

H. G. BULLETIN

"C" Company - Quorn Battalion

MAUSOLEUM

Here lies the Carcase of
"C" Company, QUORN Battalion
of the
HOME GUARD OF ENGLAND

No. 39

1st December, 1944

Final Edition

HOME GUARD

Foaled 14th May, 1940

SIRE

Rt. Hon. Anthony
Eden, M.P.

DAM

The Country's hour
of need

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:
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Home Guard

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FAIRY GODMOTHER

-- -- -- -- -- The War
Office

A strong animal, bred with one object in view, and, for that purpose, well trained, shod and equipped and (on special night trainings, anniversaries, etc.) well fed also. Its anticipated opponent, however, failed to enter for the stakes and the noble HOME GUARD animal was accordingly not required to run in any race. It was thereupon branded as being redundant and its growth and life was stunted by the penny press. In the early autumn of 1944 the coming coup de grace was foreshadowed with much emotion by Sir James Grigg, who later partially relented and allowed it to retain its greatcoat and other impedimenta for use as a shroud at its final interment. The exact date of the funeral of this game and aged, though not decrepit, animal is still doubtful, but it is being put out to grass on 3rd December, 1944, and is unlikely ever again to be ridden.

Dear Editor,

In reply to your request that I should contribute a few words to your final number of the "Bulletin", I am glad to take this opportunity, as Battalion Commander, to express to all my many friends in "C" Company my gratitude to them for their loyal co-operation during nearly five anxious and difficult years. The "Bulletin" has given us many a good laugh and I feel sure we all feel we owe a lot to you who have taken such pains in its production. It is sad that this copy will be the last - but all good things come to an end.

I hope, however, that the many friendships we have made while we have worked together will last for many years after the Home Guard has ceased to exist.

Wishing every member of "C" Company the very best of luck,

Yours sincerely,

HAROLD NUTTING.

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These are the last, positively the last, notes which C.H.Q. will be sending to the Editor to help him in keeping the spirit of "C" Company alive and vigorous. The body of the Company will, after this issue, be dissolved or disbanded, or whatever it is that happens to bodies, but let us hope that the spirit will go on for ever, and the Home Guard, like his distinguished forbears, will never die but only fade away.

First let us give praise where it is long overdue and give a word of thanks to the Editor who for the last three years has given an immense amount of time and gone to a great deal of trouble to produce this magazine each month or about each month. Of necessity it has had to be limited because of paper shortage, but, like the good Editor he is, he overcame all the difficulties of printing and publishing and it is certain that when this publication ceases he, at least, will shed a single tear over the remains.

But the Editor is not the only one who will miss the Home Guard because it is true to say that all of us who, for more than four years, have given our time and energy are going to find something of a gap in our lives. What are N.C.O.s going to do now that they cannot attend quite imaginary training classes? What about those poor lost souls whose love for their equipment sent them to the skittle alley for a twice-weekly clean? Is it altogether true that they used a pack of playing cards and bottles of beer in place of a pull-through and an oily rag? To paraphrase a greater - "Never in the history of

domestic bliss have so few excuses been found by so many to obtain a night out."

But it has all been great fun, and even if there is to be no more "C" Company all of us will have our memories, both grave and gay, and may those memories help to sustain us and may the spirit of "C" Company always be with us to help in the difficult years that lie ahead, and now -

"Fare thee well ! and if forever,
still forever, fare thee well."

H.E.I.

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The Sunday morning pint idea has been worked to death. Really we shall miss much more than that and with even greater regret. No more shall we see the roving black eye-patch from the Remount Depot later adorned by a most fearsome black beret to match - no more pretending to be respectful and overawed when O.C.Coy's appearance causes us to be called abruptly to attention - no more "compulsory" Camps - no more Roundhill ruddy Schools - no more of those ever popular No.12 Platoon N.C.O.s meetings on Friday nights - no more petrol coupons - Ah ! now we'd better stop it.

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SOLDIER'S FAREWELLS FROM THE PLATOONS:

No. 9. Now that the war situation has eased it may be permissible to indulge in a few reminiscences without giving vital information to the enemy, and it is the writer's sincere desire that should the following remarks refer to any living members they will not take them too much to heart (especially the tender-hearted sergeants - bl-s- them). The answers to these queries may be found in the faces of the guilty ones when they read these lines. Who were the N.C.O.s who imagined themselves to be Toreadors until they were confronted with a real live bull ? and the Orderly Sergeant at Camp who obtained large quantities of 1/2d. beer for 7d. ? and will he see to it that the balance is made good before 3rd December ? Who was the private on sentry duty who would not remove his scabbard from his bayonet in case he should hurt himself ? And the two deaf N.C.O.s standing outside Platoon H.G. at midnight discussing in loud voices the password for the night ? "Well, well, well, how utterly provoking" said the Officer when shown 40 pieces of a rifle after a private had tried to remove a jammed pull-through from a barrel with a live round. PLATOON stand easy !

T.P.S.

No.10. Since we 'stood easy' there have been no complaints from local hostilities of reduced trade and we therefore assume that all ranks are still doing some private training. The general opinion of the German propaganda film shown at the last cinema parade was that it would have been more entertaining and up to date had it been shown backwards. We were surprised at this late stage to see Pte.C.Needham, one of our over 40's, had been called up to the R.A.O.C. We wish him good luck. The joint supper and entertainment with No. 9 Platoon was a most excellent affair. We were pleased to see Sir Harold Nutting and other Battalion and Company visitors. A very enjoyable time was had by all and best thanks go to the organisers and helpers. Now for a good parade on the 3rd.

C.M.

No.11. Hasn't much to say for itself - nothing in fact, but Mr. Boyes' regrettable accident is responsible and we hope he will soon be fit again. Of course No.11 was over the aristocrat of the team. After all, the comfort and amenities of a club house were superior blessings whilst they lasted - but No.11 never did become little-villagers. They always used to sneak back to the jolly old club house whenever they could. No doubt some of them are there now, the lucky lads.

No.12. A remarkable phenomenon was witnessed the other week when a parade was called for HARD WORK, i.e. trench filling, and 40 volunteers turned up. With great enthusiasm the whole of the work was completed in one morning to the astonishment of the Pl.Cmdr. and the subsequent financial loss of his pocket money in replacing the sweat expended. The Officers of "C" Coy lost the Battalion shoot by one shot, and it is obvious that one participant was put off by a Boy Scout in the Thurnby bus, on being shown a target containing 5 shots which a farthing would cover, saying he could easily do that with his "Bow and Arrow". A French peasant was heard to remark about a certain late member of No.12 "Jerry come, Jerry go. Anglais come, chicken go." Good old scroungers! December 22nd for Platoon supper and final winding up party. Make a note of it. Which is the Sergeant who is collecting excuses out of a daily paper in case his usual ones get a bit stale? As this is no doubt the last contribution the writer will make to the "Bulletin" due apologies are now offered for the "tripe" served up in past numbers - but no other "mug" would take on the job.

W.H.S.

Intelligence Section. Really we are gate-crashing. We belong to Company for haversacks and waterbottles only. However, the present Battn "I" Section consists, with only one exception, of men who were trained by and in their time have given of their best to "C" Coy, and we too would like to say our goodbyes to all. It is a pity our Section was reconstituted just at a time when the H.G. began to slip. We are a good lot of nosey-parkers, and if anyone had wanted to know anything had the real job come along we should have got the answer somehow even if it meant shooting the Adjutant. But that would not have been necessary, bless him, because we know he would have been our tower of strength in case of need. If any of you want to know anything now you can do just the same as you have in the past. Don't ask us. Ask anyone. In future you'll have to ask a policeman !

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A TRIBUTE TO "THIS HAPPY BREED OF MEN"
by the Home Guard Widow

Many times I've wondered in the past four years
How a Home Guard's wife would feel, whether joy or tears,
When her husband once again, freed from Home Guard ties,
Returned once more to peaceful life, no subterfuge, no lies !

Well, I'll tell you how she feels, strangely to relate.
Sorry that she grumbled or complained when he was late,
Would really like to tell him and Home Guards everywhere
How very much we thank them for being always "there",
Freeing us from Hitler, and the Nazis cruel hand.
Thanks to them Our England is still a Happy Land.

H.G.W.

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Space precludes us from mentioning all those who have helped to make possible the publication of the Bulletin for so long a time. Nor do funds permit us to give a dinner to our supporters. If that had been possible maybe we would have got up according to the fashion and perorated about our willing helpers, but perhaps we might have forgotten even then to mention some deserving worthy or say the wrong thing of those we did remember, so we'll leave it with just a plain "thank you all". Yes, indeed, thank you all, most sincerely.

W.F.C.

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This little bit of space is to spare and we had thought of trying to get an advertisement but it would have meant something about Inglesant's Furniture, Ford's Leathers, Lea's Lingerie or Swann's Scanties - all of which seemed out of place. Of course there are Foden's Money Bags, but they are not for sale, and we know he won't lend 'em to any of you.