

No.116 April 1960



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

Dettingen
Mysore
Seringapatam
Ally Ghur
Delhi, 1803
Leswarree
Deig
Corunna
Nive
Peninsula
Waterloo
Alma
Inkerman
Sevastopol
Abyssinia
Relief of Kimberley
Paardeberg
South Africa 1900-02
Mons 1914
Marne 1914, '18
Ypres 1914, '15, '17



Hill 60
Somme 1916, '18
Arras 1917, '18
Cambrai 1917, '18
Lys
Piave 1918
Landing at Suwla
Afghanistan 1919
North-West Europe
1940, 1944-45
Dunkirk 1940
St. Valery-en-Caux
Fontenay-le-Pesnil
Djeboul Bou Aoukaz 1943
Anzio
Monte Ceco
Burma 1942, '43, '44
Sittang 1942
Chindits 1944
The Hook 1953
Korea 1952-53

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No. 116

BUSINESS NOTES

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LIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. D. FIRTH, M.B.E., M.C.
Commanding 1st Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment

A Letter from the Colonel of the Regiment

Many readers of THE IRON DUKE will already know that command of the 1st Battalion has passed from Lt.-Colonel P. de la H. Moran to Lt.-Colonel A. D. Firth, M.B.E., M.C.

An appreciation of Lt.-Colonel Moran's period of command will be found elsewhere in this number, but I feel sure that all members of the Regiment, past and present, will wish to join me in wishing him every success in his new staff appointment. The Battalion gained many successes under his command and he has left behind him a high reputation and many good friends.

Lt.-Colonel Firth is the son of a "Duke." His father joined the 1st Battalion in 1903 and represented it at cricket, rugger and hockey. A serious illness in 1913, followed by a severe wound when he had recovered sufficiently to get to France in 1915, put an untimely end to his service.

Lt.-Colonel Firth was first commissioned in 1939 and joined the 2nd Battalion in Delhi. He served as signal officer throughout the first Burma campaign and was present at the battle of the Sittang River. Later he took part in the Chindit operations as second-in-command of Lt.-Colonel Stevens' column and was awarded the M.B.E. for his services. After the war he held staff appointments at home and went to the Staff College in 1948. Later he served with the 1st Battalion in Korea and was awarded the Military Cross. Since 1958 he has been second-in-command.

All members of the Regiment will wish him every success in his command.

Everyone will have been very sad to hear the result of the final of the Army Rugby Cup. I saw the match in Berlin and would like to add a word to the account which appears elsewhere: the K.O.S.B. were a good side and successfully played

a game carefully worked out to counter and neutralise our open, attacking game. On the day they deserved to win.

This is the first time the K.O.S.B. have won the Army Rugby Cup but they are old rugger rivals of ours: in 1924-26 the 2nd Battalion met them three years running in the final of the Egyptian Command Cup. We won the first year and they the next two; we must hope that we meet again in the next two finals and that the sequence is reversed.

Although losing in the final, the 1st Battalion team have had a very successful season and have given their supporters a great deal to enjoy and be proud of. The day after their defeat in the cup they beat a strong B.A.O.R. side 29-3. This was a splendid effort after such a bitter disappointment and against a fresh side.

Much of their success has been due to the energy and enthusiasm of Captain D. Gilbert-Smith, M.C., who has been a splendid captain. A tour of the West Riding will take place in the second half of April and our prospects for next season are most encouraging.

I had intended to end this letter by saying that I hoped that all Old Comrades would make a very special effort to be present at the St. George's Day church parade at Halifax on Sunday, April 24. Our editor has pointed out that this number won't appear until the parade is over. So I will end, instead, by saying that we intend to make this parade an annual event, both to preserve the observance of St. George's Day in the Regiment and as an outward sign of our determination to maintain our link with Halifax and the West Riding. So I hope that any Old Comrade who wasn't able to be present will make a very special effort to come next year.

NEWS, NOTES and NOTICES

The annual dinner of the London and Home Counties Branch of the Regimental Association will be held on Saturday, May 14, 1960, at the Chevrons Club, 3 Dorset Square, N.W.1. Meet in the lounge at 7 p.m. for dinner at 7.30 p.m.

The Chevrons Club is within two minutes' walk of Baker Street tube station.

The annual dinner of the Officers' Dining Club and the Ladies' Tea will be held at the Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1, on Friday, June 3, 1960.

The move of the 1st Battalion to Meeanee Barracks, Colchester, is due to take place in stages between May 5 and 15.

The 1st Battalion plan to hold a cricket week-end at Colchester on June 17 and 18. The match will be against a Free Foresters' side captained by Colonel Jack Dalrymple.

Colonel R. A. StG. Martin, Commanding the Greenjackets Brigade Depot, has presented to the Regiment the following property of the late Major W. A. Wynter, 33rd Regiment 1866-1881.

i. Picture of the officers' lines, South Camp, Aldershot, 1870, by Arthur Vivian Brooke, 33rd Regiment.

ii. Belt buckle, 33rd Foot.

With the reopening of the Regimental Museum in April we hope to recommence acknowledging acquisitions by both the museum and the archives

at R.H.Q. Among notable recent additions to the latter have been the diary and letters of Lt. William Thain, 33rd Foot, presented by Lt.-Colonel C. W. G. Ince, O.B.E., M.C., whose extracts from these papers have added interest to so many issues of THE IRON DUKE.

Officers' sports funds exist at both 1 D.W.R. and R.H.Q. One of their purposes is to assist officers to purchase games' or sports equipment.

The R.H.Q. fund is available to all officers, serving or retired, other than those actually serving with 1 D.W.R.

We gratefully acknowledge two issues of a contemporary, "The Phoenix—The Regimental magazine of 382 Medium Regiment R.A. (D.W.R.) T.A." This little magazine (we mean no disrespect—it seems to us a remarkable effort for a T.A. unit to produce a monthly magazine) is roneo-ed, with a printed cover, and contains news of the unit, its members and activities, and short items of general interest, mostly on the history and weapons of the Royal Artillery. We are very glad to receive it as it will enable us to keep you in touch with the doings of our affiliated R.A. Regiment. The main item of news this time is that the unit's annual camp is to be at Sennybridge, S. Wales, from June 4-18.

Except for the items sent us by Mr. Code, which appear under the title "Post Box" on page 62 we have not received enough items of information about individual "Dukes" to produce a separate "Personalia" column. We again solicit your help in this matter.

We salute:

i. Lt.-Colonel H. Harvey, M.C., D.L., on the award of the O.B.E. in the New Year's Honours for his services as Colonel Commandant of the Somerset County A.C.F. and Assistant Commandant of the County Boy Scouts Association.

ii. Lt. M. J. Campbell-Lamerton and 2 Lt. P. J. Davies on their Army rigger caps.

iii. Captain S. A. Berry on his marriage to Miss Jan Robson which took place on March 5 at Dar es Salaam.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Reddington was christened Marcus Christian Gaunt by Father Kenneth Ross at All Saints', Margaret Street, on February 6. The godparents are Captain Simon Berry (for whom Mr. John Reddington stood proxy), Mr. Richard Thorp, Miss Sheina Shankland, and Miss Margaret Hamilton.

We need another six lines to fill up this column so take this opportunity to say that we still get remarkably few comments or criticisms of the magazine from readers. It would make the job a great deal easier if we could get more guidance as to what sort of items are popular.

Regimental Museum

From Mr. R. A. Innes, A.M.A., F.R.G.S., Director, Halifax Museums

I would like to use the pages of THE IRON DUKE to express my thanks to the Colonel of the Regiment and the Regimental Council for deciding to allow me to re-display and take charge of the magnificent Regimental Museum. I have found the work of cataloguing and studying the collection absolutely fascinating, and I hope that the Regiment will consider the result worth while.

My aim has been to produce a display which will be of interest, not only to serving and former members of the Regiment, but also to the general public. Part of this attempt to bring the ordinary museum visitor into contact with the Regiment has been the introduction of a number of maps and diagrams to illustrate particular periods or battles more fully than the actual specimens themselves do.

The collection opens with the display of the Duke's personal relics and a contour plan of the Battle of Waterloo. The latter is quite an ambitious project and will occupy an area of 9 x 6 ft. It shows the whole area of the battlefield and, with the assistance of coloured lights, we hope to be able to illustrate the general movements of the battle.

The adjoining room contains material relating to the formation of the 33rd and the 76th, also the Crimean and Abyssinian campaigns. Naturally, these earlier periods cannot be illustrated with as many actual examples of uniform, etc., as some of the later ones. However, we are able to show two types of coatee jacket and other interesting items.

In a small adjoining room the sports section of the Museum is set out. Here are the various cups and caps won by different members of the Regiment, some early medals for shooting and the famous kerosene-tin-and-barbed-wire cup from the North-West Frontier. (*This is the Mohmand Force Football Cup, 1935, presented for an inter-company soccer competition by their Brigade Commander, now F.M. Lord Alexander of Tunis. It was made by the 5th Field Company, K.G.O. Sappers and Miners and was won by H.Q. Wing, 2 D.W.R.—Ed.*) In the same ante-room there is a display of mess dress, centred round a full-sized figure wearing modern dress, which has been described by a serving officer as "What the best dressed subaltern ought to wear." We are also lucky enough to possess examples of all the earlier types of mess jacket. The remaining L-shaped room is devoted to a display of full dress uniforms, from immediately after the Crimean War until the disappearance of scarlet from the soldier's wardrobe. As well as full dress we can also illustrate various types of patrol and service dress.

Cases have been built to house relics and uniforms of the Boer War, the Great War, the Second World War and the Korean War. In this section there are one or two items which I would like to have more fully described. Unfortunately, the donors of these pieces did not provide sufficient information at the time of presentation. This is a

very common occurrence in museums: people presume that their contemporaries know the full story associated with the donation but forget that eventually along will come new generations completely ignorant of all the little details which make these items of such interest. I should like to give one example of this and I hope that, if anyone reading this can provide me with further reliable details, they will get in touch with me as soon as possible. During either the North African or the Italian campaign some members of the Regiment captured an Italian flag and an Italian officer's sword. Later, these were given to the museum and it is intended to have them on display, but I feel that, if only we knew it, there is a story behind their capture which would interest the museum visitor.

Regimental medals and decorations will also play a large part in the display. There is one case which will show, in chronological order, every campaign

medal to which any battalion of the Regiment is entitled. It is intended to have a second case with a selection of medals of individual members of the Regiment, and a third one showing photographs and the citations of the holders of the V.C. Two actual V.C.s are included.

I hope that any serving or former members of the Regiment who visit the Museum and have any criticism or comments to make, or who can furnish me with any further details about any object on display, will get in touch with me and, again, if anyone has any object which he feels ought to be on display, the museum will be extremely pleased to hear from him. In this connection I would like to state that we are quite prepared to reimburse any postage incurred.

Finally, I wish to thank everyone concerned for giving me this opportunity to become so closely allied with the Regiment's great past and traditions.

THE BRIGADE DEPOT

We have started to train recruits for The York and Lancaster Regiment and our Boys' Wing have joined us from Pontefract. We have also held two passing-out parades.

On January 22 the first passing-out parade at Strensall was taken by the Colonel of the Regiment, General Exham. He was accompanied at the saluting base and on the inspection by the Mayor of Halifax, Alderman Miss Pickles. The prize winners were as follows:

- Best Platoon:* Korea Platoon (Sgt. Fenn).
- Best Recruit:* Pte. Kellett, D.W.R. (Leeds).
- Best Rifle Shot:* Pte. Parker, D.W.R. (Leeds).
- Best L.M.G. Shot:* Pte. Griffett, D.W.R. (Leeds).

General Exham spoke afterwards to the spectators who included a large number of the recruits' parents. "One reads in the press today," he said, "a lot about 'square bashing' and 'bull.' What you have just seen is the result—a splendid body of young men drilling with precision and perfection. It is a sign of self-discipline, good discipline and teamwork." He also said that it had been rumoured that the Regiment was leaving the West Riding. This was untrue. The Depot at Halifax had closed down but as long as the Regiment kept its roots in the West Riding no harm could come to it. Afterwards parents were entertained to tea in the N.A.A.F.I. The next passing-out parade, mainly of York and Lancaster recruits, was held on February 18, 1960, when Brigadier Robins, their Colonel, took the salute.

We must mention here that the "Best Recruit" passing out from the Green Howards' Depot, Richmond, at a parade on December 18, 1959, was No. 23640524 Pte. B. Smith, D.W.R., of 7 Grove-hill Road, Beverley. He had been relegated through sickness from an earlier squad of Duke's recruits who had been trained at Richmond.

At the end of January Captain Newton, Lt. Charlesworth, J/Cpl. Dickens, D.W.R., J/L/Cpl. Marley, P.W.O., J/Bdsm. Lavan and J/Dmr. Myers spent a few days ski-ing from the Army Ski Hut at Rothiemurchus, Invernesshire. During these few days they were entirely self-contained, chopping their own firewood and doing their own cooking. It is hoped that next year more soldiers will be able to make use of this facility.

On February 9, 1960, a number of staff-officers from Northern Command and other guests witnessed a very enjoyable programme of recruits' boxing. Q.M.S.I. Beach, A.P.T.C., is to be congratulated on the high standard of fights and on the general arrangements.

Lt. Charlesworth has coached and organised a small band of rugby enthusiasts. This is no easy task in a small establishment where training recruits must of course take first place. With a team composed of about half permanent staff and half recruits we have played four outside matches, all of which we have won. The most satisfactory win was against a strong side from R.A.F. Linton, a team well fancied for the R.A.F. Cup.

The soccer team, as forecast in the last issue, have won the York Area League with nine wins and one draw. Cook and Carter are the top scorers with 20 and 11 goals respectively.

The staff list remains as before with the addition of Lts. Buckingham and Davis, Y. & L., from Richmond, Sgt. Delaney, D.W.R., from Beverley, and Sgt. Tighe from 1 Y. & L.

S/Sgt. Holmes in the Cookhouse maintains the high standard he set in Halifax.

As these notes go out for typing, we hear that Carrington, who is the son of our Provost Corporal, has taken the lead in Billy Butlin's John o' Groat's to Land's End race.

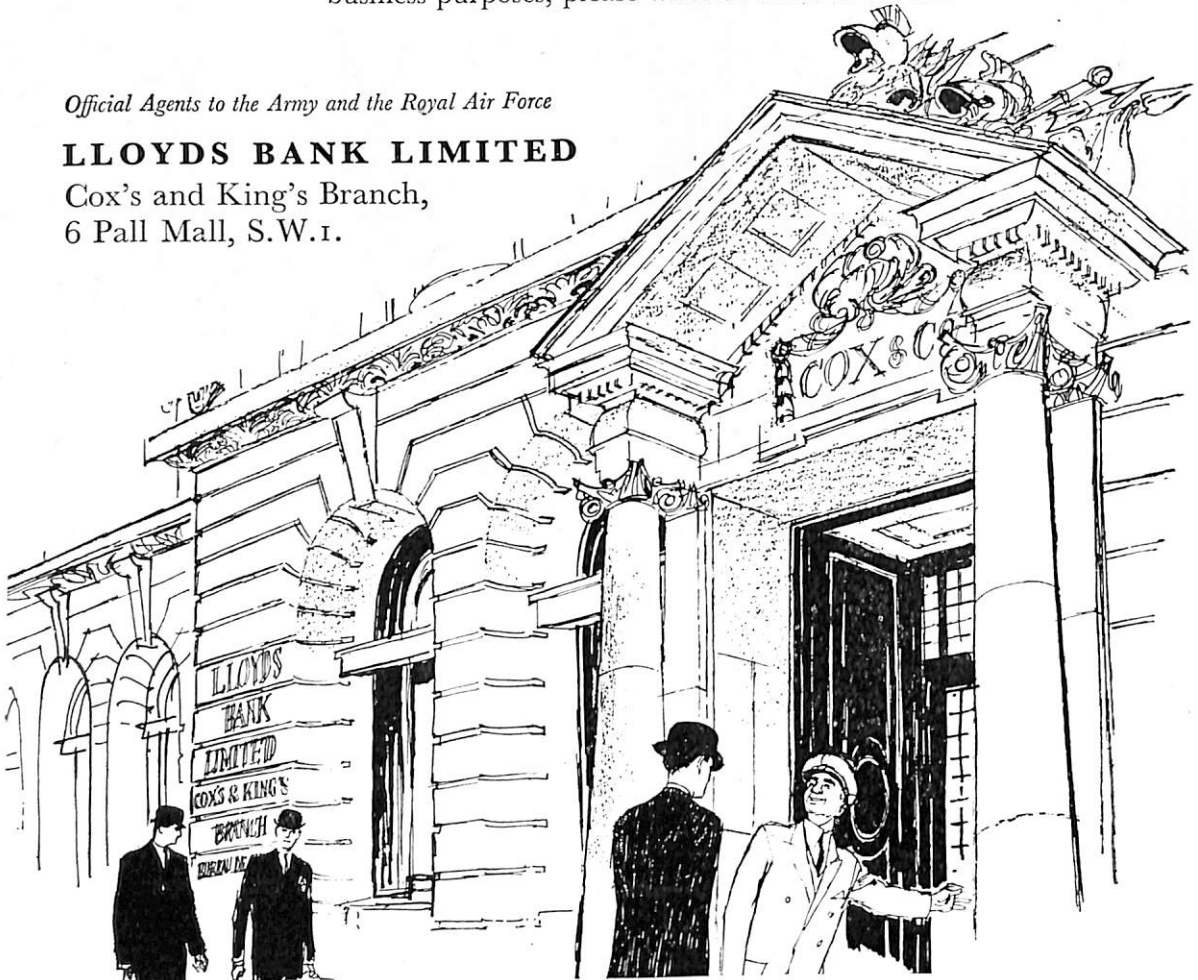
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OFFICERS' MESS

Since the last issue the mess has filled up a little to an average of twelve dining members. We hold a weekly guest night which is seldom without one or two private guests. Once a month we hold a "Regimental" guest night and have had the pleasure of entertaining General Exham, Brigadier Robins, Brigadier Cree, Colonel of the P.W.O., Brigadier Sikes, York Area Commander, and the Officer i/c Records, Colonel Cleasby-Thompson.

Before we broke-up for Christmas we held our Christmas dinner which was attended by all married officers and their wives.

On January 6 the Middleton met here and were entertained by the Mess. We are to hold a "Point-to-Point Dance" on the evening of the Whitwell-on-the-Hill fixture on May 14.

A Yorkshire Brigade cricket week is planned for early July during which we also hope to hold a dance.

The Brigade shoot has provided a lot of fun. We have had a duck shoot on most Monday evenings at which a number of visiting officers of the Brigade have attended, including General Exham. A party has also gone out on most Wednesday afternoons. The total bag from the beginning of September until the end of the season has been 166 head excluding pigeon.

WARRANT OFFICERS' AND SERGEANTS' MESS

The mess at Strensall is extremely comfortable and members who knew it in '49-'50 would be impressed with our ultra modern bar, ably looked after by Steward "Smoky" Canning, already known to members of the 1st Battalion. Social life is in full swing and some very pleasant evenings have been spent playing darts matches against neighbouring teams.

Duke's members figure actively in all the events. Any past or serving member who cares to visit us will always be welcome. He will probably find the following in prominent positions round the bar C.S.M. Webb, Dick Fenn, Con Sullivan, Tom Delaney, Walt Morris, John Fee, "Topper" Brown, together with R.S.M. Cooper of the Y. & L. who looks after us very well indeed. It is with regret that we see him leave but take this oppor-



The Passing-Out Parade, January, 1960

Above: The Mayor of Halifax with Lt.-Colonel Bade, C.O. Brigade Depot

Left: General Exham with 2 Lt. Charlesworth

Photos: "The Yorkshire Post"

tunity to congratulate him on his promotion to Q.M.

On January 22 we were honoured with a visit by the Colonel of the Regiment who met a number of old friends and several members from the Y. & L. and P.W.O.

A small-bore club has been started, under the direction of Q.M.S.I. Markham of the S.A.S.C., and is beginning to show results. The odd bad card is blamed on the coaching of Dick Fenn and John Fee.

A close relationship has sprung up between ourselves and the members of our sister regiments. One "Duke" who shall be nameless even shared his car and his girl friend with a member of the Y. & L. (Not for publication in Northern Ireland.)

Regimental Headquarters

Halifax has had a mild winter—so far. We had one heavy fall of snow that removed a number of gutters around the barracks and gave the place an even more unoccupied look than usual.

Major Davis has left the C.O.'s quarter which, as a retired officer, he was only allowed on a month to month basis. Thus ends his third occupation of this quarter. The first was as training officer at 33rd P.T.C., shortly after being married. The quarter in those days had not yet recovered from the war; among other drawbacks, the unit telephone exchange was sited in its kitchen. Despite continued protests, authority was not given for the works service to move it elsewhere.

Up to a few weeks before Davis moved in, the top floor had been connected to the Mess and was still, in fact, occupied by the subalterns of 33 P.T.C. Davis arranged the "voluntary" move back to the Mess proper (where they had to share rooms) of all except one who had retired to bed with a strained back and said he was unable to move. This problem was solved when lightning struck the chimney, throwing most of it nearly as far as the Q.M.'s house. The sick subaltern said the lightning came down the chimney, across the floor and out of the window. He leapt from his bed, cured, and before he had recovered his nerve his move to the Mess was effected.

Our efforts to get the old W.O.s' and Sergeants' Mess as an O.C.A. centre has foundered temporarily on financial rocks, and at present it seems unlikely that we will get it at a rent which we could afford to pay.

The editor's note in the last IRON DUKE on the 1st Battalion's march from Lucknow to Nowshera prompted a comment in the *Halifax Courier* which sparked off a letter or two. The archives are now richer by the actual 24-page staff table for this march which was presented by Mr. Nethergate, the head of the junior department of Akroyd Place School. It had belonged to his father when a private in the 1st Battalion.

Preparations continue for the opening of the Regimental Museum at Bankfield on St. George's Day. A guard of honour is to be provided from recruits under training at Strensall and the band and drums from the 1st Battalion will come north for the occasion. Next day, Sunday, the band will

play the detachment of 5/7th Battalion and O.C.A. to the Parish Church.

We would welcome more visitors. At present our regulars are Major Brenchley on his Wed. & Sat. egg round (for those who don't know, he retired from Q.M. of the Depot to farm a draughty stretch of moor above Todmorden). Major Carey looks in occasionally. Another regular is "Syce" Webster who used to come in on Saturdays when the Depot was here and now, disregarding our civil-servant habits, still comes on Saturdays. However he usually finds Sidney Code on the job. He also—for some obscure reason—works on Saturdays.

From the London Gazette

Supplements dated Dec. 25, 1959 to Feb. 23, 1960.
D.W.R.

REGULAR ARMY

The undermentioned Lts. to be Cpts., 12th Feb. 1960: R. G. Southerst, T. D. Lupton.

Cadet Michael Gordon Louis Minchin Stacpoole from the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, to be 2nd Lt., 18th Dec. 1959.

NATIONAL SERVICE LIST

2nd Lt. C. R. Cumberlege to be Lt., 7th Feb. 1960.

REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS

Lt. M. H. Dawson from A.E. Res. of Offrs., Nat. Serv. List to be Lt., 1st Jan. 1960, retaining his present seniority.

Lt. A. H. P. Laurence having exceeded the age limit, relinquishes his commn., 30th Jan. 1960, and is granted the hon. rank of Capt.

Short Serv. Commn.

Lt. C. W. Ivey from Active List to be Lt., 16th Dec. 1959, retaining his present seniority.

ARMY EMERGENCY RESERVE OF OFFICERS

NATIONAL SERVICE LIST

The following 2nd Lts. to be Lt.: G. N. Fawcett, 3rd Jan. 1960; J. R. Raimes, 3rd Jan. 1960; N. Ralph, 7th Feb. 1960.

Lt. J. A. Shenton from Reg. Army, Nat. Serv. List, to be Lt., 24th Nov. 1959, with seniority 1st Feb. 1959.

2nd Lt. S. R. Arnold from Reg. Army, Nat. Serv. List, to be 2nd Lt., 15th Nov. 1959, with seniority 23rd Aug. 1958.

TERRITORIAL ARMY

Ivan Jarrams Foster to be 2nd Lt. (on probation), 29th Nov. 1959.

2nd Lt. G. E. B. Tyler from A.E. Res. of Offrs., Nat. Serv. List, Int. Corps to be 2nd Lt., 1st Oct. 1959, with seniority 22nd Mar. 1958; to be Lt., 1st Nov. 1959.

TERRITORIAL ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS

Lt. (Hon. Capt.) E. Leach having exceeded the age limit ceased to belong to the T. A. Res. of Offrs., 28th Nov. 1959, retaining the hon. rank of Capt.

Lt. T. T. Pickles from Active List, to be Lt., 5th Jan. 1960, retaining his present seniority.

1st BATTALION

"The King is dead, long live the King!"

In most people's diaries on February 29 was the entry C.O./C.O. Lt.-Colonel Tony Firth now commands us, having taken over from Lt.-Colonel "Pip" Moran who has commanded the Battalion since September 14, 1957.

On that date in 1957 you could have written in your diary, not simply C.O./C.O. but, more fully, Colonel Moran/Colonel Moran, for Colonel "Pip" took over from his brother, Colonel Bob Moran, who had commanded for the previous three years. Thus we have had a benevolent despotism of Morans for five and a half years.

It ended with the end of February when Colonel "Pip" left us to become a G.S.O.1 in Aden on the staff of Major-General Bray who was, incidentally, the adjutant of the 2nd Battalion in Nowshera when Colonel "Pip" first joined it in August 1936.

Colonel "Pip" has commanded us through our successful tour in Northern Ireland and our move to Brentwood and during this period has been a very strong influence on all our activities. He has been the main influence behind our successes on the rugger field and the athletics track and has given much time and thought to our Bisley shooting. In every other field of our activities: our training, our administration, our mess life, our families, our welfare, his energy and guidance have been felt and appreciated. We have, all of us, much to thank him for.

We wish him and his wife, who has done so much to help him in his period of command, every success hereafter.

SUB-EDITORIAL

"Ideals are romantic and noble at a distance and they shine through men like light through alabaster, but the mechanism of their practical accomplishment in the world is often sordid in the extreme." These words of a wartime diarist, Hugh Dormer, often seem to sum up the dreary round of peacetime soldiering in England in the winter, when it is cold and wet and just about administrative inspection time and when the rugger team and the Training Company have hived off all your best officers and N.C.O.s and when fatigues are particularly heavy and it is all most fatiguing.

Your sub-editor began wondering what we had to show for these last longer-than-usual three months and thumbed through Part I Orders to find out; they shed a curious light on our uncurious lives:

Personnel will parade to have their vaccinia inspected.

Chimney Sweeps. Fires will not be lighted until after the sweep has swept.

Care of Animals Kept as Pets. Adverse criticism of the Army has appeared in the press about the disposal of animals and birds . . . painless destruction can be arranged.



Lt.-Colonel "Pip" Moran

Children's Christmas Party. Heads of families are responsible for notifying their wives, whether in or out of station.

Control of Children. Complaints have been received. . . .

Doors to wash-houses and ablutions must be closed to ensure that the water supply does not freeze.

Water and Sanitary Course Results. . . .

Garments are being damaged by burning (ironing) causing undue wastage.

Personnel will not chew gum on route marches.

Refuse Collection. Subject to slight adjustment in the event of very heavy weather.

It is not all like that. There are some quite bright spots in it—like the Christmas greeting from none other than the Secretary of State for War, who added at the end: "1959 has been a year of satisfactory progress in many aspects of Army affairs." That left all the scrabble players and other alert minds with a fascinating guessing game to play throughout their leave—what aspects of Army affairs had not been satisfactory?

There were some solemn moments. Moments like the final rehearsal for the administrative inspection (it might have been a final rehearsal for sentry duty in the Korean winter) when we all stood frigidly to attention while C/Sgt. Dickie, unsung, unheralded, unannounced was presented with his L.S.G.C. "Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note . . ." until the clatter of Deakin in "B" Company falling over backwards—out cold, so to speak—three-quarters of an hour later. The others stood their ground, unable to move. The next day this notice appeared in Orders:

ANNUAL ADMINISTRATIVE INSPECTION

"It is important that all personnel should attend the breakfast on February 16, in view of the fact that they will have to stand on the square for a considerable time. A special breakfast has been arranged."

That's what they told Chessman. I suppose that, if you have been in the regiment for twelve years, you have eaten just about as many special breakfasts as Chessman (or do you "attend" your breakfasts?).

In the event, the inspection on parade by the Brigadier was a longer business than even the Colonel's final meticulous look at us. Your sub-editor was able to recall for his own comfort a fellow student at his school who had been put into a well in Czechoslovakia for nine hours to try and persuade him to say where his father was hiding. But what were we being persuaded to say—where we hid our employed men?

In December, a notice appeared in Orders showing the position of all the units in the Brigade in their national savings drive. We were bottom. At once posters appeared throughout the Battalion: "Dedicated men and women of the R.A.F. save" and "They also serve who save" and "So glad you are saving—do write often." We weren't encouraged much by the last, because none of us do write very often—some of the notes that follow show that. In January, the positions of all the units of the Brigade were again displayed; this time we are able to report that we were—bottom. We repeated that a Yorkshireman is a reticent fellow; he keeps his money close to his heart and his cards close to his face.

You know the old Marx Brothers saying about Wine - and - Women - and - Song - and - Women - and - ? Well, in this regiment it is Administration - and - Rugger - and - Training - and - Rugger - and - etc. If a chap is not playing for the Army, he is at Blackheath; if he isn't there, he is at a cup match at Aldershot; if he isn't there he is probably in the Divisional Cup with the Second Team; and if he isn't there, try him in his company office or in the mess. Can I take a message? Would he join the Essex County Cricket Club when he gets to Colchester? No, I am sorry, he will be at Bisley during most of that period.

A few of us are forced to think of airportability: the Quartermaster and the M.T.O. and the Signals Officer—and sometimes the Unit Emplaning Officer, when his instructions are not sent off to the other

U.E.O. Weights haunt our lives. We learn that one 24-hr. ration pack weighs 4 lb., but ten of these weigh not 40 lb. but 47 lb. All the land-rovers weigh differently, and the R.S.M. weighs differently from Cpl. Brown. When we did some meticulous trials for the G.O.C., we even found that the weighing scales at the Brentwood goods yard weigh differently from those at the Colchester Ordnance Depot. Trials they were too, and C.S.M. Pennington has all but been canonized after them, for his patience.

We are developing webbed feet and sinewy muscles and black faces and soaking clothes and cold hands. The season is upon us to become amphibious (a word like ambidexterous, or that other word) which means "frankly wet on dry land." Everything we learned about master tie-down schemes and all-up weights no longer applies—though some of the master schemes devised for us are going to leave us all in. We creep about the training areas like commandos, with our housewives in our left back pouch, our clasp knives clasped to us and our mess tins laid out for inspection in our billets. The main armament is the mortar para. illuminating bomb, several of which have been reported as landing, still fizzing, in the ammunition dump in the middle of camp. A man from Ordnance said that it was nothing to laugh at, but that was nothing compared with the phone calls that had preceded the Outward Bound party's return from Wales; they upset a jerrycan of petrol when they were filling something by the light of a candle, and burned a large barn to the ground, all except the walls which wouldn't burn because they were made of stone.

OFFICERS' MESS

On December 10 we held a guest night at which the main, if not sole, topic of conversation was rugger. This is not surprising when the names of our guests are mentioned—Mr. Tallent, Brigadier Glynn Hughes, Norman Hughes (Captain of Blackheath Club which is well stocked with Duke's officers), Major-General Hobbs, our G.O.C., himself a famous rugby player, and finally Colonel Jack Dalrymple. Those of us whose chief sporting interest is not rugger were beyond the pale that night.

The last main function before Christmas was a cocktail party. Though we had been in Warley Barracks nearly two months, there had previously been no opportunity to meet and entertain the local civil dignitaries. The occasion was also used to give a number of retired officers of the Regiment the opportunity to judge whether "things are as they used to be." It seemed they were and are. Some 100 people crowded into the ante-room which almost but not quite gave at the seams. Incidentally, we are fortunate in having for the first time for many years a mess which is comparatively modern and feels comfortable and attractive.

For some, Christmas leave dragged (?) on to January 12. However, by the 21st we felt strong enough to hold our first guest night of the New Year. On that occasion we were pleased to welcome Major-General Ozanne, Brigadier Summers, father of Martin who commands the Machine-Gun

Platoon, Brigadier George Laing, Colonel Bobby Turner and Colonel Bob Moran. The latter spent the night with his brother (and our Commanding Officer) while other distinguished guests stayed in the Mess.

Guest nights are the occasion of some trepidation now amongst living-out officers. One is terribly conspicuous driving about in mess kit in the early hours of the morning; the strong arm of the law has not yet waylaid a returning officer and connected him up with "breathalyzer," but the threat is there. Whether the machine would survive the test is questionable. We learn in fact, with some relief, that our local police chief doesn't hold much store by these new fangled gadgets.

The month of February has been a full one and its end will be a sad one. On February 26 we dine out Colonel Pip Moran. He has been 2½ years at the helm, and the number of successes the Regiment has had at work and play during his tour owe a very great deal to his inspiring and guiding hand.

The influence of wives in regimental life is not often recognised. That of the Colonel's wife, Vivienne, has been considerable and we are all grateful for the interest and help she has always given our families, and for the work she has put into the wives' meetings and children's parties. Our very best wishes for the future go with Colonel and Mrs. Moran.

A private mess dance—sorry, ball—was held on February 6. It seems that the dance was voted a ball so that our younger members could dazzle their partners with their mess kit—obviously a form of inferiority complex. The older married members had a different aim and favoured informality, but profited in the end by blaming their dress for their reluctance to gyrate on the dance floor. Obviously the occasion was a success as the band was persuaded to extend their playing time to 3 a.m. plus; the committee member who was instrumental in this extension said the band had volunteered but a subsequent request for increased fees disproved this—or maybe the band was just being clever. However, the main lesson of this function was that a most enjoyable time could be had at modest cost, and that dances should be held more frequently in the future.

Yet another guest night was held—on February 18. The principal guest was a very distinguished General, who lives near and has kindly entertained a number of officers, namely General Sir Frank Simpson. We also invited the fathers of two sons now with us: Colonel "Boy" Stevens and Major Jock Huffam. Colonel Cox and Charlie Grieve were the other guests.

In Colonel Pip's place we welcome Major Tony Firth who takes over the reins on March 1. Our full support and wishes for every success are extended to him. It would be interesting to know how many "Dukes" realise that, for some years now, there has been a preponderance of senior regimental officers in the 1st Battalion who still like to consider themselves, as indeed they were, 2nd Battalion men.

We have lost this month (February) two officers

as instructors: David Miller has gone to Mons O.C.S. and Bob Huffam, at short notice, to Civil Defence at Millom. The month before Edward Duckney left for civilian life, having made his mark in adventure training and rugby. Arrivals are Michael Stacpoole, a regular, who is John's brother, and David Lindsay. Either the mess or one of its inhabitants put David off because he resorted to matrimony with little delay; congratulations to David and his wife. The "Doc" has now become an essential part of the 1st XV and may be seen at all important fixtures armed with pain relieving hypodermic and a fistful of "pep" pills.

SERGEANTS' MESS

We began the new year with an important social and 1960 was rung in in the good old traditional manner; despite leave and our married members being scattered far and wide we had a good crowd in attendance and, to be sure, a good time was had by all.

Full support to the rugby team in their victory over our old friends the Welsh Guards was given from the Mess. A large coach was hired and was so full of members that there was hardly room for the bar; fortunately the boot was large though it was inconvenient to have to keep stocking up. Our amiable R.S.M. Lynch of Mons O.C.S. invited us all to their Sergeants' Mess where we were made most welcome. After this additional refreshment we made our way to the stadium where we were lucky enough to be all kept together. We cheered, barracked and criticised and ended up by joining in the traditional Regimental song "The Dukes are Coming Up the Hill." Spirits were very high the whole day and had reached their peak on the return journey when our songs ranged from Rex Webb's "Farouk" to Frank Creighton's un-melodious "Gigi."

We were most pleased to welcome members from far away Yorkshire who came down for the match. Among them were C.S.M. Rex Webb, Sgt. Walt Morris and Dick Fenn from Strensall and, from Huddersfield, R.S.M. Frier (affectionately known as "Tich") and C.S.M. Al Arundel. We also welcomed R.S.M. Cooper from Strensall and hope that he had as good a time as we ourselves had. It is to be hoped that Walt Morris has fully recovered from his "travel sickness," or whatever it was, by now. Sorry to hear that C/Sgt. Conn Sullivan was unable to come at the last moment; we would have loved to have seen you again, C.M.P.

After the rugby we had the annual agony, preparing for the Brigade Commander's annual administrative inspection. Much hard work was put into this and, as everything went well on the day, we think our efforts were well worth while.

Our congratulations go to C/Sgt. Tom Dickie on receiving his L.S. and G.C. medal. The usual caustic remarks will not be made by the writer of these notes as he has a guilty conscience. We also congratulate Tom and Mrs. Dickie on the birth of their daughter, Caroline Martin Elizabeth. From the Records Team we are to have a welcome visit from W.O.1 Garry Hall and trust he will put us all

on the right lines just once more. We also expect Sgt. Stan Hodson to be posted back to us.

If the Mess seems dull it would be due to the absence of the sweet smiling faces of Messrs. Garritty, Bell, McGill, Hatherway, and Simpson who have gone to Shoeburyness on intensive study for their first class education certificate. Though we sadly shake our heads we wish them well. We mourn for "Nobby" Crawshaw on his departure to Pirbright on a drill course, and congratulate Sgt. Gay on obtaining a good result from his platoon weapon course at Hythe, also Sgt. Smith on his Christian leadership course.

The black, nameless cat seen in the mess belongs to "Pop" Dodds though it is immediately locked up when C/Sgt. G.T.M. is heard in the vicinity.

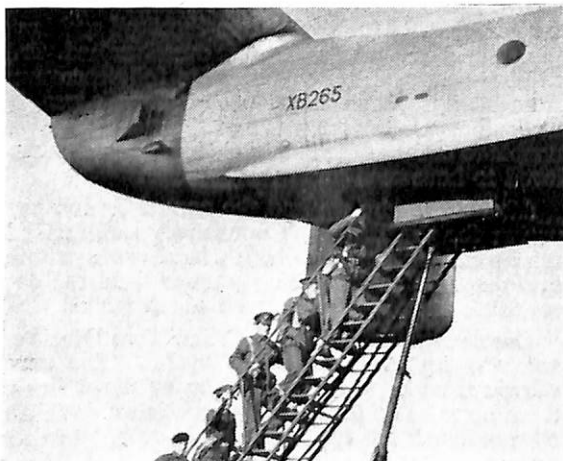
From the O.C.A. London we have had two very welcome visitors, "Buz" Hammond and "Basher" Sykes. Only the writer remembers them but nevertheless they were and will be very welcome. The great surprise to us, and we are sure to old comrades of the 76th, was a visit from the son of none other than Ahmed Din. Last seen as a small boy at Nowshera, he is now a contractor to a British regiment in Kenya and had come to the U.K. on business. Despite his only being a "chiko" with the Regiment his knowledge is profound and he corrected the oldest of soldiers on regimental matters of the N.W.F.P. days.

CORPORALS' CLUB

This station is not the best for social life in the Corporals' Club for various reasons, one of them being the wide dispersion of married members, some of whom live as far as 20 miles away. We are looking forward to Colchester, where amenities are better, other units around and London further away.

The only activity to note is the Regiment's game at Aldershot against the Welsh Guards. The Corporals hired two buses to see this, and, on the way back, inspired by the victory, made it a "running social."

In our next note we hope to report a St. George's



Emplaning in the boom of a Beverley during exercise "Winged Coachman"

Ball, although it will have to be a belated one as it can't be held at Warley. We are all pinning our faith on Colchester.

AIRPORTABILITY

1 D.W.R., said Brigade H.Q., will not be drawn into Exercise "Winged Coachmen"—the exercise in early December when the bulk of the Brigade flew over to Northern Ireland with its transport and stores. 1 D.W.R. needs time to settle in and catch up with its training.

In the event it worked out differently. We stripped



C.S.M. Pennington involved in airloading at Abingdon

the cream off the officers' mess for umpires, who all came back with Ideas which hotted up the U.E.O.'s life for a week or two afterwards. We sent the bravest of our drivers, twenty in all, to drive around the bogs of Ireland with the directing staff. We sent our loading team under C.S.M. Pennington to Abingdon to help in the emplanement of Land-Rovers and trailers throughout two days. Finally we sent just short of two hundred troops from all departments down to Ogbourne St. George under Major Tedd, to run the Brigade Air Transit Camp throughout the exercise, handling at one time 1,300 people, all on exact time schedules that spread at half-hour intervals across two days and two nights. The Commanding Officer and the Second-in-Command went down to see that all went well. This about cleaned us out.

During the middle of December, we held our own internal airmounting exercise, which we all agreed was a fiasco. However, nobody proposed a vote of no confidence in the U.E.O. and we were able to repair the damage in mid January by an exercise on much the same lines—with a few Structural Alterations—which went off swimmingly. The main difference was that we realised that laden vehicles, panniers and men loaded to the eyebrows do not make a good cocktail on a drill square.

Brigade asked us to do a complete detailed vehicle loading presentation for the Divisional Commander, in early February. We loaded fourteen

vehicles and trailers to precision weights, every item of water, ammunition, rations and G 1098 in just the right place, and then we weighed them and made readjustments. Eventually we got it just so, and returned to our desks. The telephone rang, G.S.O. 3 Air from Brigade:

"Oh John, you know those weights of vehicles and vehicle loads for air move that you are working on, and I assume you will demonstrate at the G.O.C.'s presentation tomorrow?"

"Yes, Teddy."

"Well, don't let it affect you this time; but we have just had a letter from A.A.T.D.C. They have all changed."

"Does that mean that all this is to be scrapped?"

"Yes, I am afraid so. But the Brigadier says that it is nevertheless jolly good training."

We keep slipping down to the A.A.T.D.C. at Salisbury for liaison visits, largely because we like Salisbury; and they keep sending us itinerant U.E.O.s and their airmounting staff, largely because they think we have absorbed their gospel. "The 'Dukes' are considered, down here," they say, "to be the top regiment in this airmounting business." It is a good note to end on.

RUGGER

The rugger this season has been going from strength to strength. Our last notes took us up to the fourth round of the Army Cup against the S.M.E., Chatham.

This was a really testing match for us. We had just lost Lt. Jim Shenton and 2 Lt. Simon Arnold on demob as well as having Lt. Edward Duckney out injured with a broken nose. All three were top class performers and it was a hard blow having them all go at the same time. In their places came Robert Campbell-Lamerton in the second row alongside his brother and 2 Lt. David Pugh, a convert from centre.

S.M.E. Chatham had the redoubtable Payne, who was later to be capped by Wales, and an all-Army front row. It was a tremendous forward tussle which broke evenly. Fortunately we had the beating of S.M.E. outside and our backs produced some excellent breaks and tries and one glorious 60-yard run by Lt. Marsay which led to a try. All glory to the engine room of the pack, though, for the magnificent way they stuck to their task.

We then played a friendly match against the Royal West Kents at Shorncliffe as a test for new players before the next round. It was a most enjoyable game and it was pleasing to see the way our new arrival, Keegan, from Hull R.L.F.C., settled in.

We played the fifth round of the cup against Mons O.C.S. and it was a most memorable and stirring game. The "Duke's" pack have rarely played with such magnificence and fire. Mike and Robert Campbell-Lamerton in the lines out and the rest of the pack in the set and loose were outstanding. The backing-up, inter-passing, slipping, shoving, line-out drills and covering were a joy to watch.

The outsides, too, took their share in the game with moments of brilliance but the cold wind did

not help handling. This game was perhaps our masterpiece to date.

Our first match in the new year was against the 3rd Training Battalion R.A.O.C. at Portsmouth. This was a disappointment after the sparkling display in the round before. The forwards became too keen to slug it out with their opposite numbers and the backs were not their usual slick selves. Nevertheless we romped home 25—0.

We played another tuning-up match against London University as practice for our coming foray with the Welsh Guards. We were hampered by having five members of the side away. Despite the fact that we had 90 per cent. of the ball, and were encamped on our opponents' 25-line, we beat ourselves by poor finishing and wasted chances. We had lost our first match on English soil and it did us a lot of good.

The U.K. final against the Welsh Guards was played on January 27 at Aldershot. We had previously sent four spies to see them play against the Royal Signals and knew that we were to face a very hard, tough and robust pack. On a wet day the odds in our favour would be very much lessened.

In the event we had a very wet and windy day and we had one of the toughest battles—to win 15—0. The forwards were magnificent with Mike Campbell-Lamerton playing a great game in the line-out. He received excellent support from Peter Hoppe, Dick Mundell, Cpl. Scroby and the younger Campbell-Lamerton. Cpl. Brown had his moments too in the set scrums.

Behind the pack Paul Davies and John Greenway played a very sound game, making few mistakes. L/Cpl. Field on the left wing was his usual dangerous attacking self; he scored a grand try in the first half and made the running for L/Cpl. Davis to score at the end. Keegan was safe and sound at full back and, in addition, kicked a penalty with a very slippery ball from a hard angle. Graham Allan played soundly and altogether it was a very creditable performance against a hard side under adverse conditions.

We were sorry to lose Edward Duckney on demob after this match but are very fortunate in getting Renilson, from Halifax, who promises very well. He played his first match with us against London University in our return with them. This time we fielded a full side and beat them 19—0.

L/Cpl. Davis also left us after the U.K. Final. In him we said good-bye to an excellent player and fine team man. He earned the name of "Spider" in Ulster through his extraordinary leg motions when changing pace. He was a great attacking player to play beside and one of the most pleasant people to meet off the field.

2 Lt. Chris Norris was promoted from the 2nd XV in Davis' place and came out with good credit marks after his first game. It remains to be seen who will play in the centre position in the final on March 9: Keegan, 2 Lt. John Golding, Chris Norris or a new player, Curry from Huddersfield R.L. Club.

We had two most enjoyable visits to Oxford on consecutive Wednesdays to play first against O.U. Greyhounds and then against St. Edmund's Hall.

Against the Greyhounds we were most disappointing. They fielded a very strong side, including some of the University team, but we wasted our chances and the forwards played well below form. We lost by two penalties and two tries to one penalty (Keegan).

The following Wednesday we fielded a very under-strength side against St. Edmund's Hall. Mike Campbell-Lamerton and Paul Davies were away playing for the Army, Cpl. Scroby was injured and Lt. John Greenway was travelling reserve for the Army. In the circumstances the side played well.

Golding and Allan in the centre, particularly the former, were on their best form and made some excellent breaks. Field on the left wing opened our account with a lovely 60-yard try, beating three opponents *en route*. On the other wing Marsay too was having a golden day and streaked over for two good tries.

The match is an unforgettable one for the captain who entrusted his kit into the hands of Graham Allan who had a fit of mental aberration and left it outside our own guard-room. The net result was that No. 15 appeared on the field with an enormous pair of outsize boots which had no studs in them at all; his borrowed shorts reached to his knees and the other requisite of all rugger players was missing. A more life-like impersonation of Charlie Chaplin would have been hard to find! However, we won 22—0 and "Charlie" is recorded as having scored a try.

Our last match before the Army Cup final was played against the Hospitals' Cup finalists, London Hospital. Again we were well below strength, being without the senior Campbell-Lamerton, Paul Davies, Field and Golding. This meant positional changes as well as new players in. Although our backs gave a very good account of themselves only Captain Peter Hoppe and occasionally Renilson were playing to form up front. Although leading 11—3 at half-time and being well on top we slumped dismally in the second half and went down 13—11. It will probably serve as a good lesson and will brace us up for the final.

All thoughts are now turned toward the final on March 9. The team to play will be selected from: Pte. Keegan, Cpl. Field, 2 Lt. Allan, 2 Lt. Golding, Lt. Marsay, Pte. Currey, Lt. Greenway, 2 Lt. Davies, Captain Hoppe, Cpl. Brown, 2 Lt. Mundell, Lt. Campbell-Lamerton, 2 Lt. Campbell-Lamerton, Renilson, Cpl. Scroby and Captain Gilbert-Smith.

BERLIN

(with acknowledgments to The Times)

March 9, 1960. K.O.S.B. 9—D.W.R. 0.

The King's Own Scottish Borderers won the Army Cup, for the first time, in the Olympic Stadium here today. On a hard, dry pitch the K.O.S.B. played the first half with the strong, cold wind and sun in their favour and this soon proved to be a great advantage, for a hearty kick usually sent the ball into the "Dukes" 25.

Keegan, the "Dukes" full-back, fielded well in spite of the wildly bouncing ball, although he kicked no great distance into the wind. The packs

were very evenly matched and the "Dukes" gained ground by forward rushes and handling movements, but the K.O.S.B.'s backs were quickly up on them and kept them well under control.

After 13 minutes Berry put K.O.S.B. ahead with a penalty from 35 yards. Even so, K.O.S.B. were not prepared to open up the game and Shillinglaw, the Scottish international scrum-half, who had been playing at stand-off, returned to his accustomed position and Berry moved from centre to stand-off. From here they settled down to gaining ground by kicking down wind and, after 35 minutes, MacDonald kicked a splendid penalty from 45 yards.

Meanwhile Keegan and Golding both went near with penalties for the "Dukes" and so, at half-time, the K.O.S.B. led 6—0.

From the start of the second half the "Dukes" did much better in the scrum and line-out and pressed hard but, although they made several promising moves, they were unable to cope with the splendidly aggressive tackling of K.O.S.B. Even so, Marsay and Field on the wings often looked dangerous.

Near the end the "Dukes" gave away a penalty in front of the posts and Berry kicked the goal with ease. The "Dukes" again pressed hard in the closing minutes but the K.O.S.B. line was rarely in danger due to their determined covering and tackling.

THE TEAMS

K.O.S.B.: L/Cpl. I. Wilson, Pte. A. Smith, Captain J. C. McQ. Johnston (captain), Lt. A. W. Berry, Pte. J. Redpath, Pte. J. Grant, Pte. B. Shillinglaw, 2 Lt. J. D. MacDonald, Pte. J. Shaw, Pte. R. Paterson, Pte. J. Newlands, 2 Lt. W. S. Turner, 2 Lt. C. G. Mattingley, L/Cpl. A. Tait, Lt. M. J. Reynolds.

D.W.R.: Pte. A. Keegan, Lt. D. Marsay, 2 Lt. G. C. W. Allan, 2 Lt. J. P. B. Golding, Cpl. N. Field, Lt. J. B. K. Greenway, 2 Lt. P. J. Davies, Captain P. B. L. Hoppe, Cpl. J. K. Brown, 2 Lt. W. R. Mundell, Lt. M. J. Campbell-Lamerton, 2 Lt. R. D. Campbell-Lamerton, Pte. C. Renilson, Cpl. J. Scroby, Captain D. S. Gilbert-Smith (captain).

March 10, 1960. B.A.O.R. 3—D.W.R. 29.

B.A.O.R. fielded a strong trial side with a view to their forthcoming match against the R.A.F.

With the wind and sun against them, the "Dukes," who played three reserves, started slowly and, after a series of forward rushes, Cheeseman scored for B.A.O.R. Retaliation brought a quick try for the "Dukes" when Campbell-Lamerton burst through after a brisk forward handling movement. For the rest of the first half there was no further score but the "Dukes" gradually wore down the B.A.O.R. forwards and some good handling moves brought them close to a try.

After 10 minutes' hard struggle in the second half, Allan put a short kick through to Curry. Field took a well-timed pass and, after a brilliant



ARMY RUGBY CUP FINALISTS

The team and reserves who went to Berlin

Standing (left to right): Sgt. Parker (linesman), Pte. Keegan, 2 Lt. Mundell, Lt. M. J. Campbell-Lamerton, 2 Lt. R. D. Campbell-Lamerton, 2 Lt. Golding, Pte. Renilson, Capt. Cowell, Pte. Marshall
 Sitting: Lt. Marsay, Cpl. Brown, Lt. Greenway, Capt. Hoppe, Lt.-Col. Moran (C.O.), Capt. Gilbert-Smith (Captain), Cpl. Scroby, 2 Lt. Allan, 2 Lt. Davies
 Inset (left to right): Pte. Curry, Cpl. Field, 2 Lt. Norris

40-yard run, scored 10 yards in from touch. Golding converted from a difficult position.

Ten minutes later Currey again put Field away to a 50-yard run to touch down under the posts. A minute later Mundell broke away from the forwards and passed to Campbell-Lamerton to score again.

After this, B.A.O.R. offered little resistance. Field had another splendid run from which Gilbert-Smith scored. A burst through the centre by Allan brought a try by Marsay and, in the closing minutes after another powerful run, a neat cross-kick by Field was touched down by Golding.

Tries.—B.A.O.R.: Cheeseman, 1.

D.W.R.: Field, 2; Campbell-Lamerton, 2; Gilbert-Smith, 1; Marsay, 1; Golding, 1.

Conversions: Golding, 4; Currey, 1.

THE TEAMS

B.A.O.R.: L/Cpl. Wilson (K.O.S.B.), Captain Johnston (K.O.S.B.), L/Cpl. Early (S.W.B.), Lt. Scott (Gordons), Lt. Berry (K.O.S.B.), Sgmn. Parker (R. Sigs.), Lt. Harris (R.E.M.E.), Sgt. Amphlett (S.W.B.), Lt. Loosemore (S.C.L.I.), Cpl. Jago (R.A.S.C.), Tpr. Hicks (14/20 H.), Lt. Cheeseman (Mx.), Gnr. Youlden (R.A.), Pte. Jones (S.W.B.), Pte. O'Shea (S.W.B.).

D.W.R.: 2 Lt. Golding, Lt. Marsay, 2 Lt. Allan, Pte. Currey, Cpl. Field, Lt. Greenway, 2 Lt. Davies, Captain Hoppe, Captain J. D. P. Cowell, Pte. B. Marshall, Lt. M. Campbell-Lamerton, 2 Lt. W. S. Turner (K.O.S.B.), Pte. Renilson, 2 Lt. Mundell, Captain Gilbert-Smith.

2ND XV

It soon appeared that our magnificent regiment was bursting with talent. So we started a 2nd XV and decided that it was this that should represent us in the Divisional Cup against the first teams of the other regiments in Colchester, while our 1st XV was playing the rest of England. We arranged a few local games with civilian clubs to sharpen our teeth and, as interest grew within the Battalion, decided to hold a Battalion trial for places in the team that was to represent us in the Divisional Cup. The result? We now have a 3rd XV.

Two matches are of note—the match against the Shropshire Light Infantry, and the final. The main excitement in the K.S.L.I. match was that we arranged originally to play at Orsett Camp, some five miles away. We were able to book Brentwood ground subsequently but quite forgot to cancel Orsett. The K.S.L.I. were given instructions about the change of ground but quite forgot to take note of them. The result? 2nd XV D.W.R. bounced on to Brentwood ground smart as a new pin at half-past two, swelling with pride and scarlet jerseys,

while 1st XV K.S.L.I. similarly bounced on to Orsett Ground dressed in light infantry green. There was a shuffle and a redeal, and the match began at half-past three on a winter's afternoon. Now it was very lucky that we had just been training in night exercises for it was that which won us the match.

The 1st XV organisers were crowing over our shortcomings, but ultimately reassured us, saying: "Wait for the day when you go down to your ground to find two visiting teams demanding a game—that happened to us twice in Ireland."

On February 18, 2nd XV, captained by Michael Crook, beat 20 Field Regiment R.A. in the final of the Divisional Cup by 9—5. It was a hard-fought match where our opponents were playing at their best; we suffered from over-confidence at the beginning but soon settled down. Golding kicked two penalties and Foster went over the line to score after a lot of loose forward play. In the forwards, Marshall and Atkinson played a particularly good game that day and of the outsides Sykes, at centre, and the two halves, Huddart and Norris, did well. Afterwards General Hobbs (himself a great rugger player in his day) presented a cup to the captain and a tankard to each member of the team.

We now go on to the East Anglian District competition and, if we win that, we represent East Anglian District in a match against London District. By the time these notes are in print, all this will be out of the engagement book and into the diary.

The following was the team for the Divisional Cup: Crook, Golding, Sykes, Hollis, Summers, Norris, Huddert, Marshall, Bellamy, Cowell, Green, Atkinson, Hughes, Griffett, Foster. Sgt. Parker (who else?) was linesman.

SOCCER

The soccer team has achieved an outstanding success in the Southend League and we are, at the time of writing, league leaders—our record is: played 11, won 10, lost 1, goals for 67, against 17, points 20.

We have five more games to play, but we consider we have met and beaten our toughest opponents.

Our only loss was incurred on the day after a 20-mile route march. The team played magnificently against the toughest team in the league, on their ground, but after half-time the previous day's activities began to tell.

We were sorry to lose Pte. R. Smith, our star centre-forward, who finished his national service and went back to Sheffield; he is now playing for that fine amateur team Norton Woodseats. We all wish him the best of luck for the future.

Our team "line up" is: Goal: Pybus; Backs: Wilson, Brown; Halves: Simpson, Cameron, Deakin; Forwards: Cousins, Grainger, Waite, Hodgson, Hollows.

We are fortunate in having a good set of reserves and, although we haven't got a second team properly going with fixtures, we have one ready to start.

To give the maximum number of men a chance to play soccer we introduced inter-platoon soccer

PAY TEAM DITTIES—1

"An impecunious young soldier from W.O.S.B.
Was commissioned direct into K.O.S.B.
His financial affairs caused a good many stares,
For he had only sixpence . . . in P.O.S.B."

leagues. These have aroused interest although some of the scores have been comparable to rugby results. We have two leagues and the positions are:

LEAGUE "A"

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points
M.M.G. ..	4	4	—	—	8
Signals ..	4	3	1	—	6
No. 3 Pl. ..	3	2	1	—	4
No. 11 Pl. ..	3	2	1	—	4
No. 5 Pl. ..	4	2	2	—	4
No. 1 Pl. ..	3	2	1	—	4
Anti/Tank ..	4	1	3	—	2
Drums ..	4	1	3	—	2
Band ..	5	—	5	—	0

LEAGUE "B"

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points
Mortars ..	4	4	—	—	8
No. 4 Pl. ..	5	4	1	—	8
M.T. ..	4	3	1	—	6
No. 10 Pl. ..	5	2	2	1	5
No. 2 Pl. ..	5	2	2	1	5
R/Empl. ..	4	—	2	2	2
No. 6 Pl. ..	5	1	4	—	2
No. 12 Pl. ..	4	—	4	—	0

We are not quite sure about the future of inter-platoon soccer matches because of training commitments, but we hope to complete the leagues.

In our next notes we hope to present news of trophies or league championships won, and we are definitely having a crack at the Army Soccer Cup next year.

ROYAL VICTORIA PATRIOTIC SCHOOL

An important change has been made in the conditions of eligibility for this school which has, hitherto, only accepted the daughters of deceased service men. *Eligibility has now been extended to the daughters of sailors, soldiers, marines and airmen who are living*, whether they are still serving or have been discharged to civil life.

The school aims to provide a sound boarding-school education, especially for girls whose home conditions are difficult, for example as the result of the frequent postings of men in the Forces with attendant interruption in the education of their children.

The age of admission is 5-11 years but, in exceptional cases, older girls may be accepted. The girls (present establishment 100, with age range 5-18) are housed at Bedwell Park, Essendon, Hatfield, Herts., and attend a number of local schools to which they are allotted in accordance with their age and ability.

Requests for further particulars and applications for admission should be made to:

The Secretary,

Royal Patriotic Fund Corporation,
64 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

Tel.: TATe Gallery 3006.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1. ABORTIVE EMBARKATION

On the night of April 16, 1940, the 1/6th Battalion entrained at Malton for an elaborately anonymous destination. It was, of course, quite obvious to even the most casual reader of the daily press that Norway was our objective. The battalion moved in two train-loads and the first party—consisting of two rifle companies and "elements" of "H.Q." Company—was under my command.

Our departure could not have been more uninspiring. In pitch darkness, the troops shuffled through the streets to an even darker railway station and formed up on the platform. We were fully dressed in "Battle Order" which included having that ridiculous article, the gas cape, rolled up and balanced precariously on top of one's small pack. As a nameless voice, some distance away, called "Here comes the Brigadier!" someone pushed violently by me and dislodged my gas cape. It fell somewhere in the dark amidst the soldiers' feet.

I knew nothing of war but was sure it was essential to be, at least, properly dressed to meet its first impact. I fell on my knees and groped hopelessly about on the platform. Someone stumbled heavily over something and, miraculously, my gas cape shot into my hands. Like a pantomime

devil, I rose up in the dark and confronted the Brigadier. He regarded me with suspicion but my explanations were drowned in the arrival of the train. We fumbled our way into it and an emissary from the Orderly Room placed an enormous bundle tied up with string on the seat beside me. "The Documents," he said, darkly, and disappeared.

Without warning, the train started in a series of jerks and we were off. I pass over the usual discomforts of night travel in war time in a blacked-out train, the shave in cold water in the dirty lavatory and the frequent stops and shunting. About 10 a.m. we reached Gourock and came to a final halt. A number of figures in uniform, adorned with white arm bands, stood on the platform. "Everybody out!" bawled the head figure. He was a major and a portly small man. He had all the belligerence of the non-combatant. He was the Embarkation Staff Officer.

I climbed down and confronted him. We looked at each other with mutual loathing. "Your Nominal Roll in Triplicate," he demanded. I retrieved the bundle of documents from my carriage and handed it to a lesser dignitary of the Embarkation Staff. Deftly, he cut the string, extracted some papers and handed back the balance. "Fall

your party in over there," instructed the Major and sulkily I complied. "Twelve officers and 232 other ranks. Check them." The minor arm-banded men ran round like sheep-dogs while the patient troops stood in their three ranks. "The officers are all right, but only 215 men," reported an Embarkation man to the Major. We scoured the train and flushed out some sleeping soldiers who were, inexplicably, lying in the luggage van. The white arm bands went into action again. "Only 229 men, sir," was the report.

"Well, well," I said cheerfully, "we seem to be improving."

"I suppose you realise," said the E.S.O. malignantly, "that unless we get it right I shall not allow you to embark."

I have frequently blushed since to think how easily I was bounced. A year or so later, I would have said: "That suits me admirably. Just lay on some tea and let me know the first train back." As it was, I was appalled. The most horrific visions passed before me. Disgraced by the Colonel, spurned by my family, posted at the "Rag." Hastily, I summoned the senior C.S.M. Fortunately, he was a Regular soldier. I explained our predicament. "Get it right somehow." He gave me a glance of deep complicity and went into committee with some N.C.O.s. The Embarkation Staff tried again. At last, it was correct and we were allowed to climb into lighters and go off to our ship—a Polish one.

Subsequently, the Colonel arrived with the second

train-load and the battalion was complete. We also had two bewildered Regular subalterns, on leave from other regiments in India; who had been sent to us as mountain warfare experts.

Meanwhile, in London the strangest things were happening to a series of hapless senior officers, designated in turn to command our expedition. The first, after receiving his orders at the War Office, fell in a fit on the Duke of York's steps on his way to the Senior. Perhaps understandably. His successor, in a taxi *en route* to the station, was injured in a road accident. The third achieved flying to Scotland but his aircraft crash landed and fixed him.

Aboard H.T. *Sobieski*, life was far from dull. Piles of fantastic winter clothing which rendered us quite immobile were issued. The poor mountain warfare experts showed us, on coal heaps in the docks, how to "picket the heights." The Colonel went ashore every day and returned looking gloomier each time: a landing at Trondheim from a cruiser; an opposed landing in open boats at Narvik; a landing from destroyers at Namsos.

In rapid succession plan after plan was made and discarded. At last, after 10 days, our immediate future was decided by an outbreak of meningitis aboard the *Sobieski*. Our file in the War Office was moved from the "Immediate" to the "Too Difficult" basket and we disembarked. We had had all the sensations of going to war but, fortunately for us in this instance, we had been spared the consummation.

B. W. W.-C.

2. VOYAGE FROM DUNKIRK

It was nearly dark as the companies withdrew to the farmhouse which we had made our headquarters during the final days of the defence of the perimeter.

We were at the south-eastern corner of the defences. Owing to the deliberate letting in of the sea most of the fields were covered in water and, except on the road, all movement involved wading. The enemy had not followed up the withdrawal of the forward companies.

The C.O. being away it fell to me as adjutant to organise the actual withdrawal from the farm. I gave the order that we should withdraw in threes down the road; I have often wondered since how crazy this decision was but, at the time, the risk seemed legitimate in order to maintain cohesion and benefit by the mutual encouragement which we should each obtain in this formation. We had a very long march ahead of us and the past few weeks since our withdrawal from the Dyle had been tiring to say the least of it.

Darkness had fallen by the time we moved off accompanied by two young Belgian boys who had joined us and wished to be taken back to England. They had been on a cycling holiday when overtaken by the war. I have often wondered since how they got on in England and it would be interesting to hear from them now. I remember how they had filled their pockets with chocolate which they had found in a deserted shop.

As we reached the area of the gun lines a figure came out of the darkness and said quietly: "Field Battery. May we march back behind you?" I am still grateful to that gunner for showing me so clearly the gunner interpretation of the word "support." This battery of 19th Field Regiment had been with us for the whole of the retreat, had enabled us to retain our positions on the perimeter and now, though they could already have been back on the beaches, had waited in order to be with us for the final withdrawal.

After what seemed many miles our going became more difficult as we reached the rear areas. I remember a Brigadier, I never knew his name, who seemed to have a headquarters at the side of the road, stopping me and asking who we were. I told him. "Many casualties?" I gave him a rough estimate. "You should learn to dig in." I thought of the flooded fields and the work of the men in the forward area. No reply seemed worth while and we went on our way.

We had been promised that if we held on until that night ships would be ready to take us off. But, when we reached the beaches there was no sign of the promised ships and we were told to make our way westwards where we would find them waiting for us.

We marched and marched until finally we came to the mole at Dunkirk. There were no ships and the mole was filled with men waiting their turn.

Dawn was breaking and the enemy began to shell the mole so we turned and withdrew eastward along the shore. Orders there were none and, though everybody was in good heart, almost light-hearted, it seemed that we were responsible for looking after ourselves and deciding what next to do.

As we walked along the shore we came across a beached destroyer or frigate and, as we were desperately short of drinking water, I climbed aboard to see if her fresh water tanks were still intact. By the time I got off the ship, having found no water, the companies had moved on and I was left with my Headquarters party; Alec Smith was amongst them.

As we were wondering what to do next we spotted a Thames sailing barge lying some 100 yds. offshore, her sails furled; she was a tempting sight. Most of us had served in Malta for three years and swimming and sailing came very naturally; it was not many moments before we were swimming out to her. I well remember that I carried my British warm on my head. Looking back I cannot think why I considered it so important, but I remember that, on reaching the barge, one of the men got in difficulties and, in going to his assistance, I lost my precious coat which got swept away on the tide. How cross I was with that unfortunate soldier.

This same lad had not the strength left to pull himself up on to the barge, nor, in fact, had Alec and myself to lift him. I remember feeding him brandy out of my flask; this must have been a good idea for eventually we got him aboard. I believe his name was Pte. Crowshaw. I hope he is still alive and well. It was a particularly good brandy—I cannot remember which chateau I got it from.

In time we were all aboard having been joined by Terence Carroll and a Grenadier Guards officer. I was somewhat shocked to see an officer of H.M. Foot Guards walking the decks of my ship without any clothes on at all. As far as I can remember he brought a couple of men with him.

It was essential that we got under way quickly so as not to get involved in the air strafing which we knew would start any minute for it was now full daylight. I remember how Alec and I struggled to work out which halyard was which, for neither of us had sailed that particular kind of boat before; but eventually her mainsail and jib were ready, I think due largely to Alec's efforts, and I was able to give the order to cast off. Slowly the old lady turned and we made off in a south-westerly direction.

The first thing was to get some form of order on board and I instructed Alec to organise the men into four watches and to ensure that I had a signaller in each. One watch was then told to stand by as hands and the remainder to rest.

The barge had no compass so I lined our own compasses up in front of the wheel and took an average. There were no charts aboard but, somehow or other, there was a school atlas and I was able to get a rough course to steer by. Very soon Dunkirk was a smoke haze astern and we found ourselves alone on a perfect sea with a fresh breeze coming over the starboard side and a brilliant sun overhead.

Somewhere about mid-day we saw a hospital

ship coming towards us, obviously making for Dunkirk. It was at this moment that a flight of three dive bombers began to circle, so I ordered all men below and, for some reason or other, tried to pretend I was a French fisherman in the hopes that we should be left alone. Why I thought a French fisherman on a Thames barge likely to be an effective bluff I cannot now imagine. Of course we need not have worried for the hospital ship was their target. I am glad to say they missed her; she turned and disappeared towards England and we continued on our way.

It must have been about one o'clock when one of the signallers brought me I think it was bully beef stew and some water. How wonderful it tasted! The watch below had not been idle; having searched the ship carefully and found some provisions they had organised the cooking and fed the whole ship's company: four officers and, I think, twenty-two men.

Some time during the afternoon we were met by a R.N. Patrol. We hailed them by signal lamp and asked for a course. One of the boats came alongside and gave us a correct bearing to steer on. I was very glad to find that we had not been far off course, which was certainly more luck than good management. About an hour later the same patrol overtook us, this time with one of the boats filled with men from another barge which had been sailed, so we learned later, by Colonel Mackie who commanded the 19th Field Regiment.

We were within sight of the English coast by now and accepted a tow in to Dover harbour. We cast off the tow after entering the harbour and I remember with what pride we steered alongside the harbour wall under our own way. A young naval officer jumped aboard before we had even tied up. The opportunity seemed too good to miss so I asked him, in language I could not use now, what he thought by coming aboard my ship without permission. The look on his face was well worth the tiresome journey back from the Dyle, but perhaps we did look odd, myself not least for the only thing I wore was a bath mat tied round my waist; our clothes were drying round the ship and on the rigging.

We said good-bye to the old lady with much gratitude and were escorted to one of the special trains standing in the harbour. Terence Carroll left us here—I believe he had some wound to be treated. Alec and I found ourselves alone in a carriage and were presented each with a large bag of Ovaltine tablets. I don't know why, but I have never forgotten those Ovaltine tablets for we both found them so very excellent and I remember we ate them for most of the journey.

When our Editor asked me to write a small account of this trip I felt it would be a great nuisance, and required several "reminders." But I must admit now, that, even if he crosses out most of what I have said, from my point of view it has been well worth while remembering those excellent friends with whom I served twenty years ago. So I am most grateful to him for having been his usual persuasive but kindly self.

D.I.S.

5/7th BATTALION, T.A.

SUB-EDITORIAL

Once again we are starting off the New Year in the traditional T.A. way—quietly. No one knows what storms and trials await us in 1960, but at least we can expect to be better prepared to meet them than we were this time last year. With our strength now doubled and with our training system overhauled and brought up to date, it has been the turn of the administrative system to be subject, this quarter, to the glare of critical publicity and to have its half-hidden, rusty joints and recesses burnished and oiled. Standing Orders have been rewritten and paper directives containing many “Thou shalt’s” and “Thou shalt not’s” have been heaped on the luckless company commanders and P.S.I.s. However, when the storm subsides and heads begin to reappear above the mountain of paper at present lying undigested in company “pending” trays the unit should be in a fit state to administer successfully not merely 300 men but our full total of 957. That, we all agree, will be the day!

In early January the Battalion lost one of its great personalities. Our Q.M., Lt. “Bob” Callaby, left us on posting to the 1st Battalion. He had been with us since April 1958 and gained a reputation with us that must be almost unique in the annals of the British Army—no-one ever heard him say “No” to any demand however outrageous; his nearest approach was “Ay, well it should be possible.” No Q.M. could ask for a better tribute than that, we reckon, and that’s why we are saying it to Bob. All the time he was with us he was a tower of strength, always willing, never belly-aching, a ready support to anyone needing good advice or a little makeweight in their stores inventories! All we can say now is “Thank You!” and “Lots of luck with the 1st Battalion!”

Bob’s replacement is Captain (Q.M.) Cyril Kenchington, M.B.E. As the last IRON DUKE contained a profile article on him there is little for us to say, but we do hope he and Mrs. Kenchington will be happy with us and, from what we have seen already, we know that he will soon get used to our T.A. ways and means.

We welcome a new subaltern to our ranks, Lt. Gerry Tyler, who, having seen the light, has transferred into us from the Intelligence Corps A.E.R. This is definitely our gain as, apart from his social and military qualifications, he is a cross-country runner of above average standard and is hoping eventually to make the Cambridge team. After that *we* hope he will be able to get our team going.

Unfortunately this year we were not able to raise a team for the Northern Command Cross-Country Championships but L/Cpl. M. Smith entered as an individual and is to be congratulated on coming within the first twenty home.

We were very pleased to see Major Lewis Kershaw when he dropped in one evening. As a former training officer of this unit he has left many friends here.

Major Heaton, our Second-in-Command, has undergone an operation recently, but we hope that by the time these notes appear he will be back with us once more.

Finally, congratulations to the rugby team of the 1st Battalion on their winning the U.K. final of the Army Rugby Cup.

OFFICERS’ MESS

It would be a very sad state of affairs if the Mess had to report that the last three months had been quiet, especially as the period included Christmas and the New Year. Fortunately we can report the opposite. Our festivities commenced with a wine and cheese party very ably organised by Brian Webster and Bob Hawkins. This was the first taste of Christmas for most of us and it made a very good start indeed. It is always very nice to bring our ladies to mess functions and they usually thoroughly enjoy themselves, especially at informal parties such as these. This has the additional advantage of staving off the threatened divorce by a few more months.

The highlight of our social year was, as usual, our Military Ball held at St. Paul’s Street on New Year’s Eve. Our many guests included Brigadier Commings and the Mayor and Mayoress of Huddersfield. It is interesting to report that music for dancing was provided by our own unit dance band supplemented by the local Trinidadian all-steel band.

On January 29 we officially dined our ladies in Mess. In the past this function has always been a success and this year was no exception. Colonel and Mrs. Howcroft drove over from Mossley and altogether 28 sat down to dinner. We had a most enjoyable evening and already our wives are looking forward to next year’s dinner.

It was a very sad day when we learned that we were to lose Bob Callaby our Q.M. During his short stay with us he proved to be an ideal T.A. Q.M. We wish him luck in his new post and hope that he will call on us whenever he comes north. In his place we welcome Cyril Kenchington who has already shown himself to be T.A. minded in many ways.

SERGEANTS’ MESS

The highlight of this period has been the Children’s Annual Party which was held on January 16 and was organised by the Sergeants’ Mess members and their wives. In all we entertained 126 children to tea and a film show, followed by ice-cream and the presentation of a gift to each child. A like number of parents were entertained to tea in the mess and this developed into an impromptu social evening. Many thanks to C.S.M. and Mrs. Woodcock, Sgt. and Mrs. Pilkington, R.Q.M.S. Machen, Sgts. Ward, Pitchforth and Wallace, Cpl. Williamson, L/Cpl. and Mrs. Winteringham, Mr. and Mrs. Brennan and Mr.

Lockwood for all the hard work they put in to make this party such a success.

Our system of social evenings held alternately at Arden Road and St. Paul's Street is now a going concern and these nights are thoroughly enjoyed by all who attend. By way of a change from the usual cold buffet normally served on these occasions, hot pies and peas have been produced by Sgt. Wallace and received with great enjoyment.

Our week-end training is more or less confined to monthly cadre Sundays which are normally held on the first Sunday in each month. It is very gratifying to see the large number of mess members who attend either in the role of instructors or instructed on the many and varied cadres taking place.

R.S.M. Frier and C.S.M. Arundel were delighted to find themselves temporarily attached to the 1st Battalion during the period when the 1st Battalion rugby team played and beat the Welsh Guards in the U.K. final of the Army Rugby Cup. Both would like to take this opportunity of thanking R.S.M. Randall and all members of the 1st Battalion Sergeants' Mess for their kindness and hospitality during this only too short visit.

Finally we must say good-bye to C.S.M. Thorpe who has decided that his civilian commitments make it impossible for him to continue as a serving member of the 5/7th Battalion D.W.R. (T.A.).

TRAINING NOTES

The biggest event in the training calendar since

the last notes were written was the adventure training week-end held just before Christmas. We operated in the area of Hawes and the Upper Ribbles Valley, spending the night in a disused school near Horton-in-Ribblesdale. Throughout the week-end the training was based on five company teams each of an officer and five men. On the Saturday these teams raced down a long, rough stretch of the Pennine Way and all, without exception, strayed from the admittedly difficult route once darkness and the mist arrived. But some strayed further than others! Teams were set off on a staggered start, the whole race was timed, and bonus points were gained if one team overtook another. The biggest laugh occurred when one team, having strayed off the right route down a steep slope, realised its mistake and, when just resting before re-tracing their steps, were caught up by another team which was going like thunder down this wrong path. Bonus cards were duly exchanged and the team which had been so decisively caught up and overtaken had the infinite pleasure of watching their conquerors haring off into the darkness at high speed—and at 90 degrees from the true path. They were eventually recovered.

The next day we climbed Pen-y-Ghent, the local "mountain," 2,100 ft. high. Unfortunately there was thick mist and so we could not enjoy the tremendous view which is to be had normally from the summit; on the other hand the team leaders got some first-class experience in using maps and compass in earnest.



"A" Company on Adventure Training, December 12-13, 1959

Left to right: Sgts. Carey and Booth, Ptes. Staples, Mann and Saville, C.S.M. Fitton

The four-Sunday cadres have progressed uneventfully. The regular attenders are now beginning to feel the benefit of them and we hope that the junior N.C.O.s in particular will show great improvement as a result of their leadership instruction.

Officer training, too, is going well. The monthly supper-and-training evening is enabling officers to make steady, and therefore solid, progress in R.T. procedure, which needs continuous practice. Other lectures given include civil defence, new Army organisation and company administration in peacetime.

This year our new shooting officer, Captain Curry, has organised a unit small-bore competition. The eventual aim is to single out the best company team and the best individual "open" and "young soldier" shots. Cups will be awarded. Whilst on the subject of small-bore shooting we must congratulate the "H.Q." Company team on its efforts in the T.A.R.A. S.B. decentralised competition. They are now leaders in their group and have increased their overall average of points per shoot from 480 to 575. Sgt. Milnes has scored one "possible."

The reorganisation of our support weapons training has now gone a stage further and the following system has been evolved: M.M.G.s. Detachments to be formed and trained by "A" Company (1), "C" Company (1), "D" Company (2). Mortars: "D" Company to supply two detachments. Our normal M.M.G. and mortar specialist instructors, Sgts. Kenny and Prince, will come over to Huddersfield once a week to train the "D" Company detachments. As a result of this reorganisation we are hoping to wipe the board with our rivals in the annual camp support weapons shoot. Amen.

Selected officers attended a Brigade study weekend at Sheffield on January 30/31. Civil Defence had loaned us their training hall and all attending were greatly impressed by the ingenuity with which the training had been organised. By the time we get down to serious C.D. training next year our senior officers, at least, should have a pretty firm grasp of that mythical straw known as the "Bigger Picture."

As far as the thirst for military knowledge goes the Regular staff of the unit have been setting a stirring example to their T.A. comrades. The Adjutant has been disappearing every afternoon muttering about "studying for Staff College"; C.S.M. Erswell and Sgt. Spring have disappeared completely and are now sitting in Ripon trying to cram a year's work into three weeks in preparation for their A.C.E. 1st Class, and L/Cpl. Lancashire is trembling on the brink of starting a correspondence course for his A.C.E. 2nd Class. Good luck to 'em all. They need it!

"A" COMPANY

Our last notes referred to the proposed decoration of our drill hall. Now, after more than a month of activity, there has emerged a wonderful panorama in glorious technicolour—mushroom, coral, pale rose, wedgwood blue, to mention only a

few of the colours—which has transformed Arden Road into a fitting home for the best company in the Battalion.

The highlight of the past few months was the terrific show put up by "A" Company in the Battalion adventure training and we congratulate Sgts. Carey and Booth, Ptes. Savile, Staples and Mann, very ably led by the "old man of the party," C.S.M. Fitton, on winning the inter-company competition against some very tough opposition from the Lancashire "Dukes" who we think may still be coming "o'er the brew"!

We welcome Lt. Sugden into our midst and know he will enjoy life with "A" and possibly, having been appointed company training officer, produce the school solution for a "Record of Training"!

With Support Company getting on the way now, we shall be sorry to lose Sgt. Kenny one night a week as he is to train the M.M.G. Platoon at St. Paul's Street, but no doubt he will swell the Sergeants' Mess funds over there!

Our own detachment of Cpl. Taylor, Ptes. Thompson and Hill will be in the capable hands of Sgt. Carey and we are sure they will bring fresh laurels to Arden Road in the competition shoots later in the year.

Our social activities are to include an evening being entertained by the local branch of the O.C.A. and we are to have a Company social to "unveil" our new decorations.

We have heard on the grape-vine there is to be a Battalion dance and prize distribution; if so, one thing is certain—"A" Company will be well represented, as it is in all Battalion activities.

N.B.—Visitors to Arden Road—On no account mention pink slips anywhere near a fair-haired sergeant; he will not "stand the test."

"B" COMPANY

This is always the difficult one to write; what has a Territorial Army Rifle Company done to excite the world—January to March ever?

We have looked at training films; shot on the range; tried T.S.O.E.T; played football in the Drill Hall (broken windows and light-bulbs; heard the Q.M.!).

We have "Refreshed" the trained soldiers; trained the recruits and "Run" cadres . . . roll on the summer and camp!

Our Cadets have continued to grow (apace with our "Terriers") both in numbers and stature.

We are hoping to be able to welcome new officers and N.C.O.s next notes, but for now let us droop down beneath our winter's hibernating pall!

"C" COMPANY

St. Valentine's Day finds the Management brooding—only one proposal and even less recruits. The "We've-had-more-recruits-since-January 1-than-you-" type barometer glares down accusingly from the bare plaster wall of the Company Commander's sparsely furnished office. The Management scratches its ageing head and thinks aloud (long pause): "Let's form a limited company, say "C" Company (Ullage) Ltd. and make all the lads shareholders—Class Z (non-voting, of course)



Photo: Regency Studio, Sowerby Bridge

Recruiting Parade, which was held by "B" Company in Mossley and proved very successful

Insets left the British Army and right Major D. R. Siddall, T.A., O.C. Company

—the Management can hold the others. No? Well, how about an exhibition?" And so an idea was born. The Exhibition will run on four consecutive drill nights from March 21 until March 31. The Management sincerely hopes that the event will be well attended, that all its patrons will enjoy themselves and that an appreciable number will sign on. No expense has been spared: gaily coloured posters of ski-ing at St. Moritz or swimming off Cap d'Antibes will tell the dubious what a wonderful time they can expect in the T.A. of today; the Quartermaster has actually promised us some stores; the side-shows will be too numerous to count. Oh Yes! we expect big things of our Exhibition.

Whilst this particular masterpiece has been maturing in the Management's mind, the Company has been enjoying a variety of training. A hand-chosen body of men under the command of an up-and-coming young officer, who we insist is NOT a member of the Company, took part in that epic piece of adventure training along the Pennine Way. Unfortunately our nameless leader, in his zeal, took the wrong turning at the Coliseum and ended up down the Appian Way, but the lads had the con-

solation of being in the lead up to their leaving the straight and narrow.

Three members of the Company have deserted us since our last epistle for varying periods and varying reasons. Pte. Hammond has joined the Regular Dukes. L/Cpl. Atkinson attended a weekend course which necessitated his meteoric elevation to Sergeant. His return to earth was just as sudden. The Management hopes to persuade him to deliver a lecture entitled "I was a Teen-age Sergeant."

Sgt. Spring has been sent back to school for a terribly long time. They must teach old soldiers nuclear science instead of basket-making before rehabilitating them these days. His absence stresses his value all too much, for the strain thrown on the Management is considerable. It would like to express its gratitude to the senior regular attenders—L/Cpl. Atkinson and Woodhead—without whose help that company might have to go into liquidation. A holiday is called for: roll on camp.

"D" COMPANY

The last notes ended with a mention of the adventure training and this is a good point at which

(continued at foot of next page)

M.A. Rome

Firstly, one's wife: "At last you're taking me to a civilised station."

Secondly, one's friends: "How the hell did you manage to muscle in on such a wonderful racket?"

Thirdly, a summary of the very sound advice received before setting off: "The routine stuff is straightforward once you get the hang of it and the rest of the work is 90 per cent. common sense. You'll find there's no lack of variety, however, and frequently no precedent to guide you. Leave your cloak and dagger behind, that is *not* part of your job. Cocktail parties unfortunately are, and the art is always to have a glass in your hand but to empty it very, very seldom; otherwise you will find—no matter what you may think at the time—that next morning you have forgotten half of what you have heard. Moreover, you will soon require a new liver, and it's no use applying to us for that."

What exactly is a military attaché? For a start, delete that word "exactly"; there is no tidy little formula covering all aspects of the job. "The prime function of an attaché," says Whitehall a trifle pompously, "is to serve his Ambassador." His position in this respect can be compared with the relationship between, for example, the D.D.M.S. and the Corps Commander: the Attaché is the Ambassador's link with the particular service or services which the Attaché represents—in certain countries one Attaché has to cover all three services.

(5/7th Battalion notes continued from p. 23)

to take up the story again. But the Pennine Way epic has been described by previous contributors—graphically, boastfully or factually, according to their pens—and "D" Company, bringing up the alphabetical rear, finds its thunder stolen. However, ably led by C/Sgt. Laherty, the Company team came in a very good second, and this despite some very heavy going—and some apocryphal signposts!

The laurels, however, should go to Pte. Nunn, our press photographer, who, as we struggled to the top of Pen-y-Ghent on the Sunday, was already there in the swirling mist taking photographs by the dozen. (*A pity that only one has come our way.*—ED.)

Normal training has been progressing slowly and demands little mention. As the drill nights have been mainly attended by recruits of late, we have been glad to give about half of our trained soldiers the opportunity of extending their training by helping to form the Support Platoon.

We are glad to record the promotions of Sgt. Laherty to C/Sergeant and Acting C.S.M. and of Pte. Simpson to L/Corporal. We are equally glad to welcome back Pte. Jones who had the bad luck to fail his medical for the 1st Battalion.

We have had two losses: Ptes. W. Noon and J. C. Shaw, who have joined the Colours with the Parachute Regiment. We wish them both the best of luck.

In serving his Ambassador the Attaché will find himself serving simultaneously both his own parent Ministry (and, of course, the Ministry of Defence) and one or two others as well, notably the Ministry of Supply. Some readers may recall that this matter was discussed in Parliament not so long ago and some pertinent but not entirely accurate comment subsequently appeared in the Press. Those who know the writer may well be thinking "P.G.L.C. as a high-powered armament salesman? I positively need another gin." They will be relieved to hear that this side of things is handled primarily by the A.M.A. who is "Tech" and therefore has some little idea of what he is talking about. M.A. and A.M.A. are, however, a two-man band (assisted by a highly competent office staff of three) and each has to be prepared to play the other's instruments. Enough to say that M.A. in this field has on occasion to act as a not entirely clueless assistant to his Assistant. One acquires perforce some slight understanding of what is meant by the Common Market, the Six, the Stockholm Group and so on, as well as appreciating the size and scope of American aid; one also begins to realise that in this field it is not just a question of having better goods than one's competitors, or better salesmen either. It is, in short, an uphill battle, but one gets promising nibbles here and there. Trade, of course, is a two-way traffic and the Attachés come in at both ends. The Italian 105/14 howitzer is at present under trial by us and stands a good chance of being adopted for certain roles. So the Attachés need to know what is on offer and report accordingly. Whichever way the trade wind is blowing we can expect to be kept busy with high-powered visitors—arranging meetings, attending conferences, writing up minutes, organising parties and so on.

Whilst we do our very best for the genuine article, we have had to take steps to discourage the Itinerant Vendor who arrives quite unannounced and expects the full treatment. Captain Flashman, it transpires, is the representative of Messrs. Rocket and Clanger who are—as of course the M.A. will be well aware—very well up in the field of high-powered electronic thermo-transistorised radar computers and he understands that this is just what the Italians are looking for. He would like to meet the Chief of Staff—or his Deputy, at a pinch—but his time is short, he's off to Athens the day after tomorrow. Credentials? Board of Trade? Good God, he hoped one would be able to cut through all that sort of fatuous red tape, surely that's what the Embassy is for? and by the way, he was talking to General Sir Jeremy Tiddlepush at his club only the other day—dear old Tiddle, charming chap, pity about his wife, they served together in the war—he and Tiddle that is, ha, ha—and Tiddle said to him . . . so he said to Tiddle . . . and, to cut a long story short, M.A. would be well advised to sell out everything he's got and put the whole boiling into Wrongers, as Rocket and Clangers are familiarly known on 'Change. Well, he mustn't take up any more of M.A.'s time, but he'll be at his hotel—the Excelsior, of course—that evening, and he hopes M.A. will have fixed everything by then.

The Attachés are the local administrators for personnel of their own services who come to the country for one reason or another. These range from the top to the bottom—and we really do do our best to provide competent and friendly service be it for Field-Marshal X on an official visit, Signalman Y, who has been dumped at the airport at some ungodly hour with an unspecified pain in tum, or Mrs. Sergeant Z, *en route* to Nairobi, whose pain in tum admits of a very simple diagnosis and who proceeds to make a contribution to the future population of Great Britain three hours later—but three months early.

In between come officers on Echange-au-Pair visits. This is a scheme which is to be warmly recommended and anyone who comes on one may expect to discard many preconceived ideas about Italy and the Italians. Some knowledge of the language is obviously a help but is not essential, though a bit of French will be useful. In default of either you can always adopt your grandmother's technique of continuing to speak English but, out of consideration for your hosts, speaking it a little slower AND A GREAT DEAL LOUDER. You may find things to criticise but you will certainly find plenty to admire and to enjoy. A young Parachute officer attached to an Alpini unit this year described his attachment as "the most enjoyable and memorable month of my life." Italy has a lot to offer and, to quote what is repeated in virtually every report, "the hospitality is beyond belief." In short, there's no harm in asking.

It is, of course, an important part of an Attaché's job to get out and about as much as he can, but none of us succeeds in covering as much ground as he would like and our visits are generally relatively brief and tend to have a slightly "red carpet" air about them.

What else? The ex-P.O.W. who was relieved of 1,700 lire after El Alamein, was given a receipt which he has now, unfortunately, lost, but who points out that in 1939 he could have done quite a lot with 1,700 lire and will Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II please give sympathetic hearing to his case? The lone-wolf, altruistic "agent" who writes long reports to you warning you to beware of the influence of the Mafia in the current international negotiations, that the baleful shadow of Roosevelt hangs over all and don't trust the Pope because he's a Communist stooge; or the gentleman who asks for an appointment in connection with the tragic case of a young acquaintance of his who is dying of T.B. contracted during the war whilst serving with a mule unit attached to a British formation. No, he has no documents, he doesn't remember the name or number of the unit or the name of the C.O. but the unit was stationed for some time just north of Rome, he's not sure exactly when or where. Surely it should be possible. . . . Well, well, that is very disappointing, very sad—however, whilst he is here, he might perhaps just mention in passing that he has a delightful property in the heart of medieval Rome which he is quite sure would appeal to the British taste and which he is prepared to dispose of for a fraction of its true value because he has been a life-long admirer of the

British, so perhaps M.A. would pass the word round amongst the British colony?

At times, the job does call for the exercise of tact as, for example, in dealing with the furore occasioned by the publication of certain memoirs. (We had fun in the office as an anonymous gentleman very kindly supplied us with press-cuttings of the more violent comments, with the juicier extracts helpfully underlined and "Liar!", "Shame on you!", etc. etc., by the side.) We got round this problem rather neatly and, on the whole, successfully, by congratulating the Italians on joining the happy circle of those who had felt the sting of the Field-Marshal's lash.

And so to the serious work of the day, a diplomatic reception or cocktail party—possibly two—and a dinner party to follow. The number of Glorious October (or November, etc.) Revolutions which call for celebration passes belief, and you can't tick the countries off as their parties occur because later on you will be invited to their Armed Forces Day as well. The British stick to the Queen's Birthday.

"Where does the job get you?" What a frightful question. It has, however, got one back to Italy and to Rome, and if the floods of tourists are any guide, we are not alone in our affection for this very lovely country and for its people, who respond so readily and so warmly once they know that you like them.

My Canadian colleague said one day to my predecessor: "Do you find, R, that in any given day it is remarkably difficult in this job to achieve more than one particular thing?" There was a pause whilst this was digested and R then replied, "One thing, my dear D? *Every* day?" (Thanks to the similarity of our uniforms and our moustaches and to the fact that we both apparently possess what our wives describe rather sadly as "Army faces," the Canadian Attaché and the writer are becoming known locally as Castor and Pollux, the Heavenly Twins. No prizes are offered for variants on this theme; we have already thought of them all.)

Finally it must be remembered that the tourist traffic is not and never was entirely one-sided: the Emperor Settimius Severus is believed to have reached the Moray Firth during his visit, though he left nothing to indicate his preference as between Nairn and Lossiemouth. In more recent times the well-to-do of our own country who set off on the Grand Tour were being matched, if not in quite the same numbers, by their Italian counterparts. Whilst reading through the journal of one of the latter, a young Italian nobleman on tour in England during the early 19th century, I came across the following entry which seems to make it clear that the cost of living even then was fairly high:

Oxford, 11th October.

	s.	d.
Food ..	5	0
Wine ..	15	0
Chambermaid	25	0
Hay for ass ..	4	0

(This ass will be the ruin of me.)

P. G. L. C.

Correspondence

8 Saunders Street,
Southport.
February 23, 1960.

DEAR SIR,

Perhaps I may be able to answer the enquiry concerning the two brass elephants in the Sergeants' Mess, mentioned in your issue No. 115. (*In 1st Battalion, Sergeants' Mess notes.—ED.*)

When I became bandmaster to the 2nd Battalion in October 1909 I bought them in London—somewhere near Regent Street.

During the 1914-18 War I was ordered from Earsdon near Newcastle to Halifax, and from there I asked for my goods, left behind in Dublin on mobilisation, to be sent to me at Halifax. Among them when they arrived were the two brass elephants and I offered them to the Depot Sergeants' Mess and, at a monthly meeting, R.S.M. Theed accepted them and registered the same in the minutes. The same applies to an overmantel. Am glad to hear they are still in good hands.

As I am in my 83rd year I always look forward to information contained in *THE IRON DUKE*.

Yours faithfully,

A. D. HANCOCK.

(Late Bandmaster 2nd Battalion, 1909-19.)

Ashton Cottage,
Bishop's Waltham.

DEAR SIR,

I was interested to read James Hayes' article in the January *IRON DUKE* about Lt.-Colonel James Webster. It is, as he says, unfortunate that we know so little about Webster. I have done some research on him, myself, but have found him a most infuriating subject. There is an article on his father, the eminent cleric, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," but about James himself, apart from the bare bones of his progress from ensign to lieutenant-colonel to be culled from contemporary army lists, the spare references to him in Boswell's "London Journal," and his activities in the latter part of Cornwallis's last campaign in the Southern States, one can find nothing.

I have searched the Cornwallis correspondence—an abysmally dull book—and found next to no reference to Webster. Yet I feel that he must have been quite a figure in the Army.

However, I have just found a reference in "Journal of Roger Lamb, Sergeant 23rd Royal Welch Fusiliers" which is now in their museum. Lamb was with Cornwallis's army in the Southern States and, of the battle of Guildford Court House, writes:

"In this desperate battle, we lost in killed and wounded above 500 men, near one-third of our entire army. Among the mortally wounded was Lt.-Colonel Webster, whose death a few days later struck Lord Cornwallis with such pungent sorrow that he exclaimed: 'I have lost my scabbard.'"

Yours faithfully,

B. W. WEBB-CARTER.

Regimental Association Post Box

Mr. Code received the following letter from ex-C.Q.M.S. Fred Stephenson who has been admitted as an In-Pensioner at the Royal Hospital:

Ward 16/13 The Royal Hospital,
Chelsea, S.W.3.
January 8, 1960.

DEAR MR. CODE,

When I arrived here last Monday I was handed a Christmas card and £1 as a gift from the Regimental Association. I wish to thank you and all concerned for your generosity and to wish you and all my Old Comrades a prosperous New Year.

I am pleased to inform you that I am quite happy here and shall never regret coming here—everything is fine and, had my Army pension been twice the amount, I would willingly forfeit the lot for what we get here. If you meet anyone who is thinking of coming here just tell them what I say, everything is lovely.

I may see you when I am on leave. Wishing you every success and thanking you once again,

Yours gratefully,

F. STEPHENSON.

In 1902, at the age of 17½, Fred Stephenson enlisted in the Green Howards but was bought out by his parents after a few months' service. He then enrolled in the 1st Volunteer Battalion, West Riding Regiment which in 1908 became the 4th (T.A.) Battalion. He served (Regt. No. 89) as a territorial until the unit was mobilised in August 1914, and served in France with the 2/4th Battalion.

After the war Stephenson re-enlisted as a regular and was posted to the 1st Battalion Foreign Service Details, sailing, in August 1919, for Palestine where they were joined after a few months by the cadre of the 1st Battalion from India. He served continuously with the 1st (with tours of duty at the Depot and as P.S.I. to the 7th Battalion) until February 1930 when he was drafted to the 2nd Battalion in Ahmednagar.

In November 1932 he was discharged to pension and became an Army Recruiter at Pontefract. In 1940 he re-enlisted and spent the war years, attached to The East Yorkshire Regiment, as a P.S.I. to the Home Guard.

In September 1930, in Ahmednagar, Stephenson's eldest son, Jack, enlisted and was granted a passage home to join the Apprentice Tradesmen's School, Chepstow. Jack is still serving as a captain in R.E.M.E.

Readers who served with the 2nd Battalion in Cairo, Singapore and Ahmednagar will remember **Boy, later Bandsman, Atkins**. Mr. Code tells us that he was known generally as "Twink." Not long ago Mr. Code was given a cutting from a Canadian newspaper with a report of the presentation of the Canadian Decoration to Atkins, now Captain W. T. (Bill) Atkins, A.R.C.M., senior director of music in the Toronto Garrison and bandmaster of the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada.

Mr. Code wrote to Captain Atkins to ask for his

news and for an account of how he came to Toronto and his present position. He has received a long and "newsy" reply and the details of Captain Atkin's successful career—upon which we would like to congratulate him on behalf of the Regiment—are given below.

Toronto, Canada.
1960.

On December 6, 1922, aged 14 years, a Londoner, I enlisted at the depot for the 2nd Battalion Band. I was too small to be fitted with a uniform by Q.M. Captain Oliver, and it was three weeks before Master Tailor Roach was able to turn me into a uniformed soldier. Had I known then that 38 years later I would still be wearing Her Majesty's uniform, I probably wouldn't have spent such an impatient three weeks. I joined the 2nd Battalion in Cairo early in 1924. Five years later, after a splendid basic musical training under Bandmaster V. Wright, I was selected to attend the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall, for the one-year course. The finale of my year was the honour of being awarded the prize as the outstanding clarinetist.

The 2nd Battalion was now stationed in Singapore where I rejoined them in 1929, just prior to the next posting, on the Deccan, India. In 1932 I returned to Kneller Hall for a further three years of study, graduating in 1935 as the winner of the Commandant's prize for composition and an Associate of the Royal College of Music. My posting was as Bandmaster to the 1st Battalion the Wiltshire Regiment and I began my second tour of duty in Singapore.

During my final year at Kneller Hall, the band went to Canada and U.S.A. on a tour and, as each member of the band was wearing his own regimental full dress, I was approached by quite a number of "Dukes." Among them was ex-C.S.M. Reg Grady and his family; Mrs. Grady was formerly Blanche Major, and both families will be well known to Association members. Before leaving Toronto, three weeks later, I was engaged to be married to Miss Gertrude Grady, a daughter of the Regiment, and almost a year later she journeyed

(continued on p. 64)

The Centre Piece (continued from next column)

by a figure of the 1st Duke of Wellington standing beside his Waterloo charger—Copenhagen. (The 1st Duke was Lt.-Colonel of the 33rd for 13 years and Colonel for a further seven.)

Presented by the officers of the 33rd Regiment, past and present, in 1881, "in memory of the old 33rd, raised 1702." (In 1881 the 33rd and 76th were linked under the Cardwell System to become the 1st and 2nd Battalions, The Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment.)

The vase has the badge of the 33rd on one side, and the plinth has two shields; one bears the inscription, the other the names of six battle honours of the 33rd.

Valuation for insurance, 1958: £1,200.

THE MESS PLATE OF THE 1st BATTALION

Last year Major Graham Tedd completed and presented to the Officers' Mess of the 1st Battalion a valuable record the purpose of which, he writes in the introduction, "is to place on record a full description of the Plate and Medals and, in a brief and acceptable form, something of the background and history of the Colours and a catalogue of the Battle Honours awarded to the Regiment as a whole, which will always be available for officers to study."

We intend to publish from time to time short extracts from, at any rate, the section devoted to the mess plate, a term taken to include "all items of gold, silver, brass, marble and the like which are valued and insured." We feel that many retired officers, at any rate, may like to be reminded of what are now for them vanished glories. Inevitably we start with:

THE CENTRE-PIECE



Photo: Larry Morgan, Brentwood

A silver vase and cover.

Approximate dimensions: Height: plinth, 8 in.; vase, 17 in.; lid, 11 in. Diameter of vase: 14 in. at widest point.

The vase heavily ornamented with festoons of fruit, leaves and branches. The cover surmounted

(Continued in previous column)

(Post Box continued)

from Toronto to Singapore, where we were married in true military style in the Garrison Church, Tanglin Barracks. On December 3, 1960, we look forward to celebrating our silver wedding anniversary.

My second tour of India began in 1936, our station Bangalore where our only child, a daughter, was born in 1937. I was returned to the United Kingdom in 1942, the Band having been posted to duty in Burma, and I spent the next four years in Shropshire at the R.A.O.C. Depot at Donnington, organising band concerts, stage shows, dances, etc., for the thousands of troops and A.T.S. working at the Arsenal.

After V.E. Day, being pensionable, I decided to move to Toronto, and establish myself in civilian life. Almost immediately after my arrival I was offered the appointment of Director of Music to the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada with the rank of lieutenant. The past fourteen years have been with the Militia and I am now the Senior Director of Music, Canadian Militia. My civilian job is Music Supervisor to Lakeshore High Schools, Toronto District.

The Queen's Own Rifles are Canada's oldest regiment, celebrating their centennial in April 1960. The guest of honour is to be "Monty" with whom so many of the men served.

My early army and musical training with the 2nd D.W.R. Band have greatly furthered my career and I have the honour of again being first Vice-President of the Toronto Musicians' Association; in 1957 I was President of the Canadian Bandmasters' Association and for five years was the Chief Adjudicator for the Canadian National Exhibition, Music Contest.

Being first and last a soldier at heart my most treasured awards are for military service: George VI Coronation Medal, Long Service and Good Conduct—British Army, and now the Canadian Decoration for my services to the Queen's Own Rifles.

In closing I would like to say that Mrs. Reg Grady, Jim Grady (2nd Battalion D.W.R.) and two daughters, Marian and Muriel, all live near us in Toronto, and many happy times at Halifax and the Depot are recalled.

Captain Atkins also writes: "Your letter came as a very pleasant surprise, it seems so long since we had first-hand news of the Regiment. My wife and I were only recently planning a long vacation in Blighty next year and we had intended visiting the Depot, as my wife grew up in Halifax. . . . Now we feel more convinced than ever that this will be a good idea.

Please convey our best wishes to George Major (my wife is his cousin). It was very kind of him to send you the cutting. Please convey my sincere wishes to Larry James, Calvert and Cpl. (as he then was) Halstead. Those were the strict discipline days, eh?, but we have many happy memories and the honour of being 'a Duke,' something I have always been so proud of."

Obituary

We deeply regret to record the following deaths:

**Lt.-Colonel Sir Frank Brook,
D.S.O., M.C., D.L.**

Lt.-Colonel Sir Frank Brook died at his home, The Manor House, Pool in Wharfedale, on February 16.

Sir Frank had a distinguished record in the first world war in which he fought on the western front at first with the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry and later with the 2/5th D.W.R. He won the D.S.O., the M.C. and the Croix de Guerre with silver star. Joining the 2/5th in 1917 he was appointed acting lieutenant-colonel in December of that year to command the battalion. When the 2/5th and 1/5th Battalions were amalgamated in February 1918 he was appointed second-in-command of the combined battalion. In July 1918 he was appointed to command the 2/4th Hampshires with whom he stayed until the end of the war.

In 1919 Sir Frank was appointed Chief Constable of Southport and in June 1920 he became Chief Constable of Nottingham where he worked until he came to Yorkshire in 1929. He was Chief Constable of the West Riding from 1929 to 1935; he then became one of H.M. Inspectors of Constabulary for England and Wales, an appointment which he held until his retirement in 1953.

He will be greatly missed both in the police service, to which he devoted most of his life, and in 5th Battalion circles.

Lt.-Colonel J. M. Haigh, T.D.

Lt.-Colonel Haigh of 11 Halifax Road, Edgerton, Huddersfield, died very suddenly on February 11 at the age of 63.

Educated at Sedburgh School, Colonel Haigh was associated with the clothing industry throughout his career. He was Chairman of Directors of Haigh and Birstow (Huddersfield) Ltd.

He was commissioned into the 5th D.W.R. in 1914 at the age of 17. He was severely wounded on the Somme in 1916. On the re-formation of the 5th Battalion after the first world war he became second in command of "B" Company at Holmfirth. He later commanded "D" Company at Mirfield and in 1930 left Mirfield to form "A" (Machine Gun) Company in Huddersfield. In 1932 he became 2IC of the Battalion and, on its conversion to an anti-aircraft battalion in 1937, he took command of 370 A.A. Company at Huddersfield. In 1939 he was appointed to command the Battalion and relinquished command in 1942. He held the Territorial Decoration.

Colonel Haigh was a vice-president of the 5th D.W.R. Old Comrades' Association and was actively associated with a number of voluntary and charitable associations in Huddersfield.

Cremation took place at the Huddersfield Crematorium on February 15 and was very largely attended, testifying to the universal affection in which Colonel Haigh was held by all who were privileged to know him.

Major Henry Kelly, V.C., M.C. and Bar

Major Kelly died, after a long illness, on January 18 at Prestwich Hospital, Manchester. He was 74.

The funeral took place at the Southern Cemetery, Manchester, on January 22, and was attended by his widow, Mrs. Kathleen Kelly, Lt. and Mrs. H. Kelly (son and daughter-in-law), Miss Kelly (daughter) and Mr. J. Kelly (brother). Major J. H. Davis (R.H.Q.) and Major W. L. James (Regimental Association Representative, Manchester) attended and represented the Colonel of the Regiment and the Regimental Association respectively.

Henry Kelly was born at Moston, Manchester, on July 10, 1887, and was educated at St. Patrick's School and the Xaverian Brothers' College, Manchester. He enlisted as a private on September 5, 1914. He obtained his commission on May 12, 1915, went overseas to France in May 1916, and won his Victoria Cross on October 3, 1916, at Le Sars while serving with the 10th (S) Battalion, D.W.R. The official citation read:

"For most conspicuous bravery in attack.

"He twice rallied his Company under the heaviest fire, and finally led the only three available men into the enemy trench, and there remained bombing until two of them had become casualties and enemy reinforcements had arrived.

"He then carried his Company Sergeant-Major, who had been wounded, back to our trenches, a distance of 70 yards, and subsequently three other soldiers.

"He set a fine example of gallantry and endurance."

Kelly served on throughout the war and in 1918, by which time he was a captain, he was awarded the M.C. in June on the Assiago Plateau, Italy, and a bar to this decoration in October, during the battle of the Piave. Both these honours were won for outstandingly gallant and dashing leadership of successful raids. But the citations speak not only of dash but of coolness, efficiency and fine leadership. And perhaps not the least illuminating light on his quality is shed in an account of an unsuccessful raid which appears in the history of his Division: "Thanks, however, to the judgment of Captain Kelly the casualties had not been as heavy as they might have been."

It is clear, even from the bare bones of recorded history, that Henry Kelly must have been an outstanding fighting soldier of whom the Regiment should be very proud.

Ex-Sgt. Tom Power

Tom Power died at his residence, 9 Corporation Street, Sowerby Bridge, on February 20. His health had been failing for some time prior to his death.

He was well known to many past and present members of the Regiment who passed through the

Depot in the period 1926 to 1947 where he was employed as a clerk in the Orderly Room.

"T.P." came to the Regiment in 1919 from the Seaforth Highlanders and was employed as orderly room sergeant from then until 1923 when he joined the 2nd Battalion in Egypt. In 1926 he came home and went on pension, obtaining employment at the Depot almost immediately as a clerk and remaining there until reaching the age limit of 60 years. He was a life member of the O.C.A. and was a founder trustee of the Regimental Association when that fund was set up in 1945. Mr. S. E. Code and Mr. Yaxley represented the O.C.A. at the funeral. Mr. Power was a widower; he leaves one daughter Margaret of the same address.

Ex-Sgt. Fred Llewellyn

Fred Llewellyn died on February 21, at the Royal Infirmary, Halifax, aged 73 years. He had not enjoyed the best of health in the last year or so.

He joined the 2nd Battalion in 1908 in Lichfield and served with them throughout the whole of his soldiering until retiring on pension in 1928 when the battalion was in Singapore. He was a Mons Star man and was one of the few who went through the whole of the 1914-18 war with the 2nd Battalion.

"Daisy" Llewellyn was extremely well known throughout the Regiment and was liked by all who came into contact with him. An affable and friendly person to meet with a pungent dry humour peculiarly his own. Most of his service was spent in the Regimental Pioneer Section and for many years he presided over the Pioneers' Shop as the Pioneer Sergeant.

After leaving the service he served as a postman for 18 years in the Halifax area and, whether delivering news grave or gay, always had a cheerful word for all. Following retirement from the Post Office he became a gateman at Sunny Vale Pleasure Gardens, Halifax; after this he became a traffic warden.

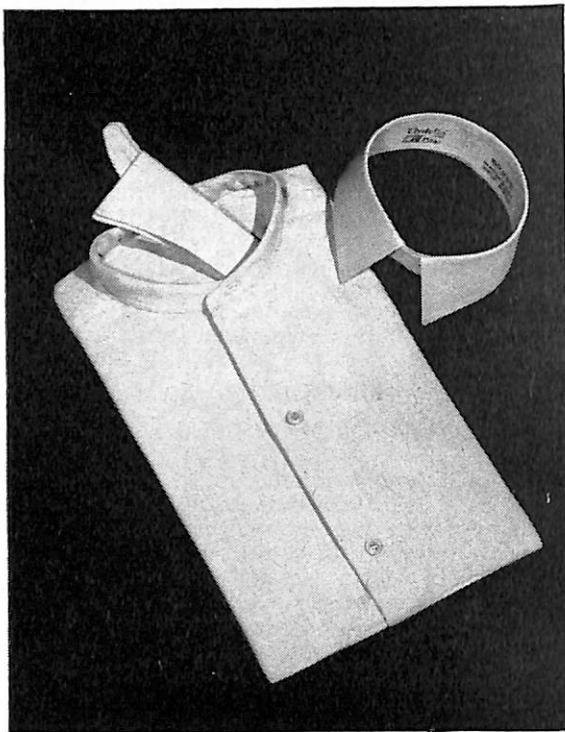
His leisure was given up to helping his fellow men and he was Chairman of the Halifax branch of the Old Contemptibles Association for many years; he was also Secretary of the Belle Vue Veterans Association.

The funeral was attended by the following Old Comrades: Mr. T. McMahon, Mr. F. A. O'Kelly, Mr. T. Dennett, Mr. J. Yaxley and Mr. S. E. Code. Many other ex-service bodies and friends were present.

Mr. Llewellyn, a widower, is survived by his son Sidney, and three daughters, Gwen, Doreen and Peggy.

JOBS

During 1959, 19,546 men and women from the Regular Armed Forces of the Crown were placed in employment by the National Association for Employment of Regular Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen. This was 81 per cent. of those who registered at one or other of the Association's 52 branches covering the whole of the United Kingdom. Of this number, 8,355 were from the Army and 25 were from our Regiment.



Right for the Regiment

Khaki Clydella shirt with two semi-stiff collars, 55/-
 Since before the Napo'eonic Wars Gieves have
 been making uniforms and plain clothes—possibly a
 unique record. Our experience is at your command.
 Why not use us for all your Service and off-duty dress ?



BY APPOINTMENT
 TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
 AND TO THE ROYAL NAVY



BY APPOINTMENT
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The Diary of No. 12624 Pte. Arthur Sunley

9TH BATTALION, THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT

The Diary of a Battalion Orderly during the First World War

(Continued from page 94 of No. 113, July 1959)

The last instalment of Pte. Sunley's diary ended with the Battalion in the front line at Houplines, near Armentieres, in May 1916.

The Battalion went to Armentieres to rest but, on the 18th, were called on to proceed up the line in battle order as Jerry had commenced bombarding again. We felt very relieved when we were not required.

The Battalion was eventually relieved by the Wellington Battalion, New Zealand—a very fine set of fellows with magnificent physique. On the 20th, the Battalion marched from the schoolroom at Armentieres about midnight, and marched for three days (via Morbecques and Wardrecques) to Moule. The weather was fine and very hot—not too comfortable for marching. Luckily, after the first day's march, we were near a canal of which naturally we took full advantage. We spent about an hour in the water which much refreshed us and made us ready for the next day's march.

We arrived at Moule to find the civilians very friendly, and spent a happy hard-earned rest. The first "Lord Derby" draft arrived here and I met a

few boys from the local town; naturally we arranged a celebration at the estaminet and spent a pleasant evening. During the day, the Battalion was on intensive training for open warfare; there must be something in the wind, every company being made up to full strength and every man had to be inoculated.

One evening I went down to Amiens with a few friends and, near the church, came across a "Red Lamp." Being rather curious we thought we would go in. A big stout woman was stood at the door, making uncouth remarks in broken English, very similar to a fairground show where they bawl: "Come and see the fat lady," but in this case it was young females. On entering, there was a room where you could have drinks which were, however, rather expensive. On the right and up a staircase were about a dozen or so young females who I should imagine were members of a nudist club. There must have been about 50 men in the place. We left after half a hour, feeling disgusted with a system which is generally recognised on the Continent.



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After three weeks of what was known as rest from the trenches, being mostly spent in intensive training for open warfare, the Battalion moved out of Moule and marched to Andruicq, where we entrained, and arrived at Poulainville on the Somme. After a pleasant rest there, we bivouacked in a wood (Bois des Tailles) as reserve for the great Somme offensive.

Thinking that the runners would have a great deal of running about with messages we decided to abbreviate the regulation trousers into shorts. This was a distinct improvement but caused trouble for us as will be seen later.

The Battalion was in reserve in a sunken road near Meaulte. It was raining very heavily and we made a shelter out of Mills bomb boxes. If a shell had struck this temporary shelter that would have been the last of the Battalion orderlies—but is it surprising that Tommy thinks more of comfort than danger? Later in the day a heavy shell burst near the entrance of the H.Q. dugout, killing two signallers and badly wounding an orderly (Frank Whiting from Ilkley). The H.Q. officers were trapped in the dugout for two hours but, luckily, none was injured.

July 1. The guns opened in full force and before 5 a.m. the air was vibrating with the shock of cannon. The earth fairly trembled and a feeling of keen excitement tingled in all ranks. At dawn the troops went over the top. Later, we of the 52nd Brigade moved up the Fricourt road into the front-line trenches at Fricourt, previously held by the Germans. I had to take a message to Brigade H.Q. to the left of Fricourt in an area where British troops had "gone over the top" on the first day of the attack. What a sight! There was a dead British Tommy to every yard of the front and, in that hot sun, their faces were shiny black. The smell of corruption remained in my nostrils for months afterwards—a constant reminder of the carnage. The flower of Kitchener's civilian army had perished, those grand lads, the finest in England, finished before they had begun to live. What a bloody game war is!

Continuing my journey I came across a dead sergeant of the Lincolns in one of the deep German trenches. Around him there were six dead Germans, all gashed in the head and face. The story was plain: this stocky Lincoln lad, jumping into the trench, had given them rifle, bayonet and butt until, in his dying frenzy, he had accounted for all. More often than not deeds of this description are never heard of as the witnesses also perish.

Further on I came to a corner of trench with about 30 more German dead where they had grouped for safety and had been killed by a single heavy shell. And so it went on: dead, dead, more dead, and still more dead. And this was only the corner of the front of the offensive which was miles long. What a price to pay for a strip of blasted earth! I carried on with my message feeling dazed and horrified, wondering if I had ever been a peaceful citizen.

On the evening of July 4 the Battalion moved up to the attack at Quadrangle Trench, passing very slowly through the front-line trenches in the midst

of a heavy bombardment. Here, about midnight, I encountered a fellow townsman (Arthur Dawson from Holmfirth). With the quick remark: "It looks like going into hell fire—what bloody chance have we!", I shook hands with him and wished him luck as I passed on. There was something unreal and sinister about the place. It was as if all Hades had been let loose. It is marvellous how troops carry on, knowing that they have not one chance in thirty of coming out alive. Arthur Dawson, and his brother too, passed out in this attack.

And so we go over the top at dawn and are repulsed with many casualties, reorganise and have another go. Captain Petty and his battalion bombers reach Contalmaison, along with some of the Manchesters, but have to fall back owing to lack of support. It is raining very heavily and the ground is a quagmire and the troops over ankle deep in mud—rifles clogged up and machine guns useless. So, bitterly, we retire to trenches.

We had to pass through a trench where the wounded had been carried from the open. My God, what a fearful sight! The trench was full of wounded and it was difficult to pass without treading on them. Far better to be killed outright than to be wounded as some of those poor fellows were.

On July 7 the remnants of the Battalion were relieved, and went into bivouac under canvas. Only then could we count the cost. The queries all around were; "Have you seen so and so?" "Yes," one would reply, "Poor chap—so and so killed and so and so wounded." Stanley Gledhill, Norman Lockwood, Harold Hepworth, chaps I enlisted with, all wounded.

Captain Benjamin, commanding "B" Company, had been killed by a sniper. He was a Jew and there was a natural prejudice against him in the early stages of the war but this was quickly dispelled by his tact, fearlessness and bravery. He was a grand fellow. He knew every man in his company by name and, though a very strict disciplinarian, was most considerate for their welfare and was, in turn, beloved and spoken of as "Good old Benji" by all.

Five of us were ordered to appear before the Commanding Officer. Thinking that we were "on the peg" for something we went with trepidation but were relieved to hear that he wished to compliment us on our work during the attack and to say that we had been recommended for an award through the usual channels.

A few days later, having entrained at Dernancourt and detrained at Ailly sur Somme, we marched to Molliens Vidame. Here the orderlies were again paraded before the C.O. but were this time straffed for destroying government property, to wit our trousers, and ordered to pay for new ones. We considered this most unjust as the trousers had been cut to make us more efficient. I should have thought that they would have forgotten a small detail like that after such a big thing as the Somme offensive; but trousers must not be cut down—only men.

At Molliens Vidame I had an interesting con-

versation with an elderly English lady whose daughter had married a Frenchman. Naturally she was delighted to talk to us. What struck her forcibly was that British battalions, coming from the line all muddy and dirty, would next morning be spick and span as if war did not exist, arranging football matches and generally looking as happy as if on holiday, whilst the French troops stayed in their dirty clothes and never troubled much about their general appearance.

After 14 days' rest we took over the line at Longueval and Delville Wood (Devil's Wood). Going up towards Longueval about 11 p.m. we could see in the distance a village which appeared to be on fire and wondered if this was to be our destination. Coming nearer, we could hear the explosion of bombs and rifle bullets but, on arrival, discovered that shell fire had set alight an ammunition dump in the village. So we had to proceed warily.

All the way up we were subjected to heavy artillery fire and had to fall flat on numerous occasions. One shell burst near our H.Q. party and a Tommy of the Dorsets, who was coming out of the line, was badly hit. The adjutant, Major Danby, ordered me to stay with this man till assistance was sent. It was 1.30 a.m. before I persuaded a party of Dorsets, coming out of the trenches, to escort him down to hospital.

I was now in a quandary; I did not know where Battalion H.Q. was and the place looked too dangerous to wander aimlessly about in. I got as far as Longueval church (what was left of it) and, eventually, came across one of my orderly chums looking for me—his name was Winn. Much relieved, I was guided to H.Q. which was in a deep German dugout near the church.

At this time H.Q. was experiencing a very heavy bombardment; all the wires had been cut and communication could only be established by orderlies taking messages. The adjutant asked for volun-

teers to take a message to Brigade H.Q. and, having only a hazy idea where it was situated, Wilf Thomas and I set out at 4 a.m., running 100 yds. at a time and falling flat at intervals to avoid shell fire. We eventually arrived at Brigade H.Q. at 5.30 a.m.

It was marvellous how the orderlies always found their destination; I am sure 75 per cent. of it was by instinct. Every message that was taken in this sector had its own thrill. The orderly named Winn, previously mentioned, was proceeding with a message but had only gone 20 yds. from H.Q. when a shell burst and he was killed instantly. His fellow orderly was not hurt and continued with the message.

Whilst taking a message to "B" Company one night Thomas and I thought we would take a short cut across country but, after seeing no-one for half an hour, suddenly realised that we were lost. Creeping on hands and knees we came to a deep shell hole and, sitting down for a few minutes, read and memorised the message by the aid of the Very lights that were shooting over our heads. Unfortunately we could not determine whether they were Jerry's lights or ours so, loading rifles to the full complement, we destroyed the messages and went gingerly forward till we distinguished the steel helmets of our own Tommies.

Feeling more cheerful we got within 50 yds. of them when two shots rang out. We fell flat, as they whistled over our heads, then risked standing up and walked straight to the line of trenches where we found a company of the Royal Fusiliers. When we reported our message to the officer in command he told us that they had been watching us for about an hour and that we were very lucky not to have been shot as they thought we were Jerries on patrol.

Our difficulties were not over yet: we still had to find "B" Company. The officer did not know the whereabouts of the battalion on his right but—with a wave of his hand—thought that they were half right from his position. This did not convey much when we could not see above five yards in

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INCOME			EXPENDITURE		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Balance Credit, 1958	38	8 10	Donations:		
Subscriptions:			Officers' Families Fund	3	3 0
Major Roberts	10	10 0	Royal School, Bath	5	0 0
Major R. E. Sugden	10	0 0	Honorary Colour Fund	15	0 0
Colonel Stevens	10	0 0	R.H.Q. Entertainment Fund	20	0 0
Brigadier Orr	10	0 0	IRON DUKE Production Fund	15	0 0
Subscriptions at £1 1s.			Hillier and Sons, wreath	1	14 0
Maj.-Gen. K. G. Exham, Cols.			Bank Charges		10 6
Everard, Frankis, H. Harvey,					
Majors Austin, J. H. Davis, Scott-			Purchase of 5% Defence Bonds	50	0 2
Evans, Capt. R. H. D. Bolton ..	8	8 0			
Members' Subscriptions	39	10 6	Balance Credit	21	8 1
Dividends, Defence Bonds	4	18 5			
	<u>131</u>	<u>15 9</u>		<u>131</u>	<u>15 9</u>

F. H. FRASER (Brigadier).
January 8, 1960.

front of us excepting when a shell burst or a Very light went up. To make matters worse a heavy bombardment commenced. Actually, however, we were really in the safest position as the shells were going over the top of us and landing on the supports and in Longueval.

The usual battalion runner's instinct led us; we fell into some trenches and gave Captain Cunningham, O.C. "D" Company, the shock of his life. On perceiving who we were he stated emphatically that he would not accept the message. I am sure that Delville Wood got on the nerves of everyone.

Leaving "D," we carried on our search for "B" Company. Suddenly I heard a broad Yorkshire voice and recognised it as Cpl. Brown from Brighouse—a good lad. Making towards the sound we eventually came to "B" Company at dawn, 5 a.m. We verbally delivered our message to the

effect that, as there was no continuous lateral communication between the front-line battalions, companies on the right had to dig towards the left, and vice versa, to establish communication. There was a big gap between battalions and I suppose "B" Company had to dig until they found the Royal Fusiliers. I'm afraid we couldn't have guided them!

Arrived back at Battalion H.Q., thoroughly exhausted, we reported message delivered. It was a point of honour with the orderlies that they never failed to deliver a message if it was humanly possible. In difficult and dangerous positions the orderlies worked in pairs if possible, with duplicate copies of the messages, the idea being that, if one orderly was wounded, the other could and would deliver the message.

(To be continued)

The 11th Battalion Group

In the April 1959 issue we published a group of the officers of the 11th Battalion taken in July 1915. Only comparatively few of the officers in it were named and we asked for help in identifying others.

This has produced more correspondence than anything else we have published to date and, although the list is not yet complete, the majority of officers have been identified—mainly owing to the remarkable memory for names and faces of Colonel Ben Sayers.

We hope to publish the revised list but feel it would be more interesting to reprint the photo at the same time, and have not yet been able to find room for this.

Meanwhile we publish below part of an interesting letter from Brigadier E. W. Rogers, C.I.E., who wrote to say that, although named in the list published, he was not in fact there—for reasons which he explains.

FROM THE 11TH BATTALION TO THE 1ST

I suppose most of them were drafted to other battalions of the Regiment, and some to other regiments; and I wonder what happened to them all. You see we were, when I left, about 70 or 80 officers, and I think we had a bare 200 men. Officers kept on turning up but nobody got away.

Training wasn't very good—it couldn't be in those circumstances—and there was great impatience to get away.

My chance came in an extraordinary way. With the exception of one or two officers of the Reserve, passing through as it were, nobody had gone. Then, at the beginning of June, there came a demand for two officers to go to the 1st Battalion in India. There was a list of officers considered ready to be posted and the first four were: Reincke, Hoffman, Pidwell, Rogers.

Reincke was machine-gun officer and couldn't be spared so Hoffman and Pidwell were detailed. Pidwell celebrated his "release" a little incautiously one night in Birmingham and got into trouble with the Provost. And so another officer

was detailed and of course it was me—and I still have somewhere the somewhat cumbersome embarkation orders of those days: almost parchment, and I think the Mil. Sec. "had the honour, etc.," with Pidwell's name struck out and mine inserted in red ink. The moving finger of the orderly room had writ and so it was that, on June 22, Jack Hoffman and I sailed for India to miss the war altogether. Pidwell went to Gallipoli and survived.

So much for the luck of the draw. For me, of course, it meant that I joined the 1st Battalion which was then still practically untouched. I think the average service of the men was eight or nine years and the senior officers were men of the same generation as your father: Watson, Maffiet, St. Hill, Horsfall, Maples, "Buffles" and Officer was the adjutant, and Freddie Wellesley the Brigade Major. Yes, officers who had served in the South African War were still captains; I recall "bubbly" in the mess when Maples got his majority in September 1915 when we were in Peshawar.

I was posted to "C" Company (Captain Maples; C.S.M., Tom Milner; C.Q.M.S., "Sutch") and Jimmy Maples broke me to his will; this was a process which was hard to endure. But he had his object and this was his method of achieving it—no bad thing for any young subaltern—and I am sure that, in the end, I never had a better friend in this world. And, if much was demanded, much was given: on hot-weather afternoons, over I had to go to his bungalow, and out came F.S.R. and there were schemes to do and maps to draw. Stonewall Jackson was a favourite of his; I was also commanded to write to Thacker, Spink for a book called "The Defence of Duffer's Drift" by "Ole Luk-Oie," wherein was much wisdom.

And how Jimmy fretted to get away to the war! And how he badgered Simla in his efforts to do so. He finally did, and his death in Mesopotamia at the end of 1916 was a great blow to me, and a great loss to the Regiment.

Forgive this nostalgic exercise, prompted by poring over an old photograph. But perhaps I may be forgiven for persisting to think that there every was again anything quite like the 1st Battalion when I joined it.

1st Battalion Notes

(Continued from page 53)

"A" COMPANY

Our main task recently has been preparing for the annual administrative inspection. A high standard of turnout was achieved by all ranks in the Company on parade and in the barrack room. The great day will be long remembered for the length of time we had to stand still on an extremely cold day; all in the Company are to be congratulated on standing their ground so steadily. On the Commanding Officer's pre-parade inspection "A" Company came third in the barrack room competition; No. 3 Platoon are to be congratulated on achieving an especially high standard.

In the field of sport "A" Company has been well represented in all Battalion teams; Cpl. Reddy, L/Cpl. Wren and Cpl. Cooper have represented the Battalion at basket-ball; at rugby we have eight members in the Battalion 1st and 2nd XV's, they are Captain Hoppe, 2 Lt. Allan, Pte. Keegan, 2 Lt. Golding, 2 Lt. Mundell, L/Cpl. Hollas, 2 Lt. Norris and L/Cpl. Huddart, the last named shortly back from a P.T. course at Aldershot having turned into a very able scrum half. At soccer we have five in the Battalion 1st XI: L/Cpl. Grainger, Cpl. Reddy, Pte. Wilson, Bds. Kendrew, Bds. Flaherty.

The Company were easy winners of the Inter-Company Cross-Country thanks to the enthusiastic training of 2 Lt. Norris. The following were in the team: Cpl. Lindsay and 2 Lt. Norris, who came first and second respectively, Sgt. Simpson, Pte. Nicol, L/Cpl. Hollas, L/Cpl. McGovern, Pte. Kenny and Pte. Greenwood.

Congratulations of the Company go to C/Sgt. Dickie on the award of the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal, also to him and wife and Pte. Manners and his wife on the birth of daughters. Pte. and Mrs. Keevil have also had a child whose sex is at present not known as Keevil is away on compassionate leave. The Company were glad to welcome back Pte. Perkins after three weeks of civilian life.

As usual we were sorry to see the departure of many old friends and wish Cpl. Goodfellow, Cpl. Elliott, L/Cpl. Garner, L/Cpl. Dean, Ptes. Flaherty, Childerson, Shields, Buckle, Smith (51), Bacon, Beal and Bds. Airey, Veevers, and Hawkins success in civilian life.

On the home front Major Kavanagh relinquishes command to Captain Hoppe in order to take over as Battalion 2IC. All in the Company appreciated the hard work he put in on their behalf and wish him well in his future tasks. The Company were glad to welcome 2 Lt. M. Stacpoole from Sandhurst to take Command of No. 3 Platoon from 2 Lt. Mundell who has been lent to Training Company for a month or two. 2 Lt. Golding switches in the Mess Secretary's chair to 2 Lt. Norris; it was quite a surprise to see him in boots and anklets again. 2 Lt. Allan soldiers on as No. 2 Platoon Commander.

PAY TEAM DITTIES—2

"Oh Mr. Cox (and Mr. King) I cannot laugh,
I cannot sing;
For Mr. King (and Mr. Cox) there's nothing in
my money box.
So Mr. Cox (and Mr. King) please do the
gentlemanly thing,
I'm sure that Messrs. King and Cox don't wish
to see me on the rocks."

"B" COMPANY

We in Bravo are a volatile collection of souls, hypersensitive, aware of the mood of the moment—in truth, we are always, in what we do, either bottom or top. We are like people who read *The Times* one day and the *Daily Mirror* the next, or *THE IRON DUKE* one day and Part I Orders the next; we are creatures of extremes, fluctuating from the sublime to the ridiculous.

For instance, we came top of the Inter-Company Small-Bore League first round, by 30 points in 500, with Mr. Pugh in the top three individual scores. Bravo! Yet we came bottom in the Company Barrack Room Inspection by a wide margin. In this, however, we came top in the section on "Cleanliness of Accommodation," admittedly after we had come bottom in "General Impression," "Bed Space," "Battle Order," "Weapons and Respirators," and something else. As our reader may guess, our aggregate was bottom; the cleanliness (so little short of godliness) could not redress our general impression.

However, we soundly impressed whoever was impressionable by coming top in the Inter-Platoon Marching and Firing Competition. No. 5 Platoon came second in the march and inspection and first in the shooting with 184 points (double the number of the Anti-Tank Platoon) to win the flag that Major Tedd had unearthed from another era. To slam the lid on the pot, No. 4 Platoon came in less than a point behind and, to our relief, No. 6 Platoon were not quite bottom.

When it comes to the soccer league, No. 4 Platoon are currently top (shared by the Mortars who are a game behind) and No. 6 Platoon are currently almost bottom. No. 5 Platoon occupy that position which is so foreign to us, somewhere in the middle.

In producing people for the Battalion basketball team we are bottom, without a soul to our credit, but in rugby we are the tops for we have at least twelve playing regularly for either the 1st or 2nd XV: 2 Lts. Davies (who is also playing for the Army), Pugh, Bellamy and Crook (who captained the 2nd XV in winning the Divisional

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Cup), Cpls. Foster and Cust, L/Cpls. Green, Clavier and Hughes (who also pays us), and Ptes. Mills, Atkinson and Smith (607).

We haven't a man in the Battalion cross-country team, but we own nearly half of the soccer team at various times: Sgt. Tratt, Cpl. Read, Ptes. Deakin, Cameron, Pybus, Hodgson, Coates, Hopps and Joy.

And finally, when we were asked to produce volunteers for some heat acclimatisation trials which are to take place in the summer, probably overseas, we looked like being bottom with the return that No. 4 Platoon and No. 6 Platoon sent in; but then No. 5 Platoon volunteered to a man, which was a top effort. Bravo!

And now a personal note. We congratulate Cpl. Foster on his marriage when there were still four shopping days to Christmas, and Cpl. Cust and his wife Rosemary on the birth of their daughter with one shopping day to go. We commiserate with our West Indian, Harper, who finds it so cold here that he wears his overcoat to watch television throughout every evening that he is not on guard duty. Sgt. Galley left us on St. Valentine's Day to go off on a civil defence course. Captain Wood and Captain Stacpoole keep changing about as Company Commander like Punch and Judy, and all the other officers seem to be away on loan to the Training Company. Our rock of continuity remains, as always, C.S.M. Kirk.

"C" COMPANY

"C" Company has been fully extended on running continuation training and the junior N.C.O.s' cadre as well as preparing for the administrative inspection.

One squad, under 2 Lts. Crook and Pugh, went up to Wales to do a five-day adventure training exercise in January, as the finale to their training. This involved five days of climbing mountains, hill walking, patrolling, canoeing and camping. All of the squad, although recently arrived from the Depot, came out with flying colours. They returned with many "fishermen's tales" as to just how high they had climbed and just how many "Eskimo rolls" they had performed. It was a highly successful exercise, well carried out.

A second squad, under Lt. Huffam and 2 Lt. Campbell-Lamerton, were involved in a similar exercise in Essex. Although they did not have mountains to climb they nearly all found a river or canal to turn their canoes over in or to fall off single-rope bridges into. Needless to say the water was excessively cold but, despite this and the general toughness of the exercise, morale and effort were of the highest order.

The outstanding recruit of both squads was Pte. Coll who is now attending an N.C.O.s' cadre.

The two squads now undergoing training are doing well although their six-week course has been severely curtailed to two-and-a-half weeks.

A junior N.C.O.s' cadre is also in progress under 2 Lt. Mundell, Sgt. Chilvers and Cpl. Bamforth. Pte. Coll is again mentioned as being outstanding on this, in company with Ptes. Ellsworth, Nash, and Atkinson.

Our permanent staff have had one alteration. We

very regrettably said farewell to C.S.M. Norman who is now busy building the Bisley team. He has served the Company extremely well in a quiet and efficient manner and steered it successfully through the administrative inspection.

C.S.M. Pennington takes over, fresh from his work on air-portability. Otherwise all the old happy smiling faces are there. Pte. Perry is now company runner and Pte. Douglas, who had a good report on his continuation training, is assisting Cpl. Watts in canoe building.

C/Sgt. Costello still baffles all high ranking inspecting officers with his cheerful sphinx-like smile. He and his two storemen L/Cpl. Eccleston and Varley have run a very good and efficient stores, as well as an excellent tea service for the Company Commander.

Weatherall in the Company Office attended a clerks' course and came back with a report that with "practice he should become competent." He certainly got plenty of practice until inexplicably the company typewriter developed faults and had to be removed. Still, it will not be long before we hear his two-finger typing again.

"D" COMPANY

For the first time for several years the Company has reached three figures—101 to be precise. The majority of this rather large number joined the Company in early January after completing continuation training. Several of the newcomers have already found themselves what are commonly called "employed" jobs throughout the Battalion without

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being transferred to "H.Q." Company. L/Cpl. Stead, who plays cricket for Yorkshire, is a regimental policeman; Pte. Pickup, a professional golfer, is Battalion sports storeman having taken over from L/Cpl. Davis, now returned to civilian life; Pte. Pashby dons a blue and white striped apron in the butcher's shop, while Pte. Kellerher climbs into check trousers and cooks in the sergeants' mess; Ptes. Budge and Campbell work in the hub of the Battalion, the orderly room; Ptes. Reidy, Atkinson, Ware and Hays belong to Sgt. "Pop" Dodds' "private army" of pioneers.

This still leaves quite a few men to play soldiers in the Company.

The administrative inspection passed without major incident or setback; no one was asked the name of anybody, no one was asked how he would set about making a complaint, there were no awkward moments. We turned out in combat kit and F.S.M.O. for the Brigadier to inspect and Pte. Chaplin had to turn out the contents of his large pack; he even had his spare laces. The Brigadier had a look in No. 10 Platoon and No. 11 Platoon barrack rooms; in the former Pte. Hill's civilian shirt caught the eye though not like the white shirt in the advertisement for a popular washing powder; in the latter Pte. Wardle's name board occasioned some comment about cricket in spite of the fact that it had fallen from the top of his locker on to the floor.

Our attention is now turned to the forthcoming exercise "March Brown" in which No. 12 Platoon is to take part. The other two platoons have escaped this ordeal as their commanders will be in Berlin playing rugger when the exercise is on.

We welcome to the Company Cpl. Hartley who has been at Beverley for some months training recruits and Cpl. Chivers late of the ration stores.

Ptes. Nash, Atkinson, Jones, Guy and Coll are attending a N.C.O.s' cadre in "C" Company and Sgt. Chilvers is one of their mentors. Mr. Everard has attended a fire officers' course and was, curiously enough, appointed Unit Fire Officer. He is now on a Christian leadership course but is unlikely to be appointed Padre on his return.

We said good-bye to Major Tedd who has gone to the R.A.F. Staff College where we wish him every success. Captain Cowell now presides over the Company whenever he is not away somewhere or other.

Ptes. Pickering and Lowther are in the process of taking over the duties of clerk and runner respectively from L/Cpl. Wilkinson and Pte. Marney who after many months of loyal service are shortly to leave us. In the Company Stores Pte. Clarke is taking over from the elder Timlin (31) who is also due to leave shortly. Then there will be one, Timlin (02).

"S" COMPANY

We are losing Major John Butterfield, who is going into retirement. "Major John" has been our Company Commander for about 18 months, and everyone who has served under him will agree that we could not have had a better one and that we are very sorry to see him go. We wish

him, his wife and his family all good fortune on their entry into the civilian world.

We have just bade good-bye to our two storemen, L/Cpl. Dolphin and Pte. Linskill, who have served the Company very well for nearly three years. Special mention must be made of L/Cpl. Dolphin's prowess on the sports field; he has captained the Company soccer and cricket teams throughout his three years' service. He will be missed greatly.

We welcome as our new Company Commander, Captain "Sam" Robertson, who is an ex-machine-gunner so no doubt will "know the ropes" pretty well. The Assault Pioneers are now well up to strength and have just come back from training under our affiliated field squadron; we can expect practice "bangs" all over the place from now on. As usual our "private armies" have their own sections below, so we will let them carry on.

ANTI-TANK PLATOON

We have just lost our original National Servicemen who were with us in Northern Ireland. They were Ptes. Foster, Spurr, Butterfield, Jackson, Hinchcliffe, Deyes, Smith, Roderick, and McDougall. Two regulars have also left—Ptes. Fill and Wager. We wish them the best of luck in their new jobs and hope they don't lose contact with the "Dukes."

In their places we welcome Ptes. Peacock, Cole, Dixon, McGovan, and the brothers Lofts. We hope they will enjoy their stay with us, and will prove worthy of the only worthy platoon in "S" Company (E. begs to differ).

The only big event of the past few months has been the admin. inspection. This has called for a great deal of polishing, inspecting and heart-searching but finally, as usual, we pulled through with a good report.

Now we must get back to training with Uncle Sam's unusual weapons, to be ready for the annual firing in March. (Uncle Sam is not a reference to new Company Commander.)

Congratulations to Cpl. Kelly on his marriage. The cynics and his friends never thought he would make it. Confidential reports draw nigh. Will Sub/Dog Knut get his promotion? Watch for the next instalment—exclusive to THE IRON DUKE.

YE OLDE MACHINE GUNNE PLATOON

They are calling our weapon obsolete; they are saying that our dear old Vickers, which last year had its Golden Anniversary, is to be replaced. But hold hard, you ex-machine-gunners; stifle back those sobs and shake off that icy finger creeping up your spine. The time is not yet ripe. They have threatened to execute us before, but we have always fought them, and to date we have won through; I am sure we will win again. They may call it "the ancient weapon" but as yet they can produce nothing to equal it, much less better it, so I think we have a stay of execution for at least three or four years.

Platoon training has been interrupted by the recent upheaval before the administrative inspection. We did our best with the conditions, but we were fighting a losing battle. As hard as we

scrubbed, what remaining plaster there was flaked gently to the ground. The whole thing was heart-breaking, really, but the Platoon put their backs into it and produced a good result.

We are writing to Sir Stanley Rous to see if we can enter into next year's F.A. Cup, with our soccer team. We have had a very successful season, and have yet to lose a match. We must admit to having strong support from L/Cpl. Dolphin and C/Sgt. "Stanley" Wilson from the Company Stores, but a lot of the credit must go to L/Cpl. Sloan who is our team captain and manager.

Lt. "Chuck" Ivey finally left us just before Christmas, and we welcome in his stead 2 Lt. Martin Summers who has already gained his place between the posts in the Platoon soccer XI.

Sgt. and Mrs. Middleton are to be congratulated on producing a potential machine-gunner to join us. We hear he has L.G. 380 in his veins. We look forward to seeing Nicholas in circulation soon.

Pte. Browne has now gained his majority and feels he holds the Government in the palm of his hand with his vote.

The Casanovas of the Platoon are thriving, and girl friends and fiancées are mounting up. A word of advice from an old hand: "When out driving with a girl, don't use one hand. Use two—and drive with your knees."

3-IN. MORTAR PLATOON

There have been so many changes in the Platoon since our last edition that this writer hardly knows where to start.

Firstly, there have been great changes in personnel. Mr. Bray, after two years of hard work, has left us to be A.D.C. to his father in Aden, so to join what is known as the second-oldest profession; he has done much for the Platoon, and everyone will miss him; we all wish him well and hope we may see him again in the latter half of this year. In his place, we welcome Mr. Cumberlege.

The last of the "old lags" are ready to leave the nest at last. Goddard has already left for Millom and, by the time we go to press, "Jacko," Ian Elshaw, "Brid" and "Bas" Wilks will have joined him in "civvy street." They have been good mortarmen and those left behind wish them every happiness in their new life.

We are vying with the M.M.G.s in the soccer world, we also being top of our league. We have a very good side and have had good support from all

in the Platoon. Finally our new members are being initiated into the "S" Company way of life and are proving sufficiently corrupt.

"H.Q." COMPANY

The year 1959 drew to a close with the C.O. ordering a 20-mile route march. After a few preliminary marches to harden the feet and to break in new boots "H.Q." set out in two groups. There is nothing special in this for the majority are in their teens and should be able to march this distance. However, we have a few men who are reaching, or are on, the wrong side of forty; Sgt. Dodds, Sgt. McGill (A.C.C.), Cpl. Jackson and other men of long service who set a fine example to the younger men. We had no potential "Dr. Barbara Moores" but we must place on record that all men completed the march; it was hard to fall out whilst "Pop" was still walking.

We have held two air portability exercises which proved most entertaining. On the first none of us really knew what we were expected to do, and we learned from our sins of commission and omission. The second turned out to be much better; it started off looking like the "retreat from Moscow" but once Captain Robertson had given us the number of our seats on the plane and we realised that we were not going to march, we felt that we might reach our destination. A great deal was learnt from dry runs. It proved that a complex company like "H.Q." could not move without sound detailed planning; every man must know his job, which company he is to be attached to and which party he is to travel with. Thanks to the experts, a very large distribution board, and hundreds of little discs, we now feel confident that most of our problems are solved.

We had a "visit" from our Brigade Commander on February 16. He carried out his inspection on a very cold and frosty morning and most men agreed that they would rather mount guard on Buckingham Palace than be inspected by the Brigadier again. It was said before he arrived that he had an eye for detail, and how he proved it. The C.O. published an order complimenting the Battalion on the standard achieved, so we must assume that the Brigadier was satisfied with what he saw.

A competition was held before the Brigadier's Inspection for the best accommodation for which the inspections were carried out by the C.O. and the 2IC. Rooms and areas, contents of F.S.M.O. and correct marking of kit were all part of the competition. When we consider that we have almost half the Battalion on our charge we wonder how the Rifle Companies let us beat them. In the event "H.Q." came first, with 89 points out of 100, with "C" Company second. We can only thank the C.Q.M.S. and group sergeants for their hard work in making sure that men had their correct kit and that it was packed in the correct place. At the same time we must not forget every man in the company who put his back into cleaning up the accommodation, and Sgt. Dodds and his boys who slapped on the odd coat of paint.

S/Sgt. Brayshaw has had an article accepted for publication in the April issue of the *Army Review*.

Arthur Sunley

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It is on a very important subject and we hope that it will be well read; we do not wish to steal his thunder but a little internal advertising will not do it any harm.

Congratulations go to Pte. Davies (09) on his marriage; also to L/Cpl. Simpson on becoming a father for the first time and L/Cpl. Mitchell for the second time. We have said farewell to a number of men including Cpl. Russell, Cpl. Maynard, L/Cpl. Fox, Ptes. Smith (37), Cowburn, Brown (41), Briggs (80), Stansfield, Farrar, Lawrence (12), Hague (07), and L/Cpl. Stell. We would like to welcome Ptes. Jacobs, Hudson, Parker, Holroyd, Middleton and Smith (56), and we hope they settle down in their new jobs.

REGIMENTAL BAND

We have not had many engagements, apart from the usual Officers' and Sergeants' Mess dinner nights, but we are looking forward to a busy summer season, of which the highlight will be our recruiting tour of Yorkshire. Just before Christmas we entertained Colonel Moran, Major Firth, and Major Kavanagh to a social evening which was enjoyed by one and all. It was a social in the usual Band tradition, and many people suffered with sore heads the following morning.

In the Battalion soccer league we have yet to win our first game and are, therefore, right at the bottom of the table. There was a rumour one game that an Arsenal talent scout was watching us, so Bandmaster Bowyer turned out to play. We still lost.

We close these notes with a final tribute to L/Cpl. Mitchell, who was killed in a road accident. Long will we remember him.

A BAND UNWANTED

A bandsman is a creature
Of very peculiar whims;
He likes to keep his hair cut long,
And does not press his things.

He's the terror of the C.S.M.s,
Who think their world has stopped,
When with dismay they hear the words:
"They've come to join your lot."

The C.Q.M.S. raves and shouts
And tears his hair with woe;
He's got the Band, alas, alas,
It's such a bitter blow!

The R.S.M. does try his best
To see they soldier well,
But there are times he murmurs,
"I wish they'd go to hell."

In feats of valour they are lacking,
In sports they shine but dim;
They'd rather play their instruments
Than get kicked on the shin.

With drums a-banging, cymbals clanging,
Trumpets sounding shrill,
'Tis time to close these tales of woe—
Cor blimey, we're on drill!

DRUMS

In the past few months we have lost one or two of our drummers but we have been very lucky and gained quite a few new ones. We wish old and new the best of luck.

There has been a recent outbreak of marriage fever; we hope it will produce lots of little drummers.

In the football league we are not doing too well. We did manage to beat the Band, 7—3, but, after all, we always do.

Musically we are coming along quite well and we look forward to a busy season where we can display our skill.

In the last issue of THE IRON DUKE our notes seem to have got mislaid, we hope that we will have better luck this time. (*We understand that they were not mislaid but rejected by the Sub-Editor—who seems to have been soft-hearted this time—ED.*)

We close by wishing all the best to limp-along L/Cpl. Walker who had to leave us for medical reasons. Good-bye, Alf, we hope to meet you in the future.

UNIT PAY OFFICE

"The time has come, the Pay Clerk said,

To alter many things,

Like credit slips, and income tax,

This brand new Pay Code brings."

(*With humble apologies.*)

The heading is the result of first browsing over the pristine white White Paper, which is going to cause much amending during the next few weeks. Many are the interpretations being hazarded; wishful thinking knows no bounds, and, we fear, many will be the disappointments.

A fiscal eruption of this nature is liable every two years in this "new-look" army, and no sooner have you amended the Pay Warrant than the thing is out of date. It is true that the printed amendment never seems to catch up, but this also goes for hotel prices. (No holidays this year.)

The administrative inspection is behind us, and everyone is satisfied with the result. A great deal of work has been done, and credit is due to all. The one regret is that our efforts in the savings line leave a lot to be desired, but Yorkshiremen are most shy about their financial affairs, and why not?

Competing in the unit football league are L/Cpls. Large and Walton, who try and stiffen two obviously creaking defences. L/Cpl. Hey is already serving a tennis ball or two, and L/Cpl. Hughes is playing rugger regularly for the second XV. L/Cpl. Watkins is lending a hand to Depot 1/3 East Anglian whilst they wait for a replacement Pay N.C.O., and L/Cpl. Nobes is being married in May.

S/Sgt. Hathaway is attending classes, and Sgt. Kirk is wavering over the formality of signing on for a further decade or so.

The office in fact, goes ahead as usual. Certain of our friends have been sent empty away on occasion, and certain others have received "flea in ear."

"*Stranger than fiction Department.*"

Overheard in U.P.M.'s office: Young officer (earnestly). "What is a 1771?"