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THE IRON DUKE

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

THE IRON DUKE

The Regimental Magazine of

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT



Vol. XXV

JULY, 1949

No. 73

COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT—Gen. Sir A. F. Philip Christison, Bart., G.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., A.D.C.

COMMANDING OFFICERS

1st Battalion—Lt.-Col. C. R. T. Cumberlege

Regimental Depot—Major R. E. Austin

382nd Anti-Tank Regiment R.A. (4th D.W.R.)—Lt.-Col. N. T. Bentley, T.D.

578th H.A.A. Regiment R.A. (5th Battalion D.W.R.)—Lt.-Col. R. C. Laurence, T.D.

673rd L.A.A. Regiment, R.A. (6th Battalion D.W.R.)—Lt.-Col. W. E. Dale Shaw

7th Battalion—Lt.-Col. S. R. Hoyle, M.C.

REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION (*including THE OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATION*)

Secretary—Mr. S. E. Code, M.B.E., The Barracks, Halifax

Hon. Treasurer—Major R. E. Austin, The Barracks, Halifax

Editorial

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"By the Waters of Babylon we sat down and wept." Everywhere in this country editors of regimental magazines and journals are emulating the action of the ancient Tribes of Israel even where, as in Halifax, there is no water in which to weep.

Why this editorial depression? You may well ask. The reason is not far to seek. Everywhere editors are faced with an appalling apathy that would wring the heart of a stone. Twenty-two people have written to the Depot since early May asking if they can be given our subscription rates as they wish to become subscribers to the IRON DUKE. We have sent particulars, even sent them the April Number, and what happens? Nothing! The recipients are too lethargic to crawl to a post office to buy a postal order. This is not the spirit that won great victories at Leswaree, Waterloo, Alma or Magdala, neither is it the spirit that brought us through two world wars in modern times. Is it the spirit of modern Britain? We are beginning to wonder.

In these difficult and trying times (from an editor's point of view) we are reminded of an incident which occurred before we were born, when a king of England startled his hearers in giving a public speech by raising the clarion cry of "England, awake!" We want to shout out from the house-top of the highest barrack block at High Road Well: "'Dukes,' awake!" Not to you, gentle reader, but to the thousands of "Dukes" who live in a haze of apathy and lethargy—live, apparently, only to forget. But if we call you "gentle" we do not wish you to remain as doves; rather, we ask you to raise your voices and help get new subscribers, and "worry" them like hounds until you succeed.

In our last Editorial we appealed for 250 new subscribers. We at the Depot have already got 47. What have you done about it? The hundreds of you have managed to get six. The pity is that the Waters of Babylon flow so far from High Road Well, else we should be there every evening. So, instead, we sit in our study and brood and send out bills to those of you who have been too apathetic even now to send your subscriptions.

Is there nothing in the printed word that will persuade you of the difficulties of the situation? We are, or should be, financially able to keep our heads above water this year. From 1950 onwards we shall have to close an annual £80 gap between

revenue and expenditure. Now do you realise why those 250 more subscribers are essential. They represent, at 6s. or 10s. a head per annum, the essential £80 that will keep us going.

There you have the position in a nutshell, so gird yourselves for the fray.

* * *

Since writing the above we have had the news roughly broken to us that we have been chosen to do Training Officer at the Cadet Force camp at Catterick from late June until the end of the first week in August. The repercussions on our regimental work are ugly; on our private life they are hideous as we lose our longed-for summer leave. We find ourselves continuously and somewhat pathetically quoting Cecil Rhodes' dying words: "There is so much to do and so little time in which to do it."

The finalising work for this number of THE IRON DUKE will have to be done in a tent, sandwiched between arrangements for laying on demonstrations and exercises for contingents of the C.C.F. (It is certain to be raining some of the time.) It is not improbable, therefore, that the number will be late in its appearance, and jumbled in its form. For that we must crave your indulgence and plead "the exigencies of the Service."

As our leave cannot be taken until the end of August, this will mean a delayed start on the October number, which in its turn may well be late, as we have every intention of taking a complete 28 days' rest-cure untrammelled by the cares of letter writing or work of any description except gardening.

* * *

Our next and last issue for 1949 will be published on October 25, 1949. Notes, articles, etc., must be in the hands of the Editor by September 10 at the very latest.

6th Battalion

The Duke of Wellington's Regiment

Officers' Reunion Dinner

A Reunion Dinner will be held for all officers who have served with the 6th, 1/6th or 2/6th Battalions The Duke of Wellington's Regiment at the Devonshire Hotel, Shipton, on Friday, September 30, 1949, at 7.30 p.m.

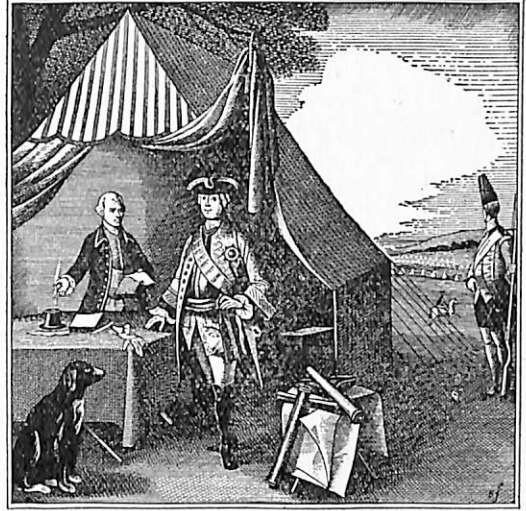
Will all officers who are desirous of being present, and who did not attend the dinner last year, please send their address to the Secretary, Major T. W. Chadwick, Holly Bank, Bent Lane, Sutton-in-Craven, Keighley, Yorks.

It is hoped that all officers who have served with the Battalion during the past year will make this occasion a memorable one by their presence.

It is hoped to send invitations, containing full details, to each officer during the next month.

T. W. CHADWICK.

Banking for His Majesty's Forces



The appointment of Mr. Richard Cox in 1758 as Army Agent by Lord Ligonier

At No. 6 Pall Mall can be seen the original charter granted by Field-Marshal Lord Ligonier to his private secretary, Richard Cox, as Banker of the First Regiment of Foot Guards. By 1815, Cox's had become Bankers, Official Paymasters and Agents to the entire British Household Brigade, the bulk of the Cavalry and Infantry Regiments, the Royal Artillery and the Royal Wagon Train — now the Royal Army Service Corps. Cox's have also been Agents to the Royal Air Force since its inception. Lloyds Bank absorbed this historical connection in 1923. A modern banking service is now provided dealing in every type of business but the individual attention to customers' banking requirements still remains a distinctive feature.

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ST. GEORGE'S DAY 1949.
The Band and Drums leading the Battalion from York Minster.

1st BATTALION NOTES

St. George's Day, 1949, saw the Battalion marching to York Minster to attend the annual service of the Royal Society of St. George. After a particularly moving service we marched through the principal streets of the city. Outside the Minster the salute was taken by the G.O.C.-in-C., who was accompanied by the President of the Yorkshire branch of the Society of St. George, Lord Middleton, and the Lord Mayor of York. Earlier in the morning white roses had been presented by Mrs. Cumberlege to the Battalion, decked out for the first time in the splendour of war medals and blue berets.

Hardly had we recovered from this sartorial extravagance when we heard the news that officers are to wear Service dress caps once more. We must, however, possess our souls in patience until "The Group" has decided on a uniform pattern. Until then we must concur with the Hon. Member for Perth and Kinross in his prayer that "This sloppy piece of cloth" must go. May we also venture the suggestion that battle dress was designed for the hero to fight in, and not to be worn on his return from the wars.

On May 16 the Battalion was visited by the new G.O.C.-in-C., Lt.-Gen. P. M. Balfour, C.B., C.B.E., M.C., who watched recruit training in progress and afterwards visited the Mess.

In July the Battalion is to have once more the honour of providing a Royal Guard of Honour. The occasion will be the visit of T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh. The Guard will be formed by recruits of "A" and "B" Companies.

Waterloo Day is to be marked by a Battalion Athletic Sports Meeting and a dance in the evening. It is hoped that as many Old "Dukes" as possible will make a point of attending.

At the time of writing, the Whitsun break is upon us—four days, no less. After the glorious Fourth of June let the railway strikers do their worst!

OFFICERS' MESS

It seems only yesterday that I was frantically writing IRON DUKE notes, so quickly has the time passed since the last issue. Since that number little of interest has occurred.

The Regimental Golf Meeting was held on Thursday, May 12, after which the golfers and officers' wives assembled in the Mess for tea. Mrs. Cumberlege presented the silver putter to Capt. Grieve, and the Mug's Spoon to Capt. Brown.

The Northern Command Golf Meeting and Army Trial Cricket Match coincided at Strensall. For two or three days golfers and cricketers thronged the Mess. Devotees of both games were entertained at a Guest Night and reports have it

that it was most enjoyable, but not good for golf or cricket.

Mr. Christopher Stone, of the B.B.C., has very kindly presented us with two pictures, one of the Arms of the First Duke, and one of the First Duke in Coronation robes.

As we foretold in our last notes, Major Bob Moran and family have left us for the U.S.A. in the *Queen Mary*. They have our best wishes for the voyage, and a two-year sojourn in the land of plenty.

We welcome Messrs. Chaplin and Schofield on posting to the Regiment.

Finally, we congratulate Capt. and Mrs. Dick Ince, who have broken the recent "Dukes" trend and produced a son.

We understand that the storks will be working overtime round about Waterloo Day.

SERGEANTS' MESS

The period since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE has been very quiet, with very little happening on the social side. The Mess is still visited by the old faithfuls at the week-end, and two Sunday evening dances have been well attended.

Quite a few members of the Mess have helped the Battalion cricket team, namely, C.S.M.s Wilson and Dawson, and Sgts. Tipper, Gregory, France and Roe. The last-named distinguished himself by capturing 8 wickets for 5 runs against the R.A.S.C. Sgt. Gregory also deserves mention for a very well earned 62 runs against the same team. We appear to have some good talent for the game against the officers during the cricket week.

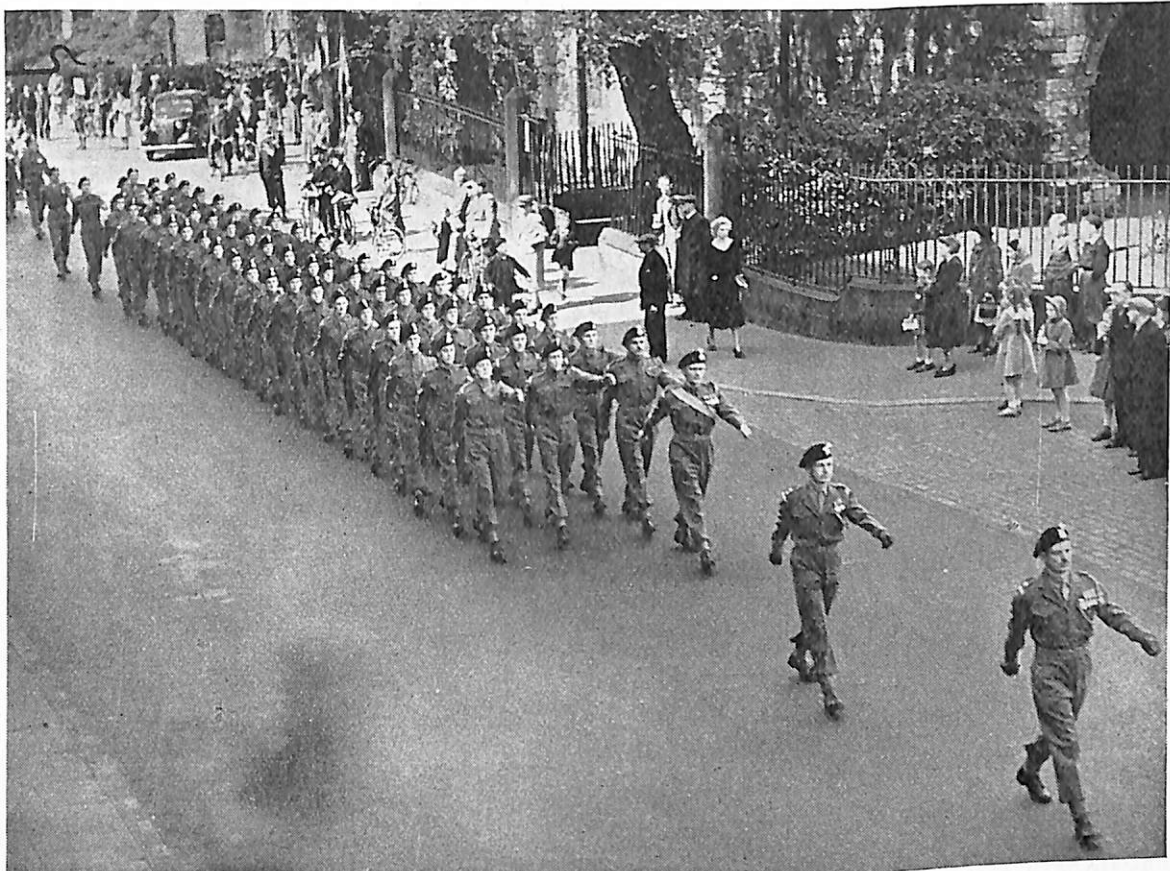
During the next few weeks we shall have our best shots, and worst, doing quite a lot of "Push and Pull" in readiness for the Rifle Meeting, which takes place on July 9-10. Pre-war rivalry is bound to exist for the match against the officers. After all, somebody has got to have the wooden spoon.

The Battalion Athletic Meeting takes place on June 17-18, and a bumper day is expected. It is whispered that a couple of W.O.s have gone off beer, and are in secret training for the Orderly Room race.

There always comes a time which is rather sorrowful to us all, and that is when we have to say farewell to members who have served the Mess and the Battalion so well in the best manner of "Dukes." To C.Q.M.S. (China) Gill, who goes overseas, Sgts. (Mick) Walker and Garforth, who have found an easier life with the P.S.O.'s Staff, we say farewell, God-speed and good luck.

"A" COMPANY

In our last notes we were hopeful of pulling off the Company Rugby and Hockey Cups. Our hopes were dashed to the ground by "C" Company in



ST. GEORGE'S DAY 1949.

"B" Company marching through the City of York.

the seven-a-side Rugby; they beat us by 8 points to 6 after a good game. In the hockey—despite a replay and extra time—we managed to defeat "B" Company in the first round, but succumbed to the wiles of "H.Q." Company in the semi-final.

We now hope to do bigger and better things in the cricket and athletics next month.

There are the usual farewells: Cpls. Hartley, Sherrington and Foster left us for their various civilian occupations. In addition we say farewell to Pte. Tinsley, who has kept our finances in order so efficiently for so long.

To all of them we say *au revoir* and good luck.

We welcome L/Cpls. Rutherford, Andrews and Tillison, and hope their stay will be a long one.

"B" COMPANY

Firstly we heartily congratulate the Company seven-a-side rucker team who won the Inter-Company competition in late March by beating "H.Q." Company in the eliminating round and "D" Company in the final by 10 points to 6. The team was: Capt. Grieve, Lt. Bagnall, 2/Lt. Fitzgibbon, Pte. Turnbull, Fus. Patterson, Pte. Hobson and Pte. Waugh. We were not so successful in the Inter-Company hockey competition, where we drew with "A" Company in the first game, to

be narrowly defeated in the replay. The team put up a very creditable performance, many of the players being novices at the game and more fired with enthusiasm than skill. Now we are settling down to the cricket season and have several players turning out with Battalion teams—Capt. Grieve, Sgt. France, Pte. Turnbull, and doubtless 2/Lt. Hardy as soon as he returns from Warminster. We congratulate Cpl. Tucker and Cpl. Ibberson on their recent elevation to that rank, and welcome Cpl. and Mrs. Tucker into married quarters, where we hope they will be very happy.

The Inter-Platoon Shield was won, on March 30, by Sgt. Cuff with No. 9 Platoon, and on May 18 by Sgt. Hill with No. 10 Platoon. No. 10 Platoon were adjudged to be one of the very best platoons to have passed out of the Battalion since training began here in March, 1948. Well done, Sgt. Hill and Cpl. Pullan!

Very recently Sgt. France has joined us from the C.M.D. and D.U. and Cpl. Robins from "H.Q." Company. We hope that they will be very happy in the Company. Cpl. Roast and Cpl. Farnsworth are about to leave us on Class "A" Release and we wish them every success in civilian life. Shortly after our April notes went to Press, Sgt. Atkinson changed his suit of khaki for one of

blue, taking with him our good wishes for a happy future and good running in the matrimonial stakes.

Since the Company Sergeant Major has returned from his Military Law course at Beaconsfield, the less law-abiding of us fear our sins may catch up with us. He has discovered that the M.M.L. hides darker secrets than Section 40!

The Colour Sergeant has developed a disgracefully keen eye for barrack damages to the horror of those of us who break windows and brooms. He has also developed unsuspected talents as a cricketer; there is certainly plenty of life in the old dog. To complete the York and Lancaster grip upon our Stores, Pte. Kenny has joined L/Cpl. Potter in the "Q" Department. We note an increase in the price of mugs which followed shortly after. We were pleased recently to welcome to the Company 2/Lt. Chaplin and 2/Lt. Schofield. We hear that Lt. D. H. Wood has developed a yearning for warmer climes and fear that he may be leaving us ere long. We shall miss his cheery "Fair enough" as much as his great interest in all our activities.

"C" COMPANY

Capt. Cordwent has just finished a two-month's course at Warminster, but is recuperating with a little leave before returning here. Cpl. Daines has returned from Hythe knowing all there is to know about rifles, pistols, grenades and what have you.

In games, we have been distinguished more by hard trying than success. In the rugger seven-a-side we staged a grandstand finish to defeat "A" Company by 8—6, only to be beaten by "D" Company. In the first round of the hockey we drew 3—3 with "D" Company, but in the replay we succumbed by 2—0.

Of the platoons which passed out on April 13, Sgt. French's platoon just got its nose in front of Sgt. Walker's to win the Shield. In the triangular contest with Sgt. Burke's, Sgt. Coates' and Sgt. Hobbs' platoons, Sgt. Coates took the shield with an exceptionally good platoon.

Cpl. Grosvenor received the call and has left us for Waterloo Place. We fear that Sgt. Walker, who has done so much grand work for the Company, is about to leave us. To him go our very best wishes.

On Waterloo Day this year the Battalion is holding an Inter-Company Athletic Meeting, and although "C" Company will be the smallest Company numerically, we hope to hold our own. The hopefuls have already started training and will, we trust, be in reasonably good trim by June 18.

"D" COMPANY

There have been a number of changes on the staff of the Company since our last notes. We welcome Capt. E. J. P. Emmett as second-in-command in place of Capt. Ince, who is now W.T.O. Sgt.-Major Shepley has arrived from Harrogate to become C.S.M., and C.S.M. Dickinson has retired to his far from restful drafting office. He has now decided to stay in the Army, though there was one hectic period before C.S.M. Shepley arrived, when we were not at all sure whether we would have a C.S.M. at all. L/Cpl. Parker has gone on release

and his loss will be keenly felt on the Battalion and Company sports field. Cpl. Nettleship has also been released and Cpl. Emmerson and Pte. Midwinter will leave us shortly. Capt. Hamilton, who has been a noble Pay Officer for nearly a year, goes to the Green Howards in July. We wish him every happiness and success during his stay with them.

The holding strength is now much larger, due to the disbandment of No. 2 C.M.D. and D.U. and the larger intakes from the training Companies. Nevertheless, C.S.M. Dickenson has contrived to draft most of them with amazing rapidity and efficiency. A number of old "Dukes" have passed through our hands, C.S.M. Watkins and C.S.M. Crawley have been discharged and C.S.M. Walton and C/Sgt. Gill are off to the M.E.L.F.

On the sports field, without a static Company, we have found great difficulty in raising a good team. To add to our troubles the powers that be have a distressing habit of posting our best players to the other Companies before an Inter-Company competition. At one time we would have had a rugger team with seven Battalion players; as it was we turned out a scratch team with only L/Cpl. Parker and Pte. Hopper from the Battalion team. We beat "C" Company in the semi-final, which was marked by a great duel between Major Davidson and L/Cpl. Parker in the forwards. In the final we played a strong "B" Company team and, thanks to a good penalty goal by Hopper, we were leading at half-time, but two opportunist tries by Turnbull and Capt. Grieve sealed our fate, despite a magnificent effort at a penalty by Hopper. Nevertheless it was a commendable effort.

In the hockey we produced a team of skill and experience which beat "C" Company after a replay in two very hard and tough games. We beat "H.Q." fairly comfortably in the final by 2—1.

Our prospects in the cricket are far from bright and our team will consist mainly of holdees, so that we are, so to speak, in the lap of the gods.

"H.Q." COMPANY

Once again we have to record more changes. Since the April issue, Major Cousens has vacated the chair and we welcome Capt. Sugden as Company Commander. The rank and file wish Major Cousens every success on his return to the S.D.F.

Our routine is unchanging here and we still carry on doing the Battalion chores assisted from time to time by "D" Company. We have said goodbye to many on posting abroad or on release and welcomed more, chiefly from the Green Howards in the M.E.L.F. The M.T. Sergeant (Sgt. Woodman) decided England was too cold and left us for East Africa. Sgt. Cox has been purloined by "A" Company. Sgt. Garforth decided the P.S.O. staff was better than Orderly Room and is awaiting posting. Sgt. Cane has filled the Orderly Room clerk's chair, but we are still short of an M.T. Sergeant.

Our Company hockey team has been weakened by Sgt. Woodman's departure and the shooting team by Sgt. Garforth's, but rest assured we shall be in at the kill in future events.

The hockey team reached the final of the inter-Company competition and lost to "D" Company after a hard-fought game, with the score of 2-1. We say, of course, had Sgt. Alton and Cpl. Frost been playing the result would have been reversed.

The C.S.M. is now busy working out teams for the inter-Company Athletic Meeting on Waterloo Day, and the Rifle Meeting in July. On paper our chances in both are excellent. However, "time will tell."

The closing of the Salvation Army Canteen has disconcerted quite a few (one less place to hide in), particularly Cpl. Blowers who took a great interest in its activities.

We also place on record the amicable conclusion of the feud between the Pay Clerk and the N.A.A.F.I. Manageress, but we still only get five chips for tuppence.

Cricket is getting well into its stride and we hope to report many successes in the next issue. Sgt. Roe, one of our demon bowlers, took 8 wickets for 5 runs in a second team game recently, also performing the "hat trick." Moore o8, our other pace merchant, has still to play in his first match.

THE BAND

After a very enjoyable and well-earned leave, we have returned looking for new fields to conquer. As the only Line Band for miles around, our fame is spreading fast and we are now entertaining the population as far north as Durham and Cumberland. Our success in the former place was such that the police were called in to hold back the crowds. We have a very full engagement book for the forthcoming season, mainly assisting the Territorials to obtain their quota of recruits and to ornament various passing out parades throughout the Command.

It seems that in the near future we are going to lose our oldest member. He feels that in his old age he should be allowed to grow a beard, and that less opposition to this project is likely in civil life. His future address for anyone interested may possibly be The Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

We are not shining very brightly in the sporting world these days, having been knocked out in the early rounds of both the inter-Company hockey and football competitions. We have hopes, however, for our cricket team which is practising diligently in its spare time.

Old member of the Regiment will be interested to know that during our stay at Durham we met ex-Band Sergeant Ted Page. He was very impressed with the performance of the Band and showed surprise that such a young Band could perform so efficiently. We could have told him that a few months under the baton of our present Bandmaster would make even the worst proficient, and that we owe our present modest successes to his untiring efforts.

THE DRUMS

Since April we have added greatly to our mileage by carrying out duty engagements with the Regimental Band.

The latest thing to create keen interest in our bugling is the Bandmaster's arrangement of the

"Last Post" for full Band and Bugles. Competition among the Drums has been greatly stimulated by this innovation.

In the very near future we shall be saying goodbye to Dmr. Fortune, who is returning to civil life. We wish him every success and hope to hear great things of him.

We hear that one Bogart is contemplating marriage in September. Congratulations to Dmr. Reather (Dicky) who has already taken the plunge.

In closing we say goodbye to Dmr. Carman. He decided to emulate "Bruce Trent" and his rendering of "Slow Boat to China."

CRICKET

The season opened in glorious cricket weather. We hoped that such weather would continue and not turn into another season like last year when the majority of matches were interfered with by rain.

Like the rugby and hockey sides, many pre-war faces are to be seen in the cricket side; Lt.-Col. Cumberlege, Majors Upjohn and Davidson, Capt. Grieve and C.S.M. Wilson are all playing and in good form. Major Sir Nugent Everard has also played. In addition to these we have 2/Lts. Hardy and Shuttleworth, both chosen to represent Northern Command, both good batsmen and useful slow leg-break bowlers. Sgt. Tipper of last year's side is an excellent attacking bowler and an attractive forcing batsman when needed. 2/Lt. Lister, soon leaving on posting to the 1st Battalion The East Yorkshire Regiment, Pte. Stephenson, who represented the South of England Public Schools last season, Pte. Haley, a left-hander, and Pte. Hopper are all good batsmen and capable of making many runs. In addition 2/Lt. Miller, C.S.M. Dawson, Sgts. France, Gregory, Roe and Taylor, Ptes. Onslow, Turnbull and Lamb, and L/Cpl. Cutler, playing in the "A" team, are capable of taking their place in the Battalion XI.

The Battalion have a full fixture list of friendly games and are playing in the Northern Command Knock-Out Challenge Cup. The "A" team are playing in the local military cricket league. So far the Battalion XI have won four, drawn one, and lost one while the "A" team have won their first league game.

We had a most pleasant visit to Ampleforth to play an all-day match against the school XI on Sunday, May 22. The cricket was good and we were excellently entertained in the pavilion to lunch and tea. We won the toss and batted first, the innings being closed at 230 for 9 wickets. 2/Lt. Lister 49, Capt. Grieve 41, and Pte. Haley 51, not out, were the main scorers. Pte. Haley going in No. 9 made his 51 very quickly, in good style and without giving away a chance. The school opened brightly but steady bowling slowed the rate of scoring, and when stumps were drawn were 130 for 7 wickets. In all it was a most enjoyable fixture.

Against Thirsk Capt. Grieve batted excellently and made 130 not out. He was well supported by Pte. Stephenson with 50 not out, and the innings was declared at 230 for 2. Capt. Grieve suffered much leg-pulling for being so careless and hitting one in the air to square leg, only to be dropped

when in the 120s. After some extremely tedious batting Thirsk were eventually all out for 130. C.S.M. Wilson bowled 18 overs for 13 runs and 3 wickets.

The brunt of the bowling falls on Major Upjohn, C.S.M. Wilson and Sgt. Tipper, with Capt. Grieve and 2/Lt. Shuttleworth bowling their slow leg-breaks and googlies. The fielding, although not perfect as yet, is good, and before we start the Northern Command Knock-Out we hope will be excellent.

The introduction of the "Cricket Week" again needs mention. The Cricket Week is being held at Strensall from July 19 to 23. The following matches have been arranged:—

July 19-20 *v.* Yorkshire Gentlemen.

July 21 Officers *v.* The Rest.

July 22-23 *v.* Major A. L. Novis XI.

Finally a word of appreciation to Mr. Warr (late R.S.M., K.O.Y.L.I.), our groundsman, who is a great worker and does everything possible to give us perfect wickets.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The season has now finished and it only remains to say how we have fared since our last notes.

In the York and District Half-Holiday League we ended up second, the position we have held throughout the season. The eventual winners were Clifton Hospital.

In the York Garrison Cup our second team were beaten rather easily by No. 2 Civilian Clothing Depot, but our first team beat them in the final after a very hard game. Brig. Webb-Carter presented the Cup to us after the match. The Northumbrian District Cup also came to us when we beat the S.M.E. Ripon in the final.

This made the hat-trick for we had already won the District rugger and Hockey cups. By winning the District Cup we automatically went into the semi-final of the Northern Command Cup. In this we were unfortunately beaten by the 6th Royal Tank Regiment.

Taking it all round we have had a very successful season, and provided the Officer i/c Records is kind and does not post everyone overseas, we should do even better next year.

Our thanks once again to all those stalwarts, too numerous to mention, who turned out and made the season the success it has been.

HOCKEY

These notes will of necessity be short, firstly because there is only the end of the season to recount and secondly because the typist has a considerable amount of paper in the "In" tray.

We left off in the last notes where we had been beaten by 8th Royal Tank Regiment at Catterick in the semi-finals of the Command Cup, but had delivered a strong blow to their morale and confidence. This was shown in the final eliminating round of the Army Cup in which we again played the 8th Royal Tank Regiment at Catterick. We drew 1-1, and although the writer was not present at the match he can well imagine the heart-burnings and searchings that must have gone on in the

opposing ranks, because undoubtedly 8th Royal Tank Regiment are a good team with a very successful season behind them.

The replay was at Ripon, a neutral ground, and unfortunately we lost. We were well beaten and this match to all intents and purposes brought the hockey season to a close. We have no reason, however, to be dismayed. Our hockey team started as rather a lark, something for the more elderly enthusiasts to do to pass the time. But gradually, as we went from success to success, life became more earnest and finally we succeeded in going further in the Army Cup than our two elder brothers, rugger and soccer. We won the District Cup and were pipped on the post in the Command Cup by our rugger team who won their Command Cup and whom we salute.

In the Command six-a-side we fielded our 2nd XI split into two, as we were resting our 1st XI for the more important Army Cup. Both our teams did well but did not reach the final. It is regretted that the six-a-sides were rather overshadowed by the Army Cup.

And that should be the end of our story; but in the sultry weather that ushered April out, hockey again reared its head in the shape of the inter-Company hockey tournament. Oh, what a week, or rather nine days wonder! The intense desire of Companies to win the inter-Company Hockey Cup was astounding. Who would have thought that after the excitement of the rugger and soccer cups anyone would have wanted to play hockey, let alone win a cup? Perhaps it was the sunshine, but whatever it was there was the greatest interest manifested throughout the week. "D" Company emerged as the winners, and deservedly so, despite the fact that one of their players (a rugger stalwart now released), was threatened with postponement of release if he did not desist from attempting to separate the opposing players' torsos from their limbs.

The other results were:—"A" Company beat "B" Company after a replay; "H.Q." "A" beat "H.Q." "B"; "D" Company beat "C" Company; after a replay; "H.Q." "A" beat "A" Company; and "D" Company beat "H.Q." "A".

And so the end of the season. We look forward to the next and hope that all of us will take hockey more seriously. We have the potential for going even further in the Army Cup, despite more opposition in view of the fact that we are now in Catterick District with its hockey-playing regiments and corps.

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REGIMENTAL GOLF

ARMY CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING

This year's Army Championship Meeting was held at Royal Lytham and St. Annes Golf Course near Blackpool, from April 30 to May 4.

Once again we were able to enter a Regimental team consisting—in order of playing—of Grieve, Roberts, Cousens and Beuttler. The last-named took the place of Moran, who was unable to play this year owing to his imminent departure for the U.S.A.

None of the team produced any real fireworks during the Individual. The best performance was Grieve's 78 in the second round, with which he tied for third place in that round and missed winning the prize for the best nine holes on handicap by only half a stroke. General Ozanne, however, saw to it that the Regiment did not come away empty-handed; he was defeated in the final of the General's Cup, but won the Veterans Cup—36 holes on handicap—by six clear strokes, a most noteworthy achievement upon which he is to be warmly congratulated.

The battle for the inter-Unit Challenge Cup—a gigantic and perhaps not very beautiful piece of silver—commenced on the Wednesday. This was, of course, the real object of our ambitions. We had drawn the Seaforths, the holders, in the first round, having been defeated by them in the first round last year. This year they were without their star performer, David Blair, who has retired, but they were still a most formidable team. We were out for their blood, however, and—more to the point—we got it, and very nice it tasted too! We played in reverse order, fourth strings starting, so that the star turns would be called on to hole or miss the vital putt on the 18th green if it came to the point. Beuttler led off against Sim, got his man where he wanted him quite early on, kept him there, and finished four up—a most encouraging start. Cousens followed and finished one down to Robertson after a ding-dong struggle and some brutal putting by the enemy. Roberts came next, smacking nails into the Seaforth's coffin with admirable skill, and finishing six up on Macrae. Grieve, playing a very good performer in the younger Blair, came home three down but we had won the battle by six holes.

In the afternoon we played R.E.M.E., who had somewhat unexpectedly defeated what was, anyway on paper, a more than useful Royal Norfolks team. Our morning victory had given us confidence, however, and we went out in the afternoon feeling fairly cheerful. Our confidence was justified as we all won our matches, Grieve three up, Roberts six up, Cousens six up and Beuttler one up. This brought us into the semi-final and in surviving two rounds we had achieved something that no previous Regimental team has ever done.

Our opponents were the Royal Army Pay Corps, last year's runners-up, and a very strong team, three

of whom had been playing in this event in their teams since some years before the war (Chaundy, Beauchamp and Thompson). The fourth, Harrison, was a newcomer and claims a handicap of 8. At their request we played in order of strings, Grieve and Chaundy led off. Space obviously will not permit details of the vicissitudes of each match so we must limit ourselves to rather naked facts, but anyone who has ever played this unfurling—unless you have nerves of steel and the temperament of a really high-grade angel—but utterly fascinating game, will be able to picture the scene. Grieve, round in an approximate 76, was 3 down. Roberts—what a man!—won his match for the third time, defeating a very good golfer in Rex Beauchamp by one hole. Thompson started off with two 3s against Cousens and added two more before the turn to be 5 up at that stage. Cousens finished 4 down, and we will leave it at that. Beuttler got the really sticky end of a thoroughly sticky wicket. Harrison, fourth string, was round that championship course, in a wind, in 79, and Beuttler was only 6 down. Credit where credit is due, and this was a very fine effort—scratch players had handed in scores well in the eighties during the Individual without blinking. We had shot our bolt—total deficit 12 holes. It was not at all a bad bolt but it just was not heavy enough and we have no excuses. All credit to Grieve, who had to take on the heaviest opposition artillery and who never weakened for a second. To Roberts, who won all three of his matches—and what more could any captain ask of a member of his team? To Beuttler, who won two of them and then met such a very gallant Waterloo. Cousens? Well, he is off to the Camel Corps in the Sudan and we hope he trains his camels better than his Dunlops—if in nothing else, then at least in their willingness to stop when ordered.

As a postscript to this account it should be mentioned that the Pay Corps met the Royal Scots in the 36 holes final. The Pay Corps had a lead of four holes only at lunch-time but there was a certain something about their play that made one feel that if there was to be any cracking in the second round it would not be the Pay Corps. And so it proved, as they eventually won by 23 holes. In the second year in succession, therefore, our conquerors were the ultimate winners. One year we are going to win that something pot and really make history.

REGIMENTAL MEETING

The Regimental Meeting for the Silver Putter and the Mug's Spoon was held on the course of the York Golf Club at Strensall on May 12. There were six competitors for the Silver Putter—Lt.-Col. Cumberlege (12), Major Moran (11), Major Davidson (17), Major Cousens (7), Capt. Grieve (1), and Capt. Roberts (4). The Mug's Spoon drew four, which was rather a disappointing field—Capt.

Dunn, Capt. Brown, Lt. Wood and 2/Lt. Reddington. The competition for both sections consisted of 36 holes Stableford Bogey, under which system a player receives three-quarters of his handicap and gains one point for a net one over bogey, two for a net bogey, and so on. The Mugs, playing off 24, therefore received a stroke a hole apiece.

The end of the morning round saw Grieve leading the field for the Putter with 37 points, pursued by Moran with 34, Davidson with 33 and the C.O. with 29. Roberts and Cousens were both suffering from "St. Annes paralysis" and need not be mentioned again. This disease is closely akin to "St. Andrew's ague," that terrifying affliction which attacks otherwise hale and hearty men as they are about to drive off the first tee. In its more acute form the sufferer is almost incapable of moving the club-head back from the ball, so obsessed does he become with the thought of the infinite variety of monstrous things which not only can, but quite obviously will, happen once he brings it forward again and the "Little Men" are released to do their worst. We digress, however. Brown at the half-way stage led the field for the Spoon with 25 points, followed by Wood with 20 and Reddington with 12.

The afternoon saw Grieve, admirably steady, return with 35 points—total 72. Moran and the C.O. both cracked somewhat over the last nine holes and came in with 27 and 29—totals of 61 and 58 respectively. Davidson, however, was going from strength to strength until disaster overtook him at the 16th. Even so he finished with 37 points and so became runner-up to Grieve. A new name, and a very deserving one, thus goes on to the plinth.

Brown came back with 18 points for a total of 43, and Wood followed with 21—total 41—so the Spoon also has a new name on it. Special mention must be made of Dunn who was playing golf for the third time; in the afternoon he had a 12 on his card at the long 3rd, but nothing else worse than 10, and he finished with 45. A very good performance indeed and most encouraging. All four "Mugs" should be well below 18 by next year and as such, competing for the Silver Putter.

NORTHERN COMMAND CHAMPIONSHIPS

The Northern Command Championships took place at Strensall from May 18 to 20. The first day was the inter-Unit event, teams of four, 36 holes medal play, the lowest scratch aggregate winning. The Regimental team was composed of the C.O., Lt.-Col. Cumberlege (12), Major Cousens (7), Capt. Grieve (1), and Capt. Roberts (4). Our morning round scores were, respectively, 85, 84, 74 and 85, giving us a total of 328 and a lead of 15 strokes over H.Q. North Midland District, our nearest rivals. In the afternoon we returned 92, 78, 76 and 85 respectively for a total of 331 and an aggregate of 659, which gave us victory by five strokes over North Midland District. For this we received a Challenge Cup and the team members received individual prizes of pint tankards. This was a very satisfying achievement.

The second day was confined to an 18-holes bogey competition. Grieve, playing beautiful golf, was

round in 69 and 4 up on bogey, which put him away out on his own—Grieve first, the rest nowhere. Another tankard was added unto him for this excellent performance.

The Individual events, scratch and handicap, took place on the third day and consisted of 36 holes medal play. The Championship, for the Curragh Cup, looked like being a battle between Grieve and the redoubtable Col. "Jumbo" Aitken, whose well-deserved reputation as a golfer extends far outside the comparatively narrow Army circle. And so it turned out. They were playing together and Grieve led his rival by two strokes going to the 6th, where Grieve made his only serious mistake in the two rounds and took 7 to his opponent's birdie 4, a lead of two thus becoming a deficit of one in one hole. He kept his head, however, and they finished the round in that position—Aitken 72, Grieve 73.

The second round was equally level and Grieve might well have got on even terms at the very last hole where Aitken's drive would have been in a ditch nine times out of ten. This, unfortunately for Grieve, was the tenth time and Aitken got his 4 to finish in 74 to Grieve's 75. Aitken thus won by two strokes, but Grieve collected another tankard as runner-up—another very good effort. Third place was occupied by Cousens who had had a 76 in the morning but frittered over the last nine in the afternoon to finish rather sadly in 82. The handicap event was won by Lt.-Col. Kaye, K.O.Y.L.I., playing off 18, who returned net scores of 68 and 67, which was rather too good for the rest of the field.

We hand a nice large palm to Grieve for his performance at this meeting. He is a very sound golfer who never looks like making a mistake, and very seldom does. We expect to see him representing the Army in the inter-Services Tournament next year—and winning all his matches too.

Thus ends the story of this year's competitive golf, so far as the Regiment is concerned. It has been tremendous fun and we have been astonishingly lucky in the weather. We have achieved a lot, if not quite all that we dared to hope. Next year . . . magic words! The present writer looks forward to reading, with acute nostalgia, a vivid tale of bigger and better things. The following year, by hook or by crook, he will be back, in order—such becoming modesty—to make assurance doubly sure.

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THE REGIMENTAL DEPOT

We missed the last issue because the Depot scribe is also the Editor and had done so much writing that he quite forgot that he also existed in another capacity.

The late Adjutant, Capt. P. R. Stafford, went on release in early March, after 21 years' service in the "Dukes." He is at present on 101 days' release leave in London, after which he is hoping to get an appointment as a Recruiting Officer in the West Riding. We wish him all possible luck in his new ventures, whatever or wherever they may be.

After his departure there was an inter-regnum in the Adjutant's office for two and a half months, of which five days were filled by Capt. P. Blake and 13 days by Capt. I. Hamilton, both loaned by the 1st Battalion. O.C. Depot spent so much time handing and taking over that he seriously considered recommending himself for demotion to captain. However, he and the stalwart Major Brenchley coped adequately, if somewhat spasmodically, with imprest accounts, the 1,001 returns which a Depot has to produce weekly to higher formations to show that it is a grossly over-established unit, until, in mid-May, we were joined, midst universal rejoicing, by Capt. A. C. S. Savory, who has spent more years than can be counted on one hand in "A" branches all over the world—a most useful qualification for an Adjutant's chair, and to whom we extend a hearty and a heartfelt welcome.

The Depot establishment was increased (despite the above remarks) in late February, with an ante-date to mid-January, an ante-date which must have given great satisfaction to the distorted brains of the Man-power Economists, who got away with a clear five weeks, and we now number (on paper) 4 officers and 26 soldiers or civilians. The fact that someone forgot to cater for the extra civilians in the Army Estimates means that we do not get them until next year, and involves the Man-power Economists and Treasury officials in more back-slapping at their cleverness. However, buoyed up with hope for the future, we carry on, but without any back-slapping.

We welcome Ptes. Guthrie and Moore on posting to the P.S. from the 1st Battalion, and Pte. Benbow from B.A.O.R., where he spent a pleasant Python tour counting railway waggons for Q. (Mov.), which, he assures us, does not have the same effect as counting sheep.

The posting of these three gave great satisfaction to the Depot Commander, who now has a batman for the first time since his arrival. We also welcome C.Q.M.S. Bacon, an old 76th boxer of no mean repute, who has been posted to the P.S.

Life in the Depot goes on as normal, everyone wrestling with the work of three, and the officers and R.S.M. Birch going off every Sunday to run Certificate "A" examinations instead of being able to do a spot of gardening or house-painting. For-

unately the closed season for Certificate "A" starts on June 1.

We are busy preparing for the G.O.C.'s Annual Inspection which takes place on June 22, though we have not yet been able to decide how we shall carry out our march past in "column of threes" with three officers, one R.S.M. and five men on parade.

Time alone will decide the answer.

As a corollary to the inspection we are about to be descended on by a horde of C.R.E.M.E.s, C.R.A.S.C.s, A.D.O.S.s, A.D.H.s and so on, *ad infinitum*. May they pass through in peace.

Great preparations are going ahead for the two Waterloo Balls to be held in Halifax on June 17, the results of which, if time permits, will be published elsewhere. Needless to say, being on the spot, quite a lot of work is coming our way in this connection. The C.O. is having a busy time, as, apart from his military work, he has opened the Halifax Motor-cycle Speedway Track, given four after-dinner speeches at O.C.A. dinners, and three at public ones, lunched and lectured at the Rotary Club, etc., and is now derusting his sword for July 26, when he is being presented to Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh. In his spare time he has altered the face of the Officers' Mess and C.O.'s Quarter lawn, a fact which the Garrison Engineer fortunately appears to think was done "with prior concurrence" and has innocently abetted by putting up concrete retaining walls 9 in. high without any authority. However, they will probably both be in Malaya when the "crime" is discovered.

So we must leave you and go from the ridiculous to the sublime and compose our Editorial.

The Joy of being an Editor

Getting out this magazine is no picnic.
 If we print jokes, people say we are silly.
 If we don't they say we are too serious.
 If we stick close to the office all day,
 We ought to be around hunting material.
 If we go out and try to hustle,
 We ought to be on the job in the office.
 If we don't print contributions,
 We don't appreciate genius;
 And if we do print them, the paper is filled with
 junk!
 If we edit the other fellow's write-up we're too
 critical;
 If we don't, we're asleep.
 If we clip things from other papers,
 We are too lazy to write them ourselves.
 If we don't we are stuck on our own stuff.
 Now, like as not, some guy will say:
 We swiped this from some magazine.*

* We did !!!

382 ANTI-TANK REGIMENT, R.A.

(4th Duke of Wellington's Regiment) T.A.

With the exception of the long-hoped-for appointment of Col. R. H. Goldthorp, D.S.O., T.D., D.L., J.P., as Honorary Colonel of the Regiment, very little of note has occurred since the last publication of THE IRON DUKE. These notes, therefore, take the form of a brief summary of the ordinary day-to-day happenings within the Regiment.

OFFICERS' MESS

It gave considerable pleasure to all ranks of the Regiment when the news was received that His Majesty The King had been graciously pleased to approve the appointment of Col. R. H. Goldthorp as Honorary Colonel of the Regiment. All ranks wish to extend their heartiest congratulations to our new Honorary Colonel.

Col. Goldthorp was first associated with the 4th Battalion, D.W.R., in 1908; serving through the Great War, 1914-18, he was awarded the D.S.O. and mentioned in despatches; in 1917 he commanded the 2/10th London Regiment and The Artists' Rifles in 1918; after the Great War he rejoined the Territorial Army and commanded the 4th Battalion, D.W.R., from 1925-29; during the years 1942-46 he was Colonel-Commandant, West Riding County Cadets, and has been a member of the West Riding of Yorkshire T. and A.F. Association since 1926.

Capt. R. A. M. Goldthorp, the son of Col. Goldthorp, has recently completed his tour of duty as Adjutant, and has now joined "R" Battery at Brighouse. We extend a hearty welcome to Capt. F. Stilling, R.A., who has recently arrived from the Middle East, and trust that he and Mrs. Stilling will enjoy their tour of duty in Halifax.

Lt. J. D. Greenwood has been posted to the Regiment and has joined "Q" Battery at Ovenden Park Camp.

Two signed portraits of their Majesties the King and Queen have been obtained and now occupy a place of honour in the Mess.

SERGEANTS' MESS

We extend a hearty welcome to B.S.M. Jagger and Sgts. King and Spencer, who have rejoined the Regiment since our last appearance in print. The week-end "get together" is still held and is no doubt the most successful form of social activity at present.

SOCIAL EVENTS

The first All Ranks' dance was held at the Drill Hall on March 19. By kind permission of Lt.-Col. C. R. T. Cumberlege the band of the 1st Battalion, D.W.R., played for dancing; approximately 600 people attended the dance, and it proved a successful

and enjoyable evening. We are hoping to arrange other such evenings in the not too distant future.

The Cleckheaton Battery (S.) staged a recruiting week-end on March 26-27, which included a social evening on the Saturday, and although the number of recruits obtained was depressingly few, a good time was had by all.

A most successful dance and social evening was held at the Drill Hall, Brighouse, on the evening of May 21. There was a large attendance, which included many old "Dukes," and the Commanding Officer and Mrs. Bentley were among those present; this was the first event of its kind to be held by "R" Battery since it re-formed, but it certainly won't be the last.

The 4th Battalion, D.W.R., Old Comrades' Association held their annual meeting and dinner at the Drill Hall, Prescott Street, on April 9; it gives us all great pleasure to see and speak to these older members of the Regiment and the Association can be assured of our wholehearted co-operation at all times.

We have been asked to provide a guard of honour for the visit on July 26 of their Royal Highnesses Princess Elizabeth and The Duke of Edinburgh; we are naturally most anxious to perform this pleasurable duty, and although the date falls during our period of annual camp we entertain high hopes that arrangements can be made to enable us to accept the honour bestowed upon us.

TRAINING

A Signals course, under B.Q.M.S. Shaw, is now being held on two nights a week at the Drill Hall. Outside of this we are engaged in the routine Battery training, all training programmes having been devised for some weeks past with a view to preparing the Regiment for annual camp, which commences on July 23 and finishes on August 7, one week being spent in Norfolk and the second week at Ross Links where our annual firing practice will be carried out. Four additional 17-pdr. S.P. Valentines have been asked for; it is, therefore, hoped that we will have eight S.P.s available for training at camp.

Another week-end camp was held at Yeadon during May, the Regiment once more being the guests of 609 Squadron, Royal Auxiliary Air Force. These camps are a most popular feature of our training and a very real bond has been established between our generous hosts of the Air Force and ourselves. Unfortunately we were only able to take three S.P. Valentines with us, and another had to be put "off the road" during the week-end, so our training activities were somewhat restricted. Nevertheless, driving instruction was given with

our two remaining tanks; the Signals course availed themselves of the opportunity of operating sets over longer distances than is normally possible on drill nights; all ranks fired .303 practice; and, last but not least, our L.A.D. were able to put in a fair amount of practice work on the ground. Although this form of training is invaluable to our R.E.M.E. personnel, we hope that they will not be given too much of it.

The .22 range at Brighthouse has now been moved to the opposite end of the building, and a new entrance made to allow a 17-pdr. S.P. Valentine to get inside, where it can be used for gun drill and sub-calibre shooting.

RECRUITING

Response to the Recruiting Drive continues to be slow and by no means sure, but we manage to keep our head above water, and our present strength is approximately 110 all ranks.

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS

We congratulate the following on their promotions and appointments: Sgt. A. Clay to W.O.2 (B.S.M.); Gnr. H. A. Smeed to Bombardier; Gnr. R. A. Crowther to Bombardier; Gnr. J. Burke to Bombardier; Pte. Livesey to Corporal (A.C.C.) Gnr. C. A. Fox to L/Bombardier; Gnr. T. O. Ambler to L/Bombardier.

4th BATTALION

The Duke of Wellington's Regiment

O.C.A. ANNUAL MEETING AND DINNER

The 30th Annual Meeting and Dinner of the 4th Duke of Wellington's O.C.A. was held in the Drill Hall, Prescote Street, Halifax on Saturday, April 9, 1949, when 150 (1914-18) "Dukes" gathered together. After the Loyal toast and the toast to the Regiment, that of "Our Guests" was proposed by Brig.-Gen. R. E. Sugden, whom we all were delighted to see among us again. The response was made by Major R. E. Austin and Lt.-Col. N. T. Bentley. To be in close and friendly touch with the Depot and the Drill Hall, and to learn of the up-to-date doings and activities of the Regiment was greatly appreciated by the members present.

Mr. George North was installed as chairman for the ensuing year, that being the only official change. The old committee was re-elected with the addition of two new members from Cleckheaton, Mr. Sam Longden and Mr. Percy Walker, a very welcome addition. It is to be hoped that as soon as the petrol shortage is over some of the older members from Cleckheaton will be able to attend more often.

The Treasurer, Mr. Fred Bentley, in his statement drew attention to the many calls upon the Funds during the last year—ill-health being the main cause. It is immensely gratifying to the committee to be able to meet these calls from the Funds at its disposal and to be able to help when difficulties arise through sickness.

As is usual in O.C.A. functions the members

soon formed themselves into groups as soon as the speeches were ended, stern encounters were re-fought and tragic and comic episodes retold. Col. Sir Alfred Mowat, Col. James Walker and Major Fenton spent their time going from group to group, and heard more than one item of history which was new to them.

It is pleasing to record that one of the Sowerby Bridge members of the committee, Bob Hill, has been elected Chairman of the Ripponden Council, and that the treasurer, Mr. Fred Bentley, has accepted the Chairmanship of the Halifax Council of Social Service.

The Secretary's address is: Major F. A. Shaw, Park Dene, Moorend Road, who will always be pleased to hear from any old "4th Dukes."

SECRETARY'S REPORT

Firstly, we must thank Col. Bentley, O.C. 382 Anti-Tank Regiment, for his kindness in allowing us the use of the Drill Hall for our committee meetings and for tonight's function. I would also like to say how we appreciate the very ready co-operation of his Adjutant, Capt. Goldthorp, and Quartermaster Capt. Mills in the arrangements for the gathering. Major Jamieson, O.C. 3rd Cadet Battalion is another officer who is always ready to help us in any way he can. We have to thank him for providing the tables and seating accommodation tonight.

May I, once more, make known the fact that the Book of Remembrance containing the names of our fallen comrades is available in the Hall for anyone interested.

As you have just heard from the Treasurer, the amount of sundry help granted during the year was about £202. This is more than usual, due to the fact that an increasing number of men have needed our help. It is money well spent, as most of our cases are elderly men who, when they are stricken with illness, take a long time to recover. In fact, many of them are chronic cases and our help supplements National Health Insurance or Old Age Pension and makes life a little easier for them. I might add that most of the cases have been "sought out" as the most deserving cases very rarely "apply" for assistance. Members of the Committee spend much time in keeping in touch with old pals who are unable to get about.

The Association is represented on the Council of Social Service, the Halifax Services Committee, the British Legion Committees throughout the area and on the Committees of the Mitchell Trust Fund. The latter organisation, whose Secretary, Mr. Code, is with us tonight, always give sympathetic consideration to any cases which we submit to them and many are the old Fourth men who have benefited from this Fund. May I say that no one was more pleased than we when Mr. Code was awarded the M.B.E. for his work in the cause of ex-Servicemen.

The Association was represented on several church parades during the year, amongst them being the Remembrance Day Service at the Cenotaph. Following this Service we attended, with the Cadet Battalion, a simple but impressive service in this Hall.

(continued on page 118)

578 (MOB.) H.A.A. REGIMENT, R.A.

(5th Duke of Wellington's) T.A.

A reminder from the Editor of THE IRON DUKE that contributions to the July issue should be in his hands by June 5 at the latest enables your correspondent to take advantage of a lull in the firing to write these notes. For the Regiment is, at the time of writing, attending their second post-war camp. This year Weybourne on the Norfolk coast is the scene, and although we have not yet been here long enough to form any permanent impressions, this year's annual training is distinguished from all its many predecessors by the presence (with other Units!) of large numbers of the opposite sex, whose nocturnal twitterings add volume to the trillings of the nightingales, who are also in residence and in good voice.

Two other H.A.A. Regiments (T.A.) share the camp with us, and, as last year, we have combined Messes, but once again our own Officers' anteroom. Our share of the joint messing responsibility is the Officers' Mess, and the outstanding (and so far only) untoward event was the telephoned news received as the main body was on the point of entraining at Huddersfield, that the hired civilian chef and his mate, who had gone on ahead the previous evening, had incontinently packed their traps and departed, merely leaving a message for the P.M.C. to the effect that an extremely dim view was taken of the camp and all its works. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the message was couched in somewhat uncouth terms!

Fortunately, however, our wet weather programme covered all eventualities, even administrative arrangements, and as the departure of the chef was allegedly due to the extremely indifferent weather at the time, the alternative plan was put into operation. An officer was detailed from the main body and sent forthwith to scour the vicinity of Leeds where another chef was believed to live, and eventually he was run to earth and duly pressed into service. It was therefore not necessary to put into operation Plan B which was the impressment of certain selected officers' wives to act as super-numerary unpaid acting cooks!

It is expected that practically the whole Regiment will attend training for at least eight days, and the great majority are staying for the full period. For this our thanks are due to employers who have not only given leave of absence to their employees, but have also, in many cases, undertaken to make good any financial loss they may suffer by attending camp. Although a detailed account of our activities must be deferred until the next issue, it is perhaps worthy of note that the four senior officers in camp total between them more than a century of T.A. service, and this will probably be the last appearance of some of them, who rightly feel that the torch should be taken up by the younger generation.

During the first week we were honoured by a visit from the Colonel of the Regiment, Gen. Sir Philip Christison, Bt., C.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., A.D.C. His visit was a great encouragement to us and helps us to maintain the links which bind us as firmly as ever to the Regiment, despite the difficulties with which our change of arms has presented us.

Since our last notes were published the activities of the Regiment have been marked by a series of social events.

On December 10, 1948, was held the first post-war prize distribution. A large attendance was presided over by the Commanding Officer (Lt.-Col. R. C. Laurence, T.D.), and Maj.-Gen. the Earl of Scarborough, K.G., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., T.D., Chairman of the West Riding Territorial and Auxiliary Forces Association, distributed the prizes. Maj.-Gen. Lockhart (Commanding No. 5 Group A.A. Command) proposed a vote of thanks, which was seconded by the Honorary Colonel, Col. G. P. Norton, D.S.O., T.D., D.L., J.P.

The results of the prize distribution were as follows:

1. REGIMENTAL MUSKETRY COMPETITION—N.C.O.s.
For the highest score in the Annual Range Test.
1st Prize .. Bdr. Roberts, H. B., "Q" Battery.
2. REGIMENTAL MUSKETRY COMPETITION—GUNNERS.
As for N.C.O.s.
1st Prize .. Gnr. Hair, A. R., "Q" Battery.
3. RIPON CUP—INTER-BATTERY S.A. COMPETITION.
"Q" Battery.
4. REGIMENTAL DRILL COMPETITION—N.C.O.s.
For the highest number of Drills put in by the end of the Territorial Year (October 31).
1st Prize .. B.Q.M.S. Hartley, H.,
"P" Battery .. 186
2nd Prize .. Bdr. Proctor, H.,
"P" Battery .. 163
3rd Prize .. Sgt. Allen, G. W.,
"P" Battery .. 162
5. REGIMENTAL DRILL COMPETITION—GUNNERS.
As for N.C.O.s.
1st Prize .. Gnr. Swaine, A.,
"P" Battery .. 160
2nd Prize .. Gnr. Cotton, A. W.,
R.H.Q. .. 150
3rd Prize .. Gnr. Radcliffe, J.,
"P" Battery .. 140
6. PERMANENT STAFF MUSKETRY COMPETITION.
Open to all members of the Permanent Staff (i.e. Regular Soldiers).
1st Prize .. B.Q.M.S. Coldwell, B.
7. CHAMBER OF TRADES CUP—FOR MARCHING AND SHOOTING.
Inter-Battery Competition, R.H.Q. to count as a Battery.
Team to consist of three men of any rank (excluding Officers). Batteries may enter more than one team.
"P" Battery—L/Bdr. Mandell, C. M., Gnr. Leach, F., M.M., Gnr. Barker, H.
8. BENTLEY SHAW CUP—FOR LONG RANGE FIRE.
Inter-Battery Competition, R.H.Q. to count as a Battery.
Team to consist of a Captain and 6 of any rank (including Officers). Captain will NOT fire.
"R" Battery—Major E. E. R. Kilner, T.D., Capt. S. J. E. Huxley, Capt. J. W. Bell, B.S.M. Booth, H., Sgt. Sykes, J. E.
9. OFFICERS' MUSKETRY COMPETITION.
Open to all Officers.
Capt. F. McCormick, R.A. (Adjutant).

10. **MRS. ALFRED SYKES CUP—MINIATURE RANGE COMPETITION.**
Inter-Battery Competition, R.H.Q. to count as a Battery.
Teams of four of any rank. To be fired on R.H.Q. Range.
"P" Battery.
11. **ZETLAND CUP—INDIVIDUAL MINIATURE RANGE.**
Major E. E. R. Kilner, T.D.
12. **AIRCRAFT RECOGNITION COMPETITION.**
Individual entries to be nominated by Batteries. Run on
Observer Corps Test Cards.
1st Prize .. Gnr. Woodcock, T., "P" Battery.
2nd Prize .. B.Q.M.S. Crawshaw, J. W., "R"
Battery.
3rd Prize .. Gnr. Walker, H., "R" Battery.
Gnr. Firth, F., "R" Battery.
13. **REGIMENTAL GUNNERY COMPETITION—MAJOR J. L. POTT CUP.**
Inter-Battery Competition.
Winner: "R" Battery—Major E. E. R. Kilner, T.D.

The Regiment renewed an old standing custom by holding an Officers' Ball on New Year's Eve in the Drill Hall, Huddersfield. No effort was spared to recapture the atmosphere of similar pre-war occasions, and its success can be judged from the fact that 650 guests were present and that applications from a further 250 had very regretfully to be declined owing to the inexorability of the laws of space and time. It was very much enjoyed by all and it is intended to make it an annual event. Our thanks are especially due to a very hard-working and imaginative dance committee for the excellent results. Advantage was taken of the specially-laid floor and decorations to hold an All Ranks Dance on the following night, and this also was a great success.

Capt. F. McCormick, R.A., relinquished the Adjutancy of the Regiment on November 7, 1948, on release to civilian life, and was succeeded by Capt. A. Thompson, R.A., who took up his duties on December 29, 1948. To the former we wish good luck and we welcome the latter and hope that his period of duty with us will be pleasant to him and profitable to us.

We welcome also Lt. B. N. Webster (posted to "R" Battery) and Lt. J. K. Turner (posted to "Q" Battery). The latter was a member of the old 370 Battery and was mobilised with the Regiment in 1939. Capt. P. Hinchliff has been transferred from the Active List with the honorary rank of Major with effect from December 10, 1948. We are very sorry to lose him, but will hope that we may see him when he can spare the time from his other activities.

We regret to have to report the death at the age of 45 of Lt. J. C. Tinker, which occurred on February 16, 1949.

We congratulate our Quartermaster, Capt. S. W. Higgins, M.B.E., on his promotion to Major, and Capt. G. P. Norton on the award of the Territorial Decoration. It is understood that the conditions governing the award of bars to the T.D. have recently been revised, and we are looking forward to seeing one or two of our senior officers wearing what will appear like miniature scaling ladders from their knees to their manly bosoms.

Since our last notes appeared we are sorry to have to report that very little progress has been made in increasing our numbers, which at the moment are 15 officers and 71 other ranks. The

much-advertised and intensive National Recruiting Campaign, which opened in September, 1948, has failed to produce more than 25 per cent. of the increase hoped for. The reasons are many and varied and some of them obvious. The most frequently given are the natural disinclination of wives to agree to their husbands spending more time away from their homes, the feeling of the men themselves that it is someone else's turn (but there is no "someone else" until the National Servicemen join in 1950), the persistent suspicion that the Territorial soldier gets the thick end of the stick on embodiment, and the general "browned-off with all things military" feeling of many. And we respectfully admire the old soldier who declined to rejoin because "there's no discipline in the Army nowadays"! It is hardly within the scope of these notes to suggest the answer where the combined talents of innumerable higher authorities have not succeeded in doing so, but we feel, as Territorials, that one of the reasons may well be that compulsory and voluntary service cannot be welded together. The Territorial Army has always prided itself on being an association of volunteers; for a brief space longer it will remain so, but thereafter it will become increasingly a compulsory body. If there is any substance in this contention, the solution would appear to be to revert the T.A. to its original entirely voluntary form, with additional safeguards to rid the mind of the volunteer of the feeling that in the event of embodiment he will get a more raw deal than those who are not in the T.A., and, although we do not believe that the financial aspect is a serious deterrent it might be well worth while to make the pay and allowances of the Territorial soldier income tax free. Doubtless this would mean as a corollary the abandonment of compulsory service, but the saving in expenditure thereby, both of money and of manpower, would permit a proportionate increase in the strength of the Regular Forces. Perhaps the powers that be will think again.

4th Battalion (continued from page 116)

During the past year an increasing number of our old pals have died, amongst them being W. Noonin, F. Oldfield, A. Walker, T. Doyle, Hilton Gledhill, Cyril Gledhill and A. Corney.

To sum up, the following gives you some idea of the work done by the Association during its 30 years' existence.

Groceries and Sundry Help—£3,362.

Loans—£1,264.

Employment found for 382 men.

During the war the Committee has met on 14 occasions, the average attendance being 17. Meetings are held every fourth Wednesday in the month at 7.30 p.m., the next meeting being on April 20.

Before closing I should like to thank all members of the Committee for their unflinching support and would particularly mention George North, who has been of great assistance to me in many ways.

F. A. SHAW; *Hon. Secretary.*

5th DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S

Officers' Dinner Club and Old Comrades' Association

On September 22, 1948, the Band of the Coldstream Guards visited Huddersfield, and after marching through the town in full dress uniform gave a splendid concert in the Drill Hall which was very much appreciated by a large audience.

Our Twenty-second Annual Dinner of the Club took place at Huddersfield Drill Hall on Friday, October 8, 1948, when our Honorary Colonel (Col. G. P. Norton, D.S.O., T.D.) presided over an attendance of 67 members and six guests. It was the usual good "show" in every respect. The Mayor of Huddersfield (Councillor O. Smith, J.P.) proposed the toast of the Regiment, to which the Commanding Officer (Lt.-Col. R. C. Laurence, T.D.) replied. Lt.-Col. J. W. Hirst, O.B.E., T.D., proposed the toast of the guests and Mr. J. P. W. Mallalieu, M.P., responded. The Chairman later called on the Hon. Secretary to say a word or two and he retaliated by proposing the health of Col. Norton. Our other guests at the dinner were Lt.-Col. C. R. T. Cumberlege, Lt.-Col. S. R. Hoyle, M.C., Lt.-Col. B. M. Schofield and Major F. W. Fielding, M.C.

The Regiment commenced its Recruiting Drive on Sunday, October 10, 1948, with its first post-war church parade to Huddersfield Parish Church. The parade was led by the Band and Drums of the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment followed by the three Batteries of the Regiment with Colours and about 100 Old Comrades. On October 22 a very successful Military Ball was held at Huddersfield Drill Hall. A special parquetry floor was laid and the Ball was very largely attended. From October 27 to 30, 1948, an Exhibition of Modern Equipment by local units of the Territorial Army was held at St. Paul's Street Drill Hall. The Exhibition was opened by Maj.-Gen. C. F. Loewen, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., commanding 50th Infantry Division. It was a very fascinating display and was largely attended. Various other recruiting efforts have been held throughout the winter, but we regret to note that the results have not been commensurate with the energy and enthusiasm put forth.

The Annual Meeting and Smoker of the 5th Duke of Wellington's Old Comrades' Association took place at the Drill Hall, Huddersfield, on Saturday, October 9, 1948, when Col. G. P. Norton, D.S.O., T.D., presided over a very good attendance. The Annual Report showed a further increase in membership and all the accounts were in a healthy state, credit balances being as follows: General Account, £169 2s. 7d.; Benevolent Account, £160 2s. 4d.; Entertainment Account, £40 9s. 9d. The capital of the invested funds in the Benevolent Fund stand at £3,450. The Association continues to help all deserving cases which come to its notice.

After the meeting a very enjoyable concert was given and many old comradeships renewed.

Lt.-Col. E. C. M. Palmer, M.B.E., T.D., and Major E. P. Crook were prevented from attending the last annual dinner by reason of the fact that they had to attend an Investiture at the Belgian Embassy to receive the Belgian Croix de Guerre with Palm and Chevalier of the Order of Leopold II. We heartily congratulate both recipients.

Old "B" Company of the 1914-15 days held their Annual Reunion on November 20, 1948, at Marsh Liberal Club, Huddersfield, when there was an attendance of 50, eight of them without limbs. Col. K. Sykes presided. It is remarkable how this Company of the 1/5th of thirty-four years ago sticks together.

The first post-war Prize Distribution took place at the Drill Hall, Huddersfield, on December 10, 1948. The Commanding Officer (Lt.-Col. R. C. Laurence, T.D.) presided over a large attendance. Maj.-Gen. the Earl of Scarborough, K.G., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E. presented the prizes. Maj.-Gen. L. Lockhart (commanding No. 5 Group A.A. Command) proposed and Col. G. P. Norton seconded the vote of thanks. The strength of the Regiment at that time was 15 officers and 62 other ranks.

About 650 guests were present at the first post-war Officers' Ball at the Drill Hall, Huddersfield, on New Year's Eve, which was a complete success and much enjoyed. A special sprung floor was laid for dancing, for which Billy Thorburn and his music played.

Capt. F. McCormick, R.A., relinquished the Adjutantcy of the Regiment on November 2, 1948, on release to civilian life. We wish him good luck and hope to see him at future annual dinners. He has been succeeded by Capt. A. Thompson, M.C., R.A., who took up his duties on December 29, 1948.

Lt. B. N. Webster was commissioned to the Regiment on October 11, 1948 (with seniority from July 18, 1948) and has been posted to "R" Battery. Lt. J. K. Turner was commissioned to the Regiment on January 14, 1949, and posted to "Q" Battery.

We congratulate Capt. G. P. Norton on being awarded the Territorial Decoration. We also congratulate Capt. S. W. Higgins, M.B.E., on his promotion to Major.

Capt. P. Hinchliff has been transferred from the active list in the rank of Captain (hon. rank of Major) with effect from December 10, 1948.

The Regiment goes to its annual camp at Weybourne in Norfolk from May 29 to June 12, 1949. Some members of the Dinner Club hope to visit them for the middle week-end.

We very much regret to report the death of Col.

(continued on page 122)



Lord Savile presenting the L.S. and G.C. medal to W.O.I (R.S.M.) A. Parr.

7th BATTALION

The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (T.A.)

In our last notes we forecast a large gathering of 1/7th and 2/7th Old Comrades on March 26 and for once prophecy was correct. Into Milnsbridge Drill Hall they came in bundles of ten, on foot, in cars and trains, from as far north as Scotland and south from Cardiff, London and the Channel Islands. After dinner was served a few appropriate words of welcome were given by Col. Hinchcliffe, an appeal for recruits by Lt.-Col. Hoyle and finally Col. R. R. Mellor thanked all ranks for the support given him during his term as Honorary Colonel of the Battalion. After three cheers were given for Col. Mellor the throng settled down in groups for a spate of serious talking (and drinking).

The Band of the 578 H.A.A. Regiment (5th D.W.R.) entertained them under the baton of Bandmaster Ashton-Jones.

The Annual Ball was held on April 1 and was a tremendous success. The hall had been decorated in continental style with awnings over the small tables which surrounded the floor and guests were received by Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Hoyle before joining the P.M.C., Major Parfitt, for cocktails. Among the distinguished guests were Lord Savile, Col.

W. A. Hinchcliffe, T.D., Lt.-Col. G. B. Howcroft, M.C., T.D., Lt.-Col. G. Taylor D.S.O., T.D., Lt.-Col. J. Whitehead, T.D., Commanding 41st Royal Tank Regiment, and the Mayor and Mayoress of Mossley.

On April 9 the prize distribution was held at Mossley. Prizes were presented by Capt. The Lord Savile before a large audience of military and civic personalities, including the Brigade Commander, Brig. W. N. Roper-Caldbeck, D.S.O., Col. W. A. Hinchcliffe, T.D., the Mayor and Mayoress of Mossley, Major D. Hirst, T.D., of the 5th Battalion, and many others.

Before the presentation, the Commanding Officer described the progress made since the re-formation of the Battalion nearly two years ago, when he took over several dilapidated drill halls and little else. Now he could see a growing body of keen volunteers who had transformed these drill halls into warm, comfortable and well-furnished centres of social and military activity. He described the increase of skill and keenness on the range and touched on the last annual camp at Hornsea. After referring to the high standard set by Col. Mellor he welcomed

Col. Hinchcliffe as the new Honorary Colonel. Finally he introduced Lord Savile. Prizes were then presented as follows :

Officers' Individual Open Range Rifle Cup.—Lt. G. A. Dyson (Huddersfield).
W.O.s and Sergeants' Open Range Cup.—Sgt. G. Lofthouse (Oldham).
Corporals and Other Ranks' Open Range Cup.—Cpl. A. Bennett (Springhead).
Officers' Individual Miniature Range Cup.—Lt. G. A. Dyson.
W.O.s and Sergeants' Miniature Range Cup.—Sgt. J. W. Kershaw (Springhead).
Corporals and Other Ranks' Miniature Range Cup.—Cpl. R. Earnshaw (Milsbridge).
Inter-Company Miniature Range Cup.—"H.Q." Company, Major H. Coop, T.D., team captain.
P.S.I.s' Open Range Cup.—C.Q.M.S. A. E. Cutler (Springhead).
149th Infantry Brigade Open Range Individual Championship.—Sgt. G. Lofthouse (Oldham).
149th Infantry—Young Soldiers' Competition.—Sgt. G. Lofthouse.
149th Infantry Brigade—Bren Gun Parts Competition.—C.Q.M.S. A. E. Cutler and C.Q.M.S. E. Staniforth, M.M.
149th Infantry—W.O.s and Sergeants' Team Tile Shoot.—2nd Prize—7th Dukes. Team captain, Lt. G. A. Dyson.
Most Improved Recruit in "A" Company.—Pte. Tarkenter (Springhead).
Best Turned-out Man Present (at the Presentation).—L/Cpl. Kenny (Halifax).
Best Shot in Support Company.—Cpl. Schofield (Halifax).

The Long Service and Good Conduct Medal awarded to R.S.M. Parr was then presented to him by Lord Savile.

Lord Savile complimented the Battalion on its record and turnout and described how he and Col. Hoyle had served together. He made an appeal for volunteers, pointing out the dangerous international situation.

He described his work for the Regimental War Memorial Fund and asked all who could to spare something for the Regimental Chapels at York and Halifax and the scholarships fund. He also appealed for support for THE IRON DUKE, the Regimental Magazine.

Finally he thanked the Colonel and all ranks for their kindness in inviting him to present the prizes and congratulated all winners on their skill. Lord Savile spoke with great feeling of his sentiments towards the Regiment.

A vote of thanks proposed by Col. W. A. Hinchcliffe was seconded by Lt.-Col. G. B. Howcroft, M.C., who added a further appeal for volunteers.

On April 30 a Brigade Officers' week-end T.E.W.T. was held at Greta Bridge based on the Bridge Hotel. This was a great success.

On May 7 over 50 attended a week-end camp at Farnley Park. This was most successful. The infantry, under Major Hopkinson and Lt. Williams, carried out individual fieldcraft, building up to patrolling. The carriers exercised on the driving grounds, whilst the mortars carried out a shoot at Dallowgill Moor.

On May 22 the Brigade Commander carried out his annual inspection when even the weather played ball. The inspecting officer must, however, have been somewhat shattered when (being himself in kilts) he was inveigled into having his photograph taken with the Springhead Ladies' Rifle Team.

Thursday, May 26, saw a dinner given at Mossley to mark the retirement of R.Q.M.S. W. R. Smith, after serving with the Battalion since 1911. Major Coop asked Col. Hoyle to propose R.Q.M.S. Smiths' health. Col. Hoyle spoke of his fine work on the administrative side of the Battalion since

1947 and then asked Lt.-Col. G. B. Howcroft to review the R.Q.M.S.'s pre-war service as they had served together so long. Col. Howcroft said how pleased he was that the honour of presenting R.Q.M.S. Smith with a silver salver from the Battalion had fallen to him. He spoke of R.Q.M.S. Smith's long service with the Battalion and said that they had had several partings in the course of that time. He had handed in his kit to the R.Q.M.S. at the end of the Second World War at No. 4 Holding Battalion. Now it was his turn to say farewell to the R.Q.M.S.

The R.Q.M.S., replying, made a vigorous recruiting speech saying the recruiting was not good enough for him and he remembered the days when two Companies used to line up for drills awaiting their turn to go into the hall. He asked every N.C.O. and man to bring in one or two friends and looked forward to seeing the drill hall full once more. We shall all be sorry to lose the R.Q.M.S. and look forward to frequent visits from him in the future.

We are hoping for good weather when on June 4 and 5 we shall be taking 60 all ranks to Deer Hill for a week-end's range work. At the moment we are preparing to provide part of a guard of honour for H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh when they visit Huddersfield on July 26. In closing we welcome two new officers: Capt. H. S. Heaton and Lt. T. Broadbent. We hope they will have very many happy years with the Battalion.

C.S.M. Crawshaw and Sgt. Allman have both come to the end of their engagements and we wish them all the best of luck in the future.

"A" COMPANY

Since the last notes appeared in THE IRON DUKE "A" Company, Springhead, has been active both in social functions and with training. On the social side a most successful children's party was held at Christmas. The feature of this party was the excellent refreshments provided by Sgt. Turner and his able helpers. They were especially appreciated by the many younger members of T.A. families present.

Although we lost the Inter-Company Miniature Range Shooting Cup this year many good scores have been returned on the range, and we now have a flourishing ladies' section. Sgt. Kershaw won the Individual Championship, and Mrs. Cutler, wife of our hard-working P.S.I., the Ladies' Championship. Several matches have been arranged for the future.

The week-end camp at Farnley Park on May 7 and 8 has been the highlight of the training during the spring. Here, in perfect surroundings, we were able to put into practice fieldcraft and patrolling lessons studied during the winter. This proved as popular and instructive a camp as last year.

Further miniature rifle competitions have been arranged for "A" Company v. 41 R.T.R. (T.A.), the Home Guard Rifle Club, Elland, and the local police.

The Brigade Commander visited Springhead on

Sunday, May 22, and complimented the Company on its success. He kindly consented to join us in our Company photograph, much to the satisfaction of all present.

We have heard, with great regret, that C/Sgt. Cutler is to leave us for distant shores. He has built up "A" Company and his keenness and enthusiasm will be much missed by all ranks. May the best of good fortune go with him.

"H.Q." COMPANY

"H.Q." Company has had a very busy and successful winter and early spring, both training and socially. The highlight of the training was the winning of the Battalion Winter Shooting League Cup and the highlight of the social activities were the Officers' Ball and the Battalion Prize Distribution. The former was certainly the most brilliant function that has been held in Mossley this century and its success was due in no small way to the very hard work put in by C.S.M. and Mrs. Hardisty and their gang of workers, large and small, male and female! We started the summer training with a week-end camp at Farnley Park, which was enjoyed by all. Certain of the transport distinguished itself by getting lost, but we were informed that it was due to shortage of petrol and not due to reading a map upside down. We are still wondering!

SUPPORT COMPANY

Now we are in the midst of summer training the most interesting part of the Cadre work is here; already the 3-in. Mortar teams have had a very successful "shoot" at Dallowgill Moors, and it is hoped to be firing 6-pdrs. there soon.

The Carrier Platoon also is beginning to look for even more dangerous and back-breaking bumps, while even our solitary Pioneer was heard to remark: "What about indenting for some assault craft to sail on the Canal?" Adventure is not forgotten!

We are preparing with the utmost zeal for Camp and look forward to competitions with our rival Support Companies within the Brigade, and now that a Parachute Company has literally descended upon us in Halifax we shall need to be on our toes to keep pace with these crack(ed?) troops.

Having prised open our Drill Hall—sorry, T.A. Centre—doors, we see the beauties of the District (in every form!) and several new training areas are likely to be used, notably in Sowerby Bridge, where it is hoped the Drill Hall will soon be made habitable and then all Old Comrades (and new ones) will be most welcome at Burnley Road.

SERGEANTS' MESS

The first week-end camp at Farnley Park went off more or less as planned as far as the Mess was concerned.

Sgt. Lunn hoisted the dart board in true Pioneer Sergeant manner to suit his own particular throw—a handicap the remainder found difficult to overcome at first.

On May 26, 1949, the members of the Mess from various drill halls went to Mossley to attend a

farewell dinner given in honour of R.Q.M.S. Smith, who has retired from T.A. service, having reached the age limit. After nearly 40 years' service it must have been a sad occasion to part from so many friends, some of us having been "brought up" by him and most of us knowing him many years.

We had an excellent dinner. One amusing incident was when the soup course was in progress. Two members sat next to each other, one left-handed, the other right-handed, so they had to spoon their soup by numbers. When dinner was over, after a short speech by Col. Hoyle, R.Q.M.S. Smith was presented with a silver salver by Col. Howcroft, who spoke of "his friend, Walter Smith's" excellent record of service, his loyal and untiring service to the Battalion, both past and present and the fine example he is of a soldier and good citizen and how he can retire with the knowledge of a "job well done."

We of the Sergeants' Mess wish him every success and trust that we shall at least have the pleasure of meeting him at future Regimental functions.
D.R.S.

5th Duke of Wellington's (continued from page 119)

S. C. Brierly, D.S.O., T.D., on October 16, 1948, at the age of 65. He served with the 5th Dukes from 1908 to 1928, except for an interval in 1918 when he commanded the 4th King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry in France. He commanded the 5th Duke of Wellington's Regiment from 1924 to 1928. During the late war he was Assistant Sector Commander of the Home Guard in Huddersfield. Cremation took place at Lawnswood, Leeds, at which the service was taken by Rev. R. E. M. Haines, T.D., C.F. Afterwards a Memorial Service and Interment took place at Upper Hopton Church, Mirfield, which was very largely attended by past and present officers and Old Comrades of the Battalion.

We also regret to report the death of Lt. J. C. Tinker, which took place on February 16, 1949, at the age of 45.

Members are asked to make a note that the 23rd Annual Club Dinner will take place at Huddersfield Drill Hall on Friday, October 7, 1949.

Will members please notify the Hon. Secretary of any change in their address?

CENTRAL STEAM LAUNDRY

Family Launderers

12 WADE STREET, HALIFAX

Telephone 4893

H.M.S. "CLEOPATRA"



On our departure for the spring cruise after the Christmas leave period, the Vice-Admiral commanding the Squadron hoisted his flag in the ship for the passage to Gibraltar, since the Dockyard was still putting the finishing touches to H.M.S. *Superb's* refit. Except for a brief visit during the autumn cruise, this was the first chance we had had of getting to know him. We also had a very distinguished passenger in Admiral Sir William James. The passage out was, in fact, in the nature of a reunion, for not only had Capt. Reid once been Admiral James's Flag Lieutenant, but Admiral James's son is Flag Lieutenant to the Admiral commanding our Squadron.

The five weeks at Gibraltar were occupied by the serious work of the cruise. In this time we managed to straddle a battle practice target with seven out of nine salvos and shoot down a drogue. We also survived an Admiral's inspection and an inter-part pulling regatta. In this latter ordeal the wardroom astonished the entries, and themselves even more, by producing two out of the first three boats. The final provided a gruelling race in which the wardroom crew and the stokers came in first in a dead heat. Both crews were heartily thankful that a re-pull was not decided on!

At Gibraltar we also had a pleasant surprise when the Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean, came on board and addressed the ship's company. Admiral Sir Arthur Power had come back to visit an old friend, for his flag had been flown twice in the ship during the war, each time in dramatic circumstances. We were very glad to see him and Lady Power, and to have the chance of meeting them informally. We hope that he found his old love being properly cared for.

Our football team, which had made a first-class start during the autumn cruise, continued to show its superiority at Gibraltar by quickly eliminating all other cruisers from the King's Cup Competition. At length the great day of the final arrived, when the teams of *Cleopatra* and the aircraft-carrier *Theseus* took the field, and, after a magnificent game, the ship won the cup for the third year in succession. This was the crowning triumph for our team, which had provided no less than four regular members and one reserve for the Home Fleet team.

In the middle of March, when the majority of the Home Fleet visited Lisbon, we were sent on our own to the small town of Leixoes in North Portugal, about eight miles from Oporto. This town, the pronunciation of whose name is most easily imitated by the twanging of a spiral string, is the centre of the Portuguese sardine canning

industry. But the attraction rather lay in Oporto, which rests picturesquely between the steep banks of the river Douro. The British Community of Wine Lodges, whose names are household words at home, provided princely hospitality for the whole ship's company. The official programme was a most formidable affair in which the Captain had to hold a Press conference to at least a dozen representatives of local and national newspapers. Every half-minute his interview was punctuated by blinding flashes from the pressmen's cameras, so that the whole scene was reminiscent of the old "Night Attack Trainer." Visitors again came aboard in their thousands, and once more the band proved an irresistible attraction. At Colours and sunset the jetty alongside was thronged with people to watch the ceremony. The Portuguese National Anthem was faultlessly rendered at Colours every morning. Furthermore the band's appearance was greatly enhanced by a splendid tiger skin worn by the big drummer. This skin was originally obtained at Earl Mountbatten's request from one of the Indian Princes, and was one of a number collected for the use of bands in H.M. ships. Through the good offices of the Major-General Commanding Chatham Group Royal Marines, and the kindness of the people of Harrogate, it was added to the band's trophies.

The band's greatest success, however, came when it played on the occasion of a football match between the ship and a local Portuguese Infantry Regiment. As it marched around the field it drew a tremendous ovation from the whole crowd of thousands strong, each section of the crowd redoubling the applause as the band drew level with it. The match was a drawn game with a score of 2—2, which left everyone happy, for our opponents were a strong team. It was whispered that professionals who had been recalled to the colours drew a day's pay for the extra work, and also the more candid Portuguese admitted that their teams did not take kindly to defeat.

Most of the Ship's company had the opportunity to see over the famous Wine Lodges where the proceedings were invariably started by a most scrumptious lunch and continued with most intensive instruction, both theoretical and practical,

in all the various forms of this renowned wine. During the six days of our stay, case after case of port arrived on board as gifts, until there was at least half a bottle of really first-class wine for every member of the ship's company.

Here, as in the West Indies, the children's party turned out to be a great success, with the capstan rigged as a merry-go-round, a slide from the boom-deck, trips in the motor cutter, Aunt Sally, Escudos lying invitingly in an electric bowl of water, the magnetic fishpond, and as a finale the somewhat fearful fascination of the pirates, whose quarrel

over a crooked card game ends with the losers being made to walk the plank into the dubious waters of the harbour.

The trip back to Chatham and Easter leave was uneventful except for hearing the sad news that we would be losing Capt. Reid before our next cruise. He will be greatly missed by every officer and man on board, but we wish him every success in his important new appointment at the Admiralty. Shortly before sailing for the summer cruise we welcome Capt. Hill, who comes to us from *Sirius*, our only true sister in the Second Cruiser Squadron.

8th BATTALION

The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (145 Rgt. Royal Armoured Corps)

Any depression noticeable in this letter is entirely due to the fact that it is written on Budget night. The 1949 Reunion was very successfully held at the Guildford, Leeds, on March 26 last. About 150 Old Comrades attended, several coming from as far afield as Northern Ireland, London, Aldershot and Glasgow. There were many notable absentees, however, and it is hoped that everyone will make every effort to attend the 1950 Reunion, which it is hoped will be on Saturday, March 25, at the Guildford. Lt.-Col. A. C. Jackson presided and a tremendous welcome was given to Col. F. R. Armitage, O.B.E., and Major Sir Nugent Everard, our first O.C. and second-in-command. Their impromptu speeches were very warmly received and Capt. the Lord Savile spoke about the Duke of Wellington's Regimental Memorial Fund, for which the splendid sum of £7 10s. was contributed by the diners. Mr. S. E. Code, M.B.E., Secretary of the Duke of Wellington's Old Comrades' Association, was welcomed as a guest.

BALANCE SHEET, 1948

	<i>Income</i>	£	s.	d.
Cash in hand		10	1	0
Donations		4	15	0
Receipts from Reunion Supper ..		22	0	9
		£36 16 9		

	<i>Expenditure</i>	£	s.	d.
General Postage		1	3	0
"Newsletter" Postage: March ..		2	15	0
November		2	6	10
Envelopes		10	6	
1948 Reunion Invitations		2	19	0
Guildford Hotel		16	2	0
Balance carried forward		11	0	5
		£36 16 9		

REGIMENTAL HISTORY

The History has been completed and will be incorporated in the history of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. It is hoped that it will be possible to have 145 R.A.C. History printed separately for members of the Regiment. Details will be given as soon as they are available. Incidentally the words of the "Dukes' Song" were printed in the Reunion Souvenir Programme; copies of these are still available, and anyone requiring a copy should send a stamped addressed envelope to the Secretary.

REGIMENTAL WAR MEMORIAL

It is hoped to add considerably to the Fund during this year from efforts organised in the Regimental area. Sweepstakes are being organised for the Derby and the St. Leger. Other functions will be held to raise money and it is hoped that all who can will help. The consecration of the screen and memorial book for the 1939-45 War, in York Minster, will be in November.

"THE IRON DUKE"

This very excellent magazine, which is of great interest to all ex-members of the Regiment, is published quarterly at an annual charge of 6s. per subscriber. Full details will be readily given by the Secretary or from Major R. E. Austin, the Barracks, High Road Well, Halifax, who would be very pleased indeed to add every ex-member of the Regiment to the distribution list.

WELFARE

Since the last report, applications for help have been received from fourteen Old Comrades. These have been forwarded to the Royal Armoured Corps Benevolent Fund or to the Duke of Wellington's Regiment Old Comrades' Association. Up to press twelve of these appeals have been met with financial assistance. Anyone in genuine need should not hesitate to communicate with the Secretary. We are also most concerned about the welfare of dependants of those who gave their lives whilst serving with the Regiment.

PERSONALIA

Major C. L. Newton Thompson is a candidate (one guess allowed for political party) in the Marylebone Borough Council election. We can see a complete reorganisation of the Borough during the early summer.

Frank Buchan (H.Q.) is the local equivalent of P.C. 45 in Kirkcaldy and is, we believe, happily married.

Capt. R. Maxwell Lefroy is the first and only 145 type on the bench, being a J.P. for the Aldershot area.

Geoffrey Handley-Taylor, the much travelled ballet critic and author, is writing his autobiography, a section of which will record his service with the 8th Dukes at Otley, Carnanton, Newquay and St. Merryn. Happy days!

J. J. Riley ("B" Squadron) lives an independent life at Wickford, Essex, and sends his best wishes to all his old troop.

H. L. Gabbitas is in charge of the Barnsley Municipal Golf Club and a foaming pint awaits anyone who visits the nineteenth.

W. Colclough is expecting an increase at any moment and has our felicitations.

"Tosh" Parks ("B" Squadron) is still serving at Bovington, still happier on the inside looking out than vice versa.

R.S.M. H. Cundall is still the most popular man in Newcastle. T.Q.M.S. Withers has moved over to Ireland with the K.D.G.s; presumably Señor Peron is responsible for the move.

Maurice Featherstone is at work painting the "Churchill" (presented to the Regiment by Vauxhall Motors) with Divisional Signs, etc., prior to its transfer to the Regimental Museum.

Bernard Conley has not been too fit recently and is in Keighley waiting to go to a convalescent home.

Wedding bells have been doing overtime recently, Major Henry Tobin and Major John Marshall both having taken unto themselves a wife in Germany and Newbury respectively.

Cpl. "Phosgene" Gaunt (so long associated with Capt. Joe Mayers) looks very dapper these days, and sports a very R.A.F.-ish moustache.

The Halifax Speedway team have adopted the name "The Dukes" and wear a "Jumbo" as their emblem.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Friday, June 17, 1949, Eve of Waterloo Ball, Halifax. November, 1949, Consecration of Regimental Chapel, York. Mid-November, 1949, Officers, D.R.I.U.K., V, London. March 25, 1950, All Ranks' Reunion, Guildford Hotel, Leeds.

ASSOCIATION ORGANISING COMMITTEE

Capt. F. O. Till, Messrs. B. Boon, B. Wadd, W. Reed, D. Broadbent, W. Mounsey, Hon. Secretary, Major F. B. Murgatroyd, 12 St. Ives Road, Skircoat Green, Halifax, Yorks. A small loss was made on the dinner, due to the fact that a three-course dinner was provided instead of the usual supper. It is felt that a dinner is preferable, but anyone having any ideas on the subject is asked to communicate with the Secretary. Also anyone having objections to

the last Saturday in March for the Annual Reunion is asked to express them, as the Committee are most anxious to arrange the function for the most suitable day.

Army Art Society

The Society held its seventeenth exhibition, the second since the war, during the month of October last in the Imperial Institute, Kensington, S.W.7. The exhibition was open to the public for three weeks and the attendance was most satisfactory. No check of numbers could be made but more catalogues were sold than ever before. The exhibition was a great success. 436 works were shown but over 100 could not be accepted for lack of space. The standard was high, of many of the works very high indeed, especially among the water-colours and sculpture. Sixteen works were sold.

The Society's next exhibition will be held in the Imperial Institute during October this year. Receiving day will be Monday, October 3. The exhibition will be open to the public for three weeks.

All ranks of the Army and Royal Marines, past and present, permanent or temporary, who are not already members of the Society are eligible to submit works for consideration on receiving day. The fees payable are a submission fee of 2s. 6d. on each work submitted and a hanging fee of 5s. on each work shown. Exhibitors will be considered by the Committee for election to membership of the Society.

All ranks of the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force and of other Armed Forces of the Empire may also submit works and may also be considered for election as associates.

The Rules and all further particulars may be obtained on application from the Honorary Secretary, Col. L. N. Malan, O.B.E., 2 Iverna Gardens, London, W.8.

Our Contemporaries

We have to acknowledge with thanks the following Regimental journals:

R.A.O.C. Gazette (Mar., Apr., May, 1949), *The Dragon* (Mar., Apr., May, 1949), *St. George's Gazette* (Feb., Mar., Apr., 1949), *The Borderer's Chronicle* (Mar., 1949), *Suffolk Regimental Gazette* (Mar.-Apr., May-June, 1949), *The Tank* (Apr., May, 1949), *The Snapper* (Apr., May, 1949), *The Sapper* (Apr., May, June, 1949), *The Forester* (Jan., 1949), *Tiger and Rose* (Apr., 1949), *Firm* (Apr., 1949), *Old Contentible* (Feb., Mar., Apr., May, June, 1949), *Lion and Rose* (May, 1949), *K.S.L.I. and Herefordshire L.I. Regimental Journal* (Apr., 1949), *Journal of The South Wales Borderers* (May, 1949), *Journal of the Society of Army Historical Research* (spring, summer, 1949), *Our Empire Today* (Jan, Feb., Mar., Apr., May, June, 1949), *The Sprig of Shillelagh* (spring-summer, 1949).

A VISIT TO OUR PRINTERS

By MAJOR R. E. AUSTIN

Last April I was the recipient of a kindly invitation to see our printers (Messrs. F. J. Parsons, Ltd., of Hastings) at work, to meet those of their staff connected with the production of the IRON DUKE, and generally to learn in the broadest sense their capabilities and limitations, and how the Editor could help them, and they help me.

I duly arrived by train shortly after 10 a.m. on a glorious sunny morning at the end of April. Had I been able to make the trip earlier I should have seen IRON DUKE No. 72 coming into production, but, alas, it had gone out nine days before.

I saw many things that surprised and intrigued me, as Parsons are the publishers of a number of weekly newspapers and I was shown everything. However, I must stick to the IRON DUKE side for that is all that is within the scope of this brief account of an eye-opening journey.

I had always imagined, and I suspect that a large number of readers do likewise, that a printing firm consisted of a large number of elderly gnomes, who had been with the firm, man and boy, for seventy-odd years and spent their time poring over my manuscript "copy," and pulling letters out of a drawer with a pair of pincers and sticking them backwards in a frame to make up the finished page. How wrong we are.

However, I am advancing too fast, and must start at the beginning. On my arrival I was greeted by Major D. Levy, who had some 17 years' service in the Royal Signals before going to Parsons as "liaison officer" between the Editors and the firm, who print a large number of regimental journals. I had written to him on many occasions and phoned him several times, so I was particularly pleased to meet him in the flesh. He became my guide and after a quick visit to his office to discuss a few outstanding points we proceeded on a tour of inspection.

As soon as "copy," i.e. typewritten or manuscript notes, for the IRON DUKE arrive in Major Levy's office, they are cross-checked for grammatical and typographical errors (which should also have been done by the Editor) and are then sent down to the monotype operators' room. They type on queer machines that punch holes in a long sheet of paper which is then rolled up and looks exactly like a roll for playing on a pianola. The rolls are sealed with an IRON DUKE label, and sent on to a room that beggars description. In it are half a dozen or so squat, square machines, clanking and vibrating with a noise, or rather, a medley of noises, through which it was impossible to make oneself heard. These machines were doing the job I had imagined done by the gnomes. Into them were fed the "pianola" rolls and, with much jangling and grinding, by a process impossible for the layman to understand, they cast each letter of the article on a base like the numbering figures in

the Q.M. Stores, and slid them on to a tray, 2 ft. long, perfectly spaced by lines in single-column width. A two-page article in the IRON DUKE comes out of this machine as a long column of type 3 ft. long. The precision and "humanity" of this machine is quite fantastic, and I could only liken it to some Frankenstein monster.

But let us leave the room before we are deafened, and follow the tray on its journey. It is taken to Mr. Alec Bailey, who is the compositor dealing with the IRON DUKE among his other work. He receives the tray and, putting it into an enormous duplicating machine, inks the letters and takes a rough "pull," i.e. inked impression. This impression is carefully checked by a reader for typographical mistakes, for the clanking casting machine is susceptible to human errors, and if the monotype operator has made a misprint the casting machine faithfully reproduces the error. The mistakes discovered by the reader are rectified in the type by Mr. Bailey, who uses a pair of tweezers to replace any incorrect letters. The mistakes corrected, another "pull" is made, and there you have the clean galley proof, which is sent post-haste to the Editor.

I must now briefly explain what my job is, so that you can follow the later sequence. I receive these galley proofs in long strips, plus proofs of photographs and advertisements. By this time in the IRON DUKE's life both the firm and I are working at top pressure, and to a timed programme in which every day counts. I receive three copies of these galley proofs, the first of which I correct at once, whatever the hour or day, for spelling mistakes and bad English, and send straight back to the firm who, in the person of Mr. Bailey, make immediate corrections to the type on the "tray" in accordance with my amendments. The second copy I work at far into the night, and probably the next as well, cutting up and pasting into page lengths—jig-sawing with pictures and advertisements until it is the IRON DUKE in rough and untidy guise. I may find I need another half-page of material. I must write it at once. I may find an article you have written requires six lines cutting. I have to cut, with the least amount of damage to the sense of the article. I may have to add four lines. Whatever has to happen it must be done in 72 hours and returned to the printers.

Now we take up the story with Mr. Bailey. On receipt of my paste-up, he divides his trays of type matter into pages according to my directions, and, having done so, takes another ink "pull" and I receive the page proofs, i.e. the printed IRON DUKE in a series of single pages. This I check again for all possible errors, but it must be back again in 48 hours. After that I sit back and look forward to a long week-end leave.

The firm then impose the made-up pages of type

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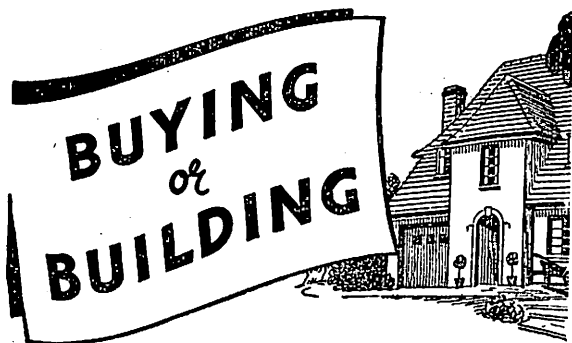
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The Gloucestershire Regiment
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The East Surrey Regiment
The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry
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The Welch Regiment
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The Sherwood Foresters
The Loyal Regiment
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The Royal Berkshire Regiment
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The King's Shropshire Light Infantry
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matter in separate multiples of 16, 8 and 4 pages. These pages are locked together in a heavy metal frame, called a forme, from which the actual printing is done. The pages in the formes face in all different directions; the reason we shall see later, when we come to folding and cutting. The IRON DUKE takes up two of these big 16-page formes and one 8-page forme. These formes, after being locked tight, are taken down to the floor below the composing room, where dwell the enormous printing machines. The forme is fastened in position and an enormous cylinder is carefully adjusted to ensure even pressure. The printing paper is put in position and the machine is then set in motion. Wump! Wump! Once a second out comes a sheet printed on one side with 16 pages of the IRON DUKE. When enough have been printed, the second 16-page forme is clamped down on to the bed of the machine. The previous sheets are turned over, and 16 pages are printed on the other side. When the 8-page formes have been printed in their turn on to both sides of their sheets of paper, there is the IRON DUKE looking like a vast unfolded newspaper. The flat sheets are then taken to a folding machine which, believe it or not, takes the full sheet and passing it over a series of rollers and under a series of knives of gradually diminishing size, smacks it and folds it into the size you know so well. It is almost unbelievable.

So now you have your two folded sections of 32 pages and another folded section of eight pages of the IRON DUKE. These folded sections are taken to a metal conveyor belt and stacked in separate piles beside the belt. Here, the operation is taken over by girls—one girl drops her 32 pages on the belt, the next girl drops the eight pages on top, and the belt whirls the assembled items to a wire-stitching apparatus, which binds them together, and now we have the complete IRON DUKE without

its familiar red cover and uncut. It then goes to a guillotine machine, which smacks down and cuts it to size. The last operation is the stitching on of the red cover, and the IRON DUKE is ready to be despatched.

In the meantime, in Major Levy's office, an electric addressing machine is stamping wrappers with your name and address at the rate of 30 a minute. Every one of you has a personal stencil which goes into this machine in alphabetical order and the addressing operation is quite fool-proof.

Only exactly the number of printed IRON DUKES conforming with the number of stencils held in the IRON DUKE indices are sent with the addressed wrappers to the despatching department. When all the IRON DUKES are ready for despatch, the total number is finally checked by Major Levy, and the magazines are then "bagged" and sent direct to the G.P.O. sorting office.

It sounds easy, doesn't it? To me it was an eye-opener. I staggered out into the open air and murmured as much to Major Levy. He must have misunderstood me, because he produced another sort of opener, after which I felt better.

We then went out to lunch in a glass-house of a restaurant in sight of the English Channel, and revelled in the sunshine.

After lunch I strolled up and down the front with Major Levy until my train was due and so "Good-bye, Hastings."

To Messrs. Parsons I extend my thanks for giving me so great an opportunity. To Major Levy I express my deepest gratitude for showing me round, for his unflinching determination to see that I got the hang of what I saw and for being so solicitous a host. I hope this brief article shows him that I imbibed knowledge, as well as those two bottles of beer, from my very worth-while visit.

ANNUAL REUNION DINNER

London and Home Counties Branch

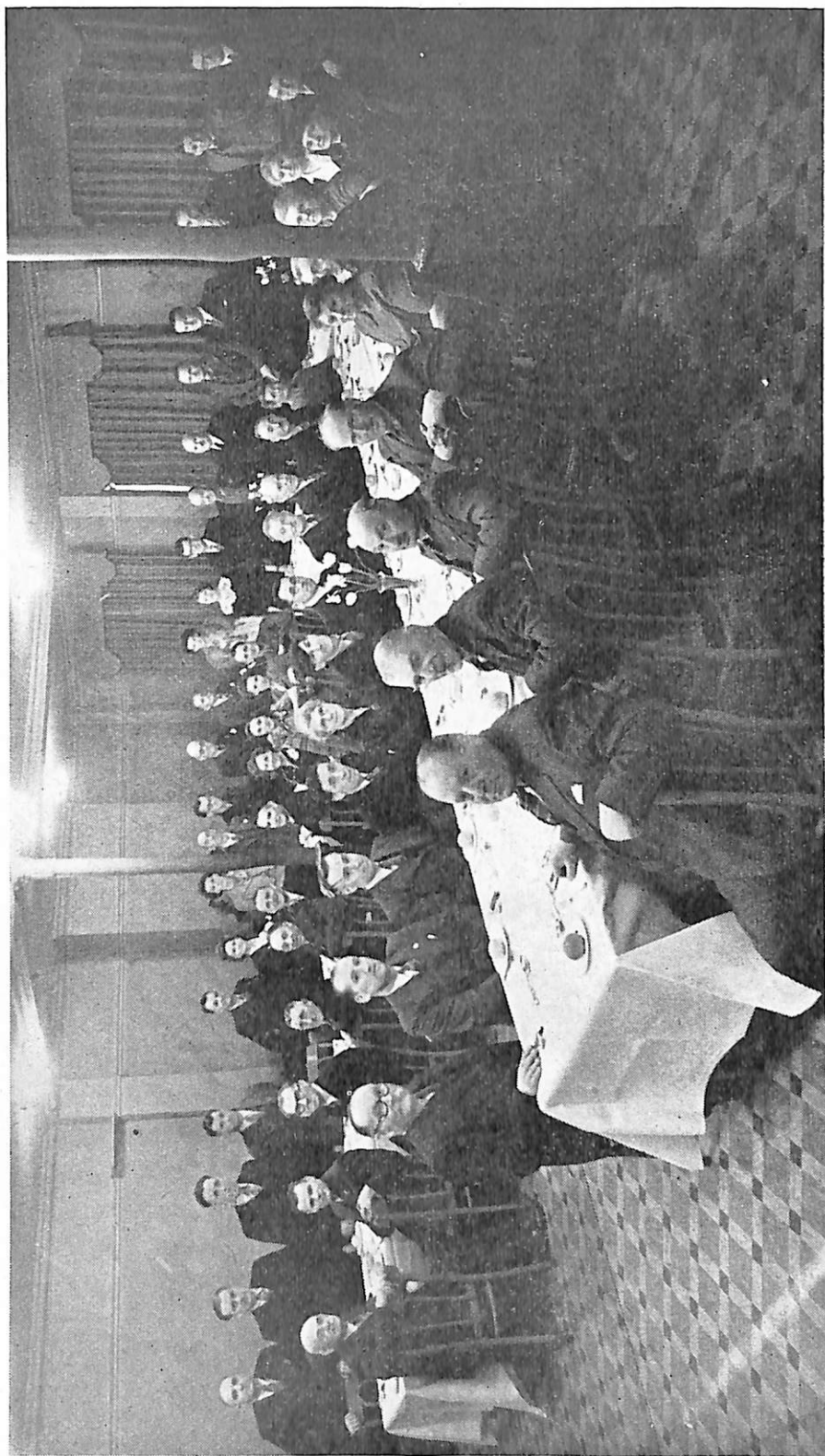
The Annual Reunion Dinner of the London and Home Counties Club took place at the Lord Raglan Hotel, St. Martins-le-Grand, London, on May 7, 1949. About 60 members sat down to a very excellent repast.

Major J. P. Huffam, V.C., took the chair, supported by Mr. W. E. Battisson, Secretary of the London Club, and Mr. S. E. Code, Secretary of the Regimental Association. After the loyal toasts had been honoured in the traditional way the Chairman, in a short speech, stressed the importance of such gatherings in the life of the community, especially in these somewhat troubled times. At a time when the old loyalties and ties, that we treasured so much, seemed to be at a discount, it was refreshing to be able to come and mingle with old comrades and friends at least once a year. Major

Huffam concluded by offering his warmest congratulations to the committee for their excellent arrangements.

Mr. Battisson had earlier spoken of the aims and objects of the Club and the need for more support from London ex-"Dukes." He had in mind the many younger ex-Servicemen of the Regiment and expressed the hope that members present would prevail upon these chaps and get them to join the Club.

Mr. Code then rose and replied on behalf of the visitors. After thanking the London Club for their kind invitation and for the excellent meal he went on to give brief accounts of the activities of units of the Regiment, etc. At this point he offered the sincere regrets of Major Austin, C.O. of the Regimental Depot, who was unable to attend owing to



London and Home Counties Branch O.C.A. Dinner, May 8, 1949.

a three-day tactical exercise. In underlining the remarks of the Chairman the O.C.A. Secretary mentioned that he attended reunion dinners of "Dukes" Battalions which were disbanded 30 years ago but whose members were still imbued with the spirit of the "Dukes" and their pride in the Regiment and its deeds were very much alive and undiminished; a true reflection of that great age. At this juncture the speaker took up the theme of the Regimental Magazine as a means of disseminating news to all quarters and thereby keeping members in the picture as to what "goes on" in the Regiment and the clubs, as well as the Old Comrades and Regimental Associations. We want more subscribers to keep our heads above water and he advocated that all present there that night should constitute themselves regimental agents for THE IRON DUKE forthwith. Mr. Code then dealt with the Regimental War Memorial Fund and gave a résumé of what had been done so far and what the Committee had in mind for the future. The sales value of his peroration was reflected in the rush for IRON DUKES and sweepstake tickets brought down from Halifax by Mr. Code.

After the dinner and speeches things took their normal course when all adjourned to the bar of the hotel. Here old acquaintances met and stories, both true and elaborated, were told and retold; a true reunion of old sweats. So far I have omitted to mention that we were graced by the presence of the ladies both at the dinner and afterwards. Not only do they lend colour and charm to such a gathering with their wit and gaiety but manage to steer the conversation along the proper lines, when over-indulgent members begin to be reminiscent of more colourful experiences, with skilful and masterly cunning. Of course they cannot stop old soldiers talking and at the end of the evening one lady fired the parting shot anent the adage that "only women can talk" that in comparison to the noise going on was "liken unto a graveyard silence."

In conclusion we would like to place on record our appreciation and thanks to Mr. Code, Mr. McMahan and Mr. O'Kelly; and to Lt. (Q.M.) Jackson, R.S.M. Jackson, C.S.M. Pearce and another for coming from Halifax and Strensall respectively.

Book Review

The Charm of Cricket, by Major C. H. B. Pridham, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. (Herbert Jenkins, 15s.)

This is a most pleasantly written book by a real cricket enthusiast. In it the author conjures up stories about, and the names of, cricketers who were my heroes in my preparatory school days in the late 1920's, when cricket was the be-all and end-all of my young existence. He goes back further to anecdotes of players such as Dr. W. G. Grace and Prince Ranjitsinghi, who were only names to me.

But he does not confine himself solely to first-class cricket. His chapters on "Cricketers of the Regiment" and "A Reversal of Form" will en-

trance and delight all those who served in Egypt with the 76th in 1924.

The book is one which deserves a place in every games player's library, where it will provide permanent solace and pleasure, as it is not only readable, but rereadable. My only criticism is that Major Pridham is so much a cricketer that he has, inadvertently, allowed an unfortunate reference to the "Rugger Eleven" to slip unnoticed past his watchful eye.

R. E. A.



Calling all Servicemen (Part III)

In earlier articles we have followed the fortunes of Private Blank and his brother Sid and shown how they were both able to obtain good permanent jobs with the help of the National Association. You may think, perhaps, that Private Blank and Sid were lucky in happening to live in the town where the National Association Branch Office was situated. You may wonder what happens to the man who lives in a remote part of the country. A Branch Office is often responsible for a considerable area covering at least one county; how does Major X, the Jobfinder deal with the problem?

He covers the area on a systematic programme of tours and visits. Men in outlying villages can either come to one of the larger towns in his immediate vicinity or to one of the smaller towns near to his home. Arrangements are made so that he can be interviewed privately, registered on the spot, and in some cases placed during the Jobfinder's visit. The movements and programme of Major X are known by all Employment Exchanges in the area and the Branch Office address is displayed in all Post Offices in case men may not know to whom to write.

Let us take the case of Pte. Bloggs, who lives in the remote village of Little Weasel, situated some 20 miles from the National Association Office. As we know, Pte. Bloggs received his postcard about the National Association at the Demob. Centre and duly posted it. On its arrival at the National Association office Major X, the Jobfinder, at once informed Pte. Bloggs by post that he would be visiting the town of Weasel-in-the-Wold, situated about two miles from Pte. Bloggs's home, on a given date and gave him a time and place for an interview. Pte. Bloggs was overjoyed at the interest taken on his behalf and at the prompt action taken on the receipt of his card which, at the time of posting, he had regarded as "just another bit of red tape and another form to fill in."

On the appointed day Pte. Bloggs caught a bus and arrived at the meeting place, a small room specially set aside for the use of Major X on his

visits. A number of other men were waiting to see Major X. It was soon Pte. Bloggs's turn and he was greeted by a cheery "Well, Bloggs, I am glad you have come along while you are still on leave; it gives me plenty of time and you are still not subject to the Control of Engagement Order. I will fix you up with something." He sat down and at once felt at ease. Jobs were discussed in the various factories and firms in the neighbourhood and Pte. Bloggs was amazed at the detailed knowledge of the area and the various firms and their employment managers displayed by Major X. So impressed was he that he remarked: "You seem to know more about this district than I do, and I have lived here all my life!" "It is my job to know all this, my lad," replied Major X, "all the men I place are carefully selected with due consideration to their capabilities, qualifications and wishes so that not only they, but the employers also, will be satisfied and come to me for more. That is how it works," he added, "complete confidence on both sides."

Pte. Bloggs selected a job which attracted him and Major X rang up the employer and arranged an interview for that very afternoon. Pte. Bloggs was delighted. "It is nice to think we are looked after

like this when we leave the Service. We were told that it is our own Association and it certainly looks like it," he thought. He was given an introduction card and off he went. On the way he met a friend, who remarked, when he heard where Bloggs was going: "You won't get anything there, I've tried." "Did you go through the National Association and have an introduction card?" Bloggs replied. "No," his friend answered, "I heard about the National Association but I thought I could do better myself, I wish I had now, I would feel rather a fool going there now after being out of the Service for so long." "Don't you believe it," Bloggs insisted, "Major X, the Jobfinder, is in the town now; he'll fix you up. He knows more about the work here than any of us." His friend, greatly heartened, promised to do as he suggested, and hurried off.

Bloggs got his job, and is now happily settled and thinking of getting married.

Cases like the above are constantly happening.

Don't forget, make every use of your Association which you support when serving. Wherever you may live in the British Isles there is a Branch of the National Association at your service.

Regular Forces Employment Association, 14 Howick Place, London, S.W.1.

WAR MEMORIAL FUND, 1939-45



Anthony Whitham

Those of you who read the minutes of the first meeting of the Central Committee of the above Fund, which were published in full in the last issue of THE IRON DUKE, will recollect that I explained the case of Anthony Whitham and how the Fund had bound itself to pay this boy's fees at the Crossley and Porter School, Halifax, to which he had won a Scholarship, which his mother could not afford to accept.

Those of you who have so generously subscribed to the War Memorial Fund by donations and by supporting our Sweepstakes will, I am sure, be interested to see the person on whom your donations are being spent. I have, therefore, obtained photographs of both Anthony Whitham, and of his father, Gunner Wilfred Whitham (late 4th D.W.R.), who was killed in action in France in May, 1940.

As the next meeting of the Central Committee will not be held until Saturday, July 2, at The Officers' Mess, The Depot, Halifax, the proceedings of it will be too late for inclusion in the July IRON DUKE.

It seems to me, therefore, that in order to keep up the interest in the War Memorial Fund, a brief summary of events relating to it since the last meeting in March should be published in this issue. Nor will this summary detract from the value of the meeting, as these notes will be by then

in galley-proof form and unknown to the reading public.

In the first place our Derby "Appeal" has been successful beyond our sanest expectations, as after deducting all expenses a net profit of £412 has been made.

Secondly, we here at The Depot have started Saturday night dances in the Gymnasium in aid of the Fund. This has only been made possible thanks to the really wonderful hard work on the part of every member of the Depot Staff (both civilian and military), backed up by the technical knowledge and unstinting help of ex-Bandmaster F. Ashton Jones.

We thought we might make a weekly profit of £5 to swell the Fund, and felt that £250 a year income would lead other Regimental organisations to follow suit. We even talked softly and in whispers of £10 a week when our dances became known to the general public. What happened? The first week we made a clear profit of £19 19s. 11½d. (they did not tell me in time or I should have added the ½d. myself). The second week we made £28, and we are now averaging £40 odd a week.

It has been hard work, but in what a good cause. The Depot has set an example and raised £957 by its efforts in the first three months of the Drive.

What are you doing about it?

R.E.A.



Gunner Wilfred Whitham

FIELD SURGERY IN THE NAPOLEONIC WARS

The extracts given below are from the Diaries and letters of a great-great-uncle of mine, who was a subaltern in a Line Regiment in the Antwerp Expedition of 1813-14 in which the 33rd Foot played a memorable part.

My ancestor was a boy of 19 years at the time of his experiences recounted here, and I feel that they may be of general interest as they give an idea of what our infantry forefathers endured when they went into battle.

R. E. AUSTIN.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1814

. . . At the moment I was about to swing round the palisades (outer defences of Antwerp) a shower of shot and ball came booming among us, and a cannon-shot carried away my left leg below the knee joint.

Although when struck down by the force of the blow I fell on my wounded arm which caused me excruciating pain, I experienced no sensation of faintness, but felt excessively hot, thirsty and savage, and as the balls had now broken down some of the palisades and made gaps for the men to pass through I shouted "Go on and give it to them."

The moment after being struck down I had sufficiently recovered from the shock as to sit up and examine my wound. I found the bones were laid bare and looking as white as the finest ivory and the tendons dangling and quivering like pieces of white thread, while the hæmorrhage was much less than might be expected. This latter circumstance was probably owing to the severe cold. . . . When I sat up and brought my lacerated limb in a position which enabled me to contemplate the extent of the injury, however, considerable hæmorrhage took place, in fact the blood spurted forth in a stream, and stained the snow over a considerable space, but on my assuming a recumbent position it became much less.

The call for surgeons was now heard all along the line, but unfortunately only one, Assistant Surgeon Hay, 52nd Regiment, was up with the advanced troops . . . and it was some time before his aid could be made available in that part of the position where I had fallen. At length he came and kindly offered his services to me.

He first cut away the leg of my trousers so that he could more readily bind up the remains of my severed limb which he did with great expedition. After my wound had been temporarily dressed, as there was no place to creep into for shelter from the storm of balls which swept down the road,

cutting long and deep furrows in it where they struck, I stretched myself on my back in the ditch and consigned myself to the care of Providence, and waited for the chance of a bearer to carry me to the rear. At length one of the balls pitched right on the spot on which I lay, tearing away the clothes from my left side and driving a quantity of gravel into my skin over a large surface, adding greatly to my sufferings previously severe enough.

At length two of the Band of the 52nd Regiment came up with a field bearer, which is of simple construction, being merely a piece of strong coarse canvas fastened to two poles which when not in use can be rolled up. My own men then raised me up and placed me in the bearer, which was held by two bandsmen, and accompanied by my servant I was carried off across the fields.

Staff Surgeon Halliday and Assistant Staff Surgeon Samuel Cooper, the author of the Surgical Dictionary, now came up and offered their professional services, which I readily accepted. They then directed the men who carried the bearer to proceed to Merxem, whither they accompanied me. We there entered the apothecary's shop, and I was deposited on the counter and hasty preparations were made to amputate my shattered limb. The two surgeons had their instruments all ready to operate when the confusion became so great that it was impossible to proceed.

The surgeons deemed it advisable to remove to a place of greater security. Although anxious to get through the operation before I was too weakened by loss of blood, I had no objection to offer against this reasonable proposal, more especially as the two surgeons, whom I knew to be skilful operators, kindly proposed to attend me. Accordingly a field tourniquet was fastened round my limb to arrest the hæmorrhage and I was removed into a covered hospital wagon. My leg had by this time assumed a deep purple hue, and was thickly frosted over up to the knee joint, while the pressure of the field tourniquet produced a numbing but painful sensation which caused a most uneasy and sickly feeling. The field tourniquet differs from the more scientific one, being merely a strong linen strap with a roller buckle and a hard pad made to press on the main artery.

Several hospital waggons moved in convoy to the rear and arrived at Braeschaet when the waggon in which I travelled stopped opposite a chateau by the roadside which had been fixed on as a temporary hospital but was totally destitute of everything requisite for such an establishment.

I was now removed from the vehicle by two men and carried in; and as mine appeared to be one of the worst cases a bundle of straw was procured and thrown into a corner and I was deposited on it whilst an operating table was extemporised with some bricks in the kitchen below.

When the preparations were complete I was notified that the surgeons waited below stairs and I was carried to the kitchen and placed upon a heap of bricks which had been hastily piled together. Spread out on the dresser glittered the highly polished surgical instruments, whilst a Sergeant of the 95th Rifles, who had just died, occupied the

farthest end of the said dresser. Several buckets were placed in convenient places round the brick platform, and a bevy of soldiers were marshalled in readiness to support and hold me.

Stipulating with the surgeons that I should be allowed to see and examine the limb after it was severed, I dismissed more than half the "attendants," who, no doubt, were glad to escape from such a scene. I gave directions to have a sheet placed round my body with a man to hold it in order that I might not swerve from the proper position during the operation. Another man I retained to support my head, the collar of whose coat I intended to hold on by, while a third and fourth man were placed one at each leg to help and keep them in any position the surgeons might desire. A flask of brandy was presented to me, but I declined, feeling confident that I should not sink under the operation. I, however, obtained a draught of water, and then braced myself for the coming test of fortitude.

One of the surgeons, knife in hand, inquired if I was ready, and my reply "yes" was scarcely uttered when the keen and well-tempered blade had completed the first part of the operation. Next in order came the saw, and though I had frequently heard that the pain caused by separating the bone and the marrow was dreadful I found it in reality not more painful than other parts of the operation. Sawing through the bone produced no particular pain beyond a jarring feeling that extended up the whole limb. Taking up the arteries caused a more sickening sensation than either the cutting or sawing.

In about ten minutes' time from the commencement of the operation the stump was strapped up with adhesive plaster and bandaged and the whole affair completed. During the operation I was painfully alive to everything that passed and if my nerves did quiver when the knife divided the living flesh, I was too proud, holding as I did the position of an officer and having to set an example to the wounded soldiers to allow a groan or sigh to escape me.

My amputated limb was placed upon the dresser alongside the dead Sergeant of the 95th Rifles. As soon as a grave could be dug in the garden behind the chateau, the remains were deposited therein and no doubt the Dutch owner will have luxurious crops in his garden in the years to come.

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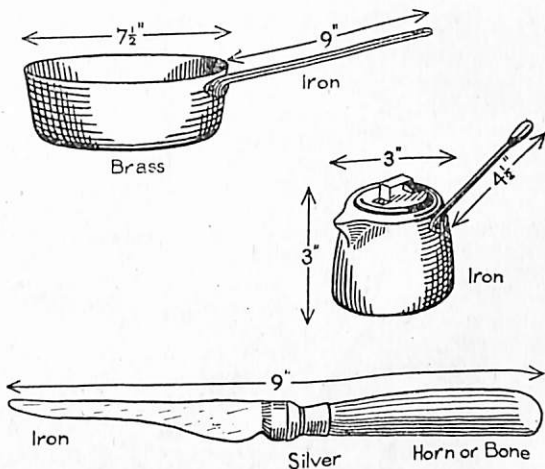
of the Great Duke

Thanks to the great kindness of Miss M. J. Flewett, of Kilmainham, Dublin, and her nephew, Lt.-Col. T. E. Flewett, late Frontier Force Rifles (I.A.), the Regiment has recently come into possession of a set of most interesting relics of the first Duke of Wellington, which have been in the Flewett family for close on a century.

In 1852 Miss Flewett's father, Thomas Flewett, was appointed Deputy Governor of Kilmainham Gaol, Dublin. The Matron-in-Charge of the lunatic female prisoners was a Mrs. Woods. Her husband, a Sgt. Woods, regiment unknown, was an orderly to the Duke, and had served in the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns with him. In the latter campaign Mrs. Woods accompanied her husband, and was cook to the Duke, who had a special miniature Waterloo medal struck for her.

About 1855 Mrs. Woods gave the articles (a sketch of which appears above) to Mr. Thomas Flewett, saying that the two utensils were actually used by her to cook the Duke's meals on the battle-field of Waterloo, and that the knife was the Duke's own campaigning dinner knife.

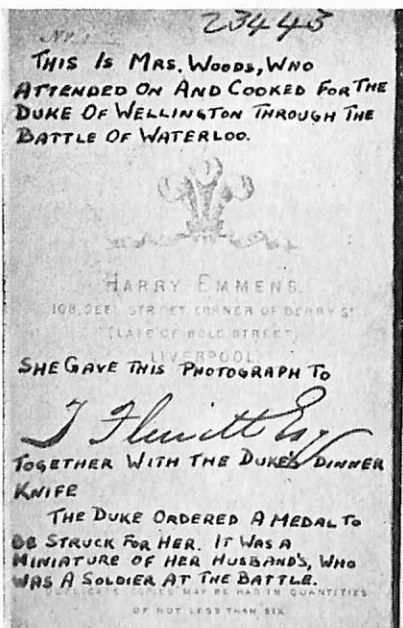
Recently, Miss Flewett decided that the correct



and most appropriate resting place for these unique relics of our greatest soldier should be with the

Regiment that bears his name. I gratefully accepted them on behalf of the Regiment, and then Col. Flewett was faced with the problem of getting them through the Eire Customs into my hands. His handling of the problem was a masterpiece of tact and diplomacy and they arrived described as "One brass stewpan (with iron handle), one small iron egg-boiler, one table knife, iron, horn handle—used property of a Duke of Wellington."

I am sure I express the views of all members of the Regiment when I say how grateful we are to Miss Flewett for her generous gift, which will be most highly prized and valued, and to Col. Flewett for undertaking the toil of packing and despatching the relics and of so nicely "fixing" the Eireann Customs Department, and for his sketches of the items, which I feel is the most appropriate way of illustrating our new possessions.



The campaigner in her old age

R. E. AUSTIN

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA SIXTY YEARS AGO

BY "OCCASIONAL"

Halifax was almost as much interested in attracting tourists 60 years ago as it is today. This city then, as now, had its unusual attractions and it was proud to set them forth. Even Sunday, as observed here, was considered a feature of the life of the community which might bring the visitors here. That day was described as not the least interesting in which to observe the people and the city. Then, it was said, "the young men lay aside the little woollen caps which seem to be an especial favourite in the province and don the derby or silk hat, while the tweed suits give place to cutaways."

The change in appearance was greatest, however, in the Services. The officers and privates of that day donned their best uniforms, while on board the men of war everything was put into the best order as Sunday was visiting day.

The United States visitors, it was said, would find it most interesting to attend the service held in the Garrison Chapel, destroyed in the late 1920's by fire. At 10.44 o'clock in the morning in 1889, the West Riding Regiment, headed by the regimental band, left its barracks. It was noticeable that the airs played were "rather more secular than the day would warrant, today's selection being 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' but the sight of the regiment, with the brilliant red coats and white trimmings, as they march up the street, is well worth arriving a few minutes before the hour to witness."

The soldiers filed into the church and then as many visitors as the church would contain. In the gallery to the left of the minister were the band and about 50 soldiers whose voices "entitle them to the distinction of the choir, not but that all join in the musical part of the service for each man has his regulation army prayer book and the responses, read with strict military precision, and in the united bass of some 600 voices, have an effectiveness which must be heard to be appreciated. The chanting of the Church of England service, aided by the military band . . . is excellent.

"The effect of the measured responses of the service is in decided contrast to the hasty manner in which the responses are read by many congregations. The chaplain, Rev. Mr. Edwards, has the bearing of a military man and were it not for his priestly garments he would easily be taken for an officer."

One of the attractive features, apparently, was the length of the sermon. It was just 12 minutes long, and if it and the prayers ran the service beyond the sounding of the noon gun the end was brought about speedily.

After the service the Regiment lined up on the green and marched toward the Citadel, and it was suggested that if a person happened to be in Halifax the only Sunday in the year when service was held

at the old Dutch Church, it would be worth-while to attend for it probably was the smallest church in Canada, very little larger than a famous church in Salem, Massachusetts. It was pointed out that the church was established in Halifax shortly after the arrival of German immigrants and that the steeple was added a few years later, topped by a weather vane which gave to the church the nick-name, "The Chicken Cock Church."

In a roundabout way this story, vouched for by persons of high character, came back to Halifax 50 years ago. It was told first in a Montreal newspaper and had been taken from *The Messenger*, published in London.

A correspondent said: "An interesting and strange fact had been related to me some 50 years ago. As there was hardly any hope that it could be authenticated, I was afraid it could never be put on record. But I have had the good fortune to ascertain it beyond a doubt.

"Towards the end of the last century (1700's), the only priest who was then at Halifax was called to a dying man. He knew all the members of his flock, but he had never heard of this man. He found the cabin as it had been described. It was beginning to be dark when he arrived and there was no light within.

"He pushed open the door.

"'Is anybody here?'

"From a corner a feeble voice answered 'Yes.'

"The priest asked 'How long is it since you went to confession?'

"The sepulchral voice answered 'One hundred years.'

"'What do you mean?' the priest asked.

"'Just one hundred years ago, at the Battle of the Boyne, I was a powder boy carrying powder to the soldiers. When I saw God give the victory to the English I swore I would not serve Him any more. He has waited 100 years for me. I must surrender.'

"The priest prepared the old soldier, who died a Christian death.

"Now how was I made sure of the fact? A few years ago, Father J. Carroll, of Chicago, came to New York, and I had a talk with him. He mentioned his having been ordained at Halifax 65 years before. It occurred to me he might know about the old soldier, and when I related to him the history, just as I have done now, he exclaimed at once, 'My uncle was the priest who prepared the old soldier. I heard him relate the story a number of times.'

"That priest, his uncle, was Father Burke, who became Vicar Apostolic and was the first Bishop of Halifax."

REGIMENTAL DINNER

The 22nd Ladies' Tea and 47th Annual Dinner were both held this year at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2, on Friday, June 2, 1949. At both there was a record attendance. I have, unfortunately, not received the names of those attending the tea, but they numbered well over 80.

The following officers attended the dinner:

Gen. Sir Philip Christison, Bart. (Colonel of the Regiment), in the chair; Maj.-Gen. W. M. Ozanne; Brigs. R. N. H. C. Bray, K. G. Exham, F. H. Fraser, V. C. Green, E. N. F. Hitchins, H. G. P. Miles, B. W. Webb-Carter; Cols. F. R. Armitage, R. K. Exham, W. Hinchcliffe, C. J. Pickering. Lt.-Cols. E. A. Bald, L. E. Bishop, J. Chatterton, C. R. T. Cumberlege, J. H. Dalrymple, C. K. T. Faithfull, H. Harvey, W. Hodgson, S. R. Hoyle, C. W. G. Ince, K. A. MacLeod, D. Paton, A. E. H. Sayers, F. H. B. Wellesley, W. A. Woods. Majors. R. E. Austin, L. B. B. Beuttler, T. St. G. Carroll, P. G. L. Cousens, J. Davidson, Sir Nugent Everard, Bart., R. W. Hatch, C. R. Hetley, J. P. Huffam, H. R. Kavanagh, J. H. S. Lane, R. F. Marett, P. P. De La H. Moran, C. O'Connor, F. J. Reynolds, R. A. Scott, G. F. Upjohn. Capts. R. H. D. Bolton, K. W. Brown, R. V. Cartwright, S. G. Dunn, E. J. P. Emmett, A. D. Firth, P. B. Hall, R. H. Ince, D. E. Isles, D. S. D. Jones-Stamp, J. G. Lepper, The Lord Savile, A. C. S. Savory, D. N. Simonds, J. L. Streatfeild, R. E. Sugden, G. C. Tedd. Lt. J. A. Miller. *Guests*: Lt.-Cols. S. E. Baker, C. D. Hamilton and D. J. Stewart.

After the Loyal Toast, Gen. Christison made a short speech. He regretted that the Duke of Wellington was unable to be present and welcomed the guests, two of whom, Lt.-Cols. Baker and Hamilton, were well known to all present. Lt.-Col. Stewart had recently retired from the York and Lancaster Regiment and had been appointed Administration Officer at the Depot, with effect from next August, when Major Carey relinquishes his appointment on age after 38 years' service with the Regiment. He hoped that those present would give Col. Stewart a hearty welcome and that Col. Stewart would become very much a Duke.

Touching on the War Memorial Fund, Gen. Christison said that it was being built up financially, and that, in this respect, he must congratulate Major Austin and his loyal helpers at the Depot for raising close on £1,000 in the past four months. That was a great deal of money. We already were paying the school fees of one war orphan who had won a scholarship.

Turning then to THE IRON DUKE, Gen. Christison pointed out that the Editor was having difficulty in

obtaining contributions. This meant that he (the Editor) had to dip his own pen in the ink much more than should be necessary. He asked all those present to try and produce articles, short stories, poems, etc., for future issues, or to encourage their friends to do so.

Gen. Christison concluded by saying that now he had relinquished the appointment of G.O.C.-in-C. Scottish Command and would be retiring from the Army at the end of June, he would have more time on his hands. His recent command had involved him in a considerable amount of work and he had not been able to devote as much time as he would have liked to the Regiment. But all that was over and he would now give more time to regimental affairs.

Gen. Christison then made a presentation to Col. Pickering of an antique gadroon silver salver, engraved with the two regimental crests and suitably inscribed, and a pair of gold cuff-links engraved with the regimental crests. "These," said Gen. Christison, "are presented to you by one hundred of your brother officers as a token of their affection and esteem for the manner in which you never spared yourself in your devotion to the Regiment as its Colonel during your tenure of that appointment, which included the most difficult years of the Second World War." This presentation was greeted with great applause.

In his reply, Col. Pickering stated that surprise was one of the principles of war, but that his brother officers had taken him completely by surprise in peace. He was more touched than he could say by the kindness of those who had subscribed to make him such a magnificent presentation. Any little thing he had been able to do, he had done gladly, actuated by his great love for the Regiment. He had joined the Regiment just on 50 years ago. He could not have had a happier life, but he wondered whether the young officer of the present day would have such an interesting time as those of his generation. He thanked everyone again from the bottom of his heart for making him so magnificent a gift.

Later on, Capt. Bolton, who is taking over the secretaryship of the Dinner Club this autumn, put forward various reasons for altering the date of the dinner. He suggested May or September as alternatives to the present Friday in Derby week. A card vote was taken and it appears that September was the date chosen by the majority of diners.

Shortly after this the evening came to a somewhat abrupt close and, although I did not actually hear the words, "Time, gentlemen, please!" we were cast into outer darkness, as if from a saloon bar, at 2300 hrs.

E. St. C.

BADGES OF RANK

Regimental Officers

(continued)

By CAPT. R. MAURICE HILL

On the khaki service dress worn in the Great War of 1914-18 the badges of rank were embroidered on the cuff. In the case of Scottish infantry (other than the Scots Guards) they were worn below an edging of drab lace, side by side where more than one item was shown; all other regiments (including the Scots Guards) wore their embroidered rank badges within an edging of drab braid, straight on its inner, upper and lower sides, but curving inwards so as to form a three-pointed "slash" on its rearward or outer edge. Rings of the same coloured braid varying according to rank encircled the rest of the cuff, and where more than one item was worn, i.e. Star and Crown, or two or more Stars, they were worn one above the other.

On active service these distinguishing marks made the officer too easy a mark for the German sniper and it became the practice in many regiments when up the line for officers to wear a uniform more closely resembling that of the men, with the rank badges on the shoulder strap. In 1920 the officers' badges of rank returned to their old position on the shoulder strap. Mention of wearing "pips" on the shoulder strap always reminds me of "the first fifty" of The Artists Rifles to be commissioned from the ranks in Flanders in 1914. The Seventh Division, "nearly exhausted, but its fame secure for all time," had been temporarily withdrawn from the firing line to refit. In the First Battle of Ypres the Division had accomplished wonderful work (German as well as British historians have admitted this), but its defence of Ypres had been made at terrible cost, nearly four hundred of the Seventh Division's officers and ten thousand of the Division's rank and file being killed, wounded, or missing in less than a fortnight of desperate fighting. The Artists Rifles, a crack London Territorial battalion, recently arrived in France, was asked to provide enough suitable "other ranks" to be granted immediate commissions as "probationary 2nd Lieutenants" on the basis of one for each company of the battered but still unconquered Seventh Division. The selected men (two were sergeants, a few corporals or "lance jacks," but the vast majority just plain privates) were given a course of instruction of *one hour's* duration as to the duties of an officer, issued with two "pips," one for each shoulder, and sent off to join their new regiments on the evening of November 12, 1914. On the Sunday following the Seventh Division went back to the firing line. Every infantry company in the Division and some its R.E. Field Companies had one officer in the uniform of an Artists Rifles private (the N.C.O.s had, of course, taken down their chevrons) with the "Lone Star" of a 2nd Lieutenant on his shoulders.

In some cases, the newly commissioned "Artist," being the only officer in the company, was going into his first battle as a company commander, within a few hours of being selected for a commission, and, sad to relate, several of these grand young men had been killed in action before the confirmation of their commissions appeared in the "London Gazette." Without exception these men, suddenly pitch-forked from the ranks of a Territorial battalion to take command of seasoned Regular soldiers of the Grenadier Guards, Gordon Highlanders and famous English county regiments in the midst of an arduous campaign, proved themselves splendid leaders and it was because the experiment proved such a success that it was decided to turn the Artists Rifles into an Officer Producing Unit. I have always thought that the Artists Rifles might well have incorporated a Second Lieutenant's "Pip" in the design of their handsome War Memorial at Burlington House (The Royal Academy) in memory of the gallant half hundred who blazed the trail of high endeavour and set such a splendid example for the thousands of others, who, in two Great Wars, were to graduate as officers through the ranks of the Artists Rifles.

Forty-nine members of the Artists Rifles were given commissions in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment during the 1914-18 war, of whom eight made the supreme sacrifice. There were also quite a number of Artists commissioned in The Duke's during the Second World War, 1939-45, and there is a further link between the two Regiments in the fact that Col. R. H. Goldthorp, Hon. Colonel, 382 Anti-Tank Regiment, R.A. (4th Battalion, D.W.R.), commanded the 1st Battalion, Artists Rifles, for a time during World War I, being awarded the D.S.O. "For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty" when leading the Artists at Bourlon Wood and Moeuvres in September, 1918. "He showed a fine offensive spirit which encouraged his men at a critical period."

Among the former Artists who distinguished themselves while serving with The "Dukes" was 2/Lt. P. F. Lambert, 2nd Battalion, D.W.R., who, at Fampoux, between April 9 and 11, 1917, "displayed great courage and resource in taking command of his Company in the advance. When the party was withdrawn at night he did good work in organising the defence of a captured trench: he set a fine example throughout." (M.C. citation.) Then there was 2/Lt. Gordon Richard Smith, who won his M.C. near Robecq on July 18, 1918, "For most gallant service in connection with a raid. Though severely wounded shortly after his Stokes mortars opened he urged his teams to continue firing. Four men were killed and one wounded besides himself, but

owing to his indomitable spirit the survivors stuck it out and completed the firing. The barrage was most accurate, many enemy dead being found by the raiding party." Another M.C. went to 2/Lt. Arnold Victor Spafford for courage and leadership at Havrincourt, September 15-18, 1918. "When the company commander became a casualty this officer took charge and led on with great skill and gallantry, securing the objective which was strongly held by the enemy. For a time his advance was held up by machine guns, but after a personal reconnaissance he worked up a trench with bombing squads and Lewis gunners, and drove the enemy out with great loss."

The writer does not usually endeavour "to point a moral or adorn a tale," but he would like to point out to the young men now serving who wear, or aspire to wear, the "Lone Star" of a commissioned officer, the moral underlying the three citations quoted above. The star on the shoulder is not just something to impress the girls; it is a badge which shows its wearer has responsibilities in the way of leadership. The young officers whose Military Cross awards are chronicled above had learnt that lesson by heart. When the time came to put it into practice they did so and so brought honour to themselves and to the two regiments in which they had served.

EXTRACTS

from the Diary of Lt. William Thain, 33rd Foot

(Adjutant, 33rd Foot, May 11, 1815—July 13 1826)

Extracts from letters by this officer were published in THE IRON DUKE, Nos. 2 to 13, inclusive, and covered a period from May, 1816, to April, 1830.

The extracts from the Diary commence in May, 1813, and end in November, 1815, and give interesting accounts of the service of the 33rd Foot in Holland, Belgium and France. C.W.G.I.

* * * *

Kilkenny, Sunday, May 23, 1813

The London papers arrived to-day which contained Tuesday evening's *Gazette* with my name in it for the 33rd Regiment, doing duty at Windsor. . . .

Kilkenny, Monday, May 24, 1813

Wrote a letter of thanks to Lord Loraine for his kind recommendation of me.

Kilkenny, Tuesday, May 25, 1813

Kearney, Lord Bishop of Ormond and Ossory, was buried this morning. . . .

Kilkenny, Monday, May 30, 1813

My father brought over my orders to join the 33rd yesterday. . . .

Kilkenny, Sunday, June 6, 1813

Made all my T.T.L. (to take leave) calls to-day and packed all my baggage. Got a letter from Capt. Jervis to Lt.-Col. West of 33rd, one from my father to Capt. Colclough, 33rd, another from him to Col. Moore. Mr. Pack, the Staff Surgeon, also favoured me with one to Mr. Gore, 33rd. I got a parcel and letter from Mrs. Harty to her son, Major Harty, 33rd. . . .

I gave, according to ancient custom in the —, ½-dozen of wine to the Mess. . . . Got £20 issued from the Paymaster, being all that my father could give me to paying my way to Windsor and to get my appointments there. My determination now is to benefit as much as possible by my father's advice and if possible never to trouble him.

(Note: A portion of the diary is missing here.)

Waterford, Tuesday, June 8, 1813

Capt. Maxey laid in my sea stock. We went to see the glass houses and found the people extremely civil, and also went to see the Catholic Chapel, which is the finest in Ireland. At 1 o'clock I went on board the packet. When we set sail we took on a Mr. Stuart at Checkpoint. Arrived at Passage about 4 and took in some volunteers from the Militia, under the command of Ensign Wilbert of the 40th (now the P. of W. Volunteers). . . . As much time was taken up with embarking these men we were not able to put to sea so I walked about a mile and a half to see the barracks at New Geneva, where the 2nd Battalion of the 40th was going; they were very extensive, but only two stories high. There was only a very few miserable cabins in New Geneva and Passage is a very dirty little place with two chapels. Duncannon Fort is opposite Geneva Barracks on the opposite side of the river, which is here between two and three miles broad.

Passage, Wednesday, June 9, 1813

We weighed anchor at 1 o'clock this morning and when I awoke this morning we were out at sea opposite Tramore, winds rather light; we had several lines out to fish, but were not successful.

At Sea, Thursday, June 10, 1813

We entered Bristol Channel this morning but were twice becalmed so that we had to lay-to for the morning tide.

Bristol, Friday, June 11, 1813

Entered the River Severn and arrived at Bristol Quay between 3 and 4 o'clock. I was particularly struck with the sight of Clifton, as soon as we passed two gates arrived in Cumberland Basin. . . . Our luggage was taken up to the Bell Inn in Thomas Street, where, after we had cleaned ourselves, we breakfasted. . . . Afterwards walked about the town. . . . We went to the play in the evening, where we saw a bad play miserably acted; the theatre is good and has two galleries.

Bristol, Saturday, June 12, 1813

I went to pay my respects to Mr. and Mrs. Moffatt and it was agreed that we should take a walk to see the curiosities of the place. We went first to St. Mary Radcliffe Church, with which I was very much pleased; a very intelligent old woman went with us to show us the place. The altar is very fine. On the left of it is a large painting representing the soldiers sealing the tombstone of Our Saviour with the High Priest setting the watch; on the right another representing the women sitting at the tomb during the night; in front and exactly above the communion table is a beautiful and very large painting representing the resurrection, on the left corner St. Peter is lying on the ground, Mary Magdalene is running to him in a fine coloured blue mantle, St. John and St. Thomas are kneeling before the two angels who appeared to the disciples after the resurrection; in the background you see the city of Jerusalem struck by lightning. What makes these paintings curious and I think more valuable is that they were done by Hogarth, the great caricaturist. Below this large painting is a smaller one representing Our Saviour raising the young damsel from the dead. This has been up about 20 years, the others about 50. The foundation of St. Mary Radcliffe Church was laid in 1245 and was finished by Mr. Canning, A.D. 1317, who furnished 800 workmen, for he was the richest merchant in Bristol, but was compelled by the King, Edward IV, to take priest's orders to shield him from the enmity of that

monarch which was caused by Canning's refusing to marry one of the relations of the Queen after the death of his first wife. He lies buried in the church and on his tombstone are engraven the names and burdens of the vessels that he employed in bringing over materials from abroad, etc., etc. The cook of the above Canning is buried near him with the cooking utensils carved on the stone consisting of a carver and basting spoon. There are also hung up the trophies taken by Sir Wm. — from the enemy's ship and also his armour; he is buried near them with a long inscription on his tomb. We were also very much struck with an immense rib which is placed against one of the pillars. Various stories are told of this very extraordinary phenomenon; we were told it belonged to an immense cow killed by the Earl of Warwick. An old painting of this cow was found some years ago amongst some lumber in the steeple, which is now hung up in the church. The whole architecture of this really proud edifice is more beautiful than any I have seen and everything is kept in a state of the greatest cleanliness, very different from anything of the kind that I have seen in Ireland. I saw the inn where Chaltherlin is supposed to have found his manuscripts; the boxes are all there. All the passengers who came in the packet, together with the Captain and his lady, dressed and drank tea together. I afterwards went to the "White Lion" in Broad Street to sleep as the coach for Gloster sets off from there at 4 o'clock in the morning. . . .

(To be continued)

PERSONALIA

We send our warmest congratulations and good wishes to Col. A. Curran, who celebrated his 96th birthday on May 7, 1949. Unfortunately Col. Curran slipped and fell rather heavily last March, and was forced to spend his birthday in bed. We hope he will have recovered fully by the time these notes go to print.

On another page is printed the wedding announcement of Miss Winifred Norman. Her father was No. 4601997 Q.M.S. (O.R.S.) T. Norman. Winnie was born in Married Quarters at Gosport, and accompanied her parents and the 1st Battalion to Devonport, Aldershot and Malta.

Major C. J. MacLaren is now D.A.A. and Q.M.G. at H.Q. 41 Garrison, Hook of Holland. He writes and says he is well placed to see any "Duke" arriving at or leaving B.A.O.R. He has met Major A. B. M. Kavanagh, M.C., who is still at the All-Army Training Centre. He also met Capt. L. F. H. Kershaw and F. V. Oxley who are serving with the 1st Battalion The York and Lancaster Regiment, and Capt. F. N. Potts who was doing an attachment to an Ordnance Depot near Hamburg, and is hoping to get a Short Service Commission in the R.A.O.C.

Major J. H. Davis is now at Q (Movements Branch of H.Q. Rhine Army.

P. E. Limb, who joined the 1st Battalion in Khartoum from the Indian Army in 1947, is now studying "optics" at London University.

Dressed in a white sari trimmed with silver brocade, and wearing silver shoes, Mrs. A. F. M. K. Rahman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Clothier, of 110 Coleman Court, Kimber Road, Southfields, was presented to the Queen at Buckingham Palace on a May afternoon.

Mrs. Rahman is the wife of Professor A. F. M. K. Rahman, a high official of the Pakistan Government, who was presented at Court recently.

Married in this country and later in India, Professor and Mrs. Rahman have lived in a number of Indian cities, but are stationed in this country for a period of three years.

Recently the following appeared in the "Live Letters" column of the *Daily Mirror* :—

"CLEAN SWEEP. From Mr. R. A. Howard, Churchill Road, Reydon, Southwold, Suffolk :

"I wish to sweep away all those new brushes. My father, Mr. A. W. Howard, the Knoll, Peasenhall, Saxmundham, has still in use an Army hairbrush and comb issued to him in January, 1883. Also his knife and fork, all bearing his number 2042. 2nd Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

We immediately wrote to Mr. Howard, scenting a story, and received the following letter from his son:—

9 Churchill Road,
Reydon,
Southwold,
Suffolk.

April 27, 1949.

Dear Sir,

It is with great pleasure that my father, Mr. A. W. Howard, and I give you full permission to use the cutting for printing in your magazine.

Dad spent 19 of his 21 years abroad, some in India, Calcutta, Rangoon, Wynberg, Pietermaritzberg. His memory is good; he remembers the natives firing the officers' quarters at Rangoon whilst the Company was on manoeuvres. Being a Mess waiter he lost quite a lot of stuff.

As for names, he remembers C/Sgts. Burns, Jackson and the two brothers Bellew, one of which was in the Band, also S.M. Ides.

For all his 86 years he is very active and enjoys good health. He still does all his own garden and keeps his own fowls.

On Armistice Sunday he attends the local church parade and still marches as a soldier should.

This is the one day his two medals are given a super polish and worn.

You have his permission to use any or all of this letter with the cutting. Should you do so could you please send a copy to him? He would be delighted to receive any news from his old comrades.

Yours faithfully,

R. A. HOWARD.

* * * *

Major F. J. Reynolds retired from the Army on April 29 and is now studying the hotel business. He is to be found, it is understood, at times studying hard behind the scenes at the Dorchester.

* * * *

Major J. H. S. Lane is another officer with the same ideas. By the time these pages appear in print he also will have retired, and can be found at the County Hotel, Salisbury—a stamping ground of the Editor's when on leave.

* * * *

Huddersfield and District Rifle Club

At the Annual Meeting of the above Club held at Brockholes Rifle Range on Sunday, May 29, 1949, the Moxon Silver Bowl, with which is awarded a silver spoon, was won by Sgt. W. Norman with scores of 46 at 200 yards and 45 at 500 yards. Conditions were somewhat breezy and showery, and the best cards included:—Sgt. W. Norman, gun score 91, handicap score 99.437.

Sgt. Norman, who comes of an old "Duke" family, is a P.S.I. with the 7th Battalion, and is stationed with Sp. Company at The Depot, Halifax.

Capt. N. S. Maw (late 7th Battalion in B.A.O.R.) has just been appointed assistant to the general textile manager of the Allied Industrial Services, Bradford.

* * * *

Lt. D. Booth, who finished his Army time with three months at The Depot last autumn, has joined "B" Company, 12th (Yorkshire) Parachute Battalion, T.A., as a subaltern. The Company has its H.Q. at The Depot, Halifax.

Births

INCE—On May 2, 1949, at Mount Alvernia, Guildford, to Angela (née Riddach), wife of Capt. R. H. Ince, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a son.

ILES—On May 5, 1949, at the Italian Hospital, Amman, Transjordan, to Bidy (daughter of Maj.-Gen. W. M. Ozanne) and Derek Iles, R.A.F.—a son.

MORAN—On May 22, 1949, to Viviane (née Gibbs), wife of Major P. P. de la H. Moran, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a son.

CARTWRIGHT—On June 11, 1949, at Radley Lodge, Wimbledon, to Loveday, wife of Capt. R. V. Cartwright, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a daughter.

DAVIS—On June 10, 1949, in Germany, to Nancy (née Eistrup), wife of Major J. H. Davis, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a daughter.

LE MESSURIER—On June 16, 1949, at the Princess Royal Maternity Home, Huddersfield, to Rosemary (née Walker), wife of Capt. H. S. Le Messurier, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a daughter.

AUSTIN—On June 26, 1949, at Crane Street Nursing Home, Salisbury, to Dinah (née Sykes), wife of Major R. E. Austin, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a son.

Engagements

DUNN—BOWERMAN. The engagement is announced between Capt. Stephen Gerald Dunn, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, elder son of Mr. Stephen Dunn and of the late Mrs. Dunn, of Bradford, York, and Cynthia Thelma, youngest daughter of Mrs. Cary G. Bowerman and of the late Mr. Cary G. Bowerman, of Sempstead, Ewhurst, Sussex.

O'CONNOR—SCROPE. The engagement is announced between Major Charles Arthur O'Connor, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, only son of the late Rt. Hon. C. A. O'Connor and of Mrs. O'Connor, 118 Queen's Gate, S.W.7, and Adela Mary, second daughter of the late Stephen Scrope and of Mrs. Stephen Scrope, 36A Kensington Square, W.8.

TEDD—REEVE. The engagement is announced between Capt. Graham Charles Tedd, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Tedd of Wallasey, Cheshire, and Gwendoline Frances, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Reeve, of Loose, Maidstone, Kent.

Marriages

SKITT—NORMAN. At Huddersfield Parish Church on April 23, 1949, by the Rev. Canon Frank Woods, M.A., James A. Skitt, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Skitt, of Hurst Green, Blackheath, Birmingham, to Winifred M. Norman, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Norman of Huddersfield.

HOLGATE—BRIERLY. At the Parish Church, Upper Hopton, John Aitken Holgate, M.B., Ch.B., only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Holgate of Roundhay, Leeds, to Carol Brierly, elder daughter of the late Colonel S. C. Brierly, D.S.O., T.D. (4th Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment), and of Mrs. Brierly of Harrogate.

Obituary

OLIVER.—On April 30, 1949, at a nursing home in Southsea, after a long illness patiently borne, Capt. Charles Oliver, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

Capt. Oliver served for 37 years in the Regiment, rising from the ranks to become Captain and Quartermaster. He served in the South African War, in Ireland, Gibraltar, Malta, and 12 years in India. When he retired from the Army he became O.C. Leeds Division of the Corps of Commissionaires, retiring two and a half years ago to live at Eastbourne.

To his widow, daughter and son we extend our deepest sympathy.

Lt.-Col. W. G. Officer writes :

"The Regiment lost one of its best friends when Charles Oliver passed on. Sturdy in build and sturdy in outlook there were few who could vie with him in devotion to the Regiment and he never tired of recounting episodes in the 'good old times' that he had known. His face would light up and his eyes sparkle as he described some incident reflecting credit on the Regiment, and he would live the scene again in his own mind. To Regimental friends he was loyal to the nth degree. He may well have had no spare time to read Shakespeare's counsel on that subject to 'Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,' but that is what he practised.

"He was compounded of energy and enthusiasm for all he undertook and held dear first and last the Regiment in all its activities and connections, notably the messing of the soldier when he was at the Depot. In this line he became a recognised expert; then the Corps of Commissionaires; and of late years he was deeply interested in the political well-being of this country and as a staunch Constitutionalist was grieved with much that has taken place. Discipline was in his blood and without it he could not be content. To the last he was resolute and cheerful and of his kind never can the country have too many."

Col. C. J. Pickering writes :—

Charles Oliver was born in Keighley on Guy Fawkes Day in the year 1873, and at the age of 16 joined our 3rd Volunteer Battalion which was known

as the Skipton Rifles. This gave him his taste for soldiering, and on June 23 in the following year he enlisted as a Regular soldier. He went through the several grades of non-commissioned rank and was promoted to W.O. in the rank of R.S.M. on June 1, 1903. He obtained his Commission as Lieutenant and Quartermaster on March 4, 1914, promoted Captain July 1, 1917, and retired on attaining the age limit on November 23, 1926. He saw service in India and served in the South African War and the Great War of 1914-18. Soon after retirement he obtained employment at Northern Command Headquarters as an Inspector of Catering. His job was to visit units serving in the Command and assist them in improving the cooking and messing facilities generally throughout the Command. He was very successful in his efforts—the job suited him well. He was highly commended for his services in this respect.

It was, I think, in the year 1928 when he joined the Corps of Commissionaires and was placed in charge of the Leeds Division for Yorkshire. He was untiring in his efforts in obtaining employment for men leaving the Army for civil life, and had the knack of placing the right man in the right job, with the result that employers relied upon his judgment and his relations with employers were all that could be desired.

Charles Oliver lived only for his Regiment and all that went with it; it was his one thought and was ever in his mind. He was a shining example of the best type of British soldier. His last days were spent in the Normanton Nursing Home at Southsea where he passed on to a higher sphere on April 30, 1949, in his sleep, mourned by many. He is survived by his wife who lives at Eastbourne, and leaves a son, Lt.-Com. R. C. Oliver, R.N., now serving at the Royal Naval Air Station at Lee-on-Solent, and a daughter.

NASH.—On April 22, 1949, at his home in Fleet, Hants, Brig.-Gen. Henry Edward Nash, D.S.O., aged 80 years.

Capt. Maurice Hill writes :

Brig.-Gen. Henry Edward Palmer Nash, D.S.O., who died at his home, "Ventura," Fleet, Hampshire, on April 22, 1949, aged 80 years, and was buried at Fleet Parish Church on Tuesday, April 26, 1949, entered the Army as a 2/Lieutenant in The Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment) on January 17, 1891. As a Captain he served in the South African War (Queen's Medal with four bars). During the Great War, 1914-18, he served in France and Flanders, first as a Major in his own Regiment, The Royal Scots, later as Temporary Lieutenant-Colonel in command of the 2nd/4th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, in the 62nd West Riding Division, and afterwards in command of an Infantry Brigade. While commanding the 2nd/4th Battalion, Duke of Wellington's, he was awarded the D.S.O. and afterwards a bar to the D.S.O. (*London Gazette*, February 18, 1918, and July 18, 1918), the citation reading: "For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty during an advance. Owing to the troops on his right having failed to gain their objective he was obliged to detach two companies to safeguard

his flank. When this was secure he led them forward, reorganised his battalion, which had been held up by heavy fire, and succeeded in capturing his objective. Throughout the day he showed great contempt of danger, moving freely under the heaviest fire of all kinds, and his splendid example gave great encouragement to the troops under his command." After commanding an infantry brigade in the last year of the First World War, he returned to his own Regiment after the war, and after com-

manding the 2nd Battalion The Royal Scots (The Royal Regiment), 1920-1924, he retired with the honorary rank of Brigadier-General in January, 1924. Brig.-Gen. Nash was always very proud of his period in command of the 2nd/4th Battalion, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and made the long journey from his southern home to be present at the unveiling of the 4th Battalion, D.W.R., War Memorial in Prescott Street Barracks, Halifax, a few years ago.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

60 Wellington Street,
Lemington-on-Tyne.
June 9, 1949.

The Editor,
THE IRON DUKE.
Dear Sir,

Last week I came across a very old "Duke," who wishes to be remembered to all. He is none other than R.S.M. F. Searby, known to many a "Duke" as "Old Pop Searby." I found him sporting a regimental tie and sitting behind a desk at the Regular Soldiers' Association, New Bridge Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. He informs me that he has found jobs for quite a number of "Dukes" and hopes many more seeking employment will look him up.

Yours sincerely,
E. OLIVER (Vic), Captain.

Coney Weston Hall,
Coney Weston,
Nr. Bury St. Edmunds,
Suffolk.
February 24, 1949.

The Editor,
THE IRON DUKE.

Dear Sir,

In going through the various deeds of this place, which dates back to Elizabethan times, I found that some of them were wrapped in a copy of *Bell's Weekly Messenger* of January 5, 1863. In this paper I found the enclosed, which I feel may be of interest to readers of THE IRON DUKE:

"Sale of the Trappings, &c., Used at the Funeral of the late Duke of Wellington.—On Tuesday, Messrs. Pullen, Horne, and Co., sold, by direction of the Commissioners of her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings, at the Store-yard, Great Smith-street, Westminster, the above property. The articles comprised 243 velvet housings embroidered with crest and silver-lace fittings, three coats of arms embroidered on velvet, a rich silk altar-cloth with gold and silver fringe, lined with white silk, a velvet pall 18 feet by 16 feet, &c. There was a large crowd of persons present, among whom there was a very active competition for the various lots, which realised high prices. The velvet housings went at from 5s. to 17s. 6d. each; the pall which was used at the funeral went at 17l. 10s.; the altar-

cloth used at the lying-in-state at Chelsea Hospital produced 13l. The property which has not been disposed of has been placed, with the car, in the crypt in St. Paul's Cathedral, where it now lies."

Yours, etc.,
S. E. BAKER Lieutenant-Colonel.

H.M.S. *Cleopatra*,
At Invergordon.

May 29, 1949.

The Editor,
THE IRON DUKE.

Dear Sir,

Enclosed is *Cleopatra's* contribution to the July issue of THE IRON DUKE.

We embarked on the summer cruise about a month ago, and expect to return to Chatham at the end of July, when we look forward to sending you as coherent an account as possible of our more recent activities.

One minor point about the April, 1949, edition—officially, *Cleopatra* faces the other way in our crest. However, it's old news that the Great Lady went a bundle on the Army, so I don't suppose she would object.

Yours sincerely,
G. B. SEEDHOUSE,
Lieutenant (S), R.N.,
Captain's Secretary.

(Note.—Our deepest apologies. We've "boxed *Cleopatra's* compass" and made her do a 180 deg. turn.—Ed.)

5A Grasmere Road,
Huddersfield, Yorks.
June 8, 1949.

The Editor,
THE IRON DUKE.

Dear Sir,

I feel that it is only through the medium of your columns that I can inform ex-officers and men of the war-time 7th Battalion of the untimely death of Lt. Dominique Lambert.

Nick was an officer in a French Canadian Regiment, I think "Le Regiment de la Chaudiere," who, thinking his Battalion was destined to remain in Canada, gave up his chance of promotion to

volunteer for overseas service with the British Army.

As a Canadian officer, rather weak at English, he joined "B" Company at Yarmouth and with a short break, when he was slightly wounded at Le Havre, served with the 7th until Germany.

A conscientious and gallant officer, he had a most delightful sense of humour, which was a great help to us all. His interpretation of the Yorkshire dialect had to be heard to be believed.

Nick set off from Germany for a leave in Paris, but was taken off the train at Brussels with pneumonia. I was told that he had been sent to England with T.B. when I went to visit him a few weeks later. That was the last news anyone had of him until I wrote some months ago to his home in Canada. Two days ago I had a letter from his brother which fills the gap. Briefly the facts are that he died in October, 1947, at St. Anne de Bellevue Hospital after an operation for T.B. Apparently he was flown from Brussels to England, where he had to wait three months for a ship which developed the T.B. germ. He arrived in Canada in October, 1945, and spent one year in Parc Savard Hospital, Quebec. From there he sent to St. Anne de Bellevue but never recovered from his operation.

There are others more skilled with the pen than I who could write about Nick. I perhaps knew him better than most, so will close by merely saying that there are few who quietly and faithfully upheld the traditions of his adopted Regiment better than he.

For those who wish to have his parents' address it is: M. et Mme. Thomas Lambert, 12 St. Cyrille Street, St. Marie de Beauce, PQ., Canada.

Yours faithfully,

H. S. LE MESSURIER.

June 20, 1949.

The Editor,
THE IRON DUKE,
The Barracks, Halifax.

Dear Sir,

The Regiment was well to the fore in *The Times* of June 18, 1949 (Waterloo Day).

On the front page appeared the announcement of the birth of a daughter to Capt. and Mrs. Hugh Le Messurier; on page seven was the announcement of the engagement of Capt. S. G. Dunn to Miss C. T. Bowerman; and on the leader page appeared a most interesting letter from Mrs. Clarice Acworth, wife of Lt.-Col. C. R. G. Acworth, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, now serving with the Allied Liaison Branch, Bad Salzuffen, B.A.O.R.

Mrs. Acworth (who contributed a number of articles to THE IRON DUKE during the war) deals in her letter with the very inadequate feeding of the occupation personnel as compared with tourists now admitted to Germany, and even with the Germans themselves; a situation that needs revision. Such policy towards our troops and other

control personnel is amazing, and makes one almost forget that it is we who won the war.

Yours sincerely,

M. V. LE P. TRENCH.

Llwyn-Celyn,
Pennal,
Machynlleth,
Mont.

Waterloo Ball

The Annual Waterloo Ball changed its venue this year and was held at the Alexandra Hall, Halifax, on Friday, June 17, 1949. Gen. Sir Philip and Lady Christison were present and received the guests between 9 and 9.30 p.m.

The ball was a great success, in fact I have heard it alleged that it was better than last year. Whether that is true or not, our sincerest thanks and congratulations for a wonderful evening must go to Lt.-Col. Trevor Bentley and Major Rupert Carey, the organisers, who did a really magnificent job, and to their, for the most part, anonymous helpers.

Our most grateful thanks are also due to the Mayor of Halifax (Councillor J. Burdock), the members of the Parks Committee and to Mr. Western, the Superintendent, for laying on such truly marvellous floral decorations from the Corporation's greenhouses. It was mainly due to these that the *décor* of the hall was so superb.

All units of the Regiment were well represented, many organising parties. It is hoped by some (and feared by others) that photographic evidence of their enjoyment will appear in forthcoming numbers of *The Sketch*, *Tatler*, and *Queen*.

As the main object of the ball was to raise funds for the Regimental War Memorial Fund I am glad to be able to announce that a profit of some £150 was made for this most worthy regimental charity.

E. St. C.

Ne'er-do-wells

A few weeks ago I was making a purchase in a local shop, when I was an unwilling listener to a remark made by two other customers. It was to the effect that the old Army of 1900-1914 consisted, in the majority, of "sad won't-works and ne'er-do-wells." The two men concerned were total strangers to me, but I had to have a go at them. I asked them if they had ever been on manœuvres on Salisbury Plain on a really hot day. No answer, so I retreated. But have never forgotten the idea of the old soldier being a sponger.

I send my history, which no doubt will answer for many others. I was born in 1889 at Notting Hill Gate, London. My mother was Irish and came from Tipperary; my father came from Bath in Somerset. He used to travel for a well-known horse-dealer, bringing horses from the Continent, and afterwards became a bus driver on London's first horse buses. At that time he was a very heavy drinker and a rough handful, known as Flash Harry. There were six of us, four boys and two

girls. At the age of eight, I started out as a paper boy, delivering papers from 5.30 a.m. to 8 a.m., dashing back two miles, have my breakfast and then to school. My father had a man by the name of Bob Hobbs from Marylebone to train us in boxing three times a week. I did not care for boxing, but had to suffer the knocking about just the same. When 11 years old, I had been in top class at school for two years, so I left and took a job as harness assistant with the London General Omnibus Company. I helped also to take horses home from the fairiers. I enjoyed riding them to and fro. Suddenly I was called back to school and made to take a labour examination, in which I did very well. My next job was in a jeweller's shop, but two weeks of this was enough, so I left and went to a cycle shop as working apprentice for 7s. a week for the first two years. I was tall and well built and soon learnt a good deal of the trade. When the first London motor buses started running, I went on them. What a life! I enjoyed them. This did not last as the the firm closed down, and for 12 months I was with a new firm from Scotland. Owing to a strike, I left this job, unwillingly. They were the first closed decker buses and were run by the Stirling Motor Bus Company.

I was over 15 now, so I went to Mill Hill and joined the Middlesex Militia. I liked the first period so much that I took on again. When I was put on reserve, I went back to cycle work, but did not like being indoors, so after a while I rode away early one morning to St. George's Barracks and joined, as I thought, the Garrison Artillery. I was sent to Newport, Mon. On being medically inspected, however, I did not come up to the standard for this Corps, so they offered to send me to the South Wales Borderers at Brecon. I was there for three months and was just going on leave when I was suddenly put in the "clink." Next day, to my surprise, I was brought up and accused of fraudulently enlisting. This, of course, I denied, but the O.C. laughed and said that my parents had claimed me out being under age. (I was 15½ years.) Back I went, disappointed and rather sulky, as I liked the Army life. My brothers and sisters did not approve of my conduct and did not hesitate to say so. This caused many rows, so I left home for a farm in Cambridgeshire (Bee Farm). I stayed there till I was able to enlist again. I then joined the "Dukes." This meant returning to London, where I met a pal and off we went. Arthur Townsend (killed at Mons) lived in the next road, so we knew all about the Regiment.

On reaching Halifax, life was easy as I had already had three recruit's courses of instruction. On joining the 2nd Battalion at Lichfield I was put straight into the Armourer's Shop as assistant to Armourer Sgt. Waller, where I stayed for many months.

On leaving Dublin to go on reserve, I found jobs very hard to get. It was when working as a fitter for a motor firm, in 1913, that I first heard that soldiers were lazy. I had relined a set of brakes on a Panhard van single-handed. The job was tested and found O.K. I went to the foreman for

another job. He took me upstairs, saying as he looked over the repair cards, "I don't know why the firm employs you scum. Why don't you go back to the Army?" That finished my job and also the foreman's, as I believe when he came out of hospital he was fired.

I then got a job as a motor cycle frame builder, until the firm closed down. I then went to Letchworth as a working manager and was doing fine until one morning the boss arrived early and took in the post in which was my reserve pay (I was Section A). He asked me if I had been in the Army, and when I said I had, his manner changed completely. I left and returned to London, where I got a job back in cycle carrier work. This I held until called up in 1914.

I can honestly say that I have never been out of work only when the slump was on and when prevented by illness. During my vast experience on Ex-Service Organisations I have only once found a real scrounger who was a regular soldier.

This is only a brief outline of the average pre-war ne'er-do-well's life, but I think that if they all had their life over again they would re-join the Services and make a more thorough job of it. I know that I would. There is no better life.

CLO—EY.

He Nearly Went

It was his second week. A new lot would be coming in that Thursday, and he'd feel happier when there were even younger soldiers than himself.

In a few days he'd be on his first week-end home. Should he wear his boots? They'd think him more of a man if he did; more of a soldier too. Would Rose be there to meet him? Soldiers always had girls to meet them and see them off on stations. He must write and ask her to be there.

This and much more ran through our young soldier's mind as he made his way from the Range back to his Company Office. For some reason he was alone. Quite a change to be separated from the other thirty in the Platoon. Nice to be able to think quietly about the past two weeks. He was still a little stunned, for everything happened so quickly.

He'd have to tell Rose and Mother about everything—the inoculations; his Platoon Sergeant too—he must tell them about him. He would leave the Sergeant-Major this week-end. He had not seen enough of him to describe him properly—or had he?

Mind! Here comes an officer—I think. Careful. Must do it right. Up—two-three-four-five away. That's funny, no reply. Couldn't have been looking. Was he an officer? Must be more careful. Hallo, what's all this in front? Seems to be a lot of people about. Never seen this Company before. He glances at a door; B.A.O.R. DRAFT was written in coloured chalk. (The Education Centre had no white in those days.)

"Fall in, in three ranks!" The sound nearly deafened him. "You, too! What the devil do you think you're on?"

Everything flew from our friend's mind. He started to speak. "I... But... I..."

It was no use, for he was in three ranks by then.

"Take this crowd to the M.O., Sergeant."

"Yes, sir."

The six feet six Sergeant-Major disappeared into the Office while the three ranks were marched off to the M.I. Room.

"Sergeant, I don't belong here. I'm in . . ."

"Stop talking in the ranks!"

"But, Sergeant."

"Hear what I said? S-q-u-a-d, Halt!"

"Get your shirts off and fall in in one line facing me—you too. Get hold of yourself!"

He was standing about tenth from the front, shivering in his vest. Only a week ago he'd been there just the same—for the same thing, too. Surely not again? He would tell the Sergeant with the needle; he'd be bound to listen.

The line crept forward. He was near the door. He was through the door.

"Come on, lad."

"Please, Sergeant. I don't . . ."

"There now, old chap, it won't be long. Just a pin prick."

"But . . . Oh!"

"Next one."

He was outside again. Everyone around him was

talking about Germany. What was that? A boat? B.A.O.R. DRAFT. The coloured chalk letters flashed across his mind. No. It couldn't be! Perhaps he'd be killed; never see Rose again. He must tell someone.

"Fall in! Stop talking, you. Ought to be the boss of the Mothers' Union you did."

"They were off back the way they came."

"Halt! Left turn! Stand at ease!"

"Please, Sergeant. I . . ."

"You again. I thought I told you to . . ."

The Sergeant-Major appeared with a pile of papers in his hand. He looked more frightening than ever this time. He looked round the group and started to count from one end. "One, two . . . sixteen, seventeen. All up to this point here are for Austria, and . . ."

Our friend couldn't stand it a moment longer. He ran out of the ranks up to the Sergeant-Major.

"Sir, I'm not in this Company. I've only been here two weeks. I was only . . ."

"Then what the devil are you doing here? Get back to your Company. Why the hell didn't you tell someone? Go on, man—don't stand there staring!"

JOE

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