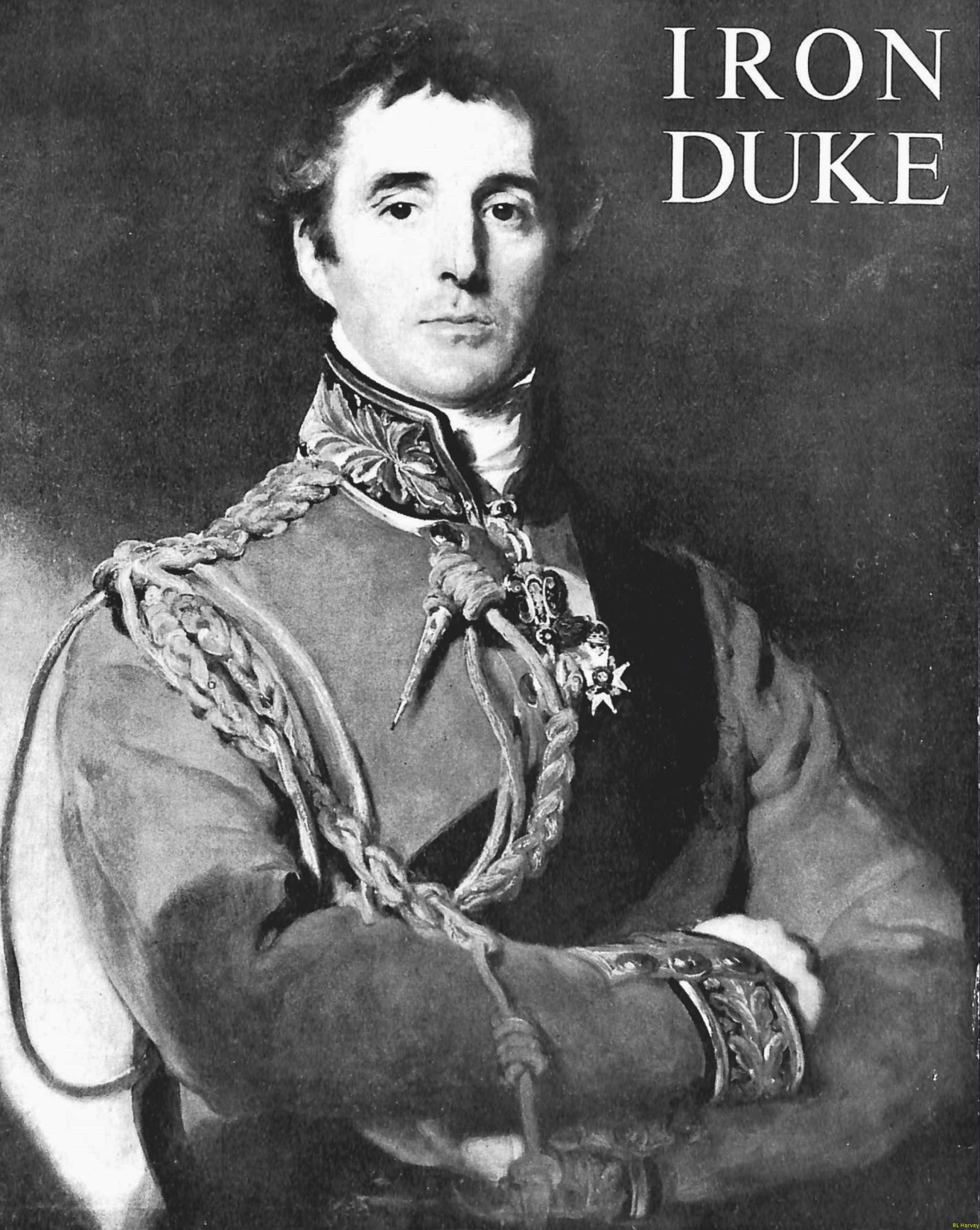


No.165 August 1974

THE
IRON
DUKE



THE IRON DUKE

The Regimental Journal of

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT

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



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

Vol. L

AUGUST 1974

No. 165

BUSINESS NOTES

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Business Manager: MAJOR D. S. D. B-STAMP
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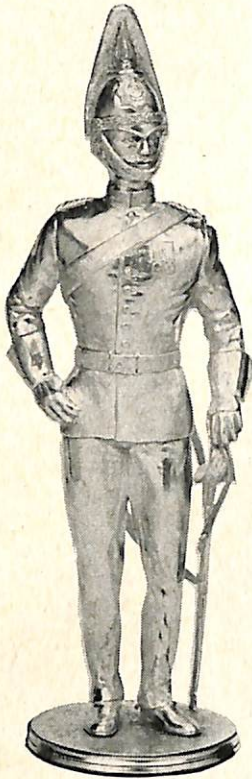
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Acknowledgement

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.

CONTENTS

Notes and News	PAGE
<i>Message from the Colonel-in-Chief</i>	57
<i>Regimental Headquarters</i>	57
<i>1st Battalion</i>	58
<i>Depot, The King's Division</i>	79
<i>10 AYT</i>	80
<i>"C" Coy 1st Yorkshire Volunteers</i>	80
<i>"C" (DWR) Coy 3rd Yorkshire Volunteers</i>	81
<i>4th Battalion (TA) OCA</i>	82
<i>Army Cadet Force</i>	83
<i>Regimental Association</i>	93
Regular Features	
<i>Obituary</i>	86
<i>Personalia</i>	88
<i>Change of Address</i>	89
Special Features	
<i>Kohat</i>	84
<i>The Regimental Plate</i>	88
<i>Gibraltar</i>	91
<i>History of Huddersfield ACF</i>	94



LONGMAN & STRONGI'TH'ARM

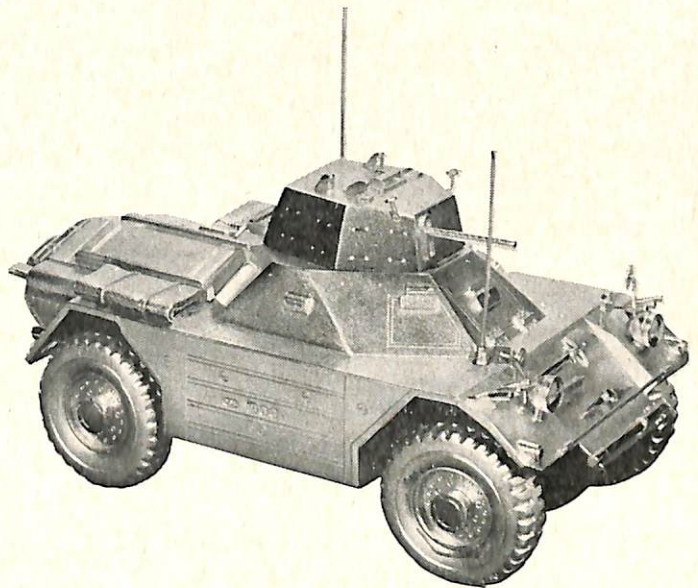
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THE REGIMENT

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

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"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 P. R. Tattersall, 90 Dalton Green Lane, Huddersfield

AFFILIATED C.C.F.

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

THE REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION

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The Colonel-in-Chief

Message from the Colonel-in-Chief

All men, in looking back over their lives, recall with never-failing pleasure certain moments of special significance. One such moment was when the Colonel of the Regiment telephoned to tell me that Her Majesty had approved my appointment as Colonel-in-Chief. I need hardly say that this great honour has given me enormous satisfaction.

There are two other reasons why this appointment is of special importance for me. Firstly, it perpetuates officially the long-standing and proud connection which my family has maintained with the Duke's for 181 years. Secondly, it enables me once more to keep a close personal link with the Army—something I have greatly missed since I retired.

Recently it gave me great pleasure to visit the Battalion. I think most senior officers would agree with me that it does not take long to recognise a good unit. I very soon realised that the Dukes was fortunate in having a very good Battalion indeed. I found in it the qualities which my ancestor, as Commanding Officer of the 33rd Regiment of Foot, required of his officers and men back in 1793—professional skill, energy, resourcefulness and what I can best describe as “sharpness”. I also found an admirable cheerfulness under trying circumstances, another quality of which the Great Duke would have heartily approved, for let's not forget that, for all their professional skill, he liked the young men of his Army to be light of heart. I therefore warmly congratulate the Battalion on maintaining these high standards, and on establishing such a great name for itself in Northern Ireland.

Very soon the Battalion will be returning to this country. I look forward to welcoming it to what I hope will be a happy and successful tour at Aldershot.



Colonel-in-Chief,
The Duke of Wellington's Regiment

June 18, 1974.

Regimental Headquarters

History of UN Forces in the Korean War

The Ministry of National Defence of the Republic of Korea has published the history of the United Nations Forces in the Korean War and presented a copy of the two volumes to The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

These are now in the books section of the archives.

RHQ Library

We are grateful to Mrs. Exham for the gift of “Wellington, Pillar of State” by Elizabeth Longford from the library of the late Major-General Kenneth Exham.

This adds to our considerable collection of books about the first Duke and completes the pair by Elizabeth Longford.

While on the subject of books, may we make a plea for any spare copies of Lee's history of the 33rd and Bruce's history of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, 1st and 2nd Battalions, 1881–1923, spare copies of which are now very much reduced.

HONOURS AND AWARDS

King's Division

Congratulations to Major-General J. H. S. Majury, Colonel Commandant The King's Division, for his award of the CB for service in N. Ireland between August 1 and October 31, 1973.

1st Battalion

Congratulations to the following for their awards for service in N. Ireland:

MBE for meritorious service:

Major M. J. Campbell-Lamerton, AMBIM.

BEM for meritorious service:

S/Sgt. M. L. Hall.

Mentioned in Despatches:

Major C. W. Ivey.

S/Sgt. P. Wilkinson.

1st Battalion

COMMANDING OFFICER'S INTRODUCTION

The period covered by this issue has been one in which the Battalion pattern of life has not altered a great deal despite the many significant political developments which have occurred within the province. Our readers will be able to see for themselves that the patience, forbearance and humour of the Yorkshire soldier has survived unscathed, despite the arduous, sometimes dangerous, conditions and the degree of provocation with which he is often confronted. A situation such as this brings out and develops a sense of responsibility and a degree of comradeship and understanding which it is good to see. In short, we are in good heart.

In February and March we sustained a number of casualties both in the county areas and the Brandywell. Cpl. Ryan of Alma Company was murdered by a sniper on March 17 and we send our deepest sympathy to his family. This tragedy was absorbed calmly but with a sense of sorrow and shock all the deeper for not being immediately obvious. Sadly, Pte. Carroll of Corunna Company died as a result of an accidental shooting at Kilrea on March 30 and again our sympathy is extended to his family. Of those injured, only L/Cpl. King required extensive treatment and he is now recovering at the Cambridge Military Hospital, Aldershot, and hoping to rejoin us in the autumn.

The Battalion has continued to have its share of success in the campaign to erode terrorism with several significant captures of wanted terrorists and a number of important finds of weapons and explosives. We now own Her Majesty's Prison Magilligan, or, to be more precise, the prison guard force, which is provided by other units, comes under our command for operations and administration.

Naturally, the UWC strike created a certain amount of inconvenience, particularly for the families who accepted the situation with cheerfulness and determination. However, it ended before the excellent and detailed contingency plans made by the 2IC, UFO and QM could be put into effect. A major effect of the strike was to postpone Somme Company's leave until July. This unpopular decision was received with characteristic loyalty and they went off to run a petrol station in Coleraine.

We have been honoured by our first visit from the Colonel-in-Chief, who during his short stay visited all the tactical locations and saw most aspects of Battalion life. We hope this will be the first of many visits to the Battalion.

Cpl. Sykes of Somme Company has won the Taylor/Miles Award for 1973-74 and is to be congratulated on his first-class work throughout the year, which gave him the edge over a number of other strong contenders.

The Regimental Band is on tour in England and,

judging from their list of engagements, will have a busy time. As a result there is no contribution from the Band in this issue, but we look forward to a bumper effort for the next.

The trampoline team has produced quite outstanding results in winning the Scottish and United Kingdom Championships in their class. These remarkable achievements are due to the individual skill of the team members, first-class coaching and a great deal of hard work and preparation.

The awards of the MBE to Major Mike Campbell-Lamerton, BEM, to S/Sgt. Hall and MID to Major C. W. Ivey, and S/Sgt. Wilkinson have given great pleasure to us all. These are all particularly well deserved and the recipients are to be congratulated for their excellent work.

At the time of writing we have still three months



Visit of Colonel-in-Chief

of our tour to go, and it is thus too early to try and make an assessment of what we have achieved.

There is still much to do before we join 16th Parachute Brigade in Aldershot.

News from the Messes

OFFICERS' MESS

The highlight of the last four months was undoubtedly the Summer Ball, which, though we say it ourselves, was a huge success and enjoyed by everyone. It was very traditional with drummers in scarlet, the drums piled, the Colours and silver all on show, and the men in Mess kit. The girls all spent a fortune on their gowns and really added great colour to the evening. It was wonderful to be able to entertain all the various people, not least the intrepid Tedds, who ventured all the way from England to this murderous isle. Mind you, having seen no sign of the war, or of anyone fighting it that weekend, I expect Graham would feel safer and better looked after here than amongst the bombs at Strensall. Full credit must be given to the Ball organiser, Vernon Davies, who, even if the Mess meeting minutes did stray a little from the truth when they stated that "he immediately volunteered to run the ball", really entered the fray wholeheartedly and with the help of his committee produced a truly excellent and memorable evening.

Anyway, enough of the ball. Shortly before it we were privileged to have a visit from the Colonel-in-Chief, and all officers and their wives had the chance to meet him at an informal drink party in the Mess. It is hoped that we will see he and the Duchess often once we are back in England.

The steak nights continue and look as though they may become a permanent part of Mess life; the mixed squash team evenings have developed into matches against 8 Brigade (which we win), followed by curry and drinks in the Mess; and there have been the traditional guest nights. Most of the officers' social entertainment has revolved around the Mess or the home, partly forced upon us by the security threat and partly because there is just nowhere to go out, even if you wanted to. The only decent eating place dissolved into a Chinese restaurant last Christmas.

On the subject of home entertaining a word or two must be written about two truly excellent parties, one held by the Westcobs and the Reids, and the other by the Brays. The former, a Wild West party, involved considerable hard work by the hosts and the guests. Strange knocking noises could be heard, and furniture could be seen being moved from the Westcob's house days in advance, and on the night we discovered the house had been cleverly converted into a saloon, complete with swing doors *a la* wild west. Immediately after the guests arrived we were all despatched on a treasure hunt with selected partners. Amazed baby sitters and fellow Foyle drivers alike were subjected to strange requests from a variety of Red Indian braves and squaws, card sharpers, cowboys, bar girls and hill-billies for a variety of things. Rich rancher Laurie Linskey was last seen hiding whilst Red Indian

squaw Di Mitchell asked the guard commander if he had any long johns she could borrow. An hilarious evening.

Household upheavals were also the order of the day for the Brays' farewell party. They erected tents and cooking facilities outside and treated us to a sumptuous barbeque. Ian Reid and Alan Westcob were appointed cooks under smoky and hot conditions—something the uninformed might think they were highly suited for (however, for those who don't know, both of them have given up smoking, and until that evening some thought Alan had given up sweating)—and large quantities of charcoal-flavoured steaks, chops, sausages and hamburgers were soon flowing off the production line. To all three pairs of hosts a public thank you.

Apart from the Brays, who are off to MOD, the Mess has lost the Fitzgeralds to Berlin, and Hughie Cartwright, who has sadly resigned his commission. We welcome Richard and Moira Hargreaves into the Mess—Richard is our doctor for a brief spell—and welcome back Nicky and Margo Newell and Mike and Penny Sherlock, although Penny is to follow shortly. Congratulations are in order for Tim and Sheenagh Nicholson on producing (again), Mike Campbell-Lamerton on the award of the MBE, and Chuck Ivey on his MID.

WARRANT OFFICERS' & SERGEANTS' MESS

The war still goes on. At least this is what we are led to believe from all the "Field Mice" that return to the fold for R & R (red and raw) leave.

Probably the highlights of the social/sports calendar has been the seven intrepid Mess members who represented the Security Forces in an angling match against the RUC and Blue Circle Cement Company at Larne. The day started with typical Irish organisation and one or two of the band wished they'd stayed at Ballykelly. After six hours' fishing the sum total of the catch was one specimen sardine (Tommy Jackson still says it was a ½lb. herring) that was swimming past the boat and unfortunately became tangled in Tommy's line.

The quote of the day was from "Con" to "Tuggy" Wilson, who after five hours of no bites and rough seas said, "If you say 'patience and fortitude' once more you're over the — side". However, the day resolved itself quite amicably with the civvies producing £100 of free booze (much to our delight) and a buffet that would shame the mess.

We played the Corporals at cricket. Unfortunately they took the game far too seriously. We were handicapped from the start with Bill Parrott bowling "dolly drops" to Cpl. Waqabaca, who hit the ball to "Sam" Basu, who managed to conveniently miss it, resulting in a large score for the Corporals.

The men of the match award (Tance Lodd Trophy) went to "Bernie" Coll for sterling work in the field and sportsmanship in letting the Corporals get him out first ball.

We dined in the new Commander of 8 Brigade on May 16, 1974. He was particularly impressed with the beer soup produced by the PMC, but he would not be hoodwinked into a spoon fight afterwards.

The electricity crisis is upon us and we are now feeling the pinch. The soup kitchens are ready to go into service in the quarters. The milkman has probably done his round for the last time; the baker has stopped baking; the coalman has run out of coal and, more serious still, the Mess is down to the last three barrels of beer. It's really biting now!

Sgt. "Sandy" Sands, that old member of 1 DWR LAD from Osnabruck days, is once again serving alongside 1 DWR on detachment with 46 Command Workshops. He recently lost a shirt KF from the drying room and is now looking for a living-in-member with an Action Man.

Poser for the Month

Who was the Fijian Recce Sergeant who, whilst doing a search in the Larne area, walked through a patch of nettles and when reporting sick asked the doctor go give him something to take away the stings from the "plants that bite"? Answers, please, to "Ossie" Theodore.

CORPORALS' MESS

Since the last notes the Mess has been quiet with the only entertainments being a barbecue, three disco nights, and the main event a tramps and hippies night which was enjoyed by all. I would like to thank all the members who entered the spirit of the evening in their best tatters. This evening was the first time wine had been sold in the Mess and it was welcomed with many a cheery smile. The committee would like to congratulate the winners of the best-dressed tramps and hippies, who were: male tramp, L/Cpl. Ettenfield; female tramp, Mrs. Nuttall; male hippie, L/Cpl. Thewlis; female hippie, Mrs. Bragg.

It was mentioned in the last notes that the Mess was being converted. This was completed shortly afterwards and the Mess has now become the most frequented establishment in camp.

The mess would like to congratulate the following on their well-earned promotion to Sergeant.

Sgt. Shadbolt, Signal Platoon (ex-PMC)

Sgt. Nuttall, Int.

Sgt. Theodore, Recce.

Sgt. Harston, Somme.

Sgt. Cuss, Corunna

Sgt. Wilson, BOR (posted to the Sultan Armed Forces, Muscat).

We are also sorry to lose those posted away from the Battalion: Cpls. Butterworth, Templeman, Hey and Fereday.

It goes without saying that we welcome all the newcomers to the Mess and congratulate all those who have been promoted within the Mess.

POSTINGS OUT

The undermentioned have departed to serve a tour at ERE:

S/Sgt. Skipworth to 1 Yorkshire Volunteers.

S/Sgt. Wilkinson to 1 Yorkshire Volunteers.

Sgt. Nash to Depot King's Division.

S/Sgt. Leachman to 1 Yorkshire Volunteers.

L/Cpl. Farr to 1 (BR) Corps, BAOR.

Pte. Slater to 1 (BR) Corps, BAOR.

Pte. Kendall to NCOs Wing, Para Battle School

and Senior NCOs Tactical Division, Brecon.

Cpl. Fereday to Depot King's Division.

Cpl. Hey to Depot King's Division.

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

WO2 Ashton, REME, to 34 Central Workshops, Donnington.

Cpl. Wilson, RAPC, to Command Pay Office, United Kingdom Land Forces, Hounslow.

POSTINGS IN

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

S/Sgt. N. Butler from 1 Yorkshire Volunteers.

L/Cpl. Harrison from 1 (BR) Corps, BAOR.

Cpl. Hayton from Depot King's Division.

The undermentioned have joined the Battalion on completion of their basic recruit training at Depot King's Division.

Ptes. Williams, Cutts, Pugh, Benson, Brame, Cole, Grundy, Hicklin, Cockson, Kerry, Harrison, Norton, Conlon, Peace and Tordoff.

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

Ptes. Troops, Marshall, Powell, Baldwin, Hird, Bartnik, Doyle, Penaluna, Kenny, Warner, Bowen, Pedley, Edge, Jackson 87.

The undermentioned have been posted on to our attached strength:

Pte. Woolstencroft, RAPC, from Depot Royal Army Pay Corps.

S/Sgt. Rose, REME, from School of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering (T), Bordon.

Cpl. Rosenhead, RAPC, from 3 Royal Anglian.

Pte. Goodrum, RAPC, from Royal Army Pay Corps Training Centre.

"B" GRADINGS—COURSES

The undermentioned are congratulated on obtaining "B" gradings on recently attended course:

Cpl. Wilson, B2-B1 Clerks Course.

L/Cpl. Sisson, B3 Clerks Course.

L/Cpl. Whitworth 20, 81mm. Mortar NCOs course.

Pte. Halton, Regimental Medical Assistant, Class II.

Cpl. Nuttall, B2-B1 Clerks Course.

Cpl. Sykes, Junior NCOs Skill-at-Arms Course.

Cpl. Smith 74, Driving Instructor Heavy Goods Vehicle Course.

Pte. Stone, ACC, ACC Junior NCOs Course.

From the Companies

WATERLOO COMPANY

Recce Platoon

CS 61

Having been in the chair for only a few days, January 29, 1974 became an expensive day for the boss, in fact to the tune of £281. Without repeating the whole saga, pathfinding was roughly the task with CS 61, but the result was two bogged-in Land-Rovers, the bill being the cost of recovery. Helmsman Cockshott steered in the first one and that well-known veteran, "our Ron", the second. We later found out that the whole place was a water catchment area. Lt. D. did polish his Sam Browne and press his service dress, but HQNI apparently have paid. Many strange tales hover over CS 61, the strangest perhaps from the lips of the Rev. Morley, and for those that know him he has a definite fascination for German Paras. L/Cpl. C. spends most of his time playing with little boats (yes, even in his bath), Sgt. G. has eight weeks' leave to four weeks' work, L/Cpl. "Jones" has been developing on a few courses, Pte. Evans is still trying to see his feet, although he has lost a few pounds, L/Cpl. "Squibby" Squires still insists on camouflaging himself behind a radio antenna, and Lofthouse still chases his pint and trips over his hair. As a newcomer to 61 we welcome Pte. Hardy.

CS 62

The Section has had a strange quietness come over it. Apparently, this would be the effect of the departure of L/Cpl. ("Fat Ba—d") Ankers to the Armoury. The corridor is being widened already and the shouting has been passed on to the passengers of 62A vehicle, where the Pte. "Swine" is proving his capabilities at the wheel after the longest driving cadre in the Duke's history. After spending a week under the stars one tends to get a little heavy eyed, but L/Cpl. Barlow's old but nevertheless sharp eyes picked out a partially buried World War II landmine in a field; in fact, it turned out to be a rusty upside-down cooking pot with three small legs, but anyway his yarns and tales of his Desert Rat days still keep us amused. During one of the Section's many hungry phases, Cpl. "Snowy" Raine decided to amend the obvious problem. Taking one of his many weapons from his belt—this one resembling the Kung Fu star—he slew a chicken, or so he thought as the fat fowl took to the air only minus a few feathers as we were driving through a town. The boss, "Sunray 60", achieved his life-long ambition whilst recently in Larne. He clambered on hijacked buses here, there and everywhere with a look of delight like a child at Christmas. He found one that started and promptly cabbied off down the road—admittedly backwards. Just to complete the 62 paragraph—heard on the air whilst under command of

the cavalry:

"Hello, N 62, this is S/O. What frequency are you using? Over".

N 62: "The same as you. Over".

S/O: "Are you sure? Over".

N 62: "I'll just check. Wait out"!

CS 63

During the past months since the last IRON DUKE the Section has maintained its high record of sleepless night and working weekends, and the Platoon, as the whole, its record of finds. The Int Sections have once again proved just how intelligent they are. It happened on a lovely winters morning. The Section were briefed to lift X amount of bad boys from their beds in Draperstown. Supplied with names, addresses, maps and photographs by the Int Section, CS 63 set off on what seemed an oh, so easy task.

It was dark, cold and 5 a.m. when 63 arrived on target. The Section surrounded the objective like Maddocks marauders:

"Proceed to No. 15, check and double check address and photos. It's the right place."

Cpl. H.: Knock, knock. (The light goes on, the door is opened by an half-awake lugg.)

Cpl. H.: "SF. We're searching your house under the Special Powers Act. What's your name?"

Man: "Mr. Leprachaun" (fiction).

Cpl. H.: "Are you sure?"

Man (thinks): "Yes, sir".

Cpl. H. (thinks to himself): Well, he certainly don't look like our man. (Speaks) "Do you know, Mr. Muldoon?"

Man: "Yes, sir. He lives at No. 15, around the corner".

Cpl. H.: "Oh! Thank you. Goodnight".

So once again the marauding talents of 63 are put into action. With brakes screeching and hearts beating we arrive at No. 15 (round the corner).

Cpl. H.: Knock, knock. Pause.

Man: "Who's there?"

Cpl. H.: "SF. Open the door". (The door is opened and once again an half-asleep man.)

Cpl. H.: "We're searching your house under the Special Powers Act. What's your name?"

Man: "Mr. Muldoon".

Cpl. H.: "Thank goodness".

After searching the premises Mr. Muldoon accompanied the Section on a mystery tour (for him) and was left in the hands of our friends in green (RUC). But (the punch line) had it not been for Mr. Leprachaun working for the Int Section, Mr. Muldoon would have been south of the border down Monaghan Way.

Finally, to all those readers who are wondering when we do any work, details of tasks, arrests and finds have been omitted as we did not want to fill the whole magazine!

Signal Platoon

This year has seen quite a few changes within our ranks. Capt. Gardner left for a cushy number at the Trials Wing, School of Signals, Blandford, and we welcome our new RSO, Capt. "Nicky" Newell, who arrived at a rather hectic time and became immediately conversant on the subject "Mobile CPs in NI". Capt. Gardner is keeping in touch and has already provided a few "eye openers" regarding the new range of Clansman radios due to become general issue (when 'arold relaxes the purse strings).

The recent power cuts and general strike caused a major overhaul of the emergency power set-up in all our locations. We tackled the problem pretty well and Cpl. ("Schultz") Brook has wired the RUC Station at Magherafelt in such a way that even the DoE can't touch it. We hear that "Brooky" left an "idiots" guide to switching over to emergency power. It's a pity he didn't leave an idiot with it, as it appears the more intelligent ones can't understand it.

The Platoon is suffering from a bad case of "top heaviness". We now have six senior NCOs. Tom Shadbolt got his third slightly prematurely and we now have more SNCO's than Corporals. Tom will take over from Steve Barnett, who is posted to the Yorkshire Volunteers in October. In order that we even out the manpower problem, we are now starting a recruiting campaign to boost the Platoon in Aldershot.

The Platoon Office has been turned into an aids preparation area, and the sound of pencils scratch-

ing on Letraset can be heard above the rattle of the teleprinter. Our aim is a permanent aids library. Seems we've lost what we had since leaving Catterick.

Other departures from the Platoon are Pte. "Ginger" Morton 66 and L/Cpl. "Plonky" Grant to Civvyland. L/Cpl. Woodward is now in the Prison Service, Cpl. Waqabaca has left us to do a tour in Alma Company as a Tommy and Pte. Furness to Warminster on a two-year posting. Good luck to you all. Keep in touch. Other arrivals are Pte's Bohannan, Pickersgill, Attiwell and Evans. Welcome; we need you!

Recent promotions: to Sgt., Cpl. Shadbolt; to Corporal, L/Cpl. Brook to Lance-Corporal, Pte's. Cone and Whitfield. Congratulations to all.

Ration roll additions: to L/Cpl. and Mrs. Sisson, a girl (Chantal Louise); to Pte. and Mrs. Godfrey, a boy (Brian).

Pte. Clarkson has finally taken the leap and got hitched. Seems like nine months on a four-man drivers roster caused him to seek greater personal benefits in his off-duty hours.

Drums Platoon

Here we are again after a comparatively quiet three months, apart from the odd few days' deployment. During this time Pte. Fogg has left us for Playtime, and Pte. Wright is yet again keeping the Guard Room up to its spotless standard, with which the Regimental Police are kindly lending a helping hand.

One memorable event was, under the guidance and organisation of the Drum Major, a demonstration of the Corp of Drums versatility to Corunna Company. The first part was 'Drummers Through the Ages', starting with Pte. Sutton ("Sooty"). He appeared with his legs, face and hands blackened looking like a member of the East India Company and very realistic. Next was the very old and forgotten tune, "The Rogues March", and the drumming-out ceremony, Pte. Jobling being the makeshift captain to be drummed out, Cpl. Tolley ("Gramps") being the debagger ripping off the "captain's pips", buttons and breaking his sword, with the revel and speed of a Tommy going home on leave, with Pte. Barraclough ("Tich") being the supposedly youngest drummer in the Regiment giving him the final boot.

Next was a demonstration of our musical prowess with tunes such as Eyelevel, "Galanthia," etc., to stir the adrenalin. Finally, having ushered out all of "C" Company to the front of the cinema, where the show was taking place, Pte. Cleary ("Fingers"), being the "Pss" man, gave a demonstration of our newly formed skill—the silent drill squad. Corunna Company have seen the light; who will be next?

Dog Section

Well, folks, I have had a pen and a large amount of paper placed in front of me, with which came the suggestion to write the following notes on what's been happening, and what is happening, within the Section.

The first thing that must be done is to welcome the new members of the Section, who are Ptes. Machin and Gray, who are doing well. Pte. Lincoln,

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who joined the Section along with Machin, left to join the many who collect dole money and class it as part-time job. Then, of course, disaster struck when Pte. Anderson (now Mr.) came along with the impression that he was to become a dog handler. The funny thing was that when he said that he was to become a handler the dogs downed tools and asked for a change of employment; then after a five-minute conference Pte. Anderson got a useful job which carried the initials GD.

The remainder of the Section are complaining, but complying, with the duties we had put upon us, and though the Magilligan Prison task was knocked on the head, our new tasks still require as many handlers, which puts us on duty every third day, and standby in between! Soon the trials team will be putting in for the N. Ireland Dog Trials, which we are hoping to win, instead of coming third, fourth and fifth. Then, having competed in those trials and gaining the positions required, we'll be going back to Melton Mowbray to compete in the United Kingdom Trials to try and keep the cups and trophies for the second year running.

COUNTY COY

Diary of Events

A small diary of events has been concocted to show the type and frequency of incidents that have occurred in one company's area in the period covered by this IRON DUKE. It only includes serious or important incidents and does not list the thousands of minor happenings that keep us busy for the other 24 hours of each day.

Monday, February 25, 1974, 0902 hrs. Two members of a RE search team working in support of Somme Company in Ballymagaigan were injured by a booby trap device which exploded. One of them was dead on arrival at the Mid-Ulster hospital at Magherafelt, but was resuscitated and is now recovering.

Wednesday, February 27, 1974, 1721 hrs. Unsuccessful double landmine and shooting attack on Burma Company near Garvagh. The road in front of and behind the lead and rear vehicles was demolished, whilst the patrol—who were all injured, one seriously—effected a miraculous escape. The soldiers of Burma, however, returned fire and beat off their attackers despite, in one case, a dislocated shoulder.

Thursday, February 28, 1974. Recce Platoon arrested three men in NE Antrim and in the follow-up found a landmine.

Thursday, March 7, 1974. A find of a 500lb. bomb on the east Antrim coast.

Monday, April 1, 1974. Corruna Company arrested two men involved in a shooting incident in Kilrea. Information gained from those arrested led to a further arrest of a wanted PIRA leader by Recce Platoon near Ballymoney on April 4, 1974.

Tuesday, April 2, 1974. At dawn a Battalion size search and arrest operation of 43 target houses involving both helicopters and vehicles.

Friday, April 5, 1974. Recce Platoon found two pistols and a quantity of ammo in a search at Larne.

Thursday, April 18, 1974. PIRA landmine intended for RUC and Alma Company killed a civilian on a tractor at the Loup near Magherfelt.

Tuesday, April 30, 1974. Two suitcases bombs exploded in Ballymena.

Monday, May 6, 1974. Find of a bomb factory by patrol of Alma Company near Ballyronan. 490lb. explosives and a RPG 7 spare parts wallet were amongst the items discovered.

Saturday, May 11-Monday, May 13, 1974. RUC Ballymena assisted at various intervals by Somme Company, Recce Platoon and 1 UDR found a mortar bomb factory, two hides and effected three arrests at Cushendall. A total of 500lb. of explosives was in one of the hides, together with other items of bomb making equipment.

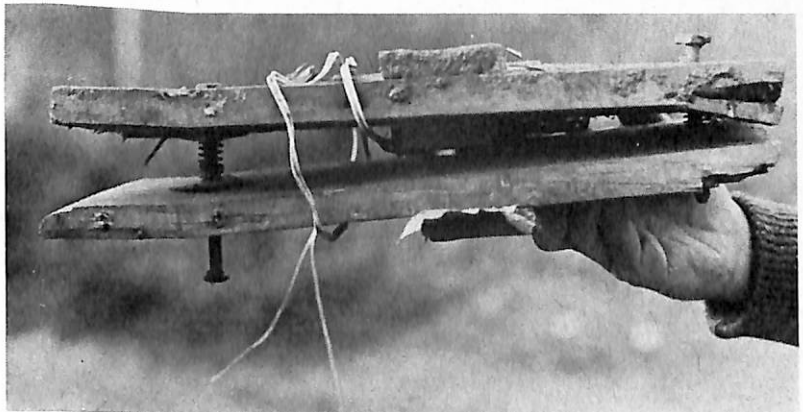
Sunday, May 12, 1974. Somme Company found a landmine of 200lb. of explosives near Dungiven.

Friday, May 31, 1974. Burma Company found 1 X Garand rifle and 1 X .303 rifle during a routine search in Ballymagaigan. They also found some ammunition and explosives.

ALMA COMPANY

Change and Constancy

This is the third new-look IRON DUKE in which we have tried to get away from the repetition that previously was inherent in the style of Company notes. This time, it being my last, I have decided to aim our space at you, the retired and the parents of our soldiers, to explain how we are, why we are, what we are and how we tick in the human muddle that is Ulster.



Alma Coy.
Crude but effective. A mine pressure trap removed from a booby trap near Drapers-town

Since we, the serving Duke's, are humans, little changes in our attitudes are so gradual that we would seem to be static. The old problems still continue—plugs still vanish from basins and knobs from equipment (though the machines are more complex and expensive). Soldiers still sleep on sentry (rarely) and miss their connection back from leave (but now it is an aircraft rather than a train). Soldiers still get in debt, but now it is with the bank rather than the Paymaster. We still fail to read orders, submit returns or write IRON DUKE notes at any time but on the last day. I quote 2/Lt. Colville:

"Unwilling, nervous platoon commanders reach for dusty pens to penetrate the mysterious realms of journalism in an attempt to issue, in black and glossy white, bulletins on their men and to recount their own brand of war stories—often true, just slightly polished.

"While the struggle unfolds the only sound the subaltern registers (apart from the snap of his teeth meeting through the end of his pen) is the deep, warning voice of his company commander, informing him of the disadvantages of leaving things till the last moment.

"The reassurance that he had completely finished the first draft but that it was then eaten by the OC's dog gains no extension of time; instead he is reminded of the deadline which approaches with the speed of a Brandywellian crowd".

Soldiers still laugh. From graffiti on the loo wall to the sudden joke in the meal queue, the humour is timeless and priceless. Listen to Cpl. Waqabaca on the subject:

Humour in Uniform

"Humour is one of the finest qualities that men have. It is something that can't be bought or created. You are born with it. Humour can do wonders in many ways. It wins friends, heals the sickened and mends broken hearts. Nowadays lots

of people spend good money to hear comedians and be humoured. Civilians depend a great deal upon them and their artificial jokes. However, I for one have been listening for years for free to natural comedians with their original jokes, jokes which are born day by day through good times, through bad times and through the great variety of experiences in the Army.

"Pity those who have to pay for their artificial fun. As a soldier, the longer you are in, the longer you hear the natural comedian at work. This is one reason why we say in 3 Platoon that Ulster, with all its terror and gloom, will never get us down".

The Irish jokes are unending. 3 Platoon supplied: Did you hear about the Irishman who mugged a streaker—or his brother who attempted, with some success, to raid Fort Knox? Having evaded security guards, electronic devices and a suicide squad of militant elephants, he began filling his sack with the treasure. Then he panicked, climbed through a closed window, tore the sack on the broken glass and spilled his hard-won loot into a bottomless pit. "I've no luck at all", says Paddy. "It took me three hours to strip that lead off the roof".

But perhaps the oldest jokes are still the best, like Cpl. Dack turning in as the dazed and proud father of twins, the early warning system having failed the doctors. Or the fall of the great bachelordom of Cpl. Noble (now married), Cpl. Hey (engaged) and Cpl. Shim (heavily backed as the next).

Our changes are natural in the circumstances. The Company is almost a self-governing organisation, for we move and fight as a group, separate from Battalion HQ and the base which supports us. Battalion HQ protects us from fatigues, paper work, marquee erection for galas and horse shows. Thus, if a man can be spared from Company duties, he is usually entirely free and thus we have been able to attend to education, courses and up-gradings to a much greater extent than would normally be possible. Our awareness of reliance upon each



Controlled detonation of part of the captured explosives

other has been sharply increased by the nature of the situation. We accept that we cover each other against the sniper, but equally so against the malicious public, whose arsenal of riots, rocks and rigged complaint must also demand self-control and team-work. It is the public nature of this war that causes the greatest strain. It is hard to remember fieldcraft when you are dodging through prams and shoppers. It is unreal to watch the casualty ambulance fighting its way through holiday traffic and ice cream vans.

The technical nature of the art improved yearly, and we must change our methods with it. The IRA's equipment ranges from the crude but effective to the sophisticated. The derelict houses that form such a large feature in our programme contain their own problems. They are ideal for the sniper, or for the storage of weapons or for booby-trapping soldiers who search for either—and houses empty, fill, become derelict or collapse at a considerable rate. About one-sixth of the houses in the Brandywell are unoccupied, and we know too well the dripping water, the tattered wallpaper, the skeletal roofs and their constant threat:

Instantly a house can vanish
Eaten by the grabs and dozers.
The space it empties
Is tiny.
However, while the shell abides
Surrounded by the warm and quick.
It remains undead,
A zombie.
The human cycle it protected—
Birth, fast life and gentle death—
All erased, exchanged
For threat.
Danger, children, I can crush you.
Copper thief, the gas beware.
Sniper, bomber, I'll protect you,
For I am Death's thoroughfare.

We revel in succes, but are then dissatisfied if it was not our company or our platoon or our section or ourselves that caught the man or made the find. That is only human. We absorb disaster (Cpl. Ryan's sad death is reported elsewhere). We do not forget its lessons and try not to allow it to alter our approach to the general public, most of whom are in no way responsible for such barbarism. And yet it gets to us. Another member of the Company writes:

"One year later I feel slightly more than one year older, and by no means a particularly compassionate human being. In one short year I have learned the real meaning of grief, right down to an unashamed display of it".

One new experience that has come out of Ulster is that we have witnessed the financial worth of the infantry soldier. Working alongside, or in front of, police, fire and ambulance men, the soldiers' wages are poor in relation to the civilians'. The miners' strike had little sympathy here, for we knew that it put you to considerable inconvenience, and we have some experience of danger and long, un-social hours.

No, the more I try to analyse change, the more

constant the picture becomes, for the basis of our job is human beings, and anyone who has commanded Yorkshiremen can count himself lucky indeed. As my time with the Alma finishes I see how fortunate I have been in those who have supported me. I have watched the faces change, but the spirit remains the same. With four 2ICs, nine platoon commanders, four CSMs, three CQMSs, 10 sergeants—but I lose count. Thank you, the Alma, I am proud to have known you and grateful for your constancy.

MAJOR R. L. STEVENS, MBE

BURMA COMPANY

Blood From a Stone

The Sub-Editor of THE IRON DUKE has frequently complained that getting articles from the companies is like getting blood from a stone.

Last night (June 11) Burma Company log read: "Matron of Mid-Ulster Hospital rang at 2000 hrs. They have an urgent requirement for O-positive blood". The response was immediate. In four minutes there were eight volunteers climbing into two Land-Rovers speeding to the pleasant, modern hospital on the outskirts. We were only too glad to help since the staff of that hospital had saved the life of at least one soldier who had been injured on the county tour.

A lady had given birth to a still-born child and had been bleeding since 5 p.m.; the hospital was running out of blood. When we arrived each soldier was given a bed and a pretty nurse came to put on the tourniquet designed to bring up the veins so the needle would go in easily. There were some for whom the sight of a pretty girl was enough. The red corpuscles coursed round their veins at high speed. With a deft movement of the needle the doctors diverted the blood into the containers. Away these went to save another life.



We revel in success, an explosives haul by 3 Platoon

Major Stacpoole was unlucky in being bled by a doctor who was no darts champion. Two attempts at hitting a vein in the left arm failed and it was not until he switched to the right arm that he found his mark. However, the feelings of all were reflected in the remark of one soldier, who said, "This is one way of losing blood that I don't mind". All were conscious of the fact that on some future occasion it may be them who need blood desperately.

Finding Terrorist Arms and Explosives

Over the last city tour and the current county tour Burma Company has had great success in locating and finding arms and explosives. As with any success, there has been an element of luck in locating some of these finds. However, it is our philosophy that luck will only come to those who work hard for it. There is never any question of sitting back and letting lady luck deliver the goods.

Many of our finds have been the result of following up scraps of information which have been gathered from local people. Other successes have been achieved by talking to policemen, Special Branch and various Intelligence officers. Often the information which is given to us is nothing more than a hunch or a vague piece of tittle-tattle. Nevertheless, in the absence of more precise information all these leads are followed up by the Company. There are many occasions when we draw a blank, but, as statistics will show, our success rate is much higher than the average.

A recent find illustrates some of our theories. One morning Cpl. Franks's section, working from a Scout helicopter, was searching derelict buildings on the Lough Neagh shoreline. He was working a kilometre north of the location where he had found two weapons the day before. The reason we were searching in that general area was because the Company Commander had been told the area might well yield weapons judging by the suspicious-looking man who lived nearby.

Shortly after landing at a derelict farm, Cpl. Franks found some old home-made igniter sets and about 10lb of explosive mixture spilt on the floor. Major Stacpoole came down to look at the find and congratulate the section. Whilst there he decided to see if anything else might be hidden further afield. It was only minutes after that the OC found four made-up incendiary devices hidden in two polythene bags under a derelict car. As a result three men were arrested. They have since been released pending the result of a fingerprint check on the incendiary devices.

Over the last month and a half the Company has found:

1. 1 Garand rifle, 1 radio transmitter, bomb-making equipment and 60 rounds of ammunition.
2. 1 booby trapped car containing 10lb of explosive and cortex in addition to the booby trap.
3. 30lb of explosive, 225 rounds of ammunition, 1 x Russian anti-tank rocket (RPG 7) and a booby-trap device.
4. 1 command detonated car bomb containing over 100lb of explosive.
5. 480lb. explosive and 31 electric detonators.
6. 1 x .303 rifle and 1 Springfield rifle and 50 rounds ammo.
7. 15 home-made igniter sets and 10lb. of explosives.
8. 4 incendiary bombs.

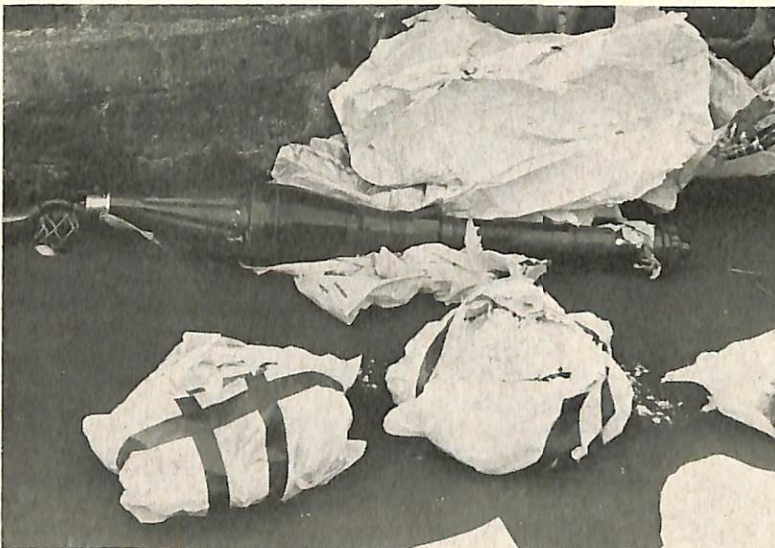
The last four finds were made within four days of arrival in the county. We hope to have many more finds and also arrests of wanted men by the time the next edition of THE IRON DUKE comes out.

MAJOR M. G. L. M. STACPOOLE

Dawn Patrol

You've seen it at the cinema; now read the amazing, true and uncensored version in THE IRON DUKE.

The time, two hours before dawn, somewhere in N. Ireland. Company HQ Battling Burma are awakened from a restless sleep. Yes, someone fell out of bed and kicked the bucket. Three hours later



Explosives and a
RPG 7 rocket

(missing breakfast) they rub the sleep from their eyes and stagger to the wash room to find all the hot water gone.

One hour later a bunch of would-be trench dodgers fall in (slightly late, but no one's perfect) for a dawn patrol. Not to linger over too much detail, a quick rundown on who was in the patrol. (All names have been changed to protect the innocent.) SM Hughes steel-grey eyes panned over the cream of the Company, the men who were here to do their best to maintain law and order in the strife-stricken province. He was just about to report sick when his eyes came to rest on the Company medic, "Doc" Harvey. A thought flashed through his brain: "I'd stand a better chance with the IRA". "Doc", complete with carpentry kit, was waiting for a chance to practise his medical skill, with only one stitched hand to his credit, which he says doesn't count because it dropped off. Next in line was Edwards. Due to his position as barman of the Company Club we tried to give him all-round protection, but discovered it would take at least a platoon. Then came Greenwood, the company clerk, man-packing a typewriter and trying in vain to get a filing cabinet in the car. After he had given up we got under way. When we finally got there the hide was so well hidden that "Willie" Williams, who was supposed to know where it was, couldn't find it, so we all walked round in circles for a while. When we finally found it the CSM borrowed the dog handler's lead to pull the lid off. It was empty, but on the way back the CSM cut his hand climbing a wall and "Doc" thought his luck was in, but the CSM was too fast for him and he had to put his circular saw away again.

I would like to repeat that this is pure fiction and any similarities to living persons are purely intentional. PTE. GREENWOOD

On the Lighter Side of Life

At the end of a very successful tour in the city Burma Company arrived back in Ballykelly on May 11 full of the joys of spring and looking forward to a two-week period of rest and relaxation. Unfortunately, it didn't turn out quite as relaxing as one might have hoped. The Protestant strike saw to that. However, we did manage a Company social on the first night back in. It wasn't a lavish affair; just a few pints, buffet, a few pints, disco, a few more pints, a raffle and one or two pints to round off an enjoyable evening. Nos. 4 and 5 Platoons also went off for a day's fishing, which seemed to go down well. No fish were caught, but you can't blame the lads for that. No one told them that you don't catch fish by throwing empty beer cans at them. Poor old 6 Platoon missed their trip through being on stand-by for the strike. Never mind, lads, maybe next time. The 5 Platoon trip caused the Company acting 2IC, 2/Lt. Jenkins, some concern when a bill was received from the PRI for £30; £6 for hire of fishing tackle, £24 for damage to fishing tackle. What could he do but pass this bill to the Platoon Command? This was swiftly answered.

5 Platoon,
Burma Company,
1 DWR

To whom it may concern.

5 Platoon would like to try and explain how the

damage was done on our fishing trip. On taking over the rods from 4 Platoon, the following were damaged:

1 × rod no handle
1 × reel not usable

The other rod was damaged by "Dinkey" Hall when he fell off the back of the three-tonner. We have no idea how the second rod got damaged.

Yours,

5 PLATOON

PS.—We didn't sign for them, anyway.

Nice try, lads. You have left the CSM with a real problem. At the next orders will he get you all in the OC's office at the same time or will it have to be one at a time?

Promotions, Comings and Goings

Congratulations on promotion to:

Cpl. Peat to Sergeant

Ptes. Green, Connolly, Peel, Tyler to Lance-Corporal.

The comings and goings are too numerous to mention, but the comings are welcome, and to the goings we say best of luck. A special farewell goes to Cpl. "Ossy" Theodore, who has now joined Recce on promotion to Sergeant. Ossy has been with Burma for many years and his cheerful if somewhat ugly face will be missed by all. No doubt we will be seeing him in the Company club from time to time.

CSM

Mobile Patrol

On a cold spring afternoon we were travelling along a quiet country road when the soldiers in the front Land-Rover of a double Land-Rover patrol either saw or heard the rear Land-Rover being blown up. It somersaulted in the air to crash down on its back. But for those in the front Rover another bomb was planned and the road began to crater just as it does in films of roads being blown up. The bomb was about 2yd in front of the Land-Rover as it exploded and we could not help but drive down the hole, which turned out to be about 14ft deep and 10ft across.

Originally when the patrol set out it consisted of L/Cpl. King, Mortimer, Marshall, Wallace, Stead, Hepworth, and the two drivers, Smith and Sullivan. Five minutes before the patrol left the dog handler, L/Cpl. Blasby, asked to come. Then the Platoon Commander decided he wanted some fresh air so he went and Mortimer dropped off.

Hepworth and Marshall were the only two who were still conscious after the explosions and they managed respectively to climb from the deep crater and a shattered Land-Rover. Immediately five rounds were fired from an automatic rifle at "Pop" Marshall, which landed 5ft. to his right. Then five rounds were fired at Hepworth, which also landed 5ft. to his right. Immediately these two returned fire and "Wally" Wallace recovered quickly to climb from the back Rover to fire five rounds despite a dislocated right shoulder.

The Platoon Commander then appeared above the crater to return fire, only to discover his glasses were broken and he couldn't see a thing. A sitrep was called for and it was thought at first that at least three had been killed and one severely injured.

"Stumpy" Sullivan was still unconscious, revving hard at the wheel of the front Rover despite the fact that it was nose down in the bottom of a crater. Dennis Stead was unconscious in the back of the front Rover. Some very heavy and large pieces of road and rock had hit him as the debris fell on the Rover. Smith, the driver of the second Rover, had disappeared. We thought he'd been blown away. He appeared from a ditch where he'd been flung when the Rover overturned. L/Cpl. Blasby was moaning and groaning and was deeply shocked. L/Cpl. King, who had been travelling in the passenger seat of the second Rover, was unfortunately trapped under the Land-Rover. He sustained a broken arm and broken leg but remained fully conscious until he arrived at Musgrave Hospital. After about five minutes we were able to decide the opposition had gone and first aid was applied. Everyone had recovered consciousness. Dennis Stead was in great pain with his legs, L/Cpl. Blasby was deeply shocked and, of course, L/Cpl. King was trapped. If Mortimer had gone, he would have sat where L/Cpl. King was sitting and, being bigger, would probably have been crushed. Dennis Stead was pulled out of the Land-Rover and laid on the road and made comfortable and we tried to lift the second Land-Rover. However, it had come to rest at an angle and whichever way we tried to lift it only seemed to cause L/Cpl. King more pain.

"Stumpy" Sullivan and "Pop" Marshall were sent off to Garvagh to get some help. They were told to hijack a vehicle but unfortunately chose an unroadworthy mini-van. There were no brakes, the petrol was kept in a biscuit tin and the engine was badly overheated. Eventually they arrived at Garvagh and asked for help. Marshall collapsed on arrival and so he and Sullivan were taken to Coleraine Hospital.

Meanwhile we had been trying to subdue L/Cpl. Blasby. He had been wandering up and down the road in deep shock and would not stay still. Indeed,

he punched Wallace and pushed Hepworth through a hedge when they tried to restrain him. So he was led to the front crater and put in it. He seemed unable to climb out of it. He managed to climb to the lip three or four times, only to slide back down. Yet we were fearful of holding him down or knocking him out unless we caused any further damage.

Dr. Dennis Boyd and an ambulance from Coleraine arrived with the joint police mobile after an hour and took Smith, L/Cpl. Blasby, Wallace and Stead to Coleraine Hospital, where they spent a pleasant night before returning to the slightly less pretty nurses in the MRS. A pick-up truck arrived next to try and lift the Land-Rover off L/Cpl. King. But again they were unable to do so because they could not lift the Rover at the right angle. Eventually a fire chief arrived and with some magic and the benefit of years of experience managed to make L/Cpl. King pull himself out from under the Rover in about five minutes. So after nearly three hours L/Cpl. King was put in a helicopter and flown to Belfast before going to England to recover. He lay there fully conscious for almost three hours and hardly complained at all.

The remaining two were then taken to the MRS, Ballykelly, where they were joined the next day by the six from Coleraine. I think the MRS were glad to see us go after a couple of days, six back to duty and the two drivers on well-deserved leave.

LT. C. GRIEVE

Another Mobile Patrol

Well, that was our tour of guards done. Off to the counties next for a three and a half weeks' tour at Dungiven. Everything seemed the same from the last time being down here, except for the absence of the garage, which was blown up a few months ago. The locals seemed a lot friendlier than they were the last tour.

To start off the events down here, whilst on patrol, mobiling down a quiet country lane, four



Burma Coy Find

cows were seen to come out of a field at a fast pace. The lead vehicle missed them by a mile, but the back-up wagon (unlucky it seems to be) headed for one of the cows, which suddenly stepped straight out into its path. Having no time to react, the inevitable happened. Twenty yards later, and a quick look back, saw the cow walk a few steps and then fall to the ground. After informing the RUC and Duty Ops Room at Dungiven and the owner of the cows, our fun started. Well, if one can call it fun. The owner said that he wouldn't prosecute if we could save the meat from going off. Cpl. Lister, our Mobile Section Commander, who used to be a butcher before being employed in the forces, agreed to skin and butcher it. At 2000 hrs. he got the go-ahead from our Sunray, and by 2045 had it skinned and cut in two. Three of the mobile looked so white one would think that they had been put in a washer, washed in Blue Daz and put out to dry. Well, we've all heard of Kung Hai Fat Chow; this was Stinky Poo Fat Cow. After tea and crumpet, back to Dungiven, where we found out that the cow didn't belong to the bloke we had skinned it for. No wonder he didn't want to prosecute! Back to work, looking forward to the next edition of THE IRON DUKE.

PTE. COULSON

Memorial Cottages

On Tuesday, May 7, Shiney Four were tasked to search 19/21/23 Alexander Place. On doing this C/S 29 came over the air and tasked C/S 21A, Alias Yoyo Section, to go to the Memorial Cottages on New Street.

On entering we found that it was the local hide-away for the Bogside yobos. Cpl. Harding, followed by Thomas, entered the house, while "Tracker" and "Jarv" searched the back garden and the bogs.

During the search Thomas was looking through some dirty laundry and shouted, "Ere, I've found somert". He knew it wasn't their dirty laundry; he could smell a wedding cake, which was very suspicious because it wasn't a bakery.

Meanwhile back at the ranch "Tracker" and "Jarv" were searching the back garden and the bogs. He also found things in the roof. By this time Cpl. Harding had sent for C/S 29 and ATO, and "Tracker" banged on his drums to tell his muckers in the Bogside that their little hideaway was found.

Anyway, C/S 29 arrived with his band of cronies and bounty hunters (Clint Eastwood has nothing on snap shooter (camera type) L/Cpl. Crowther). As usual, they attacked the job with efficiency and determination, which completely took us by surprise. (Well done, Company HQ.)

The results of the bright, brilliant, superb, excellent, fantastic, planned search was as follows:

House (rest room): 10-15lb of explosives.

Loft: RPG 7 rocket without booster.

One hundred rounds of Armalite, a numerous amount of Garand armour-piercing rounds and other assorted ammunition.

Back garden and Bogs: One .303 round, tape, cortex.

It was a very "memorial" day at the Memorial Cottages.

Well done, the Yoyo Section! Cpl. Harding, Ptes. Glynn, Oakley, Jarvis.

PTE. JARVIS

The Great Five

The great five is carrying on its tradition of success by hook or by crook, as can be seen by the tales about two of our smaller successes. Besides these we were also in on the other more reported



Miscellaneous finds include a Garand rifle

events of the last city tour. The guard section with its surprise find of a Garand in St. C.'s Walk was commanded by the large and able J. F. He is now reputed to have a picture of this little haul pasted to his chest.

Sgt. Peat was leading the Platoon when they saved someone's eyes watering from a car bomb on the Lone Moor Road. Our not-so-well-beloved provos were in the process of laying the command wire when we almost caught them. The man on the end of the wire left with great speed to the Creggan, though we managed to catch two scouts (not of the Boy Scout-Girl Guide variety).

Whilst Sgt. Peat was flushing out the car bombers on the Lone Moor Road, "Fearless" Franks's men were covering Morton's Marauders across the spare ground, Brandywell Avenue, Southend Park. "Flat Foot" Lawrence tripped, swore, turned round to see what the offending object was and there was a 5lb. bag of ANFO. He then carried on to find two .303 empty cases. ATO, now busy on the Lone Moor Road, had to ask everyone to stand still. He had more than enough to deal with for the time being, thank you. Fearless Major Stacpoole has now awarded Pte. Lawrence the "order of the oversized boot".

LT. HARRAP

Burma's Successful Bungle

Once again whilst on a tour in the city boys of Burma demoralised the QM Brandywell ASU. Callsign 27 were tasked to set up a vehicle control point in Lecky road following a shooting incident involving one of 23's callsigns and a gunman. They were fired upon from the derelict primary school whilst patrolling down Bishop Street. Immediately after 27 were in position they were given a further task to proceed on a "Hot Pursuit" into one of the houses in the Brandywell. On receiving the message section commander callsign 27 read back the address over the air, asking 2 to verify it, not knowing at the time he had read back the right number but the wrong street. 2 verified this, so 27 made great haste to the given address. Normal action was taken when the house was entered. Two occupants in the house were men, approximately 65 and one 30. After two or three minutes' searching one of the sub-unit in the front room came across a Garand rifle hidden under a sideboard and smelling strongly of cordite.

After this occurrence members of 27 who were searching the place soon produced assorted ammunition, bomb-making kit and a small radio from the same room. The occupants were quickly arrested and taken to Victoria Barracks. Some people at the Brandywell were rather annoyed but the only thing thrown was abuse.

This incident was a fine example that showed when boys of Burma make a mistake it's the right one to make.

PTE. CASSON

All in a Day's Work

The first Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment left Catterick Camp for N. Ireland in February of last year. Their destination: Ballykelly, Co Londonderry. Their job: To maintain law and order throughout the county and the destruction of terrorist units operating within their boundaries.

In addition to this commitment, the Duke's have a company permanently based (in rotation) in the Brandywell area in the city of Londonderry itself. This company is known as the Bridge Company (being based under the shadows of the famous Craigavon Bridge), and normally the four operational companies take turn once every 16 weeks for a four-week spell in the city. It is now April 1974 and once again it is the turn of Burma Company to patrol the area, almost hourly, in this hard Republican section of the city.

It was whilst on routine foot patrols that the dividends of all the hours of hard work paid off. In the afternoon of April 25, whilst patrolling the main road which divides the Brandywell in half, contact with the terrorists was established. A gunman operating alone (now believed to be no older than 17 or 18) positioned himself in a burnt-out primary school awaiting the arrival of a four-man foot patrol. As the Duke's came within range the gunman fired one shot. The patrol, on seeing the powder flash, returned five shots, narrowly missing their target. The terrorist made good his escape (or so he thought) across some waste ground and down into the old Brandywell itself. Under these circumstances the Army in N. Ireland are allowed to enter houses in the rapid search for the gunman or his weapon. This tactic is known as "hot pursuit". On previous patrols down in the old Brandywell the Duke's had been alerted to two houses by suspicious activity. It was only after this particular shooting incident, and the proximity of the two houses, that Burma Company decided to enter them in hot pursuit. The plan worked. Cpl. John Frear and Pte. David Casson were quick to find that hidden under an old sideboard in the living room was a Garand rifle (French in origin) which had recently been fired. The weapon itself had been stripped into two parts, for easy concealment under a man's overcoat or under a pram mattress, but the trigger mechanism had apparently jammed after the first shot. On further investigation several different types of ammunition were found along with various bits and pieces of bomb-making equipment. A youth (aged 17 to 18) is helping police with their enquiries.

Terrorists operating in the Duke's area, however often they change their methods and techniques of attack and vary their hiding places, just don't know how to cope with a Yorkshireman's suspicious, calculating and inquisitive nature.

L/CPL. CROWTHER

CORUNNA

Owl Pellets

During the past 18 months the affairs of Corunna, or Corunner as the QM's clerk recently addressed us, have been quietly observed by the owl. This fine tawny bird was accidentally shot by the Mortar Platoon whilst doing a small arms attack on, appropriately enough, Waterloo Farm at Stanford in 1959. Now, nearly pensionable with 15 years' service, about to exchange his rubber bullet for a rubber's india, and with 5,479 hours ops room duty to his credit on this tour, he has the following pellets to offer.

7 Platoon Commander, straight out of the RMA egg: "Hello, 3! This is 31, Can I order some late breakfasts? Over".

"3. Yes. Send number. Over".

"31. 495230. Over".

Exit Colour-Sergeant, muttering.

"All stations, look out for a tallish, darkish, oldish baldish man wanted in connection with a shooting".

"Hello, 3, this is 33. We have a largish, thinnish, suspishish man driving a greenish car and we think he is Turkish. Any good?"

Do you, reader, know what intimidation is? It means that a law-abiding citizen cannot say good morning to a soldier on the streets. "Major, please ask your soldiers not to smile at me. They'll get me knee-capped". It means that a woman who had had her windows blown out on a wet winter's night, and walked a mile to our camp to ask for help because she had three sick children in a windowless bedroom, was too frightened to accept a lift home in my Land-Rover. It means that when we caught three well-known young thugs stealing a man's car they could not be charged because he was too frightened to make a statement saying that they had no right to be in his car. I have chosen very mundane examples to illustrate how omnipresent is this evil. To help the Security Forces is "informing", which in the language of the Irish is a sin comparable to being a Quisling or a child murderer. The punishment ranges from bricks through the window to bullets through the head. Perhaps most frightening: so few terrorists so many, and the perpetrators are often so young.

"Hello, 3, this is 33. The locals have been throwing bottles at us for 15 minutes. . . ."

"33, this is 31. You're lucky; they've been spitting at me".

"33C. So what. You are the spittoon commander".

"I don't suppose the Guards have an int sergeant".

December's IRON DUKE described L/Cpl. Boguszewski, an old friend of Corunna's, as Roguszewski. We all agree, but it was bad luck the Adjutant reading it: "Boggy's" now a private. That will teach him to do double back somersaults for a living.

"Hello, 3, this is 32. There is a suspect boot in the middle of the road".

One afternoon in the Creggan, while holding a notorious cross-roads against a stone-throwing mob of some hundreds, we fired over 200 rubber bullets in two hours. Not one member of the opposition was put into hospital; we had several heads split open. Our fire could be described as the maximum force with the minimum effect; exactly the reverse of what we teach. This is the inevitable result of arming the soldier with a weapon which is outclassed for range and effect by the stone. I don't advocate using the rifle because the bullet travels too far, but we should long ago have re-established an effective deterrent by using a more powerful baton round. A stone-thrower's purpose is to cause grievous bodily harm, with the occasional bonus of murder. If, after proper warning, he were given like measure

in return, plus 10% VAT, he would have a healthy respect for us, which is completely lacking at present, and we would have a lot less trouble on the streets.

Memo to Company 2IC: Sir, please speak reference your writing. I can't read it. Company Clerk.

Talking of Company 2ICs, I wonder if anyone has ever had such a redoubtable selection in so short a time. In six months we've had Gilbert, Fitzgerald, Best, Dowdell and Westcob. When first written down, somebody thought I was making a short list for the job of bouncer at the Company Club. Fortunately there is much good meat between their cauliflower ears and they have done us proud.

2IC on telephone at 7.45 pm.: "Good morning. Can you please send us a woman policeman?"

It is a popular fallacy that the English can't understand the Irish. Those who can't probably haven't tried. The Irishman's, and woman's, reactions to events are always based on an emotional interpretation of history; sometimes yesterday's, sometimes the last 50 years and sometimes that of hundreds of years ago. Thus when a suspect is being arrested by the Army, uncommitted bystanders attempt to prevent it, not because they support violence, but because hundreds of years of Irish history race before their eyes, emotion replaces all logic and they rush to save "one of our boys" from the Black and Tans or torture by the Special Branch or Cromwell. Furthermore, most of the people of Londonderry are born actors. They could go straight to the West End stage without any formal training. They can quickly and subconsciously switch from reality to fantasy, from the knowledge that something is not true to the conviction that it is, from thoroughly nasty behaviour on the streets to most reasonable and charming conduct in their homes. To understand the behaviour and problems of the Irish is our duty, and it is possible. Where we come unstuck—and who would not?—is in finding solutions. Unfortunately, politicians, and soldiers, are committed to finding solutions in too short a time frame. Only time, measured in generations rather than in years, will solve Ireland's problems.

"An Irishman never knows what he wants but will fight to the death until he gets it".—G. B. Shaw.

"The only good thing about freedom is dying for it".—Padraig Pearse (Irish "patriot").

Nicknames are widely used for convenience when speaking about members of the Forces on the radio. The girls have recently got in on the act, but we think that some of the titles could be improved:

"Coffeepot"—a Royal Military Policewoman—should be "Milkjug".

"Rucksack"—an RUC Policeman. An RUC Policewoman should be "Ruckbag".

"Greenfinch"—a woman in the Ulster Defence Regiment—should be "Bluetit" during the winter months.

We often have to check people's identity on the radio, and we sometimes have trouble with Irish names.

"Hello, 3, this is 33B. Check Giles Pie, 49 Creggan Avenue". Long pause, and some confusion between our ops room and the Creggan battalion, until it was discovered that the occupants of that address was called Gillespie.

Having knocked down a derelict house and made a mess on the road the OC sent for a Council road sweeping machine to clear up. It arrived: a lorry containing eight Paddies with brooms! Scenting a possible photograph for THE IRON DUKE, the Company photographer got out his camera, whereupon the Irish road-sweeping machine went on strike in protest against Army harassment.

"Hello, 31, this is 3. Where was that explosion a few minutes ago?"

"31. It's not going to be easy to tell; the wind has blown the bang away".

And lastly us. When we arrived in Ulster 18 months seemed in prospect a very long haul and one wondered what shape we would be in at the end of it. Those who know their Yorkshireman could have forecast that all would be well. Our friends from the north may be fiercer and those from the south more ingenious, but no one slogs on, in the face of frustration and boredom, working long hours in trying circumstances, as cheerfully as our Yorkshiremen. You may read in the national press that the Army is upset by this or that political decision, but frankly no ambitious young reporter is going to make his reputation visiting us; such matters pass us by. Thus, after 15 months in Ulster, there is a very good atmosphere about the Battalion.



Lt. Tony Pitchers receives a prize from Brig. J. D. F. Mostyn, CBE, for the best Corunna Coy platoon presentation

Despite our disruptive life, the rifle companies never see each other and when they are back in Ballykelly they hardly have time to speak to Hook and Waterloo; the family spirit of the Duke's is very strong. Morale is excellent, and there is no danger of us running out of steam in the last quarter of the match.

MAJOR M. R. N. BRAY

SOMME COY

Two Days in the City

On the morning of Saturday, April 6, activity in the Brandywell seemed little different from any other Saturday, except that the weather was fine and remarkably warm for this time of the year. A robot phone call had disturbed the tranquillity late in the morning to say that two men had been seen with explosives at the junction of two streets—New Street/Sloan's Terrace. A description of the car was recognised, but a careful search in the area could find no trace of men, car or explosives. A further robot phone call indicated that a PIRA meeting was taking place in a house near the Bishop Street Without/Foyle Road junction. This again proved negative. Two fairly unusual incidents which could have been considered as "come ons" except that we were in strength in the area anyway.

In the afternoon C/S 42 had been tasked to carry out an extensive patrol of the Old Brandywell. The aim of the three foot and one mobile patrol was to dominate the area at a favourite time when the IRA shooting incidents had occurred in the past. It was noticeable from the start of the patrol, that the atmosphere was somewhat strained and that the patrol noticed there was a large number of people about. The latter was not surprising with the fine weather, and the fact that it was a Saturday afternoon. The patrol commenced at 1430 hrs. and was due to finish at approx 1600 hrs. During the patrol period very little of significance occurred until, that is, the patrol began to pull out through the southern end of the Old Brandywell.

C/S 42B had been tasked to firm up in the area of Moore Street/Foyle Road, with C/S 42C withdrawing down a snicket behind Hamilton/Anne Street. Both callsigns were to cover C/S 42L, also coming down Hamilton Street. The mobile had shortened its area of patrol and was ready to pick up the OP on the Cattlemarket at the junction of Lonemoor Road/Foyle Road.

At 1545 hrs. there was a loud explosion from the area behind Hamilton Street/Moore Street. C/S 42L ran down to the scene and found the wall of the derelict house, No. 1 Moore Street, had been blown on to the road. For Sunray, C/S 42B, Cpl. Sellars, this was a worrying moment, and indeed the whole patrol suffered from the deafening report. When the smoke cleared, it transpired that one of our newer soldiers, Pte. Abel, had suffered some cuts and bruises, but had been extremely lucky not to have been flattened by the large chunks of masonry flying about. Cpl. Sellars was just moving round to Hamilton Street to get round and seal it off when the Brigade Commander appeared in his vehicle through the dust and was promptly

and in concise terms "ordered" by Cpl. Sellars to take Pte. Abel to the bridge location. Later the Commander remarked that he had felt somewhat "superfluous" in the situation and that he was not needed at that moment.

A quick examination of No. 1 Moore Street showed that the device had been placed in the derelict itself, and presumably from the outside of the building. In the meantime C/S 41L had been tasked as standby and, arriving with a description given by C/S 42B of two suspicious persons, patrolled the area. By now the crowd of people had tended to move up to the other end of the Brandywell, and a large number of them were outside the Brandywell Inn. Amongst them were two men fitting the description of the two men seen by C/S 42B near the scene of the explosion. On attempting to arrest the two men, the large crowd aided one of the suspects to escape, but one was apprehended.

A tracker dog was sent for initially, but it quickly lost the trail on Moor Street. ATO had been tasked, but waited for 2½ hours before touching anything in accordance with "soak" times. He found in conjunction with the troops on the ground a small battery and wires running along a wall, not visible from Hamilton Street. These wires led into the derelict of No. 1 Moore Street. Felix estimated that the device was 10lb. of Co-op.

The local "Old Dears" of Moore Street have expressed their "sorrow" that the bomb had failed to achieve its aim, and we were prepared in their own words to clean up any mess the Provos made. However, it was not lost on anybody around the area that a young boy had narrowly escaped serious injury or even death by sheer chance. This indicates the lengths the IRA are prepared to go.

There was obviously disappointment in the PIRA that this method of attack had failed. However, events were to prove that they had not run out of ideas. On Sunday, April 7, the Company had the assistance of the Recce Tp, 16 Lt AD Regt, RA, known as "Biff's Boys", who participated with our patrols most of the day up till midnight. A considerable weight of metal, therefore, was put on to the ground during this period. This evoked little reaction from the local population, who seemed less in evidence, and less interested than the previous day. After dark sneaky patrols were initiated with C/S 41, assisted by Recce Tp, AD Regt, RA, in the area.

C/S 41C, with Cpl. Clarke I/C, were moving along a snicket behind Moore Street when he felt that he had kicked something at a point where the snicket turned sharply left. The patrol followed Cpl. Clarke and went to ground in an open area nearby and behind walls. Cpl. Clarke, with Pte. Silcox, went back along the snicket to see what he might have kicked as it seemed a little out of the ordinary. Discreetly shining a torch, Cpl. Clarke was concerned to see that there was a wire leading to an empty fertiliser bag underneath tin sheeting, the bag being held down by four stones. Suspecting this object of being a hoax did not stop Cpl. Clarke and Pte. Silcox from withdrawing quickly and it was lucky that they did as the device exploded. The blast threw both Cpl. Clarke and Pte. Silcox to the ground. At the same time shots

were fired at them from the Hamilton Street area, which were replied to by the Section. On investigating along Moore Street, the Section were again shot at from the area of BSW. Several arrests were made during the course of the follow-up. The explosion caused no casualties except for shock and temporary deafness.

ATO and the RE search team were tasked down to the area at first light. The scene of the explosion showed how lucky the patrol had been, as undoubtedly they had knocked a trip wire and it failed to go off, although each man had gone over it. ATO estimated about 20lb of "home mix", which had produced a considerable crater and damage to the sheeting. Luckily, shrapnel, etc., had not hit any of the patrol at all. No trace of any fire position could be established on the search made that morning, although ATO was called later to a derelict house garden where an elaborate hoax of wires and a box had been made up.

The two incidents concerning such devices were new to the Duke's companies actually down in the Brandywell streets and snickets. It was in both cases well planned with murderous intent, but luckily failed to achieve its aim. It also indicated the keenness of the IRA to "get" a soldier again in the Brandywell, even at the risk of the local population being hurt in the process.

Remarks Column

A certain soldier spoke to a certain officer concerning a letter franked Belfast. He did not like the look of the letter and had no idea why it should



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be to him and he wanted to burn it. The officer looked at the letter. It was perfectly normal and he opened it. The letter was ordinary, except that it contained a cheque for £250 as compensation to the soldier for an injury sustained during a previous tour.

Moral: One must not burn one's money.

OC Company to 12 Platoon: "I regret that our leave has been postponed. Are there any questions?"

Soldier: "Yes, sir. If Mr. Wilson's speech is acceptable to the UWC, do you think the CLF might still let us go on leave?" (Hollow laughter.)

OC Company: "It's unlikely that Mr. Wilson's speech will please the UWC".

From the back of the room, sounding like Cpl. Birks: "He's not likely to — well please us, either!"

Manning the Pumps! or "Are you being served, Mr. Grainger?"

Perhaps the strangest task to befall Somme Company since its arrival in N. Ireland happened on the 27, 28 and 29 of May. During the two and a half days mentioned, all three platoons were involved in manning the petrol pumps in a garage in Coleraine, part of the Army's master plan to ensure petrol supplies reached essential users who would be in possession of special coupons.

On the morning of the 27th the natural disappointment of yet again having leave postponed was changed to a marked curiosity when 11 Platoon were warned off to relieve an Alma Company platoon who had requisitioned the garage in Coleraine that afternoon. S/Sgt. Hall and his platoon did just that at 1730 hrs., and then set about making themselves comfortable for the night. No petrol had been sold that day, but the Ministry of Commerce representative had been met by OC Alma Company and supply was expected to meet demands by the next morning in the shape of a tanker with 8,000 gallons of fuel aboard. Furthermore, a generator was to arrive that evening to ensure that supplies would be forthcoming, even though power cuts were threatened as usual the next day.

Major Reid and S/Sgt. Hall were kindly received by the members of 209 Battery, RA (TA), the local unit who were delighted to let their facilities be used by off-duty members of the platoons involved in this service to the community, and the owner of the garage made available two caravans at the back of the garage for those personnel who were on duty. The Platoons were divided into two teams of 10 and everything worked smoothly from that point of view.

During the evening the generator arrived with its 12-point jump lead missing. Later in the night the generator was substituted, and power was thus supplied for the next day. The machinery of higher formation was also seen to be working when during the evening the tanker with its precious cargo arrived. The Platoon settled down to some rest with the knowledge that they were going to produce their "expertise" on the pumps at 0900 hrs. the next morning, subject to power, and the Ministry of Commerce representative!

The morning of the 28th saw S/Sgt. Hall with his men lined up for the off at 0900 hrs. Since the Ministry of Commerce couldn't make it for 0900 hrs., S/Sgt. Hall "carried on", signing his little book for all he was worth. It was natural that a lot of naive motorists thought that everyone was going to receive petrol. The Platoon found this easy enough to handle with a mixture of fairness and politeness, and in this event the morning ran smoothly. An apologetic Minister of Commerce representative still had no coupons!

However, in the afternoon a breakdown in the generator led to a delay in serving until 1500 hrs., when the normal electricity came on again. Then we had the sight of the Ministry of Commerce representative and his aides manfully trying to ascertain who were essential users and who were not. Unfortunately they decided that they would let everyone into the petrol station and then sort it out. This proved disastrous, compounded by the strong probability that the garage owners had "leaked" to the population of Coleraine that "The Army is serving petrol FREE at my garage". He must have said this, as it seemed that every car for miles around had arrived at the same time!

Between 11 Platoon and the RUC order was gradually restored, and many disappointed but well-meaning motorists were turned away. Even so, it still baffled all and sundry of the military personnel present how many pieces of important looking paper appeared and how the "wise men" from the Ministry adjudicated on the matter. It is worth adding that the much rated coupons system never materialised that day, and it was a question of cash as far as the Ministry of Commerce was concerned, and car registration numbers as far as the Army was concerned.

The handover between platoons on the next couple of days went quite smoothly and the system of control became easier and easier. Once the populace had got into its head that free petrol was not available, and that essential users like nurses, firemen, doctors, etc., would get a limited amount only, there were no more real worries. However, it's safe to assume that a number of people managed to get away with it, and it was, of course, impossible to be, in such circumstances, 100% sure.

On the morning of May 29, this "change of scenery" came to an abrupt conclusion with 12 Platoon pulling out at midday, having the Ministry of Commerce hand back the garage to the owner. Honour was satisfied, it is thought, and everyone felt that under the circumstances it had been quite a successful operation. Nobody had got hot and bothered, but there was one nagging question at the end. Where did those coupons get to?

HOOK COMPANY

The biggest problem individuals have in the Hook/Waterloo complex is proving their inability to accept more work than they are already involved in. However, the more difficult it is to have their excuses accepted, the more devious and complex become the excuses and objections.

There is, for example, the "forever Saturdays"

man. He manages to get himself picked for guard Saturdays only, and that is not fair! The offer of a Monday is unacceptable. It's his diving night—Thursdays there is a film on—Friday a social—the first he has been to. Saturday; not again.

Or there is the "weekends only" guy. He proves that of the seven days in the week three of them are weekend days. He accepts one duty per eight days (two weeks) but objects to weekends because, as he says, there should be another duty roster for that, presumably with his name missing. One particularly keen Corporal bitterly complaining that he had had three weekends on the trot was shown to have been excused the first one, had the second changed to a weekday and that the third one had not arrived yet and was not due for six days. He, in fact, had not been involved in a weekend for eight weeks. His reply: "It's the principle, isn't it?" Is it?

One big event was the movement of shelving in Hook Company stores. This may sound a simple operation, but not so when one has a store six times the size needed, and no apparent movement of items. Something has got to be done. Firstly, the planning stage: two Warrant Officers and three Staff-Sergeants submitted plans with diagrams. This was easy—use plan B and diagram. Then the manning stage:

Site foreman, CQMS Waller; site engineer, L/Cpl. Jackson; site labour, six recruits awaiting N. Ireland training; non-technical advice and coffee, L/Cpl. Richardson; consultants, WOs Coll, Wilson and Conley; advice, RSM; participating group, ORQMS and L/Cpl. Grinsdale.

And then work started—and then work stopped. There was a problem—not enough consultants. Work started again for 30 minutes, then stopped. Everyone was enjoying a bout of really useful and highly productive work when the whole project without warning was ruined. Whilst the design and engineering consultants were away for tea break L/Cpl. Jackson moved all the counters round the way he wanted and then said, "And that's where they are stopping". There was no answer to that.

A & Q staff (we don't have G) started a weekly cricket match against the Band. The first match was a draw, for, although the Band scored the most runs, the staff had more seniors in their side. The last wicket fell at exactly 1630 hrs. This pleased the RSM, who at one stage thought we might work overtime.

The second game was a much more serious affair and was played out to the bitter end—1637 hrs. As the Band insisted on winning again, no further games will be played. In fact, we posted the Band to Strensall.

£145 for Victims

Men of the 1st Battalion, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, which recruits in Yorkshire, have collected £145 towards the Flixborough disaster fund.

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Clubs and Sports

RUGGER SEASON, 1973-74

Activities involving the oblong prune have been founded mainly on a mixed DWR side playing all and sundry and winning handsomely. Despite this somewhat *laissez faire* approach, a great deal of important discovery and fact finding has been carried out which will be of immense value to Tony Pitchers, who, as captain of the XV, will lead the renewed DWR assault on the Army Cup in Aldershot.

Whilst Tony Pitchers has been attending PCD at Warmminster, Chris Gilbert has captained the side and managed to round off the season with three seven-a-side tournament victories in eight days.

Although surprisingly finalists at the Coleraine RFC tournament, the victory was never in doubt, with Duke's tackling being the decisive factor. DWR beat Coleraine 22-0. The team comprised Capt. Chris Gilbert, Capt. Alan Westcob, Capt. Nick Newell, Lt. Charles Grieve, WO2 Robinson, Pte. Williams and Pte. Ellwell.

Lisburn Garrison held a tournament on Easter Monday, and as favourites this time DWR beat a much fancied Lisburn RFC 13-12, Sgt. Cuss scoring the vital try. The team comprised Capt. Chris Gilbert, Lt. Andrew Meek, S/Sgt. Basu, Sgt. Cuss, Sgt. Cross (APTC att), Ptes. Williams and Ellwell.

The HQNI tournament was held the following Saturday. DWR entered two sides and were clear favourites to win the title. The DWR "B" team reached the semi-finals of the "plate" and were narrowly beaten by the eventual winners, 3 LI. The "A" team had little opposition until the semi-finals, when they beat a very fit 49 Cdo team by denying them any possession at all. The final versus 7 RHA was a nail-biting thriller. DWR went behind early on but pulled ahead just before half-time. 7 RHA then scored again and were still pressing the Duke's until Sgt. Cuss spotted a gap in their defence and placed a long, low kick just short of their line. In the ensuing chase Lt. Andrew Meek, following up, as ever, picked up the loose ball to score between the posts and settle the match. Sgt. Cuss converted. The team comprised Capt. Chris Gilbert, Capt. Mick Newell, Lt. Andrew Meek, Lt. Charles Grieve, WO2 Robinson, S/Sgt. Basu and Sgt. Cuss. After the tournament we rechristened Sgt. Cuss "miracle worker" and all agreed that the team spirit is a winner every time. 1 RRW, watch out!

SUB AQUA CLUB

Since the last time we put pen to paper it seems that so much has happened within the club that perhaps this is an ideal opportunity to put things in order. The club now holds six complete sets of equipment, thanks to the generosity of all companies and also the PRI. It becomes embarrassing constantly asking for money, but the response from all concerned has been nothing short of fantastic. We know it is embarrassing because it has been

noticed that company commanders have a distinct aversion to being caught within half a mile of WO2 Hodgkinson, all except Major Reid, who can't get away from him once he is bottled up in Magherafelt RUC Station.

Despite the operational commitments, every member of the club who is qualified to dive has seen at least one wreck, and in some cases four. The Tuesday night training session held in the swimming pool is now getting what can only be described as "overcrowded". This was brought home when it was suddenly realised one evening that, apart from three separate groups undergoing tests in the water, there was a second class lecture being conducted in the ladies' changing room, a third class lecture being held in the store room, plus a committee meeting being held in the gent's toilet.

There are now 15 members of the club who have paid for full membership to the British Sub Aqua Club and 12 members who have bought, at considerable cost, their own wet suits. This perhaps gives some idea of the keenness to dive within the club. There are also some eight members who are merely awaiting their first sea dive in order to decide if they like the sport sufficiently to lay out £40 approximately which is needed by each diver for his personal kit.

There are a number of courses held annually in England and while we have only managed to send one member away this year we have high hopes of filling all vacancies once we move to Aldershot. It must be realised that the qualifications attained by club members are recognised throughout the world, and even offer a form of employment once having left the Army. This is an ideal opportunity to stress that there is no age limit to this sport and one does not have to be an Olympic swimmer.

Since the last notes there have been over 30 sea dives, which have all been well attended, not only by divers, but also their wives and children. This has proved very enjoyable from the families point of view as an excuse to get away from the day-to-day troubles and spend a complete day relaxing on a beach. All divers will testify that the most welcomed sight when emerging from 70ft down is Kerry Hollis and Patsy Hutchinson handing out hot coffee to tired, wet and very satisfied divers. Thank you, girls. We couldn't do without you.

Finally, our congratulations to L/Cpl. Hollis and Cpl. Hutchinson on now holding their third-class diving ticket, to Cpl. Cusworth and L/Cpl. Jagger on holding their schnorkel diver tickets. A word of mention to Mrs. Fawcett, who has now completed nearly all pool tests and is nearly ready for her first sea dive, thereby disproving the theory that diving is a man's sport. We would like to make mention here of James and Marion Stewart, who have spent so much of their time in assisting us with all that we have achieved. Without them it really would not have got off the ground. We all feel that the Iron Duke Sub Aqua Club is nowhere to stay and would like once again to thank all those concerned with the founding of the club and for helping us to offer yet another sport to members of 1 DWR.

POSIEDON

A Profusion of Wrecks

With the winter months behind us and the sea settling down, it was decided to mount a series of dives on as many wrecks as possible within the space of one week. This is no mean feat in N. Ireland, as the operational commitments had, unfortunately, to take precedence on our time.

The first wreck to be dived was the *Nacomas*, a three-masted tea clipper which went down in a violent storm near Portstewart. The whereabouts of this wreck had been lost in time, but a general area was known by a local fisherman. The Iron Duke Sub Aqua Club descended on the dive site on a wet and wind-blown evening, quickly changed, and within 10 minutes of arrival the first team was under water. Needless to say, nothing was found on the first dive, but at our fourth attempt our luck was in.

Beneath the surface the water was at 5°C and extremely heavy kelp shrouded the whole area. We touched the bottom at a gentle 8m. and started to work our way through the roots of the kelp. Within 10 minutes we found large steel plates, an old winch, some old rigging stays and, most important of all, a large brass porthole with the glass intact. The remainder of the wreck was like a scrapyard, which is understandable when one considers that the *Nacomas* went down in 1870 and the violent storms which hit this coast each year.

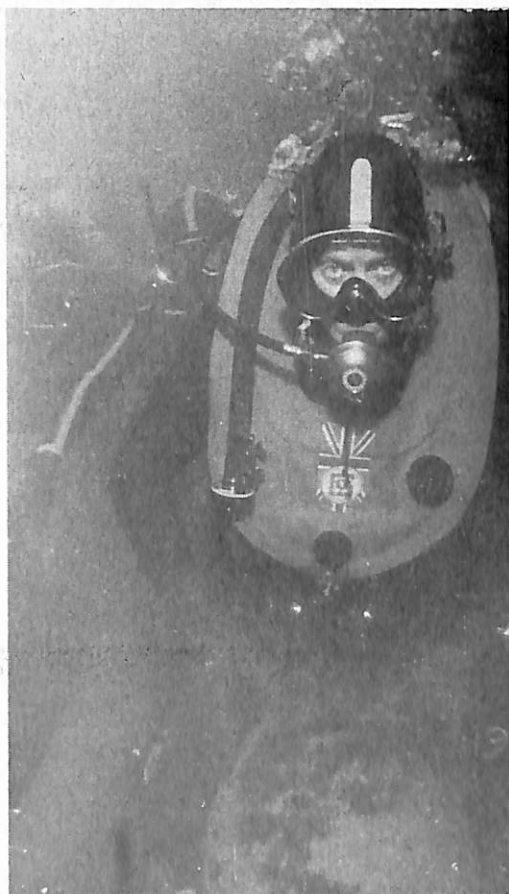
The next wreck to be visited was an old coal ship called the *Towey*. This boat went down in 1920 in 23m. of water, once again as a result of storm damage. We hired our boat from Portrush and after a 10-minute ride to the dive site wasted no time in descending down the shot line and landing by the forward winching gear on the *Towey*. The first thing that struck us was that this was how a wreck should look. The *Towey* sits upright and for all the world appears to be still steaming along the sea bed. Most of the bridge had been carried away, and the hold had collapsed inwards, but apart from this the *Towey* was still intact. Fish life was abundant and a large conger eel had taken up residence in the forward chain locker (you have been warned). One of our newer members, admittedly only on his second dive, attempted to take a lobster by hand, but unfortunately confused the back with the front and for a mere two pence will gladly display his scars. The visibility was 25ft., which at this time of year is average for these waters. This particular wreck by virtue of its depth has proved a very popular training site.

The next two sites to be visited proved to be of little interest and nothing of any significance was found. These dives were on the wreck sites of the *Thrush*, which was again a tea clipper, and a naval frigate reputed to have gone down on the Skerries, Portrush, in approximately 1850.

Unfortunately our next dive had to be cancelled owing to sea conditions, but for information it had been planned to dive the remains of the *Girona*, which, as every one knows, was a galleass of the Spanish Armada, driven on to the rocks in a violent storm under the forbidding shadows of the Giants Causeway. To quote the words of Robert Stenhuit, "95% of the wreck site is now clear. I can do no more". Needless to say, it's the other 5%

that interests us.

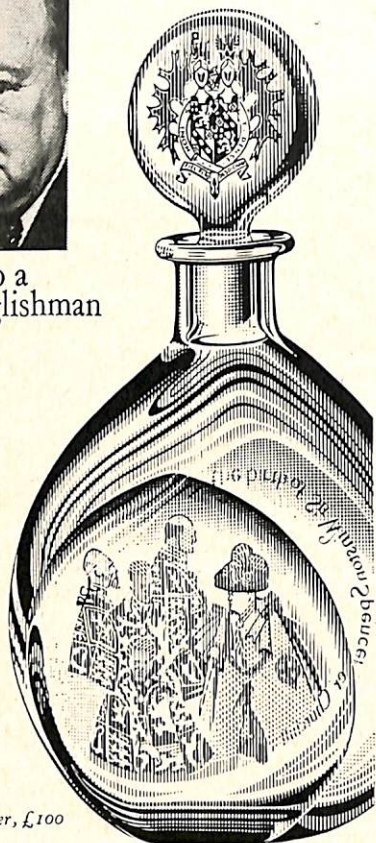
Our final dive proved to be the most satisfying for all of us, as it relieved a burning desire to see the remains of a wooden sailing ship. In all, we covered 261 miles travelling to and from the dive site, hauling a boat behind us and a trailer containing 16 air bottles. We arrived at Ballyhornan and stood looking across at Guns Island. Our target for the day was the wreck of a French frigate, *L'Amite*, which went down in 1798 while trying to land troops to assist an Irish rebellion. It took three attempts to locate the site and in the process we found the remains of a little-known ship named the *Tide*. This we considered to be a bonus for the day. The scenery under water was quite superb with visibility at 35ft. The bottom was a mixture of rock and shingle with much plant life and a large variety of fish. We swam through towering gullies and caves for about 20 minutes until one of the team pointed frantically at what appeared to be some large tree trunks laid on the bottom. We all moved closer and realised that we had found some old iron cannons. We were surprised at their condition and also the size. There was no plant life at all on the guns and it soon became apparent just how strong the sea really is. The guns must weigh



Three "Dukes" sit on the cannon of the French Frigate *Amité*, which sank in 1798



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just over 1½ tons each and yet the sea managed to bend some of them in a complete U shape. There were three main clumps of the guns, the largest holding seven. The bores were still in a reasonable condition, though some damage had been caused by wave action. That same afternoon we had one final dive at the back of Guns Island in search of lobsters. One was seen, none were caught and 12 divers of the Iron Duke Sub Aqua Club decided that this was the end of a very exhausting week which had been both hard work and lots of fun. Seven wrecks in seven days. Could this be a record?

TRAMPOLINE CLUB

To those people who read the article in the last IRON DUKE, they will remember that we were in the middle of preparing for the Yorkshire and North Midland Championships. Well, we won the team event and L/Cpl. Beck and Cpl. Hogg won their grades, "B" and "C", respectively. I would like to point out that there is only one higher grade, "A", which is international standard.

These results qualified us for the UK National "B" Grade Championships, and luckily the Commanding Officer agreed we should go and the 2IC gave us all the help he could for the preparation. This preparation included a week's full-time training at the Antrim Sports Centre, entry into the Scottish Eastern Championships and a week with Leeds University. Despite power cuts and ferry disputes (the UDA won't surrender or work!), we won the Scottish Championships, and full of trepidation we headed for Eston Grange Sports Centre, Teesside, for the National Championships on June 8, 9 and 10.

The team was Cpl. Hogg, L/Cpl. Beck, Cpl. Sugden, Pte. Boguszewski, who is also team coach, and Sgt. Cross, APTC, the team manager. Believe it or not, they carried all before them again.

Team event: 1st.

Individual: 1st, L/Cpl. Beck; 2nd, Cpl. Hogg.

This is the first time that a Service team has won this event, and the fact that most of the competitors have only been trampolining seriously for a short time shows what a wealth of talent there is in the team, and how hard they have all worked. L/Cpl. Beck is likely to be under consideration for international honours next year, let alone (sadly) the APTC. Aldershot should prove an ideal place to go a stage further in trampoline accomplishment.

WIVES CLUB

These will be the last set of notes written whilst we are in N. Ireland. The club has been most extraordinarily successful in Ballykelly and it is hoped that we can continue to meet from time to time in Aldershot, but as yet we do not know what facilities there are for such meetings. Obviously there will not be such a great need for all our activities, but we hope to keep on the monthly meetings and possibly the odd Company coffee morning. We shall be very spread out compared to Ballykelly and it would be a pity not to see the new friends made out here, where we have all lived close to each other in a small area. Of course,

many of the same faces came to everything and I thank all those who have been so kind and supported me so well.

We shall miss our Thrift Shop enormously as it became part of our way of life to spend Thursdays in the shop. We have been able to give the following donations as a result of our shop: Flixborough Disaster £5, Forces Help Society £75, SSAFA £60, Cancer Research £10, Roe Valley Hospital £25 and £25 to the Mid-Ulster Hospital for a bed. More donations will follow once the Thrift Shop has been wound up. I would like to thank Doreen Burke and Sandra Linskey for doing some vital paper work for the last eight months, also the many helpers without whom we could not have managed.

The monthly meetings of the club have continued. In February Anne Bray organised an evening of decorating Easter eggs, Cpl. Crook was most instructive and a few of us learnt to make marzipan roses. Two lovely Easter cakes decorated by Cpl. Crook were raffled. In March we held another splash night with a chicken and chip supper, organised by Mary Davis. On April 29 we had a talk by Mr. Seymore of Limavady on witchcraft, and many said it was the best evening we ever had. Merle Reid organised the evening helped by wives of Somme Company.

In May we had a talk by S/Sgt. Ballard on how to make the pound go further and general advice on banking. This was preceded by a chat from

Vernon Davis on what to do when the lights go out. This was enjoyed by all those who attended, but as we had electricity that evening for what we thought was to be the last time ever some quite reasonably felt that they had to stay at home and cook. Mrs. Hughes on behalf of Burma Company arranged this meeting.

On June 24 we are to hold our midsummer night's dinner in the Sergeants Mess. On July 1 we are holding our final meeting in Ballykelly and are having a wine and cheese party. The NAAFI are giving us some things towards this, but at the time of writing I am not quite sure of what or how much. Sandra Linskey is running this evening, which will be very popular. We are having to charge 20p per head as our funds are not as high as they could be.

The policemen's wives have continued to come over for coffee and we entertained the Duke of Wellington to coffee when he was over here on his visit to us, as the new Colonel-in-Chief. The various activities have continued; those who wanted to learn to crochet can now do so and we have started to do tapestry and florentine. The swimming pool is still very popular and the babies learning to swim look so sweet with their seemingly huge armbands.

I would like to thank Mrs. Goddard for her help over the last year as Wives Club secretary. She did not miss a meeting and kept us all on the "straight and narrow". Mrs. Ballard has now taken over.

DI MITCHELL

Depot The King's Division

Since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE we have been blown up on one occasion and have received countless telephone calls threatening bomb scares. Fortunately there was no one injured in the two bomb blasts that shook Strensall Camp on the night of June 10. Apart from the destruction of three huts the only other relevant damage was the complete loss of all the instruments belonging to the Green Howards Band. Fortunately the Duke of Wellington's Band was able to take over their major commitments namely a Band Concert in York Minster.

We have been honoured by the presence of the Duke of Wellington's Band who arrived at the Depot on May 21, 1974. They have played at two Passing Out Parades and on both occasions the platoons marched on to the "Wellesley".

A notable occasion for the Dukes was the Passing Out of Gibraltar Platoon on May 21, 1974. The Duke's Band played suitable regimental tunes. Lt.-Col. J. E. Pell, DWR, was the Inspecting Officer, Capt. A. Redwood-Davies, DWR, the Company Commander and Lt. A. Drake, DWR, the Platoon Commander. Over two-thirds of the platoon were Dukes and two of the four prizes were awarded to Dukes. This sight brought tears to the eyes of RSM J. Welsh, DWR.

On June 9 the Regimental Flags of each of the King's Division Regiments were presented to St

Wilfrid's Church during a service of consecration. Junior L/Cpl. Bent, DWR, presented the Dukes' flag to the Padre, the Rev Parkinson, who, incidentally, was the Duke's Padre in Gillingham in 1968. He has many kind words to say about the Battalion and was obviously very happy to have been with it.

Although recruiting has slackened off since the ending of the three-day week we are still up to strength on recruiting figures. The Platoon just starting its training for example is 55 strong, which presents a problem even for Lt. Drake the Platoon Commander.

Our Shooting Team which is at present at Bisley looks really very strong and we are confident that we will win the Minors Units Trophy this year.

On the sporting side the Depot has excelled at Athletics. We were the winners of the North-East District Athletics Meeting at Catterick on June 25, 1974.

All Dukes at the Depot were pleased to see the CO of the Battalion and Capt. Roberts the Adjutant at the King's Division Records Meeting in May.

We would like to welcome Cpls. Hey and Butterworth to the Depot from the Battalion and also Cpl. Feraday and his wife.

Congratulations to Sgt. and Mrs. Hewson on the birth of their daughter. Unfortunately, whilst Mrs. Hewson was in hospital having the baby Sgt. Hewson was admitted to Catterick Military

Hospital with food poisoning.

We are all pleased to see Cpl. Sullivan, DWR, back in the Army. Some of the old campaigners will remember Cpl. Sullivan being blown up in East Belfast whilst serving with Somme Company. Five months of civvy street were enough for him and he is now at the Depot awaiting a posting to the Battalion.

Finally, once again to end on a tragic note, all ranks at the Depot offer their deepest sympathy to the relatives of Cpl. M. Ryan and Pte. L. Carroll who both died in shooting incidents in Northern Ireland.

10 ARMY YOUTH TEAM

The team has been extremely busy since its return from leave in late April. May and June has seen us taking five different schools camping on the Yorkshire moors. The camps have lasted for four nights and five days. The main object of the camps have been to teach the boys how to live in the field for a fairly long time. This has entailed them setting up their own tents, cooking and all other general camp admin. The camps were not just admin; they were also taken swimming, a 10-mile hike, rock climbing and abseiling. In the evenings the boys played soccer or volley ball against ourselves and I am pleased to say the team continues to remain unbeaten. How much longer can this tremendous feat continue?

We were also involved in a week's camp at the Rolston Army Camp near Hornsea. The idea behind the camp was to pool three AYT's together to offer a greater selection of expertise and activities to the schools than would be possible with one team. We took 20 boys from the Huddersfield area to the camp and they took part in many activities, ranging from sailing, watermanship, hiking, abseil-

ing, potholing, shooting and a night camp to a grand "It's a Knockout" competition on the last evening. I think the week was very successful and it was interesting that none of the boys wanted to return home at the end of the week. A footnote to the camp was the way Sgt. Mal Hirst showed us his biathlon skill at shooting by hitting many unsuspecting rabbits which were abundant around the camp. Rumour has it that he is now in the meat trade.

After all these camps there was still no rest for the team because as soon as we had finished our last camp the team had to go to Catterick for four days to take part in the Catterick Army Display. The team ran its mobile air gun range and it is nice to say that a small profit was made, which is now in the team's fund. It is interesting to note that about 500 people fired on the range during the Saturday and Sunday at the show.

During the last week in June we were involved with the Huddersfield Society for the Mentally Handicapped Children Week. This meant that we helped run and organise a families evening in the Drill Hall, provided a climbing wall (by kind permission of the King's Division Recruiting Team and in particular Major David Pugh), a trampoline range, a display and a cartoon film show. There were other stalls provided by the society and the evening was a great success with three to four hundred people attending. We have given advice and helped with a fashion show and we are involved in a grand fete in Greenhead Park on Saturday.

Next month we attend the Great Yorkshire Show at Harrogate and the Sheffield Show, and following another week's camping on the moors we will be ready for a fortnight's leave at the end of the month.

"C" Company (DWR) 1st Battalion Yorkshire Volunteers

On the personalities front this could be termed the sergeant-major era. We congratulate WO2 Reddy (PSI) and CSM (V) Berry on their substantive promotion. Meanwhile Sgts. Kennerdale and Dolan have left to become Sergeant-Majors for "C" Coy, 3 Yorks, and Halifax ACF Detachment respectively. Both have given most valuable service to the Company. Another who has done so, and who made many friends here during his stay as PSI, is WO2 Holliday. We wish him the very best in his future civilian career. His job in the Company has been taken over by SM Reddy, who in turn has been replaced as PSI Colour Sergeant by C/Sgt. Leachman, who is settling in well.

Sgt. Kennedy becomes Platoon Sergeant of the Keighley Platoon, whilst "clued-up" helicopter GPMG (SF), etc. expert comes to Company HQ to help keep the Company Commander on the right path. Sgt. Hollis soldiers on as Platoon Sergeant of 7 Platoon, in between driving juggernauts to exotic places.

Others deserving special mention are L/Cpl.

Salt, Ptes. Bentley and Dearnley, all of whom did well on a recent Signals Cadre. Dearnley came out top of the course with 96%. Meanwhile our potential HGV drivers have been slaving away to qualify, and all drivers are about to learn "comical foreign driving" in preparation for camp.

The rest of us are doing that also. Training leading up to annual camp's exercise in BAOR is well in progress. We have just had the Battalion exercise "Clear Watch" at Otterburn, for which we had a very good turn-out, following on from our own shaking down in the field at Feldom. The recruits were catching on quickly.

Our recruiting campaign did extremely well and has produced about 40 who distinguish themselves by their keenness, so much so that seeing the turn out for weekend training one feels that the words of the song should be changed to "Where have all the (trained) soldiers gone?" I suppose they must be there somewhere. The huge turn out on bounty night in April shows that they do exist, and do their training.

The Company team did well in the Regimental Rifle Meeting, becoming champion company. 2/Lt. Newcombe and Sgt. Simpson won the pistol. We also won the GPMG pairs (WO2 Berry and L/Cpl. Doyle) and SMG (WO2 Berry, Sgt. Taylor, Cpls. Kennedy and Brown). On the following day in the Battalion match the same teams unfortunately only came runners-up to teams we'd beaten the day before. The SMG team did particularly well, adding 50-odd points to their previous day's total, but were nevertheless pipped by "A" Company. Well done, the whole team, as it was a real team effort by all, including the non-playing captain, Capt. Marsh.

On the Saturday evening the officers attended the Annual Dinner of the Yorkshire Volunteers officers, past and present. This year it was held at the King's Head Hotel, Richmond, after drinks in the splendid setting of the Green Howards Council Chamber. After the Company's fine performance during the day "C" Company officers were bound to enjoy it.

SERGEANTS' MESS

Since our last notes we have welcomed to the Mess Sgt. Mick Kennedy and Sgt. Pete Hollis. Congratulations to them both. C/Sgt. Ken Leachman from 1 DWR is settling in as PSI (CQMS) and getting a few more grey hairs, and he has now passed his driving test, so look out!

We were sorry to lose Sgt. Geff Kennerdale to the 3rd Battalion and we congratulate him on his promotion to WO2. Sgt. Brian Dolan has left us to swell the ranks of the Halifax Cadet Detachment.

Sgt. Bill Bailey has been certified by the RAF to set out night landing aids for helicopters.

Sgt. Jack Simpson is busy setting up his radios in a ½-ton trailer in preparation for annual camp.

On the social side we are operating and our next occasion will be a Sunday lunch-time "do" in the Mess thrashing the Corporals at games.

Our Pay Sergeant, Bob Dearnley, did a pay course weekend and had to live in a tent and put on his boots and gaiters. Big Ah Ahs from the Mess.

Mess Orbat

CSM—WO2 P. Berry

"C" Company (DWR) 3rd Battalion Yorkshire Volunteers

Since the last notes appeared in December we have had an unending series of changes in the Company. The Company Commander returned from his leave of absence (which included 2½ weeks in sunshine in Brazil while we had snow and ice). Then—a bitter blow—our Keighley (9) Platoon was taken from us and attached to "A" Battery at Bradford as the Duke of Wellington's Troop. The Company 2IC, Capt. Bateman, went with them for three months to ease the transition, but he is now back at Huddersfield. Knowing the Keighley lads, we suspect "A" Battery is now likely to be converted from Gunners to Duke's.

Our CSM, WO2 ("Spud") Taylor, went to be PMC of the WOs and Sergeants Mess and Sgt.

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The sailor complied.

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Signals—Sgt. J. Simpson
MT—Sgt. P. Croft
7 Platoon—Sgt. P. Hollis
8 Platoon—Sgt. M. Kennedy
Support—Sgt. J. Taylor
Medical—Sgt. K. Aston
Pay—Sgt. R. Dearnley

PSIs

WO2 M. Reddy (DWR)
C/Sgt. K. Leachman (DWR)

John Trigg became local acting CSM and also took the job of civilian storeman with the QM. With our CSM in the stores we expected to be the best kitted out company in the Battalion, but Trigg was made RQMS and we are now pleased to have Sgt. Kennerdale from "C" Company, 1 Yorks, as our new CSM. S/Sgt. Alan Simpson has now taken over his duties as PSI—and his dog has taken over the Company Commander's office as a kennel befitting its station in life!

Stephen Armitage returned from Sandhurst with a first-class report and is now commissioned. Well done! 2/Lt. David Massey is taking advantage of the new scheme to go into the Regular Army for a period, so some of you may be seeing him

shortly, and 2/Lt. Gordon Lightbody has gone to Saudi Arabia for his firm for 12 months (but hoping to arrange his leave to attend annual camp!). He writes to say that a wife can be purchased out there for 14 camels, six sheep and two goats, so he may return with a harem. Some of the Company are considering sending their wives out and starting a camel farm in Huddersfield. We wish David and Gordon the best of luck and good fortune and look forward to them coming back to us again in the future.

With the loss of 9 Platoon our main effort recently has been recruiting. One young officer—no names, no pack drill, but he is the Company's PRO—wrote a story for the Press in which he quoted (quite falsely) the Company Commander as saying, "I'll eat my old khaki hat if I can't get all the recruits I need in the next two months". The Company Commander has been making every-one recruit hard to avoid indigestion and there is no truth in the rumour that certain members are standing outside the door turning recruits away so that they can watch an indigestible meal being eaten!

In fact, we have enlisted nearly 40 new members (including seven potential officer cadets) and are all very pleased with the response. Despite all the difficulties of the last few months, "C" Company Platoon had a walk-away victory in the recent Battalion platoon competition. One more bit of evidence that the Duke's Company is the best in the Battalion.

4th Battalion (TA)

No more loyal group of supporters of the Regiment has existed over the past half-century than the Old Comrades of the 1/4th and 2/4th Battalions, both of which had distinguished service in World War I. Their Old Comrades Association was formed in 1919, shortly after the remaining cadre of the 1/4th Battalion returned from France. It sprang from the comments made by Col. Sir Alfred Mowat, then the CO of the Battalion, at a civic reception to the cadre in Halifax on Waterloo Day, 1919, when 25,000 people lined the streets from the Halifax Station to the Town Hall. "The same spirit of loyalty, cheerfulness and trust which has pulled the Battalion through the last four years will be needed again", he told the crowd.

It has been needed—and it has been provided—by an Association which has been active for the past 55 years and has held an annual reunion each year on the Saturday nearest to the date of the 1/4th's move to France at the Battalion's traditional home, the Drill Hall in Prescott Street, Halifax. But 55 years is a large part of a man's life and the passing of years has brought its toll in a membership which started with every man of the two battalions who had served overseas. Even the youngest is now well into his seventies and the oldest on the present membership roll is 97.

Now, however, it has been decided to call a halt while it can be done with dignity. At this year's reunion in April the fewer than 40 members still able to attend accepted with a moving sadness the recommendation of the committee "That the work of the Association be terminated and that the committee be empowered to take all the necessary steps to achieve that end".

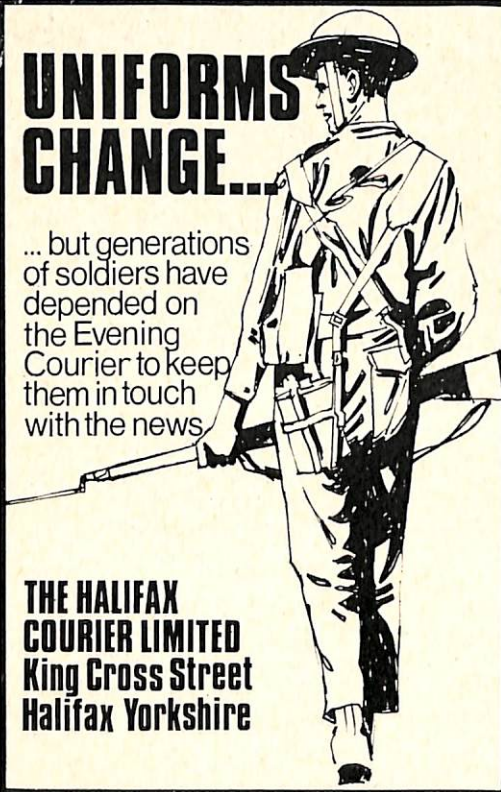
That final reunion was indeed a moving occasion. As one member, who had travelled from Newcastle, explained: "It means that I shall probably never meet again some of the comrades with whom I served all those years ago". But time has indeed taken its toll, as it must. In the last 10 years the Association has lost nearly 200 of its members by death; in the last year something like a further 20. Of those who remain, none will resent being described as elderly and the committee felt that the dwindling membership and the advancing age and infirmity of members made it expedient to wind up the Association while it could be done with dignity and without pathos and while there remained officials active enough to carry out the legal process due as a registered charity.

The Association has fully fulfilled the role with which it charged itself at its formation—"to relieve poverty, suffering and distress among members, their wives, widows and dependants". Hundreds of pounds have been disbursed in grants; any call to bolster up funds for this purpose have always been readily met and equally readily distributed. But it has done much more than that. It has provided a link of care and comradeship among those who served together in the mud of Flanders. The visiting of Old Comrades, ill or house-bound, has been not the least of its welcomed functions.

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The work of organising this care and comradeship has been carried out with devotion, even enthusiasm, by a whole host of loyal and distinguished members, from the founder, Col. Sir Alfred Mowat (who died in 1968) and Col. Sir William Fenton, Capt. N. T. Farrar, Major E. P. Chambers, Major F. Learoyd, Col. H. H. Aykroyd, Lt.-Col. W. F. Denning, Major F. Shaw, Messrs. Fred Bentley, Edgar G. Jones, Arthur E. Whitaker and others. Once a month, year after the year and in all sorts of weathers, the committee has met at the Drill Hall with an attendance record which would do justice to any organisation of much younger people. "Like the Windmill Theatre, we never closed" has been the proud boast.

In one sense, too, the Association in its caring role is not to close, for the Regimental Association has agreed to take over the benevolent work, even when the OCA's modest moneys become exhausted. And high was the praise at the April

reunion for this generous gesture on the part of Regimental HQ.

Major J. H. Davies, the regimental secretary, who has represented the Regiment at something like 15 of the annual reunions, told members that he believed that the decision to wind up the Association was a wise one. The Regiment, he said, would always comprise those who had served in it in the past, those who were now serving and those who would join it in the future. But, he added, those who had served in it in the past had given it its character.

And so one page of regimental history is turned. But it ends with the dignity which all those who marched off from Halifax and district as Duke's would have wished. And the chapter ends with the knowledge that those members of the 1/4th and 2/4th who survive still remain members of the regimental family.

G. M. BEDDOE

Huddersfield Area (DWR) Yorkshire ACF

Area Command

Changes are inevitable, and the first duty in these notes is to acquaint you of the recent change of command. It was with regret we bade farewell to Major John Howarth when he completed his tour as Area Commander on May 1. He has held the appointment since 1967 and has done so much for the Area in the meantime, so much, indeed, that our present healthy and happy state is often taken for granted when, in fact, it is mainly due to his hard work and devotion to the Area.

Happily he is not lost to the Yorkshire Army Cadet Force; he has been promoted Lieutenant-Colonel and appointed County Citizenship Training Officer. Thank you, Col. John. Congratulations on your promotion and jolly good luck in your new job.

We welcome as our new Area Commander Peter Tattersall and congratulate him on his promotion to Major. He is not quite a stranger to these pages; indeed, he has been overheard muttering into his gin and water—yes, water. He's an odd fellow, that he must surely have set up something of a record having been mentioned in every issue of THE IRON DUKE since he came into the Area just over a year ago.

Major Peter has some 16 years' service in the ACF, commencing in Northumberland through Hertfordshire and Glamorgan, and now Yorkshire, his native county. In those 16 years he has held a variety of appointments and worn no less than eight different cap badges. He is now happily badged Duke's and admits to an immense pride in commanding the Duke's Area of the Yorkshire Army Cadet Force.

Area Organisation

The change of command has not necessitated any other alterations and the Area orbat remains thus:

Area Headquarter

Major P. R. Tattersall	Area Commander
Capt. F. Fox	Area Training Officer
Major J. R. Brinley, TD	Area Administrative Officer
Rev. E. Simpson, CF	Area Chaplain
Lt. P. Turner	Area Signals Training Officer

Halifax Detachment DWR

2/Lt. B. D. R. Hartley	Detachment Commander
SMI J. Fitton, MM	and Area Senior Warrant Officer
SMI W. Fitzgerald	and Area Senior Cook
SMI B. Dolan	

Hipperholme Grammar School Detachment DWR

2/Lt. J. M. Nichols	Detachment Commander
2/Lt. S. P. D. Burnett	
2/Lt. R. Woodward	

Heckmondwyke Grammar School Detachment DWR

Capt. F. Fox	Detachment Commander
2/Lt. D. Morris	
SSI D. D. Ellis	

Huddersfield Detachment DWR

Capt. J. Evans	Detachment Commander
SMI D. N. Roberts	
SMI J. Brooking	and Area Bandmaster
SSI P. R. Cole	

Keighley Detachment DWR

Capt. D. L. Bennett	Detachment Commander
2/Lt. J. R. Taylor	and Area Shooting Officer
SI B. Coxall	

Mirfield Detachment DWR

Lt. T. Bonds	Detachment Commander
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Skipton Detachment DWR

Lt. S. Lancaster Detachment Commander
SMI G. Wright
SMI F. Poulton

Thongsbridge Detachment DWR

Capt. G. Whitaker Detachment Commander
SMI G. Simpson
SSI R. Battye

We are just about up to establishment in officers, but could badly do with some young instructors, especially at Mirfield, where Terry Bonds twice weekly attempts the impossible. We would welcome an enquiry from any former member of the 1st Battalion now resident in the Area.

New Appointments

The "ululation of under-officers"—the word is appropriate; they were a noisy lot—are all safely through their commissioning boards and we congratulate them all and offer a very warm welcome to 2/Lts. Brian Hartley, John Nichols, Simon Burnett, Raymond Woodward, David Morris and John Taylor.

Junior TA Platoon

The last notes to appear in THE IRON DUKE introduced this Junior Training Platoon. It is now a pleasure to congratulate two members of it, Chris Senior and Ian Croft, who have transferred to 3 Battalion Yorkshire Volunteers as Officer Cadets. Major Bill Norman, Training Major of 3 Yorks, was highly chuffed over this one, as indeed we all are. Although Frank Fox, whilst delighted for the boys, was rather disconcerted to lose two of his best Cadets in one fell swoop.

General Training

We have enjoyed weekends at Strensall, Leek and Proteous since our last notes. Coupled with very good weather in each case, much useful training has been accomplished, together with some preparatory work for the change of training pattern when we switch to the Army Proficiency Certificate (ACF) in September.

On the athletics and skill-at-arms scene, if we have not come away covered in cups and glory, we have not disgraced ourselves, having achieved success in one or two events.

Doug Bennett, Frank Fox and Steve Lancaster have worked hard with their shooting teams and put up a very respectable number of Cadets into the marksman class at the WR Shoot at Strensall.

At the Leek weekend RQMS Jack Fitton, who was "mentioned" in the last notes, gave a virtuoso performance as a drill instructor. It began on the Saturday evening as a short potted games session and developed into a drill period to the game of "O'Grady says". To witness over a 100 Cadets on the drill square being put through the drill movements of "forming" to "O'Grady Says" is an astonishing sight, but once seen never to be forgotten.

Conclusion

Annual camp is our next highlight, to be held this year from August 11-18 at Crowborough in

Suffolk. We hope to have an intensive first three days of bivvy camping, and thereafter to coast a little, that is if the puzzle palace at county will permit.

We would like to wish the 1st Battalion a quiet end to their tour of duty in N. Ireland, with a safe and uneventful journey home. Thereafter we hope we shall be able to see something of them at Aldershot. We look forward to meeting old friends and making new ones.

KOHAT

In my day every soldier wanted to say he had served on the North-West Frontier of India. One was not a real soldier unless that ambition had been achieved. My draft had arrived in Multan in January 1938 and had missed the soldiering at Nowshera and the Frontier. Naturally we came in for a lot of leg-pulling with the usual story of "Your number is not dry yet". Kohat was our chance to put the record straight.

The day before we set off "Taffy" Evans of Byker, Newcastle, who had been in March 2, 1934 Squad, came to me with a jubilant tale. He had just been bitten by a dog and on account of rabies and the number of inoculations he would require Kohat was out of the question. I did not share his joy and felt very sorry for him and his attitude. However, his joy did not last long. On our return he was full of woe. The needles and the pain had not been worth it. He regretted the whole thing and wished he had shared our adventures.

We set off early next morning on our long journey. It took about 24 hours, including stops in sidings to let other trains go by and so that we could have cooked meals. Larry James, our keen CSM, was very instructional and at every stop we young inexperienced soldiers were educated in the ways of the wily Pathan. We guarded our train and listened to the tales of the old soldiers of what had gone on before. I suppose a lot of these stories had been handed down from generation to generation and had become folklore and we would pass it down too as I am doing now.

We arrived at Kohat early on the Saturday morning and marched into the hills, where we were greeted by the Quartermaster and the advance party, who had erected tents, but we had to dig a perimeter trench and make our camp defensive against the tribesmen of Kohat district, Mahsuds, Pathans and other tribes.

The tents were known as EPIP and were about 80lb. bivouac type and each had to hold a platoon. It was so tight the only way we got in was by lying sideways and when one turned we all turned.

Ablutions were about a mile away near the nearest river and it was a problem getting back for early morning parade.

Our first exercise was a task of mountain warfare. Sax Rowlands was my Platoon Commander and we consisted of L/Cpl. Fricker, Gewitt, Geordie Gardner, Ronnie Hirst, Freddie Fox and one or two others, including myself. We set off to climb the khud to our mountain stronghold and it was so

steep and inaccessible we had to sling our rifles and go up by hand holds. We reached our position and put out our signal panels, which were two strips of cloth. Arrow head pointed to the enemy, T shape meant something else and the planes above knew our meaning. Sax said to L/Cpl. Fricker, "Here you are, 'Frick'. Put your gun here and take up position with your No. 2 gun number".

But we had no gun. Both Fricker and Hewitt the No. 2 had left the Vickers Berthier gun to each other where we had used hand holds and neither had brought it. The gun was at the foot of the khud or the tribesmen had it, according to the old soldier tales. Sax cursed Fricker and his partner and the air was electric with his curses and his anger. We would have to go all the way back and try and find the missing gun. As we went downwards Sax got worse and the two culprits knew they were facing a court martial if the weapon was not recovered. However, all was well. The gun lay in the scrub and I am sorry to say the tales did not live up to their past glory. The gun was more important and I am glad the Pathan let me down for once.

I looked across the surrounding hills and noticed here and there a little hut and I wondered how man had ever got to such forbidden places. The mountains were majestic in their splendour and I was glad I had been given the opportunity of seeing such wonders of the eastern world. It got colder as the day went on and we put on our jersey pullovers and tried to keep warm. The sun was setting and we were hungry. Soon a signal came which told us we had to descend and report back to our battalion HQ and return to camp. That was how the schemes went. Exercises, internal security and free time. It was Sunday and we were free. Willie Tindle and "Busty" Mitchell went swimming in the nearby river, whilst others found other things to do. Suddenly there was a commotion and men could be seen talking in groups. Willie Tindle had had an accident. He had broken his neck, so someone said. Apparently Denis Mitchell had dived into the river and come to no harm. Willie had dived too near the bank and had hurt himself. He was taken to Kohat Cantonment Military Hospital and we waited and prayed. He was our comrade and we loved him better than our own families, whom we had not seen for over six years. Word came next morning that Willie of Askern, near Doncaster, had died. We of his platoon had to go to the cantonment and bury him; Sgt. Quirk, our Platoon Sergeant, Sax and all the rest. We were conveyed in a 3-ton truck and we were dressed in service dress with belt, bayonet and rifle. No bedding or washing kit because we were due back that night. That day the heavens opened and the grave was a foot deep in water. Our bugler was so cold he could hardly blow the bugle calls and we lowered Willie with the wavy hair to his last resting place. But we had forgotten to take off his belt and bayonet, so the coffin had to be brought up again. Then we lowered him again only to find we had not taken the Union Jack off his coffin. It was a parody of a ceremony, but I feel we were to be excused under the circumstances— pelting rain and heavy Army greatcoats and cold that numbed our innermost feelings. And we were miserable and sad. I thought of the German song,



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"I Had a Comrade". I had and now he was dead.

We stayed the night in an empty schoolroom belonging to the Royal Corps of Signals, who were the regiment in possession of the barracks. We compared their lot with ours. They had a chest of drawers and an easy chair and bookcase to each bed, but we had barely bed space in our barracks in Multan. PBI was right, but our envy may have been due to our condition. The Signals were forever under siege, so theirs was no picnic living.

The Battalion had been washed out of their camp in the hills and joined us in Lockhart Barracks. We were all given charpoys to sleep on in airy barrack rooms, but there were no lights in the buildings. Evenings were not wasted. Sax, our regimental schoolmaster in Malta, ran a serious discussion on current affairs and we had a debating society conducted from our beds. We lay in the dark and Sax, who always presided, would start the debate and he called for speakers in defence of the motion and speakers against. It was fun and games, but better men have not spoken so earnestly as we spoke our views and we were occupied. It was better than lying there wasting valuable time.

On one exercise we lay in a camp and it poured all night. Sgt. Quirk, the Orderly Sergeant, came around next morning calling the roll. One silly man, L/Cpl. "Pumpkin" Hargreaves, had lain out all night in the rain.

Sgt. Quirk: "My God, what have we here?"

Hargreaves: "It's only me, Sarge. I'm not wet".

"No", says Sgt. Quirk. "Only from the neck upwards".

One night in our tent and the usual rain I thought to myself I would not like to be caught short in that, and suddenly the man next to me, "Buck" Taylor—Shadrack, whose Bible-reading father had called all of his children after Bible characters—jumped up and sped for the toilets, which were outside the perimeter. I could hear the bolts click as the soldiers of the Frontier Force Rifles (Wildes) saw his running form. I heard a word of command in Pushtu or Urdu, but "Buck" had more urgent business. When he came back I buried my head in my blankets and laughed until I thought I would explode with the funny side of it. I was glad it wasn't me.

And so Kohat, like all Army exercises, passed and we set off for the railway station and back to Multan. We had learnt a lot. We had had fun and games and we had lost a comrade.

Kipling had written about Denny Deever and said:

"His cot was right-hand cot to mine",

Said Files on parade.

"He's sleeping out alone tonight",

The Colour-Sergeant said.

His cot was right-hand cot to mine and someone had written Willie Tindle's oft-repeated question: "Is my hair straight?"

But Willie lay in Kohat and we had another war to fight.

Obituary

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

Lady Christison

At Melrose, Roxburghshire, wife of General Sir Philip Christison, fourth baronet, who held major commands in the Far East during the 1939-45 war, whom she married in 1916. She was Betty, daughter of the late Rt. Rev. A. Mitchell, Bishop of Aberdeen and Orkney.

From the moment her husband took command of the 2nd Battalion in Nowshera, Lady Christison thoroughly identified herself with the life of the Regiment. This interest never ceased and she was proud that her son, killed tragically in Burma, was an officer in the Regiment. She was a keen rugby fan, taking a great interest in our Army Cup matches. Our sincere sympathy to General Sir Philip Christison in his loss.

Capt. E. Molyneux

Capt. Edward Molyneux, the famous couturier, died in March this year. Lt.-Col. A. E. H. Sayers writes:

"At the outbreak of World War I 'Mollie', as he was known to Bill Rogers, 'Tuppence' Harvey, myself and his many friends, was commissioned

in the Duke's and posted to the 11th Battalion, then forming at Halifax. At the time of his joining the late Major C. W. G. Ince ('Inky') was Adjutant. Eventually he joined the 9th Battalion and fought with them in France.

"It is interesting to recall a remark made by a brother officer in those early days, 'I can't imagine 'Mollie' as a fighting man; he is too gentle'. But as stated in *The Times*, 'Mollie' in fact 'served with great distinction in the Duke's, gaining the MC, being twice mentioned in despatches, besides being wounded three times with the ultimate loss of the sight of the right eye'.

"He was man of great charm and personality and was loved by everyone.

"His brother officers used to chaff him at that time about his little habit of sketching lovely models on the Company blotting pad, licking them up in OHMS envelopes and dropping them in the post box. Little did we know that in collaboration with 'Lucille' our 'Mollie' had solved every subaltern's problem—how to augment a Second Lieutenant's pay of seven shillings and sixpence a day. Still less did we guess that these elegant doodles were the forerunners of worldwide fame.

"But let us—the Duke's—remember Edward Molyneux, not just as a famous fashion designer, but as a Duke who upheld our great traditions".

Cpl. M. J. Ryan

On Sunday, March 17, 1974, in Londonderry, while on patrol in the Brandywell district, Cpl. Michael Joseph Ryan, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Ryan, of West Park, Leeds. Before joining the Army Cpl. Ryan had been an assistant manager in Marks and Spencers. He was enlisted in 1969 in Huddersfield by CSM Bill Norman and joined the 1st Battalion in 1970 in Hong Kong. He was unmarried.

RQMS Walter Richard Smith, MBE

A whole generation of Territorial soldiers of the Mossley, Stalybridge and Ashton district will remember with affection their old CSM of the 1920s and 1930s, Walter Smith, and will mourn his death, which occurred on April 15, 1974, at the age of 79.

Walter, then under age, joined "F" Company of the 7th West Riding Regiment in 1910, and when the 8 Company organisation was changed to 4 Company and the two Mossley companies were amalgamated he became a member of "C" Company. He went out to France as a sergeant in April 1915 and served in "C" Company with no worse mishaps than a dose of gas in December 1915 until, by then CSM, he was early in 1918 selected for a commission and sent for training to an OCTU at Catterick. His training and the war ended simultaneously and he was commissioned for one day before being demobilised.

When the TA was re-formed in 1920 he returned to his old position as CSM of "C" Company. He was most successful in this peace-time soldiering and during the next 18 years or so the Company flourished and the strength of the Mossley detachment increased until eventually it provided two companies and a considerable proportion of Battalion HQ. In 1936 he was promoted to RQMS and with that rank once again went abroad with the 1/7th DWR, this time to Iceland, in April 1940.

He returned with the Battalion from Iceland in 1942, but continued to serve with the Regiment until demobilisation.

Once again he joined to help with the creation of the new TA battalion, this time as RQMS, and served till his retirement in 1949. In 1951 he was

awarded a MBE in recognition of his valuable service extending over a period of 39 years.

Mossley, during the period between the wars, was one of the most economically depressed little towns in all England. Walter was not fortunate even by Mossley standards. He never during this time had more than a makeshift job—never a job in any way commensurate with his abilities. After the second war he was employed by the paper works at Greenfield—where nearly all our cigarette paper is made—in charge of the outdoor maintenance staff. He had for the first time in his life a civilian job that he enjoyed, in which he showed all the good humour and skill in dealing with men that had been so outstanding in his military service.

In 1959 he suffered a heart attack which greatly slowed down his activities. He worked on till the following year, but then retired at 65. He regretfully left Mossley, where every step is necessarily either uphill or downhill, and went to live in Dukinfield on a level road, where with his wife and daughter he lived contentedly a very quiet life and no doubt thereby prolonged his years.

An admirable man and an outstanding Territorial soldier. G.B.H.

CQMS James Rowan

We hear, without any details, that Jimmy Rowan, who was for a long period CQMS to Walter Smith's CSM, has died recently in the south of England, whither he had gone from Mossley many years ago.

Sgt. R. Mitchell

The death occurred on July 4 of Mr. R. Mitchell who served with the Regiment for 29 years including boy's service. He joined in 1928 at the age of 17 years and came on to man's service on March 1, 1930. He served in India and held the Indian General Service medal and clasp NW Frontier 1935. During the war he fought with the BEF and later with General Wingate's Chindit forces. He held the LS and GC medal and left the Regiment in July 1957.

Since then he had a very full career with the postal service. He leaves a widow, one son and a daughter.

ARMY INSURANCE SCHEME HAS 9,000 MEMBERS

More than 9,000 soldiers from units worldwide have joined ADAT—the Army Dependants Assurance Trust—since it was launched last September, and the dependants of six who have since died or been killed will receive a total of over £147,000.

One dependant, the father of a Gunner shot in N. Ireland, will get £64,000.

The best response to the scheme has come from the Royal Highland Fusiliers, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and the Scottish Infantry Depot at Glencorse. Each has over 200 members.

Close behind, with more than 100 members each, are The Queen's Own Hussars, 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, 1st Battalion Royal Irish Rangers,

12th Light Air Defence Regiment Royal Artillery, 94th Locating Regiment Royal Artillery, 32nd Engineer Regiment and 9th Signal Regiment.

Two members are Sappers well known for living dangerously. Major Neil Carlier, a skipper of *British Soldier*, the Army entry in the Round the World Yacht Race, joined before sailing. Major John Blashford-Snell, leader of the Trans-Atlantic Expedition of 1972, who is shortly to lead the Zaire River Expedition, has also signed up.

A 30p weekly premium, on which tax relief can be claimed, buys a unit which assures £10 a week to a dependant from the time of a soldier's death from any cause until he or she would have reached age 55. A premium of 50p weekly continues the income for a further five years. Anyone engaged to be married to an ADAT member is a dependant.

THE REGIMENTAL PLATE

Mrs. Armitage writes: I have noticed that the lion's tail in the 1st Battalion circle on the plate is similar to the branches of a tree and is quite different from other 1st Battalion crests with which I have compared it. Is this just poetic (or possibly heraldic) licence, or could it be by any chance an error?

To which Major G. C. Tedd replies:

You asked me to reply to Mrs. Armitage's letter in which she comments on and queries the correctness of the tail of the demi-lion in the badge of the 33rd as depicted in our Spode plate. In order to simplify matters, may we describe the tail as shown on the Spode plate as "feathered" and the tail with a plain stem as "plain"? The "feathered" variety usually has bunches of hair sprouting out along the length of the stem of the tail, with the tuft spread out. The "plain" variety usually has a perfectly plain smooth stem with a compact tuft at the end rather like a paint brush.

Heraldry is both an art and a science. It is a science in that there are fairly precise rules as to what figures or designs may be used, how they may be depicted, and how they may be displayed in relation to others—the science of heraldry therefore consists very largely of their selection and arrangement, in heraldic terms "marshalling". It is an art in that when marshalling is completed the coat of arms has to be painted or drawn—emblazoned. As in all art forms, an artist must have some flexibility in order to exercise his art and talent. Thus, within the rules of the science, there is some flexibility in artistic presentation. This is particularly applicable to heraldic beasts, whether they are used as a charge on the shield itself, or as supporters, or as in a crest.

Apart from the rules of the science described above, the governing factors for an artist in producing his design are those of space, balance, good taste, and being pleasing to the eye. So, in the case of a tail, of any beast, unless it is specifically "marshalled" or described in some way—such as forked, bifurcated, knotted, entwined, feathered, plain, or whatever—it is perfectly acceptable heraldically for an artist to depict the tail of a beast as he thinks best for that particular design. However, a glance through any of the heraldry authorities (Fox-Davies, Boutell, Scott-Giles, etc.) will show that artistic choice is overwhelmingly for the "feathered" tail.

In the case of the demi-lion in our 33rd badge the tail is not precisely described or "marshalled". Heraldically therefore it would be perfectly acceptable for the tail to be "feathered" or "plain". Research throughout our regimental literature suggests that it has now become established practice for the tail to be "feathered". I do not know to which other 1st Battalion badges Mrs. Armitage refers with which she has compared the badge on the plate. I have some 40 or 50 various items in my possession—letterheads, menu cards, invitations, programmes, Christmas cards and the like—nearly all of which have a "feathered" tail. And I venture to suggest that in the overwhelming

majority of instances, following the dictates of the artistic factors of space, balance, good taste and being visually pleasing, it should be so.

I would be less than honest if I did not mention two current exceptions which prove the rule. First, the 33rd badge on the notepaper of the 1st Battalion has a "plain" tail. Because of the badge's design and its small size any other pattern would be inappropriate. Second, our own cap badge (the metal cap badge we wear in our caps) has a "plain" tail. The design and the construction of the metal is such that a "plain" tail is exactly right.

Finally, I have long regretted that the two badges printed on the first page of THE IRON DUKE are not more artistically pleasing and balanced. The tail of the demi-lion must invite censure in any circumstance. Not for its shape, nor that it is "plain", but that it is such a thin spindly thing which bears no resemblance to what should be seen as a sturdy part of a noble beast.

Personalia

BIRTHS

- To Cpl. and Mrs. J. Ruding, a daughter, Rachel Clare, born on February 14, 1974.
- To L/Cpl. and Mrs. Willetts, a son, Martin Frederick, born on February 15, 1974.
- To Cpl. and Mrs. Gowing, a son, Lee Christian, born on February 24, 1974.
- To Cpl. and Mrs. Dack, twins, daughters Fiona and Michelle, born on February 20, 1974.
- To L/Cpl. and Mrs. Grinsdale, a daughter, Paula Anne Elizabeth, born on March 8, 1974.
- To L/Cpl. and Mrs. Uttley, a daughter, Denise, born on March 8, 1974.
- To Pte. and Mrs. Metcalfe, a daughter, Geraldine Faye, born on March 17, 1974.
- To Cpl. and Mrs. Nicol, a daughter, Donna Suzanne, born on March 27, 1974.
- To Pte. and Mrs. Farrell, a son, David Keith, born on March 21, 1974.
- To L/Cpl. and Mrs. Bedford, a son, Keith Richard, born on April 9, 1974.
- To Pte. and Mrs. Armitage, a son, Mark Simon, born on April 6, 1974.
- To Bdsm. and Mrs. Fawcett, a son, David, born on March 27, 1974.
- To L/Cpl. and Mrs. Tyler, a daughter, Jane, born on March 21, 1974.
- To L/Cpl. and Mrs. Sutton, a daughter, Leander, born on March 4, 1974.
- To Cpl. and Mrs. Wilkinson, a son, Mark Anthony, born on March 29, 1974.
- To Pte. and Mrs. Beanland, a son, Jason Lee, born on March 30, 1974.
- To Pte. and Mrs. Lindsay, twins, daughters Susan and Marie, born on May 6, 1974.

To Pte. and Mrs. Woods, a daughter, Claire, born on April 12, 1974.

To Pte. and Mrs. Jenkinson, a daughter, Polly Jayne, born on May 9, 1974.

ENGAGEMENTS

Best—Denlegh—Maxwell

The engagement is announced between Keith Best, 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Best, of 47a High Street, Haslemere, and Elizabeth Camille, daughter of the Rev. N. M. and Mrs. Denlegh-Maxwell, of 14 St. George's Square, Worcester.

Bray—Johnson

The engagement is announced between Martin Peter Campbell, son of General Sir Robert and Lady Bray, of the Farmhouse, Sherrington, Wiltshire, and Judith Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Johnson, of Deepdale Avenue, Scarborough, Yorkshire, late of Chittagong, Bangladesh.

MARRIAGES

Hughes—Waller

The blessing of the marriage of Mr. Timothy Hughes, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hughes, of Helperby, Yorks, to Lindsay Gail Waller, daughter of Col. and Mrs. W. A. Waller of 8 St. George's Place, The Mount, York, was solemnised at the Church of St. Edward the Confessor, York, by the Rev. John Molyneux on April 20, 1974.

The marriage of Pte. Lindsay to Miss Sheila Green took place at Leeds Register Office on December 24, 1973.

The marriage of Pte. Walker to Miss Kathleen Hastings took place at Ballykelly Garrison Church on February 16, 1974.

The marriage of Cpl. Noble to Miss Ruth Glover took place at St. Michael's and All Angels Church, Ballykelly, on December 29, 1973.

The marriage of Pte. Varley to Miss Barbara Ann Hood took place at Halifax Register Office on February 11, 1974.

The marriage of Pte. Robinson to Miss Sarah Abraham took place at Skipton Register Office on February 22, 1974.

The marriage of L/Cpl. Shaw to Miss Gillian Wood took place at Calder Register Office, Halifax, on February 2, 1974.

The marriage of Pte. Hunt to Miss Mary Simpson took place at Limavady Register Office on February 2, 1974.

The marriage of Pte. Houfe to Miss Maude Walker took place at Ballykelly Garrison Church on March 6, 1974.

The marriage of Pte. Hannan to Miss Glynis Hubbard took place at the Parish Church, Skelton-in-Cleveland, on March 2, 1974.

The marriage of Pte. Clarkson to Miss Barbara Anne Taylor took place at Todmorden Unitarian Church on March 9, 1974.

The marriage of Pte. Hughes to Miss Annette Fleming took place at Burnley Register Office on March 2, 1974.

The marriage of Pte. Gibson to Miss Belinda McLean took place at Christ Church, Limavady, on March 25, 1974.

The marriage of Pte. Raine to Miss Carole French took place at Bramley Register Office on April 6, 1974.

The marriage of Cpl. Hayes to Miss Hazel Elizabeth Dorrans took place at Ballyrashane Church, Coleraine, on April 27, 1974.

The marriage of Pte. Green to Margaret Duff took place at Clooney Hall, Waterside, Londonderry, on April 29, 1974.

The marriage of Pte. Hardy to Miss Olive Minny Elizabeth Glendunning took place at St. Swithen's Church, Sheffield, on April 27, 1974.

The marriage of Pte. White to Mrs. Bridget Patricia Lambert took place at the United Reform Church, Bradford, on March 30, 1974.

The marriage of L/Cpl. Bragg, ACC, to Miss Margaret Elizabeth Moore took place at Ebrington Presbyterian Church, Waterside, Londonderry, on January 26, 1974.

The marriage of Pte. Peters, RAMC, to Josephine McGuire took place at St. Finlock's Church, Ballykelly, on May 23, 1974.

The marriage of S/Sgt. Rose, REME, to Miss Carolyn Bennett took place at St. Mary The Virgin Church, Aldingbourne, Sussex, on March 30, 1974.

Promotions and Appointments

Congratulations to Lt.-Col. J. E. Pell on his appointment as Commanding Officer 1st Battalion The Ulster Defence Regiment in March 1975.

Congratulations to the following on their promotion to that rank with effect from June 30, 1974: Major C. N. St. P. Bunbury, at present with HQ 8 Inf Bde.

Major E. J. W. Walker, at present with HQ N. Ireland.

Congratulations to Major K. M. McDonald, TD, MA, on his appointment as Justice of the Peace for Calderdale.

Major P. R. Tattersall has taken over Area Commander Huddersfield Area ACF, DWR. Major John Howarth is to be congratulated on his well-deserved promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel. He is now on the county staff as Citizen Training officer.

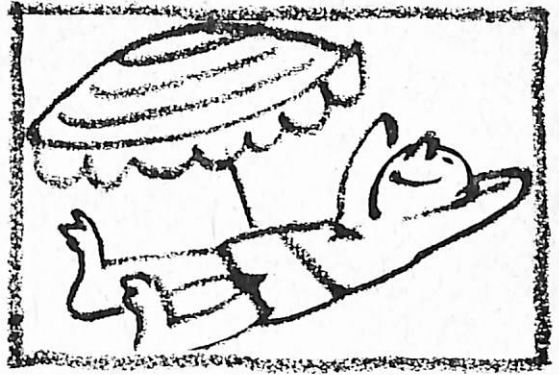
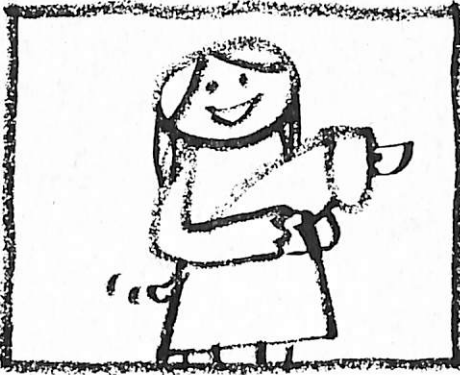
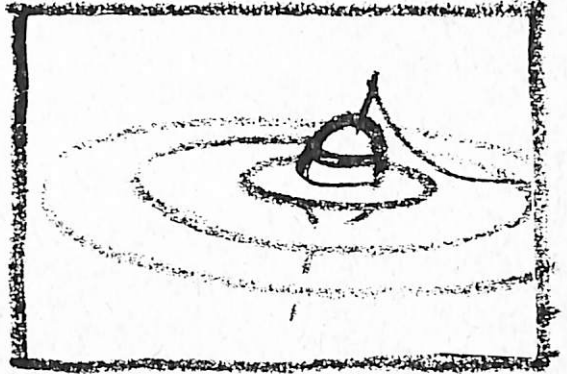
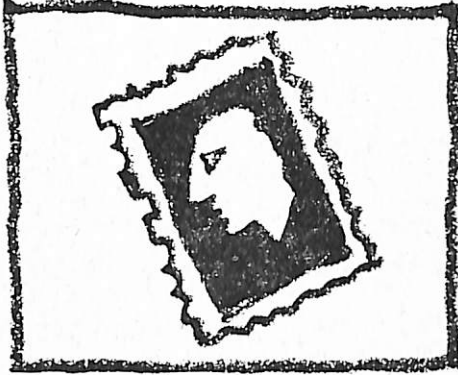
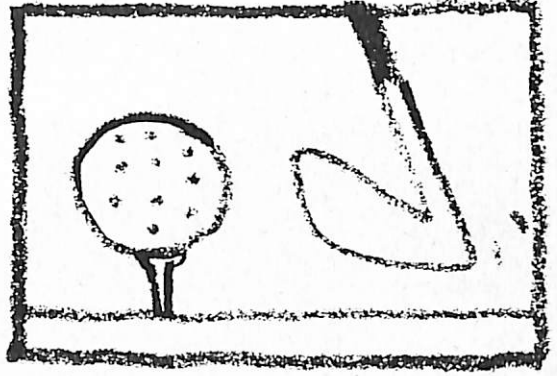
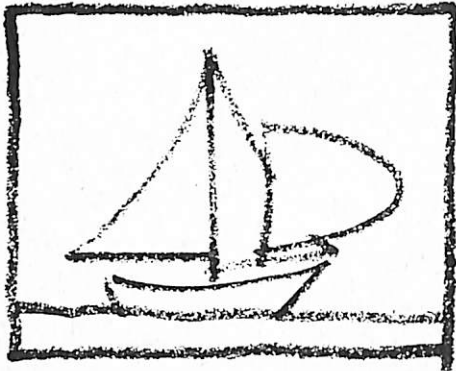
We hear that the Rev. David Strangeways is now Chaplain to the British Embassy in Stockholm.

Changes of Address

Major M. R. N. Bray, to 11 Edrige Close, Bushey, Herts.

Major J. D. P. Cowell, to 6 Queens Court, Brunton Park, Gosforth, Newcastle upon Tyne.

Major L. F. H. Kershaw, DSO, to 1 Appletree Cottage, Garden Close, Givons Grove, Leatherhead, Surrey KT22 8LT.



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Gibraltar

I enclose a photograph which may interest and, I fear, sadden those who remember the Officers Mess, Arengo's Palace, in 1953-55. The Old Royal Sussex (now 3 Queen's) are serving here again, and the 2IC is Paul Courtenay, whom some will remember flying us around in Austers in Kenya in 1961. He, Keith Kirkby and I, with wives and families, conducted a nostalgic visit to Arengo's Palace the other day. A gigantic block of flats has been built right across the front, obscuring the sea entirely, and Paul stood on top to make this composite picture. You can see the windows of the Barons Suite, one shutter still hanging! But you cannot see the peacocks and the fountains or the marble balustrade of the Inigo Jones style entrance steps. "Bugsy" Milligan's little flat in the old chapel is all falling down. The vandals have done their work well.

The interior is just as depressingly delapidated. As one walked round one could not help hearing echoes of days and nights which are past. There was a little duet sung, in the lavatory for some reason, by the Commanders-in-Chief of the Home and Mediterranean Fleets (quite unrepeatable here); dining out Ramsay Bunbury after his epic tour of command in Korea, when, in his speech, he addressed each officer in turn round the table and said something appropriate, and warm, about each; Bob Moran's "Officers Days" with General Sir Gordon MacMillan, the Governor, present; the mock bullfights staged after dinner by Douglas Jones-Stamp and Bill Blakey; Barry Kavanagh and Mike Campbell Lamerton cockfighting (not to mention Major-General John Robertson!); and the dances held to raise funds for the Hindoostan Sailing Club, with Peter Pope, the DAA & QMG, in fancy dress.

One of the tragic features of any ending of colonial rule is that the cry goes up "Give us back our land". In Gibraltar this is particularly inappropriate. When Admiral Rooke captured the Rock from the Spanish in 1704 everyone left except one priest and about 30 people, and so this is the one colonial outpost which has not imposed itself on an indigenous population. The population has, in fact, grown up around the outpost. It is money the Gibraltar Government needs more than land. The fate of Arengo's Palace is the tragic "spin off" of the "give us back our land" syndrome. Other buildings and historic houses in the town have or will soon go the same way. Engineer House is in a worse state than Arengo's Palace. In Cornwall's Parade the old Command Education Centre (previously an Officers Mess and perhaps the Mess used by the 1st Battalion in the early twenties?) is in a very dilapidated state and will probably be pulled down. North and South Pavilions in front of South Barracks (early eighteenth century), the oldest occupied British Army barracks, are magnificent (John Betjeman has spoken up for them), but they are in need of urgent maintenance, which the local government cannot afford, and so these, too, will fall down. After that there are few re-



Arengo's Palace Gibraltar

maining buildings of importance. The sad thing is that there is no money and so expediency is the only force.

In Malta, it seems, they manage things better. The UK Government has given Malta a million pounds for the restoration of historic fortifications. Other ancient and important buildings have been put to use, e.g. the Royal Malta Yacht Club has been given magnificent old premises which it preserves carefully, so I am told.

A. D. FIRTH

"Scarlet and Blue"

Mr. E. J. Springett, of 10 Mitford-Slade Court, Mendip Road, Yatton (Bristol), Avon, sends us the early chapters of his reminiscences, which make very interesting reading. Mr. Springett was born in London and went to St. Mary Abbots School, Kensington. He became an accountant and was very interested in all sports and fishing. He joined the Volunteers (Royal Garrison Artillery). On the formation of the Territorial Army, his unit was converted to become part of a Field Brigade RA. His account of riding school and camps is fascinating. Shortly before the war he enlisted in the Duke's and did his early recruit training at the old Depot in Halifax. His account of a recruit's life in the old days makes a great contrast to the life of a present-day recruit at Strensall! He was posted to the 2nd Battalion in Dublin and some of his observations would be of interest to members of the 1st Battalion today. We hope to publish a full review of his book when published.



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Regimental Association

St. Leger—September 14, 1974

Our annual "flutter" with books of tickets now in circulation:

Tickets 5p each, books of 10—50p. Prizes: 1st £100, 2nd £50, 3rd £25, 4th £10. Proceeds to regimental funds.

If you have not been sent any tickets to sell and you either wish to purchase or sell, please contact RHQ, Wellesley Park, Halifax.

Reunion and AGM 1974

Halifax (Wellington Hall), Prescott Street. Saturday, September 28, 1974. Tickets £1.75. Application to RHQ, Wellesley Park, Halifax, or any branch secretary.

London and Home Counties

The 1975 meeting and dinner will be held in the Victory Club, Seymour Street, Marble Arch, London, on Saturday, May 10, 1975. Further details from the secretary, Mr. K. A. Waterman, 21 Vivian Court, 128-134 Maida Vale, London W9.

Regimental Ties

A new stock of crimplene/terylene Regimental ties have now been received. Price 87½p. From RHQ Halifax.

Halifax Branch

Once again it is my pleasure to greet all readers with the news that we at Halifax have had another splendid year despite the "cut and thrust" of our politicians—"cut" the working week, "thrust" up the prices. Just one sad note we do not seem able to get any "young blood" to join our members and yet I can assure any of those shortly leaving the Duke's that they will be made very welcome at our branch meetings cum socials every first Saturday of each month in the Sergeants Mess, Wellington Hall, Prescott Street, Halifax. I repeat, we have had a good year, socially and financially, and our thanks go out to our Bradford, Huddersfield and Mossley branches for their kind invitation and resultant splendid evenings. Also to the PMC and members of the Sergeants Mess, Strensall, for the exceptionally wonderful day and evening they gave us. We hope to repeat the dose a little later this year. Our grateful thanks also to all staff at Regimental HQ for their assistance, advice and help in making our branch a successful one.

It seems no time at all since I was writing of our 1973 London trip and the annual reunion dinner of the London and Home Counties Branch and yet "we've bin and dun it agin". This year a party of 42 made the trip from the Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield and Mossley branches, leaving Halifax at 2 p.m. and arriving at the Victory Club, London, a few minutes after 7 p.m. As is usual, our party spent Friday evening in their various ways, shows, teas and a drink or two. Saturday night was the reunion dinner and was again held in the Davies Street "Green Jackets" Drill Hall, where we were greeted by Bob Temple and his co-partner, David Benson. It is sad to relate that

after so many years both Bob and Dave, through that inexorable fiend *anno Domini*, have had to terminate their organising and running of the dinner. Our thanks to them and many, many more reunion dinners for them as diners and participants. To their successors, the Ballard brothers we wish a most successful "tour of duty". It was good to see again that our Colonel, General Sir Robert Bray, was able to be with us and in such fine form. One other I must mention whom everyone was pleased to see, Col. "Jack" Dalrymple—"lead with your left, not your chin, boy". The toast to the Regiment was given by Bert Copley of the Bradford Branch; his theme in a single phrase, "Back home", and was admirably presented. The General replied in his own inimitable manner and brought us all up to date with the doings of the 1st Battalion in N. Ireland. Afterwards, of course, hair was let down and a grand couple of hours ensued and ended all too soon.

Sunday morning was notable in the fact that, apart from just visiting Royal Hospital, Chelsea, 16 male members of our party paraded along with the in-pensioners of the Hospital and were inspected by the Adjutant of the hospital, Lt.-Col. F. W. M. Mackay, DSO, MC. This was the result of an expressed invitation to do so, during our 1973 visit, by the Captain of Invalids and the Adjutant. During the service which followed the Collect for The Duke of Wellington's Regiment was read. The morning ended with our party mixing with all able-bodied in-pensioners in their messes and seeing to it that they too had something to remember. (*Bill Mackay will be remembered by many as our superb battery commander who supported the 1st Battalion so well in Korea—Ed.*)

Far too soon it was 3 p.m. and again we had to take our farewell of the Victory Club and London, but we will be back. We stopped for 50 minutes, prior to reaching Huddersfield, for a drink, before, of a necessity, our party had to wend their separate ways. Finally, I wish to thank everyone for their co-operation in making this a most successful trip.

Bradford Branch

Hardly had we settled on our return from the London branch dinner before the coach arrived to take members of the branch to dinner at the "Bay Horse", Green Hammerton. An excellent meal was enjoyed by all before the merriment commenced, finally leaving about midnight, arriving home in the early hours of Sunday morning.

We have entered a team in Golcar Cricket Club's six-a-side competition. I only hope we can stay the distance.

On Sunday, the 16th, our annual trip will be under way. Fleetwood, the place decided upon; already a full coach of members. We hope to pick Sid and Mrs. Code up as we near Fleetwood. A letter is already on its way to Sid.

The annual social evening was on the last committee meeting agenda; the date is provisionally fixed for November 16. Of course, a lot of writing, planning, calling on different people has to be done

before a definite date can be fixed, but I am sure it will all turn out right on the day, the ladies having been warned that more refreshments will be required this time.

Mates

We have recently had correspondence with the following and their names and addresses are published. Perchance their names ring a bell and bring back a memory.

Maurice Lumb (4606796), 2nd Battalion, 1923 on, 85 Milldane, Orchard Park Estate, Hull, Yorks.

S. J. Morley, same era, 49 Columbia Road, Grimsby, Lincs.

L. Sanderson, 1/7th Battalion, Brancepeth, Normandy; 18 Marshall Crescent, Morley, Leeds.

George Woodward (4617783), 40 Petersham Road, Richmond, Surrey.

H. Halligan, 13 Wheatroyd Crescent, Healey Road, Ossett, Yorks.

J. Springett, 10 Mitford Slade Court, Mendip Road, Yatton (Bristol), Avon.

Whilst in London for the London and Home Counties Branch dinner we visited Bob Eaves,

late Huddersfield Branch, who was in St. George's Hospital. We send our best wishes to him and hope that he is now fully recovered.

London Dinner

An appreciation written by Bob Temple and Dave Benson on their retirement as secretary and treasurer of the London and Home Counties Branch.

Dave Benson and I wish to record our appreciation of the encouragement received during the years we organised the London dinner.

Firstly, to our president, Major Savory, for his help and guidance over the years.

General Sir Robert Bray, who, in spite of his many commitments, was ever present.

The secretaries of the branches in Yorkshire for the contingents that attended every year.

Jackie and Mrs. Horne for producing a good prize for the raffle.

Fred and Mrs. Stringer and other ladies for running the raffle.

Although we have handed over our offices, we hope to attend the dinner both in London and Yorkshire for many years to come.

The West Riding A.C.F. (Huddersfield Area)

Cadet Corps in nebulous form existed in the days of Elizabeth I, and were active again during the Crimean War. However, it was not until the Spring of 1859 that the history of the Army Cadet Force began, when the government, disturbed by political unrest and threat of invasion from Europe, called for the formation of the Volunteer Corps.

A number of volunteer battalions unofficially raised their own Cadet companies. These were later recognised by the War Office, and by 1863 every volunteer battalion was authorised to form a Cadet Corps of its own. The cadets wore the uniform of the parent unit, by whom they were also administered.

It is with considerable pride that the Huddersfield Area Army Cadet Force lay claim to being the most senior Area in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and for that matter, with one exception, in the whole of the country.

The actual beginning was the formation, in 1794, of a Corps of Infantry with the official title, "The Huddersfield Corps of Fusilier Volunteers". From this, in 1862, sprang the beginnings of an Army Cadet Force in the West Riding.

The movement was taken up with great enthusiasm and 30 Cadets dressed in red jackets and grey trousers, under the command of C/Sgt. Thomas Marshall Tolson, accompanied the Huddersfield Volunteer Battalion to a review at Doncaster in August 1862. A further review took place at Springwood Park, Huddersfield, on December 6, 1862, and Cadets on parade under C/Sgt. Tolson numbered 65.

Uniforms were not a free issue in those days, and money to provide them had to be found from private sources. In March 1864, a concert was held

to raise funds for the purpose of providing uniforms for the fife and drum band of the Cadet Corps.

On June 20, 1864, 7,800 members of the Volunteer Force were reviewed at Doncaster in the presence of Earl Fitzwilliam, who wore the uniform of Lord Lieutenant, and his son, Lord Milton. An immense crowd of spectators watched this parade, and 86 Huddersfield Cadets took part.

In its early days the Cadet Corps was chiefly intended to produce recruits for the Volunteer Battalions, but in the 1880s it was decided to use the Corps also as a youth movement, whereby boys would be rescued from the evils associated with poor social and working conditions. Consequently, a number of independent Cadet battalions were formed throughout the country which were self-administered, and combined social rescue work with military training. In 1910, the Cadet movement locally moved into St. Paul's Street Drill Hall, where it has remained to this day.

The conversion of the Volunteer Force into the Territorial Force in 1908 by Lord Haldane affected the Cadet Corps. By 1910, public schools and universities were asked to furnish an Officers' Training Corps (OTC), whilst the remainder of the Cadet Corps units comprised "Closed" units for secondary schools and "Open" units for working boys. The term "Cadet Force" came into being, and the Force was administered by the newly-formed Territorial Force Associations.

The movement expanded steadily until 1923, when the War Office ceased to administer the Cadet Force. This caused the strength of the Force to drop quickly, but a greater blow was struck in 1930, when official recognition and all financial support were withdrawn. A voluntary body, The

British National Cadet Association, was then formed to run the Cadet Force. Only the devotion of a few enthusiasts kept the movement in being, and in the West Riding it survived mainly in the public schools and universities. However, in 1932, recognition was restored, and by 1936 services and grants were again provided by the War Office.

The outbreak of World War II in 1939 stimulated the Cadet movement, but it was not until January 1942, that the expansion of the Army Cadet Force took place. The British National Cadet Association (now the Army Cadet Force Association) remained responsible until that time, when the War Office, after a complete investigation, took over the organisation, equipment and accommodation of the Army Cadet Force. Increased cash grants were paid, and, for the time first, a free issue of uniform was authorised. In the West Riding the expansion reached great heights, and many new units were formed. They performed commendable work in support of the Home Guard, and helped in many other ways when called upon to do so. In spite of war-time conditions, the county held annual and weekend training camps, with a full programme of attractive events, including field days, day and night manoeuvres, mock battles, sports and concerts. This enthusiasm is, without doubt, reflected in the high standard of training camps held by the county at the present day.

In post-war years there have been important changes for the better in the Army Cadet Force. It is now accepted as part of the youth service of the country, and enjoys the active interest of HRH The Duke of Edinburgh, its Colonel-in-Chief. It has a closer association with the Territorial and Volunteer Reserve, since each Cadet unit is affiliated to a parent TAVR unit and wears the titles and cap badge of that unit. A number of valuable recommendations made in the White Paper of 1957, known as the Amery Report, and others made since, are being applied in the West Riding.

Our Area recruitment now stretches from Holmfirth to Skipton; we have units at Thongbridge, Huddersfield, Mirfield, at Heckmondwike Grammar School, Halifax, Keighley, and at Skipton. At the time of writing we muster some 250 cadets, and numbers are increasing. To instruct these cadets, there are 10 officers and 16 warrant officer and sergeant instructors.

Huddersfield Area also has its own Corps of Drums, parading in scarlet tunics and blue trousers. The home of this Corps is Huddersfield, and it is trained by SMI J. Brooking.

The Standard has as its centrepiece the badges of the 33rd and the 76th Regiments of Foot. These regiments were the origin of the 1st and 2nd Battalions, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, whose badge we wear and whose military customs

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we follow. In the top fly corner of the Standard is the badge of the Army Cadet Force, a Lion Cub surmounted by a Crown. The wording of the Standard is our full title, thus:

HUDDERSFIELD AREA ARMY CADET FORCE
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT

LT.-COL. J. HOWARTH, DWR (ACF)

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

By LT.-COL. F. P. A. WOODS

The 2nd Battalion was stationed at Collinstown Camp, near Dublin, in 1920 until the signing of the truce in 1922.

Intelligence had learned that Sinn Fein wounded were being harboured and given medical attention at the lunatic asylum located at Lusk, a distance of about 15 miles from Collinstown Camp. The Battalion was ordered to surround the asylum at first light and make a thorough search. My company was ordered to take up a position on the southern perimeter, which we duly did. I was a platoon commander at the time and took up my allotted position.

Some time later I observed an old man sweeping up leaves and making a general tidy up. When he saw me he beckoned me over to him. He drew me aside behind some shrubbery in a most secretive manner and said, "I have a message for you". I thought that it might be a message from the CO or Adjutant and asked him what it was. After some hesitation he said, "It's from Jesus Christ". It then dawned on me that he was one of the inmates of the asylum. I did feel silly.

The CO at the time was Lt.-Col. Bray, the father of General Bobby Bray.

40 Petersham Road,
Richmond,
Surrey TW10 6UW.
May 30, 1974

Dear Sir,

I served with the 1st Battalion from 1939 until I was wounded on Long Stop Hill in Tunisia and I would like to hear from any of my comrades of that era, particularly those of "D" Company, to which I was attached from the Medical Section. The company was commanded by Major Faulks.

I am at present employed by the Royal British Legion poppy factory in the planning department at their factory in Richmond. The work is very interesting and as I am 100% disabled (not so you would notice) it keeps me from thinking too much of myself as there are a lot more people worse off than I am.

I have joined the OCA and contacted Mr. Wood at Halifax and I must say that he has been most helpful.

If you can help me in my request I will be most grateful.

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE WOODWARD,

4617783, Ex.

Virtutis Fortuna Comes

Yatton.

May 9, 1974.

Dear Sir,

I have recently been loaned a copy of the Duke's history.

I enlisted in the Duke's on November 29, 1911. My number was 10183. I served at the Depot, Gibbet Hill, and with 2nd Battalion (76) The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, West Riding Regiment at Portobello West Barracks, Dublin. I have a photograph of my enlisting chums taken about December 1911. Their regimental numbers would be close to mine. I was the first in receiving room at the Depot on that date from London.

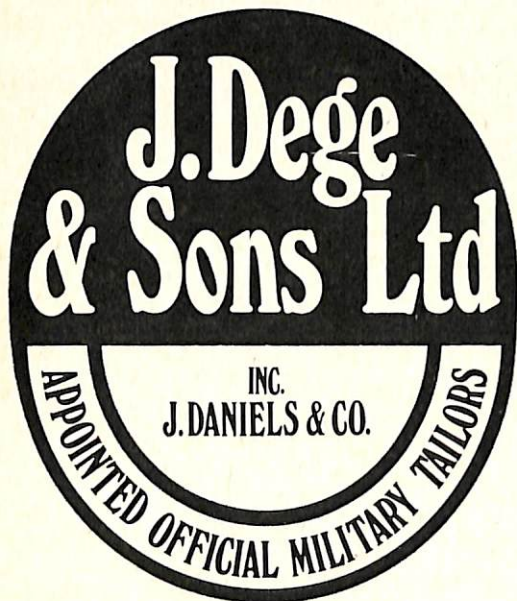
I left the "Immortals" in late 1912 to be transferred to Royal Engineers, Chatham. During the First World War I, the only Regular soldier serving in 97th Field Company RE, was often near the 2nd Battalion, but we could not go visiting (could we?). I was then Gas NCO 21st Division.

In April 1908 I became 99 Bombardier Rough Rider, 13 Battery, 5th London Brigade, RFA, and trained or helped Regular staff at Tilling Riding School, Peckham Rye, London. In 1939, World War II, I was Barrack Warden, RASC Barrack Office, Wells, as Fuel Accountant, North Somerset. I have a daily companion, a sergeant-major's stick handle (76), collar badge elephant Hindoostan Peninsula.

Shall welcome your reply.

Yours very sincerely,

EDWARD J. SPRINGETT



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