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THE IRON DUKE

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

THE IRON DUKE



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

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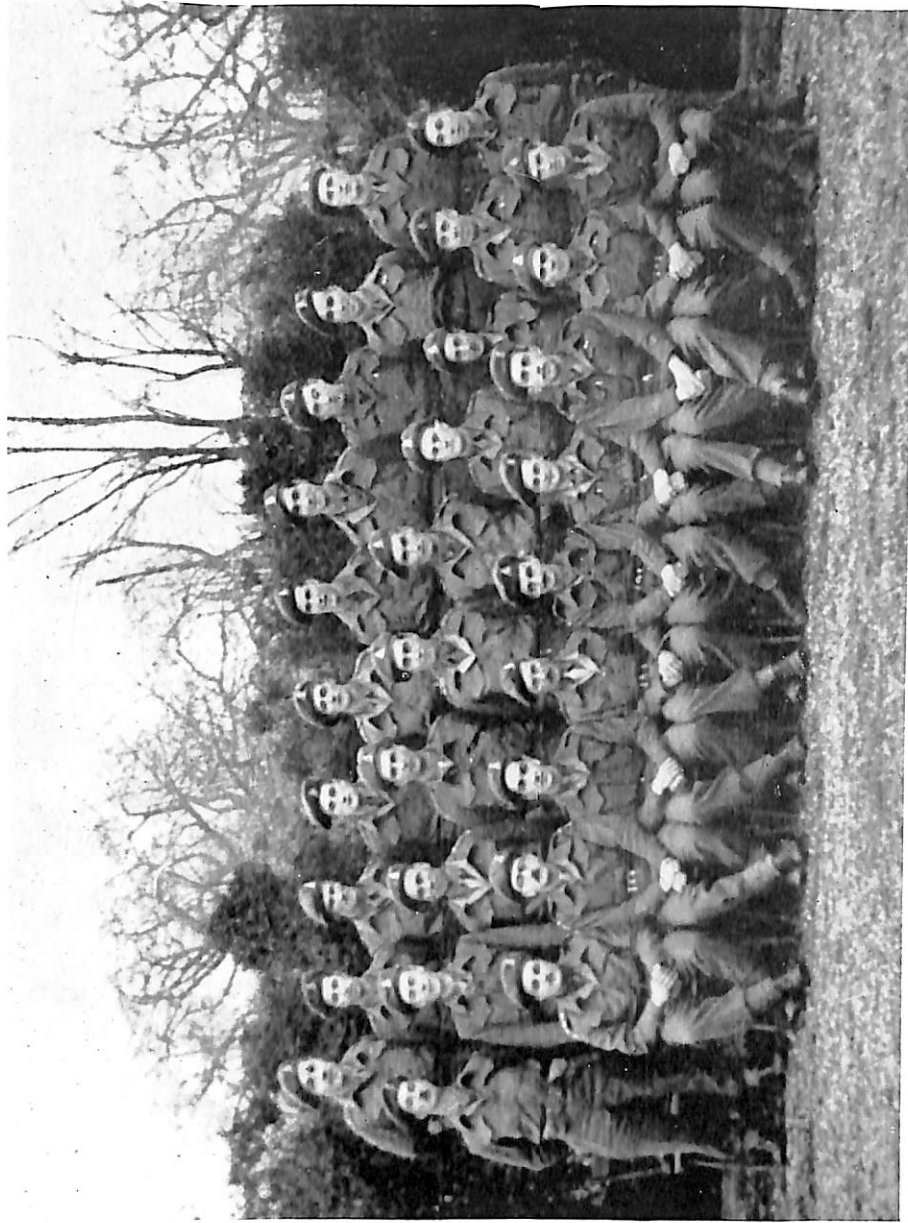
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THE OFFICERS OF THE 7th BATTALION
ON THE EVE OF THE ATTACK ON ARNHEM, APRIL, 1945.



(Sitting, left to right) : Capt. R. H. FARRAR, Major G. V. FANCOURT, M.C., Major B. V. TOMLINSON, Major J. R. ROLLIN, Lt.-Col. C. D. HAMILTON, D.S.O., Capt. W. L. DENTON (Adj.), Major A. B. M. KAVANAGH, M.C., Major G. M. M. SMALLWOOD, M.C., Capt. A. V. SOMERVILLE (M.O.).
(Second row, left to right) : Captains T. B. BAX, H. S. LE MESSURIER, E. MATTOCK, C. FOX, D. H. KING, A. D. ROSS
B. M. KILNER, J. K. ILLINGWORTH, B. TEMPLE, Lt. G. DRIVER.
(Third row, left to right) : Lts. K. M. EVANS, M.C., W. HOME, M.C., F. LYON, M.C., J. LE CORNU, M.C., J. CANNON, D. DELANEY, J. DEBIEUX, H. BOARER, J. LAPPIN, M.C., G. CULY.
(Absent) : Capt. J. PYRAH, Lts. N. V. REDMAN, V. C. STEPHENS and D. LAMBERT.

THE IRON DUKE

EDITORIAL.

The joy which the end of the greatest war in all history has brought to all mankind is tempered by the continued restriction of the liberties of the people and the austere conditions of life, which look like continuing for some time to come. As to the future peace of the world, it is to be hoped that in settling the affairs of the conquered nations the Service chiefs will be given a greater share than was accorded to them in 1919. Wellington, in 1815, by his clear thinking and resolution ensured at least 40 years of peace in Europe. That the soldier can be statesmanlike at this day was recognised by Mr. Bevin in his speech in Parliament on 23rd November, 1945, on Indonesia; he referred to Lt.-General Sir Philip Christison and the late Brigadier Mallaby as "soldier statesmen, who in their task thought less of themselves as soldiers and more of their duty as statesmen in order to try to achieve the end of avoiding bloodshed."

Our columns already show the change that has come over the scene for units of the Regiment. The 1st Battalion has moved out of the disturbed conditions of Palestine to the fleshpots of Egypt. We unfortunately have had no news from the 2nd Battalion in India up to the moment of going to press. The 7th Battalion has won credit in the Press for their work in Germany, especially on the educational side. All three Battalions have lost the greater part of their war-time personnel. The 10th Battalion wrote their notes on the eve of disbandment. News has reached us that the old 5th Battalion, who were converted into a A.A. Searchlight Regiment before the war, has now reverted to their original role of infantry, and we hope that they will now return to the Regiment as such. We are sorry that we have had no news from them for a long time, and hope that this will be rectified in the next number.

Another sign of peace conditions is the resuscitation of the Regimental Officers' Dinner Club, which is to hold its annual dinner on 6th June, as detailed on page 31. We hope that some arrangement for an-O.C.A. re-union will be made before long.

We congratulate the 7th Battalion on the production of a Battalion newspaper, *Yorkshire Pud*. It was started in September, 1944, and published at frequent intervals until V.E. Day; later it became a daily issue, containing the day's wireless news and items of Battalion interest. Last autumn a special Victory Number giving a history of the campaign since D Day was published, with a foreword by the commanding officer, Lt.-Colonel C. D. Hamilton, a very fine production with numerous excellent photographs. An eight-page Christmas number was published on 24th December, which contained special features and a number of photographs. Great credit reflects on the editor, Major Fancourt (the education officer) and his staff.

This year sees the 21st anniversary of THE IRON DUKE, and on another page we give a brief account of its inception.

Important Notice.

Will ALL Regular serving officers of the Regiment please write early to:—

Major S. E. BAKER, T.D.,
The Duke of Wellington's Regiment,
The Barracks,
Halifax,

giving their addresses and appointments, and will officers please inform Major Baker of any change every quarter.

REGIMENTAL NEWS

1st Battalion.

PERIOD 1st AUGUST—15th DECEMBER, 1945.

In the last issue of THE IRON DUKE mention was made of our departure from Syria to Palestine, the whole move being accomplished by road. We found ourselves reasonably placed between Tel-Aviv and Haifa with the expectation of spending several settled months there. How wrong was this pious hope was revealed in a matter of weeks!

V.J. day arrived and the Brigadier's conscience was torn betwixt continuing the day's training (such as it was!) and announcing a general Brigade holiday. After considerable deliberation the latter alternative was chosen, but the celebrations were negligible in comparison with our expressions of joy on VE day.

The month of September was spent on an "Imperial" policing task—the safeguarding of the I.P.C. oil pipe line along 40 miles of its length from the refineries in Haifa to the river Jordan. It was hot, in fact very hot, and the job was a tiring and monotonous one, but at least a set (as opposed to upset) programme was guaranteed, and there were no Battalion guards, duties or fatigues to be found as was the case back in camp. Further it gave to some the opportunity of visiting Jewish settlements, and possibly imbued them with the spirit of their community existence, whilst to others it provided a closer contact with nature and the Arabs. The only incident that caused any disturbance was a domestic one. An ever-growing and odoriferous rubbish tip adjacent to Pipe Line Guard H.Q. caused considerable discomfort and claimed the attention of a great number of people, but the legacy (still undecided) was passed on to the relieving unit.

Back again in Camp 22 it was learnt to our chagrin that no gangs of prisoners or mechanical toys were available to dig the camp drainage system. There was nothing for it but to get cracking on it ourselves. Even now there must be some who can show the honourable scars suffered from hands blistered from toiling with pick and shovel. Officers and Sgts. were equally maimed in trying to manufacture attractive Mess garden plots from virgin (and barren) soil. The inspiring examples of Major Huskisson, Acting C.O. at the time, and the R.S.M. will long be rued by their subordinates.

Another activity which became part and parcel of our routine was education. It is no easy matter to introduce such a subject into a normal military curriculum, but Major P. R. Faulks, the headmaster, ably assisted by Capt. M. C. Hastings, succeeded in getting things going with the maximum of efficiency under the difficult existing conditions and despite many discouragements. Unfortunately the constant moves and priority of operations have prevented any continuity of instruction.

In mid-October the Battalion was hastily summoned to the Haifa Area in readiness for any Jewish exhibitions of discontent over the "Promised Land"—the word "promised" resulting naturally from the number of times the country has been pledged to first one party and then the other! Releases had played havoc in the ranks and it was necessary for one Company (C) to be broken up and its personnel parcelled out to the remainder. During our stay of nearly a month the Battalion was always "on call," and at various stages of readiness to meet any demands in aid of the civil power. It was not unnatural that, towards the end, there were signs and expressions of irritation and annoyance against the likely disturbers of the peace.

However, good news arrived in time. Rumours had been about for some weeks that the Division would be relieved shortly—probably by 3 Division. On 12th December the Battalion moved by road and rail from its compressed and curiously assorted billets on Mount Carmel to Moascar Garrison on the West Bank of the Suez Canal. It is a proper peace-time barracks with all the customary comforts and luxuries one expected in those "Good old days."

To all Dukes, wherever they may be, we wish—"A very Happy Christmas."

OFFICERS' MESS.

Ave atque Vale sums up the activities of the Mess since we were last reported. It has been equally applicable to the constant moves of the Battalion as a whole and to individual arrivals and departures.

Major Tony Randall (B Coy.) left us in September and Major Bruce Hindley (A Coy.) in the following month. On the nights preceding their departure the unfortunate Mess Staff obtained the minimum of sleep. No further reminder of this is needed for the aiders and abettors; in any case the events are beyond recollection!

Some very congenial officers' cricket matches were played against officers of the 1st Herts and 2nd Fd. Regt., and these developed naturally after the close of play, finally ending in a draw in the small hours of the morning.

Variations from the Mess were found in Tel Aviv and the Jaffa club where the Colonel and the Adjutant (Captain Freddie Froude) were generally to be seen at week ends paddling canoes and discussing the ensuing week's training programme.

The sudden announcement of deferment of officers in Release Groups 22—24 on the grounds of operational necessity "blanketed" the Mess for a few days. Our brightest (though not necessarily best) officers fall within this category and all, without exception, felt the need to express their feelings to their respective M.P.'s. The replies from the Honourable Members could not have been more unanimously in agreement, and sugared with assurances of representing the matter to the House at the earliest opportunity.

Recent departures are our policemen Captain "Robbie" Burns (A Coy.) and Lt. Richard Diacon (S Coy.) and Captain Noel Wimpenny (H.Q. Coy.) all released under Class "B." The most sudden departure has been of the M.O. Capt. A. Paterson who it is understood is returning home to help out the hard-pressed civilian practitioner. "Doc." who joined the Battalion in Norfolk in May, 1942 is a particularly sad loss to us, and the surprising thing is that he didn't want to leave us—anyway yet! We wish all these the very best of luck.

To offset slightly these four departures within the space of three days from Haifa, we welcome our new Padre the Rev. D. S. Coey from N. Ireland. He was quickly initiated into the duties and rites of a Cook's Guide and, in the short time he was with us before we left Palestine, showed some 120 Officers and men of the Battalion the religious sights (and sites) of Jerusalem and round about.

More recent arrivals still are Lt. F. R. Bentley to "D" Company and 2nd/Lts. D. A. Williams to "S" Company, K. Midgley to "D" Company, B. Townsend to "A" Company and the new M.O., Capt. I. D. Derbyshire. We wish them a happy time in our midst. Several fortunes have been done or are in the process of doing, a L.I.A.P. The Colonel flew home from Cairo in September, and incidentally, waited for his plane nearly as long as it took to go by the normal route. On his return he was bursting with rude health reminding one instantly of one of Bert Thomas' most famous cartoons! Major "Freddie" Huskisson who managed during the CO's absence, is still away on his home leave. Capt. "Derek" Siddall, Lts. "Bill" Johnson and "Percy" Druce (the marrieds) have rejoined us and are ready for their next one! The P.R.I., Captain F. N. Potts, is at present away on L.I.A.P., and handed over all responsibility (including Christmas) to Captain "Brian" Halmshaw. We offer our congratulations to the latter and to Captain "Brian" Pilling on their recent promotion.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Since our last issue many changes have taken place in the Mess. With regret we have said goodbye to C.S.M.'s Joyner, "Gary" Hall, Jackie Dodds, Ted Green "Blondie" Williams, and "Nebby" Cutler, also C.Q.M.'s Johnson and Hunter, Sgts. "Buck" Bailey, "Spud" Baker, Harry Simms, Dick Dyson, and many others. Our congratulations go to

C.S.M.'s Callaby, O'Shea, Curzon, Crawley and Modd, and C/Sgt. Connell on their promotions; and we welcome many new members whom we shall be hearing more of in the future.

We have had very little social life owing to our numerous moves, but managed a few functions whilst in the Nathanya Area; these took the form of dinners with a sing-song afterwards, and C.S.M. Thompson with his accordion, "Cab" Callaby and Sgt. Robbins crooning and "Blondie" Williams' little ditties (always clean) did much to help them to go with a swing. Our budding O.C.T.U. candidate Leslie Stocks gave us a turn about Captain Ginger, but we are still puzzling out why he rolled up his trousers. Our Gigolos, led by C.S.M. Curzon, wanted a dance, but unfortunately the distance was too great to bring our lady friends from the outlying aerodromes.

We haven't had any Mess sport, but in the Brigade athletic meeting, "Spud" Baker's hammer throwing and Buck Bailey's javelin throwing certainly shook their opponents. The remainder of the Mess members worked off their energy on a Mess garden. After the first day it was decided that the RE's be approached with a view to hiring two pneumatic drills. Even with these implements, blisters were the order of the day in the Mess.

We have heard from our ex-R.S.M. "Big Joe" Annesley, who is settling down to civilian life after 26 years with the Dukes. By the time this goes to press, many more changes will have taken place. R.Q.M.S. "Charlie" Dinsdale, once the great lover of mules, is now the King of 108's (sign here). In the absence of the Q.M., Capt. "Chunkie" Lyons, on L.I.A.P., Charlie is going grey-haired with the amount of papers piling up in the "In Basket." All we can get out of him is "Roll on the Group."

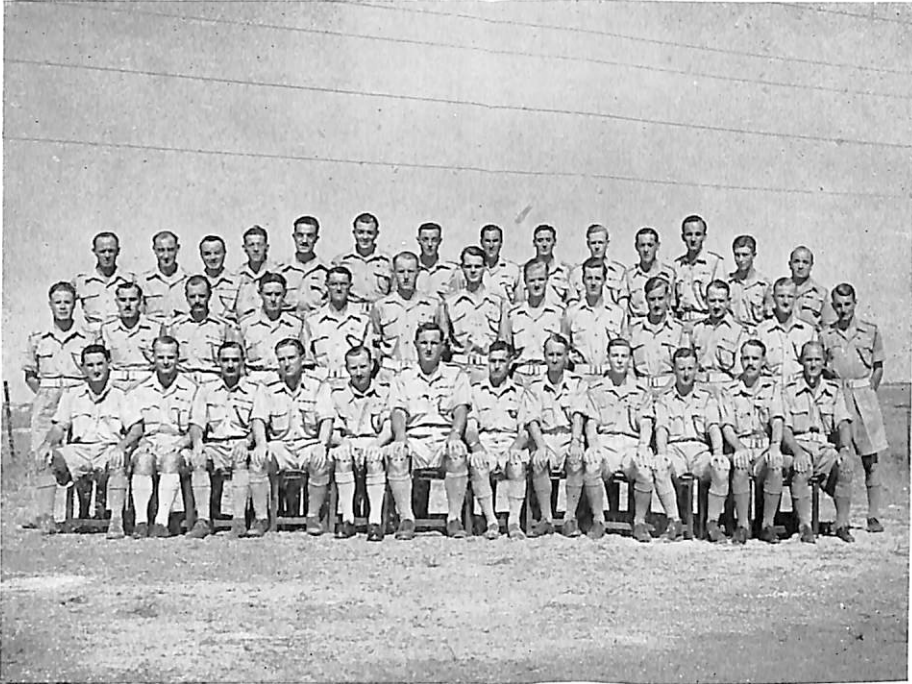
COMPANY NOTES.

"A" COMPANY.—Our return from Syria and the Lebanon was to see many changes due mainly to release and transfers to "H.Q." and "S" Companies. We have bidden farewell to Major Bruce Hindley who had commanded the Company since Major Huskisson took over Bn. 2nd i/c, Capt. Robbie Burns who had taken over command (and who is now, so we hope, well "dug in" around Derby I), and to those two old timers C.S.M. Frank Joyner and C.Q.M.S. "Johnno" Johnson, who left us early in September to endure the rigours of "civvy street"—both equipped with a pint tankard to make things easier! Others to return to Blighty were Lt. Jock Farquhar (on Python), Sgt. Leslie Passman, Cpl. Bob Courtney, our M.T. Corporal, and many others whom we had known since Italy days. We wish them all the best of luck for the future.

Our congratulations on their promotion to C.Q.M.S. Jack Bentley and C.S.M. "Smudger" Smith whom we eventually lost to Support Company, and to Sgts. Ellis and Charlton whose shooting abilities so rapidly attracted the attention of the W.T.O. To reinforce our rapidly thinning ranks, we have welcomed Major F. J. Reynolds (formerly O.C. "C" Company) who is now our O.C., C.S.M. "Cab" Callaby (our erstwhile C.Q.M.S.), and C.Q.M.S. "Romeo" Duerden whose long association with the Pioneer Platoon has already stood us in good stead! Two new officers have recently joined us, Lt. J. F. Smith and 2nd/Lt. B. Townend, and many other newcomers are now coming in and quickly settling down. Capt. P. T. Woolley is now Company 2nd i/c., and we congratulate him and Capt. Brian Pilling on their recent promotion. Last, but far from least, our grateful thanks to L/Cpl. Charlie Coote, whose pen and typewriter have helped effect these many changes, and to Ptes. Albert Brook and "Busty" Buckley who have done much fine work on the other side of the "Q's." counter.

Our sporting activities have unfortunately met with little success, though enthusiasm (at its greatest on the cricket field) has never wavered, and our supporters, martialled by Ptes. "Pop" Hargreaves and Tommy Ainsworth, have given constant encouragement. The Company traditions were maintained when we won the Bn. shooting competition in both September and October, and now with the New Year rapidly approaching we are

1st BATTALION.



The Officers and Warrant Officers, September, 1945.



Three Military Medals and a Mention, September, 1945.

(Left to right): L. Cpl. BAKER, M.M., C.S.M. HALL, M.M., C.S.M. SELWAY, M.M., and Pte. HUBBARD (Mention in Despatches).

1st BATTALION.



3rd Infantry Brigade Athletic Meeting.
The Brigadier and Officers.

The Battalion Tug-of-War Team.



The Padre relaxing in the Dead Sea after the arduous
of his conducted tour in Palestine.



Officers' Cricket Match v.
2nd Field Regt., R.A.
Majors P. R. FAULKS, M.C.,
and F. J. REYNOLDS.



Sgt. Bailey throwing the
javelin at Brigade Athletic
Meeting.

getting down seriously to soccer, basket ball, hockey and in fact to about every game—and are ready to take on all comers.

"B" COMPANY. Life of late has been a series of goodbyes. Indeed the number of them has been equalled only by the frequency of our moves. Between the two we have devised a new method of recording time, and it is certainly true in these days, that "When Vic Oliver left—you know, while we were on the pipeline" means far more than any date, for most minds register only one date and that a little ahead.

From Julis, our first camp in Palestine, we moved hurriedly to Damascus where we occupied The Central Post and Telegraph Office and the adjacent barracks, where our guard mountings drew quite large crowds. A short stay in sight of Mount Hermon followed, and we organised a company assault on the peak with tea and showers ready at base for the mountaineers. Then a brief but popular halt in Beirut and back to Palestine to a new camp near Nathanya.

During the summer the Company kept up its strong sporting reputation and turned out many winning teams on the cricket arena. Lt. Matthews, Sgt. McDevitt and Pte. Saville from the Company all found places in the Bn. team. Here at Nathanya the Company took a good third place in the Battalion athletic meeting, and Pte. Gleadhill particularly distinguished himself in the longer distance and field events.

Capt. Oliver our 2nd. i/c was the first of our officers to leave us, and his parting was our introduction to Major "John" Forsyth—who is now rivalling the popularity and respect of "Tony" Randall our Company Commander from Italy days. To Major Randall we gave a token of our esteem, and though we wouldn't keep him from his wife and family we were sorry to see him go. C.S.M. Green too we were sorry to lose, and C.S.M. Cutler his successor is as I write also on his way home. C.S.M. Curzon our present sergeant-major has only a little longer to serve with us. Faced with so many changes the chronicler hesitates to attempt fuller details. We welcome Lt. Quinn from the D.L.I. who has just joined us. He goes on Class B release any day!

"C" COMPANY.—We were all very sorry to see the last of Captain Peter Hathorn who left us in mid-July for "de-mob" in South Africa. Everybody liked him for his friendliness, his attractive human qualities and his constant readiness to subordinate his own interests to those of others. Major Peter Faulks, who has commanded the Company since 1943, finally left us at the end of July upon assuming the duties of Battalion Education Officer. It is with great regret that we bade him "farewell." We salute his successor Major Jeff Reynolds, who feels that after commanding "C" Squadron of the late 145 R.A.C. (ex-8 D.W.R.) in North Africa and Italy, this is a happy omen. Towards the end of August we put on a Company "Do" equipped with a considerable stock of alcohol to wash it down. One of the objects of the exercise (as the saying goes) was to spot some talent for the Battalion concert party. Only two were consistently in the picture—Pte. "Ginger" Carter and C.S.M. Thompson with his "squeeze box." Fortunately it was arranged that the minimum work should occur on the following morning! A few days later, our second "Zulu," Lt. Jock Sproule, left us on "de-mob." Good luck, Jock! Shortly afterwards, and for the same purpose, Lt. Desmond Tozer departed. We all remember with gratitude his interest and help in the Company's activities, particularly in the sporting and shooting line—and that's not meant unkindly! Finally, the 2nd. i/c, Captain Eric Johnston, departed on leave to South Africa and it is now learnt he has a posting in the Union. We all wish him well. Our meagre quota for home L.I.A.P. continues, and those returning say it is still worth a visit! In the co-ordination of all the various Company activities mention must be made of all the good work put in by the Company clerk, L/Cpl. Reuben Green. He remains as tireless and unruffled as ever.

Of sporting events the Company were finalists in the Brigade cricket K.O. competition, but unfortunately in this stage it was cancelled. In spite of continual chopping and changing the team the result was not doubted for a minute! Our stalwarts were L/Cpls' Bill Gilbert, "Ted" Waite and Pte. "Jack" Carr. A company canteen was started and full

marks must go to C.S.M. "Albert" Selway for devoting all his energies and skill to fashioning the furniture. A company library has proved a great success, but needing the careful supervision of those two Jack-of-all-trades, Ptes. "Cyril" Walker and "Leslie" Nicholls. The only company training exercise of note was "Imshie" which succeeded in keeping away the locals but attracting the Commanding Officer and Brigadier. Complimentary remarks were passed on the well-selected ground where grew an abundance of figs and grapes which just "came away in your 'and!"

Recent arrivals include C.Q.M.S. Davie, who we hope will stay awhile in these rapidly changing times. Of those who have left us we would say "au revoir" and "good luck" to C.S.M. (our late C.Q.M.S.) Cutler; others must go nameless because our space is used up. Regrettably the Company is now chopped up into small pieces and confettied throughout the Battalion, but phoenix-like is sure to emerge again in some sandy wilderness.

"Down but (definitely) not Out," is our Motto!

"D" COMPANY.—Demobilisation, Python, L.I.A.P. and pre-vocational courses in Egypt slowly reduced the strength of the Company, and apart from a few re-inforcements from the Lancashire Fusiliers no other replacements were forthcoming. However, in spite of our small numbers, the Company carried off the shield at the Battalion athletic meeting, mainly owing to fine individual efforts in the 880 yards and 440 yards by Pte. Lucas (the Company runner) and by C.Q.M.S. Davey in the high jump and the javelin. The Company heavyweights ensured the final success by winning the Tug o'War.

The weather was extremely hot but the cricket field was booked up each afternoon, and some very exciting Battalion and inter-company games were witnessed. After a most successful season "D" Company team challenged the rest of the Battalion and won the day by thirteen runs in a tight finish. A feature of the match was a fighting innings by L/Cpl. Summers who batted ninety minutes for twenty-one runs. Trouble in Palestine entailed another move at the end of October just as we had commenced our footballing activities. Subsequent moves and the lack of a permanent ground have cut down our playing opportunities, and up to press the Company side has played five games, winning four and drawing the other.

During this period we have said farewell to such faithful servants as C.S.M. "Garry" Hall, C.S.M. "Blondie" Williams, and L/Cpl. "Georgio" Summers. May they live long and contentedly back in civvy street!

"D" Company, having been entirely re-formed after the Italian campaign, has long been regarded as the "Cinderella" of the Battalion, but under the popular leadership of Major Bernard Ellam there exists an *Esprit de Corps* that it would be difficult to equal elsewhere in the Battalion.

"The Dog's Tail wags on."

"H.Q." COMPANY.—In recent months owing to the high proportion of "old hands" with their consequent low release groups the Company has been in a state of flux, and we've reluctantly said good-bye to many who have been in the Company since the beginning of the war.

Among recent departures for "Civvy Street" were C.S.M. "Snub" Pollard, C.Q.M.S. Reeves, L/C "Barney" Lavery, Cpl. "Bob" Courtney, Sgt. Harry Simms, Sgt. "Spud" Baker, Cpl. Laurie Taylor, Dimaline (the Battalion's post orderly), L/Cpl. Danny Moss (of clothing exchange memories) and many others too numerous to mention. "Johnny" Hudson, erstwhile company runner, has now left us, and the last we heard from him was when he sent us a letter (typewritten) from Beirut. He was in the Transit Camp there and expecting an employed job in Damascus. Consequent upon this unwanted emigration we've had a corresponding volume of immigration, mainly from the Rifle Companys. It was a wrench for these chaps to leave their old Companys, but they received the usual warm welcome from motherly H.Q. and are settling in (more or less comfortably—depending upon accommodation and weather).

There have been few changes amongst the officers except during one hectic period when there were five officers "taking over" signatures on one page of the Company cash ledger and no cash entries. Captain Noel Wimpenny is now commanding us with a powerful Company H.Q. team in C.S.M. "Ginger" O'Shea, C.Q.M.S. Frank Flower, Company Clerk Reg. Collom and Company Runner Pelling.

In the field of sport the Company have done nothing outstanding but are very keen and rarely a day passes without H.Q. fielding some sort of team.

In conclusion H.Q. are still doing their stuff, war or peace the M.T. drive their trucks, Signallers reel in and reel out, Intelligence draw maps and make sand models, R.A.P. hand out No. 9's (and the M.O.—"M and D, next please"), B.O.R. dispense "bags of bumph," the Q.M. has his clothing exchanges, the cooks are still up at "cockcrow," and only the poor snipers have no peace-time job and they fall for most of the fatigues, but let it be said they do them cheerfully.

"S" COMPANY.—Some time has elapsed since we had the pleasure of relating our activities for THE IRON DUKE, and even now, it would take up too much space to write all. From the time we left Syria, and up to press, many changes have taken place within the Company. Many comrades have left us to find their own "Shangri La" somewhere in Civvy street. Most of them have served with the Battalion in all the theatres of war committed to it. Besides missing them all as old friends, we also find that it is hard to replace them in the role they so ably filled. The first to go was grand old "Daddy" Sills who sat in the chair and ruled the Company with a firm but fair hand. He was quickly followed (or so it seemed to us) by Sgts. "Dickie" Dyson, "Buck" Bailey, Parkin and Snelling, Cpl. Brotherton, Pte. Diskin and last, but by no means least, C.Q.M.S. "China" Gill. Good luck to them all. C.S.M. Birch left us to take up the duties of R.S.M. The vacancy has been very ably filled by C.S.M. Thompson, who has served the Company a long time in the capacity of C.Q.M.S.

There have been two main activities—the first being the preparation for the Divisional heavy weapon competition (unfortunately postponed), and the second the Company canteen. The postponement of the competition has been a great disappointment. Not only did everyone work so hard, but the platoons concerned had every confidence of "pulling it off" and staggering away with all prizes. Perhaps they will get their chance at a later date.

The Canteen (known to all as "Busty's Bar") was a great success. Long evenings were passed with games, impromptu concerts and sing-songs. Talent that had lain dormant so long began to show itself—amazing what happens if a few bottles of beer are the bait! Of course Tombola was a great success especially for those who were lucky. The stentorian voice of C.Q.M.S. Bentley ("88" Dooock") raised the roof. The greater attraction so far has been the leg competition. Competitors were many. Only the legs were shown, the top half of their owners being hidden by a curtain. Many weird and wonderful legs were displayed, some "knobbly" others knock-kneed, and a few (a very few) were quite up to the Dorothy Lamour standard. Eventually the winners were judged, and amid howls of derision and cat-calling the prizes went to Ptes. Mountain and Boyle. The concerted efforts of Capt. Buckland, Sgt. Giblin, and Cpl. Townsend made this all a great success, and we say "Thank You."

Under somewhat adverse conditions sport is still the main item in the Company's curriculum. During the cricket season we had many pleasant inter-company games. Basket ball is very popular, and also "soft ball" which made its debut in Syria and whenever the opportunity affords, keen inter-platoon games are contested. Of course football at the moment is the game, and we can safely challenge any Company to a good hard game. The rivalry between platoons too is amazingly keen, and we are looking forward to many hard battles between them.

We congratulate the following members of the Company on their recent promotions:—
Capt. Smith, C.S.M. Thompson, C.Q.M.S. Bentley, C.Q.M.S. Duerden (now with "A"

Company). We also extend our hearty good wishes to C.S.M. Shaw on the occasion of his marriage on L.I.A.P. "May his troubles, etc., etc." Finally we welcome Capt. E. H. Buckland as Company Commander. His efforts to make the Company happy have been magnificent, and may his reign be a long and happy one.

SPORT AND ENTERTAINMENT.

SWIMMING.—A Battalion swimming sports, ably organised by Capt. D. Siddall, was held in the sea in the Lebanon last July. The slight swell made fast swimming difficult but an enjoyable afternoon's sport ended in a victory to "A" Company who won most of the prizes. In September, a Brigade swimming gala was held at the Sarafand pool in which the Battalion, against some very stiff opposition, came 4th. Lack of training was too evident. Unfortunately we were without the services of Capt. D. Siddall and Capt. Paterson (M.O.) whose inclusion would have strengthened the team enormously. Pte. Gould (H.Q.) in the breast stroke, and Cpl. Twemlow (A) and Pte. Richardson (H.Q.) in the free style, did well.

CRICKET.—The Battalion had a very enjoyable cricket season in Palestine in 1945 and over one hundred matches were played. The season lasted from mid-April to mid-October in weather far more settled than is the case in England.

The Battalion side won 6 games and lost 4, and at the beginning of August when the team settled down some very good cricket was seen by the many supporters. Pte. Harman of "D" Company was the leading performer. He is a hard-hitting batsman and slow spin bowler. In September he toured Palestine with the 1st Division team and proved the most successful bowler. Major P. R. Faulks, and Major F. J. Reynolds were both attractive batsmen once they settled down, and Pte. Jones, A. of the Pioneer Platoon, made several big scores with his powerful driving.

"D" Company were the most successful in inter-company games; their leading players were Pte. Harman and Pte. White, a good quick bowler. The officers' team won two inter-unit matches and lost one and they also beat the other ranks and sergeants' sides during the course of the summer. A feature of the season was the large number of spectators who watched the cricket and who barracked mercilessly any faulty fielding or slow batting!

ATHLETICS.—On 12th October, 1945 the Battalion held a very successful sports meeting, the main idea being to select competitors for the coming Brigade athletics. The meeting commenced at 10.30 hours on a very hot day, and continued throughout that day until 17.30 hours with a break for lunch and tea. Quite an enthusiastic crowd turned up to cheer their respective Company competitors to victory, and some very close finishes caused a great deal of excitement and also the constant infringement of the rule "Keep back off the track." The high-lights of the day were the three mile road race, throwing the hammer and throwing the javelin. The three mile was broadcast from an 18 set in a jeep that followed the teams round the course. Spectators gathered around the finishing tape awaiting the winners. First in was a jeep which was heartily cheered and then shortly afterwards the winner appeared over the horizon and made a grand last minute sprint amidst a great deal of applause and back-slapping. Throwing the hammer was easily won by Sgt. Baker (H.Q. Company) with almost professional style. He reached the distance of 89 ft. 9 inches which surpassed all other attempts. An equally meritorious performance was that of Sgt. "Buck" Bailey ("S" Company) who threw the javelin very easily 129 ft.—quite an effort.

Following the Battalion sports meeting, and after a certain amount of training, the Battalion entered their most outstanding athletes for the Brigade athletics. The interim period was just over a week, and despite a few difficulties the Battalion Team managed to get into fair shape by the day of the meeting. The Battalion came second, and the athletes concerned put up a great show. Throwing the hammer was won by Sgt. Baker,

and throwing the javelin by Sgt. Bailey—both our most outstanding efforts. In the three mile, C.S.M. Thompson herded his team in as a whole, giving us second place after a gruelling race. To see all "four" Dukes come in together was a fine sight, and these runners certainly deserved the cheers of their comrades.

HOCKEY.—Owing to the dearth of hockey players, six-a-side inter-company matches were arranged in September. Although ground conditions were poor it did provide the material for the Battalion team. The Battalion won decisively the Brigade hockey league with 11 goals for and 1 against. The team was L/c Douglas (goal); Sgts. Baker and Simms (backs); Sgt. Crawley, Cpl. Mew, Pte. Diskin (halves); Cpl. Parry, C.Q.M.S. Gill, Major Reynolds, Cpl. Hartley, L/c Large (forwards). In the second Brigade league which was unfinished the Battalion were well established in the lead.

Regrettably, most of the team have now departed on release and it remains to train up and practise newcomers to the side. There is plenty of keenness for the game in the Battalion.

SOCCKER.—The weather was too hot for football until October, when we settled down to a spot of training, with promising talent running in and out of wiring pickets and doing all the little tricks with footballs one is supposed to do, under the able guidance of Lt. (now Capt.) Brian Halmshaw and Lt. "Johnny" Walker. Before we had time to put theory into practise, we moved to Haifa on Internal Security duties. There we met the Navy; the fleet was "in", and we were "out"! Of three Battalion games v. H.M. Cruiser *Orion* we neither won nor drew a match, but they were most enjoyable games. Afterwards the Ship's Company entertained our team aboard ship and our liaison could not have been better.

"H.Q." Company played against the I.P.C. on several occasions, with varying fortunes, and "B" Company had rather the better of H.M. Destroyer *Peacock*. Rain of the Palestinian type, which leaves one in no doubt about the cancellation of matches, was far too frequent in November and December and quite cramped our style.

Egypt—What a footballers' paradise! Two fields at our disposal with little boys rolling, dragging and marking them daily; a Garrison field with real grass to be had once a week!

Pte. Pelling at 37 (or is it 38?) is still one of our finest and most reliable players. Pte. Clayton played for the Palestine Army. We are sorry to lose Sgt. McDevitt, who broke his arm leading the Battalion to victory earlier in the year.

RUGGER.—Our first trial held in Haifa towards the end of November was quite a novelty. Refereed (nobly and ably) by the Colonel, we played four quarters, each of 10 minutes. This innovation was well justified when several players declared emphatically that neither they nor their lunch could have stayed a minute longer!

The first and so far only Battalion match v. the Haifa District Police ended in a win by 16 points to 8. At this early stage it looks as if we have a good team in the making. A Brigade match v. 6 Air Landing Brigade ended in a victory for us by 3 points to 0. Major Faulks, Lt. Isles, R.S.M. Birch and C.S.M.I. Minto played.

Major F. J. Reynolds played for England (M.E.) v. South Africa (M.E.) at Moascar on 3rd December, 1945.

CONCERT PARTIES.—With only a few days in which to rehearse, Captain R. Smith put on a remarkably good Battalion concert party in early October, the first for some months. Our next will be at Christmas. The Divisional Concert party gave a most enjoyable and talented show in early October and we look forward to their next visit—if they can afford to leave the delights of "playing" in Cairo! The constant wish for more variety and orchestral parties only goes to prove the popularity of E.N.S.A. entertainment.

6th Battalion.

Since the last time of writing, the wheel of fortune has turned completely, and we are back again on primary training. A year ago, when we found that that was to be our role, we were disappointed, but having had experience of other work we are decided that it feels good to have some enthusiastic youngsters around the place. Looking back over the war years and remembering the various teams we have had, everyone feels a trifle sorry to see the old stagers leave, and not a trifle strange with their replacements. The comings and goings are now so frequent that it is impossible to keep track of them all. The old faces are disappearing fast, mostly for civilian life, and, from the letters we receive, they seem to be enjoying it, though many still pay us visits in their natty suitings. Amongst the latter was ex-C.S.M. Booker, who was soon snooping round "A" Company to see what had been happening after his release. It was pleasing too, to see that a lot of the old boys remembered us at Xmas time; cards came in from Capt. "Rammy" Ramsbottom, C.S.M. Schofield and Major Fontes.

The Battalion has lost one of its characters in Jack Hughes, and with him go the best wishes of all who knew him, for a successful life in "Civvy Street," and his first real stretch of married life. His assistance and helpful criticism will be very much missed by the rugby team.

Before the next time of writing the bulk of the old members of the Battalion will have been demobilised, and this seems the best time to wish them well.

OFFICERS' MESS.

The Officers' Mess is now down very much to family size, and Xmas this year is going to be a novelty. Here too there have been many departures. Bill Allman left us after a very hectic month at the Formation College studying accountancy. If he had remained with us any longer "Wokki" would certainly have been his second name. Everyone was sorry to part with Keith Pallister, posted to District, and extremely surprised to find about a week later that he was bound for C.M.F. The old school is very near splitting now; Major Chadwick leaves us on Class C Release shortly, and a venture in which we wish him the best of luck. With the advancing New Year the disintegration becomes almost complete, and Teddy Manning, John Turner, Bugsy Milligan and Jimmy Green go in rapid succession. They've been a grand crowd, and we have indeed been fortunate to have remained together for so long. We welcome to our midst our new 2nd i/c, Major Kelly, and give thanks that we now have one car in the Mess that doesn't require a pushing party.

One of the high lights of the period was the visit of a Peruvian Military Mission to the camp, and lunch in the Mess. After hurriedly obtaining the services of an interpreter from a neighbouring unit the party went with a swing, although even then some people experienced difficulty in explaining the working of a Sten through a third party.

The Commanding Officer and several of the officers attended the wedding of Johnny Feather in Colchester. It is the first one that we have had in the station, and was a thoroughly good party. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Feather "Good Luck for the future."

We were very pleased to have a visit from the Colonel of the Regiment, especially at a time before the fellowship breaks up, and renewing of acquaintances becomes more difficult.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Demobilisation is starting to hit the Sgts. Mess, and now that our large numbers have dropped members seem to be striking out more. Out of nothing at all has sprung a mystic sect known as "The Waggonaires," whose activities we are only allowed to guess, but knowing that C.S.M. Jackson is one of the officials, all shots are pretty close. We welcome C.S.M. Blenkinsop and C.S.M. Wilson to the Mess and at the same time congratulate them

on their promotion. C.S.M. Schofield is now, in the words of his Xmas card, "an honest to goodness civvy" and is living in the wilds around Shipley. Ralph Kirby too has gone, and Sgt. Beecroft departs this week after a month's hard work in the Unit Art Room.

It is impossible to mention everyone individually, but our best wishes go out with them all.

SPORT.

Fortune on the sports field has been rather varied. Rugger started off with a swing and a good team was produced, but the season has been marred by injuries. Jimmy Green has been out since the first game, and Major Grieve, Teddy Manning and various other players have had spells. The biggest calamity was when C.S.M.I. Croft, whom we had been fortunate enough to obtain, fell off a bus, and injured himself. We sent a weak team to Middlesex Hospital and were well trounced, 27—0, but the game was a good one. Our team has been badly hit by demobilisation, and for the time being the games are suspended.

The hockey team is going great guns, and re-inforced by the rugger team, has lost only three of its games. The Commanding Officer, Lt. Jar Van Gelder, Capt. Williams, Sgt. Spilsbury, Sgt. Brooks and Pte. Stapleton have played regularly.

After a very shaky and demoralising start the football team has at last found its feet and is in a winning seam. Recruits form a large part of the team, but Pte. Camin and Sgt. Kelly have played regularly, and pulled a changing team into the semi-final of the North Essex League Cup.

7th Battalion.

This apparently is not to be our first peace despatch. Field Marshal Montgomery announced last week that we were now fighting the Battle of Winter in Germany. Every day we see the evidence of it, and though a good many people are becoming bored with the thousands of words published on Germany by correspondents who pay a flying visit of a week to this unhappy country, I think it may be interesting to record some impressions of an occupational battalion.

We came to Gevelsberg in the Ruhr late in May, taking over from the Americans, and assuming responsibility for maintaining law and order in a Kreis of about 400 square miles and a population of a quarter of a million. We have extra commitments over an area double this size in the event of trouble. German Government is still only at a Province level, and thus the Field Marshal and the Control Commission are in effect the only Central Government.

A Corps occupies a Province in the British Zone and a Division is allotted for occupational responsibilities to a Regierungsbezirk. Nothing in England corresponds to this administration. Our Division's area includes 12 Landkreis (county councils) and 13 Stadt Kreis (town or city councils). There is an infantry battalion or its equivalent as the garrison of most Kreis.

We have the Ennepe Ruhr Kreis, a manufacturing and small farming area south of Dortmund and bordering Wuppertal whose wool and cotton products are so well known to West Riding business men. There is a Military Government detachment of about 12 officers and civilian experts from home, who work alongside the German administration. They pass on the C in C's directives and run the rationing system affecting civilian transport and coal issues, and in every way seek to galvanise the German authorities into keeping people alive this winter.

As a part of one of the most important measures for preventing future wars—controlling German heavy industry—Military Government have closed every factory and shut off their supplies and fuel. Factories are then only re-opened under licence, and in this area those allowed are making a wide range of things like mining machinery, agricultural implements, stoves, cooking ranges and so on. All shops were once closed and now in

the last month they have been re-opening everywhere, but with little more than window dressing in them.

We thus have no direct dealings with the Germans and I must say I like it that way. Our job is to maintain law and order, to watch for signs of resistance, to carry out curfew patrols (Germans must be indoors between 22.30 hrs. and 04.30 hrs.—the air raid siren warning is a constant memory of their defeat), check vehicles for permits and black market goods, and conduct house checks to see if inhabitants have identity cards. The German police have been re-formed and do the routine work and we are only called out in case of trouble beyond their power to suppress. We have a varying number of guards on VPs and we are continually rounding up German Army equipment. This all keeps us very busy and I'm certain none of my men have been writing home saying there was nothing to do.

We still have a legacy of the German New Order—displaced persons. At first we had upwards of 25,000 of these forced slave workers and ex-P-o-W.'s. Most of them had been working in the factories, coal mines and farms around, living a hundred of them to a Nissen hut. There were Russians, Poles, Italians, Yugoslavs, Greeks, Belgians, Dutch, and one girl whose nationality is still unknown to us. We have tried every European language—she showed a slight glimmer of interest when someone spoke Urdu.

We have to feed and clothe all these people and organise decent living conditions. In some cases we took over Army camps and barracks. For the 6,000 Russians we turned the Germans out of a village and let the Russians run it on Soviet lines. We saw that the Germans brought the right amount of food to a central warehouse and from then onwards the Russians took over, distributing from "State" shops.

Most of these people are now home, the Russians being the first of the Eastern nationals to go. I think we can say without straining international relations that we had more nights in bed when they left. It was interesting meeting them, even if they thought little of the British supply system which could not bring them each a complete wardrobe within a day of liberation. The scene in their village was always colourful at night—singing and dancing, every house lit by lanterns. They were like children.

Our worst moment was when we got a convoy of 2,000 of them seated in gaily festooned trucks, ready for the repatriation station, and received a message from the Brigade Major saying someone high up had made a mistake and there would be no trains for another fortnight.

To-day we have 2,000 Yugoslavs in the village, most of them pro-Royalist officers who are now outlawed by Tito. They seem from a military standpoint efficient and proud, and everyone has been happy to help them occupy their enforced leisure while waiting for the politicians to decide their future. Major Fancourt, our Education Officer, has been taking an English class for them. One of the 47 Generals in the camp attended! King Peter flew over to see them recently.

With these camps scattered over the Kreis we had for a long time to have companies on detachment. "A" Company were in Wengern on the banks of the Ruhr (where Bernard Kilner and Campbell Fox, with the Padre, gave rowing exhibitions), "B" Company at Hattingen (a much bombed town with coal mines and steel works and a horrible concentration camp), "C" Company in Milspe and "D" Company in Schwelm, another devastated town. Few people at home have any idea of the magnitude or problem of the bomb damage. You can motor for half an hour in Wuppertal and not see an undamaged house . . . and it is the same in Essen, Dortmund, Dusseldorf, Cologne and Hamm.

Since more troops have been put under my operational command we have, with the exception of "D" Company, been able to concentrate in Gevelsberg. We have requisitioned the three best roads and their houses, put a wooden fence around, and made them into a comfortable barracks.

At first a man was on guard or patrol one night in two or three. Lately the figure has gone up to four and five. The men are extraordinarily happy and their life is never humdrum. Release arrangements are excellent and leave is certain every four months,

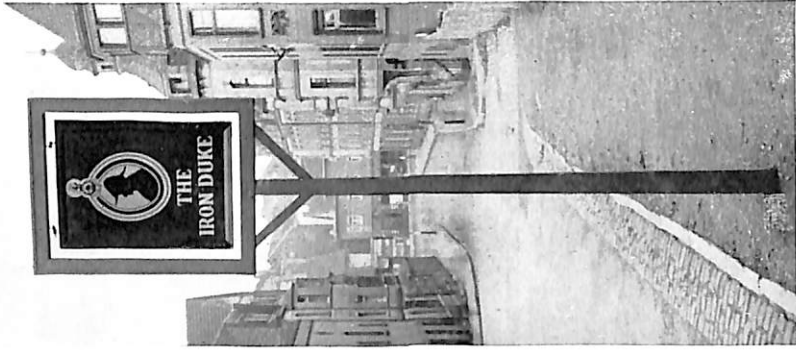
7th BATTALION IN GERMANY.



Command Post.



The Shrine.



The Iron Duke Sign.



Vocational Training Class.
Woodwork.



Vocational Training Class.
Motor Mechanics.

7th BATTALION IN GERMANY.



C.O. presenting Prizes at Athletic Sports.



A group of Officers waiting to see departure of a Release Group.



A Mural of Nijmegen Bridge in H.Q. Dining Hall.



The Band—in peace-time scarlet.



Entrance to Civilian Pattern Barracks.

though through poor German rolling stock travelling to Calais has been something of an endurance test sometimes.

What do we do with our time when not on duty? I was asked this question dozens of times when I was in the West Riding last November. The Press have placed unnecessary emphasis on the fraternization problem which exists at any time when the soldier is away from home and does not purely apply to Germany. Until the non-fraternization ban was lifted I don't think any soldier was unduly anxious to have a girl friend. Even now, with lots of men in the battalion who have not been fighting, the greater proportion of the men are not interested. We ran a dance just before Christmas and only 30 men turned up.

Thus the necessity for a high standard of welfare has never been more important. I personally feel that our welfare facilities have been shocking—though everyone in the game over here has tried his hardest. The attitude of the War Office has been, in the words of one of the Welfare Generals to me "You in 21 Army Group have had a jolly good show this campaign—it's the turn of the Middle East and Far East now." E.N.S.A. seems to have said "The war is over. The patriotic motive has gone. First class artists must look after their West End customers now." And inevitably the Treasury has, after having to knuckle down for six years, returned with the light of battle in its eye. There is talk of even having to pay for ENSA and our daily papers now. (P.R.I. would pay in any case, not the soldier, but this cutting down of expenses by the easiest means—the soldier's entertainment—because the war is now over is, to me, ungrateful and disgusting and not just mere economy).

It may even be the cause of ruining many otherwise happy married lives.

We have been seeing a film once a fortnight which seems too little. Every cinema at home seems to change its programme twice a week. I wonder if the film renters don't want us to see too many films and spoil their home box office receipts. We have had two German shows (both absolutely excellent), the Div. Repertory Company once (a first rate straight play), and ENSA once. The ENSA show consisted of four bored artists playing to 500 men for two hours. Mercifully this sort of thing is finished. Now we have to go 40 miles to the Garrison Theatre at Corps H.Q.—and of course in these winter conditions no one goes at all.

So really—apart from this and a Stars in Battledress show—we have been thrown on our own devices. In the autumn we had sight seeing tours to Remagen and Cologne and over Krupp's works at Essen. Over 200 men went on a conducted tour of the battlefields, going down to the Normandy beaches and retracing our journey across Europe. The Padre took the opportunity of checking up on every grave and only one is so far unknown. Most of the "Dukes" are buried near Fontenay where in June and July we had so many stiff encounters.

Each Company has been running a concert party. "A" Company put on a first class revue (organised by Lt. Victor Stevens), and "H.Q." Company have so far given us two helpings of "Cottage Pie" (C.S.M. Chadwick, Sgt. Howe, C.Q.M.S. Colley, Capt. Bax, Major Pyrah, C.S.M. Watkins and Pte. Marriott were the sponsors). All shows were greatly appreciated and made ENSA seem third rate. We are rehearsing our Christmas pantomime.

Each Thursday we have had a band concert assisted by the swing section, Pte. Marriott on the piano and R.Q.M.S. Hellowell at the organ. On Wednesdays there has been a regular attendance at "Music of the Masters" a gramophone club for serious music lovers.

Several hundred men each night have used our welfare centre, "The Iron Duke," which has attracted so many visitors (it also houses the education side of which General Martin writes in this issue). The Battalion is greatly appreciative of Major Fancourt's wonderful work for this centre, transformed from a dilapidated school. One great feature is the library of 3,000 books and the reading room where there are papers from every part of England.

We've built to the design of Major Thomlinson our own dining halls, and our interpreter, Fred Van den Bergh, has brought a bit of Yorkshire and Holland into them by skilful murals on the walls.

Another show piece is our museum and shrine in the Command Post, where the large entrance hall lends itself to this sort of thing. The hall is hung with shields, made by Pte. Plummer, with crests of towns we've taken or where we have met the enemy. A map shows the perilous journey through Europe (and our 76 different headquarters). At the far end of the hall the Regimental Crest sent out from the Depot surmounts a pair of glass doors, and in the small room beyond is the story of what our journey cost. There is a Roll of Honour flanked by flowers and ferns. Here are the Battalion's battle honours and photographs, and aerial photos from which we planned many an attack. All recruits to the Battalion are brought round this Hall of Memory.

We have our own daily newspaper run by Major Fancourt. It is modelled like any national newspaper, with the day's news taken from the wireless, pictures, editorials, army news and Company and sports features. It is tremendously popular with the men. We staff a special printing press which turns out the "Pud" and such things as entertainment bills. The staff was very annoyed when the National newspapers said last week that the Guards' Division's "News Guardian" was the only newspaper published daily in the B.A.O.R.!

During the autumn we published a 50 page history of the campaign with photographs, and sent it to 1,500 old battalion men and Regimental friends. We hoped it arrived, as few people have told us whether it came or not.

The Band has been re-formed under C.S.M. Watkins, and because regular bands have had to go home through lack of men it has been in great demand in the Corps area for ceremonial parades and concerts. Major Baker sent the band uniforms and instruments from England and has obtained other instruments for us. The Band has played for the ceremony with which every party is sent away, leaving on release. I have a word with the men, the Band play "Auld Lang Syne" and the Regimental March, and then the trucks are cheered away. These partings have been very sad and most of the men have been in tears at leaving old comrades.

What grand chaps they have been. By the end of January over 400 men will have left on release. In March only Barry Kavanagh, my second-in command, will be left from the Officers Mess which celebrated VE day.

There are going to be many problems, not the least being to find suitable warrant officers. When the war finished all our Regular C.S.M.'s. and young N.C.O.'s who had a year to serve were posted to S.E.A.C. We are now left with six warrant officers, three C.Q.M.S., 32 sergeants and 36 corporals leaving by the release of 27 age group.

Sometimes I feel cross with those at home. We have had about 80 men of the Regiment posted from the 1st and 2nd Battalions on "Python"—but no N.C.O.s. Someone must steal them at home, at training schools or R.H.U.'s! I've just been appealing to home units for some W.O. replacements.

As I write it looks as though the 7th will be in being for some years—the sole representative of the Regiment in the Rhine Army.

C. D. HAMILTON.

PERSONALITIES.—*Departures.*—*On Posting.*—Lt. J. R. Cannon, M.C., to 49 Divisional Training School; Lt. N. V. Redman to S.E.A.C.; Sgt. J. Mathews to 1/4 K.O.Y.L.I.; Sgt. J. Edwards to 2nd. East Yorks Regiment; Sgt. A. Woolley, R.E.M.E. *On Release.*—*Class A.*—Major B. V. Thomlinson, Capt. A. D. W. Ross, Capt. J. C. Fox, Capt. J. K. Illingworth, M.C., Capt. J. Lappin, M.C., Capt. (Q.M.) B. Temple, C.S.M. E. Chadwick, C.S.M. R. J. Sergeant, C.S.M. G. Measey, C.Q.M.S. C. Maiden, Sgt. J. Whittle, Sgt. R. Myers, Sgt. H. Johnson, Sgt. G. Taylor, Sgt. R. Donkin, Sgt. A. Bowker, Sgt. H. Maude, Sgt. J. W. Spooner, Sgt. W. Powell (A.C.C.), L/Sgt. T. Hallas, L/Sgt. W. Mead, L/Sgt. G. Chapman, L/Sgt. J. Byrne, L/Sgt. H. Swinburne, L/Sgt. R. Emes. *Class B.*—Sgt. W. Charlesworth,

Sgt. J. Colley, C.Q.M.S. E. Wilson. *Arrivals*.—Major A. Vickers (D.W.R.), Capt. A. Mallinson (D.W.R.), Capt. D. F. Horsfall (D.W.R.), Capt. R. R. F. Marett (D.W.R.), Capt. M. R. J. Burke (East Yorks Regiment), Lt. R. J. Judge (D.W.R.), Lt. D. Morgan (D.W.R.), R.S.M. G. B. Cook, from 4th Lincolnshire Regiment, Sgt. J. J. Robinson, from 2nd East Yorks Regiment, Sgt. F. Seeley, (R.E.M.E.), C.Q.M.S. G. A. Charlesworth (D.W.R.). R.S.M. E. E. Bush has been granted a commission and is now Lt. (Q.M.) E. E. Bush. *New Awards*.—*Mention in Despatches*.—Lt. (Q.M.) E. E. Bush, Sgt. W. A. Charlesworth, Major J. W. Pyrah, Major B. V. Thomlinson, Capt. T. B. Bax, Sgt. J. W. Colley, Sgt. S. W. Webb. *C. in C's. Certificates for Good Service*.—C.Q.M.S. E. F. Wilson, Pte. E. A. Bennett.

SPORTS' NOTES.—Winners of Battalion Shields.—Swimming—"B" Company; Football—"Sp" Company; Hockey—"B" Company; Athletics—"C" Company; Basketball—"C" Company; Cricket—"B" Company; Rugby (7-a-side)—Finals not yet played.

We were second in 70 Brigade Group Athletic Sports Meeting, beaten by 2nd Searchlight Regiment, and easily defeating the other infantry battalions.

L/Cpl. C. J. Gentle won the Divisional 400 metres swimming championship.

Lt. E. Brown, "A" Company represented 49 Division in 1 Corps Sports.

The Football XI is having a successful season. It defeated the local German XI, 5—0.

Major G. M. M. Smallwood has gathered together a useful Rugby XV, and recently they defeated 3 Recce Regiment, 10—0.

The Battalion motor cycle team, captained by Cpl. Norcliffe, was second in over 80 teams competing in 49 Division reliability trials.

The Battalion tug-of-war lightweight team won the Divisional tournament.

Capt. J. K. Illingworth has organised many outings for the Battalion motor cycle club.

GENERAL MARTIN VISITS 7th BATTALION.

The following article is an extract from what Lt.-General Martin, Military Correspondent, wrote of the 7th Battalion in the *Daily Telegraph*, on November 12th, 1945. :—

Before leaving the British for the U.S. Zone, I had a chance to visit two of the many educational establishments which the B.A.O.R. now runs. The Army educational system has been so much boosted of late that one tends instinctively to develop "sales resistance."

I saw—and was conquered. Believe me, if these two schools are fair samples of it, there is nothing wrong with the system.

First, a word about Army education generally. The general object, as I understand it, is to set the soldier to think—and to think for himself. Within this wide concept of education, the soldier may aim at one of two specific goals, the one professional and the other vocational.

He may elect, that is, either to take the Forces' preliminary examination or else to learn the rudiments of some trade. Indeed, he is well advised to do both.

A TECHNICAL GROUNDING.

As for pre-vocational training the Army realises that, since in every trade the openings for skilled and unskilled labour alike must vary with the circumstances, it is the Ministry of Labour alone that can tell what are the future prospects of employment in any given trade at any moment.

The Army schools, therefore rarely set out to train men for specific trades: all that these schools normally set out to do is to give their students a technical grounding which they will find useful later on when they undergo whatever specialised vocational training the Ministry of Labour may think fit to give them after their release.

Such, then, is the system in abstract. The first concrete example that I saw was the school of the 7th Battalion the Duke of Wellington's Regiment at Gevelsberg, in the Ruhr. This battalion had landed in Normandy within a week of Invasion Day, and had fought its last fight on April 14-15, 1945, when it had cleared the Germans out of Arnhem.

At its recreational and educational centre, the battalion uses the large, modern, three-storeyed building of the Gevelsberg Secondary School. The building is ideal for the purpose. Moreover, since secondary schools have not yet reopened in Germany, the arrangement does not interfere with German re-education.

STUDENTS' DIVERSIONS.

The Battalion Commander, Lt.-Col. C. D. Hamilton, has been wise in his generation : he has baited his line in such away as to attract even the shyest fish to the educational hook.

Among the attractions which he offers in the centre are these : a restaurant and bar, with a reasonable ration of beer ; a reading and information room, provided with both newspapers and current information about vocational training ; a library of 2,000 books—complete with card-index and run by a professional librarian ; a concert hall with an electric organ and a Bechstein grand piano ; a darts room ; a billiards room with two of these queer little pocketless tables ; a music-room with radiogram and library of 500 classical records ; and, in the attic, a skittle alley of that fiendishly frustrating brand made in Germany.

Side by side with these diversions there are the classrooms, where classes study subjects which range from French and German, mathematics, bookkeeping, shorthand and typing, type-setting and printing, to cobbling, metal working, motor engineering, bricklaying, plumbing, slating, plastering and glazing, welding, radio and electrical fitting, carpentry, painting and decorating.

It is plain to see, moreover, that these classes need no ground bait to attract them ; they swallow all the instruction they can get—hook line and sinker. And that is one of the two real tests of any educational system.

The other test is that of adequacy—of space and of teachers. This school can provide not far short of half of the battalion with food for simultaneous thought, so it passes this latter test also.

WORRY OF A C.O.

Leaving this battalion of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a battalion of which the Duke himself would have been proud—I thought over some of the perennial worries of a C.O. which had cropped up in conversation, as they so often will over there : talk of all the good soldiers who, though they have no jobs to go to, are yet taking their release, and of how the Army is being deprived of its middle-piece in consequence—of its warrant officers of tomorrow, who are precious as rubies.

The reasons ? Partly the delay in announcing the terms of service in the post-war Army ; partly the fact that even one year's deferred release probably means a tour of service with S.E.A.C., and partly the knowledge that, though a man may have done his S.E.A.C. tour, yet every additional year he serves in Europe will mean another year's separation from his family.

The sad thing is that so many of these men will come back to the Army—with a break in their service.

Yet these troubles surely should not be irremediable. Announce the terms of service in the post-war Army—tackle the crying need to allow a necessarily limited establishment of wives with the B.A.O.R. next summer, and not only will you cure most of them but you will also banish the worst forms of fraternisation as well—so far as these exist at all.

The following appeared in the *Yorkshire Post* on November 6th, 1945 :—

It was Sunday evening. The time was 5 o'clock, and a pale sun had just gone down behind the prosperous villas of the hillside suburb in Gevelsberg, which the 7th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment have taken over as quarters. Sunday evening in Germany ; but few of us felt ourselves to be there. It had fallen from our minds, and home had taken its place.

We were standing in the street, officers and men, before the flag-staff from which the Union Jack has now been lowered. The Battalion band, in full ceremonial red and white, had beaten Retreat, and then, on a solemn roll of drums, had begun to play again.

It was the old moving hymn, "Abide With Me." A crowd of Germans had gathered for this Sunday evening ceremony, but we were scarcely aware of them. A familiar place, a dear face, a vivid recollection of a room, the brisk clatter of someone busy in the kitchen . . . all the simple sights and sounds which make that well-loved word, home, come to us.

And then the hymn was ended, and the band moved off playing the Regimental March, followed by the German children, and this was Germany again.

In all my stay here I shall remember these moments. I said something of this to the Commander of the Battalion, as we walked away, and he nodded.

"I have stood there every Sunday now, for six weeks," he said, "and I am always moved. I think of home, and of all the men who might have been here with us . . ."

This band is the Regiment's pride. It was re-formed after the war by Colour-Sergeant E. S. Watkins, of Brighouse, round seven experienced bandmen.

STRENUOUS ART.

Thirty-two others, every one of them a volunteer, have joined them, and every day as you walk round the camp you can hear them practising—practising 10 hours a day, Colour-Sergeant Watkins says.

Members of the band include Sgt. Shaw, Doncaster (solo cornet), Corporal Senior, Wakefield, and Bandsman Bailey, Keighley (re-piano, cornets), Bandsman Booth, Kirkburton, and Bandsman Seaman, Balby (second cornets) ; Bandsman Rogers, Leeds, Bandsman Carr, Mexborough, and Bandsman

McVeigh, Copmanthorpe (third cornets), Bandsman Fisher, Darton (tenor horn) ; Bandsman Newlove, Bridlington (baritone), Bandsman Barratt, Skipton (euphonium). L/C. Armitage, Huddersfield (tenor trombone), and Drm. Bannister, Leeds, Drm. Swain, Leeds, and Drm. Rooms, Hull (buglers).

The band's instruments were kept in store at the Regiment's depot in Halifax during the war, and the Colonel sent an officer to get them. The officer chartered a lorry in which he took them to the London docks. Here he contrived to get an L.C.T. to carry them swiftly and safely across the Channel. On the other side of the Channel the Battalion's own transport stood waiting.

What would probably have taken several weeks to accomplish through the usual official means was accomplished by this unorthodox planning in a matter of days. The Battalion has carried its war-time dash into its peace-time life.

From canteen profits £200 was spent on other instruments and additional music. And now the old peace-time scarlet and white has been brought out.

Every morning the band parades for guard-mounting, a ceremony which is attended by several hundred Germans. And each Sunday evening now it beats Retreat. It also plays at Battalion entertainment and Company concerts.

10th Battalion.

Shortly after these notes appear in print the war-formed 10th Battalion will have disbanded, and from the outset let us wish all ranks who have passed through our hands at some time or another, both during the war years and since, the very best of luck wherever they may be.

Formed in May, 1940, as the 50th Holding Battalion, D.W.R., with Lt.-Col. J. Chatterton as C.O., Major R. O'D. Carey as second-in-command, and Capt. J. Davidson as Adjt., the Battalion was re-designated under its present name in October of that year and allotted work in defence of the Yorkshire coast.

During the ensuing two years, the Battalion was stationed at Bridlington, West Hartlepool, Rudston and Withernsea, with some breaks for training at Malton and Otley, before moving to Denbury (Devon) at Christmas, 1943. Later, the Battalion moved to Bexhill and Burgess Hill, and from there at Christmas, 1944 went to Northern Ireland, and were stationed at Banbridge until returning to Spilsby, Lincs, in July, 1944. Whilst in Northern Ireland the command of the Battalion changed for the first and only time since its formation, Lt. Col. Chatterton handing over to Lt. Col. W. A. Woods. From Spilsby, the Battalion made its final move to Felton, in Northumberland.

During the time it has been in being, the 10th Battalion has served in the Yorkshire Division, 218 Independent Brigade, 55 Infantry Division and 48 Infantry (Res.) Division, and, though its activities may not have been as exciting as those of other Battalions of the Regiment, it has done a grand job of training youngsters, especially latterly.

Getting down to what has happened since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE, officers and men have continued to pass through the Battalion for five weeks Reservè Divisional training prior to drafting, but no intakes have been received for some time now, and the Battalion is losing many old faces as the gradual "break up" becomes more apparent.

OFFICERS' MESS.

The news of the deferment of officers under the Release Scheme was received with mixed feelings—an understatement if ever there was one! Two officers who only just escaped by the skin of their teeth (and the fact that their A.S. Group was 19) were Tony Peel—"of the 33rd, old boy"—and Ray Swire. Quite a few of us had felt that bachelor Peel might spring a surprise on us by losing his single status ere he departed, but with a shrug of his old Harrovian shoulders and a look of resignation, he left.

Hard on the heels of Tony and Ray went Jim Urmson and Martin Curran under the Class B scheme—Jim to take up his duties at Oxford University and Martin to help restart trade in the Far East in the banking business. Major Curran had just been appointed second-in-command and his loss was therefore all the more keenly felt. Bob Hanna, now sporting a crown, is at present acting second-in-command, and, while we are on the subject of promotions, congratulations to Major Peter Green and to Capts. Mitchell, Forsyth, Evenett and Dixon.

We deplore the increasing crime wave throughout the country, especially as we thought we had done our bit to arrest it by releasing those stalwarts of the law, Rontree and Veitch, under Class B.

New officers to join us are Capt. Nicholson—as T.O. in place of Ray Swire—and Capts. L. C. Nicholls and John Comer—both full of jungle lore and mepacrin. Comer got married the other day incidentally. Departures include Bill Burton to 4 I.T.C. as Adjt., Lewis Kershaw (D.V.I.) to B.A.O.R. as second-in-command to 600 Regiment, R.A. (5 D.W.R.), and Frank Oxley (D.V.2) who has joined the R.A.P.C.

The party given to the children of Felton early in November was a howling success! Over 200 youngsters attended and their delight on seeing the groaning tables was ample reward for the organisers. Santa Claus paid a visit, there was an enjoyable concert, and really it is a matter for doubt who enjoyed the party most—the kiddies or the officers and sergeants in charge of the affair.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

The Mess at present seems rather like a Demob. Centre with members leaving us to try the Ration Card system of living, and others arriving to try their hand with hammers, chisels and trowels, etc. To all those who have gone, whatever the reason, we wish all the best of luck, and to the arrivals, Welcome.

Social life once more seems to be on the move and we have recently held two very good socials, thanks to Sgts. "Handel" Bolton and Boshell.

Congratulations to all members on their promotions:—R.S.M. Hunt, C.S.M's. Hardisty McBain, Walton and Atkinson, C/Sgts. Longbottom, Steer and Burton, Sgts. Boshell, Martin, Atkinson, Hartley, Archer, Batty, Hough, Barton, Carr, Vasey, Barron and Townend; to C.S.M. Hepworth on his marriage; and to Sgts. Kirkham and Dains on becoming fathers.

CORPORALS' MESS.

Our first contribution to THE IRON DUKE is a matter of "the first shall be last." Our Mess over the period of the 10th's reign has been limited by accommodation, and only in three of our frequent localities has accommodation been available. Our present being the longest stay, has seen the most activities, although the constant changes in membership have impeded the smooth running and joviality of the Mess. Only the stalwarts of "H.Q." are old members, Rifle Company N.C.O.'s having either been drafted or risen to higher status.

Socially we have done well, helped by the inclusion of a billiard table which has been a headache to the Mess President (Cpl. Drew) in the difficulties of sharing out with the minimum of grumbles. "H.Q." Company are well placed in the race for the first table. We have held a couple of invitation dances which have proved highly successful, and more recently we have had a dance to swell the funds. Our Entertainments Committee led by Cpl. "Digger" Whittaker have provided competitions which have been keenly contested.

"Full House" has been an apt description of the Mess in recent weeks, but postings came thick and heavy on top of the Demobs., and as these notes go to print we find that the billiard table has never been so little used.

Among those left, Demobilisation is the only topic. The "Seagulls" (Messrs. Sutton, Swaine and Sedgwick) are well on top with all the answers and incidentally all the latest rumours. To all those who have left whatever the reason we wish all the best of good fortune.

COMPANY NOTES.

"H.Q." COMPANY.—Changes in the Company, due mainly to demobilisation, come so thick and fast that it is very difficult to record them, and the comings and goings have been far too numerous to mention all. Capt. Ray Swire has departed for "Civvy Street"

with the best wishes of all the Company, and we welcome his successor, Capt. Nicholson. Amongst the other new arrivals we welcome into our midst C.S.M. Hardisty who has joined us from "F" Company, and Sgts. Egerton and Hunt who are looking after the food department.

Although our function is almost purely administrative we still manage to take our part in the sporting competitions within the Battalion, and recently we reached the final in the inter-company soccer competition.

We extend our congratulations to our Company Commander Major P. D. Green on his recent promotion.

"A" COMPANY.—Since we last went to press a great many changes have taken place in our Company. We have lost our skipper, Capt. (now Major) Hanna, and heartily congratulate him upon his promotion. Another staunch old-timer, Sgt. Longbottom, has been promoted C.Q.M.S., and Sgt. Walton, after a short stay in another Company, returned to us as C.S.M. These two promotions were undoubtedly well merited.

We miss the familiar face of L/Cpl. March in our office, but his place has been admirably filled by his "partner in crosswords" L/Cpl. Wakefield. To our office staff we also welcome Ptes. Johns and Thorogood.

In the realm of sport we have been quite successful, having won the inter-company boxing competition, reaching the semi-finals of the Battalion soccer knock-out competition and are now optimistically looking forward to the pending Battalion cross-country run.

"B" COMPANY.—Since THE IRON DUKE last went to press we have lost that colourful and cheerful leader, Capt. Oxley, who left us for the Pay Corps after so successfully developing an accounting system which his successor Capt. Blagdon has never been able to understand fully. We hope and feel he will go far.

His example has not, we regret to say, been followed by others who have dived into "Civvy Street" with great gusto, namely:—C.S.M. McDonald, followed by "Nap" Stone, Sgt. Hobson and that well known personality "Q" Milhench who, recovered from his long stay in hospital, just passed the M.O. for the last time. That old-timer, Sgt. Cooper has finally left us on release after being with the Company since its formation. C.S.M. Hepworth, after a long spell in Africa, has done much for the Company in recent weeks in addition to taking a wife.

We are now in "Suspended Animation." We feel we are not alone in this either, and as we shall not go to print again—in this war—those present at the end are Sgt. Brewis, L/Cpls. Whitworth, Outlaw, Woodman and Smith.

"C" COMPANY.—For the past few weeks the Company, like "B" Company has been in a state of "suspended animation." Officers, N.C.O.'s and trainees have come and gone with bewildering rapidity, until we finally faded out a little while ago. Of the original "C" Company only three remained to the end—Sgt. Walters, L/Sgt. Bullock and L/Cpl. Leadbeater, all of whom are now spending their last days under the wing of "A" Company, patiently counting the days until their release comes along.

Owing to the uncertain composition of the Company we have not of late taken a very outstanding part in sports or entertainments, but under the able leadership of Capt. Charlesworth and Lt. Wilkinson we managed two or three educational outings—which if not very educational were certainly enjoyable!

"D" COMPANY.—Since writing our last notes many changes have taken place in the Company, and indeed few of the old familiar faces remain. Captain "Big Bill" Burton has left us to become Adjutant of 4 I.T.C. and we congratulate him on his appointment. His place has been taken by Captain B. J. Evenett. C.S.M. Hunt has left us and taken over the duties of R.S.M., and Sgt. Atkinson has taken his place as C.S.M. Sgt. Steer is now a fully fledged C.Q.M.S.—congratulations to all of them on their promotion. We welcome Lts. Pace and Hindmarsh, also Sgt. Sharp and Sgt. Boshell to the Company.

Our Cadre Staff proudly boast of having eased the declining birthrate problem to the extent of five babies during the past three months and we feel this is a commendable effort, even if we have not excelled at sport due to depletion in numbers of the Company. Congratulations to all the fathers concerned.

It has been noticed that there are an ever increasing number of calendars around the Company these days—people are seen daily marking days and dates, and battling with mathematical calculations in their heads. We assume this is all part of that happy state which we experience prior to "Civvy Street."

"E" COMPANY.—It would be quite difficult for any "old boys" to recognise "E" Company these days as so many of the minimum cadre have left us.

Those who have left have our best wishes and include C.S.M. Bye, Sgt. Wright and Cpl. Baxter—Class "A"; Lt. Raynor our Training Officer has "Barnacled" and Capt. Dixon is now second-in-command "F" Company. Of the rest, C.S.M. MacBain, C.Q.M.S. Sykes, Sgts. Benn, Richardson and Hunter (who by the way tried conclusions with a car the other day, to the detriment of the O.C.'s bicycle), leave us in a week or two, after having survived invasions of ex-P.O.W.'s and Commandos with the courage and determination expected of them. Cpls. and L/Cpls., too many to mention by name, have gone to various postings with our benediction.

As this will undoubtedly be our last contribution to THE IRON DUKE we send to all who have passed through our hands or have served with our Minimum Cadre, our very best wishes for the coming years.

"F" COMPANY.—"F" Company, in common with the rest of the Battalion, have experienced several changes recently. The "helmsman" has changed several times, and at the moment the position is occupied by Capt. L. C. Nicholls who came to us via the 4th Holding Battalion from Burma. According to popular comment his steering is "bang on." Capt. Nicholls is ably supported by his second-in-command, Capt. M. E. K. Dixon whom we welcome to the Company, "E" Company's loss being our gain.

Amongst the demobs. we were sorry to lose were Capt. Tony Peel under Class "A" and Lt. Rontree under Class "B." Another "big" departure was Sgt. Joe Whitley, while two more old Dukes who left us to taste the joys of "civvy street" for the first time for many years were Cpls. Rasburn and Mitchell.

We offer our congratulations to C.S.M. Hardisty on his promotion and hope that his stay at "H.Q." Company will be a pleasant one. Congratulations also to C.Q.M.S. Burton on his "quarter-blokeship." Since his arrival at the Company, by the way, our telephone has been badly overworked. Where do all his calls come from?

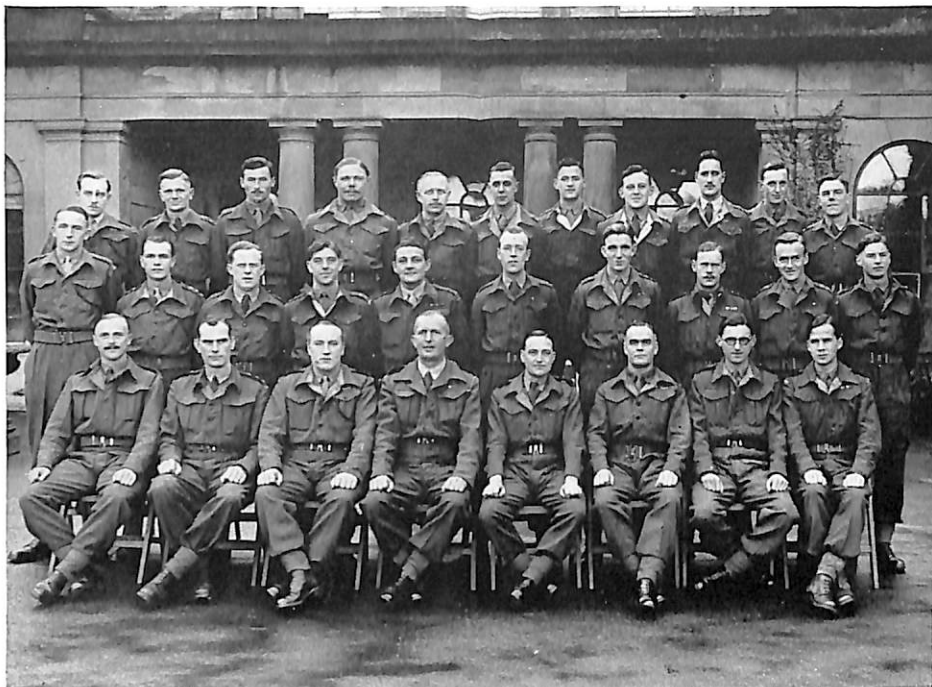
The A.E.S. is working very well within the Company, the most popular subjects being leatherwork and carpentry. The probable reason for this is that the Company is composed entirely of ex-P.O.W.'s, all in low age and service groups, and it is evident that the value of the A.E.S. is fully realised by them.

145th Regiment R.A.C. (formerly 8th Battalion D.W.R.)

On 6th October, 1945, a re-union of officers then in England was held in the Old Ship Inn, Whitehall, London, and about 15 attended. It is hoped to hold annual (or six monthly) re-unions alternately in Leeds and London. Since the Regiment was disbanded we have all become very dispersed, but Derek Jehu, our last adjutant, sends out an interesting news letter fortnightly, which helps officers to keep in touch with each other.

We hope to arrange for a plaque in memory of all those of the Regiment who fell in Italy to be placed in a suitable church between Rimini and Catholica.

10th BATTALION OFFICERS.



Front row (left to right) : Major R. G. HANNA, Major P. D. GREEN, Major M. CURRAN, Lt.-Col. W. A. WOODS, Capt. R. N. CROSS (D.L.I.), Capt. and Q.M. H. E. GREEN, Capt. J. G. VESSEY (D.L.I.), Capt. L. C. NICHOLLS, M.B.E.
 Second row : Lt. F. A. GARDNER, Capt. K. NICHOLSON, Capt. R. FORSYTH, Lt. J. J. GLASBY, Lt. A. J. HESKINS (D.L.I.), Lt. F. MASON, Capt. M. E. K. DIXON (D.L.I.), Capt. G. BLAGDON (D.L.I.), Capt. J. COMER, Lt. G. FLETCHER.
 Back row : Lt. S. L. SCARLETT, Lt. F. SYMONS, Lt. H. C. HINDMARSH (D.L.I.), Lt. E. RONTREE (D.L.I.), Capt. W. MACKENDERICK (M.O.), Lt. J. N. PACE (D.L.I.), Lt. J. D. Rayner (D.L.I.), Lt. R. A. Cater, (D.L.I.), Lt. D. H. Poole, Lt. A. CREE, Lt. J. SHIELDS (D.L.I.).



Passing Out Parade at Glider Training School.
 Wing-Commander H. A. Crommelin, A.F.C., presenting 1st Pilot's Badge to Army Glider Pilots. (See note on page 45.)

BERLIN, JULY, 1945.



The Brandenburg Gate.



The Big Three.



The Chancellery (with Black Market).



The Inner Courtyard of the Chancellery.



The Kroll Opera House.



The Kaiserhof Hotel.

(See page 38)

The following members of the Regiment have been mentioned in dispatches for their service in the Gothic Line battle, August—September, 1944 :—

Lt. Graham Douse (killed in action on 16th September, 1944).

Captain the Rev. F. Higgins (our R. C. Padre).

Lt. G. C. Valentine.

R.S.M. H. Cundall.

Sergt. Ingham.

Sergt. Illingworth.

S. V. O.

146th Regiment R.A.C. (formerly 9th Battalion D.W.R.).

[The following notes are taken from a letter to the Editor from the commanding officer, Lt.-Colonel J. P. Hetherington.]

Ahmednagar, India Command.

Good things have taken place, all of which our fellows really deserve. Other R.A.C. units have been broken up, but we are mobilised for occupational duties in the Far East. We have been equipped with armoured cars and are feeling very happy about it. "A" Squadron, commanded by a New Zealander who was second-in-command to the squadron in the Arakan, George Ferens, is in Sumatra working at Medan with 26th Division. The remainder of us are waiting for the word "Go." The chaps are terribly bucked about it and their tails are right up; most chaps are newcomers and very young and we have been able to bleed the dying units of their best blood.

We have had an excellent Christmas, the beer being plentiful and the food good. At one time we had almost a farm—turkeys strutting around and pigs on the hoof. In the traditional Army way I detailed each squadron, the Sergeants' Mess and the Officers' Mess to contribute items towards a concert on Christmas Day and a huge success it was. We have now found the talent to revive our old concert party. Boxing Day was a mad whirl of sport, when everybody played everybody at some sport or other.

A recent acquisition is our new Q.M., Chirpy Layton, who succeeded Basil Dutot (now at Dorset Depot as Q.M.). Chirpy is worth his weight in gold—he is an old 12th Lancer with 30 years' service—his name is a household word in cavalry messes. We have been really lucky to get the likes of him.

To-morrow evening, 28th December, we are giving an "At Home" to Ahmednagar. Our parties are well known in the area and this one will, I think, keep up the reputation.

As the unit thought it would probably be on the sea this Christmas time, no Regimental cards were made, so I take this opportunity of wishing you a Bright and Happy New Year. I shall write again as soon as I get some worthwhile information.

D.W.R. Infantry Training Centre.

OFFICERS' MESS.

The news that Japan, the only surviving member of the Axis, had fallen, and that hostilities had at long last come to an end, was celebrated by the Mess in no uncertain manner, clearly indicated by the sharp decrease in Mess Stocks.

Amongst the events of recent months we look back with particular pleasure on the Mess dinner in which we were honoured by the presence of Lt.-Col. Woods and several members of the Mess of the 10th Battalion.

We would like also to congratulate Terence "Christmas" Carroll, who taking us all by surprise, renounced his independence and joined the ranks of the married. To him and Mrs. Carroll we extend our very best wishes—may their life together be long and happy. Our sincere congratulations to the C.O., Ted Short, "Nat" Storey, on their increase in family, and to Guy "Monsoon" Gilbey on the arrival of his first. We understand that Guy is becoming quite adept in his domestic duties.

The call of demobilisation has removed many "leading" members of the Mess, and we regretfully saw "Creepy" Faulkner, the immortal Colin Hill, Peter Garnett, and Philip Diggle, the last two just avoiding the "exigencies of the Service," depart in a blaze of glory.

We fear that the ever increasing tide to "Civvy Street" will remove many of the imperishables from the ancient halls of Brancepeth Castle. We can however take consolation from the return of Bill Burton, now our Adjutant, and a leading light in the rugger team, and to him we give our heartiest welcome. We congratulate Peter Ellis on the attainment of his majority, and David Horsfall on his captaincy. We would like to be a little premature and also congratulate Bob Hesford and Danny Gardner, who await Command orders for their third pip.

Lastly we give a warm welcome to all our new officers, who have introduced a variety of tastes, varying from drums in a dance band to curvilinear blondes in the nearby town. The changing times have taken most of these abroad, but to all we send our greetings.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

We are literally full of beans. Full, possibly does not do justice to the enormous amount of that horrible little vegetable we can (by force of habit) masticate. Variety it is said is the spice of life, but Beans, baked, boiled, fried, dissected, dejected, diabolically distorted, are not so spicy.

A new and popular entertainment, thanks to our W.O.1 Educational Sgt. Major (W.O.1 Clegg) is the "Brains Trust." Questions ranging from Greek mythology to the winner of the Derby in 1926 are answered with an amazing degree of accuracy and rapidity. Coupled with the eloquence of the aforesaid W.O.1, the evenings are entertaining, instructive, and very well spent.

Demobilisation has left its mark upon the Mess. Members too numerous to mention individually have left us to take their place in "civvy street." The influx of new members is equally bewildering. Our best wishes go to all who have left and to those who have arrived; the best of luck to all. There is some proverb about a bad penny; incidently C.S.M. "Micky" Reed turned up again to take over a company—welcome back.

Our dance and social evening with the officers went down well; in the words of a parish magazine "a good time was had by all." A C.Q.M.S. who won the goose in the Xmas raffle, when he heard the value was four pounds, asked if there was a set of harness with it. This was not considered funny by the under secretary for the promotion of Christmas cheer.

The festive is almost with us; when these notes are in print we shall have once more started on another new year. Prematurely as I write and almost too late as you read it, I'll risk it and wish you all a happy New Year.

CORPORALS' MESS.

Many changes have taken place in the Cpls. Mess since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE. Demobilisation taking them out and promotions to fill vacancies caused by demobilisation bringing them in. Seeing so many new faces one wonders if one is in the correct Mess, after being used to the same familiar faces for so long.

To our friends s.o.s., c.t.b.a., viz. transfer civvy street we wish the best of luck. To our friends promoted to the Sgts. Mess and to those who have just joined us in the Mess congratulations (names are too many to mention).

But there is one name we must mention in passing. We have followed with interest the doings of Cyril Sidlow in his games for Wales against England and Scotland and for the Army against the R.M. and R. Navy. Although we could not be present to see him, the newsreels shown in the Camp Cinema gave us a good idea of his magnificent performances. In another sphere he is also known as "Champ" (Frat.).

Our entertainments have been in full swing, dances, socials, whist drives and a general knowledge quiz evening have helped to brighten our existence.

It is with regret that we record the death (by accident) of Cpl. H. Bell, killed whilst training with his squad. He was a popular member of the Mess and his presence is greatly missed. Our sympathies and condolences go to his mother Mrs. Bell.

Our thanks are due to the Committee for their services during the past year, most able in spite of the fact that the same Committee has often been depleted through various causes. During the regular disappearances of mess presidents, our able Vice-President, Cpl. Harry Horner, has fulfilled the duties admirably, and his one ambition seems to be to obtain a debit balance in the Cpls. Mess account.

COMPANY NOTES.

"B" COMPANY.—Since our last notes, A. and S. Groups have taken away many familiar faces and placed them beneath bowler hats. Our Permanent Staff is almost a brand new team. We have lost Sgts. Caddick, Kaye, Morris and Foster; Cpl. Spink and L/Cpls. Rowley and Sharp. To them we say, "Good luck in Civvy Street." The new faces are so many in number that we find it difficult to mention all by name, but to all who have recently joined us we extend a warm welcome. A. and S. Group losses have brought some promotions. Promotions within the Company have been, Cpls. Cox, Wilson and Kitson to Sergeant; L/Cpls. Bottomley, Henry and Brook to Corporal, and the Company Q's. Crown went to Sgt. Johnson. Our congratulations to all!

We still carry on the job of training "jeeps." Sometimes when the afore-mentioned "jeeps" are unbelievably stupid, we look back with regret on those days when we had the Company Comedian "Maestro Caddick" to provide the comic interlude. However, life is by no means dull. We still get our laughs, if it is only when C.S.M. "Shep" gets half kicked to death playing rugby or when Sgt. Salmon gets upgraded by an ambitious M.O. Incidentally, it is worthy of note that "Shep" has relinquished rugby in favour of hockey, and plays with marked enthusiasm. So far he has to his credit three goals, two broken legs, a cracked skull and a broken window in the Admin. Office.

Our officers, apart from the Company Commander, come and go very quickly. We hardly get a chance to learn the names of our embryo 2nd Lts. before they are gone and soon more very lonely "pips" have taken their place. However, we have now two officers who deserve special mention because they are showing no inclination to leaving us. They are Lts. Smart and Mavin. Described in that order they are firstly—a large moustache and a long row of medal ribbons—general appearance of a Field Marshall travelling incognito; and secondly—more ribbons, smaller moustache—general appearance of a goal-keeper in disguise. To be serious, we all vote them "first-class officers" and hope that we are fortunate enough to keep them in "B" Company for an indefinite period. We recently sent our old Company Commander, Capt. Diggle, back to civvy life with a load of best wishes. In his place we welcome a figure well known in sports circles—Lt. Hesford. We are all waiting rather impatiently for the third "pip" to make its appearance on our new O.C.'s shoulder, it having been removed temporarily when Lt. Hesford left our 2nd Battalion to join the I.T.C.

To conclude our notes, we would point out our prowess on the football field this season. We won all our matches to the end of the present league. Here's wishing ourselves luck in the second half of the season.

"C" COMPANY.—Because of "demobbing" our Company has changed considerably. Jackie Cogan, Wally Draycott, Wilf Hey, Wilf Watts, Peter Wright and the noble Goodlad have left us. Les. Broadbent goes before these notes are printed and Crook will miss him. In their places other N.C.O.'s. have become worshippers in the "Holy of Holies" as well as the Corporals' Room. Since this state of affairs is constantly changing we won't go into detail: we'll just wish the best of luck to those who have left and to those who have taken their places.

Major Hill went out with his group, and though his presence is missed by those of us who knew and admired him, his place has been filled by Major Ellis who is known to us as a worthy successor. Harry Cockrill has left us to become C.Q.M.S. in "G" Company. He certainly showed them how to take a pay duties course! Members of the Company are providing the usual material for these notes! Storeman MacKenzie and Corporal Stokes can't make up their minds who should be storeman. Jack started trick-cycling and ended up in "dock" with a cut eye. He no sooner got back than Mac had a battle with the handcart and had to go in "dock" with his hand. The company runner had quite a busy time collecting braces 1. and r., bottles water, Mk. I (or is it Mk. III?), sheets ground, etc., from the various places they were left after the spill!

In the sporting world our soccer team has improved on their shaky beginnings at the start of the season. They have been getting double-figure scores. After a long spell Jack Landale has returned to the "Jungle Game," too. Lt. Hutchinson, a newcomer to the Company, has been making his presence felt among the N.C.O's. One of them summed things up when he remarked, "Shades of Cookie!"

"G" COMPANY.—We congratulate Capt. Guy Gilby on the arrival of a son and heir, and send our best wishes to mother and baby.

Congratulations to Capt. David Horsfall who left us to take over "H" Company. Also Lt. Bob Hesford our Admin. officer who is now in command of "B" Company. It is rumoured that red paint is appearing in these lines. How strange! A little bird in "G" Company office heard someone order a sack of blanco the other day. Is this the new secret weapon? Lt. G. Bruce has left us for other climes also 2/Lts. Barnes and Midgley. C.S.M. Martin, C.Q.M.S. Gumersell and Sgt. Ogden have been issued with a new uniform called civvies. We wish them all the best on their dangerous mission. We have welcomed to the fold 2/Lt. Maw and Turnbull also C.S.M. Reed and C.Q.M.S. Cockerill.

Our function in life recently has been more continuation training for men awaiting posting. Local courses for barbers, cooks, gardeners and so forth, not forgetting a cadre for N.C.O's., and the continual headache of drafts to be prepared.

In sports we have not been brilliant, due to the continual ebb and flow of the Company, but true to tradition we have held our own.

Vocational Training claims a high percentage of our N.C.O's. and they can be seen with a look of intense concentration on their faces reading a new type of novel, i.e. Maths. or English.

"H" COMPANY.—Recently our O.C., Captain Ellis, having just succeeded in getting the Company geared to his method of working (or *vice versa*) was whisked away to take over a primary company. We were sorry to lose him, yet congratulate him on his majority. Captain Horsfall took command of the Company; we welcome him and should everything run to form he should be brigadier within the next few weeks considering our last two were promoted civvy and major respectively.

It is said we pass out more "subs" than recruits. There has been a constant flow of junior officers; our AB.64 Part II pay books look like autograph albums. Lt. Story still officiates as second-in-command; since the officers demob was delayed he has had the same expression as he had when Dante lost the Leger. The series of "chads" inscribed in most unusual spots are attributed to our Mr. Hoe. No wonder he's called "Wot Ho."

The best of luck to Sgt. Eric Edwards, now a civvy; vocational training, particularly woodwork, is a favourite pastime of our P.S. We never thought we had so many amateur joiners; of course the Company road-run coincides with the woodwork class; this would have nothing to do with it—or would it? C.Q.M.S. Skipper is due for demob early in the New Year. During his six months of office his weight has increased enormously; if he takes on for another year and continues to gain, his future is assured—with Bertram Mills. Sgt. Harry Killien is heir apparent to the "Q" throne; prospective washing N.C.O's. await the coronation with mixed feelings.

Our training record is as high as ever, five "tops" in a row is not just coincidence. Before the next notes, many of our resident comedians (the P.S.) will have passed through that Mecca of the Militia (York demob. centre). As I myself am one of the chosen I wish them the very best of luck.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

We started the season with a good list of fixtures, with matches on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Up to the time of writing we have played 10 matches, out of which we have won 7, lost 2 and drawn 1.

The team is very much the same as last year except that Cpl. Bonner, L/Cpl. Smith (D.L.I.) and Cpl. Milner have finished playing. Cpl. Bonner has gone in for refereeing in a big way. C.S.M. Beddow continues to hook the ball with monotonous regularity. Capt. Burton finds time to play in most matches in spite of being Adjutant. Capt. Goodall A.D. Corps and Capt. Thompson, S.O.P.T. turn out for us when duties permit.

Our big difficulty this season has been the scrum half position. C.S.M. Edwards (D.L.I.) is learning this very difficult position very quickly. He requires more practice in passing swift and straight from the base of the scrum. S. I. Brown as usual plays as well as ever at wing forward. His anticipation and covering in defence, and good determined clean handling in the attack should be copied by the other forwards. C.S.M. Shepley still plays his steady game at left prop; he has now recovered from his ankle injury and is playing as well as ever.

Lt. Charters (D.L.I.) still performs the duties of rugger officer in addition to playing wing forward. We succeeded in winning the first round of the Northumbrian District Cup, beating No. 2 O.T. Battalion R.C. of Signals, 37—3. We play the 61st Training Battalion R.A.C., at Barnard Castle on December 19th. Our best match to date was versus 11th West Yorks at Brancepeth. We won 18—3; our forwards adapting themselves to the wet ball and ground. Their side included Cpl. H. Lockwood, (Halifax R.L.) Cpl. A. E. Johnson (Warrington and England), and L/Cpl. A. Fox (Castleford R. L.) Pte. Barraclough has played consistently well at full back and he has been a very useful addition to the side. He must learn how to fall on the ball to stop loose rushes instead of moving back waiting for the ball to come to him. C.S.M. Reed is actively assisting in selecting and running the team.

DECORATIONS.

[With reference to the award of the George Cross to Colonel R. L. J. Jones, recorded on page 143 of our last issue, the following citation has now been made public.—ED.]

THE GEORGE CROSS.

CAPTAIN (ORDNANCE OFFICER 4TH CLASS) ROBERT LEWELLYN JEPHSON JONES,
Royal Army Ordnance Corps.

On various dates, Captain Jones and Lieutenant Eastman, R.A.O.C., worked under dangerous and trying conditions and performed acts of considerable gallantry in dealing with a large number of various un-exploded bombs, some of which were in a very highly dangerous state and of the German delay action type.

On one occasion these two officers showed particular gallantry in dealing with a 1,000 lb. German bomb. They made two attempts to explode this bomb but it failed to detonate. At the third attempt and when the bomb was in a most dangerous state, they succeeded in detonating it. On a second occasion these officers, assisted by a Master Rigger, succeeded in removing a 400 lbs. high explosive Italian unexploded bomb which had been under water for a week from a 20 ft. deep well inside a house. This bomb which was fused at both ends was also in a dangerous state and had to be raised to the ground floor

by means of a gin, tackle, sling and rope. This operation was doubly dangerous as there was a possibility of the sling slipping while the bomb was being hauled up and further because the bomb was two and half feet long, the mouth of the well only three feet one inch wide, and for safety the bomb had to be kept horizontal if possible and pulled up thus. Lieutenant Eastman, assisted by the Master Rigger, guided the bomb from the floor of the well, whilst Captain Jones went to the top to guide it through the opening. They succeeded in getting the bomb out although there was only a six inch clearance as it came through the mouth of the well.

For services in Italy.

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER.

LT.-COLONEL F.R. ST. P. BUNBURY.
(whilst in command of the 1st Battalion The King's Own. He is now G.S.O.1 at G.H.Q., C.M.F.).

O.B.E.

COLONEL B. W. WEBB-CARTER, D.S.O.
(whilst serving with an Italian Division).

M.B.E.

CAPTAIN (Q.M.) L. LYONS (1st Battalion).

UNITED STATES BRONZE STAR.

LT.-COLONEL C. W. B. ORR, O.B.E..

M.B.E.

CAPTAIN F. FIRTH (88986).

MILITARY CROSS.

MAJOR H. J. T. SILLS (1st Battalion).
SECOND LT. T. BRIGGS (178321) General List attd. 2/7 D.W.R.
SECOND LT. S. R. HOYLE (79933).

MILITARY MEDAL.

C.S.M. CALLABY (1st Battalion).
C.Q.M.S. CLARKE (1st Battalion).
4603885 W.O.II. J. R. ACKROYD.
4616385 PRIVATE R. HAYNES.
4616619 PRIVATE R. STANCLIFFE.

MENTIONS IN DESPACHES.

LT.-COL. (temp.) G. TAYLOR (2637).
MAJOR (temp.) B. D. EATON-SMITH, M.B.E. (90252).
CAPTAIN R. A. H. GERRARD (42195) (since died).
4605999 W.O.I. H. F. SMITH.
4602107 W.O.II. J. SLANE.
4616484 W.O.III. D. A. HARPIN.
796470 SGT. W. E. DOYLE.
4609593 CPL. E. CARR.
4616/54 CPL. E. M. FARRAR.

Awards in the *London Gazette* of 28th November.

MENTIONS IN DESPATCHES.

COLONEL B. W. WEBB-CARTER, D.S.O., O.B.E.
 MAJOR P. B. LOWE.
 MAJOR H. J. T. SILLS (1st Battalion).
 CAPTAIN E. M. GOODMAN-SMITH (H.Q., 3rd Infantry Brigade).
 LT. A. N. WEST-WATSON (late 6th and 1st Battalions).
 4602010 C.S.M. W. H. BROOK.
 4618136 SGT. K. DUERDON (1st Battalion).
 4623025 SGT. L. PASSMAN.
 4624423 L/Sgt. W. K. A. OXLEY (1st Battalion).
 4619181 CPL. E. J. COOPER.
 4627048 CPL. L. DUNCAN.
 4;23898 PTE. H. DOLLIVE (1st Battalion).
 4607933 PTE. J. MATHEWS.

(Other mentions in despatches appear on page 25.)

Regimental Dinner Club.

In the years preceding the War, the annual dinner of the Regimental Dinner Club, was held in the month of June at the Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall.

Unfortunately the Club have decided that they cannot undertake any regimental dinners during the current year, and consequently we have to make other arrangements.

Colonel G. S. W. Rusbridger has very kindly agreed to take over the duties of Honorary Secretary to the Dinner Club and he is now very busy in an effort to revive the old annual custom.

Hotels, Restaurants and Clubs have been approached. Two or three hotels would take us on at a price.

Colonel Rusbridger has been successful in arranging with the Secretary of the United Service Club, Pall Mall, for the dinner to be held there on Thursday the 6th of June. The numbers dining will be limited to seventy, and tickets will be issued strictly in order of application.

Under the rules, all officers who have been gazetted to, and served in, any of the existing or Service Battalions of the Regiment are eligible for membership of the Club.

The annual subscription for Home Members is one guinea, and for foreign members five shillings payable by Bankers Order.

The list of members in possession of the Secretary is not up to date, and he would be glad if members would communicate with Mr. P. Riley, F. Section, Lloyds Bank Ltd., 6 Pall Mall, S.W.1. to ascertain if their Bankers Order has been duly deposited and that subscriptions for 1946 have been paid.

Officers wishing to join the Club are requested to write to Colonel G. S. W. Rusbridger, Orchard Cottage, Ruishton, Nr. Taunton, Somerset, enclosing their cheque or Bankers Order for one guinea.

A circular giving detailed arrangements will be posted to members in May, and a notice inserted in *The Times* and *Yorkshire Post*.

C. J. P.

OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS.

1st and 2nd BATTALION.

It is with much regret that we have to announce that Mr. E. C. A. Moseley, who has been our Secretary for the past nine years, has found it necessary to resign his appointment owing to pressure of work and indifferent health.

Mr. Moseley has carried out his onerous duties with skill and efficiency, and all members of the Association will wish to thank him for the services he has rendered. During the war years the work as Secretary has inevitably increased, but Mr. Moseley has never spared himself, and we hope that with the alleviation of his labours, his health will be fully restored.

Mr. S. E. Code, who has recently been demobilised, has taken over the work. We are very fortunate to secure his services as he is a most enthusiastic old "DUKE," and has served in the Regiment for the major portion of his 23 years' service. He was R.S.M. at the Depot during the years 1940 and 1941; later he became R.S.M. of the 2/7th Battalion, under the command of Lt.-Colonel B. W. Webb-Carter, D.S.O., and when that unit was disbanded, he joined an R.A.C. Regiment as R.S.M. and served overseas with them. He was awarded the M.B.E., in 1943. Mr. Code is well known in the Regiment and we hope he will be happy in his new appointment.

Letters on all O.C.A. matters should be addressed to him at "The Depot, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, The Barracks, Halifax." C. J. P.

The committee has dealt with the following cases during the period 1st July to 31st December, 1945, and grants have been made as shown:—

| Name of Fund. | Number of Cases. | Amounts Granted. |
|--|------------------|------------------|
| O.C.A. | 28 | £ 107 5 0 |
| 2nd Battalion Charitable Fund | Nil | — |
| Regimental Association Fund (lately 3rd, 9th and 10th Battalion Funds) | 23 | 73 3 0 |
| Mitchell Trust Fund | Nil | — |
| Total ... | ... | £180 8 0 |

5th BATTALION.

The Old Comrades' Association of the 5th Battalion decided at a special meeting on Saturday night to open their ranks to any man or his dependants who served in the second great war with the 5th Duke of Wellington's Regiment. The objects of the Association are to afford members the means of social intercourse and to assist, financially or otherwise any man who has served with the Battalion or his dependants. This special meeting preceded the annual meeting, at which the president (Colonel Keith Sykes) occupied the chair.

Thanks were expressed by the president to Mr. R. Ellinthorpe, who had acted as secretary during the absence on military service of Mr. Norman Hobson. The latter read the annual report prepared by Mr. Ellinthorpe, which made mention of the honour paid to the Regiment by the County Borough of Halifax in conferring on it the freedom of the Borough. The only disappointment from their point of view was that the Association did not receive an invitation to attend that historic ceremony.

The Association had been represented at the meetings in connection with obtaining a larger quota of houses for returning ex-Servicemen, the formation of a Council of Social Service, and to discuss the question of recommendations for the form of war memorial considered most suitable should the question arise in the near future.

The treasurer (Mr. F. G. Kemp) presented the statement of accounts, which showed that subscriptions amounted to £44 16s. 6d.

Colonel Sykes welcomed back members and prospective members who had been serving in the war which had just concluded. He hoped they would take a keen future interest in the Association because, he said, it now belonged to the younger men.

The officers of the Association were re-elected *en bloc* with power to co-opt members of the Battalion now serving when they joined the Association.

Colonel Sykes moved that a resolution of thanks and congratulation be sent to the Women's War-time Bureau for "the magnificent work they had done for the soldiers of Huddersfield during the war." Men of the 5th Battalion had benefited tremendously by it, he said. Seconding the resolution, Colonel Norton said he had the greatest admiration for the way in which the women of Huddersfield had worked for the troops during the war. Mr. Hobson spoke in support.

Captain Williams and Col. Sykes replied to a vote of thanks to the president, officers and committee. Colonel Sykes made mention of the disappointment which the Association felt at not being invited to take part in the conferring of the freedom of the Borough on Field-Marshal Montgomery. It was resolved that a message congratulating the Field-Marshal on receiving the Freedom be sent from the Association.

After the business the large gathering of members was entertained by Mr. Jack Balmforth (tenor), Mr. George Taylor (baritone), and Mr. Norman Gardner (comedian), Mr. H. Kemp accompanied on the piano.

10th (Service) BATTALION.

During the war years the Committee of the 10th (S) Battalion O.C.A. have been successful in "keeping band in't nick," as they say in Yorkshire, so that everything is in order for revivifying the organisation now that peace(?) has come.

At the annual meeting of the Committee in Bradford on October 27th (the 27th anniversary by the way of the opening of the Battle of Vittorio Veneto, in which the 10th Battalion played an outstanding part and which put "finito" to the efforts of the Germano-Austro forces in Italy in 1918), all the officers and members were re-elected, and it was decided that every member on the Association roll should be written to in the New Year to obtain his views on the desirability of re-starting the annual reunions which were discontinued in 1939. It is hoped, of course, that the replies will justify the Committee in fixing such a function for October 26th, 1946. In any event—and this may act as encouragement to the members—it may be stated now that there will be some sort of "do" next October.

It would be helpful if members of the Association or of the 10th (S) Battalion who read these notes would volunteer their views to the Honorary Secretary, 10 Willowfield Crescent, Five Lane Ends, Bradford, without being asked!

D.W.R. SOCIAL CLUB, LONDON AND HOME COUNTIES.

141 HIGH STREET,
ACTON, W.3.

11th December, 1945.

To:—

The Editor,
THE IRON DUKE.

Dear Sir,

I am sending along these few notes on "Remembrance Day" in London, as besides being of interest to our readers it may help to bring our old and, we hope, new members together when opportunity presents for the revival of our London and District Group of the Old Comrades Association.

Yours faithfully,
G. Finding.

Remembrance Day.

Although arrangements for a meeting could not be made this year, quite a number of old "DUKES" foregathered at the Field of Remembrance prior to the Armistice Service.

No Badge Crosses were available, but one was improvised by the loan of ex-Cpl. Cunningham's cap badge. This was fixed on the wreath of the Token Cross bearing the crested card "In Remembrance of Old Comrades, 1st and 2nd Battalions, THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT."

A number of crosses were planted on behalf of distant old comrades, then a few moments devoted to silent thought to the memory of our fallen comrades in the past wars.

This year's Remembrance Sunday being coincident with Armistice Day brought a very much larger number of visitors than in former years. The scene presented a brilliant and colourful picture, with the background formed by huge upright wreaths, bearing devices symbolic of the various fighting services, and the uniformed members of the Forces intermingling with the decorated veterans of past days formed a scene to be remembered.

Mr. Hone informed me that although it had not been possible to make the unit allotments in the "Field" this year as he would have liked, the next occasion will enable him to make full provision for all units and services who desire plots in the Field of Remembrance.

Obituary.

We regret to record the following death :—

THORNTON.—Previously reported missing, now presumed killed in action at Donbaik, Arakan, Burma, on February 1st, 1943, Lt. Philip Henry Trelawny Thornton, 146th Regiment R.A.C. (The Duke of Wellington's), aged 21, son of Captain and Mrs. R. I. Thornton, of Pelham, Canterbury, Kent.

Lt. Thornton, was born on 26th May, 1921, and was educated at Marlborough College. He gained a classical exhibition at Pembroke College, Cambridge, which he was destined never to take up. In May, 1940, after leaving school, he enlisted in The Buffs Young Soldier Battalion, from which he was transferred to The Royal Warwickshire Regiment in August of that year, and was commissioned in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment in December. He was posted to the 9th Battalion, and in August, 1941 went out with them to India, when they were converted into a tank regiment, and named 146th Regiment, R.A.C. In his first action at Donbaik in the Arakan on 1st February, 1943, all three tanks of the troop he was commanding became ditched in tank traps and were lost. (An account of this action appears below).

Thornton had two great interests ; one was birds and bird life, of which he had a wide knowledge, and the other was music, which he had hoped to take up seriously after the war.

Donbaik. January—February, 1943.

Between the disastrous but epic campaign in Burma in 1942 and the victorious one in 1944, efforts were made after the 1942 monsoon to penetrate into Burma along the coast. After fluctuating fortunes the force composed mainly of infantry held a line just North of Donbaik, and early in January 1943, it was decided to make a bid for Akyab, using tanks and motor gunboats in support. Two troops of "C" Squadron of the 146th R.A.C. (The Duke of Wellington's Regiment), now armed with Valentine tanks and training at Ranchi in India, were detailed to support the attack. The tanks were hurriedly conveyed by rail and sea and on January 30th disembarked at Lumbaguna jetty.

Captain da Costa was in command of the tanks, with Lt. J. Carey and Lt. P. Thornton, each in command of a troop. On January 31st the tanks approached the enemy's position and found the Japs occupying a chaung protecting Akyab.

Captain da Costa was informed that the general plan was that the tanks should overrun the position occupied by the enemy and they would be supported by a battalion of Dogras.

The position occupied by the enemy was very strong, comprising troops from the Sixth Imperial Brigade, some of the best of the Japanese army. In an operation of this

magnitude the whole 146th should have been employed, but they were not there; once again the fatal mistake of under-estimating the strength of the enemy had been made.

Three tank officers completed their reconnaissance by 23.00 hours on the 31st under conditions of enormous difficulty, having covered 17 miles on foot in tropical heat and through jungle swamps.

The plan was for each troop of three tanks to overrun the enemy's position, then, swinging right, parallel to the Japanese line, penetrate to the beach and return the way they had come. The other two tanks, one commanded by Captain da Costa, would cruise about and be available if required. To Thornton's Troop, No 2, fell the honour of going in first. At 11.00 hours the troop entered the enemy's defences, blazing away and doing great execution. They reached the chaung, turned right, and were continuing on their way firing, when the leading tank crashed into a ditch when surrounded by the enemy. The two tanks following also crashed into the same ditch. Fifteen seconds after the first tank stopped a smoke screen arose around the three tanks and it was assumed that an enemy's bullet was responsible.

Meanwhile Carey's troop carried out its task, until his tank, which was leading, fell into another ditch. Carey saw a Japanese leap to his anti-tank gun, and the shell passed right through the tank killing the gunner and wounding Carey. The driver who was unhurt managed, by masterly driving, to reverse out of the ditch, and the troop, scarred but still effective, made its way to the beach and returned to our lines. On the way one tank broke down and da Costa got out of his tank and, shackling the breakdown to it, towed it home.

At 12.15 hours it was thought that gun fire from a besa could be heard from the lost troop. That afternoon da Costa took three tanks down the beach and turned inland to try and rescue Thornton and his men, but, as they turned inland, the enemy put down a barrage which made it impossible to go further. The Infantry also tried but could not reach them.

The story ends there. The advance into Burma along the sea coast was held up. Further attempts were made to take the chaung with infantry but to no avail. During these attacks the derelict tanks were used as pillboxes by the enemy and shelled by us.

Not until 1945, after two monsoons had come and gone, could the ground be freely examined; by then the enemy had been driven back. The three tanks were found as they had crashed, one lying on the afterpart of another with the third close by. The guns were still in position and a shell was found in the breach of one of them. But other equipment, such as wireless sets, etc., had been removed. Remains of five men were found near the tanks, but there were many such remains lying about, and it was impossible to identify them.

Compared with the famous campaigns and battles of 1939 to 1945, this was an insignificant skirmish. But as has often so happened in the history of the British Army, too small a force was sent to carry out a formidable task. No. II Troop of the 146th R.A.C. (The Duke of Wellington's) and their more fortunate comrades of Carey's troop, faced the impossible, fought with the utmost gallantry, and were true to the highest traditions of the British Army.

R. T. T.

Our Contemporaries.

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

"The Iron Duke's" 21st Birthday.

Before the next number of THE IRON DUKE appears—the Regimental Magazine will have attained its 21st birthday, the first number having been published in May, 1925.

On this occasion we should like to give a few details of the birth of the magazine. Towards the end of 1924 it occurred to Brigadier J. C. Burnett, who was then in command of the Regimental Depot at Halifax, that the Regiment should have a magazine as many other regiments had. The late Brigadier General P. A. Turner's "Regimental Notes," published yearly since 1921, had served a very useful purpose in keeping ex-members of the Regiment in touch with regimental affairs, but they concerned only the two regular battalions and the Depot, and were of necessity very brief. The circulation of these notes was also very limited, as they did not go much further than retired officers and officers' Messes. Brigadier Burnett felt that all ranks of all units of the Regiment, past and present, should be catered for in a Regimental journal, which would provide interesting reading, keep all in touch with the Regiment as a whole, and serve as a record of the Regiment's service. He particularly felt that the four Territorial Army Battalions of the Regiment should be brought more closely into the Regimental family, and their affairs into more prominence.

He therefore took the matter up with the late Lt.-General Sir Herbert Belfield, then Colonel of the Regiment, and the late Brigadier-General P. A. Turner, who both agreed enthusiastically with the idea. As a result Sir Herbert formed a committee under his chairmanship, consisting of nominated members of the two Regular Battalions, the Depot and the four T.A. Battalions, to decide on the details.

The spade work was mainly carried out by Brigadier-General Turner and Brigadier Burnett. The title of the magazine was an obvious choice. The design of the cover (The Duke's silhouette) was in the first instance suggested by Mr. J. W. Paling, then Hon. Sec. of the Old Comrades' Association; and this design was drawn by Brigadier Burnett.

In February, 1925, Brigadier-General Turner was empowered to ask me if I would become Editor of this venture, and on my accepting he went into the matter of the business side, including that most important point of obtaining advertisements, without which no regimental magazine can possibly pay its way. His original idea was to start the magazine going and then let the Editor take full charge. Lack of knowledge as of adequate time, however made me feel that it was quite impossible for me to carry out the double task, and in consequence General Turner carried on the immense amount of work entailed in finance, distribution, etc., this in addition to contributing articles, and giving his help and advice to me in many matters. The work of business manager and treasurer has been carried on since his death by his daughter, Miss Turner.

This in brief is the story of THE IRON DUKE's beginning, and in conclusion I should like to make a few remarks on the subject of the success the magazine has attained in its 21 years. Early in my editorship my younger daughter once asked if I wrote the whole magazine myself. I mention this because from some of the congratulatory letters I have received one might almost imagine that the writers thought so! But of course the main credit is due to our contributors, some of whom are no longer with us. It is the whole-hearted support given by so many members of the Regiment that has kept the standard of the magazine so high. The Editor's task has been to a great extent the selection of these contributions; and those whose articles have from time to time been excluded can console themselves with the thought that it was only the high standard set that kept them out.

But in addition to the contributors we must remember how much we owe to our Printers, Messrs. Lawrence Bros. Ltd., who have produced the magazine since the third number in March, 1926. And but for our Advertisers, whose support must on no account

be taken for granted, the scale and scope of THE IRON DUKE could not have been kept up.

As to the future, I feel that 21 years is long enough for an amateur editor to wield the blue pencil, and that the time is approaching when a younger man, in closer touch with modern Regimental affairs, should take over.

THE EDITOR.

Singapore Revisited.

On 20th November, 1945, I alighted on Seletar airfield on Singapore Island, 17 years to the day, if my memory serves me correctly, since I left the island by sea with the 2nd Battalion.

In view of the large numbers of readers of the Regimental magazine, who must have spent some time between March, 1926 and November, 1928, with the 2nd Battalion, I thought a few fleeting impressions of Singapore might be of interest.

I came back to Singapore from Australia, whence I had been despatched on a special mission from Ceylon, and was only there for some days in order to be briefed before heading a further mission to certain islands of the Pacific.

I think the very first thing that struck me about the city was that it had spread considerably and that, in spite of this, the density of the population appeared to be higher than ever. I understand that this is so and that, in addition to the enormously increased military population, there are some 80,000 extra people on the island.

The city itself is relatively undamaged by bombing, but yet shows many signs of Japanese occupation in the way of damage, lack of repairs and general maintenance. In fact the place looks shabby and after three and half years of the Jap it is perhaps not surprising.

I have been staying in the new and very excellent barracks—or at least they were excellent before the Japanese came—out at Changi, where unfortunately necessity will dictate that almost every building will have to be put to some purpose for which it was never designed. I cast a number of envious glances over married officers bungalows, each with 3 bathrooms (2 with long bath and one a shower) well realizing that the chances of such desirable residences becoming available for their original purposes are far from good at the moment.

I had a good look round our old barracks at Tanglin. These are in rather a deplorable condition when one looks back on the perfect state in which they used to be kept. All the old buildings stand except the officers' mess which has been replaced by a fine two-storied concrete building, but nearly all, including the Mess and officers' bungalows, are misappropriated for other purposes. The golf course round the Mess has disappeared and the playing fields have almost completely disintegrated.

I happened to look into Ahmed Din's shop and to my great surprise was immediately recognised and greeted by name.

There are a good number of new large buildings in Singapore and I frequently found difficulty in finding places, so many minor changes having taken place.

The old race course is now a park and recreation ground whilst the fine new one at Bukit Timali, modelled on Flemington Race course at Melbourne I understand, is so badly damaged that racing is considered to be unlikely there for two years. Racing however is already being restarted in a small way at Kuala Lumpur, Ipoh and Penang. The polo ground in Singapore has also suffered.

Tanglin Club is in use as an officers' club, and both the clubs at each end of the Padang are in the hands of voluntary bodies. ENSA, however, has taken charge of the Victoria Theatre.

All the big shops like John Little, Robinson's, etc., are requisitioned for some purpose or another, and the chances of re-opening would not appear to be immediate, although,

until supplies of goods can be reintroduced into the country, there seems little prospect of the present fantastic price levels being reduced and the flourishing black market eradicated.

There is a tremendous lack of furniture and the fittings in most houses have disappeared. There is no doubt that, where the Jap has not helped himself, the local inhabitants have done a pretty thorough looting job and are now making a nice profit.

The Swimming Club now possesses a magnificent pool but it is at present out of commission.

Singapore is undoubtedly going through a very unsettled, difficult and trying period. After six years of war and three and half of enemy occupation it is idle to pretend that she will be able to recapture her former pre-eminence in a few short months. There are however, in the eyes of one who has only had time to cast a very quick glance around, many signs that Singapore will recover relatively rapidly and assume her place as the most important city and port in the Far East, whilst other cities, either worse damaged or rent by internal schisms, will be lagging along in the rear.

F. R. A.

Berlin or Bust.

How long ago was it since we chalked it on those troop trains. "Berlin or Bust"? There were excited men, men also who were too deeply moved to show any feelings, the last frantic good-byes, the last few moments before the train gathers its speed, and the journey begun.

The journey; long ago it began, in September, 1939, and now in 1945 we have reached our destination, Berlin. Often we have been delayed, disappointed, made weary, taken the wrong road and had to retrace our footsteps, yet in our hearts we knew that one day we should arrive.

I wonder how many of us are left, who so lightly wrote in large white letters this "Berlin or Bust"?

Many we left on the road, some retreating from Dunkirk. Dunkirk was a bitter pill to swallow; we had to come back to the beginning, back to the start line. We who came back, vowed we would return. Return we must.

We came back by devious and tortuous paths, via, Egypt, Sicily, Italy, France, Belgium, Holland and even Iceland; many to pay with their lives for helping to smooth out the pathway. Often the issue was dimmed, and we found ourselves asking: why, why were we held up on the road?

We cleared away the debris from our own cities and towns, we picked beet in the frozen fields, and most of all we trained to begin the journey again. Then in a sober spirit and fully prepared we smashed into the continent, the real journey was on, no promises written on trains, but every traveller knew that the outcome of his long hazardous journey would be Berlin.

I am writing this in Berlin. What of that city once the stronghold of the Nazi, now that we are here? Berlin is destroyed, dead, without a character, unlike London which stands with dignity and grandeur among its battle-scars. Berlin has only its wide roads to resemble a city, the rest is like unto some huge rubbish heap or tip. Fine buildings are either gutted with fire, razed with blast, smashed open with shells or just piles of rubble. The tall trees which lined the avenues are now stumps of their former glory with a touch of green amid the drab surroundings. Down the main streets, the side streets, often on the causeways, lie some rusting monsters; many are the much vaunted Royal Tiger tanks of the Nazi. Russian tanks lie there burnt out, rusting, for they too had reached a journey's end. The story of that desperate fight was on every building: pock marks of machine-gun bullets, the gaping holes of the H.E. shells, the barricaded windows.

Dull dirty red splashes on some Embassy building told their own tale ; the " Whitehall" of Berlin showed how it had fought for it to the last, all is now ruin. The damage caused by the Red Army shows the terrific fight which ensued, but the real damage was by the R.A.F., huge areas of devastated buildings stretching from one side of the once proud city to the other. The Sports Palace, famous for its Nazi displays, had its main building intact, the rest was torn walls with gaping shell holes, windows gone. I visited The Chancellery, the place which made history in our day. The desperate fight had almost destroyed the once palatial building. One enters over a pile of rubbish, into a court-yard where burnt-out armoured cars lay twisted, and a stench which is indescribable pervades the air, as it indeed does all over Berlin. Over the magnificent door, is a clean mark on the polished stone where the German eagle has been removed. Litter and filth is strewn everywhere, up the steps and through the ornate doors now pock marked and sagging on their hinges. Going into the vast hall where Hitler interviewed his victims, the ceiling gapes open to the sky, and the marble floors are dulled with dirt and rubble ; the walls showing damp rot and shell holes disturb the pattern.

At one end of the vast hall, the megalomaniac used to sit at his desk awaiting his callers as they traversed the great length of the room, the footsteps sounding hollow and loud. No wonder treaties were revoked, and men weakened. Behind the desk is the cupola that towered there and is now shattered, the bomb that crashed through it gives evidence of its powers of penetration by smashing into the concrete shelter below, and now the hole is fast filling up with rubbish from the destroyed building. Great corridors with rooms and offices run on either side of the building, and on the walls are scrawled in chalk, pencil and paint many Russian names. In the grounds are signs of the battle which took place, and the spot where the supposed body of Hitler was found.

Opposite is the once famous Kaiserhof Hotel, which is a shell now ; lower down the street the British Embassy and the Adlon Hotel, bear witness to the struggle. One could go on mentioning places destroyed, it would be far easier to mention the ones spared.

I remember most vividly bronze statues lying twisted among the ruins in all kinds of positions, they made me think of the many German soldiers I had seen lying dead, swelling in the summer sun.

What of the people in Berlin ? It is difficult to form an opinion, so many things contradict themselves. I have seen the most dejected, dispirited men in the whole world, some I was told were ex-prisoners from Russia. Weary women of the working classes trudged the streets with shopping bags and a dazed hopeless look on their faces. I saw little children waiting outside the canteens for biscuits the soldiers bring out with them. Indeed one is always met with a sea of hands as one comes out.

The citizens of Berlin wait until the soldiers have finished smoking their cigarettes to pounce on the ends and then one witnesses a human dog-fight. It is not a pleasant sight to see these people still bearing the stamp of prosperity and in many cases an air of fine breeding about them, down on their hands and knees. The people, mostly women, gather wood amid the ruins ; they chop the bark from the trees in the Tiergarten on a Sunday morning to cook a meal with ; soon this fashionable park will bear witness to the fuel shortage in Berlin. Women take on the heavy tasks such as shovelling the rubble away into trucks, and carrying timber and iron ; by doing this, the ration is increased. Children when they are not playing amid the ruins are begging ; many are thin, despite the healthy tan created by the sunshine. Well-dressed women have asked me for food for their children ; some pleaded that they had an aged parent, an invalid, some offered trinkets of jewellery, several even themselves. Not all were so hungry, so weary. I saw many who were very well-fed, who still swaggered arrogantly about, many seem to lack nothing.

My own personal view is that most of the people of Berlin have had enough ; they seem only too eager to comply with the Allied Rule.

I found the Russian soldier pleasant and cheerful, always ready to salute or smile, though not as well dressed as we are. I found many very smart, there are many different types, such as the Mongolian, so much like our own beloved Gurkha. The equipment does not seem of such good quality as ours, which rather adds to their credit as fighters, during the battle for Berlin. I believe the lack of knowledge of Russian a great drawback to establishing and promoting real friendship between us. The Yank is friendly with everyone, but very few fraternize with the Germans in Berlin.

In the Unter-den-Linden, a monument was built to celebrate a victory over the French. It was from this I gazed out on to a city of ruin, husks of buildings as far as the eye can see, in fact the eyes tire of them. Berlin is no longer a city, but a monument to itself, to a people who sought to enslave the world. The sun set on a modern version of Pompeii. Berlin is BUST.

S. F. S.

The Dukes as Marines.

(by Commander W. B. Rowbotham, R.N.)

In times of peace financial stringency has the result of reducing the number of H.M. ships in commission on foreign stations, and if war breaks out before these forces can be strengthened any raider, whether a warship proper or a privateer, has many opportunities of causing damage to our mercantile shipping before being rounded up and captured or destroyed. The German *Emden* in 1914 was a notable case in point, while in earlier days, before the introduction of cable and wireless telegraphy, many months might elapse before the fate of an overdue ship became known. The task of bringing such raiders to book was therefore all the more difficult owing to lack of rapid communications and the much longer time taken by a ship engaged in such work in getting from A to B.

The above state of affairs at the commencement of the war of the French Revolution in 1793 was no exception, and our peace time naval force on the East Indies Station was inadequate for immediate warlike operations. The enemy, therefore, had many opportunities which he was not slow to avail himself of, and our East India trade suffered accordingly.

At the end of the 18th Century the ships of the Hon. East India Company were all well armed—piracy in that part of the world was rife, apart from the legitimate risks of war—and were capable of giving a good account of themselves when attacked. At the end of 1793, however, French warships and privateers in the East Indies were still much too active to be disregarded merely as a passing incidental nuisance, and in order to supplement the rather meagre protection to trade afforded at that time by ships of the Royal Navy, the Directors of the E.I.Co. decided to provide a force of their own, flying not the Red Ensign but the *Gridiron*.* A squadron of four East Indiamen was accordingly taken off trade altogether and fitted out as a fighting unit to cruise for the protection of shipping, the command of the squadron being given to Charles Mitchell, master of the *William Pitt*.

As this squadron was to cruise as warships the ships' complements were augmented by soldiers, detachments of the Bengal Artillery working the guns and of the 76th Foot (2nd Battalion THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT) as Marines.

It was not long before this form of marine insurance proved its value. On 17th January, 1794, the *Pigot*, East Indiaman (George Ballantyne, master), whilst discharging her cargo at Benkulen, Sumatra, had beaten off an attack on her by the French privateers *Vengeur*, 34 (Corosin, master) and *Résolu*, 26 (Jallineaux, master). Five days later these two privateers were encountered by Mitchell's squadron, which captured both the raiders. What happened on both occasions is clearly described in the logs of the ships concerned, the records now being preserved at the India Office.

*The fly of the ensign of the East India Co. was red and white horizontal stripes.

From the log of the *William Pitt* we learn that at 8 a.m. on 22nd January, when a few miles to the northward of Thwartway Island, in the Sunda Strait, two ships were sighted to the southward, so the *Britannia* (Thomas Cheap, master) and the *Nonsuch* (Canning, master) were ordered to weigh and investigate them. Two hours later "the *Britannia* hoisted her ensign and fired a gun, when the ship nearest to her returned the fire and hoisted French National colours, in consequence of which an action commenced between the French ships and the *Britannia* and *Nonsuch*. At the same time, it falling little wind, we (the *William Pitt*, which had weighed in chase an hour previously) could not get up with them."

The enemy ships struck at 10.40, when they proved to be the *Vengeur* and *Résolu*, privateers: one of the prizes was disabled aloft, and in the *Vengeur*, 11 men were killed and 26 were wounded, amongst the latter being her master who died after his leg had been amputated.

The *Britannia's* log provides further details of the action. The *Nonsuch* was hailed to engage "the small black ship" (the *Résolu*), and at 10.45 the *Britannia* commenced an action with the *Vengeur*. The *Vengeur* struck at 11.27, and the *Résolu* did likewise ten minutes afterwards. "In the action the breechings of the upper deck guns, being rotten, broke. Fitted do. with a new set out of the 5-inch topmast shroud hawser." The *Britannia's* casualties were one gun lascar killed, and one Madrassi and one lascar wounded. For his services on this occasion Mitchell was knighted.

It remains to give the composition of the two Army detachments embarked in the *Britannia*. These were Lieutenant Henry Douglas and 34 men of the Bengal Artillery, and Captain-Lieutenant James Robertson and 34 men of the 76th.

The *Pigot* having been referred to, her ultimate fate may be told. Whilst still at Benkulen, having discharged practically all her cargo, she was refitting after the action on 17th January. But on the afternoon of 7th February, three French frigates (one a captured East Indiaman) and a brig corvette appeared in the Roads and anchored abreast the *Pigot*. They then hoisted French colours and opened fire. As the gallant Ballantyne records in his log—"Thought it in vain to risk the peoples' lives against so superior a force and struck the colours." With this unfortunate end of a good ship, however, the 76th were not involved.

The 1st Battalion, or the 33rd Regiment as it then was, also provided detachments serving as Marines at a slightly later date. During the operations for the reduction of Ile de France (Mauritius) in August, 1810, most of the ships carried soldiers to bring their complements up to full strength, and amongst these was a detachment of the 33rd on board the *Nereide*, 36 (Acting Captain Nisbet Josiah Willoughby).

Four British frigates entered Grand Port on the afternoon of 23rd August to attack a French squadron which had recently appeared on the Station. The operation, however, resulted in a complete disaster, for two (including the *Nereide*) were obliged to surrender and the other two were burnt by their own crews to avoid capture. The other frigate captured was the *Iphigenia*, 36 (Captain Henry Lambert), the two burnt were the *Sirius*, 36 (Captain Samuel Pym) and the *Magicienne*, 32 (Captain Lucius Curtis).

The extent of the *Nereide's* casualties in this affair shows the severity of the engagement. Out of a total complement of 281 officers and men, which included 69 men of the 33rd and the 1/69th Regiments and of Madras Artillery, she had 92 killed and 130 (including Willoughby) wounded.

The Colony of Mauritius, it may be recalled, was eventually captured on 3rd December, 1810, on which day General Charles Decaen formally surrendered.

Personalia.

The following births have been announced :—

FAITHFULL.—On September 25th, 1945, at Murree, Punjab, to Jane (*nee* Bliss), wife of Lt.-Colonel C. K. T. Faithfull, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, attached Wiltshire Regiment.—twin boys.

BEUTLER.—On October 12th, 1945, at Downton Lodge, Hordle, Hants, to Pamela, wife of Lt.-Colonel L. Beuttler, M.B.E., The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.—a daughter.

LUNT.—At Caterham on 15th October, 1945, to Muriel, wife of Major J. D. Lunt, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.—a daughter—Sarah Jennifer.

WALLER.—On October 22nd., 1945, at St. Edwards' Nursing Home, Herne Bay, to Ruth wife of Lt. Colonel W. A. Waller, M.C., The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.—a sister for Stephanie (Lindsay Gail).

GILBEY.—On October 25th, 1945, at Rose Hill Nursing Home, Dorking, to Joan (*nee* Warburton), wife of Captain Guy H. Gilbey, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a son (Simon Byas).

STRANGEWAYS.—On November 15th, 1945, to Eleanor, wife of Colonel D. I. Strangeways, D.S.O., O.B.E., The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a daughter.

The following marriages have been announced :—

FIRTH : WOODSIDE.—On September 18th, 1945, at South Wigston, Leicestershire, Major Richard Mallaby Firth, R.A., eldest son of the late Major D. Firth, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and Mrs. Firth, of Biddenham, Bedford, and Miss Jean Woodside, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Woodside, of Arbroath, Scotland.

INCE : RIDDOCH.—On September 29th, 1945, at Guildford, Major Richard Henry Ince, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, elder son of Lt. Col. and Mrs. Ince, of West Clandon, to Angela, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Riddoch, of Guildford.

CARROLL : PORTER.—On October 1st, 1945, at Frimley Parish Church, Major T. St. G. Carroll, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, son of the late Lt.-Col. H. A. Carroll, Royal Munster Fusiliers, and of Mrs. Carroll, Corin, Camberley, to Ivy Mary, younger daughter of the late Sir William Porter, Bt., and Lady Porter.

COMER : MAWER.—On 17th November, 1945, by the Rev. B. Stuart Jackson, at All Saints' Church, Wraxby, Lincs., Capt. John Ernest Nicholson Comer, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, eldest son of the Rev. and Mrs. E Comer, The Rectory, Althorpe, Nr. Scunthorpe, Lincs., and Fay (A.T.S.) only daughter of Mr. Alwyne Mawer, J.P., and Mrs. Mawer, Mayfield, Wraxby, Lincs.

COLLINS : BURDEN.—On December 8th, 1945, in New York, U.S.A., Major Richard Collins, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (attached Military Staff, Washington), and Winifred Emery Burden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Burden, 10, East 85th Street, New York.

The engagement is announced between Peter Anthony West (late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment), only son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold W. West, of Streatham, and Pauline Mary, only daughter of the late Paymaster Lieutenant-Commander Evan C. Pike, M.B.E., R.N.R.

The engagement is announced between Flying Officer John Holroyd Bairstow, R.A.F. V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Bairstow, of 46 Heath Crescent, Halifax, Yorkshire, and Ann Margaret, only child of Lt.-Col. Sir Robert Henniker, Bt., M.C., R.E. (T), Malta, and Lady Henniker, of Salterville, Halifax.

Colonel C. J. Pickering, The Colonel of the Regiment, relinquished his appointment as a Regional Commissioner in the North a short time ago, and has now taken up a part-time appointment with the Ministry of Labour and National Service, as chairman of

a Disablement Advisory Committee for the Banbury and Oxford Area, under the Disabled Persons (Employment) Act, 1944.

Major-General W. M. Ozanne gave up the appointment of Major-General Training Home Guard, when the latter stood down at the end of 1944, and was appointed G.O.C., East Anglian District, in March, 1945, in which appointment he is still serving. We regret that through an oversight we omitted mentioning it in our last number.

We were very pleased to receive a letter from Brigadier Hugh Fraser, dated 7th December, 1945, announcing his safe return home after three and a half years in the hands of the Japanese. He writes: "I had a long and slow journey home, starting from Mukden on the 10th September, and travelling via Okinawa, Manilla, Pearl Harbour, San Francisco and Halifax, N.S. finishing the trip in the *Queen Elizabeth*. I am now living with my sister (Dean Cottage, Weeke, Winchester) and waiting to see what the W.O. proposes to do with me.

As regards myself I am very fit. I think my three and a half years behind the barbed wire has added to rather than deducted years from my life. I am in no need of sympathy! I did not have a very bad time of it and kept pretty fit. Would you let my friends in the Regiment know via the columns of THE IRON DUKE that I am back and living at Winchester, in case anyone would like to write or look me up."

We hope Brigadier Fraser will send some account of his experiences for THE IRON DUKE.

In a covering letter, dated 22nd November, 1945, sent with the article "Singapore Revisited," which appears on page 37, Colonel F. R. Armitage writes from H.Q. ALFSEA:—"I expect to leave for Morotai in a few days time and carry out a number of trips to various Pacific islands. I had a month in Australia—mostly in Melbourne—which was most interesting and very good fun. Australian hospitality is, I believe, legendary, but they just couldn't do enough for an Englishman at the present time. I should say that the British stock stands higher in Australia today than ever before. That is of course merely a personal opinion after a very short stay, but one in which I met a great many people."

Lt.-Colonel John Lawlor, who sent us the article "Narrative of Bdr. H. Ellison, Maritime A.A." which appears on page 47, writing on 4th October, 1945, says:—

"I am at present homeward bound from Singapore. I came East in June, trooping. We were all teed up to take part in the invasion of Malaya last month, when the Jap called it a day. So we carried on with our original role and landed troops on Morib beaches just south of Port Swettenham. We then went on to Singapore and collected a cargo of what are known as "R.A.P.W.I. personnel"—ex-prisoners of war and civilian internees. They are mostly from camps in Sumatra and Singapore. They were indeed a sorry sight as they came aboard at Singapore, for the most part a collection of walking skeletons, full of berri-berri, malaria, and sores. The voyage, good food and our medical staff are however working wonders and there is a tremendous improvement in the week since we left Singapore."

"It might be of interest to members of the old 6th Battalion of 1940 to know that the Polish ship *Sobieski*, in which the Battalion embarked on the Clyde for Norway, joined our convoy in the Bay of Bengal, on route for Malaya. She was alongside us going down the Straits of Malacca and I sent her a signal saying I was delighted to see her and her Captain still afloat and going strong. I had a nice signal in reply. Later, at Singapore I went aboard her. Captain Knoetgen made me most welcome and seemed interested to hear news of the 6th. The *Sobieski* has been at sea the whole war, took part in the final evacuation of Narvik, the landings in N. Africa, Sicily, Italy and the South of France, and has come through unscathed."

Colonel B. W. Webb-Carter is now serving as Colonel A/I at H.Q. British Troops in Austria, having given up his appointment with an Italian Division, with which he served after relinquishing command of 1st Battalion last year. He has recently been home on two weeks leave, and writes that he met a number of regimental people at the Rag including Brigadiers "Bonzo" Miles and Kenneth Exham. He included a list of mentions in despatches, which we had not received before and which appear under "Decorations" on page 30. We congratulate him on his O.B.E.

Lt. Colonel H. Harvey, who is commanding the 30th Royal Norfolk Regiment in Italy, writing on 3rd November, says:—

"The political scheme to allow families into the C.M.F. is causing some talk. The prospects as I see them are not all sunshine much as one would love to have them out. You will have seen the conditions published. The other side is that the living expense involved will be very high indeed. Families draw A.T.S. scale of rations, a requisitioned house is found and all that, in exchange you forfeit all allowances. The rate of exchange is 400 liras to the £1, in actual fact the spending value is 3/9. The Ities entertain very well and often. But at what a cost—on present prices a medium dinner party would work out without wines 15/- to £1 per head. (Poultry is 12/6 per lb.). Drinks, a good country wine 120-180 lire (6/-—10/-) real wine anything! A tot of vermouth in the men's canteen costs 10d., pre-war price in Italy 1d. Gents' flannel slacks, £5—£10. A poor woollen vest, £6. A cheap wireless, £20. Shoes £6 +. Servants 4/- to 10/- per day. In pre-war days a working man got 10—20 liras a day, 6d.—1/- and kept a family. Today he will pay 100—120 for 10 cigarettes in the black market. How the people find the money is a mystery. They do. All articles are labelled in the shops. There are heaps of everything, at a price, it's all on show. Women are well dressed and so are the kiddies. The men mostly look half dead!"

In the winter number of *The Countryman*, we noticed an interesting article by Lt.-Colonel R. L. Agnew, who until recently commanded the 146 Regiment, R.A.C. (formerly 9th D.W.R.), entitled "Birds I watched in India and Burma." We congratulate Colonel Agnew on having an article published in such a high-class journal as *The Countryman*, in company with many distinguished contributors; and we should like to draw the attention of those readers who have not come across it to a publication whose merits are so well-known to country lovers. Some years ago we reviewed one of the numbers, and sent a copy of THE IRON DUKE to the Editor, Mr. S. W. Robertson Scott; and we were privileged in visiting the country home of the Editor at Idbury in the Cotswolds, and being shewn over the house in which *The Countryman* is produced.

Some time ago we asked readers to send news of members of their families, and here are a few items of interest we have received:—Colonel C. J. Pickering's elder son, Harold, is home after over eight years abroad, and is now at H.Q. Northern Command, York, as a G.2. His younger son, Carey, arrived at Portsmouth in his ship, H.M.S. *Ceylon* at the end of October, after 3 years in the Far East.

Brigadier J. C. Burnett is expecting his daughter, Joan, home early in the new year. She gets 90 days leave for having taken on for another 12 months with the W.A.C.(1) in which she is subaltern; it is now just on 9 years since her father saw her.

We congratulate Major S. E. Baker on the award of the D.S.C., which his elder son, Lt. (E.) G. E. Baker, R.N., has been given for his part in the action South of Penang, when his destroyer helped in the sinking of a Japanese cruiser last July.

Captain Charles Oliver's son, Lt. "Roddie" Oliver, R.N., is we hear engaged on mine sweeping duties in the North Sea.

Mrs. C. B. Acworth writes that her husband, Colonel C. R. G. Acworth is now governor of the Kempen-Krefeld Landkreis, after having been "loaned" for a short time to the American 9th Army. His district is, for the moment (October, 1945), very docile, though difficulties are to be feared if the winter is a hard one.

Mr. G. W. Annesley, late R.S.M. of the 1st Battalion, who is now residing at 13 Bedford Terrace, Hopwood Lane, Halifax, in sending Miss Turner his subscription for next year's copies of THE IRON DUKE, wrote last September:—"The 1st Battalion were in good health when I left them. I wish you would publish for me a fond farewell to all my old Duke comrades wherever they may be, in our splendid magazine."

Captain C. Oliver writing at the end of last September, says that he had seen ex-R.S.M.'s Annesley and Townend and Corporal Jackman. Townend had just taken a job in Wakefield. He also says:—"I had a real surprise the other day when Mrs. Yeabsley came in. She was schoolmistress in Lahore and Sialkot, her husband was also the schoolmaster. Mrs. Yeabsley was looking very well and I am sure the then children in the Regiment will be glad to hear that she is still fit and well. Her daughter "Bimbi" is a mistress in some boarding school in the South of England. Yeabsley died some years ago."

The photograph of members of the Glider Pilot Regiment, reproduced opposite page 24 which was taken at R.A.F. Station, Exeter last June, is of double interest. It shows two past members of THE DUKES; Wing Commander H. A. Crommelin, A.F.C., the Station Commander, awarding the Glider Pilot Badge to men, many of whom had already seen active operations as second Pilots on the Rhine and some at Arnhem. He is assisted by Lt.-Colonel A. Simpson, also of THE DUKES, who was visiting the Unit in his capacity as O.C., A.G.P.T.S.

Captain R. Maurice Hill, who was honorary secretary of the Leeds and District Old Comrades' Association, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, in pre-war days, and who formerly served in the 4th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, has now been released after six-and-a-quarter years' service with the Royal Army Pay Corps. Captain Hill, who has taken up a civilian appointment as staff officer to the Regional Transport Commissioner, South Wales Region, Ministry of War Transport, at Cardiff, still remains on the Territorial Army Reserve of Officers, and is also taking up duties as staff captain, Army Cadet Force, for the County of Glamorgan. A commendation certificate for meritorious service was recently awarded to Captain Hill by the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief Western Command.

Correspondence.

From:—Lt.-Colonel F. A. Hayden, D.S.O., O.B.E.

7 Albemarle Villas,
Stoke, Devonport.

October, 17th, 1945.

Dear Sir,

Having today received the October number of THE IRON DUKE, I wish to thank you most heartily for your congratulations upon my reaching my 84th birthday—still, I am happy to add, hale and hearty.

May I also mention what a strong bond of union I feel a well-run Regimental Magazine like THE IRON DUKE to be between officers and other ranks of a Regiment, past and present.

As regards myself there are two instances in the October number alone; the one of Sir Robert Henniker, who I am glad to hear is fit and in good form at Malta, and whom I well remember as an energetic captain of the rugger team of the 2nd Battalion; and the other the regretted death of Sergeant Hoyle, who while I was at the Depot from 1895 to 1900 was Mess Sergeant of the Officers Mess, and a capital Mess Sergeant he was.

Yours most sincerely,
F. A HAYDEN.

D

Headquarters,
56th Infantry Brigade,
B.A.O.R.
2nd November, 1945.

From :—Brigadier K. G. Exham, D.S.O.

Dear Colonel Trench,

I am writing to ask if you would please correct a small error in the latest number of *THE IRON DUKE*. It occurs on page 156 where Colonel Hamilton in his letter to you, describes me as commanding the 146th Infantry Brigade. My Brigade is, in fact, the 56th—also in 49th Division.

I had an experience the other day which may be of interest to you. While I was on leave in Brussels recently I spent an afternoon at Waterloo. In the house used by Napoleon during the night before the battle is a most interesting little museum containing an excellent collection of uniforms, arms, badges, etc. of both the Waterloo and later periods. In one of the show cases is the full dress tunic of an officer of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. To the tunic is pinned the following note :—

" Tunic worn by Major E. N. Townsend, D.S.O.

(late) *THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT.*"

The old Belgian gentleman who maintains this museum told me that Major Townsend had come to see him some years ago, and being very interested in his collection of uniforms, had promised him his own tunic which duly arrived.

I think I am right in saying that Major Townsend was a contemporary of my father in the Regiment, and that he was badly wounded in 1914 and died before this war broke out.

With best wishes for the continued success of the *IRON DUKE*.

Yours sincerely,

KENNETH EXHAM.

[Major Townsend died in Ireland on 10th January, 1938, his obituary notice appeared on page 127 of No. 40, June, 1938 of *THE IRON DUKE*.—Ed.]

4625196 L/Cpl. Ellis, F.

" Admin " Company,

2nd Battalion The Green Howards,

India Command.

11th September, 1945.

To :—The Editor, *THE IRON DUKE*,

Dear Sir,

I am writing these few notes concerning a few old *DUKES* who are now in the above unit, in the hope that you may find them sufficiently interesting to include in the next issue of the *IRON DUKE*.

This Battalion consists of about 40 per cent. *DUKES*; from the 10th Battalion comes " Bill " Thurlow, whom recently we had the occasion to honour on his promotion to the exalted rank of R.S.M. Well done Bill! Another ex-10th Battalion wallah who has gained rapid promotion is Bill Plowman, who is now understudying C.Q.M.S. in " A " Company, after doing a spell as Signals Sgt. Others are Sutcliffe, Spurr, Leake, and Hopson who are all Sgts. and I believe good members of the Mess too. Others who have gained promotion are Ragan, Brayshaw, Moore, " Corky " Brown, Scaife, Smith, etc., not forgetting your humble writer.

The lads have had a rather rough time in S.E.A.C. under that distinguished leader of men Lt.-General Christison, commander of the 15 Corps, but fortunately the old *DUKES* had only one casualty, namely " Jig " Ward. To his relatives we offer our depest sympathy. We were proud to be associated with the old 9th Battalion on the invasion of Ramree Island and I believe there were several reunions. During one of our spells away from the forward area we met several lads who have joined a neighbouring county regiment on being drafted overseas, they were Samme, now a " Chota Swindle Wallah " Senior, Kitchen, Rodgers, not forgetting " Bruce " Faithful.

Harper and Whitehead are still blowing the bugle, and many are the curses they get at reveille. Morris and Stroughair are in the M.I. room curing or trying to, every ache and pain imaginable. Sgt. Vaughan joined us recently and is now sweating on going home on demob. He has hardly had time to get his knees brown. We are on the look out for Major " Herbert " Firth but have not yet come across him. He is now in the K.O.Y.L.I's.

Well, *DUKES* wherever you may be, we, although in the Green Howards, but still *DUKES* at heart, send you greetings and the hope of a speedy return to Civvy Street. Cheerio.

I remain,

Yours, etc.,

F. ELLIS.

THE IRON DUKE

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Capt. T. M. B. Williams,
Duke of Wellington's Regiment,
M.E. 25 (Force 136),
S.E.A.C.,
27th November, 1945.

Dear Col. Trench,

It may be of interest to you as Editor of **THE IRON DUKE** to hear about members of the Regiment who have been working with clandestine forces and leading guerillas in various countries.

You will know how much can now be published, but after completing my parachute course out here to do the same sort of job, I saw the old red lanyard in a jungle training camp. The wearer was a Major Freddy Wright of Rotherham (17 years in the Dukes and, I believe, a sergeant at the outbreak of war). He had jumped into Greece and was just back after serving with the guerillas in Burma. He has just gone home on demob. and I heard from some of the chaps afterwards that his M.B.E. had been earned for swimming out to an Italian submarine at night—putting "limpets" on each side of her, which resulted in her blowing up off shore when she sailed next day! He told me he was going to Halifax to see Sammy Baker, so if you could get him to talk (which is difficult) it would make very interesting reading.

To carry on the curious tale—ten days later I bumped into Jackie Clough (a major of three years' standing) in Colombo. He had been with the long-range desert group in the Middle East—jumped into Greece—was I believe one of the first to jump into Changi at Singapore, afterwards going to Batavia. He had been working for an organisation getting out prisoners of war, so please be careful and ask the War Office* how much of the stuff in this letter can now be released for publication.

To continue—he told me that Harry Beasley (now a lieutenant-colonel) was at S.A.C.S.E.A. (Supreme's H.Q.), so we went up there and had a great evening. The three of us had been with the 1/6th Battalion in Iceland and, believe me, the song of the "Dukes are marching up the hill" was heard many times that evening! He gave me the last copy of **THE IRON DUKE**, February, 1945, so please send any further copies to me, C/o Grindlay's Bank, Bombay.

Jackie Clough and I are standing by for an operation in Dutch East Indies so there will be a "Dukes" team.

Good luck to you and **THE IRON DUKE**.

Yours sincerely,
T. M. B. WILLIAMS.

* Permission was granted.—ED.

Narrative of 4612720 Bdr. H. Ellison, Maritime A.A., R.A.

(LATE 1st BATTALION THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT) OF HIS ADVENTURES ON THE HIGH SEAS AND AS A PRISONER OF WAR OF THE GERMAN NAVY AND OF THE JAPANESE.

[Lt.-Colonel J. H. C. Lawlor, writing at sea on 4th October, 1945, during a voyage home from Singapore, writes:—

"I enclose an account of a Bombardier Ellison of the Maritime A.A., of his adventures at sea and as a P.O.W. in the hands of the German Navy and the Japanese. Ellison served in C/S/Coy. in the 1st Battalion in Aldershot and Malta days and is well known to me. He is one of our grand types of tough, gallant and smiling Yorkshiremen on whom the horrors and hardships of Japanese prison camps have luckily had little effect physically or mentally, in contrast to many other ex-P.O.W.s. on board. He and I have put the story on paper. I do not pretend that it makes pleasant reading in parts. But, inadequately as the story may be set out, it is surely an epic of endurance and cold courage in adversity; and possibly an example to future generations of the Regiment of how a soldier should bear himself when life is at its worst and there is little hope.

I have read the narrative to Lt.-Comd. Upton, who is on board and is referred to in it. He is high in his praise of the dogged courage and endurance displayed by Ellison during his beatings. Ellison had to be revived several times with water in order that the beating could continue. He was willing to take his punishment for his offence but in spite of the prolonged beating would not budge an inch into admitting anything he had not done. Lt.-Comd. Upton tells me that nothing in the narrative regarding the general conditions and treatment in the camps is over-stated."

I joined the Regiment in June, 1933, and served with the 1st Battalion in Aldershot and Malta in C/S/Coy. and at the Depot. I was discharged to the Reserve in 1938. I was recalled to the Depot on the outbreak of war and served as instructor there for over a year. I was getting a bit browned

off with the Depot and didn't see any chance of getting acquainted with Jerry, so volunteered for the Maritime A.A. My first voyage was in the *Georgic* in convoy from Liverpool to Halifax, N.S. On our way we met with two German subs. The Commodore ordered the merchant ships to split up and the escorting corvettes and *Royal Sovereign* dealt with the subs. The submarines fired torpedoes at a tanker in the convoy but missed. On arrival at Halifax, N.S., I was transferred to an American ship, the *West Armogosa*. We left for the U.K. in a seven-knot convoy, but my ship had to fall out in mid-Atlantic through engine trouble. The convoy could not stop for us so we were left drifting in mid-Atlantic for three days till the chief engineer got the engines working again. We then made our own way to England without further adventure. After some months at home I joined the *Empire Dawn*. We sailed from Birkenhead in February, 1942, for the Middle East via the Cape, carrying tanks and with a deck cargo of aeroplanes. After four days at sea in convoy we were attacked by a single German plane. The whole convoy opened fire and the plane was brought down and crashed into the sea. Shortly after this the convoy split up and we sailed on our own for Cape Town. The next day we ran into bad weather. The deck cargo of aeroplanes slipped and broke its lashings and disappeared over the side. We carried out necessary repairs at Cape Town and sailed on to Port Sudan and Aden, en route for Suez. Soon after entering the Red Sea I was on watch one evening a little after dark in the Oerlikon gun-pit in the "monkey island"—i.e., the highest part of the bridge. I saw a ship approaching on our port bow. It looked as if the other ship, which turned out to be the M.V. *Reaveley*, was on a parallel course. She, however, bore down on us and before the chief mate could alter course, she struck us and split our bows right down to the keel. We took in 23 foot of water in the forward hold. Everyone stood to lifeboats for half an hour. The *Reaveley* was little damaged and stood by for a while in case we wanted assistance. Our skipper intended to beach our ship if possible, but being unable to find a suitable beach, decided to try and make Suez, which we did successfully some four days later. We remained at Suez 12 weeks while repairs were carried out. During this time we had two German air raids in each of which some dozen planes took part. This was during Rommel's great advance towards the Nile. A great barrage of fire from the shore and ships met the raiders. In the first raid three planes were brought down and in the second all got away. Two days before we were due to sail a mysterious fire broke out in No. 1 hold. This was attributed to sabotage. The skipper had told us a week before that he did not intend to let his company in for continued payment of 6d. per hour to Maritime A.A. men and that he was going to stop the anti-sabotage watch. Owing to our collision, no water was available on our ship to put the fire out and an American ship lying alongside put their hoses over and we soon got the fire under control.

A week after this we sailed from Suez for the States via Port Sudan, South Africa and Trinidad in ballast. Some five days west of Cape Town we were sailing alone and at 7.40 p.m. as it was starting to get dark on 12th September, 1942, I was on watch, and saw what I thought to be a cargo vessel in the far distance on our port bow, but approaching at what appeared to be great speed. I reported to the officer of the watch who already had the ship in view. Capt. Scott came on the bridge and as soon as he got there and the other ship was about a mile abeam of us on the port side, she opened fire with a salvo of six shots from her 6in. guns. We then knew that without doubt we had met a German raider and were for it. The first German salvo seriously injured the captain, blew up our aft magazine, which in turn blew our aft and only 4inch gun into the sea, and put out all lights on the ship. Three of my five gunners were killed by this salvo. The ship had now no means of defence except Lewis, Hotchkiss and one 20 m/m gun. The first salvo had also set alight to the bridge, making it impossible to man the light automatics there. The German ship now ceased fire for two minutes. During this time the chief mate ordered all to lifeboat stations. As we were getting to these stations the German ship opened fire with small arms and we had to scatter and take cover. As soon as we had got under cover the German again opened fire with his artillery and fired two torpedoes at us, both of which struck us amidships on the port side. The ship now took a very heavy list to starboard. Owing to the noise of firing it was impossible to hear any orders and it was a case of every man for himself. The list of the ship made it impossible to stand on deck, so I jumped overboard on the port side. This was the steeper side to jump from but I knew if the ship sank before I was clear of the starboard side I should be pulled down. I swam as fast as I could towards the German ship. I thanked my stars that I had been captain of C/S/Coy.'s water polo team in Malta and that I was a good swimmer. There were a good many men in the water at this time and the German was still firing his artillery to sink the ship as quickly as he could, and get away. I remember two incidents clearly, first the chief wireless officer lying on the water in his lifejacket and praying for himself and us, and "Chippy," the ship's carpenter, floating by on his carpenter's bench. This was the last I saw of these two men. I saw a raft and swam to it. Thirteen of us got on the raft. The water-tight tanks on one side of the raft had been punctured so that the raft had a steep list and we were all perched precariously on one side. We knew we could not stay on the raft for long as she would sink soon. We tried to attract the attention of the raider by shouting but without result. Three of us had lights on our life jackets but none would work. I got the three lights and out of them made one which would work. I stood up on the raft, assisted by one of the naval gunners, and waved the light. The German raider answered with several flashes from her lamp. By this time the *Empire Dawn* had got back on a fairly even keel, but low in the water and down by the stern. Then her stern went under, followed immediately by her bows and she disappeared completely. While she was afloat the flames lit up the surrounding sea. As soon as she

sank all was in darkness. The raider then sent a M.T.B. There was a choppy sea. The M.T.B. came as near to us as she could. She could not come alongside owing to the choppy sea so her crew put out boat-hooks and hauled us up on board by hooking our clothes. The M.T.B. then cruised around and picked up a further nine of our crew, making a total of 22 survivors out of the 44. I, with one other, were the only survivors of my team of six Maritime A.A. gunners. This one other died later in Sumatra. As soon as we got on board the raider we were given hot baths, a medical inspection, dry clothing and a drink of beef tea. The captain then came down to see us and informed us that we were prisoners of war on board a German man of war. He spoke perfect English and told us that as prisoners of war we should be treated with respect and that he did not want to see anyone trying to jump overboard as in that case he would be forced to turn machine guns on them and he did not want to have to do that. Before the captain started to talk to us I asked him if there was any chance of getting a smoke, as having just come out of the sea we had not got any cigarettes that were dry. The captain was a good fellow, tall, good looking and considerate. In reply to my request for cigarettes he gave us two packets of 20, and told us we were lucky to get them as the German soldier got only two and a half cigarettes a day and women ashore were forbidden to smoke. We were then interrogated by the captain. I had heard on a broadcast on our wireless that Hitler had said that any soldiers manning guns on board merchant ships would be shot if captured. Under the circumstances I considered it advisable to say I was a member of the crew. No one gave any information beyond his name and the fact that our ship had been empty. The captain was most annoyed when he found that our ship had been empty. During his talk to us the captain told us that he had sunk the *Gloucestershire Castle*. He also said he had sunk a cruiser. He showed us a Cape Town paper in which the news of the sinking of the *Gloucestershire Castle* had been given. He said that the Cape Town paper said that the *Gloucestershire Castle* had women and children on board, but that it did not say she also carried ammunition, tanks and other weapons. The following day we were put to work on light jobs, and met some 60 members of the crew of the *American Leader* which the raider had sunk two days previously. We remained on board the raider for 30 days. We never found out her name but suspected she was the *Ukermark*. At first sight she appeared to be a merchantman, but on closer inspection it appeared obvious that she had been built as a raider. She was obviously of recent design as she was all welded and had no rivets. She was twin-engined and had a speed of 22 knots. She had two masts each 100 feet high and maintained a watch during all the hours of daylight from the top of each. The sailors on watch sat strapped into small swivel chairs which were rotated mechanically. A continuous watch could thus be kept in all directions from this great height. During the 30 days on board we were allowed the full freedom of the fore-deck for four periods, each of an hour per day. We were very well treated and received ample food, the same as the raider's crew. On the occasions of Hitler's broadcasts the crew and we were given a bottle of beer. During this time the raider cruised in the South Atlantic. The captain told us that he was waiting for a supply ship to join him. He also volunteered the information that out of every 10 supply ships sent to him, only one ever arrived. The raider kept her own livestock, consisting of pigs, goats and fowls.

After 30 days we were transferred to a supply ship. We were fairly comfortable in her but not so comfortable as we had been in the raider. On going on board the captain of the supply ship told us that if there was any insurrection or riot he would simply flood the hold where our quarters were. He said this flooding would not affect the ship, but would undoubtedly drown us all. We sailed for Batavia in Java in the supply ship. On arrival there we were put ashore and handed over to a Japanese guard. The captain of the supply ship told us he would call back for us in four or five days time and take us to Germany. We never saw the captain or his supply ship again.

We were taken by the Nip guard to Tan Jang Priok camp some nine miles from Batavia, by lorry. On arrival we found that there were some 1,200 British prisoners of war who had been captured in the fall of Singapore. It did not take me long to discover that our treatment under the Nips was to be different to that on board the German ships. I saw a British officer passing and tried to contact him and tell him who we were and where we were from. I was seen by a Nip guard who proceeded to kick me in the stomach and then to hit me across the knees with his rifle butt. I remained a prisoner with the Nips from October, 1942 till we were released in August last, just under three years. I remained in Tan Jang Priok Camp, in Cycle camp and in Glodok jail, all in the Batavia area, for about seven months. The senior British officer, Col. Lane of the 2/15 Punjabis, in Tan Jang Priok camp, was universally liked and a fine officer. He kept the morale of the prisoners as high as was possible under the circumstances. He talked to us once a week and gave us news of the outside world which he had obtained regularly by secret wireless. The Nips tried to make us do their type of drill, Ochi-Tory (or goose stepping). Col. Lane complained to the Nip Comdt. and refused to allow any Nip drill to be done. For this he received many insults and face slappings and still would not allow it. He was too much for this lot of Nips who eventually transferred him to Japan.

Things were far from pleasant in these camps. Had it not been for the fact that our officers put half their pay, together with our 10 per cent. into a common pool for extra food, we should have fared badly indeed. At Tan Jang Priok camp we got no salt and to counteract this we cooked our meals in salt water which we were able to draw from the sea. We were forced to salute all Nip guards and if we had no hat on we had to "kerry" or bow. Penalties for non-compliance were kickings and beatings by the Nip soldier himself. Kickings and beatings were inflicted on any part of the body.

Many men suffered from burst ear drums, ruptures and severe wounds, mainly on their heads, in consequence. The horrors and sadistic orgies which I saw in these camps are too numerous to recount in detail here. I shall confine myself to three, in one of which I was very intimately concerned. The first concerns a Javanese native soldier P.O.W. He worked in the garden with some 20 others of us at Glodok Jail. His wife was free and came daily to the far side of a river which ran beside the jail. She used to bring her husband meat, and used to send it over to him by a small Chinese boy who used to swim across the river when the Nip guard was not looking. One day the Javanese soldier was caught receiving the meat. The Nip guard on duty came over, got ropes and tied him to a tree. He then proceeded to get a length of rubber piping and a hand pump and to pump water from the river into the Javanese soldier's mouth and belly, till his belly swelled up like a balloon. The Javanese soldier was left tied to the tree, with I think a little food every other day, for seven days. I saw him daily. I and the other P.O.W.'s could not get near him as the Nip guards kept us well away. Strangely enough he did not die. On release he was taken to our improvised hospital, a bamboo shack with a concrete floor as beds, and recovered after a week or so and continued to work with us.

Another horror I saw later at Tan Jang Priok was the case of seven Javanese soldiers whose wives lived close to the camp and who tried to escape and were caught. These seven men were put in a dark cell and left to die. I do not know how much food and water they got, but I saw their bodies being taken out of the cell some three months later to a mortuary van for burial.

The last incident which I shall relate, and which occurred at Glodok Jail, concerned myself. I was walking past the cells on my way to my work of spinning string. I noticed two of our officers in the cells. They had been put in cells for leaving their work to go to the latrines without permission. On seeing them I thought they could probably do with a cigarette. So when work was over for the day I passed the cells again and looked round to see if there were any guards about. There appeared to be none so I dropped a lighted cigarette into the cell. While I was dropping another cigarette in the second cell, a Nip guard passed and caught me red-handed. The Nip that caught me was a particularly brutal one who was known by the name of "Ash Can Harry." He came by this name as there was a rule in the camp that when smoking, one had to have within a yard of one a vessel or can of some sort into which to put ashes and cigarette ends. It was Ash Can Harry's hobby to prowl the camp, try to catch P.O.W.'s smoking without the can within a yard of them, and when he was successful to beat them up and kick them. When Ash Can Harry caught me he knocked me down with a blow of his rifle butt across the temple. He then proceeded to kick me for a period of about 20 minutes. He then took me to the Camp Comdt. for further punishment. The Camp Comdt. was a new one, by name, Lieut. Yamonoto. I know he is now safely under lock and key. The Camp Comdt. made me kneel down, sent off Nip soldiers to search the cells and then proceeded to kick me for a period of about half an hour. He was rather good at this. He would kick me in the stomach and as I bent down as a result would kick me on the chin to make me kneel straight up. I was still being kicked by the Comdt. when the guards returned from searching the cells. In the cells they had found some food which they carried covered up so that I could not see it. The Camp Comdt. then asked me if I had put any food in the cells, to which I replied, I had not. I was still kept kneeling and the Camp Comdt., presumably thinking I was telling a lie about the food, proceeded to give me a further half hour's kicking. As soon as Lt. Comd. Upton, my section commander, heard about it he came to the Guard Room and protested against the punishment, and carried on protesting until it looked as if he was going to get punished himself. The Camp Comdt. then ordered Lt. Comd. Upton to make six sticks, approximately four feet in length. Lt. Comd. Upton refused continually to do this until the Camp Comdt. sent for the Wing Commander and told him that if Lt. Comd. Upton still refused to make the sticks the whole camp would be punished. Lt. Comd. Upton had then, in the interest of the whole camp no option but to comply and make the sticks. When the sticks were made the Camp Comdt. made me stand to attention and proceeded to beat me across the head, ears and body, till all six sticks were broken. I was covered in blood and there was blood all over the floor. I still stuck to my statement that I had not put the food in the cells and had only put in cigarettes. The Camp Comdt. then ordered a complete parade of every man-jack in the camp including the sick and the dying. He lined up tommy guns at the front and back of the parade. I was still in the Guard Room and still standing to attention. He caused one Nip guard to stand in front of me with a tommy gun aligned on me, another on either side of me with rifles, with bayonets fixed and pointed at my head about a foot away. By this time I had been receiving punishment, beatings on the head and all over my body and kickings, for two and a half hours. My body was completely numb and further punishment had ceased to make any difference to me. Lt. Comd. Upton was still present and trying his best to get the Camp Comdt. to stop beating me. I said to Lt. Comd. Upton, he had better go away or else he would be beaten. He however refused to leave until the end. The Camp Comdt. then went to the parade with the interpreter and I was left with the guards, standing to attention with weapons pointing at me from front and both sides. The Camp Comdt. announced to the assembled parade through the interpreter that "There was a man at guard room getting punished and that he would continue to get punished and that every one would stay on parade for one day, one week, or one month, come rain, come shine, until the man who had put the food in the cells stepped forward. If the man stepped forward today his punishment would not be as bad as it would be if he delayed stepping forward till tomorrow." A young Lieut. then stepped forward and stated that he had put the food in the cells. When the young officer came to the guard room he

was asked by the Camp Comdt. what kind of food he had put in the cells. He said "Two eggs without shells and two bananas without skins." His description tallied with the food which had been kept hidden. The Comdt. then awarded the young officer 20 days cells, the first without food. He then released me. As I got some 50 yards from the guard room he shouted me back and awarded me 10 days cells, the first without food. The parade was then dismissed.

My 10 days in the cells were uneventful, if uncomfortable. I had only a pair of shorts for clothing, no mosquito net or bedding of any sort and a hard wooden bench to lie on. I did not wish my friends to try to get food or cigarettes to me and run the risk of getting what I had got. So in order that they might not be able to communicate with me, I kept myself awake at night, doing P.T. periodically and slept by day, when my friends would be likely to be passing. In spite of this a Merchant Navy sailor on one occasion threw me in 2 ozs. of tobacco, but as I had no paper or matches it did not prove of any use. I have mentioned above Lt. Comd. Upton, R.N.V.R. I cannot speak too highly of this Officer's courage and exertions on behalf of his men. There is a story current of how, when a Jap transport carrying British P.O.W.'s from Singapore to Sumatra was torpedoed he calmed panic among the Jap crew and troops in the holds and prevented total disaster.

Unpleasant as Batavia was at times, it was like a Sunday School treat compared with what was to come. In about May 1943, my and other drafts were moved from the camp. My draft of some 800 British and a thousand Dutch was marched a mile or so to the station. There we entrained for Priac Docks. We were then embarked in the hot and stuffy hold of a cargo ship. We were very crowded indeed and there was not sufficient room to stretch out when one lay down to sleep. We were allowed on deck for a few minutes each day for a swill down with a hose and for a quarter of an hour's P.T. The voyage to Padang on the S.W. coast of Sumatra took some four or five days. On arrival there we were disembarked. I remember seeing on the quayside a lot of Javanese coolies, under Nip guards, apparently drafted to Sumatra for work, who appeared to be in the last stages of starvation and exhaustion. On disembarkation we were marched for about three hours through the town and round about the side streets. Apparently our guards were looking for a place to park us for the night. They eventually found an old theatre and parked us there on a stone floor. But unfortunately while we were waiting to get into the theatre we were caught in a tropical down-pour and all got soaked. It was therefore an unpleasant night. The next day we were marched to an old jail where we spent the following two nights. This jail was in a filthy condition and the courtyards were covered with excreta. There were many coolies in the jail mostly in a dying or semi-dying condition. There was no system of distribution of food to the coolies. These fought for their food like animals at a central tub. This food consisted of boiled maize, only. After two days in this hell-hole we were moved by lorries to Paken Baro. On arrival there we were put into a camp consisting of bamboo huts with dry grass roofs. This camp was in a filthy state and had obviously been used previously for accommodation of coolies. We were given three days to get the camp ship-shape, cut down the surrounding long grass some 4-ft. high, and to find our own means of getting drinking water. This we had to fetch from a dirty river and boil it. For this first three days our meals consisted of rice in husks and a small quantity of dried salt fish. After three days in camp we started work on the notorious Paken Baro—Mourau Railway. Thereafter our camps were changed periodically as the line advanced. We remained on this work from May, 1943 till liberation about six weeks ago, with slight variations such as rice-carrying, gardening and grave digging. During this two years of monotonous and hard work our food gradually deteriorated from what was just sufficient on which to exist to less than sufficient. It consisted generally of rice, supplemented by jungle-leaves collected by Eurasian P.O.W.'s who knew what leaves were edible and what were not. Occasionally some meat came into the camp but the Nips always took the best of this and left us the heads, the bones with a little meat on and the offal. Towards the end we were forced to sell anything we had which would fetch money—and we did not have many such things—in order to buy food to supplement our rations and to keep us alive. During this time we were so hungry and so lacking in calcium and proteins in our diet that we had to supplement our ration by eating monkeys which we caught by traps and various means, snakes which we killed with sticks and stones, and finally dogs, cats and rats. I sampled all these. I do not recommend you to try any of them. But of the collection I think dog was the best, if a little hard to digest. Monkey is very sweet. Snake is too greasy and rich. Cat is similar to a rabbit in taste. Rat is very tender and has very soft bones. Occasionally I and some of my friends were able to raid some of the Jap chicken houses and on these occasions we had splendid feasts. We were able sometimes to tear the cloth strip of blue material from the bottom of the Japs big mosquito nets. This cloth we sold by contacting the natives and got good prices for it. For one length of 18 inches wide by 17 yards long we got as much as 500 guilders. This would buy 1,000 bananas.

Of the two years of terribly monotonous work on the railway I have little to say. We usually worked 12 hours a day, and when employed on loading and unloading at the station, up to 18 hours a day. We were subjected to continual minor beatings and humiliations. If a man bent a nail when hammering it into a sleeper he would immediately receive a slap on the face or a crack across the head with a stick. If a man stood up straight to stretch his back he would immediately receive a crack on the back of the head if a Nip was near. We laid the line carelessly and did not mind much about correctness of the gauge, which led to very frequent derailing of trains and trucks. During all this time the camps were full of lice and most men suffered periodically from lice-fever, attacks of which

lasted for a period of about 30 days. In many cases this fever affected the brain and many men died as a result of it. Berri-berri, malaria and dysentery were also rampant and many died of these. Our own Doctors did splendid work in our improvised hospitals. But they had no medical supplies or proper instruments. For instance, on one occasion the barber sharpened his razor up (for the doctor) to use for an acute appendix operation. In another case an Australian made a chisel out of the spring of a car for the Doctor to use for a mastoid operation. Amputations were done with ordinary hand saws. There were no proper quinine supplies. We used quinine bark but it was practically impossible to take this without vomiting. I only once saw a Red Cross parcel and this was for division among 40 men. I got seven letters at Xmas, 1944, but these were all about three years old.

In August last the Nips got suspiciously kind and relaxed the severities considerably. Food got better and more plentiful. Then followed an issue of clothing, the first we had had since our arrival in Sumatra. Vaccines started to arrive at the hospitals. We knew something was in the wind. Then outside working parties ceased and finally Captain Gordon assembled us and told us that Japan had capitulated. His announcement was followed by prayers and the National Anthem. There was no excitement. We found it difficult to believe that our trials and tribulations were nearly over. Some nine days later we were moved by rail to our base camp at Paken Baro. Here we found the Union Jack flying over the headquarters, quantities of Red Cross supplies, food, clothing and most of the things we had dreamed of for three long years. The sick were next removed by planes to Singapore, followed by the semi-invalids, followed by the so-called fit, to which category I had the good fortune to belong. We went by L.C.I.'s down the river and across the Malacca Straits to Singapore. Before leaving Sumatra arrangements were made for identification of all Nip guards who had committed atrocities and cruelties on the prisoners.

It may interest you, reader, to know that I had an opportunity of repaying a little of my and my comrades' accumulated debt to the Nips before I finally sailed from Sumatra. Did I take it? And how? But that is another story. No one can put it across a Yorkshireman and a "Duke," and expect to get away with it all the time.

Brave New Year

(Thoughts inspired by the first peace-time Christmas)

Time of plenteousness and peace,
Now the guns have stopped their barrage,
Now my respirator's dec-
Ently buried in the garage,
Now VI's have ceased to vex us
Or rockets hit us in the solar plexus,

Greetings! Yet I must confess—
Do not think that I'm malicious—
All this peace and plenteousness
Seem a trifle meretricious.
Reigns there peace in Indonesia?
Is the supply of offal any easier.

Does the Clippie now diffuse
Radiant smiles with every ticket,
Laughter permeate the queues,
Where the harassed housewives stick it?
Sings the cook with cheerful unction
On finding that her gas stove fails to function?

Can to-day the breakfast bell
Yearnings in our breasts awaken?
What's an egg without its shell?
What's a sausage without bacon?
Sons of millionaires in Widnes
Would sell their birthright for a plate of kidneys.

Fleshy oyster, turbot rich
Grace the festive board no longer,
But strange monsters, gurnet, witch,
Monk and catfish, skate and conger,
Mutton (neck, scrag-end, or knuckle)
Supplants the goose that made our uncles
chuckle.

Smyrna fig and Elvas plum,
Apricot enshrined in crystal,
Swarthy mincepie, soused in rum,
Almonds, raisins, Cream of Bristol,
Are no more. To-day a meaner
Repast awaits us—Spam and semolina.

Still, however poor the spread,
Though the napery be shabby,
Tough the joint and sour the bread,
Scant the helping of Kohl Rabi,
Cheerful faces, kindly wishes
Add spice and flavour to the homeliest dishes.

Seek not then your veg. and meat
In the gilded halls of Mammon,
Leave the saxophones to bleat,
Come and share our tin of salmon,
And drink a toast—what could be fitter—
To Less Austerity and Better Bitter.

O. P.

DEKKO!

DEKKO!

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