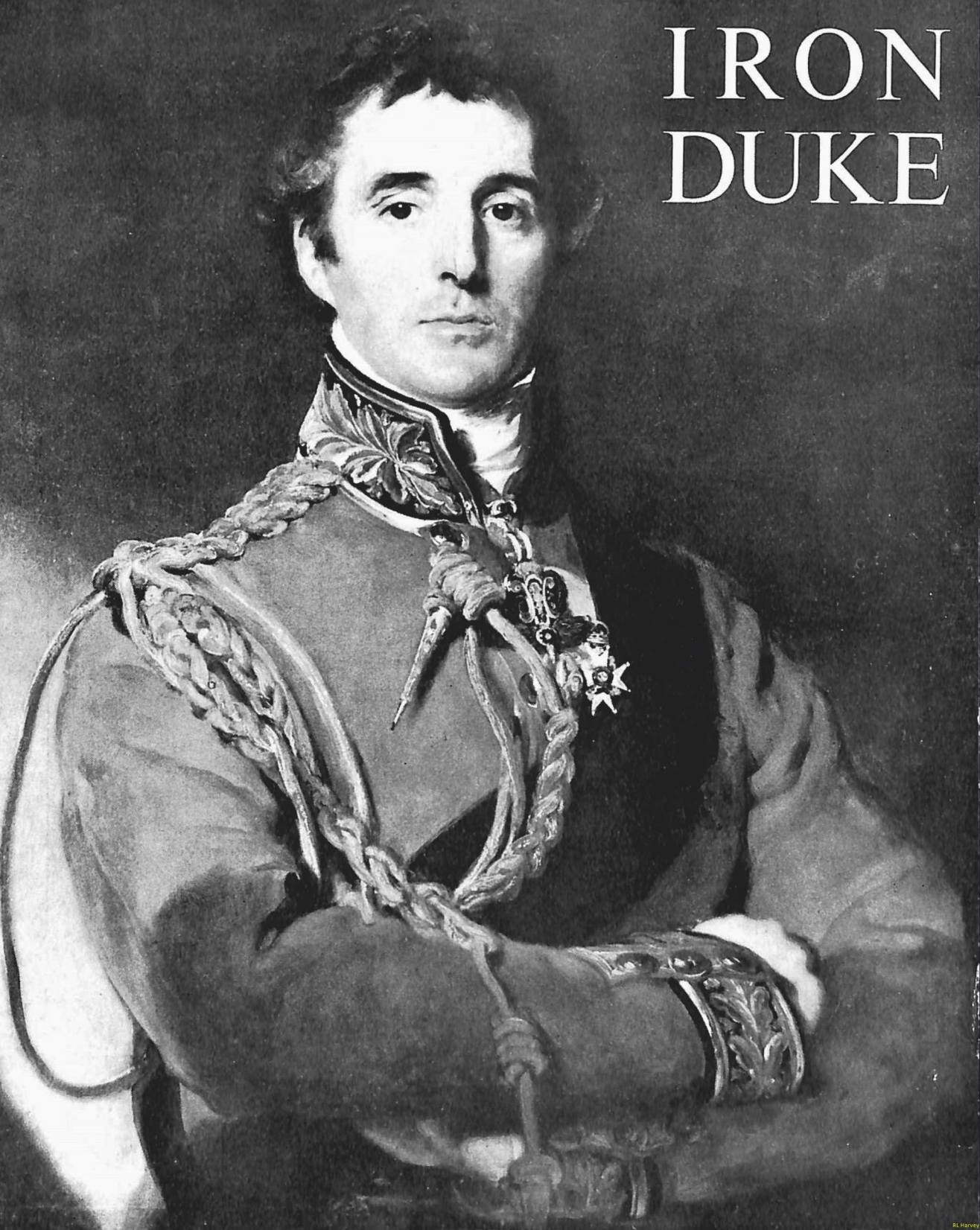


No.164 April 1974

THE
IRON
DUKE



THE IRON DUKE

The Regimental Journal of

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT

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



Hill 60
Somme 1916, '18
Arras 1917, '18
Cambrai 1917, '18
Lys
Piave 1918
Landing at 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

Vol. L

APRIL 1974

No. 164

BUSINESS NOTES

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Acknowledgement

The portrait of The Duke by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. (Canvas 1814), is reproduced on our cover, without fee, by kind permission of the Director of the Wellington Museum, Apsley House.

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LONGMAN & STRONGI'TH'ARM

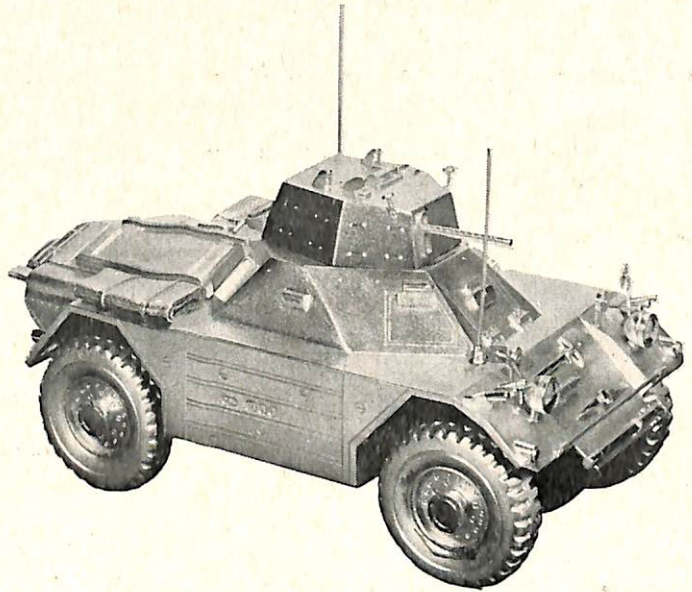
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Message from the Colonel of the Regiment

Just before this number of our magazine went to press it was able to record an important event in our regimental life. HM The Queen's approval of the appointment of Brigadier His Grace The Duke of Wellington, MVO, OBE, MC, as our Colonel-in-Chief is a very great honour. It is very rare that anyone, other than a member of a Royal Family, has been so appointed to a British regiment. In fact the last occasion was 61 years ago and now we are the only regiment to have such a Colonel-in-Chief. Throughout all our long history no one has held this post, though, of course, the "Iron Duke" not only commanded the 33rd, but was later Colonel of the

Regiment.

The Eighth Duke of Wellington served 29 years in the Army. He will, I know, not only take a great interest in the Regiment but will also direct and control our affairs. We welcome him as the senior officer of the Regiment and also as a member of it. On behalf of all of us, I wish him a very happy time as Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment which is proud to bear the crest and name of his family.

ROBERT BRAY,
Colonel, The Duke of Wellington's
Regiment

From the London Gazette

The following entry appeared in the *London Gazette* Supplement dated March 5, 1974:

Brigadier His Grace The Duke of Wellington,

MVO, OBE, MC, BA (late H. Cavalry), is appointed Colonel-in-Chief of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, January 23, 1974 (new appointment).

Regimental Headquarters

The Colonel-in-Chief

Readers will find a photograph and a very brief account of the Colonel-in-Chief's career in the December 1972 issue.

It is perhaps appropriate to mention here the service in the Duke's of other members of the family:

Henry Valerian George, succeeded 5th Duke in December 1941; Commissioned November 15, 1935; KIA with No. 2 Commando, September 1943, 8 years

Lt.-Col. F. H. B. Wellesley, 1900-30, 30 years

Major F. H. B. Wellesley, 1928-52, 24 years

We hear that the Colonel-in-Chief intends coming to the Ladies' Luncheon on July 6.

Regimental Dinner 1974

The business of notifying as many ex-officers of the Duke's, TA, war-time and others goes ahead. Including serving officers, we know about 500 addresses. Those who have replied have so far provided us with a further 40 or so, to whom notification has now been sent.

Change of staff

After slightly under four years at RHQ, Charlie Grieve has left and is now back in his old job at Infantry Records, York, which he held from June 1966 to February 1970. The job has recently been

2/Lt. Howard Ralph Fawley

2/Lt. Fawley was tragically killed in action whilst serving with Alma Company on January 25, 1974, in N. Ireland.

He was commissioned into the Regiment on March 10, 1973, and the extract from the *London Gazette* only appeared in the December issue of THE IRON DUKE.

The deepest sympathy of all members of the Regiment goes out both to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Fawley, and to the 1st Battalion.

A memorial service for 2/Lt. Fawley was held in N. Ireland and his funeral took place at St Peter's Church, Shipley, on February 1. The Colonel of the Regiment, General Sir Robert Bray, led a large contingent which included Major R. L. Stevens, Commanding Alma Company, Capt. A. D. Roberts, MBE, Adjutant 1 DWR, 15 soldiers from 2/Lt. Fawley's platoon as well as officers and men from the King's Divisional Depot and Regimental Headquarters.

changed from a serving officer's appointment to an RO's.

From Charlie's point of view the reduction of commuting from the 52 miles from Strensall to Halifax to the six from Strensall to York will be a

THE REGIMENT

Colonel-in-Chief

BRIGADIER HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, MVO, OBE, MC, BA

Colonel of the Regiment

GENERAL SIR ROBERT BRAY, GBE, KCB, DSO, *The Farmhouse, Sherrington, nr. Warminster, Wilts*
Telephone: Codford St. Mary 304

REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS

Wellesley Park, Halifax
Regimental Secretary: Major J. H. Davis

THE 1st BATTALION

BFPO 801

CO: Lt.-Col. P. A. Mitchell Adjutant: Capt. A. D. Roberts, MBE
RSM WO1 T. Pickersgill

TERRITORIAL & ARMY VOLUNTEER RESERVE

1st BATTALION THE YORKSHIRE VOLUNTEERS "C" COMPANY (THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S)

Wellington Hall, Prescott Street, Halifax
Commander: Major T. D. Tetlow, TD

3rd BATTALION, THE YORKSHIRE VOLUNTEERS "C" COMPANY (THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S)

St. Paul's Street, Huddersfield
Commander: Major P. D. Green

ARMY CADET FORCE

OIC, DWR, ACF Detachments: Major J. Howarth, 4 Heather Road, Meltham, Huddersfield

AFFILIATED C.C.F.

Giggleswick School CCF, CO: Capt. D. P. Fox

THE REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION

Patron

Brigadier His Grace The Duke of Wellington, MVO, OBE, MC, BA
President: General Sir Robert Bray, GBE, KCB, DSO
Vice-President: Colonel J. Davidson, Mount House, Terrington, York
General Secretary: Mr. A. Wood, Wellesley Park, Halifax

blessing and reduce the wear and tear of some 25,000 miles a year on both life and car.

We wish him well in his new job and are grateful for what he has done here. In his place Major Douglas Jones-Stamp has arrived. Douglas's home is in Scotland but he plans to commute once a week, only spending the working week in Halifax and returning home at weekends.

Letters—The Duke of Wellington

Through the generosity of the Army Museums Ogilby Trust we have been able to add to our collection of letters written by the first Duke. This new letter, acquired at a recent sale in Sotheby's, fills a gap as it will be the only letter we have signed by Arthur Wellesley when serving in India in command of the 33rd.

The letter was written on January 9, 1799, from a "camp near Wallajahna Glen" in the Madras Presidency to a Nathaniel Kindersley (a banker or merchant) requesting him to undertake the business of the 33rd while it was absent from the Presidency.

The 33rd was shortly to leave as part of the force that ended the Mysore war with the storming of Seringapatam and the death of Tippoo Sultan.

Complaint against Captain-Lieutenant C. Crosbie

Few of those who ask us to search our archives actually contribute to our historical records. The following welcome exception, a complaint from the Mayor and Justices of the Borough of Doncaster to the War Office, dated January 28, 1760, was contributed by Mr. H. Heather of Leicester:

"I am ordered by the Mayor and Justices of the Peace of the Borough of Doncaster in the County of York, to acquaint your Lordship that several Innkeepers of this place, have made complaints to them, that they have had soldiers quartered upon them without any pay for their meat and drink, and particularly in the year 1758, a recruit belonging to Captain-Lieutenant Charles Crosbie in the 33rd Regiment of Foot commanded by Lord Charles Hay left to pay for his Board 14/8d which was demanded of the Captain before he left the place who refused paying the money, saying he was not the Commanding Officer (tho' he was so of that party) a letter complaining of such treatment was wrote to your Lordship, to which answer was given by Mr. Tyrwill that proper methods sho'd be taken about the payment, but nothing further has been done".

1st Battalion

COMMANDING OFFICER'S INTRODUCTION

The more observant of our readers will notice a subtle alteration to the heading of this part of the 1st Battalion's contribution. It merely prevents the unfortunate sub-editor from being castigated for what his CO has written and has no deeper motive than that.

Our block leave has receded into the mists of time. It was much enjoyed by everyone and recharged the batteries for the second half of the tour. The policy on leave has now changed for resident units and unit block leave is no longer possible. Thus we revert to a company block leave system, which in effect means that we shall have one of the rifle companies together with elements of Hook and Waterloo away until the end of June.

We returned in mid-November to find that 1 DERR had been excellent caretakers in our absence and reverted immediately to our normal operational deployment. Up to the New Year the pattern of violence was less marked than previously, which happily gave us an opportunity to prepare for the annual FFR inspection carried out by the Brigade Commander. This proved to be a rigorous examination of many aspects of our life and seemed to go well.

Christmas was celebrated as normally as possible and all the traditional parties and celebrations were held, albeit at times with a reduced attendance or on

an unusual date. Nevertheless it was much enjoyed by everyone.

We have been visited by two newspaper reporters: Miss Liz Gill of the *Bradford Telegraph and Argus*, who had an interest in the wives' reaction to life in N. Ireland, and Mr. John Fullerton of the *Sheffield Morning Telegraph*, who volunteered to spend Christmas with the Battalion and produced some excellent and valuable articles as a result.

We were also delighted to see the Colonel of the Regiment and Lady Bray, who spent two days seeing all aspects of life out there.

January was marred by our first operational death, when 2/Lt. Howard Fawley was murdered by a particularly cunning pressure operated landmine which killed him instantly. He had only been with the Battalion since September 1, 1973, but had already shown himself to have a promising future in his chosen career. He will be sadly missed.

Turning to the future. As many of our readers will know, the Battalion has been selected to join 16th Parachute Brigade at Aldershot in September 1974. We shall be occupying Mons Barracks and an initial reconnaissance has already been made which indicates there will be plenty of quarters, an old but very comfortable barracks, marvellous amenities for everyone and, no doubt, a sufficiency of hard work.

September may seem a long time in the future but by the time the next issue of THE IRON DUKE appears we will already be in situ in Aldershot.

NEWS from the MESSSES

OFFICERS MESS

I don't think that the Officers Mess notes for THE IRON DUKE are the criteria upon which a PMC stands or falls, but is it significant that I am the third PMC in three issues? However, it does give each incumbent a chance to get his own back on his predecessors printed rudely. My predecessor, Chris Fitzgerald, rushed off to South Africa after he wrote the last notes (some say to get his knees brown).

With Christmas within the present reporting period, those who have been here throughout have had a very social time. There have been three guest nights, five steak nights, including a gala one, and the ladies' guest night. Some faces seem to be at all the parties, the Adjutant, the PMC and the Sub-Editor of THE IRON DUKE, to name but a few. With two companies deployed and a third on leave, the guest nights are relatively small affairs and we are often hard pressed to produce more Duke's officers than guests. The GOC, the CLF and our Brigade Commander have been the principal guests and we have also entertained a wide variety of soldiers, civilians and policemen.

The ladies' guest night coincided with a visit to the Battalion by the Colonel of the Regiment and Lady Bray, and we were delighted to have them with us on such a special night. To our surprise Lady Bray stated that it was the first time she had ever dined in the 1st Battalion Mess. Anne Bray and Carolyn Roberts decorated the Mess that night, and are also to be thanked for giving it a festive flavour over Christmas.

Probably the best evening of all was the gala steak night, which was littered with balloons, paper hats and bottles of champagne. The CO presented two bottles of champagne each to Donald Palmer and Anthony Pitchers, who were the winners of the summer essay prize. This was quickly followed by a magnum being won in a raffle, and the bubbly tone was set for the evening. Mess bills were not popular that month.

New arrivals or re-arrivals include Mary and Vernon Davies, Tim and Sheenagh Nicholson, Claire Pitchers to join Anthony, and David and Fiona Caldwell. Vernon has long been a friend of the Regiment and many people will remember him at the Chinese Language School in Hong Kong. David is doing an attachment from the RAOC, learning how the other half live. To all of them welcome. Those who have departed include Peter and Pauline Gardner, and Andrew Drake.

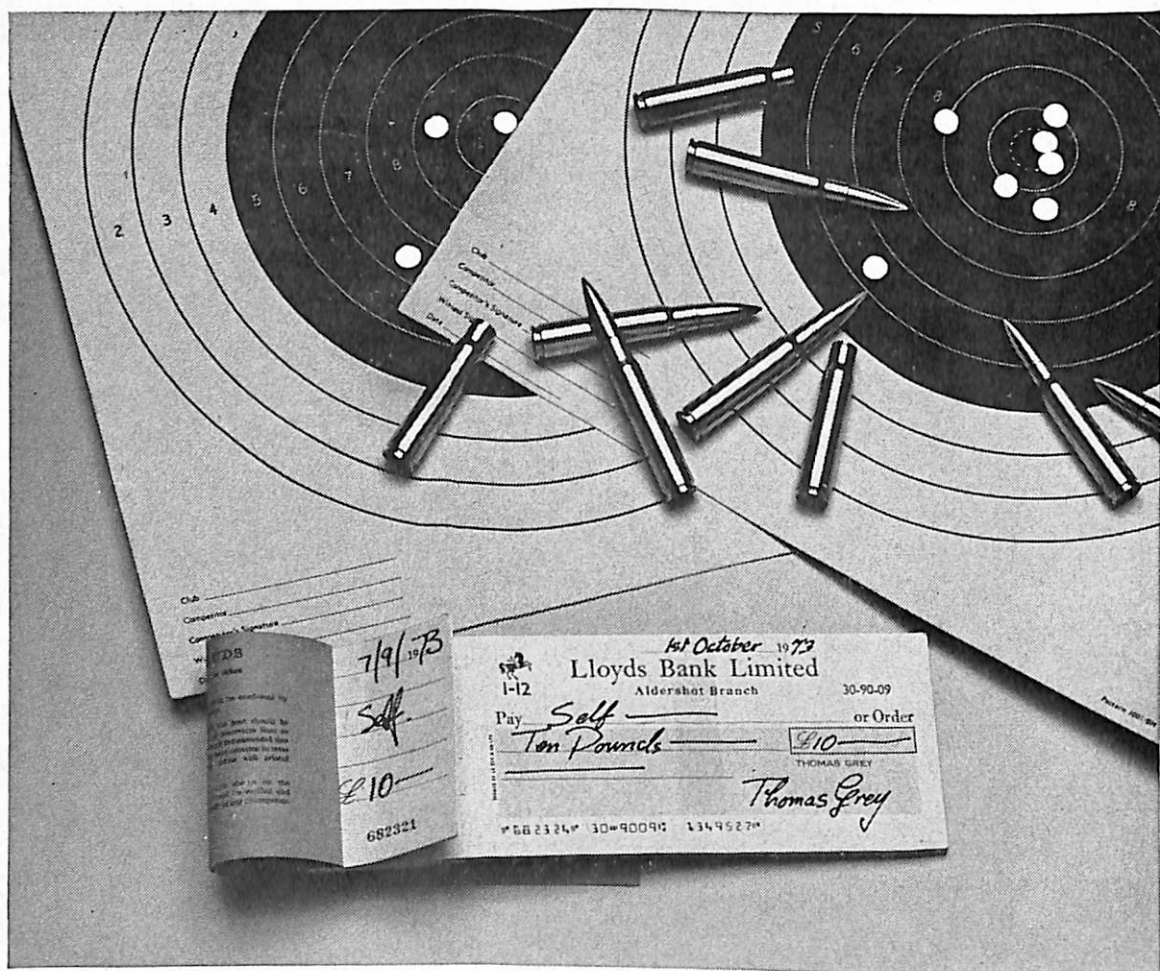
Congratulations are in order to the Andrews and the N. Newells on their offspring and to Robin Stevens on his engagement.

In the future we can look forward to the ever popular steak nights and a summer ball in May. Whilst the latter will not be our final fling in N. Ireland, it is certainly hoped that it will be the highlight.

Before I close I must once again thank S/Sgt. Rusby and the Mess staff, and give a special mention to the civilian Mess staff, who give a professional polish to every occasion.



Colonel of the Regiment
visits the Battalion



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WARRANT OFFICERS AND SERGEANTS MESS

New Committee :

PMC: WO2 Lawrence
 PEC: WO2 Parkinson
 Messing Member: WO2 Coll
 Members: Sgt. Walker, Sgt. Gregor

The festive season brought its usual spate of Mess activities, the main ones being a Christmas pantomime (December 15), followed by the Christmas draw (December 22) and an invitation to the Officers Mess after the Officers and Sergeants soccer match (December 27).

The Christmas draw was a very successful night due mainly to the efforts and hard work of Bob Middleton, assisted by Sgts. Webb and Jackson (these names have been noted for the next draw), not forgetting "Tug" Wilson (as PMC at the time), who hounded all and sundry into buying domino tickets to boost the prize money. It's a pleasant change to have morning tea at a slightly more realistic price!

Panto

"I thought perhaps I'd find you here." One of the better known lines in our Christmas panto, "Cinderella," which was produced and directed by the RSM, ably assisted by the BM. The cast, all volunteers detailed by the RSM! Six weeks prior to opening night the rehearsals began in earnest. After the initial nervousness of becoming part-time actors, the job of learning one's lines was finally achieved, with much assistance from the chief prompt (BM). There is no truth in the rumour that Ray Milner is taking up a new appointment as script writer for the Morcambe and Wise show. However, he did make a lovely ugly sister supported by Pte Robinson. The actor of the year award must go to "Ginger" Hodgkinson for his excellent performance as King Rat. We later learned that he wasn't acting at all! Other members of the cast included Bill Vaughan as Cinders, Sid Almond as Buttons, "Duke" Lawrence as Prince Charming, Eric Bowden as the Town Crier, John Waller and

"Willie" Nash as Bill and Ben, the removal men. The Heinz beans advertisement will never be the same without Frank Parkinson and Tony Crag. Our thanks also to Berry Pickersgill for an excellent make-up job, particularly on Tony Crag.

Officers v. Sergeants Soccer

This annual event has, over the years, developed from a fun game into a serious football match.

It was not to be this year. The Officers, not knowing quite what to expect, turned up looking almost like footballers.

The Mess team, led by the Corps of Drums, marched on to the field of play like professionals. However, their dress indicated the mood they were in.

The game can only be described as good fun to both players and spectators. The score, would you believe, Sergeants 1 goal, Officers 2 points. However, one point was disallowed because it required two officers to carry the ball over the line. Our thanks again go to Bob Middleton, who controlled the game, although some of the decisions were weird to say the least. Thanks, Bob.

The festivities in the Officers Mess later were equally as riotous. Terry Conley and Roy Arrow-smith proceeded to con the (we thought) younger members into party games. The first, which can only be described as the water game, was demonstrated by Terry and Roy, and Capt. Westcob, as expected, took the bait to end up with two pints of beer down his trouser legs. The next, a sort of spoon game, was demonstrated by Roy and Dave Cross (APTC) and the bait was taken by the MO (who had just joined us from the Paras), a worthy opponent for "Big D". However, this game had to be stopped because neither would give in. Well done, Paras!

Rumour has it that the Mess will refuse any more invitations from the Officers until they have learnt some party games (other than carpet rugby!).

Personalities

To end these notes, a few observations. Since Bob Stewart has become a base rat he has taken Albert



Brig. J. D. F. Mostyn, MBE, admiring the Spode Plate with WO2 Wilson

under his wing. He immediately sent him on leave for two days in order that he could be cleaned up, re-varnished and fitted for a new Mess dress and combat kit. Albert returned looking smarter than ever and ready for yet another 18 years' service.

Joe Walker is walking about with a wide grin on his face just lately. Could it be that an old friend of the Duke's (last seen in the LAD Detachment in Osnabruck), "Sandy" Sands, has arrived, all 4ft. 2in. of him. At last, Joe, you have someone to look down on.

Although the postings in/out are published elsewhere in the magazine, it is worth mentioning that Bernie Coll has returned from active service with the Junior Infantryman's Wing, Preston, to take command of Hook Company, much to the displeasure of John Waller (CQMS), who complains that he is the only one he shouts at. The sign reads as you enter Hook/Waterloo block, "Hook Coy Military Wing". Well done, Bernard; it's nice to hear that all too familiar cry, "There's Going to be a Few Changes round here".

Finally, we would like to thank "Willie" Nash, Cpl. Davis and his staff for their excellent service over the Christmas period as well as providing the normal guard duties within the camp.

CORPORALS MESS

Since the last edition we have managed to hold four Mess parties, two games nights against the Sergeants Mess, a cabaret night and the Corporals Mess Christmas draw.

The first of the four was the cabaret night. This was a tremendous success, and was greatly enjoyed by all, especially L/Cpl. Uttley (RP staff) when the female singer got him up to sing, but the least said about that the better. (A Soho club have offered him a contract.)

The games night in the Sergeants Mess came next, and we would like to take this opportunity of thanking the Sergeants Mess for an enjoyable evening, despite being conned out of winning!

December was a hectic month for the Mess steward as we let the companies use the Corporals Mess for their Christmas socials. We also held the draw during this period and once again the night was enjoyed by all, if only going by the number of hangovers floating around the battalion the following morning. The draw prizes were shared quite well throughout the Battalion, with the CO winning one of the better ones! And we can say now there was no fiddling!

We have just held the return fixture of the games night with the Sergeants Mess and we won quite easily on games, but the old men across the road were too good for us at carpet bowls for a second time. But now we have got some better carpeting it might be a thought to purchase some bowls and give them a surprise the next time we meet.

At the moment we are doing alterations to the Mess under the watchful eye of the RSM. He has given us some excellent suggestions on how to make the Mess look better. So far we have built a bigger and better bar and are now going to decorate the old place out to look more like a night club. This we hope will bring in more wives and girl friends to the Mess, and this also will help to brighten the

Mess up. (We would like to thank the QM for giving us the go ahead to do this.)

We do not really have the time to mention all departures and arrivals as the Adjutant has already called for the notes. But three stalwarts who have departed and deserve a special mention are, Cpl. "Jock" Waite and Cpl. "Mick" Sullivan, who have gone back to civilian life, and L/Cpl. "Geordie" Soulsby, who has gone to the Depot for his last six months. Good luck to all of you for the future and, remember, any time you are in the area we will be glad to see you. We would just like to say welcome to all members returning from postings and take this opportunity of saying welcome to all Mess members who have joined us from the rank of private.

POSTINGS OUT

The undermentioned have departed to serve a tour at "E":

L/Cpl. Evans 88 to HQ Northag.

L/Cpl. Cooper to 10 Army Youth Team, Huddersfield.

L/Cpl. Hustwick to Depot King's Division, Strensall.

Cpl. Waterman to Depot King's Division, Strensall.

Cpl. Anderson to Depot King's Division, Strensall.

L/Cpl. Wolstenholme to Infantry Junior Leaders Battalion, Oswestry.

Cpl. Hall to Depot King's Division, Strensall.

Sgt. Hewson to Depot King's Division, Strensall.

Sgt. Pye to 1 Yorkshire Volunteers, York.

L/Cpl. Allen to Depot King's Division (spending last six months in England prior to departing to Civvy Street).

Pte. Corder to 665 Squadron Army Air Corps, Colchester.

L/Cpl. Hartley to Junior Infantryman's Battalion, Shorncliffe.

The undermentioned attached personnel have now completed their tours with this unit:

L/Cpl. Rayner, ACC, to Depot and Training Battalion ACC, Aldershot.

L/Cpl. Ronaldson, ACC, to 1 PWO, Folkestone.

Cpl. Strong, REME, to 19 Field Workshops (Elect), BAOR.

POSTINGS IN

The undermentioned have rejoined the Battalion after completing successful tours at "E":

Cpl. Smith 74 from Depot King's Division, Strensall.

L/Cpl. Verrall from 10 Army Youth Team, Huddersfield.

L/Cpl. McQuade from Depot King's Division, Strensall.

Cpl. Arundel from Depot King's Division, Strensall.

Sgt. Akeroyd from Commissioning and Advisory Team, Iran.

Cpl. Whittaker from Depot King's Division, Strensall.

Cpl. Watson from Junior Infantryman's Wing, Preston.

Cpl. Middleton from Junior Infantryman's Wing, Preston.

WO2 Coll from Junior Infantryman's Wing, Preston.

Pte. Simpson from Depot King's Division, Strensall.

Pte. Deaville from 3rd Division Headquarters and Signal Squadron, Bulford.

The undermentioned have been posted on to our attached strength:

Pte. Peach, ACC, from Junior Leaders Regiment RA, Nuneaton.

L/Cpl. Moon, ACC, from 1 PWO, Belfast.

The undermentioned have joined the Battalion from Depot King's Division, Strensall, on completion of their basic recruit training:

Ptes. Dixon, Logan, Cone 80, Wilkinson, Barraclough, Burnett, Gill, Peat, Wood, Woods

and Grant.

The undermentioned have joined the Battalion having spent a period attached to 2 R Irish at Warminster until attaining the age of 18 years:

Ptes. Maguder, Casey, Huggans, Allott, Wilson, Hunt, Phillis, Lawrence, Abel, Stead, Walton 07, Steel and Towell.

COURSES

The following are congratulated on attaining "B" gradings on recently attended courses:

L/Cpl. Ellwood, Guard Dog Handling Course.

Pte. Howorth, Guard Dog Handling Course.

L/Cpl. Kelly, Regimental Medical Assistants Class II Course ("B+").

S/Sgt. Basu, Regimental Signals Officer Course.

S/Sgt. Butler, Ration Accounting.

Cpl. Templeman, Anti-Tank Gun NCOs.

From the Companies

WATERLOO COMPANY

Sir,

Whilst walking my dog in the Ballykelly area the other day I came across the dashed oddest group of men I have ever seen. The sound of fifes and drums attracted me to the rear of a large hangar, and imagine my surprise and delight to find a corps of drums, resplendent in scarlet and gold, with spiked hats and red tunics.

Beyond them, however, was a pretty bunch of rascals in wellin'ton boots and gas capes. They were fully occupied in preventin' a pack of wolves, mostly teeth and temper, from goin' about eatin' people. Dangerously close to them were six or seven chaps fast asleep and lying in a precise pyramid formation. Beside the head of each man was a large clock, marked not in hours but in years. The alarm of each clock was set for 1984. I kicked a man on the third tier of the pyramid, with a view to invitin' him to explain what was going on. He sprang to his feet, eyes tight shut, and said "Ordlioomcorswaggles-pegzur" and slumped to the ground.

Further on again were six long-haired fellows sittin' in a ring very close together. They were playin' some kind of childish game, for one would pull a little piece of paper from his pocket, read it, then whisper in his neighbour's left ear. He in turn would whisper in his neighbour's left ear, and so on round the circle, until it came back to the first chap, who nodded and ate the piece of paper.

Tottering away from these deranged loonies, I was knocked to the ground by a large tree which rushed past me with other trees and clumps of grass at its heels. Suddenly they flattened themselves to the ground and the first tree shouted, "Covering fire 62 move", upon which a further assortment of flora leapt to their roots and shot off into the mist.

There were other groups of chappies, some bleepin', others shoutin' and jumpin', but I could take no more. I fled, and on reachin' a road I summoned aid from a long fella in a yellor hat who was

astride a noisy scooter. I began to recount my tale, but he silenced me with a pitying look and said that it was a privilege to watch a Waterloo Company field day. Dashed rare he said it was.

Well, as I said to Maudie at tea, thank God for small mercies.

From the Boys of Block 5, Cage K (Kremlin), Ballykelly

Sir, I who, with my comrades, have been incarcerated in this God-forsaken pit for longer than any of us cares to remember would like to take this opportunity of using the pages of your esteemed and highly regarded publication to express our heartfelt feelings on the brutal and degrading acts of depravity meted out on our innocent and God-fearing selves by the sadistic Loyalist and Republican executioners.

Hereby within are some views voiced by our compatriots which I would like to bring to the notice of your readers. I would hasten to add that they are but a drop in the ocean of fever pitch emotions contained within the confines of this wired in hell.

END OF HOSTILITIES. Char Wallah Brandywell (also incarcerated, but better paid). Quote:

If the Irish were to state their definite intentions to withdraw from the Emerald Isle, say even in 10 days, the British Army, I am sure, would not harass them in their efforts to do so. We would be willing to shelve, but not forget, memories of brutality and disgusting cases of miscarriage of justice if such a withdrawal were made. Remember Bloody Friday!

JUSTICE? Mr. Patrick McPickersgillpatrick (RNC). Quote:

Furthermore, I would like to express my deep concern about damage caused by a 1,000lb bomb in Ballyronan recently. Because of this inhumane outrage one of our beloved heroes had his beret

removed by the blast and irretrievably lost in the murky depths of Lough Neagh and for the loss of which this poor man now has to pay the exorbitant sum of five new pence. There is no hope of compensation. Is this justice?

SUNNINGDALE. FNU SNU, ANK. Based on a statement by an established Assembly man. Quote:

Sunningdale might pass London: Sunningdale might pass Dublin, but it will NEVER pass Ballykelly.

TERRORIST ACTIVITY. Silvester Irwin, a loyal reservist. Quote:

It has come to my notice what can only be described as yet another sickening tactic being employed by the guerilla and that is the unnecessary and excessive number of men used in their illegal road blocks.

When I leave the barracks in the early hours of the morning after a hard night on duty in service of Queen and country it is horrifying to find, when returning to one's home and loved ones, the country lanes crushing with terrorist vermin at least three mornings out of five. These creatures lie in wait, like hungry lions thirsting for death, their rifles at the ready to stop the unsuspecting motorist. We thought they had agreed not to harass us in such a manner and feel that it is time the authorities held a public inquiry into this matter.

Sir, these quotes are but a mere indication of the sorrow and concern shared by the inmates of this block. However, take comfort from the fact that in spite of the encroaching walls there is a ray of imminent hope, as so indicated in the poetic genius of our cellmates. I offer some examples:

We trust in all our friends at home,
Who think of us in this dark hour.
We pray their hope is our desire,
That one day we can freely roam.

A small boy wanders in Limavady,
Asking his mom, "Where's my Daddy?"
Fear, not, my boy. He's watching telly
Locked in the Ops Room in Ballykelly.

In Ballykelly there's lots of wire
And all things else you could desire,
Like crabs and spanners and many a tick,
All imprisoned in this big nick.

If this campaign sickens your belly
Try eighteen months in Ballykelly.
Think of us boys behind the wire,
For we're the ones who'll never tire.

Due to the worldwide shortage of paper (yet another outrageous form of propaganda) and limited supplies of blood with which to moisten my quill I can continue no further: (Signed) Shhhhhhh, Asst. Shhhhhhh, Billy the Whizz, Twiggy Kung Fu, Biro, Radar, Windy, Nosh, Snowy.

We shall remember them!

In a serious vein, the Battalion has been responsible for the following statistics since our arrival in March 1973. The figures are compared with statistics throughout the province accumulated since Operation "Motorman" on July 31, 1972.

We dressed the Iron Duke himself . . .

And it was quite a recommendation in 1833. So why not let us dress you? The British Army has advanced a long way since then with Hawkes of Savile Row, who continue to make uniforms and civilian clothes to their traditional high standards.

Today we also sell ready-made lounge suits and overcoats. We have probably the finest selection of the famous Chester Barrie suits available in London (and Camberley) and several other less expensive ranges for you to choose from.

We don't make swords, sabretaches, shakos or even solar topees any more. But shirts (by Hathaway, Chard and Viyella), sports jackets, socks and ties, are all part of our stock-in-trade.

I SINCE
1771 **I** **HAWKES**
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Your officially appointed Regimental Tailors

COME AND SEE US AT:

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Subscription account booklet sent on request

Item recovered	Province-wide figures since July 31, 1972. Produced by HQNI	1 DWR figures since March 1973	Duke's percentage of HQNI totals
Rifles	917	75	8
Pistols	807	17	2
RPG7 rocket launchers	10	1	10
RPG7 rockets	23	3	13
Ammunition	287,413	6,818	2.5
Explosives (IRA only)	70,500lb	12,600lb	18

Incidents Within the Battalion Area :

Shootings	108	
Bomb attacks	92	(15 destroyed by EOD)

It should be emphasised that, without the invaluable help and assistance of Special Branch and uniformed members of the RUC, these figures would have been drastically reduced. Their information has also been responsible for the prevention of possible loss of life and injury to our own troops.

INT. SEC.

Drums Platoon

The Drums have spent a varied period since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE. Following the very reluctant separation of the Drums from the Recce, the two of which were an ample match for the cunning of the "bad boys" of Dungiven (a pleasant little town) and of Toome (even pleasanter), we were able to resume our secondary role (of drumming) and fall back in line with our other rodent friends (the base rats) doing numerous guards and other small tasks.

Then it happened! We went to the Well (Brandywell). Our five days well-needed experience in the city were much to our advantage, even though uneventful. We wish to thank the Somme for their

help and are only too glad we could have been of assistance to them.

Finally, leave, glorious leave, of which we were all willing to participate in and were thankful for. On returning we resumed duties in our secondary role as, dare I say it once again, drummers. This we continued to do, improving our instrumental talents under the supervision of Drum-Major Gregor until January 8, when we were again deployed to aid our friends big "S" in the Well. They say a change is as good as a rest, so it could be said we had five days' rest, but don't let a drummer hear you.

After a brief pause in camp (one week) eight able-bodied men were then tasked to assist our part-time colleagues (UDR) in foreign parts, Ballymoney, which was equally as rewarding as any of our past experiences.

Life is therefore varied, though hard work.

Recce Platoon

The Biggest

The biggest arms/ammo explosives find for any one platoon in one day must be attributed to the Recce Platoon. Following their "O" group CS61 went into action. On arriving at the house we found a very embarrassed gentleman trying to hide something he should not have had in his possession. A complete search of the house and surrounding area revealed quite a few surprises, especially for Cpl. Jim Whiteley, who thought that by finding 2 x 45 rounds he qualified for "Sunray's" job. While "Sunray" and "Sunray" minor were taking inventory of what had been found, the gentleman's mother arrived. She asked "Sunray" (who was in the middle of the large pile of explosives ammo, 36 Mills grenades, etc.), "Will he be away for long as the cows want feeding?" "Sunray": "About 10 years".

Unknown to us another fighting machine (namely CS63) swung into action, they also had a surprise when they arrived at a certain farm, or should I say the farmer got the surprise? When a complete check of what had been found by both sections was made the inventory was as follows:

18 x rifles

250 x high-velocity .22

Bridge Camp, Londonderry



4000 × cartridges, 12-bore	75 × electric detonators
400 × 9mm	50 × No. 2 detonators
250 × 7.62	300ft. Cortex
1 × 36 Mills grenade	150ft. quick-burn fuse
6 × bolts for .303 rifles	200ft Firclo
45 × Mauser ammo	1 × 24-hour timing device
5 × .45 rounds	250lb Co-op mix
15 × .303 rounds	150lb mixed charcoal

Regimental Police

We have a few additions to the Police since we last wrote in *THE IRON DUKE*.

One of the additions to the Police is Cpl. Franks, who has done an aikido cadre. Sgt. Lofthouse thought it would be a good idea if the rest of the Police learned the arrest holds in aikido, so Cpl. Franks taught the rest of the Police. L/Cpl. Greenwood had problems trying to apply an aikido hold on Lt. Saville during the sergeants versus Officers football match. All that L/Cpl. Greenwood got for his troubles was a dozen eggs on his head.

One night there was a telephone call from the married quarter guard room, L/Cpl. Palmer answered the phone. It was the guard commander asking if he would check out a car in our car registration book. The guard commander gave the registration number in the phonetic alphabet, upon which L/Cpl. Palmer gave the phone to L/Cpl. Kay saying that he didn't understand code and would he take the call!

Life in the Doghouse

Since we have been here the Dog Section has had a fairly hectic life, although I know that some of the Rifle Company wallahs will not agree with me. I can hear them now saying, "They want to get down the Brandywell and they'd find out what real work is". Anyone who knows me will know that I've done my share there, and at the county, so I do know what it's like. I think everyone had got a bad case of overwork, so plod on, lads.

Here in the Dog Section we spend our time on duty between the bottom camp guard and Magilligan Point Prison. Duties have got a little easier at the prison, thanks to a bit of rethinking at the top, and we have now got two handlers and dogs instead of just one there. In Ballykelly it's a different story: as we're short of handlers it means we do two days out of three on duty and in between that we are training dogs for the trials in N. Ireland and in England. Thankfully we have three lads at Melton Mowbray now on a course, and if they pass it will mean the duties will ease up after leave.

We have now said goodbye to Ptes. Bloor, Walker and Scott, who have gone to Civvy Street, soon to be followed by Pte. Thompson. In September 1973 L/Cpl. Ellwood came top of his course with me in fifth position. Both of us got a "B" grade and Ptes. Dales and Walker jun. got a well-earned "C+" Grade.

After the disposal of the dog Ringo, my dog Swan now reigns supreme champion people hater but if Pte. Cowan will stop feeding him arms every



Visit to the Battalion of the Chief of the General Staff

now and then I suppose they could get to like each other. Keep up the good work, J.J. I appreciate what you are doing.

After the incident of the dog Barbary catching the two lads in the MT yard I think everyone will agree that the dogs are an asset to the security of the camp. Incidentally, Barbary is the old man of the dogs, so if those lads would like to try their luck with a younger dog, please come along and we'll accommodate you.

The Dog Section personell are as follows: Sgt. Spearman, L/Cpl. Ellwood, Ptes. Howarth, Hoyland, Dales, Branter, Ellingham, Vokes, Cowan, Walker and Thompson.

PTE. STEVE HOWORTH

ALMA COMPANY

Keeping Watch

It was a cold, rainy night in early December when those four soldiers set forth on their task. They were short of sleep and depressed at the thought of lying in the wet darkness for the next four hours.

They were to watch for anything that could be terrorist activity. If they were lucky, they might catch a fleeting glimpse of weapons, explosives or subversive literature being moved from house to house. If they were unlucky, they would see nothing, and it would be just like the many OPs they had carried out before.

They sat silently in the armoured "Pig" as it rattled along the glistening streets of the Republican area. They were irritated by the exhaust fumes that always blew back through the open weapon slits at the back of the vehicle. They sat shoulder-to-shoulder, their weapons between their knees, binoculars and night-viewing devices slung loosely



Pte. Waller, Sgt. Exley, Cpl. Russell examining a 3.5 Rover that was

around their necks. They wore berets without badges and had blacking streaked across their faces. The familiar mottled combat clothing was covered by waterproof smocks and trousers, giving the casual observer the impression that they were clad in black.

The vehicle slowed down, rounded a slight bend and swung through the wrought-iron gates of the City cemetery. It laboured slowly up the hill and stopped. The soldiers muttered to themselves about the inclement weather and slowly filed out of the vehicle. The rain caught them full in the face as they stepped away from the shelter of the Pig, turning suddenly to merciless hailstones, which stung their faces and forced them to half-close their strained eyes.

Their friendly "Pig" turned about with difficulty on the ice-covered tarmac. The engine revved and the four soldiers watched the tail-lights vanish into the murk. Without wasting time, the corporal led the way through the mean gravestones. Soon their living shapes were lost among the bleak multitude of in memoriam to the dead.

They found the place from which they planned to observe. How cold it was, and visibility was bad, even through binoculars or in the strange green images of the night aids. They laid down in fire positions, wincing against the stinging cold of freshly laid hailstones. After five minutes the sleet stopped. Now there was only the north wind to contend with; it whistled between the headstones and tugged at their loosely fitting clothing. Each man made an effort to watch the ground hundreds of feet below, the night now clear. Now they were left to their own thoughts, far from the friendly barrack room and the comfort of a cigarette. Behind them, further up the hill, was the section reserved for the IRA dead. During the daylight hours one could see a tricolour flying defiantly from its flagpole. They imagined their past enemies lying silently behind them. Now they were just rotting corpses. Once their heads had been filled with a hatred of all things British and, above all, the Army that defended these interests. The skeletons had once been arrogant and self-confident because they had lived at a

time when the IRA was at its zenith in the infamous No-Go areas. However, their self-created sanctuary of Republicanism had been smashed by the Army they so hated. Because of this they had fled to Southern Ireland, but, with the self-same arrogance, had returned and tried to harass the British Army—unsuccessfully!

Cold though it was, their concentration seldom faltered and their numbed brains remained alert to the situation. The four hours seemed like eight and their efforts fruitless. Not once during this watch were they to see a known face or a weapon. In fact, not a soul moved—even the terrorists knew where they would be most comfortable on a night like that. The vigil drew to a close as the whining of an engine drifted up the hillside and the NCO gave the quiet word to move to the rendezvous. They slowly eased their numbed bodies into movement on to their soaking boots. They left their position and walked carefully to the "Pig" and clambered aboard. Already their spirits were rising at the thought of the hot drink awaiting them back at base.

Their uncomfortable duty had finished; it had merely been another routine operation, of the sort that may, one day, bring peace to the troubled country.

EVENTS TO ENJOY OVER CHRISTMAS OR THOUGHTS ON OBSERVING AN UN- IDENTIFIED SLEIGH OVER BRIDGE CAMP

It has been noticed that over the last few years there has been a steady increase in taking annual holidays at Christmas rather than the usual summer period. Top of the list of holiday spots are Majorca, Canary Islands, Morocco and Mablethorpe, but this year a new holiday camp has opened in one of the hottest places in the world today. Based upon the lines of Butlins and Pontins, the new one, named after the well-known card game, has all the facilities needed to enjoy a happy fortnight away from the dull routine of normal life. The well-trained staff are dressed in well-tailored suits similar to the blue

coats of you-know-who, but as there was some argument whether to have them black, brown or green a compromise was reached, and now they wear black, brown and green. So discreet are they that problems arise in finding them at all, especially at night, when they have a strange habit of smearing black stuff on their faces.

The camp is ideally suited to the outdoor man, and for the fisherman there is a well-stocked salmon river flowing right past the site. Daily safaris go out with guides, who are recognisable by markings on their arms. As some of the game is out of season, or under age, the rules of hunting are supplied upon a card. If you would rather just watch the wild life, then a number of observation points are reserved for you. How many of us collected car numbers when we were young? Here conditions are ideal, and the cars will even stop for you, thus eliminating the old disappointment of only getting half the number.

For something really unusual, why not visit the local spitting championships, or even compete in the most-V-signs-in-two-minutes competition. The natives here are considered the best in the world, for you can see them practising when knee-high to a mongrel.

The best day in the programme must be Christmas, when only a few expeditions go out. This year we hope to get a well-known group playing "The Dukes are Coming Up the Hill", plus a few carols (They didn't.) No doubt Father Christmas will pop down on his "Q" sledge, making such festive comments as, "Food all right?", "Getting enough sleep", etc.

Our happy customers agree that this is the best on the market today and only one step removed from the ultimate—Menston!

BURMA COMPANY

Somebody Fetch a Medic

At the time of writing my Company (Burma) is stationed in the Brandywell. As the Company medic I provide the medical cover for the Company, doing anything from supplying corn plasters and aspirins to stitching minor wounds and diagnosing 'flu (stay in bed for two days).

Whilst in the city I am a member of an ambulance crew which also provides cover for the Bog-side and city area. The ambulance we use is of the Land-Rover design and works in conjunction with an armoured Saracen which the Medical Officer uses.

We spend a lot of our time seeing to ingrowing toenails and fleabites (collected from house searches), or wiping down the treatment room, and ensuring the ambulance is fully equipped and ready to go. All it takes is a phone call or "crash call" over the intercom to send us running pell-mell for the door, pulling our kit on as we go or, as on one occasion, an excited Tommy dragging me out of bed by the ears shouting, "Come quickly. 21L has been blown up". On that occasion we arrived at the incident in Brandywell Avenue to see three houses blown up, with soldiers struggling to free an old lady trapped against a wall by rubble. The MO was putting a drip into a dog-handler who had a 1½-inch cut running completely around his neck and up the back of his head. A large piece of wood had em-

bedded itself in his eye (which he lost) and his right arm was broken.

Being the worst injured he was quickly moved to hospital by the MO, leaving us three more injured, one being Mr. Jenkins, who had flash burns to his eyes, causing temporary blindness, a sergeant from the RAVC, whose face had been badly lacerated by flying debris, and Cpl. Elgar, who had a badly lacerated face with two long cuts over his eyes and nose plus other smaller cuts, his right arm also having been broken at the elbow.

When we arrived at the hospital we undressed the casualties and assisted as best we could whilst the nurses filled in forms and doctors moved from one cubicle to the other to see who would go to the theatre first.

Mr. Jenkins, luckily having no other injuries than to his eyes, was taken up to a ward, where he was seen to by an eye specialist and put to bed.

After a cup of tea supplied by the hospital we collected all the kit lying around and returned to "normal duties".

Other incidents involving the Company included the shooting of a 14-year-old girl by the Provos. The finding of a couple of unconscious drunks (on separate occasions) by 6 Platoon. The finding of a murdered man by 4 Platoon and the shooting of two soldiers in the Rossville Flats (again by the Provos); one was killed instantly, the other died on the way to hospital.

In the county things are a bit more complicated

WE, THE LIMBLESS, LOOK TO YOU FOR HELP

We come from both world wars. We come from Kenya, Malaya, Aden, Cyprus... and from Ulster. From keeping the peace no less than from war we limbless look to you for help.

And you CAN help, by helping our Association, BLESMA (the British Limbless Ex-Service Men's Association) looks after the limbless from all the Services. It helps, with advice and encouragement, to overcome the shock of losing arms, legs or an eye. It sees that red-tape does not stand in the way of the right entitlement to pension. And, for the severely handicapped and the elderly, it provides Residential Homes where they can live in peace and dignity.



Help BLESMA, please. We need money desperately. And, we promise you, not a penny of it will be wasted.

Donations and information: Major The Earl of Ancaster, KCVO, TD, Midland Bank Limited, 60 West Smithfield, London EC1A 9DX.

British Limbless Ex-Service Men's Association

'GIVE TO THOSE WHO GAVE—PLEASE'

due to the vast area (approximately 1,000 square miles). When in the county we are visited once or twice a week by the MO, otherwise I'm on my own. Here again we have a Land-Rover ambulance; if the MO is urgently required he is able to fly down by helicopter. Should a person need to go to hospital we can fly them to Musgrave Park in Belfast by Puma or use the ambulance to take them to a local hospital.

Fortunately, Burma Company has had no serious incidents requiring hospital treatment other than when Cpl. Staniland and Pte. Farrar had to dive out of a Land-Rover, this resulting in a broken shoulder blade and seven stitches in the head for Cpl. Staniland and a broken ankle and 13 facial stitches for Pte. Farrar. We did get a Land-Rover blown up near Swatragh, but it belonged to the Brigade Signallers. Fortunately they only received wounds to their feet.

Whilst writing this article I have been informed that tomorrow we have the anniversary of "Bloody Sunday". Let's hope all goes quietly.

L/CPL. HARVEY, Burma Medic.

Burma Company Social

On the evening of December 30, Burma Company, after having spent Christmas in the counties, held one more of its exciting social evenings in the Corporals Mess (after having spent half the Company funds). An excellent buffet was provided and with music from the Chestnuts from Coleraine the theme was set for an entertaining evening.

Almost the whole of the Company turned up escorted by wives and girl friends. The atmosphere was that of any night club in England. The lights were out, apart from the couple of disco lights, and candles were lit on all the tables, the darkest area being that of the bar. Although it was quite diffi-

cult to find, I don't think anyone missed it (a couple did, later on, but that wasn't because of the lighting situation).

As the evening progressed Burma really got into the swing of things. We had a "dance with whom you like" session, which produced a few laughs. Enough said. Then Pte. Smith decided he could earn a few bob whilst the Chestnuts were having a break. He played "Telstar" half-a-dozen times until he finally got it right, but unfortunately by this time everyone had gone to the buffet room. The CSM (with chicken and chips in one hand and a pint in the other) went over to congratulate Smith, who coolly replied, "Thanks, Dave. Call me Ron if you like".

At around 0130 hrs. the MT bus arrived to take the married home. It was rumoured that the OC and Pte. Wallace were still there at 0230 hrs. drinking the left-overs whilst sat on the stage humming "God save the Queen".

L/CPL. CROWTHER

Another Bomb Find

On September 23, while on foot patrol in the Brandywell, one of our tasks was to search the alleyway behind Southend Park. The patrol was commanded by Cpl. Peat, who was doing front man, with myself went down the alleyway and the dog handler behind us. Halfway down we found two plastics bags about 8in long by 4in wide containing what looked like sand, with black tape fastening the ends up. We sent the dog to have a look at them, but the dog did not seem very interested in it. In the back of No. 1 we found a bag containing more of the stuff. We then requested ATO. When he arrived the bags were found to



Christmas at Ballykelly

contain ANFO*, which was taken away by ATO. Nothing else was found in the area.

PTE. WELBURN

*ANFO is a chemical fertiliser which can be used to make explosives.

A Bomb Find

The old woman watched our every step as we searched through the outhouses. She had seen soldiers search before—successfully at times—and the riots that followed. It had become as much of a routine to her as it was to us. The Brandywell lay quiet all around with the occasional growl of defiance from a mangy dog as we passed the tiny ramshackle huts. Tiny eddies of smoke were leaving the multi-coloured chimneys, thus making a dusty, sooty carpet over the roof tops.

We approached the derelict houses with the usual care, watching for wires, wires that could mean instant death or maiming if attached to a booby-trap. The section split up—two to each house—three in all, and were greeted with the familiar smell of damp, rotting wood and urine. The wall was only 5ft high at the back of the house—easy in training, not so easy in a flack jacket carrying a rubber bullet gun. The yard was a shambles; mattresses lay ripped and discarded in between rubble and green mouldy floorboards. No windows now to look from, the Engineers had cemented them up to stop children or bombers from entering.

The outside toilet was the same as any other—rubble and torn lino on the floor, over which lay a door. Nothing looked suspicious until seconds later, when I noticed the recent ripped off hinges on the door. This made me feel dubious. It was unusual to see clean broken wood among all that green mouldy timber. We had a quick look around for wires, to no avail, and then lifted the door. To my dismay a sack lay underneath full of small white polythene bags. It was only then that I smelt it. Explosive panic. “No, don’t flap.” I lay the door down and retraced my steps, somewhat quicker than I had entered, back over the wall. Sgt. Cook, who found it quite amazing, watched our hasty retreat. He had smelt it before. I couldn’t smell a thing because I had a cold and was sucking “Tunes”. ATO came and blew half the explosive up because it was unsafe. We were lucky. As the fire started in the rafters the old woman watched with disinterest as the yobboes stoned the soldiers who were keeping them away from the firemen trying to put the fire out. She had seen it all before; it was just routine.

PTE. R. J. SPENCER

A Foot Patrol at Night in Derry

The patrol had just finished one of its tasks around Quarry Street and both sub-units moved down Lecky Road towards St. Columbs’ Walk with L/Cpl. “Sutty” Sutton’s section leading, my section approximately 50m behind.

The leading section had just approached Deanery Street when “Sutty” stopped both groups and called me forward. On reaching him, he said that there was a body on the pavement on the left. I immediately deployed both sections just in case.

Myself and Dvr. “Scouse” Longworth (RCT) went forward for a closer look. On nearing him we both thought that it looked like a dummy and thought that it might be a come-on. So we retired cautiously. On getting back to the rest we saw the body move, so again “Scouse”, “Sutty” and myself went forward. On reaching the man I got down beside him and could tell that he was in a bad way.

The man spoke in a weak voice and said, “Don’t leave me. Please help me.” He was in a very bad way. I could see that his breathing was very shallow, so I checked his pulse and found it to be very weak. Just then his breathing stopped, so immediately I checked his heart. This had stopped too, and I said to the others, “I think he’s dead”. I got in touch with the Company once again and told them to get the ambulance, which I had requested earlier, there as soon as possible.

As I was doing this “Sutty” and “Scouse” got to work on the man. “Scouse” jumped astride the man and started to give cardiac massage. “Sutty” started to give the kiss of life and told the driver that he was full of vomit (when the man started to revive he vomited into his mouth). They turned the man on his side and after about a minute the man coughed heavily and started to come round. We placed him in the half-coma position and waited for the ambulance.

Whilst we were putting the man in that position a youth staggered towards us from the direction of the Bogside. He was drunk. It’s not unusual for the locals to be in this condition. This youth tried to pull the man on to his feet, so we had to restrain him. The youth also tried to insinuate that we had knocked the man down and done him over. He later apologised when he got hold of the full story.

Then a girl arrived too. I asked them if they knew the man, but neither of them did. Soon the ambulance arrived and took over from us and whisked the man off to Altnagelvin, the hospital in Derry. And us—back to camp, another night’s routine work completed.

CPL. J. N. ARUNDEL

Company Shooting

You must forgive us if it appears that we are bragging, but we are rather proud of our achievements in the Commanding Officer’s 30m. range competition. The competition was run over a period of four or five months, with the aim of promoting shooting, which has tended to suffer because of commitments. Burma Company managed to win:

Champion SLR Rifle Company

Champion SMG Rifle Company

With individual prizes going to:

Best SLR Shot, Sgt. Craven

Best SLR Corporal Shot, Cpl. Arundel

Best SLR Private Shot, Pte. Mawson.

Congratulations to those individuals and to all ranks of Burma on producing these results.

Thoughts of a Newcomer

Life in N. Ireland since my arrival has been noticeably more peaceful than I had anticipated—there is far less direct friction between the two factions and the SF in both Londonderry and Belfast—

but there is a great deal more of what one would term covert activity. IRA tactics are still very much based along the lines of guerrilla warfare, comparable to the terrorists in Latin America. The existing terrorism is not consistent but more erratic and flares up on occasions, resulting in less successful and more and more unsuccessful attempts at foiling the SF and opposing political and religious factions. Using the bomb and sniper to achieve their aim, the IRA and PIRA continue to terrorise the people of N. Ireland.

My feelings are that eventually a compromise will be reached, but not for some time yet, and, probably more important, not entirely satisfactory for what will probably be a majority of the population of Ireland.

Londonderry and Belfast have been the two most active centres for hostility during the past four or five years, but the steam has cooled quite substantially since 1969 and I feel that many people (why not call it an overwhelming majority?) are not happy with the present situation in N. Ireland and would rather the country resumed its normal role and have peace restored once again throughout the province.

Working in Londonderry (Brandywell) as a member of the SF is not very rewarding, but the situation is undoubtedly improving and the locals are becoming more friendly. The rate at which wanted men are being caught is steadily increasing and will continue to do so as the locals become more confident and co-operative. It is a slow process, but even now the people are coming forward to reveal names and the locations of the OIRA and PIRA

members that operate in Derry. There is still the very strong threat from the OIRA and PIRA hanging over the people; this is preventing them from being forthcoming. Once the SF have secured "that degree of confidence within the locals," then, and only then, will they speak their minds. Life in Derry would change quite rapidly if this barrier were to break. If only someone would put the shutters up and open the doors, then perhaps progress would take place. But how much convincing do they need?

The children of Londonderry play a prominent part in the harassment of the SF with their hail of stones and invective. Are they to blame? These children, some of six years of age have known little else than the present situation. They are not fully aware of the situation and it is through this medium that the older folk display their hatred and hostility for the SF. These children are growing up with the living memories of this situation. Will they ever forget? Will they ever want to forget? How will they react to the plans made by the politicians as to how their country should be run? Will the plans be acceptable to what is now the youth of Ireland? Do they wish to continue the fight for what they believe is theirs? I feel that the present situation is only helping to confirm their convictions and that they will continue at all costs in some way or other to harass the SF until they are finally removed from the country. But, of course, this would be catastrophic for both the extremists and moderates, and this would spell more bloodshed, and for how long I ask myself.

The Irish problem is an old one and unless some satisfactory agreement is reached both sides will continue to fight and life will continue to be a misery for those who want no part in it.

What can the politicians do? Many policies have been laid down, several suggestions and what could be termed solutions to the problem have been brought forward, but do they ever work? Negative. Someone always chucks it back as if to say, "This won't do; it's entirely unsatisfactory".

The politicians have tried to reach an agreement, not without their fair share of blood, sweat and tears, but so much depends on total co-operation on all sides and this has not been achieved to date. Still the problem remains unresolved, unsettled, inconclusive and never ending, it seems.

N. Ireland is to me what the treadmill is to the pedaller—getting nowhere fast.

PTE. DIXON (HQ).



16 Clifford Street · Savile Row · London · W1X 2HS
Tel: 01-734 2248 ALSO IN THE RMA DURING TERMS

Overheard Recently—Some Quotable Quotes

OC "B", "Hello, Foo. How did the patrol go? Are the locals still giving you a hard time?"

Foo: "Only when they see me, sir".

* * *

C/S 29A sent the following message after stopping an ambulance carrying a man who had had his knee caps shot off:

"Hello 2, this is 29A. I have just found two empty cartilages. Out."

* * *

From a patrol chief:

Int. Sgt.: "What was unusual about this car which made you search it?"

Soldier: "It was clean".

* * *

Cpl. Peat (on assembling his patrol outside a house where a "hot pursuit" search had just been carried out) spoke to Cpl. Lister.

Cpl. Peat: "Is everyone out now?"

Cpl. Lister: "No, the Company Commander is still sat down watching 'Maggie' on their telly".

* * *

"Hello 21A; this is 21L Where are you? Over."

21A: "About 20 metres in front of you, in the mist. Over".

21L Roger: "Expose yourself. Over". (Dangerous command to give, Mr Jenkins.)

* * *

Reference a lift operation one evening, the following phone call took place:

Acorn: "Have you got my note?"

21C: "Yes".

Acorn: "Have you read it?"

21C: "Yes".

Acorn: "Well, look, it's terribly secret, so I can't tell you the house number, but confidentially it's the unlucky number with a zero added". (James Bond has nothing on these guys.)

* * *

OC to Cpl. Lister: "Why were the fires lit in No. 3?"

Cpl. Lister: "They light them at night to keep the house cool during the day".

(It could only happen in Ireland.)

* * *

Overheard when the Company Command went on the CO of 94 Locating Regiment's 'O' group.

"What I am planning is to have a 'Watchbird' (WRAC female searcher) available to me 24 hrs. a day. No, I don't mean it like that. I mean I want her for my use. Not, not that either. I want her for the whole regiment". (He gave up after that.)

Overheard on 94 Regimental radio net:

"Hello, zero, this is one. Arrest rep. Over".

"One". (there then followed a lengthy and detailed arrest rep.)

"Zero Roger, send time of arrest."

"One, in two minutes. Over". (Talk about being clairvoyant.)

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CORUNNA COMPANY

Corunna Finds a Big Bomb

"Good news", said the Major. "We think there is a bomb on the road to Draperstown. The only trouble is, I'm not quite sure which road or whereabouts on the road it is."

"But there are four different roads leading into Draperstown," I pointed out reasonably.

"That's right," he said, "and we are going to clear every one of them until we find it."

Later in the briefing room both myself and 2/Lt. Richardson were listening to the full story. Apparently there had been three separate incidents in Draperstown within a week. The first incident, a suspect car bomb which turned out to be a hoax, had been investigated by 9 Platoon. A commander has always to be aware of the dangers of a "come on" and the Major, suspecting that there might be an ambush on the route to Draperstown, had sent 9 Platoon by a circuitous route using the small lanes rather than the main roads. A further hoax and a half-hearted attack on the Draperstown Royal Ulster Constabulary station had confirmed our

suspicions that something had been laid along one of the main approach roads. On analysis all three incidents appeared to have been staged with the sole intent of luring troops into the area.

Thus it was that 9 Platoon left Magherafelt armed with prodders, mine detectors, search dog and a Sioux helicopter. The start line was reached by 0900 hrs. and as soon as the clearing parties had reached the high ground on either side of the road the task was begun. It was slow and tiring work, the first mile being covered in just over three hours. By lunch-time it had begun to rain and it was decided that 7 Platoon would come down from Kilrea to give 9 Platoon a well-earned break. The relief took place at about 1400 hrs. with scarcely a pause in the work. After a total of six hours nothing of interest had been unearthed and a mere two miles covered. Our luck changed at 1520, when Cpl. Butterworth and Pte. Clayton found something of interest. Cpl. Butterworth was vigorously prodding a section of banking and mumbling to no one in particular.

"This earth seems very soft."



Corunna's bomb detonated

"Yes, Corporal", came a small voice, later identified as Pte. Clayton up to his eyes in brambles, "and it's got yellow wires leading into it."

Cpl. Butterworth let out a whoop of what he later described as joy, but I believe to have been fear, carefully (an understatement) withdrew the prodder he had been using like a sledge-hammer and over his radio called a halt to all movement. Meanwhile Pte. Clayton had found a large reel of cable, one end of which was firmly attached to the yellow wires.

The entire area was cleared and vehicle check points set up, at a respectful distance, on either side of the offending piece of road. The bomb disposal expert was tasked and it was not long before he arrived by Scout helicopter armed with his usual box of tricks and a Carl Gustav anti-tank weapon and rounds with inert warheads. Having confirmed that the yellow wires were indeed detonator wires, he asked for two volunteers to fire the "Charley G"; Pte. McDonald got there first (by a short head from Pte. Jones) and it was he who fired three rounds into the bank. The idea was to use the inert rounds to knock away all the loose earth around the suspect bomb, so enabling the bomb disposal expert to see what sort of device it was and decide how best to deal with it. This failed to expose the bomb but the holes made enabled the bomb disposal expert to place a small charge in the bank, and this was more successful. After the smoke had cleared we had to wait in case any other device had been triggered off. However, eventually he went forward (who would do his job?) and came back grinning. We had been right—there, easily visible, was a large hot-water boiler filled with a white substance, later identified as explosive. It is interesting to note that this explosive is made by boiling legal fertiliser and then distilling the resulting liquid. This increases the nitrogen content and produces an explosive compound. The bomb was sited in such a manner that a telegraph pole, the bomb and the firing point were all in line, thus enabling the bomber to judge when to press the button using the pole as an aiming mark.

By now it was almost totally dark and after a little encouragement the bomb disposal expert decided to detonate the bomb rather than dismantle it. When it went up there was a deafening bang and everybody was showered with dirt and stones even though we were 200m away. A search was made of the area for material of forensic value and then we were allowed to go forward and inspect the scene (see photo). The crater extended part way into the road and was 15ft wide by 5ft deep. The banking on the other side of the road opposite the bomb had been demolished and electricity cables brought down. The bomb disposal expert estimated the bomb at 200 lb. Sgt. Arrowsmith summed up our feelings by remarking "If you had been driving past that lot when it went up, it would have made your eyes water".

Later, back in the operations room, plans were being made to continue the search the following day. Even though we had found one bomb, there was always the chance that another had been planted further down the road, and 9 Platoon, who reckoned we had stolen their bomb and the £5 prize money that went with it, were determined to even the score. They did, but that's another story.

P. J. Y. SAVILLE

CONWAY WILLIAMS

Many readers will be interested to hear of the retirement of Mr. E. M. Williams and will wish him a long and happy retirement. He writes that he has been deeply conscious of the honour of being appointed to the Regiment as their approved tailor. Messrs. Hawkes have agreed to extend this service to which firm some of his staff have joined.

SOMME COMPANY

Thoughts on patrol

"Load!" A couple of them are yawning—must be tired. This is the fourth time out today. What a carry on. Well, it is the last one this shift before we hit the sack for a decent kip. "All right, you lot, shake out and look lively Jones, Reddick, Wilson on the left; Rogers, Williams on the right with me. Watch the back, Williams. You too, Wilson. Right. Off we go. Quietly now." Now, I wonder what'll happen tonight. Christ, it's been a quiet tour so far. Too quiet. Almost wish something would happen. We haven't had a sniff of anything yet; it's difficult for the lads to keep on the ball when it's like this.

Now what's the form tonight? We've got to move round the north of the area before hitting the "hard area". "Hard area", my foot; they'll all be in bed p—d again. Then move into the northern part and work with the rest of the Platoon. The Int. Sgt. wants us to lie low for a while, then have a look at some of the backgardens, sheds and toilets. Hell's bells, fancy joining the Army to look at Irish bogs. Trust the bloody Int. Sgt. probably thinks because we're Tommies we can't smell! Still, "kit" has been picked up before in that sort of place. Might be our lucky night.

"Right, off we go". Listen to that bloody gate again, it must wake up every Paddy along the street. Over we go. "That's it, lads, watch the back". Look at Jones right up Reddick's tail already. That's better. Now next stage is up the hill, lot of gaps here—and the street narrows at the top—

lighting is a bit uncertain—but there's plenty of shadow. "Well done, Jones, you covered that gap all right". The boys are moving quite well tonight. Hello, who's that walking down the street at this time of night? Good evening, sir (Sir, I ask you). Who are you? "Hello, this is 4—P" Check—a Mr William McIntyre of 41 Orchard Street—date of birth 20.6.55." "O, wait out". He looks quite calm; had a bit to drink of course, but quite co-operative for a youngster. "Hello, 4—C, this is O. Ask him his family details. Over". "4—C, wait. Out". "Hello, O, this is 4—C. One brother, Michael, aged 14, and two sisters, Rosaire, 16, and Barbara, aged 11". "O, Roger. He Checks Out." "All right, sir, carry on. Good night." Well, he was all right. I'd like a quid for everyone we have checked in the last week.

Now we're almost at the top of the hill. I don't like this part. We tend to bunch here, and the area ahead is open on the right and to the front now that so many houses have been pulled down. Looks quiet enough tonight; one or two cars parked up. There's some movement in one—usual snogging match probably. Okay, here we go across. Phew, this place hums a bit. "Well done, L/Cpl. Reddick and Jones. That went well." Now once we are over we will have a look at this part and have a good check. The Bogside can see us from here and I don't like the area near the church. Right, we should get over this open ground okay. Funny about this place—always get the feeling of being watched, and yet I've rarely if ever seen anyone at this place at this time of night.

Almost there now into the main patrolling area.

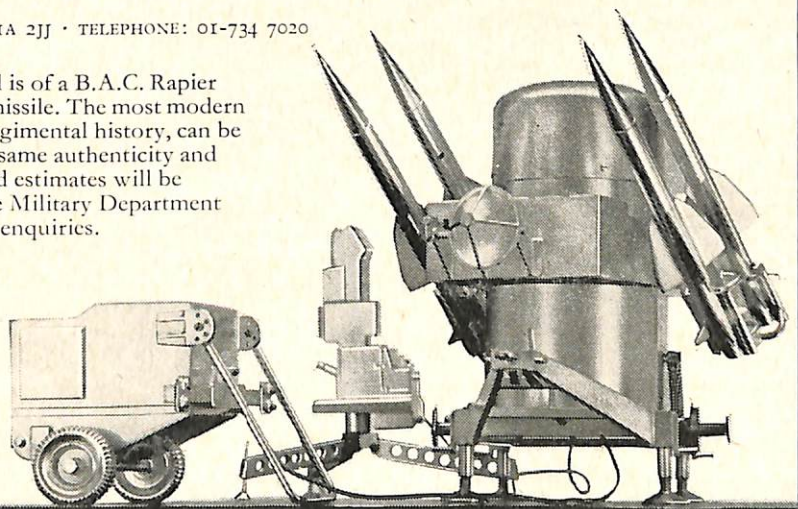


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That street going down with our back to the open ground is always difficult. I'm glad we got past that. Right, here we are—the worst bit of concrete jungle in our area. All those snickets, skylights, and gaps and, of course, the street lights. Let's slip down this one first. "Hello, 4-L, in — street now. Out". Let's have a look at No 8 first. There goes L/Cpl. Reddick and Jones. Blast that bloody dog at No. 12. Luckily enough, there is nobody about; the — Inn was closed a bit earlier than usual. The "Paddies" must be short tonight or they are still at it behind closed doors. Hello, thought I saw a movement at the end of the street. Wilson is covering there. "Did you see that, Wilson?" "Yes, Corp I think it was a girl going into the back of No. 28." "Okay, keep your eye on it." There's L/Cpl. Reddick. "Clean?" "Yep."

Right, we have done four of the houses—Nos. 8, 10, 12 and 14. Nothing in any of them. No. 12 must have been a bit grim. Jones looked a bit disgusted; that's saying something for him! I think we will lie up for a while and see who might come down. They'll be on top of us before they can make us out.

"Hello, 4-C, this is 4-L. Move to — Street now. Over". "4-C, Wilco. Out." This will probably be the last street we will do before we pull out. 4-B seemed to have been rumbled in their position. There's so much rubbish behind — Street where they are, I'm not surprised they made a noise. Right, off we go. The snicket goes right along to — Street, where we want to be. There's a light on at No. 28. Looks as though Wilson was right about a late home-comer. Wonder where she has been, though? Not too difficult to guess, although you never know.

Well, we are nicely holed up here. No. 19 has a light on, too. That's interesting, a lot of people seem to go in and out of there at all times of the day. Well, well, well, a drunk. I don't think he's seen us. "What's that, Rogers?" "Yep, I think you're right. It looks like John Docherty—he is the householder." Wow, his wife is still up. That row sounds familiar; she really is giving him some hammer. There's one thing I can never get used to, that's the language of the women. They must take a course on it or something. Anyway, we can use that noise to cover us poking about in Nos. 7, 9, 13 and 15. No. 13 always interests me. The Int. Sgt. reckons it's a safe house and the son has been "nicked" for some ammo in the house. I'll get L/Cpl. Reddick to be extra careful in the backyard.

"Hello, all stations 4-. This is 4-L move out from the area now. 4-A RV at — Street to pick up 4B—and myself. 4-C, you move out to — Road and RV at the top of the hill." Blast, we've got a house to do yet. I think we can manage it before we leave. Come on, L/Cpl. Reddick, glide." What's the time? 0155. "Hello, 4-L. This is 4-C. I will RV at 0210. 4-A ack. 4-L Roger out. 4-A Roger out."

Okay, now for the route back. I think we will move round the back of — Street, then into the snicket on to the main drag and then up the hill. The lads tend to relax once we are out of this area. Must make sure they are on the ball all the time. The route up the hill is the dangerous part even with the houses protecting us on the left.

Well, nothing much to show for our patrol again. Still, a little bit of info to keep the Int. Sgt. happy. Might see if that snogging couple are still about and check them out. Usually it frightens them to death, but you never know what they are up to, although I've a bloody good idea. I wonder how M— is doing with the kids later on today. Probably giving them rompo for throwing all their toys about. Young Gary really leads her a dance. "Wilson, you're closing up too much. Be careful." The bloody idiot, just when we need to be on the ball.

Nothing of importance at the RV. Ah, there's the mobile coming. Back to camp in a jiffy, then the debrief, and then some kip. "Right, lads—debus. Let's check the weapons. Where's that torch? Right. Clear—clear—clear." Now the debrief. Everyone seems as though they have little to offer. Settle down. "Have you anything, 4-C?" "Yes, sir, eight backyards checked. Nos. 8, 10, 12, and 14 — Street and 7, 9, 18 and 15 — Street. The area was very quiet indeed. One woman thought to be entering No. 28 — Street. Couldn't make out who she was. Mr. Docherty entering his house, No. 19 — Street, drunk and got bawling from his wife. Negative with regards to the backyards. I don't think there is anything else."

It's getting difficult to think of things to report when it's as quiet as this. Hell, I'm knackered now. Most of us are, but with some kip ahead and some rest tomorrow we should be okay for the next patrols session. Must drop a line to M—. Pay tomorrow—back home in a week's time. Hey, it's my turn for R & R day after tomorrow.

Explosion at Dungiven December 11, 1973

At 1930 hrs., December 11, 1973, a blue Ford Anglia estate drove into the forecourt of the garage beside RUC, Dungiven. The driver parked it alongside the manned sangar of the RUC station. The driver, of middle age, jumped out of the car in a frenzied state and shouted to the sentry, "There's a bomb in this car". The sentry, Pte. Thompson, informed the Ops Room and the Platoon and RUC were alerted. The man continued to inform the population up and down the street in a very agitated manner. A quick examination of the car by the SF revealed a beer keg on the back seat.

S/Sgt. Hall and the rest of the Platoon and RUC evacuated the RUC station, VCPs were established along the east-west road on which the station stands, and traffic diverted from the road. The gentleman who drove the car was questioned by the RUC and his immediate shouts to the population about the bomb in his car, plus the SF who cleared the homes, including the hotel on the other side of the garage, ensured that there would be little or no chance of casualties.

Once this had been done it was a question of waiting for the arrival of ATO, who had been tasked immediately. However, there was not long to wait as the car erupted in a severe explosion at 2015 hrs. Once the smoke had cleared it was quickly seen that the explosion had caused severe damage in a small area. The garage had ceased to exist and vehicles were burning. Luckily the main tanks had not fractured. The RUC station suffered severe struc-

tural damage, which meant that it was almost non-operational. The hotel on the other side of the garage had also suffered structural damage and the homes and hall on the other side of the road had been affected by the blast.

ATO on his arrival examined the remains of the car and estimated that the bomb was 50-100lb. The sequence of events after the explosion was simply to clear away the rubble from the road, rescue and check kit and call for immediate Sapper assistance. The latter was essential as the sanger was hanging on by a thread and the Police building was in a parlous state, structural damage being particularly severe on the eastern side. This meant that the Ops Room and living accommodation was uninhabitable. Initial Sapper assistance was remarkably quick, and the "Q" side of the Battalion and Brigade launched into action to make the place at least operational. By the next evening this had been accomplished, although the comfort of the inmates was basic.

Local reaction, led by the vociferous parish priest, was one of anger and disgust at the incident, mainly because of damage to the surrounding buildings, partly the method used, involving a member of the populace, and perhaps also that the RUC station had been the target! One certainly must feel sympathetic towards the owner of the car. It must have been a somewhat nightmarish drive and in his mind and everyone else's subsequently that the bomb could have gone up at any time, a point not lost on the population when the order for evacuation was given.

This attack was one of a series throughout the Province. In each case the attack was successful if the aim was to hamper operational locations. No casualties were suffered in Dungiven and it is thought that this was not the intention.

HOOK COMPANY

Company HQ

Rejoining Hook Company reminds one of that other huge and heterogeneous clan, the MacDonalds. You will remember how, with pride, leaders of the different branches fought for supremacy and the right to occupy the "right of the line".

So it is with Hook, for on the odd occasion when the Commanding Officer honours Hook with an award of regimental guard duties Major Davies's chief of staff, the CSM, fights hard to keep the secret long enough to influence events so as to produce a just honours list. Sadly, for some, this proves impossible. Hook must share all honours with Waterloo Company and "departmental chiefs," always in the know, are quick to demand their rights.

The result, as all Hook's soldiers know, is the never-ending list of complaints from departments/platoons/individuals:

"When can I have a go?"

"Patience, friends. We'll get around to you all in time."

One of the most difficult jobs in Hook Company is that of CQMS because the present "Q" bloke has not yet found out what happens there. There are difficulties—no one ever goes near the place so it is not so easy to ask. However, undaunted, John

Waller opens up each day, switches on the light, brews some tea, retires to the office and begins the real war currently John Masters's "The Ravi Lancers". Excepting odd noises and shouts of "Havildar", "Pani Lao", etc., nothing much is heard of the Colour Sergeant until sweat stained and covered in sand he emerges at 1000 hrs. shouting "Tea break".

Cooks and drivers. Well, they appear in the form of coloured discs on a large board so as to please the Sergeant-Major, who, poor soul, has no other soldiers and spends some time each day marching the dishes across the distribution board. The marching is not very good, but as the MTO will tell you, it never really was.

Pay

"As the pound rises against the drachma and the franc falls against the guilder will the position of the International Monetary Fund remain tenable in the light of Scandinavian fiscal reforms, or will inflation and increased share unloading create an atmosphere of chronic inconfidence?" This is a question we are often asked in the 1 DWR Pay Office. The answer to this simple problem is, of course, "Can you lend me a fiver till pay day?"

In a fluctuating state of economic imbalance the price of a pint becomes all important and it is not uncommon for a soldier to invoke the name of St Watney when applying for his credits.

As we enter into our second year in Co. Derry the

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base seems in danger of sinking back into Lough Neagh under the weight of almost ceaseless down-pours. A disaster of this magnitude would indeed be tragic, so all married men take note: join ADAT while there is still time, even if you disapprove of acronyms.

PRI Enterprises Incorporated

The PRI is handling so many enterprises that we are thinking of going public. Mark you, if we did prices would rise sharply. We run two minibuses, a disco unit complete with DJs, a film business, and we are shortly to open our own cinema. The shop stocks far more than just the normal regimental items. We have cut-price top quality shirts and a whole range of sports gear courtesy of two local sports shops. We take the kids to kindergarten and fetch girls from Coleraine and Portrush for Battalion discos. We run fishing trips and other outings.

The new PRI walked slap bang into the children's Christmas Party. More than three hundred of the little darlings turned up, hell bent on devilment. This annual bun fight is thought to be a great joke by all those who are not involved, and it a point of honour not to pass on lessons learned from years past to the "new boy". The memory of that day is now no more than a painful blur—the only recollection is of a plate of twenty or so biscuits, each with one bite out.

We welcome orders from Dukes, wherever they are, and will be delighted to send samples of Regimental items to "groups".

The PRI team has changed a bit since last you heard from us. It is: Capt. Nicholson, Cpl. Pollard, Cpl. Fern and L/Cpl. Willetts, known on the birds disco run as Smiler, Big Lou, The Quiet One, and Screwer respectively. Thank you, ladies.

REME

For me Ireland is the first posting of my Army career. For WO2 Ashton, my head of department, Ireland means the last milestone in his 22 years in the army before returning to Blighty to prepare for a new life outside the corps. I'm sure you'll join me in wishing him all the best for the future.

The time is fast approaching when we will be leaving Ireland and I'm sure there will be a lot of people who, like me, will have enjoyed their sojourn over here on the Emerald Isle.

Since REME arrived we have lost a few familiar faces, due to postings and end of service, etc. We've also gained some new friends drafted in to the Regiment to replace them.

The LAD, busy as ever keeping us mobile, now have Sgt. Grimwood as their leader. His work force consists of four VMs and one electrician, Cfn. Cooper, who earns the distinction of being the only one with us. I'm sure you'll bear with me in hoping their unceasing work load decreases in the future.

It's a warming thought that when we are miles out of camp on a wet and cold night we can be in touch with a welcome voice on the other end of the radio set. This is the best way I can describe the Tels' valuable work. We give our thanks to Sgt. Garrick and his one-man crew, L/Cpl. Godfrey.

In the armoury there is a WO2 Ashton and three armourers, one of which is myself. By now I'm

sure you will have noticed a vast improvement in the weapons. The new plastic furniture for the SLR has helped towards this, although there are still a few die-hards in the Regiment who prefer the old wooden furniture.

We have had an instance of an SLR being run over by a Land-Rover. The end result was that the barrel was twisted beyond repair and can now only be used for shooting round corners. The plastic handguards, however, were unbroken, though they had two sets of tyre marks on them. They are now being used on another SLR, no doubt waiting until that one is beyond repair.

I'd like to thank the Duke's on behalf of all REME attached personnel for making out stay here a happy one, and to wish them every success in their future campaign.

I'm enjoying my stay here tremendously and I'd like to close on a happy note and think of the happy days to come as the end of this tour rapidly approaches.

REGIMENTAL BAND

Now that the Band are back in N. Ireland after our highly successful tour of the United Kingdom, and the Isle of Man, we have returned to our dual role of musicians/soldiers and are up to our necks in muck and crotchets. Joking apart, the Battalion are pleased to see us back as it helps to relieve the heavy burden of duties for the Base Company.

The festive season lay ahead and this year promised to be rather exciting with certain members of the Band displaying hidden talents in the acting profession. The occasion was the Christmas pantomime, "Cinderella", held at the Sergeants Mess on December 15. Sgt. Bill Vaughan, while rehearsing his part as Cinders, accidentally sat on a magic wand, which automatically raised his voice a pregnant fifth and he had to do the whole show in a falsetto. S/Sgt. "El Sid" Almond played the part of Buttons. They gave a classic rendering of the Script, or at least some Script. We are not sure how much of the panto was acted and how much was real. Even the Bandmaster, who was acting as prompt behind the scenes, could not tell as the script changed daily, according to the mood of the players, who, incidentally, are all members of Equity and the WOs and Sergeants Repertory Company. The musical backing was provided by the Dance Band, and WO2 (BSM) Frank Parkinson, taking a break from the theatre organ, assisted by Sgt. Anthony Crag, managed to fit in a sketch between scenes which resembled a TV advert about a famous brand of baked beans, but got slightly mixed up when the words "We're going to have a gang bang, my brother and me" were incorporated. No doubt the WOs and Sergeants Mess notes will fully cover the whole event, but we considered that a small paragraph might be included. We would add that there is no truth in the rumour that any of the cast received contracts to appear at the Old Vic next season.

We managed to visit the Depot The King's Division, Royal Irish Rangers, at Ballymena on December 6-7. We had been invited to play for a pass-out parade. After a great deal of effort put in by the recruits, and the final rehearsal which we

attended, the parade was spoilt by inclement weather and had to be held indoors.

During the month of December considerable time was given to rehearsals with the Regimental Band of The 1st Battalion Royal Regiment of Fusiliers. The rehearsals culminated with two performances of a massed band concert, the first performance being held at the WOs and Sergeants Mess 1 RRF and then the following night the same concert was performed at the WOs and Sergeants Mess 1 DWR. The programme for these concerts included a couple of unusual items which we had not come across before. The audience were invited to participate in a German dance called "Deutsche Pranzten Plebes". After a short demonstration by the dancing teams of both bands, the audience were given their chance to shine and the result was quite favourable. The second item was a series of poetical readings by members of the bands. When read by the individuals it was hard to establish any theme; however, all the readers returned together and read their lines again in a different sequence. At this point the theme was established, but it still sounded like nonsense.

The Portrush Choral Society invited us to join them for a concert performance on December 13. We had a very interesting programme and afterwards they provided us with a first-class buffet supper.

Over the Christmas holiday period we performed concerts at the Limavady Old Folks Home and in the main shopping centre at Coleraine. Within the Regiment a number of engagements took place: a carol service on the 23d in the Battalion Church; a carol band toured the Married Quarters on the 24th; on Christmas Day itself the Band played incidental or accidental music during the soldiers lunch in the dining room to the accompaniment of Younger's Tartan beer cans.

It was now time for a spot of leave and so on January 2 we closed up shop and returned to England for three weeks.

We offer our congratulations to the following Band personnel on their recent promotions: S/Sgt. F. Parkinson to WO2 (BSM), Sgt. K. Almond to Staff/Sergeant, Cpl. Crag to Sergeant, L/Cpl. Jackson to Corporal and Bdsmn. Wigglesworth to Lance/Corporal.

We said farewell to our temporary Band president (Capt. A. R. Westcob), who did an excellent job, and welcomed to the post our new Band president (Major G. V. Davies) in November. We also welcome to the Band Bdsmn. Fitzpatrick, who arrived at the end of November.

In the near future we are hoping to start an association of ex- and serving members of the Duke's Band. The intention is to have an annual get-together so that people could keep in touch with their old buddies and have a good old ding-dong each year, probably in the Halifax/Bradford/Huddersfield area. To get this off the ground we need all of your addresses to distribute circulars, etc., and keep people in touch with what is going on. I would be most grateful if any ex-members could send me their own and any other addresses of their friends who may not see this issue. Don't just put THE IRON DUKE down. Get the writing pad out and send your address to BSM F. R. Parkinson, Band, 1 DWR, BFPO 801.

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RUGBY

This year it was decided, because of our operational commitment, to play fun rugby. Immediately the question "What on earth is fun rugby?" was asked, and no one could give an adequate answer until the first few games had been played. The Duke's definition of fun rugby is playing to win but without using a full first team so that the opposition think that they have a chance.

In fact, the position seems to be very encouraging for when we reach Aldershot in that there has been an influx of young talent. The 1st XV and the 2nd XV three-quarters have been playing with great expertise and produced some exciting rugby which normally resulted in tries. Our main problem, as usual, is lack of animalistic forwards, despite the efforts of Capts. Palmer, Gilbert and Roberts and Lt. Meek. But despite this we look forward to next year and regular rugby.

One of the main problems has been arranging fixtures, as all club teams are involved in either league or cup competitions and military teams often too heavily committed. Despite this we have played the local team, Limavady RUFC, three time with one victory each and one draw. We had an excellent game against a Coleraine team of 1st and 2nd XV players, which we just won, thanks to some good kicking by Cpl. Cuss. Coleraine are, in fact, league leaders at their particular level. Ballymena, Willy John McBride's side, put out their 2nd XV against



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us and a very hard battle was had with the McBride trained forwards getting the upper hand and eventually winning. A weak team also lost to Ballymoney, the game being played in foot-long grass. Real coarse rugby!

The new University at Coleraine proved to be no match for us, nor did 39 Medium Regiment RA. 94 Locating Regiment RA held a weak Duke's side to a 6—3 victory.

Of other Dukes not with the Battalion, Capt. John Thorn and Lt. Nick Newell have had a few games for the Army, whilst 2/Lt. Andrew Drake is attempting to make a name for himself at Headingley.

IRISH RUGBY FOOTBALL UNION

In August last year, on being posted from Alma Company to the post of RQMS, I decided that, leading a more settled life, I would join the Irish Rugby Football Union Society of Referees, carrying on from where I left off with the Durham Society whilst stationed at Catterick.

First a word about Irish rugby football. In Ulster there are approximately 250 clubs and affiliated schools, most of which play every Saturday. They are divided into four leagues, Senior League, Junior League, Minor League and 4th Division. The Senior League has 13 teams, the Junior League has 53, the Minor League 64 and the 4th Division League has 76 teams. All leagues are divided into five sections, with the exception of the Senior League. All grammar schools play rugby on a basis of friendly fixtures, finishing the season with a knockout competition which climaxes in the final at Ravenhill, attended by upwards of 15,000 spectators on St Patrick's Day.

All leagues except the Senior League are run on the promotion and relegation system. Promotion to the Senior League is on a selective system. There are also various knock-out competitions held within each league during the season. These are as follows, the Senior, Towns, McCrea, Crawford, Forster and McCamberly Cups, each cup being competed for by teams of roughly the same standard.

On applying for membership of the Ulster Society I had to fill in a form showing the history of my refereeing career and any limitations on travelling or times of availability.

My first game was fairly local, Coleraine *v.* Randlestown. On arrival at the ground I was first met by the home team captain, who introduced himself and escorted me to the changing rooms. I then had a visitor. This was Mr. Roy MacGarvey, president of the Ulster Branch, Irish Society. He welcomed me to Ulster and said he was going to watch and grade me, hoped I had a good game and promised me I would not be appointed to referee across the Border! The game, and every game since then, has been most enjoyable. I find the Ulster games hard and at times tough, but on the whole very clean. I have so far this season motored approximately 1,500 miles, refereeing from the local town of Limavady in the north to Enniskillen down near the border. Every club I have visited has made me more than welcome.

Many people have asked me if I have had any trouble, but the only trouble I have every Saturday is getting away from the clubs in a fit state to drive.

One point of interest about the Ulster Society is that one week you referee a fairly senior fixture and the next week you are appointed to a 4th Division game and, as Roy MacGarvey puts it, "The day of atonement comes to all our referees no matter what standard they are".

I have belonged to a number of societies since starting to referee and if anyone were to ask me what I felt particularly about the Ulster Society I would say the dedication and first-class administration from the top, the discipline in the clubs both on and off the field, and the terrific camaraderie amongst all players and followers.

Last week I refereed a game between Malone 2nds and Monkstown 2nds from Dublin and, talking and drinking with the players after the game, I found their attitude to be that politics under no circumstances were to interfere with the game of rugby. It is this attitude to the game that makes it so enjoyable and the only thing I am sorry for is that I will only have one season with them.

Rugby in Ireland is operated and managed within each of the four provinces on a fairly independent basis, but the national team is chosen regardless of geographical barriers, referees interchange freely throughout the provinces, and rugby transcends every political and religious difference.

Postscript by the President of the Society of Ulster Referees

By submitting this report to me to be vetted, Bob has unintentionally given me this opportunity to express my gratitude, and indeed that of my colleagues on the selection panel, for his service to rugby refereeing in Ulster. In happier times in this province the Duke's established both a wonderful record and reputation for their playing ability continued at present in limited circumstances. As a referee Bob has maintained those same qualities, to be held in high esteem by players and officials alike. We respect his skills, we admire his devotion and, above all, his own established maxim, "I'll referee any game, at any time, anywhere, within the limitations of my service". We refuse to acknowledge that Bob's period in our midst is of necessity limited, yet when his departure becomes inevitable his contribution will be happily remembered by all of us associated with rugby in Ulster.

RQMS R. N. G. MIDDLETON

THE DUKE'S XI

Football is the magic word which takes up three pages of every national newspaper. One would expect at least a couple of pages in THE IRON DUKE, but, alas, this is not to be.

The trials and tribulations of the English football league managers are negligible compared with the problems confronting SI Cross; at least they have all their players under one roof, but the best we can hope for is to have 80% of ours in one country. With leave, courses, operational commitments, band tours, etc, we find ourselves spread over a very wide area.

To date it has been an uphill struggle to get foot-

ball off the ground, not for lack of interest, but purely because of the environment. Most units here are as keen as we are and, unfortunately, have the same problems. It is therefore very difficult to agree on a mutual venue. The other deciding factor is that we must live in the wettest place in the world and pitches are unplayable 70% of the time.

There are a number of local teams and grounds, but competitive football against these is impractical. They have their own leagues and we could not possibly hope to play in them for the reasons mentioned above.

During the latter half of 1973 we entered the Major Units Autumn League. This consisted of five major units, four UDR units, one RMP unit and a garrison HQ unit. It started off quite well, but soon ran into difficulties, and eventually the games got so far behind, all the major units had to withdraw, so we never really found out how we compared with our opponents in the Army Cup games.

We entered a team in the Army Challenge Cup and drew 1 DERR in the first round. We had to travel some 80 miles to play and then straight back after the game. It turned out to be a good game and thoroughly enjoyed by all spectators able to attend, and even after extra time it was still a draw. We then dragged 1 DERR up to our pitch and once again it was a very enjoyable game, going over into extra time. Unfortunately we were beaten by a single goal and therefore were out of the competition.

The next competition worthy of note is the Infantry Challenge Cup. In the first round we played 1 RRW and, true to form, took the match into extra time, this time emerging the winners by 2 goals to 1. This, I think, was one of our best efforts. The team clicked and played some interesting football and has given hope for the future. Our next opponents in this competition are 1 QO Hldrs, so at present it is all systems go, all fingers crossed and a daily rub on the rabbit's foot.

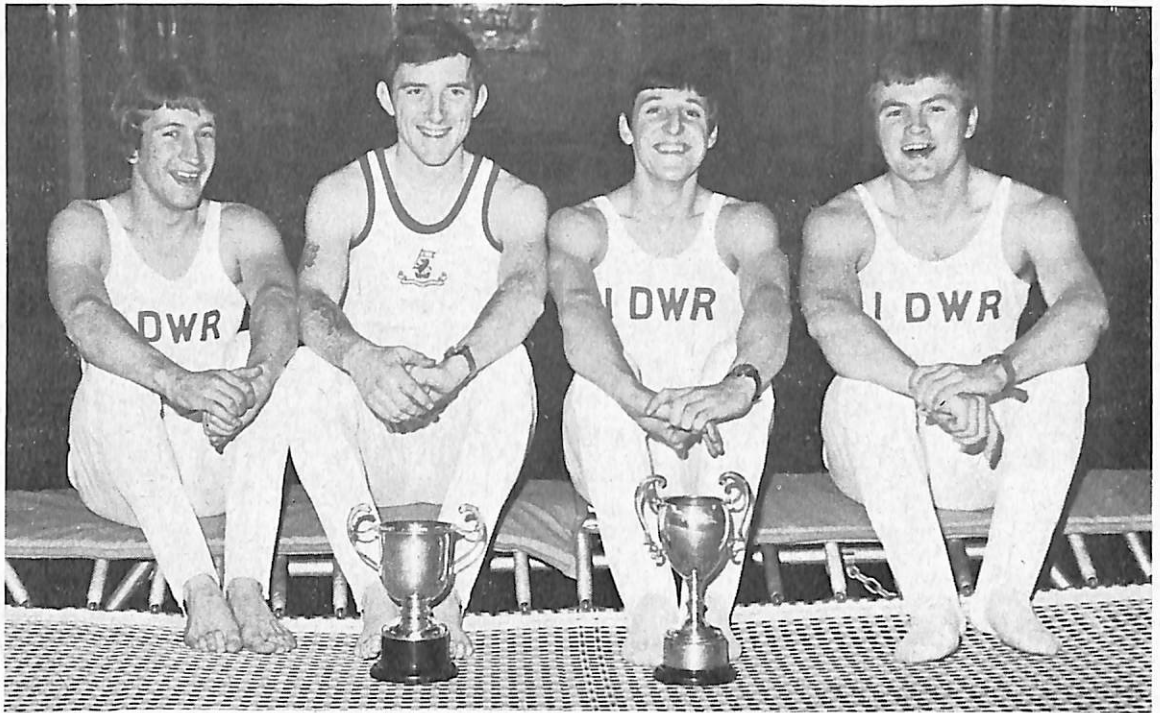
Our present football squad is very young and inexperienced and under the watchful eye of SI Cross, who is himself a first-class coach and a player of some note, is now beginning to look like a football team. We could give any team here in N. Ireland a good game of football and we have played a number of friendly games, mainly against Coleraine University, who have fielded some good sides, and we are just about holding our own. It is not our intention to try and sweep the board here under present circumstances, but to look towards Aldershot. I am sure once we settle in, and have the chance to devote a little more time to football, we will do very well and field a team worthy to be called the Duke's.

The organisation is as follows:

Manager: RSM.

Coach: SI Cross.

Squad: L/Cpl. Jagger, Pte. Barnes, Pte. Walker, Pte. Smith, Cpl. Smith, Pte. Washington, Pte. Woodward, L/Cpl. Lomax, Pte. Lightfoot, Pte. Denton, Cpl. Sykes, L/Cpl. Sollitt, Pte. Irving, Pte. Mawson, Pte. Burns, Cpl. Walker, Sgt. Cook, Pte. Furness, Cpl. Fairclough (RAPC).



Pte Bogusewski, Cpl Fairclough, Pte Beck, Sgt Cross, APTC

TRAMPOLINING

Trampolining is a relatively new sport in the Battalion. We acquired our trampoline in March, thanks to a grant by Nuffield Trust and additional funds supplied by the PRI. In our first nine months we have managed to claim the Army's highest award, the Army Team Championship. In addition, we are the reigning Yorkshire champs (civilian). This has been an impressive start and one we hope to maintain. We are doing this by encouraging more soldiers to participate and already several have passed their bronze BTF award.

After our successes in the Army Championships we have taken a rest from competitive work to concentrate on the coaching and teaching side. We have been involved with many civilian recreational centres, setting up coaching courses for adults and children. These were held at Coleraine University, Antrim Forum and Ulster College. All this was done as part of the Battalion's community relations commitments.

Internally the trampoline has proved very popular, especially with their wives keep fit and the youth clubs. In fact, several members of these clubs are ready for their bronze award. The soldiers are gradually becoming aware of the enjoyment of the sport and nearly every evening the trampoline is in full use.

The main reason for the growth of this sport is the hard work put in by Pte. Boguszewski. It is his enthusiasm that initiated the purchase of the trampoline and the entering of our teams in the Yorkshire and Army championships. We are now just starting our build-up for this year's Yorkshire

championships, which are to take place in Leeds on March 31. 1 DWR has a good reputation in this tournament both as competitors and sportsmen. We intend to maintain this high standard. This year we are doubling our entries and have competitors in all four grades, including the men's open competition.

N.B.—Pte. Boguszewski has done so well that he has been appointed to the Northern Ireland Trampoline Federations Advisory Committee. SI Cross is to be congratulated on passing his BTF coach's course.

Army Championships, 1973

The Army Championships were held in Aldershot at the Army School of Physical Training on November 24, 1973. The Battalion entered two teams and five soldiers took part in individual competition.

Team "A": Pte. Beck (Waterloo Company), Cpl. Hogg (Somme Company).

Team "B": Pte. Boguszewski (Waterloo Company), L/Cpl. Sugden (Alma Company).

1st Reserve: SI Cross (APTC, Waterloo Company).

All the above also entered as individuals.

Prior to the competition the teams went through a comprehensive build-up programme. This started with evening and weekend training in Hangar 6 under the expert instruction of SSI Ions, APTC (ex-Army trampoline champion eight times). We followed this with a week's course at Coleraine University. The university is only five years old and has an excellent sports hall. We took our own

trampoline along, but also had the use of two others supplied by the university. Malcolm Clerk, a national coach, took the course and under his guidance the team's personal performance improved beyond recognition. The final stage took us to Aldershot, where we attended a trampoline skills improvement course. This lasted for two weeks and was preceded by the championships.

The competition was held in Fox Gym, ASPT, and was run concurrently with the Army Gymnastic Championships. The trampolining was in three main parts: team, individual open class, and individual intermediate class. The morning session dealt with the compulsory routines and by dinner-time the Battalion A team had set up a formidable lead. This was due mainly to a flawless display by Pte. Beck. In the individual event Beck was also leading with Cpl. Hogg in second place.

The afternoon was devoted to voluntary routine and the commanding lead of our "A" team was maintained, leaving us Army Team champions. The "B" team made up a lot of ground to take second place, a good effort after a poor morning's results. The individual results were even more pleasing, with Pte. Beck increasing his lead to beat the field by four clear marks. Cpl. Hogg was deservedly second with SI Cross surprisingly taking third place. Pte. Boguszewski finished fifth and a good voluntary performance by Sugden secured him sixth place (but didn't stop him losing three pints to SI Cross).

These results meant that the Duke's had won six out of the nine trophies, hence firmly establishing our name in this sport. The dress and appearance of the team also drew attention. With us all being kitted out in new leotard suits with the Battalion badge and name on, our appearance drew attention for other reasons (!) Needless to say, the team was in a jubilant mood and celebrated accordingly.

To conclude the team would like to thank the following outsiders who took a keen interest in us and helped improve our trampolining. SSI Ions, Malcolm Clerk, national coach, SSS Wilson, APTC, and the Nuffield Trust for providing the trampoline. Additional congratulations are due to Pte. Beck, who took time out to win four out of five trophies in the Army Intermediate Gymnastic Championships. Beck is also Yorkshire senior gymnastic champion and with the right training could easily find himself in the national team.

SQUASH

Perhaps the standard of squash played may not be very high, but the court is the scene of feverish activity, with participants varying from the glamorous to the unlikely. It is becoming increasingly obvious that squash is a game which is an easy and convenient way of maintaining a modest level of fitness.

Outstanding amongst performers is the doctor, who contrives to play the greater part of his game from the horizontal position to provide disconcerting but winning squash. In the wider world of competition, we did not do at all badly in the inter-unit competition, being eliminated by the gladiators of the Scots Guards in a close semi-final after we had won our two previous rounds, despite the difficul-

ties in fielding our best five.

The claims of the county company Commanders not to have slept for days before the matches were borne out by their appearance, but happily not by their performance. A lesson in physical intimidation was provided by the 2IC, who had really won his match before the end of the knock-up, and his opponent was grateful to concede without any need for hospitalisation.

The claims of modesty by our No. 1 string were seen to be fully justified when meeting MacKay Dick of the Scots Guards, but RQMS Middleton will no doubt tell you that he remained undefeated throughout the competition and, moreover, was the only player to reach the semi-final stage of any competition in the Northern Ireland Championships.

SUB AQUA CLUB

Since the last edition the Sub Aqua Club has developed by leaps and bounds. We have completed a one-week course and passed out 12 students and we now have no fewer than 30 members in the club. We have extended our influence to the married quarters and hope to get even more of the families hooked on the pleasures of underwater diving.

In November the Battalion purchased two sets of equipment which, although expensive, are also extremely good. Basically they allow a diver to stay submerged for 40 minutes, which is ample time in these cool waters. In fact, we continue to dive in the sea all the year round, as there is really very little temperature change during the year, some 9 degrees between February and July.

Our favourite diving grounds are the Skerries, just off Portrush, which give you a depth of about 60ft, with good underwater visibility. The harbour there bottoms at approximately 25 to 30ft. and is ideal for our novice divers. Its surprising the sea life one sees in such a small area. A recent venture in the harbour produced three magnificent lobsters and a plaice, which would have shamed our topside fishermen. However, we really couldn't see CSM Wilson and L/Cpl. Todd taking up the sport. It must be mentioned that all our catches are taken by hand or with a diving knife. We do not use guns, thus the stealth and skill in making a catch makes it all that more worth while when eating. With the New Year upon us, and the approach of the better weather, we intend to take a party of 12 divers to Port Na Spaniagh, off the Giants Causeway, and there to dive on the remains of the *Girona Galleass* of the Spanish Armada, which was driven on to rocks near Bushmills. She was lost for 377 years and then found by chance, by a Belgium diver called Stenhuit. Altogether £3 million of treasure was recovered and a photo record account of the salvage is contained in the Girona Rooms at the National Museum, Belfast. Our dive will be from a purely interest point of view, though the thought that some small gold artefact dug up by a good storm and left on a rock for the lucky diver does have a certain appeal.

Our last deep expedition was held on the outer Skerries and our objective was to find a heavy kelp (weed) bed and see if we could bring up some large sea urchins. We went out by boat from Portrush



WO2 Hodkinson, outer Skerries, Portrush

and dived by the Devil's Hook. A short time later 65ft was recorded on the depth gauge, at which time we hit bottom. The tide was just turning, and even at depth the pull could be felt. Our first encounter with sea life was a school of seals. Though they may look beautiful from the surface, they have to be seen from underwater to appreciate their splendour and the ease with which they move. Their speed is quite amazing and leaves the diver feeling very much the tortoise. They were not the least bit shy, but made no attempt to approach us. We broke into the kelp, which is about 16ft. tall, and began the search for the urchins. No one was more shocked than WO2 Hodkinson, when on breaking into the thick weed, he was confronted by a 5ft dog shark. In fact, they are quite harmless, but the surprise leaves the heart cold. By now air was running low and we were having no luck with the urchins. Then, suddenly, they seemed to be everywhere. We brought up 15, beautiful specimens all of them. Unfortunately they are so attractive that we ended up giving them all away to the "looters" in the Battalion, who always seem to be around when we return to camp and open up the bag of spoils. We have learnt from past experience never to show lobsters in camp or one is likely to find it missing from the pot.

Finally, anyone wishing to join the club please contact WO2 Hodkinson and their names will be

added to the roll. Our thanks to Major Stevens and WO2 Stansfield for giving up their valuable time while in camp in order to run the diving cadre, and thanks also to Major Campbell-Lamerton for the help in obtaining funds.

WHITE ROSE CLUB

We had a successful festive season, culminating in record takings on the New Year's Eve party, with the usual activities continuing to attract a healthy participation from the families. The weekly Saturday lunch-time "O" Group ensures that all the Battalion's problems are discussed, if not solved, and the bingo session has always more would-be winners than chairs. "Diffy", despite the prospect of free beer for at least a year, lost his chance with the arrival of yet another girl. The café magnates have discovered, and are fully exploiting, a regimental liking for cheese on toast for the mid-morning snack, or is it merely providing a late breakfast for the harassed housewife? The launderette is now functioning and well subscribed in the wet and windy climate of our little corner.

Cpl. Frear continues as mine host and, flushed with success, has now professional ambitions and plans. He will leave us with good advice: never allow the wife of the Families Officer to participate in the Christmas draw, for on the evidence of the latest draw she will continue to draw out the name of the Commanding Officer, no doubt to further the hidden ambitions of her husband.

WIVES CLUB

The first meeting after block leave was a cookery demonstration given by the Electricity Board. This was much enjoyed and many of us learnt a great deal. Christine Campbell-Lamerton organised this evening. This was followed in November by a talk on meat. Pauline Gardner, on behalf of Waterloo Company, arranged with Jimmy McKenna—a butcher from Limavady—to bring a lamb and small side of beef and cut them up in front of us, at the same time explaining what the cuts are called and how to cook them, with emphasis on the cheaper cuts. He very generously gave us two joint of beef for the raffle. This evening was a great success. In December Julia Wonson, on behalf of Alma Company, held a Christmas decorations evening, with sherry and mince pies. We watched the decorations being made to the chink of glasses. Two one-gallon jars of sherry were consumed; the mince pies were very good and those not eaten passed on to grateful guards. In January Mrs. Pickersgill organised a Beetle drive, which proved to be very popular and our first since Hong Kong.

On February 4 we held our Christmas Wives Club dinner. This was held in the Officers Mess, having had the Midsummer Night's one in the Sergeants Mess. Bill Burke produced three superb menus and the "duck" beat the "steak" by a long neck! Alistair Roberts as PMC spent a great deal of time on our behalf and we all enjoyed a splendid evening. It was very pleasant to listen to the Band as we dined and we would like to thank all those concerned in making what was truly an enjoyable evening.

The ladies' shooting team sadly lost their one and only match so far—but only just. We miss Ann

Andrews, who was one of our star shots, who became a better shot each week despite her increasing girth! We congratulate her on the safe arrival of Simon in December.

The Company coffee mornings still continue and are very popular. We have also had the Limavady and Ballykelly policemen's wives to coffee.

At last we have our new Thrift Shop—only three months later than promised—Bill Burke having worked wonders with shop fittings. Doreen Burke and Diana Mitchell have a key each, in turn kept under lock and key, as the Thrift Shop has become a very desirable piece of property which others would love to get their hands on (especially the Thrift Shop office). For the last three months the helpers, Sandra Linskey, Doreen Burke, Merle Reid, Christine Campbell-Lamerton, Mary Davies and Diana Mitchell, have had to heave heavy suitcases around and set up shop in the White Rose Club, rather like a Saturday morning market stall. When we finally got a small cupboard in the White Rose Club a mouse got in the cupboard and ate a pyjama top. We now have a pair of pyjamas for sale at a "very special price".

We have had several outings to Reid's Bakery in Coleraine organised by Merle Reid, who says she does not have shares in, or own, this bakery. These outings have been very popular and the free coffee and buns much enjoyed by all.

The swimming, subaqua, shooting, keep-fit, sauna, crochet and squash continue. Major Davies has offered to coach ladies in squash, and it is hoped to have competitions within the Regiment and against other teams. Trampolining, that other new Duke's sport, has also attracted the ladies. Pat Barlow and Babs Northend are to be congratulated on gaining their bronze British Trampoline Federation award.

D. MITCHELL

FOYLE DRIVE VIEWPOINT

The Married Officers Quarters in Ballykelly are located in Foyle Drive, a short cul-de-sac half a mile from Shackleton Barracks. From most of the quarters on a clear day—a rarity at this time of year—the mountains of Donegal can be seen across the Foyle Estuary, a beautiful part of Ireland, but tantalisingly out of bounds to us. Nearer at hand, about five miles from Ballykelly, is the rocky outcrop of Benevenagh, from the top of which Scotland can be seen (occasionally).

For those who enjoy life in the country this is not a bad area. There are opportunities for the hunting, fishing and shooting types and a couple of the wives have been seen taking pot-shots at the pigeons in the local woods. These woods are also a favourite spot for walking children and dogs, and there are also attractive walks along the sea wall, the river and nearby Magillagan Strand.

Foyle Drive boasts a flourishing ladies' squash team, which meets once a week on the squash court, and afterwards for coffee and cakes in the members' houses. The championship is currently being disputed by Claire Pitchers and Merle Reid with Carolyn Roberts, Gel Westcob and Anne Bray not far behind. The team intends to challenge Ebrington Barracks (Londonderry) ladies' team to a match in the near future. There are also two mixed

teams captained by Major Vernon Davies and Capt. Alistair Roberts founded for social purposes but based on some very serious squash.

Those who are used to a city life have had to adjust to the slower pace of life here in Ireland. The nearest town is Limavady, three miles away, and here, as in nearly all the towns in N. Ireland, parking restrictions are in operation, making shopping a little difficult for mothers with small children and for people like myself who do not like walking very far with heavy baskets. The bigger towns of Londonderry and Coleraine are half-an-hour's drive away. Londonderry has little to offer, as the shopping centre has been badly affected by the "troubles", but Coleraine has several good shops, including a deep-freeze centre. However, we all miss Marks and Spencer and British Home Stores.

Apart from hotels, the nearest restaurant is about 40 miles away, now that Blades of Limavady has closed down. There are few cinemas and no theatres in the area, and so evening entertainment is virtually restricted to the Mess and the home. Dinner parties, great and small, are regular occurrences, and a few bridge fanatics are managing to persuade others to take up the game.

Life in Foyle Drive is very insular and the road is nicknamed, rather unjustly, Coronation Street, but we shall all miss the friendly atmosphere when we are scattered among the various "patches" of Aldershot.

CAROLYN ROBERTS

WHY MR. SACCONI TURNED A HOSEPIPE ON MR. SPEED.

The incident occurred around the turn of the century when Mr. Sacconi and Mr. Speed owned rival companies, each one determined to outdo the other in the quality of the wine they supplied to the British Fleet.

Mr. Sacconi was aboard a warship, conducting his business when Mr. Speed came on board.

To deter the rival supplier, Mr. Sacconi suggested to one of the sailors that he turn the hosepipe on the newcomer.

The sailor complied.

Now the point of this story is that incident was the last of its kind, because shortly afterwards Sacconi and Speed joined forces, and ever since have enjoyed an excellent reputation for supplying the armed forces and the civilian population with fine quality wines.

And we certainly don't turn hosepipes on our rivals anymore.

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Depot, The King's Division

Since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE Notes there have been few changes to the Depot staff. Lt. Newell has left for 1 DWR and his place has been taken by 2/Lt. Drake. Major Pugh is now firmly in the chair as RRO and since his arrival there has been a steady increase in the number of recruits. There has been two new arrivals to his staff, namely, L/Cpl. Lounds, DWR, L/Cpl. Beaumont, DWR, and their respective families. Also posted in to the Depot are two members of the ACC well known to the Battalion, namely, Cpl. Joiner and L/Cpl. Martin. L/Cpl. Martin was a regimental cook who rebadged. Along with SQMS Vinson The "Dukes" at the Depot are well represented on the catering side.

SQMS Vinson poured the Christmas spirit into the Depot "Pud" watched and assisted by the Depot RSM, A. J. Welsh, DWR, and J/Dmr. Allen. J/Dmr. Allen is the youngest Duke's soldier at the Depot, whose birthday, incidentally, is on Christmas Day.

QMSI Smith, SASC, has now left the Depot to pass on his professional knowledge to the 2 RGJ shooting team. He will be a sad loss to Training Wing, the Depot shooting team and also the soccer team. However, his relief, QMSI Bona, SASC, has now settled in to Depot life and is quite confident that we will hold our place as Minor Unit champions at Bisley this year. Whilst on the subject of shooting, since Capt. Brewer arrived there has been a great deal of interest shown in small-bore shooting, so much so that Cpl. Larnder, 1 DWR, has sold his

full-bore rifle and bought a .22 rifle. He now shoots for the Regular Army small-bore team. However, we still hope to see Cpl. Larnder shooting for us at Bisley this year. Cpl. Larnder has been accepted for his probationary training for entry into the SASC, which he starts in August this year. He will certainly be a sad loss to Training Wing at the Depot.

Lt. Eddison, PWO, has taken over two cottages in Aviemore in Scotland to enable Junior Soldiers to learn to ski. The lease on the cottages is for eight weeks, so some 40 Junior Soldiers should be proficient skiers by the end. The last we heard, however, was that there was no snow in Aviemore, so what Lt. Eddison is doing to pass the time is anyone's guess.

On November 3, 1973, the regimental service was held in the Duke of Wellington's Chapel in York Minster. A party of "Dukes" from the Depot, including Junior Soldiers, met the Colonel of the Regiment before the service in St William's College. A number of ex-soldiers from Hem in Northern France were in attendance as guests of the Mosley Branch of the Old Comrades Association. After the service the OCA were escorted to the Depot square, where they were welcomed by the Depot RSM. After a champagne toast the Duke's flag was broken at the masthead. A senior member of the Mosley branch then welcomed the party from France and the French tricolour was broken. This ceremony was attended by the Colonel of the Regiment.

HMS *Ark Royal* contingent (500 strong) stayed



Christmas Spirit
Jr Drummer Allen, RSM
Welsh and SQMS Vinson

with us for two weeks in October whilst preparing for the freedom of the City of Leeds. They needed the full two weeks to brush up their drilling techniques. They enjoyed themselves immensely whilst they were here, both on and off the drill square.

Two ex-"Dukes" visited us at the Depot and we are pleased to say that both look well. The first was ex-Sgt. Blood, who now works in the wine trade and seems to be having a prosperous New Year. The second was ex-S/Sgt. Jack Sykes, who still looks just the same, give or take a wrinkle or two.

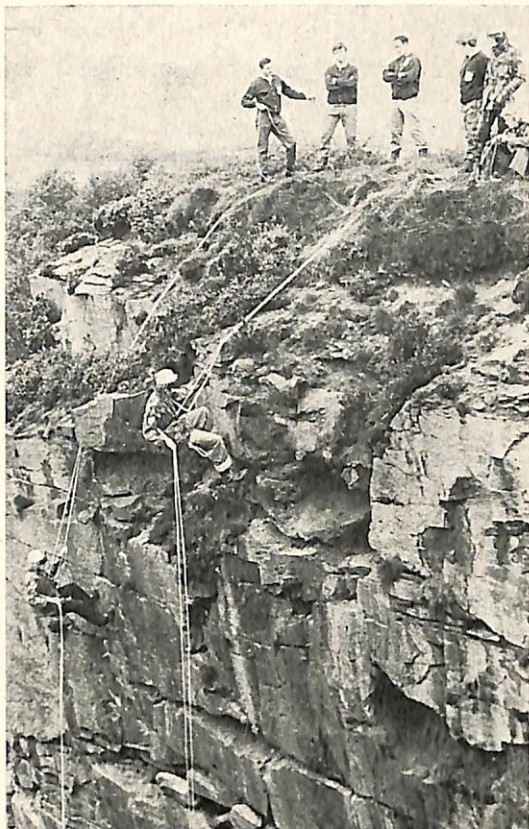
All members of the Depot would like to pass on their deepest sympathy to the relatives of 2/Lt. Howard Fawley, killed tragically by a terrorist mine in N. Ireland. Forty all ranks of the Duke of Wellington's at the Depot attended the funeral held in Shipley on January 31, 1974.

Finally, still on a tragic note, all at the Depot were deeply shocked to learn of the death of L/Cpl. Catton, 1 DWR, and Mr. Verey in a traffic accident on Friday, December 21, 1973. L/Cpl. Catton leaves a wife and small son behind and Mr. Verey a wife and son. The funeral service for L/Cpl. Catton was held in Middlesbrough and the service for Mr. Verey in York. Once again all ranks at the Depot would like to convey their deepest sympathy to the relatives of L/Cpl. Catton and Mr. Verey.

10 ARMY YOUTH TEAM

The team's ventures over the last few months have been hectic to say the least. July/August was a busy period when the whole team, accompanied by our ski-ing expert, Sgt. Mal Hirst, went to Culty Braggan Camp, Scotland, to supervise and help out with certain activities. There were over 1,000 cadets from all over the country at the camp. Most of the time we were kept busy running a water initiative test in the morning, assault boat races in the afternoon and six-a-side football in the evening. Needless to say, the team played exceptionally well at football and now are unbeatable. The water initiative test consisted of teams of cadets making a raft with logs, oil drums, rags, ropes, etc., and getting the whole team and raft to the other side of a 40m stream. Of all the rafts that were made during the three weeks, only two or three were sturdy and succeeded in doing the job well. Whilst there we had the occasional afternoon off to play golf under the supervision of Capt. J. Thorn, which the team seemed to enjoy very much. On our return to Huddersfield, as fiddles after all the evening soccer, we all went on a well-deserved leave for seven days. We then ran "It's a knockout" competition at Wellesley Park for charity, organised by Sgt. (Cyril) Howard, but unfortunately the weather was not good on the afternoon; nevertheless, the show went on with everyone enjoying themselves, but getting a soaking. After all the events had taken place the winning team, Ostler School, collected their prize from the Miss Halifax Gala Queen.

During the winter term the team took six schools on an eight-week course. The course consisted of '22 shooting, abseiling, camping demonstration, map reading and, to finish with, a 12-mile initiative exercise across Brontë country. Those who completed the exercise were then presented with certi-



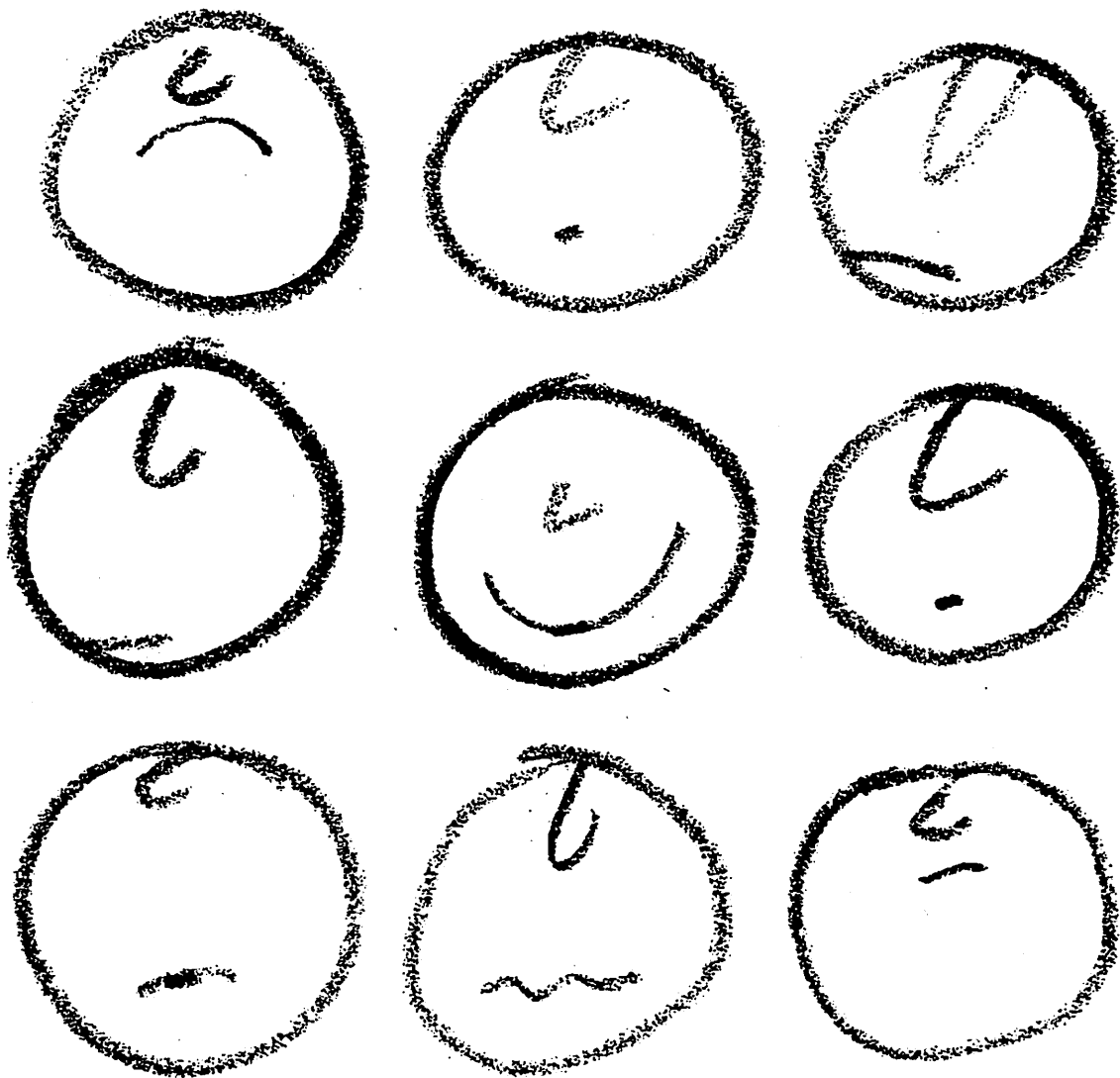
"Abseiling". L/Cpls Blagbrough, Pennington, Sgt. Howerd and L/Cpl Verrall

Acknowledgement 'Huddersfield Examiner'

ficates during school assemblies. The team then took three weeks' well-earned leave over Christmas.

On return from leave we set about organising the Easter term for schools. This will entail the running of a seven-week course, consisting of '22 shooting, potted sports, map reading and orienteering. We hope then to run a grand orienteering competition for all the schools in our area in late March. At the same time as this we are also running our annual '22 shooting competition for the Huddersfield, Halifax and four Valleys areas. This again is well attended and gives us an opportunity to keep in contact with many Youth Clubs in the area. We also continue to take '22 shooting for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme. Thus the team is in for a busy Easter term.

We would like to say farewell to L/Cpl. Ian Verrall and his wife, who have returned to 1 DWR, and thank Ian for his work in the team. L/Cpl. Tony Cooper has now joined us and congratulations to him on passing his driving test (a just reward for perseverance). We also wish him and Madeline good luck on their forthcoming wedding in April. Congratulations are also due to Sgt. Mal Hirst on coming first in the British Biathlon Championships. Well done, Mal!



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All the excitement of annual camp and the Freedom parade at York behind us this last few months have been at first sight quiet. Following on from these things was the annual FFR inspection. For various reasons this occurred later than usual and by the time the lid has been taken off us and all the inspections and reports completed Christmas was upon us.

The report on the Battalion was a good one, we feel confident in saying, and assume that that is why 1 Yorks have been chosen as “the” TAVR Battalion to take part in a NATO exercise by way of 1974 annual camp.

To be ready for this we are, as ever, recruiting. Our big effort this year is planned to coincide with the national TV and newspaper advertising campaign in February. Against this background our plan is to get out on the streets, very smart in our brand new DPM combat kit, and convince the people of our area that the TAVR really does exist (because many think that the Reserve Army died in 1967, when the old TA was abolished) and that it is an up-to-date “with it” organisation.

So much for the pattern of things for the Company. As for individuals the following are due for congratulations: Phil Berry on his promotion to CSM. He succeeds the popular CSM Dave Peckett, now no doubt comfortably ensconced in HQ Company. Our MT wallah, Pete Croft, is the latest addition to the Sergeants Mess. Honourable mentions go to L/Cpl. O’Neill on coming out top of the Battalion Junior NCO’s Cadre and earning himself an excellent report; Cpl. Kennedy, our tireless anchor man at Keighley, who earned himself praise for his help in the Cadre; 2/Lt. Tim Newcombe on his having survived the platoon commander’s course at Warminster and Sennybridge.

Finally, the joker in the pack—the winners of the

Company 22 shooting competition were, incredibly, the MT Section. Without minimising the credit due to them, their team had the coarse rigger aspect of being 50% borrowed from the opposition. Well done, the scratch team!

SERGEANTS MESS NOTES

To deal with matters military first, we were sorry to see CSM Dave Peckett leave us for Battalion HQ at York, and congratulations are due to Phil Berry on his promotion to Company CSM.

Mess members attended a convention at Burniston Barracks, Scarborough, in February, run by RSM Joe Collins, who puts us through our paces. We also got some gen on annual camp this year from 24 Brigade. It looks as if it will be a good, hard camp in Germany.

Sgt. “Spud” Taylor has got his beloved 81mm mortars back after three years. The fact that Sgt. Geoff Kennerdale on hearing this news took a course in first aid has not gone unnoticed.

On the social front, the big night was the Christmas draw, which went, if 1 DWR will excuse the phrase, like a bomb. The star prize, a portable television set, was won by Sgt. Bill Bailey. Hardly any one speaks to Bill now. Our next big occasion is the annual Coy Sergeants’ Dinner on February 23. It will, unfortunately be the swan-song for three Mess members, CSM Holliday, who is taking on the hazards of civilian life, Sgt. Pete Kelly and Sgt. Brian Dolan, and we take this opportunity to wish them all the best in their new ventures. We shall, of course, by the time these notes appear in print, have S/Sgt. “Mick” Reddy as our WO2 (PSI). Congratulations on your well-earned promotion, “Mick”. Also before the next notes are due we shall have welcomed our new CQMS (PSI), S/Sgt. Ken Leachman, from 1DWR.

The Army Cadet Force (DWR)

General training

Since my last notes in December the day-to-day training within the area has been going along very well in what is normally a “black” time of year. There are many obstacles a detachment commander has to overcome, the main ones being very bad weather and dark nights. Even in these enlightened days mothers are rather reluctant to allow their children to stay out late, so, of course, attendance is often restricted.

However, these are the everyday humdrum problems of the hard-working detachment staff which must be overcome if we are going to produce the young men of the calibre at which we aim:

these are the young men who either go out to civilian life as responsible people or leave us to join some branch of the Armed Forces.

Junior TA Platoon

Huddersfield Area has yet another “first” to report to readers, and that is the formation of a Junior TA Platoon. This is basically a group of 16½-year-old Cadets who are attached to our parent HQ for one evening per week and are trained, clothed, and administered by 3 Yorks HQ Staff.

The objects of this platoon are twofold: the first to give more advanced training than the ACF can

offer due to our restricted accommodation and training facilities; secondly, to give a boy the choice of becoming a trained TA soldier at the conclusion of his concentrated training or, alternatively, he can revert to the Cadet Force as a more valuable member of the ACF with sufficient knowledge to eventually become a useful adult instructor.

Formation of New Closed Detachment

It is with great pride that I tell you now about the formation of a new Closed School Detachment at Hipperholme Grammar School. This has been formed by three young teachers at the suggestion of the headmaster.

By the time these notes are being read the first 35 Cadets and three Under-Officers will have been clothed and training started in earnest. This now gives the area two school detachments and if our existing one (Heckmondwike) is anything to go by Hipperholme will prove a great asset to the area.

New Training Officer

After two long, hard-working years Capt. Frank Fox has decided to take a rest from the job of Training Officer and this occasion cannot be allowed to pass without my recording the Area's greatest thanks to you, Frank, for a job very well done.

Not only has he performed the duty of ATO, which is very demanding, but he has undertaken many other various duties on our behalf. Capt. Fox now reverts to the sole job of Detachment Commander, Heckmondwike Grammar School.

His place as ATO has been taken on by Capt. Peter Tattersall, who will do this very demanding job in addition to running his detachment at Halifax.

New appointments

It is with great pleasure that I welcome to the area and the Officers Mess the three new Under-Officers at Hipperholme GS. They are Messrs. Nichols, Woodward and Burnett. Gentlemen, you have joined the best.

RQMS Fitton, MM

It is with great pride that we put on record a "potted" history of our RQMS, Jack Fitton (Sir to his friends), of the Halifax Detachment, as he has recently celebrated 40 years in uniform.

In long ago 1933 the "RQ" joined up in the ACF at Sowerby Bridge, where he remained for three years. Then just before the war the Territorials were reorganised and the 4th Battalion DWR became a part of 58th Anti-Tank Regiment; but, in spite of this, he and others continued to wear Duke's buttons. The war took him almost to Calais, but a toss of a coin by some long forgotten officer caused them to "miss the boat".

He was then to serve in Aldershot, Scotland and Norfolk, where he met the future Mrs. Fitton; at the same time he joined a new outfit, the 64th Anti-Tank.

His next posting was with the 1st Army in North Africa, then posted back to England and joined yet another unit, the 20th Anti-Tank.

D-Day saw him in the second wave of troops to land in Normandy, from where he fought his way through France, Belgium and Holland to Germany.

In the German town of Lingen he helped to repel a German attack and was awarded the Military Medal for his part. In 1946 he was demobbed. If Mrs. Fitton then thought she had seen the last of uniforms, she had a shock to come.

In 1947 the TA was reformed and he joined up yet again, this time in the 382 Anti-Tank Regiment DWR. After four years he moved to the 7th Battalion DWR. He remained with the Duke's TA through all its changes until in 1967 he retired. Mrs. Fitton's private thoughts at this time were that she had at last seen the end of uniforms and would see her husband a little more in the evenings. How mistaken she was!

RQMS Fitton joined the Army Cadet Force again, but this time as a very senior member of the Sergeants' Mess.

Mrs. Fitton says about the years in uniform: "I have never seen enough of my husband to get fed up with him, and it certainly has kept him fit. I have made a lot of friends and met a lot of people I should otherwise not have met".

RQMS Fitton's service with the TA earned him the TAs Efficiency Medal with four bars, one for each six years' service after the first 12 years. To you, RQMS, and to Mrs. Fitton, our congratulations and thanks for your devoted service to your country, and particularly for your six years with the Army Cadet Force. I guess there is at least another 10 years' service left in you yet.

THE "ALL INDIA" 1934

One of the last issues of "The Iron Duke" which I edited contained an article by General Roy Exham on "Rugger in the 2nd Battalion".

Doing some research for this article I found that there were only very scanty records in "The Iron Duke" of the Regiment's performance in the "All India" Cup in the years before the 1939-45 war.

When, therefore, I chanced upon the extract below, I felt that it should be recorded and would be of interest to many readers. It will certainly bring back memories to those who took part in sports tours in those carefree days.

The extract is taken, with the author's kind permission, from "Distinctly I Remember" by Harold Braund, MBE, MC, with a foreword by Brigadier Sir Bernard Fergusson, GCVO, DSO, OBE. (Published by Wren Publishing Pty. Ltd., Mount Eliza, Victoria, Australia. Distributors in UK: David and Charles, South Devon House, Newton Abbot, Devon).

This book is a vivid account of the author's experiences as a young employee of Steels, a trading firm in Rangoon, before the war and as an officer in the Chin Levies during it. I would highly recommend it, particularly to those interested in guerrilla warfare.

R. G. T.

Steels took the greatest pride in being the only merchant firm East of Suez that regularly, twice a week in the rainy season, put its own fifteen into the field...

I was admirably suited by this. Rugby is the only game I have ever played well and I soon found myself an automatic choice for England in the Burma International series and for Steels first seven in the Seven-a-side Tournament. . . One of the fifteens playing in my first year was the King's

Royal Rifle Corps, stationed at Mingaladon, some miles out of Rangoon. The leader of their pack, with whom I often rubbed shoulders in the literal sense, was John Hunt of Everest fame to come.

Little more than two months after my arrival in the country, the time came to select the Burma fifteen for the "All-India" Tournament, to be played that year in Calcutta.

Braund was selected and, much to his surprise, was granted leave to go by his firm. A martyr to sea-sickness, he began to regret this dispensation during a very rough three-day voyage in the British-India Steam Navigation Company's Ekma.)

We were met on docking by a fair-sized crowd, which included my host for the duration of our stay, a young banker of about my own age. He drove me to his chummary for tiffin and some badly needed sleep, and in the evening took me along to a mammoth cocktail party that had been laid on to enable all the visiting teams to meet and mingle before doing battle . . .

The "All-India" of those days was held by rotation in Calcutta, Bombay and Madras, with Colombo added at some later date. The official programme provided this historical note:

Rugby is not indigenous to India and we have never yet discovered that it possessed any playing interest for Indians as a whole. The game is imported and was played originally and exclusively by players whose sojourn in the country was but temporary. But it has made steady and remarkable progress during the half-century that men have been chasing the elusive ball across the greensward of India and in a climate that could hardly be deemed suitable for so strenuous a game. . . Their efforts have been rewarded in so far as their example has brought into being a number of local clubs and thus an Indian tradition has been built up.

One may say there are now two main nurseries of indigenous rugger and they are located in Bombay and Khargpur. In the former place the Cathedral High School provided a fine training ground for youngsters who have found their way later into other clubs and in the result a flourishing old boys' team has been a factor in Western India rugger for some years. Khargpur owes its record to the keenness and enthusiasm of one or two men who have turned the talent of the railway settlement to good purpose. From small beginnings Khargpur can now field several fifteens and the Bengal Nagpur Railway team always provides Calcutta's best with strong opposition. Acting on Khargpur's example other local teams have sprung up in Calcutta, and the Customs, Police, la Martinere and other local teams are evidence of the good work of the original pioneers of the game in India.

Still the "All-India" survives. Sooner or later, I fear, it must die for lack of regular playing contact with its source. With it will go one of those minor but wholesome repudiations of the "never the twain shall meet" philosophy: for Ceylonese in particular, Indians and Burmans were progressively being attracted into the game.

On the present occasion nineteen teams had entered and, by customary procedure, the four with

the furthest to travel had been "seeded" into the last eight, to reduce to a reasonable minimum the duration of their absence from home. The four so treated were Madras, Cawnpore, Bombay and Burma (we, incidentally, being the only side to travel by sea.)

Our first match was against the Bengal-Nagpur Railway, which had possibly the heaviest pack I have ever played against. They ran us off our feet to begin with and we were soon five points down. However, we then took a lasting grip and ended as winners. Our semi-final encounter was with the Duke of Wellington's Regiment which had already beaten two strong sides in the Durham Light Infantry and Bombay. We lost an excellent game by three points to eight, both The Duke's tries being scored by their centre three-quarter captain, Lt. Moran, by the sale of superb dummies. In the final The Duke's went down to a Calcutta side of such talent as could have seriously challenged the best of Britain's club sides of that year. . .

During the few days left to us after our defeat by The Duke's we were off training, and life was a round of unstinted hospitality by the rugger devotees of Calcutta. We were entertained in a seemingly unbroken circuit of cocktail parties, dinners and dances, culminating in the All India Rugger Dinner at the Great Eastern Hotel, a memorable debauch with countless repercussions all round the town during the next few hours.

I recall in particular the fate of a member of the Madras side, a character with enormous "Jimmy Edwards" moustaches. Unknown to him a prize

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had been offered to whomsoever produced the largest portion of his whiskers after midnight. The unsuspecting victim was closely but unobtrusively trailed by quite a crowd of contestants until, as midnight struck, he went down to his doom before a horrific display of drawn penknives and nail scissors.

We sailed back to Rangoon on the *Ellenga* on the morning after the dinner. Our departure was de-

layed briefly while two members of our team were located and carried aboard, dinner-jacketed and inert. As we drew away, a rigger ball was passed between shore and ship until distance ensured its watery grave. The return journey to Rangoon was no happier for me than the outward trip had been. This time, however, no one displayed the least interest in my powers of recuperation and I was left alone to my misery.

Obituary

We deeply regret to record the following deaths and, on behalf of the Regiment, offer our sincere sympathy to those bereaved.

Major-General K. G. Exham, CB, DSO

The sudden death of General Kenneth Exham on February 28 will have brought sadness, not only to his close friends, but to all those in the Regiment who knew him as their Colonel.

Record

Kenneth Godfrey Exham, born in 1903, was educated at Radley College and was gazetted from the R.M.C., Sandhurst, to The Duke's in which his father had also served. He joined the 2nd Battalion in Cairo in 1924 and went with it to Singapore and Ahmednagar. In 1929 he returned to the 1st Battalion in England but in 1931 he was posted back to Malaya as adjutant of the Malacca Volunteer Corps and, thence, as the first adjutant of the Malay Regiment which was in course of formation at Port Dickson.

Later he spent nine months in Riga, Latvia, learning Russian and on his return qualified as a Russian Interpreter. A few days later he sat for the Staff College, passed it high on the list and was granted a competitive vacancy. Indeed a notable double.

Staff appointments followed the course and in November 1939 he was appointed Bde. Major, 4 Inf. Bde. with the BEF in France. On May 1, 1940, however, he returned to the Staff College as an instructor, with the local rank of lieutenant-colonel, thus missing by ten days the retreat to Dunkirk.

When Germany invaded Russia in June 1941 Exham was appointed head of the Army Section of No. 30 British Military Mission which flew within a few days to Moscow. Two years spent in the thankless task of trying to liaise with the Soviet military authorities included visits to the Soviet front line and three months in Archangel arranging for the reception of the first consignments of British lease-lend equipment.

Returning to England in June 1943, Exham, within the space of one year, commanded three different battalions (7 DWR, 9 Worcs, 6DWR) and held two staff appointments, at HQ 21 Army Group and HQ SHAEF. In October 1944 he was appointed to command his fourth battalion, 6 RWF, then fighting in the Low Countries, and led

them in battles at Nijmegen, s'Hertogenbosch, the Maas, the Ardennes and the Reichwald forest. He gained his DSO in the last named battle. The citation reads as follows:

"At Hotton on January 4, 1945, Lt.-Col. Exham, from a reserve brigade, was ordered to assume temporary command of an infantry brigade in action after its commander had been killed. The forward battalions were in contact with strong enemy forces in thickly wooded and hilly country, covered in snow and reached by two inferior hill tracks. Lt.-Col. Exham arrived in the dark, and under his command the brigade attacked next day and gained its objective. At 1600 hrs on January 5 he was planning a further attack for January 6 when an enemy counter-attack gained some vital ground on the brigade front. The situation was anxious.

"Battalions were suffering from long exposure in the wintry weather and from casualties; command and control were extremely difficult due to the thick nature of the country, wide frontage and absence of roads. At this stage another battalion was put under command of Lt.-Col. Exham. During the night of January 5-6 and on January 6 Lt.-Col. Exham was stabilising his front, visiting the forward troops, making recesses and planning further attacks. On January 6 yet another battalion came under his command. Throughout this period he came under constant heavy enemy mortar and shellfire. His cool bearing and utter disregard for his personal safety was a fine example to all. On January 7 the brigade attacked and secured all its objectives according to plan. A very great measure of the success of the whole operation was due to the untiring energy and excellent planning of Lt.-Col. Exham throughout the anxious 72 hours. He worked with troops and a staff he did not know, and under abnormal conditions of weather and ground. He had under his command by the final battle five battalions of infantry, a tank regiment and other supporting arms. By his very successful handling of this very large brigade group he showed outstanding qualities of coolness, resource and judgment and the acceptance of responsibilities far above the average."

By contrast, Exham's next command was a section of about a dozen officers and men, mostly Russian speakers. This, under the imposing title of

Liaison HQ (Special), 21 Army Group, was assembled by the War Office to attach to Marshal Zhukov's HQ in the closing weeks of the war in Europe in the hope of promoting liaison when the British and Russian troops met. No one, however, had thought of asking Zhukov if he would accept it. As might have been expected, he refused (and, in fact, it turned out to be Rokossovski's front, not Zhukov's whom the British forces met). The section, waiting in Brussels, was tacitly left to its own devices and quietly worked its way forward, arriving at a farmhouse near Luneburg about a week before VE Day. Here Exham persuaded HQ 2nd Army to accept its services and it was used on a variety of jobs ranging from interpreting at the first meetings between the British and Russian commanders to superintending the exchange of prisoners of war and DPs.

Indeed the section, moving into Berlin with the first British troops, remained in being for several years but Exham had left it to command a brigade in Germany. In 1946 he returned to Berlin to join the Inter-Allied Secretariat. In 1947 he was appointed to command 149(TA) Inf. Bde. in UK. At the end of 1948 he became DDMT(C) at the War Office. 1952 he spent on the 7th Post War Course at the Imperial Defence College, after which he was appointed Chief of Staff, Western Command, as a major general, remaining in that post until 1956.

In 1950 he was appointed an ADC to King George VI, and retained this position under our present Queen until 1954. In that year he was created a CB.

His last appointment was as GOC Nigeria District in Lagos from February 1956 to September 1959. On retirement he joined the staff of the Army Benevolent Fund as their representative in Western Command. He retired from this position only last year.

Colonel of the Regiment

In November 1957 General Exham succeeded General Christison as Colonel of the Regiment. He was then in Nigeria so, for the first two years he had to exercise a somewhat remote control through Brigadier Webb-Carter whom he appointed to be his deputy. From the time of his return to England he was untiring in his efforts on behalf of the regiment in a time of constant change and development. No one could have taken a more genuine interest in all ranks and generations of our regimental family. His varied career had brought him into contact with all manner of men of differing rank and nationality. One of his chief characteristics was that he was at ease with them all. He handed over to his successor, General Sir Robert Bray in September 1965.

In that same year he was appointed Honorary Colonel of the 6/7th (TA) Battalion, The Royal Welch Fusiliers, the descendants of the battalion he had commanded with such distinction in 1944-45. This appointment was proof—if one were needed—that they, too, held him in high regard.

Personality

It may surprise some to learn that, in the first years of his service, Ken Exham was a very wild young subaltern; some of his escapades in Cairo

nearly landed him in serious trouble. He soon settled down, undoubtedly helped in this by his, for those days, very early marriage. He retained, however, his zest for life and liked nothing better than a good party—some of the Russian ones were just up his street. He had the great gift of being able to shut his mind temporarily to any current worries or difficulties and then relax completely.

He had an acute brain and a retentive memory. He did not suffer the slower-witted gladly and could at times be "difficult", especially when he detected irresolution or faintheartedness, but such moods seldom lasted long, particularly if something in the situation tickled his lively sense of humour. Where he found real trouble he could be the kindest and most helpful of men.

In his youth he played both rugby and cricket for the 2nd Battalion and took his part in most other sports. In later life he became an ardent fisherman and remained a keen watcher of cricket.

His marriage in 1927 was to Miss Joan Eleanor Stewart Hamilton, younger daughter of A. W. B. Hamilton of Singapore. She survives him and is assured of the sympathy of the many by whom Kenneth will be sorely missed.

Col. H. H. Aykroyd, OBE, MC, TD

On January 6, 1974, at Whixley Hall, York, aged 77. Col. Aykroyd was a former Commanding Officer of the 4th Battalion and retired three years ago from the chairmanship of T. F. Firth & Sons Ltd., carpet manufacturers, of Bailiffe Bridge, Brighouse. He joined the 4th Battalion straight from school at Rugby in August 1914 and during his service in France was awarded the Military Cross. In 1928 he succeeded Col. R. H. Goldthorpe in command of the 4th Battalion and retired from command in 1935, being awarded the OBE, Military Division, the previous year. He was a former president of the Federation of British Carpet Manufacturers and at one time was High Sheriff of Yorkshire. His brother, the late Col. George H. Aykroyd, was a former Honorary Colonel of 382 Medium Regiment, RA, the Territorial unit formerly the 4th Battalion.

Mrs. Aileen Bolton

On December 10, 1973, in a Putney nursing home, Aileen (*nee* Rivett-Carnac), widow of Capt. R. H. D. Bolton, OBE, sometime Chief Constable of Northamptonshire.

Mr. C. H. Robinson

On December 10, 1973, at Leeds General Infirmary. Mr. Robinson was commissioned into the Regiment in World War I and leaves a widow.

Major-General E. C. Beard, CB, CBE, MC

General Beard died on January 20, 1974, and is survived by his widow and four children.

"Paddy" Beard joined the 2nd Battalion in India in March 1938 as Major (Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel) from the South Lancashire Regiment (PWV). He was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel

and took over command of the 1st Battalion on August 10, 1939, from the then Lieutenant-Colonel, W. M. Ozanne. He thus had little more than a month in UK before leaving with the Battalion for France. It could not have been an easy task, commanding a Battalion with which he had never previously served and being in competition with the other commanding officers of the Brigade who had had two or three years' experience of the hurly-burly of the pre-war Aldershot Command. However, there is no doubt that in his quiet and rather shy way he soon picked up the threads and acquitted himself well.

Writing as his Adjutant, my selfish complaint was that it was jolly difficult to get him into his office at all. He was far happier going round companies and getting to know all the different bits and pieces in the Battalion. He commanded the Battalion in the Saar when the first shots of the war were fired. I know he regretted that he never had the opportunity of leading us in the more serious fighting which lay ahead.

At the end of December 1939 he was posted to HQ 4 Division as AA & QMG. He later commanded an infantry brigade in France and the UK. He subsequently served in India as GOC Lines of Communication, retiring in 1946 as a major-general. Sometime afterwards he became Colonel of the South Lancashire Regiment.

"Paddy" was an Army golfer—on one occasion he won the General's Cup and played several times (with the late Major-General W. M. Ozanne) in the General's team against the Admirals and Air Marshals.

A. H. G. W.

Capt. P. L. Hathorn

Those who served with the 1st Battalion in Italy in 1944 will be sad to hear of Peter's sudden death on December 6. Peter was a third generation South African, but was educated over here (at Malvern and Pembroke College, Cambridge) and was more patriotic than any Englishman. He practised as a solicitor in Pietermaritzburg and when the war broke out he enlisted in the Royal Natal Carabiniers and fought with the South African Division at Alamein. He was later commissioned and when the war in Africa was over and the South African Division went home Peter volunteered to serve in the British Army.

He joined the 1st Battalion at Anzio and soon became one of its most popular members. He was commanding "C" Company at Monte Ceco and was wounded at the same moment as Lt.-Col. St Maur Shiel was killed. He rejoined the Battalion and accompanied it to Palestine and remained with it until the war in Europe was over. He was then free to go home. Characteristically, he made his own arrangements to fly back rather than wait for official transport.

Although Peter must have been a very wealthy man, owning a superb estate at the edge of Pietermaritzburg, he was a man of simple tastes and great loves: among them were trees, Natal, his Zulu servants, Winston Churchill and the Royal Family. He had recently made a trip to England, where he stayed for a time with his old friends, Fred Huskisson and Peter Faulks, and was able to see the

English countryside at its autumn best and visited the unveiling of the Churchill Memorial in Parliament Square and his grave at Bladen. He died shortly after his return to his estate, where his Zulu servants had flown the Union Jack to mark the occasion.

T. F. H.

Major E. E. R. Kilner

One of Huddersfield's leading business and political figures, Major E. E. R. Kilner, OBE, TD, died on Wednesday, September 19, 1973, aged 72.

Major Kilner also could be termed "king of the crosswords"—for the last 20 years he set the Mephisto crossword in the *Sunday Times*, one of the country's hardest.

He also probably was the oldest barrister to start practice. He was called to the Bar as a young man, but did not start practising until 1956, when he was 58.

Major Kilner was born in Mirfield and educated at Oundle School and Caius College, Cambridge, then entered the family's yarn spinning business in Mirfield.

From 1933-39 he was on the Huddersfield Woollen and Worsted Federation Executive Committee, being president when war broke out. His knowledge of the textile industry was recognised by the Armed Forces. In 1944 he joined the Allied Control Commission and took charge of the rehabilitation of Italy's textile industry. For this work he was Mentioned in Despatches. A year later he was sent to Greece by the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration to restore that country's textile industry.

Major Kilner was also a member of the Territorial Army from 1925-49 and served as a major in the 5th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. He resumed an active public life after the war and in 1945 unsuccessfully stood as the National Liberal Candidate from 1947-57 and in 1953 was awarded the OBE for his political work.

He is survived by his widow, Mary, of Phoenix Cottage, Upper Hagg Road, Thongsbridge, a daughter, Susan, and a son, Jeremy.

Mr. J. W. Foster

"Bill" Foster, a founder member of the present Bradford Branch of the Regimental Association, died in hospital on December 13, 1973, after making an apparently good recovery from an attack of coronary thrombosis, his second serious attack in 10 years. He leaves a widow, son, daughter-in-law and four grandchildren.

Aged 70 at the time of death, Bill enlisted into the Duke's on October 12, 1922, and completed a seven and five years' engagement. His Regular service was mainly spent abroad stationed in Egypt, Singapore and India. Serving in a local TA unit at the time of general mobilisation, he was posted to the RASC, promoted to corporal and remained with the RASC in that rank throughout the war.

From its inception in June 1960 "Bill" was a very active member of the Bradford Branch, keenly interested in all activities and always willing to lend a hand to promote branch affairs. His services to the branch were recognised by his election to the office

of branch president, which office he held at the time of his death.

His absence from meetings will prove to be a sad loss to the branch, therefore it needs no words of mine to indicate the feelings of members and other friends at his passing other than to record it as a sad loss to all who had the pleasure of his friendship.

Major M. E. Crane

"Malcolm Edward Crane was born in Tineleton, Dorset, on January 2, 1890. He was educated at Winchester and was gazetted to the Indian Army from Oxford in September 1911.

"On exchange from the 97th Deccan Infantry in 1914 he was posted to the 1st Battalion in India. Throughout World War I he remained in India, filling various staff appointments. In October 1920 he rejoined the 2nd Battalion, then stationed in Sheffield, and served with them in Ireland and Egypt, returning to the UK on posting to the Depot in September 1925. He was appointed Adjutant to the 7th Battalion in February 1928, rejoining the 2nd Battalion in Kamptee in October 1932. On the outbreak of World War II he was recalled to serve only for a short period, but retired on account of ill-health in February 1940, since when he has lived with his wife, Dorothy, in Weymouth.

"*Bosky*", as he was known to his many friends, was a most likeable character but somewhat reserved. He once confided in me that this was largely due to an accident he had when playing polo in 1917, when he fractured the base of his skull. His inclination after this was to avoid social occasions, so we hardly ever had the pleasure of seeing him at regimental reunions. He was a magnificent shot and was much sought after during the shooting season.

"One of my most enjoyable experiences with him was during the 2nd Battalion's long march from Kamptee to Jubbulpore. At the end of each day's march he and I were usually off into the jungle. A glance at the map and he knew exactly where to go, and we never came back empty-handed. He was also a very keen rifle shot and was frequently seen at Bisley. He and his wife suffered a great loss in 1931 when their only child Evelyn died at the age of 15.

"Those of us who knew him will remember '*Bosky*' with affection". A. E. H. S.

Major St J. F. Faulkner also wrote. They were contemporaries both in India and later in Dublin and Ismailia. He thinks that at one time "*Bosky*" was a member of the England rifle and revolver team. He visited him in Weymouth and there saw all the cups and trophies Major Crane had won at shooting; quite a collection. He went on to say: "He was an awfully nice fellow with a great sense of humour and when my wife and I got engaged in Cairo in 1924 '*Bosky*' and his wife asked her to stay for a week in Cairo, which was very pleasant for us".

Appreciations

The following appreciations were not available at the time the last edition of THE IRON DUKE went to press:

John Edward Driver, MBE, TD, LLM

We regret that we were unable to do more than

announce the sad news of Major John Driver in the last edition.

John Driver died on November 23, 1973, after a long illness borne with his customary courage and cheerfulness.

John joined the Duke's in the summer of 1939, when commissioned into 2nd/7th Battalion DWR. He transferred to 1st/7th Battalion DWR on the embodiment of the TA and was with that battalion in Iceland from April 1940 to September 1942, first as Intelligence Officer and then as Adjutant. He served on the staff of 147 Infantry Brigade until after the Normandy landings in 1944 and after a course at the Staff College served with 9 Infantry Brigade in Holland and Germany until October 1945.

After the war he continued his TA service, retiring in 1960 after five years as DAA and QMG of 127 (East Lancs) Infantry Brigade (TA). In April 1948 he became honorary legal adviser to the Regiment, since when we have had reason to be grateful to him for much complicated legal work piloting through our various charitable schemes in the 25 years that he so loyally looked after our interests.

A memorial service was held at Oldham Parish Church on January 3, 1974.

The Dean of Oldham paid tribute to his service to medicine and education in Oldham and his concern for others, which was the mainspring of his life. J. H. D.

Mr. Walter Birch

It was sad to read that Mr. Walter Birch had died. We played a lot of rugby football together, both for the Depot and the 1st Battalion, and he was certainly a most useful hooker. In the late 1940s/early 1950s he and his brother (RSM C. F. Birch) and Cpl. Frost were an extremely strong regimental front row. "*Hookie*" was an orthodox hooker with a quick strike, but, also, he never gave up and frequently retrieved the ball after it had seemingly been lost. He never trained much—nor did he need to in those days—yet he was always there, beavering away in the loose, and he was a great man for using his feet. He could hack a ball out of anywhere and get it moving up the field in a dribble. The harder the game, the tougher the opposing front row, the muddier the pitch, the more the game appealed to him, for he was no respecter of persons. In those days there wasn't much he did not know about playing club rugby in Yorkshire and he was a fine team-mate. We all learned a lot from him.

D. E. I.

Account of visit to Hem, the French twin town of Mossley, by the Mossley Branch of the Regimental Association of The Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment on November 9-12, 1973.

Leaving Mossley at 9 a.m. on Friday, November 9, the journey to Hem via London, Folkestone, Calais, then by train to Lille, where we were met by members of the Hem Twinning Committee and representatives of the "Old Soldiers of Hem", who with cars conveyed us to Hem Town Hall, where we were given a civic reception and a meal with an unlimited supply of bottled beer.



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During the reception each of us was presented with a gold and enamel stick-pin fashioned in shape of the red, white and blue "Coq de Francais", also stamped postcards to send home immediately (needless to say, we arrived home before they did).

After the reception we were introduced to our various hosts and taken to their homes, presumably, we thought, early to bed, seeing it was then turned 1 a.m. This was not to be, as out came the wines, another meal and eventually bed around 3 a.m.

On Saturday morning we assembled at 8 a.m. in the Town Hall grounds and boarded a coach for a tour of the battlefields and war graves of Flanders of World War I.

The first to be visited was Vimy Ridge, where the Canadians suffered such tremendous losses. The Canadian memorial is an awe-inspiring sight, twin obelisks reaching to the sky on a huge semicircular plinth, the whole being surrounded by 280 acres of the battlefield given to Canada as a permanent memorial by the people of France. Some of the ground is still as it was at the end of the battle: trenches, dugouts, shell holes and wire, altogether a sight to remember.

On leaving Vimy we proceeded to the scene of the Battle of Artois, a battle in which the French Army lost over 60,000 men, 40,000 of whom are buried in the cemetery of the Church of Le Notre Dame de Lorette and over 20,000 have no known graves. We visited this church and were amazed at the beauty of its interior, its statues bathed in soft lights, the candles burning on the altar in the Chapel of the Dead, where eight coffins lie each containing the body of an unknown French soldier. The walls of the church are covered with the names of the French soldiers who have no graves.

In the museum at Artois we met a former captain of the Royal Engineers, who with his company was attached to the French Army. He is the sole survivor of his company and has returned every year since 1918, with the exception of the German occupation years, to take part in the memorial service in the Notre Dame de Lorette cemetery.

Further along the road is a German war cemetery containing 80,000 graves and the whole area is known locally as the "City of the Dead" and it is reputed that no animal or bird will enter.

From Artois we then proceeded to a small English war cemetery on the way to the Belgium border, where lay the grave of Pte. Whittaker of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, his home being on Stockport Road, Mossley. Accompanied by our French friends, and with both the French and our Regimental Association standards flying, a wreath was laid on his grave, followed by a short period of silent homage.

The journey into Belgium was not without humour. Mr. Jack Powell, our chairman, went into the Border Control station and offered the guard a handful from the ever-present bag of nuts.

At Ypres we were met by the burgomaster, who welcomed us and asked us to stay for the ceremony at the Menin Gate. Passing through Ypres we then proceeded to the British cemetery at Sanctuary Wood, where we found the graves of quite a number of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment; some

were unnamed, but one was the resting place of a Lt. Wright Carson.

On returning to Ypres we had tea at a cafe in the square near the famous Cloth Hall, a most welcome change from the coffee and wines of France.

Ten minutes to eight saw us assembled under the huge arch of the Menin Gate Memorial, on whose walls are inscribed the names of over 50,000 British soldiers who have no known graves.

Just before eight o'clock all traffic on the approach roads to the memorial was stopped and at precisely 8 p.m. two buglers stepped forward and started to sound the British Last Post. This ceremony takes place every evening at 8 p.m. on every day of the year. It was indeed a very impressive and moving occasion.

The return to Hem was by a rather chastened party after what we had seen that day and, although it is more than half a century since the halocaust of World War I ended, the bravery and staunchness of those who took part is still remembered and honoured by the people of Flanders.

Later that evening the party was livened up by an invitation to a civic dance held in the local civic hall, where champagne flowed and music and dancing were the order of the day (or rather night).

Sunday, November 11, awoke to bright but cold sunshine, when we again gathered together, the "Old Soldiers of Hem," our party from Mossley and the whole of the Town Council with their wives, in the Town Hall grounds to pay homage to members of the Resistance who died at German hands.

From there it was but a short distance to the town parade assembly area before entering the Church of St Cornielle, where mass was held. The standards of the various organisations of Hem, plus our Regimental Association standard, carried by Mr. T. Hallas, secretary of Mossley Branch, were placed behind the altar and took part in the church ceremonies.

During the priest's address he welcomed the English contingent and paid tribute to the services in two World Wars of English soldiers in helping to secure the freedom of France. Outside the church the parade to Hem Cenotaph was formed up and marched off with the Hem Town Band with the Youth Band bringing up the rear. Anyone who has marched to a French band will, no doubt, have cause to remember, but two bands is impossible.

At the cenotaph in the town cemetery the ceremony was brief, but moving, prayers were said, wreaths laid, and the Last Post and Reveille sounded by selected members of the two bands.

From the cemetery the parade then marched to the Town Hall, where it disbanded and the participants were invited to take refreshments, namely, champagne and biscuits, with mineral waters for the young.

At 2 p.m. the "Old Soldiers of Hem", our party and the councillors of Hem sat down to a civic lunch in a local restaurant prepared by the owner, who is reputed to be the finest chef in the surrounding district. Forgive me if I dwell on the meal, but it was really fantastic, if that is the word. First came the aperitif—you named it, you got it. This was followed by a delicious *paté hors-d'oeuvre* with fresh salmon. The main course was jugged hare with petit

pommes de terre and a selection of fresh vegetables, the whole accompanied with gallons of red wine served from great earthenware jugs. The sweet must have been the chef's *piece de resistance*, a gâteau out of this world.

When the meal was over, after 2½ hours, the rest of the afternoon was spent in a very convivial atmosphere; the wines and spirits flowed, cigars and cigarettes passed round.

During the course of the evening our interpreter, Miss Rita Hayden, who with her father is a member of the Twinning Committee and accompanied us, was made the mascot of the *Familia des le Ann-cience Combatants des Hem* and "crowned" with a French regimental cap. Our friends then sung the marching song "Madelon", to which we replied with "Tipperary".

To conclude this visit to Hem everybody who was anybody in Hem gathered in the local cafe—*estaminet* if you prefer—to give us their regards and best wishes for safe journey home.

The homeward journey was uneventful, although we left a great number of friends on the platform at Lille.

So ended a trip which I am sure will be remembered by all who took part. Friendships between French and English ex-servicemen have been established and the Duke of Wellington's Regiment will be remembered in and around the town of Hem.

TOMMY HALLAS

RMA SANDHURST

The New Courses

The first of the new Sandhurst courses has now finished, and the guinea pigs have emerged to join their respective regiments/corps. The course originators now wait with baited breath to see how they fare.

The course now consists of two sections, a military one or SMC (Standard Military Course) and an academic one or RCC (Regular Careers Course). Everyone who requires a commission, whether short service or regular, does the SMC. Having successfully passed this slightly altered Mons Course everyone is commissioned. Those with a short service commission, having successfully passed out at the commissioning parade, leave to join their various units.

The remaining unfortunates return after some well-deserved leave, all two days of it, to face the RCC. This course consists of war studies and contemporary studies. The latter is split into international affairs, contemporary Britain and military technology, all of which one is examined in at the end of the course. There is also time devoted to communications, a little bit of military revision and a smattering of PT—just enough to keep one fit enough to climb into bed. Having successfully run the gauntlet of the RCC, one is then awarded a Regular commission and finally leaves to join one's unit.

As one of the guinea pigs I mentioned earlier, I have been asked to air my views on the new system. First the SMC. This was a relatively exhausting course; the tempo was fast and furious, but I personally thoroughly enjoyed it, as did the very large majority of the people on the course. A lot of

people had obviously put a lot of work into it and as a result I feel it was a successful course. I personally take my hat off to the chief instructor, Major R. T. T. Gordon, Black Watch, who, I feel, did an excellent job.

Turning to the RCC, I feel that it got off to a bad start because the newly commissioned officers were only given two days' leave between the courses, two days in which to rest, forget military matters and start thinking solely about academic work.

People were expected to sit behind a desk from 0830 till 1800 and then write an essay or whatever in the evening. The course was run at a tempo which was too fast; as a result I feel it needs to be lengthened. This will not only mean that people will be able to cope with and enjoy the course more, but also extra-mural activities and especially adventure training, might once again flourish, and Sandhurst might once again regain its name for good competitive sport.

2/Lt. D. RICHARDSON

Short Course at RMA

The Direct Entry Course at Sandhurst is a five-month course for people who, by fair means or foul, have managed to acquire a degree and who became known as "the five-month wonders".

On arrival at the RMA, from which many evil rumours have come over the years, we were all rather tense and nervous not really knowing what to expect. However, when only 14 arrived we began to see a few problems—platoon attacks?—but all were forgotten as the influence of liquid refreshment took over in true "Dukes" style. This must surely be tradition continued since Major Bunbury, the previous Company Commander.

I considered myself very lucky in that I had already spent three months at Catterick with the

Duke's under the capable eye of Andrew Meek and, therefore, knew something about military life. However, this also proved a disadvantage in that at Catterick the colour-sergeants were at least pleasant (?) to you. Suddenly I was being yelled at, abused and all but thrown to the ground—and all for marching out of step!

In the five months the course attempted to cover the same material as the SMC and RCC, which take a year. For some reason they assumed we were more intelligent, but we were able to convince them otherwise after a very short time. Our lack of numbers proved to be advantageous, for the Gurkhas provided enough men to make up a complete platoon so that we always had a position of responsibility. This also proved to be a disadvantage on exercise as the Gurkhas got all the sleep and we had none.

The course itself was enjoyable although exhausting and, luckily, there were enough out of the 14 who enjoyed a little liquid refreshment, which helped to relieve the tension. However, by trying to combine the military work with academic work I felt that both sides suffered because everything was rushed. Perhaps the most noticeable thing was the excellent standard of lecturing by military personnel compared to the poor efforts of the civilian staff who are employed specifically for teaching.

The other very sad aspect of the short courses is that the excellent facilities and opportunities that Sandhurst offers for all types of activity are not used because one just does not have the time. Certainly Sandhurst is going through an enormous rethinking period and no doubt many of the small points will be ironed out. But after my own thoughts and recommendations have been given to the staff I'm very glad that I'm not on the next course!

Lt. A. J. PITCHERS

Personalia

BIRTHS

Lupton

On December 17, 1973, at Fulford Maternity Hospital, to Major and Mrs. Duncan Lupton, a daughter, Victoria Margaret.

Nicholson

On February 24, 1974, at Roe Valley Hospital, Limavady, N. Ireland, to Sheenagh (*née* Reive) and Capt. Tim Nicholson, a son, Thomas William Andrew.

Redwood-Davies

At Strensall on January 26, 1974, to Angela and Tony Redwood-Davies, a daughter, Abigail Claire.

To Cpl. and Mrs. Sherratt, a daughter, Paula, born on September 18, 1973.

To Pte. and Mrs. Maltby, a daughter, Dawn Louise, born on September 12, 1973.

To Pte. and Mrs. Lee, a son, Peter David, born on September 18, 1973.

To L/Cpl. and Mrs. Lever, a son, Adam Aaron, born on September 30, 1973.

To Bds. and Mrs. Fairclough, a son, Stuart Patrick, born on September 16, 1973.

To Pte. and Mrs. Bye, a daughter, Michelle, born on October 17, 1973.

To Pte. and Mrs. Mortimer, a daughter, Sarah Jane, born on September 24, 1973.

To Pte. and Mrs. Dales, a daughter, Caron Mana, born on October 16, 1973.

To Pte. and Mrs. Woolley, a son, Mark David, born on September 22, 1973.

To Pte. and Mrs. Thwaites, a son, Sean Bryan, born on November 4, 1973.

To L/Cpl. and Mrs. Best, a daughter, Tracy, born on October 25, 1973.

To L/Cpl. and Mrs. Morton, a son, Paul Anthony, born on October 24, 1973.

To Pte. and Mrs. Palmer, a daughter, Sharon Denise, born on September 22, 1973.

To Pte. and Mrs. Howorth, a daughter, Sarah Jane, born on November 24, 1973.

- To L/Cpl. and Mrs. Withers, a daughter, Maureen Elizabeth, born on November 22, 1973.
- To Pte. and Mrs. Banks, a son, Michael Thomas, born on November 12, 1973.
- To Sgt. and Mrs. Exley, a son, Adrian Alun Dennis, born on November 13, 1973.
- To Sgt. and Mrs. Blood, a daughter, Claire Anne, born on December 2, 1973.
- To L/Cpl. and Mrs. Sisson, a daughter, Chantel Louise, born on December 14, 1973.
- To Pte. and Mrs. Fogg, a son, Alexander Masao, born on December 20, 1973.

ENGAGEMENTS

Meek—Swift

The engagement is announced between Andrew Donisthorpe Meek, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding), younger son of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Meek, Ashby Parva, Leicestershire, and Sandy, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Swift, Kirkheaton, Huddersfield.

Stevens—Edwards

Major R. L. Stevens, MBE, younger son of Col. and Mrs. E. W. Stevens of White House, Bruisyard, Saxmundham, Suffolk, to Jane Penelope Edwards only daughter of the late Brigadier C. H. Edwards, MBE, and Mrs. Edwards of The Manor Farm House, Mapledurwell, Nr. Basingstoke, Hants.

Lyons—Morgan

Lee Patrick Malcolm elder son of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Sorrell of Gosport, Hants, to Patricia Morgan, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. M. Morgan, Bridgend, Glamorgan.

MARRIAGES

- The marriage of Bds. Barnes to Miss Janet Duff took place at Halifax Register Office on September 15, 1973.
- The marriage of Pte. Jones 86 to Miss Angela Warlosz took place at St Nicholas Church, Folkestone, on October 27, 1973.
- The marriage of Cpl. Brook to Miss Shiela Powell took place at Halifax Register Office on November 3, 1973.
- The marriage of Cpl. Cooper to Miss Kayreen Harris took place at Sheffield Register Office on November 3, 1973.
- The marriage of Pte. Dugdale to Mrs. Joan Claxton took place at Todmorden Register Office on November 3, 1973.
- The marriage of Pte. Worsfold to Mrs. Madelaine Cochrane took place at Richmond Register Office on November 3, 1973.
- The marriage of Pte. Wright to Miss Moira Pratt took place at the Parish Church, Eccleshill, Bradford, on October 27, 1973.
- The marriage of Pte. Dobinson to Miss Diane Lupton at the Parish Church, St Wilfred, Pool-in-Wharfedale, on October 27, 1973.
- The marriage of Cpl. Russell to Marion Millar at Alexander's Presbyterian Church, Belfast, on October 20, 1973.
- The marriage of Pte. Wagner to Miss Barbara Thomas took place at St Oswald's Church, Nether-

- ton, Liverpool, on October 27, 1973.
- The marriage of Pte. Ayrton 49 to Miss Patricia Warburton took place at the Register Office, Halifax, on November 10, 1973.
- The marriage of WO2 Hodkinson to Miss Catherine Anne McDowell took place at Market Hill Presbyterian Church on October 24, 1973.
- The marriage of Pte. Green 20 to Miss June Mabel Kelly took place at York Register Office on October 27, 1973.
- The marriage of Pte. Cone 80 to Miss Carole Anne Maystone took place at Bradford Register Office on December 1, 1973.
- The marriage of Pte. Walton 07 to Miss Marlene Grace Hancock took place at Warminster Register Office on December 8, 1973.
- The marriage of L/Cpl. Godfrey (REME) to Wendy Guyot took place at Limavady Register Office on November 9, 1973.
- The marriage of Cpl. Fairclough (RAPC) to Pauline Ann Tutt took place at St Michael's and All Angels Church, Pensby Wirral, Cheshire, on October 27, 1973.

General Sir Philip Christison, BT, GBE, CB, DSO, MC, DL, has been made an Honorary Fellow of University College, Oxford.

Mr. Chris Jowett writes: "I qualified as a solicitor in October last year, three years and two months after leaving the Army. I am assistant in a large firm of solicitors in Leeds. Until his death two years ago the senior partner was A. R. Glazebrook, the father of Dick Glazebrook, referred to in these notes in the edition of December 1973".

Congratulations to Sgt. Malcolm Hirst of the 1st Battalion, attached to the Army Youth Team, Huddersfield, who has just won the British National, Army and BAOR Open Biathlon Championship. Maurice Ford of the *Huddersfield Daily Examiner* writes:

"For the benefit of the uninitiated I should straight away explain that the biathlon is an international competition in ski-ing and shooting. The annual event in which he competed last month was held in Norway and was open to anyone, civilians included. Among the competitors were members of the German national team, one of whom was beaten into second place by Sgt. Hirst."

"In the 10km sprint biathlon he was third, first in the 20km biathlon, first in the 4 × 10km relay, and third in the 15km special cross-country race. Though his total time of 1hr 22min 29sec was bettered by one second by one other competitor, Sgt. Hirst incurred only two penalties to add two minutes to his time."

In a letter to his colleagues in the Army Youth Team at Huddersfield Sgt. Hirst says: "The summer training I was able to do has been a big help. I feel a lot stronger and fitter than in previous years. The Duke's are now at the top again. People now know that, besides being the best rugby unit in the Army, we can also do well in other sports".

Staff and children at various Huddersfield

schools will remember Sgt. Hirst going out with them on a number of orienteering schemes last summer and will be ready to congratulate him when he returns to Huddersfield at the end of the ski-ing season.

He adds in his letter that he is one of three British Army personnel who have been selected to compete in Sweden this month in the cross-country world championships.

And at the end of this month he will be going to Minsk, in Russia, to compete in the world biathlon championships.

The cup which he won in Norway is now in a place of honour with the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment in N. Ireland.

Sgt. Hirst, whose home is at Woodford Avenue, Batley, has also written to thank WO2 Bill Norman, Berry Brow, senior NCO at the Huddersfield Army Information Office and also in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, for the advice and help he gave on shooting. WO2 Norman is one of the top Army marksmen, with many Bisley successes to his credit.

Major C. G. Edwards is at present one of those taking part in the round-the-world yacht race. We hope that he will let us have an account of his experiences.

Hearty congratulations to Major John Greenway, who was awarded the MBE in the New Year Honours.

Congratulations to Lt.-Col. Denis Shuttleworth on his promotion to colonel and to Major Jim Pell on his promotion to lieutenant-colonel, also Capt. P. D. D. J. Andrews to major.

2/Lts. G. A. Kilburn and G. D. Shuttleworth have been commissioned into the Regiment.

Congratulations to the following who have been selected for the National Defence College in September 1974: Majors J. B. K. Greenway, MBE, T. D. Lupton, R. L. Stevens, MBE.

Major Roger Southerst, who transferred to Parachute Regiment and is now at the NDC, Latimer, has been selected for promotion to lieutenant-colonel and command of the Parachute Regiment Depot in August 1974.

Major P. B. L. Hoppe, DWR, is selected for DOPT HQ North-East Division in August 1974.

We congratulate Lt.-Col. George Taylor on his appointment as a Deputy Lieutenant of York and the West Riding of Yorkshire.

Lt.-Col. Taylor, who was taken prisoner at Dunkirk while leading a Duke of Wellington's battalion in a rearguard action and spent the rest of the war in German and Polish camps, is one of a number of deputies in the area.

He will represent the Queen at occasions when the Lord Lieutenant of the county, Brigadier Kenneth Hargreaves, cannot be present.

He joined the 7th Battalion of The Duke of

Wellington's Regiment (West Riding) in 1921 and took the 2nd/7th Battalions to France as part of the British Expeditionary Force in 1940. During the rearguard action he was taken prisoner by Rommel's armoured corps. After five years in PoW camps he returned to receive the DSO. Lt.-Col. Taylor, who still pursues his hobby of water-colour painting—which he developed while he was a prisoner—is deputy chairman of Heckmondwike Carpets Ltd. He has also been a prison visitor for many years.

Brian Faithfull writes from 137, Prince Highway, Werribee, Victoria, Australia 3030:

"Anne and I built a house on a five-acre block in Lara, 20 miles from Werribee, last year and we moved in last October. We were settled in by the time Anne's parents arrived on December 21. We had a super time while they were here. They travelled 1,000 miles, seeing Victoria, visiting relations and places of interest. We then all went on a 1,000-mile holiday, touring to north-west of Victoria. Our children, Kim, Ross and LiAnne, thoroughly enjoyed having Granny and Grampa to stay, and we were all very sorry to see them go. However, we are now looking forward to a visit by my parents, possibly for Christmas this year or early in 1975.

"When the house was nearing completion we wanted a landscape gardener and general contractor, so we made enquiries and went to visit one of them. During our conversation his voice sounded familiar. North of England, but where? So I asked him. Halifax, he said. W. F. Pilling—Ken Pilling as he is known—started his service with the Duke's and then came to Australia with General Kendrew, as he was then, as batman. Ken left the Army and settled in Australia and is now married. He has done a superb job getting our garden established.

Hugh and Rosemary Le Messurier visited their family in Hong Kong over Christmas where they had the greatest pleasure in seeing James Hayes, Robin and Jill Newell, John Moir and his family, Peter Pettigrew and last, but by no means least, RSM and Mrs. Chilvers.

Albert

Our old pal Albert has been on his first leave in 18 years and now that he has returned he would like to thank Mrs. Webb for the two days spent with her and for the new coat she gave him. Also to thank Bob Stewart and Tommy Martin for having him to stay. Leave is OK, but it is always good to come home where you can keep an eye on things.

In his 18 years with the Sergeants Mess Albert has seen from his bar more comings and goings than most Mess members and he is one of the few that have received their LS & CG. I am sure a lot of past members would like to say "Well done, Albert", particularly "BoBo" and John Edward.

Albert has now applied for the long services list and he should be seen for many years to come. And he would like to send his regards to all past members and looks forward to meeting them all at any time.

B. S.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Major and Mrs. W. R. Mundell to 3 Byron Close, Fleet, Hants; on April 1, 1974.

Mr. J. D. T. Faithfull to c/o National Westminster Bank Ltd., 21 Stonehills Way, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter R. Faulks to Down's Cottage, Westbrook, Boxford, nr. Newbury, Berkshire. Tel. Boxford 382.

Major P. Bruce-Lowe, MBE, TD, to 3 The Mount,

Elvetham Way, Fleet, Hants.

Lt.-Col. A. B. M. Kavanagh, OBE, MC, to Stonegarth, Ampleforth, York.

Major L. F. H. Kershaw, DSO, TD, to SSAFA, TAVR Centre, Bellevue Street, Manchester M12 5PW.

CSM W. Norman to AC10, 26 Kirkgate, Huddersfield, Yorks.

Major C. R. Taylor, TD, to Cedarwood, Marley Lane, Haslemere, Surrey.

Regimental Association

London and Home Counties Dinner

The annual reunion and dinner will be held this year on Saturday, May 11, 1974, at the Queen Victoria Rifles Association, 56 Davies Street, Berkeley Square, London W1. Meet in lounge 6.30 p.m. Dinner 7.30 for 8 p.m.

Applications for tickets, price £1 each, should be made to the secretary, Mr. R. H. Temple, 59 Burnfoot Avenue, Fulham, London SW6 (tel: 01-736 7339).

AGM and Reunion Dinner

The AGM and reunion dinner, followed by a dance, will be held in Wellington Hall, Prescott Street, Halifax, on Saturday, September 28, 1974. AGM 6 p.m., dinner 7.15 p.m.

Tickets £1.75 each obtainable from the general secretary at RHQ Halifax or from branch secretaries.

General Secretary's Jottings

There's hardly any organisation or any individual not affected by current events and, although an optimist can foresee the return of true value to finer, more simple activities and pursuits, we are all caught up in the wake and aftermath of the present worldwide financial upheaval.

As a semi-military body, being non-political, we can stand outside the arena safe in the knowledge that the aim and purpose of our Association is unaffected by whoever governs, the *esprit de corps* having been built up and formed by men of all ranks and creeds whose aim is pride of regiment and the well-being of its members.

We cannot, of course, bury our heads in the sand too deeply, and we've to pay for the "frills and laces" to adorn our maintenance, hence the increase in the cost of our reunion and dinner in September this year.

Regimental Sweepstake

We shall soon be ordering the tickets which are sent out in May/June for the annual sweepstake on the St Leger, run in September.

The old hard-core of ticket sellers rally faithfully every year but are getting fewer in numbers. If anyone who has not previously been sent books for

selling and is prepared to help in our little "flutter" that bolsters our funds, would they please send their names to RHQ. Money prizes of £100, £50, £25, £10 make it worth while. Books cost 50p each (10 tickets at 5p each).

Reports and news from all quarters indicate that "Dukes" in general are more than holding their own, but it could be that there is someone, somewhere, too proud to ask, needs special help. Contact RHQ and discreet action will be taken.

Halifax Branch

Meetings come, get over with, minute books out—suggestions, ideas, plans, arrangements—ever so official, then back to the bar, bowls, bingo, doms and raffles and "Good-night, see you later". Humdrum? NO!

Power cuts, crises, strikes, elections. No Arab—or, come to that, who?—could curtail "Dukes" activities? The order went out. "Each member is requested to bring a candle", but, whether fortunate or not, at the last meeting they were not required. But—the mood had been set. Sat in a family-style semicircle around the fire 24 members held a "family natter" with the predominant subject—Malta, then and now. Escapades, events, personalities, outings and views were uproariously related and Fred and Ella Stringer gave an up-to-date version of the isle and places visited in a recent tour they made.

We'll accuse the fire, the sun in Malta and the warmth and friendly atmosphere shared by narrators and listeners alike, but with cigs and pipes lit, ale flowing, light refreshment scoffed, another evening passed too quickly and everyone retired, "sunburnt", mellow and refreshed. Nowt exciting a stranger might say. We beg to differ.

When these notes are read this same party may well be in London celebrating yet another reunion of the London and Home Counties Branch and enjoying the hospitality and wonder of that great city and the joy and pleasure of meeting our southern-based friends once more.

Our meetings are held on the first Saturday in each month at Wellington Hall, Prescott Street, Halifax. All "Dukes", serving and ex, will be made very welcome. Details from our secretary, H. Rowlands, 41 Haugh Shaw Road, Halifax.

Huddersfield Branch

Attendances at branch meetings are still being maintained with the majority of members showing a keen interest in branch affairs.

We were very proud to learn of the appointment by HM The Queen of our president, Lt.-Col. G. Taylor, DSO, TD, to be Deputy Lord Lieutenant of Yorkshire, and we offer him our sincere congratulations and best wishes.

All 1st and 2nd Battalion ex-members may like to know that Mrs. Dennett, widow of the late Sgt. Tommy Dennett, has recently celebrated her 82nd birthday. She is in good health and, together with her family, is a staunch member of the branch.

We were very sorry to hear recently of the death of Sgt. Tommy Yates, ex-1st and 2nd Battalion. He has lived in Gosport, Hants, since his discharge.

In conclusion, we extend all serving and past members a warm welcome to our monthly meetings-cum-social evenings which are held at the Drill Hall, St Paul's Street, Huddersfield, on the last Friday evening of each month. JACKIE HORNE

Bradford Branch

Since our last branch notes social activities have been restricted to the usual fortnightly meetings, which have been very well attended. After several cancellations due to TAVR requirements of the use of Belle Vue Barracks Drill Hall we were able to procure the use of the main hall for our annual social evening and dance, which was held on November 24 last.

The social evening was a great success, being attended by about 200 guests, comprising members

of the local "Dukes" branches—Halifax, Huddersfield and Keighley—together with Burma Star and TAVR members and our friends from Golcar. Music for dancing was provided by a professional disc jockey (we find he "beats the bands" and is a great deal cheaper), about whose contribution to the evening one cannot over-enthusias—it was invaluable! The ladies came up trumps with the provision of refreshments, which proved so attractive that demand almost created a shortage.

The event must have excelled previous such efforts because the final words of many guests were "When do we have another one?"

The branch AGM is to be held at Belle Vue Barracks, Bradford, on March 17, 1974, when it is expected that a more active programme of social activities to come will be formulated.

Mossley Branch

The past months have been noticeably successful, both business-wise and social-wise, culminating in a most successful effort to co-ordinate the friendly relations between the branch and the veteran soldiers of Mossley's twin town of Hem, near Lille, France.

After months of preparation, working in conjunction with the Twinning Committee of Mossley, 11 old soldiers from Hem, France, visited us, arriving on Friday night, November 2.

Some were veterans of World War I, including an 85-year-old survivor of the Battle of Verdun; others served in the Free French Forces and others fought and worked with the Resistance Movement and Maqui.

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