

No.118 October 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  
Seringsapatam  
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 Suva  
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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OCTOBER 1960

No. 118

### BUSINESS NOTES

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HALIFAX

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# THE REGIMENT

## Colonel of the Regiment :

MAJOR-GENERAL K. G. EXHAM, C.B., D.S.O.

## Deputy Colonel of the Regiment :

BRIGADIER B. W. WEBB-CARTER, D.S.O., O.B.E.

*Regimental H.Q., Wellesley Barracks, Halifax:* Retired Officer I/C, Major J. H. Davis

## Commanding Officers :

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 1st Battalion, Meeanee Barracks, Colchester, Essex                          | Lieutenant-Colonel A. D. Firth, M.B.E., M.C.                  |
| 5/7th Battalion (T.A.), Drill Hall, St. Paul's Street, Huddersfield .. .. . | Hon. Colonel: Colonel G. B. Howcroft, C.B.E. M.C., T.D., J.P. |
|   | C.O.: Lieutenant-Colonel F. R. Gadd, E.R.D., T.D.             |

## AFFILIATED ROYAL ARTILLERY REGIMENT OF THE TERRITORIAL ARMY

|  |   |
|--|---|
| 382 Medium Regiment, R.A. (D.W.R.), T.A., Drill Hall, Prescott Street, Halifax .. .. . | Hon. Colonel: Colonel N. T. Bentley, T.D.   |
| "P" (4 D.W.R.) Medium Battery, R.A., Drill Hall, Prescott Street, Halifax .. .. .      | C.O.: Lieutenant-Colonel D. F. Wharry, R.A. |
| "Q" Medium Battery, R.A., Drill Hill, Mirfield .. .. .                                 | Major M. R. M. Tetlow, R.A., T.A.           |
| "R" (6 D.W.R.) Medium Battery, Drill Hall, Otley Street, Skipton .. .. .               | Major B. Farrow, T.D., R.A., T.A.           |
|  | Captain P. B. Knowles R.A., T.A.            |

## ALLIED REGIMENT OF THE CANADIAN ARMY

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <i>Le Régiment des Voltigeurs de Quebec, Ménage Militaire, Grand-Allée, Quebec .. .. .</i> | Hon. Colonel: The Right Honourable Louis-S. St. Laurent, M.P., C.P., C.R., LL.D. |
|  | C.O.: Lieutenant-Colonel R. F. Matte   |

## AFFILIATED UNITS OF THE ARMY CADET FORCE

|  |                                    |
|--|------------------------------------|
| 382 Cadet Medium Regiment, R.A. (D.W.R.), The Hutments, Hunger Hill, Halifax .. .. . | Lieutenant-Colonel S. W. Jamieson. |
| 5/7th Cadet Battalion (D.W.R.), Drill Hall, St. Paul's Street, Huddersfield .. .. .  | Captain R. R. Robinson             |
| A.C.F. Contingent, Heckmondwike Grammar School .. .. .                               | Lieutenant J. G. N. Field          |
| Independent A.C.F. Company, Eshton Hall School .. .. .                               | Lieutenant R. D. Smith             |

## AFFILIATED UNITS OF THE COMBINED CADETS FORCE

|  |   |
|--|---|
| Leeds Grammar School C.C.F. Contingent .. .. . | Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. Whitmore, O.B.E., T.D. |
| Giggleswick School C.C.F. Contingent .. .. .   | Major L. S. Wardle.                             |
| Rishworth School C.C.F. Contingent .. .. .     | Lt.-Commander P. D. Job, R.C.N.(R.), Ret'd.     |

## REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION

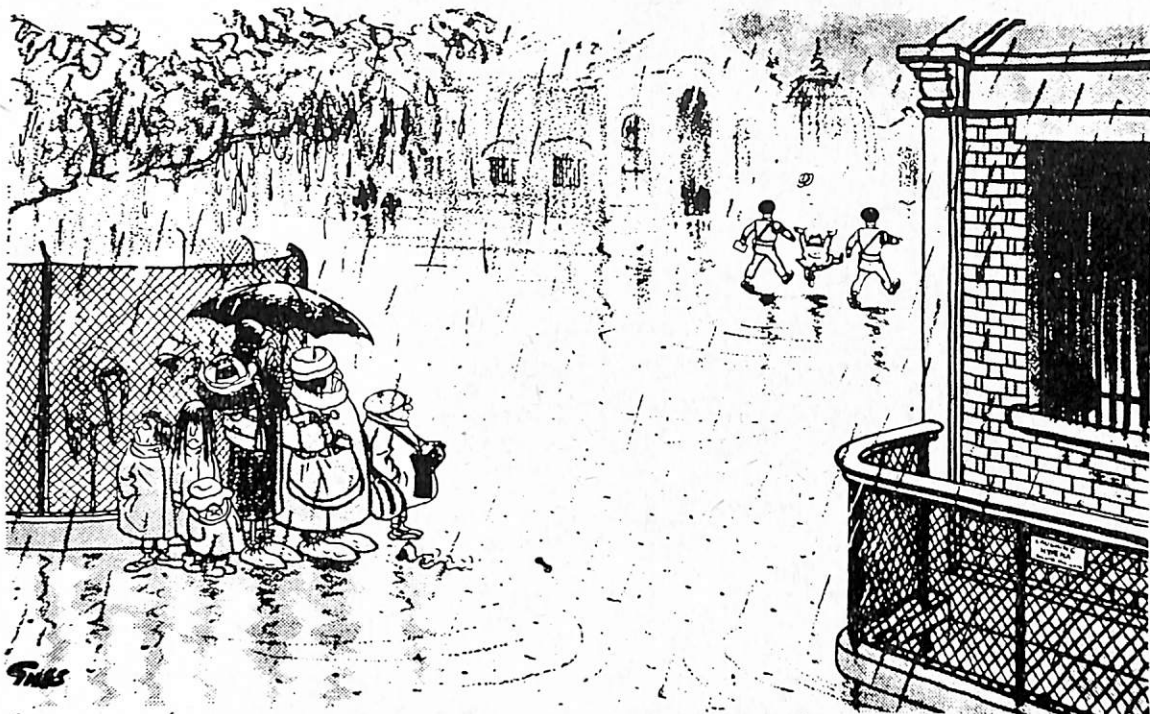
### Patrons:

His Grace The Duke of Wellington, K.G.  
The Right Honourable The Earl of Scarbrough, K.G.

*President:* Major-General K. G. Exham, C.B., D.S.O.

*Vice-President:* Colonel C. R. T. Cumberlege

*General Secretary:* Mr. S. E. Code, M.B.E.



“First time your father’s smiled this holiday—when they told him he’d got to rejoin his regiment for Kenya”

London Express Service

## NEWS and NOTES

We imagine that few readers will not have heard that the 1st Battalion was ordered to Kenya at short notice in July. We are indebted to “Giles” and the *Daily Express* for permission to reproduce the above cartoon which appeared on July 28. Mr. Giles has also most kindly agreed to present the original cartoon to the Officers’ Mess of the 1st Battalion.

Major-General K. G. Exham, the Colonel of the Regiment, has succeeded Brigadier G. H. Cree, C.B.E., D.S.O. (P.W.O.) as Representative Colonel of the Yorkshire Brigade. This means that he will speak for our Brigade at high-level conferences, etc. and, at times, represent the Brigade at official and social functions.

General Exham has joined the staff of The Army Benevolent Fund as their representative in Western Command. His private address is:

Farm House, Berriew  
Near Welshpool, Montgomeryshire  
(Tel.: Berriew 83)

The Deputy Colonel, Brigadier Webb-Carter, has been elected Chairman of the Council of the Army Historical Research Society. He has also

accepted an invitation to serve on the executive committee of the National Army Museum recently opened at the R.M.A., Sandhurst.

We salute Lt.-Col. Raymond Gadd, the C.O. of the 5/7th Battalion, on the award of the Territorial Efficiency Decoration.

The first of what is intended to be an annual **Regimental Service in the Regimental Memorial Chapel, York Minster, will be held on All Saints’ Day, Tuesday, November 1, at 1045 hours.**

Representative parties from the Brigade Depot, R.H.Q., 1st and 5/7th Battalions, Cadets and the O.C.A. will be attending.

On August 10 Colonel “Ray” Simpson, who has been promoted to full colonel, said good-bye to 382 Medium Regiment after nearly four years as C.O. and two as 2IC. During that period he has guided the regiment through many vicissitudes; the success with which he has done so may be judged by the fact that it now has over 250 volunteers whereas it formerly had fewer than 100.

To command in Colonel Simpson’s place has



been appointed Lt.-Colonel D. F. Wharry who comes direct from 27th Guided Weapon Regiment.

Major Jock Huffam writes that he met Messrs. Tandy and Burton and Brigadier R. L. J. Jones, G.C., at the Victoria Cross dinner. He tried to get them together for a photograph for us but, unfortunately, the gong went before they were ready. Major Huffam was acting as a "host" to the new Zealand Air Attaché so was not sufficiently free to try again after dinner.

Brigadier Jephson Jones, who served with the Regiment from 1925 until 1936 when he transferred to the R.A.O.C., is also mentioned in the letter from Major Hall on page 128.

**Christmas Cards—the Lawrence portrait of the Duke—1/- each. 1961 Diaries, 5s. 9d. Order now from R.H.Q.**

The Rev. K. Gregory has been transferred from New Zealand where he has spent a number of years and is now Vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Karachi. Kenneth Gregory was gazetted to the Regiment in 1934 and served with the 2nd Battalion in India. His present address is Holy Trinity

Vicarage, Bonus Road, Karachi, West Pakistan (Tel: Karachi 52275). He has written to say that he will be delighted to welcome any "Dukes" who find themselves in, or passing through, Karachi.

Captain H. A. J. W. Stacpoole, M.C., has left the 1st Battalion to become a novice of the Order of St. Benedict at Ampleforth Abbey, Yorkshire; the noviciate lasts for two years. The Army has granted Captain Stacpoole a year's unpaid leave, so for the first year he will still be, as he says, "an unpaid, un pensionable, unpromotable serving officer." We have indicated on page 135 what a loss Captain Stacpoole will be to, in particular, THE IRON DUKE.

No. 8509, and later 4601932, Sgt. Arthur Banks, late 1st and 2nd Battalions, was admitted to the Royal Hospital as an in-pensioner on August 18, 1960. He is aged 75 years. His address is: I/P34 A. Banks, Ward 9/20, The Royal Hospital, Chelsea, S.W.3.

"Billy" Banks, as he was generally known throughout the Regiment, enlisted at Halifax on September 23, 1905, and joined the 2nd Battalion

*(Continued on next page)*

## The Iron Duke Appeal

Response to the appeal has made a good start. Those of you who have contributed have done so most generously. At the moment of writing (September 10) we have received donations totalling £170 and bankers' orders promising an increase in annual revenue of about £65. These amounts have been produced by 52 donors—there have been several gifts of £10 and upwards—and to them we offer most grateful thanks.

It will be seen, however, that much more is required to reach our target and maintain the standard of the magazine. We have not felt justified, as it is, in keeping this number up to the size and cost of recent ones and have had to exclude, among other items, several interesting photographs from the 1st Battalion.

Fifty-two is not a very large proportion of our readers—even of those who pay by banker's order. We are sure that many others mean to subscribe and a proforma is again sent with this number for those who have mislaid the last. This time, please "Do it Now."

The first list of subscribers is printed below. It has been decided not to show the individual amounts contributed; we feel that most donors will prefer this. We feel, however, that—although he also may not welcome the publicity—special mention must be made of the outstandingly generous contribution of Sir William Fenton, M.C., J.P., who sent a donation of £50 and has raised his annual subscription to £5. Sir William served with 4 D.W.R. throughout the 1914-18 war and was twice wounded. He won the M.C. in 1917 and a bar in 1918 and rose to become Second-in-Command of the Battalion in June 1918.

### 1st LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS

- Anon (2), Maj. R. E. Austin, M.C.  
 Capt. R. H. D. Bolton, C.B.E., Maj. J. C. Bull, M.C., Brig. F. R. St. P. Bunbury, C.B.E., D.S.O., Brig. J. C. Burnett, D.S.O.  
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 Lt.-Col. D. E. Isles.  
 Maj. H. R. Kavanagh, M.B.E., Maj. V. S. King, Mrs. J. V. Kirkland.  
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 Maj. G. P. Norton.  
 Mrs. E. R. Pickering.  
 Maj. A. C. S. Savory, M.B.E., Maj. R. A. Scott, Mr. D. Seed, Mr. J. A. Shenton, Mr. J. H. Smith, Mr. H. J. T. Sills, M.C., Lt.-Col. R. Sugden, Col. Keith Sykes, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., J.P.  
 Major C. R. Taylor, T.D., Lt.-Col. M. V. le P. Trench, Mrs P. A. Turner.  
 Col. A. H. G. Wathen, O.B.E., Mrs. W. M. Watson, Lt.-Col. R. W. Whitmore, O.B.E., T.D., Capt. T. M. B. Williams, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. P. A. Woods, Lt.-Col. W. A. Woods, Brig. G. C. H. Wortham, O.B.E.

## ***H.M. The Queen's Message to Disbanded Units***

The following is the text of part of the speech made at the Farewell Parade of the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards on July 8, 1960, by Her Majesty The Queen.

“Colonel Way, Officers, Warrant Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Guardsmen of the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards:

“I do not think that there can be anybody here today who does not feel a pang of sorrow and regret as we say Good-bye to this historic battalion. Owing to the changing structure of the Army, other Regiments have already lost battalions with long and distinguished records. Many of them have held their final parades, and their Colours have been laid up.

“Through being your Colonel for ten years, I have had a closer link with the Grenadiers than with any other Regiment in the Army, and that is why I have invited you here today.

“But I would like you to remember those other Regiments too; and I ask them to regard this Parade as symbolic of my feelings of sympathy with all Corps and Regiments in the Army which have lost units for which they have as great an affection as all Grenadiers feel for their 3rd Battalion.”

*(News and Notes continued from previous page)*

at Whittington Barracks, Lichfield. Joining the 1st Battalion in India in February 1907, at Sitaour, he was posted to “E” Company then at Raniket. He was at the Durbar in 1911 and served on with the 1st Battalion in such well known places as Ambala, Solon, Simla, Rawalpindi and Lahore. He remembers that it was at Gharial that the Battalion heard the news that the 1914-18 war had begun. After service in Afghanistan in 1919 Sgt. Banks returned to the U.K. and was posted to the 2nd Battalion then at Sheffield and remained with them until his discharge on September 22, 1926. He holds the Indian General Service Medal, and British War Medal.

He has made the acquaintance of our other in-pensioners: Bill Simmonds, Fred Stephenson, Bill Pentlow and Fred Bridges. Another couple and we'll start an O.C.A. branch there!

We have been under fire, and rightly, for referring in the last issue to “The Old Contemptible” as the magazine of the British Legion. Actually there was not as much fire as there should have been; even glaring errors don't seem to swell our mail. We did however receive the following letter from Major Tom Laverack, M.B.E., M.M., whom many readers will remember as Quartermaster of the 1st Battalion before the last war. He is now Hon. Secretary of the Leeds and District Branch of the Old Contemptibles Association.

The Old Contemptibles Association,  
Leeds and District Branch.  
August 5, 1960.

DEAR SIR,

May I, as an active member of the Leeds and District Branch of the Old Contemptibles Association, bring to notice an error in the articles on pages 89 and 115 of THE IRON DUKE of July, 1960,

in that it is mistakenly said that the “Old Contemptible” is the magazine of the British Legion.

The Old Contemptibles Association is entirely separate from the British Legion. Most of our members are also members of the British Legion, and in Leeds we work very amicably together.

The following information regarding the two old “Dukes” mentioned in the Obituary column, may be of interest to readers.

Pte. Cosburn, I remember, went to France with the 2nd Battalion in 1914. He was H.Q. “Runner” in the early days of the war, and his cheerful grinning face when carrying out his often dangerous missions was an inspiration to all around him.

Sgt. (Taffy) Williams joined us in Dublin from the Army Reserve. He was taken prisoner at Mons and after the war was employed at Leeds Post Office as a sorter. He was an active member of our Association up to his death.

Another “Old Duke” I must mention is Captain (“Cabby”) Hill, M.C., who now lives in Ripon, and is the Chairman of the Ripon-Harrogate Branch of the Old Contemptibles Association. Captain Hill is now almost blind from the result of his wounds.

Yours faithfully,  
T. V. LAVERACK.

*To make sure that we got our correction right we wrote to Major Laverack for further details and also for news of himself and his family. We received the following second letter from him.*

The Triangle,  
Stanks, Leeds.

DEAR COLONEL,

Thanks for your letter of 17th inst. which gratified me to learn that your interest has been aroused in our Association, and perhaps that, eventually, of the readers of THE IRON DUKE.

To be eligible for membership one has to be a

holder of the 1914 Star and of the Clasp awarded to those who arrived and served in France or Belgium between August 4 and November 22, 1914. 2nd Battalion officers so eligible, I recall, are General Ozanne, Colonel Ince, Colonel Price and Major Carey. There may be others. I don't know whether any of these officers have joined the Association. I should like to hear that they have. The President of the Association is Lt.-General Sir Edmond C. A. Schreiber, K.C.B., D.S.O., D.L., who succeeded the late Field-Marshal Lord Ironside.

As regards myself and family. We have lived at the above address since 1943. We have a  $\frac{1}{4}$ -acre garden of fruit trees, lawns and roses which keep my wife and self very busy.

My son, Bobby, served throughout the last war in the Royal Engineers—including Dunkirk—but was killed in July 1945 in Germany (after the

Armistice) whilst engaged in clearing minefields. He was 25 years of age and had reached the rank of C.S.M. He was mentioned in despatches in April 1945.

My daughter Barbara served in N.A.A.F.I. H.Q. in France and Germany during the war. After the war she gained a commission in the W.R.A.C. She served in Egypt, later in Cyprus, and is now P.A. to the Deputy C.I.G.S. at the War Office where she often met General "Roy" Exham before he retired.

I agree with you that the Personalia column is of great interest to most; it is the first part I read when I get my copy. Success to your efforts.

Yours sincerely,

T. V. LAVERACK.

As the 1st Battalion are expected home from Kenya by the end of November, plans are going ahead to hold a Regimental cocktail party on December 14. It will be held at The Hyde Park Hotel; cost of ticket, 27s. 6d. The Rt. Hon. Iain Macleod (the Secretary for the Colonies), who was a wartime officer in the Regiment, hopes to be able to attend.

*We have received the following letter from Major Hall*

H.Q. Mid West District,  
Shrewsbury.  
June 22, 1960.

DEAR SIR,

In the course of my duties here as D.A.Q.M.G. (Works) I visit a lot of units, many of them being Ordnance establishments. I had lunch the other day in the mess at the C.O.D., Donnington. There is a fine looking grandfather clock in the hall there which was in the first Duke of Wellington's office when he was Master General of the Ordnance and by which he is reported to have kept his luncheon dates.

The clock is still in excellent condition and keeps perfect time. It has not got the orthodox face with hands but there are apertures on the face through which numbers move with the hours.

A good many senior Ordnance officers seem to have started in the Infantry. I met the Commandant of the C.O.D. Branston recently, Brigadier Jephson Jones, G.C., who told me that he started his service in the Duke's. Brigadier Wortham, also ex-Duke's, is not far away at Didcot.

Yours sincerely,

P. B. HALL.

### S.O.S.

*(Inspired by the present financial crisis)*

Queen among journals, at whose feet we sit,  
Repository of all our fathers' lore,  
Recorder of our beauty and our wit,  
Our triumphs and defeats in peace and war.  
Fellow practitioner of Clio's art  
With such as Hume, Thycydides, and Sallust  
It chills the very cockles of my heart  
To learn thou art financially embarrassed.

O that I were a wizard of finance,  
An eastern petrol-potentate maybe,  
Or world-dispenser of deodorants  
Oozing with boodle and philanthropy!  
How willingly would I relieve thy care  
By writing thee a cheque upon the spot.  
Had I a thousand pounds or so to spare,  
I'd cough it up at once. But I have not!

I dreamt that a colossus in the City  
Seeking employment for his surplus cash,  
Whether impelled by greed or touched with  
pity,  
Launched thee upon the market with a  
splash.

What with take-over bids and bonus shares,  
Thy common stock shot up to heights un-  
heard

Of hitherto, and all the bulls and bears  
Rushed in to buy "Dukes" 10% Deferred.

Vain dream. We cannot count on an Onassis.  
It all depends on chaps like you and me.  
Kind-hearted, but whose overdraught, alas, is  
Too often larger than it ought to be.  
But now fling caution to the winds, ignore  
The shakiness of our financial plight.  
Let us sign bankers' orders by the score  
For lordly tanner or for widow's mite.  
Lest in the years to come it may be said  
We failed to save "The Iron Duke" from  
the Red.

O.P.

### EDITOR'S ADDRESS

We are being dispossessed of the editorial flat at 29A Brook Street, at the end of the year. We are probably moving to Cambridge but negotiations have not yet reached the stage when we can announce the new editorial address. We hope to be able to do so in the January number; meanwhile letters will be forwarded from Brook Street and an address well known to older readers: 66 (or, as it was christened, "Kilsyth") Storey's Way, Cambridge, will reach us.

## THE AIR MOVE TO KENYA

### I.—AIR MOUNTING AND DEPARTURE

"Your Battalion will be stood by to move to Kenya at forty-eight hours notice" the Chief of Staff told the Colonel, who was still hiccupping from a rough flight in an Auster to Southern Command. "650 strong. No vehicles. No heavy weapons, personal scale of ammunition only. Internal Security duties, so bring all I.S. stores—you know, batons, shields, megaphones, tear gas cartridges, cameras and the rest. Six Britannias for personnel, one Britannia freight, capacity 30,000 lbs. Route Cyprus—Turkey—Persia—Aden—Kenya, taking twenty-four hours to do it. Leave a good rear party to look after your families and barracks. War Office decision midday on Monday."

"Oh Hades," murmured the Colonel. "The only peace I've had since before the war was during the war." He clambered back into his Auster, prepared to be sick onto the smart uniform he had put on to see the Chief of Staff.

The Colonel kept an appointment with the 20th Field Regiment at their Summer Ball, and then gathered certain officers about him, suffering a little from a surfeit of champagne. When the situation was explained the questions started:

"What about our 19 sets (high-powered vehicle wireless sets). They are all in workshops for overhaul—and the Signals Officer is in Gibraltar having a fiesta."

"The new A40 sets haven't been modified. Shall we ask for the old sets back?"

"Where's the Adjutant?" "In Northern Ireland, and there's a shipping strike on." "Well, he will have to fly back then." "Who's going to pay?" "The War Office can sort that out when the flap is over."

"Are all the men easily contactable? Presumably they have all left leave addresses?"

"Well, Michael Stacpoole, for a start, is cycling round France. How do we get him back?"

"Ring up the Military Attaché in Paris."

"Have we got enough panniers and Granby boxes?" "What's a Granby box?"

"Why are we going, why not the spearhead battalion now on standby?" "Because it's the Grenadier Guards at present, and Goodwood and Cowes Week are just coming up."

"Oh, I see. But why us, of all people? We are in the middle of our belated block leave."

"That's probably why."

"Shall we take the plaster bust of the Duke of Wellington as part of our 30,000 lbs. freight?"

"Not a bad idea. We need a gimmick or two to baffle the Press."

At this stage four things happened. Captain Gilbert-Smith appeared asking if the Colonel had any objections to an Adventure Training party canoeing to the Isle of Man in a fortnight's time.

A letter arrived from Captain Campbell-Lamerton in Gibraltar asking for an extension of leave as there was an important bull-fight impending.

The B.M. arrived and said that he must have one of our p.s.c. majors for a month to go to the "War Game" at the War Office. Finally Dover School rang up to check that we were prepared to take five cadets for a fortnight in our Mess on a sort of officer-living indoctrination. No, we said, we were flying and not paddling, and we were doing it despite bull-fights and Goodwood, and it was no game, this operation, and it was for men, not boys.

As Sunday passed there was an air of anticipation in the lines. The R.Q.M.S. kept being badgered for exact calculations "just for routine planning purposes." The Sergeant-Majors kept being fetched from their homes on the cabbage patch to give details of strengths, run-out dates, leave addresses. The R.M.O. was asked for vaccination and inoculation states, and whether one had to start taking paludrine in U.K. or at destination. The M.T.O. was asked how quickly he could put his vehicles into light preservation if he was ordered to. The Intelligence Section started thumbing through maps and I.S.U.M.S. But the bulk of the battalion was on leave, blissfully unaware.

Monday came, "G Day," and the U.E.O. (Unit Emplaning Officer) disappeared down to the rabbit warren of Southern Command to represent the battalion. The Cabinet sat and deliberated, the War Office sat and determined, Southern sat and dangled their toes in the water. 1200: No decision. 1400: No decision. 1500: No decision.

1530 "Tony, G.S.O.1 Strat Res. here; it's on. Yes, Kenya. Timings changed by six hours all down the line. I will give your U.E.O. all details and he is returning by train tonight. Recall everyone from leave and courses, cancel all impending postings. You must fly 650 strong even if you have to borrow from your Yorkshire Brigade. Yes, it's a three-line whip, so to speak."

1600 at the G.P.O., Colchester: "I'm from the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. I want to send off this telegram—YOU ARE HEREBY ORDERED TO REPORT TO YOUR UNIT IMMEDIATELY—I want it repeated 400 times to the following people—yes, on the Government." (The bill, for the record, was £19 10s. 0d.)

1630 at Bn. H.Q.: "Can we get it put over television and wireless? The operation is no longer secret. Ask for all 33rd to return to Meeanee."

1700 at Bn. H.Q., enter the Chief Clerk, S/Sgt. Brayshaw: "Sir, there is a flood of reporters outside, and a gentleman from *The Times*."

1730 at the Officers' Mess: "Oh, Geraldine, I am afraid I won't be able to come to dinner to-



night. . . No, nor tomorrow night. . . No, not the Riviera, Kenya."

1800 and on into the night: Trains to Colchester continued to disgorge a stream of troops returning from broken leaves. Telegrams and calls kept pouring in with tales of compassionate problems, impending marriages, premature births and fascinating reasons why further leave should be granted. Panniers were taken out of store and Granby boxes were folded into a recognisable shape as packing began. It was on.

Tuesday brought more troops on trains and a huge wave of Press men who flashed the Second in Command holding a rugger ball, then made the Colonel march round barracks featuring in scenes of packing up. "Could you unpack that box, please," said a cameraman, "and pack it a little more slowly, leaving one side free for me to film from." "These aren't a bunch of actors," snapped the Colonel, "they are soldiers getting ready for an operation." The doctor was discovered at his inoculations and a few photographers, delighted

#### AT LYNEHAM



"The soldier is still a Christmas tree"

at the human angle, began clicking until a cine-cameraman appeared and asked for an action shot of several soldiers being innoculated in quick succession. "Anything to further the glory of the Dukes," said Captain Lindsay, and he innoculated the first of a series and went on to hold the used needle lightly against the skin of the remainder. Hours later War Office experts saw the outcome on television and were telephoning in droves to ask why a trained doctor had committed the cardinal error of innoculating ten men with the one needle.

Cpl. Craig stood out as an example to many soldiers who wondered whether their personal problems were not greater than those of the Army. He refused to ask for exemption, or to be put on the last flight, but quietly brought his wedding forward from Saturday to Tuesday, got married that morning in Northern Ireland, and had returned to Colchester for duty by evening without seeking favour.

Our new padre, Padre Powe, joined us on Saturday from Cyprus and moved into his new house with his family on Monday. He moved out alone on Wednesday, bound for Kenya.

Some of the senior ranks, who are not in the habit of telling their families their impending moves till the latest possible minute, were received with cold reproach as they unexplainingly asked their wives to press their K.D. "How did your wife take the news, Sar'Major?" "Very well considering, Sir. In fact she was quite helpful after a bit."

Documentation continued. The Unit Pay Master was immersed in field cash books, military widows funds, marriage allotment forms and the drills for transferring regimental funds abroad in a hurry. The Adjutant, now returned, was coping with wills, warning certificates and next of kin. The Second in Command was debating as to how many buglers he should recall off the Yorkshire tour—on the principle that you should never keep a dog and blow your own trumpet.

As troops poured into barracks clutching suitcases and wearing civilian clothes they were grabbed by the Orderly Room before they could get near their own company lines. "Who are you?" "Jones 00." "You're Chalk 7 then. Stick him on; he's back." (Note: Chalk is the name given to the load of an aircraft, be it men or material.)

Wednesday, and the vehicles began to roll, a six-hour journey to R.A.F. Lyneham, the Transport Command master station in Wiltshire.

Colonel Jack Dalrymple came down to say good-bye and to take on the problem of our rugger fixtures. Eyeing the U.E.O., who had been one of his subalterns nearly ten years ago, he said: "Hello, boy, you not going?" "No, sir." "You a National Serviceman, then?"

Mr. Fitter, ex-R.Q.M.S. of 6th Battalion, also came down to say good-bye, and Major Dennis Simonds came to the airfield. Among a flood of telegrams to the Regiment were ones from John Butterfield, Simon Arnold, and Jim Shenton.

The papers began carrying the articles that the Pressmen had encumbered us to acquire. We were

described as "a crack regiment in the Strategic Reserve" and "the flying 650." Some curious human dramas had been rummaged out, but it was all good for recruiting. The *Yorkshire Post* described us as "The Army's crack trouble-shooting team with 80 per cent. of its strength recruited from the West Riding."

The first chalk was en route in coaches by 0600 and the Colonel followed later in the morning, stopping at Coggeswell and Harrison in Piccadilly to pick up his sporting rifle and at "The Rag" to have a final drink with the Colonel of the Regiment and to tell him the form.

At R.A.F. Lyneham a great array of Britannias and Comets were drawn up before us, most of the former at our disposal. Amid all the pandemonium of flash bulbs, loudspeaker instructions, dispensing of meals, weighing of freight and inflating of Mae Wests, the Colonel was able to pick out his own Commander, Brigadier D. W. Jackson, and the G.O.C. Division who had come to see the Advance Party off. Later the Army Commander, General Sir Nigel Poett, came to see how the lift was going.

By 1830 troops had emplaned, their gym shoes on, their boots round their necks, their rifles and packs stowed in the belly of the plane. 1900 and the first of the "Whispering Giants" took off and set course for Cyprus. As it left, the Second in Command phoned the U.E.O., now at Lyneham.

"Oh, John, did you check a fellow called Scoles on to the first chalk?"

"Yes, Hugh. Why?"

"Because, chum, he is standing right beside me. His name will have to go before him into Africa."

Chalks of four coach loads of rather bewildered Yorkshiremen continued to arrive every six hours through Thursday and Friday. Some were taken off to a transit Camp at Cliffe Pypard high on a hill above the airfield; other chalks were given a meal while their weapons, large packs and air kit-bags (the sum of their personal kit) were loaded into the Britannia's underbelly. We were told that we had to fly the Turkey/Persia route, rather than the usual route via Benghazi via Libya taken by the charter aircraft, because we were dressed in military equipment and carrying arms and ammunition. We were confronted with that O.K. phrase of Defence College men, "The Arab Air Barrier."

Lorryloads of freight arrived on the second night, packed and marshalled by Lt. Greenway and C.S.M. Pennington. Well into the early morning they were being transferred by hand from 3-tonners to loading pallets, and the pallets by fork lift truck onto the Britannia standing out on the apron.

Through to Friday evening Britannias continued to leave Lyneham with the "Dukes" on board. As each chalk came through there was much laughter and stories of what had happened during packing up. One heard that only 10 men out of 650 had failed to report back for duty, and that the new draft had volunteered to a man to fly to Kenya. Troops assigned to the rear party had been lobbying to get onto the airlift. Morale, as they say, was high—very high.



#### ARRIVAL IN KENYA

*From top:* Pte. Rhodes (D Coy), Pte. Byrne (D Coy), Pte. Willcox (I Sec.), Pte. Brown (M.T.)

The last chalk took off at 1700 hrs. on July 29, and only the U.E.O. was left on the tarmac, like an expended cartridge.

For the record, the Colonel's last remark before leaving on the first chalk was "We are right on our toes." The Second in Command's last remark before leaving on the last chalk was "We were rather caught on our back heels."

It depends on your angle.

#### II.—THE AIRMOVE AND ARRIVAL

The flight from Lyneham to Embakasi airfield, Nairobi, was a series of meals in cardboard boxes, cups of tea, snatches of sleep, and wondering where in the world we were. The crews of the Britannias kept us well informed by passing around extracts from the navigator's log. These told us such things as speed, temperature, height, local time and which well-known part of the world we were nearest to.

The first leg of the 24-hour journey was a flight of six hours to Acrotiri airfield in Cyprus, where we encountered a variety of experiences. The first chalk was delayed for two hours while it was debated whether or not the load was too heavy to ensure a safe take-off. After many senior R.A.F. officers had conferred the aircraft was lightened by two small men of "D" Company and thirteen bales of new blankets BS. The ten-hour flight to Aden began without mishap.

Most of "A" Company had to spend the night in Cyprus when the fire-warning system of one of the engines of their Britannia failed. Its repair caused some concern to the authorities. A Canberra jet was despatched to Nicosia to fetch a replacement. This fast and expensive plane had scarcely taken off when a member of "A" Company approached no less than the Group Captain and casually enquired: "Sure it's not just the bulb, Sir?"

The chalk containing the stores of our affiliated Sapper troop was grounded near Rome. The two who accompanied it, Sgt. Carter R.E. and his storeman, were disappointed that the Olympic Games had not then started.

From Cyprus the route to Aden deviated over Turkey and the Persian Gulf because (as noted above) we do not play in the Arab League. Most chalks found Aden as hot and sticky as ever and were glad to get airborne again, especially as we were still in battle-dress trousers.

At Aden many hours of awaiting and meeting the numerous chalks were put in by the strong Duke's contingent now in the Colony. This party was headed by Major-General Bray, ably supported by Colonel "Pip" Moran, our late C.O., Major Rodney Harms and Captain Michael Bray, A.D.C. to his father.

The flight from Aden to Nairobi took a mere

three and a half hours, the first chalk arriving at about 9 p.m. local time. From that moment on we were due for a few surprises; the first was to discover we were there in the winter season. This point was brought home to us by Colonel Jimmy Davidson greeting us in a British warm and announcing that we were just in time to play the odd game of rigger before the season ended. Of course no-one had dreamed of bringing their boots in their limited amount of baggage. This oversight was remedied within a matter of days. "The General will buy you all rigger boots" became the catchword for all expenditure.

The first plane load of "Dukes" to set foot on Kenya soil was met by as many old friends, commanders, staff officers and press representatives as had been at Lyneham to see it off. Having been blinded by flash cameras and bombarded with questions, the "pioneers" set off to the transit camp at Nairobi. Though not a well appointed or luxurious place it seemed a haven for those who had not had a decent sleep or a drop of proper nourishment for over 24 hours. The camp was being run by the 11th Battalion The King's African Rifles who went out of their way to entertain us and make us comfortable. Each chalk stopped at this camp for a night or, at least, a meal before continuing the hundred-mile journey north-west to Nakuru airfield, our new home.



*Photo: P. R., H.Q. East Africa Command*

#### ARRIVAL IN KENYA

Lt.-Colonel "Jimmy" Davidson introduces the C.O. to the G.O.C.

During this next part of the journey we got our first good look at Kenya: that is the first for all but, so far as we know, three: Lt. Stevens was here when he was a lad, Sgt. Parker was born here and Sgt. Gay served here during the "Emergency." From the lorries some saw wild animals for the first time outside Whipsnade, Regents Park and Blackpool zoos.

The road to Nakuru has a good tarmac surface, laid by Italian prisoners of war during the last war. It climbs up and runs down over some awe-inspiring features and reaches a height of over 6000 feet above sea level at Nakuru. Also in this town one is only just over thirty miles south of the Equator. The district claims one of the pleasantest climates in Africa. So far we have had no reason to doubt this claim.

To discover all this was a surprise to most but nothing to the even more pleasant surprise we had to find a camp almost completed for us on Nakuru airfield. This was quite contrary to either our wildest hopes or previous experience of many hasty moves.

This time it was the 5th Battalion, The King's African Rifles who had come to our aid. At very short notice, even less than we had, they had

erected over fifty tents in neat rows and had emptied a number of their own buildings for us to use as offices and stores. Furthermore they offered us the hospitality of their officers' and sergeants' messes, a gesture we hope they will not regret!

The Ministry of Works had constructed the usual mod cons (including one con of a type which the Quartermaster himself had not seen before). New equipment had been installed in an aircraft hangar to convert it into a cookhouse. At the other end of the same hangar NAAFI had set up a canteen where cigarettes could be bought at two shillings for twenty.

By Sunday July 31 everyone who should have been in Kenya had arrived in Nakuru. We were now a battalion group complete with our affiliated Royal Engineers troop, Royal Army Service Corps platoon and Royal Signals, Royal Army Medical Corps and Royal Military Police sections. The Battalion therefore lacks no advice or assistance.

So it transpired that 650 "Dukes" and 150 other comrades-in-arms saw a great deal more of the world than any of them expected to when they went on "block leave" in July.

(1st Battalion Notes are on page 135)

## Who was the Artist?

*The following has been received from Captain James Pell, until recently Adjutant, The King's Own Malta Regiment.*

Those who were serving with the 1st Battalion in Malta during the Suez crisis will remember our old regimental badge being carved on the rock face at Fort Campbell, high on the Mellieha Ridge. The carving is still preserved and painted by the caretaker of the fort, which is now used as a week-end camp by a Gunner T.A. unit.

This is not the only memento that the "Dukes" have left in the George Cross Island. The officers' mess of the King's Own Malta Regiment will be known to past and present officers—to some as the quarters of the subaltern of the Palace Guard, to others as the mess in which they received the traditional Maltese hospitality from the officers of the K.O.M.R. (and in particular from the late Lt.-Colonel Gerald Strickland who so tragically lost his life a few months ago in an aqua-lunging accident). This mess is unique in that painted on its walls are badges and scenes from the histories of nearly every regiment of the British Army—some factual, some humorous, and some slightly risqué!

The "Dukes" are represented by a painting, immediately to the right as one enters the mess, depicting a scene from the Crimean War. It was obviously reproduced from the "Incident in the Crimea" of the private of the 33rd who was captured by the Russians after using up all his ammunition: as he was being escorted away by two guards, the Havercake Lad grabbed the rifle of the Russian on his left and discharged it in its unfortunate owner's face. He then clubbed the other to death, picked up his own "minnie" and returned to his unit. The painting shows our gallant private shoot-

ing the astonished Russian whose equally astonished partner looks on in trepidation. The draughtsmanship and technique of the painting are of an extremely high order, and compare very well with most of the other excellent pictures.

Unfortunately, the catalogue of the paintings was lost some years ago, and no record exists to show when they were done or by whom. It is presumed that our painting was done during the "Dukes" tour in Malta in the middle thirties, but who was the artist? That he was no mere dabbler is obvious, but it is to be hoped that he was a serving officer—for that is the tradition of most of the paintings.

The writer was engaged in touching up some of the paintings recently, when the mess was being redecorated, but if our artist reads this article he will be delighted to know that his painting required no maintenance—it is as good as on the day it was painted.

J.E.P.

*We were in Malta during most of the 1st Battalion's tour there in the mid-thirties but do not remember this picture being painted then. Nor, alas, can we recall any officer who could have painted it. It will be most interesting if anyone can answer the author's headline.*

*We do remember a third memento in the island—the 1st Battalion's crest which was carved to join those of other regiments at the entrance to St. George's Barracks, where the steps led up from the road to the guard room. This crest survived the bombing which destroyed most of the barracks; it was photographed and reported in THE IRON DUKE of April 1956. We would be glad to hear from Captain Pell of its present condition.—Ed.*



## Regimental Headquarters

When the Depot was functioning in Halifax there was a ceremony each week in the Memorial Chapel of the Parish Church when the smartest recruit of the week turned a page of the Regiment's Roll of Honour.

Now that no recruits are available Mr. Code has arranged for the custom to be carried on by members of the Old Comrades' Association.

Our photograph shows a page being turned by ex-Sgt. Sydney George Miller. Mr. Miller was a regular soldier who enlisted in January 1933 and served with the 1st Battalion at Malta, and at the Depot from 1939 to 1941. Later he was with the 1st Battalion in Italy. He was discharged in 1946 and is now "mine host" of The Sun Inn, Winding Road, Halifax.

Flaming June having given place to wet July and wetter August, R.H.Q. has gone about its business with stiff joints and a longing for the sunshine. News that the April IRON DUKE had reached Michael Bray in Aden by air within three days gladdened our hearts; would that R.H.Q. could have gone with it.



Pleasant letters recorded the arrival of Regimental exhibits at the Army Museum and Regimental plate at the Staff College. The Duke of Wellington's cocked hat, Ensign Howard's perforated shako and the 76th Regiment's cocked hat had been tidied up by Sam Stocks; the invaluable Copp had prepared the rose bowl: neither had worked in vain.

The Royal Irish Fusiliers in the persons of Mr. Magee, of Dublin, and Colonel Marjoribanks Egerton, sent to the Museum a waist belt clasp of the 76th Regiment which Mr. Magee had come by. Imagination riots as to how. Once in Aldershot . . . but those were different regiments.

Regimental wives and Regimental friends, organising and running a bottle stall, worked hard on a hot Waterloo Day at the Halifax Gala to produce £120 for the Halifax Branch of the Sailors', Soldiers' and Airmen's Families Association. Another £25 had already been given by Mrs. Trevor Bentley who made this astonishing sum single-handed one coffee morning.

Recruiting went ahead in July and August, defying the rain. The name of the Regiment and a display of Regimental activities appeared at the Harrogate and Halifax Shows and the Castle Howard Game Fair. The band and drums of the 1st Battalion, kindly housed and excellently fed by our Pay Corps friends at Ovenden, gave most spirited performances at Halifax, Huddersfield, Bradford, Leeds, Cleckheaton and Keighley.

R.H.Q. shared vicariously the 1st Battalion's response when the warning order sounded for Kenya. Crisp staccato sentences galvanised news editors and cinema managers and everywhere men rose to their feet and flocked to the stations. Had "the sentinel on Whitehall Gate looked forth into the night" he might not have seen the blaze on Beacon Hill—indeed a careful Corporation removed the basket years ago—but the spirit remains and Wellesley Barracks contributed as much as it might to another chapter of Regimental History.

## Obituary

### Mr. J. R. Willcocks

In-Pensioner John Rowland Willcocks, late the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, died on July 20 at the Royal Hospital Infirmary at Leatherhead. He was aged 70. His funeral took place at Brookwood Cemetery on July 26.

Mr. Willcocks was born on May 25, 1890. He joined the Regiment in 1907 and served in it, in both 1st and 2nd Battalions, until 1929. He was at one time Drum-Major of the 2nd Battalion and also served as P.S.I. with the 5th Battalion. He rose to the rank of W.O. Class 1.

From 1940 to 1946 Mr. Willcocks served with the Royal Pioneer Corps as Lieutenant (Q.M.). His total of military service was thus nearly 29 years; he gained the 1914 Star, 1914-18 British War and Victory Medals, 1939/45 Star, Defence and War Medals.

He was admitted as an In-Pensioner of the Royal Hospital in November 1956.

# 1st BATTALION

*Editorial Note. The sudden move of the Battalion to Kenya very naturally overshadowed earlier events. A few of them are recorded in the following notes; others must be presumed lost. Among these is the delightful week-end in, difficult as it may now be to credit it, blazing June when the Battalion played a Free Foresters XI at cricket and entertained many guests to a champagne cocktail party on the Friday and a Waterloo Ball on the Saturday. As one of the guests we feel that this occasion should not be allowed to pass without even this bare mention.*

*The sub-editor, Captain Stacpoole, whose enthusiasm and talent have been of the greatest help to us during the past year, has chosen the most drastic way we have yet met of getting out of the sub-editorship. Before he left—and before the Battalion was ordered to Kenya—he nobly wrote a sort of advanced sub-editorial. . . .*

Your sub-editor extraordinary takes up his last quill with heavy hand and heart, knowing that they will hardly last him out even this paragraph. But who can tell what other changes, more telling, may have come before this goes to press. We may all find ourselves in the foothills of the Rhodesian-Congo border, defending Katanga. Or we may be running a camp for delinquents on the Isle of Ely. Or we may not.

Our curiosity about Colchester grows apace. We find that the Roman Emperor Claudius, after defeating Boudica, established a *colonia* here for discharged soldiers. The forerunner, perhaps, of the Military Corrective Establishment, which is much the same for undischarged soldiers. We hear that Camulodunum was a most coveted overseas posting for a Roman soldier.

The Records of the 76th Foot show that in May 1808 they returned from India, with their newly acquired Honorary Colours. "They landed at Harwich and proceeded to Colchester," says the History, "where, soon after, ophthalmia attacked the men to such an alarming extent that two hundred of them were in hospital on July 1. In consequence of this dreadful affliction the Regiment was moved to Dansbury Camp where, by the unremitting exertions of the medical officers, the progress of the disease was checked." The History goes straight on to say: "The great struggle for the liberties of Europe had now commenced . . ." and one can only assume that the 76th was caught with its eye off the ball.

*In spite of the fears expressed by the sub-editor extraordinary for the strength of his hand and heart it will not surprise his fans to know that they were equal to quite a number of more paragraphs. Shortage of space, however, compels us reluctantly to hang up on H.A.J.W.S. here and let the new sub-editor, Major John Milligan, have his say.*

So a new pen takes over and would add its tribute to H.A.J.W.S. who has done much to

brighten this magazine. As he leaves us—in the words of the C.O.: "on becoming confused about what sort of Red Hat he was really after,"—we all wish him well in his chosen vocation.

The hurried departure of the Battalion to Kenya, at the end of July, and subsequent events are covered on other pages. A house-keeping rear party, together with the band and drums, remains in Colchester in firm occupation of our brand new barracks.

The band and drums carried out a successful recruiting tour of the West Riding from July 24 to August 13 and earned much praise. They also took part in the Colchester Tattoo, held in mid-July, and made a very good impression.

From reports which filter back from Africa we seem to be keeping up our high reputation—even on the rugby field. Confirmation has just been received from the War Office that the Battalion is to return in mid-November.

## OFFICIAL OPENING OF MEEANEE AND HYDERABAD BARRACKS, JUNE 14, 1960

If you are ambitious enough to own an Army List, and curious enough to turn to the page marked Army Council, you will find thereon a galaxy of military pomp—headed, not by some illustrious *militaire*, but by Captain Christopher Soames, the gallant and right honourable member for Bedford.\*

It was Captain Soames who, as Secretary of State for War, came with the Quartermaster-General, the G.O.C.-in-C. Eastern Command, the Director of Quartering and others to the ceremony of the opening of the two new Colchester £1½ million barracks shared by the Queen's Surreys and ourselves. As we share these barracks so did we share the moving little ceremony that took place on June 14, each providing two guards and an element of the combined band.

In a speech following the inspection of the troops on parade, Mr. Soames said: "You have been in these barracks a while and I hope you find that they provide a high standard of comfort and amenity for all ranks. They were designed so that the minimum of time need be devoted to those chores and fatigues which demanded so much effort from a unit living in the old-type Victorian barracks. We are determined that the soldier, be he married or single, will be provided with the high standard of accommodation which he rightly expects and which is surely his due." To this we all heartily agreed and were only prevented from standing on our chairs to cheer by the solemnity of the occasion. But scenes of the murkier side of Warley could not be so submissively dispelled from our minds—from pallid gloom to palatial glitter.

\*Since this was written Captain Soames has been promoted to Minister for Agriculture and Fisheries.—Ed.



#### OPENING OF MEEANEE BARRACKS

The Secretary of State speaking to Sgt. Coltman

Officers (left to right): Lt.-Col. G. A. White, O.C. 1 Queen's Surreys; Major G. Strong, 1 Queen's Surreys, Parade Commander; Major-General Talbot, G.O.C. E. Anglia District; Lt.-Colonel Firth, O.C. 1 D.W.R.

We were drawn sharply from our reveries by the Minister who continued: "It is the nature of a soldier's life that there are periods of his service when he has to live hard—and sometimes very hard (lots of nodding of heads from old Korean veterans, not least the M.T.O.); none appreciates that better than the British soldier (more nodding). Indeed, anyone who has had any experience of the Army on active service knows that the tougher the assignment the higher is the morale of the unit."

The nodding stopped as we began to think with foreboding how in the forthcoming months morale was going to slide steadily while we enjoyed the comforts of undoubtedly the most magnificent barracks any battalion has yet been invited to live in. (We might have guessed, of course, that we needn't worry.)

After the speeches we took conducted parties which included Mr. Alport, our local M.P. and a Minister of State, around the more luxurious sights. The Junior Ranks Club, the apple of our eye, turned out to be the top attraction; the high-pressure multi-gadget oil-fired aluminium-finished cookhouse-cum-kitchen ran it a close second but 21-inch televisions and full-size billiard tables always win in the end.

The highlight of the day for a few flies on the officers' mess wall, and the only thing that really hit the headlines of the National Press, was what we have since labelled "The Case of the Blind Brigadier." After lunch (it was a very good lunch) the guests gathered in the hall to take their departure. The Press described it in these terms:

"The accident happened because the door of the Mess consists of three seven-foot panes of glass, and only the middle one opens.

"Mr. Soames left by the middle pane and a nephew of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle chose the right-hand one. Thrusting his cap on his head, he smashed his way through.

"'Oh dear,' he said later, 'I seem to have put my foot in it.'"

#### SHOOTING

The first Army Rifle Association Meeting at Bisley at which the new self-loading rifle (S.L.R.) was used proved that the new weapon is superior to the old except in deliberate shooting. The 1960 scores were higher in all matches than previously; particularly fast were the timings recorded in the falling plates match. At the same time, we in the Battalion team discovered that we still have a lot

to learn about the S.L.R. as a competition weapon—little tips that are not found in the pamphlet on the weapon; tips on cleaning which it would be imprudent to divulge in a magazine of this nature.

The first match to be decided was the Parachute Regiment Cup for teams of four firing the sub-machine gun. In this event we were placed fifth, thus making a good beginning to the Unit Championship.

The next four matches included in the Championship were rifle ones. Contrary to the case in past years our results were disappointing with this weapon. It is fair to say that the young soldiers in the team acquitted themselves well but the more experienced members fell by the wayside, although some of them redeemed themselves later on in the meeting.

In the light machine gun pairs match, the Worcestershire Cup, the results were also disappointing. We were now left with two team matches, the Britannia Trophy and the Small Arms Cup, both of which have usually been our stumbling-block. This proved still to be the case in the latter, where not even a brilliant shoot in practice 3 could compensate for a pathetic effort in the other two practices. We came in second place in the Britannia Trophy which did a little to regain our position in the Championship.

Finally the team gained 7th place out of 36 teams entered for the Unit Championship, a satisfactory result after all. A very narrow margin separated teams in 5th, 6th and 7th places.

The honours of the meeting, as far as the "Dukes" were concerned, went to those whose best performances were put up when they fired in matches that did not affect the team as a whole. Major Wood gained 5th place in the Army Individual S.M.G. Championship. He also was placed 48th in the Army Rifle Championship, represented the English Regiments in the Methuen Cup, and the Army in the S.M.G. and long range matches and Inter-Services XX at the National Rifle Association Centenary Meeting. C.S.M. Norman too found his true form again to be placed 31st in the Army Rifle Championship and to represent the English Regiments as well. He was runner-up in the Bisley Cup, the only service rifle (*b*) cup to be competed for at the A.R.A. Meeting. At the National Meeting he represented the Army in the Inter-Services XX and reached the second stage of the Queen's Prize—no mean feat this centenary year when there was a record number of entries from all over the world.

Finally, but by no means the least, was the performance of Captain Robertson. He surprised all, including himself, by obtaining the highest score in the English Regiments' team which he, too, represented in the Methuen Cup.

Shooting is by no means over for here in Kenya where the seasons are back to front we find the East African Command Rifle Meeting looming ahead.

### EXERCISE "HARE'S EAR"

On joining 19 Brigade we were introduced to "block leave," a system whereby everybody goes on leave at the same time to simplify organisation and help us plan our lives in advance.

Apart from being twice alerted for a move to Kenya we spent our first week of block leave doing a beach assault on to the coast of Dorset in conjunction with the Royal Navy and Royal Marines and supported by Hunters of the R.A.F. The exercise, "Hare's Ear," was the only major amphibious exercise attempted in U.K. this year.

It was a Battalion Group exercise and had to be mounted from our own resources. So the 2IC took elements of "S" and "B" Companies and prepared a fearsome defence of "The Island of Enterprise" which was, in fact, the coast of Dorset near Lulworth.

The C.O. and Major Bob Cook, acting as our affiliated battery commander (Strange's Battery), went off to the Joint Services Amphibious Warfare School at Poole where, in conjunction with the other Services, they worked out a plan for the assault of Enterprise. It was as brilliant, and twice as complicated, as "Overlord" and had to be completed about 500 times as quickly.

The Battalion, less the "enemy," moved first to a concentration area kindly provided by the R.E.M.E. Training Brigade at Blandford. Here we lived in pup tents and ate compo meals produced with the minimum of fuss by Captain Dawson, C.Q.M.S.s Todd and Dickie, and a loyal band of cooks.

The first day was spent in rehearsal, the Battalion being put ashore in L.C.A.s from H.M.S. *Rampart*, an L.C.T., anchored off Studland Bay. All went well.

Next day the C.O. briefed all officers and sergeants, and officers of the other Services taking part. Brigadier Ries (Comd. J.S.A.W.C.) and our Brigade Commander attended. The show was "stolen" by Lt. Charles Cumberlege, the Battalion I.O., supported by the I. Section under L/Cpl. Stringer who had produced some excellent props.

We were all set to embark at Portland that night. However, the wind and sea got up to such an extent that the Royal Navy had first to ask for a 24-hour postponement and then for the scheme to be modified to putting us ashore on another beach where, being in a built-up area, the exercise had to end with the landing.

So we were unable to assault Enterprise after all. The "enemy" were disappointed at not being able to put into effect plans such as to make Major Kilner and "D" Company attack the highest point in the Purbeck Hills twice, when once would be enough for even a platoon of sherpas.

Even so the exercise was valuable. The forenoon was spent in loading the vehicles into the L.C.T. This was a tricky operation in the high wind but Cpl. Mason and his team, together with Strange's Battery and their 25-pdrs., embarked successfully.

We embarked at Portland in two ships, H.M.S. *Loch Ruthven* (Captain Law) and R.F.A. *Black*

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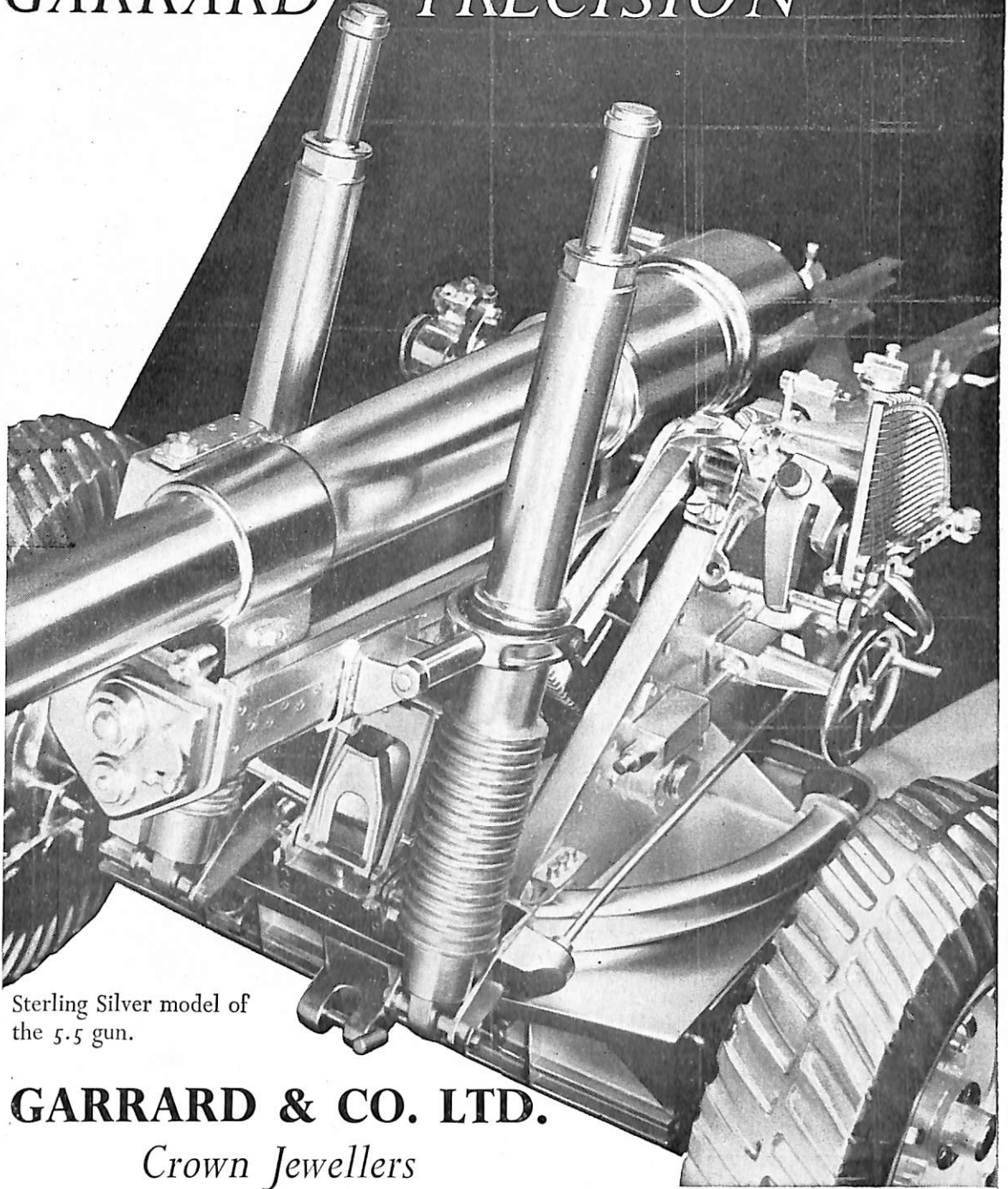
### Christmas Cards and Diaries

see page 126

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*Raider.* We sailed at about 1800 hrs. and, as darkness fell, rounded Old Harry Rocks to the lowering position at the mouth of Poole Harbour. All ranks were well looked after by both ships' companies who produced liberal food and hot drinks.

The L.C.A.s appeared out of the darkness within a minute of the scheduled hour and the force was put ashore in two waves. Everything went well and such was the precision of the L.C.A. crews that all ranks got ashore with more or less dry feet.

They were not dry for long, however. It had

been raining on and off for two days but, as we assembled, it rained as it had never rained before. Companies were soaked to the skin before they could climb into the 3-tonners waiting a few hundred yards inland.

Back in the concentration area a hot meal was waiting at 0130 hrs. When the R.A.S.C. had refuelled the Battalion moved off to Colchester, starting at about 0230 hrs. and arriving at noon. And so to "block leave" at last after checking weapons and kit. Surprisingly, nothing had been lost.

## In Kenya

Since that first hectic week-end spent in settling in we have accomplished much. Within a month there have been two Battalion H.Q. exercises involving also the H.Q.s of all companies and an air mounting exercise which involved everyone in the Battalion Group. Training in riot drills and other internal security aspects has also proceeded on a larger scale than hitherto.

Sport has had its place; the Rugger XV have played three major matches, all of which it won by comfortable margins. The Soccer XI have played the 2nd Battalion The Coldstream Guards and the 1st Battalion The Inniskilling Fusiliers and beat them 6—2 and 2—0 respectively.

In between the second battalion exercise and the air mounting exercise, a period of some eighteen hours, the Commanding Officer was told that

Brigadier Jackson, our commander in Colchester, was to pay a flying visit. A flying visit it was too: he arrived by light aircraft at 9 a.m. and was off again at 11 a.m. Colonel Firth had to fly off with him in order to catch up the rest of the exercise. It is difficult to serve two masters, particularly on the same day, but Colonel Tony Firth is one of the few to have succeeded.

We are told we can expect to return to England in November. This news was very reassuring and morale went up right away. With a yardstick to work on, plans are afoot to set up company camps at Thompson's Falls, Nyeri, on the lower slopes of Mount Kenya, and at other interesting places where jungle training and "seeing the country" can go on simultaneously.

Full advantage is being taken of chances to see



Donald Avenue—Nakuru

Photo: Pegas Studio, Nairobi

wild life in its natural state. Photography is a popular hobby with all; it is hoped a few examples of this art will appear in this issue. (*Unfortunately we only received a picture postcard of some flamingoes—unless one counts a rucker group under the heading of “wild life in its natural state.” We couldn’t find room for these and hope to have more cause to publish a rucker group later.—Ed.*)

The town of Nakuru, centre of limited entertainment, is an attractive modern town with a good shopping centre. No notice should be taken of an article in a popular Sunday newspaper which described it as “like a mid-west frontier town with a dusty main street.” We have been apologising to the inhabitants ever since!

### OFFICERS’ MESS

The few officers who were not on leave when the week-end of July 23/24 came around saw feverish activity emanating from the Battalion Orderly Room “in preparation for a court martial.” It was surely going to be the biggest ever recorded in the annals of the Battalion; such was the importance placed upon it that messages were going out far into the Spanish bull-ring and further still into the wilds of the West Riding warning field officers and the like of the possibility of being recalled “to give evidence.”

Soon cookhouse rumour informed the Mess that something big was in the air and that a decision of some kind was to be made at noon on Monday. Subalterns calling in after an invigorating holiday in Newquay let the rumour go in one ear and out the other and hastily departed in a northerly direction only to be recalled 24 hours later.

Then, too, we were pleased to welcome back Wilf Charlesworth, after his tour of duty at the Yorkshire Brigade Depot, David Pugh, “the Phantom,” also Robert Campbell-Lamerton and Godfrey Bellamy who had almost completed their tactical course at Warminster. They missed some arduous end-of-course exercises and said they were disappointed! However they added that they were quite confident they could cope with any I.S. situation that might come their way!

Having arrived safely and thankfully at Nakuru (Nak-koo-roo to some) we were met with such wonderful hospitality from the 5th Battalion The King’s African Rifles that we shall be for ever in their debt. Accommodation for captains and above (and two very senior lieutenants) was found in stone buildings within a few yards of the 5 K.A.R. Mess, while six spacious tents were provided for the small-fry. With such splendid co-operation it didn’t take long to settle in.

For three days we enjoyed the advantages of eating with 5 K.A.R. but eventually, after having postponed the take-over, the Mess cook arrived and we took to eating in our own dining room in their mess building. We still continue to enjoy the privilege of using their large ante-room and sharing their bar, of the profits from which we have been promised a share.

Wherever we have been we have been the recipients of kindness and hospitality. In this

respect we have been pleased to see Major V. X. French and Colonel Fleming, both of whom have strong “Duke” connections. The former is assisting in organising visits to farms while the latter gave us an interesting hour or so by relating his experiences of wild life outside the game parks and has invited some of us to accompany him on his excursions.

We hope now to be able to return some of the fine hospitality extended to us; to this end we are holding a dinner night in honour of the officers of 5 K.A.R. on August 30.

At Lyneham we said good-bye to John Stacpoole who has contributed so much to this journal, as he was wont to call it. To mark his departure he has presented to the Mess a very fine copy by Neil Foster of the portrait of Arthur, 1st Duke of Wellington, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. We are most grateful.

Life here has its lighter moments. On one occasion, at a cocktail party at the Kenya Regiment Training Centre, a lady was heard to ask the Commanding Officer whether he belonged to the Duke of Wellington’s Regiment. To which he replied: “Good God, no! They belong to me!” This retort was almost equalled in brilliance by Major Hugh Le Messurier who answered the Mess telephone one evening and was heard to say: “Well, I’m afraid I’m worse than useless. I’m in the Duke of Wellington’s Regiment.”

### W.O.s’ AND SERGEANTS’ MESS

Jambo! Somewhat bewildered and bewitched, but not bothered, we arrived here at Nakuru airfield a few weeks ago in dribs and drabs. No doubt our readers will have all heard about our sudden move on July 27 and perhaps even read some of the stories in the papers. (Stories is the word for some of the articles printed.)

However we might tell you that our reception on arrival was somewhat different to that of four years ago (almost to the day) and for this we must offer our thanks to those who were responsible and particularly to the 5th Battalion of the King’s African Rifles. They very kindly threw their sergeants’ mess open to us and we owe a debt of gratitude to R.S.M. Rushworth (ex-West Yorks) and all members of his mess. No sooner had we arrived than there appeared a fairly large party from the 2nd Coldstream Guards who immediately gave us a house warming party and absolutely refused to let us pay a cent. A party went to their mess the same night—at Gil Gil, 25 miles along the Nairobi road. On arrival two bottles of champagne were presented; these were received by C.S.M. Burke and we presume that he also drank them for we never saw a drop.

Since then we have had other members visiting and we hope to see more of them in the future. We also had a lunchtime visit from the Inniskillings but unfortunately their arrival clashed with a visit from Brigadier R. C. H. Miers, D.S.O., O.B.E., so we were unable to do justice to their most welcome visit. Perhaps in the near future we will see them again and once more sample that warm Irish hospitality which is by no means unknown to us.

A piece of clothing which resembles a burnt screwed-up paper bag is the current issue of head dress overseas. This "Thing" is known in the Q.M.'s jargon as "Hats Tropical," but the more fitting and usual title is "Hats Horrible." For the first time in Regimental history we are wearing the "Thing," which I must say is most comfortable. Here we show a list of personalities and what they look like in them:

|                 |    |                                    |
|-----------------|----|------------------------------------|
| R.S.M.          | .. | Frank Buck (Bring 'em back alive). |
| Reg Todd        | .. | Thug.                              |
| Ric Almond      | .. | South Sea Renegade Beach-comber.   |
| Johnny Sargeant |    | Clown.                             |
| Joe Perrin      | .. | Wallace Beary.                     |
| Sid Kirk        | .. | Coldstreamer.                      |
| Tiffy           | .. | Brigadier Barlow.                  |
| Tom Dickie      | .. | Father O'Flynn.                    |
| Bill Burke      | .. | Spiv.                              |
| Ray Batty       | .. | Water Buffalo.                     |
| Dick Fenn       | .. | Film Star.                         |
| The Writer      | .. | Decent Gentleman.                  |

Other members are much more respectable; they merely look like a load of Mongolian refugees.

A new word in our vocab. is "Safari." Anyone going anywhere from big game hunting to a stroll to the nearest pub is considered to be off on safari. Two notable characters, namely Stirling Norman and Moss Batty, set off on one of these trips one fine Sunday and came back with wild yarns of being licked by cheetahs and galloping around on a tortoise. They say they will prove their tales when their films are developed. Until then we will

put it down to the effects of the crash they managed to get involved in on their way back.

Truly the spirit of the Regiment is as great as ever. On our way here we were greeted by many en route. At Nairobi we were met by Sgt. and Mrs. Innis, who have since called on us here.

Since then two old "Dukes" have gone very much out of their way to visit us, Ex-Boy Steve Reeder left the "Dukes" shortly after reaching man's service and went to the A.P.T.C. He then left the Army to become a professional wrestler, later took a commission in the Kenya Police and finally returned to the Army as a health inspector in the R.A.M.C. He hopes to go to London University in the near future where we all wish him the best of luck. The other is Sgt. Jim Mitchell, ex-band boy of the 2nd Battalion who was captured on the wrong side of the Sittang river and suffered as a P.O.W. He is now in the R.M.P. Both men were staunch "Dukes" and are a great credit to the Regiment.

We welcome Joe Perrin back from Aden. Joe was only back home with us a few weeks when he found himself on the plane with the rest. Well done, Joe.

We all sympathise with Sgt. Tom Hudson and his fiancée who lives in Holywood. They had their wedding all arranged but had to cancel it owing to Tom being recalled. May we be able to congratulate you both in our next issue. To Sgt. Ric Almond and his wife we give our congratulations on the birth of their daughter Rosa Maria.

Finally, may we offer a very sincere and warm welcome to all attached members of our Battalion group. May your stay with us be as happy as you yourselves could wish.

## "Once a Duke always a Duke"

BY S/SGT D. BRAYSHAW, 1ST BATTALION

Some years ago, there appeared in THE IRON DUKE the phrase "Once a 'Duke' always a 'Duke'." These six words have now become an accepted saying of the Regimental diehards, serving and retired.

The Regimental Family has many who have been weaned on the Regimental traditions and leave for the "jungles" of civilian life after giving 22 years' active service to the Regiment, and subsequently join their local O.C.A. branch. It is in this Regimental medium that they spend the rest of their lives striving to better the "lot" of the Regiment, but the task of keeping the Family in existence is the most difficult problem of all.

The recruiting figures of the Regiment have been, and still are, dangerously low. If we don't get the recruits we need by 1963, this wonderful Family of ours will fall apart. We must therefore make an all-out "attack" on the youth of the West Riding, London and any other place where the O.C.A. outposts are situated.

How can this be done? We must all bear in mind that there is much competition in the form of full employment and good wages. So it must be the spiritual approach that is taken. In this field there

is no better salesman than our retired comrade. While the serving member can encourage from within the Regiment, the "old comrade" has a wider area of knowledge and ground.

Things like displaying his personal crested tankard in the "local," or wearing the Regimental tie, and tactful "Regimental sales talk" can pay dividends. At a branch level recruiting competitions could be started. Social meetings, branch dances open to the local youth would be an opportunity to "sell" the Regiment and its activities. Although this may be unpopular with many "old comrades," if it collected recruits the sacrifice of privacy would be well worth it.

If each one of our O.C.A. branches found one recruit a month, this would mean an influx into the Regiment of 192 a year. Staggering when one thinks of it.

By combining the efforts of the serving and retired members of the Regiment we would, in fact, be creating an "army" of recruiters with one common aim—to encourage the finest man to join the finest regiment, and to stave off an entry of some future military historian—The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (1702—1963).



## TWENTY YEARS AGO

ON THE BEACHES—1940

No, not Dunkirk—Frinton. Much more select.

And the way I got there, having last been heard of shivering on the Pennines—or didn't anyone read that?—was this . . .

Leaving 2/7th D.W.R. stuck on the top of Stannedge near "Slough-it" (spelt Slaithwaite), "Nicky" Gilmore, Dennis Broadbent and I "proceeded" to O.C.T.U. At parting, R.S.M. Smith looked at us long and hard. "Aye," he said, "you're such bad N.C.O.s, you might make quite good officers!"

O.C.T.U., vintage 1939-40, was a curious place. The cadets consisted of one company of territorials, one of university entrants (no previous service) and one of regular soldiers who were "suitable for commissions."

There were also some glorious gentlemen in very long service jackets and pale pink or yellow ties. They had red bands round their hats and every emergency-commissioned officer under full colonel saluted them. Actually, they were the last dregs of Sandhurst—or those who had got delayed through falling off their horse.

We were taught by N.C.O.s of the London Scottish, plus Sandhurst instructors who had been unlucky enough not to rejoin their regiments. The commanding officer was a very distant gentleman—I never saw him nearer than the far side of the parade ground. I was told that he had, at one time, led an expedition to discover the source of the White Nile—and had never really got over it.

Our own platoon officer was an entirely mad Irish Guards lieutenant who would insist that we wouldn't win this war by learning about six-foot deep trenches, with parapet and parados, and systems of trench-relief. He got into serious trouble with the company commander for lecturing us, during minor tactics, on the "blitzkrieg" which one had vaguely heard of in Poland but he had actually seen while observing the fighting in Spain. Very irregular—not Caterham stuff at all!

Somehow we progressed. We were much helped by ex-Sgt. Peacock (1st Battalion, Bisley, and Hythe

instructor), who was one of the Regular Army cadets. He sat half-way through "This is a rifle" and then said: "Corporal, if you like—since you didn't get a very good mark at Hythe last year—you do the demos and I'll do the instructor." This worked very well, to the satisfaction of all, and we learned a lot about weapons.

In the afternoons we put aside childish things and got down to sport. Being a "Duke," I naturally had to play rugby. That broken leg set me back two months and in May 1940, instead of being "somewhere overseas" with the B.E.F., I was the "Pensioner of Goojerat." (The "million-pound barracks" in Colchester of those days. I only hope "Meeanee" now—twenty years later—being opened to receive 1st D.W.R. is better value for money.)

But back to May 1940. I had had a bad day: I had forgotten some devious detail of the internal combustion engine; the R.S.M. had asked who that idle cadet with filthy boots was; the company commander and I had disagreed about the correct use of our anti-tank gun—Belgium had just been overrun and I had suggested burying it. One way and another, I thought that Hawkes were going to have yet another uncollected S.D. uniform.

Then—Bingo! We were armed (one Bren to 30 cadets) equipped (at least 20 rounds each) and supplied (my iron ration had 1917 stamped on it) and—"Parade on the square in fifteen minutes—AND see your water bottles are filled."

The hero of the White Nile had disappeared overnight. And we had a new company commander: the mad Irishman strode on to parade with an extra pip, other ranks' equipment and a foreign-looking machine-carbine. He called sharply for platoon commanders and sergeants. Then we moved off. 164 O.C.T.U. was going to war.

After four hours in a blacked-out train we arrived. At Frinton—20 miles away! We detrained. Our warlike O.C. was told: "Take those filthy soldiers out of my cafe!" His reply was simply to commandeer the place—a good man, that.

After a day or two, our relief arrived. I can hear my military readers heaving sighs of relief. The Guards, no doubt, relieved those useless cadets. (I'd R.T.U. the lot—who is this D.R.S., anyway?)

But, no! Into Frinton, that morning, trotted two squadrons of cavalry—one lance, one sabre—with Brownings (or could they have been Maxims?) mounted but dismantled. And, on the backs of mules, little howitzer-like things! We looked; we gaped; we prayed: don't let the Germans know—yet! There's only a mule battery and us between the 1st Panzer Division and Whitehall.

And, do you know, the Germans never did find out. And we, in the fullness of time, left Frinton.

And Hawkes got paid.

D.R.S.

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## 5/7th BATTALION, T.A.

### SUB-EDITORIAL

In previous years the third quarter of the year has started with all activities at full blast and has ended on a very quiet note with August being devoted to holidays and recuperation from the annual camp at the end of July. This year the powers that be ordained that we should go to camp early in June and as a result there has been no let-up in battalion activities; in fact, as I write now at the end of August, the training for the shooting team and the Brigade tactical competition have built up to a crescendo. There is no doubt, however, that August should, if possible, be left fairly free as all activities are severely handicapped by the West Riding and Lancashire block holiday system.

Apart from annual camp, the main events of the quarter have concerned publicity and recruiting. It has long been recognised that the continued existence of this battalion depends upon its numerical strength, and great and successful efforts have been made in the last eighteen months to increase this. Now, however, the top soil has been shovelled off and we are beginning to have to dig for recruits.

To meet this challenge a recruiting and publicity committee has been set up under the chairmanship of Major Heaton. On the committee are representatives from each company together with a press liaison officer, Lt. A. E. Dye (R.A.P.C.), and a secretary, Sgt. G. A. Holberry. It is too early yet to say what the committee has achieved but they are making a big effort to ensure the complete success of the occasion in Greenhead Park, Huddersfield, on Saturday, September 17, when the combined bands, bugles and drums of 5/7 D.W.R. (T.A.) and 4 K.O.Y.L.I. (T.A.) beat retreat.

The other big recruiting event has been the Marsden show. This took place at Marsden on Saturday, July 9, under the auspices of the Marsden Branch of the Royal Naval Association. O.R.Q.M.S. Wood and Cpl. Williamson suggested to the organisers that we might help—and we then moved in. We produced a tug-of-war team, a M.M.G. demonstration team, the band and drums to beat retreat with the Commanding Officer taking the salute, and the dance band to play afterwards. All this was organised largely by O.R.Q.M.S. Wood and Cpl. Williamson, aided by the Q.M., Captain Haws, Captain Crowther and Lt. Dye. The show was a great success, over 2,000 people attending; it was marred by only one incident: the O.R.Q.M.S., who had done so much to help, strained himself doing tug-of-war and spent the next few days in hospital.

The unit has also been playing its part in Regimental affairs. We have sent a further recruit to the Regular "Dukes" and we sold over 600 tickets for the regimental sweep. We also sent £14 to aid the Army collection for the World Refugee Year.

We welcome a new officer cadet, Ronald Archer Innes. Mr. Innes is widely known throughout the Regiment as the curator of the Bankfield Museum, Halifax, and as the man who did so much to ensure the successful transfer of the Regimental museum there from Wellesley Barracks.

We are sorry to have to say farewell to another "Duke" with whom we have worked very closely in the last few years—Lt.-Colonel G. F. Dadson, O.C. of the Eshton Hall School A.C.F. Under Colonel Dadson's guidance the cadet contingent at the school has improved enormously and we hope that it will continue to prosper under the new commander, 2 Lt. R. D. Smith.

Whilst in camp we were very pleased to be able to entertain the Colonel of the Regiment. He spent the middle week-end with us, attended our Guest Night, addressed all ranks on the Saturday morning and was present at the middle Sunday cocktail party—about which more is written in the officers' mess notes.

Our congratulations go to the Commanding Officer, Lt.-Colonel F. R. Gadd, on the award of the Territorial Decoration and to Major J. C. Moncrieff on the award of the First Clasp to his Territorial Decoration.

Finally, we were very sorry to lose Major "Dick" Scott-Evans. Major Scott-Evans, after spending many years serving with the Regiment, joined the 5/7th D.W.R. cadet company on completion of his colour service and assumed command of the company last year. His drive and enthusiasm have been a great asset to it, and his presence was always welcome in the Mess. We all now wish him the best of luck in his new post down south. Captain R. R. Robinson has now assumed command of the company and we wish him every success.

### OFFICERS' MESS

Our two weeks of annual camp at Otterburn were fortunately during the early part of June and one of the "brighter weather" periods of this none too pleasant summer.

Ostensibly it was a tented camp but Captain (Q.M.) Cyril, with years of experience behind him, found more suitable quarters for several of our officers in the mess buildings. The older and more decrepit officers appreciated his thoughtfulness and joined him under a permanent roof.

The mess arrangements were excellent and we had all "mod. con." plus an enormous refrigerator (Captain Crowther's normal smile became radiant when he saw it was large enough to take outside hams and salmon). The size of the dining-room, ante-room, etc., enabled us to spread out in comfort.

Our Mess Sergeant, Sgt. Ward, really went to town with his arrangements and proved that he knew his job perfectly. Many were the words of praise from both members and visitors for the effort he and his staff put into their work and for the excellence of the results.

Two normal dinner nights were held when no visitors were present, and one guest night on the first Friday. At this, in addition to the Colonel of the Regiment, we were pleased to see many ex-5th Battalion members—Colonel Keith Sykes, Colonel John Sugden, Lt.-Colonel Laurence, Lt.-Colonel John Huxley and Major Johnny Bearder and Major T. J. E. Price who represents T.A.F.A. We were assured by them that the evening fully merited the lengthy journey they had all made. Of course Colonel Gilbert Howcroft was with us for the week-end as usual, arriving in time for the dinner. We were pleased to entertain Brigadier Commings and the Commanding Officers from the 4th K.O.Y.L.I. and Hallamshire Battalions. One rather noticeable guest was Capt. Mike Campbell-Lamerton who spent most of the first week with us finding out how the T.A. works.

For the Middle Sunday cocktail party our staff and members of the mess once again proved equal to the occasion by making everything spick and span, silver shining, and dining tables groaning with food. Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Gadd entertained at their table General Kenneth Exham, Brigadier Commings, Colonel and Mrs. Howcroft, The Mayor and Mayoress of Huddersfield and Colonel G. P. Norton. The Commanding Officers from other units in the Brigade and their ladies were also present. It was nice to see a good turn-up of our own officers' wives and children for the week-end.

As usual the Commanding Officer and certain other officers were invited to the guest nights of the 4th K.O.Y.L.I. and Hallamshire Battalions, and first-class dinners they proved to be. The K.O.Y.L.I. re-instituted their Saturday lunch-time cocktail party which was attended by Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Gadd, Colonel and Mrs. Howcroft and Major Heaton.

For the first time since the war we had an officer cadet in mess. O/Cadet Kilner was with us for the first week and was obviously made to feel "at home" amongst us. By the time the next notes are due it is hoped that his title will have changed to one of a more permanent nature. As noted in the sub-editorial we now have a second officer cadet, Ronald Innes, who should prove of great help to us on historical matters. We are sorry to have to report that the mess is losing one of its strongest supporters now that Eric Mather has taken up a new post in Southend. We hope that he will be able to get up to some of our functions in spite of the space/time problems involved and that he will be successful in his new post.

Camp saw the usual and welcome visit to the mess of members of the Sergeants' Mess. As this takes place at the end of camp it is an opportunity for post-mortems: "Well, next year we ought to do so-and-so."

Our visit to the Sergeants' Mess coincided with the awarding of trophies for various "bests" amongst their members and was followed by the usual keen competition between both the stronger and thirstier members of the respective messes. As to the winner of the sporting events, there is always

a doubt as to who has cheated most and a draw is the best result.

Since camp week-end training has kept the officers in small groups scattered around Yorkshire. One week-end in July saw 18 officers in mess at Strensall for the Battalion Shooting Competitions—this must be the largest number we have ever seated at Strensall W.E.T.C. at any one time and was a welcome sight.

Retreat beating by our combined bands was held at Wakefield recently for the 4th K.O.Y.L.I. and was attended by the C.O. and 2IC and their wives, by the Padre, Roy Matthews, and his young daughter. Drinks were supplied in the K.O.Y.L.I. mess afterwards and we enjoyed a pleasant evening. We reciprocate this function—including retreat beating in Greenhead Park on September 17—and that will be the start of our winter social programme in the mess.

We have given Cyril Kenchington a free hand to run a "curry night" in October, so if any 1st Battalion officers know "any cause or impediment" why this should not be allowed please write now and let us know the worst.

Recently a visit was made to us by Major Gordon Ashton; his friends will be pleased to know that he is well and apparently putting his new T.A. battalion on to the right lines (as per D.W.R. standards).

As these notes go into the post we welcome our new mess sergeant who will be a well-known figure to all those who served in recent years at the Depot. Sgt. Smythe takes over on September 1, and we hope he will have a long and happy association with us. He has a good staff headed by Cpl. Shaw, who has been running the mess for us recently since Sgt. Ward elected to return to duty. During the short time he was in the mess Sgt. Ward did a first-class job, but we all had a slight feeling of guilt that a first-class instructor should be taken from a rifle company.

To help Sgt. Smythe orientate himself in his new job we have quite a steady stream of social events up to the year-end, but more about those in the next issue.

Finally, a word about the brighter aspects of the mess. The trustees of the drill hall have had the dining room renovated—new curtains, tables scraped and repolished, new paintwork and the walls washed. The bar passage has also been repainted in Regimental colours in keeping with other decorations in the orderly room, offices and entrance hall. A bit of weight-reducing manual work by the 2IC and Sgt. Pilkington, our pioneer sergeant, in the erection of a mess sergeant's office should complete our requirements in this sphere and result in (a) a better figure for the first-mentioned and (b) more comfort for the mess staff.

#### SERGEANTS' MESS

Our annual camp at Otterburn in Northumberland, though splendidly located for training, left much to be desired in the way of amenities, being situated well off the beaten track. This meant Mess Members spending more of their free time in the mess, which increased the bar takings. It

also meant more effort on the part of the Entertainment Committee in organising events to make leisure hours interesting. This was very ably done by C.S.M. Laherty, aided by Sgt. Booth. A well-run indoor games tournament was held and the undermentioned received prizes after stiff bouts in the preliminary rounds:

|           | <i>Winner</i>   | <i>Runner-up</i> |
|-----------|-----------------|------------------|
| Cribbage  | Sgt. A. Spring  | Sgt. L. Adams    |
| Dominoes  | R.S.M. J. Frier | Sgt. G. Kenny    |
| Fives and |                 |                  |

|        |                    |                    |
|--------|--------------------|--------------------|
| Threes | C/Sgt. R. Pearce   | C.S.M. R. Wood     |
| Darts  | C/Sgt. F. Stringer | R.Q.M.S. G. Machen |

These prizes were presented by the 2IC, Major S. Heaton (in the absence on duty of the Commanding Officer), when the officers were guests of the Sergeants' Mess during the second week of camp. It was on this night that Sgt. D. Booth again showed his prowess at bottle walking, retaining his title against all the might of the Officers' Mess.

On the middle Saturday a bus outing was arranged to Whitley Bay were all Mess Members met at the Rex Hotel for dinner and an extremely good time was had.

We cannot close these camp notes without con-

gratulating Sgt. W. Bacon, who so ably organised the messing that every meal was a success. Thanks must also be given to all the other ranks of the mess staff whose hard work was reflected in the general tone of the mess throughout the camp period.

We offer our congratulations to the following on their promotion: C/Sgt. F. Laherty to C.S.M. and Sgt. F. Bailey to C.Q.M.S. We also congratulate and offer cordial welcome to Cpl. C. Wheelhouse and Cpl. K. Keenan on their promotion to sergeant.

In spite of welcoming in new members our numbers are steadily being depleted. In the last three months Sgt. A. Pollard has resigned owing to civilian commitments; Sgt. D. Booth has joined the Regular Army (Dukes)—may he prove as much an asset to the 1st Battalion as he did to us; Sgt. J. Wallace, our worthy A.C.C. sergeant, has moved to pastures new in Scarborough and, although he is still on our "books," it is doubtful whether we shall see him again as he has applied to carry out his training with a local T.A. unit, the 4th Battalion The Green Howards.

Mrs. Milnes, wife of our Intelligence Sergeant, has joined the local W.R.A.C. (T.A.). Already Sgt. Milnes has been heard to mutter that there is no discipline in the W.R.A.C.—"she won't stand to attention when I hand over my pay packet." Sgt. A. Spring can now cease to burn the "midnight oil," having been granted exemption from taking the remainder of his 1st class certificate of education; he already looks ten years younger.

At the Battalion Rifle Meeting, at Strensall, Sgt. W. Bacon almost swept the board, winning the following major prizes: The Dean Cup, the Master-at-Arms Trophy and the Pearson Fund Award. R.S.M. J. Frier had to be content with P.S.I. Prize. We congratulate the other winners from our mess whose achievements are listed in the Training Notes below.

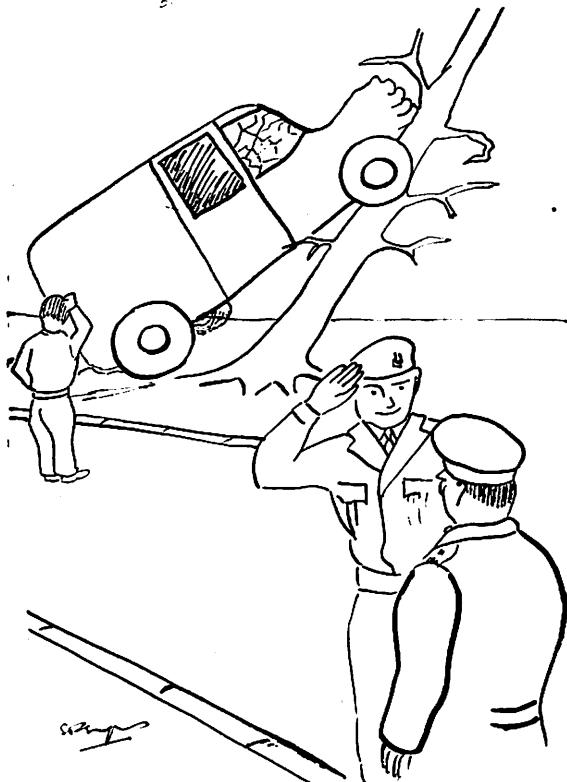
### TRAINING NOTES

The training this quarter has been concentrated mainly on fieldcraft and tactics (Annual Camp), shooting, preparation for the Brigade tactical competition and displays by the band and drums. These will be dealt with separately. P.S.I.s have also assisted the A.C.F. on two occasions, once by running a N.C.O.s' cadre (C.S.M. Arundel) and once by helping to direct a four-day exercise (Sgt. Spring, Sgt. Wood).

### Annual Camp. Otterburn, June 4-12, 1960

Our organisation for camp this year was basically the same as last year but instead of having "A" and "B" Companies we called them "X" and "Y" Companies. This eliminated a great deal of muddle. The camp, in spite of indifferent weather, was very successful. Training was concentrated entirely on fieldcraft, tactics and field-firing with, of course, normal specialist training.

In the first week we moved lock, stock and barrel out into the field for two days and two nights and continued our company training there, ending up with an inter-company exercise which



**A case of Auto Thrombosis, Sir, a clot behind the wheel**

(This cartoon was dropped into our letter box by "a former contributor". We have failed to identify the artist and would be glad to hear from him—Ed.)

started mid-day on the second day and ended late that night. Neutral Battalion H.Q. was functioning at the start but gave up the ghost when it was discovered that you cannot mark up a single battle map when the opposing sides are friendly or enemy according to the side submitting the report! The Training Officer has been left to work that one out.

In the second week we did a battalion advance-to-contact exercise directed by Brigade H.Q. This was done successfully but a little slowly.

Much of the training at camp this year was organised on a brigade basis, cadres and "concentrations" being held for the mortars, M.M.G.s, signals and intelligence sections of all three battalions. Safe-driving competitions and motor-cycle trials were also held. All these events were most successful and Cpl. Benson qualified as the safest driver in the Brigade.

Whilst at camp we were very pleased to see Captain Campbell-Lamerton who is to replace Captain Naughton as adjutant of the unit early next year. He spent five days with us and met many of the officers and men of the unit. He also wrote an exercise for us!

### Battalion Rifle Meeting

The Battalion Rifle Meeting was held at Strensall on July 23/24 and the form of the meeting was reorganised to make the shooting more interesting and less formal. Apart from a little rain on Sunday conditions were quite favourable and the shoot proved both exciting and enjoyable; such competitions as the pool bull, jazz snap and falling plate maintained interest throughout and Captain Curry is to be congratulated on the excellent organisation. Prizes were presented by the Commanding Officer.

Individual results were as follows:

| <i>Rifle</i>                           | <i>Winner</i>         |
|--|-----------------------|
| 300 yds. Application ..                | C.S.M. F. Laherty     |
| 300 yds. Snap .. ..                    | C.S.M. A. Arundel     |
| 100 yds. Standing Snap                 | Sgt. W. Bacon         |
| 100 yds. Kneeling Snap                 | L/Cpl. C. Hollas      |
| 300 yds. Jazz Snap ..                  | Sgt. W. Bacon         |
| <i>L.M.G.</i>                          |                       |
|  | <i>Winner</i>         |
| 300 yds. Rapid (bursts)                | Pte. G. Saville       |
| 300 yds. Rapid (single shots) .. ..    | Sgt. F. Binns         |
| 300 yds. Application (single shots) .. | R.Q.M.S. G. H. Machen |

After a keen tussle "A" Company (C.S.M. Fitton, Sgt. Bacon, Sgt. Smith, L/Cpl. Fossard) ran out the winners of the falling plate. In two events in which he tied for first place Sgt. Bacon of "A" Company very sportingly stood down. Our teams for the Decentralised and Beckingham competitions are hard at work training; for some of us Strensall has taken on the air of a week-end holiday camp—but only when the sun shines!

### Battalion Small-Bore Competition

This year the Small-Bore Competition was revived under the auspices of Captain Curry. The preliminary rounds were fired on a decentralised basis and the finals were fired at St. Pauls Street.

The winners were:

Champion Company: "C" Company (Major Barnes).

Champion "Open" Shot: R.Q.M.S. Machen, "H.Q." Company.

Champion Recruit: Pte. T. Conway, "D" Company.

Prizes were presented by the Commanding Officer at the Battalion Rifle Meeting in July.

### "A" COMPANY

The last IRON DUKE notes left us preparing for camp. Now we are recovering from it. Wind—rain—moors—tents—sheep—Whitley Bay—take your pick, we had the lot. We provided our usual quota of cooks, drivers and waiters, but were mainly concentrated in the Recruits' Company—providing all of Company H.Q. and a large number of recruits.

Returning from camp we were confronted by the annual arms inspection which we came through comfortably, although shaken by a last-minute return of weapons which had been out on loan.

During the latter part of July we showed the other companies the way at the Battalion Rifle Meeting. In particular we won the falling plates; a recruit, Pte. Saville, won the Bren Competition and Sgt. Bacon was a winner and was prominent in numerous other events.

Uppermost in our minds at present is the Brigade tactical competition to be held at Leek the first week-end in September; we have high hopes of finishing at the top in this. To this end we have had concentrated drill-night training, a company training week-end, and a battalion training week-end at Deer Hill. The company week-end was held at Ripon Parks and was a great success, being well attended although rather overloaded with "Adm. Staff" according to the Company Commander. A hard Saturday afternoon and early evening's training was followed by a visit to a nearby hostelry where the Company Commander was believed "lost" for a time. Our Battalion week-end was spent at old faithful Deer Hill—Saturday in torrential rain—Sunday in glorious sunshine. Much was learnt—many were wet.

Our P.S.I. did (under the Adjutant's direction) the forced march with the team—in preparation for rejoining the 1st Battalion, no doubt.

The Canteen is still turning over large profits to the R.S.M. for the benefit of the Sergeants' Mess under the management of Sgts. Carey and Smith, Sgt. Booth having now left us for the regular army—Good luck, Donald!

Our congratulations are extended to L/Cpl. Fossard on his promotion to corporal, and to Pte. McFarlane on gaining his lance stripe. We also extend a "large" welcome to Captain Crowther on his return to Arden Road.

### "C" COMPANY

Since camp a certain lassitude has settled over the newly decorated Thongsbridge T.A.C.—the holiday season is upon us once more and members of the Company are sampling the delights of the seaside with the result that drill nights have seen us rather thin on the ground.



Camp saw the Company split into diverse employments in "X," "Y," "Sp" and "H.Q." Companies and, although the location of the camp was somewhat isolated, most people managed the odd trip or two to the flesh-pots of Newcastle and Whitley Bay. The highlights of camp training will surely be written elsewhere but mention must be made of Bamlett's efforts as D.R.—rumour has it that he is now seriously revising map-reading behind the shutters of the bar.

The Battalion Rifle Meeting was much enjoyed by all who participated, and though we scored no individual successes we must congratulate the falling plates team who again reached the final to be beaten by "A" Company—to whom also our congratulations.

We did manage to win, rather by good luck, the Battalion .22 Competition; a competition starts in September to decide the Company .22 champion.

On August 20/21 we held our practice for the Brigade tactical competition and, although again suffering from lack of numbers, we had an enjoyable and (we hope) instructive week-end. Morale was kept high by the culinary efforts of Sgt. ("Wish-bone") Simpson who, it seems, can turn his hand to anything.

Captain Hutchinson has penetrated still further into the wilderness carrying the word to "B" Company at Mossley. We wish him the best of luck and good fortune with his travelling allowance and welcome in his place 2 Lt. Ivan Foster who is now back home, having started his soldiering with the Cadet Company at Thongsbridge. At the moment Ivan seems very happy here but he has yet to be introduced to the mysteries of army accounting. We also bid farewell to C.S.M. Wood who, after helping to establish the outpost here two years ago, is now back at St. Paul's Street with "H.Q." Company.

#### "D" COMPANY

This year 37 members of the Company attended camp. This was a smaller number than we had hoped for but, as with other companies, it was a difficult time to get away from our jobs.

The Battalion Rifle Meeting was successful for the Company. Our team made a determined effort at the falling plates, while Captain Haws won a cup for the bren and C.S.M. Laherty won one for rifle application.

On August 17 we went to Deer Hill to practise for the Brigade tactical competition. While we were discussing the problems posed by an ambush one nameless person offered his solution based on the exploits of Errol Flynn. The plan turned out to be quite good and E.F. has risen considerably in our military estimation!

Since our last notes we have had four new recruits and our potential officer strength has increased with the arrival of Officer Cadets Kilner and Innes.

It is with sincere regret that we report the departure of Lt. Mather to a new post in Southend. He has done a great deal for the Company and we shall all miss him. Fortunately he is not leaving

the Battalion and we shall see him from time to time and at camp.

Last, but not least, we congratulate L/Cpls. Howard, Liversidge and Taylor on their promotion to corporal and Pte. Conway on winning the Battalion Recruits' Small-Bore Competition.

#### "H.Q." COMPANY

##### Intelligence

At camp, the Intelligence Section, led by Captain R. C. Curry assisted by Captain A. E. Carter, organised and ran a cadre for other intelligence sections of the Brigade. The cadre was a great success owing to the hard work put in by our Adjutant, Captain J. N. H. Naughton, together with the "I" Staffs of all the units in the Brigade.

Capt. Curry gave a practical (and very wet) demonstration of how not to cross a river at night; this was highly amusing to the trainees and—needless to say—to the other instructors.

##### M.T.

The M.T. Section is, at present, resting on its laurels, hard-earned and most deservedly won at camp. In addition to their other activities the M.T. Section ran a very successful cadre at camp, and four out of six of the trainees were successful in gaining their driving licences.

The highlight of camp came when Captain Crowther (on his way to place falling plates for the M.M.Gs.) became bogged down in one of his Champs. Quickly he hitched his other Champ on to the immobilised vehicle. Half an hour later, Captain Crowther was asking for help to unstick two Champs. Enthusiastic M.T. men, led by Captain McDonald, were soon screaming to the rescue and, much later that day, Camp L.A.D. were requested to bring a Scammel to un-bog two Champs, two 3-tonners and a recovery winch vehicle.

##### Signals

A very full camp. We concentrated on line and exchange work which were put to the test during the three-day scheme when everything worked exceptionally well. Our section won the Brigade Signals Competition—leading in every section.

Captain Hawkins and his team are now hard at work organising their new palatial signals room.

##### Band and Drums

This has been a very busy and most successful period.

At camp a fine show was put on at the beating of retreat in Whitley Bay and within the camp itself. Since then the band has been touring the West Riding at week-ends, beating retreat in various towns, including Hebden Bridge, Marsden, Wakefield, Harewood House and Uppermill. The band was also honoured this year by being permitted to give its first public performance as an orchestra. This took place on the afternoon and evening of Sunday, July 17, in Greenhead Park, Huddersfield. Unfortunately the occasion was marred by rain but we hope for permission to perform again next year. Under the guidance of Bandmaster Roberts and Drum-Major Noon the band and drums have made great progress this year.

## I HAD A BATMAN—No. 1

I first met him when I took a draft out to join the 1st Battalion in Italy in the winter of 1943-44. He was in the draft, an "old soldier" having served with one of our T.A. battalions in Iceland earlier in the war; he knew the form and to me, a newly commissioned officer, he appeared to be just the type I wanted. I liked him and he certainly did me well. He was a good batman by any standards.

Having got the draft through the Reinforcement Depot near Caserta we found ourselves on board an L.S.T. bound for Anzio. And it was at Anzio that I had my first warning about this model batman of mine. Potty, the senior subaltern, was in "B" Echelon when we arrived—and he too had served in Iceland. He knew my batman: he was a crook and had got into no end of trouble in Iceland; he wasn't to be trusted and, for everybody's sake, I ought to get rid of him as soon as possible. But, I protested, he'd served me well—I couldn't cast him off for no reason. You see, I maintained, he'll be all right now.

After the fall of Rome I went on a course to the

### S'Truth!

(With acknowledgments to the R.E.M.E. Magazine, "The Craftsman" and to "The Phoenix" the magazine of 382 Medium Regiment)

The following are true extracts from vehicle accident Report Sheets.

The accident was due to the other driver narrowly missing me.

A lamp post bumped into my car, bending it in two places.

A lorry backed through my windscreen into my officer's face.

I knocked a man over; he admitted it was his fault, as he had been knocked over before.

Dog on the road applied brakes causing skid.

Collided with a stationary car coming in the opposite direction.

I misjudged a lady crossing the road.

I left my car unattended for a minute, and by accident it ran away.

I collided with a stationary tree.

I thought the side window was down, but it was "UP," as I found when I pushed my head through it.

To avoid a collision, I ran into a lorry.

My vehicle plunged down the bank, landing on the railway. I trust this meets with your approval.

I blew my horn—but as this had been stolen it would not work.

Three women were all talking to one another and, when two stepped back and one stepped forward, I had to have an accident.

Divisional Battle School. I took my batman with me; towards the end of the course he was arrested for stealing a revolver, a Biretta, from one of the instructors. In due course he finished his spell of detention and returned to the Battalion. Obviously he had to give up being a batman and he was put back to duty in another company.

I had learned a lesson and there the story might have ended. But he kept cropping up. He did well in the advance to Florence and the Gothic Line, and was made corporal leading a section. I followed his career with interest; first impressions are always strongest; I was sure he was a good chap and here he was doing well in battle. But he didn't like the winter of 1944-45. He deserted from our position in the line near Monte Grande.

He never came back to the Battalion, and he was never caught while we were in Italy. But I did see him again once. I was in Florence on a week's leave in January '45. There he was, looking in a shop window with a girl on his arm, an arm which his regimental titles and his two chevrons still adorned. He saw me at the same moment and they were off—both of them together. The girl was well trained, and must have known the form, for they were gone in the crowd before I could do anything.

I sometimes wonder where he is now, and what happened to him. Did he ever get back to England to take advantage of the amnesty? Or is he still in Italy? I suppose he might even be reading this! Wherever he is it would be nice to know.

D.E.I.

*We have numbered this tale 1 as we have for some time been trying to persuade a distinguished retired officer to set down another batman story. Possibly this will shame him into getting on with it. There may also be others or, indeed, some "I had an Officer" stories!—Ed.*

### COMPETITION PHOTOGRAPH—RESULT

The names of the "old and bold" who figured in the group taken at the O.C.A. London and Home Counties Branch Dinner are as follows:

*Back Row (left to right):*

Temple, Fitter, McMahon, Stringer, Samples, Hearsom, Birch, Benson, Ancill, Johnson, Pearce, F., Code, Cherry, Webster.

*Front Row (left to right):*

Reed, Hartwell, Myatt, Yaxley, Kennedy.

The first correct identifications were received from:

Mr. F. H. Stringer, 26 Savile Parade, Savile Park, Halifax (present at the dinner).

Mr. Ben Taylor, 3 Richardson Street, Halifax (not present at the dinner).

Each of them has been sent a £1 Premium Bond token. We hope that they will both win large prizes.

## Regimental Museum

### PROBLEMS OF DATING UNIFORMS

*This is the first of a series of articles which Mr. Immes, the Curator of Halifax Museums, has kindly promised to write on points of interest connected with our museum.*

As visitors to the Museum will know, we have tried as far as possible to assemble complete uniforms—that is to provide each tunic with a helmet, trousers, etc. of the correct type.

We do not often receive complete uniforms so this, apart from the difficulty of obtaining enough Wellington boots, presents tricky, though interesting, problems of dating.

At very few times during the Army's history has a uniform been altered in its entirety. Generally, individual items such as the headdress have altered, or a new tunic has been introduced, or a new type of sword. And when we label a museum exhibit we must be certain that all the component parts we have assembled are correct for the date we assign to the complete uniform.

The captain's full dress uniform shown in the photograph is a very good example of this problem, for only during the short period assigned to it could the complete uniform shown have been worn by an officer.

The full dress tunic of the type shown was introduced in 1883 and was used until full dress uniform ceased to be worn. It has, however, white facings which shows that this tunic must date from before 1905 when the Regiment won back the old red facings. It must indeed be even earlier as it has the pattern of gold braid on the cuff which assisted in identifying the rank of the wearer. And in 1902 the system of rank identification was changed to the present system of crowns and stars only.

It can thus be seen that the tunic could have been worn at any time between 1883 and 1902. The helmet, however, reduces this period drastically because, although the illustration may not make this clear, the crown on the helmet plate is of the King's variety—a change in the sex of the monarch alters the shape of the crown worn on army uniforms. The helmet could not, therefore, have been worn before the accession of King Edward VII. It could have been worn up to the outbreak of war in 1914 but the period when it could have been worn with the tunic is restricted to about twelve months between 1901, the accession of King Edward, and 1902 when the gold lace on the cuff was altered.

Infantry officers' swords did not change greatly during most of the 19th century. They had brass hilts with black leather and brass, or all brass, scabbards. The year 1895 changed all this for in that year the modern steel sword was introduced.

This means that our uniform must have a steel sword of the post-1895 pattern. But another point must also be considered. Army swords bear a royal monogram on the hilt. Since we have dated the uniform in King Edward's reign one's first thought



**Captain's Full Dress Uniform, 1901-1902**

might be to provide it with a sword with the monogram E.R. But the wearer has reached the rank of captain and must have been commissioned during the old Queen's reign. He is unlikely to have just bought a new sword. It is much more likely that he is still carrying his first steel sword which he had to buy when they were introduced six years before, in 1895. And so he is given a sword with the monogram V.R.

The purpose of this note is to give those interested

*(Continued on next page column two)*

## From the London Gazette

Supplements dated June 10 to August 30

### WAR OFFICE

#### REGULAR ARMY

The following officers retire on retired pay on the dates shown (Reserve Liability): Maj.-Gen. R. K. Exham, C.B., C.B.E., M.C., 9th June; Col. R. de la H. Moran, O.B.E., 14th June.

#### INFANTRY

P.W.O.

#### REGULAR ARMY

Brig. Gerald Hilary Cree, C.B.E., D.S.O., is appointed Colonel, The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire, 7th June, 1960, in succession to Brig. Robert John Springhall, C.B., O.B.E., tenure expired.

D.W.R.

#### REGULAR ARMY

The following officers retire on retired pay (Reserve Liability): Maj. D. M. Harris, 11th May; Maj. E. J. P. Emmett, M.C., 15th July.

Lt. M. J. Campbell-Lamerton to be Capt., 1st Aug.  
2nd Lt. W. F. Charlesworth to be Lt., 2nd Aug.

#### REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS

Capt. J. Cook (Emp. List 4) relinquishes his commn., 3rd Dec. 1959, and is regranted the hon. rank of Capt.

#### ARMY EMERGENCY RESERVE OF OFFICERS

#### NATIONAL SERVICE LIST

2nd Lt. P. J. Davies from Reg. Army, Nat. Serv. List to be 2nd Lt., 13th July, with seniority from 10th Oct. 1959.

#### TERRITORIAL ARMY

The Queen has been graciously pleased to confer the award of the 1st Clasp to the Territorial Efficiency Decoration upon Maj. J. C. Moncrieff, T.D.

The Queen has been graciously pleased to confer the award of the Territorial Efficiency Decoration upon Lt.-Colonel F. R. Gadd, E.R.D.

### (Regimental Museum—continued)

some idea of the problems arising in the organisation of the Museum. It is also to show that the more items of uniform and accessories we have the easier will be the correct presentation of the exhibits.

I appeal to all serving and former members of the Regiment to send to the Bankfield any items they may have for disposal—even though they may not consider them "museum pieces." We can never have too many items such as badges, buttons, overall trousers, Wellington boots, swords, sword knots, belts, caps, etc.

R.A.I.

## Museum Acquisitions

34506 Pte. Henry Tandey, 5th Battalion. His decorations and medals, viz.: V.C., D.C.M., M.M., 1914 Star, War Medal, Victory Medal, 1939-45 Defence Medal, George VI Coronation Medal, Elizabeth II Coronation Medal.

Kukri, in leather sheath, and .45 Webley Mark VI revolver, No. 184,080, in leather holster with bandolier. These two items were used by the late Lt.-Colonel S. R. (Sam) Hoyle, M.C., C.O. 7th Battalion D.W.R., in the Chindit campaign. Presented by Mr. J. E. Hoyle.

Sword, brass hilt, steel scabbard, adjutant's type pre-1895, belonging to the late Brigadier-General Turner, Colonel of the Regiment. Presented by Mrs. P. A. Turner.

Lt.-Colonel Sir Robert Henniker, Bart., M.C., 1888-1958, 2nd D.W.R. His decorations and medals, viz.: Military Cross, 1914 Star, 1914 War Medal, 1914 Victory Medal (mention in despatches), 1939-45 Star, Africa Star, Defence Medal, 1939-45 War Medal. This M.C. was the first one to be awarded to a member of the Regiment during the 1914-18 War.

The Albert Shako of J. H. Twigg, 33rd Foot. Chin scales, plate and plume missing. George Hanbury Twigg was gazetted Ensign in the 33rd Regiment on December 22, 1846. By 1848 he had retired from the Army.

Hand-coloured print of the coat of arms of the 1st Duke of Wellington, framed, 15 in. x 11½ in. It shows the mullet as a mark of cadency, and the Union Flag on an inescutcheon. It was published in London in 1814, the year in which Wellington received his Dukedom, and dedicated to him by his permission. On the back of the frame are the arms of Herbert, apparently cut from a bookplate. Presented by Mrs. Devine, 1 Firs Cottage, Temple Ewell, Dover.

Trench torch (with bullet hole) taken from the body of Captain L. L. Hart, 2nd D.W.R., killed in action at Beaumont Hamel July 1, 1916. Removed by 2 Lt. Gleadhow, M.C., M.M., who has presented it.

Cross belt plate, 33rd Regiment, fourth and last type, 1830-55, belonging to Colonel Richard Lacy, who served in the 33rd from 1842 until he exchanged into the 59th Regiment in 1869.

The model of Roosendaal Polar Bear Memorial (vide I.D., No. 117, July 1960, page 89). Presented by C.O., 5/7th Battalion.

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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 70 of No. 116, April 1960)

*The last instalment of Pte. Sunley's diary ended with the Battalion in the line, in the Delville Wood area, in the summer of 1916.*

Whilst taking a message to Battalion bombers' H.Q. I came across a chum, Jock McLellan from Ilkley, who was whistling cheerily and repairing telephone wires. He had no sooner repaired one than another was broken by shell-fire, but nothing perturbed Jock—he just carried on and was able to establish communications with Brigade H.Q. for approximately three hours, no mean feat under the conditions prevailing. He was later awarded the Military Medal, and this was bravely and justly earned.

The Battalion was relieved on the 7th (August 1916) and went to Montaubon Alley in reserve, and from there to rest at Dernancourt, under canvas, and had an enjoyable time bathing in the Somme. It is a swift stream so that when you dived in you came up about 20 yards further down stream. It was great fun and we felt happy to be clean for a change.

On the 14th I was included in a cycle party of five to act as a billeting party. The first day we arrived at Talmas where there was a beautiful open-air swimming pool in which we all spent a jolly two hours. The Flying Corps headquarters was there. The second day we reached Bouquemaision and the third day reached Souastre. I went round the trenches with Colonel Wannell and Major Danby before the Battalion took over the line. When the Battalion reached Souastre they must have thought they were a long way from the line because the regimental band played them into the village. Judge our surprise when Jerry shelled the village a few hours later, causing five casualties.

The Battalion went into the line on the 19th and relieved the Royal Fusiliers. The trenches here were very cushy, in fact much safer than being in England.

I left the battalion orderlies here and commenced duties as a clerk in the Battalion Orderly Room. I had enjoyed my life as an orderly: plenty of thrills, very little discipline, opportunity to use your own initiative, and a happy spirit of comradeship. I had the feeling of leaving a happy home.

The Battalion stayed at Souastre a few weeks and then went to St. Amand in reserve, our time being occupied with heavy fatigues and drilling. We then went to Bouquemaision for a rest and eventually, in late October, took over the line again, at "Shine Trench," Guedecourt.

The reserve and front line trenches here were

in a terrible condition. We were guided up the line by a white tape; duckboards had been laid in places but these were mostly submerged in mud and water. On arrival we found the trenches were two feet deep in slush and, owing to the frost, it was like walking through glue. It was so cold that one needed a greatcoat but the coat-tails trailing in the mud made them a ton weight, so most of the chaps cut the coats off at the waist.

The men could only stay in the line for two days at a time as for the most part it was hopeless to try to bring rations up, although some of the platoons did succeed in doing so. One man in "C" Company got stuck in the mud in "C" trench for twenty-four hours. When he was eventually extricated he had not a stitch of clothing on him. I saw him coming down the line, covered in slime. He died later from shock and exposure.

Everyone was in a deplorable condition though I, by a little wangling, had had three new suits in ten days. We had many fatalities in this sector; if a man was wounded it was difficult to render first aid; many who were wounded and could not help themselves gradually sank into the mud. Coming out of the line into reserve we were not much better off, as the place was so waterlogged that we had to sleep on the wet ground in our already soaking clothing.

The Battalion went to Guillemont and then into the line once more for Christmas Day. It was snowing very heavily as we were proceeding up the line and we passed a battalion of French infantry coming out; most of them had long beards and presented a real "Father Christmas" appearance.

On the 28th we were back at Echelon "B" reserve. The post had just arrived and there was a merry scramble round the postman. There was a parcel for me from home and inside I found a roast chicken. The old chicken had gone rather green but tasted none the worse so far as it went but, as three hungry chums joined me, an ostrich would have been more acceptable.

In the line again—at Morval, Combles, Saily Saillisel—snow lay thick on the ground. It was easy for the enemy to spot companies proceeding up the line and we had many casualties in this way. While in the line men on patrol were sent out wearing white overalls over their khaki to render them less visible.

Now (April 19, 1917) the Battalion arrives at Arras and is in reserve for an attack by a Scottish division. Leaving Arras, or La Neuville, in a snowstorm I met a Huddersfield lad with whom I had played football; he was attached to the R.G.A.



The Battalion eventually arrived on open moorland near Féuchy and stayed out in the open all night—it was damned cold. Early next morning we went into dugouts near a small lake which was full of fish. We caught some by throwing a Mills bomb into the water and had them cooked. It was the first time we had tasted fish since leaving England. They tasted good. On the 25th the Battalion went over the top at Monchy le Preux and suffered many casualties; Lt. Hatherall was killed here—a great officer and soldier.

Whilst the Battalion was on the march back to Arras, Jock McLellan and myself on bicycles, in company with orderlies and signallers, were at the head of the Battalion when we passed a very nice-looking estaminet. I said to Jock: "By Jove, I am thirsty. What about it?" Jock had a sudden puncture and I dropped off my cycle to assist him. We let all the Battalion march past, then pumped the tyre up and quickly sped back to the estaminet. After spending a very enjoyable twenty minutes consuming French beer, we pedalled away furiously to rejoin the Battalion.

An amusing incident happened at La Neuville, Arras. Orderly room was in a French house and one day, after a lot of French wine at lunch time, Sgt. Pilkington arrived back at the orderly room absolutely "blotto." I told him to lay down on the R.S.M.'s bed, which was behind a curtain, to sleep it off. Unfortunately Col. Wannell arrived at the orderly room, along with Major Danby, Captain Bennett (Adjutant) and R.S.M. Mulhall, and asked

for Sgt. Pilkington. I said he was not very well, but loud snores were coming from behind the curtain. The R.S.M. went round and found Pilky snoring away in his bed. He was furious. Roughly shaking Pilky he said, in a stage whisper we could all hear: "Pilkington! Pilkington! The Colonel's here and requires you." An audible mumble said: "Tell the Colonel—and all of them—to go to —." It was most difficult to retain a straight face.

The Battalion was relieved and went to Sus—St. Leger for a rest, then back to the line at Fam-poux; July at Gavrelle Switch; August in the line at Roeux Chemical Works (a very "hot" place where we suffered many casualties), and in September in support in the "Green Line" near Blangy. While we were here Horatio Bottomley (*John Bull*) came round on inspection of the troops. Whilst he was passing through, two of our aeroplanes were brought down by shell fire and the occupants killed.

At St. Nicholas, near Arras, where we went to rest, football matches and various sports were arranged. A swimming gala was held in a beautiful open-air bath and I managed to win one first prize and two seconds, amounting to about 40 francs prize money, which was celebrated in good style with two chums, Sgt. Kennedy and Cpl. Moore from Huddersfield. We arrived back at camp corkscrew fashion with nothing left, but full of good champagne and spirits. I woke next morning with a thick head and no puttees, which would have to be accounted for unless we soft-soaped the Quartermaster.

In November we moved up into the line to Passchendaele. How can I describe Passchendaele? A huge plain, very much under water, and shell-holes full of water every few yards. The way up the line was by duckboards which had been laid between the shell-holes by the Royal Engineers. At night these duckboards appeared like a long, zigzag, white line and Jerry constantly shelled them, causing many casualties. If a man was badly wounded it was nearly hopeless to try to get him down to the dressing station. There must have been many wounded who became stuck in the mud or got drowned in the deep shell-holes.

One man of "C" Company, who must have found a bottle of rum before going up the line, was hopelessly drunk as we moved forwards and it was too great a feat for him to balance on the duckboards. Every few yards he would suddenly disappear into a shell-hole, to be unceremoniously dragged out. It created quite a bit of humour. He was quite sober by the time he reached the front line though he appeared a sorry sight, soaked through with icy water and covered with a four-inch layer of mud.

Battalion H.Q. was in a former German pill-box, a small round block of concrete with machine-gun emplacements; from it five or six men would have been able to control a front of 500 yards, thereby saving two companies of infantry. The Germans realised the futility of making trenches in this area where they would be full of water and untenable.

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It was surprising to the Tommy in the line why Passchendaele was ever selected for a great British offensive; it was obvious to the densest private that the Germans would never have arranged the system of pill-box defences if it had been possible to make trenches tenable. It was difficult enough to advance in that quagmire without any opposition at all.

So many machine guns had been lost in the offensive by preceding battalions that orders were issued to every incoming unit to salvage guns during the night. This must have been a fearful business, wallowing about in the mud. I remember once I was standing by the sentry at Battalion H.Q. when he challenged some figures looming up in the darkness: "Who goes there?" A fed-up voice replied: "Duke of Wellington's bloody salvage battalion."

The conditions in the front line were appalling. The men had to lie on their stomachs on duck-boards all day and all night; periodically they were supposed to take boots off and rub their feet with "anti-frostbite" to avoid trench feet. Imagine yourself doing that: wet through and half frozen, taking your boots and socks off, ringing the water out, rubbing your feet with grease, and putting the same socks back on—six times in every 24 hours!

It was made a crime for a man to get trench feet, owing to the wastage in fighting strength that this ailment caused in this area. The hospitals were so full that units sent their men down to their transport lines where they were treated by the unit medical officer and stretcher bearers.

In December we were relieved and moved down the line to Proven and eventually to St. Omer, where the Battalion entrained to Achiet le Petit. (*Back in the Somme sector where they had stayed before moving north to Passchendaele.*) We then moved up the line in front of Bourlon Wood to headquarters at Flesquieres. Headquarters were in the crypt of a ruined church that had been a German dugout.

Christmas (1917) was spent in the line—my third there in succession. For Christmas fare the transport brought up *Daily Mail* plum puddings. They would have made jolly good hand-grenades, but we managed to borrow a bottle of whisky from the Officers' Mess when no-one was looking, so we celebrated Christmas in proper style, everyone very happy. It snowed all day and everything looked Christmassy.

### HOT!

Earlier in the year a party of volunteers from the 1st Battalion spent 12 days at Aden undergoing hot weather endurance tests in the Arabian Desert. The tests were designed to assist in the medical study of men's reactions in extremes of climate. The hats being worn are, presumably, the "Hats Tropical" or "Hats Horrible" which are the subject of comment in the 1st Battalion Sergeants' Mess Notes.



Above: L/Cpl. A. Wright (left) and L/Cpl. E. Ramsbotham enjoy a glass of cold water



Left (left to right): Cpl. D. Foster, Pte. D. Mosley, Pte. L. Dickinson, Pte. John Monaghan



BALANCE SHEETS AS AT JUNE 30, 1960

**D.W.R. REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION—GENERAL ACCOUNT**

|   |     |    |    |             |           |          |                                       |     |    |             |           |          |
|---|-----|----|----|-------------|-----------|----------|---------------------------------------|-----|----|-------------|-----------|----------|
| <i>General Fund</i> as at June 30, 1959 ..      | £   | s. | d. | £           | s.        | d.       | <i>Investments at cost:</i>           | £   | s. | d.          |           |          |
| Less: Excess of expenditure over income .. .. . | 620 | 19 | 4  |             |           |          | £500 3% Savings Bonds 1960-70 .. .. . | 503 | 0  | 3           |           |          |
|   | 47  | 5  | 0  | 573         | 14        | 4        | (Market value, June 30, 1960, £393)   |     |    |             |           |          |
|   |     |    |    |             |           |          | <i>Cash at Bank</i> .. .. .           | 69  | 13 | 7           |           |          |
|   |     |    |    |             |           |          | <i>Cash in hand</i> .. .. .           | 1   | 0  | 6           |           |          |
|   |     |    |    | <u>£573</u> | <u>14</u> | <u>4</u> |                                       |     |    | <u>£573</u> | <u>14</u> | <u>4</u> |

**OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATION FUND**

|   |       |    |    |                |           |          |  |       |    |    |                |           |          |
|---|-------|----|----|----------------|-----------|----------|--|-------|----|----|----------------|-----------|----------|
| <i>Capital Account</i> as at June 30, 1959 .. | £     | s. | d. | £              | s.        | d.       | <i>Investments at cost:</i>            | £     | s. | d. | £              | s.        | d.       |
| <i>Income Account</i> as at June 30, 1959 ..  | 2,435 | 19 | 8  |                |           |          | £463 10s. 6d. 3½% War Loan ..          | 463   | 10 | 6  |                |           |          |
| Add: Excess of income over expenditure .. .   | 220   | 3  | 6  | 2,656          | 3         | 2        | £3,150 3½% War Stock ..                | 3,117 | 11 | 0  |                |           |          |
|   |       |    |    |                |           |          | £5,384 3½% Conversion Loan ..          | 4,107 | 16 | 7  |                |           |          |
|   |       |    |    |                |           |          | £1,979 0s. 8d. 3½% Conversion Loan ..  | 1,586 | 0  | 0  |                |           |          |
|   |       |    |    |                |           |          | £2,650 4% Funding Loan ..              | 1,950 | 1  | 6  |                |           |          |
|   |       |    |    |                |           |          | £621 5s. 0d. 4% Consols ..             | 500   | 0  | 0  |                |           |          |
|   |       |    |    |                |           |          | £300 3% Defence Bonds ..               | 300   | 0  | 0  |                |           |          |
|   |       |    |    |                |           |          | £100 3½% Defence Bonds ..              | 100   | 0  | 0  |                |           |          |
|   |       |    |    |                |           |          | £300 3% Savings Bonds, 1965-75 ..      | 300   | 0  | 0  |                |           |          |
|   |       |    |    |                |           |          | £500 3% Savings Bonds, 1960-70 ..      | 469   | 3  | 3  |                |           |          |
|   |       |    |    |                |           |          | £300 5% Defence Bonds ..               | 300   | 0  | 0  |                |           |          |
|   |       |    |    |                |           |          | £419 5s. 9d. 5% London County Stock .. | 400   | 0  | 0  |                |           |          |
|   |       |    |    |                |           |          | (Market value, June 30, 1960, £10,997) |       |    |    | 13,594         | 2         | 10       |
|   |       |    |    |                |           |          | <i>Tax recoverable</i> .. .. .         |       |    |    | 4              | 1         | 3        |
|   |       |    |    |                |           |          | <i>Loans</i> .. .. .                   |       |    |    | 130            | 0         | 0        |
|   |       |    |    |                |           |          | <i>Cash at Bank</i> .. .. .            |       |    |    | 299            | 7         | 11       |
|   |       |    |    | <u>£14,027</u> | <u>12</u> | <u>0</u> |  |       |    |    | <u>£14,027</u> | <u>12</u> | <u>0</u> |

**REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION FUND**

|   |        |    |    |                |           |          |   |       |    |    |                |           |          |
|---|--------|----|----|----------------|-----------|----------|---|-------|----|----|----------------|-----------|----------|
| <b>LIABILITIES</b>                                    |        |    |    | <b>ASSETS</b>  |           |          |   |       |    |    |                |           |          |
| <i>Amount of Fund</i> as at June 30, 1959 ..          | £      | s. | d. | £              | s.        | d.       | <i>Investments at Cost:</i>   | £     | s. | d. | £              | s.        | d.       |
| Add: Excess of income over expenditure .. .           | 22,987 | 7  | 7  |                |           |          | £500 3½% Conversion Stock 1961/A ..                                 | 379   | 19 | 9  |                |           |          |
|   | 261    | 9  | 1  | 23,248         | 16        | 8        | £1,000 4% Defence Bonds ..  | 1,000 | 0  | 0  |                |           |          |
| <i>Mitchell Trust Fund</i> as at June 30, 1959 ..     | 2,113  | 10 | 6  |                |           |          | £1,000 4½% Defence Bonds ..   | 1,000 | 0  | 0  |                |           |          |
| Add: Excess of income over expenditure .. .           | 39     | 10 | 10 | 2,153          | 1         | 4        | £5,726 14s. 4d. 3% Savings Bonds 1960-70 ..                         | 5,679 | 15 | 3  |                |           |          |
| <i>McGuire Bate Trust Fund</i> as at June 30, 1959 .. | 8,779  | 18 | 5  |                |           |          | £4,100 3% Savings Bonds 1965-75 ..                                  | 4,353 | 4  | 11 |                |           |          |
| Add: Excess of income over expenditure .. .           | 98     | 16 | 8  | 8,878          | 15        | 1        | £5,000 3½% Treasury Stock 1977-80 ..                                | 4,203 | 1  | 5  |                |           |          |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          | £5,000 4% British Transport Guaranteed Stock 1972-77 ..             | 4,562 | 1  | 0  |                |           |          |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          | £1,500 Nottingham Corporation 6% Redeemable Stock 1975-78 ..        | 1,494 | 18 | 7  |                |           |          |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          | (Market value June 30, 1960, £18,800)                               |       |    |    | 22,673         | 0         | 11       |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          | <i>Mitchell Trust Fund:</i>   |       |    |    |                |           |          |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          | £1,000 4½% Defence Bonds ..   | 1,000 | 0  | 0  |                |           |          |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          | £744 13s. 8d. 4½% British Electricity Guaranteed Stock 1967-69 ..   | 700   | 0  | 0  |                |           |          |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          | £400 5% Treasury Stock 1986-89 ..                                   | 393   | 7  | 0  |                |           |          |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          | (Market value June 30, 1960, £2,030)                                |       |    |    | 2,093          | 7         | 0        |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          | <i>McGuire Bate Trust Fund:</i>                                     |       |    |    |                |           |          |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          | £2,821 12s. 0d. 3½% War Stock ..                                    | 2,560 | 3  | 0  |                |           |          |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          | £1,000 3½% British Electricity Stock 1976-79 ..                     | 1,008 | 8  | 6  |                |           |          |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          | £1,000 3½% Treasury Stock 1977-80 ..                                | 1,017 | 3  | 6  |                |           |          |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          | £1,000 3% Savings Bonds 1965-75 ..                                  | 959   | 17 | 9  |                |           |          |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          | £1,000 3% Savings Bonds 1960-70 ..                                  | 971   | 9  | 0  |                |           |          |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          | £1,000 3% Metropolitan Water Board ..                               | 877   | 14 | 0  |                |           |          |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          | £1,000 4½% Defence Bonds ..   | 1,000 | 0  | 0  |                |           |          |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          | £100 Workman Clarke & Co. Ltd. 7% First Mortgage Debenture Stock .. | 2     | 0  | 0  |                |           |          |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          | (Market value, June 30, 1960, £6,190)                               |       |    |    | 8,396          | 15        | 9        |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          | <i>Income Tax recoverable</i> .. .. .                               |       |    |    | 17             | 8         | 9        |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          | <i>Stock of badges, etc., at cost</i> .. .. .                       |       |    |    | 92             | 8         | 4        |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          | <i>Cash at Bank:</i>  |       |    |    |                |           |          |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          | <i>Mitchell Trust Fund</i> .. .. .                                  | 59    | 14 | 4  |                |           |          |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          | <i>McGuire Bate Trust Fund</i> .. .. .                              | 481   | 19 | 4  |                |           |          |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          | <i>Regimental Association Fund</i> .. .. .                          | 465   | 18 | 8  |                |           |          |
|   |        |    |    |                |           |          |   |       |    |    | 1,007          | 12        | 4        |
|   |        |    |    | <u>£34,280</u> | <u>13</u> | <u>1</u> |   |       |    |    | <u>£34,280</u> | <u>13</u> | <u>1</u> |

**AUDITORS' REPORT**  
 We have audited the Balance Sheet and Accounts of the Associations as set forth, and have obtained all the information and explanations we have required.

In our opinion such Balance Sheet and Accounts are properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the affairs of the Associations, and are in accordance with the books and papers produced to us.

WHITHAM, SMITH, MITCHELL & CO.  
 4 and 6 Harrison Road,  
 Halifax. Chartered Accountants.

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