

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL

Battalion's Four Day Plans

Although we are again far from home this Christmas, we shall celebrate it with all the traditional fun and festivity, which starts tonight with an all ranks Christmas party in the Iron Duke.

Christmas Day will be spent in the time-honoured Army way, with a late Reveille, a short carol service during the morning, and then, the greatest event of the day, the Christmas Dinner. This will be served at mid-day, with the officers and sergeants as usual replacing the normal dining-hall waiters.

During the meal the Commanding Officer will visit each company in turn and make a short seasonal speech to the assembled diners. Afterwards he will visit the Iserlohn Guard.

Whatever we may be short of this Christmas, it will not be food. As always at this time of the year, the R.A.S.C. and N.A.A.F.I. have done us well.

But Christmas is not just a time for eating. There must be entertainment. Few people will feel very much inclined to go far on Christmas Day, but on every other evening in the week there will be something to see and hear. On Boxing Day, after the football match in the afternoon, there will be the choice of either a film or a dance; on Thursday evening members of the Battalion will give an impromptu concert in the "Iron Duke;" on Friday the Gevelsberg Orchestra is playing for "Music Hall" and the week ends with the performance of a German variety show at the Wellington Theatre.

NOTES AND NEWS

THE DIVISIONAL WAR MEMORIAL

A cairn is to be erected at Fontenay to perpetuate the memory of 2,000 men of the 49 Div. killed in the N.W. Europe campaign. There will be a plaque on each side of the cairn for each brigade, with the regimental crest of each battalion and its total number of casualties.

The president of the Div. War Memorial Committee is the Commanding Officer, who is now almost the senior officer in the Division who fought in the Normandy bridgehead—where Cagny and Pt 102 are so well known to the Dukes. He will be going to Fontenay shortly to site the memorial.

The exact cost is unknown. Most of the cairn will be prefabricated by the Royal Engineers but in the meantime each unit is raising 100 pounds. The battalion has given articles to the Div. Raffle Fund, is raffling others in the Iron Duke and in each Company there are collecting boxes. You can also send a donation to Major Pyrah the Fund Treasurer.

No Yorkshire Pud for two days

In common with other newspapers, "Yorkshire Pud" will not be published on Christmas Day and Boxing Day.

Don't forget to send this home—your families will be interested.

Extension of Hours

The "Iron Duke" will remain open until 2300 hrs on Christmas Day and Boxing Day. The bar will be open from 1200 to 1300 hrs on Boxing Day.

The Commanding Officer's Xmas Message

You are probably asking why we are reviewing our year's work in Germany in today's Christmas Eve issue of the Yorkshire Pud and not in the New Year as is more customary among newspapers.

Our thoughts naturally at this time are mainly of those we know and love at home and I feel it a good opportunity to tell you and them how much I appreciate what has been done this eventful year. You have had some strange jobs to tackle. You have been lonely. You have been uncertain about your date of demobilisation. But everyone has given his best unselfishly for the Battalion. I am very proud of you all.

Therefore to all who read this—whether you be still with the battalion, or serving in new units

elsewhere or now enjoying civil life—I wish a Merry Christmas and speedy reunions in 1946. I would also like especially to send good wishes to families at home who will be celebrating Christmas without you, perhaps for the sixth or seventh time.

And since you all know I am incapable of making a speech without preaching a sermon, let us pledge this Noel, perhaps the last in uniform, that at future Christmases we will remember the comradeship and sacrifice which carried the 7th Battalion along the road to victory in 1945.



Lieut.-Colonel C. D. Hamilton D.S.O.

WIRELESS NEWS

Motor Industry Reopens Foreign Markets. High Seas Continue in the Channel

The last session of the United Nations Preparatory Commission was held yesterday. Much satisfactory progress was reported. Among the proposals put forward during the conferences was the setting-up of a United Nations radio service.

Big Order for British Cars

The vice-president of the Nuffield organisation has just returned from a 10 days trip, during which he covered over 14,000 miles in the Middle East. In this

time he obtained orders for cars to the value of 1½ million pounds.

Bad Weather in Britain

Heavy seas prevailed around most of the coasts of Britain yesterday. A large number of drifting sea-mines were seen in the Channel, and a few were washed ashore.

Christmas Rush at an end

There were only small crowds at most of the London stations yesterday, and few trains were filled to capacity.

ITALY

The Vatican newspaper yesterday announced the creation of 32 new cardinals, the largest number to be created for over 400 years.

Today in Gevelsberg



Christmas

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------------|
| Roast Turkey | Roast Poultry |
| | Roast Pork |
| Apple Sauce | Sage & Onion Stuffing |
| | Brown Sauce |
| Roast Potatoes | Creamed Potatoes |
| Brussels Sprouts | French Peas |
| | Christmas Pudding |
| | White Sauce |
| Chocolate | Sweets |
| Beer | Cigarettes |
| | Tea |
| | Dinner |

YORKSHIRE PUD Estb. 1944
Published by the Education
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Gevelsberg, Germany.
MONDAY, Dec. 24th, 1945

COMRADESHIP

Today we celebrate the first peaceful Christmas for over six years. For many of us it will be the last Christmas in the Army. For others it will be the first away from home, the first to be spent amongst strangers in a foreign land. Those whose service is drawing to a close have spent the last few Christmases in some strange places, in Nissen huts in Iceland, rain-sodden tents in the Burmese jungle, slit-trenches in the Libyan desert. Now it is all over and at last we can celebrate in peace and comfort.

Most of us hope that never again shall we be forced to spend Christmas away from our own firesides. But wherever we may be in the future, there is one thing that we can never forget, the spirit of comradeship that has been so strong throughout the years of strife. Today is a fitting time to recall that spirit. May it long continue in the years that lie ahead!

The Padre

The First Christmas Eve

For the hundredth time that day there came a knock at the door. The publican picked up his lantern and left the crowded bar. He had been cursing the new Roman income-tax regulations, and the extra work they put on him, soundly and rather unwisely all evening.

When he came back, after a good quarter-of-an-hour, he seemed quiet, and absorbed in his thoughts. There was almost a tender look in his rugged face. He didn't curse any more. What's up?," asked one of the men.

"I don't know for sure," said the publican. "I have just shown a fellow from Nazareth into my stable—only room I had left. The fellow seemed ordinary enough, but it was his young wife that struck me". A few tit-ters were instantly stifled by the man's obvious sincerity. "Her face haunts me. It seemed as though all the goodness and all the pain in the world were there in that face. By the looks of her, she'll have a little 'un before the night is past. You may think me soft, gentlemen, but I can't get out of my head the feeling that something tremendous is going to happen in my stable to-night."

A profound hush came over them all. They had never heard him speak with such sincerity, or seen him look so solemn. Then there were a few coughs, a little rather awkward small talk, and the clink of glasses. Life in the bar went on, and the publican served them, but it was obvious his thoughts were far away.

Speaks

THERE SHALL BE NO WAR

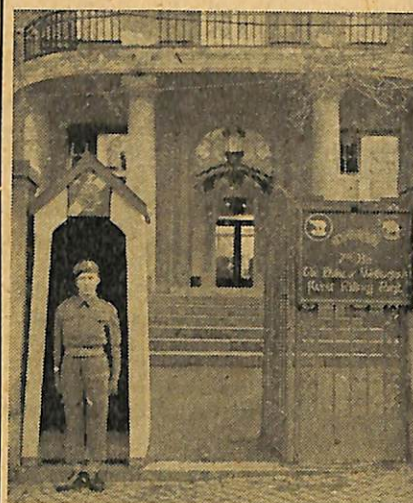
Our Purpose

MOST of us would like to meet the soldier who wrote to a newspaper the other day, asking why it was necessary to keep a vast army in Germany doing nothing. He certainly wasn't a "Duke"—for we have all had a lot to do since that last Victory Parade in the Hague.

We've looked after 25,000 displaced persons, ex-slave workers; we have gathered in hundreds of tons of German army stores and ammunition; checked thousands of vehicles and houses for law-breaking. We have amused ourselves on the stage and screen. We've taught ourselves jobs ready for civil life. We have made newspaper headlines. And we have made a bit of the Ruhr into the West Riding of Yorkshire.

And I think sometimes we have been so busy, and at others so sickened, of the daily newspaper tom-tom "How shall we treat the Germans?" we have in actual fact forgotten the difficult long-distance task we have in Germany.

We are here obviously to prevent another war with Germany. If it was as simple as that there wouldn't have been another war after the first one thousands of years ago.



One of the reasons why we have a difficult task is that Britain was not the aggressor in this war. An aggressor nation begins a war because it wants to achieve certain definite aims—for example, the elimination of Britain as a trade competitor.

* * *

On the other hand, the war aims of the opponents of aggression are negative—to prevent the aggressor from reaching these objectives and from imposing on other nations a way of life which would be intolerable. Consequently, when the aggressor is beaten, the victorious Powers find themselves faced with a problem to which they have had neither the time nor the energy to devote much attention. What must we do to prevent the aggressor from troubling the peace again?

The answer is not simple. The armed forces with which Hitler carried out his acts of aggression have been destroyed and therefore there is no danger of aggression by Germany in the

near future. But we have also to see that Germany is never again able to start a war in Europe. To ensure this, Germany's heavy industry must be controlled. We must also see that Nazis and influential persons like the industrialists who supported Hitler are removed from power.

But that is not enough. We must do something positive. We must educate Germany so that she may become a democratic and peaceful country. But we must not forget that the re-education of a nation requires at least a generation for its completion.

To do all these things a government is necessary. It cannot at present be a German one, because Germany does not possess a national government and is not at present capable of organising a democratic one. German local administration has already been set up, but owing to the long period of Nazi domination its authority requires the powerful support of the occupying Powers.

* * *

Therefore, we rule through a Military Government. A Military Government is one run primarily by soldiers, although a large civilian element is required to provide the technical experts which the army does not possess. Military Government maintains law and order, if necessary, by the employment of troops. That is why we must remain in Germany as part of the forces of occupation. By doing so we not only ensure that German Resistance Movements—of which so far there has been little sign—cannot interfere with the task of disarming and re-educating Germany; also by our mere presence as members of the British armed forces make it quite clear to the Germans that they have lost the war.

This is important, because after the last war the myth arose in Germany that she had not really been defeated in the field, but was "stabbed in the back" by politicians.

We are a continual reminder to the population that they have been conquered by force of arms. They fought to the end and lost.

Thus our long-term objects are to disarm, de-militarise, and re-educate Germans. In the meantime we are dealing each day with the pressing problems of seeing that Germans are fed (if they are not, there will be disease spreading across Europe) that light industry is restarted and local administration set up.

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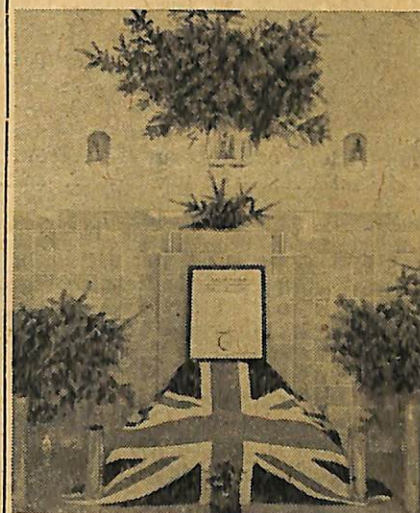
Let us see how the Battalion fits into this broad picture. Before the surrender, Germany was governed by central government machinery in Berlin, which gave out orders to the chiefs of the provinces, rather the

same way as during the war we had regional chiefs in Britain. At the moment we have restored German administration—de Nazified of course—up to the province level, but not above.

A British Corps occupies each province in the British Zone. 1st Corps occupies Westphalia, the huge industrial centre, and each Division occupies a sub division of a province—a Regierungsbezirk. Nothing corresponds to this in Britain. Forty Ninth Infantry Division occupies the Arnsberg Regierungsbezirk, in which there are 12 Landkreis (county councils) and 13 Stadtkreis (cities or towns). Generally there is at least one battalion or equivalent to each land or stadtkreis. The 7th Battalion occupies the Ennepe Rhur Kreis, of over 400 square miles and a total population of nearly a quarter of a million.

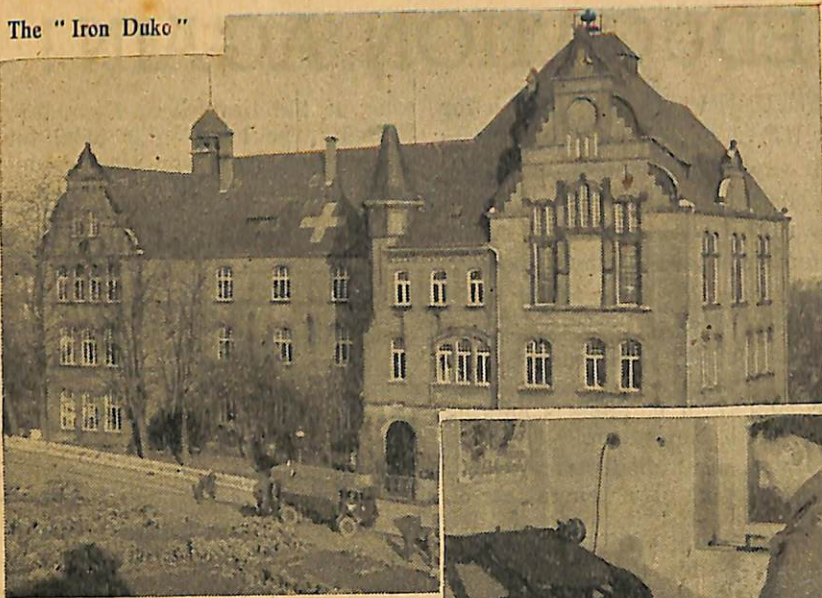
In each Kreis is a Military Government detachment which passes to the German municipal authorities the orders of the British Commander-in-Chief, and generally operates the control system whereby we hope to prevent machinery being made for further wars.

The Battalion is in the Kreis to see that the Germans obey the



orders of Military Government, by checking houses, vehicles and factories, patrolling during the night when the Germans are confined to their homes in curfew hours, holding ceremonial parades to show our power, our military efficiency and wakefulness. We are there in case of disorder during the winter when food will be scarce and homes will be cold. All the time we have our eyes open for signs of resistance. We realise that the moment we leave the country or drop into slipshod ways Germany will be free to start planning fresh destruction.

All this then we have been doing since we came to the Ennepe Rhur Kreis last May. But I wonder if in years to come Germany will remember us, not so much for our suppression of her reviving energy and industry in 1945, but things they had almost forgotten existed in the world—efficient, smart soldiers who could be cheerful and just and disciplined not as automatons but as free men following an honourable calling.



How We Make The Yorkshire Pud

I WANT "Yorkshire Pud" to appear again as a regular daily. The first number will come out early next week. You'll be editor."

Quite a short telephone call, but it sufficed to launch a rather bewildered Education Officer on to the troubled and uncharted sea of journalism. Now, after 6 months, it is time to look back on our past errors and achievements and to reveal some of our problems, our difficulties and our mistakes.

Early Days

In those first few weeks after we arrived in Germany, "Yorkshire Pud" was a modest little sheet, produced and printed in C Company office at Milspe. The Editor/Production Manager/Staff Reporter daily typed out, on his own machine, the B.B.C. news, the few scraps of Battalion gossip that percolated down from Gevelsberg, and the odd items of interest culled from the national newspapers. Production was comparatively simple, for, after laboriously re-typing the news on to flimsy waxes, the 100 odd sheets were churned out in quick time on our cherished rotary duplicator, the pride and despair alike of Pte. Horner.

Printing Problems

Rather over-confident after a few weeks experience, and let it be here confessed, green with envy on seeing the paper of another unit, the Editor grew bolder and decided to print "Yorkshire Pud." Fortunately, a few experienced printers were found in the Battalion, even though it meant depriving the Quartermaster of his batman, the little printers shop in the Neustrasse was taken over, and, early in September, we attempted to produce our first printed issue.

And what a nightmare for the staff! Imagine trying to set a 6 column newspaper by hand, in an unfamiliar shop, after 5 years without practice! It is not surprising that the original issue, intended to be presented to Brigadier Wood on September 7th at the opening of the

"Iron Duke," appeared as a small, single-sided paper, many hours late. Obviously, the paper must be set on a linotype machine.

Success at last

We found a German linotype operator, a wizened old man, and our worst difficulties were over. But problems have always continued to crop up. For a long time paper was scarce; then printers ink became almost unobtainable; the rollers of the printing press developed a fault, the linotype machine broke down. All these obstacles have arisen, and have been overcome, although they have sometimes delayed the paper an hour or two.

Obvious Errors

Our printing mistakes have undoubtedly given you some amusement. For these we have no real excuse except that our staff is so small that it is hard to "read" the proofs as thoroughly as we would like. It was an unfortunate lapse on the part of the staff that produced that startling headline "Hitler in Gevelsberg," the omission of a question-mark making all the difference. But the editorial staff has had its own share of howlers, usually owing to lack of care in compiling headlines. Do you remember the unfortunate combination: "Tojo shoots himself — More Rations for Austria," or that apparent political attack, "New Labour Peers—More War Criminals Named?" It's so easy, in the haste of "going to press" to overlook such an obvious slip.

Our uncertain future

What of the future? "Yorkshire Pud" cannot hope to provide an edition like this every day. Indeed, some days we even doubt whether we shall be able to keep up the regular daily issue, for releases are beginning to have a serious effect on our staff. But we are hopeful. New recruits may yet join our little printing shop, and as long as conditions permit, "Yorkshire Pud" will remain a daily feature of Battalion life.

BRITISH SOLDIERS' GENIUS

OPERATIONS OF PEACE

Four times since VE Day the full resources of the Battalion have been mobilised for operations. Sometimes it was still against the enemy. . . on others even for him, and all of them illustrate the great variety of jobs in which the British infantryman is called on to show his genius for improvisation.

And as it is the practice in the Army to give every operation a code word, we will present each one with a title.

NEW ORDER.

What's this, you'll say. The care of 30,000 displaced persons or "D.Ps." as we all know them, has been our tallest order in the Ennepe-Ruhr-Kreis—but New Order? Well, I think, it salutary to remember now when memories are growing thin that though Hitler preached a New Order for Europe, he had no hesitation in using 5,000,000 of his future "subjects" as slave workers to make his war weapons at a rate and cheapness that no civilised nation would tolerate, even under the emergencies of total war.

Voerde, Sprockhovel, Schulestrasse, Stalingrad Camp Schwelm, Hattingen, Altendorf, Wengern. . . we'll always remember this brief selection of names of camps in which we looked after our temporary guests of every nationality. Voerde has had 6,000 Russians and 4,000 Italians and even today has nearly 2,000 proud yet friendly Yugo-slav soldiers, taken in battle, in useless risings and some out of retirement by sheer German terrorism.

Despite what UNRRA claimed, for many months we alone had the major care of them all, feeding and clothing them, listening to their strange requests. We had a chance within an hour's ride to seeing some of the customs of all our eastern Allies. We helped to bring to Voerde a breathe of the colourful community night life of a Russian village. We missed these strange often childish people when most of them left for home (amid embarrassing moments sometimes, as on two occasions when we had 2,000 Russians packed into gaily decorated trucks en route for the station—and the Brigade Major phoned to say there had been a mistake and the trains were not leaving for a fortnight. More vodka parties. . . more fire guards). I think we can say without straining international relations that we had more sleep when some of the more adventurous spirits left.

Let us not forget these people wrenched from their homes, the Poles of Gevelsberg who may never see their families again.



the uncertainty which today fills the lives of gallant Yugo-slavs, and the nation which once valued human hearts so cheaply. Let England not forget too, her sons who were tender hosts and universal aunts to people whose language they didn't understand but whose distress they did.

BAZOOKA.

We gave this name to our great drive for the salvage of war. Everywhere there were Bazookas, in cellars and kitchens, in offices and ditches. And thousands of Army trucks, mines, rockets, aeroplane parts, seachlight sights, smashed tanks, hundreds of tons of ammunition besides. It all had to be collected by the infantry this year. And it was.

Some of it was dropped into deep lakes (mostly by C Company into the Brigade Commander's private swimming pool!) Some was taken to Corps dumps, hundreds of trucks were towed in to parks (The Carrier pl recovered a complete Sherman tank!) Some were adopted for our own use; a workshop went into our education centre. And a good amount we have kept for our own museum to show our young brothers next year how even good weapons are of no avail against stout hearts and a righteous cause.



HOMEWARD BOUND

Four Russian Ex-P.W. Officers at Schwelm

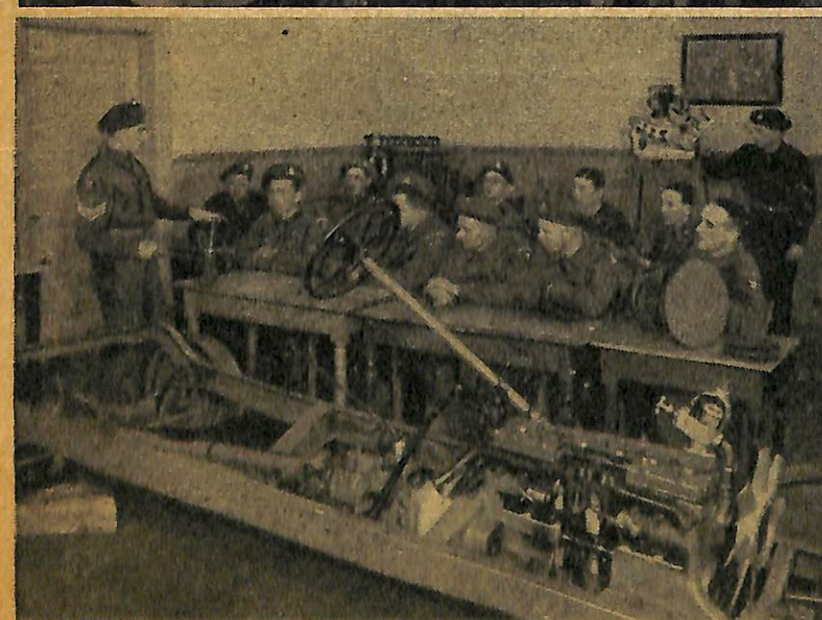
BUTCHER.

This was a misfire. Some one had a great plan for killing deer in the Corps area as a stand by against hunger this winter in German homes. After two long days our hunters turned in four of the required 12,000 tons. And then mercifully some one decided it wasn't a good thing. The officers can still say what they might have shot if they had had a chance. . . .

POTATO.

We give this name to our daily search of houses and cars for contraband, deserters from justice and would-be resisters, because practically everything we find wrong is in the potato line. Every German car has a sack—and always the answer is "We are collecting our year's ration at once."

ROAD CHECK Examining Identity Cards



EDUCATION AGAIN!

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

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

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

By

LT.-GEN. H. G. MARTIN

Military Correspondent of the Daily Telegraph. This is from his report on Nov 12th.

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

A Technical Grounding

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

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

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

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

ding of the Gevelsberg Secondary School. The building is ideal for the purpose. Moreover, since secondary schools have not yet reopened in Germany, the arrangement does not interfere with German re-education.

Students' Diversions

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

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

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

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

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

Worries of a C.O.

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

VOCATIONAL TRAINING

Photographs show reading down:—Carpentry Class—Bricklaying—Radio Class—D.M. Class

YORKSHIRE ABROAD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Strenuous Art

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

Members of the band include Sgt. Shaw, Doncaster (solo cornet), Corporal Senior, Wakefield, and Bandsman Bailey, Keighley, (re-piano cornets), Bandsman Booth, Kirkburton, and Bandsman Seaman, Balby (second cornets); Bandsman Rogers, Leeds, Bandsman Carr, Mexborough, and Bandsman McVeigh, Copmanthorpe (third cornets), Bandsman Fisher, Darton (tenor horn); Bandsman Newlove, Bridlington (baritone), Bandsman Barrett, Skipton (euphonium), L/C. Armitage, Huddersfield (tenor

trombone), and Drm. Bannister, Leeds, Drm. Swain, Leeds, and Drm. Rooms, Hull (buglers).

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

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

By

JOE ILLINGWORTH

War correspondent of the Yorkshire Post, from his article which appeared on Nov. 9th.

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

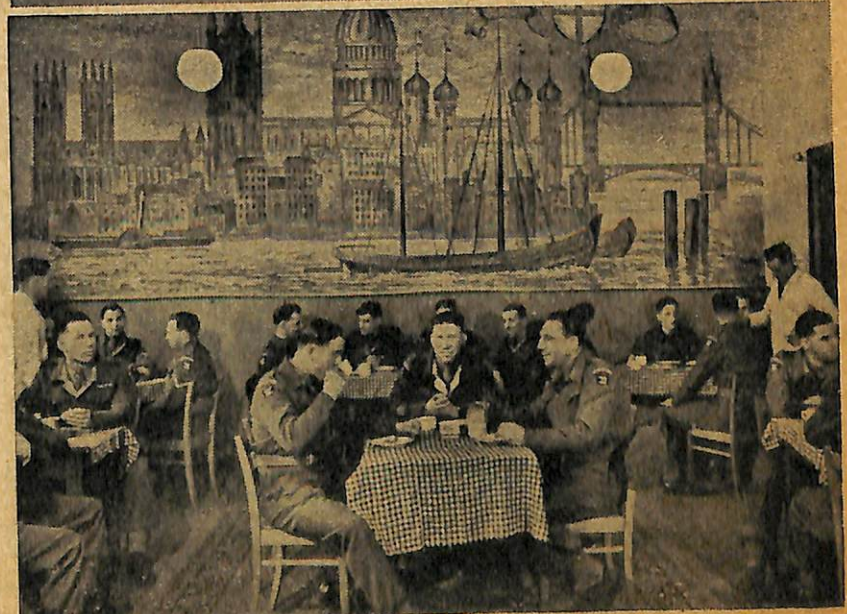
The Battalion are as comfortable in their suburban villas as it is possible for troops to be when away from home. One of the largest of the villas is now the Command Post, and to it is brought the new soldier who is posted to the Battalion so that he may know a little of the brave company he has embraced, and the road it has come.

Hall of Memories

The main hall is hung with shields made by Pte Plummer which bear the names of places where the Battalion met the enemy—Venlo, Nijmegen, Turnhout, Utrecht . . .

A map shows this perilous journey, drawn in a thin red line. (During the course of the campaign the Battalion occupied 76 different headquarters.) At the far end of the hall the Regimental crest surmounts a pair of glass doors, and in the small room beyond is the story of what the journey cost.

This is the Battalion's memorial chapel. Here is the Roll of Honour flanked by flowers which the men bring freely. Here are listed the Battalion's battle honours. Everything gleams and sparkles, and has a well-cared-for look.



THE IRON DUKE

Photographs show reading down:—Library—Table-Tennis—Bar—Café

The Cavalcade of Companies

A Company

Announces-----

We remember, as Christmas draws near and our thoughts take us back through the past year of our triumphs tempered by our losses. We have shared fully in the swift-moving actions of the victorious army, and life seems to have been one long series of moves during the past year. Our life in the flooded "Island," the joy with which we disarmed the Wehrmacht, the sober way in which we celebrated VE-Day. We recall it all this Christmas time.

Our First German Home

With what joy we settled in at Wengern. We remember the beautiful days on the river, only marred by the frantic but fruitless chasing of the D.P.s, who were pillaging the countryside. Murders were a mere commonplace to which we could never become inured. However, that is past, but not easily forgotten.

Partings Begin

At Wengern we came to realise all the implications that peace and re-organisation bring in their wake. Soon we bade farewell to C.S.M. Berry who left us on "Class B." Alas, he was soon to be followed by a large draft to the Airborne Division, and a further draft to the K.O.Y.L.I. The faces changed as men came and left, but the old spirit remained and is still with us, a legacy of the splendid officers, N.C.O.s, and men, who led us through to final victory.

Finally, we think of our old and well loved "Skipper," Campbell-Fox, whose cheery presence and genial spirit are sorely missed. We hope he triumphs in business as he did with us, worthy of the best that life can give; of our old and trusted "Nunk," who has so recently left us, laying down his trowel for a Commissionaire's uniform; of "Dagwood" with his ever-present pipe

and smile behind it; of our dapper Sgt. West, who left us in such sad circumstances; and of Atkinson and all the other grand lads who have left us during the year. We remember you all.

B. Company Blarney

Time brings many changes and never have these words been truer than when applied to this Battalion, and to B Company in particular. Gone are the faces of many fellows that were with us when Germany called "Enough."

Some have gone on draft to other regiments. Do you remember some of them? C.S.M. "Happy Jack" Jennings, Cpl. Riley, and the Privates "Paddy" Kehoe, "Doggy" Shaw, Ken Carr, George Astley, and lots more, too numerous to mention. We can't remember the other ranks without recalling some of the officers, Captain Hugh LeMessurier and Lieut. Delaney. Wherever you may be, fellows, all the very best this Xmaside.

Other lucky men have left us and returned to Civvy Street. Even though they may be sitting round the fireside with their own families this Christmas we still remember them. C.S.M. "Stand-Easy" Measey, C.Q.M.S. "Shacks" Wilson, Sgt. "Mr. Buck" Taylor, Cpl. "Digger" Lowe, Sid Wilde and others. Happy Christmas fellows and don't get too drunk.

New Faces

In their place we have men from other Regiments and other Divisions, men like Captain Thornett, Lieuts. Staveley and A.T. of G. Morgan, our present C.S.M., Harry Edmond, and lots of other ranks whom we cannot mention through lack of space. But we hope that on this Christmas, the first to be spent in peace for six years, you will join with us in having as good a time as possible.

In our festive spirit let us pause for a moment to remember the men, our pals, who have suffered permanent injury, and those who paid the supreme sacrifices. To their families and to the men who even

now lie in hospital, we send sincere condolences with our Christmas greetings.

Charlie Calling

Let us cast our minds back to Christmas 1944, Remember? A school room in Nijmegen, which was hastily prepared to remind us that Christmas had arrived. And in our minds was one thought, "Where will we be next Christmas?" None of us dare answer, but as soon as the beer was brought in we stopped thinking of the future and started thinking of the present. Officers and sergeants made the best of a bad job and commenced to serve us with our Christmas dinner.

Settling down in Germany

Our Christmas rest was soon over and back we marched to our "Island Home." Later we came to Germany, to settle down in Milspe, where blanco and polish became priority items. Then the "Rush" started. Men were clamouring for "employed jobs" such as D.R.O.s, sanitary men, anything. But only a few succeeded. The rest of us toured the countryside, roping in German Guns, Tanks and Equipment. It was not a peculiar sight to see Lt. Le Cornu dash off in a carrier and bring back an "88" or a broken down tank and park it in front of Company H.Q., much to the "Skippers" horror and disgust. Still, they were something of interest to Gascoine and Co, because, while drinking beer in "Buckley's Bar," they had often heard the lads talk about "88's" and Mortars and it was their chance to see what they really were. They thought a "Spandau" was a German Retriever.

The Exodus begins

September came and we moved into Gevelsberg to join the Battalion. Then started the great "freeze up" of Age Groups, and vocational training became the password. Cobbling and Driving was on everybody's lips. Cpl. Lee just got demobilised in time, because the men were all demanding that all cooks should be sent to Nuremburg to be tried as War Criminals. Even the Rissole King, who once ruled the Cookhouse and claimed to be "the finest operator of a mincing machine in the Battalion" or even in the history of the British Army made a hasty withdrawal elsewhere to evade trial.

Now as we approach Christmas there will be many familiar faces that we shall miss, so let us all join in and wish them the Best of Luck in Civvy Street. To all our comrades who are now in other Regiments we wish the same.

D. Company Diary

Xmas 1944 was spent by this coy. at Winsen where, owing to the proximity of unfriendly elements (buzz bombs etc.) we were unable to celebrate the occasion as we would have wished.

The beer supply was limited owing to the fact that one barrel was mysteriously lost, and was found two days later in a nearby ditch (empty). A good dinner was enjoyed by all, thanks to the hard work of the cooks.

Since then a lot has happened. The war was brought to a successful

conclusion. We have lost many good old friends, many new faces have appeared, and some old ones have returned, but despite the changes, the company spirit has carried on unchanged.



Babes Afloat

A Good Time Ahead

We have looked forward to this, our first peacetime Xmas for many years. Facilities are good, we have good billets, a comfortable canteen, rations and extras promised are plentiful, and we are going to make the best of it even though we all would have liked to have spent this special Xmas in our own homes.

During our festivities we shall remember those, who by their sacrifices made this first peacetime Xmas possible. To all those who have left us whether to go to other units or their own homes, we wish a very merry Xmas and the best of good luck in the New Year.

It Q Views

Will this... war never end? Those were the feelings of nearly every soldier twelve months ago. Now the war HAS ended, and here we are, still in the army for another Christmas. During the last few months we have bade farewell to some great stalwarts, who, having played their part so well for six years, have now returned to civilian life for a well-earned rest.—We wish them all the best of luck, and look forward to the day, when we shall be able to join them.

Old faces go and new ones appear so rapidly these days that it is impossible to welcome everyone by name. Nevertheless we do extend a most hearty welcome to all who have recently arrived, be it from distant lands, distant Regiments, or distant Companies.

Our Stage Talent

Since the end of the war, we have not been able to devote as much time to sport and recreation as Able, Baker, Charlie and Dog, but we did manage to produce two considerable, and (although we say it "as shouldn't"), first-class helpings of Cottage Pie, thanks largely due to the efforts of "Our Bert" and "Uncle Ned." We could not let this opportunity pass of saying how sorry we were to lose "Uncle Ned," one of those rare species, a popular Sgt. Major. Good Luck "Ned." And to all of you, we wish all that you wish yourself in 1946.



H.Q. DINING HALL
Showing Captain Van den Bergh's mural of Nijmegen Bridge

The Band in Scarlet



C.S.M. Watkins with the Battalion Band outside the IRON DUKE

Officers Mess Notes

After having a very happy Mess throughout action, we are gradually seeing it break up. Old faces are going, that is when the sun of officialdom comes out and unfreezes them, and quite a few new faces are arriving. However, I am glad to say that the Mess is still a happy one and all of us are settling down to our new form of life.

With great regret we have said goodbye to our old Q.M. Ben Temple, who served the Battalion so well before, during, and after action. Rumour has it that he has thrown up his N.A.A.F.I. job because there was more paper work than in the Army! Next to leave was "Rikky" Richards, who, although he had not been with us very long, had soon managed to settle down.

The Thaw Begins

Our oldest T.A. member Ben Thomlinson has now left us. He had a record of long and faithful service with the Battalion and we deeply regret his departure. So many Company Commanders will remember how his appearance at Company H.Q.s. in action heralded the announcement of a patrol. With him went Duncan Ross, who was our Mortar Officer throughout action. A very suitable party in the Mess saw them both carried out at the end of the evening to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne." Finally Campbell-Fox, O.C. "A" Company, left us. His cry of "HOLD ON" has put renewed faith in many a pessimistic officers' heart. His speeches were legend and his ability to corner a game of Monopoly was fantastic. With him went Jack Illingworth, who had been carrier officer through action. We shall miss seeing his face when told in the officers' Mess Bar that Whiskey was for Majors only. And last, but not least, was John Lappin who fought with "D" Company, and was renowned for owning a very fine pair of eyebrows and the smallest dachshund on record.

Happy Memories

Those of us who are left wish those who have gone the very best of luck and very many thanks for such great comradeship. Some will follow in the thaw, but all of us, I know, will look back on the old days as grand ones. We shall remember a lot, from drinking the last of the whisky at Haalderen when things were getting a bit warm, to the even more anxious moments when Ronnie or another business magnate erected three hotels on "Mayfair."

NORMANDY

I left my Youth in Normandy,
In the deep roads,
Dust covered hedges
Beside the torn bodies of mine
enemies,
I left my Youth.

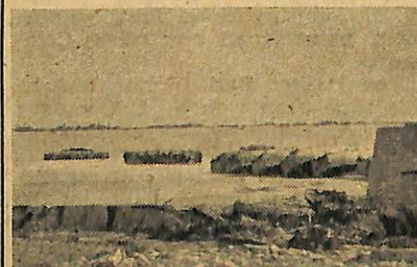
The clogging dust,
The heat,
Scorched into my soul,
Can man endure these things—
Unchanged?

The full, warm, darkness of the night,
Hard earth, crumbling in my fingers,
The nameless dread,
The broken trees,
I hated you.

The ruined corn,
Each shattered dwelling,
Burned into my mind,
Took part of me away
And left me desolate.

And still you haunt me
Breaking—from the
Dark pits of memory
To flood my brain,
I hate you yet.

H.C.S.



Arromanches Beach

A CHRISTMAS OF PEACE

Christmas, with thy peaceful homeliness.
Awakened by Destructiveness.
'tis time to sleep and make anew
The chimes of Christmas deeper, true
So deeply missed in Hell's dark chasms,
In earth's turmoil and evil spasms,
Ring out, ring out, oh! Bells of Peace,
And let thy peals no longer cease.
'tis time for joy and happiness.
Christmas, grant us thy peaceful homeliness.

A.B.

THESE WE HAVE LOVED

Release Takes 150 Men

Over 150 officers and men have already been released from the battalion and another 53 are expected to leave within the next few days.

Do you remember when the details of the Release Scheme were first announced? How we checked and re-checked our release numbers and speculated on the probable date of our demobilisation! For a long time after the end of the war in Europe nothing much seemed to happen. We heard vague rumours of aged warriors in Group 2 being released, but no-one ever seemed to leave our battalion.

The First Men Go

Then, rather to everyone's surprise, our first men were released. On July 17th, Ptes. Whyllie and Hirst, old veterans of Group 9, said farewell. On this first occasion the Band began the custom that has since become an essential part of the release ceremony, the playing of "Auld Lang Syne" and the Regimental March. Only ten days later two other old-stagers left us. Captain (Q.M.) Temple, the first officer to get away, and Sgt. Embleton.

Throughout the summer, releases seemed very slow. Even as late as mid-September, when Group 14 left us, only 1 officer and 10 men had gone from the Battalion.

Groups Increase in Size

Gradually the number of men in each Group has increased, the latest to leave including nearly 40 men. Groups are now leaving the Battalion about every fortnight, although it is doubtful whether this rate will be maintained in the near future, when really big groups have to be released.

At the end of the year over 200 men will have been released, and the tempo will still be increasing. Group 25 contains over 138 men and Group 26 is hardly any smaller. By the middle of February 500 men will have left the Battalion.

The following is a list of men who will have been released by Gp 24

"A" Company

CSM Berry Capt Fox Loc/Sgt Growther
Pte Cottam Pte Blythe Pte Huntley
Sgt Spooner Pte Lashmar Pte Moon
Pte Teale Pte French Pte Pearce Sgt Colley
L/Sgt Hallas Pte Allott Pte Dixon
Pte Blanchard L/Cpl Mears Pte Atkinson
L/Cpl Owen Pte Riley Pte Beer Pte Lee
Pte Shields Pte Elson L/Sgt West
Pte Harvey Pte Hudson Pte McGuire
Pte Hirst Pte McKeon Pte Morrow
Pte Osborne Pte Robinson

"B" Company

CQMS Wilson CSM Measey Pte Reynolds
L/Cpl Wild L/Cpl Ogden Pte Thompson
Pte Flounders Pte Adkin Pte Shaw
Pte McKnight Pte Williams Pte Atkinson
Cpl Woodhead Pte Copley Pte Gilchrist
Cpl Ray Pte Clark L/Cpl Roberts Pte Wild
Pte Lowe Pte Johnson Pte Young
Pte Amphlett Pte Wroe Pte Cox Pte Brown
Pte Cunningham Sgt Taylor Cpl Lowe
Pte Hedley Pte Ward Pte Baker
Pte Whitfield Pte Harwood Pte Bishop
Pte Newton Pte Hewson

"C" Company

Pte Woodhead Pte Haw Pte Bailey
Lieut Richards Cpl Parker Pte Taylor
Sgt Parker Pte Schofield Cpl Hatton
Pte Jefferies Pte Bodner Cpl Mason
Pte Addison Pte Cleave Cpl Oxnard
Pte Smithies Sgt Johnson CSM Sargeant
Pte Alden Capt Ross Pte Preston
Pte Venn L/Sgt Swinburne Pte Miller
Pte Smith Pte Godfrey Pte Roe Pte Lilley
Pte Palmer Pte Waddington Pte Ninnies
L/Cpl Allen Cpl Widdows Sgt Bowker
L/Sgt Emes L/Cpl Millward L/Cpl Knott
Pte Hargrove L/Cpl Bell

"D" Company

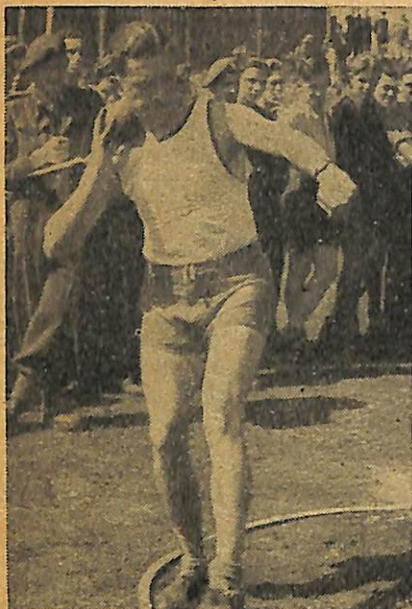
Pte Dixon Pte Buckley Pte Taylor
Cpl Goodings Pte Garvin Pte Moore
Pte Jones Pte Davidson Pte Hays
Pte Jones L/Cpl Ridgeway Pte Horobin
Pte Yates L/Cpl Tittley Pte Sidebottom
Pte Smart Pte Jarvis Pte Gilworth
Cpl Lees Pte Pepper L/Sgt Mead
Sgt Donkin Capt Lappin Pte McGowan
Pte Smith Pte Goodhead Pte Haresign
Cpl Haslam



Captain Temple leaves

"H.Q." Company

Sgt Charlesworth Cpl Chantry Pte Gregg
Pte Redfern L/Cpl Watt Pte Hirst
Sgt Embleton Sgt Myers Pte Twigg
Sgt Powell Cpl Allman Pte Hughes
L/Cpl Pawson CQMS Maiden Pte Ball
L/Cpl France Pte Hollywood L/Sgt Byrne
Pte Vaughan Capt Illingworth L/Cpl Brown
Cpl Stephenson Pte Gordon Pte Jones
Pte Cripps Pte Carling Pte Durbin
Pte Batters Pte Robinson Sgt Brown
Pte Fisher Pte Middleton Pte Moore
Pte Turner Sgt Mottram Pte Biddulph
Pte Bailey Pte Parkin Pte Whyte
RQMS Bailey Sgt Whittle Pte Summersgill
Pte Southcoate L/Cpl Walton Pte Dunn
Pte Broster L/Cpl Charlesworth Pte Boone
L/Cpl Smith Pte Cooke Pte Holmes
Pte Smith Pte Pilling Pte Mitchell
Pte Melbourne CQMS West Pte Bailey
Pte Hudson Pte Mallon L/Cpl Harrison
Pte Ison Cfn Kirrage Pte Collis
Pte Hodgett L/Cpl Murdoch Pte Day
Cpl Bacon L/Cpl Hood Pte Machon
Pte Wilson Capt Temple Pte Weedy
Pte Kemp Pte Finnigan L/Cpl Maiden
Pte Tootle Pte Gardner Cpl Lee
L/Cpl Walter Pte Delaney Maj Thomlinson
Cpl Bradbury Pte Jones L/Sgt Chapman
CSM Chadwick Pte Elliott Pte Probert
Sgt Maude Pte Casey Pte Rawlings
Pte Bolton Pte Buckley Pte Moores
Pte Allen Pte Boocock Pte McLean
Pte Woodroff



Major A. B. M. Kavanagh putting the shot

MANY and varied have been the sporting activities of the Battalion since we came to Germany. Summer has been and gone, Autumn is now passing to Winter, but no matter what the weather may be, the keenness and enthusiasm for sport remains.

June, July and August saw the summer games in full progress. The first competition on a Battalion level was the swimming gala. Companies during their swimming periods picked and trained their best chaps, and week-ends saw the pool well-frequented. The gala was held on July 18th. It was a perfect day for the event, and Captain E. W. Mattock had fixed up the pool excellently. The gala was won by B Company, to whom Brigadier Wood presented the shield.

Train, Train, Train!

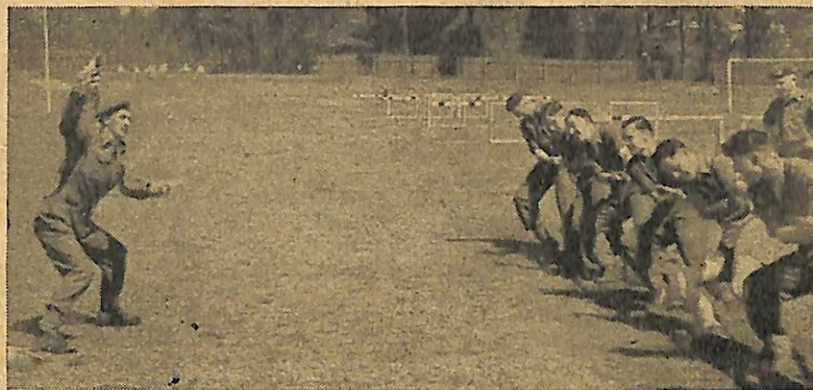
Events were now coming very quickly. Everyone was training for the Battalion Athletic Meeting, the Divisional Swimming Gala, the summer Basket-Ball League, and the inter-Company Cricket Competition. Companies, in spite of their D.P., X.P.W., and patrol duties, went all-out for all of these events. By the end of July the Cricket had been won by B Company, who beat H.Q. Company in the finals.

BOXING DAY ENTERTAINMENTS

THE WELLINGTON THEATRE
Presents
LADY LET'S DANCE
starring
Belita

AN
ALL RANKS DANCE
in the
"Zum alten Postwagen"
at 1900 hrs.

SPORTS REVIEW



Captain T. B. Bax with the winning H.Q. tug-o-war team

C Company Wins Athletics

The Competition that followed the Athletic Meeting proved to be one of the most exciting of all. We had another grand day, and all was laid on extremely well by Captain Mattock. D Company soon took the lead, and showed that their track teams were exceptionally good. Lieut. Evans, running in most of the shorter relays, ran very well. In the field events C Company were scoring fast, helped by Pte. Woby, who, by the end of the meeting, had scored 20 points for his Company. About three-quarters of the way through the meeting it became obvious that either C or D were going to win. The last event of the day, the 1 mile relay, was the deciding race. C were one point ahead at this stage. As it happened, B Company won this race which was one of the most exciting of the meeting. C were second, and D third. Thus C Company carried off the shield—winning it by the very small margin of two points from D Company. C Company by this time were well on their way to winning the Basket Ball League, holding a slight lead over their nearest rivals, A Company.

Bad Weather Spoils

Divisional Swimming Gala

Winterburg, rain and a gale. Those of you who have been to the Divisional Training School will have an excellent idea of the kind of day it was for the Divisional Swimming Gala. Over 20 Battalions and Regiments took part in this Gala, which was finally won by the Divisional Recce—the Battalion finishing fifth. The water was extremely cold, and it was a great pity that the day was so poor. The Dukes had the doubtful honour of being the first to enter the pool when Major Smallwood dived in through pouring rain. Major Pyrah and Pte. Machin did very well in reaching the final in the 50 metres back stroke, coming in third. Lieut. Evans, L./Cpl. Bott, Pte. Garforth, and Woodruff, also swam well.

Battalion does well in Brigade Sports

The Brigade Athletic Meeting and the 1 Corps Swimming Gala were now getting very close. The Battalion Athletic Team, under Lieut. Evans, trained hard, and on the day, came in second; the meeting being won by the 2nd Searchlight Regiment. Lieut. Brown, who has hardly stopped running since he arrived in

July, ran a very good 440 race in this meeting, being beaten by Major Bruce of the Searchlights. Cpl. Machin won the shot; Lieut. Evans won Throwing The Hammer.

Dukes in Divisional Teams

At Ludenschied, teams from five divisions competed in the 1st Corps Gala for swimming and water polo. Lieut. Evans, Pte. Machin and Pte. Gentle had been chosen to represent the Division, and put up a fine performance, Pte. Gentle coming in second in the 400 metres race. The Gala was won by the 52 Division, and the Guards Armoured Division won the water polo easily.

Swimming, being over as far as the galas were concerned, the Division picked its side for the 1st Corps Athletic Meeting. This took place at Dusseldorf. Lieut. Brown once again ran his very efficient 440, and the Tug-of-War Team under C.S.M. "Stand-Easy" Measey got to the Corps finals, only to be beaten by the 49 Division Recce. The meeting was won by the 53 (W.) Division.

Successful Individual

Athletic Meeting

As there had not been many Battalion events during the last few weeks, an individual athletic meeting was held on September 22nd. Again we had another afternoon's first-class sport. This time the men of B Company came first, gaining more points than any other Company.

The Basket Ball League had by this time been won by C Company with A Company as runners-up. Thus C claimed their second shield. Swimming and Athletics at an end, the Battalion turned next to the Cross Country Running. The Run was won by A Company with B Company close behind them. The first man home was Pte. Curley of C Company, who ran a very fine race indeed. In the Brigade Competition that followed, 1st Leicesters won, the Battalion coming third.

The Football Season Opens

With the approach of colder weather, football, rugby and hockey began to be played. It was decided to hold inter-Company knock-out competitions in hockey and seven-a-side rugby. A Winter Basket-Ball League was started, and has since been won by H.Q. Sergeants who now play C Company for the right to hold the shield until



The Greasy Pole at the Swimming Gala

the Spring. This Winter League has been played with great keenness, some of the games producing excellent basket-ball. The hockey has been completed, B Company claiming their third shield when they beat H.Q. Company in the finals. The rugby sevens are still in progress, and to date the finals have still to be played between B Company and H.Q. Company.

The Battalion rugby team has played four matches and won only one to date. Now that the team has settled down, great hopes exist for bigger and better victories. They were knocked out of the Divisional Competition by the 1st Leicesters by 11 points to 6 after a very hard game. The Battalion soccer team suffered a similar blow when they lost to the 3rd Recce Regiment by 4 goals to 3 in the Divisional Knock-out, but they have been doing very well in their friendly matches, having won 9 and drawn 2 out of their 13 games. An inter-Company football league has been started and has already produced some very exciting games.

The first snow has fallen. Who knows how much it will influence the various games we play. Let us hope that we shall be able to continue our soccer, rugger, hockey and basket-ball, and, if necessary, take up winter sports.

RADIO

CHRISTMAS DAY THE HOME SERVICE

1020 : Christmas Bells.
1500 : "Wherever You May Be-----"
1600 : H.M. The King.
2130 : B.A.O.R. Radio Revels.
THE LIGHT PROGRAMME
1100 : Henry Hall.
1615 : Geraldo.
2030 : Christmas Party.

BOXING DAY THE HOME SERVICE

1415 : The Merry Mart.
1640 : Harry Roy.
2015 : Messiah.
THE LIGHT PROGRAMME
1730 : Tommy Handley and Leslie Henson.
2030 : Chu Chin Chow.