

No.70 August 1948



THE IRON DUKE

*THE MAGAZINE OF
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGT
(WEST RIDING)*

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The
REGIMENTAL MAGAZINE
of
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S
REGIMENT
(WEST RIDING)

VOL. XXIV.

No. 70 :: August, 1948.

Printed and Published for the Regimental Committee by
LAWRENCE BROS. (Weston-super-Mare), LTD., North Street, Weston-super-Mare.
Members Association of Service Newspapers.
Advertising Agents for National and Local Advertising Combined Service Publications
67-68 Jermyn Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1. Tel. : Whitehall 2504.

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Visit of their Majesties The King and Queen to York, 7th July, 1948.
Guard of Honour and Band and Drums of the 1st Battalion outside the station.

[Photo by courtesy of Kemsley Newspapers Ltd.]

THE IRON DUKE

EDITORIAL.

A great many changes have taken place in the Regiment since our last issue in February. The 2nd Battalion has ceased to exist as a separate unit, and was amalgamated with the 1st Battalion at a Parade taken by the Colonel of the Regiment on 17th June last. Lt.-Col. C. R. T. Cumberlege, the last C. O. of the 2nd Battalion, has now taken over command of the 1st Battalion from Brig. B. W. Webb-Carter, who has been appointed to the command of 150 Infantry Brigade T.A. with H.Q. at York. We offer them both our heartiest congratulations; portraits of both these officers appear opposite page 72. It is interesting to note that Colonel Cumberlege has commanded the 6th and 7th Battalions as well as the two Regular Battalions.

No. 33 P.T.C. at Halifax has disappeared after a very short life, and the Regiment is represented by a small unit now at the Barracks, which will remain the headquarters of the Regiment. The Regimental Museum will be handed over to the care of the Halifax Corporation and installed in a room in the Bankfield Museum, kindly put at the Regiment's disposal.

We would draw the attention of readers to the brief report of the Senior Officers' Meeting at Halifax last January, which contains many points of regimental interest.

The 1st Battalion had the privilege of mounting a Guard of Honour for H.M. The King at York station on 6th July; a photograph of it appears as our frontispiece.

The Waterloo Ball held at Halifax on 18th June was a very great success both socially and financially, the sum of £250 for the Regimental War Memorial being realized.

We learn from Col. G. S. W. Rusbridger, the Secretary of the Officers' Dinner Club, that the Dinner and Ladies' Tea next year will be held on Friday, June 3rd, 1949, at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.1.

Lt.-Col. C. W. G. Ince has retired from the Committee of the Regimental War Memorial Chapel, of which he was Hon. Chairman, as he feels he lives too far from York. For many years he was Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, and towards the end of last year he handed over that office to Major W. H. C. Cobb. It would be difficult to overestimate the excellent work that Col. Ince has done in connection with the Chapel, and the fund for its upkeep, over a long period, and the Regiment owes him a debt of gratitude for his unflinching work and zeal on its behalf.

This is the last number of THE IRON DUKE to be produced in its present form, and a smaller magazine will appear in the New Year. With the resignations of the present Editor and Treasurer (to the latter the Regiment owes their gratitude for his year's work at a very difficult time), the new IRON DUKE will be run from the Depot under the auspices of Major R. E. Austin. We should like therefore, to record here our grateful thanks to all those who have made the magazine what it is. First of all come our contributors. A number of these are no longer with us; many—those who undertook the arduous duties of sub-editors—are nameless, and their good work was done without personal recognition. Then come our publishers, Messrs. Lawrence Bros., who have so ably produced the magazine for some 22 years. A short time ago we recorded our gratitude to Mr. W. A. Francis, the former works manager, on his retirement; and we would like to thank his successor, Mr. T. G. Morgan, for his help and friendly association with us over the past two years. He has proved to have the fortunes of the magazine as much at heart as had Mr. Francis. To all the staff we offer our grateful thanks, and trust that

they will give our successor the same support that they have given us. Finally, we must thank our advertisers, who have been a major factor in the financing of THE IRON DUKE.

Although it is perhaps invidious to select individuals for special mention, we feel we must name some of our more frequent and longstanding contributors, nearly all of whom have made a special effort to send in something to this last number under our editorship. In Brig. J. C. Burnett we have an artist of outstanding merit, whose cartoons—some forty in number—of personalities in the Regiment, have enlivened the pages of THE IRON DUKE from its earliest days. Lt.-Col. O. Price (O.P.) and Col. R. G. Turner (R.G.T.)—the former with 47 poems and articles to his credit, and the latter with 28 and some drawings as well—are both writers whose contributions might be welcomed by any journal, whether regimental or not. Major R. H. W. Owen (Newor), another artist of merit, has contributed 33 poems and drawings over a number of years and we welcome his return to THE IRON DUKE after a lapse since 1939. Capt. P. M. Learoyd, another valued contributor to return to the fold, has written us some 29 comic yarns of military life. In Staff-Sgt. S. F. Swift we have had a cartoonist who began to contribute while serving in the 2nd Battalion in 1936, and has continued ever since, with 53 drawings and articles. Unfortunately, our letter asking him for a contribution to this issue has been returned unopened. Col. S. Naylor (S.N.), a talented and witty writer who sent us some ten articles over a number of years, has alas, been unable to help us this time. But we welcome the reminiscences of Lt.-Col. C. W. G. Ince, who will be remembered by older readers of THE IRON DUKE as "Dukewell" in the series entitled "Here, There and Everywhere" which appeared in early numbers, and the contributions of Mr. R. Maurice Hill, who has occasionally sent articles which shew his wide knowledge of military history.

We should like to mention here the great support we have received during the past eight years or more from Lt. Col. S. E. Baker. He has given up a great deal of his time which was already very fully occupied, to getting information on a variety of subjects, and keeping us informed of the whereabouts and doings of officers and others.

During our editorship we have had dealings with three Hon. Secretaries of the O.C.A.: Mr. J. W. Paling, Mr. E. Moseley, and Mr. S. E. Code; all have given us great help. Mr. Paling since his retirement has continued to put at our service his great knowledge of the Regiment in the past. Although in his 77th year, he is still hale and hearty, and his memory, an instance of which appears in our Obituary column, remains wonderfully clear. Finally we must add the name of Capt. Charles Oliver, who has been most helpful in sending news for "Personalia" during the whole life of THE IRON DUKE.

And now to drop the Editorial "we." I should like to express my great thanks to everyone, readers as well as contributors, who have made my work for THE IRON DUKE so pleasant. There have been four Colonels of the Regiment since I started my career as Editor. The late General Sir Herbert Belfield, the late Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner, Col. C. J. Pickering, and the present Colonel, Gen. Sir Philip Christison. From all of them I have received nothing but help and encouragement. I hope that I am not giving myself undue publicity in this number by reproducing both Brig. J. C. Burnett's cartoon and also a photograph of myself. My excuse for the latter is that many years ago, the late Sir Herbert Belfield wished me to have my portrait in the magazine, but I considered that it would be better to wait until my retirement. I have thought too, that possibly readers might like to see the veranda room in which the greater part of my work of editing has been done.

It will be a great break giving up a task that has kept me in close touch with so many past and present members of the Regiment, and I shall feel it very much.

I am much touched by the tributes paid me by Col. C. J. Pickering and Brig. J. C. Burnett in this number, and also by the many appreciative letters I have received; and I close by saying that I share these tributes with my wife, without whose unfailing help I could not possibly have carried on the work.

Success to Major Austin, the new Editor: long live THE IRON DUKE!

REGIMENTAL NEWS

1st Battalion

Since the last issue we have to record what has probably been the greatest change in the role and composition of the Thirty-Third since it was raised. On 16th February, the Battalion moved from Ollerton to Queen Elizabeth Barracks, Strensall to take up the duties of Group Basic Training Battalion for the Yorkshire and Northumbrian Brigade, which consists of the five Yorkshire Infantry Regiments and the Fifth Fusiliers.

Our task is twofold. Firstly we receive the national serviceman direct from civil life. At the end of ten weeks intensive training, he is ready to be sent overseas to take his place as a trained soldier in one of the regiments of the Brigade. During this period, the potential officers, N.C.O's and tradesmen are selected and on passing out are ready to go to their respective specialist training establishments. Our second task is to hold all those who are theoretically available for drafting overseas. The numbers of these, estimated originally at a hundred and sixty, have vacillated between five and eight hundred. We trust the limit has now been reached.

Our organisation is somewhat peculiar. Although we retain our identity as the 1st Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, we have two separate and distinct establishments: the Group Basic Training Battalion and the Group Basic Training Centre. Except for the Commanding Officer, who by virtue of some mysterious split identity finds himself in both units at once, most of us are rather vague as to which is which. The problem was made still more confusing by the fact of there being in existence for a matter of three months or so, a second unit lurking in Catterick also called Y. and N. Group Training Centre. The Ministry of Labour, by the way, who are responsible for calling up and posting to us national servicemen, refuse to accord us any of these designations and stubbornly address us as 24 B.T.U. All this has proved rather a strain on the postal authorities and the various headquarters and units with whom we have to deal.

The only people to understand this paradox are the adjutant and one 2nd grade staff officer in the War Office, but they have given up trying to explain it. However, despite these difficulties we received our first intake of recruits on the 4th March and thereafter at fortnightly intervals. At the end of each ten weeks training period, there is a passing-out parade at which some senior officer is invited to present the prizes and take the salute. The District Commander, the Brigadier and the B.G.S. have each been down on these occasions. The Battalion is organised into Headquarters Company, "A" "B" and "C" Training Companies and a somewhat inflated "D" (Holding Company). The permanent staff, both administrative and instructional, are dressed as "Dukes," although many come from other Regiments of The Brigade.

During the summer months there has been great activity at the week-ends with units of The Army Cadet Force, both the local contingents who are affiliated to the Green Howards and our own Dukes' contingents in the West Riding. There have been week-end camps at Strensall and several officers have been away to take Certificate A exams. The Battalion has on several occasions provided instructors for the J.T.C. at Ampleforth.

On 21st March, a large contingent from the Battalion with the Band and Drums took part in a civic celebration of the Borough of Halifax centenary. The contingent followed the O.C.A. who headed a procession drawn from all the prominent organisations in the borough from Bull Green to the Parish Church. The rear was brought up by a stately procession of Mayors and Macebearers from all the West Riding towns.

On 21st April, we were paid a visit by the D.C.I.G.S., Lt.-Gen. Sir Kenneth Crawford, K.C.B., M.C., who had luncheon in the Mess and later watched the recruits training. He expressed himself very satisfied with all that he saw.

St. George's Day saw the revival of the old pre-war parade. Brig. P. St. Clair-Ford,

D.S.O., took the salute and Mrs. Webb-Carter presented white roses. Garlands of roses were hung on the Colours.

The 17th June was marked by a Battalion parade to symbolise the amalgamation of the 1st and 2nd Battalions of The Regiment. The Colonel of the Regiment and Lady Christison took luncheon in the Mess with officers of the Regiment and their wives. Afterwards, on parade, the Colours and Honorary Colours of the 76th were formally taken over by the Battalion which was then addressed by the Colonel of the Regiment.

On Waterloo Day, a large contingent from the Battalion exercised their privilege of marching through the town of Halifax with "Drums beating and Colours flying." The salute was taken by the Mayor, Councillor Holdsworth, J.P., who was accompanied by the Colonel of the Regiment.

On the 7th July, the Battalion had the distinction of mounting a Guard of Honour at York station for H.M. the King, who was arriving to visit the "Royal Show."

Major Moran, Streatfield and Needham were the officers on the Guard. Streatfield carried the Honorary King's Colour of the 76th Regiment. C.S.M's Pearce and Corke were the right and left guides. Sgts. McDermott and Hill were escort to the colour. His Majesty complimented Moran on the smartness of the Guard.

As these notes are about to be despatched to the Editor, we get the news that our Commanding Officer is to leave us on assuming command of the 150th Brigade T.A.

It is a sad occasion when we have to say goodbye to the officer who has commanded the 33rd for such a long time during the war and of latter days in the Sudan and at home, but the blow is softened by the fact that he will not be removed far from us, and we hope to see him take the salute at some of our "Passing Out" parades. We take the opportunity of wishing Brig. Webb-Carter all success in his new appointment and the best of luck and happiness to him and Mrs. Webb-Carter.

OFFICERS' MESS

If the notes for the last issue were written in an atmosphere of redundant military preparations, these are compiled in the aura of golden pre-war days. We moved into Strensall on February 16th, and on seeing the quarters for the first time there can be few who did not, for a moment, think they had stepped into another world. That is not to say that if we were designing the barracks there are no improvements we could make, but taken by and large they are really excellent.

There have been the usual changes. Streatfield levered himself out of Austria and joined the Battalion in time to hold the fort at Proteus, whilst more and more people found reasonable excuses to move to Strensall ahead of the main party. We were delighted too to see Moran and Cousens. We congratulate the latter on the birth of his son and heir. Davidson, Upjohn, Brown and Wood have joined since the move here, and Brown has the distinction of being the first officer to be dined in since the war. We were sorry to lose Skelsey in March after so short a stay. He went to swell the already considerable regimental representation in Greece. Hall is due to leave us very shortly for a destination as yet undefined but thought to be Khartoum.

We are now getting used to having the Band each guest night, but the first occasion on which they played was certainly memorable. The silver is deployed in strength and now that of the 2nd Battalion has arrived we shall use each set alternatively.

At Regimental guest nights we have entertained General Loewen, the District Commander, his G.I. Colonel Neilson, and Brig. Kenneth Exham.

Mrs. Webb-Carter arrived in time to present white roses on St. Georges Day, and we were pleased to see her and the wives of several other officers in the Mess after the parade.

Miller arrived on June 9th with the Colours of the 2nd Battalion, and before these notes appear in print, the Colonel of the Regiment will have formally handed the Colours over to the reconstituted 1st Battalion.

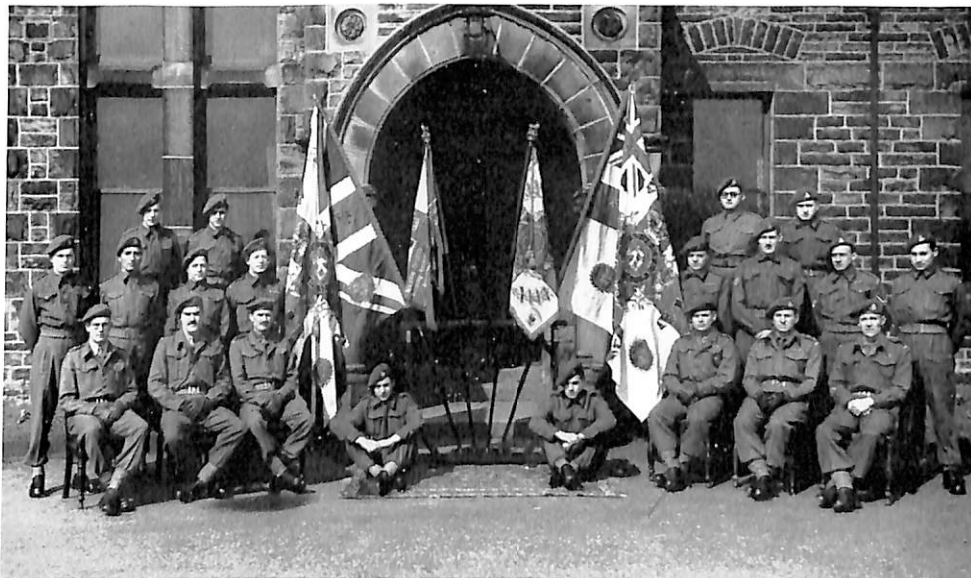
The Commanding Officer and Jones-Stamp had several days' hunting with the

VISIT OF THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN TO YORK



H.M. The King, inspecting the Guard of Honour of the 1st Battalion at York Station on 7th July, 1948. Major Moran is with His Majesty, and on extreme left is General Sir Montague Stopford, G.O.C.-in-C., Northern Command.

2nd BATTALION REPRESENTATIVE CADRE, HALIFAX, MAY, 1948.

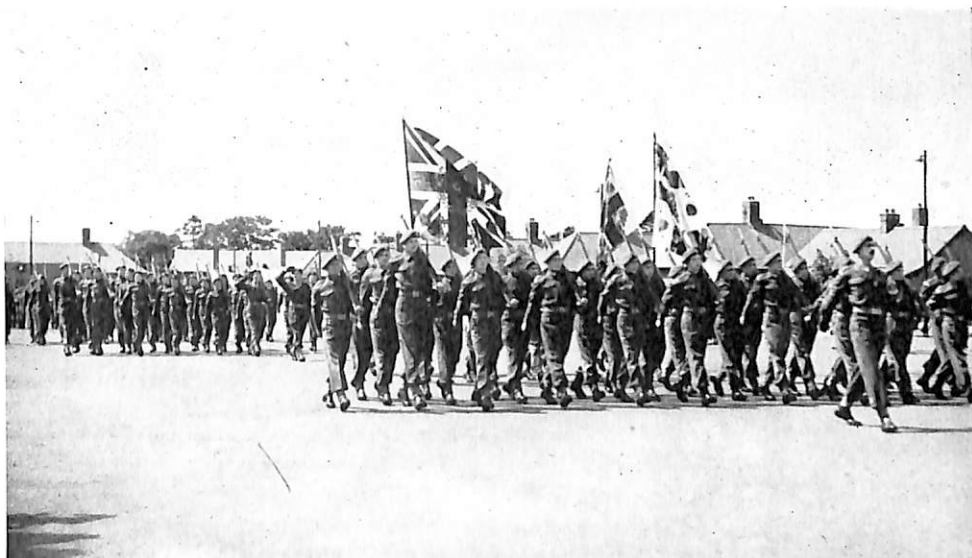


Standing (left to right), Pte. B. Armitage, Sgt. T. W. Richardson, Pte. G. Littlewood, R.Q.M.S. B. Dawson, Pte. J. Partlow, O.R.Q.M.S. J. S. Hall, C.S.M. W. Quirk, Pte. H. A. Atkins, Sgt. J. C. Hallsworth, L Cpl. S. Thompson, Cpl. J. W. Stephenson, Pte. R. Nichols.
Sitting (left to right), Lt. J. A. Miller, Major E. J. P. Emmett, Lt.-Col. C. R. T. Cumberlege, L Cpl. W. Crawford, Pte. C. B. Whitfield, Capt. H. W. Richmond Lt. (Q.M.) M. Scott, R.S.M. A. Parr.

AMALGAMATION OF 1st AND 2nd BATTALIONS PARADE AT QUEEN ELIZABETH BARRACKS,
STRENSALL, ON 17th JUNE, 1948



The Colours.



The March Past.

Middleton, and several officers attended the Middleton Farmers' Hunt Ball held at Malton in April. We are promised shooting when the season opens, and judging by the partridges which taunt us from the lawn in front of the dining room during dinner on most nights, we should get some fair bags. There has been some talk of fishing as well, but nothing has materialised so far.

We congratulate Cartwright and Isles on their engagements recently announced.

We wish to conclude on a historical note. Readers will recall that the Mess has in its possession the letter written by the first Duke to Lt-Col. Harty on the subject of naming the 33rd Regiment after himself. We have had the text of this letter printed in a rather superior way, and when framed, this transcription makes an interesting and quite attractive memento of a historical document. There are a few copies still available from the P.M.C. price one shilling each unframed.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Arriving in Strensall to take over the role of training recruits was just like moving into heaven (if heaven be as good as people say). The surroundings are very pleasant, and after some buildings we have occupied as Messes, this one is a mansion.

All the pre-war Mess property arrived before the Battalion, and C.S.M. Pearce set about sorting the good kit out. The day the Midland Bde. Training Centre moved out, the task of making it the 1st Battalion Mess Started. After about a week we had it ship-shape, and members were looking at old photographs and reminiscing. The younger members were reading in volumes of THE IRON DUKE about the good old days of the Regiment. Every Saturday we have the silver laid out, and both our own and honorary members were amazed that we should have so good a display.

After about a fortnight here, some old members rejoined us: C.S.M. O'Shea and Wilson; C.Q.M.S. Short and Gill from the Depot at Halifax. Q.M.S.I. Cooper (A.P.T.C.), an "Old Duke," joined us from Halifax. Suffering from divided allegiance, he sometimes defends the Corps and sometimes the Dukes, but we get along all right. A host of sergeants arrived from other regiments of the Brigade to help with the job of training recruits. They are all badged as "Dukes" and we hope that they are happy and stay happy as long as they are with us.

Social life here is very gay and C.S.M. Callaby is making a success of his Sunday dances, which are well attended. He has to put his foot down at midnight or the Mess would never close. We held a Ball in York on the 16th April, which was a huge success. Many members had never seen the Silver and Colours displayed at a ball, or the Band and Sentries dressed in pre-war full dress uniform.

General Loewen paid us a visit one evening and said he was delighted to find that we were trying to get back to peace-time conditions. Our next visitor was Brigadier Exham, and all who knew him were delighted to see him once more. He looked through the past members' book and seemed to remember all the faces. We hope he will pay us more visits, and the same applies to any of the officers we know who may be in the area.

Last of our Permanent Staff to arrive was none other than C.Q.M.S. Benner, whom we had given up for lost. We keep seeing new faces of the opposite sex, for bit by bit our members are coming to live in Married Quarters.

The members have been trying to play the locals at cricket for the last week but have been rained off. The R.S.M. keeps boasting that the locals are lucky that the rain came, for he alone would have done a lot of damage.

We ran four competitions (billiards, snooker, darts and dominoes) and the lucky winners were Bandmaster Seed, Sgt. McDermott, Sgt. French and Sgt. Fixter. They will all be presented with pint tankards. Now that our billiard table has been assembled it is well patronised, and our champs are Bandmaster Seed, the R.S.M. and Benner. We certainly have them in line for our next billiards tournament.

To all past and present Mess members whomay be in the area we extend a hearty welcome.

COMPANY NOTES.

"H.Q." COMPANY.—A very different "H.Q." Company sends its contribution, and before recording its past and present activities would like to welcome all the newcomers who are probably reading *THE IRON DUKE* for the first time.

In February, with few regrets, we left Proteus Camp with its sylvan surrounds and quickly settled in our present Barracks, which are modern and extremely comfortable. Each block of two barrack rooms has its own hot and cold, and usual appointments. During the same month, we lost the last of the old faces: C.Q.M.S. Bamforth, Sgts. Dowson, Flannagan and Higgins and Ptes. Grandhal and Godfredson. To these and all who have left we wish the very best of luck.

On our arrival here, the Company was completely reorganised into a purely administrative role. Many more clerks arrived and even the Sanitation Dept. increased in size. Major G. F. Upjohn now commands the Company and to him we extend a hearty welcome.

The Band arrived on 17th February and has taken part in several parades and many outside engagements—all unpaid, but it has some paid ones coming during the summer. Although a new Band, it is improving all the time under the guidance of Mr. Seed.

The Corps of Drums with Drum Major Gill at its head has been steadily recruiting regular drummers and now looks not only extremely smart but plays extremely well.

We were very glad to welcome a few old Dukes; C.Q.M.S. Shearer and C.Q.M.S. Benner, Sgts. Cox, Goldsborough and Norris; also Cpl. Hudson since posted away.

Sporting activities have been strictly limited owing to employments, and very few Company representative games could be played. We have however managed to beat all comers at soccer and acquitted ourselves nobly at hockey. The Battalion talent-spotters found quite a few of the "Back Room Boys" worthy of representing the Battalion.

The loss of L/Cpl. Bainbridge, the Battalion goalkeeper, recently transferred to civil life, is a hard blow; but in his place we welcome L/Cpl. Hirst. We depend on him to stop any ball that might trickle through our defences. Pte. Allen, the stalwart left back, finally turned out in his true Company colours, after being discovered playing for a foreign Company.

"A" COMPANY.—We all eventually returned from our leave in good heart and prepared to face the worst at Proteus Camp, but we were sorry to hear that Major Hatch had succumbed to some form of duodenal trouble, from which, we are happy to say, he has since recovered. Duties consisted mainly of supplying guards and fatigues, of which not the least was the collecting of wood for the very insatiable cook-house fires.

Except for some four or five men, the Company was made up entirely of regular personnel. However, such were other Companies' and Battalion "H.Q." demands, for police, storemen, shoemakers, butchers, etc., that our numbers soon became depleted and we found ourselves running a sort of labour exchange. Of the non-regular personnel we were sorry to say goodbye to Mr. B. Cobb and C.Q.M.S. W. H. Kitson, both of whom had been with the Company from the Palestine days.

On February 16th, we moved to Strensall, where the Company was handed into the safe keeping of Capt. D. C. Roberts, and I think that we were all glad to leave our damp and cold huts at Proteus Camp. Since our arrival at Strensall we have been the guinea pig company for the first intake of recruits for their initial 10 weeks training. Capt. Roberts and C.S.M. Pearce remained with us during these times, supported by Messrs. Baxter, Wilks and Scott.

We are pleased to welcome Messrs. Harris and Moon, C.Q.M.S. Short and Sgts. McDermott, Frier, Williams, Wilkinson. Also Sgts Thornton and Preston who have once again returned to the Company. When Capt. Roberts undertook the duties of adjutant, we were paid a fleeting visit by Capt. R. E. Sugden who is still with us, but rarely seen. We hope that Mr. Wilks is not getting too harassed with his new duties as assistant adjutant. The C.S.M. does not reckon much to the Wilks/Baxter model tenth hand Automobile.

"B" COMPANY.—There have been several changes since the last publication. During February, the Battalion moved from Proteus Camp to Strensall. Our present barracks are a great improvement on the hutted camp at Ollerton. We have a fair number of playing grounds which should help to improve the standard of games within the Battalion.

On the reorganisation of the Battalion we were formed into one of the training companies, and on the 18th March received our first intake of recruits. With this change of role the strength of the Company has been considerably reduced, and the Permanent Staff consists only of a Cadre of Instructors. To those instructors who have joined us from other Regiments in the Group, we extend a hearty welcome. We also welcome Messrs. Wood, Schofield, Head and Cockburn. We were glad to get C.S.M. Corke from the 2nd Battalion, and C.Q.M.S. Robinson of the East Yorkshire Regiment from 15th P.T.C. We were sorry to lose our 2nd-in-command, Capt. Hall, who has been posted abroad, and in his place we welcome Capt. Jones-Stamp. We congratulate the following on their promotion to Corporal :—Cpls. Bailes, Conwill, Douthwaite, Roast ; also Pullan and Griffiths on their promotion to Lance-Corporal.

2nd/Lt. Cockburn and Sgt. Burke are to be congratulated on their Platoon winning the inter-platoon competition. The Company has been fairly well represented in the Battalion football team. Cpl. Conroy, L/Cpl. Humphries and Pte. Hay have played for the first team. Southall, our Company clerk, has played for the Battalion once. In the cross-country competition we finished second to "C" Company. At the moment, we are busily preparing for several ceremonial parades, and particularly for the visit of H.M. The King to York in July, as both "A" Company and ourselves are to provide the Guard of Honour at the station.

"C" COMPANY.—"C" Company was the third and last of the training companies to get under way. The early days were far from easy owing to the almost complete absence of really permanent Permanent Staff, but we have built up a team gradually as P.T.C.'s and finally the Brigade Training Centre at Catterick have closed down.

Major Wellesley took over command of the Company on arrival in Strensall and was succeeded when we left for Catterick by Lt. Findlay. Major Cousens shook off the shackles of P.R.I. and returned to his old Company in early March. We have since said farewell to Lts. Findlay and Cooke and have been joined by Lts. Boyes and Leonard from 65th P.T.C. Lt. Alderton from 2nd E. Yorks. Lt. Brown, a regular Duke, from "H.Q." 1st Inf. Div. via the I.T.C. and "A" Company, Lts. Needham and Courtney who have since both deserted us, and finally by Capt. Streatfeild as 2nd-in-command.

Old Dukes amongst us are few and far between. C.S.M. Wilson arrived from 33rd P.T.C. in early April and is, of course, a pillar of the Battalion cricket side, Sgt. Walker, also from 33rd P.T.C. is one of the platoon Sergeants.,

We received our first intake of recruits on 1st April (two platoons) and a further two arrived on 15th April. At the end of the ten weeks, 12th Platoon (Sgt. Bishorek) defeated 11th Platoon (Sgt. Walker) by a fairly narrow margin for the champion platoon shield. 13th and 14th Platoons (Sgts. Hall and Humphrey) are in their last week of training as these notes are being written, and the issue is still in the balance

We have distinguished ourselves as a company in two very different spheres of activity. We won the inter-company cross-country competition by an overwhelming margin, and we produced 62 volunteer blood donors for the National Blood Transfusion Service, as a result of which we were singled out for special thanks by the authorities. Self-satisfied? Far from it, but we are getting a first-class team together in the Company, and we feel we have reasonable grounds for satisfaction at the start we have made in not particularly easy circumstances.

"D" COMPANY.—Since the last issue of these notes, "D" Company first went through a very quiet period as a holding company with no holdees, then a most hectic

period, which burst upon us at the end of April, and is still in being. The daily average strength has risen to over 800 and maintains itself steady at more than 600, to the horror of C.S.M. O'Shea, ably assisted by C.S.M. Grosbentner of the York and Lancaster Regiment, who although a holdee, rarely leaves his desk from early morning to late at night. Large drafts are being despatched weekly to our sister Regiments of the Yorkshire and Northumbrian Brigade.

In April, we welcomed Major J. Davidson home from India ; C.S.M. O'Shea and C.C.Q.M.S. Gill from the Depot. Among many old "Dukes" we have C.Q.M.S. Samme, Sgt. Dawes (ex bass drummer), Sgt. Vast, Sgt. Alton, and L/Cpl. Ellis (ex bandsman and W.O.II) now re-enlisted.

Our activities in the sporting world have been restricted and mainly devoted to scratch games within the Company. We take our share, and usually supply four or five players to the Battalion cricket team.

SPORT.

CRICKET.—So far this season, the Battalion XI has been hampered by bad weather. Out of the eleven matches which should have been played only seven have been completed. However, we have had many pleasant games although the results have not been as favourable as we should have liked. Matches Played, 7 ; Won, 1 ; Lost, 5 ; Drawn, 1. Nevertheless the season has really only just begun, and we hope to do much better later on.

Our chief difficulty is the fact that many good players have been posted away, and it has been impossible to keep a stable team, but the situation has now improved and we can really get down to some serious cricket. Fortunately, we have not entered a league this season, as we want to "find our feet" before meeting the class of cricket as played here, in and about York.

We have also representatives of the Battalion XI playing for Northern Command and Northumbrian District teams, and we wish them the best of luck.

We should like here to thank Mr. Warr, the groundsman, for his unfailing support in giving us a really fine wicket to play on, although he has had a lot of trouble with the bad weather. Also we should like to thank the N.A.A.F.I. for providing teas which have become a very pleasant part of the home fixtures.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL—The Battalion arrived in England with a potentially good team, which had little opportunity of showing off its paces during our sojourn at Ollerton. We had been looking forward to some good Yorkshire soccer at Strensall, but demobilization soon thinned our ranks. Within a month we lost Pte. Jackson '44, Harrison, Jenson, '01, Kelly, Cpl. Brogan, and last but by no means least Craftsman Gerrie, our star inside forward. This would have finished our team for good, but for the arrival of some old stalwarts, C.Q.M.S. Short, Sgt. Cox (Bill Shaw to the old brigade), and Pte. Holt.

We had a series of Battalion trial games and selected a team, which we hoped would live up to the name of previous units at Strensall. Taking over the Midland Brigade fixtures in the local league, we made our debut against Clifton with whom we drew 4—4. This was a good start as Clifton are highly thought of in local football circles. Next we met Selby O.C.A., and drew 3—3, followed by a 6—0 against the Railway Staff, and 5—0 and 7—2 wins against the Univarians and Tadcaster Albion respectively. From this point we never looked back, winning our way to the semi-final of the Wednesday league "Trophy." In this game we met the York City Police whom we beat 3—0 thus coming up against Clifton in the final, where sad to relate we were beaten 2—0 after a very good game. However we had our revenge by beating Clifton 3—0 in the final for the league championship. We can look forward with confidence to a really successful season in 1948-49.

AMALGAMATION OF 1st AND 2nd BATTALIONS PARADE, AT QUEEN ELIZABETH BARRACKS, STRENSALL, 17th JUNE, 1948



The Battalion Marching Past the Colonel of the Regiment.



The Band and Drums



Drum-Major Gill reporting to the Colonel of the Regiment



The Inspection. Left to Right—Major Hatch, Capt. Sugden, R.S.M. Jackson, The C.O., The Colonel of the Regiment.

7TH BATTALION AT FARNLEY WEEK-END CAMP



Left to Right—Pte. J. Devine, L Cpl. E. Lovett, Cpl. J. Cookson,
Pte H. Cookson, Pte. T. Pickstone.



Left to Right—Pte. D. Brierley, Pte. C. E. Durber, A. N. Other.



Left to Right—Sgt. S. Lees, Sgt. W. Norman (P.S.), Cpl. H. Bennett,
Cpl. R. A. Prince, C.S.M. R. L. Bye, during 3 inch Mortar Training.



Battalion Cooks (Left to Right)—Pte. W. L. Sack, Cpl. G. W. Cuisick,
Pte. H. Titherington, Sgt. W. Turner.

HOCKEY.—Although we have been fortunate in possessing a good Hockey ground at Strensall, we have not had sufficient time to muster a really strong team. We found that it was very difficult to teach new players to play the game. Nevertheless, the games were enjoyed by the old members of the Battalion, especially those who had played in India before the War.

The Band appear to have supplied the most players and I feel that much of this was due to the never tiring efforts of Sgt. Waterman and Cpl. Pittick who had to take the bandmen down to the hockey fields on sports afternoons.

We played one match against a trades college in Harrogate and after a well fought game we were defeated 4—0. We took part in the District 6-a-side hockey competition, submitting two teams. Again we were defeated by sides which had already worked together as a team for the whole season.

We hope to start training for the new hockey season in the late summer. I feel quite confident that we will be able to build a strong side after we have had plenty of practice in working together as a team.

GOLF.

ARMY GOLFING SOCIETY MEETING.—For the first time since 1932 the Regiment was represented by a team in the Army Golf Championships which were held over the Royal St. Georges course at Sandwich from the 19th to the 24th April, 1948. The team in order of playing consisted of Capt. C. E. Grieve, Capt. D. C. Roberts, Major P. G. L. Cousens, and Major R. de la H. Moran.

At the end of the first day of the individual, Major A. A. Duncan of the Welsh Guards led the field with a 74. Capt. Grieve was still in the hunt with a 78. Conditions on the second day were distinctly difficult with a strong wind blowing. Duncan returned an 80 which proved to be good enough by one stroke, whilst Grieve could only manage an 81.

15 teams had entered for the Inter-Regimental and we suffered a most unkind stroke in drawing the Seaforths, the holders, in the first round. Their team was headed by Capt. Blair, the ex-champion, and their handicap total was nine against our 26. Handicaps do not always tell a true story, however, and we were certainly in no way daunted when we set off from the first tee on a really glorious day. Grieve had the misfortune to meet Blair, who had played very mediocre golf in the individual, at his most murderous, and was five down at the turn after going out in 38. Roberts at this stage was three up and so was Cousens, both playing fairly well, and Moran was four down. The issue was therefore still open. Blair, however, was quite relentless and finished eight up on Grieve, Roberts and Cousens both allowed their opponents to raise their somewhat blood-stained heads out of the mire, and both, alas, finished three down. Moran proved himself the hero of the day; turning on the heat at full pressure, he seared the holes off his enemy and removed one more for good measure, finishing one up in a blaze of glory. If only Roberts and Cousens . . . we know, we know! The Seaforths went on to repeat their last year's victory, but it is quite possible that if we had been in the other half of the draw we would have been playing them in the final. If we can keep the same team together next year, we should have a very good chance of proving that rugger is by no means the only game at which we are a bit better than some.

General Ozanne was unlucky in having to defend his title in the General's Cup whilst handicapped by a streaming cold. He went out in the second round after a hard battle. We wish him better fortune next year.

It was very pleasant to see Col. Michael Cox and Harry Stone also taking part in the meeting. It is very much hoped that it will be possible to put in a team (of four) for the Argyll and Sutherland Cup next year, and anyone interested is asked to get in touch with General Ozanne. It would be a tremendous triumph to pull off both these cups—and, of course, the General's Cup!—next year. The meeting is due to take place at Royal Lytham and St. Annes towards the end of April.

NORTHERN COMMAND MEETING.—This meeting was held over the course of the York Golf Club, at Strensall from 27th to 29th May. Capt. D. C. Roberts, Major P. G. L. Cousens, Major R. de la H. Moran and Capt. P. B. Hall made up the Regimental team.

At the end of the first round, Capt. Roberts was leading the field with a 75. He was going extremely well and appeared to have the championship in his pocket when an ill-disciplined second shot at the 15th floated out of bounds. That might easily have been a seven but he recovered well and got his six. This unsettled him a bit and he put his drive at the sixteenth into a ditch and this hole also cost him a six. He could only manage a four at the short 17th and a four at the 18th gave him a 78, which meant that he tied with Lt. Coggins, R.A.O.C. for first place. By the rules of the competition the tie was decided on the last nine holes, so Capt. Roberts in fact lost by a stroke, which was exceedingly bad luck.

Five teams entered for the Inter-Unit Competition. We drew a bye in the first round and played "H.Q." Northumbrian District in the semi-finals. Roberts and Cousens halved their matches, Moran and Hall came home 3 up and 1 up respectively, so we were through to the final where we met the R.A.M.C. Once again we were faced with a team several strokes better on handicap and once again we proved that handicaps sometimes lie. Roberts finished one up, Moran and Hall were each one down and Cousens, unaware of the situation, was one up on the 18th tee. A win at the 18th meant victory, a loss meant defeat and a half meant a tie. Cousens, who had been having trouble with gremlins up to the 14th and had then fought them off, hit his drive down the middle whilst his opponent sliced into a bunker. However a particularly vicious one jittered at him as he played his second, a terrible shot which finished in a bunker to the right of the green.

The Gremlin's triumphant laugh could have been and very probably was heard in Hell, Hull and Halifax. That meant a half in five and all was still to play for. Cousens and his opponent led off at the 19th and halved it in bogey five, Roberts followed and did likewise, Moran followed him and did the same. Hall and his opponent were both on in three. Hall putted first and we shuddered with mingled sympathy and alarm as his ball slid four feet past the hole. His opponent put his put absolutely stiff and Hall crouched for the final effort. It was not to be, however, his ball lipped the hole and lay dead, and the doctors had got away with it after as exciting a battle as one could possibly have wished for. Cousens has still to catch that Gremlin.

REGIMENTAL MEETING.—The first Regimental meeting since before the war took place on the local course at Strensall on 11th June, 1948. The Silver Putter was contested by Capt. Roberts (2), Major Cousens (9), Major Moran (11), Capt. Hall (13—winner in 1939) and Major Davidson (18). Col. Cumberlege was unfortunately unable to come over from Halifax owing to M.T. trouble. Capt. Scott-Evans, Lt. Brown and Lt. Wood fought for the Mugs Spoon, competitors in which all played off 24.

The Competition for both sections consisted of 36 holes Stableford Bogey under which system the individual receives $\frac{3}{4}$ of his handicap and gains one point for a net one over bogey, two for a net bogey and so on. At the end of the first round, Cousens was leading with 37 points, followed by Moran and Hall each with 34, and Davidson with 33. One felt that anything could and probably would happen in the afternoon. Davidson and Hall returned 35 and 31 respectively and then came Moran and Cousens who had been matching stroke for stroke almost the whole way. Moran had cracked slightly with a six at the 12th but Cousens had very decently done likewise at the 15th and added a five at the short 17th for good measure. They each finished with 37 points and Cousens therefore ran out the winner by these points. Davidson won the prize for the best eclectic medal round on handicap with a brilliant 61, Moran and Cousens each returning 65. Capt. Scott-Evans was altogether too good for his rivals and ran out an easy winner of the Spoon with 54 points.

P. G. L. C.

2nd Battalion

Early in April, the Battalion was reduced to a representation cadre of five officers and 18 other ranks. This cadre moved from Derby to the Depot with the Colours and the property of the Battalion to start the final winding up of the Battalion. An amalgamating cadre was formed in June, of three officers and 13 other ranks, and on the 16th June this cadre was posted to the 1st Battalion at Strensall and the amalgamation of the two Battalions was completed.

One could write a good deal about this final disappearance of the 2nd Battalion from the Army List, but it is best to leave it to this mere statement of the fact that, for the time being at any rate, the 2nd Battalion is no more. On the 17th June, Gen. Christison formally handed over the Colours and Honorary Colours to the first Battalion on a ceremonial parade at Strensall.

These Colours will be retained by the 1st Battalion until they become unserviceable, when they will be laid up. They will be carried on parade, but only the Colours of one Battalion may be carried at any time.

There will be many ex-members of the Battalion who will be interested to know what has happened to the silver and property of the Battalion. Without going into details, the following is the general outline of how these were disposed of :—

OFFICERS' MESS SILVER. Items of historic and sentimental value have been taken over by the 1st Battalion for their use. All trophies and the medals and relics not included in the above have been loaned to the Regimental Museum, which is to be housed in the Bankfield Museum at Halifax. The bulk of the silver and property is included in this allotment ; a few articles have been loaned to the old 6th Battalion.

SERGEANTS' MESS SILVER. The trophies have been loaned to the Regimental Museum in Halifax, and a few representative pieces have been sent to the 1st Battalion Sergeants' Mess. All the remainder of the silver is now with the Sergeants' Mess at the Depot.

P.R.I. TROPHIES. All these trophies which have been won by the Battalion have been put with those of the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes in the Museum. The Challenge Shields are loaned to the Dukes Social Club in Halifax.

Detailed lists have been compiled which show where every item has been sent. These lists are kept in the Regimental Record Cupboard at the Depot and in a safe which is deposited with Lloyds Bank, Queen's Road, Halifax.

7th Battalion

Our last notes took us up to the beginning of December, 1947. Christmas and New Year being essentially family festivals, little activity took place until the 10th January, when a childrens' Christmas party was held at Mossley Drill Hall. It was a huge success owing largely to the efforts of C.S.M. Hardisty and his wife, with her willing helpers, all under the benevolent eye of Major Coop. On the same day, the New Year's training began with a Brigade Signals exercise held in Sheffield ; this continued on the Sunday and was well attended by Officers, W.O's and N.C.O's who gained much valuable practice in Signals procedure and its tactical application.

Routine training and the usual social functions occupied our time until Easter, and on May 1st we celebrated our first birthday since our rebirth with a strength of 17 officers and 82 other ranks—a very useful opening partnership !

The first-post-war annual prize distribution took place on 3rd April at Mossley, when Brigadier P. St. Clair-Ford, D.S.O., Commanding 149th Infantry Brigade (T.A.), presented the prizes. In the open range events, the Officers Cup was won by Capt. H. S. Le Messurier ; the W.O's and Sergeants' cup winner was R.Q.M.S. W. Smith ; the O.R's cup was won by Cpl. Howard ; the P.S. O.R's cup was shot for and won by Pte.

J. Cockroft, who has since been demobbed. Prizes for the miniature range postal shoot were presented; the Officers', W.O.'s' and Sergeants', and O.R.'s cups were won respectively by Lt. G. Dyson, Sgt. G. Maltby and Cpl. R. Earnshaw. A. Company won the inter-company cup. Ex-R.S.M. H. Smith very kindly presented a cup for the best young soldier at Springhead. This was won by Pte. Pickstone. After the distribution, the proceedings ended in the traditional manner with a dance.

Before the outdoor training season began, certain changes were made in the organisation of the Battalion. With the closing down of the 33rd P.T.C., it was considered that, as the 7th had extended its recruiting grounds as far as Elland, it should continue and take in Halifax with a sub-unit in the Depot. The reason for this was that the Battalion was asked to keep the Dukes' influence alive in the area and maintain the traditions of the Regiment in the home of the Regiment. Support Company was, therefore, formed under Capt. D. R. Siddall, with H.Q. in the Depot, Halifax, "B" Company being split up into two independent platoons; one under Lt. Barnes at Huddersfield, and the other under Lt. Dyson at Milnsbridge. The outdoor training began with a week-end camp at Farnley Park, Otley, on May 29th and 30th.

Specialists of Support Company were given practice in handling their weapons and equipment, and the Battalion cooks had an opportunity to get their hands in again with excellent results. It is encouraging to note that the Battalion has seven fully trained, efficient cooks, which makes the feeding position for the annual camp look very healthy.

This camp was followed up with a week-end musketry camp on June 12th and 13th at Deer Hill Range, Marsden. The standard of shooting was remarkably high considering the usual winter inactivity in that respect. At this camp we tried out the new ration pack which was voted a great success.

The Brigade Command's administrative inspection was carried out in June, and the Battalion had a good report. The recruiting of the Band has been put into the hands of Major Parfitt, who has achieved some speedy results, judging by the latest reports which show the Band to be 14 strong.

We are now looking forward to the annual camp which will take place the last week in July and the first in August at Great Cowden near Hornsea on the Yorkshire coast. Before this we have a Battalion exercise to be held near Knottingly, which will take the form of a river-crossing exercise, appropriately named "Exercise Aire." We understand that Col. Hoyle, Major Coop and the Adjutant have receded not only the ground but the locality's amenities, so we can look forward to a useful and happy week-end.

An interesting ceremony is to take place in Milnsbridge Drill Hall on Monday, 5th July, when Monsieur Desert, a citizen of Saint-Valery-En-Caux, France, is coming over to give back into the keeping of the Battalion, a silver cup left behind by the 2/7th Battalion in 1940. Before the ceremony, a complimentary dinner will be given in honour of M. Desert, and afterwards, a pie supper for all ranks.

As we understand that this is the last issue of THE IRON DUKE in its present form, we, on behalf of all ranks of the 7th Battalion, past and present, would like to pay tribute to Brigadier Green, Colonel Trench, Miss Turner, and all others connected with the magazine, for the amount of work they have put in for our benefit and pleasure, in war-time and peace. We all look forward to the day when the economic situation allows us to return to THE IRON DUKE we have known for so many years.

OFFICERS MESS—Since our last notes, the snows and fogs have cleared, and the evenings have lengthened, bringing with them outdoor training in place of indoor gaiety. Even so, there have been the odd supper nights and the prize distribution on April 3rd which, though an all-ranks dance, enabled us to ask officers of neighbouring units to the party. Many of the officers were able to attend the Waterloo Ball at Halifax, which was greatly enjoyed.

We welcome to the fold, Lts. Colin Barnes, George Dyson, John Forty and our R.M.O., Bob Naesmith. We also welcome Fred Allsop as our Q.M.—we hope he will be



Lieut-Colonel C. R. T. Cumberlege.
The last Commanding Officer of the 2nd Battalion, and now
commanding the 1st Battalion.



Brigadier B. W. Webb-Carter, D.S.O. and Bar, O.B.E.
Commanding the 1st Battalion until July 9th, 1948, when he was
appointed to the Command of 150th Infantry Brigade, T.A., York.

578 (MOB) H.A.A. REGIMENT, R.A., (5th D. of W.) T.A., AT TONFANAU CAMP, MAY, 1948.



Group in Camp.



No. 1 Gun Team



No. 2 Gun Team.

able to stand the strain. Frank Firth, who is due for demob, will be much missed. Frank has been a faithful member of the 7th Battalion since the first world war. He became O.R.S. of the 7th Battalion in 1922, and in 1939, Q.M. of the newly-formed 2/7th Battalion; he has been with the new 7th since its rebirth and has unrivalled knowledge of the T.A. We look forward to seeing much of him in the future and wish him all good fortune in civilian life. Our congratulations to Bob Naesmith and Colin Barnes on their engagements. We have to record Lt. Cook's transfer to the T.A.R.O. owing to business reasons, and also the imminent departure of Barry Owen to London. We congratulate him on his new appointment there, but regret that he has had to leave us. Barry has been a tremendous help to the unit since he joined and all ranks will wish him well for the future.

We welcome Capt. Varley who is attached to us from the 7th Royal Warwicks whilst working temporarily in Huddersfield. We hope he will enjoy his stay with us.

SERGEANTS' MESS. At the time of writing we are in full preparation for opening the Mess at the annual camp. Since we reformed as a unit it has not been practicable to function as a Mess owing to lack of funds and the distance between the drill halls. However, we now have reasonably adequate funds and can function as a Mess when all members are together in camp. Our first Mess meeting will take place on July 7th which will allow us two weeks for final preparations for camp.

Our congratulations to W.O.II Pickston (Chief Clerk at Bridge H.Q.) on his promotion, and also on the addition to his family. Sgt. Maltby won the W.O's and sergeants' miniature range shooting cup which was keenly fought out, with a score of 63 out of a possible 65. We are sorry to say goodbye to Sgt. Charlesworth (P.S.) on his departure for warmer climes, and in his place we welcome Sgt. Norman who joined us from 33rd P.T.C. We also welcome to the Mess, Sgt Turner (A.C.C.) who has been appointed Cook Sergeant.

To all "Dukes" Sergeants' Mess members wherever they may be serving, we send our best wishes and to those who are about to enter civilian life in the near future and live in our Battalion area, we extend an invitation to visit our Drill Hall Clubs which function on Monday and Thursday evenings. This invitation, of course, applies to all ranks, who will be welcomed in our Clubs.

578 (Mob) H.A.A. Regt. R.A. (5 D.W.R.) T.A.

Although no substantial increase in our strength can be reported since these notes last appeared, we can claim to have made very satisfactory progress in training for our new role. An amount of enthusiasm has been shown which augurs well for success in the future, and which mitigates the disappointment which is naturally felt at the tardy response to appeals for recruits.

In this latter connection, it is understood that shortly, a national campaign on behalf of the Territorial Army is to be launched from the highest level and sponsored by influential sections of the community. Without doubt this will have results which the unco-ordinated and piecemeal efforts of the recent past have failed to achieve, and during the winter months we look forward to a steady accretion of numbers to whom we shall be able to pass on the knowledge and experience we have gained during our first annual camp as A.A. gunners.

The Regiment proceeded to Tonfanau on the Welsh Coast on the 15th May, returning to Huddersfield on the 29th May. This period had been selected to avoid clashing with the local industrial holidays, and there was an attendance of practically 100 per cent of our strength. Of these the great majority attended for the full 15 days; those who were unable to do so being chiefly employees of the N.C.B. who were only granted eight days.

This was a pity, as from the nature of our training programme, what we had learnt during the previous months, and had practised largely silently during the first week, was put into active practice during the second week. None regretted this more than the men concerned who had to leave at half-time, and it is to be hoped that in future years, government controlled industries will be in a position to follow the generous example which was set on this occasion by private employers.

None the less, results exceeded our most optimistic expectations. Blessed by a fortnight of almost continuous fine weather, which sent us home looking as if we'd spent the time in the Middle East, progress was rapid. Although few if any of our members had had any previous experience of the 3·7 A.A. gun, almost all of them were trained soldiers, and they picked up the requirements of their new role with enthusiasm and alacrity. So much so, that we were considered sufficiently far advanced to fire after only four days; and from then until the end of the camp, whenever conditions were suitable, (which usually meant whenever the aircraft tug was available) we fired what would have seemed a few weeks previously an incredible number of rounds with consistent success. Indeed, on the last day we claim to have shot down all sleeves that came within range.

Tonfanau is a permanent firing camp and as such, complete with all the amenities. The greatest disadvantage from the T.A. point of view was that the layout necessitated the splitting up of the Regiment, and the officers' lines were some half mile from those of the men. It is hoped that this disadvantage can be avoided in future.

Everything however was done to keep alive the old "5th Dukes" traditions, from kit layout in the lines to the Regimental Flag outside the Officers Mess, inside which were displayed our Colours and Silver, and which all sergeants and instructors were invited to view one evening.

Excursions were arranged so that all ranks could see at close hand the beauties of Wales. That these were appreciated is evidenced by the fact that one or two preferred to walk back 35 miles from Aberystwyth rather than tear themselves away in time to catch the transport, which had been laid on for the return journey. Indeed, a party of officers became so enthusiastic that they suffered considerable mortification of the flesh by rashly climbing the local mountain "midst snow and ice," and were only revived on the arrival of the wiser elements of the Mess who had proceeded to the rendezvous by more conventional means (an hour late) with supplies of dry clothing and wet refreshment.

During the middle weekend we were delighted to be visited by our Honorary Colonel Col. G. P. Norton, accompanied by Cols. K. Sykes and J. M. Haigh; and we have incontestable evidence to the effect that the climate of the Welsh coast was as good for their livers as it was for ours!

We were also very glad to see Lt.-Col. Trench, who lives not far away, and two of the officers were privileged to see his charming house and garden at Pennal—to say nothing of the editorial sanctum in which THE IRON DUKE is organised!

For Sgt. (A.C.) T. W. Burrell it was his fourteenth camp with the Regiment, making a record of 44 years' association with the D.W.R. All ranks congratulate him sincerely on the well-merited honour of the award of the B.E.M. in the recent Birthday Honours List, and will wish him many more years' service with the Regiment. We also congratulate Capt. P. Goodall on his marriage to Miss Sonia Burt and Capt. J. W. Bell on the birth of a daughter, and Capt. C. Barraclough on the birth of a son.

The Regiment and the T.A. has suffered an inestimable loss in the death of Mr. C. E. Sutcliffe, of Hopton. For many years, Mr. Sutcliffe was an unfailing friend and benefactor of the Regiment, and in 1932 placed the Hall and estate of Whitley Beaumont at the disposal of the then 5th Battalion for the purpose of the voluntary camp which took the place of annual training that year. We extend our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Sutcliffe.

33rd Primary Training Centre (D.W.R.)

The Regimental Primary Training Centre came into being on the 1st November, 1946 and was disbanded on the 21st April, 1948.

During that period it had the following athletic successes :—

SEASON 1946/47.—Won the North Midland District and Northern Command 7 a-side rugger.

SEASON 1947/48.—Won North Midland District rugger. Won North Midland District 7 a-side rugger. Reached the final of the North Midland District hockey. Reached the final of the North Midland District soccer. The Bandboys reached the soccer semi-final of the Army Boys' Championship.

Much of this success was due to the energetic coaching of Lieut-Colonel Dalrymple, backed up by the enthusiasm and keenness of all ranks.

Waterloo Day at Halifax

Owing to the small Regimental contingent in the Barracks at the present time, Waterloo Day celebrations this year were not on a par with those of the pre-war period, but with the assistance of the 1st Battalion, a full programme was carried through.

During the morning, we availed ourselves for the first time of our Regimental privilege by marching through the town with "Bands playing, Colours flying and bayonets fixed." The contingent consisted of the Band and Drums, the Colours, and 100 rank and file from the 1st Battalion, the parade being under the command of Lt.-Col. B. W. Webb-Carter. The salute was taken by the Colonel of the Regiment and the Mayor of Halifax in Bull Green, and a large number of the civilian population turned out to witness the parade.

For the afternoon, a cricket match had been arranged, Regiment versus Town, but unfortunately the weather was very unkind and play was only possible between showers and no decision was reached.

A Regimental ball, in aid of the War Memorial Fund, took place in the evening at the Victoria Hall, Halifax, where about 500 regimental guests turned up. General Christison received the guests during the first half hour of the ball. Unfortunately Lady Christison was not able to be present. A splash of colour was provided by the Territorial officers who wore their scarlet uniforms, and the evening was very much enjoyed by all. Catering and dancing arrangements were excellent, and we are very grateful to Lt.-Col. N. T. Bentley and Major R. O'D. Carey who carried through the onerous duties as joint honorary secretaries. The profit on the dance amounted to approximately £250.

H.M.S. Cleopatra

The ship has remained in the Dockyard at Portsmouth since our last contribution, at first immobilised, and during the last few months undergoing a refit in preparation for the Autumn Cruise. This begins in September and, we hope, will be to the West Indies. We have been moved around the Dockyard from billet to billet with varying degrees of discomfort, but are glad to be able to say that we shall soon be a going concern once more.

There have been a number of changes during this period. Captain Gordon left us in January to retire and enjoy some well-earned leisure, and at the same time, we welcomed Captain J. P. L. Reid, C.B., R.N., in his stead. Most of the officers have also been relieved, while all the new ratings are coming from the Chatham Depot. This means that we shall shortly have an entirely new ship's company, and much hard work can therefore be expected before we shall be fit to "show the flag."

As a ship, we are not involved in the Whitsun or August Navy Day Celebrations, although several officers and ratings and a small section of our Royal Marine Detachment

took individual part. Though the ship was not thrown open to the general public, many officers and ratings did take advantage of the fact that the Dockyard was open to visitors, and sought to bring their families aboard for a "look-see."

During the past few months, the Wardroom has entertained students from the Army Staff College, Camberley, the R.A.F. Staff College, and also the Joint Services Staff College. Much fun was had by all and we hope that these visits will continue. Apart from these and two excellent efforts on the part of our dramatic society, the internal repairs we are undergoing have precluded any large scale social engagements in the ship. We have, however, cemented our very pleasant relationship with Harrogate, the town which adopted us during the war, with a visit by a party of *Cleopatras*, led by our Navigating Officer, Lieutenant Commander Colin Shand, D.S.C., R.N. This visit made a welcome change from Dockyard routine and was thoroughly enjoyed by all concerned.

The ex-German yacht *Marabu* which we are sharing with H.M.S. *Hornet*, has completed her refit and now goes to sea frequently. Recently, she succeeded in attaining fourth place in a passage race from Portsmouth to Dartmouth. We are at the moment in the process of building up cricket and tennis teams which we hope will do us credit in the West Indies.

Our next letter will come from sea, by which time our re-formed Volunteer Band should have had sufficient practice to do full justice to the Regimental March.

Senior Officers' Meeting.

A Senior Officers' Meeting was held at the Barracks, Halifax, on January, 15th, 1948.

The following were present :—

General Sir A. F. Philip Christison, Bart., The Colonel of the Regiment, in the chair.
Brigadiers K. G. Exham and V. C. Green. Colonels C. J. Pickering, G. S. W. Rusbridger and H. G. P. Miles. Lt.-Colonels F. H. B. Wellesley, B. W. Webb-Carter, C. R. T. Cumberlege, A. E. H. Sayers, W. E. Dale Shaw, S. R. Hoyle, C. W. B. Orr, R. C. Laurence, H. Harvey, A. H. G. Wathen, C. F. Tissington, J. H. Dalrymple, C. K. T. Faithfull, M. N. Cox, J. Chatterton, R. de la H. Moran and S. E. Baker. Majors F. H. V. Wellesley, W. E. Brenchley, R. O'D. Carey, T. W. Milner, J. H. Davis, P. P. de la H. Moran, and W. H. C. Cobb. Captains The Lord Savile and R. H. D. Bolton.

Apologies for absence were received from the following :—Major-General W. M. Ozanne, Brigadiers J. H. C. Lawlor, and F. H. Fraser, Colonel R. K. Exham, Lt.-Colonels M. V. le P. Trench, D. Paton, and W. S. F. Tetlow, Major W. Skelsey.

Among the points of general interest dealt with were :—

REGIMENTAL WAR MEMORIAL.—The Chairman mentioned that he felt some £25,000 would be required to carry out the full scheme which consisted of :—

- (1) The renovation of the existing Regimental Chapel at York Minster, including help towards restoring the Minster Glass, together with the provision of a Tablet and Book of Remembrance for the 1939-45 war.
- (2) The furnishing of an ante-chapel at the Parish Church, Halifax, as a Regimental Chapel.
- (3) To use surplus funds to assist Youth Movements, and to endow a scholarship for the sons of ex-DUKES and to assist, by grant, the work of Regimental Cadet Battalions and perhaps Youth organisations in the West Riding.

Colonel Pickering said that Messrs. Crossley's of Halifax were making a Regimental carpet for the Regimental Chapel in York Minster, and also one for the ante-Chapel of the Parish Church, Halifax. These were both gifts of Messrs. Crossleys, and the meeting expressed its appreciation of this generosity. Colonel Pickering also stated that a stained glass window, as a memorial to the late Brigadier-General P. A. Turner, had already been put into the Regimental Chapel in York Minster.

FUTURE OF THE REGIMENT.—The chairman stated that the Army Council had decided that our 64 Regiments should remain as a fundamental basis for any future

expansion which might be necessary. Each Regiment would have one Battalion. The method of reducing to the strength of one Battalion was to be carried out by (a) suspended animation of one Battalion or (b) disbanding one Battalion or (c) amalgamating the two Battalions. Each Regiment could decide which course it adopted. The remaining would be known as the 1st Battalion but both "Foot" numbers would appear in the Army list if Colonels of Regiments made a specific request for this to be done.

The Colours could be (a) laid up or (b) amalgamated. If the latter, Colours would be carried alternatively on parade.

It was unanimously decided that the 1st and 2nd Battalions should be amalgamated.

REGIMENTAL DEPOT. The chairman stated that authority had been received for the following establishment at Regimental Depots when the P.T.C's closed down: four officers, 15 other ranks, and between 30 and 40 holdees for general duties. The O.C. of the Depot would be either a Lt.-Col. or Major; the second substantive Lt.-Col. would either be in command of the Depot or of the T.A. Battalion.

There would be no major unit in the Depot, but it might become the H.Q. of a Territorial Brigade and the H.Q. of a Territorial unit. The Officers' Mess, Sergeants' Mess, and Club-room, would be maintained by the Regimental Headquarters. The establishment of four officers would consist of Officer Commanding, Adjutant, Quartermaster, an officer commanding holdees, and one retired officer.

FUTURE OF THE ARMY. General Christison said that the present reconstruction of the Army was probably the most critical in its history. It was necessary that officers and other ranks should superimpose the Brigade spirit on the old Regimental spirit. The next wars would be fought on the Brigade esprit-de-corps. We were lucky that our 1st Battalion had been given the work of initiating and fostering this Brigade spirit. He knew that Lt.-Col. Webb-Carter appreciated the magnitude of his task, and he felt that, in him, the authorities had chosen the right man for the job.

It would be necessary to have representative bodies of officers and men from other Regiments to staff the 1st Battalion. These men coming in must become DUKES but also have Brigade spirit. Similarly, when joining other Regiments, Dukes officers and men must become an integral part of these Regiments without losing one iota of their DUKES traditions or spirit.

In future, officers, before they reached the rank of Lt.-Colonel, would probably spend one-third of their service with their own Regiments, one-third with other Regiments, and one-third in extra-Regimental employ.

Regimental Dinner and Ladies Tea.

The Ladies' Tea, the twenty-first to be held, took place at the United Service Club on Wednesday, 2nd June, 1948. The attendance both at the Tea and Dinner was very good and we were very pleased at the former to see Mrs. Humphrys and Mrs. Strafford. The Hon Secretary feels sure that there must be other ladies who used to make a point of attending the tea who would like to come again but whose addresses are not in his possession. He hopes that they will get in touch with him before next June.

An important event at the dinner was the presentation to the Regiment of medals and decorations of the late General Sir Herbert Belfield. His daughter, Mrs. Luckman, had always intended leaving them to the Regiment, but she realised that it might be a long time before the Regiment came into possession and decided to present them now.

It will be appreciated that it was a great sacrifice on her part, to let them go, but she felt sure that it would be her father's wish that his Regiment should have them at a time when there are still serving, officers who knew him personally.

The following is a list of those who attended, but several names in the book provided for signatures, could not be deciphered :—

General Sir Philip Christison, Bart., Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Bishop, Captain and Mrs. Bolton, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Boutflower, Major T. St. G. Carroll, Lt.-Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Cox, Wing-Commander and Mrs. Crommelin, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Cumterlege, Brigadier and Mrs. K. G. Exham, Mrs. Firth, Brigadier F. H. Fraser, Brigadier, Mrs. and Miss Green, Brigadier C. W. Grimley, Captain P. B. Hall, Lt.-Colonel H. Harvey, Major and Mrs. Huffam, Mrs. C. V. Humphrys, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Ince, Captain and Mrs. Jones-Stamp, Major and Mrs. Kavanagh, Lady Landon, Major and Mrs. Lepper, Lt.-Colonel K. A. Macleod, Brigadier and Mrs. Miles, Captain and Mrs. Miller, Major P. Moran, Major R. Moran, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Officer, Captain and Mrs. Oliver, Major-General and Mrs. Ozanne, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Paton, Colonel and Mrs. Pickering, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Price, Captain and Mrs. Roberts, Colonel and Mrs. Rusbridger, Major and Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Strafford, Captain and Mrs. Streatfield, Captain and Mrs. Sugden, Lt.-Colonel M. V. le P. Trench, Mrs. Turner, Miss Turner, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Wathen, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Webb-Carter, Lt.-Colonel F. H. B. Wellesley, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. F. P. A. Woods, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. W. A. Woods.

The 46th Annual Dinner was held the same evening at the United Service Club. After the toast of the King had been honoured the Colonel of the Regiment, General Sir Philip Christison, Bart., made a short speech in which he welcomed our guest of honour the Duke of Wellington, very warmly to the dinner. He expressed our delight at the exceptional record of two officers of the Regiment passing through the Civil Defence College simultaneously.

The following is a list of officers who attended :—

General Sir A. F. Philip Christison, Bart. (Colonel of the Regiment), Major-General W. M. Ozanne, Brigadiers K. G. Exham, F. H. Fraser, V. C. Green, E. N. F. Hitchins and H. G. P. Miles, Colonels R. K. Exham, R. R. Mellor, S. Naylor, C. J. Pickering and G. S. W. Rusbridger, Lieut.-Colonels E. A. Bald, L. E. Bishop, F. R. St. P. Bunbury, M. N. Cox, C. R. T. Cumberlege, J. H. Dalrymple, H. Harvey, W. A. Hinchcliffe, W. Hodgson, S. R. Hoyle, C. W. G. Ince, K. A. Macleod, O. Price, D. Paton, M. V. le P. Trench, A. H. G. Wathen, B. W. Webb-Carter, F. H. B. Wellesley, F. P. A. Woods, W. A. Woods, and G. C. H. Wortham. Majors T. St. G. Carroll, P. G. Cousens, J. Davidson, A. D. Firth, R. W. Hatch, J. P. Huffam, H. R. Kavanagh, P. P. De La H. Moran, R. De La H. Moran, D. C. Roberts, R. A. Scott, and R. E. Sugden. Captains G. Beyfus, R. V. Cartwright, R. H. Bolton, C. F. Grieve, P. B. Hall, D. S. D. Jones-Stamp, J. G. Lepper, H. S. le Messurier, A. E. Miller, C. O'Connor, C. Oliver, F. J. Reynolds, R. Scott-Evans and J. L. Streatfield. Lieutenants K. W. Brown and J. A. Miller. Wing-Commander H. A. Crommelin. GUEST.—His Grace the Duke of Wellington.

G. S. W. R.

Old Comrades and Regimental Associations

1ST AND 2ND BATTALIONS. The following is a summary of cases assisted during the period mid-December, 1947 to June 3rd, 1948.

Fund.	Number of Cases	Amounts Disbursed.
		£ s. d.
Old Comrades' Association, 1st and 2nd Battalions	61	321 13 9
2nd Battalion Charitable Fund	7	35 0 0
Regimental Association	40	241 0 0
Mitchell Trust	3	16 5 0

O.C.A. AND R.A. DINNER. A re-union dinner will be held in the Barracks, Halifax on September 25th, 1948. Tickets price 6/- each are obtainable from the Secretary, O.C.A. & R.A., at the Barracks, Halifax. The dinner will be preceded by the annual general meeting which will be held in the N.A.A.F.I. at 6.15 p.m. It is hoped that as many members as possible will attend both the meeting and the dinner.

HALIFAX SOCIAL CLUB. The Club continues to prosper and the members now total 284. Each week-end sees a gathering of happy cheerful faces round the tables for their tombola and sing-song sessions. A well-stocked bar presided over by Mr. Billy Cliffe and ably assisted by Mrs. Cliffe adds to the general air of *bonhomie* that pervades the atmosphere. All ex-members of the Dukes, and especially those just demobbed, living in the Halifax area, are reminded that they are welcome to join the happy throng.

Recently the committee have provided a well-appointed ante-room for those members who like to indulge in a quiet chat combined with comfort. Our grateful thanks are due to Mrs. Garbutt, Mrs. Cliffe and Mrs. McMahon for their efforts in preparing the ante-room; we appreciate the hard work they put in to have the place ready for Waterloo Day.

The club suffered a loss on the resignation of Mr. Sykes, our bar steward. Mr. Sykes had been our steward from the Club's inception, and besides his bar duties, he had spent considerable time and labour carrying out minor alterations to the club that had resulted in no small measure to the comfort of all. In his place we have been fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. W. Cliffe who will be assisted by his wife; both have been connected with the Regiment over a long period of years.

We would be glad to hear from other DUKES' clubs with a view to arranging reciprocal visits.

8th BATTALION D.W.R. 145th REGIMENT R.A.C.

The second all ranks reunion was held at the Guildford Hotel, Leeds on Saturday, 3rd July, 1948 at 6.30 p.m. A large and enthusiastic gathering was welcomed by Lt.-Col. A. C. Jackson, who was in the chair. The Colonel of the Regiment was unable to be present, but sent his best wishes via our old 2nd I.C. in North Africa, Lt.-Col. Archie Montgomery-Campbell, who is A.A. and Q.M.G., Scottish Command. There were many telegrams and messages from old comrades unable to be present. Colonel Jackson congratulated the organising committee and referred to the Newsletters which would be sent out periodically; he particularly stressed the importance of informing Major F. B. Murgatroyd, 12 St. Ives Road, Skircoat Green, Halifax, of any change of address. He expressed the thoughts of all present when he remarked on the stimulant effect of meeting old comrades on whom one had relied and could rely. It was unanimously agreed that the next reunion should be on Saturday, 26th March, 1949, again in Leeds.

R.S.M. B. Boon, S.S.M. B. Wadd and Sgt. W. Reed combined the duties of door-keepers and M.C.'s with their usual efficiency and vigour. All were pleased to see Capt. Lord Savile, Major Christopher Newton-Thompson, T.Q.M.S. Withers (now serving with the King's Dragoon Guards) and Sgts. J. White and Jones.

The members of the organising committee are as follows:—

Major F. B. Murgatroyd (Hon. Sec), Capt. F. O. Till, Messrs. B. Boon, B. Wadd, W. Reed, D. Broadbent and W. Mounsey.

The following are Local Representatives:—

London and South: Major L. Lusted, D.S.O., 10 Bentinck Street, London, W.1.; Doncaster Area: Capt. S. V. Owen, 74 Thorne Road, Doncaster; Scotland: Capt. H. Flood, Sandfield Cottage, Milngavie, Dumbartonshire; East Riding: Mr. H. Vickers, 5 Greenshaw Lane, Partrington Near Hull; York: Mr. R. A. Sanderson, 28 Mount Ephraim, Holgate Road, York; Wakefield Area: Mr. B. Hicks, 26 Brook St., Wakefield.

The Regimental War Memorial Fund.

Since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE the following donations have been received, and seven year covenants signed :—

DONATIONS

Mr. J. S. Jones, Mrs. D. Tidmarsh, Major A. C. S. Savory, Mr. D. L. Lappin, Miss J. Baker, Col. Keith Sykes, Major H. R. Kavanagh, Brig. C. W. G. Grimley, Col. W. C. Fenton, Major C. A. P. Atkinson, Major F. Spencer, Mr. Mark Nutter, Capt. T. A. Hoyle, Mr. C. M. Whitham.

SEVEN YEAR COVENANTS

Major-Gen. W. M. Ozanne, Capt. P. B. Hall, Major W. Skelsey, Major P. G. L. Cousens, Capt. Ian Hamilton, Col. R. K. Exham, Capt. R. H. D. Bolton, Lt.-Col. A. E. H. Sayers, Major G. Laing, Col. R. G. Turner, Mr. T. E. Jessop, Capt. E. Davies, Lt.-Col. Owen Price, Lt.-Col. W. A. Waller.

TOTAL AMOUNT OF DONATIONS TO DATE—£1,046 13s. 5d.

TOTAL AMOUNT GUARANTEED BY SEVEN YEAR COVENANTS.—£1,288 6s. 1d.

In addition an amount of approximately £250 will come in from the profits of the Regimental Waterloo Ball at Halifax.

The Iron Duke

From : Colonel C. J. Pickering, C.M.G., D.S.O., (Colonel of the Regiment 1938-1947)

Our Regimental Magazine, aptly named THE IRON DUKE, made its first appearance in the year 1925 and from that date to this, has never missed an issue. With the present issue, No. 70, the magazine in its present form will come to an end, but will be replaced by a monthly magazine in a reduced form. The necessity for the change is due to reasons of finance. The rise in the cost of wages and materials makes it no longer a paying proposition. It has earned a reputation of being one of the best if not the best Regimental magazine to be published; every issue being voted as good as or even better than its predecessor. Messrs. Lawrence Brothers of Weston-super-Mare have published THE IRON DUKE for us from the third issue. The high standard of efficiency which it has always maintained is almost entirely due to the wonderful work put in by our Editor, who since the start has been responsible for its production throughout the whole period. Lieutenant-Colonel Mordaunt V. le Poer Trench, who joined the Regiment as a 2nd Lieutenant in the year 1899, has edited the magazine from the beginning, and right well has he carried out his arduous task. To him this work has been a labour of love, the result of which has done much to maintain the high degree of *esprit de corps* in the Regiment.

I know that all ranks of the Regiment past and present will join with me in thanking Colonel Trench for all his good work and time spent in editing what in my opinion is the best magazine of its kind. We all hope that, in spite of the increasing costs, means will be found for the continued appearance of THE IRON DUKE in some form or other.

C. J. PICKERING.

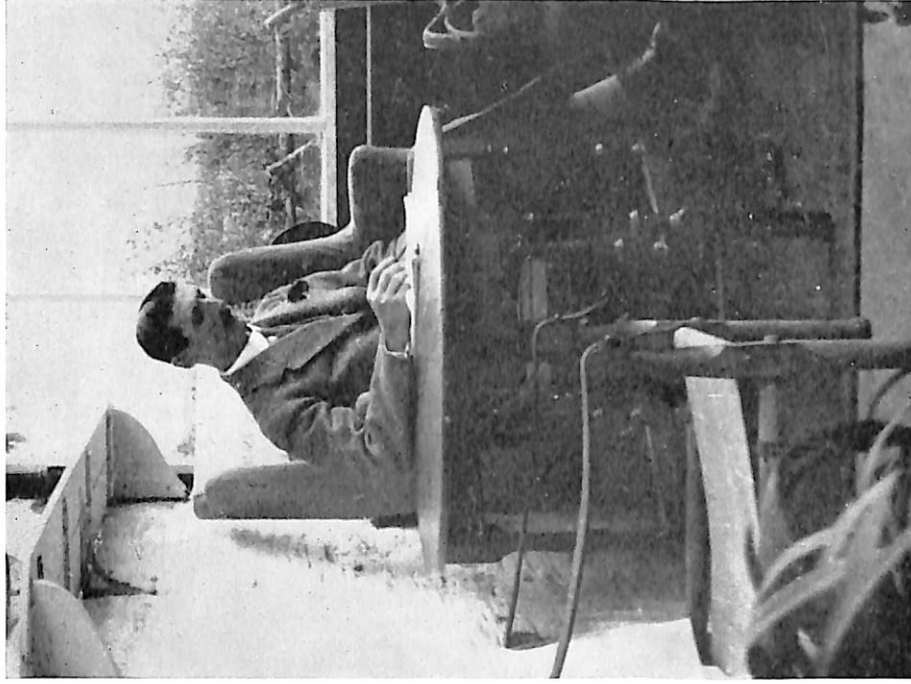
10 The Crescent, Alverstoke, Hants.
10th July, 1948.

Back Numbers of The Iron Duke

The Business Manager has a few copies of all back issues of the Magazine (except Nos. 45, 46, 51 and 53). These can be purchased from him at 1/6 per copy, post free. A few copies of the *Index* for each year are also available, price 1/- per copy. This is your LAST OPPORTUNITY of making up your volumes with missing numbers. Copies not sold within a month of this notice will be sent to salvage.

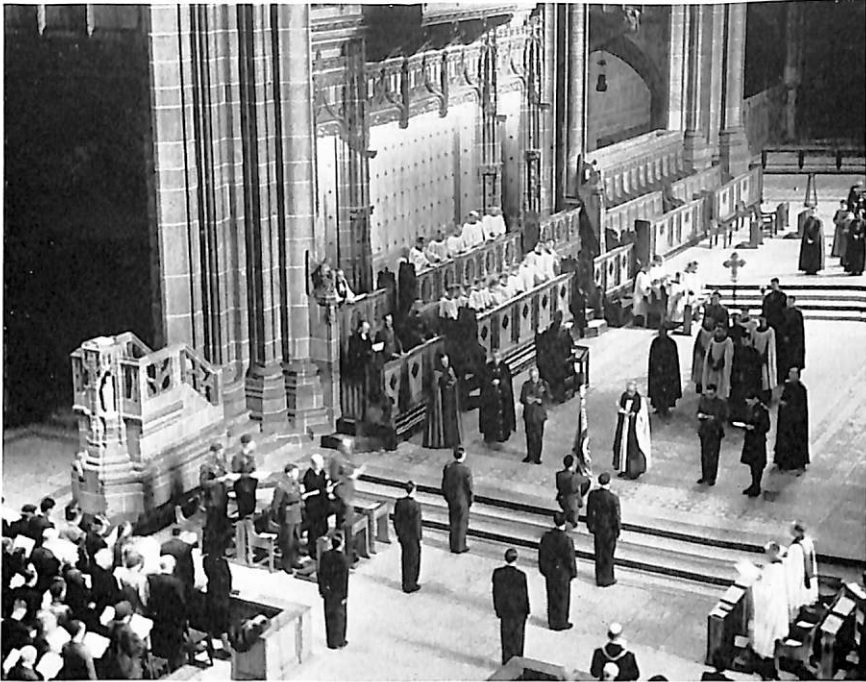


Lieut-Colonel S. E. Baker, M.B.E., T.D.



The Editor in his Veranda Room at Llwyn-Celyn at work on "The Iron Duke" (Taken in 1930).

INSTALLATION OF THE CHINDIT STANDARD IN LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL,
14th March, 1948



The Dean of Liverpool in centre is flanked by Lord Wavell and Brigadier Tullock.
Under the Pulpit are Viscount Keren and Brigadier Calvert.
Mrs. Wingate is in black at the end of the front pew on the left.



The Standard.

(see page 87)

Defaulters

"Dear Sir, I tender my sincerest regrets for my lapse in payment of dues, and enclose double to compensate." That was the opening paragraph of a letter recently received by the Hon. Treasurer from a subscriber, late of the 7th Battalion now resident in London, to whom a reminder that his subscription was overdue had been sent.

That subscriber, by his handsome amends, more than made up for the cost and trouble that his oversight had caused. But what about the 350 others who also required reminders, the majority of whom have not even taken the trouble to send a postcard saying that they no longer wish to subscribe? They have received the February issue of the magazine, post free, and they have incurred THE IRON DUKE in the further expense of sending them reminders. The magazine costs slightly over 3/- per copy to produce, the postage is an additional 2½d., the reminder costs a further 3d. A minimum total expense of 3/6, which could have been saved had these one-time subscribers had the courtesy and common decency to send and spend 2d. on a postcard in January. Is it any wonder that the magazine cannot afford to carry on in its present form?

Will all subscribers please heed this warning? In future, the magazine will NOT be sent to anyone who is in arrears with his subscription. There can be no difficulty in remembering to pay at the right time—the "Old Sweats" do remember; those grand old soldiers who serving in the Regiment at the end of the last century and in the first 30 odd years of the present one never need reminders; their interest in and love for the Regiment burns as brightly today as in the past and makes them look forward to the arrival of their copies of THE IRON DUKE; consequently they remember to pay. It is the more recent soldier—the man who is not a pensioner but is earning big money in civil life—who seems both to have lost his interest in the Regiment and to be deficient of courtesy and good manners.

V. C. GREEN, Brigadier,
Hon. Treasurer and Business Manager, THE IRON DUKE.

Lt.-Col. S. E. Baker, M.B.E., T.D.

Lt.-Col. S. E. Baker, known to his intimate friends as "Sammy," retired on 15th July, after eight years' continuous service at the Depot, Halifax. Few can realize how much the Regiment owes to his unflinching service on its behalf, for his activities have covered many varied fields.

After the war he looked after the interests of both Regular Battalions, of the 4th, 1/6th and 1/7th Battalions, including their accounts and stores, and of the Service Battalions. He started the Regimental Association, organised and ran the Prisoners-of-War Fund, and had much to do with the War Memorial Fund. These have entailed, besides the routine work, the organising of entertainments and the issue of appeals on their behalf and for other regimental objects, such as the post-war aid for all men of the Regiment.

In 1946 he started a monthly bulletin for officers, which ran to 19 issues, the last of which appeared in May of this year. They were extremely popular, and enabled officers to keep in touch with each others' doings.

His enthusiasm for THE IRON DUKE is unbounded, and the help he has given the Editor is impossible to overestimate.

Colonel Baker was mainly responsible for the organisation of the Regiment's part in the Freedom of Halifax Celebrations in June, 1945, and as a leading article in the *Halifax Courier and Guardian* stated some time ago, he has rendered a good deal of quiet service for Halifax. This included the many Savings Campaigns, the arrangements for holidays at home, the comforts Fund and the Turner V.C. Fund.

Colonel Baker was educated at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, where he took his M.A. degree with first class honours in natural sciences. He was housemaster at Sedbergh School for some years, and later at Cheltenham College, at both of which he was an officer in the O.T.C. During the 1914-18 War he served in the 8th Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, seeing active service in Gallipoli, Egypt and France. He was twice wounded and mentioned in despatches. In 1935 he was awarded the Territorial Decoration. On the outbreak of war in 1939, he left Cheltenham and rejoined the Regiment at the Depot, Halifax. Practically every officer of the Regiment who served during the war must have made his acquaintance, and his kindly and helpful nature endeared him to all.

Colonel Baker was awarded the M.B.E. in the Birthday Honours last June for his services to the Regiment, and we offer him our heartiest congratulations. A portrait of him appears opposite page 80.

We print below a letter of appreciation from Colonel C. J. Pickering, C.M.G., D.S.O.

25th June, 1948.

"Dear Editor,

"I know that all ranks who have served or are serving in the Regiment will join with me in paying tribute to Lt. Col. Sidney Ellis Baker, of the 6th Battalion, for the services which he gave to us during the years of the World War of 1939/45 whilst employed as our permanent representative at the Depot. The fact that Col. Baker was allowed to remain at the Depot throughout the War period, ensured a continuity of policy in our regimental administration, which has resulted in the very satisfactory state of affairs of our institutions, finances, etc.

"His tact endeared him to soldier and civilian alike, and his energy and interest in regimental matters had no limit.

"His time in Halifax has now terminated, but his activities in connection with the Regiment will be continued by his self-imposed task of writing the War History of all our Battalions, a work of love for which we are truly grateful.

"We are all very glad that His Majesty The King has been pleased to appoint Col. Baker to be a Member of the Order of the British Empire.

Yours sincerely,

C. J. PICKERING."

10 The Crescent, Alverstoke, Hants.

Cartoon of the Editor

29th June, '48.

My Dear Trench,

It is sad to think that the forthcoming 70th number of THE IRON DUKE is the last that will appear under your editorship, and I know that I am only one of many who will feel great regret at the thought that the work of the future compilation of the Regimental Journal passes from your hands. The Regiment owes you much for 23 years' unremitting and consistent effort of a high standard. You have in the long course of your editorship seen fit to reproduce some 40 of my humble attempts to depict in Cartoons, members connected with the Regiment—some of whom have contributed in varying degree to regimental history. I venture now to send you one of yourself, hoping that you will pay me the compliment of publishing it in your final number, though I admit that the exercise of your prerogative as editor to blue pencil such a production would be understandable.

Yours ever,

"Tucks Wood," Ferndown, Dorset.

J. C. BURNETT.



RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW

Daughters of Halifax, blue-eyed and fair of tress,
 Unmatched in virtue as in comeliness,
 Whether ye dwell on Pellon's misty steep
 Or by the walls of that embattled keep
 Which men call Highroad Well,
 Sometimes, and sometimes purgatory or hell
 When checked for absence or when warned for guard !
 And you, ye nymphs, who on the enamelled sward
 Of Savile's storied acres nightly trace
 Your fairy rings, bear with me for a space.
 I will not keep you long
 For sorrow is the burden of my song.
 A heavy heart I bring and bitter news.
 Lament then, sisters of the Northern Muse,
 Lament and bid the solemn church bells toll.
 Bid every mortal soul
 From Heckmondwyke to Hipperholme assume
 A countenance of inspissated gloom.
 Strephon, discard those opalescent ties,
 Those socks designed to ravish Chloe's eyes.
 And you, delicious Chloe, do your bit
 As far as cash and coupons will permit
 And don sad garments of a sub-fusc hue
 Nature, go into mourning too.
 Birds, hush your cheerful choir, sun dim your light
 Flowers, hang your heads and close your petals bright,
 And let the belching breath of chimneys tall
 Veil the fair face of heaven with a sulphurous pall.

On this vile, accursed day
 Laughter is fled and silent grief holds sway.
 Mark how the brave, inured to war's alarms,
 Whimper like babies in their mother's arms.
 In English fields they mourn, in far off lands
 From Iceland's snows to Deccan's burning sands.
 Where the strong, silent sahib from his eyes
 Brushes the tear-drops that unbidden rise
 And shouts for gin. The Empire's furthest bounds
 Re-echo now to unaccustomed sounds,
 The sobs of sergeants on the stony square,
 The moans of majors maudlin with despair.
 Who would not weep ? This day we look our last
 On the proud record of our glorious past,
 That precious scarlet volume bravely lit
 With Mordaunt irony and Trenchant wit,
 Satire by Swift, cartoons by J. C. B.,
 The Newor look, sport, learning, phantasy,
 Gossip supplied by many a willing hand.
 And verse that often rhymed and sometimes scanned.
 No longer shall enchanted readers pore
 On snaps of Salterhebble and Johore,
 Inspections by the G.O.C.-in-C.,
 Bright glimpses of the regimental tea.
 The Poona polo-ground, the children' fete.
 The Band and Drums in 1898,
 And countless groups of tough athletic guys
 Their arms akimbo, murder in their eyes,
 And in the centre looking rather shy
 The Colonel and perhaps the P.R.I.

But as ye mourn the passing of the old,
 Take comfort, for ere long ye may behold
 A second Phoenix from his ashes rise
 And singing mount the skies,
 Not quite so stout perhaps, so richly dressed,
 But head held high with undiminished crest.
 Vain is regret. So gentlemen, salute,
 The young I.D. in his austerer suit.

O.P.

The 33rd Waterloo Colours

Readers of Bruce's history of the Regiment will recollect that in Chapter XIV of that work, which is devoted in part to the history of the Colours, it is stated that the Regimental Colour of the 33rd which was carried at Waterloo had been found to be in the R.U.S.I. Museum among relics of the Great Duke.

Late last year, the authorities of the Museum in the course of a review of their property, decided to offer this exhibit to the Regiment, and it was accepted on the Regiment's behalf by Lt.-Col. S. E. Baker at the Depot. The O.C. 1st Battalion took over the relic from Lt.-Col. Baker last February and took it over to Strensall. It consisted of a dome-like glass case rather similar to that used for wax flowers seen on graves. All that could be seen were the two spear heads, the two "shoes" (Brass bases to the Colour pikes) and a heap of silk amidst which could be discerned the battle honour scrolls "Waterloo" and "Seringapatam." There was also a small illuminated card with the following inscription:—

Colours
 of the 33rd Regiment
 (The Duke of Wellington's Own)
 Borne at the Battles of
 QUATRE BRAS and WATERLOO
 1815.

The case was taken to York and confided to a Miss Knowles of Stonegate, an expert on ecclesiastical vestments who has also considerable experience with old Colours hung in the Minster. When the case was opened and the tattered silk laid out it was discovered that we were in possession of the remains of both the King's and Regimental Colours. Very careful work is being done on these Colours and it now appears that there is something under one half of each Colour still surviving. It is proposed to frame these historic remnants in scarlet and gold mouldings somewhat similar to the frame of the original Honorary Regimental Colour of the 76th now in York Minster.

This stand of Colours carried by the 33rd Regiment throughout the campaign in the Netherlands in 1814, including the storm of Bergen-op-Zoom, and during the Waterloo campaign including Quatre Bras and Waterloo, was presented in 1813 and retired in 1832. It was reported upon at Spanish Town Jamaica in 1830 as "very old and scarcely to be described as Colours." As was the custom in those days, the Colours, when retired, became the property of the then Commanding Officer, who was Lt.-Col. J. M. Harty, K.H.

Pattison's "Personal Recollections of the Waterloo Campaign" mentions that Lt. Cameron was killed at Waterloo when carrying the Regimental Colour. It is not known who carried the King's Colour on that fateful day.

It is hoped to have a photograph of these colours published in the next copy of THE IRON DUKE. They will form one of the most precious possessions of the 1st Battalion.

B. W. W. C.

c



"When first I put this Uniform on
I thought I was a Knut.
But when I joined the Dukes I learned
That I was nothing but
That least significant of things
An unconsidered wart;
A Salutary Lesson,
Kindly, but firmly, taught.

I have no clue to tell me how
The modern one-pip feels
When first he dons starred balttedress
And smartly clicks his heels
But if my mere opinion
Anyone would care to know,
I bet it's much the same as I
Did Forty years ago.



NEWOR

The Chindit Standard

On Saturday and Sunday, March 13th and 14th, I was fortunate to be able to attend the Chindit Rally and Dedication Service in Liverpool.

Like other famous Divisions of the war, the 3rd Indian Division, or Chindits, organised and led by the Late General Wingate, formed an Old Comrades Association. A few stalwarts gathered together over a year ago and started a reunion movement from which has sprung the Association. This has grown to such an extent that there is now an Old Comrades Association and an Officers' Dinner Club. Mrs. Wingate, General Wingate's widow, is the Patroness, and Lord Wavell and Lord Mountbatten are the Patrons. Brig. Tullock is the President. Its aims and objects are very much the same as those of any other association: to foster the comradeship formed in the Division during the war, and to give advice or help to any ex-Chindit who may be in need or distressed circumstances.

It was decided to stage a large rally-cum-reunion of all ex-Chindits in order to commence the fostering of the spirit of the Association, and to expound these aims. Liverpool was chosen as the site, as it was, geographically, the most central of all the large towns of the Regiments which furnished the Division. Some nine hundred ex-Chindits met in Liverpool Stadium on the 13th March. Amongst the "Dukes" I met were Lt.-Col. Hoyle, Captains Shuttleworth and Mowatt of 33rd Column, Major Emmett of 76th Column and ex-Sgts Bardsley, Birchell and Peers. The meeting was addressed by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, Lord Wavell, Brigadier Tullock, Brigadier Calvert, Major Geoffrey Lockett and Mrs. Wingate. Brigadier Tullock and Geoffrey Lockett told us of the forming of the Association and its aims and objects. Lord Wavell told us of the idea of the Chindits as brought to him by General Wingate, and the birth of the Force. He said—"When Wingate came to me some time in 1942 with his plan for a long range penetration group, I told him that I would not give him a force drawn from a score of different units, but that he could have men from such units as were available. If I was to some extent your father, it was Wingate who brought you forth and trained you."

But it was Mrs. Wingate who captured all our imaginations in a fine fighting speech. She extolled the memory of her husband and called for the same spirit in the country to-day that existed during the war.

I went to Liverpool Cathedral the next afternoon, Sunday, 14th March, for the service of dedication of the Chindit Standard. The building was filled by ex-Chindits and their families and relatives. To describe the service that afternoon with full justice requires a person of Churchillian oratory or the possessor of a more colourful pen than mine. Suffice it to say, that I felt very privileged to be present at an inspiring and noble ceremony. It was rich in conception but simple in execution. Lord Wavell addressed these words to the Dean of Liverpool—"In the name of the Chindits, we come to seek a home for our Standard, desiring a hallowing and a dedication."

During the service, for a time, the Standard rested on the altar, on the flag which covered General Wingate's body at his funeral.

The two most moving parts of the service were first, when the blue and gold Standard was borne down the length of the congregation to the strains of the "Triumphal March," and secondly, when at the end, as the service closed, "The Flowers of the Forest" was played and the Last Post and Reveille sounded. They were almost agonising in their intensity.

Perhaps many readers are wondering why I have written an article on the subject of a rally of an Association of a war-time Division. There are many famous Divisions, all of whom have Associations with the same aims. True, but not all have a colour or standard, and had it dedicated in a Cathedral. And further, what is of particular interest to us as a Regiment is the fact that the names of all the Regiments comprising the 3rd Indian Division are inscribed on that Standard, and amongst them is that of our 2nd Battalion. I think that this fact alone is worthy of mention. The name of the 2nd

Battalion can be seen, sixth from the bottom on the left hand side of the photograph of the Standard, appearing elsewhere in this issue.

The Standard now rests in Liverpool Cathedral and, in the words of the Dean answering Lord Wavell—"Amen, to the Glory of God, Amen, and in special honour of the men of a very gallant and hazardous expedition, we dedicate the Chindits Standard. The Cathedral Church of Liverpool shall be the home of this Standard."

And there it now stands, at the end of the Nave, for all to see.

G. C. T.

MISSION TO THE MOON

(Air : Russian folk song "Suliko.")

[R. G. T. writes :—"I wrote 'Mission to the Moon' in Moscow for one of our Christmas pantomimes—though it wasn't eventually used. It was of course topical, and meant to be sung, and I doubt it would seem to scan to anyone reading it and not knowing the tune."]

When I went on a Mission to the Moon,
From dear old Sweaty-pore in '23,
I was young and ambitious, and I thought that the Moon
Was waiting for a chap like me.
I had plans for turning night into day,
And for cleaning up the Milky Way,
I thought that folk, some day,
Would point at me and say :
That's the chap who led the Mission to the Moon.
The prospect seemed so grand
I didn't understand
How very cold things were in the Moon.

But when I met the Man in the Moon
At the Bureau for Earthly Affairs
He really made me feel as though I'd come to the Moon
To sell him some fraudulent shares.
I told him our plans about Mars,
Our designs for the Satellite Stars,
He said that he'd refer them to the right Commissars
And give me an answer soon.
But after weeks without reply
I realised that I
Might just as well be crying for the Moon.

I spent all my time in the Moon
At that Bureau of Earthly Despair.
The answers I required were always—"Coming soon,"
And no-one but me seemed to care.
I begged and I blustered, I cajoled,
Till suddenly one evening I was told
That, as my visa had expired,
I should be required
To embark next morning before noon.
And since I got back once more
To dear old Sweaty-pore
I've always been allergic to the Moon.

R. G. T

The Roll of the Drum in Regimental History

A French writer, in the days when France was the greatest military power in the world, wrote that "the history of France is written on the parchment of the Army's drum-heads," and so, as this article hopes to show, the history of the British Army in general and of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment in particular, is also closely linked up with the drums behind which our soldiers have marched to victory in every part of the world—so much so that the phrase "following the drum" has passed into the currency of our language as a synonym for the military profession.

The drum is said to have been introduced to this country by the Crusaders, and it has set the time for our marching infantry ever since Great Britain had a Regular Army. At the time of the raising of the 33rd, and for a good many years afterwards, it was customary for the King, when a new regiment was to be raised, to issue a Royal Warrant to its Colonel authorizing him to raise the required number of recruits "by beat of drum or otherwise."

In olden times it was the usual practice for a regiment to send out a drummer or two with some recruiting sergeants to country fairs and markets in search of recruits. The 33rd did not rely upon the charms of music or the silver tongue of a persuasive recruiting sergeant alone to attract recruits, but added a more tangible bait in the shape of oat cakes or havercakes and so earned the nickname of "The Havercake Lads."

In the first year of its existence, the 33rd (then known as the Earl of Huntingdon's Regiment) had twenty four drummers, who ranked "with but after" the corporals, and drew the same rate of pay—a shilling a day. The 76th Foot had twenty-two drummers when raised in 1787, and its establishment remained at this figure for a good many years.

In the 33rd's first campaign, in the War of the Spanish Succession, we read how the Regiment advanced to the assault of the breach at the siege of Valencia with drums beating and colours flying, and with "a courage and success which thus early established its reputation."

Old records of the American War of Independence give us two contrasting glimpses of the drums of the 33rd in prosperity and adversity. The Regiment took part in the triumphal entry into Philadelphia, "amidst that acclamation of thousands of inhabitants," and we were told that on this occasion "the drums and fifes struck up 'God Save the King.'" The second occasion was the closing scene of the war, the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and his British troops to the French and Americans at Yorktown. It was two o'clock in the afternoon, on 17th October, 1781. Cornwallis had defended his position with great resolution until all hope of relief was gone. As an American writer says, "Swept by small-pox and a deadly malaria, heavily reduced by wounds and death, his men had shown and were still showing, a splendid steadiness. But he had almost nothing left to feed them and not one single cannon that could fire a round of shot. Meantime, the enemies' batteries, at a range of three hundred yards, were sweeping his position with an unremitting blast. Until this day he had held out in hope of relief by sea. Vain hope. To hold out longer would be, he believed, a useless sacrifice of gallant soldiers whose fidelity deserved a better fate." So he had to surrender, and that was why his heavy-hearted troops passed along a mile long avenue of French and American soldiers, to lay down their arms. For a British Army to surrender was a new and unheard of thing, and a bitter experience to all ranks, though they endeavoured to put as brave a face on it as possible. Little wonder that as they marched out to lay down their arms, the drums and fifes struck up a tune, long since forgotten, whose title must have seemed strangely fitting and appropriate at such a moment. It was called "The World Turned Upside Down."

At this time, the Drummers of the Regiment wore white coats faced with red, and black bearskin grenadier caps. The drums were of wood, painted scarlet to match the facings, and having the King's Cypher and Crown with the number 33 in front.

At the Siege of Seringapatam in 1799, we find that 13 drummers of the 76th were numbered among the storming party of whose victorious assault it has been said that they had "achieved something which had never been surpassed in splendour by any event recorded in the history of military transactions of the British Army in India."

In 1807, the 76th had a recruiting party at Wakefield under the command of one of the most gallant soldiers who ever wore the uniform of our Regiment—John Shipp, orphan son of a farm labourer. Left without parents he was an inmate of the workhouse until at the early age of ten he joined the 22nd Foot (now the Cheshire Regiment) as a drummer boy. After service in Africa and India he gained a commission for gallant conduct in the field and joined the 76th as an Ensign. The life of an army officer was very expensive in those days, when most of the officers were drawn from the landed gentry, and promotion to a commission from the ranks was rare. Poor Shipp, with only his pay to rely on, got into debt and had to resign his commission. But here we see the innate courage and strength of character of this remarkable man. Instead of bewailing his bad luck and drifting through the rest of his life as a self-pitying man with a grievance, Shipp enlisted again as a private in the 24th Light Dragoons, rose to Sergeant Major, and then, for the second time, was given a commission from the ranks. This time he was commissioned in the 87th Foot (Faugh-a-Ballaghs, or Royal Irish Fusiliers). After further good service in the Gurkha campaigns in Nepal, he eventually retired to civil life with the rank of Lieutenant and took up an appointment as head of the Liverpool Police.

When the 76th landed in Spain in 1808 to join Sir John Moore's army, a correspondent who watched them disembark, after commenting on the smart appearance of the troops, "Highly disciplined and particularly neat looking in their clothes and accoutrements," tells us how "they formed their battalion to the sound of music of a very warlike description, and marched off in the best order."

At the Battle of Lugo in January, 1809, when a French shell fell very close to the Grenadier Company of the 76th, a Drummer "coolly picked it up and threw it over the wall, on the other side of which it burst without effect." Had this deed been done fifty years later, this unnamed drummer of the 76th would almost certainly have received a Victoria Cross. During the Corunna campaign an order was published that "the bandsmen and drummers are told off to assist the medical officer in the field: when not required for that purpose, they are to guard the mules and to keep them well up."

When Wellington set his scarlet columns in motion to cross the Nivelle, most of the drummers of the 76th accompanied the Regiment as a matter of course, but one or two selected drummers and buglers from each regiment were left behind in the camp, where the watch fires were left burning, and the routine bugle calls and drum beats were played at the usual time, so as to give the French the impression that the British forces were still encamped and employed as usual, when actually, they were rapidly approaching the French positions for a swift and successful attack.

During the year 1813, the 33rd were doing "King's Duty" at Windsor Castle, and so the Drums of the Regiment often had the honour of playing before a royal audience.

Many writers have told us how the British Army marched out of Brussels to the field of Waterloo. The description given by Thackeray in "Vanity Fair," of how young George Osbourne's regiment marched out of the Belgian capital to take part in the great battle, bears a close resemblance to accounts given by Waterloo veterans of the way they marched forth to "the first and last of fields," and it is hardly surprising that Thackeray's account should be so true to life when we remember that he had many friends among the officers of the Army, and on a number of occasions dined as a guest at regimental messes, where he must have heard at first hand, accounts from veterans of Waterloo and Quatre Bras. We can imagine the 33rd marching from their billets at Soignies, via Nivelles, to Quatre Bras, with the drums and fifes at their head, probably playing "The British Grenadiers" and "The Girl I left behind me," for these seem to have been the favourite tunes to which English regiments marched to Waterloo. Three Drummers of the 33rd

are shown in the casualty list as wounded at Quatre Bras, and four Drummers missing (probably killed) at Waterloo.

When stationed at Hull in 1818, the regimental records show that the 33rd had at that time, one Drum Major and twenty-one "Drummers and Fifers," but by 1839 this number had been cut down to ten Drummers, of whom six were with the Service Companies in Gibraltar, and four with the Depot at home.

On 14th September, 1852, the muffled drums of the 33rd were heard in the streets of London, at the funeral of the great soldier whose name is now borne by the Regiment, the 33rd being specially brought up to London from Manchester (where it was then stationed) to pay its last tribute to "The Iron Duke."

In 1854 came the Crimean War, and it is a fairly safe bet that when the 33rd left for "the East," as it was called in contemporary newspapers, the drums and fifes would play "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," the song which was the "Tipperary" of the Crimean War, and to whose strains most of the troopships seems to have left our shores. Incidentally, the transport *Himalaya* carried to Constantinople (en route for the Crimea) by a coincidence, two Regiments with which the Great Duke of Wellington had been closely associated—the 33rd, the first Regiment which he had commanded, and in which the future "Iron Duke" had his baptism of fire : and the 41st (The Welch) Regiment, which he had joined as a young Ensign.

At a later date, when the Army had landed in the Crimea, it is extremely probable that the drums and fifes would play "Annie Laurie." A letter from a lancer serving in the Crimea says that "every new draft from Britain marches into camp playing this old Scottish melody." One presumes that they must have had a special setting of the tune in march time, as the ordinary setting of the air of "Annie Laurie" is too slow for marching to. As to its popularity as a song with the soldiers of the Crimea, there is no doubt for, as a soldier's letter says, "Words and music combine to render it popular, for every soldier has a sweetheart, and almost every soldier possesses the organ of tune. I once heard a Corporal of the Rifle Brigade start 'Annie Laurie.' He had a tolerably good tenor voice and sang with expression : the chorus was taken up by the audience in a much lower key, and hundreds of voices, in the most exact time and harmony, sang together :—

'And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doon and dee.'

The effect was extraordinary. I never heard any chorus in oratorio rendered with greater solemnity, and the heart of each singer was evidently far away over the sea."

In the Abyssinian campaign of 1868, Drummer Michael Magner and Private James Bergin of the 33rd won the Victoria Cross for being the first two men to enter Magdala. The Drummer mounted on the shoulders of the Private, and so climbed on to the fortress wall : then he helped his comrade to get up after him, and the two of them drove off the defenders and opened the gateway for our troops to enter. The capture of Magdala took place on Easter Monday, 1868 and among the trophies taken, was the state drum of King Theodore of Abyssinia, which was taken from the King's palace by a bandsman of the 33rd. The 33rd appealed to be given permission to keep the drum, on the grounds that it was required for the band, but the Commander of the Abyssinian Expeditionary Force, General Napier (afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala) would not permit this, and ordered the drum to be cut into three parts, only one of which should go to the 33rd, the others to the 3rd Prince of Wales' Dragoon Guards and the 4th Foot. This was done, and for many years the three parts of the drum wandered round the world, wherever the three regiments were stationed. Then the three regiments came together again in one station at Salisbury Plain, for the first time since the Abyssinian War, and so after being in three parts for sixty years, the drum was re-assembled and photographed.* Gold and silver forming Theodore's treasure was used to ornament the drum major's staff of the 33rd.

* This photograph appeared opposite page 48 of No. 12 (February, 1929) of THE IRON DUKE.—Ed.

Fifteen Drummers embarked with the old 33rd (now called in official documents the 1st Battalion, West Riding Regiment) in the last week of 1899 en route for South Africa and the Boer War. When Bloemfontein surrendered to the British, we read that the 1st Battalion, West Riding Regiment marched off to take part in the ceremonial entry "with what drums and fifes we could muster." Of the operations leading up to the capture of Bloemfontein, Lord Roberts said that the British Force had earned "a record of which any army may well be proud, a record which could only have been achieved by earnest, well-disciplined men, determined to do their duty and surmount whatever difficulties or dangers might be encountered." In all these operations the 1st Battalion "The Dukes" had played an active part, and they had well earned the right to step out proudly behind "what drums and fifes could be mustered." Drummer C. Haigh was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal and was also mentioned in despatches for "special and meritorious service" in the South African War.

Mention of the Drums in connection with the war of 1914/18 calls to mind many memories—of recruiting marches when the drums once more fulfilled their historic function: of drafts leaving Tynemouth, Clipstone, or Rugeley Camp (I particularly recall "The Six Hundred Draft" leaving Rugeley on the night of Easter Saturday, 1918) played out by the Drums: of long marches along those seemingly endless straight roads, with the tall poplars alongside and the round, hard "pavé" underfoot. Perhaps some of my readers will remember the "Whizz-Bang Drums" (as they were always called) of the 4th (Reserve) Battalion D.W.R., with Drum Major "Jock" Shields, D.C.M., at their head: or the Drums, fifes and Bugles of the 1st/4th Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment who made heavy packs and long marches seem lighter and shorter on many a road in France and Flanders. Incidentally, their presiding genius, Drum-Major H. Dean, composed a special march for the second anniversary of the battalion's arrival in France, and called it "Stirzaker" in honour of Regimental Sergeant Major F. P. Stirzaker, M.C., who was killed in action almost exactly a year later (April, 1918), just a day or two before the third anniversary of his, and his battalion's arrival in France. I wonder if any other R.S.M. in the British Army was ever honoured by having a march called after him.

It was the memory of these war-time marches, so well remembered by veterans of World War I, that inspired a Yorkshire soldier-poet (Lt.-Col. F. W. D. Bendall, D.S.O., a former Headmaster of Bridlington School) to say, in one of his "Front Line Lyrics":—

"So,—when a new sun rises
Some time in happier days,
I will go there—to the small square,
at Maricourt crossways,
And close my eyes and listen,
And on the wind will come,
Aye, loud and clear, that sound most dear,
The sound of song and drum."

Between the wars, the Drums of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment had a deservedly high reputation. They took prominent parts in many Tattoos, and at the Southern Command Tattoo of 1929 at Tidworth, Drum Major Stannard of the 1st Battalion, D.W.R. (though not the senior Drum Major present) was specially selected to take charge of the massed drums of all the regiments taking part in the Tattoo. In commemoration of this, a silver bugle was presented to the 1st Battalion, D.W.R. by Henry Potter & Co. of London, the famous musical instrument makers.

Of the part played by the Drums in the war of 1939/45, the writer can say little, except that they were heard in at least one part of the world where the Regiment had never been seen or heard before (Iceland). Perhaps some writer of the younger generation will let us know something of their work.

R. MAURICE HILL.

All that's Shoved behind me

I must have been about seven when the yearning to be a soldier first seized me. A military band did it. I wanted to be one of those splendidly martial figures who strode ahead nonchalantly twirling a long baton. At home I practised with a billiard cue. The mark the chandelier made on its way down, can still be seen behind my right ear.

I modified my ambition. I would be a drummer. Drummers created noise, and as a maker of noises I was accounted something of a specialist. Heaven knows what arguments I advanced to obtain that drum, but I got it. And I hammered it for six consecutive hours. Alas, it fled in the night with both sticks and I never saw it again.

I decided then I would be a general. A picture of Lord Roberts winning the V.C. fired me with this noble aim. It looked so easy—just wipe a couple of sepoys over the ear and there you were! I longed to meet a sepoy smaller than myself and put in a bit of practice.

The Great War broke out, and I achieved my first command. Not, I confess, through ability. I won the toss. I was the only one with a coin. It was as simple as that.

There were seven in my army. All were larger than I; some were even dirtier. I set a cracking pace—Brigade of Guards stuff—and then they mutinied. Unanimously they decided to spifficate me; but I retained my presence of mind. I bought them off with five liquorice all-sorts each. There was, I like to think, a touch of real generalship here.

At school, I became a member of the O.T.C., and it was at this stage I first encountered that offensive rudeness from my superiors which was to be such a feature of my later career. A seventeen year old N.C.O. complained that my legs spoiled the symmetry of his platoon. In my ignorance I answered back, I was arraigned before a gang of licensed terrorists and found guilty. Sleeping restlessly face downwards, I yearned more than ever to be a general so that I could liquidate the perpetrators of this dastardly outrage.

I wanted to join the Regular Army. No nonsense about leading a useful life ever troubled me. The means, however, were lacking. I joined the Territorial Army instead. The road to a generalship was, I realised, longer this way, but I was undaunted.

I made a critical study of myself the first time I donned my uniform. Napoleon, I reflected, was not much to look at either. Admittedly his physique was more concentrated than mine. Perhaps that N.C.O. had been right about my legs. The puttees didn't seem to cling properly at the edges. I put them on again, pulling them as tight as they would go . . .

Two hours later, I sat on the pavement in a busy street and took them off once more, consoling myself with the thought that under similar circumstances, the Iron Duke himself would have taken them off in the middle of Piccadilly Circus.

Some of the remarks passed by the public were in questionable taste, but they were as nothing to a little private chat I had from the Adjutant. I could actually see that man's blood pressure rising. Mercifully his collar split just in time.

My progress was steady, but not meteoric. In four years I became a lieutenant. At the same rate of progress I computed I should be a general by about ninety. I did not despair. I had seen a few generals by this time and some of them looked older than that.

I was promoted captain. I was given a horse to ride. Well, that was all right. Generals rode horses. They sat on them calmly surveying the stricken field. And I could have done that provided the damned horses remained calm; but horses never did with me. Most of the time I was on the stricken field surveying the horse.

My ambition began to wilt under the strain. It was disheartening to be flung prostrate at the feet of one's company every time one gave a word of command. In these enlightened days I should have been fitted with a parachute. Mechanization came too late for me.

Slowly and inexorably it was borne upon me that I should get no further. All the latent tactical military genius seething within me would never find an outlet. Well, so much the worse for England; they should have given me a bicycle.

Time has reconciled me to the loss. I am growing older. I scarcely care a damn now. Only the other day I saw a famous general, and where was the glittering panoply that excited my youthful dreams? He would have passed anywhere for a Breton onion seller or a plumber's mate. He may have smashed his country's foes, but his apparel was no better than that of those who have smashed jeweller's windows.

I have another ambition now. Instead of leading a thin red line I want to forecast an all-correct one—one of those seventy thousand pound touches where the Mayor hands the cheque over in the local music hall and the roar of an envious populace rings like music in one's ears.

And, after all, the odds against me are only about the same.

P. M. L.

A RECIPE FOR RAPID PROMOTION

My life has been a catalogue of crime,
I started at the early age of four
By bumping off Aunt Nelly with strychnine in her Jelly
And scribbling rude words on the bathroom door.

My wretched parents could not keep a nurse,
I strangled the poor creatures as a rule,
And buried them at night by a lantern's misty light
In the garden. So they packed me off to school.

But not for long. Some narrow-minded beak
Reported that my moral sense was lax,
When I pinched a diamond brooch from the Matron, Mrs. Roach.
And silenced her objections with an axe.

Thence Oxford. I was happy there, until
The proctor caught me in a public bar,
And in a fit of spleen, I shot the junior dean,
Depositing his body in the Cher.

This episode caused comment in the town,
And some uneasiness among the Dons,
In their parochial view it was not the thing to do,
And set a bad example to the swans.

I tried the Navy then but quickly found
Myself in trouble with the first Sea-Lord,
Who noted with dismay, that on St Patrick's day,
I threw some junior snotties overboard.

In this, I had usurped a privilege
To which flag officers alone aspire.
By this careless piece of work, I had pinched their dearest perk,
And he therefore must request me to retire.

I joined the Army and became involved
In some unpleasantness with a grenade,
Which blew up by the roots several promising recruits,
While the adjutant was present on parade.

He sent for me and spoke to me in words
Unpolished and offensive to my pride.
You may read upon his tomb the story of his doom:
"A victim of potassium cyanide."

The Colonel was the next who had to go,
 The Quartermaster and the P.M.C.
 They led good and useful lives, and were faithful to their wives.
 Weed killer was the trouble, R.I.P.

Mortality among the higher ranks
 Henceforth increased in an alarming way.
 We lost within the year our valued brigadier,
 Two major-generals and a C.R.A.

Good men were hard to find. The powers that be
 Set out to sift the grain among the chaff,
 And now their task is over, I find myself in clover,
 With a lucrative position on the staff.

A spot of strychnine in my colonel's soup,
 Or digitalis in his lemonade,
 Or a dash of prussic acid in the Tournedos al Raschid,
 And once more I'll be upon the upward grade.

My road is clear, the ball is at my feet,
 Though I haven't quite decided up to date
 Whether I mean to be a G.O.C. in C.
 Or better still, a Secretary of State.

O.P.

Some Reminiscences of Forty Years

The Editor has asked me to write an article for the last number of THE IRON DUKE in its present form. Perhaps a few anecdotes may interest some of the older readers; and may I be forgiven if there is a little too much "Ego."

It was in February, 1908, that I was first appointed to a commission in a famous Kentish militia battalion, and well do I remember as a boy of 19 joining the Depot to go through what we used to call "On the Square." How nervous I was too in joining a Mess for the first time, and on the first guest night when I was made to stand on a sofa and sing a song among a lot of strangers; and how impressed I was, when the Battalion went to camp for training at Shorncliffe, with the appearance of the C.O. mounted on a beautiful white arab charger. Of those days in camp, my recollections are that I seldom went to bed before the early hours; and on one occasion we played a cruel trick on a fellow-subaltern who was out late by putting two sheep into his tent.

My days with the Militia were not long, as in December, 1909, I was appointed to a commission in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment and joined the 2nd Battalion at Tidworth. What happy times they were! I wonder what many would say to-day of the life we lived then: hard training on Salisbury Plain, all on foot unless you were a Field Officer—no mechanical vehicles.

I recall my first *faux pas*. Like many, I used to sing in my bath, and perhaps, unfortunately for me, my quarters were below those of the second-in-command, a man of whom I always stood in awe. On my first evening whilst I was in my bath (flat tin baths in those days), there was a knock at my door and in walked an old soldier (servant to the second-in-command). "With Major—'s compliments: Will you kindly not sing in your bath." Horrors! I felt a worm, and that I should be "for it," but nothing more was said. I don't think I have sung in my bath since. I must add that that second-in-command has always been a good friend to me since I joined.

Time rolled on, and I remained a second lieutenant for three years and eleven months, at 5/3d. a day. What would be said to-day of this? Remember though, that the cost of living then was rather a different story, and one could buy cigarettes and drinks at prices which are almost unbelievable to-day.

In 1910 and 1911, the Battalion took part in the lining of the streets in London for the funeral of King Edward VII and the coronation of King George V. I remember the wonderful pageantry of these two occasions; at the former, the presence of so many crowned heads; and especially the salute given to our four Colours by Kaiser Wilhelm. For the Coronation we were encamped in Kensington Gardens, and what a busy time we had—two whole summer days lining the streets in full dress. An episode which caused much excitement was when a spectator alarmed the C.O.'s horse, which careered across the street as the procession passed.

I wonder how many of my readers remember the tour of duty of the 2nd Battalion at Wolverhampton during the great railway strike in the late summer of 1911? One picture comes into my mind of a very tall and broad subaltern (now a Major and welfare officer) making his way through a very large crowd of rather angry strikers, swinging an entrenching tool handle with which he had armed himself as a truncheon. The road was quickly cleared for him by the strikers who were quite alarmed. I remember too, how the younger members of the Regiment always hoped it would fall to them to escort the Sunday trains conveying theatrical touring companies.

In September, 1911, the 2nd Battalion was transferred to Dublin. What a grand station it was! In those days all forms of sport were cheap, and there was plenty of it—hunting, fishing, racing, etc. Dublin found us doing more "spit and polish," because the Battalion had to find officers' guards during the season at the Castle, apart from the Sunday church parades which always attracted crowds. The Battalion also Trooped the Colours on St. Patrick's Day, 1913, a unique occasion when the two King's Colours were trooped. Who of those days will not remember the Regimental Guards with Band and Drums in full dress marching from Portobello Barracks through the main streets of Dublin to the Castle, crowds lining the streets to see them? The Regimental Sergeant-Drummer was always a great figure on these occasions, as he was an expert at throwing his stick. Many will remember how later on he distinguished himself for bravery in the 1914-18 War, and how he sacrificed his life for his country.

What times we subalterns had in the officers' room or at some party at the Castle, to which some of the Guard were invited. I wonder how many of my readers remember the paintings in the officers' room? One officer of the Battalion (now a retired Brigadier) left a record of his art on one of the window-shutters, a study of the four Colours of the 2nd Battalion. I recall too, a beautiful Madonna, and also a picture of a nude female, in a reclining position, just above a settee; and another, a gruesome painting of a skeleton emerging from a coffin. There were also pictures on the staircase; one, of an officer hurriedly putting on his tunic, sword, etc., as he ran down the stairs when the Guard was called out.

Do some of my readers remember the Army manoeuvres in 1912 or 1913 in Wicklow and the South of Ireland? It was the first time aeroplanes had been seen in Ireland. There were six of them, and the peasants thought that the world had come to an end; they even knelt by the roadside counting their beads. I think it was on these manoeuvres that an officer of the Regiment (now retired as a Major-General) distinguished himself by outfacing an angry bull. This officer was a fine athlete in his youth and had no difficulty in getting out of his dilemma. There was also the scene when in "an attack at dawn" the whole show was spoilt by a hare getting up in front, and the whole line opening rapid fire—an event which brought adverse comments from the commander of the 13th Infantry Brigade. His remark on many occasions "Farrard on! Never mind the cost in the 13th Infantry Brigade" will live for ever. He was killed commanding the 7th Infantry Division in 1915—a fine soldier.

Dublin days passed peacefully until the late summer of 1914 when trouble broke out with the Sinn Feiners; and no doubt many will remember the experience the 2nd Battalion had in guarding railway stations and the docks at North Wall. Two incidents come to my mind; one was when a subaltern was chased along the Quay from near

Royal Barracks to O'Connell Bridge alongside the R. Liffey. He was however a good runner and eventually jumped on a tram, and by force of persuasion made the driver drive to O'Connell Bridge and then to safety. That subaltern gave his life for his country later on. The other incident was when I tried to assist the driver of a goods train near North Wall. My inefficient efforts to work the Westinghouse brakes in the early morning must have destroyed the sleep of anyone living in the vicinity.

July and August of 1914 were upon us, and those of us who were with the 2nd Battalion at that time will never forget those days. During mobilization, I had the job of taking the four Colours to Halifax and handing them over to the Mayor of the town for safe keeping. It is a curious coincidence that my son also had the responsibility in 1939 of taking the 1st Battalion Colours to the Depot.

Of the doings of the 2nd Battalion in the 1914-18 war it is not for me to write in these reminiscences. The Regimental History by Brig.-Gen. C. D. Bruce deals with them fully. My days with the Battalion ended in May, 1916, when I gave up the adjutancy under a very distinguished officer of the Regiment who became a Brigadier-General and died after the War. His son is serving in the Regiment to-day, and has also brought honour to his Regiment. I went to the staff of the 8th Corps, under a famous Corps commander, General Sir Aylmer Hunter-Weston; and in July had to return to the U.K. as the result of injuries.

From March, 1916 to February, 1945 I served in the War Office in the Military Secretary's Department; an office job, but a most interesting department. During my time there I must have interviewed thousands of officers on their personal problems. Perhaps an example or so may be of interest. For instance, the officer who offers you what is almost a bribe, such as a brace of pheasants or a box of cigars; or as happened in the recent war, one who asked me if a few petrol coupons were of any use to me! Among other duties I was also responsible for dealing with confidential reports. One officer, on initialling a report recommending his retirement, added under his initials "See Luke, chap. 2, verse 29." (Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace). The Military Secretary at that time (afterwards C.I.G.S.) remarked to me: "Must be some good in him; he has a sense of humour."

In March, 1945, I left the War Office for Belgium, and thus finished a period of 29 years in the War Office, with no regrets. My experiences in Belgium and Germany were as an A.M.S. with the Military Government at 21. Army Group H.Q., and my duties when we arrived in Germany (via Brussels, Suchteln, near the Rhine, and Bad Deynhausen) took me all over the British zone. The ruined towns such as Berlin, Hamburg, Cologne Dusseldorf, and the Ruhr Area, showed what air bombardment can do. We in England thought we had had it, but the damage here was little compared with what Germany had to accept.

I have perhaps written too much, and I can only hope that these reminiscences may bring happy memories to those who read them. The past forty years have been extremely interesting, even at times exciting. If I have any regrets, it is that I did not get the chance to serve for a longer period in the Regiment, and to have had an opportunity like so many in the late war of going further afield. We must, I think accept our fate, be thankful we are alive, and in my case be grateful for an interesting 40 years, both in the Army and in close touch with it.

Happy Memories!

"INKY."

Extracts from letters from Tibet in 1904

[In 1925, Mr. J. W. Paling sent us extracts from a letter written to him by the late Sergt. J. Heaney while serving with the Expedition to Tibet in 1904; the 2nd Battalion to which he belonged, was stationed at Lebong.

The extracts were published under the title of "A Gymkana in Tibet" on page 135 of No. 2 (Nov., 1925) of THE IRON DUKE. Shortly after Mr. Paling sent more extracts from Heaney's letters, but owing to shortage of space they were put into our reserve file, and there they have remained ever since, and were quite forgotten. When going through the file the other day we came across them, and feel that they should have a place in THE IRON DUKE.—ED.]

Introduction to the Letters by Mr. J. W. Paling:—I cannot remember the actual causes of the Expedition to Tibet. To the best of my recollection Colonel Younghusband was sent with a Mission to treat with the Lama in 1903, with only a small escort of Ghurkas. Whatever was the reason of the Mission being sent the Tibetans would not have anything to do with the same, so it was determined to strengthen the Escort and if necessary to push forward into Tibet. Two Field Hospitals were formed; one, the 4th British, had two Sergeants of the 2nd Battalion attached to it as Storekeepers, Sergts. J. Heaney and J. W. Sandall. Sergeant J. Packman was already there with the Mission, being with the Native Field Hospital.

On the advance into Tibet there was a fight near Kamba Jong, where Mr. Candler, the War Correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph*, was severely knocked about. Heaney took part in this fight and he related to me an amusing incident of how he asked a Havildar of the 40th Pathans for some ammunition, when the Tibetans were rushing at them and were not many yards away, and the Havildar refused to give him any without he got a receipt for same. Sandall was left behind at Kamba Jong with a detachment and Sergt. Heaney went forward with the Mission on to Lhasa.

Sergt. Heaney died at Lichfield in September, 1908, from the effects of a fall on the ice when returning to India from Lhasa.

J. W. P.

Camp New Chumbi. 21.1.04.

We left Rangpoo on the 1st, arriving here on the 7th, crossing the Jelap-La Pass on the 6th, the cruelest marching ever man did, I'll swear. We are pretty comfy in camp. Sun visits us from 10 to 4, but the wind does away with any benefits we might get from Old Sol. At night we have about 15 to 20 degrees of frost, any liquid in the tent freezes, but we don't mind much. We get bread and fresh meat daily, vegetables too. Packman and Sandall with their whiskers look like brigands. Mine grows around the chin, and I laugh at myself daily. The General and the Mountain Battery came to Camp yesterday, and stay here, I believe, till the beginning of March. Numerous more troops to come up. Have you heard anything about six companies of Ours? The Mission, with 400 men, is about 40 miles from here. Tuna. Negotiations have not opened yet.

We are all in the best of health, but we cannot get any spirits or beer here. The S.M.O. says it does not do any good. Blow him. Have not had a letter from the Battalion yet, my thanks to Watson and Graham. No more to say at present. Keep smiling.

Wouldn't old Pezzers and Lamb's probosis's catch it here. I wish they were here.

Camp New Chumbi. 28.2.04.

We expect to leave here and advance on Gyantse, one of the three large cities of Tibet, about the 15th March. The Tibetans refuse to come to any terms unless the Mission and escort retire to Yatong. Colonel Younghusband won't do that of course, so we will have to go and persuade the poor natives that their ideas are unchristianlike. Probably that is the reason why our force consists for the greater part of heathens. Think so?

The weather is getting milder now. The snow seems to have made it warmer.

The natives are suffering very much from frost bite and lung diseases. Lots of them have had fingers, toes, and in some cases the whole hand taken off. We keep very healthy. The Sergeant Instructor E. I. R., yclept Maclaughlin, is a very amusing chap. Like Doyne, only more so. I expect he will pay you a visit.

[Unfortunately I have lost a number of letters covering the period between the above and the 14.7.04, which were most interesting as they described the difficulties to be contended with between Chumbi and Gyantse, with the description of two or three fights with the Tibetans. One especially in which the Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, I think the name is Edmund Candler, was badly injured, losing I think one of his hands. If I remember rightly it was called in English "Hot Springs." Another was about the taking of the Jong at Gyantse, and mentioning about how Packman earned his D.C.M.—J. W. P.]

Gyantse. 14.7.04.

To-day we started on our march to Lhasa and have arrived at a place, name unknown, 10½ miles from Gyantse. Of course you have heard all about the taking of the Fort. Jack Packman is, I believed recommended for the V.C. for leading the "Pathans" back to their places in the firing line. The picquets on our left have just been firing volleys at something, don't know what.

I did not send that parcel till yesterday, I hope you get it safely. As near as I can remember it contains six brass images, two wooden ditto, two carved bones, two or three prayer wheels, one oil lamp, one bell, two pairs Chinese spectacles, and a few other things. I have got a couple of swords and I picked up a fair sized pearl out of the forehead of an image, I think I will have it set in a ring (peechee) also a gong and a pair of cymbals. The cymbals are the same size as used in the Band, splendid tone. Tell me what you and others think of the bones, they are supposed human thigh bones. The dagger with the three heads is a Dorgie, used by the Lamas to frighten the devils away.

The troops are feeding themselves now on meat principally, capture and kill a bullock or sheep, and there you are. Getting dark now, no fires. Expect a fight at Karo La. Hope so, as only 50 per cent of the W. R. recommended for the V.C.

[The DUKES party consisted of only two, Packman and Heaney.—J. W. P.]

Lhasa. 9.8.04.

Just think of it, we are camped here on a lovely Maidan in full view of the Bally? ? Lama's Palace, the "Potala," being about one mile from camp and situated on a sugar loaf hill rising about 600 feet sheer from the plain. All around us the mountains rise to heights ranging from 14,000 to 18,000, most of the peaks being snow covered.

We are not yet allowed to go into the city as it is not considered advisable, but those people who have been on escort say that it is, if such is possible, even dirtier than the remainder of Tibet.

After leaving the Karo La there was no opposition to our march. On the 2nd inst. we arrived at a camp about seven miles from Lhasa, and a brilliant company of Tibetan and Chinese officials came to interview the Commissioner. They wanted the Force to go back to Gyantse where negotiations could be carried on, but Younghusband couldn't see it, and the next day we camped close to the City of Mystery; the only mystery I can discover up to date is that of how they can exist amongst such filth. The only part of Lhasa which has any semblance of cleanliness is the Chinese Quarter and Barracks, the other parts are filthy with refuse, etc., on which hundreds of pigs and pariah dogs seem to thrive.

The day we arrived here a deputation came to see the Commissioner, next day the Chinese Hambone arrived with a guard of Chinese troops, the latter being armed with spears, half moon cheese knives, and sythes on poles. They made such an impression on our troops that the medical officers had to be sent for, as the troops aforesaid were splitting

their sides with laughter. But even that imposing spectacle was eclipsed next day when a Tibetan Captain came into camp with his escort. The Captain was on a mule, and sheltered from the fierce rays of the sun (it was raining) by a large paper umbrella held over him by one of the boys, the escort were dressed in red tunics with black facings, blue trousers, with a broad red stripe, Chinese and Tibetan boots, puggarees with what appeared to be blacking tin lids as badges, and last, but decidedly not least, they were held together by dirty white buff belts, from which depended long Martini shaped bayonets. The uniforms, there were only ten, had evidently been purchased from a trader. They were undoubtedly cast off European uniforms and seemed to have been made for big men, so you had better imagine what the body guard who averaged about five feet one, looked like, words fail me.

A bazaar is now in full swing, eggs can be had for four annas per doz., butter (good) and vegetables too are pretty cheap, in fact we can buy almost anything at the bazaar.

For the first few days we were here commissariat supplies came in freely, on the 6th they were stopped, so this morning the Force went out to a large "Gompa" (monastery) where 7,000 monks are in training, to persuade them to supply grain. They received the messenger with a fusilade of stones, but quickly changed their political opinions when the guns were trained on them, and the Ghurkas occupied the head Lama's bungalow. In the end we got a few maunds of grain, and took four Lamas as hostages to guarantee the remainder required, but, bless 'em, what do they care about four men, absolutely nothing, and if it suits them they won't scruple to leave the poor hostages in the lurch.

On Sunday last, yesterday, we had Church Service, then the General went to visit the Amban. Oh, bye the bye, on the 6th inst. the Tibetan Government sent 4,000 Tankas for distribution amongst the troops, a tanka is a silver coin valued at six annas, British Troops got two each—two dozen eggs.

The weather has been vile since arriving here, rain every night without fail, but the days are fine and warmer. Rumour says that we will leave here about the middle of September, but I fancy we will begin our backward trek before then. Bye the bye, the design on the obverse of the medal is an Assistant Surgeon taking cover, on the reverse is the C.S. and T.O. issuing full rations, with a joggery and barley meal coloured ribbon. The R.F. are to have a special one for fatigue and grouching. Have not heard anything about Jack Packman's mention yet.

Lhasa. 18.8.04.

On the 13th inst. we shifted our camp to about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles North of the famous city, and have got a splendid piece of sandy ground from which the water drains very quickly. The Camp is surrounded by a wall five feet high, loopholed. It is made of sods, and an inner lining of three feet of sand, having trenches both front and rear, and which owing to the sandy ground are filled with water. I'll try to tell you a few things about the route from Gyantse. I've already told you about the Karo La and the splendid rush the Fusiliers made at the wall across the valley. There wasn't any of the enemy there, but still the rush stands good, as it's the only thing that they've rushed up to date. The Ghurkas, as per usual, climbed the hills on the right flank and drove the enemy from their positions, some of the latter taking refuge amongst the snow on a distant ridge. Nothing of note occurred then till we reached Nagantse Jong on the Western end of the Scorpion or Palle Lake. It is but a small place and the Jong has evidently seen better days, though on this particular day it was supposed to contain about 3,000 Tibetans, who had left the Karo La in a hurry. However, on the M.I., reconnoitring it, it was found to be deserted, and the villages around it contained only a few old men and women. The latter had evidently used some kind of cleaning material when they were born, but since then had used no other, I'll swear.

About 3 p.m. some Tibetan delegates came into camp to interview Colonel Young-husband, who bye the bye is an old married man, and stayed till about 6.30 p.m., I believe that the whole trend of the discussion was that the Mission should go back to Gyantse and negotiations would be carried on there. When they first entered the camp they told

Colonel Younghusband that there were no Tibetan troops in the vicinity ; about 4.30 p.m. the M.I. came into camp with a large number of prisoners, mules, ponies, supplies, and rifles, some of the latter being of European make, one in particular being a Mannlicher. The M.I. reported that they had encountered a large convoy, escorted by Tibetan Cavalry, whom they engaged, killing fifteen and taking the convoy and remainder of the men prisoners. The delegates were confronted with this evidence of their being relatives of Ananias, but they coolly replied they knew nothing about it. Next day, the 20th July, we rested to give the animals a chance, they being weak through hard work and small rations, and on the 21st we started again. For four days we marched along the fringe of the lake, which winds in and out amongst the mountain valleys like a huge serpent, it is about 1½ miles wide, deep, and its waters of a dark blue. Splendid sport was obtained by those lucky individuals who possessed fishing rods. I had some luck with a bent needle and a piece of string. The largest fish caught were about four pounds in weight, beautiful mountain trout. I can assure you that they made a very welcome addition to our rather meagre larder and for four days we lived.

On the 24th we left the lake and climbed the Kamba La, a rough and dangerous pass about 15,000 feet high, I think it is fully as bad as the Jelap La, and far worse than the Tang La or Karo La. Well, when we got to the top of the pass and had thrown a few stones to swell the cairn there, we saw, far in the distance and about 2,500 feet below us, the Brahmapootra, a shining silver thread winding its way through one of the most fertile valleys I have ever gazed upon. Here and there small villages shewed their gleaming whiteness in the rays of the morning sun, and tiny mountain streams dashed down the mountain to join the parent stream, and eventually vomited out into the Bay of Bengal a mass of muddy coloured liquid that I can't really call water. But I say isn't that a tame ending to my magnificent flow of language. But, to resume, we camped by the River on the right bank and crossed in boats of hide on the 30th to the left bank, where we left on the 31st, for which the Lord make us truly thankful. On the 2nd August we arrived at a place about seven miles from Lhasa, here the Mission was again visited, this time by the Ta Lama, next in power to the Dallah Lama, Yulok Shaho, a high official, and the Grand Secretary, with numbers of followers—yellow Robes and Caps, peacock feathers, and an unlimited amount of assurance. The argument was the same as at Nygyantse "Go back to Gyantse and we will talk to you." Colonel Younghusband said it was too late, the troops were going to Lhasa, and they departed looking half dead. Next day we camped inside "their blooming tahn," vide Fusiliers, and the bazaar was promptly opened and the sale of goods commenced, but I have already told you about it.

Lhasa. 7.9.04.

The Treaty was signed today, the various signatures to the various documents took two hours to put on. Representatives of each Corps in Camp were present in the room during the signing. You will read all about the Treaty in the papers before this reaches you.

The Commissioner and G.O.C. congratulated all the troops on the successful termination of the campaign. I think we deserve it too, don't you? The troops are celebrating the event in a dram of rum, and the Ghurkas are playing the deuce! meaning the Pipes outside the G.O.C's Quarters.

I'm going to see the town of Lhasa tomorrow, to see what it is like. I've a good idea now, Packman got into the Potala and witnessed the signing of the Treaty. Colonel Younghusband warned them to keep the terms of the Treaty or look out for future trouble, and they promised to faithfully abide by them. The prisoners of war are being released tomorrow and are being sent away happy with five rupees each. They will be released at noon. Troops are to be left at Gyantse and Chumbi, but I am glad to say it will not affect Jack or I, good job too. I think I will bring a sword for Captain Healing, and of course one for you.

Have not heard of Sandall except that he is C.S. and T.O. at Phari, and is daily watching the Ekkas coming over the Pass. His Hindustani is perfect, he can already count to Garra, but is uncertain what seven is.

Roll on Dum Dum, we are fed up now all is over, and long to get down for a quiet game and glass in the Mess, and you can bet I will be down in Dum Dum the night we get back to Calcutta. Kind regards to Brooks, Clarke, and Harper. Write to Gyantse as we will reach there before your letter arrives. Mail just closing. Keep smiling.

Lhasa. 20.9.04.

Just another from Lhasa. Jack and I have been several times to the City and bought a few curios. It is very dirty, but not worse than many Indian and Burmese towns. I have had a letter from Mangles of the 1st Battalion giving me all the news.

We have got fine pictures of the "Potala," water colour drawings by Tibetan artists, they are very scarce, few men of the Force have got them.

Our latest news of moving is the 23rd, arriving India about the 12th November. Jack speaks Tibetan like a native, it is amusing watching him bargaining in the bazaar. We amuse ourselves by riding ponies in the mornings, it is good exercise, but this morning I rubbed all the skin off my face with a bad saddle. Have heard nothing more about Jack's recommendation, but fancy it will be the D.C.M.

NOTE.—[This turned out to be correct]. We are both keeping fit and well and will be ready for a big whiskey and soda when you meet us at Dum Dum station on our way down to Calcutta.

"TESTAMENT"

By LERMONTOV.

(Translated from the Russian by R. G. T.)

Say, lad, I'd like it if you'd stay
 Alone with me a bit ;
 I've not so long to live, they say,
 And that's the truth of it.
 While you will soon be home, my friend,
 So look—but why do I pretend :
 I know there's no one now back there
 Who'll ask for news of me—or care.
 But should somebody ask by chance—
 No matter who it be—
 Tell him that in our first advance
 I caught it properly.
 Say I died game—Long live the Tsar ;
 Tell him what fools our doctors are—
 And say the lad he asks for sends
 His best respects to home and friends.
 You'll not be likely, lad, to find
 My parents living yet ;
 It wouldn't anyway be kind
 To give them cause to fret.
 If one of them's still there—well, then,
 Say I'm not handy with my pen,
 And, as we've just had word to pack,
 I can't say when they'll see me back.
 The girl who lives across our lane—
 Remember ? Long ago
 We kissed good-bye. Now she'll not deign
 To ask. But even so,
 You tell *her* all the beastly part,
 Don't spare her rotten empty heart.
 No harm to make her cry a bit—
 She'll soon enough get over it.

[NOTE.—Readers of Maurice Baring's "Have you anything to declare" will be interested to compare his translation of Lermontov's poem with this.—ED.]

Personalialia.

We offer our congratulations to the following retired officers on their recent approaching birthdays :—Col. G. L. E. May reached the age of 98 on 16th January, 1948. We heard a little time ago from his daughter, Miss May, that he was in good health considering his great age.

Col. A. Curran was 95 on the 7th May, 1948. His eyesight has unfortunately not improved since the operation he had to undergo last year. Col. C. J. Pickering visits him occasionally, and gives him the latest regimental news.

Col. B. St. J. Le Marchant was 89 on 11th February, 1948. We have not heard from him recently, but he is much crippled by arthritis.

Lt.-Col. H. W. Becher, D.S.O., will be 82 on 27th July, 1948

Lt.-Col. E. M. Parsons will be 84 on the 9th October, 1948. We visited him at his home in Hove last May, and although he was suffering from a chill at the time, he was in very good form, and was most interested in the latest news of the Regiment we were able to give him.

Lt.-Col. K. A. MacLeod will be 79 on 20th July, 1948. He attended the Regimental Dinner on June 2nd, and was looking remarkably well. He has had to give up his room at the Army and Navy Club where he has lived for many years, and is moving into a flat in Mayfair.

We also congratulate Mr. W. Maskell, who will be 81 on 19th September, 1948. He writes that his wife will be 80 on the 9th December, and that they will be celebrating their 50th Wedding anniversary on 28th August next. Mr. Maskell joined the Regiment in 1885 and served with the 2nd Battalion in the West Indies and South Africa.

In our February, 1947 issue (No. 66), page 48, we stated that Lt.-Col. C. W. G. Ince had started voluntary work by serving on the committee of the Battersea Boys' Home. This was an error, for which we offer our apologies, and it should have read the Battersea Dogs' Home.

With reference to the story on page 49 of our last issue concerning the MacDonald's Highlanders, sent to us by Capt. D. S. D. Jones-Stamp, we learn that Mrs. Jones-Stamp's great grandfather was General Sir John Ewart, G.C.B. He was present at Lucknow when Barry Kavanagh's great grandfather got the V.C. Sir John was in the 91st Highlanders and was also recommended for the V.C., but never received it for he had to draw lots with another officer who won and received the decoration. Mrs. Jones-Stamp's great great grandfather was Lt.-General F. Ewart, C.B. of the 52nd L.I., and he was the son of Mr. Ewart, H.B.M., Minister to the Prussian Court, who was supposed to have been poisoned on the orders of Catherine of Russia.

The following births have been announced :—

COUSENS.—On February, 15th, 1948, at 35 Drumsheugh Gardens, Edinburgh, to Joan, (*nee* Robinson), wife of Major P. G. L. Cousens, Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a son.

SIMONDS.—On March 27th, 1948, at a British Military Hospital, B.A.O.R., to Esther, "Bunty" (*nee* Whyte), wife of Capt. D. N. Simonds, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, H.Q., The Training Centre, B.A.O.R., 16—a daughter.

KERSHAW.—On April, 5th, 1948, to Major and Mrs. L. F. Kershaw, —a daughter, Elizabeth Louise.

STRANGWAYS.—On June 24th, 1948, to Eleanor, wife of Major D. I. Strangeways, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a son. St. Normans, Overlinks Drive, Parkstone, Dorset.

The engagement is announced between Major Patrick Philip de la Hogue Moran, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, son of the late Lt.-Col. J. Moran and of Mrs. de la

Hogue Moran, of Blemur, 6 Church Circle, Farnborough, Hampshire, and Viviane, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. H. E. Gibbs, of Le Pont-Sanson, Feugerues, Manche, France (now at Westcroft, Boreham Wood, Hertfordshire).

The engagement is announced between Robin Vivian Cartwright, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and Loveday Cartwright of 29 Arthur Road, Wimbledon, widow of Major Guy Valentine Cartwright, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

The engagement is announced between Mr. John Malcolm Hepburn of Chudleigh, S. Devon, and June, daughter of Colonel G. S. W. Rusbridger, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and of Mrs. Rusbridger, of Orchard Cottage, Ruishton, Nr. Taunton, Somerset. The wedding will take place at St. Michael's Chester Square, on Saturday, 25th September, 1948. No individual invitations are being sent out, but Colonel and Mrs. Rusbridger will be very pleased to see any of their friends at the Church and afterwards at the Goring Hotel (near Victoria).

A marriage has been arranged, and will take place shortly between Captain H. S. Le Messurier, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Le Messurier, of St. John's, Newfoundland, and Rosemary Alice Champney Walker (present address, 10 Hans Crescent, London, (S.W.1.)), eldest daughter of the late Captain Hugh and the Hon. Mrs. Walker, of Kingsmills, Inverness.

We have had two letters from Colonel F. R. Armitage from Singapore, since our last issue. He writes: "I have had two Regimental contacts here lately. I ran into Lt.-Colonel Chadwick, who officiated in command of the 2nd Battalion from when I left Meerut in March last year until Lt.-Colonel Dick Cumberlege arrived in Delhi to take over in August . . . He is now deputy president of a regular commissions board, which is out here for three months, and is located at Johore Bahru, just across the Causeway from Singapore Island . . . He is of course really K.O.Y.L.I., but rendered the "Dukes" valuable service during his stay with the Battalion. The other contact was Major Kershaw. He appeared in my office dressed as a Duke, but is really serving with the 2nd Battalion, The West Yorkshire Regiment in Penang."

In a later letter written in May last, Colonel Armitage says that he expects to return home next January, if present plans materialise, as his extended tour with G.H.Q., F.A.R.E.L.F. must finish about the end of this year. He writes: "We have had Jack Dalrymple staying here off and on during the last month whilst he was doing his tour of the whole theatre. It was great fun having him here, and I really feel very up to date over Regimental Affairs as a result. I do not think he really appreciated our Malayan climate, as it hardly gave him that Kruschen feeling so dear to the hearts of the sponsors of P.T.!! . . . "Swazi" Waller comes to H.Q. Singapore District in June to take over A.Q.M.G. there, as his job in Kuala Lumpur with H.Q. Malaya District comes under the axe shortly."

Early this year, Brigadier V. C. Green was appointed Hon. Sec. and Treasurer of his local Conservative Association; and as he says, between this and THE IRON DUKE business, he is very fully occupied. He says that he had a visit recently from Major Charles Shepherd and his son Neil, who was home on leave from West Africa, and was about to sail for India to take up an appointment under the Government of India. He is a Technical Officer in the Royal Signals and volunteered for service under the new government. Major Shepherd had been very ill and in hospital, but is recovered now.

We regret that under "Donations" to the Regimental War Memorial Fund on page 33 of our last issue, Major Bruce Hindley's name was incorrectly printed as Capt. B. Hindley. We offer him our apologies.

In a letter to Brigadier V. C. Green, last February, Captain O. G. Williams writes : " I anticipated the Jap invasion and our failure by sending my wife and daughter to Australia in May of that year. I joined them on leave but was recalled to Singapore, and arrived there a fortnight before the end—in time to be taken prisoner. I languished for 3½ years in Chungi and Simka, and lost over 6½ stone. I went to Australia on release, and we hunted from Sydney to Perth for a house, but without success. I retired from the Colonial Service in 1946, and we came home. My home in Bath had been destroyed in 1942, so we started house hunting. After taking several furnished houses at exorbitant cost we built a house near Arundel. Peggy, my daughter, whom you will remember as a baby at Tanglin, is now married and the mother of a fine baby boy . . . " Captain Williams served as instructor in English to the Polish Resettlement Corps after coming home, and has now gone into the Coal Board to supervise the teaching of English to some 200 European Volunteer workers. He mentions meeting two old Dukes serving with No. 14 I.T.C. near the Coal Board Camp at Snaith : Sgt Major McCracken and R.S.M. Foster.

Major R. A. Scott spent a week at Ashridge on a course last March, and one of the lecturers was Professor T. E. Jessop, Professor of Philosophy and Psychology, University College, Hull, who served in the Dukes in the 4th, 5th and 6th Battalions. On his way to the course, Major Scott had Michael Firth to lunch with him at the Army and Navy Club. Michael is the youngest son of the late Lt.-Colonel Denys Firth, and is Secretary of the Arts Theatre Club. He is married and has one child.

When lunching at the R.M.A. (Sandhurst) Selection Board recently, Major Scott was told the following yarn by the Commandant, General Pratt, R.A.—" All cadets at the Selection Board have to complete a form full of questions, one of which is—" What is the main object of your life ? " One bright youth replied : " To do unto others as they do to me and to do it first." General Pratt added that this cadet is a Yorkshireman !

With reference to the Frontispiece of No. 68 October, 1947, of THE IRON DUKE, which is a reproduction of a picture of a recruiting Sergeant of the 33rd with a havercake on the point of his sword, we have received the following from Lt.-Colonel S. E. Baker, written on 8th June, 1948 :—

" About a month ago, I was informed that the public house, the scene of the Havercake picture, was still in existence, was now known as Lower Quick Stavers Farm, and that the sign of the Duke of Wellington, seen in the picture, was still there.

" Of course I went there next day. The farm is just above Sowerby, and the scene of the picture is quite obvious ; but alas ! the inhabitants informed me that the Duke's sign became rickety some two years ago, and was taken down and chopped up for firewood. What sacrilege ! I came away feeling very depressed."

Brigadier V. C. Green had a letter from Mr. F. J. Baddeley early in the year, sending his subscription for THE IRON DUKE, in which he writes that he joined the 2nd Battalion in June, 1895, and served under Major (the late Lt.-Colonel) Rivett-Carnac and Captain (the late Brigadier-General) Watson in Rhodesia in 1896. He served with the 2nd Battalion in Bangalore and Rangoon and then went out to the South African War with the West Riding Company of the Burma Mounted Infantry under the late Colonel Gibbs. He recalls the names of many of the officers of those days.

Mr. Geoffrey Handley-Taylor, the author and ballet critic, who served in the 8th Battalion, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts, in recognition of his outstanding services to ballet culture and the kindred arts.

Last May, the 578th H.A.A. Regiment, R.A., formerly our 5th Battalion, were in camp for a fortnight at Tonfanau, about 12 miles from the Editor's home. At the invitation of Colonel Laurence and the officers, we paid them a visit, and were hospitably entertained to tea, after seeing round their vehicles, and having the intricacies of radar and fire control explained. It was very pleasant to see the Duke's badge and red lanyard again down here, and we were especially struck with the great keenness shown by all for their connection with the Regiment, to which they obstinately cling in spite of some official obstruction.

The South African Exchange—Draft of April, 1902

I well remember while serving with the 1st Battalion in the Northern Transvaal South Africa on Blockhouse Duty guarding the railway line early in April 1902, word coming through from Battalion Headquarters at Warmbaths from Blockhouse to Blockhouse that 150 time expired N.C.O's and men had arrived at Durban from the 2nd Battalion stationed at Rangoon, Burma, in exchange for 150 young N.C.O's and men from the 1st Battalion serving in South Africa. Myself, being only a young soldier, I knew I should be for that draft to go to Burma; eventually I was warned to be outside my Blockhouse next day with all my belongings to meet the train coming North with the Burma draft. It duly arrived, I got on the train, a draft man got off, the train stopped at every Blockhouse, men getting off, men getting on, until we arrived at Headquarters at Warmbaths. We were at Warmbaths about two days, being issued with new Kits and Indian uniforms. Arriving at Durban we embarked on the troopship *Lord Clive*. When we got aboard there were several drafts from other Regiments also aboard. We sailed from Durban for Bombay which we reached safely. We disembarked, but most of the other drafts left by train for other parts of India; our draft was marched to Colaba Depot to await a ship to take us to Rangoon.

We stayed about eight days in Bombay; while there, the lads of the draft arranged a rugby football match with the Welsh Regiment who were stationed in Bombay and who lent the draft team all the football Kit. It was a grand match; I forget the score, but our team found some grand footballers. A few I can mention were Barney Quin, (full back), Sam Coldwell (three-quarter), the two brothers Robinson, and Bob Oates (forwards) Bob Oates was later drowned at Dum Dum. Our stay ended in Bombay when we embarked on the Troopship *Lord Dufferin* for Rangoon. Well, we arrived duly at Rangoon after a grand voyage. I well remember on the morning of our arrival seeing Rangoon Pagoda glistening in the morning sunshine—a grand sight. The 2nd Battalion band was there to greet us. All the Barrack Rooms were on stilts. We formed up on the barrack square and were inspected and given a welcome by the Commanding Officer, Col. S. J. Trench. Before our dismissal to our Company, we had a lecture from the Battalion Sergeant-Major, Caine (The Cock), who said he had heard we were a rough lot. Rough lot or no it was the finest draft of men that ever joined either Battalion, fully trained and all grand sportsmen. I often wonder how many of that draft are alive to-day, as a big majority must be over 70 years of age; myself I am nearly 69 years of age, yes I wonder how many are left of the South African Draft.

F. DOCKAR, (Late Corporal),

2 Miles Hill Grove,

Chapel Allerton, Leeds 7.

Notices

ARTISTS IN THE FORCES

The Army Art Society, which held its most successful exhibition last year, when entries were accepted for the first time from artists of all ranks in the three Services, is organising another display to be held next October at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington. This will be the seventeenth since the foundation of the movement 23 years ago—at first known as the Army officers' Art Society—and an effort is to be made to make the annual event, interrupted only by the war, even more successful.

A feature of the last exhibition was the quality of artistic achievement it showed among Service men, past and present, particularly in water colours, black and white drawings, chalk and pencil. Oil paintings and sculpture were fewer in number, but of good standard. Subjects were mainly landscape and figure, but they presented, as Service art exhibits always do, a wider variety of scenes and races than civilian displays. British soldiers, sailors and airmen of all ranks, by the exigencies of their service overseas, often in remote and normally inaccessible regions, and in contact with so many races and tribes, have a wider choice of subjects than is possible to the civilian artists, or even the film producers.

480 Works were sent in last year, and of these 430 were shown, many of them arousing very appreciative comment. It is hoped to attract an even larger number of works for the next display, being convinced that there are still many men of artistic achievement, past or still serving, who can usefully contribute to the progressive improvement that the society seeks to attain. A good knowledge of painting and drawing is fine training of the powers of observation and may come to be recognised in future as a useful addition to the qualifications of a Service man seeking advancement in his career.

The Honorary Secretary, Col. L. N. Malan, O.B.E., 2 Iverna Gardens, Kensington, W.8, will be glad to send further particulars on application.

VICTORY CLUB FUND.

To the Editor, THE IRON DUKE

19th May, 1948.

Dear Sir,

I herewith send you an article on the Victory Club, which is planned to open in late July or August, 1948, for favour of inclusion in your Journal, preferably before the Club opens. I fully realise the problems of short space in these days, and hope that if you are unable to include *all* the article, you will use as much as you can, including, we hope, an appeal for support. At the same time we would like here to record our great gratitude for the splendid support already received from your Association, viz. : £50.

Much is done for the serving man and woman—in war and peace. But once peace comes the ex-service personnel are forgotten and they have had no place of their own, either in London or passing through. But now all this will be changed thanks to the Victory Club, membership of which will be entirely democratic and irrespective of rank, etc. Moreover, besides providing accommodation, welcome and welfare, etc., and advice, it will foster that spirit of comradeship which flourished and played such a big part during the long years of war, and thus be a centre of national morale.

Yours truly,

F. H. N. DAVIDSON.

Director of Appeals, Victory Fund (No. 3 a/c) 73/79 Seymour Street, Marble Arch, W.1.—To which address any contributions should please be sent.

THE VICTORY (EX-SERVICES) CLUB. We all want to help the men and women who served in the Forces : and no more suitable means could be found than by supporting the new Victory (Ex-Services) Club at 73/79 Seymour Street, near Marble Arch, which will open in the summer of 1948. The present Victory Club in Holborn, which has welcomed at least one million men, since its founding in 1907, was three times blitzed in the recent war and is far too small to meet the great needs of our ex-service men and women.

The new premises, with about 200 beds and ample living and recreation rooms, will provide a centre where members of both sexes can obtain bedrooms and food at prices which they can afford—and a welcome always! Here will also be held reunions of Old Comrades' Associations, meetings, entertainments, etc. It also houses our long-established and active Welfare Branch, giving advice and help in all resettlement problems, and working in closest collaboration with other charitable organizations.

The Club is democratic, and is available to ex-service members irrespective of rank, sex, etc., etc. Charges for membership, accommodation and food are very reasonable. Thus membership subscription is only 10/- for one year, or £5 for life. (For details re membership apply to the Secretary, Victory Club, 47 Bedford Row, W.C.1.).

That so much has been achieved is due to the excellent response since the appeal was launched at the Mansion House in 1944, with the full support of the Lord Mayor, of Mr. Churchill, of Mr. Attlee and the Service Ministries, the T.U.C., etc. In fact, support has come from many quarters—from Private Individuals, from Industry, and especially from the Services. In this connection it is noteworthy that part of the Club has been donated and dedicated as the memorial in London to the famous Eighth Army, with the full support of Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, who is one of our distinguished Patrons.

But although the new premises are large, they are quite inadequate to meet all our requirements. We have therefore exercised a favourable option on an adjacent bombed site on which to build vitally needed amenities and accommodation, including rooms for married members. Further large sums will thus be required before the whole of this great project can be completed.

To sum up: from every quarter there is the clearest evidence of the great need for the Victory Club; moreover all is now set to develop and complete our already great achievement, as and when funds are available.

SECOND-HAND UNIFORMS.

Headquarters,

Royal Military Academy Sandhurst,
Camberley, Surrey.

Tel: Camberley 1661, Ext. 24.

R.M.A.S./337/H.Q.

8th March, 1948.

Dear Sir,

The R.M.A. Sandhurst has started a Second-hand Shop in order to provide officer cadets with a means of equipping themselves as cheaply as possible, but with the best quality uniform. The intention is that the uniform they purchase at our shop will be for "second best," and that they will, of course, buy a "best" uniform on arrival in their regiment. We are particularly keen to draw on every source of supply and would, therefore, be most grateful if the advertisement given below could be included in the next issue of your regimental journal.

Yours faithfully,

C. P. ROBINS, Colonel, A.A. and Q.M.G.

"WANTED—Good quality second-hand uniforms. Anyone who has a uniform for sale, which is in really first class condition, should write to the address given below, giving full details and the price required:—Captain F. H. Worlock, Q.M. Stores, The Warren, R.M.A. Sandhurst, Camberley, Surrey.

Correspondence

1303886 Sgt. Johnson W.,
R.A.F. Police,
C/o Sgts. Mess, R.A.F. Basrah,
British Forces in Iraq.

Monday, 26.4.48.

To The Commanding Officer.

Sir,

I hope you will please forgive me for taking this liberty in writing to you, but I had an idea that my actions may be appreciated.

As you can see by my address I am stationed at Basrah in the Persian Gulf, and on my station is the "Basra War Memorial" to all the men whose graves were unknown during the Mesopotamia campaign during the first World War.

Because I happen to be a native of Halifax, Yorks—I have always regarded The Duke of Wellington's Regiment as belonging to my home town and have always been proud to meet any of its serving members during my eight years service in the R.A.F. So I am forwarding you this photograph which I took of the Memorial. On these panels are names of practically every regiment in the British Army. The names of the Duke of Wellington's personnel are on the back of the photograph. They all were in the First Battalion.

Hoping this will be accepted in the spirit of true comradeship.

I am, Sir,

Your Obedient Servant,

W. JOHNSON, Sgt.

R.A.F., Basrah, 26.4.48.

Sir, I was born and brought up in Gibbet Street, Halifax. So Halifax is my home town.

[We regret that the photograph is not clear enough to reproduce.—Ed.]

Our Contemporaries.

We have to acknowledge with thanks, the following Regimental Magazines:—*The Dragon* (January to June), *The Snapper* (January to July), *The St. Georges' Gazette* (December to June), *The Suffolk Regimental Gazette* (February, June), *The Lion and The Rose* (Winter and Spring), *Journal of The South Wales' Borderers* (May), *The Antelope* (Spring), *The K.S.L.I. and Herefordshire Regimental Journal* (January, April), *The Tiger and Rose* (January, April, July), *The Borderer's Chronicle* (December, March, June), *Firm* (January, April, July), *The H.L.I. Chronicle* (January, April), *The Tank* (January to July), *The Sapper* (January to July), *The Royal Army Ordnance Gazette* (January to July), *Our Empire* (January to July).

Will Editors of the above Regimental Magazines please send their copies in future to the following address:—The Editor, "The Iron Duke" The Barracks, Halifax, Yorks.



A Job-finder's Day

Employers in any large industrial town often start the week by trying to fill vacancies and may often think "Those ex-Servicemen are just the chaps to get on with the job. I'll ring up the Regular Forces Employment Association as soon as I get to the office and see what they can do." They know the job-finder very well because he has made it his business to know all good employers by calling on them and explaining to them the kind of men he has to offer.

In the Association's office the job-finder and his clerk are dealing with the telephone and morning mail and searching the register of men waiting for jobs to match them with the requests made by employers. This is done carefully or else the employer will lose confidence and the men get fed up. Each man selected must then be given precise instructions. Soon visitors begin to arrive. Some are men fresh out of the Services and others having had a job want another. Others again, still in the Service, come to ask about local labour employment conditions. The first interview takes place in the friendliest of atmospheres for the job-finder and his clerk know well how to make men feel at home; by the end of twenty odd minutes a complete "picture" of the man has been pieced together and his capabilities and the type of employment most suitable for him assessed. More often than not the man leaves the office with an interview arranged with an employer; if not, his qualifications have been noted so that he can be informed as soon as his particular kind of job comes along.

The job-finder's day is a varied one. For instance, Brown, who had been out of the Service for a time, had been placed in employment as a grocer's roundsman. This job suited him admirably because he liked an open-air life, was given a van to drive, and was not bothered by too much supervision—the only snag was that he had to travel a distance to and from work because he lived some miles away. Suddenly Brown disappeared to the annoyance of the employer, and also to his regret because he liked him. A few days later there was a timid knock on the job-finder's door. Brown came in with a sheepish smile. "Ah," said the job-finder, "I've been worried about you. What happened about that job?" Brown replied "I was sick." "No. I didn't let the employer know. I forgot to." "Now, my lad," retorted the job-finder, "I'm sure that was not the reason

because your people would have told the employer. Let's have the truth, because your boss, though sorry to lose you, is annoyed with me for sending him a dud." "Well," said Brown, "tell you the truth, I was fed up. I stayed away one day and then didn't like to go back." This led to some friendly advice about letting himself, the Association, and the employer down, and after a while they were chatting away like old friends. Brown's courage has by this time fully returned and he blurted out, "To tell you the truth, Sir, my girl didn't like me working away from the village and coming home late each evening, so I stayed away." This interview led to the job-finder ringing up the employer and as a result Brown was on the job again next day.

A job-finder's area may cover a whole county, or possibly two, if they are small, so he has a lot of travelling to do. Most days from early morning until late in the evening he is calling on employers and interviewing local ex-Servicemen who may want his help thus saving them the expense of having to travel to the Association's office. He also contacts the local Ministry of Labour Managers to maintain co-operation. As 50 per cent of vacancies for established postmen (permanent postmen who can qualify for pension) are reserved for ex-Regulars, he makes a point of keeping in close touch with all postmasters in his area.

There are over 50 job-finders working for the National Association for Employment of Regular sailors, soldiers and airmen throughout the British Isles and they work with the one end of helping to place the ex-Serviceman in the employment best suited to him in civilian life. Job-finders are keen and alive, know the ex-Serviceman and his difficulties, and pursue every problem until it is solved. All this is done at no expense to the employer or the man, and all that is asked is that men placed in employment do all in their power to increase the prestige of the National Association and the confidence of the employer in its work. They will then help men who follow them to adjust themselves once more to civil life and find the useful, congenial work every man worth his salt wants. Any ex-Serviceman who is eligible to avail himself of this organisation can find the address of the nearest representative by looking at the notice board at the local Post Office.

REGULAR FORCES EMPLOYMENT ASSOCIATION, 14 HOWICK PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1.

Late News

Brigadier V. C. Green recently received a letter from Captain John Bond, forwarding his subscription, with which he enclosed an interesting photograph of some of his family and relations, taken on his 80th birthday, at his home, 83 Buckleys Road, Tinwood, Christchurch, New Zealand. We unfortunately have no space to reproduce it. Captain Bond went out to New Zealand about 26 years ago, and writes most enthusiastically about that country. He says that he and all his family are very fit and pleased that they settled out there.

To end his letter he writes:—"Living on a foreign shore the magazine is a god-send to me.—Congratulations to Colonel Curran on his great age. The little man with a big stride and ever alert."

The record of the Bond family's service in the Regiment was published in numbers 37 and 38 (June and October, 1937) of THE IRON DUKE.

We send our best wishes to Captain and Mrs. Bond and their family.

Obituary.

We regret to record the following deaths :—

BEUTTLE. In 1948* at Bexhill, Brigadier Valentine Oakley Beuttler, C.B.E., D.S.O., late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment and Royal Army Service Corps. Brigadier Beuttler was born on February 14th, 1886, and was educated at Elizabeth College, Guernsey. He joined the 2nd Battalion, The Royal Guernsey Light Infantry in 1904 and three years later was commissioned in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, joining the 2nd Battalion on 2nd March, 1907. On 1st October, 1908, he transferred to the Army Service Corps. He served in the 1914-18 war in France, Gallipoli and the Balkans, being twice mentioned in despatches and receiving the D.S.O. He was appointed Assistant Director of Supplies and Transport, Southern Command in 1938, and in 1939 served as Deputy Director of Supplies and Transport, II Corps, British Expeditionary Force. He retired in 1941. In 1912 he married Eileen, daughter of the late Mr. C. B. Beddac, and had a son and a daughter.

* We regret that we were unable to obtain the date.

CLARKE. On 9th February, 1948, at York, Captain Sydney (Nobby) Clarke, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Captain Clarke enlisted in the 2nd Battalion on 26th August, 1914 and saw service with them in France during the 1914-18 war. He was transferred to the 1st Battalion on 25th August 1919, and served with them in Egypt, Gibraltar and Turkey. In January, 1931, he was reposted to the 2nd Battalion and served in India with them until April, 1935 when he was posted home and discharged to pension on 7th February, 1936, with the rank of C.S.M. During the crisis in 1938 he re-enlisted in Section E Army Reserve, and was mobilized on 4th September, 1939. He served in Movement Control in South Wales under Colonel S. Naylor, and on release in June, 1945, held the rank of Captain/W.S. Since then he had been employed as a resident messenger with the Westminster Bank Limited at Bradford, and had only just transferred to their York Branch for health reasons, when he died. He leaves a widow and three grown up children. We are indebted to Mr. F. Jowett for the above details.

WINDLE. At the end of 1947, at Huddersfield, ex-No. 4602002 Sgt. Herbert Windle, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Mr. Windle enlisted in the Regiment on 4th February 1909, and served with the 1st Battalion in India, Egypt, Gibraltar and Turkey and with the 2nd Battalion in Singapore. He took his discharge on 20th April, 1927. He re-enlisted during the last war but was discharged on medical grounds. He leaves a widow and six children. We are indebted to Mr. T. B. Norman for the above details.

BRENNAN. On 5th July, 1948, at his home 3 Pullan Drive, Eccleshill, Bradford, ex-C.S.M. W. E. Brennan, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 80 years. Mr. Brennan enlisted in the 9th Brigade on 24th November, 1880, and joined at Halifax as a boy. In May 1882, he went to the Military School of Music, Kneller Hall, and in April 1884, joined the 2nd Battalion at Tipperary. In the following October, he was transferred to the 1st Battalion at Rawal Pindi. He served with them in India and Aden, and returned to England with them in 1890, serving at York, Bradford and Dover. He was promoted sergeant in 1887, Colour Sergeant Instructor of Musketry in 1890, and Pay Sergeant of "F" Company in 1893. In 1895, he was posted to the Depot, Halifax, and in January, 1897, joined the 2nd Battalion at Pietermaritzburg, serving there and in Zululand, and later proceeding with the Battalion to India; where he served in Bangalore, Madras and Rangoon. In June, 1901, he joined the permanent staff of the 3rd Volunteer Battalion (later the 6th Battalion, D.W.R.), and was discharged to pension on 8th April, 1903, after 23 years' service in the Regiment. Mr. Brennan re-enlisted on 28th September, 1914, and helped to form the 9th Battalion under the late Lt.-Colonel F. A. Hayden. He later served as an instructor with the 1st/4th and 2nd/4th Battalions, D.W.R., and with

the 15th Battalion, The Yorkshire Regiment. He was discharged at Ripon in April, 1918, no longer fit for war service. Mr. Brennan was the best shot in the 2nd Battalion during the whole time he served with it, and won the Whittingham Gold Medal.

Mr. Brennan went to Bradford after his retirement and entered Lister's Manningham Mills as watchman. He is the last of the Brennans who served in the Regiment. Although he was not able to get definite information of the fact he had often heard it stated that his grandfather had served in the 33rd at Waterloo. The fine record of the family was given on page 221 of No. 32 (October, 1935) of THE IRON DUKE. Mr. Brennan leaves two sons and two daughters, all living in Bradford.

NOURSE. On July 8th, 1948, at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, Mr. A. D. Nourse, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 70. Mr. Nourse enlisted in the 1st Battalion at Dover in 1895, and on its departure for Malta in September of that year, was posted to the Provisional Battalion at Shorncliffe. He later went out to the 2nd Battalion in South Africa and served with them there until they went to India in 1897. He took his discharge in South Africa and became a professional cricketer, having been a prominent member of the 2nd Battalion team.

The following short account of his cricketing career appeared in *The Times* of 9th July, 1948 :—"Nourse made his first appearance in provincial cricket in the Currie Cup tournament of 1897-98. When the Australians visited the Union in 1902, he hit 72 in the first of the three Test matches. Altogether he played in 45 Test matches between 1902 and 1924, playing in Test cricket for the last time when he was 46 years old. Nourse played for Natal and Transvaal. His most memorable innings was against England in Johannesburg in 1906, when he and P. Sherwell scored 46 for the last wicket to give South Africa their first victory over England. Nourse scored 93 not out.

Although he was always among the leaders in the batting averages, he scored only one Test century, against Australia in Johannesburg in 1921. Nourse made his highest score in a provincial match, 304 not out. In first-class matches he scored over 14,000 runs including 37 centuries. Possessor of probably the biggest pair of hands ever seen on a cricket field, Nourse was said never to have missed a catch."

Mr. Nourse's son, Dudley Nourse, followed in his father's footsteps and was vice-captain of the South-African team which toured England last season.

Mr. J. W. Paling writes : "I was very sorry to hear of the death of A. D. Nourse. The first I remember about him was when he joined my Company in the 2nd Battalion in 1895, if I remember rightly, it was in May of that year. At that time all the tall men were posted to the flank sections, and Nourse being over six feet was posted to my section, No. 1. I, at one time, had a photograph of a group of my Section, taken on Colonel Matheson's estate in Pietermaritzburg. Nourse was a good all-round sportsman, and at the time was just as good at rugby football as at cricket. At cricket he was good at all phases of the game, with the bat, behind the wicket, and in the field. He had a huge hand, and it seemed as if the ball, when it came near him, couldn't miss that hand. The same with a rugby ball, he could pick it up with one hand. A sportsman, a publican in Pietermaritzburg, took such a fancy to him that he bought his, Nourse's, discharge out of the Army in 1897 ; his total service with the Regiment being about three years."

THE IRON DUKE

A MEETING OF THE IRON DUKE COMMITTEE was held at the Senior United Service Club on the afternoon of June 2nd, 1948, to discuss the future of the magazine.

Those present were :—

GENERAL SIR PHILIP CHRISTISON, BART., G.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., A.D.C., Colonel of the Regiment, in the Chair.

COLONEL C. J. PICKERING, C.M.G., D.S.O.

BRIGADIER V. C. GREEN, C.B.E. (Treasurer, THE IRON DUKE).

LT.-COLONEL M. V. LE P. TRENCH (Editor, THE IRON DUKE).

COLONEL G. S. W. RUSBRIDGER.

LT.-COLONEL (NOW BRIGADIER) B. W. WEBB-CARTER, D.S.O., O.B.E. (O.C. 1st Battalion)

LT.-COLONEL C. R. T. CUMBERLEGE (O.C. 2nd Battalion); and

MAJOR H. S. LE MESSURIER (representing 7th Battalion).

It was decided that, owing to financial reasons, and the reduction of the Regular Battalions to one, it would be impossible to continue THE IRON DUKE in its present form after the number to be published in August.

It was agreed that a Regimental Magazine must be continued, and that it should be on a smaller scale, more on the lines of the monthly magazines issued by some Regiments. This new form of THE IRON DUKE to be edited and managed at the Depot, Halifax, under the supervision of the O.C., Depot.

Major R. E. Austin has kindly consented to act as Editor and Treasurer.

★ Will all readers and contributors please note that after the issue of this number, all Subscriptions and contributions for publication, or other correspondence, should be addressed to :—

The Editor, "THE IRON DUKE,"

The Barracks, HALIFAX.

The next issue of THE IRON DUKE will appear early in 1949. All contributions should be sent to the Editor by 1st December, 1948.

THE IRON DUKE.

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