

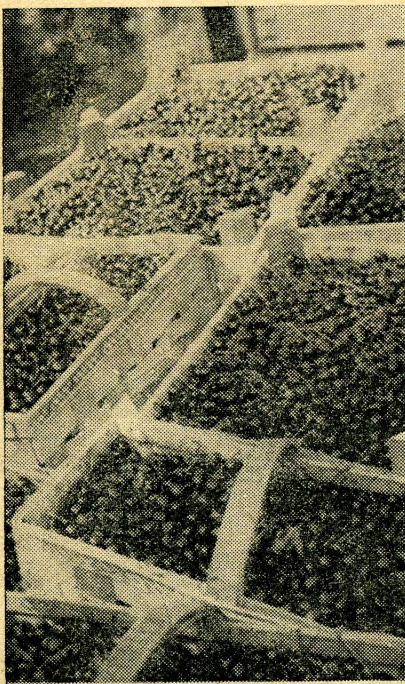


YEOMAN

News Journal of the 2nd Derbyshire Yeomanry
Vol. 1. No. 8

January 18th, 1946





Let's Look at

~ Alten Land ~

STAND on the Stade—Hornburg road, close to the aerodrome, look north and you will see a stretch of low-lying country criss-crossed by scores of dykes.

That is Altenland. In depth it stretches from the road to the Elbe River and in length from Stade to Moorburg, near Harburg. The villages which we occupy form the central of its three parts.

Altenland cherries. Many tons of these were shipped to England before the war.

Only from this high road viewpoint will you see how Altenland is related to its surroundings.

Behind you will be the light, sandy soil of the mainland and a few hundred yards in front the fall of the ground will clearly show that the Elbe River once washed to here.

When it changed its course some hundreds of years ago, it

of the opportunity to make a land of their own.

They settled in small numbers in the places which have since grown into the villages we know, built dykes, jealously guarded their possessions and discouraged any others from visiting or living there.

Their houses were built so that the dykes formed a natural barrier to them, for they were in constant fear of attack. Their products, fruit principally, they took to Hansastadt, to be carried to many parts of Europe.

Quickly they became rich, improved their villages, built churches and were independent of the people surrounding them. This independence they tried to maintain until the rise of the Nazi party in 1933.

On the whole they were successful. It is still extremely rare for an Altenlander to marry outside his own village, a fact deplored by Germans intent on producing youths of better physique, and very few "outsiders" have had business success in Altenland.

Look about in your own village and you will quickly see relics of the country's early days.

The white-timbered houses are of Dutch design, built of bricks

EDITORIAL

APOLOGIES, readers, to those who were unable to purchase a copy of our last edition.

Eight hundred and sixty-seven were printed and within two hours of arriving at the Squadrons eight hundred and sixty seven had been sold or spoken for.

More were demanded. We could not print them.

This time we have taken the precaution of printing as many as our paper ration will allow — nine hundred.

And there we have reached the limit. If you want an extra one, better buy it now.

* * *

"I always send it home. It's as good as a letter."

That, from a trooper in "B" Squadron, gave us an idea. Why not make an issue with photographs of this area so that the folks at home can better understand how and where we are living? And, fellows, here it is.

* * *

All things, good or bad, must come to an end sometime. So must "Yeoman" — sometime. When that happens we want to make the last issue a bumper souvenir of life with 2nd. Derbyshire Yeomanry — and we need you to help us.

We need your experiences and stories, but most of all we need your photographs. Those odd snaps showing a few of the gang round the carrier or car, a "brew up", or your billet in France — all these we need.

Photographs will be returned unharmed after use and a prize of 40 marks awarded for the one which best sums up action with the 2nd. Derby Yeomanry.

Turn out your wallet tonight!

Old Comrades' Association

MEMBERS of the Regiment are assured of a very warm welcome at a supper to be held by the Old Comrades' Association next month.

It will be held in the "Norman Arms", Derby, on 7th. February, and we have been asked to state that members on leave in the area are cordially invited to attend.

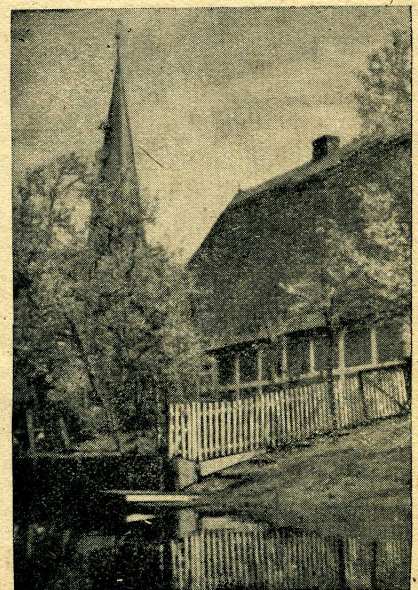
News of the Associations' activities appears in the "Derby Telegraph" on the first Wednesday of each month.

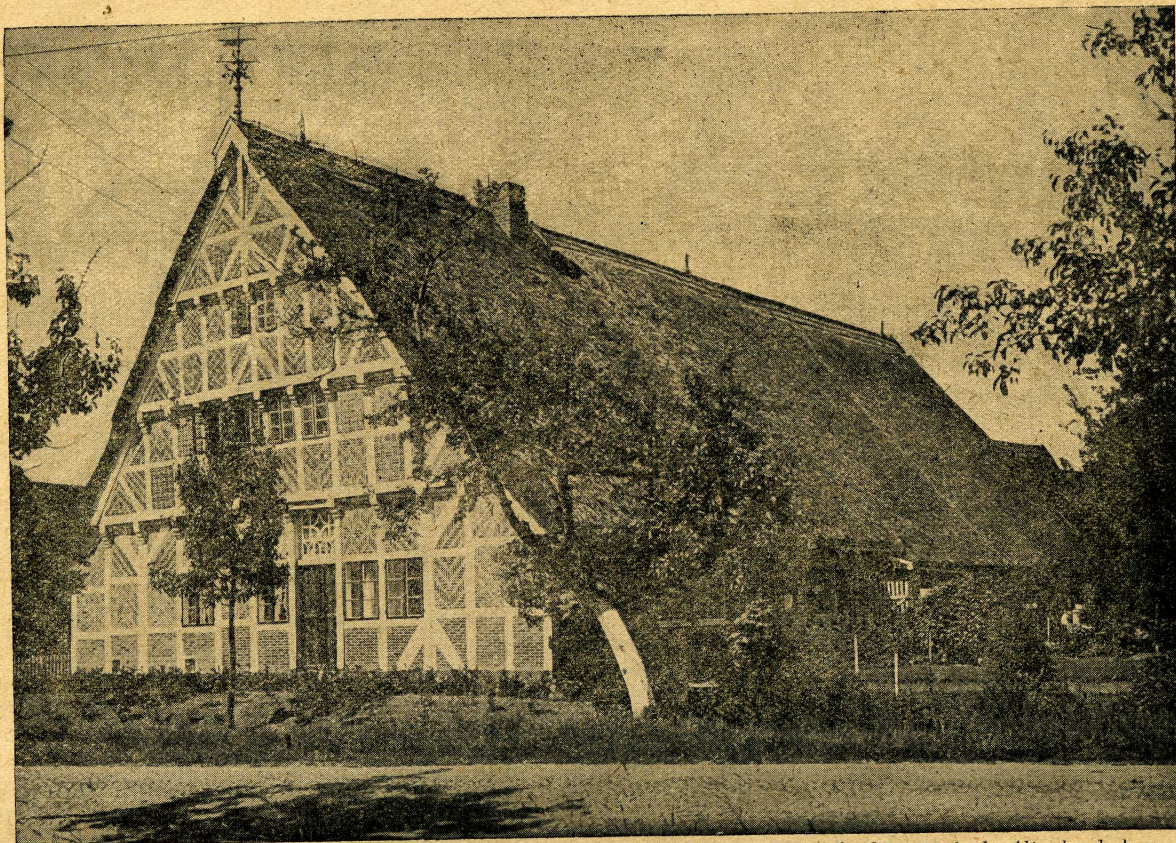
left a rich, slimy deposit which has since developed into the fertile soil of the Altenland.

It was the Dutch, in about 1200, who first settled here.

The news of this land, which could be made habitable by draining and the building of dykes, had reached Holland from seamen departing from Hansastadt, (Hamburg) then, as now, the most important port in Northern Germany.

At that time Holland was a hard, difficult country, in which to live. The pioneers were glad





Low thatched roof, brick walls and the white timberling are characteristic of this typical Altenland house.

and wood, since there is no stone in the area.

Inside you might see impressed in one of the walls a picture of a windmill or of a witch's broom, symbols to ward away evil spirits. For the same purpose when a house is being built a small bush is always fastened to the scaffolding, even in the days.

Of a real Altenland house the front door is always highly decorated, and is kept locked except on two special occasions, one when a bride is being taken into the house, and the other when a body is being taken out.

The horses heads which appear on the peak of house gables date back to one of the many wars fought nearby when such was the sign of one of the contesting knights.

Ten churches are standing in Altenland. The most famous is that of Grünendeich, with its red tower and blue base, and the oldest the 14th. century one of Steinkirchen.

Although most of them have wooden towers, as has the 15th.

Picture opposite shows a quiet corner of old Grünendeich.

century church of Mittelnkirchen, their interiors are considered better (no doubt because it is such a wealthy area) than those of other village churches in North Germany. Like Chesterfield, Estebriège, on the way from Jork to Buxtehude, has a church with a twisted slated tower.

The round stone tower of the church at Hollern was a retreat during the many battles fought over this ground.

Our cover picture this week shows the centre of Jork.

In the years before the war time was changing Altenland.

The characteristic peasant dress had gone; now only the village sweep wears something resembling it. Radios and loudspeakers were used as bird searers. Most of the farmers had modern cars, and although they hang on to many of their customs and traditions the villagers had a rapidly broadening outlook.

Altenland was one of the wealthiest parts of Germany, and Jork, famous for its horses, claimed to be the richest village in the world.

The occupation by British troops, no doubt, will have a further influence on the Altenland.

What's on This Week

ANY of the three films showing in Hamburg this week is a pretty safe bet. They are all good.

"Wizard of Oz", with Judy Garland is at the Ensa Garrison Cinema (the one nearest the Naafi) and George Raft and Joan Bennett are in "Nob Hill" at the Ensa Chevalier (Mönckebergstreet).

"Frisco Sal", with Turhan Bey and Susanna Foster is at the Ensa Urania (Fehlandtstreet).

At the Garrison Theatre, "Aces Wild" featuring Vox Anthony and his band, and at the Palladium Theatre "Sweet Pickles", described as "an intimate revue", have their shows at 19.00 hours nightly.

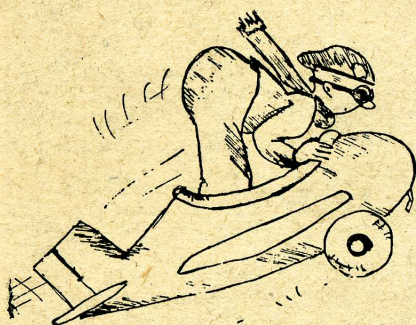
Musical recitals on Sunday are at the School of Social Studies (hard by where the fair used to be) at 20.00 hrs. and at Broadcasting House at 15.15 hrs.

All cinema performances begin at 14.30, 17.00 and 19.30 hrs.

"It is by far the most thrilling and exhilarating sport I have ever tried" says our contributor of his gliding experiences during . . .

A date

At the Glide Inn



IF the A.T.C. can do it, so can I. It was in that frame of mind that I volunteered for a novice's course at the 84 Group Gliding Club, at Saltgitter in the Harz Mountains.

The club house situated on top of the soaring slope there, and originally the headquarters of a German air force gliding school has been re-named "The Glide Inn" and offers very comfortable accommodation with all modern conveniences, including an outdoor swimming pool.

There were sixteen students on the course and we proved to be a very mixed batch, drawn from all walks of Army and R.A.F. life. None of us could boast any previous experience as pilots and the instructors prepared themselves for the worst—particularly from the "brown jobs", L/cpl. Walker of the 5th. Black Watch and myself.

During the course rank was disregarded and we were all classed as cadets.

Our first shock came when we became acquainted with the primary gliders on which we were to be trained. A primary is little more than a framework fitted with the essential controls and lifting surfaces. It is strongly made to stand up to the rough usage it often gets in the hands of novices like myself.

We had been given the "gen" by the chief instructor and after a demonstration our training began. We were divided into two flights, one flight to undergo instruction and the other to do the work of retrieving the gliders.

The training consisted of learning to keep the "kite" straight

and level as we were towed across the field in a ground slide, thus getting the elementary feel of the rudder and ailerons and becoming accustomed to the movement.

My turn soon came and taking a firm grip on the controls I took a deep breath and waited. The wire cable was hooked up, the winch took up the slack and then, with a slight jerk, I found myself sliding and bumping across the field.

My first attempt, I'm afraid, was successful only in that I gave a very good exhibition of daisy cutting with the wing tips.

Next day the slides were continued but the speed was gradually increased and on my last run, quite by mistake, I found myself airborne. The experience was very thrilling but I decided that discretion was the better part of valour and managed to make a safe return to terra firma.

After a short time our instructor decided that it was a justifiable risk to allow us to do ground hops and after passing out on these we graduated to "high hops" and "releases".

By this time, as you may well imagine, we held the A.T.C. in the highest esteem.

"Releases" provided us with lots of thrills. The form was to take a winched climb and having gained sufficient height to release the cable and glide down for a landing. I shall never forget my first release.

I strapped myself in, the cable was attached, the slack taken up and the winch run "all out" and I took off headed skywards like a rocket.

When I had collected my scattered wits I looked around, and decided that I had gained more than enough height and so putting the nose down slightly pulled the plug thus releasing the cable. Fine! I was flying.

The next problem was how to get down in one piece. I depressed

the nose down a little more. The sight of the ground rushing up caused a quick change of plan and easing the stick back I zoomed up again. (My esteem for the A.T.C. had now risen even higher.)

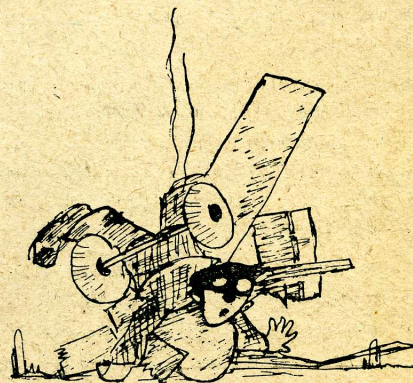
To maintain flying speed I put the stick forward one more and tried a more gentle approach. This was not easy because as a result of a cross wind and my erratic flying my approach was effectively blocked by a large hangar and two parked aircraft. Providence, however, was with me and with a thankful sigh I touched down safely, feeling that the whole thing was "rather fraught".

After a few more of these flips we attempted the test flight and on passing out at the end of the course qualified for the Royal Aero Club and Federation Aeronautique International "A" certificate.

From the foregoing, please do not get the impression that gliding is dangerous. Accidents are rare and if a plane is wrecked the pilot usually steps out with nothing more than a few bruises.

So far, I am at only the elementary stages and my flights have been very brief glides to the ground but I have been badly bitten by the gliding bug and hope to join the ranks of experts, who, in high efficiency sailplanes, carry out cross country flights and soar over ridges for hours on end.

J. G. P. (RHQ)



Dutch Holiday

THIS time last year we were living a comfortable and not too active life in a village with a special interest for the Regiment. I refer, of course, to Best, in Holland.

We had arrived from Marche, and the reception we received was very different from that accorded us when we first visited the village.

On the evening of 17th. January there had been suppressed excitement in the Squadrons owing to the fact that a squadrons leaders' conference had been called and a move was anticipated since our duties in the Ardennes were now completed.

Acorn Looks Back

We left Marche very much before first light of 18th. January and headed in the direction of Liege, owing to the ice bound conditions of the roads the half tracks and carriers remaining behind until the following day.

The destination was unknown to most, except for the bare knowledge that it was "somewhere near Antwerp". It turned out to be Turnhout, or more correctly, Oud Turnhout, a suburb of the town.

Most of us were delighted with our billets, since they were in cafes and beer was constantly on tap, and although it was weak, it was welcome for it was the first we had seen for ages.

No small amusement was caused at the sight of steam trams valiantly attempting to haul coal-laden trucks on ice-bound rails in the main street. The sparks from the stacks would have shamed any V. 1.

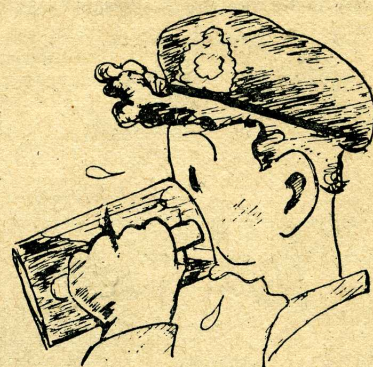
On January 23rd., however, the entire Regiment moved from the area.

Our destination was Holland and once again a long journey over ice-bound roads made it necessary for the carriers and half tracks to be left behind to follow at a later date.

We arrived at Best, where early in October we had our first operational role in Holland. This had been the holding of a section of the front which had formed part of the flank of General Dempsey's "cross Holland corridor". Although the village had been largely evacuated in those days, many of its inhabitants remembered the Regiment.

Our billets were in the houses and it did not take the population long to make us feel very much at home.

This historic picture records the link-up, recalled by "Acorn" in our last issue, of 1 Troop, "B" Squadron, and an American infantry patrol, in the Bastogne area of the Ardennes.



One crew, of "B" Squadron, were fortunate enough to live in the house of an Englishwoman, a native of Northampton, and her Dutch husband.

Many of us visited our one-time front line posts and it is on record that three fellows of "C" Squadron were made very welcome at a farm which had been their S.H.Q. command post.

After having coffee and ham sandwiches they were informed that the ham was from a pig which had been their bedroom mate during the operations there.

On January 25th. the tracks rejoined us.

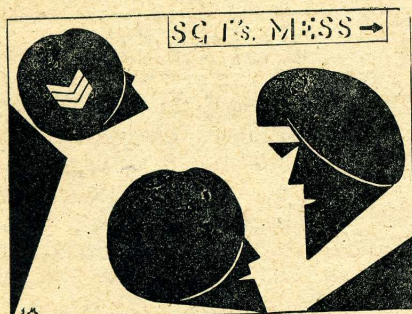
The Regiment now being complete, and having had time to get the vehicles back "into shape", maintenance began in earnest. Arms were fired, and zeroed. The range used for zeroing was on the canal bank near the Bailey Bridge on the Best-Eindhoven road. During our operations at Best, this bridge had been given constant attention by the Boche artillery, as the ruined shells of a few houses now bore testimony.

During our stay in Best, recreational transport was arranged to go to Eindhoven, but was not in great demand, as there was enough to keep us all entertained in Best itself. Evenings around warm stoves in the houses were very pleasant during the cold weather.

There were a few dances held at the famous "Bata" shoe factory, which had been the local industry there. Quite a large number worked there still, mainly on shoe repairs. A convenient station yard provided a suitable parade ground, and several Squadron drill parades were held there, the only worry being that some N.C.O's, a little out of practice with drill commands, may have forgotten to halt the Squadron at the edge of the platform.

NEWS

FROM



"He was a good guy, but he let them go to his head."

"A"

NOW that the effects of Christmas have worn off everyone is settling down to the old routine again and with the parting of the first of the 25 Groupers we think more than ever of demobbing.

We wish the best of luck to **Tim Allison**, "**Darkie**" **Bowen**, and **Johnny Brown** on their return to Civvy Street and regret to lose also such a stalwart and game squadron and regimental soccer player as **Harry Gibson**. "**Darkie**" will leave a big gap in "**A**" cross country running team.



John Brown

We hear that **Ted Harrodine** is now a sergeant and is enjoying a change of air at Kenya . . . **Bill Munn** is getting his shoes full of sand with a tank mob in the Middle East . . . **Teddy Grout** is now back with us and is settling down happily . . . Back from leave **Ferdy Croson** has drawn his antlers from Chas. and is now a real staghound . . . Bagpipes are on the menu again now that **Sidi** is back and we wonder if they are for playing the Last Post every night or just a Scottish idea of a bedtime lullaby.

Three tp's music maestros are on form again now that star player **Freddie** is back from leave and are a great source of distraction to all once more . . . 6 tp's canary has come to light again and vies with "**Lux**" for mascot . . . After hearing all the praise about the Christmas fare **Waddy** has decided on a change of cap badges and now sports an A.C.C. one. Big things are expected of this significant move.

The officers' mess staff has suffered the loss of 25 Groupers "**Cas**" **Maddocks** and "**Holly**" **Hollindrake**, but things up at Borstel have been

made a little easier by the arrival of "**Janky**".

Charlie "Wag" Emms has left for home. So have **George Hughes**, "**Mush**" **Laidlow** and **Harry Rollinson**.

Joe Rowe has filled the gap left by friend **Hughes'** departure. To all those who have left us, we wish all the best in Civvy St.

"B"

THE cold winds of winter seem to be blowing their hardest down Mittelkirchen way and social activities are restricted to long chats around the billet fires. No skaters have yet ventured onto the ice-bound Lühe, and only the hardiest and the detailed stride forth.



Harry Cordwell

The ranks of the old-timers were sadly depleted by the passing of our 25-Groupers.

Many squadron personalities went. Two thirds of the **Sid Dredge**, **Harry Cordwell**, **Charlie Roberts**, combine

will now have donned "civvies" . . .

"**Tich**" **Davies**, who claims to have represented the Regiment in more sports than anybody else (football, swimming, boxing, horse racing, cricket, jumping) has gone . . . So has **L/cpl. Bill Jackson**, **Freddie Holl**, **Les Mancey**, and cookhouse king "**Butch**" **Robertson**.

Les Nixon handed over his transport cares to **Cpl. "Chalkie"** . . . **Frank Packham** will be on the prom. at Bournemouth on future Sunday mornings . . . "**Geordie**" **Barkess** bade a tearful farewell to 31-Grouper "**Tich**" **Baker**; left him his "props" but not that elegant jacket . . . **Sgt. Dick Morgan** left having vowed to meet his old pals at the first re-union dinner.

We hear that . . .



Charlie Roberts

. . . **Capt. "Bill" Davies** now with Military Police was down to see the remains of 4 tp. the other day . . . **Capt. Jones**, late 6 tp. leader is now serving at Minden . . . "**Jimmy**" **Madden**, ex-Sgt. 5 tp., wounded in France, has been discharged from "dock", given his ticket and is now working in England . . . Sergeant "**Geordie**" **Clough** is now with

the N.A.A.F.I. at Hannover . . . **SSM Bunston**, we hear, is still with the Mil. Gov. at Ghent, France . . . **Eric Wilson** remains on the Blighty leave Cuxhaven run . . . **Ted Cooke** is making the most of his French at Ghent where he is on a course . . .

We hope to see more Yorkshire

pudding now that **Ray Williamson**

has taken over in the cookhouse . . .

Stan Meyers, soon to be demobbed, is

"watching" the days crawl by . . .

Jock Wood and **Pete Grundon** have

been noticed flying in and out of the

guardroom these past few evenings.

Finally, we welcome the visitors among us; hope they will soon fall in with our curious ways.



Dick Morgan

"C"

IN the mist of the morning the 3-tonner slipped quietly away and amidst a few fond farewells 25-Groupers were transferred to Civvy Street.

Some were old D.Y's. Others were newly joined, but all were wished Godspeed.

Sgt. Howells, **Troopers Northover**, **Rowbottom**, **Stewart**, **Hobbs**, **Pinder**, **Perkins**, "**Jock**" **Donald** and **Crowe** were among the few. Others were **Cpl. Moore**, **Tprs. Chapman** (who will be missed in the cookhouse) and **Frankie Bamford**, without whom the Officers' Mess will never be the same.

A pause here is necessary to congratulate **Sergeant Leonard** on his receipt of the C. in C's certificate of good service during the recent campaign.

Anyone requiring kit may now draw same from the Stores without any fear, since "**Jigger**" **Johnson**



Frankie Bamford

is now in charge with a crown above his three stripes and **Sam Miller** no longer there there to look after him. Congrats, "**Jigger**".

A message received from ex-Major, now Mr., "**Jock**" **Milne**, expresses a wish to be remembered to all with whom he had associated.

Tpr. Mallory is reported to be entering hospital after his exertions of trying to start his truck in the mornings . . . The Old Year was speeded out and the new one welcomed by "lashings" of rum being consumed in the North Club. The rum must have been in good supply as the

THE SQUADRONS

party did not break up until the early hours of the 1st. . . . The dance held last Saturday night was a decided improvement though the "Jive Bombers" had been slightly depleted in number Stoozing for "Barney" Yates, now on leave, was Elmer P. Paige on the drum Also the crooning of Jimmy ("Lightning") Shaw is guaranteed to bring the partners Squadrons are hereby notified that these are invitation dances and Cpl. Jeff Pocock issues these regularly every Wednesday It is rumoured that the place will be decorated this week thanks to the efforts of Troopers Lockyear and Harrison.

The snap kit checks instituted by Capt. Bailey are causing no little concern The phrase "I've lost it, sir" will no longer be accepted.

A welcoming hand is extended to Lieut. John Hall on his posting to the Squadron from 50th, R.T.R.

Sports Note. White tape can now be drawn from the Q.M.'s for the purpose of marking out football pitches under water. Players are warned that when dribbling the ball it is easier to kick it over the tape. We hate to mention it, but "Tich" Kirk is back from leave. This news may cause a little unrest in certain quarters.



Harry Chapman



Harold Leonard

Most of his time between D-Day and V.E. Day was devoted to fattening up the crew of the office truck, but when he wasn't allowed to wring their necks afterwards he took the job of chief chef at the "Derby Arms" and has fed the junior N.C.O.'s and troopers of R.H.Q. ever since.

We shall miss "Happy" — and not merely because he was in the position to approach our hearts via the traditional route.

Charlie ("Wots-the-griff") Hills has also left us — probably the holder of the mileage record for drivers of office trucks — though Sgt. Ricketts disputes the Western Desert mileage, claiming that he pushed the darned thing most

Yeomans Sales Chart

Issue	No. 2	665
"	No. 3	668
"	No. 4	731
"	No. 5	762
"	No. 6	940*
"	No. 7	867

* Christmas number

of the way while Charlie sat at the wheel! Since September Charlie has been presiding at the source of all griff, the bar of the "Derby Arms", Grünendeich, and claims to have found more interest in maintaining the beer engine than in tinkering with the thing reputed to lurk in the front portion of a half-track. We wish you all the best in Civvy Street, Charles.

Apparently unhurried by his frequent exhortations to "roll on", Der Tag arrived at last for "Geordie" Grewcock who has left the mysterious seclusion of the Officers' Mess cook-house to return to Civvy Street with 25 Group.

Trps. Booth and Marshall who have been helping us out since the disbandment of 147 Regt. shook off the dust of the Tech. archives and departed with the first 3-tonner load of 25-Groupers. It would be an exaggeration to say that the former was smiling but it was the happiest we've seen him, while Freddie Marshall was obviously delighted with the whole business.

Cpl. Behar, our "ersatz" M.O. is still with us (physically at least) until the end of the month, when he leaves the management of the corner drug store in the capable (we hope) hands of Ivor James.

The bar of the "Derby Arms" is now under the able management of Ernie ("Give-us-a-smile") Dodds.

Sgt. Eric Jones denies that the M. O. said "Sorry, no post-mortems this afternoon" when he went for his medical the other day!

ECHELON

FOLLOWING the departure of 24 Groupers, members of the Echelon in 25 Group have been disappearing in little parties at regular intervals. The 10th. January saw our first party depart.

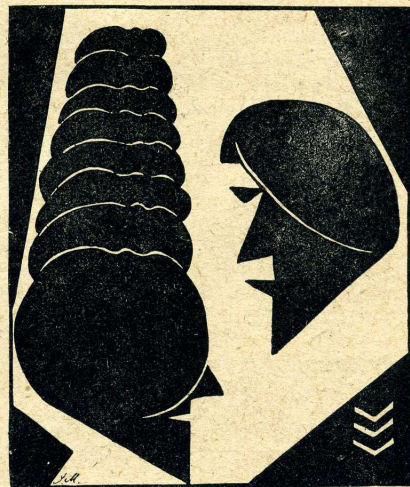
Among these that wizard of M.T., Sgt. "Chad" Parsons left to carry on the old milk round. The "Magnetos" lost the never-to-be-forgotten "Crash" Wilding, who hung his boots up for the last time. Cfn. "Gentleman" Farmer left the armourers' shop. (It is alleged no one could ever understand what he said anyway.) Tpr. Bartlett, a new man who assisted the ration team, will be sadly missed. Close on the heels of this party the Old Soldiers' truck left again on the 15th. January carrying Sgt. "Harry" Cripps, one of the founders of the Anti-tank Battery and cross-country runner; also the most keen football "director" we had, L/Cpl. "Chris" Black; he will be missed by all, both as a sportsman and a worker We lost two more old friends in L/Cpl. "Frank" Jacobs who established himself as permanent Orderly Cpl., also Tpr. "Sammy" Jones who filed away to repair boots in "Civvy Street", leaving a vacant last in our own cobbler's shop.

Since our last issue, Sgt. "Dennis" Hoggard found his way back to the fold after escaping a Singapore draft. He missed his share of the liquor after being away 15 weeks, being a "landlord" himself. Can we wonder? Other honours to our football list include the winning of the Horneburg and District Championship.

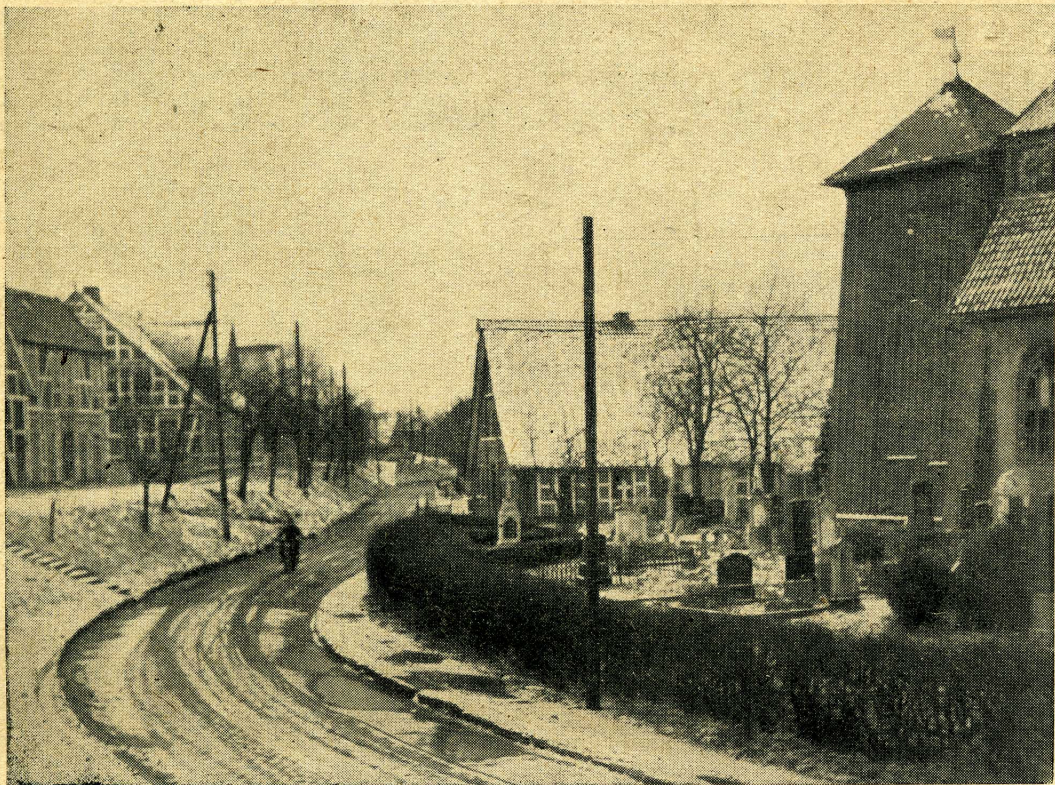
RHQ

THE departure of the first party of 25 Groupers has robbed us of some of our more colourful personalities.

Never again shall we be greeted with a great big smile from "Happy" Woolley when we creep in for breakfast at fourteen-and-a-half minutes past eight. We hope the poultry business flourishes and brings him the prosperity he deserves after his record of long service with the Regiment. (We expect he'll soon get used to the idea that he needn't run like blazes if the chickens squawk when he approaches!) "Happy" started his career with the Regiment as a member of the L.A.D. but, having heard something about armies marching on stomachs, demechanised himself and changed his cap badge for that of the A.C.C. in January '44.



"Look here. You just keep your mouth shut when you're speaking to a sergeant!"



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Above. It is hard going for this R.H.Q. Don-R on his way through "B" Squadron's Mittelnkirchen.

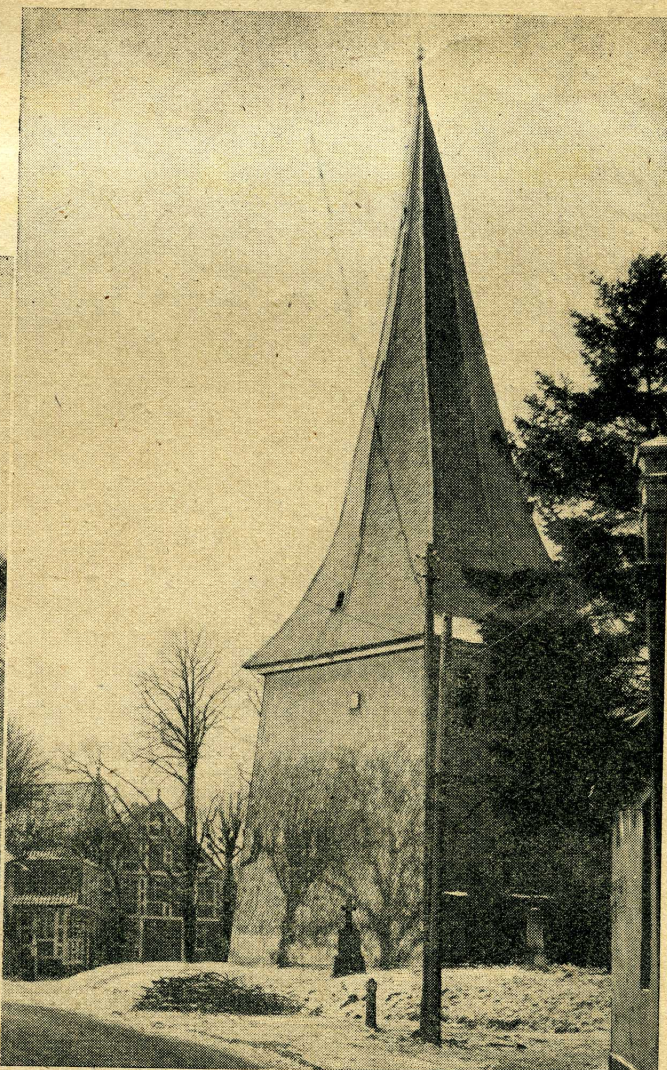
Below. The bleak and cheerless Jork-Mittelnkirchen road.



ALTENLAND



Above. Morning sunlight on the Lühe made this winter photograph of a scene well known to "B" Squadron. — *Below Right.* A spot familiar to members of "A" Squadron — the old church at Jork. — *Below.* Cold waters of the Lühe at Grünendeich.



"Yeoman" photographs by J. D. Frerch, Tpr.

Mad'n Happy

Dot says:

Chief: *Open up a bottle of the light Sauterne, varlet.*

Me: *Was that Sauterne? I've been using it to top up my batteries.*

Hauptmann: *Just the job.*

Chief: *Did you hear that? The dog just spoke.*

Me: *Oh, he can speak alright — but it's been a hell of a job teaching him English.*

* * *

Duffle Suit Type: I borrowed the Squadron Leader's jeep for the evening.

Jerkin Type: So what? He'll never find out.

D.S.T. Won't he? I've just knocked him down.

* * *

Toujours la politesse.

— But never in the Sergeants' Mess.

* * *

Correspondence

Sirs, I am writing this to ask you about an old pal of mine, a certain Aloysius Corn. Young "Boppo" Burpinton (We always call him Boppo, as he plays snooker pretty well) was telling me about an article in your magazine entitled "A. Corn Looks Back", and we wondered if he were the same fellow.

I often laugh when I recall the time we were in the same Mess, I think it was at Hellerva. He got plastered one night, and cut off old "Handlebars" Smith's moustache. What a laugh!

I'd like to find him, as my sister Toots is giving a party, (when we all get out, you know) and she tells me he does bird imitations,

Yours, etc.,

F. Finch-Ffowley (Maj.)

* * *

Then there was the chap (Defence Medal Type) who thought that "kulu" was a place Esquimaux lived in.

(Short pause whilst French shakes the sand from his shoes.)

* * *

And I wish some-one would get weaving with this idea of Clubs for N.C.Os. I'm rather in favour of Corporal Punishment.

* * *

Did you hear of the D.Y. officer who always thought there was an electric train line running near his billet? One morning he got up early (he was Orderly Officer) and found a gang of Germans building a house, passing bricks along a "chain" with "Bitte schön", "danke schön", "bitte schön", "danke schön".

* * *

QUIZ

Q. Its small and its green, and it travels very fast. What is it?

A. An artichoke tied by a string to the tail of a Spitfire.

Q. Its large and its white and it sees as well from the back as from the front. What is it?

A. A blind white horse.



"A girl who goes into her shell when a hand some soldier comes along is nuts."

Chief: *Another glass of schnaps, serf, schnell!*
Me: *Coming, boss. I've put some vitamin tablets in it this time.*

Chief: *Woffor?*

Me: *Build us up while we're drinking ourselves to death.*

J. P. M.

The Baccy Racket

AS the tobacco shortage reaches daily a more critical condition more and better ways of obtaining the "heavenly weed" are being used by the local population.

This art has now reached a high level and "Yeoman" has sent its special investigator to discover the "hows" and "whys" of the "baccy" racket. Here is his report.

"The searchers for the 'dream stick' are divided into several types and the methods employed are varied. At the bottom of the ladder we find Type 'A' known as the Dimp Diviner or Dog-end Dodger.

This specimen, usually a pasty-faced youth, with a pathetic look on his none too clean pan, is found on the verge of any queue containing khaki-clad people, and as soon as the 'dog-end' is flicked onto the road, Strasse, or alley, he makes a frantic dive at the glowing missile, hastily pinches off the glowing end and thrusts the remains into his pocket, at the

same time keeping one eye on the alert for any further treasures coming his way.

Type 'B' is the result of an apprenticeship served as a 'dodger' and usually follows the same routine but more discreetly.

He is older than 'D.D.', wears rubber-soled boots, and goes by the name of 'Naafi-Nudger' or 'Ash-tray Algernon'.

He haunts canteens, cinemas, and in fact any place where khaki-clad people have been. Here he can be seen by all, making his routine inspections of ash trays, or at the peak of his profession, standing two inches behind the right shoulder of his selected victim. When the victim lets the cigarette drop from his unsuspecting fingers there is a flash as 'Nudger' goes into action and before the 'dimp' reaches the deck a hand grabs it in flight and it disappears into the depths of a Wermacht overcoat. As 'N.N.' runs a fair amount of risk in his

profession he is also trained in boot and fist dodging.

Next is a more refined type — the 'Cig Swapper' or 'Franz Fags-forfotoappareten'. This specimen is well dressed, with an ever-pleasant smile, no matter what answer he gets and can be found in his natural state during the hours of daylight in any 'Dead-End Street' or little used alley.

His approach is a smile, a click of the heels and the words 'Have you cigarettes for camera?'. Cautiously, but with a quick flourish of his immaculate hands, Franz produces a camera and asks for 5,000 fags.

This brings a torrent of words from the soldier as he would willingly make the same deal himself — if he had a camera.

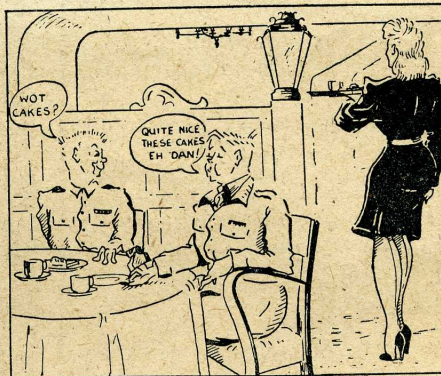
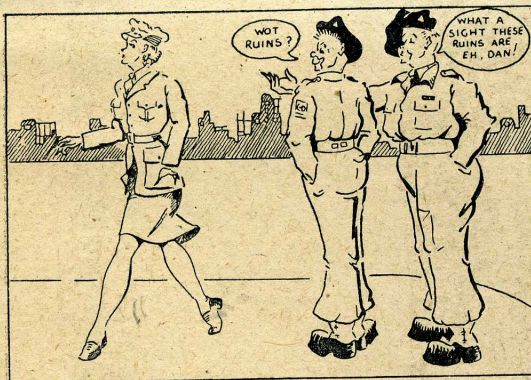
On very dark nights one finds the 'whisperer'. Passing an innocent looking doorway the soldier is startled to hear a soft voice, apparently from Heaven, asking 'Haben zee zigaretten for monee?'

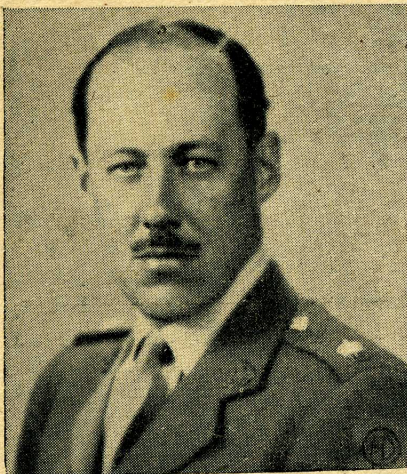
Thinking that his sordid past has caught up with him, the victim hurries on, but in the case

(Continued on Page 13.)

Derby Dan in Deutschland

By Rac





MAJOR ROY DUNLOP, a former Second in Command of the Regiment, described in our last edition the work of the Regiment in 37 Brick in Palestine.

His story now continues with . . .

(PART III)

From Nile to Seine

OUR base in Palestine was Givet Olga, between Haifa and Tel Aviv, where, when not sweating blood at training we besport ourselves in the sea, played baseball and went to our private open air cinema.

Leave in Syria under peacetime conditions in every respect but the price, and visits to Jerusalem, Nazareth and other parts of the Holy Land made this a memorable interlude in our career.

But it was to come to an abrupt conclusion. In November 1943 we were removed from the Brick, parted from the Jaipur Guards, the Bombay Sappers and Miners and other good friends, to await passage to England. While waiting we were accorded the honour of providing a guard at the British General Hospital where H. M. King Farouk lay having been injured in a motor smash. In recognition of this service His Majesty presented the Regiment with a shield for competition.

The main features of our homeward voyage were (a) that we left in the dirtiest weather I ever saw in the fair land of Egypt and our last sight of Port Said was reminiscent of a similar view of Greenock on a typical Clyde-side day, and (b) that we were obliged to embark without the stupendous Christmas dinner which we had ordered and which was to have outdone the one of the previous year at Mrassas.

This blow was by no means lightened by the fact that no substitute was provided on board. Only the skyhigh morale of homeward bound troops could have weathered this catastrophe.

Home! And to the final and most satisfactory of our many roles. We found ourselves perhaps not too pleased at being changed from an Armoured

In the Beachhead

with 2nd Derbyshire Yeomanry

Car Regiment into a Recce Regiment, but, on the other hand, we were proud and delighted to join the renowned 51st (Highland) Division.

While stationed at Aylesbury we were once again inspected by our Honorary Colonel, The Duke of Devonshire. This occasion was marked by the presence of two former Commanding Officers, Lieut. Col. T. H. Barnes and Lieut. Col. J. B. Browne.

From there to Brandon, Suffolk, where training became intense.

We expended countless rounds in the Standford Battle area and we went to considerable lengths — and depths — in our efforts to achieve perfect waterproofing of our vehicles. That we did this was proved on the Normandy Beaches.

In the end we were confident of our readiness for the greatest event of the war.

We landed in France in several different packets. Captain Amos had the honour of being the first Derbyshire Yeoman to land on D-Day. "C" Squadron were hot on his heels and the rest of us were split up in two different vessels. My party were in the good ship Fort Assiniboine commanded by Captain David Clark of Gourock, a worthy salt if ever there was one. Who among us will ever forget the hospitality and kindness shown to us by the skipper and all his crew on that momentous voyage?

Finally, having had a stick of bombs dropped across our ship I got my flock ashore and we joined Colonel Palmer and "the other half" in the Goldsmith concentration area.

On Friday, 16th. June, we moved up and "B" Squadron relieved "C" who had already fought a redoubtable battle, suffered casualties and gained considerable distinction.

The following day was a black one. "B" Squadron had a very rough time in Escoville, and, in the afternoon, Colonel Palmer was wounded.

From then until the 20th., "B" and "C" Squadrons played "box and cox" in the holding of Escoville, and "A" Squadron held Herouvillette.

Then a period of guarding the bridges at Benouville during which we endured much heavy and unattractive shelling and there we still were when on 28th. June, Lieut. Col. Serocold arrived to take command.

Our next job was the 'island' patrol with R.H.Q. at Blainville. From here it was that the C.O. and I watched from the water tower the unforgettable spectacle of our air bombardment of the Colombelles factory area on the morning of 18th. July.

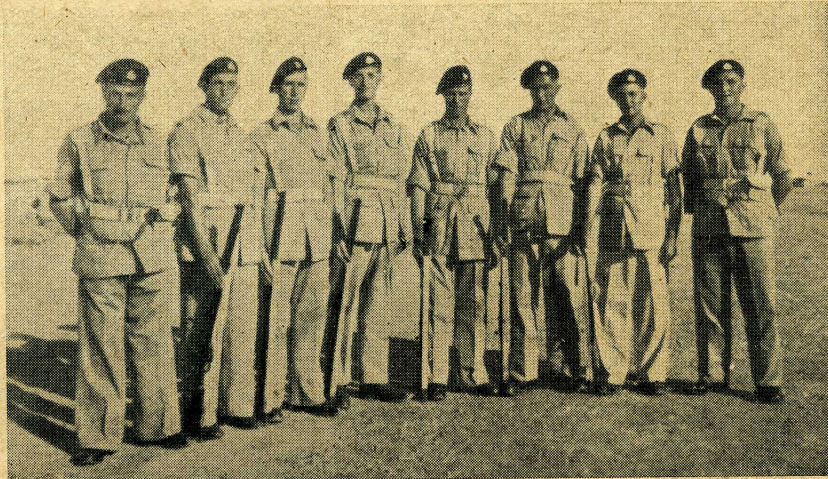
On Monday, 7th. August, the big break out from Caen began. We were forced to remove from our vehicles all wireless sets and other equipment that they might better accommodate our footslogging friends to whom they were hired for his party.

For the next fortnight we pushed steadily south through the attractive Normandy countryside made considerably less attractive by virtue of our presence. In crossing the River Dives Major Meaby was severely wounded.

We went lefthanded and by 21st. August we were on the outskirts of Lisieux a pretty town known to me in peacetime and now a shambles. At the same time we heard that Paris had been liberated and it was obvious that the Boche was on the run.

We arrived on the banks of the Seine and it was here at Boyville on 30th. August that we discovered the famous cave in which the foe was alleged to manufacture "V" weapons and which was the subject of an article in the Press.

With sand in their shoes
A group of Yeomen who guarded King Farouk of Egypt during his stay in 94 General Hospital, Quassasin, in November, 1943.



* Kismet *

It was another of those mornings. We were called at first light, and told to be ready to move in half an hour. I rolled up my bed, slung it on the Daimler, dragged on my duffle suit, zipped up, and buckled on my pistol. Car commanders rushed away with their maps, the drivers were filling up with petrol and I was trying to pack the car and net a 19 set at the same time. What a life! A 2 pounder, machine gun, Bren and radio to look after, and they expect the operator to brew up every time we stop. Still, the driver says the same. And if we stopped anything, I'd rather be in the turret than down where he is. Not a dog's chance.

I remember that morning pretty well. "Just go down a few miles of road, and 'shufti' a largish village. The enemy has withdrawn". Sure the enemy had withdrawn. But there was always those couple of fanatics who stay behind to welcome the leading car.

Well, off we went down the road-leading. The troop leader behind was

By J. L. Madden, Tpr.

receiving wireless instructions from "Sunray". Decent fellow, the troop leader, but he was new to the game, and just a little too eager. One of those "Wilco, out" blokes. Nothing happened along the road. I just kept tuning out that whistle, rubbing the mist off the telescope, lighting cigarette after cigarette.

As we crawled over the crest of a hill, I saw the village down below. A hundred or so houses and shops with a crossroads in the centre. They looked as though they had been pretty busy crossroads, but there was no sign of life that morning.

We rolled slowly down the street into the village — watching the rooftops for snipers, watching the road for mines, waiting for a grenade to drop from an upsairs window, waiting for a bazooka to let loose, waiting...

It started as we came to the crossroads. I heard the roaring "burp-burp" of a Spandau, heard the driver's visor slam down, heard the Sarge get down inside the turret. I had already spotted the flash of the machine-gun. It was a couple of hundred yards ahead, in a shop doorway, and seemed to have plenty of sand-bags around it.

As he fired again, I pressed the thumb safety-catch on the trigger of my 2 pounder, took a bead on him with my cross-wires. There was an H. E. up the breech, and I let it loose. I saw the cloud of smoke where it exploded, and emptied half a belt of Besa into it. He didn't fire again.

There was nothing else to bother us in the place. The general tension relaxed, Jack and I strolled up to take a look at the Spandau, pistols in hand. The Heini was still alive,

but his left leg was in a bad way. Jack was questioning him, he could handle the language pretty well. "15th. Panzers" he told me. But I wasn't interested in that.

I had noticed, lying in the rubble, a glistening gold watch, the strap broken. I bent to pick it up.

The Heini looked at me pleadingly. He was a youngish lad with big blue eyes. "Nein", he said, "Bitte." I laughed and told him he'd got a hope if he thought I'd let him keep it. I took a look at the watch. There was something inscribed on the back. Jack translated it — "To my son on his 18th. birthday, from his loving mother."

I looked at Jack. He looked at me. Well, a guy's only human. And watches weren't so hard to get in those days. I gave it back to him, and Jack told him to hide it in his boot.

They whipped him off to hospital in a recce car. We mashed off in a deserted café nearby. It was just another morning.

* * *

We were running up through Germany, thinking of our cushy billets up north. It was the same route up, but the signs hadn't been there the last time we passed through. We had been down south to collect vehicle replacements. I was feeling happier too, with my blighty leave due in a couple of days. I'd just get home for my brother's birthday. He's a couple of years younger than I am, and he always expects a present from me. I was wondering what to buy him.

Suddenly coming over the crest of a hill, I recognised the village below. Nothing was changed. A few more people about, perhaps, but the crossroads, the shops, the café where we mashed off, all looked the same. As we passed over the crossing, I noticed a few shop fronts boarded up, and remembered that H. E.

As we passed the frontless shops, a little blonde kiddie ran out onto the road after his ball. The driver swerved left to miss him. I had noticed a German soldier coming along the road, limping heavily on his left leg. The wing of the car caught him as we turned, throwing him heavily on the curb. The car stopped, and I jumped out and ran across to help him. He was bleeding badly from the shoulder, and he had hurt his head badly as he fell. Something told me he hadn't a long time to live.

I bent over him, and he opened his eyes. Big blue eyes. I think we both recognised each other in the same instant. He gave me a sort of smile, though he must have known he was nearly through. With an effort he put his right hand to his left wrist, and unstrapped the gold watch. I offered him a smoke, "Nein", he said, "Danke." He put the watch into my hand, and said something. I wish Jack had been there again. I'd have liked

to have known what he said just then. His blue eyes closed, and his head fell back on my arm.

As I straightened up, I remembered the inscription on the back of the watch. I also remembered that it was my kid brother's 18th. birthday.

The Baccy Racket

(Continued from Page 11.)

of your correspondent, he halted and investigated. A well-shaded torch was shone onto the ground and the plea repeated. As the "whisperer" has not yet been seen it is impossible to describe him (or her) and there is no doubt that this type is rapidly becoming extinct.

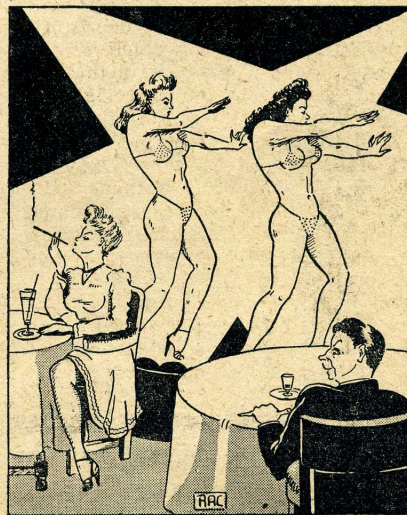
As space permits of no more, I must report the final type who hunt in packs and rely on sheer weight of numbers to hound the victim.

They are to be avoided at all costs although this is almost impossible.

A victim emerging from a building onto the street at night is at their mercy. All speak as quickly and loudly as possible, in English, broken English, very broken English and just plain German. Your correspondent found the excuses of "Ich haben nix", "Get out of my way" and "Weg, hier kommt ein Polizist!" and all to no avail and the only answer is a hundred yards dash.

So ends our correspondent's report, but there is no need to find the above types to sell your surplus thousands of cigarettes, "Yeoman" will be only too willing to buy them. What's that you say? Alright, alright, we were only mentioning it.

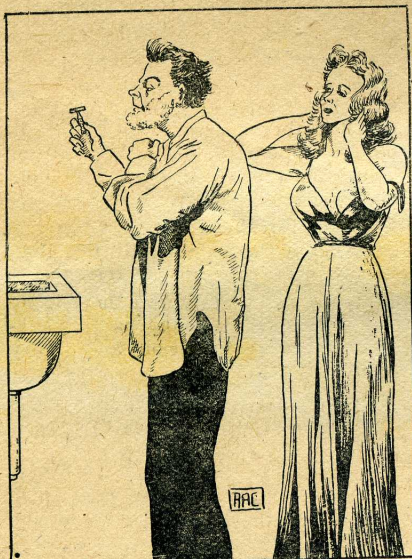
Ron Cox.



RAC'S PAGE



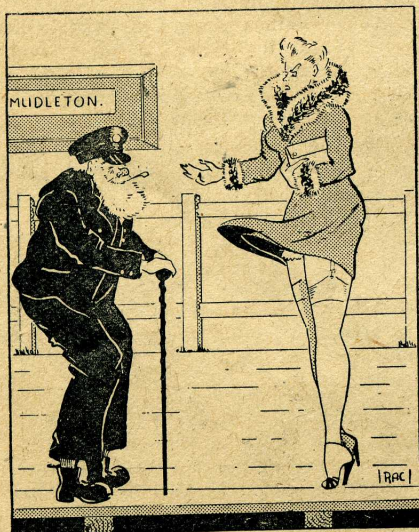
"What do you think? That doddering old ass I'm suing for breach of promise has actually asked me to marry him!"



"Of course I love you. If you ask me once more you'll get a thick ear."



"I've been telling junior the facts of life."
"Really, what did you learn?"



"Have I time to say good-bye to my husband?"
"Don't know lidy. 'Ow long 'ave you bin married?"



"What's the matter?"
"I've an awful feeling we're not being followed."



"Why don't you go home?"
"I would — hic — but my wife here won't come with me."

H.Q.'s WELL DESERVED VICTORY

H.Q. TEAM well deserved their victory over 154 Brigade in the final of the Horneburg League Championship at Horneburg on January 9th.

Their first goal came when Lockett dropped a long shot to the goal-mouth, the ball hitting Scruby and dropping to the ground. Barnes hit the dropping ball first time and crashed it in from close range.

The first quarter hour of the second half was uneventful with mostly mid-field play. Neither side were able to make headway against the defences, until once again Lockett with a long shot dropped the ball into the goal-mouth. Scruby, Barnes and Owen dashed in for it. Scruby hit the post and from the rebound Capt. Owen put the ball into the net to score H.Q.'s second goal.

Play was fairly even right through the game. H.Q.'s defence played strongly and forced 154's forwards to do all their shooting from long range whereas H.Q.'s forward line were able to score their goals from close quarters.

Scrubby forced his way past two backs then crashed the ball past Coulter from close quarters.

Players worthy of mention were Pickering and McNally for H.Q.
2 D. Y. 3 — 154 Bde. — 2.

Fine Game with Gunners

When spectators and players arrived at Mastiff Lodge on Jan. 12th., for the game with 113 L.A.A. they found the field under water, and the game was played at Horneburg.

Betts opened the scoring for the Regiment. Our second goal was from Oldham.

Our opponents scored their only goal when the centre-forward pushed the ball past Neil to the inside-right who drove in a shot.

Betts put a nice header over the goal-keeper as he came out of his goal. Scrubby dashed in to finish it off but the right-back just managed to beat him and cleared practically off the goal-line.

In the first half Oldham stood out with Betts supporting him well. The opposing right-back did not give Scrubby much scope, hanging on to him all the game.

2 D. Y. — 2 113 L.A.A. — 1.

TABLE TENNIS

The Middlesex Regiment received their first defeat of the season on January 18th. when they met the Derby Yeo. At first, it looked as if the home team would win easily and at one time they were leading 12-9, but the Yeoman, in an exciting finish, won the last four games to make the result:— Middlesex 12 — Derby Yeo 13.

Readers' Letters.

FROM FORMER COMMANDING OFFICERS

Sirs, May I say how much I enjoy receiving my copy of "Yeoman" and particularly congratulate you on your Christmas number, which was excellent.

Might I add that I think the inclusion of photographs is a great improvement. Having been away from the Regiment for so long that faces have become vague, I find them a great help in remembering people.

I read Major Dunlop's account with great interest.

You may be interested to know that when I showed your first three copies to Lieut. Col. Sir Ian Walker (Commanding Officer of the 1st. Derbyshire Yeomanry at the end of the war) he was so pleased with them that he took them from me and sent them off to the 1st. D. Y. in Austria.

Several other people have remarked to me what an extraordinarily good paper it is for a regimental one.

Wishing you all success and may the paper still continue to serve as a link between all those of us who had the honour to be in the 2nd. Derbyshire Yeomanry.
Yours, etc.

T. H. Barnes, Lieut. Col., Retd.

Sirs, As one who is leaving for Civvy St. I feel would like to say a word of thanks to the chaps whose comradeship I have known for the past six years.

Thankyou, "B" Squadron. I shall always remember you although I am leaving for the sunny side.

Cheerio, lads, all the very best, and cheerio, "Yeoman", until I see you in the near future. You are doing a grand job "Yeoman". Carry on the good work.

Yours, nix bowler, nix beret,

E. Shirley, Tpr. ("B").

Sirs, In your first two issues of "Yeoman" you had German lessons, but I notice that they have been discontinued.

Is there any chance of further lessons being published?

Yours, etc.

A. Grundon, Tpr. ("B").

(As it takes two years to learn to speak good German, there's not much we can do. Suggest Education Officer. Er — what Group are you? — Ed.)

Dear Editor, I enclose cheque for two guineas towards the funds of "Yeoman", and may I take the opportunity of congratulating you most heartily on producing such an exceptionally fine magazine.

I look forward to getting each number more and more, and it keeps me in touch with the doings — and the old spirit — of the 2nd. Derbyshire Yeomanry more than I could ever have hoped for.

How you manage to do it defeats me. The Christmas number in particular was a masterpiece.

All good luck to you and may you go from strength to strength.

Yours,

Walter P. Serocold.
Lt. Col., Retd.

Sirs, In your edition of 4th. Jan. (No. 7) I found the photograph on page 2 rather peculiar in that both troopers appear to have their medal ribbons on the wrong side of their tunics.

It seems strange that two persons should have the same fault but then cameras play the silliest tricks.

I also wish to add that I thoroughly enjoy reading "Yeoman" as it is exceptionally well turned out and a very worthy effort.

Yours,

W. Davies, Capt. M.C. (ex-"B" Sqn.)
903 Mil. Gov. Det., B.A.O.R.

(For technical reasons the block was made with the picture reversed. — Ed.)

Sirs, We noticed in your last issue a letter of congratulation from Singapore.

As magazines are not allowed to be sent by air to S.E.A.C. it has struck us as being rather strange to appear so soon considering your first issue came out fairly recently.

Has the "Yeoman" wings, or do you print a special edition for overseas in advance?

Yours in wonder,

Two "New Blokes".

(We don't know how the paper got to Singapore, but if you would care to call in at the office sometime, you may see the original letter. — Ed.)

Sirs, I ask that you publish photographs of the places we have visited during the campaign over here. Your magazine is an excellent souvenir already, but such pictures would make it a better one.
Yours, "Critic".

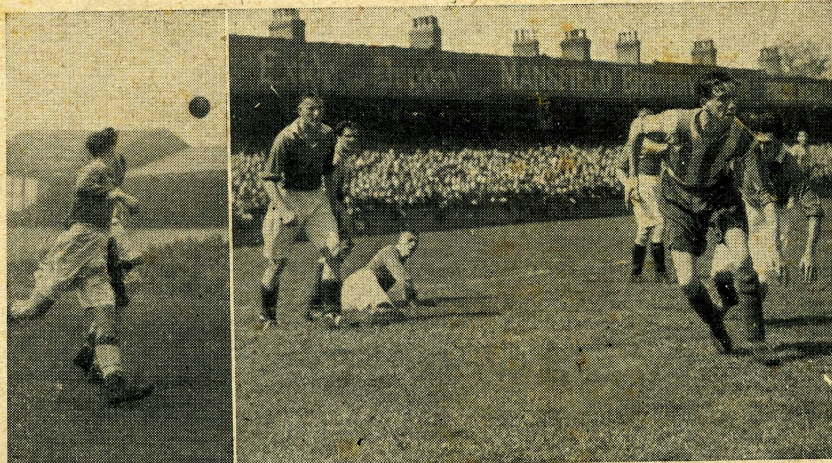
PUZZLE PAGE

SPOT THE BALL

40 MARKS PRIZE



Mark the spot where the ball should be, then send the picture to "Yeoman", "B" Sqn., Mittelnkirchen, before January 30th. Should there be two or more correct entries the first opened will win. Solution in next issue. **LAST WEEK'S WINNER:** Trooper Horace Nuttall, Assault Troop, "B" Squadron.



CROSS-WORD No. 5

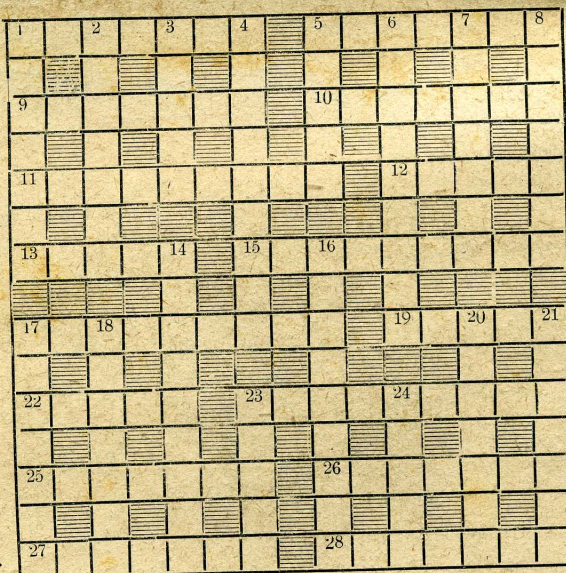
CLUES DOWN:

1. We'll have one, said F.D.R. (Two words, 3, 4)
2. Epithet for a spattered footballer. (7)
3. She leads a graduate: An ancient Queen. (5)
4. "Is it seven?" responsive to change, anyway. (9)
5. Hurl. (5)
6. A most unnatural position, this, from which to speak easily. (9)
7. Napoleon's birthplace. (7)
8. Was this a leading question to a

- soldier after he had escorted girl home? (Two words, 4, 3)
14. American valley curtailed reveals a solemn Church observance. (9)
16. "I've ate T.N.T." (anag. 9). (Our grammar is deplorable.)
17. He completely lost his head. (7)
18. The present age is said to be this. (7)
20. Speaks incoherently. (7)
21. Haw-Haw was charged with this, amongst other things. (7)
23. A sense. (5)
24. Headgear for an Anglo-Indian. (5)

CLUES ACROSS:

1. I, objectively, am between a compass-point and my little sister: Such is fate. (7)
5. Like a deflated football. (7)
9. Wild duck. (7)
10. Resident-Doctor in U.S.A. (7)
11. Issuing from a chap inside eating. (9)
12. "Slain" (anag.). (5)
13. In brief, English beauty-spot. (5)
15. Complex, like the innards of a 19 set. (9)
17. Stern adjuration, perhaps, to appear bathed. (Two words, 4, 5)
19. "Arise, for morning in the bowl of — has flung the stone that puts the stars to flight". (5)
22. Gold coast town. (5)
23. Elba disturbed to a plot of land. (Seems tame enough.) (9)
25. The wrongdoer does, with evil intent. (7)
26. Transfixes the little devil to light beers. (7)
27. Return to scabbard. (7)
28. Famous modern philosopher (well, fairly modern). (7)



Solution to Cross-word No. 4.

Across: — 1, Thames; 5, All out; 8, Hibbs; 9, Emit; 10, Team; 11, The Needle; 14, Echo; 16, Norse; 17, Rant; 19, Seep; 21, Alter; 24, Mate; 25, Alternate; 26, Abed; 27, Ness; 28, Mouse; 29, Dozens; 30, Losses.

Down: — 1, The less said; 2, Motto; 3, Sheen; 4, A beer; 5, Aside; 6, Later; 7, Temptresses; 12, Noble; 13, Essen; 15, Hoe; 18, A.R.A.; 20, Padre; 21, Atoms; 22, Trout; 23, Ravel; 24, Menus.

DO YOU KNOW?

1. Where is: — a) The Land of Green Ginger, b) The Never-Never Land, c) Death Valley?
2. The correct spelling is: — a) Mittelkirchen, b) Mittelnkirchen, c) Mittelnkirchen?
3. Gin is distilled from: — a) Corn, b) Barley, c) Rye?
4. Puce is: — a) A Latin word, b) A colour, c) A medicine?
5. "Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air", was Written by: — a) Rudyard Kipling, b) Longfellow, c) Thomas Gray, d) J. P. Madden?
6. Darlington is in the county of: a) Yorkshire, b) Durham, c) Northumberland?
7. Gordon Richards recently rode his thousandth winner. Or was it his two, or three thousandth?
8. If you had a "coalie", you would: — a) Burn it, b) Fry it, c) Keep it as a pet?
9. Andrew Marvell was: — a) A scientist, b) A poet, c) An explorer?
10. The first copy of "Yeoman" was on sale in: — a) middle of October, b) The end of October, c) Early in November?
11. Brutus is a character in: — a) Hamlet, b) Macbeth, c) Julius Caesar?
12. The "T.T." of the 50th. Div. stands for the rivers: — a) Trent and Tweed, b) Trent and Tyne, c) Tyne and Tees?

ANSWERS.

(12) Tyne and Tees.
(11) Julius Caesar.
(9) A poet. (10) End of October. The thousandth. (8) Fry it. It's a fish. Longfellow. (6) Yorkshire. (7) Three (3) Rye. (4) A colour. (5) It wasn't. (c) Arizona. (2) Mittelnkirchen. (1) a) a) Hull, Yorkshire. b) Austria.