies respectively from the subalterns now commanding them. The remainder of the Gordons arrived and began the relief of the Irish, but the company destined for me which had started an hour before the others was absent still. I heard the rumble of tanks along the road and could see the vehicles which had helped us in the morning pulling out. The American tank destroyers at my tentative request had willingly agreed to stay to the last and cover the withdrawal of my two companies on the embankment. These pulled out at first dark and quite unseen and unsuspected by the enemy made their way back on both sides of the road through "B" Company still waiting in their trenches. John and I met the troops on the road and showed them their new positions. The ground was quite open but with some undulations to the right of the road. Here the Gordons should have been in position with the remains of "C" Company behind them on the line of the sunken road. To the left "B" Company were to be in a line with the Gordon company, with "A" Company behind them, among a few trees. We put the companies on the ground—C.S.M. McNea led out "B" Company. His Beachcomber had disappeared temporarily and I told Hall to take the company over with instructions to order the Beachcomber back to the rear if and when he appeared. Shortly afterwards the tank destroyers rumbled in and took up positions in the sunken road which would conceal them from the view of the malignant factory at dawn. An hour or so later the errant Highlanders trudged up. They had lost their way in the thickly wooded country behind the Flyover bridge which they had taken to with the laudable intention of avoiding the shell-infested road. We were complete and the operation accomplished without the loss of a man. It seemed almost too good to be true to see the troops digging in and hear the carriers coming up with the much-needed hot meal. The men looked tired and dirty but they were in good heart. They had beaten off a fierce attack and retaken any lost ground without the assistance of any other infantry. We had done our part of the projected operation and more. The railway bed had been held for the effort of the armour and then held against overwhelming odds for 36 hours afterwards when we were utterly isolated. The Dukes—as was the case in every engagement in the Beach-head—had only withdrawn on orders from above when the failure of other arms rendered their position untenable. I wended my way with John back to the caves, wondering what of to-morrow.

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.

Normandy.

Two Battalions of the Regiment have taken part in the invasion of France, and we publish accounts from various sources of their fine record in the fighting.

Without a large-scale map it is a little difficult to make a consecutive story of it, but when the time comes for the full account to be written it will be possible to connect up the parts.

The first account is taken from a report by a military observer, kindly sent us by the Ministry of Information :—

THREE NORTHERN REGIMENTS IN TILLY-CAEN ADVANCE.

BY A MILITARY OBSERVER.

Details can now be given of the part played up to 25th June in advancing the Allied line between Tilly and Caen by three northern regiments, the Durham Light Infantry, the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry and the DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT.

Units of all these regiments were in Normandy by the end of the first week of the campaign. Each one had the same experience of the crossing and the journey on French soil to the concentration area—so little sign of enemy interference that, as one C.O. wrote in his diary, "It might almost have been an exercise."

The battle story of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment in Normandy is largely the story of the Parc de Boislonde, a wooded estate with a chateau in its centre four miles east of Tilly. The Dukes fought there almost continuously for 48 hours together with the machine-gun companies of a London regiment.

The action began on 17th June when a great barrage made the enemy retreat in bad order to a position from which he could use his mortars. The Dukes followed him into Parc and came under mortar fire almost from that moment. They pressed on in the face of heavy casualties, made prisoners of German stragglers and captured much booty.

They dug in for the night though still suffering from mortaring and other fire from high ground on the left flank known as Point 102. The enemy remained active for most of the night, but what happened then was nothing compared with the barrage put down on the following day. One officer said that it was like a torrential rain of metal. Another stated that only the slit trenches saved countless lives.

It became obvious that a feature so prominent and a gift for artillery was no good to either side, and that the proper tactics were to dominate it from Point 102. The troops who first occupied it withdrew, some bravely remaining to fire until the last round to cover the retirement. The Germans re-occupied the feature but other forces from the Dukes drove them out again, before taking up the obvious position on Point 102.

The relieving Dukes attacked in two waves, supported by a squadron of tanks and the fire of all the Divisional artillery, plus two medium regiments. The battle for the Parc went on for nearly five hours, and not until the evening was it possible to re-organise on the high ground and dig in for the night.

The next day heavy rain made conditions something like they were in Flanders in the last war, but the Dukes remained in good heart despite this and more mortaring, shelling and machine-gun fire.

The commanding officer was out on reconnaissance when he saw enemy infantry and tanks forming up in a cornfield for a counter-attack which, after what they had been through, his men were ill-prepared to withstand. But this was one of those cases in which guns saved the day. The attack was broken up by artillery fire before it could even start.

The next day news was received that 40 civilian refugees were in the cellars of the chateau. They had come from Fontenay about ten days previously and had been there throughout the battle while the Germans were using the rooms above as a dressing station. Originally there had been 41. The 41st, a boy of 5½, died from wounds and had been laid to rest by his mother in a roughly-dug grave near the chateau. There was no priest, so the mother said a few simple prayers over the grave and put up a plain wooden cross. Under escort provided by the Dukes, the refugees were evacuated by the civil affairs authorities. The chateau has since been gutted by fire. Eventually, the Dukes were relieved by the Durhams and were able to devote much-needed time to rest and cleaning.

June found them taking part in the later stages of the attack, which took Fontenay and put our forces astride the road from Juvigny, south of Tilly, to Caen. They pressed on in the direction of the high ground around Tessel—Bretteville without which the village could probably not have been held.

The following account was written by Major S. E. Baker from details supplied by officers of one Battalion :—

THE "DUKES" IN NORMANDY.

The "Dukes" landed in Normandy about a week after "D" day, some by troopship and others by L.S.T. It was gratifying to see the enormous number of landing craft of all kinds in the vicinity of the beaches, and the journey over and disembarkation were quite uneventful. After spending two days at St. Gabriel, one Battalion of the "Dukes" moved forward into reserve at Loucelles, and some days later were ordered to attack the Parc de Boislonde, a big wooded area with a chateau in the centre. No air support was possible, owing to the weather, and the Germans offered very stiff resistance, especially by mortar and small arms fire. The attack was pressed home with great determination, and the objective was taken in four hours. Casualties were very heavy, and unfortunately included a large number of officers and senior N.C.Os. No immediate counter-attack was made, but the following morning, after a heavy barrage of mortar and medium gun fire, during which the "Dukes" suffered severely, the German infantry came forward in overwhelming strength and supported by tanks. Gradually, the "Dukes," fighting every yard, were forced back.

During this retirement there were many examples of heroic conduct by large and small groups of men. A platoon of "C" Company were isolated, but fought on till they were practically surrounded, and continued to do so after their officer was killed. A section of carriers dug in between the support companies, did excellent work, and continued to resist when completely surrounded; they were wiped out to the last man. Another officer, with two sections of anti-tank guns, hung on to the right flank and caused great destruction till he ran out of ammunition and had to retire. A private of an anti-tank detachment got hold of a "Piat," went forward alone and shot up a machine gun nest which was causing a number of casualties; when he returned he remarked laconically to his commander, "That's capped 'em." An officer who had been wounded in the head jumped on a hedge and shouted to the Germans, "Show yourselves, you swine, and let us have a shot at you." Needless to say, there were no "takers."

Many of the Germans feigned death when surrounded. When the Battalion were digging slit trenches in the wood, one of the men did not like the look of a German lying near so he threw a pick at him and evidently got "home" on a sensitive portion of his anatomy, as the Hun immediately jumped up and ran towards his aggressor yelling for mercy.

Owing to their heavy casualties, the "Dukes" had now become somewhat disorganised, but the Battalion commander organised a force from Battalion Headquarters and, with men of other companies, occupied a defensive position in the "Hallams" area and the counter-attack was halted.

The following day the Battalion was withdrawn to re-organise, and on 18th June another Battalion of the "Dukes" attacked the Parc du Boislonde; they also met stiff opposition but fought their way forward with great bravery and succeeded in pushing the Germans out of the wood. Having captured it, the Battalion came under very heavy and accurate mortar fire, and, in consequence, withdrew and dug in west of the wood and dominated the position with patrols. About two weeks later the Battalion and another battalion were responsible for the capture of Fontenay.

When full details can be given, examples of individual and collective bravery will show that these Battalions have added a glorious page to the history of the Regiment.

Lt.-Colonel J. H. C. Lawlor has sent us the following letter which he received from Captain J. R. Allan:—

Thursday, 3rd August.

Dear Colonel,

I was very glad to receive your letter yesterday; really one of us should have thought to write to you with our Battalion news before now, but I am afraid we have neglected you during these rather hectic weeks. However, I hope I can put that right now.

We landed in France two or three days after "D" day and were very surprised at the complete calm which existed in the rear areas—no shelling at all and very half-hearted raids by single 'planes on the one or two nights before we went into the line. Our first real Battalion position was very quiet too, though a few snipers caused one or two amusing incidents—notably when Ronnie (Capt. Helme) and his platoon commanders nobly mounted on W.D. bicycles for their recce had to do a very quick header into a ditch when a totally unexpected burst of real bullets, the first we had heard, greeted them. It was a few hours after we had occupied this position that Bryan, who was commanding the carrier platoon, was wounded in the hand by a mortar bomb. I have since had a letter from him and hear he is convalescing in Scotland and has suffered nothing worse than one finger permanently stiffened; whether it will prevent him rejoining us or not I don't know.

A few days later we attacked a wood, having previously had a recce patrol up commanded by Duncan Smith's cousin David, who came back in high glee, having seen his first live Boche and collected a mauser for his trouble. He was killed the following day when we were counter-attacked. Our attack was successful, Ronnie with "A" on the right and Ken (Capt. McHarg) with "B" left, Jack Johnson's "C" Company clearing a chateau and part of the wood in the centre. We had good artillery support, some tanks and all the usual etceteras, but the country was very close and the Boche mortared us pretty consistently from the F.U.P. onwards, causing quite a lot of casualties. Ken had lost all his platoon commands before he reached his objective and Ronnie had only young Smith left, John Buckwith was his second-in-command and was wounded in the hand, the other two platoon commands both caught it also on the way up.

I moved up with the C.O., Keith (Capt. Wright) and John Turner (C.S.M. Turner, now I.O.), we joined Ken on his objective and left him digging in, still being mortared but quite happy. About half an hour later he was killed by an 88 mm. or mortar shell as he was going over to a tank to get him to knock out a located mortar. It was a great blow to hear he had gone, Ken had become a great favourite in the Battalion and is very much missed by us all you can imagine.

We dug in that afternoon and evening and our gunners—Charles Weston and Dick Frost, whom you will remember—wielded the might at their command to keep the Boche as quiet as possible. There was a bit of harassing mortar fire most of the time and occasional shelling from an odd tank or so; unfortunately they popped off from behind a ridge and Chadwick's A.T. guns were never able to get a crack at them. There was an unpleasant 25 minutes just before dusk when we were well and truly "stonked" by his artillery which had ranged during the early evening, but the expected counter-attack did not follow. The only excitement during the night was a German pilot whom we had seen bale out just before dark—he walked into our position thinking he was back with his pals, but a corporal in "C" Company soon disillusioned him with his Sten gun.

The following day about noon the Boche did counter-attack after some more pretty heavy shelling and we had to go back. It was during that attack that Ronnie was killed. He was wounded during the shelling and was last seen going up to his forward platoons. Jimmy Brinis of the D.L.I. found his body and buried him two days later.

After that we spent a few rather boring weeks occupying various positions, one of which we advanced on, found no Boche there, but were later withdrawn as the position was mortared more or less continually. The officer and N.C.O. position got rather acute, about one officer per rifle company and N.C.Os. to match, and finally it was decided to send us back here to reform.

Of the old people we have Donald Horsfall, John Haldane, Teddy Manning, Tom Chadwick and Milligan. I forgot to tell you Keith was wounded in the counter-attack on the wood and was on the D.I. list twice but is now quite cheery and getting on well. Newsholme was hit in the first attack and tells us he will most probably have a stiff leg for the rest of his days.

ONE DAMN THING AFTER ANOTHER.

[The following account is by Major R. W. Powell, second-in-command of the
— Battalion.]

The Battle of the Parc de Boislonde, of which the story had been told elsewhere, had been for the Battalion a severe and testing initiation ; a sudden plunge, and an unexpected one, into as searching an experience as war can offer. Beside the casualties in personnel, 15 officers and well over 200 men, much equipment had been lost or destroyed and many vehicles burnt with all they contained. Reinforcements had to be assimilated, equipment had to be drawn and issued, and a general re-organisation was necessary before the Battalion could again become an efficient fighting unit. It was therefore drawn into Brigade reserve at a small village called Bronay, where it settled in the outbuildings and woods of a pleasant chateau, and turned to the task of refurbishing itself. And it is here that the account opens on a sunny afternoon, 20th June, 1944.

A more peaceful background it would have been difficult to imagine. The woods, fields and parkland, the courtyard and the barns of the farms, were like a piece of Sussex. There was no noise, no distant rumble of gunfire. Groups of men were busy at various jobs ; a meal was cooking under the trees. Reinforcements, who had just arrived to make us up to strength, were standing about eating their food and chatting. Only the graceful foreign lines of the chateau showed that we were not in England, a few shell holes in the walls and some heaps of rubble were the only reminder that we were at war. And yet, had we but known, this peaceful sunny afternoon was the deceptive prelude to a period of continued ill-luck in the Battalion.

The first sign of trouble came almost immediately—while we were still at our meal. An aeroplane was heard coming low towards us. This, in itself, was nothing, we had been long enough in France to know that only British 'planes flew over us, and we all went on with our tea. It was a nasty surprise when we heard the stutter of its machine guns and the flip of bullets overhead among the leaves of the trees. It was all over in a second, with no damage done ; and we returned to finish our meal and have a good grumble at the slackness of the R.A.F. in allowing one 'plane to behave so insolently. The older hands were a little uneasy, feeling that the 'plane might carry insolence so far as to report our presence to the German gunners. Their apprehension was justified. About an hour later, when reinforcements had been distributed to companies and the mild chaos prevailed which always happens when a number of men have to be sorted out, there came a screaming whistle over our heads followed by an alarmingly loud bang. Quite clearly we were in for some shelling and by something fairly heavy. The situation was not made more agreeable by the fact that many of the men had no slit trenches, nor tools with which to dig them. A carrier was hit, and the explosion of the ammunition it contained added to the general uproar. After about half an hour the shelling stopped. It had caused about 20 casualties, and had been an unpleasant experience for the men, who, two days before, had been under exceptionally severe fire, and who had thought they were, for the moment, out of trouble.

The rest of that evening and night were uneventful. At about 0530 hours the next morning the shelling started again, and again went on for about half an hour. Still regretting our lack of tools, we grovelled about in the woods, thankful if we could find a small depression in the ground. It was stimulating to see the C.O. unconcernedly taking a bearing on the direction of the firing. When it was over, about the same number of casualties had been caused, but no real harm done.

The next excitement was an order that the Battalion would parade for an address by the Brigadier at 1445 hours that afternoon. To avoid a concentration in the open, where it might be spotted by the stray aeroplane, it was decided to hold the parade in a clearing in the wood. At 1430 hours groups began moving from their various areas to the place of parade ; 1440 hours the wood was suddenly and violently shelled. It was a disturbing coincidence. Again there were casualties ; more this time because a



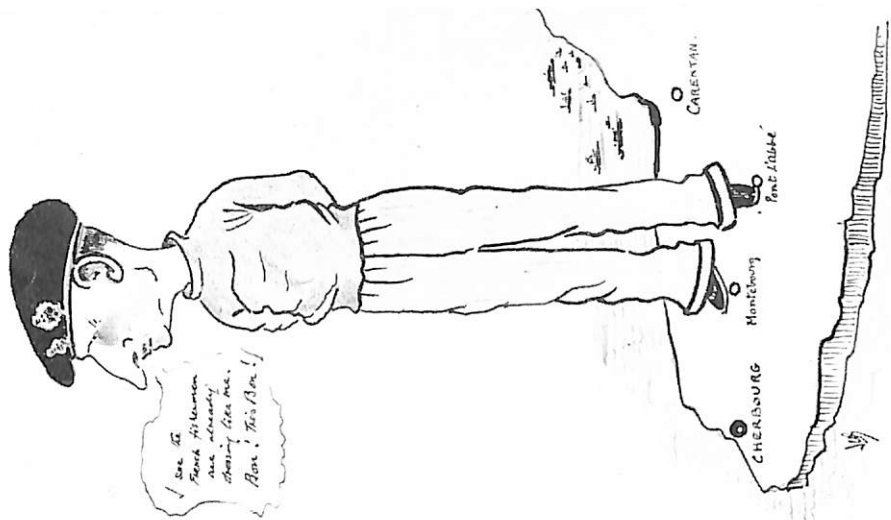
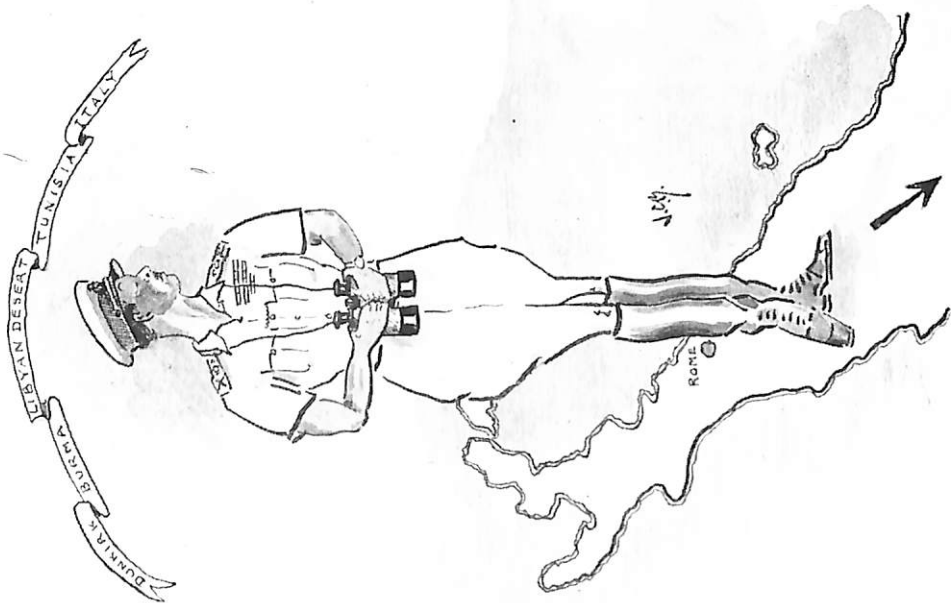
The late Captain The Duke of Wellington's Grave in Italy.

(The original cross referred to on page 66 of our last number was removed by someone unknown and has been replaced by the one shown above.)



A Unit of the Regiment in the C.M.F.

THE TWO COMMANDERS.



party of 25 from "H.Q." Company were caught in the open and received an almost direct hit, which killed or wounded all except two. When the parade was eventually held, it was for many of us our first intimation that our C.O. was leaving to take over command of another battalion. His departure was deeply regretted by the Battalion. By now, indeed, there were almost more "non-Dukes" than "Dukes" in the unit. Certain well-known Regimental figures still remained as part of the original core—Capts. Allan, Horsfall, Chadwick, Haldane, Manning and Lts. Turner and Parr. We also still had with us, to name only a few, R.Q.M.S. Fitter, C.S.Ms. Jackson, Miller, Schofield and Forrest, C.Q.M.S. Calvert, Sgts. Lister, Deakin and Ancill, Cpls. Kendrick and Spikings. Quite a number of the reinforcements, both officers and men, were from another Battalion of the Regiment. But for a few days a surprising variety of cap badges and shoulder titles were on view. While these newcomers were given a warm welcome, the influx of so many aliens was nevertheless a sad sight to old "Dukes."

Under our new C.O. we moved on the night of 22nd June to Ste Croix Grande Tonne. Here we accommodated ourselves in the outbuildings of a chateau, and again turned to the task of re-organisation and re-equipment. It was a busy time. Forty-eight hours is not long to re-equip a battalion. Those two days were very full, but they were sunny days, undisturbed, and we got a good sleep at night. "

On the morning of Sunday, 25th June, the Division was to attack; the objective of our Brigade was first the village of Fontenay le Pesnel, then a large wood south of it, and another village called Rauray. We were reserve battalion of the Brigade. Early that Sunday morning we moved forward, glad to see the ground mist as a sign of good weather, little realising that that mist was to make abortive the attack of another unit on Fontenay. By breakfast time we were back at Bronay, of unhappy memories. On this occasion things were less unpleasant. It was now a beautiful sunny morning; two or three miles to the south a furious battle was in progress, but to us it was no more than a distant undercurrent of sounds. We lay under the trees until in the afternoon we moved another mile southward and settled in the fields. Here we remained for Sunday night and on Monday morning heard the barrage for the attack on our left—a barrage which crashed and roared for nearly three hours. Later that day we moved on to a place near Cristot, to take over a position from the D.L.I. Our trenches were amongst orchards which had only too obviously been the scene of fighting. The signs of destruction and violence, unpleasant anywhere, were doubly so in these quiet fruitful places. Most depressing feature of the landscape was the large number of dead cows, killed, presumably, by artillery fire some time before, and now lying about, distended and stinking. On the other hand our positions were well sighted, well dug, roofed and comfortable. When, just before dark, a hot meal arrived, the sight and smell of the dead cows had no marked effect upon appetites.

It was here that another officer took over command. The next morning we were on the move again, our destination unknown to the majority of us—we guessed Fontenay. Soon we came to a place where hedges and trees gave way to a great plain of corn dropping down to the valley of the stream which runs from Juvigny to Fontenay. On our left was the Parc de Boislonde—a sinister sight for us. Beyond it, in the valley, were the ruins of Fontenay; the glasses showed all the buildings gaping and roofless; here and there thin smoke rose placidly. Due south we looked over a pleasant vista of wooded hills as far as the high ground near Villers Bocage. Our appreciation of the view was rather coloured by the fact that we knew that we were looking at Boche positions, that from behind those hedges and trees he fired his infuriating mortars or hurled the rockets that came over groaning fantastically. But we saw no sign of him.

From this vantage point we received our orders. It must be remembered that at this time there was much speculation and concern about the possibility of a major enemy counter-attack. So far there had been none, and it was felt that it must come soon. Just in the spot where such an attack might very well be expected there was a gap between

positions just south of Tilly, at a place called Juvigny, and other positions at Fontenay le Pesnel. A stream ran through this piece of country, its valley thick with cover. Our task was to stop this gap. Of the Boche we knew little, save that he was in the woods beyond Juvigny."

The ground made it difficult to approach unseen. The first half mile was a forward slope, a great corn field, criss-crossed by the tracks of armoured vehicles, but with not a vestige of cover. After this came a stretch of fields, with their hedges, running forward to drop sharply, in a wooded bluff, to the valley of a small stream running from Juvigny to Fontenay. Beyond the stream the orchards and fields rose gradually to the Juvigny--Fontenay road, along which the country was more open. The plan was for "C" and "D" Companies to move forward to the fields this side of the bluff and the stream, after which "A" and "B" Companies would pass through to cross the stream and take up positions on the road. "C" and "D" Companies went forward, and, being in full view, were well mortared, as they moved. There were casualties, but the two companies had soon reached their positions. "A" and "B" Companies then advanced, and by carefully using the available cover, managed to reach the top of the bluffs, unseen and unmolested. Here, however, they were spotted, with the usual result. A fairly heavy mortar concentration immediately came down on them, including the queer sighing bombs from the multiple mortars. A shallow ditch was the only cover, and the Boche tried his hardest for 45 minutes; but the shallow ditch sufficed. "A" Company had no casualties, though "B" were less lucky. The two companies then pushed on to their objectives, still under mortar fire, but of a milder nature. "B" on the right soon came under fire from Juvigny—rather a surprise this, because it had been understood that the bridge there was held by a patrol from the battalion on our right. But this did not prevent the Company from gaining its objective. "A" Company reached theirs without difficulty. Uniforms bearing the skull and cross-bones badge were found lying about. It appeared that the Boche had left in a hurry. There was only one tense moment—when we approached a large shelter trench. Certainly there was nothing to suggest that it was occupied. On the other hand it was wise not to take anything for granted. We approached it walking, like Agag, "delicately." A rustle from the dark hole made everyone stiffen; Sten guns were on the point of spitting a rain of bullets into the hole when—out hopped two large tame rabbits. "

We were now in the positions we were ordered to take, but meanwhile all had not been well with Battalion H.Q. It too had come under heavy mortar fire; among much that was unpleasant the worst incident had been when enemy mortar bombs made direct hits on our own mortar platoon, which was a few hundred yards away from Battalion H.Q.; and when the stretcher bearers and carrying parties were attempting to get the casualties to the R.A.P., mortar bombs made a direct hit on them. That was a stroke of really bad luck, and more was to follow. Major C. H. Forster, of the King's Regiment, had only taken over the duties of second-in-command for a few hours when his carrier ran over a mine and he was killed. Within twelve hours his successor, Major K. E. F. Miller, of the Border Regiment, had run over a mine in his jeep and been seriously hurt. "C" Company, who had moved forward to a position on the right of "A" Company, were suddenly mortared, and again by the most perverse ill-luck, bombs landed right in two of the slit trenches, and inflicted a number of casualties, including the company commander.

The total of casualties was mounting steadily. Battalions have had worse, and will have. But it was becoming clear that this unit needed the time and opportunity for a thorough re-organisation. It had suffered an experience which would have tested even seasoned troops, and the effect of which was proportionately greater on men in their first attack. Above all there had been no chance to do more than hastily patch the fabric. Complete re-organisation was essential if the Battalion was to make itself an efficient unit. But it was some time before this could be done. While we were waiting to move

back, we went into Brigade reserve, and dug three separate and complete battalion positions in three days—days which were generally agreed to be the most exhausting that any of us had spent in France.

Finally we moved back by slow stages. Yet the majority were saddened by the contrast between the Battalion as it had come to France—complete, well equipped and confident—and the Battalion so much smaller and missing so many well-known faces. In all 19 officers and 350 men had either been killed or wounded. The only consolation was the thought of reforming and going back to take our revenge.

DIARY OF A COMPANY COMMANDER IN NORMANDY.

-1/7DWR

"D" DAY PLUS SEVEN TO 18TH JULY, 1944.

By MAJOR BARRY KAVANAGH.

On "D" Day we moved to a marshalling area. Until that memorable day we had been busy waterproofing, checking weapons, checking kits—all combined with a mass of paper telling us what we should or should not do on reaching our overseas destination. Now paper and numerous worries were behind us. I could not, however, help feeling a tinge of regret as I left my village, however the excitement overcame this, as now we were really going to show England what our training had been about.

After an uneventful journey we reached our marshalling area and we were briefed in a sealed camp for our operations in Normandy. Officers, N.C.Os. and men talked in groups and thought—What shall we be like in action? Is it going to be a break through at once? What will we be like?

In this slightly nervous and excited frame of mind we received the order to go. From buses to trains and to a ship we went without a hitch—the efficiency of the staff who planned all this was superb.

On "D" day plus seven we landed in six inches of water on the Normandy coast, and from there we marched by company groups through various control points to our assembly area, five miles inland. Our guns we heard for the first time and we have heard them ever since. A word here for the gunners; they are superb, always on the job, always willing to help, and what a weight of help they can give. All the way we looked around us (and above), but barring battered villages and occasional burned-out vehicles, little could be seen of battle.

In the assembly area we dug slit trenches, oiled and cleaned weapons, checked vehicle loads and rested until about 12th June. Then we moved up just behind Bronay and dug in with the Hun about three-quarters of a mile away. Three days after Bronay and Cristot were captured by another formation and we took over the line from a battalion in Cristot. Here we first saw action—continuous and accurate mortar fire keeping us well down. I was nearly disposed of complete with my second-in-command and platoon commanders, but we were lucky. (By the way a jeep is not an easy thing for three to get under.)

The next day at very short notice we were ordered to counter-attack a position penetrated by the Hun. Few of us knew where we were going or what was really happening—with the fog of war around us plus a hail of mortar bombs (Hun) and the hail of our own artillery (on the Hun) we got going on a simple plan—to what we were not clear. "A" and "B" Companies attacked Point 102 and a wood on the right with the other two companies following up, my company being on the right rear. We pushed up, keeping to a wood, stopping when Hun mortar and shell fire came our way and, in between, knocking off several Hun snipers (these fanatical devils can hide themselves and they don't give up); we reached the wood and joined up with "B" Company in front without having had one casualty.

Here the Battalion, having successfully evicted the enemy, re-organised. The inevitable counter-attack was miraculously stopped by our gallant C.O. who, on looking over a crest on our left flank, saw three Hun tanks and sundry infantry ready to counter-attack us. "Gunner" said he with a gleam in his eye, and the gunner sent them flying with well-directed artillery fire.

We spent a few unpleasant days here while preparations were made for the attack on Fontenay. We patrolled, we were mortared and the Hun made an abortive raid on us but withdrew when fired at. He fired everything where he thought we were, trying to find our position, but he failed. I regret that a small party sent to cut him off missed him; that night mortars which persistently fired at us suddenly went quiet. The Canadians, our neighbours, were on patrol that night. I met the company commander concerned later and thanked him.

After five days at Point 102 we were relieved for one day prior to our part in the attack on Fontenay. We washed, slept and briefed and waited for the code word which would send us through the units which had taken this village. However, enemy smoke and heavy ground mist delayed the first phases of the attack and we were ordered to complete the clearance of the village late in the evening. It appeared that the first attacking unit had only reached the edge of the village and in consequence we had to make a dog-leg attack, supported by tanks and A.V.R.Es. Three companies were given a sector each to clear in turn.* My company had the second sector and the attack on it was supported by artillery and tanks. We plunged into a wood and then into about 15 houses and a church and emerged in an orchard the other side. It was nearly dark and we still had a 100 yards or so to go. I peered through the edge of the orchard and gave my dispositions for the forward platoons to occupy—when I heard tanks and voices shouting. An immediate recce patrol established that Hun tanks and infantry were about 200 yards away, so we dug inside the orchard and tried to get the gunners on the wireless—unfortunately it failed and I could get neither Battalion Headquarters nor the gunners. All night we dug and by first light anti-tank guns and food arrived. A further recce patrol was sent out and, contrary to the book of words, destroyed four Huns with two M.Gs. in a farm 200 yards away, thus regaining contact. There were no sign of enemy tanks barring one, apparently derelict, 150 yards away."

My company and "C" Company were ordered to advance at 0930 hours to the next crest 400 yards away. With each company was a troop of tanks with two troops in support. So out of our hard-dug slit trenches we went and were one-third the way over a cornfield when from the left and right of us Hun M.G. opened up—(this was too easy we thought).^{*} The platoons pushed on, using 2in. H.E. and Brens, plus tank H.E. and M.G. fire—still the Hun kept on firing. Suddenly from the Hun M.G. positions H.E. and armour-piercing knocked out two tanks near me, nearly blowing my right forward platoon off the ground. We had met Hun tanks! There was little one could do and M.G. and H.E. fire was now sweeping our front—so we withdrew out of the orchard, put out mines, and were about to send out tank hunting parties when the C.O. stopped us and told us that an attack with full artillery and tank support would go in that afternoon at 3 o'clock. "C" Company had fared similarly and one of their N.C.Os. very gallantly knocked out a German Mk. IV with his Piat. We had been in action continuously for 36 hours and in the pause we tried to get some rest.

The attack was to be made by "A" and "B" Companies. It eventually came off at 3.30 p.m. The Hun immediately replied with heavy mortar, artillery and tank fire. The fire fight lasted 20 minutes and we won it and our two companies went forward—our artillery chasing his tanks into the wooded country beyond.^{**} One incident during the day illustrates the craft of the Hun, in this case the 12th S.S. Panzer Division "Hitler Jugend." The derelict tank mentioned earlier moved suddenly at 12.30 p.m. and opened fire on us—the cunning devils had lain quiet through eight hours of daylight. However, we put paid to this with well-directed 17-pounder fire.

The attack went well and more Huns were taken prisoner and killed. We took one only five yards away from a group consisting of the C.O., company commanders and gunner when a driver looking in a trench saw him. He lay in his funk hole on his back with his hands up quivering. Hardly a representative of a "Master Race."

The next day the Battalion was ordered to protect the start line during the day for another Brigade to pass through in the early hours of the morning for an attack on Tessel Bretteville and Brettevillette. My company, plus a company of a battalion on our right, were detailed for the job. Accordingly that night we moved from our positions and took over from a patrol of "B" Company that had been on the start line all day. We dug in and waited for dawn. For once the Hun was quiet and we had no trouble. At 0445 hours the battalion passing through us moved up and under a heavy barrage—20 minutes of it and very close to us—started; however, all went well and the objective was taken.

The Battalion now consolidated in this area which we got to call St. Nicholas Farm area. The country was typical "bocage" on our right and a replica of Salisbury Plain on the left. Altogether we remained there some ten days. There was a small farm in our company area. As permission had been given for troops to consume perishable foods of the country and as our farm had 100 odd fowls, the company enjoyed the luxury, occasionally, of fried egg added to compo breakfast.

On 2nd July the Hun felt strong enough to counter-attack with a view to breaking into Salisbury Plain. Another Brigade ahead of us bore the brunt of the day's fighting against Panthers and infantry and suffered heavy casualties. By 1100 hours our "B" Company was ordered forward to the village of Rauray to fill a gap in the thick country. This they did with great success, losing only one casualty although they were in the front line all day. By 4 p.m. "C" Company had moved forward also, and by 9 p.m. the whole Battalion had taken over in the line during an action to enable the Brigade ahead to form a composite battalion from two of its battalions for a counter-attack. By 11 p.m. the Hun attack had failed with the loss of some 30 tanks.

Two days later we were in our turn relieved by a battalion in front of us in Tessel Bretteville. We were three companies up. "A" right, my company centre, "C" left, and with "B" Company in reserve. We were in contact in thick country and we started offensive patrolling in a big way.

It became necessary to obtain an identification. In no time we dominated no man's land which was some 2,000 yards wide here, but the Boche was difficult to catch in his rabbit warren. We came under a certain amount of shelling and mortaring and the Boche Spandau teams were active and elusive. The Battalion lodged a battle patrol based on a platoon about 1,000 yards into no man's land, and through and around this firm pivot we operated mostly by night gaining a great deal of patrolling experience.

Our most successful patrol was one which, operating from the pivot and directed by line from Battalion H.Q. and my company, located an enemy platoon the day after the Boche infantry had taken over from a Panzer S.S. formation. The affair resulted in at least 12 killed or wounded Boche to nil and the identification of a new infantry formation confirmed. The patrol was a masterpiece, of which more has been written elsewhere. It was led by Lt. J. Lappin and was seven strong. It achieved a special write-up by Division and received the Divisional and Brigade Commander's special congratulations.

A week later we were told that another Division was passing through, and I was ordered to ensure that the Hun was still holding the positions in which our patrols had found him before. Again without loss the patrol found the Hun—a much more alert Hun too—still there. The next morning, under another colossal barrage, tanks and infantry passed through us. Thus for the first time since 16th June we had a weight of troops in front of us, and visions of a rest—a well-deserved rest—came our way.

On 18th July I was hit and had to retire to England. A word here for the R.A.M.C.—they too are superb—a vast organisation superbly handled with every known method of science immediately available to our wounded. I could not give them high enough praise.

I cannot give the C.O.'s name—I wish I could. R.S.M. Tonnend and R.Q.M.S. Bush are going strong. Finally, our gallant Padre and Doctor are both doing sterling work. My C.O. wrote to me and told me the Battalion is now resting, so I hope to be back with them before action starts again.

This is a short history of a Dukes Battalion in Normandy which I hope one day will be given in detail after the war, proof that the Dukes, whether in Burma, Italy or France, uphold the traditions of a great line.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FROM THE C.O. OF A BATTALION IN NORMANDY TO THE EDITOR.

" 29th August, 1944.

" . . . Yesterday, for the second time since landing in Normandy, the Battalion came into rest. Our previous 'rest' lasted three days, in pouring rain, making preparations to switch from the central front of the tiny original bridgehead to the Caen front. This one we hope will be better, though four hours after having been told we were officially at rest we were given orders to move and clear one of France's forests. Fortunately this was cancelled a few hours later! So you see the Battalion has been well employed, having been in contact ever since 17th June except for five days.

" Thank you for your congratulations to the Battalion. As you can imagine, I am a very proud man having command of this Battalion. Its transition from peace to war was abrupt and fierce on 18th June. It has stood up to everything since then. . . . We have just completed three weeks of exciting advances. That, on top of three or four weeks of static warfare in an unpleasant position where we were overlooked by the Boche on three sides, came as a very welcome change, but tested the Battalion's power to put into practice all that had been studied in England. It has worked perfectly and the day before yesterday we chased the Boche to the very gates of where we are now resting.

" When I can I certainly will send you stories of our doings here. You may by now have received an article from Barry Kavanagh.* I hope so. It is a company commander's account of life in the original tight bridgehead. . . ."

* See previous article.

We are indebted to the Editor of the *Yorkshire Post and Leeds Mercury* for permission to reprint the following articles which appeared in their issues of the 30th June and 28th July :—

SPLENDID DISCIPLINE UNDER FIRE.

West Riding Men's Part in Normandy Battle.

First-hand stories of West Riding men in action in Normandy describe a fierce struggle on Parc de Boislonde, a large estate east of Tilly-sur-Seuilles. They have been related to a military observer who pays tribute to the men's great courage and comments :—" Battles to come may be great and more important, but it is doubtful if they will ever drive the memory of the Parc de Boislonde from the minds of soldiers of two regiments—one from the North and one from London—who fought there for 48 anxious hours."

The Parc is a large estate with a chateau in the centre. It is thickly wooded and a target for the artillery of both sides. British formations had attacked it successfully, but it was almost impossible at that point in the battle to occupy it without further casualties from shelling. Our troops posted themselves to stop the enemy entering the Parc and began patrolling it night and day.

When the British forces which had first occupied the Parc started to withdraw, the Germans sent over a new bombardment which one of the officers described as like a torrential rain of metal. He said :—" If we never before realised the value of slit trenches, we realised it then. They saved countless lives."

Two detachments of anti-tank gunners, commanded by Lt. J. C. Haldane of Clark Hall, Wakefield, stayed with a platoon under Lt. D. Smith to deal with the German infantry who were trying to follow up the artillery barrage. The signals officer, Lt. D. Wilson of Norton Road, Street Lane, Leeds, continued to man the set with his orderly. Later, all those who remained were led out under fire by Capt. D. F. Horsfall of Currergate, Steeton, near Keighley, who commanded the headquarters company. Capt. Horsfall is one of the four soldier sons of Sir Donald Horsfall of Currergate.

On the same date another battalion was sent out to capture some high ground dominating the Parc and so isolate it. Two companies that were the spearhead of the attack, which was led personally by the commanding officer, were commanded by Major Bernard Kilner of Horbury, Wakefield, son of the late Roy Kilner, the Yorkshire and England cricketer, and Capt. F. C. Scholes of 88 Luck Lane, Marsh, Huddersfield.

The German mortar fire was heavy from the start, and many of the casualties that the Battalion sustained were received at this period. But the British went steadily onward, and it is known that serious casualties were inflicted on enemy troops opposing them.

11 The Military Observer writes:—"The North of England troops showed splendid discipline under fire. Never was a section or sub-section without a leader. If an N.C.O. dropped out there was a man to take his place. Pte. Alfred Peach of Archer Road, Ely, who was in a forward platoon, had his Bren gun blown up and the second-in-command, who was next to him, was killed. Peach snatched up the second-in-command's Sten gun, gathered several men together, and led this scratch section 400 yards, mopping up any resistance he encountered."

Absolute disregard of the enemy fire was shown by two medical orderlies, L/Cpl. Armitage of Totteridge, Bucks, and Pte. J. T. C. Smith of Desemense Street, Stalybridge, and the medical officer, Capt. A. Somerville of Edinburgh. They went about ministering to the wounded. Many of the wounded kept going until finally ordered to fall back. Major Kilner said afterwards that his runner, Pte. E. Elliott of Taylor Street, Stalybridge, did invaluable work going from platoon to platoon in the fiercest stages of the battle.

Later, when the enemy had been swept through the Parc, the Battalion was re-organised and the troops dug in for the night, still under spasmodic mortar fire. Touring the ground, the commanding officer found that the enemy was forming to make a counter-attack some 400 yards away, and also that this counter-attack was to be supported by tanks. The C.O. brought down artillery fire on the Germans and the attack never developed.

The next day rain turned the dried ground into mud, but the C.O. decided to maintain offensive action and sent out fighting, standing and reconnaissance patrols to keep the Parc clear. This procedure was followed for the next six days until another unit came up in relief. Valuable ground for future operations was won in the battles of the Parc de Boislonde.

WEST RIDING HEROES IN NORMANDY.

From J. ILLINGWORTH, *Yorkshire Post* War Correspondent.

WITH BRITISH FORCES IN NORMANDY.

At the Divisional headquarters where I was told how to locate this Battalion of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment they said, "You'll find they have a magnificent record here."

Indeed they have. Yet till they went into their first big action at Hill 102 just south of Cristot only one officer and about 25 other ranks had been fired on.

Major Hugh Cook, their second-in-command, said they gave a really splendid account of themselves. "Moreover," he said, "we did carry out an old-time bayonet assault. We did it on Waterloo Day. For us it will now be Hill 102 Day for ever."

"A little thing which shows the spirit of the Battalion is that the orderly room sergeant, who had no need to take part in the assault, followed me all the way up the hill. In fact quite a number of men, company cooks and so on, came into that assault who need not have done so."

He added that in 19 days the Battalion as a whole had been out of mortar range for three days. "In spite of that the men are right on top of their form. We have not had a single case of exhaustion," he added.

The Battalion are very proud of their patrols, which have succeeded in dominating the enemy in a most remarkable way. During all their stay in Normandy only one of these patrols has failed to return.

When they landed in France, 85 per cent. of the Battalion were West Riding men. It has been grand this afternoon to move about these Normandy orchards and hear the accent of home.

It was a full Battalion attack on Hill 102. The hill dominated Cristot, and the men were mortared as they prepared for the attack and again as they went into the assault, some of them over open country, and their casualties were mainly from this source, although there were also Spandaus among the thick hedges and deep ditches on the right.

"When we got to the top of the hill the C.O. and myself looked over a hedge, and there, about 400 yards away, were four Panther tanks and a company of German infantry waiting to come in with a counter-attack. We got our gunners down pretty quickly on them and smashed them up, and they never came in. It was excellent work by our gunners. The battery commander, Major James Grose, has been absolutely first class throughout."

The Battalion was told to hold Hill 102. They were surrounded by difficult country, but they succeeded in establishing standing patrols right down to the edge of a wood called the Parc de Bolougne, though this was only a few hundred yards from Fontenay-le-Pesnel, the whole of which was being held by the Germans.

They dominated no-man's land to an extent which enabled them to recover equipment lost earlier in the Parc de Bolougne when another battalion was over-run there. Patrols from the Battalion succeeded in extricating from this wood some 40 French refugees who were hiding in a chateau, together with many of our own wounded.

Two or three days later another battalion made a night attack on Fontenay-le-Pesnel, but were severely handicapped by one of those extraordinary ground mists which often occur in this part of Normandy. The Dukes went in next evening to clear the remainder of Fontenay. They went in as darkness was coming on.

Major Benjamin Thomlinson of York said :—" This is the picture. As we went in tracers were streaming against the Boche from our tanks. The sky was vivid with tracers. We were winking him out from streets and houses. Three separate buildings and a chateau were ablaze, lighting the sky. I know I had to pull my guns in over dead Germans lying on the road. It was a shocking sight."

Major Cook said :—" It was like Dante's inferno. The Boche were fighting very hard from the houses. They had 88 mm. guns still in the village. It was a time of 'no quarter.' No prisoners were taken on either side. The situation was very confused, as we were fighting among another of our battalions.

" This went on until about 1 o'clock in the morning, and after that we were mopping up snipers until first light."

My good friend and old *Yorkshire Post* colleague, Lt. Andrew Weir, was in this battle. He was wounded shortly afterwards, but he has given me his account of what took place.

" We had been nearly 30 hours without food or even a wet of tea," he said.

" We cleared the village, spent the next night digging in, and were just thinking about breakfast, when my company were ordered to push out to a cross-roads some distance away from the village. We went up behind the tanks and found the cross-roads overlooked by one of those wretched orchards.

" They are a nuisance, these orchards. Thickly hedged and ditched about, and screened with high trees; ideal places for snipers and determined groups of Germans.

" The tanks strafed it first of all, and we followed up in case anything was left. We found a bunch of snipers dug in at a corner of the orchard and got them with grenades. Three of them surrendered, young lads who were scared stiff we would shoot them. Two were dead, and two tried to make a break for it. We got one of them, but the other got away and disappeared into a cornfield. He troubled us later. He got one of my corporals through the heart.

" We stayed on the cross-roads the rest of the day while the tanks had a long-range battle with enemy armour. About 3.30 in the afternoon the C.O. came to see us and told us we were going to make another attack. We felt like saying, 'Oi, nark it, chum, nark it.' But by that time we really didn't care. So much had happened that we were ready for anything."

It was while Lt. Weir was lying in a ditch lined up for the attack that he was hit. He is recovering. The attack went in and the position was cleared.

" Heavy mortar and 88 fire was coming out, but the Padre, the Rev. Stephen Chase, who had been with the Battalion a long time, was up forward with the troops throughout the actions," said Major Cook.

" On one occasion when he realised that wounded had been left behind he went out and brought in one of them himself. He then went out with a stretcher bearer and got a second, then checked on a third, all under heavy fire.

" When we spoke to him about it he said he just happened to be there. It always happened that he was there," said Major Cook.

He added :—" I wish you'd mention our M.O., Dr. A. U. Somerville. He and his stretcher bearers have been seen often attending to casualties in the open in that Hill 102 show. The R.A.P. came under fire, not deliberately, I think, it just happened, and the doctor was crawling about in the open pushing the wounded under vehicles with mortaring going on all round him."

After pushing beyond Fontenay, the Battalion found themselves in reserve, again in an area which was periodically penetrated by snipers and where their forward companies were quite heavily mortared.

The Germans made a heavy attack on troops in front of the Dukes who were occupying features before Faury. The Dukes sent a company forward to prevent German penetration between two leading battalions. This company was commanded by Major Bernard Kilner, and they went forward into thick, bushy country and killed six Germans without suffering a single casualty themselves.

" Our C.O. was thanked by one of the two battalions concerned. They said they did not think they could have held their positions but for our intervention.

" That evening we went forward and held the Faury area for two or three days. We engaged in active patrolling. Again there was heavy mortaring whenever we showed ourselves. We stayed there some time and then went forward to take over the Tessel-Bretteville area, and here again we established complete superiority over the Boche opposite to us.

" We had one very good show. This was a patrol commanded by Lt. John Lappin. He was told to go and clear up a Boche at a place called 'Spandau Corner' and to bring in a body. They found the Spandau, rushed it, and killed six men, but then came under close fire and had to drop into a ditch and crawl back.

" When they went out again, five more Boche were there and exactly the same thing happened. They rushed them and killed them and were again heavily fired on and couldn't stay to collect a body."

Major Cook said that during the whole of the time they were in that sector their patrols were going up to within nearly a mile in front of their area during which they had constant encounters with the enemy.

"In none of these did we come off second best," he said. "The Boche never got into us at all."

On one occasion Capt. Jack Illingworth of Sowerby Bridge and his sergeant went forward to inspect a German carrier by the roadside. They were shot at from 30 to 40 yards by Spandaus. As they lay in a ditch Capt. Illingworth said, "We'd better deal with that crew."

They crawled forward and then suddenly closed on the Spandaus with grenades. Eleven Germans walked out with their hands up, but a twelfth came out firing. Capt. Illingworth shot him, then brought the other eleven in, and all that Capt. Illingworth wanted when he went to investigate that German carrier was a distributor. He was short of one.

We are not related. The story stands on its own merits. It is just another incident in the fine record of the Dukes out there.

Burma.

A Battalion of the Regiment which took part in the retreat from Burma in 1942 has now distinguished itself in operations carried out by Chindit columns in the Naga Hills. The following account by a military observer has been kindly sent to us by the Ministry of Information:—

CHINDITS SHARE IN KOHIMA VICTORY.

By a MILITARY OBSERVER.

Following the release of the news that "Chindit" columns of long-range penetration troops comprising the 23rd British Infantry Brigade played a vital part in ousting the Japanese from their positions in and around Kohima, come numerous stories from military observers recording incidents and actions during their long "hide and seek" campaign through the Naga Hills.

The Brigade included men of the Essex Regiment, the Border Regiment and the Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

One story tells of how men of the Border Regiment took time off from their task of air strip construction to participate in the call to prayer on St. George's Day. Grimed with the red Naga soil dug from the air strip, the troops filed into the improvised church while Naga Christians, sensing that this was a more important Sunday than others, mingled with our troops throughout the service. Other villagers peered with wide-eyed curiosity through openings in the bamboo shack while the unit's Padre, Squadron-Leader Mathews, a New Zealander from Auckland, conducted the service and the commanding officer read the lesson.

One day towards the end of April luxuries were dropped from the skies for the men from the Border Regiment. Their C.O. had asked for a special drop and early in the morning men were busily preparing the smoke signal which would guide in the Dakotas. After a long wait came the dull monotone of throbbing engines and through the slight morning haze that still shrouded the hills three Dakotas appeared, flying in slow, heavy formation. At a shouted command, the canisters were lit and dense smoke billowed skywards. The leading 'plane peeled off and flew in low. Piled in its open doorway one could see the bulky packages. The 'planes circled widely, then the leader came in for his first drop, flying as low as the towering hills would permit. The bulky freight in the doorway toppled heavily into mid-air, the wind caught in the parachutes, and the first load of supplies dropped swiftly to the ground. The second and third 'planes followed and the air was filled with 'chutes resembling an air-borne invasion in miniature. Again the Dakotas completed the circuit, their load seemingly limitless, and with unerring accuracy the 'chutes fell on and around the dropping path.

Occasionally the watchers had to shift their position as air-borne rations threatened to drop just a little too near them. The last 'plane came in for its final run. One man murmured to nobody in particular: "This lot's got mail. Always drop it last, they do. Then we know which to open first." As the last parachute glided to earth, the troops sprang into action. Mules were brought up, parachutes were rolled and stacked on to them, and a vast quarter-master's stores was rapidly built. The supplies were eagerly opened by men who had trekked for many days, living entirely on service rations. Tinned fruit and fresh bread were real luxuries. Mail was tremendously important and almost equally popular were the service newspapers and reviews: "Seac," "Contact" and the weekly commentary bringing news from the outside world. In three hours the scene was normal once again; only an additional stack of parachutes had altered the appearance of the encampment. That night rations were supplemented with tinned plums.

The special force troops in the Naga Hills invented their own brand of chocolate jungle pudding. The ingredients are packed "K" ration biscuits, a "K" ration 300 calory chocolate bar, water obtained from any source, milk dehydrated. One mess tin or empty milk can is required and following are the instructions: Grind the biscuits to powder, using either a heavy bamboo stick or the heel of an

ammunition boot. Slice the chocolate bar into neat chunks, mix with the powdered biscuits in the mess tin, add sugar and milk to taste. Light a fire, ignore the wood ash being wafted into the mess tin, heat the preparation, at the same time scraping the bottom of the tin with a knife—the result a palatable alternative to the monotony of dry rations.

Typical of the scores of clashes with the enemy was the occasion on which men of the Essex Regiment out on patrol in the jungle tracts north-east of Kohima received information of a strong enemy party concentrated in a nullah only a short march ahead. The patrol went forward to investigate and found approximately 40 Japs with mules. The animals were being watered at a stream and many of the Japs were washing and bathing in blissful ignorance of the presence of our patrol. They were soon made aware of their presence as our men opened up with M.G. and rifle fire. The enemy scattered in confusion then, having re-organised, came back to give battle, but the damage was done, and the small British party had withdrawn to report the engagement at H.Q. A strong fighting patrol was sent out to gain contact with the enemy party but they had withdrawn, leaving 20 graves to mark the success of this brief engagement so typical of the activities of this long-range penetration brigade.

Writing early in May from Mokochaung, a military observer described how the important Japanese village strong-point of Phekekrima was captured. The village lay on a track near Kohima and had previously held out against attacks by our troops. After preliminary aerial bombardment Chindit troops moved in and occupied Phekekrima under intense L.M.G. and mortar fire. The Japs withdrew and a preliminary count revealed 20 enemy bodies in fox holes which became their graves.

Whenever Jap parties were encountered they were dealt with expeditiously by our troops, the ratio of enemy casualties to British being often as high as ten to one, and in the early stages of their trek they could claim 150 Japs killed and wounded even before any major clash took place. To these troops also went the credit of making captive the first unwounded prisoner captured by the special force in the whole of their campaign, including the fighting in North Central Burma, a feat which brought them a congratulatory message from General Lentaigne, the force commander.

Again, writing from Mokochaung on 7th May, a special force observer sent the following story :—It's raining in the hills. It has been raining for three days and our supplies are in danger of running out. Two days ago Dakotas should have replenished us with air-borne supplies but the weather ruled it out. Yesterday we waited patiently for the weather to lift sufficiently for the 'planes to spot us and deliver the goods, but the clouds remained above and around us. In the late afternoon an apologetic signal arrived describing the similar conditions that existed there. The message contained the following line—St. Matthew, Ch. 7, v. 27. The chapter was found and the men read :—"And the rain descended and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon that house and it fell and great was the fall of it."

The commander studied this for a few moments, then sent in reply : Philippians, Ch. 4, v. 11—"Not that I speak in respect of want, for I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."

Meanwhile it continues to rain and our ration store begins to resemble Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

Almost every supply drop had its humorous incidents. Not all the 'chutes would open and float earthwards according to the book, and often troops crowding the edges of the small jungle clearings in which the drops take place were subjected to an Aunt Sally assault by air-borne rations. One staff officer narrowly escaped receiving the full impact of parachuted K-rations, which behaved perfectly at first but air burst above his head on its downward flight. The same unit's boot repairer stared dejectedly as his supplies of cobblers' nails and equipment broke loose in mid-air and rained down on to the clearing and into the surrounding jungle. One soldier, recovering from an illness in an improvised basha hospital, had a severe shock when a load of rations broke loose from its 'chute and hurled through the hospital roof. Although to-day it has not rained cats and dogs, commented the observer, it has rained almost everything else, including tinned meat, tea, sugar and ammunition boots.

On one occasion a small Japanese force attempted to interfere with a supply drop. After many days of rain and low-lying cloud, which had restricted air operations, the weather lifted and supplies to these detached special force troops who had for weeks been fighting their way south towards Kohima were sent immediately. Simultaneously with the supply drop, the Japs opened up with M.G. and mortar fire. Men of the Essex Regiment counter-attacked and the Jap mortars were silenced by Vickers M.G. fire. Six of the enemy force were seen to be hit and the rest hastily withdrew, while the supply drop was concluded satisfactorily.

Reconnaissance patrols of the force frequently encountered almost insurmountable difficulties. One such infantry platoon eventually got through to its objective after a six-days' tortuous march through the Naga Hills. It was a triumph of physical endurance. The platoon, equipped with wireless and mules, left their rendezvous in the early hours of 21st April. The first day's march was uneventful. Thereafter it was a battle against chasms, nalas and other topographical obstacles that nature had placed in the path. Normally sure-footed mules plunged into ravines or sank belly deep into marshy river beds. Wireless and other equipment had frequently to be recovered from the bottom of precipices into which it had plunged with the unlucky mules. Chasms often 20 feet deep were forded by only a single log bridge. Alternative routes for the mules had to be hacked from the banks, while sweating troops man-handled their valuable equipment across the precarious bridges. Often the jungle tracks became too narrow to take a mule and its equipment. Again and again our men had to

man-handle their stores along the track until it widened sufficiently to permit of reloading the mules. The biggest drop of all was by a mule which fell 600 feet to the bottom of a hill. Two men scrambled after it and found the saddlery completely unharmed and the mule with only a few head abrasions. A two-mile path had to be cut in the hill to get the mule back to the track covering the last 20 miles of their reconnaissance in a single day. The platoon got through to its objective to report "track not considered suitable for use by animal transport."

Thirty Japs were killed and 12 more wounded during a three-hour battle when a small British party caught the enemy in a surprise dawn attack. The action was one of many similar small engagements fought by men of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment while operating against the enemy in the Naga Hills, north-east of Kohima.

Led by Major D. M. Scott, who before the war was a teacher in his home town of Glasgow, the patrol set off in the late evening to gain contact with the enemy force which had been reported in bivouac five hours' march away. So rough was the going, however, that their journey in fact took almost 12 hours. As dawn broke, Major Scott opened the attack with a grenade lobbed into a small basha occupied by two Jap officers. One of these officers, clad only in a shirt and attempting to forestall the explosion of the grenade, dashed to the door and was riddled with Sten-gun fire. Six early risers were lighting their breakfast fire when a grenade fell in their fire simultaneously with Major Scott's attack. They were all killed. The battle was then joined in earnest, the enemy putting up a stiff resistance, but at the end of three hours it was estimated that all but six of the force of approximately 50 Japs were either killed or wounded, and the remainder broke off from battle and withdrew. Sgt. Leonard Rogerson, former chartered secretary in Newcastle-on-Tyne, claimed three Japs killed, one of whom he had to hit on the head first with the butt of his Sten when it temporarily jammed. British casualties in this action were two killed and three wounded, including Rogerson, who was hit in the arm, and two missing.

Finally comes the story of how those Chindits took advantage of monsoon conditions in a two-hours' off-duty spell by staging a regatta in the flooded paddy fields. White cloud floated lazily against a background of foothills 40 miles away; trees on the slopes could be clearly seen in the evening light. Trees, too, stood marooned in the water which stretched to the nearest village island. It was a cool scene at the end of a humid day, a day when even to stand or sit was to drip sweat.

Major R. F. Gandy of Hove originated the idea of the regatta, and assault boats were used for the principal event, a race between officers and sergeants over a 250-yards course. Empty kerosene tins were flag-buoys. There was some brisk betting before the race and the odds appeared to be in favour of the officers. They were the first past the post but the sergeants' boat upset the officers' craft and crews splashed about and swam ashore through four feet of water amid the cheers of admiring spectators, including West African soldiers who watched from the boulder-strewn road. The West Africans thoroughly enjoyed the "fair" on shore and hurled cricket balls (three for two annas) at the coconut shy with devastating effect. They insisted on taking the shattered pumpkins used in lieu of coconuts as prizes in preference to cigarettes. C.S.M. D. G. Ellis dressed as a tea-seller told fortunes in such vivid terms that his clientele almost regretted the outlay. There was only one rueful smile at the end of the day—Pte. Jo Sinnott, self-appointed bookie, lost 15 rupees. All the favourites won!

Unfortunately we have had no direct news from the Battalion, but we have been given permission to print a letter received by Major Stimson of Aberystwyth, written by his nephew, Capt. R. W. Paterson, the Border Regiment, which gives a very interesting account of the operations:—

27.7.44.

... We are now in a base area sweltering in the heat and patiently waiting to be sent to our depot, which is situated in cool uplands and possesses a brewery.

We are resting after our labours and eating as much as we can acquire! I've a lot of weight to restore—about two stones in fact. . . The Brigadier has allowed us considerable latitude in the matter of security, so I can tell you for once what has been happening. You've probably heard a lot of it on the B.B.C. and in the Press, as 23rd Brigade has been "splashed" in the headlines quite a lot recently.

As you might have guessed from former hints, we were trained as "Chindits." We were due to fly into Burma with the rest, but were switched to Assam, when the Japs made their drive on Kohima and Imphal. Being highly mobile and supplied by air, we were sent round behind the Japs through the Naga Hills to cut their line of communications.

The scheme succeeded beyond expectation and we were the chief cause of their pulling out of Kohima. We inflicted casualties to the tune of 25 to 1—very reasonable! It was probably more than that, as it is not always possible to tell how many crawl away to die in the jungle.

The campaign was very hard, as we carry between 80 and 90 pounds on our weary backs, and Naga "Hills" is a misnomer—mountains is more like it. The ranges varied between four and eight thousand feet, and at one time we were climbing a range a day. Later the monsoon added to our difficulties as the mountain tracks became knee deep in mud and one was always wet—which made the equipment weigh even more! Actually on this type of warfare one is always wet, either with sweat or dew or rain. I often wonder what the effect will be in due course—probably a lot of rheumatism at the age of 40! One was really living on reserves towards the end, and three or four months is about the limit. We are now supposed to be "rehabilitated." I was 12 stones when I started and I think under 10 at the end! Of course, I use a lot of nervous energy too, but that's not a bad thing, because it keeps one going, provided the mental stimulus is there.

At the beginning of the campaign I was administrative officer to the column—a sort of glorified Q.M. I think I did well, as we were about the only column who never missed a meal, no matter how dispersed the troops were. I used Naga coolies a lot to get the food about. The Nagas were really superb and I don't think we could have done half what we did without them. The need for reconnaissance was small, as the locals told us everything the Japs did. One could even find out what the Nips were having for breakfast!

Later in the campaign I took over one of the specialist platoons so that I could have an innings, and in one hectic fortnight killed 30, wounded at least 16 and captured 15 prisoners. I also captured 14 mules—one of which had thousands of rupees—unfortunately in "occupation money." Was I browned off? I thought I had a chance to retire! The above scoring brought the platoon to the top of the list, so we felt very pleased with ourselves. Most of the killing was done in intimate little parties—namely ambushes. I shot most of them in the back just to show that they hadn't a monopoly in such activities.

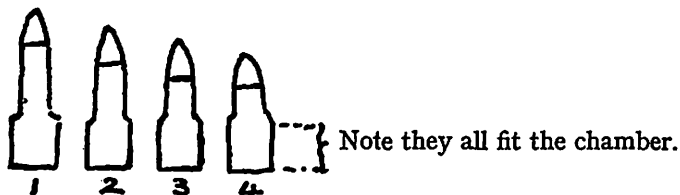
I thought them rather stupid people. They are well trained and very brave, but basically merely coolies off the paddy fields. If one catches them on the wrong foot, when they haven't time to put their pet drills into action, they just don't start to cope! If they are ordered to attack or defend they do it excellently, so the thing to do is to catch them doing neither. Then the matter is reduced to initiative which they sadly lack. They never get a chance to hit back, because we keep on the move and can't be pinned down and our line of communication is vertical! The pilots who supplied us were magnificent. It couldn't have been very pleasant flying through mountains in the monsoon, and most of the day we were in the clouds and had to be looked for. However, they delivered the goods regularly and we always got our food and, best of all—mail. We got mail out very occasionally but normally it is not possible.

On the whole I enjoyed it very much except for the wearying foot-slogging and particularly the weight on the back. We did about 300 miles altogether and the total height climbed must be a couple of hundred thousand feet—I'll work it out one day! The Press has made sundry remarks about feats never before achieved by the British soldier—but I don't know about that! But it proved my contention that well-trained battle-experienced troops (British) would settle the Jap very speedily. The troops they have met so far have not been particularly good, though some of the Indian divisions are now pretty good, having learnt much from bitter experience.

I had some Gurkhas attached to me and loved them. Their eyesight was incredible, so I kept one near me, my sight being dim, to tell me what was going on in the distance. They are excellent troops if led and looked after and they haven't the inferiority complex of the Indian, being independent mercenaries. But then mercenary troops have always been the best!

I feel that I shall pay for my dim sight one day, through not seeing somebody first! Still, I don't want to wear glasses because they glint in the sun and that is also fatal!

By the way, the Japs have a very interesting 75 gun-how. Instead of a standard case with different charges, they have four types of shell with different charges incorporated in them, like so:—



Most ingenious I thought, though you'll probably say that its an old idea! But it's a good idea for avoiding the separate shell and case which are bound to suffer from damp in jungle conditions.

Very bad gunners! They fired 80 shells one day at a village we were resting in and didn't hit a thing. The village was on a hilltop like all Naga villages, so they were all either unders or overs. Very unsporting anyway because we don't reckon to meet with guns on our racket. We don't wear tin hats—a great relief and I don't think they are much use except to comfort the soul!

India.

Another six months has passed since we last wrote to you, and any news we can give is necessarily about the lighter side of life; even in that line we seem to save ourselves for short orgies such as the Cambrai Day and Christmas festivities. Our latest outburst was Waterloo Day, which we celebrated in great style on Saturday, 17th June. Waterloo Day was heralded on the Friday night by Lt. Dick Batt's "Racketeers," a Regimental concert party which is making a considerable name for itself in this district. There is no doubt that the high spot of the show was Sgt. Harris's magnificent and colourful impersonation of Carmen Miranda. Duke Osborne is a very talented young fellow who nearly "out-Fletcher'd" Cyril Fletcher in a delicious monologue and also wrote and composed a very good number for the show, "Don't You Ever Feel That Way." Lt. Dick Batt and Tony Butcher put over some very finely synchronised work on two pianos, and Dick Batt sang two songs from "Merrie England," both of which numbers they also broadcast the other day. The dance band under the leadership of Stan Highley is in very good form and they have also broadcast a couple of times over All India Radio. There are many other very successful members of the cast, who cannot be mentioned owing to space, but they include especially "Four Hits and a Guitar," Ron Clough and the male voice choir, Jack Warner, who originated much of the script, Cpl. Baldwin and Hanson, who produced some first-class sets between them, and finally two who must be very specially mentioned, L/Cpl. Kitchen, who made a very able stage manager, and L/Cpl. Tony Butcher, without whose talent and hard work in producing and accompanying the show would have been very hard put to it to reach the standard it did.

The next day in the morning most of the Regiment went down to the baths, where a swimming gymkhana was held, but more of this in Sgt.-Major "Garry" Hall's sports page! After lunch, ready for the "Donkey Derby," the donkeys were all in their "stables," the stands packed with spectators and the "all-electric" tote radiated an irresistible magnetism which penetrated to most pockets. Behind the grills of the tote was that stalwart of "C" Company office, L/Cpl. Sykes "38," and his counterparts of "A," "B" and "H.Q." Then came the jockeys—mostly with coloured shirts, some with breeches, one armed with a carrot hanging on a stick, and to cap them all, Lt. "Bonar" Law, complete with boots, riding, long, goggles and gauntlets, and a fetching

blond wig. Then came the judges, led by the Colonel, all with huge blue rosettes on their bosoms, followed by three trumpeters who sounded a fanfare to say that the first race would start in half an hour. The best race probably was "Troopers' Trot," won by "Tosh" Baxter, who sailed home in great style at 10 to 1, though it's rumoured he used an illegal goad. Another winner lucky to get away with it was Jim Stockley, who was dragged the last 20 yards in the officers' race. The "Corporals' Canter" ended in a very exciting dead heat between Cpl. Jones of "B" and L/Cpl. Bellwood of "A," whose odds were at 2 to 1 on and 2 to 1; and Sgt. Duffy rollicked home in the sergeants' race.

In the evening the usual sergeants v. officers and corporals v. privates football matches were played, this time with a rugger ball and basically soccer rules—we leave the outcome to the imagination—it was impossible to decide on the scores!

OFFICERS' MESS.

The main social event recently was the cocktail dance, which took place in the Mess on Waterloo Day. Altogether there were about 70 guests present, including His Excellency the Governor, with his wife and daughter. The Regimental dance band played well; mention must also be made of the refreshments, which were of very high standard—concocted by Pte. Vlietinck, who was a chef at Prunier's before the war and who put in a lot of hard work, as did all the Mess staff, into making a success of the evening. Amongst the guests, too, was an old Duke, Lt.-Col. Clarke, the secretary of the club, and a present Duke who has just returned from the S.W. Pacific war zone, Major de la B. Moran, both of whom we were very glad to see. Two other Dukes whom we have entertained in the Mess recently have been Major Maclaren, who is due to be repatriated, and Lord George Saville, who is on leave from the Arakan where he is attached to a well-known battalion of the Lincolnshire Regiment.

One Sunday their Excellencies invited 15 of the Mess up to Government House for a bathe, tea and drinks, which we all enjoyed tremendously. We have also had a guest night recently at which our new Brigadier was the chief guest, to mark his return from a tour of the battle area. Otherwise life has been fairly quiet. We have welcomed some more new officers, and heard from Mike Rawlins and Bill Whitehead who are both safely home in England. Jack Simon has gone to the Staff College and Ken Robson now sports a crown in his stead. Jock Hetherington, our second-in-command, is back with us, after no doubt making the Manipur jungles echo with the sounds of his "Tally ho!" The Colonel is often to be seen abroad at the crack of dawn searching for different types of birds, and John Bilham adds his adjutantal 16 stone to the Regimental pack; we are thinking of packing six and having two extra three-quarters! Alec Luhrs and Ken Robson met "Cocky" Haslock on leave and bring back a grand story of how he tried to pull a cow from Ooty to Coonoor by the tail. We hear he has an important administrative job in Imphal now, and we wish him plenty of luck, as we do to all Dukes everywhere.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Nothing of note has happened since our last instalment, although there have been quite a few comings and goings. We congratulate R.S.M. Beech, S.S.Ms. Hall, Dick, Hough and King and S.Q.M.Ss. Scholes, Brown and Davis and hosts of others on their respective promotions. We have more than held our own in the sporting world, actually crushing the "invincible" corporals at soccer. Some day the officers may beat us, but their chances are somewhat dim. Waterloo Day was celebrated in the good old "Dukes" style, "pagal pani" flowing rather freely. Partings have been many, but the departures of two old stagers the other day came as a great shock to all—the ever green S.S.M. "Bud" Hammond and S.S.M. "Wireless" Woolner. We wish them the best of luck in their new sphere. In conclusion, we should like to send Sergeants' Mess greetings to all other Battalions of the Dukes wherever they may be. Good luck and good hunting.

REGIMENTAL WEDDINGS.

One of the more important social events of our increasingly social season has been the wedding of Lt. the Honourable John R. C. Geddes, son of Lord Geddes of Rolvendon and Lady Geddes, and Diana Elizabeth, daughter of Brigadier C. C. Swift, R.E., and Mrs. W. M. Henning, at St. Peter's, Panchgani, on 3rd May, 1944. The ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Bombay. Officers and men of the Regiment were invited and a good representation led by "Joe" Carr and a dozen romantic young subalterns scudded up the mountain to make quite sure things went smoothly. The bride looked particularly charming and the bridegroom's demeanour was a seemingly mixture of nervousness and pride. The best man, Capt. John Bilham, an old hand at the game, exuded efficiency and moral support.

The reception was held afterwards at the Bungalow, where people were bullied into groups in the garden by frantic cameramen, while the more honest of us indulged the inner man indoors with attractive fare and most excellent cup. John and Diana were launched on their way to the golden land of Kashmir for a month's honeymoon. In the evening Mrs. Henning gave a small party for her younger daughter, to which some of us were invited, and it was a jolly affair where everyone was in high spirits, and a fitting ending to an important day in the lives of at least two people.

Also a wedding took place quietly at All Saints' Church, Coonoor, on 19th July between Capt. B. W. Wadsworth, son of C. W. Wadsworth, Esq., of Kingston-on-Thames, and Anna, daughter of J. Turner, Esq., of Airdrie, Scotland. We wish both these couples the very best of luck.

SPORT.

SOCCER.—The main sport in the Regiment these days is soccer, though "rugger" is now coming into its own for a bit. In the soccer world we have raised a good Regimental side, and the majority of games have been in our favour. Against a renowned "Jock's" team we lost 4—2 and later drew 4—4. In the inter-company games "A" and "C" Companies seem to hold the monopoly. In the Brigade inter-company tournament these two teams figured in the final, "A" winning 4—2 after extra time. Not to be deterred, "B" Company challenged the winners and won 2—1. Cpl. Kaye is still a tower of strength as captain, and Machen and Brazier are as pretty as ever to watch.

HOCKEY.—Here again we have a useful team, but games have been mostly of an inter-company affair. As in the soccer, "A" and "C" again reached the final of the Brigade tournament, "A" winning after extra time by 2—0.

SWIMMING.—A swimming gala was held on "Waterloo Day," "A" and "C" Companies again sharing the spoils, 20½ points each, "C" winning the water polo final against "H.Q." by 4 goals to 1. Capt. Alec Matthews streaks through the water as fast as ever—indeed, the wake he leaves behind him seems to increase yearly.

RUGGER.—With the coming of the monsoon the rugger season has just started. We are hampered to a certain extent by not having grounds of our own, but despite that there is considerable enthusiasm and we have had one or two very enjoyable games; "A" Company beat "B," and "C" beat "H.Q." Despite the fact that in these games many of the finer parts of rugger were missing, this was amply made up for by whole-hearted enthusiasm and go, which provided excellent games both for the spectators and players. A combined team from "A" and "B" Companies beat another company team from our Brigade. As far as Regimental rugger goes, after one practice game we turned out a Regimental trial team to play against a company out of one of the other regiments, who beat us 6—0. After that we got down to things a bit and have since played another regiment in the Brigade, who had played more matches than we and who, we like to think, thought themselves rather good. However, we soundly beat them by 20 points to 3, due largely to a most excellent pack of forwards. As one who has

played in every rugger game which this Regiment has had, I can say that I have never seen a better pack of forwards. We are unlucky with outsides, as we are inclined to be short in any case and a lot are away. However, at the moment we are looking forward to a successful season, and rugger amply justifies itself from the enjoyment one gets even if the actual playing is not always of the best. One name in particular whom old "Dukes" will remember is that of R.Q.M.S. "Ginger" Quirk, who still handles the "leather bubble" with not a little of his old style in the three-quarter line.

England.

OFFICERS' MESS.

Since our last notes appeared we have seen many changes and, as P.M.C. we have sometimes felt that after the war we shall be well qualified for a job as hotel manager. We have almost lost count of the comings and goings, but one departure we are especially sorry to record is that of Lt.-Col. —, who left us last spring. We had grown up under his eye—he had formed the Battalion—and it was a great shock to us all when we heard he was going. We wish him the best of good fortune for the future. As his successor we were fortunate in having a "Duke," Lt.-Col. —, and as soon as we got to know him we realised that we were indeed fortunate.

Our losses include old stagers like Martin Curran, Herbert Firth and Eric Mattock (whose epistolary efforts from France may soon rival those of "Tom" in current A.T.Ms.), and many others whom we were only beginning to know before they were taken from us. Jimmy Davidson has also left us but in his case it has been for the higher strata of military life, and we wish him good luck in his new job.

Of those still left to us, Robin Cartwright is still doing his onerous job as adjutant, regardless of the wear and tear on his liver; Frank Oxley, who has forsaken his love of carpentry; Bob Hanna, now a company commander—as also Pat Clarke. Last, and nowadays nearly least, Major Webb, so slim that we fear he may soon be with us in the spirit only if he keeps going down at the present rate. To those, whose name is legion, who have passed through us we wish the best of luck for the future.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Many things have happened since our last contribution to the Regimental magazine. We have had to say farewell to our late C.O., who has proceeded to take charge of a prisoner of war camp. We welcome Lt.-Col. — and we extend him a hearty welcome. Another important feature was a "Cook's Tour" to the Emerald Isle, our stay was very brief but enjoyable and no doubt the people of B— will miss the "Dukes." Both in social, military and sporting circles tradition was kept up and many friends were made. Owing to illness, we were forced to say farewell to our R.S.M., who is at present convalescent, and we hope that he will have a speedy recovery and return to the unit. Several comings and goings have occurred, which are far too numerous to mention by name, but wherever they may be or wherever they may go, we know that they will carry with them happy memories of the time that they spent with the unit. Since our return to Blighty, an influx of new faces is forever taking place, and we extend them a hearty welcome to the Mess and hope that their stay will be a happy and pleasant one.

Several old members of the Regiment will be very pleased to know that our present A/R.S.M. "Dicky Bye" has become a proud father of a son and heir who will, no doubt, be a future Duke. We also congratulate Sgt. Stephens and Sgt. Walton on the occasion of their marriages, and with them go the very best wishes of the Mess. Prior to leaving the Emerald Isle, a grand Waterloo ball was held, and many members will remember this occasion in future years; including one known as "Big Joe" and another known as "Bert," who no doubt were the *high lights* of the evening. Rumours are already in

the air once again and we are now waiting for them to develop, and no doubt by the time these notes are in print we shall be on our way—*where?* To all Dukes at home and overseas we wish the best of luck. "*Once a Duke always a Duke.*"

COMPANY NOTES.

"H.Q." COMPANY.—In common with everyone else we have suffered many losses since our last notes appeared; we were very sorry to lose so many old faces and we wish them the best of luck wherever they may be. We still have "Big Joe" Hirst and C.Q.M.S. Hardisty to keep the wheels turning, and in the case of the former to help create the shortage of beer that seems to exist everywhere nowadays. "Little Joe" is also with us still though he now has to take time off often owing to his affliction with rheumatism, brought on, we are told, by the thought of resuming his boyhood job of mining. The other Hirst, L/Cpl., is now in undisputed sway of what signallers we have left, and is still no respecter of persons when on the telephone exchange.

Our officers are very much the same except that Capt. Holroyde has left us for a rifle company, which will be harder on his feet if a rest for other parts. Pat Clarke has taken over the Company and is very busy sorting things out; he is now realising that the O.C. "H.Q." Company has almost to be a detective at times with a number of bodies who only seem to appear at the weekly pay parade. However, he has our good wishes to cheer him on his way. We congratulate Ray Swire on eventually reaching the rank of captain; also Capt. Holroyde and C.S.M. Bye each on the birth of a son.

In the realm of sport we have pursued a middle course with the exception of marching and shooting competitions. In the other ranks' event we were second to Sp., and in the officers and sergeants we won with a team ably led by the C.Q.M.S. We can still maintain with justification therefore that we still have a little something that the others haven't got in military matters.

"A" COMPANY.—A very few lines are being penned (or should we say typed) to comfort those who at one time or another have passed through these ranks, with the news that the Company is still in existence. Alas! little remains of the original structure, but a couple of old stalwarts at the helm guiding it through the stormy seas of constant change. Our guiding star, Major J. Daviston, has shot to still greater heights, company and battalion work being too small fry for so great a brain. Other officers—too numerous to mention—who have been our guests for a while are still remembered, and our best wishes go with them wherever they may be.

The old stalwarts referred to in our opening paragraph, C.Q.M.S. "Kitty" Fisher and Sgt. "John" Longbottom, take this opportunity of wishing well all those past and present of the Company, but regret to report sad reverses in the realms of sport, and feel reassured with the thought that as the old staggers know present conditions the reverses can be understood. (Our clerk, March, doubts this.)

The censor would strongly object to mention of our present role or location and to the several items of interest with which we would like to regale all readers of "A" Company notes, so contenting ourselves with welcoming newcomers to the Company in L/Sgts. Boshell and Binns, Cpls. Spink and Cole, L/Cpls. Hosford and Charles and Sgt. Bunting of the D.L.I., we would close our present notes, hoping the next issue of our worthy Regimental magazine is able to give all news from all without restraint.

"B" COMPANY.—Since our last notes several changes have taken place in the Company. We were sorry to lose Major Harry Lauder who, when last heard of, was in hospital. We hope he is now making a speedy recovery. Capt. F. V. Oxley, our new O.C., is now settling down, and we take this opportunity of welcoming Lt. Gregg (D.L.I.), our new training officer. Lt. Wood and Lt. Saynor (second-in-command and administrative officer) are at present with "C" Company undergoing training which should prove invaluable to us on their return to the Company. New members to the Company

also include Sgts. Shaw and Wiggan, Cpls. Finch, Spinner and Malcolm, and L/Cpl. Batty. We were sorry to lose Enoch to "C" Company and Josh, Peck and Long Tom to "E" Company, and wish them every success in their new surroundings. At our last abode, much to our surprise, we found a real Mr. Middleton in Cpl. Atkinson, who turned a quagmire into a well-seasoned garden.

A Battalion shooting competition was held; this we pulled off, and we are now the proud possessors of a shield for which Mrs. Mopp persistently argues with Rodney that the cleaning material should come out of contingent.

At this year's inter-company sports we were again the only serious challenge to "S" Company, finishing a good second, well ahead of the other companies. 2nd Lt. Glasby ran a spectacular race to win the mile, Long Tom was second in the discus, Vanmale was third in the 100, 220 yards and long jump, Atkinson was third in the high jump. The relay, which we won, was a thrilling race, which consisted of 2nd Lt. Glasby, Vanmale, Atkinson and Brindley. We were not so successful in the inter-company football competition but with the talent at our disposal we put up a good show. We are watching with interest the efforts of all our old comrades abroad, and wish them all the very best of luck.

"C" COMPANY.—Mutability has been the keynote of "C" Company's existence during the past few months. People have been coming and going with bewildering suddenness. The only constant factors appear to be the C.S.M. (formerly C.Q.M.S. of the Company), our present C.Q.M.S., one sergeant, three corporals, the clerk and the storeman, who are also still with the Company. The Company commander, Major Curran, left some time ago for more active work. Now, fortunately, Major Kershaw is well established in his place. An influx of officers came with the spring but departed with the summer, and now we have more new officers. We were sorry to lose several old "C" Company N.C.Os. recently but, like the officers, they have been replaced. So it is to be hoped that all the new arrivals settle down well and work happily together.

The Company's activities have not been numerous of late through no fault of our own. As for sporting events, we were well to the fore in cross country and soccer, though "C" Company's performance at the athletic sports may well be passed by without comment. Now, after a period of comparative ease in a green and pleasant land, we are all set for some hard work.

"D" COMPANY.—To write up notes in the Company since its formation is no mean task; however, here goes our best, hoping the censor decides to play ball with us. The last few weeks "D" Company has undergone many changes, the parade state now appears like Littlewoods' coupon (one home and three aways), especially having said good-bye to so many campaigners who are now feeling the "Call."

We welcome in our midst the arrival of two new young bloods, 2nd Lt. Parker and 2nd Lt. Rontree. Our welcome also goes to C.Q.M.S. (Tippy) Taylor, Sgt. (Boggy) Barrett, Cpl. McBride, L/Cpl. Raine, Pte. Milton and Pte. Wardle, who have recently joined to take up duties on our new heart-breaking mission. (Tippy still insists that single men should have more compassionate leave.) With open arms we welcome the above-mentioned to the fold, and wish them every happiness in the Company.

In the field of sport our chances have been small, various battle schools having had priority on our gallant lads for demonstrations, etc. But with an effort we slipped it over Sp. Company (Carriers) for a win in the inter-company knock-out at soccer. Sp. Company still marvels how it was pulled off. Good luck, ex-"D" Company men, wherever you may be.

SUPPORT COMPANY.—There have been so many changes since our last notes were compiled that security and lack of space forbid any real details. We have lost two extremely popular company commanders; David was the first to depart, and we hear that he is now fast climbing the ladder of fame. Herbert then set out on "Safari" and

after all the necessary porters had been hired his train pulled out amid a welter of tears and gin. To them and to all those who have left us we wish God speed, a safe return and a speedy one. C.S.M. Bye occasionally descends from the dizzy heights of A/R.S.M. to give us a word of encouragement and guidance; his heart is as big as ever and has Support Company written deep upon it.

The Company had a very successful sports season and we number amongst our many triumphs the cross-country, company soccer and athletic championships. To prove how versatile we are, the Carrier Platoon carried off the gardening competition, with all the other platoons very highly placed. And what of the present? We can only say that each and every one of you has left his mark, and the spirit of Support Company lives on.

SPORT.

Striking and pitching camps seem to have interrupted to a certain extent activities in all our sporting events. Sports representatives have been handicapped because suitable grounds have been few and far between. Long will be remembered the convexity of the soccer field, the mud-drenched rugger and hockey fields, and the undulating hoof-dug athletic field. In spite of this and the fact that a great number of our stars have gone elsewhere many enjoyable matches and competitions were arranged.

SOCCER.—The Battalion soccer team were entered in the Divisional league and the Divisional cup. The team immediately proved its worth and by systematic training it was obvious we would show up well in both competitions. Eventually we won the Divisional cup by beating the Beds and Herts in the final by 4 goals to nil. In the league we were still in the first three, but owing to illness and injuries our chance of completing a double was marred. Eventually we finished third in the league.

Great interest was created in the inter-company competition in which Sp. Company were the winners. Later an inter-platoon competition was organised and "D" Company with an excellent team won fairly easily after the Mortars had put up a grand show.

RUGGER.—Capt. D. Cox, who had done so much as a player and an organiser, left us at the beginning of this season. 2nd Lts. Pringle and Bates carried on the good work and arranged some very enjoyable and hard-fought games. In the Divisional cup all went well until we reached the semi-final, when we met an R.A. team who hailed from a well-known rugger district. We were beaten 18—3 after a hard struggle on a very muddy pitch. We wish all those who have left us "God speed."

CROSS COUNTRY.—On arrival in the Emerald Isle it was decided to get to work on the cross-country team. A Battalion run was organised and over a very good course Support Company won with "C" Company second. The Battalion team was then chosen and training commenced in earnest under the able guidance of R.Q.M.S. Bainbridge.

Several competitions were held against the local harriers and the team was entered for the Whitehead road race. In this event there were 13 civilian teams and one military. Pte. H. Lintell distinguished himself by obtaining ninth place and our team finished fifth.

In the Brigade and Divisional competitions we finished second. Some say this was due to over-training, others to not sufficient training, but in fact the winners well deserved their victory and proved themselves the better team. Special mention of the following is made as they were no doubt the stars:—Pte. Lintell, Pte. Rose (since killed in action), Pte. Fernie, 2nd Lt. Glasbey, L/Cpl. Reeves, 2nd Lt. Coleman (since killed in action), L/Cpl. Brindley.

ATHLETICS.—All companies organised their sports during May, and from these efforts it was obvious there was an abundance of talent for a prospective team. Training facilities were not ideal, but with Capt. Hanna to lead very soon we had numerous athletes training seriously each evening. Even the Q.M. had his fair share of this.

The Battalion sports were held on Tuesday, 13th June, and a well-organised sequence of events was enjoyed by both competitors and spectators. Outstanding performances were shown by Pte. N. Smith and Cpl. Senior in the sprints, 2nd Lt. Glasbey and S.I. Horne in the middle distances, Lt. Dodd in the field events. It was unfortunate that Pte. Stanley, our very promising high jumper, could not compete owing to an ankle injury sustained in the heats the previous week. The winners of the Courtenay cup were again Support Company.

Individuals entered in various local sports meetings and won a large collection of prizes. Our relay team turned up at one meeting and dashed on the field in their athletic shorts, vests, and spikes, only to be told it was a comic relay race. They competed, and it was good to see Pte. Smith carrying Cpl. Senior on his back over the finishing line fairly comfortably.

D.W.R. Infantry Training Centre.

OFFICERS' MESS.

There have been so many changes in appointments, faces and names it is difficult to know where to start. John Steele (Joe to some) has left us for one of those mysterious departments of Ministerial efficiency, and all our good wishes go with him. He handed over (more things than the adjutancy) to Peter Garnett who is very ably directing affairs from his chair with an occasional hour off for cricket, snooker and other lively Mess customs. Ken Whitehead took over the job of I.T.C. entertainments officer and has duly kept up the fine standard introduced by John Steele. Congratulations to Johnny Bedford on his third "pip" and the taking over of "George" Company—also to "Tony" White, Rhodes and Hardy, all of whom have now left us, on reaching the ranks of WS/Lt.

A new duty has been introduced into our multifarious activities—a picquet on a certain well-known railway platform to prevent soldiers from being molested by unruly civilians. Unfortunately the "man for the job," John Cook, left us before it started, but as he is continuing his "I must look into this" in a provost company, he is enjoying himself and we wish him all the best.

Just before going to press we had a comic "opposite numbers" cricket match in aid of the Red Cross; even though the weather was against it, everyone had a thoroughly enjoyable day and a good sum was raised (including a certain amount taken in fines for "ducks" and "dropped catches"). The highlight of the match was "Creepy's" forceful innings of 20, the highest score of the match, and the bowling of his opposite number for a "duck."

A number of well-known "Dukes" have visited us: Lt.-Col. Wood, Lt.-Col. Vass, "Bill" Skinner, who always seem to turn up for something special, and Garry Hall, home from Italy with a "Blighty"—our good wishes for a speedy recovery. We were also glad to welcome for a short stay Eric McKenzie who found Mess life much better than P.O.W. fare.

Old stagers still continue to flourish and keep "pegging" along, others go, more arrive, and we welcome Challis, Elkington and Campbell, all fresh from O.C.T.U., to carry on the good work of producing "Dukes." McGuffog—now a very proud father—left us to look after the Home Guard. Gill went to a battalion, "Big Bill" Burton is also going, which is rather a blow to our rugby team, and Heywood is joining him.

We are very pleased to say the hockey pitch, which has figured in the news for so long, is finished, and adds a touch of colour to our area—"Colin" thanks all who have helped so much—though it will not be playable for some time.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Nothing serious or exciting has happened since our last notes. Our entertainments have been numerous and varied, the most outstanding feature being the cricket matches sergeants v. officers. These have met with great success and enthusiasm; two matches were played, the officers winning the first and the sergeants the second, and now it remains for the rubber to be played to see who is going to be top dog. We have had several indoor amusements, including dances; these have been exceptionally well run, thanks to our committee.

Our sports meeting went off very well in spite of the rain which rather marred the proceedings. However, the Sergeants' Mess was well represented by both Regiments, "Dukes" and our gallant D.L.I. Percy Hickups was a great favourite for the sergeants' race, but not having the service, could not get the start he would have liked and, of course, stood back and let the old soldiers run.

Before closing our notes we must pay our respects to our new arrival, Bandmaster Seed, who has arrived to fill the vacant rostrum of the Band of the — Battalion. We feel sure he will take up the bâton and play our victory marches and anthems with credit to himself and the good old — Battalion.

CORPORALS' MESS.

Since the writing of our last notes, social activities have been somewhat restricted owing to the summer season, when many members of the Mess found themselves wandering further afield, away from whist drive and snooker contests. However, as usual, our dance was very successful and the Sergeants' Mess social for the corporals was enjoyed by all who attended. The high-lights of the sporting activities were the two cricket matches against the officers. In both games we won with ease in spite of the very good teas which were "laid on" for us, probably with ulterior motives.

Once again we welcome new members to the Mess, and send our best wishes to all "Dukes" wherever they may be.

COMPANY NOTES.

"B" COMPANY.—We introduce ourselves on this occasion under a slightly different title. Owing to a change of organisation in the I.T.C. we are now "Baker" instead of "Dog." The intakes come in thick and fast in the raw state and leave us as the finished article almost before we have got to know them. However, our training record, we are pleased to point out, has reached an even higher standard than before. During the last three months we have only once failed to take first place in the drill test, and our three squads have headed the final placing list on two occasions.

Although our name has changed, we still retain most of the old faces (looking slightly more worried perhaps) on the P.S. Notwithstanding our successes on the "pass outs," we can hasten to assure Sgt. Caddick that for having the squad with the most "Jeeps," he still stands triumphantly unchallenged.

The new standing orders for dress caused some consternation in the Company. We are inclined to discount the rumour that the company commander locked himself in his office for two days, refusing all food and drink, in a gallant attempt to unravel the mystery of what his N.C.Os. should be wearing. The rumour that Mr. Diggle spent a 24 hours' leave counting the cricket balls we also accept with reservations.

C.S.M. Shepley is still with us, keeping a close watch on the N.C.Os.' duty muster. It is said that the Company's recent success in the gardening competition was due to some extent to the C.S.M.'s fatherly attention to the cauliflowers. Chief credit, however, must go to Cpl. Shaw for his enthusiasm. Dinger Bell still reigns supreme as head of the "Q" side, in spite of unlimited numbers of voluntary allotments and P.1954's, calculated to turn the most sedate of men into a "bomb-happy" comedian in seven days. We welcome newcomers to the Company in Sgts. Reed and Rudd and L/Cpls. Clark and Ormsby. Our congratulations go to Sgt. Moore (now left us to entertain "J" Company) and Cpls. Shannon and Lowe on their well-earned promotions.

In the field of sport we have not been lacking. We were well represented by our sports team, capably led by Sgt. Salmon, in the I.T.C. sports. Our O.C., Capt. Ellis and Cpl. Horner led our cricket team to victory against all comers.

Before we sign off until next time, we send our best wishes to all "Dukes" wherever they may be serving. Good luck to you all!

"C" COMPANY.—We intend to start these notes differently, so we have! Quite a lot of officers have "been an' gone" recently, notably the "great" Cook. His departure was regretted particularly since he looked like becoming a second "Bob Hope" on the I.T.C. concert party. As he didn't manage to see all the members of the Company he asked me to convey his thanks and say good-bye to all through these notes. We were just as sorry to lose the other officers, and we hope they are happy in their new spheres. 2nd Lt. Elkington had got his teeth into the training and Lt. Whitehead has added entertainments officer to his duties.

We were well placed on the score-board at the annual inter-company sports meeting, but after Alf Baxter took a "jack-knife" dive in the obstacle race and found the ground too hard, dislocating his shoulder, we didn't end up as well as we'd hoped. The tug-of-war team did well under "Duff," gaining second place and beating the winners during the pulls. We shook the same "Georges" in the cricket knock-out, in a match that was short and sweet. They put us out for twenty odd and then lost half of their side for about a dozen. They won, though no one accepted the O.C.'s offer of 4-1.

Buck Caton and Bill Halstead of bunk decorating fame have left us to go to "J" Company, and Bill's assistant, "Cushy Bob," has gone to O.C.T.U. Sandy Powell and Catto have also left. Good luck, fellows! Since there isn't a "hatched and matched" column in here, we congratulate the O.C., Roye Theaker, Stan Beeson and Alf Baxter under the first-named heading. Not bad going for a company—and we hear of others in the offing! We're glad to see Jack Landale back from "dock" and notice that he's getting around well again on his bike. Where? I'll leave you to guess!

The lecture room has ceased to be a show room (for which the N.C.Os. are truly grateful), but instead our Company artists have constructed a model training area behind our lines. Some "wide-head" suggested posting pamphlets on the walls as well and then turning the recruits out to help themselves—a typical N.C.O's suggestion!

We wish to congratulate the "Dukes" who have done so well in the theatres of war, and hope that their efforts will result in Jerry being licked before the next issue of THE IRON DUKE.

"G" COMPANY.—Since our last issue there have been many changes in the staff of "G" Company. Peter Garnett left us to fill the vacant chair in the orderly room. Officers, N.C.Os. and

trainees were all sorry to see him go, and we wish him good luck in his new work. To fill the vacancy, John Bedford returned after having helped to start a new Duke's company. Welcome back, "Johnny." and congratulations on your third "pip." We welcome 2nd Lt. "Bill" Challis from O.C.T.U. and at the time of going to press are saying "Cheerio" to Lts. Bill Burton and Donald Hardy; their successors are not yet named. Good luck to L/Cpls. Driver (now at O.C.T.U.) and Halmer in their new work, and a welcome to L/Cpls. Jeavons, Turner, Collins and Garforth.

Congratulations to "H" Company on wresting the sports cup from us, beating us by one point on sports day. It was a close fight and our team put up a grand performance. Our long distance team, Sgt. Collier and L/Cpl. Driver deserve a special mention. We got through to the final of the cricket competition and again saw the trophy snatched away before our eyes. Congratulations, "B" Company. The Company is still asking who organised the sabotage in the form of a goat the night before the garden competition.

We congratulate "Topper" Brown, Sgts. Walker and Collier and Cpl. Marriott on becoming proud "daddies." Incidentally, if you meet "Topper" now, ask him to have a cider. On our administrative staff we say "Hullo" to Irene in her brand new uniform. And why is L/Cpl. "Billie" always singing the "Marseillaise"? Good luck to all.

"J" COMPANY.—We have great pleasure in announcing the launching of a new "Dukes" Company. By the time these notes are in print we shall be well "under way" and almost old established. Our skipper needs no introduction, readers of this column will be well acquainted with our "Mr. Lawson." In other words, "Captain Lawson," forsaking W.T.O., took over O.C. "J" Company. Lt. Oakes our second-in-command will be well known to "Dukes" at home and overseas; late of "Wingate Circus," he is ever in demand from local "Salute the Soldier" programmes as lecturer. Along with 2nd Lts. Gray and Campbell, he spends his spare time lecturing to recruits on subjects varying from A.B.C.A. to fixed lines. Lt. Rhodes unfortunately left us before our first notes were published. We were sorry to see him go; his prowess as a sprinter will be missed as much as it was appreciated at this year's sports.

Our first two squads to complete their training were passed out by the R.S.M. who gave an excellent report; I quote, "The best squads I have ever passed out." Sgts. Killien and Calvert, the squad sergeants concerned, are to be congratulated on such a splendid show.

Needless to say, our lines are a vision (some say nightmare) of red and white, not forgetting the polished fire buckets. C.S.M. "Spike" Kennedy, prodding and poking with his stick, unearths dust from places where only C.S.Ms. would think to look. No notes will be complete without a jibe at the C.Q.M.S. (C.Q.M.S. Gilbert). Whether he is such a good bloke or we are slipping I leave to you, but a quarter bloke who doesn't turn purple on the mere mention of P.1954 is as far as we are concerned not too bad. A company office is not complete without its A.T.S. girls, and we are fortunate with Molly and Brenda, our two popular and efficient clerks.

That concludes our notes for this issue. We hope to record bigger and better successes in the future, and if team spirit and hard work are what is needed, we shall.

SPORT.

The road walking team had a most successful season. Not only did they "walk" away with the District competition, but also both the Northern Command inter-unit and inter-formation competitions were taken in their stride, a really remarkable performance.

ATHLETICS.—The inter-company athletic meeting was held this year under rather unfavourable weather conditions. The afternoon, however, was none the less interesting, and the end of the day found "G" Company just "pipped" by "H" Company (D.L.I.). Cpl. Walshaw, Sgt. Salmon and Lt. Rhodes were the outstanding sprinters, and Cpl. Ferguson, Sgt. Collier and L/Cpl. Driver proved themselves over the half mile and mile, not forgetting Pte. (now Cpl.) Sidlow, who won the shot.

CRICKET.—Capt. Ellis was i/c cricket this season. Cpls. Townend and Horner, L/Cpls. Fox, Bateman and Coy, Pte. (now Cpl.) Sidlow and the team captain, Capt. Bedford, played regularly for the I.T.C. throughout the season. "B" and "G" Companies found themselves in the final of the inter-company cricket competition. "B" Company, captained by the officer i/c cricket and ably assisted by Cpl. Horner and Pte. Gregory (now in the "Dukes"), won a splendid victory, assisted to some extent by the weather.

SWIMMING.—Lt. "Mickey" Wilcock has recently assumed the duties of officer i/c swimming. The inter-company swimming competition was won by "G" Company.

Decorations.

The following is a list of immediate awards made to officers and other ranks of a Battalion of the Regiment in Italy, together with citations :—

BAR TO THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER.

T/LT.-COLONEL BRIAN WOLSELEY WEBB-CARTER, D.S.O.

This officer has commanded his Battalion with great gallantry and outstanding devotion to duty from the initial landing in the Anzio Beach-head on the 22nd January, 1944, to the present date.

On the 30th January the — Infantry Brigade attacked the high ground immediately south of Campoleone station with the D.W.R., commanded by this officer, on the left. After crossing the start line strong enemy resistance was encountered but was ultimately overcome and the final objective later captured. The successful completion of this operation was brought about by the skilful handling of the Battalion by this officer. Throughout the operation this officer's cool determination was an example and inspiration to all ranks in his Battalion.

After this attack the Brigade held the position for five days and nights, well in advance of the remainder of the Division. This officer never spared himself in his sound planning of the defence of the Battalion locality, with the result that the many attempts by the enemy at penetration were successfully thrown back.

On the 4th February his Battalion was ordered to withdraw in broad daylight and whilst in close contact with the enemy on all sides. This was accomplished despite the repeated efforts of the enemy. Its success was largely due to the forethought and planning on the part of the commanding officer.

On the 10th February and under the most difficult conditions this officer's Battalion was ordered to carry out the relief of a hard-pressed and numerically weak battalion of the Division in the Carroceto area. The Battalion occupied this position against great odds and held it successfully against all enemy attacks. When a partial success was gained by the enemy the prompt action by this officer in the launching of a deliberate counter-attack with the minimum delay completely restored the position.

From the 25th February to the 6th March, 1944, the Battalion was holding positions in the difficult wadi country at the left of the Divisional sector of the Beach-head. Despite the most appalling conditions at that time, this officer's cheerfulness and determination maintained the spirits of his troops at a high level. There is no doubt that this Battalion held its position against heavy enemy pressure as a direct result of the encouragement and fine example set by this officer.

Throughout all the period since the landing in the Anzio Beach-head on the 22nd January, this officer has served with outstanding distinction and devotion to duty.

MILITARY CROSS.

MAJOR P. P. BENSON (killed in action February, 1944).

Major Benson is a rifle company commander in this Battalion. During the bitter fighting in the Anzio Beach-head from 30th January to 4th February he set a high example of personal courage and real leadership. He led his company to its objective on the attack of 31st January and in the face of particularly fierce opposition he gained it. This position had subsequently to be abandoned to allow our medium artillery to engage enemy strong points in its vicinity. After the barrage had subsided, Major Benson observed enemy movement on the feature opposite him and, accompanied by his batman, went forward to investigate it. He found an enemy armoured car on the feature to which two German officers were retiring with their kit. Major Benson at once engaged these officers and shot them both dead with his revolver, despite the proximity of the armoured car, which immediately opened heavy M.G. fire on him. Major Benson then retired to his own company positions, where *morale* was much raised by this incident. This officer, who was wounded in the course of the Tunisian campaign, has always shown high qualities of leadership and gallantry.

CAPTAIN CHARLES CHRISTOPHER GOMM.

For great gallantry and outstanding leadership in the Anzio Beach-head from 9th February to date. This officer joined the Battalion as a reinforcement on 9th February. Within a few days he was in action with a company consisting almost entirely of reinforcements who had never heard a shot fired. Capt. Gomm showed consistently a very high standard of leadership in its best sense. On 20th February he personally led a platoon on a strong enemy M.G. nest which was a source of considerable embarrassment to the communications of the Battalion. Recklessly exposing himself, he led an assault which was entirely successful and ended in the elimination of the enemy post and capture of a prisoner. His skilful dispositions and minor tactics enabled the operation to be carried out at the loss to us of one man wounded. On 26th February his company commander became a casualty, as did the C.S.M. of the company, and Capt. Gomm assumed command. The losses the company had suffered had shaken the inexperienced troops and Capt. Gomm at once set out to work to restore confidence. By his energy and resource he soon improved matters to a remarkable degree. On 27th

February he selected an O.P. and, taking a sniper's rifle, he there shot three Germans who had been sniping at his company. He so inspired his men with fighting spirit that there was keen competition as to who should next man the exposed position of the O.P. and take his turn at sniping. By 6th March, when his company was relieved in the line, Capt. Gomm's command were in full control of their sector. Enemy activity by day had ceased owing to skilful sniping and his patrolling at night was much curtailed and carried out with obvious caution.

LIEUTENANT G. H. HALL (now CAPTAIN).

In the Anzio Beach-head from 30th January to 5th February Lt. Hall was continuously in action. During the whole of that period this officer was most conspicuous for his reckless bravery and powers of leadership. In the initial attack of 30th January Lt. Hall inspired his platoon and, indeed, the whole company to which he belonged by his cool disregard of danger. He led his platoon in the face of very heavy enemy shell and M.G. fire to its objective and by constant exposure of himself under fire inculcated a feeling of confidence in his men under very trying conditions during the subsequent defensive period. Finally he had to take over command of his company as all other officers became casualties and numbers were seriously reduced. During this exacting time Lt. Hall again proved to be a tower of strength. On several occasions he joined a section shaken by a near miss and by manning the Bren gun himself and causing casualties to the enemy instantly restored confidence. On one occasion when a German L.M.G. engaged his company from a flank at a distance of about 400 yards, Lt. Hall manned a 2in. mortar himself and put it out of action with his first shot. These actions had a tonic effect on his men who emerged from a telling ordeal in fine heart.

MAJOR T. F. HUSKISSON.

This officer is a rifle company commander. During the fighting in the Anzio Beach-head from 30th January to 4th February his conduct was beyond praise. He led the right forward company in the assault on features overlooking the Rome railway on 31st January and by his inspiring leadership and skilful handling of his company achieved his objective in the face of shattering shell fire and intense M.G. fire. The Battalion held these positions for six days of increasing enemy pressure and encirclement and under almost incessant shell and mortar fire. Major Huskisson's conduct during this difficult period was exemplary. He was moving from platoon locality to platoon locality—often under fire—almost ceaselessly and was a powerful factor in keeping up the *morale* of his company in particularly trying circumstances. On 4th February the Battalion was in close contact with enemy infantry and armour when it was ordered to withdraw. The success of getting a reasonable part of the Battalion away can be ascribed to a degree to the part played by Major Huskisson's company. Under his skilful direction his company afforded covering fire for the preliminary withdrawal of two other companies. The appearance of enemy armour failed to dislodge his company until his task was fulfilled. Major Huskisson's conduct throughout was of the highest order, and his direction of artillery D.F. tasks and 3in. mortar shoots was a large factor in the successful defence of the Battalion sector.

LIEUTENANT JOHN LEWIS STREATFEILD.

For gallantry and untiring devotion to duty in the Anzio Beach-head from 23rd January to 25th March. This officer is intelligence officer of the Battalion. On 30th January, when the Battalion was leading Battalion of the Brigade attack on Campoleone, the adjutant became a casualty, as did the understudy. Lt. Streatfeild was detailed to carry out the duties of adjutant in addition to his own, and this he did with the utmost efficiency and devotion. Under consistently heavy fire, this officer manned the 22 set and ensured the maintenance of communications. On 4th February the Battalion was ordered to retire. It was at the time almost completely surrounded and menaced by a number of enemy tanks. Lt. Streatfeild, with Battalion H.Q., saw all companies leave their positions and then accompanied the C.O.'s carrier when it moved off. The carrier—having to leave the usual route owing to heavy enemy fire—became bogged. Manning a Bren gun, Lt. Streatfeild took up a position and engaged the enemy while the driver endeavoured to extricate the carrier. For over three-quarters of an hour this officer was under heavy fire but continued to keep the enemy at bay—determined to do all that was possible to get the carrier with its load of the 22 set and various documents, etc., away to safety. Finally, realising the hopelessness of the task, Lt. Streatfeild sent the driver on and remained behind to destroy all codes, etc., with the enemy in some strength within 80 yards of him. He accomplished this task and still bearing his Bren gun regained our own lines.

This officer was severely wounded in Tunisia in April, 1943, and only rejoined the Battalion last November. He has always shown a striking standard of gallantry and devotion which is an inspiration to his brother officers.

LIEUTENANT N. WIMPENNY (now CAPTAIN).

This officer is second-in-command of a rifle company. Throughout the attack and subsequent defensive action by this Battalion in the Anzio Bridgehead, Lt. Wimpenny showed high qualities of courage and leadership. In the attack of 30th January he was always to the fore and was of great

assistance to his company commander in reaching the objective. The period from 31st January to 4th February was one of particular trial as the Battalion was in close touch with the enemy and sustained several attacks. Lt. Wimpenny—throughout this time—moved almost without ceasing from platoon to platoon in his company. Everywhere he was a source of increased *morale*. Frequently he manned L.M.Gs. in platoon areas and despite heavy enemy artillery fire engaged the enemy to good purpose. Finally, when circumstances forced the withdrawal of the Brigade, Lt. Wimpenny organised the movements of the covering platoon of his company and by his inspiring leadership ensured the safety of the bulk of his company. Throughout the whole action this officer's conduct was above praise.

DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL.

No. 4611239 C.S.M. McNEA, E. (died from wounds 1st March, 1944).

On 4th February, 1944, "B" Company was holding a position on the left flank of the Battalion in the left sector of the Anzio Beach-head. From 0300 hours until 1630 hours the enemy put in continued attacks on this company's position. These attacks were successfully repulsed until finally No. 4 Platoon was overrun with the loss of the platoon commander. This enemy success opened to them the company's position, and if not dealt with promptly would have allowed them to dominate another rifle company and Battalion H.Q., with possibly very serious effect.

At this time the O.C. "B" Company was engaged with the enemy away from his H.Q. and no other officer remained with the company. C.S.M. McNea appreciated the gravity of the threat and immediately organised a counter-attack, drawing the personnel from his own company H.Q., a much depleted platoon of his own company, and men from other units in the vicinity. He personally led the attack, which he conducted with skill and great determination, finally driving the enemy from their recently won position, inflicting severe losses upon them.

Later, the Battalion was ordered to withdraw, and had it not been for this action by C.S.M. McNea, the ability of two rifle companies and Battalion H.Q. to do so may have been rendered impossible by the presence of the enemy behind them.

By his initiative, coolness and high personal courage, C.S.M. McNea inspired his men and undoubtedly prevented an enemy success which might have had serious and far-reaching results.

MILITARY MEDAL.

No. 4618307 PTE. J. BAKER.

This soldier was a stretcher bearer attached to "C" Company during the advance on 30th January, 1944. He showed the utmost coolness in leading the company stretcher bearers to wounded men lying in the open although the ground was still being heavily shelled and machine gunned. He was always in the lead and walked to the R.A.P. unceasingly with stretcher cases and then back for more. Likewise, when the company was being attacked on 4th February again he was in the lead to render first aid to wounded men, although all the company positions were under L.M.G. and mortar fire and he worked tirelessly throughout the day and night to give all aid possible; it was a magnificent display of coolness and nerve which materially assisted the company as a whole to maintain its fighting qualities to the end.

No. 6101363 PTE. E. PAULL (missing February, 1944).

Pte. Paull was a platoon runner on the 4th February, 1944, and was wounded in three places in the leg during a critical phase of the battle. In spite of his wounds he continued to carry out his duties as runner and to relay urgent messages from his company headquarters to his platoon. He made four or five journeys by crawling on his stomach before finally he allowed himself to be evacuated. Throughout this time he was in great pain. But for his high sense of duty in delivering these messages it is possible that the enemy might have succeeded in penetrating the company position.

4626167 SERGEANT A. J. SELWAY.

On 28th February, 1944, while his company were occupying a sector of the line in the Anzio Beach-head, Sgt. Selway was in command of a rifle platoon. During one of the numerous periods when the company's positions were being heavily shelled, the C.S.M. was very severely wounded in both legs. No stretcher bearers were left in the company, so Selway, hearing the cries of the wounded man, came to attend to him although heavy shelling continued. After working for some 25 minutes in the open, Selway organised a stretcher party and himself helped to carry the C.S.M. over 600 yards of open and exposed ground in full daylight, to the R.A.P. After attention here, he assisted in carrying the C.S.M. back to an A.D.S. again in full daylight, over an exposed road. On returning to his company area, Selway then organised and personally conducted the evacuation of his company commander who had previously been wounded. Thereafter, during the night 28th-29th February, Selway acted as guide to various parties over difficult and dangerous ground without thought for himself.

Selway's coolness and devotion to duty were an inspiration to all ranks, and by his courage and leadership undoubtedly ensured that his company received supplies and reinforcements, and guided another company safely to a new area in very difficult circumstances.

OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS.

The committee have made grants as under during the financial year ended 30th June, 1944 :—

	No. of Cases.	Total Grants.
		£ s. d.
O.C.A.	34	80 16 5
— Bn. Charitable Fund	2	8 10 0
— Bn. Fund	11	33 0 0
— Bn. Fund	1	3 0 0
Mitchell Trust Fund	1	13 0 0
Total ...	49	£138 6 5

10th (SERVICE) BATTALION.

Although nothing sensational has happened in the life of the O.C.A. during recent months, the organisation maintains its identity in readiness for "Victory Day," and participates in all ex-servicemen's activities in Bradford and the area from which its members were recruited.

For example, during Bradford's "Salute the Soldier" Week we were represented on four parades, two of them specially arranged for ex-servicemen and inspected by H.R.H. the Princess Royal and Brigadier A. B. Beuman, C.B.E., D.S.O. It was especially pleasant to renew acquaintance with General Beuman—now commanding North Riding District—because he was our Brigade commander in Italy in the last war and was a warm supporter of our Association's activities. He is coming to our first re-union dinner after the present war if circumstances possibly permit. After the parade we had a few minutes' conversation with him—and he and our own men were delighted.

During the same week, Colonel C. J. Pickering, Colonel of the Regiment, opened the proceedings on Monday, 12th June, which was Waterloo Day. His address in Town Hall Square was something to be remembered, for he "put over" his message to the crowd in soldierly language, which was much to the liking of the public present.

On Sunday, 2nd July, we supported the annual Somme Memorial parade in Bradford, and the honorary secretary of the Association (Mr. George R. Goodchild) had the honour of being in command and of laying the ex-servicemen's wreath on the Cenotaph.

At Halifax, Mr. Clifford Wade, the local honorary secretary, keeps in touch with his members and arranges periodical social functions for them. He reports that Mr. E. Taylor of Sowerby Bridge has succeeded to the chairmanship of the Halifax and District Branch, but that the organisation has lost, by death, Mr. J. H. Gibson of Greetland. Mr. Gibson was a keen supporter of the Association from its inception.

I also note that Major C. Bathurst, M.C., has died. My first contact with him was when he was adjutant of the 3rd Battalion at North Shields in the last war. Later, however, I got to know him well as second-in-command (and, during the Messines battle in 1917, he was actually in command) of the 10th Battalion, and everybody regretted when he was invalided home. He came to one of our re-union dinners in Bradford after the war and everybody was glad to see him. We express our deep sympathy to his widow.

Our condolences are also extended to Mr. Clifford Wade (Halifax) in the loss he has sustained by the death, as the result of a flying accident in June, of his son, Flight-Sgt. Wade.

Mr. Goodchild and Lt. M. A. S. Wood have been re-elected chairman and honorary secretary of the Bradford Federation of ex-Service Associations.

D.W.R. Prisoners of War Fund.

The severe fighting, in which various Battalions of the Regiment have been engaged, and concerning which details are given elsewhere in this number, has inevitably led to a large increase in the number of our Regimental prisoners of war. Since the landing at Anzio, approximately 300 additional names have been received, and this has added considerably to the work of the prisoner of war department at the Regimental Headquarters in Halifax.

As soon as names are received, this department gets in touch with the next of kin, and arrangements are made concerning the supply of the quarterly parcels, cigarettes and tobacco and books. Two hundred cigarettes, or an equivalent quantity of tobacco, are now sent monthly to each "Duke"; the cost of this is approximately £100 a month, with good class cigarettes at 2/9 a hundred.

Letters are received almost daily from Regimental prisoners expressing their gratitude for the help which is being given them, and the appreciation of the next of kin is also most marked.

The Fund has been excellently supported in the areas which are served by the Regiment in peace times, and all Battalions have been most generous. One Battalion, on active service, after helping to finish off the opposition in North Africa, ran a prisoners of war week and collected over £260; the C.O.'s batman of this Battalion has, between battles, become a magnificent scrounger for the Fund; it is regretted that it is impossible to be more explicit at the present moment concerning his activities; it might produce international and ecclesiastical complications.

Special mention should also be made of the various Home Guard Battalions which are attached to the Regiment; these have all helped magnificently with "penny-a-week" schemes, dances, concerts and other events. Regimental O.C.As. have done their full share, and various children have run "bring and buy" sales and have thus helped to swell the funds.

Any surplus funds at the end of the war will be used for the benefit of any man who has served in the Regiment, but at the moment we are not worrying about that. Our endeavour is that every "Duke" prisoner shall be treated equally, and that every man should have everything he requires if it is possible for it to be sent. Many of our men have now been in the hands of our enemies for over four years, and it is felt that we must do all we can to alleviate their sufferings and make them realise they are not forgotten by the people at home.

Mention should also be made of the large number of knitting circles which are supplying woollen comforts. Many of them have toiled unceasingly for four years, and recently, when an S.O.S. was sent out for garments, the response was spontaneous. Many of these knitting circles are run by ladies who have Regimental connections, and they are to be congratulated on the way they have kept going and the high standard of the work they have turned out.

The packing of parcels and the general correspondence is dealt with by a number of Halifax ladies who have Regimental connections, and in these days of coupons and Board of Trade restrictions, their work is no sinecure. A typical parcel will contain the following:—

One pair boots, one pair slippers, two handkerchiefs, one pair pyjamas, one pair under-pants, one vest, one shirt, one towel, two pairs socks, one pullover (with polo collar), one pair gloves, pillow case, blanket, comb, braces, razor and blades, toilet soap and shaving soap, shaving and hair brushes, tooth-brush and tooth paste, pencils, tin-opener, plate, fork and spoon, kit-bag and 2lbs. chocolate.

Donations should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, D.W.R. Prisoners of War Fund, The Barracks, Halifax. They will be gratefully acknowledged.

CASH DONATIONS FROM 19TH APRIL TO 4TH SEPTEMBER, 1944.

23rd W. Rid. H.G.; 30th W. Rid. H.G.; Mrs. Godson; Mrs. Richards; Mrs. Baguley; Mrs. Ogden; Mrs. Underwood; Mrs. E. Wilsher; Mrs. J. Ford; 317 Coy. G.T.C.; Mrs. E. J. Bentley; Mrs. Butterworth; Mrs. Norris; Mrs. Farrar; — Bn. D.W.R.; Mr. A. Orcherton; Mrs. Exton; Mrs. Twitchell; Major C. R. Hetley; Mr. Gould; Mrs. Fisher; Mrs. Mondy; Mr. Crouch; Mrs. Pease; Mrs. P. Ansell; Mr. B. E. Jones; Mrs. E. Mount; 266 Det. Red Cross; Sergeants' Mess No. — I.T.C.; 14th Cadet Bn. D.L.I.; Miss J. A. Evans; Lt. C. M. Hillerby; Mrs. Campbell; 24 W. Rid. H.G.; Mr. J. D. V. Mackintosh; Mr. W. G. Harte; Mr. H. Clifford Smith; Mrs. T. Naylor; Mr. A. Pearson; — Bn. O.C.A.; Mr. Clements; Mr. Metcalfe; Mrs. Hallas; Mrs. E. Wilson; Rishworth School Army Cadet Corps; Mrs. W. F. Hughes; Mrs. R. H. Reader; Mrs. Manning; Mrs. J. Parr; Mr. Brook Moyle; Mr. Harold N. Woodruff; Mr. Sam Smith; Mrs. R. Plumb; Mrs. Schofield; Mrs. G. B. Soar; Mirfield Prisoners of War Fund; Mrs. Jones; Mrs. G. Heydon; Lt.-Col. W. G. Officer; 260 Det. Red Cross; Mrs. Smare; Admin. Officer No — I.T.C.; Mrs. S. P. Richardson; Mrs. Sidebottom; Mr. O. Westmacott; Mrs. E. Keate; Mrs. H. Earnshaw; Mrs. W. V. Baume; Capt. G. E. Pollard; Miss Jackson; Mrs. Price; Mrs. Turnbull; Mrs. Potter; Mrs. R. Lynch; Mrs. E. Pearcey; Mr. A. Kennedy; — Bn. D.W.R.; — Bn. D.W.R.; Mrs. Gibbs; Mrs. Lane; Mrs. C. Young; Mrs. D. Jones-Stamp; Mr. C. J. Smith; Mrs. Scott; Mr. Sales; Mrs. Watson; 26 W. Rid. H.G.; Mrs. Vine; Mrs. Kay; Mrs. C. I. Jones; 4th Cadet Bn. D.W.R.; Mr. Steel; Mrs. Mottram; Children's Bring and Buy Sale; Mrs. Flood; Mrs. Hailles; Mrs. S. M. Hepworth; Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Trench; Mrs. Petty; Ladies' First Aid Sec., Bentham Platoon, per Lt.-Col. Hastings Clay; Sgt. L. Sykes; No. 2 N.C.I.D.; Capt. H. J. and Mrs. Lawson.

DONATIONS IN KIND FROM 19TH APRIL TO 4TH SEPTEMBER, 1944.

Mrs. Davis; Mrs. Dewhirst; Mrs. E. S. Henochesberg; Wells, Norfolk, G.F.S., per Miss Jenny Baker; Mrs. J. Chatterton; Mrs. W. M. Watson; Miss R. M. Cole; Mrs. F. H. Baume; The Downs Hospital, per Miss A. Thompson; Mrs. H. Holt; Mrs. C. J. Pickering; Chief Commander Hull; Mrs. I. Moore; Mrs. E. Skaife; Mrs. Barker; Mr. Sam Smith.

Connaught Memorial Fund.

Amount previously acknowledged	£172 14 1
—Bn. D.W.R., per Colonel C. J. Pickering, C.M.G., D.S.O.	100 0 0
Bank interest	8 6
					<hr/>
					£273 2 7

The Stalingrad Sword.

On 2nd February, 1944, the official anniversary of the end of the siege of Stalingrad, I was privileged to be present in the Kremlin when the Sword, presented by H.M. King George VI, was delivered to the Mayor of Stalingrad by Marshal Budyonni.

The British representatives were conducted from the Embassy by a representative of the Soviet Commissariat for Foreign Affairs. The Embassy lies immediately below the Kremlin but on the opposite side of the Moscow River. It is the building in which took place the reception and ball described at the beginning of the Russian chapters of Bruce Lockhart's book, "Memoirs of a British Agent." I had, somewhat childishly, hoped that we would be conveyed in the bullet-proof limousines which are used for really distinguished personages. This was not to be and we travelled in our own cars. The procession, however, swept with satisfactory éclat over the Kamenni Bridge and through the Borovitski Gate into the closely guarded precincts of the Kremlin.

Unfortunately it was one of the most miserable days of a miserable winter. A dirty grey mass of cloud hung only a few feet above the domes and a veil of aimless snow-flakes hid the view across the river to the town below. There was no colour in the scene as we swept by the shuttered Cathedrals of the Annunciation and the Archangel, the belfry of Ivan the Terrible and the great "Tsar of Bells," eight metres high, 200 tons in weight, which stands mute upon a granite base. But the square into which we turned had the charm of a faded print with pale yellow buildings in the background, a carpet of snow in front and a squad of soldiers drilling in one corner.

We arrived, were relieved of our coats and hats and set off down an immensely long corridor lined with marble pillars and officers of the guard. The Hollywood atmosphere was intensified in the presentation hall by a battery of arc lights and photographers. We were shown to some seats, and through the glare had opportunity to examine our surroundings. The hall was circular, comparatively small, with a very high dome, and was surrounded by deep recesses divided by pillars. The walls and dome were white but somewhere there were some pale yellow hangings which matched the yellow lights. The recess facing us contained a handsome bust of Lenin. Between the recesses and level with their lintels were bas-reliefs of classical persuasion.

Apart from the seven British representatives, the audience consisted of a small number of senior Soviet officers of the Foreign Commissariat and fighting services. Among the latter were Marshal Novikov and General (now Marshal of Tanks) Fedorenko.

Soon the door by which we had entered was re-opened, the cameras started clicking and the Stalingrad deputation entered. It was some 15—20 strong, almost all in civilian clothes and including three or four women. All naturally wore the Stalingrad medal, and most displayed decorations as well. The main collective impression they gave was of comparative youth, although many were doubtless holders of the most responsible positions in the city. They filed across the hall and stood in a rough line at right angles to our rows of seats.

There was little opportunity to study them however, because almost at once the cameras and arc lights moved round, the door in the recess next to Lenin's bust opened and Marshal Budyonni entered, accompanied by a single officer.

Having been cheated in the matter of the bullet-proof car, I was particularly pleased to fulfil another ambition—that of seeing Marshal Budyonni—the cavalryman with the moustaches. Like all men whom one has known only from photographs, Marshal Budyonni is shorter than in expectation. But the moustaches come up to expectation although they are now streaked with grey.

The cameras and arc lights are being shifted again, and through the door by which we and the Stalingrad deputation entered comes the Sword. It is carried, vertically, in front of his body by an officer who is flanked by two others with their own drawn swords at the carry. They advance to the centre of the hall and halt.

The ceremony was simple. Marshal Budyonni read a short speech; he then took the Sword and delivered it to the Mayor of Stalingrad. The Mayor in turn handed the Sword to an officer of his party who stood behind him, with the Sword held vertically, while the Mayor read his speech of thanks. The sword bearer was then escorted out of the hall by three or four members of the Stalingrad party. That was the last we saw of the Sword—somewhat to my regret, as I should have welcomed an opportunity to examine its workmanship closely. After the formal ceremony was over Marshal Budyonni crossed the hall and greeted the British representatives, and after much hand-shaking had been recorded by the cameras, the arc lights were mercifully switched off and the photographers withdrew. Our Ambassador led the way over to the Stalingrad contingent. Champagne appeared in tall narrow glasses and the first toasts were drunk.

The Stalingradtsi were delightful people to talk to. Simple Russian folk on the surface but, in fact, a race apart. This manifested itself in one way particularly. Most Russians are full of interest about "abroad" and welcome an opportunity to talk about England. The people of Stalingrad—and how rightly—were proud of themselves and their city and talked about their exploits to the exclusion of all other subjects, including the Sword, which I did not hear mentioned once in the ensuing conversations.

I talked to the Head of, I think, the Red October Factory who told me that he was once more supplying tanks for the Red Army. I talked to Alexandra Cherkassova, the school teacher, who described how, after the siege was over, she organised her colleagues into a band of amateur house-builders, working voluntarily after school hours, and how she thus started a movement which now numbers over 35,000 voluntary members.

Mostly I talked to a woman whose name I did not learn but who is something in the nature of a Regional Controller for one of the districts of the city. She talked little about herself although she had been decorated the day before and must have had something to talk about. She talked quietly but gave a most vivid picture of the time of the siege when every man, woman and child gave up all thought for themselves and lived only to defend their city. She was not afraid to speak of pathetic unglamorous things. The saddest thing, she thought, was that so many families had lost "rodniye"—their kith and kin—and did not know when or how they had been killed or where they were buried. Another sad thing was the number of young people in the city with grey hair. She instanced a boy of 14 who had been badly wounded and who recovered consciousness to find he had been thrown among a pile of corpses. Too weak to extract himself, he kept alive for three days by sucking blood from the corpses which pinned him down. Then a burial party found the boy and he is now recovered, but his hair is white.

Returning to a happier theme, she spoke of the pleasure of living in a reviving city, when every day brings some little improvement and progress. Of course, no permanent planned reconstruction is possible at the moment, but every day people like the Cherkassovites are making one more damaged home habitable, clearing one more field for cultivation, making improvements to some public utility, and above all, making some factory capable of increasing its contribution to the war effort. Stalingrad is on the offensive again.

Too soon, the arc lights and photographers re-appeared and some informal groups were posed. Then, after a final clinking of champagne glasses, accompanied by pressing invitations to visit Stalingrad and England respectively, it was time to go out through the Hollywood corridor to our un-bullet-proof cars in the dark square where nothing was now to be seen except the drifting snow.

As a somewhat personal footnote I would remark that I had arrived at the ceremony direct from an official luncheon given in honour of the impending departure of General Martel by officers of the Foreign Relations Section of the Commissariat of Defence. Like all such functions in Moscow the luncheon was somewhat of an ordeal by food and drink. I had arrived, therefore, luckily sober but dangerously distended.

I had, as a result, been unable to eat any of the refreshments which accompanied the champagne and which consisted of apples, oranges, tangerines and expensive-looking

chocolates in silver paper. I had equally been unable to refuse all the pressing Stalingradski invitations to partake. I therefore carried away with me, in my pocket, a fat shiny orange and a bottle-shaped chocolate which obviously contained liqueur. I thought to preserve these as mementos, but in order to attend the ceremony I had had to cancel an overdue appointment with the dentist. In revenge, a wisdom tooth caused me several sleepless hours during the night, in the course of which I ate both my trophies.

I have, therefore, no tangible memento of that February afternoon. It is not, however, an occasion which I shall soon forget.

R. G. T.

Personalia.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Lt.-Colonel B. W. Webb-Carter on the immediate award of a bar to his D.S.O., the citation of which appears on page 131.

We have tried to discover the names of any previous recipients of this honour in the Regiment. There is no list of them in The History of the Regiment 1881—1923, but Brigadier J. C. Burnett has sent us the following list which he has traced from Regimental Records:—Lt.-Colonel B. J. Barton, D.S.O. 18th February, 1915, Bar 4th February, 1918; Brig.-General R. E. Sugden, D.S.O. 3rd June, 1916, Bar 17th December, 1917; Colonel James Walker, D.S.O. 26th July, 1917 (?), Bar 3rd June, 1918.

Can any of our readers say if this is a complete list, or give details if there are any others?

We also offer our heartiest congratulations to Lt.-Colonel R. N. H. C. Bray on his being awarded the D.S.O. while serving with an air-borne division in Normandy.

Major-General W. M. Ozanne spent a week-end at the Editor's home last May, when visiting Machynlleth on Home Guard inspection. The weather was kind, the few days in the late spring and early summer on which the sun shone in these parts. It was very nice to have a visit from a member of the Regiment, a very infrequent occurrence unfortunately, and we hope he will be down this way again one day. Lt.-Colonel, Mrs. and Mary Lawlor came over to lunch one day in the spring. Colonel S. Naylor promised to visit us, but has so far failed to manage it. We hope this will catch his eye and give his memory a jolt!

The following births have been announced:—

McGUFFOG.—On 1st July, 1944, at the Onslow House Nursing Home, Southgate, to Mary, wife of A/Capt. Donald McGuffog, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a daughter (Susan).

BYE.—On 3rd July, 1944, at Halifax, Yorks, to Elizabeth, wife of 4439114 C.S.M. R. L. Bye—a son (Roy).

Congratulations to all concerned.

The following wedding has been announced:—

FRICKER: HARDY.—On 27th May, 1927, at Northowram, near Halifax, Mr. (late Band-Sgt.) George Fricker to Miss Eleanor Hardy of Northowram.

We were very sorry to hear that Brigadier J. C. Burnett had been ill, and had to go into a nursing home, but we are glad to say he is much better and is back at his home at Alton.

Major W. D. Gordon, The Suffolk Regiment, husband of Patricia, younger daughter of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. M. V. le P. Trench, was severely wounded in both legs last July, and in consequence has lost his left leg below the knee. We are glad to say he is going on well.

A letter from Lt.-Colonel Howcroft last June brought news of various sea trips, in one of which he visited Algiers, Naples, Bone, Augusta and Port Said. He had some members of the Regiment on board his ship part of the time, and mentions by name Majors Reynolds and Holroyde, and Lt. and Q.M. "Tiny" Smith. He was particularly struck with our command of the sea in the Mediterranean. Last Christmas he was lucky enough to spend ten days in New York, and was very hospitably treated there, and spent a week-end on Long Island. He also mentions that Major Sidney Whipp, who left the Regiment some months ago to join an R.A.F. unit, has been reported missing from a bombing raid.

Capt. R. A. Scott writes that he recently met Cpl. Ward who has come home after nine years abroad, having served through the Burma retreat; he is now on the staff of a prisoner of war camp. Lt.-Colonel "Willie" Bald looked in on him one evening; he has a staff appointment in the south and travels about a lot. Lt.-Colonel Michael Cox and Major "Snikey" Owen are both serving in the Home Guard, he hears, the former at Camberley and the latter at Weymouth.

Capt. Oliver writes that his son, Lt. Roddie Oliver, R.N., has been mentioned in despatches for

good work in operations off Leros last April. We offer him our congratulations. Capt. Oliver has been laid up recently and went for a change on the East Coast, where he had an interesting experience. He says:—"Whilst visiting an East Coast resort I sat on a seat on the prom. and next to a lance-bombardier of the Royal Artillery. I soon entered into conversation and he asked my regiment, which I told him. He said, that was my father's regiment. I asked the name. He replied, Bennett. I found that I was in conversation with Jeffery, the younger son of the late Capt. George Bennett of the Regiment. He informed me that his elder brother was also in the Royal Artillery and was a prisoner of war, being taken at the fall of Tobruk. His mother was at this resort and was staying with Mrs. Simms, widow of the late Sgt. Simms who for years was Officers' Mess sergeant of the 2nd Battalion; both Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. Simms are very fit and well. I am sure old friends who remember them will be glad to hear this news."

He also mentions that Mr. Paling had written that he ran across Mr. George Banks the other day; he had two sons with him, one of whom was wounded in the foot in Burma serving with the — Battalion, and the other home on leave from East Africa where he is an instructor.

Major H. Harvey, who is now second-in-command of a battalion of the Royal Norfolk Regiment, wrote from Italy last June that he had had an interesting time organising a refugee camp for those evacuated through the Anzio Bridgehead. He sent a copy of the "Union Jack" which had a photograph of the "Dukes" in Rome.

Mr. W. Maskell (R1670 1st and 2nd Battalions) in a recent letter asked if we could give him any information about Lt.-Colonel Cordes, late of the 6th Battalion, under whom he served as acting Q.M. for a year or so at Simonstown, S.A., in 1901-2, when he was commandant of a prisoner of war camp of 150 Boers. We should be glad if any reader can give him any information. Mr. Maskell is 77, he lives at 64 Baxter Road, Islington, N.1, and says he finds advancing years are a bit of a hindrance to taking cover from "Doodle-bugs."

Mr. W. Wynn writes:—"Often through the medium of THE IRON DUKE magazine readers hear of old soldiers of the Regiment who may have sons serving in the various services, but it is not often one reads of the unique distinction held by the Beese family of Halifax. Mr. Beese, who was a former regimental quarter-master-sergeant in our Regimental Depot in the middle 90's and later barrack warden for a number of years at Highroad Well, and who is in possession of the long service and good conduct medal, has three sons, Alfred, Eric and Albert, all serving in the Royal Air Force, each of whom also possess the long service medal. Alfred (the eldest) is now a wing commander, while the other two boys are flight sergeants. The above information was supplied me by Mr. Fred (Tiddley) Thomas, ex-band sergeant 1st Battalion and later at the Regimental Depot, and who, by the way, looks remarkably well for his 76 years of age. Mr. Thomas informs me, too, that Mr. Beese, who is about the same age as himself, is still as vigorous as ever with the exception, perhaps, that he is unable to scamper up and down the Pennines in and around Halifax as formerly. Incidentally too, I gleaned from Mr. Thomas, who also is in possession of the long service and meritorious service medal, that he is godfather to Mr. Beese's second son, Eric. Both Mr. Thomas and Mr. Beese extend their good wishes to the Regiment and in particular to all old members of past years."

Mrs. Florence Dorey, daughter of the late C.S.M.I. Charles Puplett, in a letter from Montreal, writes:—"... I mentioned in one of my letters to Mr. Paling about a general meeting of the sons and daughters born in the Regiment, somewhere, where it is most convenient to the most after the present war. Personally I am planning a trip over when that occurs. God grant that it be soon for the sake of all the lives of our men, and women too, that are being sacrificed in the cause of freedom.

Would it be too presumptuous to suggest that a mention of it be entered in the Personalia of the magazine, and get the reaction generally. It would be a wonderful meeting, and I think that Halifax, Yorks, the Depot, where the "Dukes" are best known and where so many have been and met from time to time, and at the old Church where the Colours hang, should be the spot.

If there is anything that I could help in in any way with regard to the suggestion, I would be glad to. My aunt, Miss Elizabeth Puplett of Bath, a contributor to the magazine and also a daughter of the "Dukes," thinks that the undertaking, though it may be a big thing, would be such a marvellous thing and would give us all a chance to give thanks and revere those that have passed on in this conflict. What about a memorial or tablet to be unveiled on that occasion? I would personally give my own contribution towards that end as soon as we are allowed to send money out of the country. I am sure there will be very few that would not do their share willingly to make it a success."

Our Contemporaries.

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

Obituary.

We regret to record the following deaths :—

DIXON.—Killed while on operational duties with the R.A.F., Flying-Officer T. G. Dixon, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 26. Flying-Officer Dixon was educated at Skipton Grammar School, where he distinguished himself as an athlete, being a member of the cricket and rugby teams; in 1934 he set up new school records for the high jump, long jump and putting the weight, and was also senior swimming champion. In April, 1939, he joined the — Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and after service in France up to the evacuation, transferred to the R.A.F. He was killed whilst piloting a Liberator on 23rd February, 1944. In 1940 he married Miss Constance Green, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Green of Lingsted, Crosshills, and had one son. His brother-in-law, Capt. P. D. Green, joined the same Battalion of the Regiment with him, and we are indebted to him for the above information.

SCHOLES.—In June, 1944, killed in action in Normandy, Capt. F. C. Scholes, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Capt. Scholes, the youngest of five sons of Mr. and Mrs. R. Scholes, 44 Fixby Road, Huddersfield, was born on 11th December, 1918. He was educated at Ackworth School, near Pontefract, and joined the — Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment on 19th February, 1938. He served with them in Iceland and England, proceeding to Normandy with them in June, 1944, where he was killed in the fighting at the Parc de Boislonde. Capt. Scholes is survived by his widow, Mrs. H. Scholes, of 88 Luck Lane, Marsh, Huddersfield, and one daughter, born on 22nd March, 1944.

THACKERAY.—Killed in action in France, in June, 1944, Capt. Richmond Edward Makepeace Thackeray (Rem), The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, son of the late Colonel C. B. Thackeray, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Thackeray. Capt. Thackeray was married to Miss Jean Bankier about a year ago.

A correspondent writes :—"It is with the greatest regret and sorrow that members of the old 1st Battalion of Aldershot and Malta days will have heard of the death in action of Rem Thackeray. Rem joined the 1st Battalion at Aldershot in 1934. He accompanied the Battalion to Malta where he became an enthusiastic polo player and joined to the full in the social and other activities of the station. He was a member of the Regimental polo team which won the Tunis cup. In 1936 he was seconded for service with the King's African Rifles and served in East Africa for some two years until his health broke down shortly before the outbreak of war. On recovering, he re-joined the service and was serving with Civil Affairs when he was killed in Normandy a few days after 'D' Day.

"Rem was an only son of the late Colonel Thackeray and a great-grandson of the novelist. He was educated at Wellington College and Sandhurst. Handsome, debonair, and possessing a particularly charming personality, Rem was unusually popular. He will be sadly missed in the Regiment, and the Regiment will wish to extend its deepest sympathy to his wife and relatives."

ERRATUM.

We regret that on page 86 of our last number we gave the date of the late Brigadier-General Humphrys' first marriage as 1900; this should have read 1892.

We would ask readers to give us as much assistance as possible in compiling obituary notices. Deaths of members of the Regiment are often not reported in the Press as seen by us, and in few cases can the Editor be in possession of details of service, etc.

DEKKO!

DEKKO!

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