

**"C" Company,
6th. (Quorn) Battalion,
Leicestershire Home
Guard.**



**Commemorating
the
Second Anniversary.**

H. G. BULLETIN

The official organ of "C" Company, 6th. (Quorn)
Battalion Leicestershire Home Guard.

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On 14th May, 1940, Mr. Anthony Eden, Secretary for War, announced the formation of a new force for Home Defence, to be known as "Local Defence Volunteers," and invited every free able-bodied man to come to the aid of his country. Affairs in France and Belgium had become grim and were rapidly deteriorating. The response was overwhelming. And now

TWO YEARS LATER.

On 14th May, 1942, HIS GRACIOUS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI honoured the force by becoming its Colonel-in-Chief in order to mark his appreciation of services given with such devotion and perseverance.

THE BATTALION.

Officer Commanding: LT.-COL. SIR HAROLD NUTTING, BART.

Adjutant: CAPT. F. D. ALEXANDER, C.B.E.

In the early days of two years ago we were part of "A" Company, Leicester District Battalion, L.D.V. Later we were known as No. 7 Company, Melton Mowbray Group, Home Guard, but since 1st November, 1940 (longer than seems credible now) we have proudly been "C" Company, 6th (Quorn) Battalion, Leicestershire Home Guard.

During the whole period of our existence we have been honoured and privileged to acknowledge Sir Harold Nutting as our leader, and, now, as Officer Commanding the 6th Battalion, he sends us the following message:—

TO ALL RANKS OF "C" COMPANY, 6th (QUORN)
BATTALION, LEICESTERSHIRE HOME GUARD.

As May, 1942, brings round the second birthday of the Home Guard, I would like to send this short message through the Home Guard Bulletin to all ranks of "C" Company.

To me—who started my career in the Home Guard as your Company Commander—it has always been with a feeling of great pride that I have watched the development and increased efficiency of "C" Company grow as the months and years have passed. This, I know, has only been achieved by the great enthusiasm of all ranks and by hard work, cheerfully done.

I consider that you all have shown throughout the highest sense of duty and patriotism—in fact, everything that the Home Guard stands for.

I wish you all, the very best of luck—and Godspeed.

HAROLD NUTTING,

Lieut.-Colonel,

whilst from Capt. Alexander, 6th (Quorn) Battalion, Leicestershire Home Guard:—

On the Second Anniversary of the formation of the Home Guard I would like to thank all ranks of "C" Company, 6th Battalion, Leicestershire Home Guard for their co-operation and help. One of the chief characteristics of the Company has been its very marked keenness and enthusiasm which is even greater now than when the Home Guard was formed.

Courageous "C" is the most fitting attribute I can apply to this Company.

F. D. ALEXANDER,

Captain and Adjutant.

"C" COMPANY.

Officer Commanding: MAJOR H. E. INGLESANT.

Second in Command: CAPT. C. H. COX.

HISTORY OF "C" COMPANY,

By MAJOR H. E. INGLESANT.

I had hoped in this article to give you some impressions and memories of the history of "C" Company, but this is not an easy thing to do—as you will all remember "C" Company was rather like the rest of the Home Guard and certainly like Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in that it "just grewed", and was never put originally into being as a Company. You will all remember how in those lovely hot early summer days of May, 1940, when the call first went out for volunteers to defend our country against the aggressor we all manfully rushed to the Colours, or at least to our local golf clubs, public houses, or other equally convenient and

well-known centres of popular meeting, and there formed ourselves into groups of fire-eating soldiery, many of us with no more knowledge of modern warfare than when we had left off and resumed our bowler hats after 1918. In some way, which is, at this time, not easy to remember, leaders evolved from these centres of defence were known as Section Commanders. Sir Harold Nutting, Bt., was placed over us to keep us in some sort of order, and we were duly numbered in our various sections and met in martial array two or three times during the week for training. Training in those days was, to say the least of it, something of a joke, and we must all agree that had the Bosche known just how very much we were underarmed with shotguns, ancient pistols and no ammunition, heavy walking sticks and anything else which came to hand, he would probably have risked it and invaded us at that time. But we were all prepared to do or die in those days and equally prepared to stay up all night, with one of the number making the tea at some unprecedently early hour in the morning.

Tea and sugar in those far-off days was not such a vital problem as now, neither was petrol, with the result that scores of cars of all shapes and sizes arrived at the different headquarters (was it from the appearance of these cars that our leaders were chosen?). With the memories of older soldiers and the keen enthusiasm of younger men we gradually evolved into arms training, trench digging, route marches and map reading. Flannel trousers and sports coats were the order of the day, although some of us to whom the moths had been a little more kind were able to bring out our old uniforms and wear them with considerable pride.

There was no particular schedule for training, and a great turn-out of attics was made for 1914 Field Service Pocket Books of Infantry Training and other mysteries of the soldier's art, but it was with considerable annoyance and surprise that some of us found that the modern army formed, in some way unknown to us, into threes and marched in the shadow of the road instead of down the centre as we had always done. There were other peculiarities which we older soldiers looked upon as being very Hore-Belisha and certainly in no way practical. As time went on, however, we gradually learnt the wisdom of the modern army, and began to realise that there were such things as defence in depth, airplane attacks, and a multitude of other tricks for which we had to account in modern warfare.

We of "C" Company did not let this worry our enthusiasm, and although in those days we expected to see a Bosche around every haystack and chasing down every lane, with no less enthusiasm did we look forward to a flotilla of planes bumping into our wooden posts, and excitedly anticipated armoured fighting vehicles to be held up by road blocks consisting of ancient hay-wains, old motor cars, to say nothing of a two-foot deep trench, all of which we were quite certain were going to hold up with effect the Prussian military machine. Truly has it been said that the English never know when they are beaten and equally true is it that they always win

the last battle. Certainly in those days we could never have won the first.

Later as time progressed we began to realise that "C" Company had extended over quite a large area of our countryside, and we heard murmurs of sections that had been formed in the hinterlands to the North, sections of enormous strength and terrific determination. When at last we had shaken into some sort of military formation and had gone through the denim period into battle dress and from battle dress to quite a respectable percentage of rifles, it was considered that it was high time that the Company saw something of one another as a whole. It was therefore decided to hold a parade in the Victoria Park, and here for the first time we were able to see ourselves not altogether as other people saw us, thank Heaven, but at least as we imagined ourselves to be. We were inspected by by our Colonel and afterwards marched to our first cinema show, and great confidence was felt by all that this was a large and enthusiastic body of men in readiness and prepared to hold the defence of our own particular villages.

Later in the summer we held a Company exercise, which for some of us was a nightmare of disorganisation, and for others an excitable morning, whilst for some, alas, a complete disappointment in that the Higher Powers decided at the crucial moment that it was lunch-time, but good lessons were learnt and the training of all ranks was slowly but surely going ahead in the right direction. Later last summer the Major Lorrimer Proficiency Cup was competed for and created great keenness between the Platoons and also had the effect of enabling erring Platoon Commanders to keep down to the essentials of Home Guard warefare. The Cup, after a mighty struggle, was eventually carried off by No. 12 Platoon, and we understand it has since reposed in all its shining glory in their Headquarters—ready for the next Competition, and Good Luck to all Platoons in the work they will have to put in.

By the time all this had happened we had become soldiers of considerable quality—Officers received their salutes on most occasions, N.C.O.'s were working even harder than they had before in perfecting their sections, and some of the original men had had to leave us to join H.M. regular Armed Forces, but newcomers had taken their place and were displaying no less keenness and enthusiasm in making "C" Company the outstanding Company in the area for smartness and soldierly efficiency. Our fame was spreading abroad. Generals were inspecting us, Colonels were talking to us, Majors were talking at us, Captains were preparing new schemes of defence of the area, and Lieutenants had dismounted from their white horses, and were studying even harder the meaning of modern warfare.

All this knowledge was getting down to the new recruits via the ever hardworking N.C.O.'s and privates, and although since that time a maternal War Office has thought it necessary to bring in conscription I am proud to say that "C" Company is one of the strongest Companies in the area and has no necessity for conscription, and that every man is still a volunteer doing his job for the love of England and his own sense of self-sacrifice and service.

Finally I would repeat to you a motto given to us on an occasion by our Adjutant, Capt. F. D. Alexander, C.B.E.:—

" 'C' Coy., cunning and courageous,

Cunning because they are skilful and ingenious.

Courage for their boldness and good heart."

These qualities which you have all developed, will carry you on to the end, and come what may, all ranks of "C" Company will ever be proud of their membership. H.E.I.

In all his schemes, Major Inglesant is aided, abetted and egged on by his Second in Command, Capt. C. H. Cox, who writes:—

I wrote this message while seated on a hill overlooking the Wreake Valley, with its patchwork of browns of ploughland, and greens of pasture and young corn; its little villages and spires, the river, and the trains, and the trees.

This lovely England! And my glow of pride turned to nausea when I thought of the possibility of the boot of the filthy Bosch befouling our countryside. But the very fact that you and I and over a million men like us are banded together has made him hesitate for two years. Let's hope he still hesitates; but if ever he does take the plunge every one of us, Private, N.C.O. or Officer, will be *personally* responsible for his extermination.

So my message is—be strong and ready to hit him hard and often—and be not too particular as to where your blows land—he won't be! C.H.C.

NO ONE EVER EXPECTS A SERGEANT MAJOR TO KEEP QUIET IF HE GETS HALF A CHANCE OF SHOUTING.

We are, however, glad to extend to our Company Sergeant Major a full chance, and, much to the point, he writes:—

It is not long since we struggled with a shotgun in our early drill (and never seemed to find the point of balance) and shuffled ourselves into a ragged and unaccustomed line of threes. What a difference now to see any platoon of "C" Company swinging along the road with rifles nicely poised and a firm and decisive step like the Guards that they are.

From shotguns to rifles, L.M.G.s, grenade dischargers and that marvellous weapon which the Commandoes rave about, the Sten. From tin cans filled with powder to the Mills. Bottles of paraffin to real fire eaters. And one might say from bows and arrows to the blacker bombard. From scattered parties of dawn patrollers to a well knit Company of first line troops. So we progress and keep in step with the regular army.

The campaigns in the various theatres of war are teaching us new lessons daily. It is our job in training to keep pace with new moves and new weapons to use in ATTACK and Defence. The regular soldier gives full time to his training whilst we must give a

minimum of six hours per week. How necessary it is therefore for us to give our concentrated effort to our training.

Formerly we knew only our own ground, but now we begin to see our comrade's territory and to appreciate his difficulties. The Company defence plan embraces us all and our future operations will be based on your job when the balloon goes up. The lads of "C" Company will be ready. W.R.

When we asked the C.Q.M.S. to send a contribution we had some faint hope that he would answer the questions that have been put to him both through the Bulletin and direct about greatcoats, boots, and the repair of the same, buttons, pull-throughs and "Catches, Rifle, Safety, often" or even "Bombs, Cologne, for use at, and elsewhere, Heavy." However, he's one of "C" Company's wise guys too, and evidently a true Home Guard withal. Judging from the standard he displays he definitely becomes a rival for the future Editorship of this Journal. He writes:—

Let us all congratulate the BULLETIN upon this birthday, and hope that it will continue to give flavour to our Home Guard duties.

When the Home Guard first declared war on Hitler, we early ones well remember how important it was that we should be on duty. Without arms—without equipment—but as observers, and informers, always on duty. Never had there been such a keen lot of Nosey-Parkers, noticing here, and ferreting there, always at our posts, on duty every third night and no slackers. They are happy days to look back upon. Early morning strolls to look for the Hun! Round corners we peered. Up trees we searched. In barns we crept. Under the banks we looked. In the woods! Over the hills! If ever a Hun had appeared we should . . . have seen him.

That wonderful dawn patrol, when the sentry reported a PARACHUTE lying on the ground, some two or three miles away!!! What a THRILL! The section was up and ready, the excitement, intense! Everyone ready to do or die. The EXCITEMENT when the Section Leader sorted out his men. You come with me. You stay over there. You go there. You stay here. My signals will be . . . Come on, chaps. Something to do at last. The rain had made mud of the highest ground, and they had to go through the lowest ground, under the scrub, down in the ditches, keep your head down there. Over the hedges, civilian clothing torn, mud up to their knees, soaking wet, but on . . . on . . . straight for the parachute . . . Watch out for any strangers. Don't smoke. Keep quiet. Suddenly!! What's that . . . Sh! creep along . . . Sheep grazing. On they went tumbling here, jumping there, falling down, swearing, cursing, but on and on. Let's get to it, keeping cover as only Home Guards could do, showing themselves to all the world!! They made their way slowly but surely towards the enemy. Every so often they would stop to check their bearings, and then STOP. . . . I'll go first. Keep me in sight. Keep a good look-out. The Section Leader slowly crawled away. They waited. One minute. Two minutes. . . . Would he never come back? It seemed like an age. The time drags. Shall they go out for him.

They had lost sight of him in the undergrowth. Where is he? And then . . . a shout . . . they rushed forward. The Section Leader was doubled up with laughter. They thought he had gone crackers. What was it? The Leader came forward. "All right, you chaps, it's a heap of lime." "Let's go home to breakfast."

Yes, it did happen. Perhaps the tale is a little embellished. But they had no arms. Without thought of what would happen if Jerry had been around. They *went round*. Not knowing. Englishmen? I like to think so. "QRS."

And, on such an occasion, who would dare to ignore the Orderly Room Sergeant. Not that we would wish to, the cheery soul. For a space, however, he shows us his more serious side. He composes:

ORDERLY ROOM ODE.

When we stand on Keyham Hill and look with admiration
On rolling uplands spread before our eyes,
Emotions stir within our hearts, and in our adulation
We thank our God for such a peaceful prize.

We know these lands in many moods all changing with the seasons,
When rounded hill tops are so coldly bared.
Where furrows of the plow share shew designed reason
Of men whom for these lands have cared.

We know the hedge rows in the Spring with their flow'ring May,
When birds do sing so blythly as they mate.
When the dew with diamond sparkle all so lightly weigh
On nodding flowers which for the sunrise wait.

We know the sylvan summer with trees in dress'd array,
When fledglings leave their nests and take to wing.
When flow'ring fields are filled with scent of luscious hay,
And God looks down and blesses everything.

We know the coloured Autumn which decorates our trees,
In tinted yellows, russet browns and gold.
When early morning mists will liberate the leaves,
Which flutter to the earth to die and mold.

We love this blessed Leicestershire—this County of our own,
We venerate these uplands of our birth.
Her deeds of stirring glory to all afar are known.
We know her sons will always prove their worth.

So should some dark invader dare to cross our shore,
In plane or 'chute or tank or armoured car,
We'll quickly man our trenches, and shoot at once to score,
For none shall pass. Their progress we shall bar.

May then we stand on Keyham Hill and look with admiration
On rolling uplands spreading far and wide.
Our God we'll praise in prayer and humble supplication
For keeping safe our blessed countryside.

R.W.S.

You all know who is responsible for

COMPANY WELFARE.

If you do not, then it's your own fault and you've missed some truly marvellous "do's." Sergeant Westerman says:—

When I was appointed to organise Company Welfare a little over twelve months ago, my main object was to foster the Company spirit of the five Platoons, of which "C" Company consists, and I hope that through our social entertainments and sporting events which have since taken place, that this has been achieved.

The Welfare Committee of the Company, which consists of one representative from each Platoon, work well together for the benefit of all concerned and if our efforts have been somewhat cramped, owing to the time which must necessarily be spent in actual training, it is gratifying to us to know that such entertainment and comforts that we have been able to provide, have been appreciated. It is not necessary to detail the entertainments, cricket, football and darts matches, which have taken place, but I wish to thank all those who have made these things possible, particularly the ladies who helped to serve, and often provided, the refreshments at our cricket matches last season. We look forward to their presence and assistance again this year.

We also appreciated the support given to us at our social functions by the presence of our Battalion Commander, Lt.-Col. Sir Harold Nutting, Bart.

We now have to plan for the future and with the summer in front of us our first thoughts are the open air and cricket. Matches are being arranged from June onwards, the first being between two teams selected from the Company for the purpose of finding our match team.

We also intend to extend our Welfare activities in another direction, by helping the individual N.C.O. or man in time of trouble and misfortune. We hope that all such cases will be brought to the notice of Platoon Welfare Representatives, who will advise "Welfare" at Company Headquarters, when everything possible will be done.

Our old comrades who are now in the Regular Forces and others

who will be leaving us for the same purpose, will not be forgotten.

To sum up, therefore, the future programme is the welfare of the individual in addition to entertainment and sports, which will be held on every possible occasion.

J.A.W.

And now we come to the most important men in the British Army, the soldier in the ranks. We would have liked a message from each and every member of "C" Company, but obviously that is impossible and some men are shy, anyway. Platoon Commanders, or their Bulletin representatives have sent the following surveys. We have had the opportunity of a first reading, which is an advantage as well as a privilege, and can heartily recommend a word for word study of all they have to say.

No. 9 PLATOON.

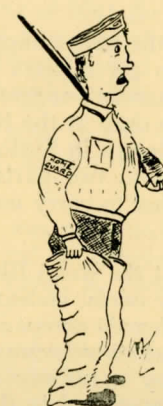
Lieut. J. P. Swain, M.C.

2nd Lieut. Nigel R. Carryer.

Two years ago, at the moment of the country's direst peril, it was not surprising that many tens of thousands of men of goodwill answered a call to "man the ramparts and prepare to resist any attempt at invasion of this old England."

Over 200 men and youths of Syston and district enrolled, as Local Defence Volunteers, a mixed bag of ex-soldiers and those who were anxious to scrap, if necessary, their own door-steps. Out of the 200 were formed Queniborough and Thurmaston Platoons. The former, No. 9 Platoon, had the good fortune to have as its leader, Mr. E. H. Rawlinson, of Queniborough Hall, and the present excellent position of the Platoon is largely due to his enthusiasm and good-natured generosity.

It was a great day when the Platoon paraded in their denim suits, (tottering and otherwise) appeared with their rows of ribbons



Paraded
in
denim

betokening service in various wars for King and Country. It was a great time, too, for the embryo soldiers (tyro's they were called) who paraded for night patrol, and heard, fought over again, battles of other days. (The embryo wasn't always as credulous as the story-teller believed him to be and very often one heard faintly the caustic comment, "sez you.")

Change has taken place. Mr. Rawlinson fell out and Mr. J. P. Swain, an old campaigner, took over command. Training was intensified and with it the old soldiers quickly taught the new the noble art of grousing, but the net result of two years' work is that No. 9 Platoon is in good form, and should, with a little luck, give a good account of themselves, if, and when, "Mr. Schicklegruber" dares to make a date with them.

T.G.S.

No. 10 PLATOON.

Lieut. S. Foden.

2nd Lieut. E. Hannibal.

With the close of the second year as a unit of the Home Guard it is well worth while to review the progress of No. 10 Platoon over this short but by no means uneventful period and we recall the thrill given to the old soldiers by the appeal made over the wireless for men to report to their local police station to form the L.D.V.'s. The movement was the very thing we had been waiting for and now that it had started we realised the splendid opportunity it gave us to put into practice our previous military experience.

It will be remembered that in the first instance we were not organised in the way we are now, Syston, Thurmaston and Queniborough being grouped together. The Headquarters were at Queniborough, and, armed with shot guns and lumps of wood as cudgels, patrols were arranged to cover all the surrounding country.

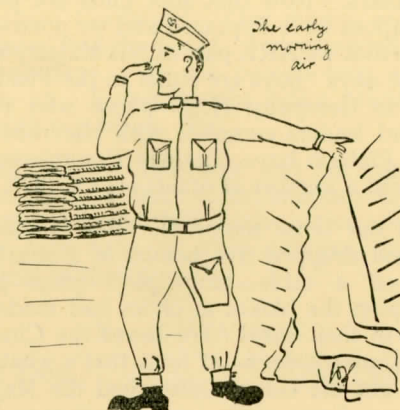
The Authorities then decided to have a Road Block on the main Leicester road which consisted of a couple of 12-ton steam rollers, one of which could be moved by a winch to shut the gap if it became necessary, a brilliant idea this, and something even a heavy tank would look at twice.

We cannot recall the dates of the happenings of these things, but gradually organisation began to get matters into shape and Mr. Rawlinson, the Platoon Commander, suggested that a separate Platoon, should be formed to do duty at the Road Block, and at a meeting held at the Assembly Rooms in Syston this was done and the original Platoon was split into two parts, one to act as the Road Block Platoon and the other to carry out the various patrols previously mentioned.

It fell to our lot to do duty at the Road Block, but after a very few months of checking identity cards, endeavouring to solve why Mr. X was so anxious that his female companion's card should not be produced and dodging the traffic, someone decided that it would be much better to be killed by a railway engine than a small Austin 7, so our duties were transferred to the Railway Junction.

These in the main consisted of dodging trains, falling over the lines and points and getting thoroughly mixed up with the miles of wire.

Nor was there any improvement in the early morning air.



During all this time other matters had been attended to—a few more rifles and ammunition had appeared, denim suits and boots issued, and Mr. C. H. Cox had descended from the blue to take command. In addition the Military Authorities took a little more interest in us, and we commenced drilling like real soldiers and attending lectures.

A further change was made in October, 1940, when it was decided to discontinue the Railway Patrol and create a Static Defence at the Road Block, which had by this time been made into a concrete affair with iron spikes to completely close the road.

Early in the Spring of 1941 the training became more intensified and the night patrol now met at the Guard Room, a few hundred yards from which Jerry dropped one to express his disapproval of the local searchlight picking him up.

Field operations later in the year included an attack on the aerodrome, and also, as part of a larger scheme, the defence of the village of Barkby.

Lieut. C. H. Cox was promoted Captain and went to Company as second in command in February, 1942, and the Platoon was then taken over by Lieut. S. Foden with 2nd Lieut. E. Hannibal as the Platoon Officer.

We are now equipped with most of the latest weapons of war and consider that we shall be found well above the average unit in all matters that count, if, and when it comes to a test.

L.C.W.

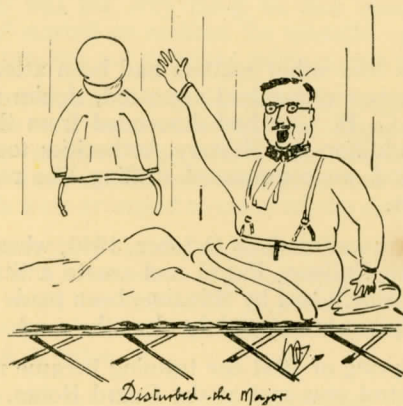
No. 11 PLATOON.

Lieut. A. W. Swann, M.M.

2nd Lieut. D. E. Boyes.

Now we have passed our second birthday we can look back at 1940 and feel no little pride at our development—a pride no doubt touched with regret that we have lost that intangible something felt by all irregulars. Now that shot guns are placed away and more sinister weapons have appeared and we possess rifles with real bullets we realise that we ARE part of His Majesty's Armed Forces. Most of our "first days" boys are either in the Field Forces or have been promoted to Company H.Q.—those who remain are now section and squad leaders complete with chevrons. At least four members of the Platoon have obtained Commissions in the Army or Air Force, whilst a number of others are OCTU's.

We have had our tense moments. For instance, when Jerry in a playful mood dropped five bombs in a nearby hamlet—five beers bounced off a table—plop—plop—plop—plop—plop—but before the fifth plop the blokes in civies had made a beeline from the Club House to their cars! We heard the Church bells in the immediate post-Dunkirk days—at least that's what the sentry said when he turned out the Guard—disturbed the Major—and ruined



Disturbed the Major

the tea—all because the sentry had forgotten fire engines also have bells and that he himself personally had summoned the fire brigade to a stack fire some hours before.

Then one N.C.O., on receiving a report of a glow in the sky sent out a mobile patrol which, after many miles, discovered H—Ironworks. We remember one who, now in the Navy, reported mysterious footsteps behind H.Q.—'twas the Club's cat running up and down the coke heap—the silly little thing. Later when the same individual had been issued with a bayonet he was observed chasing that very cat with the fixed intention of "blooding" his new weapon.

Recently our mining section, all delightful fellows, who fix "booby" traps, and explode mines, gave a display to Compan

H.Q. when the "boobies" were duly walked into. This section really has caused scares, and on one occasion nearly caused a serious "premature"—but not of the explosive type.

We are proud to say we were the runners-up in BOTH the Proficiency AND the Shooting Cups.

Recently we co-operated in a defence scheme which was inspected by G.O.C. Northern Command. Our mining section laid a few useful traps as usual and the G.O.C. congratulated us on the excellence of our camouflage. We still possess men who regardless of odds would carry on. Remember the senior private saying, "May I strangle him with my hands, Sir?"

Outdoor training is the rule now and we aim at every man becoming proficient in at least three weapons in addition to his rifle. This is being accomplished by the active and loyal co-operation of N.C.O.s, who have an utter disregard for the time they give to the training of their squads.

D.E.B.

No. 12 PLATOON.

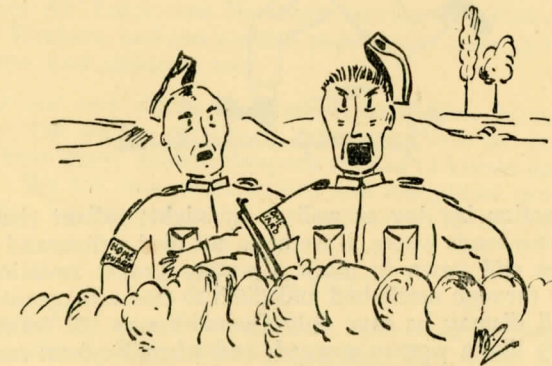
Lieut. T. Frank Ford.

2nd Lieut. W. H. Smith.

Looking back over the last two years one has a feeling of great satisfaction at the progress which has been made in our training.

If we had, at the time of mobilization, known we had two years in front of us we should not have left undone all those things we should have done, but allowing for the haste in which we suddenly changed from civilians to a trained and armed body of men, we can only congratulate ourselves on the keenness which made the almost impossible an established fact.

It is good to look back on those early days and recall incidents which to us at the time were so deadly serious but now are so amusing. We remember the night we called the Guard and stalked down the hedge to find a cow on the other side suffering from a mild attack of asthma! The stars in the sky which we were sure had never been there before! The early morning patrols where



Free Drinks and Asthmatical Cows

tufts of grass and tree trunks took on such an amazing resemblance to human figures! The hospitality and comfort at our Golf Club H.Q. The old pot of tea and refreshments (what a season it was for onions!)

The goodwill and humour which, thank goodness, has stood the test of time. T.F.F.

No. 14 PLATOON.

Lieut. Geoffrey L. Lea.

2nd Lieut. K. Harrison.

How much those Seaforth Highlander Scouts, who Baggrave did its best to poison, would find our faces changed. Forty of us have fallen by the way, some stout hearts to the Services with our blessing, some through pressure of work and to some we have just wished a soldier's farewell. But the grand old originals get a pat on the back, on this their second birthday, for a quality of public spirit and one that has endured; and they have taken to their bosoms the younger element that are doing well and proud to join us.

In those sweet early hours when, fortified with a shotgun and two thick pullovers, we were followed down the fifty-acre by the peewits' call, and England lay naked around us, we never found a Jerry or a plover's egg.



Gallant charges at Keyham Cross Rd.

Furious action by day as well as by night; gallant charges on Keyham Cross-roads where, if we have not died a thousand deaths, our trenches still yawn to mark a watery grave; sweating on a grilling day through nettle bed and ditch to tree a Sergeant Major; nought shall dismay us save only Queniborough .22 team. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, and when Keyham sounds its

trumpets brimstone and fire leap forth to the canopy of heaven and flames, which should have stayed an enemy's course, prove but a welcome for a blinded and cursing Colonel.

South Croxton still stands upon an eminence, slashed though it be with trenches cunningly hid, and if in a thousand years men shall say, "this was their finest hour," let them know, too, in spite of harvest, hedging, plough and wireworm, training was done, the job was learned and a good time was had by all. G.L.L.

RETROSPECTION, INTROSPECTION AND PROSPECTION.

We were born as a force (as "PUNCH" says: "The Most Wonderful Army in the World") on 14th May, 1940. At that hour the country was amazed and bewildered, but it was determined, and no doubt the spontaniety of L.D.V. recruiting, the great courage displayed by men and boys who manned ships, great and small, during the evacuation from the beaches of Northern France, the cheerfulness of the returning troops, the heroic rearguard actions in France itself and that most amazing speech of the Prime Minister, all played their part in keeping up the morale of the country.

You remember—on 30th June, 1940, Mr. Churchill, in his broadcast to the Nation, said: "If the enemy does try to invade this country we will fight him in the air and on the sea; we will fight him on the beaches with every weapon we have. He may manage here and there to make a break through; if he does we will fight him on every road, in every village, and in every house, until he or we are utterly destroyed."

On 20th August, 1940, when backed and helped to the utmost by loyal Dominions and Colonies though we were, our country, by its geographical position and the aims of its foes, stood alone, when in the skies above our southern shores was being fought the Battle of Britain, the Prime Minister spoke again—"Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."

Other tales have been told, some remain to be told, whilst many can never be recounted, of the vigilance and bravery of our Navy, Army and Air Force, our Merchant Service, our Police and Civil Defence Workers, and our civilian population—men and women all alike—aye, and children, too!

So far our own duties as Home Guards have brought us less publicity, but we are equally as determined now as we were then and we have many modern weapons instead of knives and knuckle-dusters. We are, moreover, trained and disciplined instead of raw and rusty. Unchanged only is our resolution—THEY SHALL NOT PASS.

W.F.C.

THE BULLETIN.

It commenced as a Platoon effort, sponsored by Sergt. G. W. Mead, on 26th January, 1941, but on 28th May, 1941, it blossomed

as a Company flower. After a time Sergt. Mead did something better. He had grown tired of changing from civies to khaki and then back again into civies and so on, *ad infinitum*. And so he joined the R.A.F. and now wears a uniform of a different hue and a higher rank—besides which, he cheerfully and regularly collects his pay in the stead of certain erratic eighteenpences for vigilance. Forgive me he writes:—

I am delighted to be given the opportunity of sending a message of goodwill to readers of the "C" Company H.G. Bulletin, towards which publication I may be forgiven for having a father's feelings!

I can assure the Editor that its contents continue to be full of interest to at least one old H.G. campaigner.

Moreover, its original policy of amusing, instructing and enthusing the members of "C" Company is obviously being successfully maintained.

Memory being as uncertain a quantity as it is, he is a wise man who has carefully kept all his old Bulletin copies, for they will certainly be read in the days of peace which lie ahead with a great deal of interest and pleasure, and a great sense of satisfaction in the miracle of achievement revealed in the Bulletin pages.

So good luck and good printing to the Editor, and good luck and good training to his readers, and lastly, my best wishes to all my old friends of No. 12 Platoon.

Sincerely yours,

GEOFFREY MEAD, P/O., R.A.F.V.R.

OUR WIDOW.

We thought this revered lady had resigned herself to that graceful retirement affected by all good widows in the nineties, but alas! she refuses to be consoled and bellows forth once more

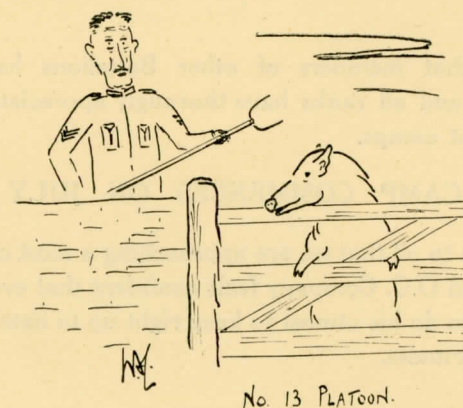
CONGRATULATIONS.

Happy Birthday, Home Guard, we wish to say,
But hope not Happy Returns of the Day.
For if wishing worked wonders we'd all insist
That this time next year you need not exist.
We are proud, Home Guard, that for two long years
In spite of toil and sweat and tears,
You've rehearsed and rehearsed for that terrible day,
Pray God you need never "do the play." H.G.W.

OUR WIT

Is indeed limited. Often it is cramped. Always it is stolen. But, if we receive no bouquets, we collect no brick-bats, so here's hoping the drivel, which we sneak into odd lines and corners in regular issues, but which, on this special occasion, is rightly relegated to the last page, and here's hoping, we say, that the laughs

it may occasionally collect are not the derisive smiles of contempt we often think it deserves. All of which serves to remind us that for some time there has been a gap in Platoon Notes. There has been no No. 13 Platoon. But all that is altered now. Of course, the members of the new Platoon cannot be expected to reach our standards yet, but we hear they are coming on fast. There was a little contretemps last week when a complaint was received about the quality of the rations. The matter was taken seriously by O.C. Company himself and an immediate enquiry was instituted—the worthy Major having suffered certain disappointments some time ago is always a little apprehensive about this Platoon—but it was soon elicited that the complainant was the greediest boy (or girl—we're not quite sure) in the Platoon and as he (or she) was a most uneducated laddie (or lassie) he (or she) was really referring to quantity. He (or she) was told about the War. By the way,



No. 13 PLATOON.

whenever we think of No. 13 Platoon we think of Sergeant Chambers, not that that has anything to do with it, because, when we observed him so busily occupied one Sunday morning he wasn't wearing a hat.

These trews of mine," said Hester Harris,
"Are like the trews girls wear in Paris."
"You're wrong," I said, "you little goose;
"They're much Toulon; they're much Toulouse."

(Dogberry in the "News Chronicle"—the bad lad.)

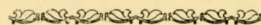
It is being said that Germany has annihilated the Russian Army so often she is growing quite tired of it.

HOW TIMES CHANGE (OR THE PRICE'S THE THING).

"Er—do you think you could let me have ten Players, please?"
"Sorry, we've only got twenties."

Have you appreciated this issue of the Bulletin?

If so, the best way in which to show your thanks is to get at least one new reader for the regular issues.



We hear that members of other Battalions have derived much benefit and all ranks have thoroughly appreciated the time spent at recent camps.

OUR CAMP COMMENCES ON JULY 31st.

It is obvious to all that we are approaching a most critical stage in the War and O.C. Company feels confident that every member will continue to do his utmost to keep right up to date in Training and Physical Fitness.

