

THE WENDER WATCH



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LINES WRITTEN BY A SENTRY: ON DUTY

THERE'S a sand-bagged barricade upon the road to Butler's Cross,
Which our gallant Section's sworn to defend ;
There's an old car just beyond it, being overgrown with moss,
Which we'll use to block the road around the bend.

But a Nazi 'plane came over one night not long ago,
And did an act which we cannot commend,
For he dropped a stick of bombs which fell—seven in a row—
Just about a hundred yards around the bend.

They didn't do much damage of a military sort,
The authorities were not the least perturbed ;
It wasn't ever mentioned in the Ministry's report
That some residents were terribly disturbed.

Some time has since elapsed, and we thought we'd had our share,
But another Jerry pilot came our way ;
It gave us quite a scare to hear the bomb come through the air,
But we've found out since it must have been "D.A."

There's another barricade across the road to Butler's Cross,
For he dropped this one much nearer than before.
It lies buried in a garden, near the old car with the moss,
And our post is fifty yards away!—no more!

Last night I was on duty, and that duty was my last,
And I did my sentry go from four to five.
I was standing at the barricade to see that no one passed,
For to do so would put peril on his life.

There's a sand-bagged barricade along the road to Butler's Cross.
I was thinking as I shivered in the cold
Of the men called to defend it—may they do so without loss,
And maintain the fine tradition of the bold.

B. M. R.

THE BATTLE OF WENDOVER



'T'WAS on a Sunday morning, one day not long ago,
When the brave lads of the Home Guard met with a deadly foe
They came from Aston Clinton, from Turville and from Stoke,
And Lee sent their stalwarts, and Prestwood, too, their folk ;
They crept towards our village—the station was their aim,
But they'd never met our smart platoon, who saw their little
game.

The Commanders of the Section had planned their men just right,
They took up their positions in readiness to fight;
And soon the advance posts sent word back to the rear
That men with deadly purpose were creeping very near.

But not a man defending would fail to hold the line,
And I know that every section felt just the same as mine.
Now mine was holding Dobbin's Lane—a very vital place,
And Sergeant Watsham is our man—he has a pleasing face;
A machine-gun manned by Hawton, with Pinn his steady guide,
(Thank God, I whisper to myself, that they are on our side).

For now the enemy draws near, 'mongst cabbages and sprouts,
We see them by the haystacks, and all their ins and outs,
And some come by the roadway—they think they are not seen,
But Mr. Smith, our runner, brings news, he's very keen;
And by the railway bank they crawl, and dodge behind a truck,
But all are covered by our guns—they haven't any luck.

And then at the right moment, comes order crisp and clear,
To "Fire" and stop the enemy, and save our village dear;
From ditch and hedge and tree-top there comes a steady fire,
And soon we have them guessing, with no chance to retire.

And thus we win the battle, and save our Dobbin's Lane;
We capture many prisoners—it was a real good gain.
But then we get the order the station to defend,
For things are going badly there, a hand we have to lend.

And there we find a battle, full raging fierce and strong,
With hand grenades and rifle butts, amongst the khaki throng.
But soon we're all exhausted, which stops the dreadful din,
And no one knows for certain who manages to win.
The umpire tells us where we're wrong according to the book,
So then we shamefully withdraw, and have our photos took.

F. W. F.