

No.64 June 1946



# THE IRON DUKE

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

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

VOL. XXII.

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6th BATTALION.



**Hockey Team. Winners of Colchester Garrison League Cup, Sub-District Competition, and East Anglia District Shield.**

Cpl. DAVIDSON, Cpl. BROWN, Q.M.S. (O.R.) SEDGEWICK, Pte. BISHTON, Pte. FOSTER, Sgt. BROOKE.  
Major C. F. GRIEVE, Lt. D. R. SIDDALL, Lt. VAN GELDER (capt.), Cpl. RUDD, Capt. J. W. WILLIAMS.  
(On leave, Lt. FERRIS, Pte. STAPLETON.)



**Rugby Team. Winners of Colchester Garrison Cup, Sub-District (Essex) Competition and East Anglia District Shield.**

# THE IRON DUKE

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## EDITORIAL.

We are again short of space, and regret that a certain amount of matter received has had to be left out. We will therefore cut our Editorial as short as possible.

A number of questions of Regimental interest are dealt with in the article below.

We very much regret to record the death of Maud, Duchess of Wellington, widow of the fifth Duke of Wellington, and mother of the sixth Duke, who served in the Regiment, and was killed in action in Italy in September, 1943. She is survived by her daughter, The Duchess of Ciudad Rodrigo. We offer her and other members of the family our sincere sympathy.

### Senior Officers' Conference.

A meeting of senior officers of the Regiment was held at the Royal United Service Institution on Friday, 5th April, 1946. The Colonel of The Regiment, Colonel C. J. Pickering, presided, and Lt.-General Sir Philip Christison (G.O.C., C. in C. Northern Command) and 21 other officers attended; apologies for absence were sent by nine officers. A great many subjects were discussed; lack of space allows only brief reference to those of general interest.

Colonel Pickering opened the proceedings by expressing his pleasure that the meeting was so representative of the Regiment. He read a letter from the Committee of the R.U.S.I. offering to present a bust of the first Duke of Wellington to the Regiment, and after recording the thanks of the meeting it was suggested that the bust should be deposited in the Regimental Museum at the Depot, Halifax.

Referring to the Dinner Club, of which the first annual dinner since the war is to be held on Thursday, 6th June, 1946, the question of the annual subscription was discussed and it was decided that members, both at home and overseas, should subscribe one guinea a year. The Chairman announced that an O.C.A. dinner is to be held at the Barracks, Halifax on 15th June, 1946, diners being limited to 300. All members of the Regiment, both regular and non-regular, are invited. Tickets are obtainable from The Secretary, The Old Comrades' Association, The Barracks, Halifax.

The Chairman announced that in all probability the Regiment would return to the Barracks, Halifax, in the early Autumn.

Regarding THE IRON DUKE, in view of the increased cost of production it was agreed that officers should be asked to subscribe 10/- a year for their copies. It is hoped that all officers, past and present, will support the Regimental Magazine in this way.

Other matters dealt with were the Old Comrades' Association and the Regimental Association (World War, 1939-45); the Regimental History, which is to be written by Major S. E. Baker, and The Regimental War Memorial. The question of a Regimental Chapel in Halifax Parish Church was mooted by Colonel Pickering as a 1939/45 War Memorial. The whole matter is to be dealt with by a sub-committee under the chairmanship of the Colonel of the Regiment.

# REGIMENTAL NEWS

## 1st Battalion.

The last issue of THE IRON DUKE found us newly arrived in Egypt, and at the time of writing these notes we are busy settling in to a new camp back in Palestine. Our three months in Egypt made a splendid holiday from the normal routine of internal security, and all ranks enjoyed a period of recreation and amusement, with a little training added.

A very large number of changes have taken place during the period. We have lost approximately 250 chaps on release, both Class "A" and "B," and have absorbed 300 reinforcements. Promotion has been excellent for those who stay, and at one promotion conference after 26 Group had left us we promoted 1 C.S.M., 3 C.Q.M.S's., 16 sergeants, 24 corporals and 30 lance-corporals, all at one sitting.

Sport has played a very large part in our lives, and the money expended by the P.R.I. on our two soccer pitches was well spent. Inter-company 1st, 2nd and 3rd XI matches were played as well as many outside battalion, company and platoon fixtures. Soccer was allowed to feature on training programmes any morning or afternoon of the week, and it did very thoroughly. Rugger and hockey were played very frequently by the enthusiasts for those games. Our best success in the sporting world was undoubtedly the winning of the Divisional 7 a-side rugger competition after four very strenuous games on a very hot day on an even harder ground.

In the training world shooting took priority over most things, but despite that the standard was not high. "A" Company won the inter-company competition in the Battalion rifle meeting with C.S.M. Callaby as the individual rifle winner. We did not do well in the Brigade meeting, but then someone has to be last! On February 27th we had our annual Brigadier's Inspection which went with a swing. We don't think he enjoyed his day much as he couldn't find anything wrong!

The "Q" side of the Battalion continues to function smoothly despite releases, L.I.A.P's, etc. We've lost all our trained cooks but somehow the Q.M. manages to produce the right answers. In fact, in the usual quiet unobtrusive manner the administering and quartermongering remains first-class, a fact that tends to be taken for granted. Other functions worthy of note are many. Christmas is one, and this year's festivities were as good as ever.

Exercise "Shiftem" involved a large portion of the Battalion in an M.T. move and a night in the desert. Its main object, which was not in the instructions, was to ensure that everyone had one night's long sleep! This object was achieved.

We are now busily getting down to guards and readiness platoons for our "Infernal" Security duties in Palestine. The Colonel can be seen daily trying to work out how many men are required for guards if each man is to have two nights out of three in bed, and always reaching the same answer: there are not enough!

The 33rd is, however, much the same and the problems and difficulties that confront it will all be solved.

### HONOURS AND AWARDS.

We have received notification of the following additional awards published in the Gazette dated 29th November, 1945.

### MENTIONS IN DESPACHES.

LT.-COL. B. McCALL  
 CAPT. A. PATERSON (R.A.M.C.).  
 LT. (NOW CAPT) R. J. A. SMITH.

## OFFICERS' MESS.

The period covered by these notes coincides with our stay at Moascar, alongside the Greek-French-Arab town of Ismailia, and is one that we will long look back at as having been a glorious holiday between bouts of not-so-good Palestine.

True, we have had to say *au revoir* to several of our old friends, but we have every intention of seeing them again in a year or so and we had the satisfaction of throwing some great guest nights for them, and also of knowing that they had some Tremendous Good Fun (T.G.F.) with us. To offset partially these departures we have had the pleasure of welcoming several new, and mostly very young officers, and they appear to have quickly settled into our ways and seem to be enjoying themselves.

For a week or two each side of Christmas we were in a large hutted, but not uncomfortable, Mess, where in the season of many parties we entertained our friends in the Brigade Group to cocktails and "eats," to the accompaniment of an Italian orchestra, long into the night. The evening was a great success and the Band later became a regular feature at our regimental guest nights. There was a most satisfying array of Christmas Cards and telegrams, not the least welcome being those from our five "Zulus."

Early in January we moved into a very comfortable "peace-time" Mess—with the first polished table we have seen for years—which was to be the scene of many merry nights during which the "old hands" taught the rest of us, with varying success, what will become, we hope for some time to come, a repertoire of songs which has laid a wonderful foundation to most of our more recent "evenings" (which seem to finish so often in the "small hours"). One or two which deserve particular mention, invariably led by Fred Huskisson or Peter Faulks or both, have been "The Woodpecker," "Roll on my Three" (in memory of Jim Sills), "The Miner's Dream of Home" (shades of Tony Randall), and "I have lost the Doh of my Clarinet." The "Q's" spirited variation on "Ilkley Moor ba't 'at" should also, we feel, be learnt by more of us.

In between such songs we have learnt to exhaust ourselves at "B. B. & T" and "Nuts in May" and have rested while "Potty" has practised, with increasing success, his new trick of drinking beer while standing on his head. The more memorable of such evenings were perhaps when we were drowning our sorrows at the departure of Bernard Ellam and Dick Smith, both Dukes of long standing, and again on the eve of Peter Faulks' going. He was the last of our officers to have been with the Battalion since Dunkirk, and we certainly gave him a good send-off; one wonders whether he remembers packing the following morning!

By this time an increasing number of enthusiasts of little ability or experience were taking to tennis and sailing. Separate notes appear on the latter but mention must here be made of Freddie Froude's frequent romantic excursions, and of the Club's Vice-Commodore (Michael Hastings) who, on his last outing, tipped his fair crew into the lake and found that she couldn't swim! Meanwhile we were taking our fair share in soccer, rigger and hockey, so most of us were getting plenty of exercise—which was a Good Thing.

As the weeks slipped past and we became acquainted with our neighbours, more and more of us with increasing regularity were to be seen in the evenings dining and wining, and even dancing, at the Greek, French or United Services Clubs. We have, we believe, become quite civilised under the tuition of the C.W.L. and A.T.S. who became, if not exactly attached (perhaps they were!), at least affiliated to some of us. Is it to be wondered at that we seldom took even a week-end's leave to Cairo, or that we left for Palestine weeping bitterly and filled with Abysmal Gloom? While there is little sign of it yet, we hope that in our next notes we will be able to tell how we have managed somehow, as we always seem to do, to enjoy ourselves once again and to record that Gloom is Completely Dispelled (G.C.D).

There have been comings and goings on L.I.A.P's. and S.E.W.L.R.O.M's., mostly goings of late, and we are looking forward to seeing the eight at present away once again

back with us ; we feel sure they will relish night patrols and road blocks, and the other joys of being operational in the Holy Land. One wonders whether Jeff Reynolds will succeed in getting a ship back from South Africa, where somehow he has managed to get leave two winters running !

We have had two changes of M.O's. since our last notes. Ian Darbyshire joined us in Egypt, rapidly became a Duke and then left for a Field Ambulance and promotion, as he discovered Age and Service Group 45 means nothing if you've signed a short service commission. We welcome our new Doc, Robert Mills. Other newcomers are Hugh Le Messurier (pinched from a Battalion of E. Yorks), Lt. A. A. Dunlop from the S. Lincs., Lt. P. Simpson, and 2nd Lt. G. Tattersfield, R. Peel, D. Judson and A. Moulder, recently out from England. We have said *au revoir* to Peter Faulks, Bernard Ellam, Derrick Siddall (on Class " B "), Dick Smith, Brian Pilling, Freddie Froude (Adjutant), Johnnie Walker and Percy Bruce. Bill Johnson who'd been with the Battalion since 1940 unfortunately went to hospital with tummy trouble six weeks before he was due for release, and we were unable to dine him out. We wish him a speedy return to good health and a hospital ship home in the near future, and to all who have left us we wish Astonishingly Good Fortune.

### SERGEANTS' MESS.

Since our last issue many changes have taken place in the Mess, Group 26 in particular taking heavy toll, when we had to say good-bye to 18 of our members, most of whom left England with the Battalion in 1943.

After a series of sudden moves, which restricted our social activities, we moved from Haifa (Mount Carmel) to Kitchener Lines, Moascar where we intended making an early start with our entertainments. The R.S.M., (Pat Birch), called a Mess Meeting and put ideas into our heads, which led to a dance on the same evening as he and " Ginger " O'Shea (C.S.M. " H.Q." Company) went on L.I.A.P., and to a ladies' night every Sunday. The C.O. thought this was rather a quick proposition and wanted to know if it was a success before he O.K'd it for every week. However, it was a roaring success and since then we had fortnightly dances, and a ladies' night every Sunday. We had the honour of entertaining the members of the 1st Military A.T.S. Band during their stay at Ismailia prior to going home. We also had the pleasure of the company of many other Service ladies from the surrounding district.

During the R.S.M.'s absence on L.I.A.P., C.S.M. " Darkie " Thompson answered for him, but he too has left the fold and taken over the duties of garrison quartermaster sergeant at Moascar Garrison. We were all sorry to see him go, but we wish him the best of luck.

We welcome back to our Mess R.Q.M.S. Kenchington from the Recce Regiment (an original " Duke "). He entertained our guests with a variety of turns, mainly his boxing and Indian rope trick. One evening we entertained the officers, and Capt. Potts of " Port Said " was officiating as second to one of the dummies in a boxing tournament. He got so excited and laughed so much that he forgot to sponge down his dummy in the interval. Another new-comer to the Mess is C.S.M. J. Walton from the 10th Battalion in England, and we hope that he will soon settle down into the ways of the " 33rd." Two of our members have risen to W.O., Sgt. " Sid " Doze and Sgt. " Stan " Cope the O.R.S. How the latter rose to that height is still a mystery to the remainder of the Mess ! " Nobby " Clarke and " Bunny " Hare are also C.S.M.'s and we wish them all the best in their new rank.

By the time this goes to Press we shall have lost three real gigoloes in C.S.M. " Sid " Doze, Sgt. " Dinger " Bell the provost sergeant and Sgt. " Joe " Shulver, the mess caterer Less said the better ! The influx of new members to the Mess is too great to mention individually, but we wish them the best of luck. Also to all members who have left us to take their place in the ranks of " Civvy Street."



## COMPANY NOTES

"H.Q." COMPANY.—"Silence is the wisdom of fools—let us be candid." The organised chaos, known as such to the personnel of "H.Q." Company, and dare we add to the rest of the Battalion, has become even more pronounced during our sojourn in the "Land of heat and sweaty socks" (to those whose knees retain that Persil whiteness, we refer to Egypt.)

Though perhaps somewhat irrelevant, we feel that some mention should be made of the Battalion's first peace-time Christmas. Was the extra allotment of potent beverages responsible for the Company cooks "lobbing" cauliflower "gyppo" on the Christmas pudding, and *vice versa*? Nevertheless the large gathering thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated the noble efforts of "Butch" Allinson, Ernie "Wotcher-Mate" Black, Frankie "Sinatra" Uttley and "Half-a-mo" Johnston, that staunch galaxy of cooks. Incidentally, we are inclined to believe that the tremendous number present, prompted the Adjt.—Captain Freddie Froude—into "recommending" the Company for guards.

In welcoming the large number of newcomers to the Company, we feel compelled to add that the multifarious hues of their respective headgears and previous Division, etc. signs, caused us to wonder whether the Company should not be re-named "H.Q. Trance-it" Company. No sooner had "Bunny" Hare, in his capacity as "Ala-Khefak" Quarter Bloke lobbed same out with Dukes regalia, than he was immediately promoted to C.S.M. and sent to "C" Company. Whilst on the subject of departures and though we wish the following staunch supporters of "H.Q." Company the very best of luck, we confess we were sorry to say farewell to C/Sgt. Ted Connell (of Disorderly Room fame), Bill Ramsden of M.T., Les. G. 1098 Whitlock, Don Young (our potential Bradman and Larwood) Curly Cowling (to publicise his hair restorer), Lofty Coldwell and R.Q.M.S. Charlie Dinsdale, let alone others too numerous to mention.

The Company has more than held its own in the world of sport. Soccer has been immensely popular, and though the Company team has seen numerous changes (due to demob., etc.) it has retained memories of a most successful and enjoyable season. The combatant spirit of the Company fans has been maintained thanks to the "Ever-Ready" service of the R.A.F. team (Tom Satchwell, Bert Clegg, Jock Meek, Ernie Cheater and "Alberto" Barker) in coping with the numerous casualties caused by falls and "gentle tackles" on the hard sand pitches.

The Company rumour monger, self-styled comedian and bogus raffle ticket salesman, Thomas Miller Peacock, has vacated his D.R. duties for the more lucrative position of Battalion postman. Knowing the close proximity of his release date, we are wondering whether this can be connected with the recent increase in postage rates. We extend our heartiest congratulations to the Signal Platoon on the magnificent results obtained in their recent classification, and realise that the hard work put in by Lt. "Bill" Johnson (as Company Commander and Signal instructor), Sgt. "Wally" Oxley and the Signals N.C.O.'s was not in vain. The 100 per cent success achieved was better than the combined efforts of the rest of the Brigade—good show. Cobwebs were removed from the Company's G.1098 stores with the approach of Exercise "Shiftem". Like any other scheme there was much ado about nothing, but it did prove to the new intake that the "sands of the desert do grow cold" especially when on stag at 02.00 hours.

We were sorry to lose Lt. "Bill" Johnson as Company Commander, (especially under the circumstances of his illness), and we take this opportunity of wishing him a speedy recovery. His "throne" was occupied by Capt. "Jock" McGuinness, who was in no small way responsible for the present keen interest in sport. His departure on L.I.A.P. and the temporary closing of the Battalion Education scheme brought us, from his blackboard and easel, Capt. Michael Hastings. So far his "lobbing" out of 100 lines for minor offences has been negligible.

"A" COMPANY.—The beginning of this quarter found us on our way down to Egypt to excellent permanent barracks. This was just as well, as wintering in tents in Palestine can be tricky. The idea was to make the Battalion up to strength, and "C" Company was reformed, leaving us very thin on the ground. We were very sorry to see Major Reynolds leave us to take up command of "C" Company, also Captain Woolley, who on his return from L.I.A.P. took over "C" Company, from Major Reynolds, who departed to South Africa. Capt. Le Messurier took over the Company, having just been transferred from the East Yorks. We are glad to congratulate him on his promotion to Major.

In the last few months we have been able to field a pretty good football 1st. XI and 2nd. XI which have rarely been defeated, and plenty of reinforcement XI's from which we have found some good form for next season. Our Hockey XI. under 2nd. Lt. Townend has had a good season, though it was just as well that the referees were not too strict. Revitt at centre half has surprised even himself and C.S.M. "Cab" Callaby has effectively blocked the goal-mouth.

L.I.A.P.'s, Python, releases and transfers have taken their toll but we have been lucky to receive some good replacements and take this opportunity to welcome them to the Company. The brogue of Scotland and the dialects of the Midlands are mixing effectively. Lt. Smith is now camp comedian at Brigade and we welcome 2nd. Lt. Moulder who has just arrived.

The Company have just won the Battalion rifle meeting, with C.S.M. "Cab" Callaby winning the individual rifle competition. So much for the main Company events. Whilst celebrating a first class Xmas dinner it was announced that C.S.M. Callaby had been awarded the M.M. Another excuse for a party and appropriately enough. C.Q.M.S. Duerden was awarded a Mention in Despatches. L/Cpl. Cootie has been playing football for the Battalion and recently for the Division, covering himself with glory. Hinchcliffe also played for the Battalion. Promotions have been astronomical.

Many stalwarts have left the Company including Capt. Pilling, Harry (Colonel) Brooks with his tache, Tommy Ainsworth (going back to the Lancashire Music Halls), Albert Brook our left back, Sgts. Worrall, Bennett and Siddons, Cpl. Young, L/Cpls. Parsons, Brearley and Booth and trainer "Pop" Hargreaves, Ptes. "Bed-down" Knight and Percy Solway. By the time this goes to print, most of the old-timers will have gone; C.Q.M.S. Duerden, the one and only Buckley (sign for it), Poacher Revitt, Nightingale Ireland, Dunning and Clapham. To you all many thanks and good luck in the future, and don't forget the 62s.

"B" COMPANY.—For the duration of our stay in Egypt we were lucky to obtain really good billets, and so from the outset we regarded Moascar favourably and felt in our barrack blocks rather a notch higher than the hut dwellers. Life without operational commitments was a pleasant change, and we achieved a blend of training and sport which went down very well. A large amount of training was spent on ranges in various parts of the country, and despite the fact that we had to take second place behind "A" Company in the Battalion rifle meeting our efforts were very gratifying. The issue was in doubt to the last detail, and individually "B" Company were well in front with the prizewinning. C.Q.M.S. Duncan, Cpl. Lee, Pts. McCann, Bean and McCathie with the rifle, Sgt. Sallis with the Bren deserving special mention.

The Company rugby side swept a triumphant way through all comers (we daren't mention some of the scores) and provided many members of the Battalion side; and the soccer team, though not quite so prominent as last season, still was a power to be reckoned with.

We are happy to have C.S.M. "Nobby" Clarke back with "B" Company, and with Major Forsyth on L.I.A.P. and Lt. "Charlie" Connor unfortunately in hospital at the time of writing, his services are well appreciated. We hope to see Mr. Connor again very soon. Lt. "Peter" Simpson is by now definitely a "B" Company type, and it is perhaps not too late to offer a welcome to him and to all our reinforcements. In recent months

we have said goodbye to that famous Welsh tenor, C.Q.M.S. Thomas, and many other old members of the Company. Of them all it can truly be said that they are gone but not forgotten. Their names are quoted in many a story and we wish them all happy landings in the civilian adventure.

**"C" COMPANY.**—Once again since our last notes were published we have seen many changes within the Company, with many familiar faces now departed and just a sprinkling of new ones to take their places. We are particularly glad to report however that since last December we have once again been an entity and not three separate bodies dispersed over the remainder of the Battalion. C.S.M. Davey left us in March for civilian life, and more recently we said farewell to Lt. "Percy" Druce who should by now be enjoying his release leave in London. Others to go were L/Cpl. Wheeldon (one of our best known sportsmen), Ptes. George, Fisher, and Gray and quite a number of others; we wish them all the best for the future.

L.I.A.P. has made great inroads on our strength, and at the time of writing no less than nineteen are somewhere between here and home, whilst Major F. J. Reynolds, our Company Commander, is on a long leave in South Africa. Replacements have unfortunately been few, but we have welcomed Capt. P. T. Woolley from "A" Company and 2nd. Lt.'s G. A. Tatterfield and R. Peel (both of whom are already fully Middle East minded—we hope!) C.S.M. "Bunny" Hare from "H.Q." Company (seldom without a smile—we never know he manages it!) and about a dozen newcomers from England—and Scotland too. We really are beginning to learn some Scotch now! Incidentally the latter are still trying to decide how to convert an E.P.I.P. tent into a home.

Our stay at Moascar was an extremely happy one and we were sorry to leave. Sport, recreation and training combined very favourably, and nearly every day saw a team of some sort or other turned out, with Ptes. Cyril Walker and "Mac" McMahon nearly always present. The Company 1st. XI. football team claims to have remained unbeaten to the last, but our marksmanship seemed to fail us when the Battalion rifle meeting came along and we could only register a lowly fourth. Now in Haifa life seems to be pretty full, though later on when summer comes we have visions of swimming, cricket and leave to the Lebanon and Syria, Jerusalem and Cyprus. We hope they materialise.

**"D" COMPANY.**—During our short stay in Egypt sport has occupied an important position in training. The football team has played well throughout the season although it has constantly been changed through release and L.I.A.P. The game at which we defeated all comers was table-tennis: it has become increasingly popular during these last few months.

Shortly after Xmas we said good-bye to our Company Commander, Major B. L. Ellam, who had been with us so long. We were very sorry to see him go but wish him lots of luck wherever he may be. The Company dramatic artists organised a concert in his honour and it went down with a real swing. The shining lights were L/Cpl. Verguson, Pte. Tizzard and Pte. Sparnenn. There was plenty of right "spirit" available, and before the evening was far gone even the more reticent amongst us stood up and gave a song. In fact the difficulty was trying to stop them singing once they started.

We welcomed Major D. Siddall to the Company about this time, but the lucky fellow soon left us on Class "B" Release. Good luck to you wherever you wield the cane. During this period we said goodbye to such faithful servants as Sgts. Charnock, Taylor, Wilkinson, Cpl. Woodthorpe, Ptes. Harman, Sparnenn, Rogers, Hever, Dollive, Beardsell, Barker and Stevenson. Recent arrivals and departures have been C.S.M. Doze (cold in the nose) who left us to join the happy fanks of civvy street. Everyone was sorry to see him leave but our best wishes go with him. All efforts to persuade him to "sign on" were without avail so we waved him goodbye as we set off for the "Promised Land." We welcome also Major E. H. Buckland from Support Company, 2nd. Lt. Judson from the U.K., and C.S.M. Walton, an old Duke, from the 10th Battalion.

"SUPPORT" COMPANY.—It has been a sad time indeed since we last appeared in THE IRON DUKE. Whilst the last few months have been rapidly gliding away from beneath us we have lost many old friends. These however, are being replaced by boys of the coming generation (Plums, to you old soldiers).

Meanwhile our tired and trusted amigos are retiring to chest their medal ribbons, far from the madding crowds in the sanctity of their homes. One point left in our favour, however, is that the tin hats need no longer be kept quite so handy as the glut of war stories is now almost exhausted, and one can walk about nowadays without that magic word *Anzio* being whispered between old campaigners. Open-mouthed recruits, who at first relished these heroic tales (which forever grew like Jack's Beanstalk) are now cheesed off with the same stories.

Amongst the more recent departures we send our good wishes to Capt. "Smudger" Smith, Charlie Dearlove, (acting oblique) his co-ed Jack Bentley (quarter bloke), Cpl. Fleming, Tony Frankland, the "General Bingley," and his side kick "Bugs" Morgan, and to the remainder of the medal Clusters, who have now left this talented organisation known as "Support" Company, for that place we hear so much about, viz, civilisation. We congratulate Company Commander "Harry" Buckland on his recent promotion and hope that he will drop by occasionally and mix us a cocktail as in the days gone by. We also congratulate Capt. "Dick" Fowler on his appointment to command of the Company, and Ronnie Hoyle (Old Boy) on his promotion to Captain.

### RUGBY FOOTBALL.

The Battalion had a most enjoyable and fairly successful season, winning six games, drawing one, and losing five. Rugger in Egypt was played on a grass pitch, but the ground was so hard that when the pack followed up there was a sound like the thunder of horses' hooves. Our M.O. had to cope with many cuts and bruises besides his own after the game. As well as that the posts had a habit of vanishing overnight—wood being scarce in Egyptian villages—and we ended with one crossbar a foot higher than the other. Our fixtures included two trips to Cairo to play at the Gezira Sporting Club. Socially these visits were outstandingly successful, though we lost twice to Cairo officers and twice to strong R.A.F. sides. In the Brigade we beat 1st K.S.L.I., 13—6, and lost 15—16 to 2nd Foresters with the last kick of the game—a defeat later to be avenged. In the Division we beat Divisional Signals, 9—3, 2nd. Field Regiment R.A., 14—3 and 19th Field Regiment R.A., 3—0.

We called on over thirty players during the season. Sgt. Bowen, Major Le Messurier, Major Forsyth, The Rev. Coey, Lt. Bullock, Lt. Golding played steadily in the pack led by Lt. Isles, and strengthened when Major Huskisson and R.S.M. Birch returned from L.I.A.P. C.S.M. Crawley, 2nd. Lt. Tattersfield, L/Cpl. Falconer, Pte. Kemp, Cpl. Turnbull, L/Cpl. Carberry also played in the forwards. Capt. Darbyshire, R.A.M.C., took over both R.A.P. and scrum half duties when Capt. Paterson left us. Outside the scrum we played Major Faulks, L/Cpl. Stone, 2nd. Lt. Judson, Pte. Jones, L/Cpl. James, Lt. Midgley, Pte. Gould, Sgt. Taylor, Pte. Medforth and Capt. Halmshaw. We missed Major Reynolds on leave. C.S.M.I. Minto, Pte. Duce, Lt. Connor and versatile Sgt. Bowen played at full back. For our last game against 19th Field Regiment R.A. the skies opened and players fell often, but softly for a change, on squelchy mud. It was just like a game at home.

The highlight of the season was the Divisional seven-a-side knock-out, in which 13 teams competed. The Dukes played 19th Field Regiment R.A. in the first round and after scoring a try we were down 3—5 one minute from time. However, Major Huskisson sent Capt. Halmshaw over for the winning try a few seconds later. In the quarter finals we beat Divisional Signals, 11—3. Meanwhile in the other half of the draw 2nd Foresters were romping through to the final.



1st Battalion Rugby Team v. 2nd Foresters.



I.T.C. Rugby Team.

C.S.M. REED, D.W.R. ; C.S.M. EDWARDS, D.L.I. ; Pte. COOPER, D.W.R. ; Lt. CHARTERS, D.L.I. ; Lt. HOBSON, D.L.I. ; Sgt. BONNER, D.W.R. ; Pte. STAMPER, D.W.R. ; Sgt. LANDALE, D.W.R. ; Capt. BURTON, D.W.R. (capt.) ; C.S.M. BEDDOWS, D.L.I. ; Major KERSHAW, D.W.R. ; C.S.M. I. RATCLIFFE, A.P.T.C. ; Pte. WHITEHEAD, D.W.R. ; Cpl. BARRACLOUGH, D.W.R. ; Cpl. BUTCHER, D.W.R. ; Pte. HEELEY, D.W.R.



SERGEANTS' MESS MEMBERS, THE 2nd BATTALION, DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT.  
MEERUT, JANUARY, 1946.



Left to right.—4th Row : L/Sgt. C. ADAMS, L/Sgt. L. ELLIS, Sgt. G. SHILLINGFORD, L/Sgt. K. WHITELEY, L/Sgt. B. HALEY, L/Sgt. E. BATCHELOR, Sgt. E. BRANDOM, L/Sgt. W. CUTTS.  
3rd Row : Sgt. C. COUSINS, Sgt. K. ARCHER, L/Sgt. H. SHELDON, Sgt. T. BETTISON, L/Sgt. J. Greenwood, L/Sgt. R. SHARPLES, Sgt. S. SCHOFIELD, L/Sgt. J. GREEN, L/Sgt. M. TEMPLEMAN, Sgt. D. HUNTON, L/Sgt. G. Lowe, Sgt. J. OWEN, Sgt. T. BURDEKIN, Sgt. J. OUTEN, Sgt. H. TOWNSLEY.  
2nd Row : Sgt. A. CARDUS, Sgt. W. HARRISON, Sgt. E. SCOTT, Sgt. A. WHIPPY, Sgt. C. REITHOFER, Sgt. A. TULL, C.Q.M.S. P. BOOTH, Sgt. A. SCRIVEN, Sgt. O. GUEST, Sgt. N. BARRETT, Sgt. F. MEEK, Sgt. J. ROGERSON (R.E.M.E.).  
1st Row : C.Q.M.S. K. WATSON, C.S.M. A. ROWLEY, R.Q.M.S. G. PLANT, C.S.M. G. CORKE, R.S.M. A. PARR, Lt.-Col. J. H. DALRYMPLE (C.O.), Capt. G. C. TEDD (Adjutant), C.S.M. C. YARNOLD, C.S.M. W. LYTHE, C.S.M. R. GOOD, C.Q.M.S. B. HODGES.



General Auchinleck addressing the Battalion after inspection.

We met Divisional R.E. in the semi-final and with the wind scored an unconverted try in the first half. During the second half the Sappers scored under the posts, and we watched in breathless suspense while the kick was carried wide by the wind. We played out time, turned round and soon Capt. Halmshaw raced across for the winning try leaping over the full-back's outstretched arms. The Dukes were in the final. Against the Foresters every man played on top of his form. Major Huskisson was everywhere dominant, R.S.M. Birch heeled to perfection, Sgt. Bowen excelled in the loose. Capt. Darbyshire flung out well-timed passes. In the centre 2nd. Lt. Judson brought down all attackers, and L/Cpl. Stone crashed through tackles. Capt. Halmshaw handled and ran brilliantly, so that one try followed another and amid cheers from the touchlines the Dukes carried off the Cup by winning 16—3.

### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

Egypt was the footballer's paradise it was expected to be. In Moascar Garrison we had two sand pitches of our own which were watered and rolled and marked out by a bevy of small boys, and in addition we occasionally had the use of the garrison ground—a good grass pitch. A lot of football was played mostly on the Platoon and Company 1st., 2nd. and 3rd. XI. level. Rivalry between Companies was very keen and if the standard of some of these games was not very high, they were certainly entertaining.

We had at least one Battalion match a week and had varied success. The Battalion team on the whole played very well and produced some excellent games for the many spectators to watch. We defeated the Foresters in the first round of the Divisional knock-out competition, but were ourselves defeated in the second round.

Pte. Hinchcliffe played some good games for us at centre forward, scoring two of the best goals of the season when we defeated R.A.F., Moascar 4—0. Unfortunately he was crooked, and his place was then taken by Cpl. Kitson who proved an able substitute and scored some good goals. Sgt. Bell (Capt.) and Pte. Clayton have been two very useful halfbacks throughout the season, and many an enemy attack was broken up by them. Pte. Lewthwaite who joined the Battalion in February soon found a place in the side as an inside forward or half back and played some excellent games. Pte. Meek played in most games in the half back line and was we believe responsible for the magnificent vocal support supplied by the remainder of the R.A.P. Pte. Blunt, goalkeeper, left us with 27 group and left a memory of many a good "save" in our minds. L/Cpl. Falconer played full back and was as steady as a rock, as was his partner, Cpl. Beaumont, who had been in the Battalion side since 1940. The latter left with 27 group and Falconer disappeared on L.I.A.P. in Mid-March. We missed them both. L/Cpl. Cooté played some excellent games on the left wing, L/Cpl. Rose was a tireless inside forward, as was Pte. Dixon until he went home on Python. Capt. Halmshaw, before he turned rugger fan, was a very fast right wing. L/Cpl. Cooté and Pte. Clayton are at the moment playing in the victorious Divisional side which is sweeping the Middle East board clean.

The season is now nearly over, and we can only hope that this next one will see as much soccer played and enjoyed. Nearly everyone had some games this year and our aim for next is to have no non-players.

### HOCKEY.

Hockey has again returned to popularity in the Battalion, and since release took away almost all our best players we have had searches in inter-company matches for new material and have recently been successful. Whilst we have been at Moascar we have had splendid opportunity and first class grounds for our games.

Thanks to the keenness of our sports officer, Major Huskisson, and our hockey officer, Lt. Bullock, we have never been at a loss for fixtures, and have had at least one match per week and often two. We are sorry also to lose recently more players who were very keen members of the team. Sgt. Martin, who has now returned to civvies, proved

a worthy successor to L/Cpl. Douglas whom we lost some time ago. Lt. Smith and L/Cpl. Fernley who filled the position of full backs very ably have also been taken from us; the former being now at Brigade and Class "B" having claimed the latter. However, we do not despair, for the game is keenly fought by the wary reinforcements. We have L.I.A.P. trouble also and no sooner do we find a player to take the place of an old timer than he too disappears either on L.I.A.P. or Class "B." Our team at the moment is composed of: Pte. Farmer (goal), Pte. Bunting and L/Cpl. Cooper (backs), Sgt. Oxley, Sgt. Large and Pte. Peaston (halves), L/Cpl. Collom, C.S.M. Clarke, Pte. Revitt, Pte. Hinchcliffe, and L/Cpl. Coote (forwards). We now hope for weather not too hot to prevent us playing in our new station, and for a reasonable pitch.

### THE TIMSAH STAR.

#### THE DUKES GO ON OR INTO THE WATER.

Amongst the various activities with which we were able to amuse ourselves during our stay in Egypt we can include the pastime of sailing.

We were fortunate enough to be stationed near Lake Timsah, a water of sizable proportions adjoining the Suez Canal. With a ready made sailing club, owning about 20 boats, and a stiff breeze it was not long before a number of officers, led by the C.O. had made their début upon the water, or in it.

Within a month of our arrival the following citation appeared on the officers' Mess Notice Board.

#### TIMSAH STAR

The undermentioned Officers have qualified for the award of the above named Star.

CAPT. (Q.M.) L. LYONS.

CAPT. R. B. FOWLER.

CAPT. R. H. HOYLE.

LT. W. SMITH.

**QUALIFYING CONDITIONS.**—Would-be aspirants must:— On any day, with the wind strength not less than Beaufort 3, take a boat out into the middle of Lake Timsah, hold the mainsheet tight close hauled, turn the boat at right angles to the wind, and await events.

The experience of the aforesaid gallants did nothing to damp the enthusiasm of our would-be sailors, and each race on Wednesdays and Saturdays found a fair sprinkling of DUKES at the helm. Helmsman Ronnie Hoyle particularly distinguished himself by winning his first race in the old lame duck of the club, No. 36.

On other days of the week, however, a more relaxing time could be had and certain officers who had been mysteriously absent from their offices during the day could have been found moored up to a buoy in mid ocean, basking in the warmth of the midday sun, munching sandwiches and in company with . . . well, you know "once aboard the lugger . . ." With frolics such as these and the legacy of a few broken booms and gaffs we feel that we have made a memorable contribution to the annals of the Moascar Sailing Club.

They always say that soldiers make good yachtsmen.

## 2nd Battalion.

Unfortunately we were unable to contribute to the February issue of THE IRON DUKE, owing to the rather harassing circumstances attendant on our "moving house" from Dehra Dun to Meerut. We would therefore like to commence these notes with an apology, both to all those readers of THE IRON DUKE who take an interest in our doings, and more particularly to the Editor. We feel we left him holding a rather large "baby" in the form of blank pages.

The Battalion has now settled down in Meerut, and though we all regret leaving Dehra Dun, which was a very pleasant station, we think we shall be quite happy here.

Before concluding, we feel we should mention that the Battalion had the honour of

being inspected, in September, 1945, by H.E. the C. in C. in India, General Sir Claude Auchinleck, G.C.B., G.C.I.E., C.S.I., D.S.O., O.B.E., A.D.C., when he paid a visit to our Brigade. The C. in C. addressed the parade on the subject of demobilisation, and explained the difficulties and problems that would arise, and complimented the parade on its drill, turnout and steadiness.

### OFFICERS' MESS.

If THE IRON DUKE appeared three times a month, instead of three times a year, it would still be difficult to keep up-to-date with the changes that take place. Variety, they say, is the spice of life, but you can have too much spice. Practically all the old-timers have gone or are in the process of crating their tin boxes. The lure of the East seems to have lost its glamour! "Stew" Binnie, "Bertie" Harris, "Dougie" Deyes and Eric Hayes went by air, having nauseated us for weeks with a ditty they composed which began—

We're four repats. from Dehra Dun  
We're all going home very soon.

They left behind rather depleted stocks of liquor and a *few* unbroken chairs. We had not become accustomed to the comparative peace and quiet when Sam Hoyle and Eric Masters packed up, but not before Sam had found time to hack down our last remaining banana trees. Hamish and Harry followed soon afterwards, so the dust is now undisturbed in the rafters. Donald Britton in the meantime got tired of being Adjutant, married a pretty girl, and became O.C. the Leave Camp at Mussoorie. The piano keys are turning yellow. "Pip" Moran found a good staff job in Delhi and pays us an occasional visit.

During his stay with us we had all grown to admire "Doc" Bull, both for his untiring and devoted attention to the Battalion's health and physical well-being and his infectious cheerfulness and mordant wit, which did much to boost the morale of the Mess. It was with great regret that we had to bid him farewell on the eve of our departure for Meerut. We wish him the best of luck. Soon after we arrived in Meerut, we suffered another loss in the departure of "Joss" Baxter. Not even the thought of impending "demob" or the girl he left behind him could lure him away from his pride and joy—the P.R.I. accounts; he slaved away for his usual hour a day, right to the very end. We understand he is now married and we would like to congratulate him.

Major "Bob" Richards also left us and India, in company with his wife; we wish them well and hope they enjoyed the trip. This left only "The Baron," now elevated to Major and O.C., "B" Company, Graham, now a regular "Duke" and Adjutant, (usually able to find the correct paper among the heaps on his desk), and Padre Gordon, who has given up hope of ever leaving us, with Lt. Col. Jack Dalrymple very much in charge and doing his best to remember new names and faces. For in the last few months new arrivals have been pouring in—and very welcome too, for many of them are of true Yorkshire blood and straight from England's green and pleasant land:—Lts. Charles. Driver, Johnson, Thornton, Bell, Lee, Garside, Shaw, Wetherill, Haws and Baxter (Joss's brother). Others who aspire to be Yorkshire are:—Capt. Palmer (who speaks Welsh and thus ably suited to be our Education Officer) Lts. Eaves, Newbury (our new I.O.), Lethbridge, Widdas, Ross, Richmond and Boatman. They are progressing favourably. We were also very pleased to welcome as 2nd. i/c Major "Bill" Cooper from the "West Yorks" and Major "Dick" Butler who is now on leave in England.

Before this appears in print we shall have said goodbye to Capts. Hibbard, O.C., "H.Q." Company, Martindale, O.C. "A" Company, Hunt, O.C. "C" Company, Briggs our M.T.O. and Ian Whyte the R.S.O. who, though a savage Scot like the Padre, has also been with us long enough to be civilised and become a real "Duke." To those who have gone we say "Good Luck, you served us well"; to those who stay we say "Keep up the

old traditions," and finally there is probably just enough space to add that we managed to do ourselves fairly well on VJ day and Xmas as regards food and drinks, thanks to the Baron's efforts.

### SERGEANTS' MESS.

A review of Mess photographs taken in August, 1945, and January, 1946, reveals the fact that only two of the members of the 1945 group are still with us. Release, in one form or another, has taken away so many good lads that it is impossible in the allotted space to give each one a note of appreciation or deprecation as the case may be. But collectively we wish them every joy possible; and add an earnest hope that they found everything at home just as they so fondly hoped whilst serving out here. Farewell chaps, and good luck!

With the departure of old hands came a huge influx of new talent—some ready made, but mostly produced from our own "factory." The baby of the present family is 19 years of age, and his release group a mere matter of conjecture. To all new members we extend a hearty welcome and offer our congratulations on their rapid promotion. C.S.M. Yarnold has recently returned to the fold. His chief source of entertainment is with slide rule and "Royal Warrant" opened at the pensions section. The author of these notes stands patiently by with restoratives for the day "Ginger" discovers the painful truth. C.S.M. Western also returned a short time ago after having a long tour of troopng between ports in the East. And the very latest young "Duke" was born to C.S.M. and Mrs. Lythe early this year in Ootacamund.

Since our last notes were sent to press, news of Mention In Despatches awarded to C.S.M. Corke and C.S.M. (now Mister) Paramos has been published. Both events were duly celebrated and congratulations went round in deserving style. "Ginger" Yarnold is also wearing his M.I.D. at the end of his second row of ribbons.

The Mess at Meerut has many advantages over our old establishment at Dehra Dun, being the building used as a Mess in years gone by. One big disadvantage is the number of "honorary members" (pigeons) left behind by previous residents. A detailed recce. is necessary before one ventures to be seated, and some members who have been "dive-bombed" are frantically searching the bazaars for catapults with which they intend to return the "fire". Meanwhile the messing committee look forward hopefully to the day when they can include pigeon pie on the menu.

Sports at present are at a standstill because a large proportion of the members are in camp. But, we have had our moments! At cricket we scored 195 runs for six wickets, against the 1st South Staffs Sergeants' Mess, and they replied with 117. The officers have despaired of beating us at cricket after suffering five successive defeats in one year. The corporals are also completely cowed. We played the officers at darts and thrashed them soundly. It was only when the final pairs came to toe the line that the officers managed to win a solitary "leg" through the Padre. Even then it must be explained that the Padre is T.T. and the hour was getting late.

At football the officers have provided some sterling opposition. Three games were closely contested draws, and we make no excuses. Came Christmas Day and victory for the officers. Four goals to three the score; and although Santa Claus is suspected of having presented them with one goal, they deserved to win for the grim determination they displayed in sticking to lime and lemons on Christmas Eve. Before the curtain is drawn on our sports notes mention must be made of the great Outen v. Bobbett boxing bout. The winners cup, which was subscribed for by the contestants, must remain as a monument to a fight which never took place owing to the untimely admission to hospital of the challenger. In a recent darts K.O. competition, Sergeant Whippy and C.Q.M.S. Tull managed to win a coveted trophy each by beating Sergeants Lowe and Sharples in the final game. It is rumoured that the winners consulted the Padre, who advised prayer as a sure means of success. How they must have prayed!



**CORPORALS' MESS.**

We are pleased to be able to report that the Battalion's move from Dehra Dun to Meerut resulted in our being fortunate enough to obtain a better, more spacious Corporal's Mess, with a sufficiency of comfortable chairs ; the addition of a radio and a gramophone gave us no cause for complaint.

We were very sorry to lose our very efficient president, Cpl. Worcester, though we congratulate him on his promotion to Sergeant. His successor to the Mess Presidency, Cpl. Tame of the Pioneers, is welcomed after a spell in hospital.

Of course, in common with the rest of the Battalion, the Mess has undergone, and is undergoing, changes due to promotion, " demob." repatriation and what-have-you. We think with envy of these fortunates, among whom are numbered L/Cpls. Litchfield and Powell, who have gone home, and wish them all the best of luck in the new, pleasant however arduous, phase of life which lies before them. Congratulations go also to all ex-members of the Mess who are now members of the Sergeants' Mess. Last, but not least, the newcomers to the Mess, too numerous all to be mentioned by name, receive their due congratulations ; and let us hope that this is for them but the first rung in the ladder of promotion.

**COMPANY NOTES.**

" A " COMPANY.—The past few months have seen many changes in the Company. In February Major Richards, who had been our Company Commander, since October, finally decided to leave us, and we wish him the best of luck in his new vocation. His place was taken by Captain Martindale, who flew home with Group 26 ; we wish him, also, all the best. At the present time Lt. Bennett holds office. November saw the advent of C.S.M. Rowley, ex-Grenadier Guards who, unfortunately, will be leaving us shortly. The Company arrived back from Sailpur Camp on Sunday, 10th March, after having spent a beneficial month under canvas with knowledge gained.

In the sporting world " A " Company has shown up well. At Xmas we were beaten by the eventual winners in the inter-company football competition. Cocker and Whittles have played regularly for the Battalion XI and occasionally Lt. Thornton has turned out. Little has been seen of the Company cricket team, but we have won the three matches played. In the inter-company boxing we came third, and congratulate Pte. Stiles on winning his weight.

Finally we wish all those who have left us for U.K. and " demob " a happy landing and the best of luck in " Civvy Street."

" B " COMPANY.—The Company, ably guided by Capt. (now Major) E. J. P. Emmett, has made great progress since its revival in October of last year. Assisting him now are Lts. Widdas, Charles, Shaw and Harvey. During this period we have had two sojourns at camp, played at soldiers quite a lot and now consider ourselves highly trained. The high spot of the last camp was the quick disposal of a mad jackal by Jock, our Company Commander's dog and company mascot.

We proudly announce the winning of the Battalion boxing shield—mainly owing to the organising efforts of C.S.M. Good and the performance of Sgt. Reithofer, Ptes. Joesbury, Parker, Hardy, Bridson, Gant and others in the ring. The Company football team—which consists of many Battalion players—C.Q.M.S. Cardus, L/Cpl. Whitley, Ptes. Bell, Blakelock, Saynor—remains unbeaten, thanks to the additional efforts of Ptes. Rhodes and Gant. Congratulations to the Battalion players on obtaining their Battalion colours, and also to C.Q.M.S. Cardus and Cpl. Jackson on their Battalion cricket colours !

" C " COMPANY.—This Company was only re-formed with new arrivals in December, 1945. Capt. Hunt, who is shortly leaving us for " Civvy Street," is in command, with Lt. Garsides ready to step into his shoes. Lts. Richmond, Boatman, and Bell (who is

temporarily at Brigade), and 2nd. Lt. Wade, complete the team of officers. C.S.M. Yarnold—a really old “Duke”—keeps everyone in hand. Sgts. Townsley and Burdekin seem to spend all their time arguing who won the war—S.E.A.C. or B.L.A. ! Then there is our C.Q.M.S., Sgt. Whiteley and Sgt. Adams who will be remembered at Brancepeth.

We were fortunate enough to win the Battalion drill competition, and a shield, which has not been seen since the C.S.M. last had a night out ! Everyone is keen on football and we reached the final of the inter-company football tournament at Christmas, but were beaten by “H.Q.” Company. The boxing team, trained by Sgt. Burdekin, gave a good account of themselves. We hope to have one or two representatives in a Brigade tournament soon.

In conclusion, we would all like to wish those ex-members of “C” Company who are now civilians, the very best of luck, especially “Sandy” Powell and L/Cpl. Cookson.

“D” COMPANY.—We had better explain that we are a newly formed Company based on a nucleus of the Training Wing through which all Battalion reinforcements used to pass. We set off with Major R. A. Butler at the helm, but since his departure for a spot of “shore leave” in Blighty, we have been piloted through a very sea of S.A.T.’s by Lt. W. H. Eaves, assisted by 2nd. Lts. Baxter, Haws and Lethbridge, with C.S.M. Corke maintaining a vigilant watch to port and starboard, forrard and astern, all at the same time.

Though we are still a young Company we are forging ahead, and gave a very good account of ourselves in the Battalion boxing contest, for which our entrants trained hard. We take our hats off to them all, winners or losers. Indeed, reviewing our past efforts, with an eye to future opportunities, we see no reason why “Dog” Company should not soon be “Top Dog” Company.

“H.Q.” COMPANY.—Since the last contribution to THE IRON DUKE great changes have been wrought in “H.Q.” Company. The change over in other ranks has been almost 100 per cent owing to “demob” and consequent reinforcements. In addition, we have passed to the newly formed Admin. Company the Transport Platoon and what the sergeant-major refers to as “odds and ends”—well, it began with “odds !” Talking of sergeant-majors, we are happy to welcome C.S.M. Lythe, an old “Duke,” to the Company ; also Mrs. Lythe and family who have recently come to stay with us.

We must take this somewhat belated opportunity of saying *au revoir* to our old company commander, Capt. Masters, who left us in November, 1945, and now also to his successor Capt. Hibbard, who will be in Blighty in time to read these notes. Our new Company Commander, Capt. Fishbourne (late 3in. Mortars) is very busy at the moment in the throes of taking over. At intervals in the process he can be seen doing massive calculations in which the only stable factor seems to be a mysterious quantity Gp. 46.

In conclusion we would like the old members of the Company now at home—(you lucky people) to know we are still smiling and hope they are too.

### CRICKET.

Cricket continued right through the monsoon and we are pleased to record that Battalion games have been played almost weekly for a complete year. Company and platoon games featured regularly on the programme for the greater part of that time. Since arriving in Meerut our activities have been restricted owing to lack of a Battalion ground.

Our record is rather impressive. The Battalion team has scored 2,700 runs in the last 18 innings for the loss of 110 wickets ; and our opponents, 1,872 for 163. Only three games have been lost during the last nine months, and just once we were outclassed. That was on Boxing Day against the Indian Military Academy. The other two defeats were at the hands of the Bedfords and Herts Regiment by seven runs ; and 115 Infantry Brigade who led by 52 runs on the first innings. We had knocked off the deficit without loss in the second innings when time was called. Our victims have included 1st South Staffords, three times, 1st Bedfords and Herts four, 1st Kings Regiment, two,

Inniskilling Fusiliers, two, 9th Field R.A. four, R.E. and 39th Divisional Signals one, and R.S.F.'s one. One game we were fortunate enough to draw with the Military Academy, and another time we had their tails down and lost the game through having three "run-outs" in one innings. They are our bogey side!

A highlight of the games was the defeat of the R.S.F.'s at Delhi by seven wickets and 56 runs when C.Q.M.S. Cardus scored our first individual century. Another bright spot appeared in a two-day game against 9th Field R.A., when we were all dismissed for 39 and left over a 100 behind on the first innings, yet ran out eventual winners by 8 wickets—thanks to a brilliant 63 from Cpl. Dickinson and 56 from Cardus. The R.A. found the bowling of R.S.M. Parr and Pte. Bemrose too accurate for them, and all were sent back with only 45 runs added to their first innings total. A final game worthy of note was against 39th Divisional Signals and R.E. in which we piled on 233 for 5. Cunliffe 51, Cardus 50, Lt.-Col. Dalrymple (fresh from watching the Tests at home) 32 not out, and Dickinson and the R.S.M. a useful 30 each, were the main contributors to our total.

So far we have played one game in Meerut and that against a combined Wheeler Club, Pay Corps, and Area "H.Q." side which ended in a tie with 91 runs each. We think ourselves unlucky not to have won that game. Lt.-Col. Frankis, visiting us on leave, was behind the stumps for us that day, to enjoy an exciting finish to a good game.

The fixture list is still open and a team is on paper to test the Pay Corps this weekend. Despite enforced team changes through release, etc., we still have a useful combination.

Below are figures which may interest enthusiasts—perhaps Yorkshire will send out some scouts!

Best batting Average for last 10 games :—

Name	Innings	Runs	Highest Score	Not Out	Average
C.Q.M.S. Cardus ...	10	342	100	1	38·0
Cpl. Dickinson ...	9	262	75	1	33·0
Lt. Thornton ...	8	196	52	1	28·0
Pte. Cunliffe ...	5	135	52	0	27·0
Capt. Hibbard ...	8	158	60*	2	26·3
R.S.M. Parr ...	10	204	54	2	25·5
Major Baxter ...	8	120	36*	3	24·0
Cpl. Jackson ...	3	55	41	0	18·0

Best Bowling Averages for Last 10 Games :—

Name	Overs	Mdn. Overs	Runs	Wickets	Average
R.S.M. Parr ...	190	74	370	60	6·1
Pte. Bemrose ...	106	38	226	22	10·2
C.Q.M.S. Cardus ...	45	6	134	8	16·7
Major Baxter ...	36	2	171	9	19·0

\*Indicates not out.

Best of luck to C.S.M. Good who has recently left us and a hearty welcome to C.S.M. Western, his successor. Others mourned are, Sgt. "Sid" Schofield and L/Cpls. Potter and Gabbitas—every success to them in "civvy street." Finally, congratulations to Sgts. Cousins, Reithofer, Lowe and Sharples on their promotions.

### RUGBY FOOTBALL. THE CAWNPORE CUP.

As reported in our last letter (June, 1945), rugger throughout the first half of 1945 was irregular and sporadic. This was caused mainly by bad weather and ground conditions, availability of grounds and lack of opponents, not by any lack of players—far from it. Capts. "Peggy" Leach and Ian Whyte, who were successively in charge of rugger, were

constantly being inundated with demands for games and requests for fixtures. Up till August we played approximately half a dozen games against the I.M.A. at Dehra Dun—the first of which we lost and the remainder won. On numerous occasions the C.O.—Lt.-Col. Dalrymple—refereed. On the 24th March a Clement Town team turned out and contained seven players from the Battalion.

With the advent of the monsoon interest grew keener, and eventually it was decided to raise a Brigade side. Chief organisers apart from the Brigade Commander and B.M. were from our unit—the C.O. "Pip" Moran, "Peggy" Leach, Ian Whyte and "Doc" Bull. Training went ahead vigorously; forwards under "Doc" Bull, outsiders under "Pip" Moran. Application was made to enter for the Cawnpore Cup. The draw was made, colours allotted and dates fixed. The Brigade side went into the second round against I.M.A. The side chosen contained seven "Dukes" with one reserve—"Pip" Moran (centre and capt.), "Doc" Bull (forward), Capt. "Stew" Binnie (centre), Capt. Graham Tedd (wing), Pte. "Ira" Cockroft (hooker), C.S.M. "Nutty" Metcalf (forward), C.Q.M.S. Jones (forward) and L/Cpl. Regan (reserve).

The game was played on a "lake" in a rainstorm. Very gruelling, but healthy. No open play was possible, but the forwards did wonders—especially Cockroft hooking. The Brigade won 3—0, the only try being scored by Tedd who crossed the line from a scramble on the wing.

For the semi-final we went to Cawnpore for a week at the beginning of September and stayed as guests of a Battalion of the King's Own. Weather was perfect, the ground was perfect and we were fit. Our opponents were the 1944 winners—an R.A.F. team T.P.I., who had not been beaten nor had their line crossed in the season, and were extremely confident. The game was excellent! Tackling was clean and hard, passing and kicking good, movement fast. Both sides were equally determined to win. Not an inch of ground was lost without a fight and every advantage taken. Moran in the centre was an inspiration and a tower of strength. He and "Stew" Binnie made some beautiful runs down the field. "Doc" Bull led the forwards with animal ferocity (never seen before in his M.I. room) ably supported by "Nutty" Metcalf. The Brigade won 6—0. The first try came after 10 minutes of play; Graham Tedd, picking up after a set scrum on the wing, ran round the back of it to the open side and touched down. The second, in the second half, came from a beautiful cross kick by C.Q.M.S. Jones just over the halfway line, which was gathered on the right wing by Tedd, who ran over.

And so to the final, with another R.A.F. team as our opponents. They had watched our play in the semi-final and used our tactics. The game was not as exciting as the semi-final, both sides playing the spoiling game and marking closely. The Brigade finished up on top with 12 points against eight, Scorers being C.Q.M.S. Jones, Capt. Coulson (1st Bedfords and Herts) and Lt. Moxon (R.S.F.) who kicked two penalty goals.

After a final celebration party in Cawnpore we returned to Dehra Dun with the Cup, tired but happy. A successful finish to a grand tour, by which the 2nd DUKES helped to add another small shield to the plinth of the cup which we won unaided in 1938.

Since arriving in Meerut, it has not been possible for us to organise a representative rugby team owing to the lack of a pitch and the hardness of the ground. Once the rain arrives, and the temperature does not exceed 110 degrees in the shade (?) we hope to take the field again with a team chosen from the talent that is undoubtedly present in the Battalion.

### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

Since last October a completely new Battalion 1st XI has been formed, since all the "old hands" have returned to the U.K. on release or repatriation. In October a Brigade young soldiers league commenced, so we were able to try out all the potential Battalion 1st XI players. The team led by Pte. Howells met with great success, winning all matches played in this league. Shortly after the league finished, Smith 56, captain and "father"

of the 1st XI, and the soccer officer, Capt. A. S. Binnie, both went home on "repatriation." Their successors were Pte. Howells and Lt. R. Henshall respectively.

The Battalion team was entered for the Central Command British Units football competition in November, but was unfortunate in losing the first match by 2 goals to 1 against 9th Field Regiment, R.A., who scored the winning goal from a penalty kick during extra time.

In November the General Syme's trophy was again contested for in the form of a Brigade league. The first match against the South Staffs was drawn 1-1, but all other matches played in Clement Town were won. The league continued shortly after the Brigade arrived in Meerut, and we beat Brigade Headquarters and 1st Beds. and Herts. very comfortably. 1st Kings and ourselves met in the final, both teams having the same number of points. This match was very exciting, but the team proved themselves superior to their opponents and won 4-2. The General Syme's trophy was presented to Pte. Howells after the match by the Brigade Commander, Brigadier K. Bayley, C.B.E.

Our goalkeeper, Cpl. Balsom, was injured before the commencement of the competition, but L/Cpl. Seaman and later, Lt. Thornton, proved able substitutes. The defence, Pte. Harvey, right back; Pte. Whitley, left back; Pte. Bell (87), right half; Pte. Howells (capt.), centre half, and Cpl. Stafford, left half, played excellently throughout the competition. The forward line proved rather a problem, but after some changes it was eventually stabilised as:—Ptes. Saynor, Cocker and Blakelock, C.Q.M.S. Cardus and Pte. Whittles. Ptes. Bemrose, Orr and Burton also played for the team in the absence of injured players.

We were the first unit team to beat 83rd Battalion, R.A.P.C., Meerut, in the past year. Since they later beat us 8-2, they claim a "fluke" but we intend to settle it in the decider. We also "came a cropper" in our game with 208th Field (S.P.) Regiment, R.A., losing 6-1. We thirst for revenge! In conclusion congratulations to Pte. Howells, C.Q.M.S. Cardus, Ptes. Blakelock, Saynor, Bell, and Harvey, Cpls. Stafford and Balsom in gaining Battalion football colours for 1945.

### BOXING.

Between the 20th-22nd of February the Battalion held a very successful inter-company and individual boxing tournament, in which there were 65 entrants in the classes from bantam to heavy weight. Considering the majority of contestants were novices, the standard of boxing was encouraging, the hitting being clean and straight. We should be able to raise a fair team for the Brigade inter-unit meeting.

The winner and runner-up of each bout were :-

Bantam weight—Pte. Stone, "D" Company beat Pte. Goldsmith, "A" Company.  
 Featherweight, Gd. I—Pte. Stiles, "A" Company beat Pte. McCarthy, "H.Q." Company.  
 Featherweight, Gd. II—Pte. Higgins, "D" Company beat Pte. Midgley, "D" Company.  
 Lightweight, Gd. I—Pte. Josebury, "B" Company beat Pte. Quinn, "A" Company.  
 Lightweight, Gd. II—Pte. Walker, "H.Q." Company beat Pte. Bontoft, "A" Company.  
 Lightweight, Gd. III—Pte. Hartley, "C" Company beat Pte. Gant, "B" Company.  
 Welterweight, Gd. I—Pte. Coates, "H.Q." Company beat Pte. Joel, "C" Company.  
 Welterweight, Gd. II—Pte. Bannan, "D" Company beat Pte. Taylor, "A" Company.  
 Welterweight, Gd. III—Pte. Curtis, "D" Company beat Pte. Bridson, "B" Company.  
 Middleweight, Gd. I—Pte. Swales, "C" Company beat Pte. Howell, "H.Q." Company.  
 Middleweight, Gd. II—Pte. Parker, "B" Company beat Sgt. Burdekin, "C" Company.  
 Middleweight, Gd. III—Pte. Hardy, "B" Company beat Pte. Hugill, "H.Q." Company.  
 Light Heavyweight, Gd. I—Pte. Brannon, "D" Company beat Pte. Quinn, "H.Q." Company.  
 Light Heavyweight, Gd. II—Pte. Waterhouse, "D" Company beat Sgt. Reithofer, "B" Company.  
 Heavyweight—L/Cpl. Holland, "H.Q." Company beat Pte. Rudrum, "A" Company.



The following kindly officiated :—Referees : Lt.-Col. J. H. Dalrymple, Lt.-Col. J. A. Newall, Major Harold, G.II, P.T., Central Command. Judges :—Major A. M. Cooper, 2nd i/c of the Battalion, Major Pachananda, R.I.A.S.C., and Major Cruikshank, of our 9th Battalion (R.A.C.), who was on a liaison visit from his Battalion. The time-keeper was Lt. Boatman, the recording officer Lt. Driver, while R.S.M. Parr made a very efficient M.C.

The inter-company trophy was won by " B " Company, who had a clear lead over " A ", the runners-up. The winners and runners-up of each grade were also presented with cups and medals. Major Cruikshank very kindly presented a cup for the best loser which was won by Pte. Hazeldene of " D " Company.

The Battalion also took part in a Brigade boxing meeting held from 2nd to 4th April, meeting teams from 1st Kings, 1st Bedfs. & Herts. and 208th Field (S.P.) Regiment, R.A. Our team put up a good show, running level with the Bedfs. & Herts. until the final night, but their welter-weight and middle-weight entrants proved stronger and more experienced, so that we were forced to yield them the laurels, gaining second place with 42 points to their 47.

Crowds of supporters from each regiment attended, and followed the bouts, which were all manfully contested, with such keen interest that it would be safe to call the competition a great success which augurs well for the future.

## 5th Battalion.

I was disappointed to find that the 5th Battalion seems to have disappeared entirely from THE IRON DUKE. This is no doubt my fault as I commanded this Battalion (as it ultimately became) from July 1944 until August, 1945, when I handed over to Lt.-Col. Sir Nugent Everard who is well known in the Regiment.

Your readers may be interested to know that the 43rd Searchlight Regiment (5 D.W.R.), after an eventful career in A.A. Command—another story which will, I hope, one day be written—mobilised in May, 1944 and were transferred from A.A. Command to 21 Army Group. During some few months' mobile and battle training in this country it became increasingly apparent that the A.A. set-up on the continent was not working out according to plan, and that the Regiment would not in all probability be required to perform the role for which it had been trained. At this time rumour was rife, and we fluctuated between intense depression at the thought of coming under the hammer and unbounded enthusiasm that perhaps after all the Luftwaffe had not shot its bolt.

In September, 1944 we received orders to re-mobilise as 43 Garrison Regiment, R.A., later 600 Regiment, R.A., but always 5 D.W.R. Our re-organisation was as an infantry battalion less support company, and although it meant a reduction in numbers from 1500 to 750 we soon got under way with the new (or should it be old ?) job.

We embarked in November, 1944, and after a period of intensive training in Belgium we were placed under command Czechoslovak Independent Armoured Brigade Group which was containing the enemy in Dunkirk.

Much has been written about Dunkirk, 1940, but little about Dunkirk, 1944. When we arrived there were 11,000 Boche in Dunkirk together with about 500 civilians who had elected to stay inside at the time of the truce for the withdrawal of the 15,000 civilians in September, 1944, and about 100 allied prisoners, mostly Canadian and British and American Air Force. The German garrison was a mixed bag of naval and military officers and men with foreign elements, such as Austrians, Poles, Alsations and Russians who had been conscripted into the German Army. The garrison commander was a naval officer, Admiral Frisius, a slight dapper little man, 60 years old and half-disliked, half-respected for his strictness. His right hand man and chief morale booster was Hauptmann Turke who commanded all the Volk units, and who ran a battle school at which students qualified and passed out by doing three successful patrols behind our lines, for which they

received a diploma signed by Turke. The foreign elements were found to be unreliable and were withdrawn into the inner fortress.

The perimeter of the German defences was some 45 miles long, enclosing the beaches from which the British evacuation took place in 1940, and which were still littered by debris of that army, though crowned by powerful fortifications constructed since then by the Germans as part of the Atlantic Wall. The enemy controlled the lock gates of the numerous canals which run into Dunkirk, and to reduce the perimeter had flooded vast areas of ground to the south of Dunkirk to a depth of 10-20 feet.

The containing force occupied on the east a line running from the coast just east of Bray Dunes Plage (not held by either side), through Bray Dunes (occupied by both) and Ghyvelde, at the south end of which the flooded area began: this was held by Czech Motor Battalion, and the 2nd Czech Armoured Regiment fighting dismounted, the latter using their tanks as close support artillery: on the west the line ran from the coast about 1000 yards east of Loon Plage to the flooded area in the south, and this was held by 1st and 3rd Czech Armoured Regiments (dismounted) and Czech Anti-Tank Regiment fighting as infantry (the enemy had only one tank and that was in workshops). In support there was a Czech Field Regiment, a British Heavy A.A. Regiment, and two Light A.A. Regiments, all firing in a ground role, and a S/L Battery deployed in an A.A. role and for ground illumination purposes.

The whole area was riddled with mines of which the Germans had a plentiful supply. In addition we were completely out-gunned by the Boche, though fortunately their expenditure of ammunition, except in an attack, was small. It was a night war for there was no cover and by day every move made by either side was visible to the enemy. Very roughly then that was the set-up.

The Battalion first took over part of the western sector with a company of French Infantry under command. To avoid an international crisis I will not give you my views on the efficiency of these French troops: suffice it to say that in an enemy attack on a two Battalion front the French Company failed to hold their ground. In this sector we occupied a succession of strong points in the shape of isolated and ruined farm houses anything up to 800 yards apart, necessitating active and frequent patrolling by night. Battalion H.Q. was in a reinforced concrete bunker—which I regret to say bore a red cross on the outside—known as the Iron Lung. The enemy were in the built-up area which made it simpler for them to get through our lines than for us to get through theirs. The Boche were quite active in this sector: the favourite way out was along the beach, a wide expanse of sand at low tide as many of your readers will know, with continuous obstacles in the sand providing sufficient cover for a Battalion on a dark night—this was always one of the problems. In this sector we came across our old friends 2/7th D.W.R. who were then an independent squadron R.T.R., equipped if I remember rightly with Churchills and in support of the Battalion. They left Dunkirk later to re-equip as a troop-carrying squadron and did some fine work after the crossing of the Rhine.

Later on we took over part of the eastern sector at Ghyvelde. This was quite different, as here we were able to construct and occupy a succession of mutually supporting defended localities, and there was consequently no feeling of isolation. Once again patrolling was the order of the day, and the main exit route used by the Boche on this side was the flooded area: our "B" Echelon were fortunate to capture an officer patrol one night just after they landed, and to continue the story we were unfortunate not to capture the naval party who were due to pick up this patrol three nights later, when Major J. C. Shaw ("B" Company), who speaks German fluently, impersonated a member of the patrol. We had a variety of weapons which were used to very good effect. Although, as I have said, we had no support company, we soon organised a mortar platoon equipped with German and French mortars which after slight modification can be made to fire the standard British 3-inch bombs: there were sufficient of these weapons for each company to have its own 3-inch mortar detachment in addition to the mortar platoon which was under

the able command of L/Sgt. Skinner Barclay. We also had a number of .5 Brownings, Spandaus (rather disconcerting not knowing whether one's own troops or the enemy are firing) and a German 20 M.M. gun. Our most impressive weapon was the German D.O. mine, a type of rocket throwing 200 pounds of explosive a distance of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and which made the most frightening noise at the dispatching and a most satisfying explosion at the receiving end: these D.O. mines were in plentiful supply, highly inaccurate and a source of intense satisfaction to those who fired them.

It was in this sector that we met the Psychological Warfare Section, an entertaining party equipped with loud speakers, miles of wire and a microphone in an armoured truck. The loud speakers were taken as far forward as it was possible to get them and the broadcast began. The object was to persuade the Hun to give up: the plan varied from threats (which we could not carry out) to entreaties, and on one occasion included some sentimental dance music; on another occasion we arranged for a prisoner taken the previous night to talk to his comrades and to describe to them in great detail the excellent food he had had since his capture—at this time the enemy were notoriously short of food. Not one man deserted as a result of these valiant efforts. If we could have transmitted the smell from a field bakery I felt we might have done some good.

To do justice to this section—a most enthusiastic body of men—I should add that at Cherbourg they made the enemy blood curdle to such an extent that 10,000 deserted with only the section of five other ranks to cope with the situation.

In April, 1945 we moved round to the western sector again with a company of the Czech Motor Battalion to put in a counter-attack to re-capture some positions from which the French had been driven. The attack went in at first light on 15th April, 1945, and both the Battalion and the Czechs suffered relatively heavy casualties; we lost on this day 2 officers and 15 other ranks killed, and 3 officers and 60 other ranks wounded, and the Czech Motor Battalion about the same. Enemy casualties were 100 dead and 75 prisoners. On this day the strength of the German artillery was apparent, for at no time during the day was it effectively silenced. Some days later we went into reserve in the eastern sector to rest and re-fit.

I have written something about the German artillery: another aspect of this arm was their A.A. artillery which was truly first-class. Not a week went by without the loss of British and American heavy bombers shot down by these A.A. batteries when returning from raids. It was always a source of amazement that these aircraft flew over Dunkirk at all, though I know from experience that many people had no idea that Dunkirk was held by the enemy, in fact, on more than one occasion we stopped convoys from Ostend to Calais which had been routed by Movement Control through Dunkirk. The Battery UDET is alleged to have scored 28 hits with 33 rounds: having served in A.A. Command myself I cannot accept these figures, but I have seen this battery shoot down four For-tresses in as many minutes.

The Battalion was in at the surrender of the German garrison on 10th May, 1945. It looked at one time as though there would be no surrender and that the enemy would fight it out. Admiral Frisius was all for fighting—it was said that he had lost his wife and family in a raid on Hamburg and had therefore no interest in life beyond fighting the British—but at the last moment he discovered a plot engineered by his second-in-command to murder him, so he dealt with his second-in-command and surrendered. When the disarming of the enemy had been completed we had the task of marching a large part of them through Adinkirk and Furnes to a Prisoner-of-War cage 40 miles away. This was accomplished in one day under great difficulties: the difficulties were due entirely to the attitude of the French and Belgian civilians in the villages we passed through. This attitude varied from brick and bottle throwing hostility, including robbery with violence, to attempted fraternisation: we were all glad when this nightmare was over.

Before leaving Dunkirk I would like to say a word about the Czechs. They were first-class soldiers of vast experience, many of whom had fought in Poland, Russia, and

5th BATTALION.



Dunkerque Harbour.



Dunkerque Harbour and Submarine Pens.



5th Battalion escorting Prisoners of War from Dunkirk.



88 M.M. A.A. Battery, Udet, and No. 10 Platoon.



Flooded area south of Ghyvelde, looking S.W. from forward O.P.



Flooded area south of Ghyvelde.

5th BATTALION.



No Man's Land, Eastern Sector.



Czech Tanks in No Man's Land, Eastern Sector.



Defensive positions in the Dunes, Eastern Sector.



Beach opposite Bray Dunes Plage, Eastern Sector.



Part of "C" and "E" Companies' objectives. 15th April, 1945. Western Sector.



High Street, Bray Dunes. British and German F.D.L's. under 100 yards of each other.



France in 1939/40. Others had been through the North African campaign. Nearly all spoke English well. They taught us the job, and friendships were made on all levels; we shall always have the greatest admiration for them. Something has already been written about this Brigade in an A.B.C.A. pamphlet called "Return via Dunkirk."

So much for Dunkirk, 1945, where the 5th Battalion upheld the great traditions of the Regiment. A number of decorations were awarded, notably to Major J. C. Shaw who received the M.B.E., Capt. C. P. Robinson, who received an immediate M.C., and Private Post who received an immediate M.M. There were also some mentions and certificates.

The Battalion then moved up to Bad Oeynhausen to take over guard duties at 21st Army Group Headquarters, where it continues to give a good account of itself both at its job and in the sphere of sport.

One interesting matter which I should mention is that C.S.M. J. Taylor, who won the M.M. with the Battalion in the 1914/18 war, served throughout this war with the Battalion—an excellent record of loyal service.

F. A. CARLINE, Lt.-Col.

## 6th Battalion.

PERIOD JANUARY—APRIL, 1946

Since our last notes we have been granted, in our present role as a Primary Training Centre, a signal honour. After considerable speculation amidst the usual dubious rumours, we were informed, quite suddenly, that we had been selected to train the cadre of the 2nd Division, Royal Netherland Army. We feel that this is a most notable achievement, and we feel proud to be associated with this latest regimental honour. This change in our role has necessitated a great increase in officers and instructors. In fact War Office took the unusual step of ordering every Holding Battalion to provide us with a number of N.C.O.'s for instructors. We have therefore now a grand National team from most Infantry Regiments in the Army.

We have all been very busy re-arranging accommodations, running cadres and generally overhauling and revitalising everything and everyone here, aided by our new C.O., Lt.-Col. H. A. Fitt, D.S.O., to whom we extend a hearty welcome after bidding regretful farewells to Lt.-Col. H. M. Vaux, M.C., in March and in February to Lt.-Col. C. R. T. Cumberlege.

It is interesting also to record that amidst a welter of goodbyes, breakings up and disbandings we feel to be still a fighting team; that our battalion spirit is still intact notwithstanding our losses; perhaps a good indication of that spirit is the large number of officers who are hopeful of taking regular commissions.

Our final note should be a mention, I think, of the recent visit to us of Lt.-Gen. Sir Oliver Leese, Bt., K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., Eastern Command C-in-C. He inspected us and told the C.O. that he was impressed by the efficiency and keenness expressed by all ranks. So now we feel the world is before us to *train*—if not conquer!

## OFFICERS' MESS.

Once again a period of changes, particularly in command as mentioned elsewhere. We have said good-bye to many well known faces: John Turner, John Willie, Jimmie Green, Teddy Manning, Paddy Bryan, and several attached officers. At the end of this month Lts. Johnnie Feather and Denis Siddal also depart. We offer them our best wishes for the future.

We welcome Major Mitchell and Capts. "Doc" Braun and Bowman, Lts. Hinton, Gibbons, Ince, Alward; and old "Dukes" in Lts. Uttley, Challis, Longfellow and Lawson.

**SERGEANTS' MESS.**

Changes of C.O.'s and R.S.M.'s seem prevalent in this unit. Lt.-Col. Cumberlege left us to command another Dukers Battalion. Lt.-Col. Vaux came and departed very quickly and we now hope that our new C.O. has come to remain with us for a long period. R.S.M. Edwards has left us in the hope of going further afield, destination unknown; his place has been taken by R.S.M. Collett. Our best wishes go with those who have left us, and we welcome the new C.O. and R.S.M. to the Battalion, and hope their stay will be a pleasant one. Several release groups have left us during the last few months. The names are too numerous to mention, but we wish them all the best of luck on their return to civvy life. Their reliefs are welcomed to the Mess, and we hope they settle down and enjoy their stay.

The activities in the Mess have livened up considerably, and keen rivalry between W.O.'s and Sergeants predominates. The basket ball match resulted in a win for the W.O.'s, 22 points to 1, O.R.Q.M.S. Sedwick being champion goal scorer; he is now detailed to run a basket ball class in the evenings for the sergeants. The inter-company billiards tournament was won by "H.Q." Company; C.S.M. Blenkinsop of "H.Q." Company won the prize for the highest break, making 48 unfinished, and by the position of the balls he would have easily scored another two. The individual table tennis tournament was won by Sgt. Wray (now released) who beat Sgt. Kitson in the final. The dart competition is nearing completion, the R.S.M. and C.S.M. Jackson being left to decide the final. It seems that a win for the latter is a foregone conclusion.

A social evening was organised to celebrate the departure of 27 group. The C.O. and several officers were present, and judging by the look of several members next morning, a very enjoyable evening was spent. In conclusion, we extend a hearty welcome to all attached allied members, who we hope will settle down and enjoy the activities of the Mess.

**COMPANY NOTES.**

"H.Q." COMPANY.—Well, since our last notes appeared we've had quite a few changes to go on record. I think the biggest regret has been the accepting of a civvy suit by Capt. Teddy Manning. Since he left the company office has been in rather a flat spin to know who has been Company Commander, and who was taking the reins. First Capt. Williams ably carried on the good work only to depart for the safe security of civvy street, and now we have Lt. Feather trying his hardest to overcome company commander, P.R.I., etc., etc. Coming to the other ranks! It's been upheaval. C.Q.M.S. Glew led the happy throng to the demobilisation centre, and to assist him there were Camin and Carter his most able clerks.

Our sports section has rather been left at the post, as we've been too busy swapping about different duties, but come what may when it comes to the push, we can field a good representative side to uphold the Company's name.

"A" COMPANY.—Since our last issue many changes have occurred in the Company. We have welcomed into our midst Lt. Longfellow and Lt. Challiss, and only yesterday we were joined by C.S.M. Joyce. One becomes sunburnt listening to the conversation in the company office and it is obvious that S.E.A.C. has lost three of its best soldiers.

Perhaps the most important news is that Major D. C. Roberts has purchased a car. True, he got a couple of punctures first time out, since when he has pestered everyone in the battalion for spare tyres and petrol coupons. Due to these efforts and the Battalion's generosity he was able to spend a pleasant ten days leave touring the north country. He now parks his Riley right opposite the company office and each time he steps out he pays it an admiring glance and bursts a couple of buttons off his tunic.

"B" COMPANY.—In common with most other sub-units we have had a rapid succession of changes of personnel, which are too numerous to mention individually.

We take pleasure, however, in welcoming C.S.M. Wilson (late 1st Battalion) and C.Q.M.S. Batchelor, who are now almost the sole survivors of the "Dukes" in the Company. A few days ago we said good-bye to Sgt. Stitt who has been a member of the Battalion since "T.A." days; we take this opportunity of wishing him all the best in civilian life.

We are now in the unusual position of having an N.C.O. representative from almost every regiment in the army—much to the consternation of the pay clerk. However we hope that their spell of service with the "Dukes" will be a happy period.

"C" COMPANY.—There are many strange faces in the Company these days. Of the old originals there seem to be only C.S.M. "Jacko" Jackson and Sgt. Joe Gadd. The thumps given by the former are still looked upon with trepidation by all members of the staff. The "Skipper," Major C. F. "Charlie" Grieve, is a very busy man these days, for in addition to company commander he is also P.M.C. and acting 2nd i/c, coupled with his frequent turn-outs for the Battalion at rugger and hockey; he has a very capable assistant, however, in Lt. "Jim" Ferris of the Devons.

Since November the Company has dealt successfully with three G.S.C. intakes, although some members of the staff have a few more grey hairs. We have now turned our attention to the training of Royal Netherland Army personnel; our Company is dealing with officers and we are indeed thankful that most of them can speak English.

### SPORT.

This is briefly the account of some of the most tremendous successes in a Dukes Battalion history all collected into one season. We have during the winter months in all our activities covered ourselves with glory, and congratulations are deserved by all those who have carried this through. Perhaps these notes can convey some idea of our successes.

In minor sports the officers have played a number of squash matches against other units, and an indoor sports league has been successfully enjoyed by all ranks during the winter. Boxing has not flourished particularly; cricketers are now stirring from their long hibernation; the words "any tennis balls?" are heard abroad, and strong silent men look at thick ropes and heavy weights and flex their muscles ready for the athletic meetings due soon. There is also a big shooting meeting scheduled for the garrison and sub-district teams in June.

May I extend thanks to all our players and able supporters through this memorable season, and thank Capt. Green for his keenness, which was the foundation for our successes.

RUGGER.—Our rugger season having just ended, we can sit back and review what has been a most successful effort. In base figures the results are:—won 14; lost 4; points for, 206; points against, 94. However it has been these last few weeks that have given us our crowning success.

After some keen and hard fought eliminating rounds we won in succession the Colchester Garrison Cup, the Sub-District Shield, and last week we were presented with the District Shield and medals by Lt.-Gen. Sir Oliver Leese, after an exhibition match, versus the rest of the Garrison.

Personalities of the team have fluctuated owing to release and postings, but we have been fortunate to have the services of Charles Grieve, "John Willie," Sgt. Hopkins, Sgt. Colbert and Cpl. Roberts, for most of our matches. They proved a great factor in our success. Altogether we are well satisfied that the good name of the "Dukes" in rugger has been upheld.

HOCKEY.—A great and memorable season; we must congratulate all the players and particularly Lts. Van Gelder and Siddall for their unflinching efforts to keep the team going amidst demobilisation, and to produce at the end of a long hard season so keen and good a side, which has enabled us to reach the Command finals and give us so many honours en route.



Of our players Cpl. Rudd in the forwards has been a great individualist and clever player; whilst Lt. Van Gelder (centre half), Lt. Ferris and Pte. Stapleton (full back and goalie) have been very sound, but enough to say that the team has been the thing: all who have played have tried their very best and appreciated the tradition of regimental sport.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.—The Battalion entered a team in division I of the North Essex Football League, and although low in the league table, won the cup in a grand match against Coggeshall Town, winning comfortably by 5 goals to 0.

On occasions we have had extreme difficulty in raising a team, but a few of the regular players have held the team together.

S.S.I. Crossley, Sgt. Cutts, Ptes. Lowe and Liddle are to be congratulated on their fine standard of football which has helped to bring home the cup.

### 7th Battalion.

Since our last contribution the chief event has been a manifold one—the succession of farewells to old friends. At the time of writing more than 20 officers and 400 men of the fighting days have been demobilised.

Early in the new year the seven o'clock gin session, which met nightly in the Officers' Mess to pass judgement on the High Command for freezing Group 22 (officers), sat for the last time. In group 21 we had said a sad goodbye to the great Campbell Fox of "A" Company, who had worked unceasingly to make a very fine company, and the two "S" Company stalwarts, Cpts. Jack Illingworth and Duncan Ross. They sent a telegram from Dover to group 22—"Hang on." Instead of having to wait until March as had been forecast, group 22 were suddenly released in mid-January, and we dined to do honour to some very gallant gentlemen—Majors Gerald Fancourt, Ronnie Smallwood; Cpts. Leslie Denton, Donald Horsfall, John Lappin and Padre Stephen Chase. Each in his own sphere these officers had worked long for the 7th—unruffled "Fanny" with "C" Company, and afterwards as Education Officer; Ronnie Smallwood with his sports-winning "B" Company, and Stephen Chase with his gallantry and devotion. Leslie Denton deserves a sentence—though I could write a book—of his own. More than three years as adjutant, the right hand of four commanding officers, he was the perfect front line staff officer. Then came the turn of Walter Horne in group 23—the expert patroller (with John le Cornu, Bob Redman, Kenneth Evans, Jack Cannon and John Lappin of the Island days). My own turn came afterwards on February 8th—it was a very sad day indeed. My successor Lt.-Col. C. R. T. Cumberlege arrived from the 6th Battalion on February 18th.

I wish I could write of each of the many dozens of great warrant officers, N.C.O's and men who left early in the year—famous men of "H.Q." Company stores and transport—I particularly remember Harry Hobson, the C.O.'s carrier driver, Ivor King of the Intelligence, Howe the Orderly Room Sergeant and C.Q.M.S. Colley, formerly the Sigs. Sergeant, who had made such a strong team at Battalion Headquarters. I've paid my tribute many times to these chaps and countless others and I shall never cease recalling their spirit.

I was particularly sorry to leave Barry Kavanagh, my 2nd i/c, who started the Christmas festivities with diphtheria, and Eric Mattock, who took over Adjutant, and who is now himself released. Eric has done masterful work lately together with another kindred spirit, Arnold Somerville, the Medical Officer. In the last week or two I have heard from Tris Bax (now released in Cornwall), Bernard Kilner (at G.H.Q. India), Bob Redman (in the Colonial Service, Bechuanaland), Derrick Delaney (back from India for Colonial Office interview), Tim Boarer (back on his beat in London), Brigadier Felix Wilsey, and Major John Pyrah, so well known and well beloved as transport officer, and O.C. "H.Q." Company. Ben Thomlinson is settled down in York.

C.D.H.

2nd BATTALION FOOTBALL TEAM.



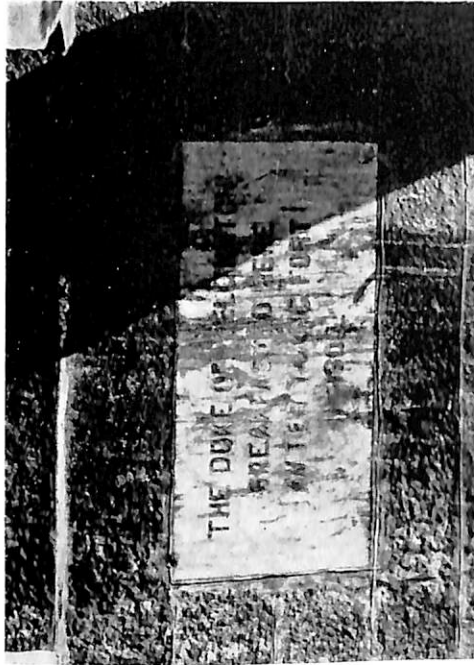
Front row (left to right): Pte. BELL, L/Cpl. WHITLEY (kneeling), C.Q.M.S. CARDUS, Lt.-Col. J. H. DALRYMPLE, Pte. HOWELLS (capt.), Lt. R. HENSHALL, Pte. WHITTLES (kneeling), Cpl. STAFFORD, Pte. HARVEY.  
Back row (left to right): Pte. BURTON, Pte. BEMROSE, Pte. COCKER, Cpl. BALSOM, Lt. G. THORNTON, L/Cpl. SEAMAN, Pte. BLAKELOCK, Pte. SAYNOR.

2nd BATTALION BOXING TEAM.

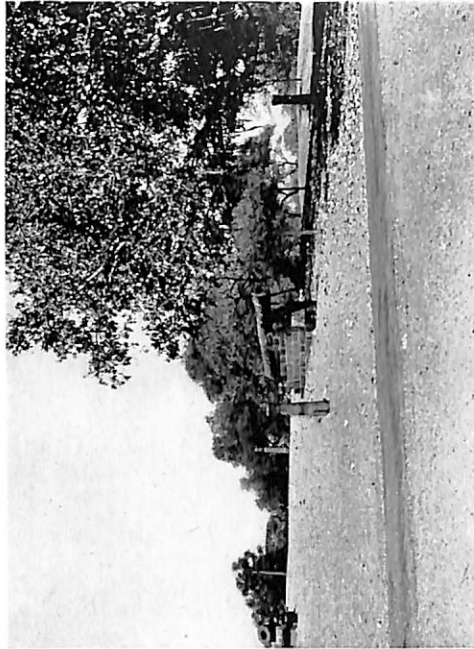


Front row (left to right): Pte. STONE, Pte. GOLDSMITH, C.S.M. GOOD (trainer and capt.), Lt.-Col. DALRYMPLE (C.O.), Lt. R. E. BOATMAN (Boxing Officer), Sgt. OUTEN, Pte. HOWELLS.  
Second row (left to right): Pte. MIDGELEY, Pte. TURNER, Sgt. REITHOFER, L Cpl. HOLLANDS, Pte. SWALES, Sgt. BURDEKIN.  
Back row (left to right).—Ptes. ROSS, HIGGINS, PARKER, ROSCILLI, QUINN.

WHERE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON BREAKFASTED IN 1806, AHMEDNAGAR.



Commemorative Plaque.



Assault Gun (see page 106).



"B" Company, 1st Battalion, Rifle Team. Winners of Inter-Company Rifle Competition in Battalion Rifle Meeting.



Lt.-Colonel C. D. Hamilton, D.S.O., shaking hands with Capt. W. L. Denton, M.C., Adjutant of the 7th Battalion for over three years, with Capt. D. F. Horsfall looking on.

Our last bulletin to the Regimental Magazine saw us busily preparing for our first peacetime Christmas for six years. For many members of the Battalion last Christmas was their last in the Army, and every effort was made to make it a memorable one.

It was with very real regret that, in the early months of the year we said our farewells to many members of the Battalion. Some 23 officers and 412 men have left the unit for civilian life, among them such personalities as Major G. V. Fancourt, Unit Education Officer, who did such a magnificent job of work on the education side, Capt. W. L. Denton, adjutant to four Commanding Officers, Major G. M. M. Smallwood, Commander of "B" Company during the N.W. Europe campaign, and Capt. E. W. Mattock, successor as adjutant to Leslie Denton.

The old year closed on rather a dismal note, for the Powers ordained that we should pay for our 35 m.m. film shows. Not a very tasty morsel to swallow by any means. However, swallowed it was, and the men took it in good part.

The new year was to see many changes, both in officers and men. Groups 24 and 25 soon began to trickle away from the Battalion. Many new promotions had to be made to fill the gaps in the N.C.O.'s, both junior and senior. The Battalion pantomime, "Aladdin" produced by Capt. K. M. Evans, and stage-managed by Lt. V. C. Stevens, gave us two excellent evenings' entertainment on January 8th and 9th. Stage effects and lighting were borrowed from the Wuppertal Theatre, and the men of the Battalion put up a really good show. Reinforcements were beginning to trickle in but the supply did not meet the demand.

Padre Stephen Chase officiated at the marriage of Sgt. Ivor King, then Battalion Intelligence Sergeant, and since demobilised, at the Garrison Church on the 13th January. This was the first of a number of happy events. Since then several men have married Polish girls from the D.P. Camp in Gevelsberg. On the 22nd January Padre Chase left the Battalion as the last officer in group 22. His departure had been held up by an inopportune attack of influenza. The doctor at the time, Capt. A. U. Somerville, took great delight in confining him to bed. Padre Chase joined the Battalion in 1942. His courageous devotion to duty and the unstinting way in which he gave his services to the men will long be remembered. His loss was very keenly felt throughout the Battalion.

Brigadier H. Wood, D.S.O., was succeeded by Brigadier R. P. Cotterell-Hill, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., and the Battalion was first on the new Commander's visiting list. Two more awards, mentions in despatches, were awarded to Major B. V. Thomlinson and Capt. T. B. Bax, since released.

The Battalion was lucky to secure a replacement for Padre Chase in the person of Padre Tecwyn Parry who joined the Division at Nijmegen. On the operational side we were still confined to routine road checks and house searches. "D" Company continued to maintain law and order in Schwelm. The German people continued to behave themselves and all was under control in the Ennepe-Ruhr Kreis.

The Commanding Officer, Lt.-Col. C. D. Hamilton took it upon himself to interview personally all reinforcements with the object of putting them in the picture regarding the occupation role of the Battalion, and also giving them a brief summary of the Battalion's war history. On the 27th January "A" Company was detached from the Battalion and took up its station at Siegen, a much-bombed town some 50 miles south-west of Gevelsberg. A general spreading out of the Battalion in Gevelsberg followed.

A collection of Nazi war trophies was publicised in the *Yorkshire Pudding* of January 28th. The flag of the 6th Parachute Division, accepted at the surrender of that Division in Holland last May, has already been presented to the Depot; and it is planned to form a collection which will be good enough to be exhibited at Halifax.

Early in February three more awards to members of the Battalion were announced. Capt. (Q.M.) Ben Temple received the M.B.E., Leslie Denton the M.C., and C.S.M. Measey the D.C.M.

The Battalion Canteen, the "Iron Duke," became an all-comers club early in the month, and the Battalion benefited by the extra beer and foodstuffs allotted. Fortunately we had very few visitors, mainly owing to our location, although we were only too pleased to extend our hospitality to passers-by. The Battalion suffered a further loss on 4th February when it had to provide seven N.C.O. instructors for the I.T.C. in England. Training was already confined to narrow limits by the shortage of trained N.C.O.'s, and this further drain on our meagre resources was a serious blow.

On February 6th Lt.-Col. C. D. Hamilton left the Battalion for release. It was with regret that we said good-bye to our wartime Commanding Officer. His quiet confidence during many critical engagements, not the least important of which was the successful defence of Haalderen on 4th December, 1944, had at all times imbued the officers and men of the Battalion with that great spirit of victory which gained this Battalion so much praise for its fighting qualities. Colonel Hamilton joined the Battalion as second-in-command in September, 1944 just before the assault on Le Havre, and succeeded to Lt.-Col. Wilsey in January, 1945. He quickly gained the respect and confidence of the Battalion and was a worthy successor to "Felix." Major John Pyrah took over the command of the Battalion in the absence of Major A. B. M. Kavanagh, who was in hospital with diphtheria. Ten C.-in-C.'s certificates, three for gallantry and seven for good service, were awarded to officers and men of the Battalion on 12th February. Those for gallantry went to Capt. J. C. Fox of "A" Company, since demobbed, and to Ptes. W. Dunn and J. M. McDonnell. By the 14th February the Battalion had raised 2521 marks for the Divisional War Memorial at Fontenay. The figure does not include a sum of 1256 marks which the Battalion contributed direct to the fund from the proceeds of a raffle.

On the 18th February Lt.-Col. C. R. T. Cumberlege arrived to take command of the Battalion. Major A. B. M. Kavanagh returned from sick leave and took up his duties as second-in-command.

Mr. W. L. Andrews, Editor of the *Yorkshire Post*, in company with Joe Illingworth, *Yorkshire Post* war correspondent, well-known to this Battalion, visited us for a week-end at the end of February. Mr. Andrews spoke to and with a representative gathering of the men, and made notes of their views and such grouses as were aired for further comments in the columns of his paper. Needless to say we were all very pleased to have them with us. Group 26 commenced to leave the Battalion on the 28th of February. 120 men were released in this group so the loss to the Battalion was considerable.

Preparations for training were in full swing. "D" Company had rejoined the Battalion in Gevelsberg from Schwelm, "B" Company had been disbanded because of lack of men. Rifle Companies were reorganised and weapon training and range firing became the order of the day. At the same time plans to extend the scope and amount of Battalion education were put into force and the Battalion area soon became a veritable hive of industry.

In the midst of all this training we still found time to continue our road checks, "D" Company being particularly successful.

On March 8th, six officers left the Battalion in Group 24 release. Major Pyrah, Headquarter Company Commander and T. O. during the campaign, Captain Driver, Signal Officer, Captains Poplewell and Thornett and Lts. Staveley and Brown. 25 Group officers of which there were three, also received their release date about this time.

The *Yorkshire Pudd* proudly proclaimed the fact that it had reached its 200th number on the 7th March. Since the loss of Editor Major G. V. Fancourt, it had been published by Captain R. A. H. Farrar, who has since been demobbed. The Battalion paper now occupies a place in the Imperial War Museum which receives regular copies.

On March 12th we suffered a grievous blow in the loss of our 35mm. films. This leaves us with only one 16 mm. film each week, and whatever German and E.N.S.A. shows are routed to us by Divisional or what we can hire ourselves. Needless to say every effort has been made to secure entertainment and considerable success has been

achieved. On April 1st the Divisional Repertory Company entertained us with Ben Travers' "Rookery Nook," the Minden Players gave a very commendable performance of this hilarious farce.

In THE IRON DUKE Canteen tea, cakes and suppers were supplied free to all-comers and the price of beer was reduced to 25 pfennigs a glass. On the sports side the basketball league has been and is being very keenly contested. The Battalion rugby team had to suspend its activities owing to lack of players. The football team has played a good number of matches with various other units and has come through with flying colours.

A lightning raid was made on Schwelm by "D" Company on April 6th and an identity check and house search was carried out. Forty Germans were found to be without documents or with outdated documents which were practically useless. They were handed over to the civil police for examination. This raid was soon followed by another in Gevelsberg when 100 people were arrested. Captain Mattock and the Padre made a trip into Holland to inspect the Battalion war graves. The cemeteries were reported to be in excellent condition, and an interesting account of the journey over the old battlefields was published in the *Yorkshire Pud*.

A Battalion representative was to broadcast on April 14th, Arnhem Day, but unfortunately his voice was found to be unsuitable, and consequently the broadcast lost some of its interest to the Battalion.

Easter was celebrated in the traditional ways. A general holiday was announced for Good Friday, and a special number of the *Yorkshire Pud*, consisting of eight pages of photographs and reading matter and incorporating a pin-up supplement, was published on the Saturday.

Over the Easter period the Battalion had been moving in small parties to Buren, a small country town some 30 kilometres south of Paderborn, and on Tuesday, the 23rd April, the main body of the Battalion said goodbye to Gevelsberg. At present we are getting organised as best we can in the limited space available. A new IRON DUKE has been opened, and everyone is working at full pressure to get the Battalion area "ship-shape." We are well equipped with a theatre and swimming pool, and the country round about is ideal for both training and sport. On the debit side we have lost 412 other ranks and 23 officers, on the credit we have gained 514 other ranks from some 20 different Regiments and 14 officers. There are only a few members of the old 7th still left, but I am convinced that the new 7th will be every bit as efficient and happy a Battalion as the old.

*Departures on Release*:—Capt. W. L. Denton, M.C., Capt. D. F. Horsfall, Major G. M. M. Smallwood, M.C., Lt. W. Horne, M.C., Major G. V. Fancourt, M.C., Lt. Col. C. D. Hamilton, D.S.O., Major J. W. Pyrah, Capt. C. F. Driver, Capt. M. Popplewell, Capt. H. C. A. Thornett, Lt. F. Brown, Lt. J. A. Staveley, Capt. H. E. Buckland, Major H. Vickers, Capt. A. U. Somerville (R.A.M.C.), Capt. R. A. H. Farrar, Lt. A. Cree, Lt. F. M. Lyon, M.C., Lt. R. Senior, Capt. E. W. Mattock, Lt. V. C. Stevens, M.C., Lt. R. S. Pratt, The Rev. S. H. Chase, M.C. (R.A.Ch.D.). *Arrivals*:—Major M. R. J. Burke, Capt. J. W. Christensen, Lt. R. H. Carruthers, Capt. D. N. Simonds, Lt. J. Greer (R.A.M.C.) Capt. J. R. Allen, Lt. K. G. Perry, Lt. N. S. Maw, Lt. G. I. Jones, Lt. F. T. Allsop, Capt. R. H. Beaumont, Lt. E. J. Silvers, Lt. E. H. Morley, The Rev. T. Parry (R.A.Ch.D.).

## A SWAN SONG.

(from Lt.-Col. C. D. HAMILTON).

I should like to make my swan song as Commanding Officer of the 7th Battalion a personal one of my great pride in having been associated with such a fine regiment during the war, and the occupation of Germany afterwards.

I think I left the Battalion in February at just the right time. I had seen most of my campaign officers and men on the road to civil life; and with drafts arriving daily, it seemed obvious that the commander should straightaway be the permanent one. I felt very secure in handing the Battalion

over to Dick Cumberlege (what he thought I don't know! The week he arrived there left on release all the warrant officers and the fiftieth sergeant since the start of demobilisation).

Looking back over the last 20 months I think I can say that the success of the 7th Battalion was due to its great spirit, such as few battalions have had this war. It had a remarkably high standard of officer, W.O., and N.C.O., and the most unselfish and hard working men, of many counties and regiments, who all shared our pride in the Regiment. The Battalion had the wonderful luck to be polished up in its final training and led through its baptism of fire by Felix Wilsey (now Brigadier J. H. O. Wilsey, C.B.E., D.S.O., Commandant of the Staff College, Haifa). His ruthlessness when the occasion demanded it, his tactical skill, personal bravery and his wonderful understanding of his officers and men, were worth many extra companies to the 7th in battle.

Now I am afraid Dick Cumberlege has far more problems than I ever had to face. When I left the Battalion had only four officers with more than three months to serve. All the young N.C.O.'s I had been carefully training in the last year had been posted away to other theatres, to the I.T.C., and to the colossal B.A.O.R. training school (which seemed to me to be a duplication of schools in England). Hardly any of the N.C.O.'s had been tempted to sign on—such was the natural urge for everyone to get back to "civvy street" (and walk the street, I am afraid). Few seemed interested in the army scheme for bringing families out (as there was talk of the Battalion moving its barracks every month or two—not very intelligent to me. No family feels like following the bugle four or five times a year).

But this milking of ones' best material has been ever thus since Waterloo, so the 7th will crest it all I am sure. The Battalion is being retained for peace time occupation purposes—indefinitely. What will happen if the old Territorial Army is re-created this year I don't know. Presumably the 2/7th will be "animated."

Naturally my interest in future will lie with the men who were with me in Europe, and I hope I will meet them from time to time. I was at the seniors officers' meeting in London this month, when I urged that the O.C.A. should join the Regimental Association, and make one virile body of ex-service-men of the Duke of Wellingtons Regiment, with branches in every part of the country. Old comradeship would be revived and we would have the chance of helping those who had fallen on bad times. This would need a full time organiser in Halifax, who could look after other interests—but he should be an enthusiast and not someone supplementing his pension. I am hoping the issue will be settled in June after the joint O.C.A. and Regimental Association dinner. Then afterwards we should start propaganda in the West Riding to start branches of the Regimental Association and make up the ground we have lost so far. I know my friend C.Q.M.S. Colley is anxious to start a branch in Stoke for the first call-up soldiers.

My own address, should any of my old comrades wish to get in touch with me, is for the time being, 1 Belvedere, Alnwick, Northumberland (Telephone: Alnwick 386).

I should like to end on a note of good wishes to all who serve or who honour the Regiment, and particularly to THE IRON DUKE magazine, the excellence of which has had a great deal to do with fostering the fighting pride of the battalions of the Regiment this war.

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

SUPPLY EXPERIENCES AS SEEN BY ONE OFFICER (CAPT. S. V. OWEN, 2ND i/c. H.Q. SQUADRON)  
ON ONE PARTICULAR DAY (26TH AUGUST, 1944).

One of the great problems facing a tank regiment is that of the supply of Ammunition, Petrol, Food and Water, and this is a short account of the events as seen by myself as 2nd i/c H.Q. Squadron and also 2nd i/c Regimental A echelon on one particular day, 26th August, 1944.

In the small hours of the morning the tanks set out to cross the river Metauro and open the Battle for the Gothic line. The initial crossing was completely successful in the area in which we were working under command of the Canadian Corps, and the impetus of the advance was well maintained. Each Tank Squadron had a Light Scale Echelon (L.S.E.) forward of Regiment A Echelon to supply individual tanks, etc. The task of the Regiment A Echelon therefore was (a) to supply in bulk Squadron L.S.E.'s. (b) To supply the various tanks in R.H.Q. and the Recce Troop individually and to supply the Tactical H.Q. of the Regiment, the L.A.D. and R.A.P. Task (a) was duly carried out by day and supplies taken forward to L.S.E. It was with task (b) that I was chiefly concerned on this particular day.



The supply problem can be divided into four phases:—(a) Preparation. (b) The journey up. (c) The actual supply. (d) The journey back, and four categories; (a) Ammunition. (b) Petrol. (c) Rations. (d) Water.

Preparation was started as soon as possible in the morning. Ammunition was not a big problem in the case of H.Q. Squadron on this occasion, as only the tanks of the Recce Troop were likely to need replenishment and those attached to other squadrons were looked after by that Squadron. In fact it was eventually found that the H.Q. Squadron tanks needed none that day.

Petrol is a subject for intelligent anticipation, on some days very little is required, on others large quantities are needed. For it must be remembered that the Churchill tanks do gallons to the mile *not* miles per gallon. On this particular day we knew that the tanks and vehicles had covered a good mileage, and it was decided that two three-ton lorries would be needed to supply the tanks and vehicles of H.Q. Squadron forward of A echelon. The petrol lorries must at all times be fully loaded. Empty tins must be recovered from the tanks if possible and refilled at the Petrol Point.

The preparation of rations takes some considerable time. The rations being received and issued by the Q.M. at the time were fresh rations i.e. the normal scale, with the exception of the fact that tinned meat was issued instead of fresh meat. Rations of this type were not satisfactory for "cutting up" in small groups, but the R.A.S.C. were unable to provide us with "compo" or A.F.V. pack rations.

The first steps to be taken after receipt of the Squadron's rations from the Q.M. was to put into separate boxes, etc. the rations for Tactical H.Q., L.A.D. and the M.O.'s party. The next step was to find out which tanks we, as a squadron were to feed that day. On this occasion there were 16 Churchills—four of them at R.H.Q., two in reserve—two Shermans for the F.O.O. of the Gunners and five Honeys of the Recce Troop, the remaining six Honeys of the Recce Troop were attached to Squadrons.

The S.Q.M.S. holds for each tank in the Squadron two ration boxes made within the Regiment. Each box is a converted ammunition box and is divided into compartments and has mess tins, bags, etc., as small containers. At this time one box was in each tank with the current days rations in it. Into the other box was put sufficient rations for the number of men in that tank—a number that may vary from three to six.

It will be realised that this splitting-up is at times very difficult with certain commodities, whether fresh or tinned, and it is difficult not to have a certain amount of waste. In the case of tinned goods, this is very marked, as tins are often for large numbers of people and once a tin has been opened the food is apt to go bad. In addition in the case of items like milk, it is impossible to send less than a tin. At all times an effort is made to err on the side of generosity to tank crews. The balance of rations left were for A echelon. These difficulties were in due course recognised and when it was necessary to split up rations to tank crews we were allowed a 10 per cent splitting up allowance on to our rations, although I believe this was only a local rule and only lasted for a short while.

For the supply of water we had a water truck and a trailer, but one of them had to stay with A echelon. They were both kept filled and we had to decide between taking the water truck and risking a valuable vehicle or towing the trailer behind the ration or petrol truck. On this occasion we chose the latter, but I think it was a mistake as it is impossible to reverse on the narrow roads with a trailer which creates difficulties.

During the afternoon I set off from our harbour a mile or two S.W. of Barchi with two petrol lorries and a ration truck towing a water trailer. Supplies were left with the L.A.D. with no delay and we joined the boat route-up. This route was carrying most of the 1st Canadian Infantry Division and 21st Tank Brigade traffic. It was merely a country lane which went over hills nearly 1,000 feet high and down to rivers nearly at sea-level. At times it was not even a country lane but was only a bull-dozed track. The verges were, to put it mildly, very doubtful and liable to give way. The distance by road was about 15 miles entailing crossing the river Metauro by a ford and through the village



of Tavernelle on route 3. This village had only that day been "liberated," and the "locals" were lining the streets already, cheering and trying to scrounge "fags" or sweets. At length after three hours of dust and congestion we reached the harbour minus one petrol lorry which turned up later.

As soon as we arrived the S.Q.M.S. started to distribute the ration boxes etc., the petrol lorry went from tank to tank with petrol, and the chaps filled all their containers etc. with water. At this moment the Hun decided to start mortaring and the first reaction was to take cover. It soon appeared that there was an enemy O.P. directing the fire; they must have seen the petrol lorries, and so it was a case of all hands to filling up, not only did we want to get the soft vehicles away but the tank crews were eager to see the last of us.

Regiment Headquarters and the R.A.P. were both within 200 yards of the tank harbour, and after the rations etc. had been distributed to them we prepared to start back. The Colonel told me that the most difficult part of my job was in front of me. The road was narrow and the traffic dense. It was just starting to get dark. It was, however, essential that we started off at once and got back to the echelon as soon as possible. The advance would, we all hoped, continue rapidly, and petrol, ammunition and food would all be wanted again on the following day. It was decided to leave one petrol lorry which was still almost full with a L.S.E. a little behind the tanks. I therefore started back with an empty petrol lorry and a ration lorry towing the water trailer. The S.Q.M.S. had collected the previous days ration boxes and the petrol man had collected the empty petrol tins. The journey back was indeed difficult, we found ourselves going against the stream of traffic, and in the first hour we covered just under a mile. We then came to a road junction, it was obviously hopeless continuing along the road we had taken on the way up, and the road to the left was not being used at all. The C.M.P. at the corner could give no news of the state of this road, but according to the map it would take us down to the river. I decided to risk it. All went well for a time, on one or two occasions the corners were so acute that we had to manhandle the trailer, but there were no mines on the road. After about two miles we met our next snag, a bridge—completely blown. Luck still held, a party of Canadians were there with a bulldozer and they cleared a way over two fields for us to ford the stream. We were about the first wheeled vehicles to use this road, they told us. We reached the village of Serrungarina and the road down to Route 3 was straight forward. The next job was to find a way to one of the crossings over the River Metauro and a narrow track took us there. At the far end we found a notice referring to the road we had just used saying "road not checked for mines," it was no good worrying about that now, we had checked it and found none. We struck the down "Bottle" route and in pitch darkness we crawled along. The gradients were very steep with sheer drops on each side. At one stage we had a N.C.O. sitting on the bonnet of our lorry—a Dodge 3-tonner—and on several occasions one of us walked in front of the lorry—so bad was the road and so dark the night.

The echelon had moved up along the up "Boat" route, and so we had to retrace our steps about a mile as the routes ran parallel before we got into harbour at 03.30 hours, 27th August. The return journey of just over 12 miles by road (about 6 or 7 miles as the crow would fly) took us over 7 hours and we had been away from our echelon about 12 hours.

This is not the story of an exceptional day in the battle. The distance was greater perhaps than usual. The Tank Squadron, L.S.E. had to provide supplies to tanks in much more exposed positions and nearer to the enemy. I hope it will, however, give a little idea of the high standard of driving needed by lorry drivers in the pitch dark, the need for accurate and fearless map-reading and for co-operation between tank crews and echelon men in the task of refuelling and supply. In our regiment (145th Regiment, R.A.C.) these were but some of the things that made such a happy family and splendid fighting and team spirit.

S.V.O.

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

Our first pleasant duty is to welcome Lt.-Col. Woods who has succeeded to the command of the I.T.C. We well know that he will prove as popular as his predecessor, Lt.-Col. McBain, who commanded the I.T.C. for so long.

As we anticipated in our last notes, release has deprived us of many of the old established members of the Mess, and still more are on their near way to going. Peter Ellis has gone, no longer is it possible to hear Matt Storey and Hutch dispensing "tips" and Danny Gardner wore his service dress one Saturday morning for the last time. "Guy" Gilbey struck a true course south some months ago, and correspondence from him has since proved that he did really reach his destination. The arrivals include Lewis Kershaw and he, along with Fred Smart, vigorously denies that he has gone into the poultry trade, although he was seen one morning on all fours in the ante-room emitting duck-like noises.

Two births, which caused all sorts of trouble, have taken place in the Mavin and Smart families. One result has been that officers now fight shy of being posted to "B" for Baby Company. However, we congratulate them. George Turnbull is now learning to learn how to be assistant to the assistant Adjutant. He does not as yet prove himself too much of a nuisance. "Robbie" is another who is now a proud father. This does not make his early morning presence in the ante-room any more pleasant.

Welcomed by all is the institution of No. 4 I.T.C. Officers' Dinner Club. We anticipate some pleasant and exciting functions—the first probably in May of this year. It is impossible to mention all the younger officers who have come and gone, but we wish them a happy stay here and *bon voyage* when they depart.

### SERGEANTS' MESS.

Since our last notes many changes of personnel have taken place in the Mess. The recently very much accelerated rate of promotion has led to the appearance of many new faces, as replacements for our recently demobbed, and "our soon to be" demobbed (the education and woodwork class enthusiasts). We offer our best wishes to all those departed and our congratulations to all new members.

"Beans" have now been relegated in favour of corned beef. In fact, so much corned beef has appeared of late, that we are inclined to believe that Mickey Reed's "dead horse" is not only being "flogged," but is being shared out amongst the Mess members. At this stage we find it convenient to draw attention to a long standing Mess mystery. We are very intrigued by the mysterious disappearance from public life, since December last, of Sgt. (no gaiters) Burland. He has been seen only on very infrequent occasions, and we believe that he is responsible for the Durham bus service being recently extended to run via I.T.C. woodwork room.

Other items of note are:—(1) The momentous honour recently conferred upon the I.T.C. authorities by Sgt. "Hedley" Verity, when he kindly consented to do a camp guard (first duty since 1942). (2) A recent meal when C.Q.M.S. Johnson was not heard to crib (perhaps he was on leave). (3) Sgt. "Schoolmaster" Davidson's recent decision to adopt fiddling (musical instrument) as his vocation. We conclude these notes with a stern warning to all who have been hearing rumours that Whipsnade Zoo has established a branch in Brancepeth. Remember, this is not a zebra compound, but merely a Sergeants' Mess, whose members have had to apply lashings of white blanco to their waning stripes.

### CORPORALS' MESS.

There have been many grumbles at the alleged slowness of demobilisation, but that must surely be belied by the disappearance of so many old faces from the Mess during recent months. Of course, we have had a corresponding influx of new members, so much so in

fact, that were it not for the non-stop succession of Cadres, one might be led to suspect that the first pair of chevrons were being issued with calling-up papers. Moreover, as a result of rapid promotion—for some—in spite of the newly instituted promotion tests, it has almost been necessary to hold our committee meetings in the Sergeants' Mess. Incidentally Cpl. Proctor now appears to have abandoned all hope of outwitting Major Worrall.

Once again space will not permit us to mention by name all who have left us, but to those who have put away "Sylvo" and "Blanco" (white and khaki green) we wish the best of luck and congratulations to all our friends now in the Sergeants' Mess, and to those who have recently joined us to share in the lavish spending of the "rebate." In passing we would like to send our best wishes to Lt.-Col. H. McBain, O.B.E., M.C., D.L.I., who has now left us. At the same time we welcome his successor, Lt.-Col. W. A. Woods, and it was especially gratifying to note his first social function was our dance in February. Owing to the sudden admission to hospital of Cpl. Ray Miles, who has since been discharged on medical grounds, we were faced with the problem of finding a master of ceremonies, but Cpl. Proctor stepped into the breach. We gave him the "mike" and now feel we should communicate with Carrol Lewis.

Under the able leadership of Cpl. Ernie Ricketts, who succeeded Cpl. (now Mr.) Harry Horner as president, activities in the Mess continued to flourish, the highlight of our recent entertainments being undoubtedly the trip to Newcastle to see Tessie O'Shea in "Red Riding Hood," preceded by tea at Binns. Our whist drives are temporarily suspended, the less skilful players having apparently become overawed by the prize winning F.P.I's. In passing we note with appreciation the installation of new stoves in each Mess; whereas formerly one could almost sit on them with impunity, the heat can now be felt as one crosses the square.

### COMPANY NOTES.

"B" COMPANY.—Although we are still the same Company on paper a good many of our familiar faces have disappeared from the P.S. since our last notes, and several new ones have appeared. As age and service groups have been claiming more and more willing victims from our strength, promotions have been fast and furious to effect replacements. In fact, this promotion routine has now become so dazzlingly fast that we are expecting our next intake to be 90 sergeants. However, we hasten to congratulate all who have received promotion and all new comers to the Company, in both cases too numerous to mention each by name. Since our last notes went to press, the following have taken the hazardous road back to civvy street:—Sgts. Salmon, Farrar, Foster, Kitson, Fitzgibbon, Davis and Crayford and L/Cpl. Sharp. Our best wishes go with them. Sgts. Wilson, Sears and Cpls. Glachan and Jurd are awaiting (impatiently) the word "Go" for Group 27.

In offering our congratulations to our recently promoted, we do not forget our popular O.C., Capt. Hesford, who recently regained his third "pip" which had been temporarily discarded when he arrived at the I.T.C. We would take this opportunity also to congratulate Capt. Mavin on his promotion which he gained on leaving us to take command of "G" Company. Our other "old timer" officer, Lt. Smart, is still with us complete with sinister moustache. "Johno" is still monarch of our "Q" side and remains a rather sinister figure to L/Cpl. Laundry and subalterns i/c pay parade. We accept with a certain amount of reservation the rumour that he has papered the walls of his bunk with cigarette coupons.

The current shortage of N.C.O.'s is giving us plenty of work, as intakes are as frequent and numerous as ever. Pressure of work, shortage of staff and the recent much-welcomed innovations of ceremonial 24-hour guards and white blanced stripes are causing some rather short tempers amongst our P.S., but things still keep going, and we can at least say that age and service groups are no respectors of persons.

"C" COMPANY.—Owing to the speed of demobilisation the duties of company scribes have devolved on two very high grade, sorry, high group, N.C.O.'s. There have been many changes since our last notes and we say farewell to all who have left us. These include Major Ellis who was our company commander in succession to the inimitable Colin Hill, and Lt. Hutchinson. We wish them both every success in civil life. New faces from O.C.T.U. appear and disappear with alarming frequency, and during the last few months we have welcomed to the fold 2nd Lts. Wood, Turner, "Davey" Jones, Lowson, Kirby, Knowles and Kingdon. 2nd Lts. Wood, Turner and Kirby have already deserted us, having succumbed to the lure of corps training, and 2nd Lt. Lowson has fled the country.

We give a special paragraph of farewell to Capt. Danny Gardner (the limping avenger) who forsook the duties of company 2nd i/c to go to the Admin. Office and then passed into the oblivion of civvy street. We wish him good luck with his final exam.

We congratulate Capt. O'Sullivan on his recent promotion and his appointment as our company commander. Congratulations also to C/Sgt. Taylor who succeeded Roy Theaker as C.Q.M.S., and to Sgts. Robinson and Wood, Cpls. Smith, Knock, Thornton, Hubbard, and Todd, L/Cpls. Crossley, Williams, White and Heywood on their various promotions.

In sport the company has given a good account of itself, reaching the final of the novices boxing competition. A foul blow cost us the cup. In football we were well and truly represented in the I.T.C. team by Pte. Goodson, a G.S.C. recruit, who distinguished himself as an all round sportsman. We must close now and go to the C.S.M. for some N.C.O.'s to help with to-morrow's work.

"G" COMPANY.—Capt. Guy Gilby has now joined the ranks of "civvy" street, and we wish him the very best of luck in his new sphere. The command of the company has been taken over by Capt. C. H. Mavin. Lt. Maw has left us to carry on the good work "somewhere in the world." We hope he "sprechen deutch" as well as he used to do in the company office. Lt. Turnbull has left the company to take over a "secret service" job at the Castle.

Our very best wishes go out to those stalwart members of the P.S. who have now received their "tickets" viz., Sgt. Ken Walker, Sgt. Ramsay, Sgt. "Wimpey" Wilmot, Sgt. Les Collier and Sgt. Vic Stead. Numerous drafts have passed through the Company lately—in fact its getting quite breezy! We congratulate Sgts. Walton, Jeavons (who is blinding everyone with psychology) and Kay, Cpls. Biglin, Badland, Stonehouse and Bottomley on their promotions. We also extend a hearty welcome to other N.C.O.'s who have joined us during the last month or two.

For the past week or so the company office has been a hive of activity, walls and doors appearing over night. The C.S.M. is singing "Don't fence me in" with real feeling. We are pleased to say that the squads of the Company are still occupying first place in the corps training pass-outs with monotonous regularity. A new secret pastime has been discovered lately, namely ceremonial guard mounting drill. Now, the order of the day is "bags of —"!

"H" COMPANY.—The Company continues to churn out trained soldiers in spite of our "group happy" staff. There was, however, a welcome lull in February when the P.S. by far out-numbered the trainees. Now we are once more geared into mass production. Our late sub-editor Sgt. Moore having joined the ranks of the ex's, the lot of writing these notes was expected to fall to Lt. Hoe (the brain behind our company paper "Jeep Jottings"). Leave came around conveniently enough, and it was again a case of "Wot! No. Ho? Anyone reading our company "Rag" must certainly wonder how the editorial staff continue to turn out such articles week after week and still remain on the outside of the local asylum.

N.C.O.'s continue to leave us, notable amongst these are "Q" Skipper, Sgt. Holstead, and Sgt. Williams. Still many more wander around the camp trying to get the date for Group "X". It's not quite certain whether its demobilisation they are after or a chance to join the woodwork class. Whatever happens we shall always have our "little terror" in the shape of Sgt. Close (acting "Q" and C.S.M.) to fall back on. He is expected to take over the job of our A.T.S. clerk whilst she is on leave.

Mr. Storey has at last managed to shake himself free of the Army, and his job of 2nd i/c was taken on by Lt. Hoe. During the last few months we have said farewell to more of our officers, Mr. Allsop and Mr. Senior having gone overseas to the land of frau and frauleins. Our company runner (cross-country) 2nd Lt. Wood, has left us to take up a job at 6th Holding Battalion. We wish him luck in his new venture.

Inter-squad sports continue to flourish, especially during the good weather when the office staff grasp any opportunity to "down tools." No one enjoys sports day more than our Cpl. (strictly admin.) Coy, whose lanky form is always on the ball. L/Cpl. Isaacs (of EGG fame) has lately taken on the job of baseball umpire. After his first attempt he retired hurt, apparently the spectators thought he needed glasses.

### RUGBY FOOTBALL.

Since our last notes we have played off the final of the District Cup, which we lost to No. 6 I.T.C. after a replay. In the first game at Berwick we drew 3-3 after extra time. The conditions were very bad, a very strong wind blowing across the field confined play to the forwards. We scored first after the only passing movement of the game. C.S.M. Edwards, D.L.I. was the scorer. No. 6 I.T.C. scored after a bad kick by one of our centres late in the second half; extra time was played but there was no further score. S.I. Brown came back from demobilisation leave to play, but he had a septic finger, and consequently he could not play his normal game. In the replay at Brancepeth S.I. Brown could not play owing to a previous appointment for a job. We were beaten 12-5. Cpl. Butcher scored our try, and Cpl. Barraclough converted. Although we got the ball from the tight scrums our threes were blotted out by their opposite numbers. An oblique kick over their heads would have driven them back, but this tactic was not tried.

We take this opportunity to say good-bye and good luck to Capt. Bill Burton and Sgt. Landale, who go out on demobilisation very shortly. C.S.M. Beddow, D.L.I. and Sgt. Gordon Bonner say they are going to wrap up, but they both said that three years ago—so let's wait and see. C.S.M.I. Ratcliffe, A.P.T.C., our scrum half, and S.I. Brown played in a representative match at Headingley, A.P.T.C. past and present v. an Army fifteen. We played seventeen matches during the season of which we won ten, lost six and drew one.

### Regimental Museum.

We wish to make an appeal for exhibits of this war for the Regimental Museum at Halifax. So far, only the 7th Battalion have been helpful concerning these, and it is felt that other Battalions, and individual officers and men, will probably have articles of general interest which will become of historic value later on.

In sending the exhibits, the name of the donor should be clearly stated, together with any details concerning them which are of general interest, and especially where they were acquired. They should be addressed to:—O.C. Regimental Depot Party, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, The Barracks, Halifax.

## Decorations.

The following citations of awards recorded in our last issue are given below :—

### DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER.

WS/MAJOR (T/LT.-COL.) FRANCIS RAMSAY ST. PIERRE BUNBURY  
(attached 1st Battalion King's Own Royal Regiment).

Lt.-Col. Bunbury has commanded his Battalion for nearly nine months since July, 1944. While in command the Battalion took part in the actions of Pideura and Roversano and in the defensive position on the River Senio and Monte Grande. In all these operations he has always shown a high standard of leadership and initiative. Lt. Col. Bunbury commanded the Battalion for nearly six months before coming to Italy and has been for a long period responsible for the training of the Regiment. The successes which the King's Own have achieved have been largely due to his efforts.

### O.B.E.

S/MAJOR (T/LT.-COL.) BRIAN WOLESLEY WEBB-CARTER, D.S.O.

As G.S.O. I, 51 B.L.U., this officer has held the difficult task of preparing the Cremona Gruppo for battle and, after their entry into the line, of ensuring that the Army and Corps Plan was completely understood and carried out.

The great success of the Gruppo during April, 1944 is striking proof of the manner in which Lt. Col. Webb-Carter performed his duties. His strength of character combined with tact and charm enabled him to maintain the happiest of relations with the Italian Commander and his Staff, while his considerable experience of fighting and tactical soundness was largely responsible for the excellent co-operation between Gruppo and Corps.

Under his leadership, 51 B.L.U. was welded into a first class team. They worked enthusiastically yet inconspicuously at top pressure for many weary months. It is due in no small measure to the inspiring example of Lt.-Col. Webb-Carter that the energy and efficiency of the unit was kept on the highest level until the very end. The Commander Cremona Gruppo has acknowledged the debt he owes to 51 B.L.U. and to their G.S.O. I, Lt.-Col. Webb-Carter.

### MILITARY CROSS.

CAPTAIN WALTER LESLIE DENTON.

Capt. Denton has been Adjutant of the 7th D.W.R. for two years and his strong personality and ability have enabled four commanding officers to take over at short notice without any loss of efficiency to the Battalion. Capt. Denton trained the H.Q. Staff of the Battalion to an outstanding pitch of efficiency so that when the Battalion H.Q. suffered extreme casualties in the first month after D-Day there were always replacements available and the headquarters functioned admirably.

Except for one period of leave, Capt. Denton has been in action with the Battalion since D plus 4. His great attention to detail, his calmness and his own astonishing vitality have been of the greatest importance to his commanding officers and to the company commanders in some very difficult actions. On many occasions Capt. Denton has been on duty more than 24 hours without a break. During the confusion of the battle at Fontenay-le-Pesnil in June, 1944 the Battalion was ordered to carry out a most difficult attack at less than an hour's notice. The commanding officer decided to brief one company himself and sent the Adjutant to find "B" Company and brief them. This journey was undertaken in the heaviest mortaring experienced in the campaign, but Capt. Denton was able to explain his mission, and the attack, vital to this operation, went in successfully and in co-ordination with the other company. Capt. Denton for four more days was the only officer with the commanding officer at Battalion Headquarters, and acted as adjutant and intelligence officer.

At Haalderen on December 4th, 1944, Capt. Denton organised the defence of Battalion Headquarters with the enemy only 100 yards away, and when his commanding officer was away with the companies and cut off, he organised an attack which drove the enemy out of a house.

On the conclusion of every consolidation, Capt. Denton has been among the first round companies and his calmness and well known personality have been of great moral value to the Battalion, especially when Battalion Headquarters has been the target for artillery. Capt. Denton's staff work has been of the highest order and his persistence in attending to detail, which might have made an officer stale over so long a period, has been of enormous assistance to the Battalion as a substitute was never available. Capt. Denton's devotion to duty has been outstanding, and his own constant disregard for his own safety when he could have sheltered in the command post has won him a high place in the affections of the men.

**M.B.E.**

**W/S CAPTAIN (T/MAJOR) PERCY BRUCE LOWE,**  
(Late 2/7th Battalion, attached 521 Field Press Censor Section).

From early in the North African campaign, Major Lowe was employed as press censor liaison officer with Advanced Army and Army Group Headquarters. His work consisted of feeding press censors with guidance on what was releasable for publication on current operations, and in interpreting to the H.Q. Staff the needs of the Press. Under the high pressure in which war correspondents work, the security of their despatches was greatly dependent upon the efficiency of Major Lowe. It is largely owing to his efforts that no breaches of security occurred in press reports throughout the North African, Sicilian, and Italian campaigns. He was untiring in his zeal in obtaining and disseminating up-to-the minute information for the assistance of censors and correspondents both in the forward and rear areas. Towards the end of the Italian campaign, Major Lowe took over the duties of chief field press censor, to which post he applied successfully the same qualities of sound judgement and common-sense which enabled the maximum amount of news to be published consistent with security. His team of censors consisted of American, British, South African, Canadian, French, Polish, Indian and Brazilian officers, and it is greatly to the credit of Major Lowe that the team worked in complete harmony.

229814 CAPT. (Q.M.) B. TEMPLE.

Capt. Temple has been Quartermaster of this (7th) Battalion since 8th June, 1942 and has twice mobilised it for war. The final mobilisation before D Day involved many nights of intensive indenting, checking and distribution of stores, and it was due to Capt. Temple's great devotion to duty that the Battalion was so perfectly equipped for war. Just before D Day Capt. Temple was told by medical authorities that he was unfit for active service, and that an operation on his leg was necessary. Capt. Temple pleaded to go overseas with the Battalion, despite the risk involved, and realising that he was jeopardising any possibilities of a pension.

Capt. Temple's organisation, his tireless work in the search for stores, and his constant journeys with rations which, from June to August, 1944, were often under fire, have always resulted in the Battalion being efficient for any operation and the men were never without food. In addition, he ran a battalion rest camp at "B" Echelon for men resting from the line.

Capt. Temple's devotion to duty in this campaign and throughout his 22 years in the Army has been outstanding, and has certainly contributed to the high morale of all ranks in the Battalion.

**DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL.**

5106143 WS/SERGEANT GEORGE MEASEY.

Sgt. Measey has been with the 7th Battalion in action since D plus 4 except for a short time when he was wounded. For a good proportion of this period he has been a platoon commander through the shortage of officers, and several times has acted as sergeant-major.

When acting as platoon commander in the fighting around the Depot de Mendicite in early September, 1944 Sgt. Measey was wounded in the head, but although in great pain he completed the engagement before obeying the order to have his wound attended at the R.A.P.

In September, 1944 at Schanker (7423) the Company, after a first-class assault were counter attacked by a self-propelled gun and 40 enemy. Ammunition ran low in one platoon which was temporarily isolated. Sgt. Measey led a relief party with further ammunition through very heavy shelling, and his example undoubtedly saved an extremely delicate situation.

In the following week Sgt. Measey led an ammunition party to his forward platoons which were isolated and pinned down in the flat open ground around the anti-tank ditch at Roosendaal. Later in the day he personally crawled 300 yards while being sniped to take up 2-inch mortar ammunition smoke which was required to allow the platoon to disengage.

During the four and a half months on the "island" salient across the Rhine at Nijmegen Sgt. Measey was constantly employed on standing and fighting patrols in the most difficult conditions, and here as on countless occasions his bravery became a legend and example to the many young soldiers in his Company.

Sgt. Measey's courage, calmness, interest in his men and his constant cheerfulness have made him a proud landmark in the Battalion, and the guide for many inexperienced soldiers when action was particularly fierce.

**MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES.**

FINAL N.W. EUROPE LIST OF 4TH APRIL, 1946.  
7TH BATTALION.

CAPT. B. M. KILNER.  
CAPT. H. S. LE MESSURIER.  
CAPT. A. D. W. ROSS.  
LT. N. V. REDMAN (N. Staffs Regt.).  
4616684 C.S.M. MAGEEAN.  
4616045 SGT. E. LAWTON.  
5049767 L/Sgt. R. BAILEY.  
4620707 CPL. A. E. SMITH.  
4615004 PTE. D. ELSON.

**OTHER BATTALIONS.**

BRIG. K. G. EXHAM, D.S.O.  
LT.-COL. R. K. EXHAM, M.C.  
MAJOR G. N. BROWNRIGG.  
MAJOR J. E. DRIVER.  
LT. E. H. DRAKE.  
4925411 C.S.M. A. POYNER.  
4863750 SGT. L. BENNINGTON.  
4613680 SGT. M. E. RILEY.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S CERTIFICATES—FINAL N.W. EUROPE LIST.  
7TH BATTALION.

**GALLANTRY.**

CAPT. J. C. FOX, for great courage displayed when in command of "A" Company.  
PTE. W. DUNN, a devoted stretcher bearer.  
PTE. J. M. McDONNELL, a jeep driver, who evacuated many wounded.

**GOOD SERVICE.**

R.Q.M.S. HELLAWELL.  
C.Q.M.S. C. MAIDEN.  
SGT. H. FENNELL.  
SGT. B. J. HOWE.  
SGT. I. KING.  
SGT. W. L. DAVIDSON.  
L/CPL. C. J. GENTLE.

**A Journalist's Tribute to the 1st Battalion.**

21st April.

The Germans attacked the 1st Division positions east of Medjez at 11 last night. They came in with three battalions and by 12 had surrounded a ridge overlooking their own positions in the plain below. They were driven off this, but held the western tip all night, until just at first light, the Germans brought in tanks, forty from the north and thirty from the south of the ridge. The troops called it "Banana Hill" although it doesn't look like one.

Thirty-four enemy tanks for certain and probably forty were knocked out, many by field pieces, the 25-pounders firing through open sights. Churchills also got their bag and the enemy retired, losing in addition 300 prisoners. Two of these were deserters. They had been left to guard five Grenadiers captured in the night; and they offered to come over if our men would lead them back!

This is a resounding little victory for the 1st Division whose first action this was. The Duke of Wellington's, as usual, behaved with gallantry and common sense.

Thus Rommel, by repeating his manoeuvre before Mareth, has been knocked back again. The truly astonishing vitality of his army has availed nothing.

(Extract "Jordan's Tunis Diary," 1943.)



## OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS.

The following is a summary of the cases assisted during the period 1st July, 1945 to Mid-April, 1946 :—

Fund.	Number of Cases	Amounts Disbursed.		
		£	s.	d.
Old Comrades Association ... ..	43	166	15	0
2nd Battalion Charitable Fund ... ..	Nil.	—	—	—
Regimental Association Fund ... ..	55	207	3	1
Mitchell Trust Fund ... ..	2	39	0	0

### Volunteer Service Company, D.W.R. South African Field Force. 1900-2.

On the 46th anniversary of their embarkation for South Africa, members of the above with friends, met at the "Waggon and Horses Inn," Holmfirth, for their annual reunion and dinner on the 19th January after a lapse of five years. The following answered the roll :—A. Parkin, S. North, E. Turner, J. W. Brook, F. North, J. Holmes, J. Kirk, F. Sykes, H. Tweed, J. Shaw, W. Quarumby, J. Bailey, and the Secretary, E. M. Ward (16 Forrest Avenue, Edgerton, Huddersfield). Apologies for absence, and enclosing cash, were read from General R. E. Sugden, Col. K. Sykes, Major W. Roper (President), and members W. R. Alderson (Keighley), J. R. Woodhead (Holmfirth), F. Eastwood (Abergele), J. Whiteley (Brighouse), L. Taylor (Halifax) and H. Wordsworth (Salop), and also Major Baker (O.C., Depot).

In presenting his annual report, the Hon. Secretary expressed the Association's thankfulness at the ending of strife and wanton bloodshed. During hostilities many members, though in the veteran stage of life, had rendered service in the Home Guard, Civil Defence, and other national services. During the past year death had taken from us two generous members in Thomas Summerson (Keighley) and Allen Brook (Huddersfield). At the ceremony of conferring the freedom of Halifax on the Regiment in June, 1945, the Association was represented by members J. Crossley, J. Whiteley, S. North, F. Oldfield, J. Howard, A. Parkin, T. Holdsworth, and E. M. Ward. Grateful thanks to the Depot authorities are due for the substantial lunch provided after the ceremony. Associated membership obviously dwindles, having now reached 27. The financial position was reported to be sound, there being a balance of upwards of £35.

The dinner was presided over by Ex-Sergt.-Major A. Parkin, and the guests included Col. R. R. Mellor, Councillor A. Tolson (Chairman, Holmfirth U.D.C.), Mr. I. Robinson (Secretary Holmfirth O.C.A., D.W.R.), and Mr. H. Kenworthy (Vice-Chairman Holmfirth British Legion). Toasts to "The Regiment" (S. North), "Town and Trade of Holmfirth," (E. M. Ward), and "Our Guests" (Chairman) were suitably responded to by Col. Mellor, Councillor Tolson and Messrs. Robinson and Kenworthy. During the evening, songs were rendered by Messrs. G. Earnshaw (tenor) and N. Lancaster (bass). Novelty items were provided by the "Four H.s" trombone quartette, a broadcasting party. Mr. W. Barraclough, L.T.C.L. accompanied at the piano, whilst member S. North contributed humorous monologues. At the close of the evening the Chairman expressed thanks to the artistes who had so willingly given their services and thus unselfishly continued a war-time custom among troops. The host and hostess (Mr. and Mrs. Beever) were also thanked for the provision of an excellent repast.

## BALLADE.

## A GOLFER'S LAMENT

My parents sent me to a decent school,  
 At Cambridge I secured a pass degree,  
 My wife is tender, rich and beautiful  
 (That rhyme is not as good as it might be),  
 I own a handsome flat in Portland Place,  
 A dachshund and a cottage by the sea ;  
 Yet in the Club I dare not show my face,  
 They've raised my handicap to twenty-three.

The figures in my bank account reveal  
 A healthy balance spite of E.P.T.,  
 My boss in recognition of my zeal,  
 Has put my name in for an O.B.E.  
 My nose is aquiline, my step is firm,  
 My waist is youthful and my gait is free,  
 But I remain a miserable worm,  
 They've raised my handicap to twenty-three.

My eldest son is doing well in Lloyds,  
 My daughter is engaged to a J.P.,  
 Although a martyr to her adenoids,  
 My cook is all the world, and more, to me.  
 My hens are laying and my garden grows,  
 I have a most obliging licensee.  
 Alas ! My heavy heart no solace knows,  
 They've raised my handicap to twenty-three.

The drive stupendous and the deadly putt,  
 The iron that flies unswerving from the tee  
 I must forego. To pull, to slice, to cut,  
 This is my lot and this the fates decree.  
 Farewell, green fairways with your shaven lawns,  
 Henceforth apart from man my weird I dree,  
 Mid gorse and bent and where the bunker yawns,  
 They've raised my handicap to twenty-three.

## Envoi.

Prince ! Though were mine all majesty and power,  
 Though mine to hold the gorgeous east in fee,  
 Still rabbit like mid tigers must I cower,  
 They've raised my handicap to twenty-three.

O. P.

## Post-War Far Eastern Travelogue.

In the roseate dawn of a perfect summer's day, I took off from a Wiltshire aerodrome on 2nd August, 1945. I landed on Luqa airfield Malta in time for lunch but, owing to the short duration of my stay, I was unable to leave the aerodrome and visit the scenes so familiar during the 1st Battalion's time there shortly before the war. Dinner at Cairo (west), breakfast at Shaibah—with a shade temperature of 107 degrees at 7.30 a.m.—I considered this place to be about the "bottom"—we reached Karachi by tea-time. We spent a very sticky night there and took off for Colombo in the morning and should have arrived that afternoon but engine trouble caused us to come down at Bangalore for nearly 24 hours.

I had some 10 days at the Galle Face Hotel in Colombo before finally taking over a job at the centre of Rapwi control in Kandy. Colombo, though undamaged by war, is particularly noticeable for its great lack of supplies in the English shops, although the native shops appeared fairly well stocked. Restrictions have however been placed on the export of many commodities.

Kandy is a pleasant spot and I happened to be there during the Perahera festival week which, with its parade of elephants and the carriage of Buddha's tooth in procession, attracts vast crowds from the whole countryside. Personally I think that there is something a bit phoney about the tooth.

In the middle of October I was suddenly ordered to go to Australia. I was fortunate to be given a passage in a Qantas Liberator—an Australian Civil operated airline of the greatest comfort, which was most acceptable in view of the non-stop flight of 3,700 miles in 18 hours over the Indian Ocean. As we carried 14½ tons of fuel for this the longest non-stop regular air service at present operated anywhere in the world I was glad when we safely managed to clear the end of the air-strip at Minneriya when taking off. On arrival over the Australian coast we were presented with a document initiating us as members of the Order of the Longest Hop.

We had intended to land at Perth, but some 500 miles from land one engine died on us and the pilot decided to make for the nearest point of land and put us down at Geraldton on an abandoned airstrip. However we were taken into the town for a shave and breakfast and had a few hours to wait whilst repairs were completed to the plane.

Geraldton is a typical small coastal town of Australia with its bungalows with corrugated iron roofs and a plethora of small hotels where you can get a drink at 9 a.m. and all day but just when you really want one about 6 p.m. they close. Such are the Australian licensing laws! We eventually reached Perth for a late lunch and were held there for two nights for a connecting plane on to Melbourne.

Perth is rather a pleasant city and well laid out. In October I found it distinctly cold after the Tropics but it was, I think, a last kick before summer came in. A noticeable feature of Perth is its English appearance and general cleanliness but its main streets have the additional advantage of being broad and tree-lined more after the Continental model.

On the second morning I left Perth in another Civil airliner of the A.N.A., service, where comfort was also a noticeable feature and a "Hostess," or attendant is provided to administer to all needs and who are, so I am informed, normally selected for their good looks and charm of manner—good propaganda to attract the tourist trade to Australia no doubt. Fuel supply was restricted in order that a large number of passengers could be carried and we came down at various desert outposts such as Kalgoorlie—the gold mining centre—and others to refuel, eventually reaching Adelaide at dusk. The country over Southern Australia is not inviting—desert, bush and scrub being the main feature for well over 1,000 miles and until approaching the rich country towards Adelaide and Victoria. We should have reached Melbourne at 9.30 p.m. but they refused to accept us owing to bad weather and we came down at Nhill. Here the few service passengers were exuberantly entertained by the R.A.A.F., before spending a very short night at a local hotel.

We made Melbourne next morning and I found myself accommodated at the Melbourne Club—a dignified and comfortable residence and comparable in many ways to *The Rag*.

I think it was here where I was first impressed with the abundance and high quality of the food. One is given more meat at one meal than is contained in a whole week's civilian ration at home. Australia, in spite of one or two shortages, of which cigarettes are perhaps the most acute, is a land flowing with milk and honey when compared with so many vast areas of a stricken, war-wracked world.

This may give the impression that Australians are being selfish and not carrying out a large export of food stuffs. This is, however, not the case as a wide-spread "Food for Britain" appeal is meeting a ready response from the public who are generally speaking considerably concerned about the food situation at home in this first peacetime winter. Another reason, of course, why larger exports cannot be made is the world shortage of shipping, which in view of her geographical remoteness probably affects Australia particularly acutely. Just one instance of the Australian outlook is perhaps not unrepresentative. My hostess, on reading in the paper that the Minister of Food was generously allowing an increase of four-pence (I think) on the meat ration during Christmas week, was so horrified that she dashed off to her well stocked cupboard and started making up parcels to send to England.

After some 10 days in the Melbourne Club, the great event of the year became imminent—the Melbourne Cup. Racing is in the blood of nearly all Australians but the Melbourne Cup has a grip on the country even greater than our Derby. In consequence all honorary members were requested to leave in order that their own Country Members could be accommodated. This set us in a quandary as no hotel in Melbourne would look at us for the 10 days of the meeting.

However, we were saved by a certain British unit, somewhat frivolously nick-named "Cocktail Hussars," who had co-opted a number of girl friends of Melbourne society to help them out in the office during a particular rush period. These girls set about ringing

up their relatives and friends and in due course we were all provided for again. I think I was particularly fortunate as I was taken by one of these girls (whose father incidentally served in our 9th Battalion, I think, during the last war, and with whom I had several long talks subsequently. His name was Leicester, and, as he hopes to go to England shortly I tried to prevail upon him to attend the Regimental Dinner, which I hope he will do), to the residence of the largest newspaper owner and broadcasting manager in Australia. Here I was received, and welcomed almost as if I was royalty. There was just nothing that was too much trouble for them, and I was taken by them to Government House receptions and parties of various types, where I met a large number of the leading Australian personalities of the present day. Their hospitality was unbounded, and their obvious delight in doing something for an Englishman was a pleasure to behold.

At this juncture I think a word with regard to the relationship between the Australian and the Englishman is suitable. In my opinion, and it has been confirmed by meeting many Australians since, the regard for England and all it stands for is probably far higher amongst Australians generally than it has ever been in history. This is largely due, I think, to a great appreciation of the British War effort and to certain other reasons which are better not mentioned. It is quite extraordinary what eagerness is displayed when an Englishman is presented to them, and information about home is eagerly demanded. This question of "home" is really rather remarkable. Although they may have been settled in Australia for four generations, Britain is still "home," and the love of it is a very real factor in their lives.

Melbourne struck me as being a very well-designed city. Being some 60 years younger than Sydney it probably profited by the mistakes made there. It has lovely parks and fine thoroughfares and is of course ringed with racecourses. I had two days racing on the famous Flemington course where I saw the Victorian Derby and the Melbourne Cup. The latter may not rank with the seven wonders of the world, but it is an event that could not be missed when one considers that about 10 per cent of the total population of Melbourne, man, woman, and child attend this meeting and are packed into the magnificently appointed stands without difficulty (although highly congested), that there are no parking delays, that trains run from the course every 45 seconds, and that nearly everyone can get a good view of the race, an object lesson exists here for an improvement of the facilities at Epsom on Derby Day.

However in the middle of November I was suddenly summoned to Singapore to take up a new job in connection with the Australian Forces. So I flew from Melbourne (in a service machine this time) via Sydney, Cloncurry, and Darwin, where I spent a night of great heat and humidity with the Station Commander, to Balikpapan in Dutch Borneo. Here I was the guest of the Australian Divisional Commander for some 18 hours and was taken by him on a conducted tour of this much battered oil port. I can see little future for this rather desolate port as the oil wells that feed it are not likely to have a very long life, and the oil installations are utterly destroyed. Off again at dawn we landed to refuel on Labuan Island in Brunei Bay off the coast of Brunei and British North Borneo and finally reached Singapore before lunch.

My impressions of Singapore after an absence of exactly 17 years have been reported, and I do not propose to elaborate on them at the present time, although it may be possible to do so at some later date.

I spent nearly three weeks in Singapore, which included a flight across to Batavia in Java (where I had to attend certain conferences and which happened to be fairly peaceful during my very short visit), before taking off again, with my new team.

Spending one night on Labuan we arrived at Morotai Island. This is the most northerly of the Halmahera Group of Islands, and the location of a large Australian H.Q., where we stayed a week. Here again we were received with the now almost proverbial Australian hospitality.

This somewhat isolated Dutch island is a typical coral island of the Pacific Ocean, intensely tropical, and stickily hot, but quite pleasant and attractive. Designed originally by the Americans, and later developed by the Australians as an advanced base for operations against Japan, it is now rapidly losing its importance, and peaceful activities such as bathing and even tennis (on quite good coral courts), are almost more in evidence than purely military ones.

We are now back on Labuan island, where we are due to stay about three weeks over Christmas. Labuan is another island with many similarities to Morotai. It is very undeveloped and the small port of Victoria is completely razed to the ground. The bathing and the sandy beaches are however excellent and in spite of the fact that this is the wet season (and can it rain!), the sun shines quite frequently, and the fogs and snow of home seem a very long way away.

We spent three weeks on this island before leaving on 7th January—this time for a change in a Sunderland flying boat—for Makassar in the South Celebes. Five hours flying brought us to the only town of any real size between Java and Australia and the age-long seat of Dutch Government of what is known as "the Great East."

It did not take us very long to discover that we had arrived in the middle of the wet season, for it rains in torrents nearly every day and for anything from 6 to 18 hours or even more a day. In one spell of four days a conservative estimate put the rainfall at between 30 and 40 inches, which is enough to go on with.

Makassar is not exactly the place it has been cracked up to be, as it has been damaged a bit, especially in the wharf and commercial area. Although two or three good roads with avenues of trees run out into the more residential areas, the town is mainly a native one, with a number of fairly large Government buildings, but appears never to have possessed a shopping centre to cater for the needs of the European population, this apparently being done by Indian and Chinese merchants.

The almost torrential rains of this time of year, and the fact that for many miles around Makassar the country is dead flat and barely above sea level, ensures excellent facilities for the growing of rice, but when it came to looking for camp sites no area which was not liable to hold several inches of flood water could be found.

Once when looking at the only open plain in Makassar and wondering if it was a possible camp site after a heavy fall of rain, I was told that it had previously been a racecourse, and a grandstand in a very dilapidated condition might possibly have borne this out. I remarked "But surely this area is a bit small for a racecourse!" The reply came back quickly: "Oh yes, but then we have only very small horses." This is only too true. The only horses are Timor ponies who have been imported from that island. Although no bigger than a child's pony they are up to considerable weights and are largely used as pack animals. The breed of Timor pony is in fact a very ancient one.

Makassar is very crowded, like most towns throughout the world at the present time, and the usual black market flourishes to such an extent that only a fool would buy any of the few articles that exist for sale. I was however fortunate to be accommodated in the palace of the erstwhile Dutch Governor of the Great East, who has so far not been re-appointed so that his residence has been turned into a H.Q. Mess. This is a fine modern building, erected in the tropical style and only completed in 1941, so that the late Governor cannot have had very long in which to enjoy its amenities and comforts before being ousted by the Japanese, who installed their Military Governor there. Strangely enough however the Japs handed over the buildings, together with all the furnishings and china, in almost perfect condition, and we have naturally continued to use everything, whilst acting as custodians for the next Governor until he may be appointed.

The Celebes is a fairly mountainous country inland. Although road communications are pretty poor and scarce, there are several routes through them and the scenery is very fine and completely unspoiled by human activities. The country is still largely undeveloped and is probably one of the largest in the world without even a railway.



We spent nearly six weeks in Makassar before being urgently summoned back to Singapore on 15th February with a view to taking on a new task in Java and Sumatra. Owing to the heavy rains, which periodically render the airstrip unusable, we had to leave hurriedly in a L.C.I. (L), which took us across the straits of Makassar to Balikpapan in Dutch Borneo in some 42 hours. There we had a wait of two days before obtaining a plane which duly deposited us on Kallang airfield at Singapore on 19th February, thereby bringing to an end my four months' association with the Australians.

During our enforced stay of two days at Balikpapan, which I was revisiting after an absence of three months, I was accommodated with the Commander of what remained of the Australian forces in Dutch Borneo. He was a Lt.-Col. Cotton, who had previously commanded the 2/33rd Battalion of the A.M.F. When he realised that I belonged to the "Dukes" he immediately recalled the fact that the 33rd Battalion was affiliated to them. As a matter of fact the affiliation was really to the 1/33rd Battalion, I think I am right in saying. This was a Militia Battalion, raised for world war I, but which remained in Australia during world war II. The 2/33rd Battalion, raised for world war II, finished its career at Balikpapan and is now in the process of going the way of all flesh on the reduction of the Australian forces, but appears to have taken on the mantle of affiliation with the "Dukes." Colonel Cotton recalled reading THE IRON DUKE in his Battalion and said that the Battalion produced a magazine which was sent to the Editor. I should be interested to hear how our affiliation with our Australian compatriots now stands, and if news has been received from them lately\*

Following a hectic three days at Changi, Singapore, we again took to the air and landed on Kamajoram airfield at Batavia in Java for a new task with the Dutch Army. In this connection it is a remarkable fact that all Dutch officers (not other ranks) and their womenfolk speak excellent English. I have met many of them and have yet to find one who cannot do so.

Accommodated in the Hotel des Indes, once a first-class hotel and now used principally for the housing of Dutch R.A.P.W.I., I was most unexpectedly accosted by Johnny Lane, who is commanding an independent Parachute Company at Samarang and had come up to Batavia on short duty. He was taken prisoner in Sicily, having been dropped at the wrong spot, and arrived in S.E.A.C. just as the war with Japan came to an end.

The British-Dutch-Indonesian situation in this country would be quite Gilbertian if it was not so tragic for so many innocent people, but I do not think that this is the place to express my views on the complex problems involved, as they will in any case be overtaken by events and subsequent developments are best followed in the world press.

Batavia is a very large city and undamaged. In peace time it must have been a flourishing port, but with the present disturbed state of the country it will be some time before it can hope to attain its former status.

During March I had to fly to Soerabaya and Semarang—the main ports of Eastern and Central Java on the north coast. Soerabaya suffered fairly badly during the 18 days battle against the Indonesians shortly after our initial landing there last autumn. The city is still very deserted and much rubble and glass still remains to be cleared away. There is, in effect, a very derelict sort of atmosphere about this important naval port, and it may well be that there are more bad days ahead of it before it regains its former prosperity.

Semarang, on the other hand, has suffered only slightly. This is a most delightful place, with its residential area built on a number of small hills at the back of the old town. The Dutch have made full use of these hills for their houses in order to catch such breezes

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\*The magazine has unfortunately never reached us, and no news has been received from this Battalion. The last news of the 1/33rd A.M.F. was in a letter from Colonel Forsyth, dated 7th January, 1941, which appeared on page 96 of No. 49 (June, 1941) of THE IRON DUKE.—Ed.

as may be going and they afford magnificent views of the central mountain range of Java. I am told that about one in three of these peaks is volcanic.

Peace may be considered to have returned to the world but it is a funny sort of peace in this country. During my short stay in Semarang our artillery and mortars frequently opened up, and the rebels even had the nerve to send over a number of 75mm. shells into the perimeter. Sporadic rifle and L.A. fire, even within the perimeters, and the periodical ambushing of convoys is also still unfortunately more common than one would like after the conclusion of hostilities.

One can only hope that sane counsels will prevail in the negotiations between the Dutch and the Indonesians, and thereby give this troubled country a chance to recover its trade and take its proper place in the post-war world.

F. R. A.

### Personalia.

Last April we heard from Miss May that her father, Col. G. L. E. May, was quite well in spite of age; he reached the age of 96 on 16th January last. Col. May is the oldest surviving officer of the Regiment; he joined the 76th in 1868. We offer him our congratulations, and also to the following retired officers:—Col. A. Curran who was 93 on 7th May, Col. B. St. J. le Marchant who was 87 on 11th February, and Col. E. G. Harrison, C.B., D.S.O., who was 83 on 11th May.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Colonel C. J. Pickering, Colonel of the Regiment, on being elected chairman of the Society of Yorkshiremen in London on 5th March, 1946, in succession to Sir John Woodhead. Whilst commanding the 2nd Battalion in Singapore in March, 1928, Colonel Pickering founded a Society of Yorkshiremen in Malaya and became its first chairman. He joined the Council of the London Yorkshiremen's Society in 1937, and has been a vice-president for 24 years.

We also offer our congratulations to Brigadier J. H. O. Wilsey, D.S.O., formerly commanding officer of the 7th Battalion, on the award of the C.B.E. in the New Year's Honours List.

The following births have been announced:—

LAING.—On January 14th, 1946, at the Argyll Nursing Home, Clevedale Terrace, Darlington, to Kirsten (*née* Crocker), wife of Major G. Laing, M.B.E., the Duke of Wellington's Regiment.—a son (George Anthony).

WEBB-CARTER.—On January 30th, 1946, at Curdrige, Botley, Hants, to Rosemary, wife of Colonel B. W. Webb-Carter, D.S.O., O.B.E., The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a son.

LYONS.—On April 20th, 1946, at the Nursing Home, Northallerton, to Mrs. Lyons, wife of Captain F. W. Lyons, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a daughter (Gillian Elizabeth).

OZANNE.—On 9th May, 1946, at Plantation Nursing Home, Norwich, to Susie, wife of Major-General W. M. Ozanne, C.B.E., M.C.—a daughter.

The following marriage has been announced:—

MARKHAM : OWEN.—On 27th February, 1946, at St. Paul's, Knightbridge, S.W.1. Mr. Ernest Markham to Mrs. Clair (Betty) Owen, widow of the late Lt. Colonel H. B. Owen, killed in action in Burma in March, 1942, whilst commanding the 2nd Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

On 25th February, 1946, the new Headquarters of the Halifax branch of the British Legion in the annexe of Hopwood Hall, was opened. This had been made possible by the generosity of Lt.-Colonel E. M. Huntriss, who performed the opening ceremony after inspecting a guard of honour of ex-service men, and handed the deeds of the property to Mr. A. E. Addenbrook, chairman of the branch. Buglers and drummers of The Duke of Wellington's Regimental Band were in attendance, and a number of old "Dukes" were present. Colonel Huntriss is president of the 9th (Service) Battalion, O.C.A., and is well-known to many members of the Regiment who have been in Halifax. He commanded the 9th Battalion during the latter part of the 1914-18 War.

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We offer our congratulations to Major C. R. Taylor, late of the 7th Battalion, on his award of the Territorial Decoration, and also on his having been twice mentioned in dispatches while serving on the staff during the war. The first was for service in Tunisia in 1943, and the second in Italy in 1945, when he was D.A.A. and Q.M.G. of 60 Sub-Area which operated with the 8th and 5th Armies at different periods. He was demobilised in September, 1945, and now resides at Ivy Cottage, Scotby, near Carlisle. Major Taylor is anxious to obtain the following copies of THE IRON DUKE : Numbers 45, 46, 52 and 53. These numbers are unfortunately out of print, and if any reader has any of them which he is willing to dispose of, will he please communicate direct with Major Taylor.

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Another subscriber requiring back copies of THE IRON DUKE is Captain the Lord Savile, who is anxious to obtain copies of Nos. 52 and 53 (June and October, 1942) and No. 57 (February, 1944). Will any reader who can supply them write direct to Lord Savile at Walshaw, Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire.

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We also offer our congratulations to Major (Q.M.) George Foster on the award of the M.B.E. in the last New Year's Honours List. Major Foster joined the 1st Battalion at York on 1st March, 1905, and served continuously with them and the 2nd and 4th Battalions, and eventually with the 23rd Home Guard Battalion of the Regiment, completing 40 years and nine months service in December, 1945. He has the distinction of being in possession of the Long Service Medals of both the Regular and Territorial Armies, having been awarded the T.D. for commissioned service in the latter. He is at present employed in an administrative position with No. 2 (Posting) Depot Battalion, Royal Engineers at the Depot Barracks, Halifax.

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We hear that Colonel W. A. Waller has been appointed G.I. at the Senior Officers' School, Erlestoke Park, near Devizes. He was blown up by a mine in North West Germany in April, 1945, and had to come home just before the war ended. We are glad to hear that he has quite recovered from his wounds, and we offer him our congratulations both on his escape and new appointment. Mrs. Waller writes that she had heard that John Rivett-Carnac is stationed in Deolali, and that Roger Sugden was (in February) about to take his West African Soldiers home after their share in the Burma campaign.

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Captain C. H. D. Kimpton, who served with the 9th Battalion in the 1914-18 war, and gained the M.C., has started a new venture in the Palm Bay Court Hotel, Cliftonville, Kent. We wish him every success. His friends will remember that for many years he was partner in the well-known firm of wine merchants, Messrs. Bostock and Kimpton, valued advertisers in THE IRON DUKE.

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Captain R. A. Scott in a letter of congratulations on the coming of age of THE IRON DUKE writes :—" It may interest some readers of THE IRON DUKE to know that Q.M.S.I. Smith, A.P.T.C., who was on the P.T. Staff at the Depot in the " Thirties," is now with the



70th Physical Development Centre at the Military Camp, Storrington. He enjoyed his time at the Depot, and is always anxious to have regimental news."

We offer our congratulations to Cpl. S. F. Swift, our valued contributor of many years' standing, on being mentioned in despatches for his service with the Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards in North West Germany (see his article "With an armoured spearhead over the Rhine" on page 102 of No. 61, June, 1945, *THE IRON DUKE*). When writing early in the year he was serving as Mess Caterer to the Officers' Mess, Northumberland District H.Q., at Catterick. He had met C.Q.M.S. Shears, who served with the 2nd Battalion with him in Nowshera.

Mrs. W. M. Watson, writing last February, mentions that her daughter, Anne, passed out in the first four from the A.T.S. Wing of the Staff College last September and was posted to H.Q. Rhine Army as a Staff Captain. She had a nasty accident whilst out riding with some officers, when one of the latter's mounts lashed out and broke her left shin. After much trouble she was eventually sent to England for treatment, and has been able to return to work. Mrs. Watson's eldest daughter (Molly) is still in India waiting to get a passage home.

Mrs. Florence Dorey, daughter of the late C.S.M.I. Charles Puplett, writing from Prince Rupert, B.C., Canada, in March last, says that she hopes to come to England for a visit when conditions are favourable. Her mother, Mrs. Charles Puplett, we regret to hear is not at all well. She broke her leg last November, and though it is mending slowly it has affected her health in other ways.

Mr. W. L. Andrews, Editor of *The Yorkshire Post* and President of the Institute of Journalists, paid a visit to the 7th Battalion at Gevelsberg recently, and spent a week-end as their guest. The result was an interesting article in *The Yorkshire Post*, entitled "Dukes in Snowy Germany," in which he describes what he saw of the Battalion's activities in winter, and pays a high tribute to the organisation and spirit of the Battalion.

A number of letters of personal interest appear under Correspondence on page (105).

## Reviews.

Book reviews appear at infrequent intervals in *THE IRON DUKE*, as every weekly paper has its review column, and there is no lack of advice in current literature. The Editor, therefore, selects only those books that are in his opinion of outstanding merit, and have a special interest for the soldier. The two books reviewed below are definitely in this category. They have similar merits to recommend them; both are true war stories which are in themselves thrilling epics, and are told with a restraint which is much more effective than a more flamboyant style could produce. Their authors belong to that small select company of writers, of which Winston Churchill is an outstanding example, who combine the attributes of men of action with a gift of recording their experiences clearly, succinctly, and with humour and great human insight.

"BEYOND THE CHINDWIN." By Bernard Fergusson (Collins, 14 St. James's Place, London, S.W.1.).—Field Marshal Lord Wavell, himself one of these favoured few, has written a foreword. He pays tribute to the author, who was his first A.D.C., and tells of his own part in the responsibility for the expedition in which "Five Column" took part. This book tells the story of one of the seven columns under Brigadier Wingate which penetrated far into Burma in early 1943, the expedition which caused such a sensation at the time at which it was given publicity, and made Wingate's name one to be coupled with that of Lawrence of Arabia. Major Fergusson, an officer of The Black Watch, was working with the Joint Planning Staff in Delhi when Brigadier Wingate appeared with, what many thought, a hair-brained scheme of deep penetration behind the Japanese lines. Wingate offered Fergusson command of one of his columns, and in October, 1942 the latter joined the force then training in the jungles of Central India, and took over No. 5 Column. Though the main operation to start the invasion of Burma, which this raid by Wingate's force was to assist, had to be postponed, Wingate persuaded Lord Wavell,

then C-in-C. India, to let him carry it out, chiefly on account of the experience to be gained. It is interesting to note that the author was so sure the expedition had been worth while, that when the fate of the force was most precarious and his own life a matter of chance, he impressed on two of his officers that should they get through and he be killed, they should report his conviction to Lord Wavell himself.

The force was composed of officers and men of British Infantry Regiments, Gurkhas and the Burma Rifles. In January, 1943 the force moved into Assam and assembled at Imphal for the crossing of the Chindwin. Our readers will be interested in the fact that at Lokchau Fergusson had his "last meal off a table cloth" with Lt.-Col. Jack Dalrymple (now commanding our 2nd Battalion), who was G.S.O. I of the Division, whose Headquarters were there; and three months later he was to have dinner with Dalrymple and his General at Tamu, after he had successfully accomplished his Odyssey and recrossed the Chindwin.

Those of our 2nd Battalion who took part in the Chindit operations, described in No. 61 (June, 1945) of *THE IRON DUKE*, will appreciate this story more fully than those of us who have never experienced such jungle warfare; but such is the author's power of description that anyone can gain a most vivid idea of the conditions and trials against which they had to fight. These men were not specially picked volunteers, and yet they endured the most incredible hardships, long marches through almost impenetrable jungles, often without food, or with minute doles of rice, without water, and pestered with insects and disease. All this, without the menace of an implacable, well organised and numerically stronger foe, might have broken the spirit of the best trained troops. Nevertheless they accomplished their task, crossed the great Irrawaddy River, destroyed bridges and railways, killed numbers of the enemy, and after being hemmed in a triangle east of the river, when no further supplies could be dropped from the air, broke up into small parties, and living on the country found their way back to India, or some few to China.

Major Fergusson tells his story day by day, and one shares with him the suspense of each moment. There were inevitable losses, and one of the most poignant is the death of the Adjutant of No. 5 Column, Lt. Duncan Menzies, his commander's close friend, to whom this book is dedicated. The fact that the seriously wounded had of necessity to be left behind added to the trials of all, and especially to the commanding officer; and it is amazing that a number, including the author, who received wounds, stuck out the journey to the end. But there is a lot of humour in this tale of heroic endeavour, in fact without this saving grace the operation could not have succeeded.

There are many subsidiary points in the book which add to its excellence: the choice of quotations for the chapter headings, the excellent photographs, maps and index notes, referred to in the text, and given in an appendix describe events unknown to the author at the time, and we recommend readers to leave them till the end and so have the same mental picture as the author had. One is tempted to quote, but we have only space for one short extract. When No. 5 Column had reached the furthest point beyond the Irrawaddy and were very short of food they got into touch with Brigade who sent them a change in orders. "The message added that I could be given no supply drop until the 23rd. This was the 19th and officially our last day in rations, though I had warned the men to keep something in hand as in any case I was not expecting a drop till the 20th. I wirelessed back: 'O.K.; but see Psalm 22, verse 17' (I may tell all my bones: they look and stare upon me). The answer came back directing me to the reference of 'It is expedient that one should die for the people.' I was not amused."

**FAREWELL CAMPO 12.** By Brigadier James Hargest, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C. (Michael Joseph Ltd., 26 Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.)—This is the story of a remarkable escape from a prison in Italy, which, though it brought freedom to the escaper, has a tragic ending, since Brigadier Hargest was killed by a shell in France two months after landing with the 50th Division on D Day. Fortunately for us he wrote his experiences while in England, but for security reasons the book could not be published until after VE Day.

Brigadier Hargest was a New Zealander; he served in the 1st world war, being awarded the D.S.O. and M.C.. In 1940 he took out the 5th New Zealand Infantry Brigade to the Middle East, and after serving in command of it in Greece and Crete was taken prisoner by Rommel in November, 1941, during the second Libyan campaign. He eventually found himself imprisoned in the Castello Vincigliata, near Florence, where there were a number of British Generals, including such well-known men as Lt.-Generals Sir Richard O'Connor and Philip Neame, V.C., and Major-General Carton de Wiart, V.C. Since his capture Brigadier Hargest's sole thought was of how to escape, and on his arrival at the castle he found that this was also the prime object of everyone there. The castle, perched on a prominence above Florence, was immensely strong, and well guarded by sentries. General O'Connor had already made one gallant effort to escape, and he never for a moment gave up trying; his second attempt, in which Hargest helped, was frustrated just as he had got over the wall surrounding the castle.

After such attempts had put their guards on the alert, other ways had to be found, and a 1 through the spring and summer of 1942 plans for an underground attempt were discussed, clothing improvised and food collected; eventually in September a tunnel was started leading out under the immensely thick walls of the castle. The work was slow and laborious, for by Christmas day only 20 feet had been travelled. The organisation was most carefully planned; everyone took their share in the work, though only a few could make the attempt to escape; those incapable through disabilities acted as watchers.

Hargest had been wounded in the hip when he was taken prisoner, and this handicapped him severely in the digging. By the beginning of March, 1943 the last piece of rock had been removed, and the tunnel had reached beyond the outer wall, and the outlet camouflaged.

On 29th March the escape of six officers was successfully carried out. Generals O'Connor and Carton de Wiart went together; and in spite of the fact that the latter's identity could hardly be disguised with his one arm and one eye, and that their combined ages were one hundred and ten years, they made a stout effort, and actually walked one hundred and fifty miles in seven days, carrying heavy packs over mountainous country in early Spring, before being re-captured. The four other officers, Brigadiers Hargest, Miles, Combe and Boyd, walked boldly into Florence and took the train for Como from there; the two latter were re-captured, but Hargest and Miles, after great difficulties in the mountains beyond Como, crossed the frontier into Switzerland near Chiasso. Hargest's wound was now giving him trouble after these exertions, and he had to remain there for some time, while Miles, after waiting for him to recover, eventually went on alone, crossing France and getting into Spain, only to die there as a result of his hardships.

As soon as he had sufficiently recovered, Hargest made his journey through France, and the story of the help he received is an example of the greatheartedness of the French patriots, who singlemindedly risked the terror of the Gestapo to save the lives and freedom of their British compatriots. With their help he crossed the frontier into Spain and reached England.

**ENEMY COAST AHEAD.** By Wing Commander Guy Gibson, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C. (Michael Joseph Ltd., price 12/6).—Since writing the two reviews above we have read this book, which, though space will not allow the appreciation it deserves, must have a place here.

Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris in an Introduction writes:—"This is a magnificent story, well and simply told by as great a warrior as this Island ever bred. It is also history." The book was completed shortly before the author flew over the enemy coast for the last time, and met his death when victory was in sight. He tells the story of the growth of Bomber Command from the beginning of the war, and his part in the difficulties and dangers of those early days of flying obsolete and slow machines, leading gradually up to that astounding exploit which won him the V.C., the breaching of the Moehne and Eder Dams.

EDITOR.

## Recruits needed for the Northamptonshire Constabulary.

[The following is a copy of a letter sent to commanding officers of Battalions of the Regiment. It had to be held over from our last number owing to lack of space.—Ed.]

9th January, 1946.

Dear Sir,

Recruits will be needed in the near future in the above Force and although I am getting a very good lot of men of the right type I should like to give the Regiment some preference when I am choosing applicants. As an old member of the Regiment I know how valuable men of the "Dukes" would be in my County Force, therefore I am writing to you to place the matter before you as I thought the Regiment would probably like to place really good men who are going into civil life in a good permanent job. I will offer to men of the Regiment some priority in my final choice.

Regarding posters for the Police Force, the conditions laid down have been sent to Regiments by the War Office so I am not enclosing any posters, etc., as you will already have had them. A.C.I. No. 1402 of 1945 gives full details.

If you will be so good as to let men of the Regiment know the above I would much appreciate your kindness.

Yours faithfully,

R. H. D. BOLTON, Captain,  
Chief Constable.

## Our Contemporaries.

We have to acknowledge with thanks the following Regimental Magazines:—*The Dragon* (January, February, March, April), *The Snapper* (January, February, March, April), *The Suffolk Regimental Gazette* (February, April), *The Lion and the Rose* (Winter, Spring), *The Hampshire Regimental Journal* (February), *Ca Ira* (March), *The Sapper* (January, February, March, April), *The Royal Army Ordnance Corps Gazette* (January, February, March, April), *Our Empire* (January, February, March, April).

## Correspondence.

Cpl. W. P. Ferrer, V.G. of C.  
3019 N. Street, N.W.,  
Washington, 7.D.C.,  
U.S.A.

February 5th, 1946.

Colonel Trench,

My Dear Sir,

No doubt you may be wondering who is writing to you, so I may as well let you know.

I am an old DUKE, and very proud of it, and to make matters even more easier, you were my Company Capt., "F" Company in India, Sitapur and Ambala.

Well, I am very pleased to hear that you and a few more of the Officers of that time are still alive and well. I left the Regiment in 1919 after serving 14 years in it, and was in France with the 2nd Battalion. After I left the service I went to work for one of our old officer's sister. He was then Lt. Gordon Flemming, and I know you must remember him well, he left the Regiment at Ambala and returned to civilian life, but joined up again when the last war broke out in 1914 in the Gordon Highlanders and left with the rank of Major, M.C. I myself left England in 1923 and settled down in Canada, but never could I meet any of the OLD DUKES. When this war broke out I joined the Canadian Army in 1940 and am still in it. I am at present attached to the British Army Staff and have been here in Washington for the last three years. I am servant to a grand man, Lt.-General Sir Gordon Maccready and he is one of the best.

Now how I came to get your address in this way: I saw a piece of news in the Paper one day of a Major R. G. Collins and a few days after General Maccready had a Cocktail Party for the British Army Staff and of course I made it my business to find this Major Collins, which I am very pleased to say I did. He has since given me a few copies of THE IRON DUKE and it has brought back to me memories of some of the OLD DUKES, although I see by THE IRON DUKE a lot of them have now passed away.

I will be only too pleased to hear from any of the OLD DUKES who may wish to write.

I joined the DUKES in 1906 and left for India, 1907, coming back to England, January, 1914, rejoined the 2nd Battalion in Dublin and went to France with them, leaving the Army in 1919. So there you have my history.

Hoping all are well and the very Best of Health to you my Captain,

Yours very Respectfully,

Wm. P. FERRER.

Winston House,  
2 Crowwood Park,  
Halifax,

March, 1946.

To:—The Editor, THE IRON DUKE.

Dear Sir,

May I trespass on your columns to ask if those who are proposing to organise Re-union Dinners of different Battalions would give notice in THE IRON DUKE, of their names and addresses and the approximate date of the next dinner, Re-union evening or event?

You see I have been perhaps the most travelled (inter Battalion) officer of this war; that is to say my record is unique I claim!

At various times I have served with the 1st, 6th, 7th, 2/7th, 8th, 10th and both Halifax and Brancepeth Depots between 1939 and 1946.

So at the expense of being called greedy I should like to know of any re-unions going well in advance, perhaps my social planning will be quite a parallel operation to "D" day!

Yours Sincerely,

DENIS R. SIDDALL,  
D.W.R.

Major J. E. Johnson (D.W.R.)  
249 (G) P.O.W. Camp,  
Carburton,  
Nr. Worksop,  
Notts.

27.3.46.

Dear Sir,

May I send my best wishes, through the Regimental Magazine to all my old comrades in the 1st, 2nd and 6th Battalions, wherever they may be now. When reading THE IRON DUKE, I get a longing to be back with my own Regiment, which I left in September, 1944.

After serving with 33rd and 76th for over 18 years continuously, and during the war with the 6th Battalion, one misses the camaraderie of THE DUKES. At present I am Commanding a Prisoner of War Camp at the above address, and would be pleased to hear from any of my old friends. A welcome and accommodation can always be received from my camp, to any DUKE passing this way.

During the last month or so I have met several old friends; Lt.-Col. O. Price, Commanding 51 P.O.W. Camp; ex-R.S.M. J. Annesley, now demobbed; Sgt. Monaghan also doing well in civil life. My best wishes to all members of the Regiment, and long success to our outstanding magazine.

Yours Sincerely,  
JOHN E. JOHNSON.

Major A. G. Cruickshank,  
146 Regiment, Royal Armoured Corps,  
(The Duke of Wellington's),  
Ahmednagar, India Command.  
11th April, 1946.

Dear Baker,

Thank you for your recent letter.

I think the two photographs enclosed might be of great interest to the Regiment. The one of the plaque reads "The Duke of Wellington breakfasted here after taking Fort 1806." The plaque itself is mounted on the assault gun plinth and the marble is becoming badly defaced through the rust erosion from the gun. In the other photograph the whole monument and its surrounding mortars can be seen with the outer walls of Ahmednagar Fort in the background. No doubt all the regulars of the Regiment know the Fort and Monument but if the photographs are of any use to you do please accept them.

It is likely the Regiment will move to Poona shortly, and strange though it may seem none of us are anxious to go! I suppose for our present commitment of Internal Defence duties it is essential that we move nearer any potential source of trouble. The weather has now reached the "Hot Weather" stage, and working in the afternoon becomes a bit of a trial.

Yours sincerely,

JIMMY CRUIKSHANK.

[The above letter has been forwarded to us from Major S. E. Baker. The two photographs appear opposite page 81.—Ed.]

## Obituary.

We regret to record the following deaths:—

**CARTWRIGHT.**—In the obituary notice of Major Guy Cartwright, who died of wounds in Burma in March, 1945, given on page 108 of No. 61 (June, 1945) of THE IRON DUKE, we were unable to give any details at that time. We have now received reports of Major Cartwright's gallantry in action, and an appreciation of him by a fellow officer, Major E. C. Pemberton, K.R.R.C., attached 2nd Battalion, The Royal Berkshire Regiment, with whom Major Cartwright was serving at the time of his death.

Major Cartwright was educated at Sandhurst, and joined the 1st Battalion in Malta in 1936. He served with them until 1943 when he went to the Staff College, later serving as Brigade Major. In November, 1944 he went out to India, and was attached to the 2nd Royal Berkshire Regiment. In the assault and capture of Mandalay Hill, in March, 1945, a Japanese rearguard was left in a big pagoda near the summit of the hill, with orders to fight to the death. They had established themselves in a brick tunnel running through the mountain under the pagoda from both ends of which they commanded the line of our advance. As soon as our troops tried to cross either end of the tunnel they were met with grenades and machine gun fire. The attack was led by Major Cartwright, and lasted from dusk to dawn. After many attempts to dislodge the Japanese, Major Cartwright and a Sergeant White climbed on to the flat roof of thick concrete in full view of the enemy, and crawling on their stomachs, stopping to listen where the enemy were, they picked the right spot and fixed a heavy charge of explosive in the top of the tunnel, lighting the fuse and running away. After the explosion three 40 gallon drums of petrol were poured into the hole and set fire to, which finally destroyed the enemy.

In a letter to Mrs. Cartwright, Major E. C. Pemberton, K.R.R.C., wrote:—"Guy, whom I only met on arrival in India in December, had become my closest friend. Together we laughed and sweated over the ridiculous month at Budri (?), and hand in hand very fortunately we were posted to this battalion [2nd Royal Berks., Ed.]. I was eternally

thankful that in these, to us, rather peculiar surroundings I had the rock of Guy on which to lean, and his sympathetic ear into which to pour my various woes.

Guy and I had done many combined operations with our two companies, notably Mandalay Hill, the credit for the capture of which is Guy's alone. We were neighbours again at Tamokso at the time he was wounded. My company had been blocking a bridge over the canal and during the night 20/21 March, had a considerable affray with a couple of hundred Japs. Early next morning, owing to an erroneous message to the C.O. that "C" Company had been overrun, Guy came hustling along to my assistance and was I think amazed to find us alive and kicking. By this time we could see masses of Japs streaming away from us, and Guy was ordered to get after them with his company and with tank support. An anti-tank gun unsuspected opened up and hit all three tanks. As I was not present, I do not exactly know what hit Guy. I understand it was shrapnel from an air-burst shell.

Meanwhile I heard and saw "D" Company doing all this from my Company area. Knowing that all had not gone to plan, I hurried off to confer with Guy, but was horrified to see him lying swathed in bandages on a stretcher on a jeep. He recognised my voice at once and spoke to me slowly but quite clearly. That he was in great pain, I think was undeniable. He had wounds in the head, hand, arm and right side. I am told that it was as a result of the side wound that he died. Once men are evacuated, it is hard to extract any news beyond the fact of death.

..... He died on 22.3.45, a day after being wounded."

HAYTON.—On January 26th, 1946, at the General Infirmary, Leeds, ex-C.Q.M.S. Tom Hayton, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Mr. Hayton joined the Regiment in 1903, and went out to the 2nd Battalion in India in 1904. He came home with them in 1905 and served there until 1911 when he was posted to the 1st Battalion in Ambala. In 1916 he returned to England and went out to France, where he served until wounded at Cambrai in 1918. After serving as R.S.M. at an instructional School in the Northern Command he returned to the Regiment in 1919, serving in Palestine until 1921, when he retired to pension. He then joined the Corps of Commissionaires, and except for a period from 1925 to 1929, when he was in business on his own account, served with them until his death.

We are indebted to Captain Charles Oliver for the above, and he adds:—"I remember Hayton as a recruit—then again as a Sgt. in Ambala in the 1st Battalion—but have known him much better as member of this Corps. A very fine looking man in uniform but a man who did a job well—no matter what job he was given he always gave of his best—his interests were always in this Corps no matter what inconvenience a job would cause to him he would do it well in the interests of the Corps. A really good member of the Corps, an example to those joining he always inspired them to give of their best. A type of member who was a credit to the Corps, to an employer and to the services. Hayton is a loss."

HICKOX.—On 28th October, 1945, at Caserta, Italy, whilst serving with the A.T.S. Joan, daughter of C.Q.M.S. and Mrs. P. Hickox, aged 20 years. Miss Hickox died as a result of a motor accident. She was serving at Allied Force H.Q., and was attached to a R.E.M.E. Section. Miss Hickox volunteered for service at the age of 17½ years, and served at Brancepeth Castle for a time before volunteering to proceed overseas.

Joan Hickox will be remembered by many who served at the Depot, Devonport, Aldershot and Malta where she was in married quarters with her family. C.Q.M.S. and Mrs. Hickox now reside at 418, Gibbet Street, Halifax.

RICHARDS.—On March 13th, 1946, at his home 32, Belfast Road, Stamford Hill, N.16, after a long illness, ex-C.S.M. A. W. Richards, late 2nd Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Mr. Richards, "Jerry" to his friends, joined the 2nd Battalion in 1909 and served with them in England and in France during the 1914-18 War. He was wounded in the first battle of the Somme in 1916, and was invalided to England. He

took his discharge soon after the Armistice in 1918, and then entered the L.M.S. Railway Company, working at St. Pancras, London. He was one of six brothers who all served in the Regiment, the record of whose service appeared on page 193 of No. 26, October, 1933 of *THE IRON DUKE*.

**SKINNER.**—On March 16th, 1946, at Bournemouth after an illness lasting six months, Major W. W. Skinner, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Major Skinner served in the Reserve of Officers of the Regiment before the War, and was called up for service at the Depot in August, 1939. After a period of service there, during which he was at first M.T. Officer and later commanded the Specialist Company, he was posted to the 9th Battalion (now 146th Regiment, R.A.C.). He accompanied the Battalion when they were sent out to India in 1942, but unfortunately developed internal trouble on the voyage, and had to be left behind at Cape Town, where he underwent a serious operation. Readers of *THE IRON DUKE* will remember his article "A Duke's Officer in the Cape," which appeared on page 83 of No. 52, June, 1942. Six months later Major Skinner returned to England and served for a period with the 4th I.T.C. at Brancepeth.

S. E. B. writes :—"Bill" Skinner will be mourned by a host of friends in the Regiment who learned to appreciate his sterling qualities. The "Dukes" meant everything to him, and his keenness, enthusiasm, and ability were most marked. After the tragedy of Dunkirk, he was responsible for the reception of all troops who reached Halifax, and nobody could have worked harder or more efficiently during those hectic days. His friends will wish to express their deepest sympathy with his wife and family."

**WALKER.**—On January 1st, 1946, ex-C.S.M. C. E. Walker, M.M., late 9th Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Mr. Walker served with the 9th Battalion in the 17th Division in France in the 1914-18 war. He was awarded the Military Medal for gallantry during the operations in the vicinity of Fleurs on 26th August, 1918. During the recent war he served as Captain of the Milnsbridge Company of the Cadet Battalion of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

The following appreciation is by Mr. Walker's former Company Commander in the 9th Battalion, Captain C. H. D. Kimpton, M.C. :—"It was quite a shock to me to learn of S. M. Charles Walker's death because we have been in touch ever since our time with the Regiment, corresponding irregularly every few months. I am surprised as he was a comparatively young man and certainly robust all his life. He was a typical hale, hearty hefty Yorkshireman and a most likeable fellow ; as an N.C.O. the welfare of his men was his first and last consideration at all times ; his method of handling them being persuasive rather than dictatorial. So on becoming C.S.M. it was not surprising that he became Mother and Father to the whole Company—Officers included. "Crime sheets" were devoid of entries under his discipline, probably due to his parental methods of summary jurisdiction with a "cuff under t'lug" for an offender, which not only acted as an effective deterrent but was accepted by the erring party because Walker was noted for "fair do's," an expression he often used and lived up to. As a soldier in the field he was true to his type, treating the battle as he would a "needle" football match, and any aggressive action on the part of the enemy as a personal affront to Charles Walker, which meant that "yon booggers" were "for it." His award of the M.M. for gallantry at Fleurs could have been given for many other actions.

I say, quite sincerely, that I grieve at his passing."

#### AN ART SOCIETY FOR OFFICERS.

The Army Officers Art Society was founded in 1925 for the purpose of bringing together officers interested in Art, and of providing them with facilities for the exhibition and disposal of their works. It has held 15 exhibitions since then, but had to close down during the war. The Society intends to re-open with its 16th exhibition early in 1947. In addition to officers of the Army and of the Royal Marines, the Society welcomes as exhibitors officers of the Royal Navy, the Royal Air Force and of the several Auxiliary Forces connected with these Services. Any officer interested is invited to communicate with the Honorary Secretary, Colonel L. N. Malan, 10 Blenheim Road, London, N.W.8, who will send all particulars.




DEKKO!

DEKKO!

**THE IRON DUKE**  
 THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S  
 REGIMENTAL MAGAZINE

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**No 64**

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