

# Yeoman



DECEMBER 21<sup>st</sup> 1945

CHRISTMAS NUMBER



## EDITORIAL

**I**T is a proven fact that the hardest part of an Editor's job is writing an Editorial. In past issues, when we had something special to say to you, we said it in an Editorial. When we had nothing to say, we said nothing. An excellent policy, you will agree. Now, however, in presenting, with pardonable pride, YEOMAN Christmas Number, we have three things to say.

Firstly, this is our opportunity for wishing you the very Happiest Christmas your circumstances will allow, and a speedy return to normal living in 1946. A note of thanks also to our many contributors.

Secondly, a belated but very sincere "God-speed" to Major Harris, who fathered YEOMAN from puny No. 1 to lusty No. 6, and who is featured on Page 4. Himself a journalist, John Harris proved an invaluable help to the paper and we suffer a twofold loss, both as soldiers of the D. Y. and as Editors of YEOMAN.

And lastly, a word about the production of this journal. If you care to look through it you will find that about a third of the entire space consists of illustrations. There is no denying that a well-illustrated paper is better than a plain one, but it is certainly a more expensive one, since pictures cost twice as much to produce as plain type. Now look at the front page. It has four colours, and that means four separate blocks had to be made and it had to be printed four times. The statement of accounts on this page will also help you to understand why you are asked to pay Two Marks for YEOMAN Christmas Number. "Better and better" is our ambition, and while we cannot make every issue a Christmas number we are sure you will find this one well worth the price.

## BALANCE SHEET

**I**N explanation of the increased price of this issue we print below our balance sheet to date.

Issue	Sales	Publishing Costs
No. 2	661 Mks.	552 Mks.
" 3	664 "	624 "
" 4	731 "	690 "
" 5	750 "	814 "
Total:	2806 Mks.	2680 Mks.

Taking into account receipts from subscriptions and money which is to be or has been paid out in competitions, our balance in hand after issue No. 5 was 114 Mks.

This issue is estimated to cost 1100 marks, the increase being due to the expensive cover, four more pages, and the extra 200 copies which have been printed. Normally, paper shortage restricts our printing to 800 copies but we have managed to get paper sufficient for 1000 this week in the hope that many will want an extra "YEOMAN" to keep as a souvenir.

The price of the paper will revert to 1 mark for our next issue.

We record with gratitude that the prize in our last "Spot the Ball" competition has been donated by an anonymous reader.

## CHRISTMAS CRACKERS

**A**MERRY couple of hours is assured for those who visit the new show of the "RACKETERS" concert party "Even Madder Moments", now being rehearsed at "B" Squadron, Mittelnkirchen.

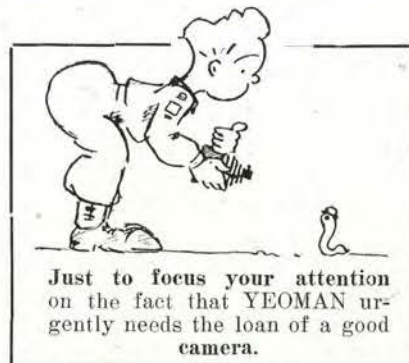
"Even Madder Moments" will have been produced under innumerable difficulties. Demobilisation and leave so played havoc with the plans laid by Producer P. J. "Sam" Jewiss after the successful tour of "Mad Moments" that production of the new show began only last week.

Even so, those who have seen rehearsals are confident that the title is well deserved.

"Three Stooges", Tommy Ormerod, "Geordie" Barks and Bill Baker are again in the cast of fifteen. Norman Howarth has some new songs and the compere, "Woof" Wardle, new cracks. Lieut. Samwell is director.

The first "Racketeers" show "Mad Moments", after two performances at Mittelnkirchen, made a successful tour, including shows at Mastiff Lodge, the Royal Engineers, the Middlesex Regiment and at Stade for the Military Government.

After a special performance for the Ealing Studio staff, who were at Stade making the film "Lovers' Meeting" Jack Warner declared it was one of the best unit shows he had seen.





# Christmas Greetings



## From The Padre

THE atmosphere of Christmas pervades the little town the whole year round. The blue sky above its white houses, the fields of the shepherds, the Grotto of the Nativity impress the mind with a sense of indescribable peace and joy, so that one seems nearer reality in Bethlehem than in any place on earth.

No memories could be more lowly than those which for ever linger here and small wonder this clever atomic age is slow to acknowledge the charm of their simplicity.

The thought is humbling that the world in its wisdom may soon have the power to destroy itself. Pray God it listens in time to the Heavenly wisdom first made known to men under the peaceful skies of the city of David.

"O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie!  
Above the deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by.  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light.  
The hopes and fears of all the  
years  
Are met in thee tonight."

## From The Commanding Officer

FOR the last six years the words "Merry Christmas, Happy New Year" have been said by all of us, often in conditions which made a mockery of the greeting, but nevertheless we said them and in our hearts believed that a New Year would come when we should return to our homes and again Christmas would bring true happiness with our families.

Victory year has brought us realisation of our hopes. Many of our comrades have already returned home and will be spending their first Christmas there for three years or more. To them I send Christmas Greetings from the Regiment, sure in the knowledge that their Christmas will indeed be a happy one.

To those who remain I can only say that, knowing your spirit in the past, there is no doubt that you will make this Victory Christmas a memorable one in every way. To all of you then a "Merry Christmas" and may 1946 really be the Happy New Year for which we have wished overlong.

*Alfred Smith*  
L.C.S.

## From The P.R.I.

THE President of the Regimental Institute sends the Compliments of the Season in both the spirit and the letter of the time-honoured greeting.

In an interview with Major E. E. Mocatta, H.Q. Squadron Leader and P.R.I., our reporter gathered these interesting facts about the Christmas fare his department is providing.

The all-important subject of beer has been well looked after. There will be 2,600 litres of German beer and 3,500 litres of Brussels beer for the Regiment. Of that amount one litre per man is being supplied from P.R.I. funds, as well as cigarettes and apples and oranges. For your information a litre equals almost two pints.

From the R.A.S.C. comes the pork, poultry and Christmas cake, plus all the essentials and extras which can help lift the season's meals out of the monotonous level of round-the-year menus. NAAFI is also contributing tinned turkey, Christmas pudding and cake.

As we go to press Major Mocatta is off to draw the NAAFI issue, and here is an important point to remember. Two weeks' rations will be drawn and issued, but the following week, of course, there will be no issue, so keep an eye on the future.

Although the question of catching up with back issues of chocolate is still in the balance, the all-round prospects are that the coming season will be the brightest field Christmas in your experience.



# Personality Parade

*YEOMAN suffered a premature and hardfelt loss with the release, some three weeks before anticipated, of the Personality chosen for this issue. When the news of his imminent departure was received, however, this article was already in the printers' hands, and it is felt that nothing will be lost and even added piquancy gained by publishing, unaltered, the story of*

## (No. 6) MAJOR JOHN NEILL HARRIS, M.C.

**A**PPOINTED Second-in-Command of the Regiment in September this year, the owner of the legs so frequently mentioned in our humour page is 31 years of age. He was educated at Mill Hill before taking an agricultural B.Sc. at University of London's Wye College in Kent. Studying for a further degree, he found that economics and horse-racing did not mix too well, so economics had to go. He then landed a job on the editorial staff of "The Farmer and Stockbreeder". He still has a weakness for anything that has four legs and runs and carries a price; and when, in three weeks' time, he goes back home to Trysull, Wolverhampton, and rejoins the "F. & S." he will, we are sure, resume his study of the not-too-academic side of horse-flesh.

Having joined the T. A. in the middle of fateful '39, risen to sergeant in the 4th County of London Yeomanry and passed through O.C.T.U., 2nd Lt. Harris joined the Derby Yeo at Kirkby Malzeard in December, 1940, as leader of "B" Squadron's 4 Troop. The regiment moved to Wootton-under-Edge two months later, and when a large intake from the Staffs Yeomanry had to be trained to drive it was the new subaltern who was given the job.

It was during this period, no doubt, that the foundations of the amazing Harris vocabulary were laid. Old S.Y.'s will recall that accidents averaged one a day, 15cwts. hedge-hopped and took to the railway lines, and John was dubbed "The Washer-woman" because he did his chief instructor's job in a laundry van.

After a term as Assistant Adjutant he was appointed 2 i/c of the first experimental "D" Squadron. Promoted to captain, he became Adjutant in January, 1942. Surveying his profaned temple, the methodical Sgt. Ricketts replied to a question from Lt.-Col. Barnes: "Oh yes, Capt. Harris is undoubtedly a most capable Adjutant, though it is just a trifle inconvenient having a whirlwind in the Orderly Room."

At Mrasses on 30th November, 1942, began the long association of loyal, hard-fighting squadron and brilliant, forceful squadron leader which was to write such a resounding chapter in the regiment's history.

His two M.C.'s Major Harris refuses to discuss as personal awards, maintaining that they are his squadron's prizes, and even this he qualifies by asserting that "B" had more opportunities than other squadrons to show their worth. Down at Mittelnkirchen, however, they tell of how the Major always paid a visit on foot to troop areas which came under shelling; of the times he offered himself as bait for snipers; and of a score of other big little things which mark out the real leader.

John Harris will squirm when he reads this, so we hasten to add that his genius is at least equalled by his eccentricity. Tales of his quaintness of speech and fiery temper are legion in the regiment, though what makes him really lose his temper is anyone taking him seriously when he does so. The man who stands up to him earns his instant respect, and on the unwritten record for all time is his command to a trooper who had remained silent throughout a five-minute barracking: "Don't stand there saying nothing man; call me a (four-letter word) or something!"

The Harris patent wireless procedure was inimitably unorthodox and pungent, though it must have most effectively baffled the enemy. It is not recorded how many times the squadron net rang with his terse "\*\*\*\* you, out!" Dis mikes are among his strongest aversions, especially those which transmit only what is said about them. But who would blame the mikes — or the designers, who never intended them to be blast-proof anyway? The breakfast-time radio in "B" Squadron officers' mess was also one of his extreme dislikes. What happens at R.H.Q. when the Major breakfasts with a C.O. who likes plenty of meal-time swing and insists on having it is best left to the imagination. The reason for his violent views on three daily papers as widely divergent as the "Herald", "Mail" and "Worker" has not yet been fathomed, but our guess is that



their racing tips are not all he would like them to be.

Our deepest sympathies are extended to Winfield, the Major's first batman, who succumbed after doing the toughest jankers ever conceived, being confined to his master's room for three days until an article of kit was found.

Also to Marshall, second batman, who preferred the enemy.

To "Ricardo", his third, who, though harried by his master from hell to breakfast, survived through discovering that the secret was to mother him. (Personally, we would sooner mother an atom bomb.)

To any driver of the Major who has not the gift of clairvoyance.

To all assault troopers, forever damned since having eaten their emergency rations.

To Bürgermeisters, who, while they may not be able to translate the Harris wrath into text-book English, cannot possibly mistake the menace of the popping eyes.

To Rusty-Barrel Flynn, still feeling the effects of the longest, hottest and most exquisitely worded barracking ever recorded; and

To Mrs. Harris, who, married only in 1940, may be unaware that her husband's gastronomic passion is spring onions.

In the battles of will which are bound to rage when such a dominant personality strides forth only two inferior beings, it is said, ever really stood up to John Neill Harris. One was "Brigadier" Burt, who fought him to a draw and earned his ungrudging respect. The other is "Hercules", and the issue whether horse or rider shall be master is still in doubt.

We ourselves thought we had done extremely well in getting this violent man into "P.P." against his wishes, but we went a bit too far in suggesting that in lieu of a photograph he should sit for Ron Cox. His reply was brief, concise, — and Harrisian: "\*\*\*\* you, out!"

L. ROOK (Cpl.)



# Ardennes Christmas



**“G**ET packed up and ready to move.” Looking back on the many scenes of chaos and bad language occasioned by this most unpopular of phrases in our language, one stands out above all others. Christmas, 1944.

We were, as I recalled last week, a few miles from Aachen on that Christmas morning a year ago. For that day at least we

organised, which meant more unlucky crews spending their Christmas night up in a temperature as low as most of us had ever known.

## Acorn Looks Back

seemed safe and most people had a lie in. In every squadron the cooks set to work preparing the dinner, helped in many cases by the civilians. Then before Church-time came the message that spoiled it all, the half-cooked food was hastily packed and vehicles were manned.

In Liege we had a great welcome and a good deal of brandy etc. and after meeting the reconnaissance parties, set off for those delightful villages which were to be our homes for a fortnight. “A” went to Sprimont and linked up with the Americans, whose hospitality and general friendliness knew no bounds. Next day the squadron went to Lince and had what remained of their Christmas dinner.

Of “B” Squadron’s stay in Hony, **Frank Packham** has already written in the last issue of “YEOMAN”. No sooner had they arrived there than orders came to send Liaison Officers to the American VIIth (the late Lieut. **Peter Mucklow**) and XVIIIth Corps (Lieut., now Capt., **G. Clough**, M.C.). It was no fun, finding those headquarters in the dark, through unfamiliar country, without knowledge of the numerous bridges that had been blown to stop the German attack. Later still, wireless became nearly impossible and a series of step-ups had to be

Most of “C” Squadron went to St. Severin and here as elsewhere the wonderful welcome from the Belgian civilians was something we shall remember always. The troops in St. Severin were lined up receiving their Christmas dinner when the first of many V1’s landed nearby and caused

that when five men in a Jeep dressed as Americans dashed into Hony with a tale of paratroops about to drop in the area. Unfortunately they were able to escape before it was realised that this was probably one of the many parties of disguised Boche in captured vehicles bent upon causing chaos behind our lines.

Apart from a succession of flying bombs the next week was fairly quiet. “C” Sqn. had a bit of excitement on New Year’s Day when they were told to move to another village. On arrival, however, an arm’d. bde. were found already there and the Sqn. returned thankfully to St. Severin. About this time their car troops were withdrawn to fulfil in rotation the thankless task of acting as step-up to R.H.Q. in “Fly-Bomb Alley”.

The early days of this year were marked by a stepping-up of the enemy’s V1 programme and one exploded 75 yards from “B” Sqn. H.Q. By an incredible stroke of good fortune only three chaps, **Albert Hooper**, **Cyril Richards** and **John Nutt**, were hurt and they were able to stay at duty.

**S**O far as I am concerned this is the last time that I shall be able to look back as “Acorn”.

It is perhaps out of place in this column, but nevertheless I should like to end my efforts to help “YEOMAN” by wishing all members of the Regiment all the good luck in the world. It is natural that in leaving the 2nd Derbyshire Yeomanry, I should think especially of “B” Squadron and I send a final message of thanks to all those who gave me such wonderful support during the three years I had the privilege to command that Squadron.

J. N. H.

everyone (and a lot of dinner, too!) to bite the dust. “C” arm’d. car troops were acting as outposts in lonely villages and though their dinner suffered from being split up into penny packets the Yanks and local civilians gave many a helping hand.

A Boxing Day incident that may be recalled in “B” Sqn. is

## PASS THEM ON

In announcing that the Library has lately been enriched by 40 new books, plus eight more from private sources, Capt. E. C. Macey (Education Officer) appeals for more contributions from individual members of the regiment. There are hundreds of books lying about in billets, long since read by the occupants, which could be presented to the regiment for the benefit of all. When the next billet inspection “flap” is on why not take those spare books along to Squadron Office for dispatch to the Library? Better still, do it now!





# END OF



**O**N October 23rd, 1942 that aggressive beast the Wild Boar of 30 Corps began its glorious charge from Alamein to the heart of Germany. Through Cyrenaica, through Tunisia and Sicily, from the beaches of Normandy to Belgium, through Holland and the Ardennes, and across the Rhine it went.

After three years of hard and glorious fighting it has come to rest in the German town of Nienburg, 20 miles from Verden, where, on Saturday last, December 15th, Lieut. General B. G. Horrocks, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., Commander of 30 Corps, unveiled a memorial to the "Old Pig".

Here ends "Club Route", the main axis along which the Corps advanced.

The ceremony was of particular interest to this Regiment for most of our fighting service has been spent with 30 Corps. Two troops of armoured cars were attached to Main Headquarters from El Aghela to Sfax and in Europe we reconnoitred many miles of "Club Route" in Western Germany, and before.

Such names as Nijmegen, Enschede, Lingel, Vechta, Wildeshausen, Delmenhorst and Bremen, through which passes "Club Route" will recall the part we played in the Corp's advance.

Representatives of units in the Corps were present at the unveiling ceremony and Cpl. Tomblin ("A") and Tpr. Thompsett ("B") attended for the Regiment.

"This is a great occasion — a gathering of old soldiers to celebrate the successful conclusion of a fine feat of arms", said the Corps Commander.

"Thirty Corps have probably done more fighting than any other Corps in the British Army, and our main axis along which we advanced has always been called the 'Club Route'.

"The 'Club Route' started at

Alamein and has come to its final end here in Nienburg.



Lt. Gen. B. G. Horrocks, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., salutes the memorial to the Wild Boar of 30 Corps.

"On many occasions Club Route jutted out miles ahead of anything on its flanks and was often only a few hundred yards wide, with Germans on either side. Often it was cut by the Boche."

"It was the first British route to enter Germany and has now reached its final end.

"On parade today are many people who have travelled the whole course of that route.

"No parade of 30 Corps would be complete without a representative of the 51st (Highland) Division. This Division has taken part in most of our famous battles — Alamein, Mareth, Wadi Akarit, Reichswald and the crossing of the Rhine."

After a silence in memory of all those of 30 Corps who lost their lives during its long journey, the Corps Commander said:

"Though I am very proud to be here today to unveil this memorial, it is also a sad moment because this is my last parade while in command of the 'Old Pig'.

"Although I did not command the Corps in Africa I was commanding the corps which fought alongside it at Alamein and I can claim to have travelled many thousands of miles along its famous route. I am lucky in that I have achieved my ambition which was to finish the war in command of 30 Corps.

"I would like to take this last opportunity to thank you all, officers, N.C.O.s and men, for the loyal support you have always given me and for the cheerful way you have faced up to the many hazardous operations which we have undertaken during the battle.

"When you go back to civilian life you will be able to feel proud that you have been members of British most famous corps — The Old Pig."



(Another picture on page 18.)



# A Key for Jimmy

by L. C. R.

THE gas lamps showed up the pinched whiteness of the boy's face as he clomped along the pavement, peering at the door of each house as he passed. His sockless feet were blistered by the oversize boots he wore, and the snow edged in between the sole and broken upper. Out in Commercial Road a few shops still displayed their Christmas finery to late homegoers and the bus horses breathed out billows of steamy vapour as they pulled for the depôt and fodder and warmth.

If he could only find the house, Jimmy knew, the young doctor would shelter him from the awful cold and give him a meal to stop his aching hunger. Through torn pockets he massaged his lean thighs and crossed the road to try the other side.

He tramped a dozen streets from end to end before cold and hunger and weariness forced him to give in. All the houses looked alike and none had shown the small brass plate which would have opened a temporary heaven. As he squatted for a moment in a doorway to gather strength for the long walk to the brewery he was very near to tears.

But he kept them back. He had not cried since the day his father was buried and his mother had left home for a new life where a ten-year-old son would have been an embarrassment. Besides, tears would have brought derision from the score of other strays who nightly shared the warmth of the dray horses' bodies at the brewery.

He rose and hunched his shoulders into the wind.

Down Fleet Street men in super-heated newsrooms wrote thousands of words to tell the story of the falling temperature as it passed a seventy-year record. In Stepney a boy of ten fought exhaustion as he stumbled along on feet that no longer felt the snow, the blisters, or the weight of the broken boots.

The searching fingers of the ice-laden wind found every hole in Jimmy's tattered clothing. Hungry and lonely and wretched, he climbed the steps of a house to rest in the dry recess of its doorway. At the door he stopped suddenly. He peered at the neat brass plate, and a great wave of relief flowed over him.

Tears flowed unchecked and the bell jangled as he tugged at the frozen knob. He waited. He beat on the panels with dead hands. The

street echoed the thud of his boots on the door.

A window high up in the house next door screeched open. "For heaven's sake stop that damn racket", shrielled a harridan voice. "The doctor's out on a patient. Go away."

Slowly the fact overwhelmed the boy. A red mist closed around him. He stumbled down the icy steps.

The temperature fell. Compositors scrapped their headlines and set bigger ones.

Imperceptibly the red mist thinned and changed by slow degrees to a warm yellow radiance. The boy saw that the light came from the glow of many candles on a great Christmas tree in the front room. A throng of children, mostly boys, in party clothes and gaudy paper hats, laughed and shouted and ate around a table piled high with cakes and mince-pies and jellies and sweets. Moving here and there among the children, laughing with them and exchanging empty



Through a mouthful of cake he told the room at large: "I got no Mum or Dad."

"Nor me, nor me!" chorused half a dozen voices.

"A doctor took me in 'is 'ouse last week n' give me some soup n' a shillin'," he added.

"My Dad's in prison an' my Mum's in a mentlasyum," boasted the boy next to him.

Their new mother smiled her love over them all.

When the last had finished eating she beckoned them around the Christmas tree.

"There is a present here for each one of you," she told them. "No-one can buy these presents; they are beyond all price, and they are specially for you, I shall give them to you when you go to bed."

The children looked wonderingly at the brightly wrapped boxes, but they asked no questions and went back to their animated chatter.

Presently they began to yawn, and one by one the mother detached a box from the tree and led her small charge up the stairs.

Jimmy was the last. He clutched the hand of the angelic lady and climbed the stairs beside her. The small humps in the row of white beds were already still. She undressed him and he hopped between the warm, immaculate sheets. With a look that transfigured her she gave him his present.

In that instant the boy knew.

He undid the bright paper and opened the box. The beautiful lady, outlined in radiant light, kissed him tenderly. He gripped the big golden key tightly in his small fist, closed his eyes and breathed a long, blissful sigh.

Outside, the smile on the poor pinched face was soon covered with snow which no longer melted . . .

\* \* \*

The crowd made a path for the policeman. The young doctor's face showed grim and set.

"I wish to give evidence at the inquest," he said.

The policeman looked at the proffered card. It was a replica of the small brass plate.

"Dr. T. J. Barnardo," it read.

## Christmas Morning

No war, or battle's sound

Was heard the world around:

The idle spear and shield were  
high uphung;

The hookèd chariot stood

Unstained with hostile blood;

The trumpet spake not to the  
armèd throng;

And kings sat still with awful  
eye,

As if they surely knew their  
sovræn Lord was by.

JOHN MILTON.

(From "Ode on the morning of  
Christ's nativity".)

plates for full ones, was the most beautiful woman Jimmy had ever seen. He stared, fascinated by her motherly sweetness, and suddenly she looked straight at him through the window.

Giving him a smile that started a warm glow in his empty stomach she turned and disappeared, to emerge a moment later at the door. Without a word she took his hand and led him into the warm, friendly room and found him a place at the noisy table.

Jimmy felt no shyness. He ate, and the glow spread through his wasted body and tingled at his toes and fingertips.



# NEWS

# FROM



We'd like to tell you what Producer "Sam" Jewiss and "Tich" Baker are reading. But it's a secret until "RACketeers" show is staged at Christmas. Wait for it, chaps.

of the squadron office, and long will some of us remember his face on the night of his farewell party. Every effort is being made within the squadron to make Christmas a success, and we hope, although naturally our thoughts at this time are with our folks at home, to have plenty of fun to suit all tastes. To you all from us, who try to amuse you with these little efforts. A merry Xmas, and thanks for your co-operation and enthusiasm.

"A"

**W**E bid a rather belated but nevertheless sincere welcome to our new Squadron Leader, Major C. Richards, and trust the air of Jork will agree with him, and that he will soon settle down in these new surroundings.

Every week now the squadron diminishes as more and more of our pals return to Civvy Street. By the time this goes to press, we shall



Chippy Gray

have said good luck and farewell to 23 group, and we trust that we shall still hold a link with them through our paper. Chippie Gray will be missed in the canteen where we have enjoyed many an hour listening to him on the piano, and for his helpfulness when we needed little jobs done in the painting and carpentry line. Hodge Underhill will no longer "Hash up" the cats for us and Alf Naylor, with his inevitable pipe, had become almost a landmark, and it will be strange indeed without that familiar smell, which only his pipe had. Bobbie Reid

also we shall miss, always at hand in the Signal section to help us when topping up or charging our batteries. Les Heard, quiet and studious, we never really fathomed, and last but not least, Dave Snook, who so successfully and willingly was always



Alf Naylor

"B"

**W**E take this opportunity of welcoming our new Squadron Leader, Major Dobson, who before this appointment was already well known to the Squadron.

It will be recalled that Major Dobson was associated with us in the olden days and was one of the select band of Brick H.Q. in the Middle East.

The quiet calm of Mittelnkirchen was rudely shattered the other morning by one of those events which in the eyes of witnesses, make the term "Mad Recce" entirely justifiable. It was, of course, the revels of the home-ward-bound 23 Groupers.

The "party" began when Gilbert Leese, "water diviner" from Suez to Stade, was played out of his billet to the tunes of the Vio-Flynn and drummers Wardle and Jeacock.

It developed into an outdoor singing and ended as the old-soldiers faded away to the sound of the famous tune.

Many familiar faces went. Lt. Ken Porter, 7 tp's jovial leader will be missed not only by Arthur Tucker and his Merry Men... Albert Hooper, who although having been driver of a heavy armoured car, D.R., R.P., cook, and officers' mess caterer often



Major Dobson

found time to practice little tricks he learned at Vient... "Doctor"



Freddy Ball

Freddie Ball, who has held that post since M'rassis... "Guardsman" Bill Wigley, 3tp's strong silent sufferer... George Yates, an example to all good Ycomen, one of the "old originals" and one so well known

and liked that comment here is unnecessary... 2 tp's Jock Anthony, who, after a hectic war service, (wounded at St. Silvine) recently plumped for the quieter life at the Sgts. mess... Jackie Bright, one of the hard-working "Back Room" boys in the gun stores... Jimmy Dent, 5 tp's smiling singer... Jimmy Colegate, a silent stalwart of the Assault Section. Assault troopers will miss, too, Bill Hockey, another of their family.

Three tp's lost also Eric Richardson, and "Taffy" Wilson (11 years service)... "Jigger" Johnstone (6) has returned to help Mr. Bevin and as a result the brick-laying classes have suffered a serious setback... ex-11th Hussar Bob Bradshaw, recently of 1 tp. will be missed by the fellows in "The House in Jork Road" who perhaps are still wondering just what was in that kit bag... Sid ("Darker") Cochrane, has left a gap in the officers' mess staff... and "Tosh" Humphreys has handed over his ladies and scoops to Arthur Tristram... Released under "B" Scheme, Bill Roadley, late of the Owen Home Finding Co., got away a few days before the above.



Bill Roadley

Within the squadron activities centre around Christmas plans.

The concert party is working feverishly to better their last show and began rehearsals only at the beginning of this week... "Fat" Harrison is back with us again after a period in 94 General Hospital Hamburg... We hear that Frank Shepherd, posted recently to 11th Hussars, is at Caterick expecting to be released on compassionate grounds...

Just what is the explanation of the male-voice chorus of the Sgts' mess we do not know, but are following developments with interest... Squadron notes would not be complete this week without a reference to Major Harris. He will long be remembered by this Squadron and we all wish him good luck in Civvy Street.



# THE SQUADRONS

"C"

IT was that grand old man of "C" Sqn., Bert North, himself, who said: "No matter what changes are made in the course of time, we feel that the indefinable, imperishable "something" which makes the D. Y. unique among all other regiments, will live on and make itself known

in the broader channels of Civvy St." All who attended the North Club farewell jamboree for A. & S. group: 23-24 last Friday evening will, we feel sure, see something in that Bertian quotation.... In groups 23-24



Bob Garland

we are losing a great part of what might be aptly termed the "salt of the Squadron", among the first being: S.Q.M.S. Sam Miller, Tpr. Roberts, Tpr. Lewis, Tpr. Gilboy, Tpr. Hall (Old "Nob" to you), Tpr. Rudd, Sgts Garland and Jackson, L/Cpl. Corner and Sgt. Lochrie. Good luck to all of them, and may the ways they take lead to ever better places.... Good bye and good luck also to Garnett Thompson, the rhythm boy whose hot trumpeting did so much to liven Jeff Pocock's "Jivebombers" in recent Squadron jigs. Although a newcomer Garnett had already become one of "C"'s popular socialites.... It was Sgt. Freddie Jackson, we are told, who, when informed of Trumpeter Thompson's departure said, "Thank God for another step nearer to world peace!" And we had always believed that "Salt and Pepper" Jackson was a swing fan.... It has been reported that "Rhino" Reed, alias Garth, has embarked on a



Jimmy Corner

second Charles Atlas self-development course. We thought he was already muscle-bound, but it seems that nature has set no limits to the Reed physique.... Cpl. Jack Moore, a newcomer from the Hampshires, who has but recently returned from the Land of Ten Thousand Trails, insists that there are still Japs hiding out in his shaving kit and hairbrush.... Sgt. Alf Graham was heard to declare that in his

opinion his contemporary and twin, Sgt. Bob Garland, is possessed of a high powered suction pump in place of a stomach. And those of us who witnessed the "boat-race" in the North Club last week are inclined to agree with him.... It has been confirmed by our agents that Sgt. Jig Johnson really has secretly enrolled himself in the League for Reform of Moral Purity and Spiritual Beauty. Can this be repentance, or has Jig been mixing his potato schnappes with something even stronger?.... Old "Doc" Corner wormed his way into our sanctum and pleaded to be allowed to publish his personal recommendation of the new "Doc" Walker. "The new 'Doc'," said the old "Doc", "is a very handy lad when it comes to scalpel-work." Can this be echoed by Jake Yaxley?



Alf Graham

by trade, we hope the Printers Union will oblige him by introducing a daily "siesta". By this means, he will be able to retain his title! Tanner, who came to us a R.P. from "A" Sqn., was very popular during his short stay, and will be hard to replace. He has found time to remind Capt. "Nobby" Clark of the magnificent doings of 3 Tp., "A" Sqn., whilst in the M.E. — those events are written on the "playing cards"!



Bert Anker

## ECHELON

WE should have liked to have heard Major Moccatta's immediate remarks when the lorry, in which he was travelling, broke down on the way to Verden. It was with a certain amount of relief that we saw him return to the fold, complete with NAAFI supply and the now familiar grin. Rumour has it that a certain transport driver is now prowling the Echelon singing "It aint — a — gotta happen no mo' no mo'."

A letter from Mr. W. Hunt brings best wishes to all his friends. Things in Civvy Street, he tells us, are not as bad as some people would have us believe and he has now lost all intentions of signing on again after his fifty-six days leave is up.

It is a well known fact that the cream of the Squadron will be saying goodbye with the departure of groups 23 and 24. We take this opportunity of wishing the Regiment, on their behalf, best wishes for a Happy Xmas and Good Demobbing in a Happy New Year.

## RHQ

THERE was a bit of a "flap" in the Orderly Room last Friday evening when it was discovered that Major Harris, to whom we bid "goodbye" on the



"Jock" Cameron

17th, should have proceeded for his release on the 10th! We were not present when he was told, but we can well imagine his reaction!

We said "cheerio and good luck" to a select 23 group quartette comprising Bert (Casabi) Anker, "Jock" Cameron, "Tosh" McNaughten and "Bobbie" Tanner. Anker of West Ham, always jovial and good natured, will soon be starting up a "milkman's matinee" of his very own. We shall miss the twinkle toes of "Jock" who was one of the stalwarts of the Regimental football team. Asked to play for H.Q. Sqn. against "B" Sqn. in a recent match, he flatly refused. Evidently he didn't want to spoil his chances for Civvy Street! He will hang up his boots for "good an' all" when he gets his "ticket" (so he says), and will return to Glasgow and to his normal job as a gardener.

With Cameron goes another "Glasga Keelie" — "Tosh" McNaughten, known as R Sec's horizontal champ! A printer



"When it comes to beer the S.S.M.'s a regular tank."  
"Maybe, but you can fill a tank."



# Mad'n Happy

## MISPRINT DEPARTMENT

"'Battles of the Wild Boar' — A History of the Corps Bottles from Normandy to Westphalia." Advt.

The bottles of the fighting boar  
The trail we blazed in Thirsty Corps.

\* \* \*

## QUIZ

What would you do if you saw the Officers' Mess on fire and were carrying:

- (a) The only available fire extinguisher
- (b) The torch for a blonde in Brussels
- (c) The can back?

Correct answers will receive a copy of this column in technicolour with the heading in neon lights.

\* \* \*

## OLD JOKE, NEW ANGLE

One cannibal: "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

Another cannibal: "That was no lady. That was my Christmas dinner."

\* \* \*

Then there were the two Yeomen who went to heaven. When they knocked at the Golden Gates, Saint Peter (seeing their badges) wouldn't let them in. "Wait five," he said. "I'll confirm." But when he came back the Yeomen had gone. So had the gates.

\* \* \*

## MAD'N LOOKS BACK

The arrival of Major Dobson in "B" Squadron prompts me to turn the pages of my memoirs and find:

Captain Dobson, should he care  
To make some dough, après la guerre  
Could sell his jeep and its contents  
And thus re-start Krupps' armaments.

\* \* \*

Our dachshund, Hauptman, no longer content with his low sweeping bow, prefers the self-congratulatory handshake of Yank baseball players.

\* \* \*

"You need four out, three cleaning, six drilling out two are perfectly alright," said the Dentist to our degenerate 24 Grouper. "O.K. Take the two out," was the reply. "I'll just rot."

\* \* \*

And there was the 60 Group wallah who thought an indent was the official name for damage done to pubs. It was the same chap who mis-read a "Verges Cleared" sign and thought all the good girls had gone home.

Dot says: \_\_\_\_\_

"A MERRY  
CHRISTMAS  
TO YOU ALL,  
hoping there's  
no rain, dears,  
and no stags."





# Innterlude

By  
L. C. R.

IT happened a couple of days before Christmas. I had just got over a nervous breakdown but was still feeling high-strung and jumpy, and so I had decided to spend the holiday in the quiet remoteness of a Cornish village.

Motoring down, however, my car had ditched itself in the snow and fog and darkness, leaving me to the mercies of the weather and the housing shortage. But I was in luck, for at a thatched and timbered inn on the edge of a small village the plump and cheerful landlady offered me a night's sleep on a couch in the bar.

If the lady's spouse had been half as cheerful I might have had no story to tell, but from the moment of his first antagonistic glare his eyes seemed to follow me everywhere, and but for his good woman's whispered reassurances and significant tapping of her forehead I should have taken to the road again.

Inside, the tavern lived up to its genuine Elizabethan exterior. The bar-room walls were oak-

panelled and hung with pictures of the period, the low oaken beams of the ceiling were liberally hung with smoke-blackened hams, and the blazing log fire was set in a fireplace wide enough to roast the traditional ox.

"This house is supposed to have a ghost," our hostess remarked, when the inevitable subject cropped up, "but nobody can remember when it last appeared. They say a man was stabbed to death for his money — in this very room, too. But there, it's only a tale, and these parts are full of such."

The woman must have forgotten me, but her husband's mouth split in a slobbering grin and he stared at me so malignantly that I choked when I tried to drink to cover my confusion. This brought his wife's attention to me and to the cause of my discomfort.

"Lew", she called sharply, "it's time you went to bed. You've got to be up early in the morning and get those vittles over to Mrs. Trethomas before seven." The man grunted and went without a word.

Around one o'clock the gathering dispersed to bed and I settled down with some blankets on the couch. For a long time the landlord's behaviour haunted my thoughts but eventually I slept...

It was the squeaking of the slowly-opening door which awakened me. I opened my eyes, and my blood suddenly went cold. It was Lew. He was tiptoeing stealthily toward me, the candle in his hand throwing his face into sharp relief and revealing the demoniacal glitter in his staring eyes. Fear oozed from the very marrow of my bones and ran tingling through every vein, for clutched in the powerful fingers of his other hand was a long, glinting knife! Step by step he came slowly toward me. I tried to move, to shout, but remained paralysed and dumb. Minutes, weeks, years dragged by as the man crept noiselessly nearer. He rounded the couch, reached its head, stopped. For an awful second time stood still. Suddenly the half-crouched body straightened and the knife swept up in a gleaming arc.

I screamed, the man jumped back, the newly-cut ham fell on my head, and the clock struck six.

## Derby Dan in Deutschland

By Rac





**M**AJOR ROY DUNLOP has kindly sent us a long article of reminiscences, the first part of which we print today.

Our contributor's name will always be associated especially with "A" Sqn., which he commanded from May 1941 until appointed Second-in-Command of the Regiment two years later. This latter appointment he held until wounded for the second time in the Ardennes battle.

Major Dunlop was recently Mentioned in Despatches for his services.

## PART I.

# LONG EATON TO EGYPT

Before embarking on the turbulent waters of civilian life I feel an urge to put pen to paper in an effort to recall some of the incidents which have impressed themselves upon my memory during my time in the Regiment. The time referred to, although, unfortunately, not embracing the final and most glowing stages, is fairly comprehensive, covering the whole of my commissioned service and dating from 14th December, 1939, until 14th January of this year, when I made an undignified exit on a stretcher.

With due apology for errors and omissions I cast my mind back to the day I joined the Regiment at Long Eaton.

I remember my first sight of the Orderly Room, barely large enough for the swinging of the proverbial cat and containing the brains of the firm in the shape of Lieut. Col. Barnes, Major Browne, Capt. Weatherley, Lieut. (Q.M.) Jones and Lieut. Heron. I remember the intake of 100 militiamen, many of whom are still with you and for whose initial training I had the honour to be made responsible. Who will forget those havens of rest and seats of military learning the Raylock Mills and Tam-

# In the Early Days of 2nd Derbyshire Yeomanry

worth Road Schools, or strenuous days of driving instruction on the Donnington Race Track where my heart was often in my mouth as embryonic Sea-graves negotiated Melbourne Corner at impossible speeds in impest motor-cars of ancient vintage?

Those carefree days on our own pitch were to end and in the Spring of 1940 the great uprooting took place. Next stop Yorkshire, where I was transferred to "B" Squadron, to come under the wing of that dearly loved and sadly missed personality, Major Pearson. It was in his company that I witnessed, from uncomfortably close quarters, the miraculous escape from death of Major Browne and R.S.M. Goldup as they in a very small car tried unsuccessful conclusions with a very large train. This was at the Nidd Bridge crossing as the Regiment, mounted in 30 seater charabancs, sped through the night to the East Coast prepared to repel Hitler's hordes.

That "flap" having subsided I recall the Tarzan cries which rang through the dark shades of Low Wood as the sense of humour of displaced townsmen triumphed over their dismay on first beholding the forest which was to be their home for four months.

While in Low Wood most of us saw the foe for the first time when he made his dive bomber attack on Great Driffield Aerodrome under our very noses. In lighter vein who of "B" Squadron will ever forget Major Pearson who, having received several unsatisfactory responses to his command "By the right — number"! announced that he could count them better with his little stick — and proceeded to do so. From thence to Sand Hutton, Gate Helmsley and Aldby Park, where on a memorable day, I believe the 5th November 1940, a train arrived bearing 54 Guy Armoured Cars — this to mark the end of our nomadic career and the birth of the 8th Armoured Division.

In one of these vehicles a redoubtable member of "A" Squadron contrived to slay some forty of Lord Halifax' best pedigree sheep as he (the Yeoman, not His Lordship) descended Garroby Hill at a speed which can seldom have been equalled by this type of vehicle.

On to Ripon and a period marked by the severity of the Winter with depressing effect on cylinder blocks and the searching inspections by General McCreery.

Gloucestershire, where Lieut. Col. Browne assumed command, and Linney Head were to follow and then to Charlwood and Rusper. To the great hospitality of the local people and to the grimmer affair of the Bumper Exercise in Oct. 1941.

This military operation has for me always remained a nightmare of mishaps and at the conclusion of which I offered thanks for the fact that we lived on an island, — for how else could I have gathered my straying flock?

Maresfield Camp. Days of cross country runs, fitness tests, motor cycle trials and the Troop Leaders Competition. Of our being warned for overseas service, stood down and later warned again.

This time, May 1942, we were off and were shortly to be initiated into the mysteries of life in a troopship. That would need a story on its own. Suffice to recall the awe-inspiring sight of a convoy of huge vessels as, keeping distance by day and night, fair weather or foul and, shepherded by tiny destroyers and corvettes, they relentlessly carried us to a new life.

In my memory is impressed the glimpse of "darkest Africa" as seen from Freetown Harbour, the mystic beauty of St. Helena as we passed close inshore by moonlight and the wondrous sight of Table Mountain as we approached Cape Town on a perfect morning.

Of the worldly pleasures of Cape Town I must speak. I wonder how many thousands of soldiers will remember for the rest of their days the hospitality which was accorded to them by our South African cousins. Their few days in Cape Town or Durban must be indelibly impressed on their minds as a bright oasis in the otherwise rather sombre desert of six years of war.

Gone for a brief spell was the blackout and there appeared too an abundance of good things to eat and drink not to mention the opportunity of sending exciting parcels home. However it was but a passing dream and we were on our way once more. A glimpse of Madagascar and Durban, a brief re-fuelling stop at Aden and on the 5th July we arrived at Suez.

This was our darkest hour in the African campaigns as Rommel was knocking at the gates of Alexandria. How well I remember the ships laden with civilian refugees and the remarks flung at us from a destroyer as we went ashore, "All right boys, we'll be here to take you off next week."

From thence to Tahag Camp and, almost immediately, to a spell of rigorous training under Lieut. Col. Lord Allenby who had succeeded Lieut. Col. Browne before we left England. Shades of Bilbeis, El Rebeique and the Pink Palace where a wealthy Egyptian was reputed to have incarcerated his lovely wife lest others covet her.



# 'MID SAND SEA & SNOW

Christmas 1942 was celebrated by the 30 Corps escort troops, which "B" Squadron was providing, in not exactly a hectic way compared with other Christmases, but, considering that we were at

## DESERT BREW

the time on a patch of stony sand about ten miles west of Sirte, things could have been a lot worse.

I remember that some of the more hardy specimens rose early for a morning dip in the Med. just for the fun of saying they had been swimming on Christmas Day, but I was quite content to take a leisurely wash and shave and walk over to a nearby salt patch which had been converted into a makeshift football field and watch a seven-a-side knockout football match between the various representatives of Corps Troops.

This was followed, rudely interrupted at times by screaming Italian signal lights let off by someone who had had an early sample of the rum, by a match between the Corps Commander, then General Leese, and some of this personal staff against other officers of the H.Q.

Then to the Daimler for a desert brew — "plenty sugar, plenty milk" — to wait for Christmas dinner.

Using Italian water containers as tables and seated on Jerry cans we were then waited on by the officers of the H.Q., including General Leese and we all did full justice to a really splendid meal of turkey, pork, veg., and Christmas pudding — a meal in those days to remember for a long time to come — washed down with two bottles of Canadian beer and liberal helpings of rum so that the party broke up after most of the extra issue of cigarettes had been smoked in rather gay spirits.

This just about completed festivities as it was dark fairly early and the only thing then to do, after our usual nightly sing-song, was to crawl into bed, but it was a day to remember.

About midday on Christmas Eve, the order came that all portholes were to be shut. We were about to set sail again and everybody hoped that our next stop would be England. We had been in Port Augusta harbour for a week, and, although it was very pleasant there it only served to increase everyone's impatience to continue the voyage home.

We set out towards Gibraltar, with our strong escort of destroyers and a heavily armed A/A

## HOME BOUND

cruiser, prepared to spend Christmas day at sea.

It started off just like a normal day on board a troop ship. Reveille was about six o'clock and the routine of stowing bedding and collecting breakfast from the galley started immediately. It wasn't a very exciting breakfast, just porridge, and a sausage floating in a sea of thick gravy.

After the meal, all troop decks were cleared and the orderlies started to clean up. Utensils were washed, tables were scrubbed, the floor was swilled down and finally, the visit to the ship's canteen to collect chocolate and cigarette rations for each table.

Dinner was the same as every other dinner we had had since the voyage started. Potatoes, cabbage and "meat". This was followed by a duff, about which so much was said at the time, that it even took temporary priority over the speculations on how many days leave we would be getting.

Although the day commenced and continued with an almost complete lack of festivity, it ended on a rather brighter note. There was a concert given on one of the mess decks by some of the Service passengers. Everybody enjoyed it immensely, even though it meant sitting on the floor for two hours. It was perhaps the worst Christmas the Regiment experienced, but we were on our way home, a fact which in itself was a great compensation.

The Squadron was billeted in the village of St. Séverin, standing in readiness to be rushed into any emergency role that might present itself. The troops were for the most part comfortably

## ST. SEVERIN

settled in their individual billets.

"Our Gang" was eight strong: Frank Bamford, Bob McAvelia, Looter R. H. Jacobs, Dick Chamberlain, Syd Banks, Bill Kelly, Howard Fretwell, and I, the chronicler. Our hosts were Paul aged twenty-nine, his wife, Louisa, and their son whose name I can neither spell nor pronounce.

It was a white Christmas, Rundstedt was being held, we were at long last fairly static, and — glory be — among our goods and chattels were four bottles of Three Star Cognac.

The Sqn. cooks did us right royally and the general attention became centred on "Dago" Fretwell, who concocted a weird and wonderful punch from our cognac, rum ration, several bottles of beer, four flasks of red wine and a half-bottle of whiskey. Before long we were all singing and by eight o'clock even Robert Lamb Gillespie McAvelia had rendered "Nellie Dean" in solo.

"Jake" made a brave attempt at the Belgian anthem, clutching with one hand his glass of "Green Biddy" and with the other beating an accompaniment to his singing; Syd Banks, one foot on a chair and one on the table, proposed toasts between dignified hiccups; Dickie Chamberlain sang a lusty version of the "Donkey Serenade" whilst Paul and Louisa tried to join in the chorus.

In that house, at least, Anglo-Belgian relations were extended far beyond the grace of mere acquaintance. We were one great happy family.

And so did the hectic evening pass in that small, warm room, until the empty "punch-bowl" gaped accusingly. Then it was rightly bed-time.



**K**ARL SCHRUBER was content. An unusual state for a man in his position. Attired in the drab prison outfit of a condemned man and surrounded by the bare necessities which an autocratic state considered sufficient for such unfortunates, content



was the last thing one would have expected to see. Yet his face, hidden from view in his cupped hands, mirrored his inner feelings. He had, he considered, done well. Maria was dead — as dead as all unfaithful wives should be — whilst her lover, whom he had also meant to kill, was, perhaps better alive. No longer could he be the blond Adonis who had preyed on other people's wives. The blow from Karl's cleaver had struck a shrewder blow than the death blow he had intended. This damned Otto was no longer beautiful. A huge livid scar from temple to chin had marked him for ever. By that scar would Karl Schrubber be remembered and it was well.

Soon he would kneel before the axe and his troubles would be over. Maybe Maria would meet him in the heaven of his baptised faith or in the Valhalla of the old Nordic gods. Maybe they would both purge their sins in some dark and dreadful Hades. Who knew — certainly not the gloomy priest who had murmured platitudes into his ear not an hour ago. Sufficient unto the day, and his day was nearly done. The gang of officials would soon call for him. The masked executioner, attired in a stupid black evening dress with white gloves, would soon send him on his journey. What a farce, he mused, especially the outfit of the headsman, who would surely be better attired in a butcher's smock and apron. But why worry! The Führer had ordained the dress of his henchmen as he had ordained the law which would require poor Karl to pay with his life for a deed all good men should applaud.

Looking back, for the last time,

how sordid and ordinary had been the events leading up to his present predicament. He and Maria had been happy enough in their own way. His little butchery business had kept them in moderate comfort. Their little house, so clean and so nicely kept, had been a haven of peace. True, no children had come to bless — or curse them. — Maybe that was the reason. All women wanted children. The fault had, possibly, been his or was it hers? They were not the sort of people who wanted doctors peering and prying into their private lives. There had been only one dispute before the one which had ended all possibility of future disputes. He had, probably, been wrong. The child she had wanted to adopt was sure to inherit the lung trouble of its unfortunate parents. He had said so and refused to allow Maria to adopt it as their own. That one incident had started all the trouble and the advent of the mystery lover had followed almost at once.

A strange man this Otto. So huge, so masculine and so god-like in stature and appearance. Auburn in the true Titian shade. Profession unknown yet he had always seemed to have more money than the class he was accustomed to meet in the inns and beer halls. A mystery man indeed who came and went after long unexplained journeys. When he returned, he would be taciturn for days on end and drink deeply and alone. Then he would seem to awake as if from some evil dream. His dark eyes would kindle with an unholy light and his step become springy — like a stallion being led to a mare. Indeed, a stallion was what he was and the women — poor Maria among them — had found him irresistible. When had he first suspected? Something in Maria's bearing and looks had betrayed her and he had kept watch — he they had considered the poor, elderly, cuckold. He had seen this Otto come to his door and had seen his own woman

open her arms to him. What had happened then? He was not sure to this day. He, the butcher, had become a butcher indeed. His cleaver had come to his hand and had done its work. He dimly re-

By A. J. J.

membered, in his berserk state, that the clean tidy room had become a shambles and they were both at his feet surely as dead as any cattle that had come under his hand. How he had gloried in his power and how alarmed had been his cronies when he had gone down to the beer hall with his grim tidings. He, Karl Schrubber the cuckold, had been a fearful sight, one they would remember to their graves. The world must surely judge that he had been a man.

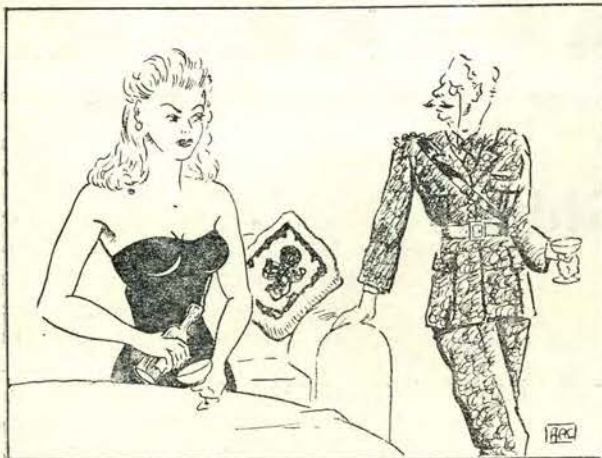
Now it would soon be over. He sensed rather than heard the steps of the small procession wending its way to his door and rose. He would go to his doom in the same strange state of exaltation he had felt since he had slayed.

The door opened to admit the little cluster of officials but Karl had eyes for one and one only. Surely he was dreaming? The huge, god-like figure of the executioner — in his stupid black evening dress — claimed his undivided attention. His mask failed to hide completely the huge livid scar from temple to chin. Hair gleamed Titian red beneath his hat and — — — through the eyeslits of his mask, one remaining dark eye gleamed with an unholy light.





# Laugh with Rac



"Tomorrow, Gloria, we'll spend the afternoon in some shady spot."  
"No good; they don't open till the evening."



"Here's half a crown; now run away."  
"Huh! You must be a stranger here. Our rate's five bob an hour."



"My husband lost all his money in the blitz."  
"Darling! What rotten luck."  
"Yes, the poor lamb will miss me."



"Do you smoke?" — "No."  
"Do you drink?" — "No."  
"Do you believe in kissing?" — "No."  
"Have you no vices at all?" — "Well, my friends say I'm an awful liar."



"It's a lovely fur, but think of the poor beast it came from."  
"Oh, he's got plenty of money."



*A Merry  
Christmas  
to all  
Rac*

"Don't you know the secret of how to be popular at parties?"  
"Of course; but mother says I mustn't."



"Did Helen and Doris admire the ring?"  
"No, they recognised it."





# FOOT

## McBride and Scruby Shine in 5-5 Draw

**I**N a hard fought game on a very muddy pitch we did well to draw 5-5 with 1 Gordons at home last Saturday (15th Dec.).

The visitors' inside left has recently played twice for Wolverhampton Wanderers and throughout they played good class football.

Gordons opened the scoring after ten minutes and then McBride equalised with a brilliant goal when he volleyed a Scruby centre into the net. McBride added another a few minutes later, this time as

had the bad luck to handle in the area and Gordons equalised from the resulting penalty.

McBride and Scruby were both in great form for us, the latter in particular showing magnificent ball control on the difficult pitch. Spencer, though injured midway through the first half, brought off numerous spectacular saves and was most reliable. Both backs had a good game and our hard-worked halves stuck to their task throughout.

**Team:** Tpr. Spencer (H.Q.); Tpr. Hall ("C"); L/cpl. McNally (H.Q.); Tpr. Wilding (H.Q.); Cpl. Neal ("C"); Cpl. Gibson ("A"); Tpr. Christie ("C"); Tpr. McBride ("B"); Tpr. Jones (H.Q.); Tpr. Perkins ("C"); Tpr. Scruby (H.Q.).

### GAMES TO COME

Our Divisional League match tomorrow (22nd Dec.) is away against 5 Seaforths. Our next match after this is at home on Jan. 12th v. 113 L.A.A. Regiment.

the result of a first rate individual effort.

Our opponents equalised two thirds through this half and then Perkins hit the bar with their goalie out of position. Shortly before the interval a Gordons back-handled after Scruby had beaten the 'keeper and Neal scored from the spot.

A rot set in for us during the first ten minutes of the second half when Gordons scored twice to make the score 3-4 against Derby. Yeo. Our chaps, however, rallied well and after a scrimmage in the goalmouth in which Scruby, Jones and Christie were all concerned, the ball was scrambled into the Gordons' net.

Amid great excitement Scruby put us ahead once more when he came into the centre and scored with a ground shot. We held our lead until about five minutes from time when Gibson, who was playing a great game at this stage,

one and only goal came when a shot from the right wing, deflected first from Cpl. Jones and then Spencer, went into the net. A lot of wild kicking followed and there was no change when half-time came.

Reinforced with tea both sides did their best to produce constructive football after the interval, but after strenuous efforts for 15 minutes, the game faded away into a wild kicking match. Except for a 10 minutes bombardment of our goal, neither side looked like scoring.

This would have been a good match but for the conditions, and a lot of credit must be given to Derby. Yeo., for no fewer than seven regular members of the team were unavailable. Moreover

## HORNEBURG LEAGUE

The Horneburg League is now almost completed and our teams are in the same positions as given in our last issue.

The following games are yet to be played.

### "A" LEAGUE

525 RASC W/S. v. 525 RASC "A"  
Pioneer Corps "A" v. 525 W/S.  
Derby Yeo "C" v. 525 RASC "A"  
525 R.A.S.C. v. Pioneer Corps "A"

### "B" LEAGUE

5013 Sqn. R.A.F. v. Derby Yeo H.Q.  
424 A.F.A.P. v. 525 R.A.S.C. "B"  
Derby Yeo "B" v. 5013 Sqn. R.A.F.  
525 R.A.S.C. "B" v. 5013 Sqn. R.A.F.  
Derby Yeo H.Q. v. 5013 Sqn. R.A.F.  
424 A.F.A.P. v. 5013 Sqn. R.A.F.

our chaps had travelled 90 miles each way in a 3-tonner in 15 degrees of frost.

**Team:** Tpr. Spencer (H.Q.); Cpl. Jones ("A"); Tpr. Jones ("A"); Cpl. Gibson ("A"); Cpl. Neal ("C"); Tpr. Kirk ("C"); S.S.M. Muggleton ("C"); Tpr. Perkins ("C"); Tpr. Oldham ("A"); Tpr. McBride ("B"); Tpr. Scruby (H.Q.).

## NARROW VICTORY FOR GORDONS

**P**LAYING away against 5/7 Gordons on Dec. 8th, we lost the toss and kicked off with the snow flakes coming down fast. This, combined with the frozen ground, made good football out of the question. Gordons went in to the attack immediately, but all chances fizzled out in front of goal, many a good move being spoilt by wild kicking at the finish.

Our forwards seldom got going, and the energetic efforts of Scruby and McBride only forced a corner, the kick being immediately cleared by the defence.

The home team attacked strongly after this, and it was Spencer who saved us with a brilliant dive. The



# B A L L

## "C" SQN'S GIFT GOAL

ON Dec. 17th "C" beat "A" 3-1 after some hard work on both sides. After about ten minutes play "C" attacked strongly and were pressing round "A"'s goal-mouth when **Salter** kicked the ball into his own net. There was some scrappy play for a short time until "A"'s forwards worked the ball towards "C"'s goal mouth. **Gordon** was moving out to get the ball when **Buxton** scored. Immediately after the ball had been centred "C" attacked strongly and there was some neat foot-work on the part of S.S.M. **Muggleton**. The ball came to **Reid** who over-ran it, almost in the goal-mouth, but managed to tap it into the net.

In the second half "A" had some very narrow misses. Time and again their forwards pressed "C"'s goal-mouth, and "Tiger" **Gordon** was given some fast moments. The game was played to the limit and an exhibition of extraordinary stamina was given by both teams. "A"'s left-back and "C"'s **Lou Haywood** played well though both seemed overworked. The last goal of the match, scored for "C" by **Smudger Smith**, was made after a neat breakthrough.

## MERITED WIN FOR "B"

ON Wednesday, Dec. 19th, "A" at Dollern, the game when "B" Squadron played started in promising fashion when **Major** scored in 20 seconds. "B" kept up the attack and 15 minutes later **Major** again beat the goalkeeper. Going all out, "B" saw **Wardle** hit the bar twice before **Henderson** made the score 3-0 just before half-time.

On the resumption it was "A" Squadron who forced the pace, and before long **Jennings** scored after a lot of cross-kicking in front of goal. Five minutes later

they further reduced their arrears when **David** scored their second to make it 3-2. The game was made safe for "B", however, when **Henderson** sent in a beautiful long shot from 25 yards which gave the goalkeeper no chance at all. The final score remained at 4-2.

## FAROUK SHIELD DRAW

THE draw for the Farouk Shield took place in "A" Squadron, on Dec. 18th, in the presence of representatives from each of the Sqn's, and resulted in the following timetable for Christmas.

Monday, Dec. 24th 10.30 hrs.  
"C" v. "A".

Monday, Dec. 25th 14.30 hrs.  
"B" v. H.Q.

Final:  
Wednesday, Dec. 26th 14.30 hrs.

## TABLE TENNIS

PLAYED at Steinkirchen on December 20th, the match between 2 Derby Yeo and 525 Coy. R.A.S.C. was a close struggle throughout, and it was not until the 23rd game that the issue was decided. At one time, the visitors were leading 6-3. Then scores were level at 10 each, but the home team won four out of the remaining five games. Result:—14-11.

### Scores.

1. Tpr. Bayliss: 21-10; 21-4; 21-10; 21-17; 16-21.
2. L/Cpl. Packham: 12-21; 21-12; 21-19; 16-21; 18-21.
3. Cpl. Woodhouse: 22-20; 21-16; 21-9; 11-21; 21-19.
4. Tpr. Scarrott: 14-21; 21-13; 18-21; 21-14; 12-21.
5. L/Cpl. McNally: 13-21; 21-7; 21-10; 20-22; 13-21.



## CROSS-COUNTRY

CORPORAL Leslie ("Happy") Greasley of "A" Squadron, has good reason to smile. Following victories in Brigade and Divisional running, he is to run with the 30 Corps team in the B.A.O.R. championships at Hannover.

On Dec. 8th, he was 21st home out of a field of 89. The fact that the race was won in the time of 38 minutes is an indication of the high standard of running.

As previously reported in YEO-MAN, "Happy" was 1st (with Tpr. Bowen) in the Regimental run, and 12th and 16th in the Brigade and Divisional events respectively.

The Divisional run was won by 43 Div., with 51 (H) Div. second, and Cpl. Greasley was the fifth to arrive for our Division out of a team of fourteen.

Fellow runners will be interested to know that "Happy" started competitive running when "A" Squadron were at Wickwar. He likes a beer now and then, but does not drink excessively; smokes but does not inhale, and when 27 Group has been released intends to join a civilian harriers' club at his home at Leabrook, Derby.





# Ghosts of the Reich

**A**s a sequel to the article on Berlin, contributed by Lt. Ken Porter and L/Cpl. Frank Shepherd, in an early issue. Tpr. E. Scarrott, of H. Q. Squadron, who spent three months in the capital before joining this regiment, sends us these photos of the once mighty first city of the Reich.



**THE BRANDENBURG GATE.** The American, Russian and British sectors join here, and it is also the centre of the black market. Through the gate is the most famous of all Berlin's streets, the Unter den Linden, in the centre of which is a huge portrait of Marshal Stalin, bedecked with red flags.



**THE REICHSTAG.** These two pictures of the home of the Third Reich Parliament give quite a representative idea of what the ghost city looks like. Although this unhappy victim of the anti-Communist arson plot of earlier years was again burned out by the



R. A. F., the defenders of the city still used it as a fortress in the last and greatest battle of Berlin. It is situated in the Tiergarten and had many SSs surrounding it. The Russians got a bearing on it, as the photos show, and when it finally fell Berlin fell also.

## Ode to Winter

(Germany, December 1800.)

**O** SIRE of storms! whose savage ear

The Lapland drum delights to hear,

When Frenzy with her bloodshot eye  
Implores thy dreadful deity —  
Archangel! Power of desolation!  
Fast descending as thou art,  
Say, hath mortal invocation  
Spells to touch thy stony heart?  
Then, sullen winter! hear my prayer,

And gently rule the ruin'd year;  
Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,  
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear;  
To shuddering Want's unmantled bed

Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lend,

And gently on the orphan head  
Of Innocence descend.

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds!  
The sailor on his airy shrouds,  
When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,

And spectres walk along the deep.  
Milder yet thy snowy breezes  
Pour on yonder tented shores,  
Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,

Or the dark-brown Danube roars.  
O winds of winter! list ye there  
To many a deep and dying groan?  
Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,

At shrieks and thunders louder than your own?

Alas! ev'n your unhallow'd breath  
May spare the victim fallen low;  
But man will ask no truce to death —  
No bounds to human woe.

T. CAMPBELL.

This close-up of a tablet on the memorial to the Wild Boar of 30 Corps, unveiled at Nienburg last week by the Corps Commander, shows many battlefields well-known to the 2nd Derby Yeo.



"Did you take algebra?"  
"No, it wasn't on our sector."

## Share A-bomb

say D.Y. "BRAINS"

**D**UE to the well-directed ideas and unflagging energies of Capt. E. C. Macey and the Padre Thursday night in Room 11 at Steinkirchen is fast becoming an attractive "date". The latest event was a "Brains Trust" meeting, which proved to be quite as interesting as the B.B.C.'s feature.

The Trust comprised six men, all of different rank. Major Mocatta dealt with commerce, Capt. Macey politics, Lt. Samwell military, Sgt. Powell music and theatre, Cpl. Rook press, and Tpr. Scott science. Capt. Clarke was again in the chair as Question Master.

The questions, covering widely different subjects, had been sent in beforehand by men of all ranks. "Did the Brains Trust think the Bevin release scheme was the best one or could they suggest a better?" They did and they couldn't. "Should entertainers be exempt from national service?" They should. And inevitably — "Should the atom bomb secrets be shared?" Most of the Trust said they should — but by all nations great and small.

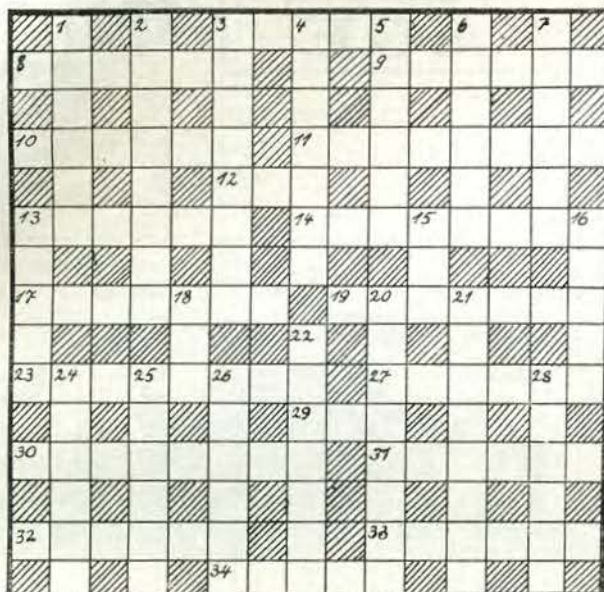
In tribute to the success of the evening and the interest aroused was the fact that the audience were still engrossed in hot discussion as they were borne away to their squadrons.



# CROSS-WORD

No. 3

CLUES  
ACROSS:



- 3: This English has its supporters. (5)
- 8: "Home, James". Did she ride in this? (6)
- 9: This singular fellow is usually out. (Two words, 3, 3)
- 10: Corrosion in this spells trouble. (6)
- 11: Gypsies have a predilection for these ornamental appendages. (8)
- 12: Archibald Sinclair (without his title). (3)
- 13: In winter the sun is. (6)
- 14: "But a lion!" (Anag.) (8)
- 17: Australia's prosperity is dependent on these. (7)
- 19: The mountain sheep are, affirms the poet. (7)
- 23: A brave fellow is contained in a Globular body. (8)
- 24: Don't consume these needlessly, appeals Mr. Shinwell. (6)
- 29: Scottish river. (3)
- 30: Bury the French king back for a type of decorator. (8)
- 31: French town associated with a jackdaw. (6)
- 32: The "Dazzler" went on one, according to J. London. (6)
- 33: Alternatively, I am in a sleep-inducing liquid. (6)
- 34: The states are hidden in a girl's name. (5)

CLUES DOWN:

- 1: My friend leads a strong card. (What a home!) (6)
- 2: Abel is disturbed about Dora. (Delectable gal!) (8)
- 3: Shot, Sir! (Two words, 5, 3)
- 4: "Reveals". (Anag.) (7)
- 5: There's one in most cowboy songs. (6)
- 6: One given up to a bad habit. (6)
- 7: Disturb groans and you'll find a river. (6)
- 13: Wood-wind instruments. (5)
- 15: Employ. (3)
- 16: He was a matinee idol. (5)
- 18: Worthless fellow. (3)
- 20: Wild fowl. (Two words, 5, 3)
- 21: Or, in other words, wind, rain, snow or shine. (8)
- 22: Formal utterance. (7)
- 24: Alternative going back to a tree produces a playwright. (6)
- 25: They gave Himmler one, but he still passed out. (6)
- 26: There is an eminence of these outside Jerusalem. (6)
- 28: One could say almost that the silent-film actor was one. (6)

Solution in next issue.

## Correspondence

Sirs, Reference your article in "Yeoman" about the Farouk Shield. I and several others of "B" Squadron think this Squadron should be the first holders because during our stay at Quassasin the Regiment held a knock-out football competition for the "Farouk Cup", apparently the original of the Farouk Shield.

It was won by our 1 Troop playing "C" Squadron's 3 Troop.

P. Jewiss, Cpl. ("B").

Sirs, As one leaving my Squadron for the somewhat dubious amenities of Civvy Street I would just like to

wish the Regiment, "Yeoman", and my own Squadron pals a very merry Xmas and prosperity in 1946. Good luck to all of you.

Jim Corner ("C").

Sirs, Many thanks for your very fine effort. I'm all for it as it keeps we civilians in touch with "the gang", bringing back all those grand memories of companionship which carried us through.

Long live "Yeoman"!

S. Durance, Esq., Ex-Sgt. ("B").  
31, Dexter St., Derby.

## Points from Parliament

**COAL.** In the first nine months of 1945 coalmine accidents cost the lives of 411 miners — an average of 45 a month.

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**PRIVILEGE.** The Minister of War Transport is giving instructions that Servicemen in hospital blue shall be allowed to occupy first-class seats on trains where no thirds are available.

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**REGULATIONS.** In reply to an M.P.'s question the War Minister said that Forces personnel must comply with Regulations and get their C.O.'s permission before writing to their M.P.

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**ENTERTAINMENT.** Approximately half of Ensa's six war years' expenditure of £15,000,000 was met from Naafi surplus revenue.

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**MONEY.** Compared with its purchasing power in 1900 the pound sterling is now worth 8/-.

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**INQUEST.** The Prime Minister thought that no useful purpose would be served by probing the causes of the 1939—1940 military reverses.

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**NONCENTS.** Neither did he support the British Chambers of Commerce in their suggestions for changing to decimal coinage and metric weights and measures.

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**TIPPING.** The House of Commons has abolished all tipping in its dining rooms. Then the news leaked out there was a rush for jobs on the staff by applicants from outside establishments.

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**RETRIBUTION.** Sir H. Morris-Jones asked the War Minister to allow all German war criminals sentenced to death to be executed by the Jewish Brigade. The Minister refused.

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**BALLOONS.** Between 1939 and 1945 a total of 302 piloted and pilotless planes were brought down by R.A.F. Balloon Command.



## PUZZLE PAGE

## SPOT THE BALL

40 MARKS PRIZE

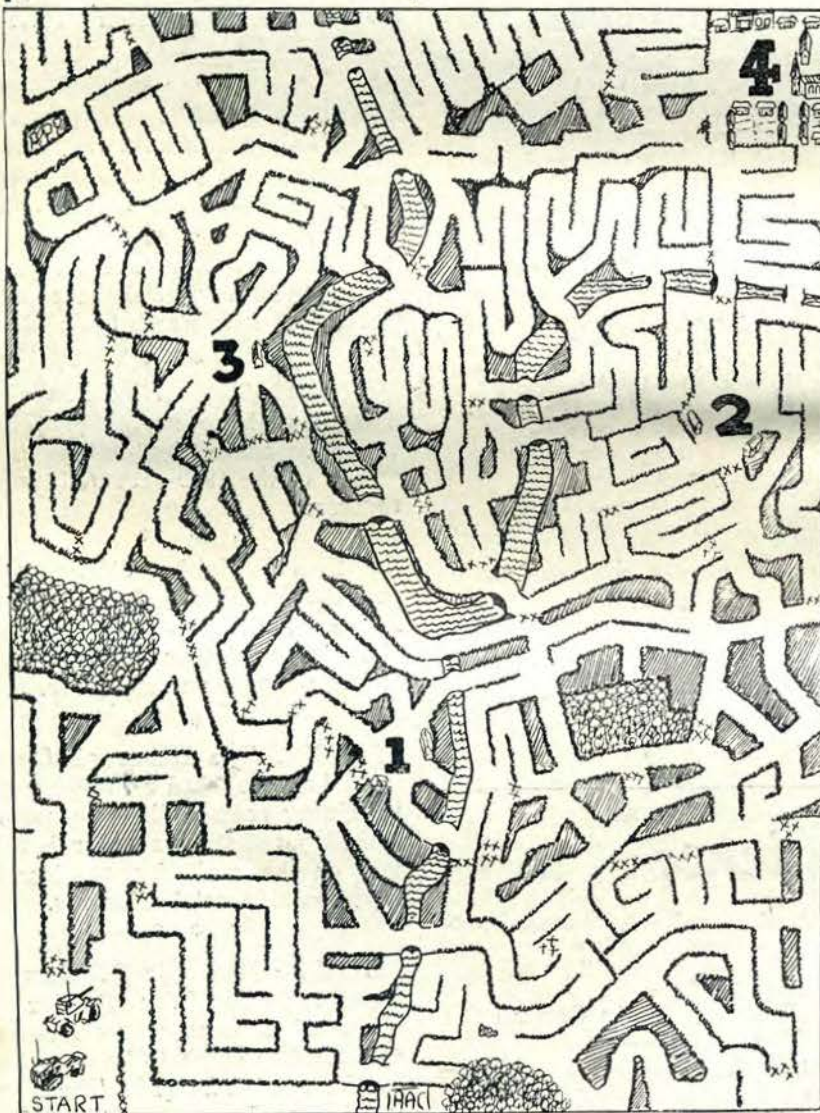


Mark the spot where the ball should be, then send the picture to YEOMAN, "B" Sqn., Mittelnkirchen, before Dec. 28th. Should there be two or more correct entries the first opened will win. Solution in next issue. LAST WEEK'S WINNER: Trooper "Jock" Murray, 4 Tp., "B" Sqn.



[Sheffield Telegraph photos]

## Recce



The armoured car must get first to No. 1 village and before moving to No. 2, S.H.Q. half-track join it by a different route. This procedure must be followed for all moves as radio communication has failed. No

track may be used twice or crossed, and villages must be taken in correct rotation. The track taken into a village may not be used to leave it. The crosses on the roads are mines which can not be lifted.

## DO YOU KNOW?

- (1) When was the Treaty of Versailles signed?
- (2) What was the original name of New York?
- (3) On what date did Britain declare war on Germany in the first World War?
- (4) In which type of racing car is the engine situated behind the driver? a) Bugatti, b) Alfa-Romeo, c) Auto-Union.
- (5) Who was the first V.C. of this war?
- (6) From where did the phrase "Fifth Column" originate?
- (7) What party was responsible for the great dissension which ultimately led to America's separation from the British Crown?
- (8) Who wrote "Pilgrim's Progress"?
- (9) Who is the greater amateur athlete? a) Erroll Flynn, b) Victor Mature.
- (10) Penicillin is made from: — a) Salt crystals, b) Vegetable mould, c) Seaweed.

## ANSWERS

- (1) Jan. 10th, 1920.
- (2) New Amsterdam.
- (3) Aug. 4th, 1914.
- (4) c) Auto-Union.
- (5) Captain Warburton-Lee.
- (6) Spain. Franco had four columns marching against Madrid and a fifth column in the city.
- (7) The Boston Tea-Party.
- (8) John Bunyan.
- (9) Erroll Flynn. Mature is allergic to all forms of physical exercise on his own confession. Flynn boxed for America in Olympic Games.
- (10) b) Vegetable mould.