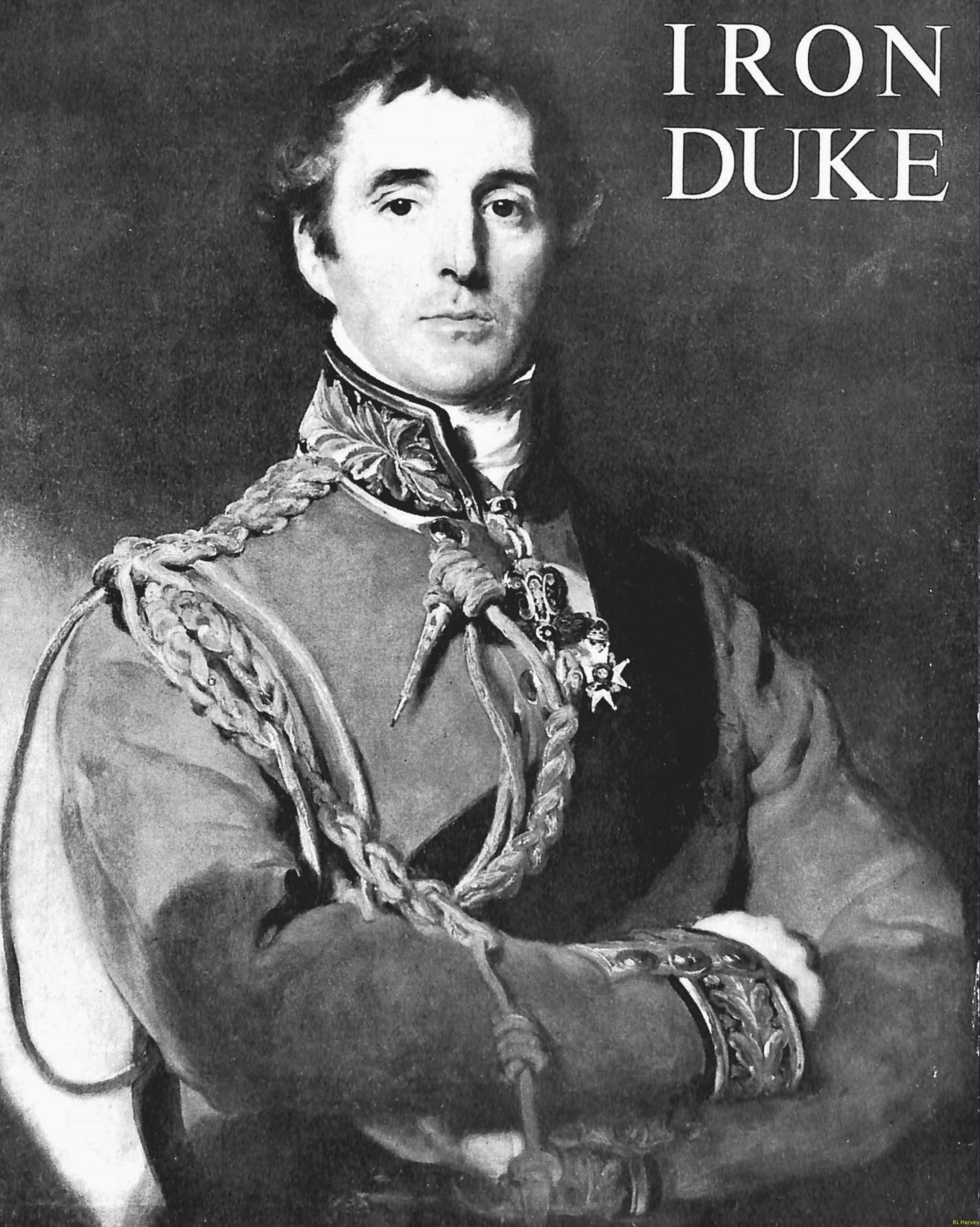


No.166 December 1974

THE
IRON
DUKE



THE IRON DUKE

The Regimental Journal of

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT

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



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

DECEMBER 1974

No. 166

BUSINESS NOTES

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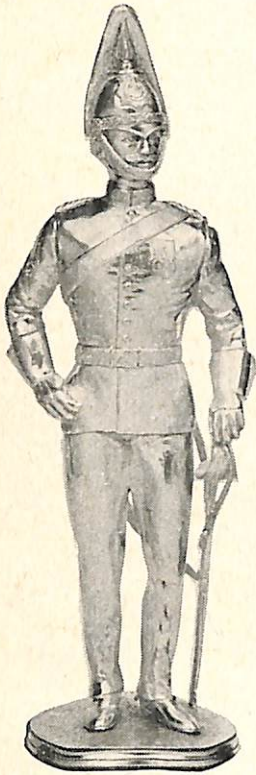
Copy for the April 1975 issue should reach the Editor by February 20, 1975.

Acknowledgement

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

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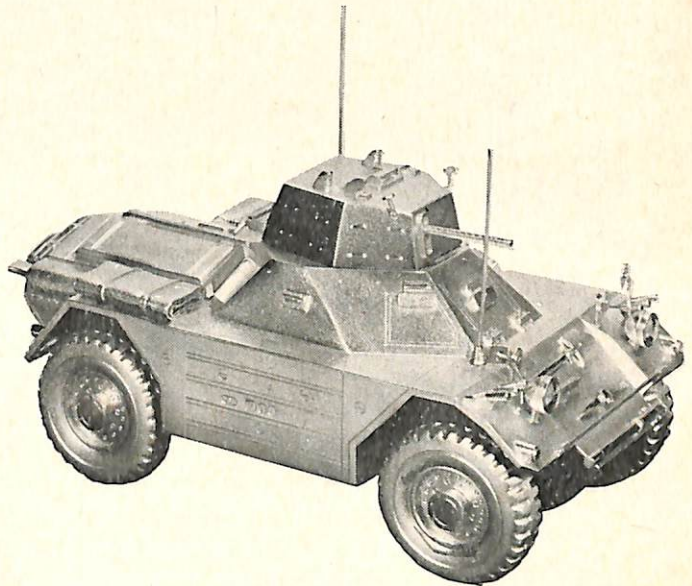
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Colonel of the Regiment

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

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

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"C" COMPANY (THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S)

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Commander: Major T. D. Tetlow, TD

3rd BATTALION, THE YORKSHIRE VOLUNTEERS

"C" COMPANY (THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S)

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

ARMY CADET FORCE

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

AFFILIATED C.C.F.

Giggleswick School CCF, CO: Capt. N. J. Mussett

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Patron

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President: General Sir Robert Bray, GBE, KCB, DSO
Vice-President: Colonel J. Davidson, Mount House, Terrington, York
General Secretary: Mr. A. Wood, Wellesley Park, Halifax



It's a Knockout!

Editorial

There are three comments which should be made at this time.

The first is to thank all those who have contributed to *The IRON DUKE* over the year, and in particular those from the 1st Battalion who were able to find the time to write such interesting and humorous articles. A number of people have said how much they have enjoyed your contributions and how these have helped to "paint the picture"

for those no longer serving with the Battalion. It is hoped that others will now follow the new format.

The second is to apologise to Mr. Imray for leaving out his name as author of "Kohat" in the August issue.

The third is to mention that the next issue will be the 50th anniversary of *THE IRON DUKE* and we should like to produce an appropriate and memorable number. Any suggestions?

Regimental Headquarters

Our problems are at present mostly domestic.

The local authority is creating a bowls green where once the two blocks of married quarters stood. In the stretch of land running down from the old keep parallel to the RHQ building a children's playground has been created with its swings and other attractions.

Diagonally across the road a great office building for the Yorkshire Electricity Board has been built and now seldom can our visitors even get near our front door as the office workers get there first and leave their cars nose to tail from 8 to 5.

Our rose garden has flourished and again this year was much admired. One admirer from a previous year who had taken advice from Victor Prince, the gardener, on how to get such a display came back this year to tell him his advice had resulted in killing off all that he had planted.

We are most grateful for the response to our previous request for Lee's or Bruce's History of the Regiment. Similarly, some of the back numbers of *THE IRON DUKE* are in short supply; issue No. 90 is the only one where no spare exists. If anyone has back numbers that they do not wish to keep, we would be happy to say which numbers we would like to replenish our stocks.

We have just received from Col. Dick Cumberlege for the archives a framed photograph of the 2nd Battalion at Kandahar Barracks, Tidworth. The group shows both stands of Colours, presumably those presented at Letchworth. The CO is Lt.-Col. F. A. Hayden, DSO, and the Adjutant Capt. C. J. Pickering. There are also the RSM, Drum Major and eight colour-sergeants.

Awards

"Victor" (Mr. Ralph A. Prince), storeman at RHQ, was presented with the Imperial Service Medal in recognition of 25 years' service as a civil servant on July 31, 1974. The presentation was made by General Sir Robert Bray, Colonel of the Regiment. "Victor", a native of Sunderland, served with the 1st Battalion from 1931-47.

NEW COMMISSIONS

2/Lt. D. G. Massey has been granted a SSVC w.e.f. May 1974.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Major J. B. K. Greenway, MBE, on being appointed to command 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment in March 1975.

To Major R. L. Stevens, MBE, on the award of a Mention in Despatches for service in N. Ireland between February 1 and April 30, 1974.

To Col. D. W. Shuttleworth, OBE, on his promotion and being appointed Deputy Commander 8th Infantry Brigade in December 1974.

To Majors M. R. N. Bray and J. R. P. Cumberlege, provisionally selected for promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel in 1975.

To Major A. Dennison for his place in the Army team for the Whitehead Cup (Service pistol) at the National Rifle Association, Bisley, 1974.

POSTINGS

Major M. R. N. Bray was appointed DAAG (MOD) AG2 (o) in June 1974.

Major D. M. Pugh was appointed GSO2 (Cadets) HQ Eastern District in August 1974.

Capt. (QM) F. Nichols was appointed QM 1 Regimental Army Aviation Corps in August 1974.

2/Lt. R. M. L. Colville was appointed Platoon Commander Depot, Strensall in September 1974.

Major M. J. Campbell-Lamerton, MBE, AMBIM, to be DAAG HQ North-Western District in October 1974.

Major I. P. Reid to be GSO2 (Cadets) HQ North West District in October 1974.

Major W. F. C. Robertson to be instructor at Army School of Recruiting in October 1974.

Major J. D. P. Cowell to be Adjutant AAC, Chepstow, in April 1975.

Capt. A. D. Roberts, MBE, to be instructor and rep Yorkshire Regiments at RMAS in May 1975.

Lt. K. Best to be Platoon Commander IJLB, Shorncliffe, in November 1974.

2/Lt. D. I. Richardson to be Platoon Commander JIW, Oswestry, in December 1974.

Capt. (QM) W. R. Robins, MBE, to be QM York Garrison in December 1974.

1st Battalion

COMMANDING OFFICER'S INTRODUCTION

By the time this issue appears the Battalion will have been in Mons Barracks, Aldershot, for some months. However, at the moment of writing there are still three weeks of the Ulster tour to complete and it is thus not inappropriate to look back over the past 18 months in an attempt to catch some lasting impressions.

There is no doubt that it has been a busy time during which weeks and months flowed into one another with almost frightening speed. The rifle companies have moved into and out of the various operational areas some 18 times each during the

tour and all have endured considerable separation from their families.

It has been a period of much political change in the province. Our first major task in March 1973 was protection of the polling stations used for the Border Poll, followed during the year by local Council Elections, Assembly Election, By-elections and early this year the General Election. As I write a further General Election is widely forecast, in which we are likely to be involved in the planning stages only.

The political progress in the province came to an abrupt halt in May of this year with the UWC strike, since when direct rule has been reimposed



Lt-Gen Sir Frank King presenting the BEM to C/Sgt Hall

pending the outcome of the yet to be selected Consultative Assembly deliberations.

Our successes in the attrition of terrorism have been significant. There has sadly been a price to pay and seven members of the Battalion have died during the tour. Cpl. Timpson, Pte. Oram and Pte. McGregor were killed in traffic accidents. WO2 Lindsay died from natural causes. 2/Lt. Fawley was killed in an explosion. Cpl. Ryan was murdered by a sniper in the Brandywell and Pte. Carroll died from a gunshot wound. A further 15 members of the Battalion have been wounded or injured, although only L/Cpl. King was seriously hurt and he is happily making a full recovery and will rejoin us in Aldershot.

We shall all have many memories of the tour, some pleasant, some unpleasant. The friendliness of the majority of the local population is matched only by the consuming hatred of a small minority for all things British. The soft green beauty of the countryside can be breathtaking, but is often obscured by the persistent rain. Much of the work has been tedious, involving long hours of sentry duty or observation from which, more often than not, no tangible results are apparent. Yet the threat of a sudden attack is always there and we have learnt not to be lulled into a false sense of security. Through it all the Yorkshire soldier has taken life as it comes, understood why he is in Ulster and

cheerfully accepted the discomfort, boredom and occasional danger with phlegm and a wry sense of humour. We have learnt to enjoy ourselves sensibly whenever the opportunity arises, and have been constantly aware that any failure in self-discipline could put our comrades at risk.

Our congratulations go to L/Cpl. Mowbray, now transferred to RAMC, for the award of a well-deserved GOC's commendation for his work with Alma Company. We hope that he and any other members of the Regiment, past or present, will come and visit us in Mons Barracks.

Our advance party have already taken over the new barracks and accepted a large number of recruits from 2 Royal Irish and from the Depot. We hear encouraging news from there and look forward to things like "long weekends", which have been non-existent here. We hope to play a great deal of sport and already soccer and rugby squad training is in full swing. We have the basis of good teams and given a little luck we hope to have a successful season.

We are relieved by 1 WFR, who come from Berlin, and wish them a happy and successful tour. We leave Ulster confident that we have done our best during the past 18 months and look forward to the different challenges which will face us in Aldershot. There is much to be done as we reform and retrain for more conventional military tasks.

News from the Messes

OFFICERS MESS

If there is one bright thing that has come out of this posting, it is the way that Mess life has flourished. Security restrictions, the closeness of the Foyle Drive Community and the limited attractions outside the camp gates have channelled the families towards the Mess for their entertainment. It will probably be a long time before it is used so extensively again. The many functions held within its walls varied from the Summer Ball with all its pomp and ceremony to the steak nights with their night club atmosphere, and from lunches on Sundays for the families to the official farewell party for the local population. We have now held our last steak night, and our last guest night, and all that is left is a vast conglomeration of officers, both 1 WFR and 1 DWR, waiting—some to go to the county and the city others to go to England. You can tell the difference by the looks on the faces and the urgency with which the pints are downed.

The official farewell party took the form of champagne cocktails for approximately 150, followed by curry supper and dancing for a selected number. It was a good party and gave us a chance to say goodbye to the friends we have made here as well as the local dignitaries.

Unfortunately it is not just goodbye to Ballykelly, but farewell to a number of people as well.

Mike and Christine Campbell-Lamerton leave us to go to Preston and, as the Commanding Officer stated in his speech at Mike's dining-out, the 1st Battalion is losing a very loyal and devoted "Duke". However, hopefully we shall continue to see them both often in the future. Not only are Merle and Ian Reid also going to Preston, but to the house next door to the Campbell-Lamertons. Chris and Angie Gilbert go to Huddersfield and 10 AYT, Donald and Gilly Palmer stay in Ballykelly to keep the Duke's flag flying, and David Richardson and Murray Colville are off on postings to various depots. Andrew Robb, who had been Paymaster since 1968, retired from the Army, and we thank him and Sue for all their work whilst with the Battalion. Farewell and congratulations are due to Robin Stevens, who has departed to NDC and got married. All the best on both courses.

We welcome back Dick and Gilly Mundell complete with third boy, and Peter Mellor, who is finding soldiering a shock after two years in London. There are also four new faces on the scene, Georg Kilburn, Guy Shuttleworth (son of) and David Massey, who are newly commissioned, and Ernie Bousfield, who is our new Paymaster. To all of them, welcome to the Duke's.

Once again we thank our Mess staffs, both military and civilian, for giving us such good service and creating a reputation for the Mess of unsurpassed hospitality in an inhospitable country.

WARRANT OFFICERS' AND SERGEANTS' MESS

Phone rings: Adjutant: "Where's the Sergeants Mess notes for THE IRON DUKE". Answer: "But, Sir, I gave you them last week". Adjutant: "Those were the last edition". Answer: "Sorry, Sir, thinking now".

This last four months has been a very short two as these notes have to be written in advance owing to moving, leave, etc., and no one in their right mind wants to know what I do on leave.

During this period life has been kept as normal as possible with entertainment of sorts fortnightly and our normal monthly dinner.

The Highlights without a doubt were first an excellent Colditz night organised by the senior ranks of the Alma Panzer, hereafter to be known as the Gestapo, and it is firmly believed that Messrs. Bernie Coll and "Doc" Budden missed their vocation in life by about 33 years. The Fuehrer was played by Joe Walker and the only addition required to produce a near perfect impersonation was to add a moustache. He just acted normal and the rest came. The whole of the mess was surrounded by barbed wire and an escape tunnel was provided for the brave in heart, of which there appeared to be few. The band played Bavarian music and for a short period during the evening the prisoners were allowed to bang their tankards on the table and actually eat food. The odd guard and prisoner were beaten up to add authenticity, but unfortunately no broken bones and no excused duties.

Not to be outdone the fighting Corunna then took their turn at entertaining and decided to hold a shipwreck night and the only thing missing was the *Titanic* slipping below the waves. The Mess was converted literally into a desert island complete with five tons of sand, bushes, palm trees, driftwood boxes and all the cogage you normally

find on a beach. The ocean had to be reduced in size, of course, in the shape of a children's large-size paddling pool, but I can assure you this did not affect the number of brave bathers who either fell, were pushed, or else into the pool.

During the evening maps were distributed and a treasure hunt got under way to be eventually won by Jill Nuttall and Veda Barnett, who both took a swim for their efforts. Then came the clearing up on Sunday morning, and the only new piece of cogage apart from empty beer cans was one "Duke" Lawrence sleeping amongst the sand dunes dreaming of dusky maidens in the shape of Ratu Basu and Bill Parrott.

Since then we have entertained Coleraine Sports Club and the evening was a success to be enjoyed by all.

Running down now and one more to go, when we are hoping to meet all the Worcester and Sherwood Foresters in station and convince them that 18 months in N. Ireland is not bad. It's bloody awful, with comments of "less days, then months".

At the breakfast table, short, fat, hairy-legged Band Staff Sergeant, "I reported it to Mr. Gilbert". RSM: "Good Lord, Syd, Captain, Mr. finishes at Lieutenant. "Acting oblique Chief Clerk; "Give him a copy of staff duties in the field". Syd: "Not for me, Sir. The Band don't do duties when we leave Northern Ireland".

CORPORALS' MESS

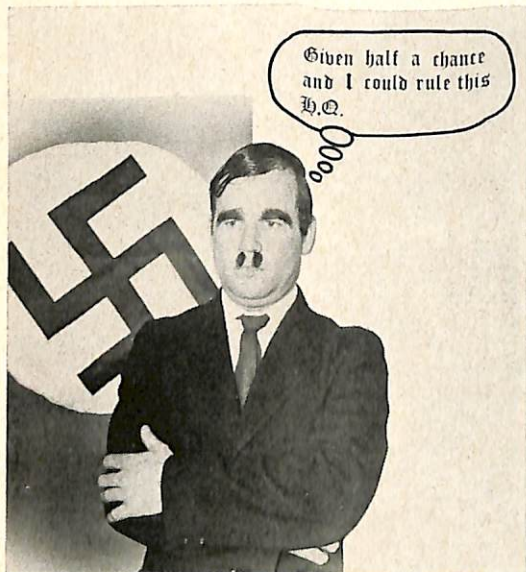
Since the last edition the Mess has been running in top gear and with good profits. This is due to the support of all Mess members in the use of our club.

Due to our move to Aldershot these notes are being written earlier than usual and the only event of any consequence was held on July 20 and was a Casino night. The Mess was well supported and a good time was had by all. The highlight of the evening was a rather large sign near the bar ("Drink at Honest Carl's Bar"). This brought forth a stream of choice comments from more than one Mess member and an angelic smile to Cpl. Carl Barker's (steward) face.

As a final gesture to Ballykelly we are having a cabaret evening on September 7. It is planned that the entertainment will be provided by John Greer, a country and western singer, who gave us all a good evening's entertainment some six months ago; he will be accompanied by a group headed by Tony Elliot from Lurgan. The NCOs of 1 WFR have been invited so that they may have the pleasure of our company before they start the arduous task of trying to live up to our very good reputation which we have earned in our meagre patch (one-third of N. Ireland).

The prospects of 1 DWR running its own Corporals Mess in Aldershot have been raised by the fact that the MOD in its infinite wisdom have at last recognised Corporals Messes in their full official capacity.

In our previous Mess notes the authors have gone to great pains to produce lists of promotions, marriages, etc., which are very rarely read. As a gesture to society I'll dispense with the list and congratulate all those who have been promoted



S/Sgt Walker—Colditz Night

into or out off the Mess and those members who, fortunate or otherwise, have entered into matrimony or produced offspring. We are sorry to

lose those members who have been posted elsewhere or have served their time and gained the envied status of Civvy.

From the Companies

WATERLOO COMPANY

Int Section

The prospect of having to write THE IRON DUKE notes proved all too much for the IO, the reason given that the weekly Intsum drained any literary ability that he might possess clear away. Thus the following conversation:

IO: "Hartley!"

Hartley: "Yes, sir".

IO: "You are reported to be fairly intelligent, aren't you?"

Hartley: Pause. "Yes, sir".

IO: "Like to write THE IRON DUKE notes?"

Hartley: "Yes, sir".

IO: "Oh, good. Well, get on with them".

Thus I find myself writing these comments on "life in the Int".

Unlike the companies and other "front-line" units, the Int Section finds itself faced with some of the problems of the paperwork war. It is true to say that whilst the remainder of the Regiment train for Aldershot, we can sit in the office and listen out for the dull thud of a rifleman's exhausted body as he loses his grip on the parallel bars in the gymnasium. Wait, though. Don't get the wrong impression. In our office the normal rigours of the everyday routine have been punctuated by brief fitness training sessions. These have included tiring heaves to the beam, innumerable press-ups and even the occasional run after working hours.

The arrival of the WFR Int Section was a welcome sight and served as a pleasant reminder that England was another step nearer. At present the Int Office is rather like a main railway line station, with "Dukes" showing WFR the "ins and outs" of life in the Int in N. Ireland.

With Aldershot looming large on the horizon there will be various "ins and outs" within the Section: Sgt. Nuttall, Cpl. Hutchinson, L/Cpl. Waller and Pte. Ellingham will be departing their various ways, whilst the numbers will be made up slightly with the arrival of Sgt. Budden and Cpl. Bell. The IO will be disappearing soon on an IO's course (good planning), whilst the rest of the Section will brace themselves for presentations of one form or another, Letrasetting for all and sundry other activities.

No doubt there will be many similar problems in Aldershot, as in Ballykelly, trying to persuade the rest of the Battalion that we actually do go out and have a look at the big outside world.

Warmest congratulations go to Sgt. Nuttall and Pte. Crawford who have joined the ranks of the married men. All the best for the future. Also, congratulations are in order to Lt. Meek, who also plans to try matrimony during the October leave. To you, sir, best wishes for the future.

Across the office Cpl. Hutchinson carries on the good work and has almost succeeded in convincing us that there really is a "Prot desk". L/Cpl. Gale



Joint Patrolling—
Cpl Whittaker
Corunna briefs the UDR

We dressed the Iron Duke himself . . .

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

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

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

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and his faithful dog Pogo have struck up a fine partnership, but Pogo's growth rate has been the topic of much humorous conversation, and speculation! From amidst the plain business-like files comes the hurried clatter of L/Cpl. Waller's typewriter (that's me). Yes, "Radar" continues to hammer out the weekly Intsum at an alarming rate. Then there is Pte. Hartley (author), who has the task of checking out and filing all info on disco birds. A pleasant enough task, one might think, but it has its headaches. The latest member of the section is Pte. Ellingham. He has the thankless task of sifting through the numerous air survey files, muttering quiet oaths to himself. Last, but by no means least, we have the two hard-working photographers, L/Cpl. Cowburn and Pte. Crawford. These characters retire alternately to the sanctuary of their drakroom, sometimes for hours on end.

Sir,

In our last communication, which you so kindly published in the April issue of your esteemed publication, we gave vent to our many heartfelt feelings at that time. As I am sure you all now know, our cries for mercy and compassion have not been ignored by the many faceless men that reside somewhere in green and pleasant pastures.

The best news of all was that there would be a phased release for all of us in Cage K, although it seems that our warders still want their pound of flesh from some until the time comes for the gates of this very hell to be thrown open and we God-fearing citizens are free to go home, free from harassment and free from intimidation.

Although we are now free the solution is not the one we had hoped for (see comment by charwallah from Brandywell in April issue). Still, we cannot have the hole in one.

From all the members past and present of Hut 5, Cage K (Kremlin), Ballykelly.

STATISTICS FOR THE TOUR

Arrests	599
Finds:				
Arms	112
Ammo	7,725 rounds
Explosives	16,338lb.
Searches:				
Cars	42,582
Houses	558
Incidents:				
Shootings	201
Explosive	162

Signal Platoon

Since our last notes there have been vast changes within the Signal Platoon. Capt. "Rocky" Gardiner gave a sigh of relief and vacated his chair to allow Capt. "Nicky" Newell to step in. He went to Blandford with the Clansman trials team, but we are sure he spent more time organising training aids for our drop library, for which we are truly grateful. Rumour has it that the Signals Wing School of Infantry are moving to Aldershot.

When we started off in N. Ireland communication was a great problem to us having such a vast area to cope with, but as we come to hand over we have managed to get a back-up set (comms in

depth) after a lot of badgering with the Yeoman of Signals at Brigade.

Due to the Platoon being split up, our social life has had to take a back seat, but we did manage to hold a farewell social for five members of the Platoon who are leaving and express our thanks to Brigade Signal Squadron, who have dealt with our many problems very well. Steve Barnett, a stalwart Platoon member of long standing, departs for the Yorkshire Vols; George Nuttall, Royal Signals Rear Link, stays to guide 1 WFR on to the right road; Don Garrick and Norman Godfery, our Tels Techs during the tour, and Tom Waqabaca, for whom it was it was the second time round, has gone seeking his fortune in Alma Company. A good night was had by all and the following morning told its own story.

Our main concern now is to get the Platoon back up to strength upon arrival at Aldershot and work has steadily going to produce all the required aids for the Standard II cadre.

Recce Platoon

With 27 days to do in N. Ireland as these notes are being compiled morale is as normal extremely high. A similar atmosphere to that of end of term prevails as people madly try and hand over and pack up, as well as continuing our high level of operations throughout O and P Div plus an occasional trip further south.

C/S 63 has been temporarily suspended with Cpl. Hayes (now an educational man) taking up the paint brush in the stores, assisted by L/Cpl. Verral, under the eye of Sgt. Billy P., who is continuing the fight against the paper war and successfully pinching the boss's cigarettes at the same time. The rest of C/S 63 have been split between 61 and 62. Ivan, the 2IC, went a funny colour and had some sick leave; he's now on the paint brush and paper scene—resting. Not to mention, of course, a couple of 63 who crossed the "thin blue

line" of the RUC and are now no longer with us. I think something Scrubs is their next address. C/S 62 has had a bit of a change, too. Sgt. "Ossy" Theodore from the metropolis of Barnaldswick—where?—is now fully in the chair, assisted by "Snowy" (plus belt order and hammock) and, of course, the rest of the gang. They have also had a bit of a personnel change, L/Cpl. Marks being their newest recruit at the moment. C/S 61 has lost its boss to Aldershot—already Sgt. Tosh seems to be getting people's backs up in the new surroundings, which means at least he's working, and the general opinion is that the camp looks good. C/S 62's 2IC has moved across to do a bit of temporary 61 amending until we get to England.

We can never say much about our operations even when completed—successful or unsuccessful—they all come under the secret of Shh! and the big red stamp, but plenty of good fun has passed under the bridge and we've all been extremely dirty, wet and uncomfortable, which is fairly normal. However, on the in camp side of life, first of all the boss keeps on spending nuptial evenings, nights and weekends at a place along the coast (in fact, shadowed once by "Fender Legs" of C/S 61 with his gang, and the OP report wasn't bad, either), but nothing really interesting was seen, but, apart from that, leave and courses in England, he does get down for the odd operation now and again. Secondly, the UEI week for all our kit and vehicles went very well and the CO's inspection likewise, the block and dress being clean and smart—even Swine, so congrats to all for that hurdle.

And, finally, to the future. The immediate holds a move back to England on September 20, two days of settling in and then a fortnight's leave. A six-week cadre on return and an orbat of four sections, each commanded by a Sergeant, with S/Sgt Basu from the Signal Platoon joining us as 2IC. But whatever 1975 holds in the way of Cyprus, there will be, no doubt, plenty of time to get down to studying all the vile and the good things in life.



Maj Campbell-Lamerton—
advertisement for Honda

Drums Platoon*Ode to a Drummer*

The Corps of Drums are here once more,
 Coming to the end of this arduous tour.
 Although the tour has been quite rough,
 We hope we've shown that we know are stuff.
 We served with companies "B", "C" and "S"
 And hope they realise from now on
 Our primary role is as their own.
 As we hope these 18 months have shown,
 To our secondary role we now must turn.
 And music, music will we learn,
 For on a tour of Yorkshire we now go
 To our home towns to let them know.
 The Duke's are back from Ulster's shore;
 Read the next edition if you'd like to know more.

BOR

They came to protect this island so small
 From fanatical gunmen, bombers and all.
 They were met with abuse, slander and stones
 And gunmen hiding in children's homes.

In Derry and the county they have served
 Every day with the self-same verve.
 The work has been hard, the hours long,
 But they will be remembered when they are gone.

From all around the conflict has raged—
 The Prods, the Cats and the politician's stage.
 They in the centre, pawns as in chess,
 Hoping to salvage themselves from the mess.

Bombs and bullets have taken their toll,
 But the pride of a Yorkshireman can never be stole.
 The Duke's are such men, born to be free,
 Happy to fight for God and country.

Our tour is almost over; 'tis time for us to go.
 Again we have struck the terrorists a blow.
 But let's not forget the ones who have died;
 We'll remember their names forever with pride.

Mushroom

It's 0230 hrs., the rain is lashing on the roof tops,
 the room temperature is in the 70s. The monotonous
 ticking of the clock is punctuated only by the radio
 signal.

In front of you there is a bank of telephones,
 each one supposedly of some importance, telephones
 fighting a constant battle with radios for superiority
 in numbers. A curse escapes your lips, directed at
 the instigator of these electronic gadgets.

Around the walls are maps encased in neon
 lights. There are charts for this, orders for that,
 a location board and a masterpiece of ingenuity
 which, if the GPO ever saw, would put Yellow
 Pages out of business.

For this is "Burke's Bridge", the operational
 nerve centre of the Battalion. They say they offered
 the master on QE2 the job of running it, but having
 seen it he went back to play with his toy.

You, you are the operations NCO. The Battalion
 at your finger tips, keyed up and ready to react to
 any operational situation that may arise. The duty

Operations Officer is sleeping soundly in the back.
 After all, the poor man had to stay awake until
 0200 hrs! You recline in your seat, assessing any
 orders for the night, checking the log to get in the
 picture on the past 24 hours' activity. Perhaps
 there's a lift op on this morning, or the Standby
 Section are to be tasked.

You conjure up mental images of the Battalion
 being called to a major riot situation in the county,
 and there you are Company Commanders are
 awaiting their orders, all contact has been lost with
 internal telephone links—it's up to you. Things
 are hotting up, the images come thick and fast.
 The police station has been blown up, a row of
 terraced houses are on fire, a section is trapped in
 a derelict, ATO is checking out a suspect car, the
 Company Commander wants reinforcements. Then,
 then it happens. The phone rings. Snap back to
 reality. Is this it? Is this what you are here for—
 another bed check?

Definition of Mushroom

Kept in the dark and fed on rubbish.

ALMA COMPANY
Seven Hours in the Sun

or

**"For Chrissacke Somebody
 Clap"**

A one-act black comedy.
 Cast (in rough order of appearance):
 One anonymous phone caller (voice part only).
 Two large RUC men.
 One officer and eight soldiers DWR
 One officer DWR (in plain clothes).
 One escort to above (in plain clothes).
 One ATO (Sergeant)
 Another ATO (Sergeant)
 Yet another ATO (WO2)
 Chief ATO (Major)
 One pilot with helicopter
 One WO2 DWR (in plain clothes)
 One producer of BBC TV documentaries (female)
 One producers' assistant (male?)
 One producers' assistants' helper (with clapper-
 board)
 One cameraman
 One soundman
 One minibus driver.
 One Staff-Sergeant and six men RE (search
 team)
 One Commanding Officer DWR
 One driver to above.
 Another pilot with Sioux.
 Senior ATO (Colonel)
 Two more RUC men (CID)
 One local, 20 cows.

(Note: Many of these are non-speaking parts.
 Characters with no special role should just shuffle
 about.)

Scene 1: A country lane in Ulster. The sun is
 shining and the birds are singing. Assorted cows
 champ moodily in the adjoining meadows. It is
 midday.

Voice off: "Is that the RUC? There are four
 sacks of explosive in a bush by a derelict farm".

(Sounds of heavy boots clomping).

1st RUC: "Begod, that's the bush there".

2nd RUC: "Is it begod" (looks at bush). "It is begod."

(They clump about, until some soldiers come. They seal off the road. Then a car drives up and a man in civilian clothes gets out and inspects the bush together with an officer in uniform. They retire. A motorcade arrives and disgorges its passengers.)

1st ATO: "Where is the bomb?" (he is told where the bush is).

ATO chorus: "Everybody get back. That's the first thing".

(All wave arms—everybody plods off down the road a few yards.)

Time Passes

Scene 2: Same location. Entire cast list up to the minibus driver are milling about in the road in groups of four or five, murmuring. Every time a group forms it is filmed madly and a 2ft. boom mike is thrust into the middle.

1st ATO: "I think I'll go off in the helicopter for a look".

2nd ATO: "After me". (Goes for cabby and comes back.)

1st ATO: "Me now." (goes for cabby and comes back.)

1st ATO: "Send for an RE search team".

Voice from mob: "Why? Four people have walked round and round the bush already".

ATO chorus: "He's in charge, he's in charge, send for an RE search team". (All wave arms.)

Officer DWR gets in helicopter and goes to brief RE search team.)

Time Passes

Scene 3: Same location. Film crew are filming a buttercup to prove they are in the country.

Cameraman. "Is it right you're deaf in your right ear?"

Soundman. "What?"

Time Passes

Scene 4: RE search team arrive. Officer DWR + 1st ATO + RE Staff-Sergeant go to OP to look at the bush (the first time anyone has since scene 1). RE Cpl + 2 go to clear area round bush.

RE Staff/Sergeant (into radio): "Jock, are you close enough so you can touch it?"

ATO chorus: "Not can you touch it; could you touch it!"

(All wave arms.)

Jock: "Not yet". (Pause.) "Now I could."

RE Staff-Sergeant: "Right, oh, come back then".

(Search team comes back. 2nd ATO demonstrates to camera team how a explosive charge is made up, 3rd ATO speaks into microphone explaining what's going on. 4th ATO goes and supervises 1st ATO, who is discussing with the RE Staff-Sergeant. Filming stops, crew pack up.)

2nd ATO: "I say, can we do that again? I've wired up the charges in the wrong order." (They do it all again.)

Time Passes

Scene 5: Same location. A group of ATOs have

laid a charge in the bush. Cameraman goes up in helicopter to film the explosion. The firing point is behind a Land-Rover.

1st ATO: "Ready to fire—FIRE!" (Bang off stage.)

ATO chorus: "Now we can go and look at the crater". (All wave arms.)

(The mob troop down the road and get a few yards away from the seat of the explosion.)

2nd ATO: "Look, what's that?"

1st ATO: "Gasp!"

ATO chorus "Get back, get back, all get back". (All wave arms.)

(The mob shamle back, some running, some walking, some a bit of both. The cameraman turns himself inside out trying to photograph himself running away. Fails but is delighted to get the rest of the crew who have left him behind. Catches up with crowd.)

Cameraman: "Finish it, finish it, clap or something. For chrissake somebody clap".

(Several people try and clap in front on the boom mike and hands tangle hopelessly.)

Soundman: "Oh, don't bother with that. I sacked it when we all had to get back".

Time Passes

Scene 6: Lethargy has set in. The time is 1830 hrs. The RE search team have gone home. Another charge is laid to the package and it is destroyed. A helicopter arrives with Senior ATO, who has a look and goes away again. Most of the unemployed soldiers and civilians (95 per cent. of those present) are snoring. An evil urn of tea has arrived, and some people have even drunk some.

Officer DWR: "Is that it, then?"

1st ATO: "Yes, that's it".

ATO chorus: "That's it, that's it, everyone can go" (All wave arms).

(It is 1900 hrs. A great peace descends on the countryside.)

T. J. N.

2 Platoon

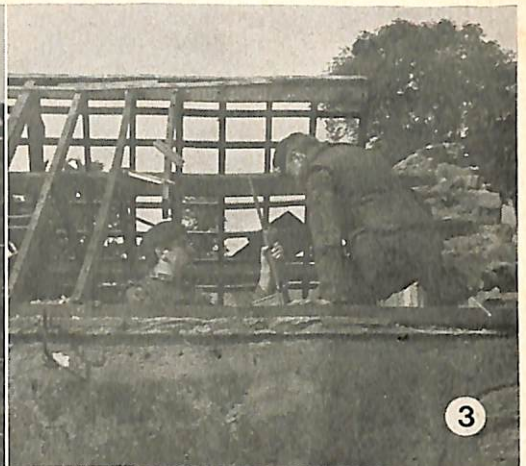
Well, contrary to popular beliefs (or should I say hopes?), the reluctant author finds himself scrawling yet another version of "telling it like it was." Scrawling being the right word, as with only four days to push at Kilrea it is very difficult to write consistently wearing three flakjackets, two steel helmets and sitting under my bed!

My successor has arrived and is doing his introductory course, grandiosely termed Northern Ireland Reinforcement Training Team, affectionately known as NIRTT. He survived his Mess initiation so he should take the horrors of NIRTT in his stride.

Two platoons in the space of a month lose both platoon commander and sergeant. We don't know who is going to be sorriest to wave the other 'bye.

Sgt. Paul Grey leaves for Halifax, recruiting, would you believe. It's going to be a lean year—he recruits them and I train them. God bless their cotton socks.

And so I bid a fond farewell to Two, taking with me all my memories—and nearly all of my kit—and motor off to Ripon, leaving 2/Lt. George Kilburn to expend his talents on THE IRON DUKE.



1 L/Cpl Tyler enters a derelict

2 After the explosion, 2/Lt Saville looks for his hat

3 Ptes Moon and Lawrence 'falling in'

Sports Parachuting

Parachuting for fun—not so strange and not as difficult to organise as many people imagine. There are for instance four full-time clubs, 28 weekend clubs and various Service associations and teams spread liberally around the country.

Joining a club is not difficult and no one is forced to jump or to continue jumping if a sudden vision of "it's not your thing" appears before your eyes. In fact, most students jump one or twice only just for the experience. Normally potential students contact a club stating their interest and receive in return application forms and a medical proforma. The medical is not stiff, as "infanteers" are medically fit. Clubs send out letters, joining instructions, etc, together with suggested starting dates. Usually a course starts with a group of somewhat nervous strangers all chattering about their reasons for wanting to jump. Within a few hours they are no longer strangers and the fun starts.

It is possible to be cleared for a first jump after only six hours' ground training, which can mean—on your first day. It is not possible to describe adequately that first jump—nerves—panic—shock

—surprise—impatience and then the exhilarating feeling of having "done it". Next comes the "peace of silence", floating down to earth completely at ease and in neutral, shattered by the rasping voice of the DZ man shouting, "Pull on your left toggle—'your left toggle'. 'You, 'your left toggle'. B— you then."

Clunk!

Yes, you're down, in a heap and entangled with yards of nylon and, oh, the only place for miles where cows have prepared the ground for mushroom growing.

As you walk back to the packing shed feeling something of a hero some kind friend is bound to remark: "Don't look so smug; everybody gets down". The whole thing only lasted some three minutes, so if you enjoyed it go again. It's fun.

A New Platoon

When the battle tales of Cyprus ring round the Platoon most of the soldiers look at those who have been before—Sgt. Grey and Cpl. Noble serving with the UN in 1967 and L/Cpl. Shim serving with the Y and L—as something out of the 1914–18

war. No private soldier in the Platoon has served with the Battalion in Hong Kong. The oldest soldier of the Platoon is Mellard, who joined us in Catterick in 1970, and next is Pte. Farrell, who joined us at Brown Square, Belfast, 1971. The bulk of the lads joined 2 Platoon during this tour in Ulster and the battle within the Platoon continues to lose the name of Platoon *Red Ass*, which has now been passed on to Pte. Holmes. We find a new face each month, which brings a continual change. Even at the top there are changes. We lose Lt. Colville ("All the Best") and welcome the arrival of the new platoon *RA*, 2/Lt. Kilburn. We have been lucky in having the same Platoon Sergeant for two years, but, alas, even Sgt. Grey leaves us on arrival at Aldershot with a few of the older lads, Pte. Farrell, Pte. Robinson 74 and Pte. Jowett, who are waiting to join their departments in Aldershot. Waiting to join us are a lot of new faces, which will change 2 Platoon into a new platoon.

ODE to 2/Lt. Wynthrop, RA

Wynthrop, Wynthrop, why did you do it?

Oh brother, you really blew it.

You've proved the subaltern's bane,

Cursed in messes time and again.

We know you did your best,

But it's not that it's the lest.

It's up to you, is what they say.

His platoon did it—all in a day!

The ops room door opens and in we lurch

Dead from another Wynthrop search.

If we had time we'd wonder why you wrote that

book,

But we don't, so it's "Let's take another look."

N.B.—2/Lt. Wynthrop wrote a Paper on Search Techniques which was widely distributed in N. Ireland.

BURMA COMPANY

At the time of writing these notes we are entering our last four weeks in Ulster. Thursday, September 5, sees Burma Company moving into Derry for our last tour of duty. Life is hectic at the moment; packing boxes are in evidence everywhere. DWR advance party left for Aldershot on August 8, Sgt. Craven being our Coy rep. His reports so far indicate that the accommodation is old but very comfortable, and the camp is more compact, unlike Ballykelly, where a trip to the QM's or Battalion Orderly Room takes up half the morning.

1 WFR advance party have arrived and at this time are busy settling in and getting to know their way around. Life for them in this sleepy little village of Ballykelly is bound to be somewhat different from Berlin.

Our last tour in the county passed off without any incident of great significance. In fact, it was one of the most quiet periods we have spent down there. The two most notable incidents which spring to mind were the night Pte. Dunne, commanding the second vehicle of a double mobile, decided to clear a suspect car bomb by crashing his Land-Rover into it; a bit unorthodox but effective. And the capture of a much-wanted man by 4 Platoon at Dungiven. This capture was a result of good OP work by



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L/Cpl. Green and his section. This is covered elsewhere in Burma notes.

Our period in camp between county and city tours has seen us busy preparing for the move to Aldershot. We have managed a small-time Company social, for which we were grateful to the Corporals for the loan of their Mess.

We had our COs pre-hand-over inspection Friday last. It was quite a strange sight, seeing the Company in No. 2 dress for only the second time in 18 months.

Most of us are now looking forward to the more settled routine of Aldershot and getting back to Battalion life as we know it best. We will be losing quite a number of soldiers to Support Weapons, Signals and Recce, etc.; their places will be taken by new recruits at present awaiting our arrival in Aldershot. 2/Lt. Shuttleworth and 2/Lt. Massey have joined us in time to get their medal.

As we are coming to the end of our time in N. Ireland, we can look back over the 18 months of hard work with the ups and downs, trials and tribulations, the serious moments and the amusing ones, and say in all honesty that it has been a good successful tour.

WO2 D. HUGHES

Tribute to a Yorkshire Soldier

As our tour comes to an end I feel it is time to pay a long-deserved tribute to the soldiers of Burma Company. As Company Commander I am conscious of the fact that I am somewhat sparing in my praise. This is partly an old superstition of mine that if you lavish too much praise about the Gods will become angry and some disaster will soon after befall the recipient of the praise to cut him down to size. Writing this tribute is itself a bit dangerous as we still have three weeks in the city of Derry to come.

For a private soldier soldiering in N. Ireland is a pretty thankless task. He is given a lot of very hard work to do and much of it is tedious and boring. He often gets spat at, abused either verbally or physically and must take this with stoic calm. If he reacts in any way, 50 local witnesses will come forward to say he is a brutal, cruel and sadistic beast. If he takes the abuse in a quiet, mature manner, the locals will be encouraged to aggravate him in other ways. Even the little children are adept at throwing bricks and bottles with great enough effect to cause serious wounds. After a frustrating few hours on the streets our soldier returns to a crowded and uncomfortable barrack room and perhaps the prospect of 24 hours on sangar duties. A lot of his tedious work is enlivened only very occasionally by moments of high drama, where one small error of judgment may cost him his life or limb. After three weeks of hard operational duty in the city or the county he comes back to Ballykelly for rest and retraining. Even here in Ballykelly he has many guards and duties, and opportunities of recreation and complete freedom are all too limited.

Despite this our soldiers work and play with great humour. The jokes are bandied about the barrack room, across the street and even over the radio (hum-hum). The Tommy of 1974 has not

changed from his brother in Korea, his uncle at Anzio or his grandfather at Mons. He can take everything in his stride.

We are very proud of you.

M. G. STACPOOLE

4 Platoon

After three weeks in the city and nothing happening and an even more boring fortnight of guards and duties back in camp we made it down to Dungiven. After a few bomb hoaxes and a few traffic accidents we eventually came up with the big catch.

We did a number of OPs on a particular house. The lads were getting a bit browned off with this because we had done so many on the same house. However, one night I was on patrol and I had to do yet another OP on the house. I detailed Ptes. Gibson and Baldwin to be with me. Pte. Baldwin (or otherwise known as "Baldy") was cribbing (as usual). Anyway, we set out on our task ("Baldy" cribbing all the way). When we reached the house we looked round for a good OP position. We just got into position when at that moment a car pulled up and a man and woman got out. The woman went to the house while the man had a look round. This aroused my suspicions. After about five minutes the man came back. He then knocked on the door and was let in by a young woman. Pte. Gibson reported all this over the air to C/S 21, who said "Roger out. Keep observing". After about five minutes another man came up the track from the opposite direction. "Baldy" and I watched him as he moved up to the house. When he reached the house the first man came out to meet him. They had a look around, came back to the house, and then exchanged a few words and went into the house. A few moments later the first man came outside; he went to an old hut and stayed there for about five minutes. When he came back he put what "Baldy" and I thought was a pistol into his inside pocket. (We informed C/S 21 and later we carried out a hot pursuit.) On the hot pursuit Sgt. Fleming and I went into the house. Sgt. Fleming told everyone to get into one room. After this I started to search the house. I went into the bedroom but found nothing. When I came out from the bedroom I went to the kitchen. The door was slightly open and as I kicked it open it came straight back. I went running in and behind the door was a man crouched down. I cocked my weapon and told him to get out. Sgt. Fleming asked him his name and he said James Kelly. Sgt. Fleming told us to put him on to the back of the Land-Rover. Whilst we were doing this Sgt. Fleming asked the girl what his name was. She said it was so-and-so. After we had questioned him he admitted to being so-and-so. The RUC came and arrested him and took him away.

Because of this capture Major Stacpool came down to Dungiven with two bottles of champagne to celebrate. (We all thought it was a good excuse for a booze up.) But it was one mouthful each and back to normal duties.

L/CPL. GREEN

Ambush

Faces blackened, briefed, weapons cocked, let's go? In to the cars and we're taken to the drop-off point, a dark, quiet country road. Right, move out, over the hedge and into the field before a car comes past. All here, radio checked and we're moving. Give that farm a wide berth; might be dogs there to give us away. Damn! Why are there always streams to cross in Ireland; jump it and I might just make it and have dry feet for the night. Well done, now get the others across. Better start cutting round to the left now or I'll be off course. What's that—bulls, they're always so inquisitive. This lot doesn't seem to like us much. Someone's going to get tramped on unless we're out soon. Come on, move, move, don't worry about the noise; the beasts have let anyone nearby know we're here. Careful over that gate. Don't bang your weapons on the metal. Dead give away. Nearly there. Bang! Hit the dirt. No cover here. A—crow scarer. They should be banned; nearly killed me with an overdose of adrenalin. Thank God no one fired at it. Good, that's the place. A quick recce and then I can position everyone. Cut off group there in the shed. Fire party there, radio op behind. Good spot this; they won't have a chance of getting away—if they come. Damn, this spot's uncomfortable, nettles and wet; too bad it's going to be a long wait. The damp slowly seeping in; feeling pretty wet round the belly. Same for the others, though. Probably be a touch of frost as well; the sky's clear and it certainly feels cold enough. Wish that crow scarer would shut up. I can feel the radio op leap out of his skin each time it goes off. Wow, this really is a game for the birds. It's so boring just lying here being uncomfortable; hours to go yet. Listen! Is that them coming? Heard the gate rattling. Wish my heart would slow down, then I could hear better. There it is again. Damn, it's only the cattle. Really thought we had it made then. Getting too late now; just hang on till we can see the dawn coming. Right, let's move—almost painful when your so cold. Get a reasonable distance away and then we can arrange an RV for the pick-up over by the ruins. Looking forward to that cup of coffee when we get back. Too bad, perhaps they will be there tomorrow night. We'll get 'em yet.

LT. HARRAP

6 Platoon

Hi, there!

Well, this is one of the lads from the Platoon who has (volunteered) to write a few lines. Since the last notes the Platoon have been very busy, what with Admin, etc., in camp, out on location, i.e. city/county. It has been quiet with not many finds; the odd round here and there. We always welcome new people to the Platoon, so Pte. Abrahams was no exception. We also welcome L/Cpl. Spencer, who has come from 5 Platoon. I am sure he will learn a great deal from 6 Platoon.

We also bid farewell to Cpl. Sutton (you can call him "Sooty") and L/Cpl. Tooley, who have gone to 5 Platoon, where I am sure 5 Platoon will learn a lot from them. By the time this is printed (that's if it gets printed) Cpl. Staniland and Pte. Marshall will have left us to go back to the Assault Pioneers. We

as a platoon would like to thank them both for their services, not only for their work at Platoon level but Company, plus what they have taught us all on booby traps, etc. Well, the Platoon on the whole, like I said, has been quiet on locations and we are all ready for the move to Aldershot, so the next time you hear from us we should be well settled in. Well, that's it until next time.

The Lads.

PTE. SANDERS

Looking Forward

For some a home posting would be a welcome change from the endless three-way duties around the city, county and camp. Some have done three tours now; others just arrived. To all it will be a chance to forget the Irish problem and concentrate on their families and friends, who they have looked forward to seeing over the past months, to taste Yorkshire ale and to be able to walk the streets alone without the thought of getting "bumped off" by some insane maniac who thinks he can handle a gun properly and either kills himself or innocent people trying to operate it.

I don't think any of the lads have a great hate for the Irish. Most really wonder why two religions should fight each other for such a useless reason. Why, in 1974, have they not forgotten what happened in 1690? We Yorkshiremen don't "hold anything" against the Lancastrians for the Wars of the Roses. Who in his right mind would kill a Lancastrian for what happened all those years ago?

Well, many wonder why they fight now. We soldiers perhaps will never know. To us it will all be in the past; we have a future to look forward to. Have the Irish? ?

L/CPL. SPENCER

CORUNNA COY

Proxy Bombers Strike Again

On June 17 at 2030 hrs. Corunna Company were rudely stirred by an announcement from RUC Magherafelt that a Bedford $\frac{3}{4}$ -ton van had been driven into the Diamond in Magherafelt carrying a large proxy bomb.

The driver of the van, a local milk roundsman, had been hijacked by three armed terrorists earlier that afternoon at his home near New Bridge. To ensure their complete success a further car was hijacked in Castledawson to help them escape after the vehicle had reached its target. The milkman's 17-year-old daughter was taken along as an insurance policy that the operation would go ahead as planned.

The van was loaded with 2x44gal. drums filled with ANFO (ammonium nitrate fuel oil). The driver was ordered to make his way to Magherafelt. Just short of the Moneymore gate one of the terrorists who had travelled in the van ordered the driver to stop while he set the timing device for the bomb. After briefing the milkman he rejoined the other men who followed the van. The young daughter, who was in the car, was then taken to Ballyronan, where she was released. The driver, obviously fearing for his daughter's life, drove the van through the RUC checkpoint on the Moneymore gate and parked the vehicle outside Cuddy's shop in the Diamond. He then ran up to RUC

Magherafelt to raise the alarm.

ATO (Ammunition Technical Officer) was tasked. Sadly he landed by helicopter just as the explosion took place, much to his annoyance. The devastation of the Diamond was tremendous and it was estimated that some 500lb. of explosive was contained in the van.

An Ambush Op

or

How to Get Wet Without Really Trying!

Normally life in the county is fairly quiet, much of our time being taken up with routine tasks such as mobile patrols, VCPs and route clearing; therefore it makes a pleasant change when something out of the ordinary happens. My section commander, Cpl. Hanley, told me that I would be going out on a 24-hour ambush OP in the early hours of the following day and to get my head down whilst I could get the chance. Orders for the patrol were at 2230 hrs. and the platoon commander explained to us that a routine patrol had found a length of wire leading across an old railway crossing. A further recce patrol had established that the wire was in fact a command wire which would be used to detonate a landmine by the side of a road. The firing point had been located and using an aerial photograph the platoon commander showed us where we could lie up in such a position that we could observe the firing point without being seen. Then it would simply be a matter of waiting for a terrorist to come and sit on the end of the wire to enable us to capture or kill him. Two hours later, covered in head to foot with camouflage cream and grass, we mounted the vehicle that would take us to our drop-off point. This was about a half a mile from the ambush position, after which we were required to walk and crawl the rest of the way.

It took us two hours to cover that half mile and *en route* we had several false alarms. For example, did you know that a horse can cough just like a

human being or that cows' eyes look just like human eyes in the dark? However, eventually we reached our objective and settled in. I had the GPMG, which was cocked and ready for action, whilst the rest carried rifles. Our party consisted of four men and two of us were fully alert at any one time. The others could relax and get a bit of sleep if they could. As it turned out, this was all but impossible. For one thing it was raining (as it only can in N. Ireland) and our ambush position was situated in a depression in the ground, which took all of five minutes to fill with water. Also we were kept company by a pack of rats which, whilst not vicious, were certainly very large (L/Cpl. Wathey thought they were stray cats!). We were not allowed to smoke or talk and could only eat dry compositions. As day dawned we must have looked a rather wet and miserable bunch of soldiers. The position (by now christened "The Hole") was only 30m away from the firing point. It was covered in nettles, thistles and brambles and was probably the most uncomfortable place I have ever been to in my life. However, the hours passed quickly and it did not seem like 24 hours before we heard the password whispered by the patrol that had come out to relieve us. There was a hot meal and shower waiting for us on our return, but the most welcome sight, to me, was of the "loo". As we knew "The Hole" would be occupied for a long time the patrol commander had called for a great deal of self-control in our natural bodily functions, which was quite reasonable when you consider we were all lying within a couple of feet of each other.

I visited "The Hole" on two further occasions and was there when the Royal Engineers arrived to clear the device and, although our trap was never sprung, it gave us all a taste of real soldiering—and just you wait till next time.

PTE. HICKLIN

P.S.—The ambush had been in position for nearly two weeks before it was decided that we had



Private Hicklin after 24 hrs on the Toome/Hillhead ambush position



**The Bounty Hunters?
Boat patrolling on
Lough Neagh**

been compromised. When the device was cleared it was found to consist of two milk churns holding about 150 to 200lb of home-made explosives. On the firing point we found empty packets of Benson and Hedges (terrorism must be a well-paid job) as mute witness to the fact that it had been manned at some stage. Still, just you wait till next time.

Boat Patrolling from Toome—A New Experience

The prospect of our penultimate county tour lay ahead of us. On this particular tour I was to take my section to RUC Toomebridge. As the area of responsibility is relatively small, one consequently gets to know the faces and area reasonably quickly. There is a need to produce a varied patrol programme in such a small area to prevent us becoming targets for the IRA. It was therefore decided that we should incorporate several boat patrols to enable us to patrol the shoreline of Lough Neagh, Lough Beg and the Bann River.

As there are many inaccessible areas to vehicles along the Lough shores, the assault boat fitted with a Johnson outboard engine proved ideal. Based on the information that arms, explosives and wanted men were being moved across the two Loughs, we set forth with eager anticipation on our first patrol.

We took plenty of kit, including paddles, life-jackets, A41 radios, spare fuel and our search kit, to ensure we could deal with any emergency or problem that arose during the patrol.

We set off to check out the many small islands on the eastern shoreline of Lough Beg between the Randlestown forest and Toome itself and the north-western shoreline of Lough Neagh between Toome and Ballyronan. We soon discovered that the biggest problem was the weather. It started to rain heavily, the wind began to blow hard and the water became extremely rough. Not being used to such adverse conditions (we're not b— Marines, Sgt. Arrowsmith) we decided to head for land. What we had not accounted for were the weeds and

shallow waters, so it was a case of cutting the engine and paddling in. This proved most amusing in the conditions and we nearly lost Pte. Wood overboard. ("Better luck next time" was all our beloved platoon sergeant could say.)

Eventually we braved the waters once more only to discover further hazards. The weeds grow thickly all over Lough Beg and it rapidly became apparent that the battle for supremacy between the weeds and the engine was heavily stacked in the weeds' favour.

On our way back the engine eventually died on us for good, leaving us to paddle back to Toome. Our next problem arose: how do you make progress against a combination of weeds and a strong current? The answer is that you don't. Ask L/Cpl. Henstock what it is like pushing an assault boat! After about six hours of encountering problems we finally made it back to our base only to discover that "Woody" had performed the classic. When asked by Cpl. Wragg to put someone with rank on the telephone so he could explain some problem, "Woody" handed the receiver to the Brigade Commander who happened to be visiting, and said "It's for you". No further comment need be made.

So ended our first attempt at boat patrolling. The ensuing patrols proved more successful and we hope to have further patrols on our final tour.

CPL. BLACKBURN

A Three-Day Patrol (Op "Quack")

Having returned from a day of pleasure in Ballykelly I was looking forward to a period of recuperation at Kilrea, where my platoon was stationed. Alas, it was not to be, for no sooner had I arrived back when I was informed of our patrol. To make matters worse, I was told that the section was to be split into two groups—one under Cpl. Whittaker and one under L/Cpl. Lord—and that Cpl. Whittaker's group, to which I have been volunteered in my absence, was spending all its time in

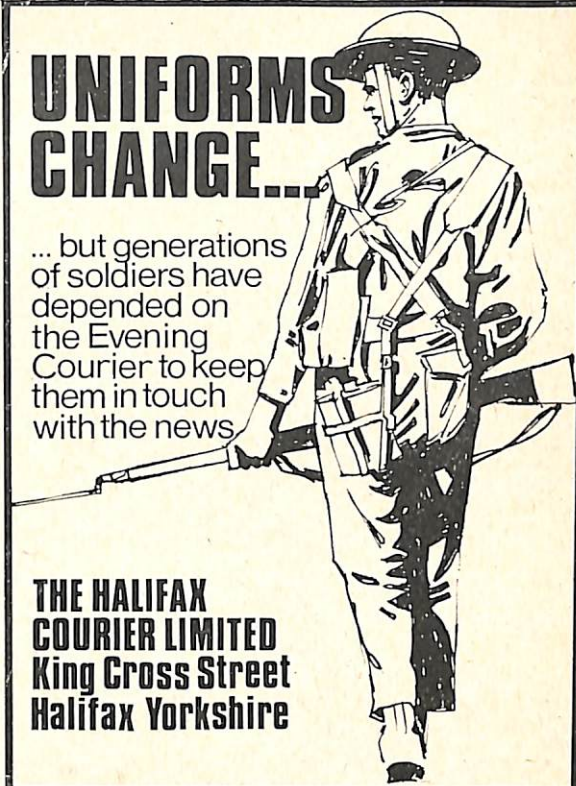
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the open, while L/Cpl. Lord's group would be in a derelict house. As I looked outside at the rain I remember thinking that it couldn't possibly rain for three days, could it?

The rest of the day was spent trying to cram our rations, wet suits, groundsheets and anything else we could scrounge into our large packs. I'm still not sure how L/Cpl. Lord got hold of those pork chops and fresh eggs! Was he really going to work or taking a trip to a holiday camp? Having received our orders and noted that it was still raining we tried to get some sleep until nightfall.

Night came and with our faces covered in soldiers' make-up (cam cream for the uninitiated) we loaded our vehicles and moved to our drop-off point. With Cpl. Whittaker and myself came "Baldy", ("It wasn't like this in Aden") Burns and "Give me a cig" Ball. The rain having stopped we thought we were in for a good time, but the spot where the Platoon Commander had told us to set up our base camp appeared to be in the middle of a lake! Had Burns done any jungle training? At least, we weren't going to be short of water! Eventually, after what felt like miles, we managed to find some higher, drier ground and quickly set up camp, getting all our equipment under cover, in case it rained again. Having done this we set off on our first night's task of observing certain houses and noting movements of people and cars.

The night passed uneventfully and first light found us back at our base and preparing to catch up on some sleep as the rain started again. Part of the routine requires someone to guard the camp and while I'm on duty there is suddenly a scream of "They are all in blue—all in blue". Panic stations as the rest leave their sleeping bags at great speed and prepare to repel any boarders. Well, we were surrounded by water! It was only then that we realised not all of us were awake and just as young Ball was about to scream again he received a boot in the ribs which ensured he was awake. With the threat of being on guard for the rest of the time if another outburst was heard we attempted to settle down again.

With the rain raising the water level at an alarming rate we gave Kilrea a rain check—sorry, I mean radio check—and asked them for a boat to be sailed out to us. The answer was unprintable but, and this is especially for CSM Lawrence, we are Corunna and can therefore take it in our stride.

Cpl. Whittaker turned out to be a better cook than any of us and was consequently voted permanent chef. However, despite covering our rations and lashing them down to prevent them floating away, we found that some had been damaged and so we arranged to call in on L/Cpl. Lord during our next night's task. As we moved across the country there was suddenly a scream and on turning round we noticed we were one man short—Burns had fallen into what appeared to be a never-ending ditch and was supporting himself on his elbows whilst swearing at us and many other people. Cpl. Whittaker, seeing large sums of money flashing before his eyes, showed more concern for the IWS (individual weapon sight) that Burns was carrying than for the yelling hulk in the ditch. Eventually, we managed to get him out and all the kit he was

carrying, much to Burn's annoyance, for he felt he was of far more value than the kit! On arriving at L/Cpl. Lord's location we realised what suckers we were. They were dry, comfortable and overfed, but then he is an old man and needs all those comforts.

The next night we were to be picked up at 0200 hrs. and so Cpl. Whittaker asked permission to break cover in the late afternoon to carry our snap vehicle check points and people check points. This was granted and so camp was packed up and hidden near to our pick-up point. Although the area was fairly quiet, Cpl. Whittaker managed to alert Kilrea and get their mobile. After all, why shouldn't they get wet as well? We suddenly noticed that a car appeared to be following us and checking our movements but never came near enough for us to check it out. So with a quick call to Kilrea for a double mobile, together with a double-mobile of the Recce Platoon, which was staying with the Platoon for a few days, we tried to trap the car, but all to no avail and with much cursing.

Eventually at 0200hrs. we were picked up and taken back to Kilrea, where our platoon commander was pacing up and down outside the operations room as if it was a maternity ward. Perhaps he had realised the possibility of us drowning! A large pot of tea, something to eat, a welcome shower and bed were the order of the day. The following morning we were all debriefed and our log, on which all movement and activity had been written, was checked. It was certainly a change from the normal patrolling, only next time I'm taking a Mae West instead of a flak jacket.

PTE. LOGAN

SOMME COMPANY

Meanderings within the Company

We as a company have not had the opportunity on paper to congratulate S/Sgt. Matt Hall on his award of the BEM. It is somewhat belated, but Somme Company are both delighted and proud that his work should thus be recognised, also to an old boy of the Company, Major Campbell-Lamerton, on his award of the MBE. We must also congratulate L/Cpl. Lever on obtaining a good result on his anti-tank course.

The last couple of Company socials were very well patronised affairs indeed. We were pleased that it all went off so well and hope that these functions will not be forgotten in Aldershot. They cost a bit but are very well worth it. Ask the girls. They are quite sure it is.

The matron of the Mid-Ulster Hospital was obviously pleased with the quality and quantity of Burma Company blood donors, so much so that in July she asked for doners from Somme Company. Again an emergency, again the prompt reaction, which, as we understand from her letter, meant another life saved.

Cpl. George Templeman, when he left the Company late June early July, was heard to remark, "Well, at least I won't have to worry any more about some silly . . . firing an Armalite at me". He has just been posted to Cyprus with the UN. All is well we hear. Same range, same target, Carry on, George!

Incident in the Brandywell

This particular incident is an excellent example of how a combination of good observation and communication between two OPs, the gathering together of unconnected snippets of information, good reaction and that priceless ingredient, luck, can bring a series of events to a successful conclusion.

The combination of two OPs, one relatively new, was producing for a week prior to the incident a lot of valuable information about car and personnel movement. They had helped to spot an increasing irritation of the Brandywell at this time, hijacking of cars. One very surprised youth had been arrested retrospectively and a number of houses which we had suspicions about, were now visual and confirmed our suspicions that all was not what it should be.

However, the first intimation that something was up was an attempted hijacking in Ferguson Street, a considerable distance from the normal area. At 1530 hrs. Callsign 42B searched in the area of Bishop Street Without and then went along the Lecky Road, where the sweep produced a sighting of two youths answering the description given. Both the youths disappeared among the houses of Southend Park. One OP at this time had been continuously reporting the presence of youths on the Lecky Road just outside of Southend Park.

At 1650 hrs. the other OP reported regular movement of a blue and yellow mini van down Hamilton Street and along Bishop Street Without. The OP reckoned that it happened at least five or six times and asked for it to be checked out. Callsign 61C (Recce Platoon 16 Lt AD Regiment, RA) under command quickly stopped the vehicle. The occupants agreed to come to the bridge location for checking out. It transpired that the two occupants were Water Board workers. Their vehicle had been hijacked by a youth supported by others. The youth was carrying a '38 special (at least by description). The hijack took place in Southend Park, near the Lecky Road. The youths took the van and others forced the two workers to walk up and down the Lecky Road closely watched by youths walking some distance behind them. The two workers were given the van back just prior to being picked up by Callsign 61B. The workers could not identify any of the youths, but did notice that three or four had entered either 19 or 21 Southend Park when they had first been hijacked.

The two men had been hijacked at 1520 hrs. and the timing of the hijacking was significant by benefit of hindsight in conjunction with the Ferguson Street attempt. They saw their car on Lecky Road at 1640 parked near 240 Lecky Road, which is in front of 19 and 21 Southend Park. The OP which had reported a lot of youths in the area could not see anything out of the ordinary, nor had it seen the hijacking. The two workers looked through photographs but could not recognize any faces for certain, except for one who was a bit of a surprise to us, although another one of the well-known locals subsequently proved to be involved.

Between 1700 and 1730 hrs. the activity continued and both OPS with their interest very

much aroused were primed to continue to report anything and everything. At 1950 hrs. a sitrep from the OP indicated that considerable movement of youths was continuing in the Lecky Road/Southend Park area and there was an air of furtiveness about all the youths. At 2000 hrs. OC Somme briefed S/Sgt. Hall and Callsign 42, who were due out on patrol in the area, to enter 19 and 21 Southend Park and also 240 Lecky Road. The idea was not to rush in but to patrol as normal and then quickly surround the three houses.

Callsign 42L (S/Sgt. Hall) moved out with his platoon at 2015 hrs. Included in the patrol was Callsign 61C who was tasked to move out along Henrietta Street and work its way into the Old Brandywell from the north. At 2030 hrs. Callsign 61C spotted two youths trying to start a car in Maureen Avenue. Being curious he moved towards them, and they got out of the car and started to run away. They were easily apprehended and found to be two of the usual nasty young louts. At 2040 hrs when Sunray Callsign 61C searched the car, he found an Armalite (Japanese version) in the well of the passenger seat. There was one round in the chamber and two in the magazine. Callsign 41C was tasked to assist Callsign 61C, who had arrested the two youths. Callsign 41C carried out a hot pursuit into 2 Maureen Avenue, which was negative, and then took the two youths away to RUC Victoria. Callsign 61C awaited the RMP finds team.

At this time down at the Brandywell Callsign 42 was deployed in the area, having been told not to go in straight away. News of the find in Maureen Avenue evidently travelled fast, and both the OPs and Callsign 42 got the distinct impression that there was a "flap" on in the area of the Old Brandywell. Callsign 42L requested permission to move in immediately, which was granted with equal alacrity. The group of houses was surrounded and four youths were seen crossing the back dividing wall between 19 and 21 Southend Park. They quickly sank back into 21 Southend Park and went into the house itself to be greeted by the every watchful Cpl. Butterworth. Cpl. Sykes and S/Sgt. Hall entered No. 19 and amongst the general mess and untidiness of the living room found the following items of kit:

- 15lb. Co-Op Mix
- 1 × elec det
- 40ft. Cordtex
- 1 × alarm clock C/W battery
- 30yd elec wire
- 1 × soldering iron plus solder
- PVC insulating tape
- Clothes peg switch
- Plastic sandwich box
- Rx/Tx and rec relay C/W 8 × 1½V battery test bulb
- 1 × alarm clock.

Naturally ATO was tasked, and more troops were tasked into the area to cover a search of the surrounding houses. This search was done without interference and the four youths were extricated and taken down to the RUC Station, Victoria, for questioning. ATO took the bomb-making equipment away with him.

This signified the end of the first stage. During

the evening shots were fired at the Letterkeny VCP (retaliation), which necessitated a brisk follow-up and the entry of a large number of houses which unfortunately did not produce anything. However, about the same time information was received over the air that one of the gentlemen picked up was no less than the PIRA Brigade Commander, and this was followed the next morning by a second man, who admitted to being on the PIRA Brigade staff. The other two were well-known local youths, and so everything came to a very satisfactory conclusion.

It was, of course, one of those occasions which do not happen very often in one's tenure over here in N. Ireland. A firearm, ammunition, bomb-making equipment and two wanted PIRA caught in possession makes a fine haul. It was, let us be quite clear, a combination of good OP work, continual vigilance, quick action when required and good luck. So often in the past we have all had every ingredient but the luck. This was indeed Somme's lucky day, and also Recce Platoon 16 Lt AD Regiment, with whom we had worked very closely indeed throughout that period in the Brandywell. A fitting end to the partnership.

I.P.R.

HOOK COMPANY

At the time these notes are being written Hook Company are busy cleaning, repairing and greasing vehicles for the hand over. The old whisper of "Only three guards to go" can be heard from time to time. The return whisper from the Company Office is usually "Don't you believe it".

The past months have not all been work. There have been chances to play hard as well, although we failed to run off with the "It's a Knockout" trophy this year. All those who took part thoroughly enjoyed themselves. We must thank S/Sgt. Martin's youth club boys for helping us with the water tank event, ably assisted by the QM's staff. Cpl. White, Bds. Shaw, Mrs. Kay and Mrs. Stone left the opposition spellbound by winning the fire hose event in record time. Cpls. Smith and Douglass were just pushed into second place on the trampoline. None-the-less it was a great effort.

The Company social was a great success, thanks to the efforts of Cpl. and Mrs. Barker behind the bar. An excellent buffet was supplied by Cpl. Barham (recently joined the Battalion). We must also mention Shaft, the Brigade disco, who churned out the music. Paul of Brigade managed to keep the floor creaking all night.

Capt. Battye, who has looked after our doings and undoings for the past two months, has stood down and we now find ourselves amalgamated with Waterloo Company for the final month in Ireland. Major Davies will resume command on return to Aldershot.

What the future in Aldershot will produce we don't know. However, before arrival there we all go off on a spell of leave prior to starting a normal military life in Aldershot.

MT Platoon

The age of the motorised vehicle is fast passing, d'you see, or so we are told. However, this state-

ment would be greeted with hoots of derision were it to be heard in the MT yard at present, where the now sadly depleted band of drivers and mechanics are clambering in, out and underneath our vehicles in order to make them ready for inspection by the REME team. Work continues from can see to can't see (and also in between times) and it is rumoured that Supply Depot, Lisburn, are "very concerned about the vast quantities of midnight oil being consumed by 1 DWR MT Platoon".

Several key personnel have already departed for Aldershot, thus increasing the already tight work schedule of the remaining few. Indeed, over half our number are permanently deployed with the rifle companies in the county and on Brigade reserve. Add to this the normal heavy quota of details carried out daily and we are (as proved conclusively by Cpls. Jameson and Mortimer) "very thin on the ground". However, everyone remains cheerful with the prospect of "days to do" before departing for the southern paradise as offered by Aldershot.

Now is the time when everyone begins to work out various impressive statistics for our tour in N. Ireland. The very creditable figures for the MT are as follows:

As at August 13, 1974:

Vehicles held	112
Total mileage (16 months) ..	1,592,151
Traffic accidents	60
Average miles per accident ..	26,235.85

We have had our moments of relaxation, too, and on July 16 the Platoon gathered in the Corporals Mess for a social get-together. It was later remarked that on that night there were only two MT drivers to be found in the county locations, the remainder having somehow managed to wangle a night off duty to enjoy the pleasures of Ballykelly. It was obvious the following morning that they had all, without exception, made a valiant effort to make up for the long periods of abstinence in the county!

Other noteworthy incidents/achievements from the MT diary include:

May 30: Pte. Crowther becomes the first motorised matador in a contest against a cow in the Dungiven vicinity. Result: Crowther 1, cow 0.

August 6: Cpl. Mortimer comes third in the N. Ireland Services Chess Championships—an MT first in the visor!

August 12: Pte. MacDonald comes third in the Antrim Dog Show. (*Editor's note—That should read "Pte. MacDonald's dog comes third".*)

Apart from the rest of us, the MTO is also busy these days, doubling as OC Hook Company in the absence of that worthy, and so in part must leave the running of the ship to the crew. However, we are still safely on course for Aldershot, the petrol is still flowing freely (until we reach England again) and we are doing our utmost to comply with the MTO's latest motto: "If it stands still, get it moving; if it's moving, make sure that it's painted, d'you see".

Officers Mess Staff

For the past few weeks life in the Mess has been

ather hectic for the staff. In addition to regular duties with the Company, guards, escorts, etc., social life in the Mess increased sharply, with farewell parties for various attached units and individuals.

Our regular steak bar nights and guest nights have gone very well and we are looking forward to Saturday, August 24, when our final function, a farewell cocktail party, is over.

Two of our staff, Cpl. Dalladay and "Diffy", have gone on the advance party to Aldershot, but we have yet to hear from them as they are still on leave.

What with all the above and the WFR advance Party yet to come (and be accommodated), Staff Rusby is going greyer, Capt. Battye, our Mess Secretary is getting ulcers and L/Cpl. Grey is losing weight, through worry or dieting were not sure of. L/Cpl. Bradley doesn't worry at all and, despite having his good leg pulled, remains his usual cheerful self. "Our George", Cpl. Hayton to anyone not knowing him, keeps everyone happy with his own unique antics and witticisms.

Our chefs are still excelling themselves and he looks or astonishment and pleasure on the faces of visitors who dine with us are a joy to behold. Sgt. Austin, L/Cpl. Street, L/Cpl. Anderson, Mr. Jim Smith and all other cooks who have done a stint with us can be proud of the reputation this Mess holds throughout the Army, as it is mainly due to them and their efforts.

We are now looking forward to delighting Aldershot Garrison visitors to the Mess and hope that

the time there passes as quickly as it has here in Ballykelly.

REGIMENTAL BAND

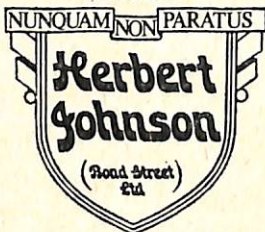
The Band had rather an interesting tour in England during the period May 20 to July 29. We have already made a mention of the escapade surrounding the bomb blasts at Strensall in a special edition of our notes.

Our first engagement was in the Officers Mess at the Depot The King's Division on May 23. All bands receive their share of recruiting engagements and we visited Barnard Castle on May 27. The Battalion had previously been stationed there and so it was a pleasure to see the familiar landmarks again, especially the castle itself.

Halifax is the home of the Regiment and naturally the Halifax Gala on June 8 was an ideal chance for the Band to remind the local population of this fact. Unfortunately, when the Band arrived they were asked, "Who are you?" and "What are you doing here?" Eventually the Bandmaster managed to convince the show organisers that the Band were booked for this engagement and so a place within the procession was allotted for us.

Other shows visited by the Band consisted of the Wharfedale Show near Ilkley on June 15, and the Birkenshaw Show on July 6.

We did not manage to visit Butlins at Filey this year, but some of our regular customers did invite us to provide concerts. Two concerts were performed at the Headrow, Leeds, one on June 20 and the other on July 11. Lytham St Annes re-



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quested that we provide a concert on June 16 at the Lowther Gardens Pavilion. On this occasion Bds. Fitzpatrick gave a short piano recital, which was well received by the enthusiastic audience. Another concert took place at the Valley Gardens, Harrogate, on July 14.

The Catterick Army Display took place in June. We managed to volunteer for this event and along with some of our old friends, the Staff Band of the Royal Signals and the Regimental Band of the 2nd Battalion Royal Regiment of Fusiliers, we provided the massed bands display. During our stay in Catterick we were able to look up some of the ex-members of the Band who had settled down in the area. Derek Mann, who once wore a slim Band tunic, would now have great difficulty in getting into Sgt. Tony Crag's tunic. He was hardly recognisable due to the amount of weight he has put on. We can only assume that married life might have contributed in some small way. Another old friend, Gerry Dawson, came along to greet us. We are pleased that they are both doing well in Civvy Street.

Transport is usually a problem which bands have to accept from time to time, but in 99 cases out of every 100 a vehicle does turn up eventually. Unfortunately, the hundredth case transpired for us on July 13. For anyone who is superstitious it is pointed out that the 13th was not a Black Friday, but in fact a Black Saturday. The Band paraded for transport with the good intention of travelling to Sheffield, where we would provide a concert at the Myers Grove School Fete, commencing at 3 p.m. After some 25 miles or so the driver suddenly announced that he could not continue with the journey as a lump the size of an egg had appeared on one of the coach's tyres. Numerous telephone calls resulted from this, the driver trying to get a replacement coach, and the Bandmaster trying to assure the school committee that the Band would eventually arrive in Sheffield to perform before the school fete finished at 6 p.m. It was 5.40 p.m. when we actually paraded in Sheffield, just in time to perform the ceremony of beating the Retreat to close down the fete. The concert never did take place. After a quick tea meal at the school we thought it wise to beat a quick retreat on the coach again before we got lynched.

The end of the tour again saw the Band in Sheffield for the Tri-Services Display in Norfolk Park during the period July 19-21. On this occasion we paraded with the C.-in-C. Fleet Band of HM Royal Marines and provided two massed bands displays on each of the three days. Our accommodation was in the Totley and Thornbridge Teachers Training College, where young ladies are taught the powers of leadership. Much to the disgust of the bandmen, it turned out that all the students were in fact on holiday and so a reasonably quiet time was had by one and all. Seriously though, the staff of the college really looked after the Band and should any of them be lucky enough to see a copy of THE IRON DUKE we offer our sincere thanks to them all.

We welcome to the Band Bds. Norton, who joined us at Strensall from the Junior Soldiers Company.
A. CLARKE, BM

POSTINGS IN

The undermentioned have rejoined the Battalion on re-enlistment having spent a short spell in Civvy Street:

Cpl. Sullivan and Pte. Henstock.

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

Ptes. Barratt, Jones 59, Teasdale, Goldstraw, Watson 69, Stout, Holmes, Schofield, Yeadon, Sharp, Acklam, Dobson, Williams 80, Wilkinson 70, Brayshaw, Corr, Slater, Dooler, Ford, Lambert, Wood 36, Harrison 04.

The undermentioned have joined the Battalion having spent a period attached to 2nd Battalion The Royal Irish Rangers at Warminster:

Ptes. Horsfield, Mitchell 66, Duffy 24, Fleary, Summersgill, Shaw, Keeble, Melnyk, Ledder, Sanders, Wroe, Preston, Abrahams.

The undermentioned have been posted on to our attached strength:

Pte. Hinton, ACC, from 22 Locating Battery, Royal Artillery. Cpl. Barham, ACC, from the School of Infantry (HQ Admin Wing).

POSTINGS OUT

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

Cpl. T. Butterworth, Depot King's Division. Sgt. Wilson, HQ Sultan's Armed Forces, Oman. Cpl. Templeman, HQ United Nations Forces, Cyprus. Sgt. Noble, 9th Cadet Training Team, York.

The undermentioned has now completed his attachment with 1 DWR:

Cpl. Crook, ACC, to Depot and Training Battalion, ACC.

Clubs and Sports

RUGBY

It would appear that no sooner does one season finish than another one starts and this is certainly the case this year, for we have a lot of work to do if the Army Cup is to come home this season. Having finished last season with so much success, we hoped to continue the enthusiasm and training started at the beginning of August. This was arranged by Capt. Newell and WO2 Robinson, as they are always in camp and can ensure continuity. The sessions have proved to be very successful with approximately 20 people attending every time and having the added bonus of Major Campbell-Lamerton's experience, which can never be a disadvantage.

At present we have nearly 40 players on our books and consequently fixtures for 1st and 2nd XV's are already being arranged for when we hit Aldershot. Recently the 1st XV played 16 Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, and won 68-7. This was followed rapidly by a win against Limavady 61-3. The 2nd XV also played the Royal Engineers but just lost 3-10. Each game has shown us that we have excellent three-quarters but small, light forwards,

which might well prove to be a problem against a Coleraine side which we have yet to meet. Despite this, morale is high and many people are looking forward to putting the Duke's back on the rugby map with a vengeance.

Inter-Company Seven-a-Side Competition

The sky was blue, the sun was out; that was until Burma Company kicked off for the first match in the sevens competition. The heavens opened and down came the rain. However, this did not put off the enthusiasm which was shown throughout this competition.

The aim of the competition was to find hidden talent which lurks throughout the Battalion, therefore 1st XV players were not allowed to play or anyone of repute. The competition proved to be a great success. Established players were shown an example of hard tackling; there was no shortage of guts either.

At one stage it looked as though Burma were going to clean up both main competition and plate. However, "C" Company and a gallant side from the Alma put paid to their hopes in the finals of the plate and semi-finals of the main competition. A hard-fought battle in the plate competition saw Corunna win the trophy. The Major competition was a ding-dong battle between Hook, represented by the Band, and Alma. L/Cpl. Sollitt opened up the score with a splendid 60yd. run for the touch-line, 4-0 to the Band. Pte. Bucknor equalled this feat to make it 4-4. I don't think it did his digestive system any good. The result was decided in the final seconds, when the Band were awarded a penalty. L/Cpl. Sollitt took the kick, hit the crossbar, hit the upright, then a welcome gust of wind blew it over. 7-4 to the Band. All players taking part are to be congratulated on their enthusiasm and gutsy performances.

Army Rugby Cup Results

1 DWR v. 2 Para. Won 25-6 (half-time 3-6).
1 DWR v. Depot Regt. R.A. Won 37-9.
1 DWR v. SEE Arborfield. Won 8-6.

CRICKET

The changing operational situation, making players unavailable at the last minute, coupled with the meteorological conditions prevalent in N. Ireland, have made regular cricket, not to mention Army Cup cricket, an organiser's nightmare. Despite this we have managed to play several afternoon matches against local clubs and units, 20-over evening matches (ending usually at 2230!), an inter-company five-a-side tournament and Army Cup cricket.

Army Cup

The first round was played against 1 RTR at Lisanelly Barracks, Omagh. 1 RTR were in the midst of what has proved for them to be a successful season. 1 RTR elected to bat first and were soon in trouble. They were kept under pressure by good bowling from Capt. N. Newell (5-34) and Lt. M. Jenkins (3-14). It was left to S/Sgt. Ballard to finish

them off. Score: 94 all out. 1 DWR started well, but floundered in the middle order. Fortunately Capt. Newell and Major Reid steadied the side and with scores of 25 and 16 respectively saw 1 DWR home. Score: 95-6. WO2 Robinson was the highest scorer with 34.

The N. Ireland final was eventually held at Thiepval Barracks Lisburn, after having been postponed twice. A changed DWR side faced 3 LI, who had beaten 1 DERR in the semi-final. Capt. Gilbert put 3 LI into bat, but, despite a good start, assisted by a superb diving catch off his own bowling by Lt. Jenkins, 3 LI slipped off the hook. Dropped chances only encouraged 3 LI to better things. They eventually made 166-8 in 35 overs. Major Reid 3-49, Lt. Jenkins 2-18.

Set with this score, 1 DWR had to push it along from the start. Despite early losses against accurate bowling, 1 DWR held their own, but a decisive spell of bowling cleared up the middle order completely. Capt. Gilbert (36 not out) and Lt. Jenkins put on 30 for the last wicket, but with five overs left the target was too much. Final score: 103 all out.

Summary

A disjointed but enjoyable season. There is a great deal of mixed talent in the Battalion. Although news has it that yet another sporting summer is to be lost to the Battalion, the future is bright should opportunity permit a full season of cricket to be enjoyed.

Five-a-side Tournament

An inter-department five-a-side tournament was held during July, which proved to be a great success. The competition rules were simple: 15 overs per side, no bowler could bowl more than four overs and each side batted out completely. Among the highlights was an unbeatable 75 by Lt. Grieve v. Officers Mess. The final was held between Burma Company and Sergeants Mess. On this occasion good bowling by WO2 Robinson, S/Sgt. Ballard and Sgt. Parrot kept Burma Company limited to 59 runs. They then proceeded to pass Burma's total with four overs remaining. Winning team: S/Sgt. Ballard (captain), WO2 Robinson, Sgts. Kerry, Parrot, and Shadbolt.

GOLF

It is unusual to be writing about golf for THE IRON DUKE without reference to the silver putter. However, be that as it may, due to the operational deployment of the Battalion no competition has been played since Catterick. Firm plans are in hand to hold the 'putter' in Aldershot next spring.

Ballykelly is ideally situated near to a host of links along the north coast of N. Ireland. Some readers may have spent holidays or remember this area from 1958-59 tour and will be acquainted with the local scenery, but to the uninitiated there is a link course adjacent to almost each town along the coast, culminating at the Royal Portrush Golf Club.

As a regiment most golf has been played at Castlerock, which is a neighbour to Portrush and Portstewart. It is an attractive links with a well-



Golf v RUC Portstewart

appointed club house. It was here that 1 DWR were challenged to a four-ball match by the RUC of Division "O". The result was a tie, three matches each. The team and results were:

Lt.-Col. P. Mitchell, Capt. N. J. Newell won 4-3.

Capt. A. D. Roberts, Rev. A. Russell lost 5-4.

Major A. R. Westcob, Capt. C. J. W. Gilbert lost 3-1.

L/Cpl. Taylor, Charles Mitchell lost 1 hole.

Cpl. Holmes, Pte. Bray won 2-1.

The sixth match played was between two single-figure golfers from the RUC, one attached to each side. Ours won.

This ideal result gave immediate rise to talk of a return. In keeping with the spirit of the game the Battalion threw down another challenge and invited the RUC to contest it as a four-ball greensome over the Dunluce course at the Royal Portrush GC.

A greensome, as many golfers know, is a fascinating variation; played at Royal Portrush it turned out to be a winner. The Royal Portrush golf course has two links adjacent to it, the Valley and Dunluce, with an artisan course nearby. The Dunluce links is a championship course, with corresponding narrow fairways, deep bunkers and difficult greens, which are not too large either. Weather at all links plays a vital part in any round; ours was atrocious.

Undeterred by the conditions, an interesting match ensued; as the weather worsened, the result tightened. It was not until 7 o'clock on the 18th green of the last match that the result was known. A win for the Duke's. Result in order of play:

Brigadier D. Houston, Lt.-Col. P. A. Mitchell won 2 up.

Capt. A. D. Roberts, Capt. N. J. Newell lost 2-1.

Cpl. Holmes, Pte. Bray won 2-1.

Sgt. Nuttall, Sgt. Cross, APTC, won.

Major A. R. Westcob, Capt. C. J. W. Gilbert lost 5-4.

Sgt. Spearman, L/Cpl. Taylor won 1 hole.

A satisfying result under trying conditions. A pleasant evening followed in the club house and suggestions of another return again were mentioned.

It was becoming apparent that the RUC did

not wish to be defeated on home territory, but, apart from this, the golf matches were being thoroughly enjoyed by all concerned. So another game was arranged, this time at Portstewart GC.

The day was blustery but miraculously fine till early evening and the stage was set. The match was to be contested as singles, 13 in all. Despite a deal of "misfortune", we were soundly beaten. The Irish can really talk to the golf ball. The result was nine matches to three with one halved. For the record Nick Newell, Alistair Roberts and Cpl. Holmes were the only winners.

And so our sortie into Irish gold ends, with many pleasant memories. However, as a footnote, the series now stands at one game all and one game drawn. Honour demands to be satisfied. Who'll organise Aldershot?

SUB-AQUA

So much has happened since the last call to pen our notes that it is difficult to know where to start. Perhaps it reflects the popularity of this sport when one realises that we have had to refuse any more members until Aldershot.

We now have 5 qualified third-class divers, 3 second-class divers and approximately 12 divers who are about to sit their third-class exam.

Tuesday evenings are spent mainly in lecture work and weekends used for sea diving. The club has progressed from its early days of 30 to 40ft. dives and now takes on the more professional deeper dives. All those qualified to sea dive have completed 80ft. dives and most have seen the magical 120ft., beyond which we are not allowed to go.

We have high hopes for a grand shake-up in the organisation on arrival in England, which we hope will speed up the qualifying times. Our main problem used to be equipment, but this has now been sorted out, and with a number of people now buying their own kit we have sufficient to take nine people diving at one time.

Our most spectacular achievement to date was a three-day trip on the *Amber Rose*, the new diving ship purchased by the British Sub-Aqua Club. This is a £50,000 vessel and sleeps 12 people. We left Strangford Lough on the Friday evening and



Sub Aqua—working

as we got through the shallows we were hit by a force 9 storm. For the duration of the night we ploughed on, each diver taking turns at bridge watch. Each man was expected to navigate and operate the radar and depth sounder. The British soldier is a versatile man indeed. The following morning found us in a flat calm off the Kish Banks and the first dive was started.

We dived in teams on to an old wreck that had once been a cargo ship. The cargo consisted of blue Wedgwood china, blue tiles and a consignment of tombstones. Should anyone wish to purchase a dozen sea-stained tombstones, please contact WO2 Hodkinson. The price is very reasonable. Next we set course for the Isle of Man, and again each soldier took his turn at the wheel and charted his own course. It says something for our skill at map reading that we were less than 100m. out at the end of the voyage. The evening was spent consuming large quantities of alcohol and singing diving songs in the ward room. So good was our performance that the fishermen from the next boat came aboard and even brought another supply of beer. Operation "Beer Swilling" ended at 0330 hrs. with a lot of good will and heavy heads.

Early next day (or was it the same day?) we cast off for a dive of supposed scenic beauty. Unfortunately we got the mooring lines caught round the propeller and ended up doing a harbour dive in an

attempt to clear the lines away. While we sat waiting for instructions from the many and varied captains (all self-appointed) on how to clear the ropes we amused ourselves by counting all the beer cans laid on the bottom. We were truly amazed to find over 600 till we realised that we were in the favourite mooring spot for the Navy.

Ropes cleared, we found time against us and so set course for the Ardglass Banks. This is a well-known graveyard of wrecks and we had high hopes of finding some 'goodies'. We arrived to find some underwater pirates looting the wreck sites, but managed to find an amicable agreement. Within minutes we kitted up and dived, to find a large deep sea trawler laid in 85ft. of water. It presented a most grotesque sight in the half-light. All the nets were suspended by the buoys giving the appearance of draping the boat in fine netting. We immediately realised the potential danger and cut free the buoys holding the nets. We have often wondered what the surface party thought as these projectiles shot clear of the surface and drifted away. However, the nets fell back into the holds and the site is now safe to dive on. Finally, course set for home and the calm waters of Strangford Lough. We had a discussion for an hour and reviewed our procedures on safety, diver marking, etc., and found that the national coach, who just happened to be the legitimate captain of the boat, was very impressed with our techniques. So perhaps we have done a good job on our pool and sea training.



Sub Aqua—relaxing
WO2 Hodkinson, L/Cpl Cusworth

If anyone wishes to dive with the Iron Dukes sub-aqua team, please don't hesitate to contact WO2 Hodgkinson of Somme Company. This offer applies to all ranks, and wives, irrespective of age.

POSEIDON

"IT'S A KNOCKOUT"

After the success of last year's competition Col. Peter expressed a desire to have a similar event this year, so the machinery was put in motion.

The greatest problem for the organisers, when the companies are spread all over the place as we are, is to get them to put forward ideas. Then, when they are forthcoming, to prune their barbaric suggestions to something feasible without incurring loss of life or permanent injury!

Nearly all the company suggestions were geared to N. Ireland activities. For example, a baton round competition, six men a side 20m. apart, six guns with 30 rounds each, winning side would be the most number of men left standing after 10 minutes (this was thrown out because of the short-fall of ammunition—private battalion joke). Other ideas were a car bomb race and a CS gas water cannon gauntlet. We leave the other suggestions to your imagination.

It was therefore decided to scrap company suggestions and start from square one using last year's events as a basis to work on.

The competition events were as follows:

1. *The Water Race*

Four people filling a ground sheet with as much water as possible, each person holding a corner, passing through or over three obstacles and filling a bin at the far end. Start/finishing point 40m. apart. As many journeys as possible in 10 minutes. Team with the most water in the bin wins.

2. *Water Tank Competition*

Six people individually carrying large boxes over a water tank using a 2½ in. wide bridge. As many boxes as possible in 10 minutes.

3. *Trampoline Competition*

One goalkeeper on trampoline defending a small goal 12ft. off the ground. One man from another team heading plastic balls thrown to him into the goal. As many goals as possible in 5 minutes.

4. *Pillow Fight*

Two opponents on a greasy pole over a water tank, clobbering one another with pillows. A point for every time a person is knocked off the pole into the tank. 10-minute combat periods.

5. *Fire Hose Competition*

Four people on an evil greasy surface jumping up to get 12 balloons suspended 8ft. high and at the same time a high-pressure fire hose knocking competitors down. As many balloons as possible in 10 minutes or the shortest time all balloons are down.

6. *The Tarpaulin Race*

Six people on 10ft. × 6ft. tarpaulin. Straight

race of 40m. but all members of the team must have their feet on the tarpaulin at all times during the race.

Each company provided a mixed team of soldiers, wives and children.

In addition to the events themselves, the RSM arranged for our Army champion dog section and Army champion trampoline team to put on displays during the interval.

The day started badly with a downpour of rain an hour before the start. We took the risk to carry on and fortunately the weather held throughout the whole competition. About 300 spectators turned up, including some from 8 Infantry Brigade units and the HQ. The MT ran an excellent bus service to and from the quarters and the PRI ran a thriving hot dog store and beer tent.

The events went well, with many a funny moment as each team tried to out-do the other. The umpires had a relatively easy task; their major problem was to avoid getting carried away with the enthusiasm of the teams.

Off-field activities were as amusing as the events themselves. Inter-company rivalry blossomed as the PRI beer tent stocks decreased. At one stage we had 12 people fully clothed in a water tank designed to hold six!

The actual competition was a great success and enjoyed by all. The final stages couldn't have worked out better, as the overall result depended on the last event. The spectator involvement was tremendous and hilarious as inebriated supporters tried to will their teams on.

As a fitting climax to a great afternoon, the sun actually shone whilst Mrs. Mitchell presented the prizes to the individual event winners and Corunna Company as overall winners. In addition to these prizes, Mrs. Mitchell presented a gift each to S/Sgt. Martin, Sgt. Lofthouse, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Lofthouse and Mrs. Blenkinsop, on behalf of the Battalion Youth Club, in gratitude for all they had done during the past year for the club.

A wonderful day with the old regimental family spirit.

Overall results (each company won at least one event each):

1st	Corunna Company	25 pts.
2nd	Waterloo Company	24 pts.
3rd	Somme Company	22 pts.
4th	equal—Alma and Hook Companies	21 pts.
6th	Burma Company	18 pts.

A NEW NUFFIELD CENTRE IN LONDON

The new Nuffield Centre in London opened its doors at Villiers House, John Adam Street, WC2, on June 4, near Charing Cross Station, some year and a half after the old centre in Adelaide Street was forced to close down because of redevelopment of the area.

The new architect-designed premises are on the ground floor of Villiers House and formerly were used as part of the out-patients' department of Charing Cross Hospital.

They provide a comfortable lounge with a disco area, colour television, a modern bar, a small restaurant serving substantial snacks, and washing facilities. In addition, an information desk provides details of what's on in London, times of trains, accommodation in the area and is also the focal point for the issue of complimentary theatre and cinema tickets generously provided for the Forces by a number of managements in London.

The centre is under the management of F/Lt. Frank Stead, RAF (ret'd.), who ran the old centre at the time of its closure. The new centre, of course,

is open only for Service men and women.

The Nuffield Trust was set up in 1939 through the generosity and foresight of the late Lord Nuffield. Its aim is to promote the efficiency and welfare of the Forces by the provision of facilities for recreation and other means. At the end of 1973 a total of more than £7 million had been made available to the Services, while running costs of the Trust had been kept to 1.25 per cent. During its 24 years at Adelaide Street the former centre was used by at least 2,100,000 Service men and women.

Depot, The King's Division

The bomb scares continue and the majority of the members of the King's Division Depot seem to spend more and more miserable nights on the sports pitches. However, camp security, we hope, has eliminated the chances of the real thing happening again.

The number of recruits coming through reception continues to rise at a satisfactory rate. However, we feel that our wastage rates are still a little high, but we satisfy ourselves with the thought that we pass out from the Depot only the very best (although battalions may feel differently). As a result of The Queen's Lancashire Regiment and The King's Regiment being about to start 18-month tours of duty in N. Ireland we have tended to feed these two regiments with uncommitted recruits. The Duke's, therefore, in recent months have not been getting as many recruits as they have in the past. Albeit the recruits committed to the Duke's have been well above average.

On September 28, 25 all ranks from the Depot attended the Duke of Wellington's reunion in the Halifax Drill Hall. A good time was had by all and, although it was a pity that members from the 1st Battalion were not present, many old friends were met and many stories were told.

We are looking forward to the OCA reunion which is taking place on October 26 in the Sergeants Mess at Strensall. As is usual, 12 French ex-soldiers from Hem and the Mayor of Hem will be present. It is always a great pleasure to see these people, who have always taken so much interest in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. The 1st Battalion have kindly given us permission to display the Colours and the Honorary Colours in the Warrant Officers and Sergeants Mess on the evening of October 26.

On October 12 a party of Warrant Officers and Sergeants from the Depot marshalled 2,000 members of the St John Ambulance Brigade in York. The parade was to commemorate the presentation of the St John Ambulance Brigade Colours and it was a very stirring sight to see the march past taking place in front of York Minster with HRH Princess Margaret taking the salute.

At the Depot we expect a very high standard of shooting both from the permanent staff and the recruits. The permanent staff set a fine example by

their herculean efforts at Bisley this year. The shooting team was captained by Lt. McGratton, QLR, and consisted of Cpl. Lander, DWR, Cpl. Webb, QLR, Sgt. Monks, MM, QLR, and Cpl. Burke, PWO. Although we did not retain our Minor Units Championship Cup which was won last year, we did obtain the following results:—

Minor Units Rifle Team Match	1st
Minor Units Snapshooting Match	2nd
Minor Units Championship	3rd
Minor Units Section Match	3rd

Many congratulations are due to Cpl. Webb, QLR, for coming seventh in the Army Hundred, Cpl. Lander, DWR, for coming 17th in the Army Hundred and Cpls. Burke and Webb for coming third in the Army GPMG Shoot.

In the sporting world the Depot seems to have produced a very capable rugby side. It has already won its first match 24—3 against 11 Signals Regiment (all points being scored by members of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment) in the first round of the Army Minor Units Cup. Lt. Drake, who will be rejoining the Battalion in March next year, is playing for Headingly 1st XV in the back row and should prove to be a useful addition to the Battalion 1st XV when he arrives.

We welcome to the Depot Cpl. Wykes and his wife, who arrived from the Battalion Orderly Room to take up a similar post in the Depot Orderly Room. We welcome also L/Cpl. Fawcett to the recruiting team. We should also like to welcome Lt. Colville from the 1st Battalion, who is at present in "W" Company of the Depot at Ripon.

We say farewell to Sgt. Craig and his wife, who are returning to the Duke's, and to Cpl. Larnder, who has left us with the local rank of sergeant to complete a probationary course for entry into the SASC. We wish him the best of luck for the future and, although it means losing a fine Battalion shot, we hope that he is selected to serve in the SASC. Major Lupton, DWR, has left us for Latimer and his place is taken by Major Nash of The King's Own Border Regiment. Major Pugh, DWR, has left the recruiting team and is now serving at Colchester. The Officers Mess at Strensall will not be the same without him.

As is usual at Strensall, we have seen many new

and old faces from the Battalion passing through. It is always a great pleasure for all of us here to see members or ex-members from the Battalion and

they can always be assured of being offered the warmest hospitality.

1st Battalion Yorkshire Volunteers

Exercise "Bold Guard"

Way back in January this year we were told that 1st Battalion Yorkshire Volunteers had been selected to go in September, as part of 24 Air-portable Brigade, on a major NATO exercise called "Bold Guard" in Schleswig Holstein.

Preparation went on apace throughout the summer in the form of company exercises, using Puma helicopters. There is no doubt that the Battalion has worked with more support helicopters this summer than a Regular battalion sees in five years!

Finally, all was ready and we left on September 2 in two parties, 585 strong.

The main body flew by air from Leeming to Skjystrup in Denmark and after a 5-hour journey by train and vehicle finally arrived at its destination. Our 60 vehicles travelled via Harwich and Esjberg and then motored down into Germany in one long convoy.

Our home for the next 14 days were the cowsheds and barns of the villages of Offenbittel and Osterrade in northern Schleswig Holstein, a new experience for most of the soldiers.

After two days sorting ourselves out and practising our deployment drills with the Pumas we took part in exercise "Early Tonic", which was set especially for us by HQ 24 Air-portable Brigade to enable us to get into the right gear for "Bold Guard". It rained during the whole of the exercise but morale was maintained by the thought that the following weekend was being spent under the bright lights. That weekend 412 officers and soldiers travelled by coach to Hamburg and all returned safely and on time.

The following Tuesday saw us on exercise "Bold Guard". "D" Company was despatched by Puma to 3 Para and that was the last we saw of them during the exercise. "B", "C" and "E" Companies were deployed by Puma forward and took up defensive positions as bridge demolition guards south of the Kiel Canal. "A" Company was in reserve.

The exercise was only one hour old when the Adjutant, Capt. Bray, was struck by lightning and taken by helicopter to hospital. We are happy to say he is making satisfactory progress. We always knew he was a bright spark!

The combined German and British screen forces of 6 German Division were then forced to withdraw over the bridges, which were subsequently blown. The bridging areas were captured by the enemy and the bridges replaced, which necessitated a night attack by "A" and "C" Companies on the main bridge, which was successfully carried out. 6 German Division was then able to advance over the bridge and force the enemy to withdraw. On September 13, the Battalion was withdrawn before

the end of the exercise to enable us to return to the UK in good time to start work. Some were on night shift!

It was a very successful exercise and of tremendous value to 1 Yorks and a great deal was learned at all levels. It was unique in our TAVR experience to see the German Army at close quarters and co-operate with so many of our own supporting arms and services. To have a regiment of German artillery, a troop of tanks, an FAC and FOO (German), Pumas, Sioux, demolition firing parties, LOs, a section of 24 Field Ambulance and an RCT troop under command or in support all at the same time was great stuff.

Finally, we consider that we were extremely fortunate to have been chosen to take part in exercise "Bold Guard". Both officers and soldiers now have a much better understanding of their role in NATO and are confident that they can carry out their allotted tasks on mobilisation.

S. J. N.

"C" COMPANY (DWR)

The main news item from us for this issue must inevitably be annual camp. Former "Terriers" and permanent staff may be surprised to be reading about it in December. Annual camp is a summer event surely? However, it is also a movable feast and, like summer, comes any time between May and September.

Thus this year it was not until the first weekend in September that we paraded with the object of going to Germany. Our dads and uncles of 1939 vintage doubtless found that reminiscent!

This time things were very different. On Monday morning we flew from RAF Leeming to Skjystrup in Denmark. Thence we travelled by train to Albersdorf, near the Kiel Canal. "C" Company, along with "A", "B" and HQ, were billeted on farms in the village of Offenbittel, whilst "D" and "E" Companies were in the next village. Despite the relatively limited amount of free time that we had, it is generally thought that the fortnight's consumption of beer and bangers in the village *Gasthof* probably equalled that for the remaining 50 weeks of the year.

Then came the TAVR soldier's traditional treat, the 'Middle weekend', save to say that a coach took the bulk of the Company to Hamburg and everyone got back by 1800 hrs. Sunday, sober and properly dressed. It doesn't do to pry. I didn't. In fact the only other piece of information that I can honestly give is that I believe that one small group hired a car and teamed up with the Wehrmacht drivers who had been our MT support earlier in



Ex Bold Guard 1974

the week. The Yorkshire generosity (I write as a Lancashire man) in seeing that "Those lads get fed first" was bound to break the ice. The same generosity we found in the German people, who seemed genuinely pleased to see us. Particularly so was Herr Willi Ernst, his wife Ellie and teenage daughter Elke, on whose farm we lived. They were most kind and helpful to us. Our sergeants invited them to supper one evening just before the main exercise and they were presented with a regimental plaque to commemorate our visit.

The story goes that since camp at least one sergeant's wife has been suspicious about letters from Elke, especially as her schoolgirl "English" tends to result in unusually affectionate expressions.

The second week was the event we had all been waiting for. This was exercise "Bold Guard", a NATO exercise fought between British (24 Brigade), German and Danish troops on the one We filled the role of air-portable (i.e. heli-borne) infantrymen in what was largely an armoured battle.

Our presence there served to remind us that however sophisticated weapons may become there is always the need for men on the ground.

On our last night of the exercise the Company along with "A" Company under the command of the CO, carried out at short notice a silent attack on a vital river bridge. The timing of this attack was advanced by our very sporting German divisional commander especially so that we could take part. That attack really gave us a lift, as it is always well to end an exercise on a high note. War stories abound about what went on, e.g. the OC yelling "Follow me!" blundering in the dark into a watery trench, followed closely by his signaller and radio. Company HQ, in possession of the roadway of the bridge, wondering where the platoons were, whilst they were in fact underneath fighting it out with the defenders, who didn't seem to be playing the same rules about use of pyrotechnics. Sgt. Kennedy was hit with a spade. "Friend or foe", we all wondered!

Then followed a few hours of wet anti-climax until with the dawn friendly Panzers, combat teams. Battle groups began to advance across "our bridge". Never had we seen such a concentration of

armour. They probably scarcely gave a thought to the soaked and bedraggled black-faced infantrymen with their tiny weapons, trying by half-sections to wash, shave and spruce themselves up. Yet in each of our sodden soldiers one could sense a feeling of "all my own work" as the panzers rumbled across for the counter-attack phase.

We were proud to have been allowed to take part in the NATO exercise and are the first TAVR battalion to have done so.

On our return to base Friday afternoon all that remained was to leave in good order. All worked with a will to get packed up for the departure of the road party that same evening. The remainder of us left at 5 a.m. on the Saturday morning to return by the route by which we came. Meanwhile, we were saddened to learn of the tragedy to our fellow TAVR soldiers, parachutists, who lost their lives on the exercise.

At Albersdorf railway station we were particularly glad to see our Battalion's most spectacular casualty, the Adjutant, Capt. Martin Bray. He had had the bad luck to be struck by lightning at the start of the exercise, but had the supreme good fortune to survive. We are pleased to hear of his continued progress. S/Sgt. Marchbanks of Battalion HQ has been commended by the C-in-C for his prompt resuscitative treatment. We congratulate him also on this recognition of his timely life-saving intervention.

C (DWR) Company 3rd Battalion Yorkshire Volunteers

As 1974 comes to its end we can look back on a most eventful year, one that started with the Company reduced to very small numbers by the loss of 9 Platoon and with various new members in key positions having to get to know everyone and their new jobs. A year of very hard work and effort by all ranks which has turned out well worth while. Our new recruits have been assimilated and trained and a steady trickle of new lads still continues to come in. At the end of October we had reached a total of 85 in the Company and are hopeful of reaching "the ton" by Christmas.

Our success in winning the Battalion platoon competition in June spurred us on for the inter-company competition at camp. The whole of camp was run as a competition and we made a good start by taking the highest percentage of attested soldiers to camp. Despite the efforts of the other companies, we held on to our lead throughout the fortnight and had the satisfaction of being officially recognised as champion company on the last Friday. Needless to say, the Company party that night was a super affair.

Following this success we set our sights on the NE District platoon competition in October. Although we were joint first at the end of the tests section and best overall in the weapon handling, we were narrowly beaten into third place, first and second being Sheffield University OTC and 4 Para respectively. Still, a very pleasing result.

Camp this year was at Garelochhead—the

accommodation still as poor as ever and the weather even worse! The training was deliberately planned to be arduous and the weather made it especially so. We became quite skilled in mountain rescue as we brought down the unfortunates who sprained ankles, broke legs or just collapsed from exposure.

At the end of the year we lose our Company Commander, Major Peter Green, who after just over two years "in the chair" and 17 years in the TA is retiring. He has been heard muttering recently about "building a boat", but we understand his wife has certain other ideas, with gardening and decorating at the top of the list.

Huddersfield Area (DWR) Yorkshire ACF

The main event since the last notes has been annual camp, held this year at Crowborough on August 11-18. The weather was unkind and washed out our main exercise for the Monday and Tuesday. Some few Cadets managed a night under the stars in a splendid woodland setting by permission of Lord Buckhurst, who very kindly let us loose on part of his estate to spend a night under the stars.

Most Cadets managed one or the other of our two main visits, one to the Royal Navy at Portsmouth, who took a party of 50 Cadets of the Yorkshire ACF each day of camp and made an excellent job of looking after them. Our other visit to 55 Air Despatch Squadron RCT proved a great success. They were splendid hosts and gave 90 Cadets of Huddersfield Area a memorable day.

We have had quite a number of weekend camps, with another at Bellerby in November. Thereafter we shall settle down for a quiet spell through the hard winter months until March, when the weekend camps start again. We are presently deeply engrossed in the change over from the old and thoroughly understood Certificate "A" Part I and II training to the new, complex and slightly bewildering syllabus of the APC (Army). It is a thorough change with several more subjects to cope with and consequently has everyone hard at it at present.

By way of a change the remainder of our space is taken up with an article from Cadet Sgt. John Baskerville. John has been promoted since annual camp, when he was a corporal; he is 15 years old and a very competent young NCO. I hope we shall have more Cadet views in the future. At present they seem shy of appearing in print.

A Cadet view of camp

We boarded our special train at Bradford and after a bomb scare and a long journey we arrived safely at Tonbridge Station early Sunday evening. We then travelled by coach to the camp. After unloading and a good night's sleep we were ready to start our training early Monday morning. Unfortunately the weather interrupted our plans for the week, so we arranged lectures and films on cadet training. Some of the cadets under Lt. Turner did some signals work.

On Tuesday the weather improved and we went

He will be followed as OC by the Company 2IC, Capt. Matthew Bateman, w.e.f. January 1, 1975. Major Green goes with our best wishes for his future as a plain civilian and we extend our warmest congratulations and good wishes to Capt. Bateman. We are sure the Company will go from strength to strength with him at the helm.

With the shortage of junior officers at present he will be hard pressed but we look forward to the return during 1975 of David Massey and Gordon Lightbody and as we have produced six officer cadets from the Company the future looks promising.

on the training area for a signals and field formations exercise, using the radios as communication between each section. Next day we had the first of three visits. The first visit was on the Wednesday to Portsmouth naval base, where we toured the dockyard by boat and then went aboard HMS *Bristol*, a missile destroyer, after which we had an excellent meal at the Royal Naval College. After dinner we went to see HMS *Victory* and then to the Royal Marines Museum.

On the Thursday it was our day off and so we visited Brighton and enjoyed ourselves on the amusements and swimming in the sea. The next day we had another visit; this was to 55 Air Despatch Squadron RCT at Thorney Island. Here we spent an interesting day watching displays of dropping supplies by parachute and also watching the squadron at work. We were also provided with a meal.

Saturday was back to training with a patrolling competition, in which Huddersfield Area did not do very well. Some of us saw films on the danger of weapons and what happens when misused.

Although most of our time was spent training, we did have time for recreation sports. We won the football under the captaincy of Cadet Sgt. Ryan. Also we had sports competitions on Saturday afternoon and the prizes for the winners were presented by the local GVC commander.

Now it was time to leave and the Cadets had their last fling at the NAAFI and packed our bags ready for the return journey. The lads enjoyed the camp, thanks to Major Tattersall and the other officers and instructors, also to the Cadet NCOs of different detachments and, of course, the members of the permanent staff who cooked our meals.

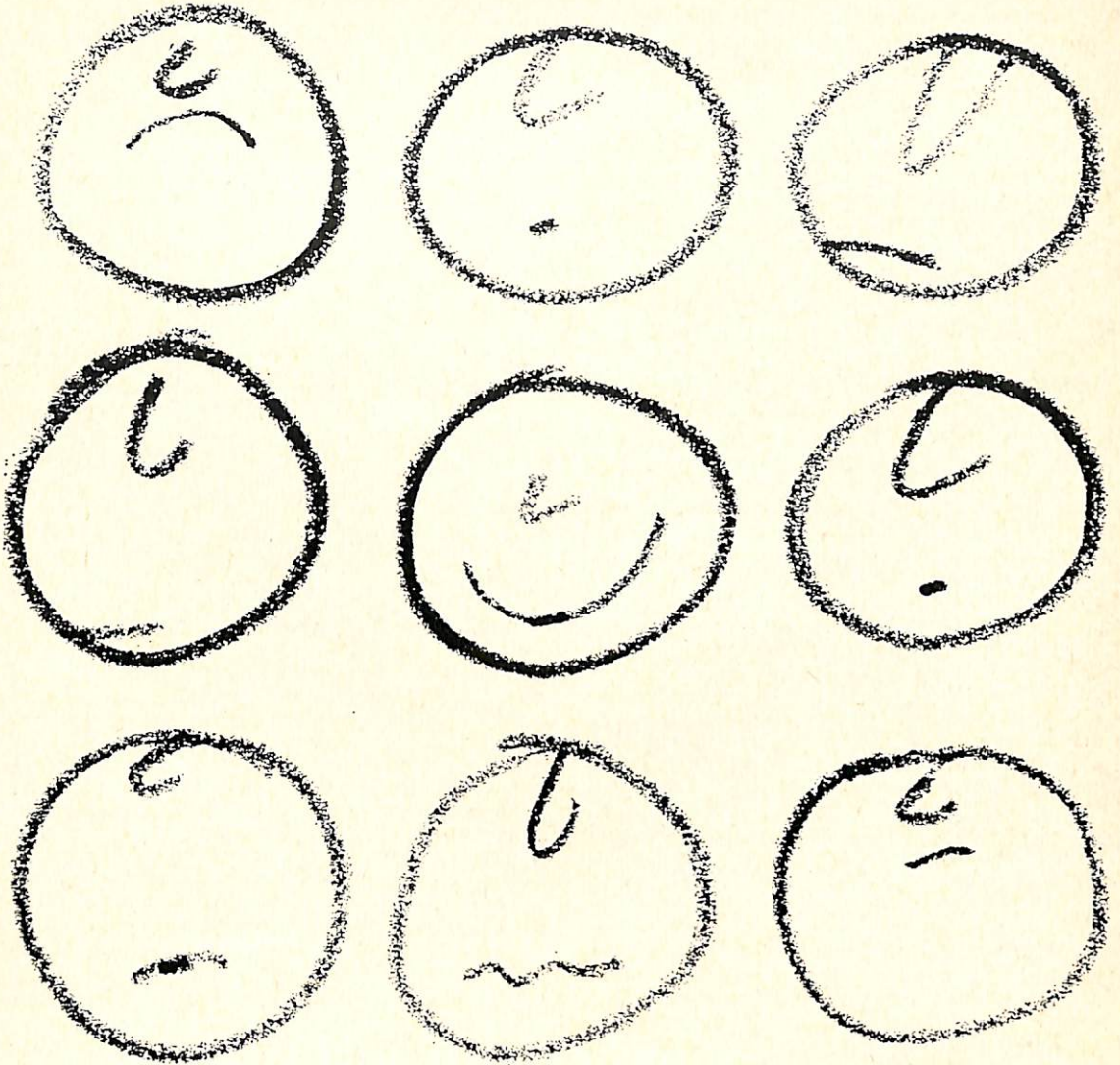
We then broke camp and returned to Huddersfield by train, hoping that next year annual camp will be just as enjoyable.

CADET SGT. JOHN BASKERVILLE



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## BOOK REVIEWS

**Fortune Favours The Brave**, by A. J. Barker.  
Leo Cooper. Price £4.25.

I remember well the occasion when the first tidings of the Battle of the Hook, perhaps the greatest of all the Korean battles, were brought most dramatically to the dinner table at Simpsons, where the 1st Battalion war-time officers were holding their 1953 annual reunion. After the port one of our members had slipped out to his nearby Fleet Street office and returned, post haste, with the early editions of the Saturday morning papers with their front-page headlines ablaze with news of the Hook and the Duke's. The details were sketchy, but there was enough to convince us that the Hook had been, indeed, a battle rivalling in intensity and perhaps surpassing, in sheer weight of shot and shell and firepower, some of the classic infantry battles of World War II. Those present had seen not a little of war, some more than others, so all knew just what the 1st Battalion had again been through and that once more it had won the day.

Not many years later, this time at one of those interminable meetings peculiar to the old War Office building, I again remembered vividly the story of the Hook and that dinner in 1953. Joe Kendrew was now Director of Infantry and some 20 staff officers were debating mortar requirements for the arm for which the General was now responsible. As often happens at such meetings, the discussion had wandered and become disjointed—ridiculously the unspoken question in the air was whether, in *those* modern days, the infantry still needed all its mortars. General Joe was never a great one for talking and usually rarely strayed far from his brief, but, sensing that the meeting was adrift, he became suddenly most eloquent and gave an unforgettable description of the necessity for, as he put it, that "wall of steel" to be brought down close and often on top of dug-in infantry. General Joe was going to keep his mortars, no doubt about that, and I knew then that he was thinking back, not only to his many battles of World War II with his gallant Leicesters, but also to the nerve-shattering DFs and SOS bombardments of the Hook, where he had been the Duke's Brigade Commander.

All this by way of introduction, for, even though the Editor has asked me to review this book, I am well aware that most "Dukes" will have read it by the time this notice sees the light of print. However, it is right that the book should be reviewed in our regimental magazine because it is an important event and its publication should be acknowledged appropriately. Korea happened before most of those now serving joined us and it is good, from time to time, to look back and realise what our predecessors accomplished. It gives us all a sense of perspective. Also, in these troubled days, with the Defence Review pending, the book re-emphasises the need for infantry, whether on the streets of Belfast, with the United Nations in Cyprus or, God forbid, fighting the next war. Queen of the battlefield or not, the Hook showed an infantry battalion, ours, at its splendid best.

The Hook battle is most adequately described in our Regimental History and the facts are there for all to read. But what Col. Barker has now written is an expanded version, more after the style of the war novel rather than the purely historical. Without doubt it is a well-written, gripping account—a book to be read at one sitting and compulsive, exciting reading. For those who were not there, like myself, it explains much and adds greatly to the detail of the Regimental History; for those present, I am told, there is much left out and some "Dukes" are disappointed because of this. Many names are not mentioned and surely a complete order of battle could have been included? Sadly, and an important point this, the company positions depicted on the sketch map are incorrect and should certainly have been checked before publication.

But, minor criticism aside, this is a fine account and the Battalion's professionalism and sheer fighting ability dominate the story. A great commanding officer, powerful company commanders, good officers, strong and most competent warrant officers and NCOs and, above all, soldiers who fought. Soldiers who stuck it out, soldiers who had all the answers and who, in the final analysis, beat the Chinese at their own game.

D. E. I.

**Crimean Uniforms—Infantry**, by Michael Barthorp.

A Historical Research Unit production. £6.

Michael Barthorp is well known to members of the Society for Army Historical Research and has contributed several interesting and carefully researched articles to its journal. This admirable book is well up to his own high standard. Despite its title, the book is not devoted entirely to military millinery. There are chapters on the organisation, drill and formations of the British Infantry in 1854. The author has given us a very clear and factual description of the battle of the Alma, that incredible action in which the British Commander-in-Chief, having launched his first line into a frontal assault on a vastly powerful enemy position, cantered off to an observation post, somewhat behind the enemy lines, and took no further part in proceedings.

The chapters on uniform and equipment are clear and accurate. The current uniform regulations confined themselves to officers' dress and then only in outline. Regimental distinctions were left to Colonels of Regiments and the dress of the rank and file was approved by the consolidated Board of General Officers and amended by memorandum from the Horse Guards. Considerable research was therefore necessary to gain a picture of what the soldier wore. This book does not confine itself to what the regulations state the troops should wear, but devotes an interesting chapter on what officers and men actually did wear as the campaign progressed. The book is copiously illustrated with contemporary prints and photographs and altogether is a beautifully produced and valuable addition to Crimean literature.

B. W. W. C.

**Weapons and Tactics**, by Wintringham and Bashford-Snell.

Pelican. 50p.

As the cover of this new Pelican says, it is a popular history of the development of warfare on land, with its alternating phases of armoured and unarmoured dominance. Tom Wintringham learned his soldiering in the Spanish Civil War and early in World War II he published the first part of this book. Major John Bashford-Snell, the Sapper of Blue Nile fame, has added a series of essays to bring the popular history up to date since 1945. There is nothing new in the book, but it is useful, tracing as it does the emergence of weapons and their interplay with tactics since the earliest days. There is a particularly good and concise account of the development of the machine gun and also, to me, a new story illustrating the resistance of the

1914 vintage commanders to the adoption of the machine gun. "What shall I do with the machine-gun today, sir?" "Take the damn thing to a flank and hide 'em" was the CO's reply. It could be true, for certainly Lloyd George had to override military opposition in order to get large numbers of the guns manufactured, and this at a time when the German battalion had many more guns than the British.

In the part written by Bashford-Snell the chapter on armour is of importance, especially where it discusses APC philosophy. Guerilla warfare and counter-insurgency are also well covered.

However, I suppose the real value of this book could well be as a source, or a useful book to turn to for facts when an essay has to be written, or an argument to be settled.

D. E. I.

## Obituary

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

**Col. A. H. G. Wathen, OBE**

We have just heard of the death on Nov. 15th of Col. A. H. G. (Bob) Wathen. His funeral took place at St Mary's church, Haxby, York on Nov 20th. An appreciation will appear in the next issue.

**Mrs. H. G. P. Miles**

Margaret Miles, who died very suddenly on August 2, was the widow of Brigadier "Bonzo" Miles, who died in 1966.

Her warmth and sincerity endeared her to many friends who will remember, in particular, the most happy atmosphere she and her husband maintained among their large and devoted family. Of their five sons, the two eldest, Michael and David, were National Service Officers with the 1st Battalion, both serving in Cyprus in 1957.

**Major R. E. Austin, MC**

Major Rudolf Austin died suddenly on Nov. 17th aged 60 at Woolcombe Farm, Toller Porcorum. An appreciation will appear in the next issue.

**Lt.-Col. Montgomery-Campbell**

On August 10, 1974, peacefully, following a stroke, "Archie", Lieutenant-Colonel (ret'd) aged 65. He leaves a widow and three children.

Major Bruce Murgatroyd writes:

"'Archie' was second-in-command of the 145 Regiment from the end of 1942 to 1944 and through-

out our Italian campaign. Although he was an RTR officer he had a high regard for the Duke's and was an outstanding soldier and a highly regarded comrade. Since the end of the war he had attended many of our reunions".

**Mrs. E. Brown**

Elsie Brown was the wife of CQMS F. Brown. She will be remembered well by former members of the 1st and 2nd Battalions and the Depot, but perhaps mostly by those who were at Ahmednagar and Kamptee, where she was in the married quarters with her husband, "Topper", who was well known as a very fine boxer and PT instructor. At this time they had two daughters, Betty and Margaret. The family moved from Kamptee to the Regimental Depot, where CQMS Brown was a squad instructor. They returned to Nowshera and were at Multan, Delhi and Peshawar, during which time two sons were born, Peter and Teddy. Both served in the Regiment.

The family returned to England in 1942 and the third daughter, Jennifer, was born in Leeds.

It was an awful blow to them when Peter was killed in action whilst serving with the 1st Battalion in Cyprus 1957.

Elsie Brown was loved by all who knew her, she was a very fine woman who had great pride in the Regiment and was devoted to her family, which she always put before herself. She had lived at Kirkstall, Leeds, since she returned to England and died there on her husband's 76th birthday July 19, 1974.

**Mr. E. J. Springett**

On August 12, 1974, suddenly at Yatton (Bristol), Mr. Edward Springett. A letter from him appears on page 96 of the August issue and a note on his book on page 91.

**Mr P. Rainford**

Percy Rainford (Mossley), died October 19, 1974, aged 72. Percy was the popular Officers Mess steward of the 7th Battalion for a long number of years and a staunch member of our Mossley Branch. We send our deepest sympathy to his widow.

Maurice Lumb (4606796), died October 21, 1974. Maurice joined the 2nd Battalion in 1923 and served as a drummer. He was a widower and lived in Hull, but died on a visit to his son in London.

**Mr F. Stringer**

Information has just been received that Fred Stringer, the well-known Regular and Territorial stalwart and popular Association member died in Halifax General Hospital on November 9 1974 aged 65. An obituary will appear in the next issue.

**Mr F. Hartfield**

We have been informed of the death on May 10 1974 of Pte. Fred Hartfield who served with C & D Coys of the first Bn. during the 2nd World War.

His widow, Mrs M. C. Hartfield who is suffering from multiple sclerosis is a patient in The Jarvering Nuring Home, 58, Springfield Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex, and would welcome news from any of her late husband's comrades.

**RAISING OF THE 76th REGIMENT**

An interesting article by J. L. Pimlott appears in the summer number of the *Journal of the Society for Army Historical Research* on 'The Raising of Four Regiments for India 1787-8'. These included the 76th, later to become 2nd Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. It gives a clear picture of the problems of manning in those days.—*Journal of the Society for Army Historical Research*, No. 210, Vol. LII.

**8 DWR/145 RAC**

The 30th annual reunion dinner of the officers 8th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment/145 Regiment Royal Armoured Corps took place at St Ermin's Hotel, London, on Saturday, October 19, 1974. Col. F. R. Armitage, OBE, presided.

Notices similar to the above can be read every day of the week in *The Times* or *The Daily Telegraph*. What, however, is there about this one that may be rather exceptional?

The 8 DWR was raised in July 1940, converted into armour as 145 RAC in November 1941 and disbanded in Italy in January 1945, a total existence of only 4½ years all during World War II.

The unit always had in it a few Regular officers, but the majority were Emergency Commissioned officers.

For 30 years now without a break these officers have met together for an annual reunion dinner in London and it is still well attended and shows no sign of wavering. This must surely be a great tribute to the spirit engendered in this unit during

its mere 4½ years' life and to the friendships made at the time and subsequently by attendance at these gatherings.

I wonder how many other such short-lived units can keep going like this, remembering that there can be no new blood injected and residence overseas and deaths must reduce our numbers? There are still a number who have dropped out of recent years and we hope that they will make the effort to turn up next year, for they will receive a great welcome and surely have an enjoyable evening.

**The USCA**

United Services Catholic Association—recognised by MOD (DCI S/43/73)—is publishing a special Souvenir year book for 1975 containing information on programmes, cultural and historical matters for the Roman Catholic Holy Year, including international military pilgrimage to Rome. Copies available December to January next, 45p each, from Hon Editor, HM Forces Catholic Year Book, USCA, Duke of York's HQ, London SW3 4RX.

**THE MUZZAFAGHAR NIGHT MARCH****A Tale from the Multan Nights**

"Imray", in his article on Multan in the April 1971 issue of *THE IRON DUKE*, made one misstatement and one over-statement. The misstatement was that "the schemes were without imagination" and the over-statement was that Multan was always hot.

The schemes were anything but without imagination. They were set by Christie, who then was undoubtedly ahead of his time in military thinking, and they were almost too imaginative for us of the 2nd Battalion.

And, as the following calamitous tale will unfold, Multan and its environs were not always hot.

The scene for the night march and culminating dawn attack was an old mud fort, relic of heaven knows what post-Alexandrian campaign. Near the fort was a jheel, quite often full of duck. About 20 miles away was a road [*sic*]. In between the fort and the road was a vast expanse of semi-desert, sand dunes, dry nullahs and camel high scrub. To the west (I think) was the fortified bridge over the Chenab River, and the village of Muzzafaghar itself.

The cast was 2 DWR, in order of appearance. The time, campaigning season, i.e. winter 1938-39. The dress, shirts muzzri-grey or khaki, jersey pullovers and long KD trousers, though it could have been shorts.

Christie was director, Duncan Paton chief umpire, Bobbie Bray assistant chief umpire, Lorrie Bishop acting CO and I and many others were ordinary umpires. As an MG platoon commander of "D" (Support) Company I was presumably umpiring an MG platoon commanded by a sergeant or a Pathan, Yusuf Khan, ULIA officer—I cannot remember which.

The concept of the exercise was that 2 DWR with a troop of some kind of guns were happily proceeding towards the Sind Desert—on foot, of

course—when news of an insurrection round Muzzafaghar Fort reached us—by horse, runner or cleft stick or even heliograph (I cannot remember there being radios then)—20 miles away across the desert, and so 2 DWR had to deal with it. The message was timed to reach 2 DWR at about normal polo time, late afternoon, on day 1.

At about the same time Christie briefed us umpires. He said that he very much doubted OC 2 DWR, "Bish", would attempt a night march across 20 miles of desert with inadequate maps, and he anticipated a dawn approach march followed by a midday attack. In fact, Christie did not reckon at all on a night march and took himself and Duncan Paton off to the fort to await a midday attack.

So us umpires rode back to 2 DWR to listen to "Bish's" "O" Group, secure in the knowledge that we would sleep that night and, in my case, fortified by the fact that Sgt. Hird, my platoon sergeant, always had a flask of whisky on him to keep out the cold.

But to our horror, "Bish" defied all what, to our mind, amounted to reason and decided on a night march. I thanked my stars I was wearing breeches and a pullover and listened intently for the detail. The chill of a Punjab winter's night was already descending after a scorching day and we knew that we would not be able to ride our chargers across country in the dark.

The camp fires, just off the road where 2 DWR had halted, were to be stoked up and left burning,

and the Battalion, with the troop of guns, would do a compass march to the fort and attack at dawn. The IO, Dick Collins, would set his compass for a night march, the Battalion would feed and off we would go, taking picks and shovels with us to facilitate the movement of the imaginary horse-drawn troop of guns.

And it was so—with one slight variation—and herein lies the whole tale. The maps were sketchy to say the least. Dick Collins did take a bearing, but, to supplement this, cajoled two local Punjabis who knew the country to go with him and guide us on.

So off we set as soon as it was really dark, leaving the aforesaid camp fires burning. And at what a pace! We shot through the desert—I should think those in the rear were running. We were going so fast (and thus keeping warm) that our morale rose considerably and we thought the 20 miles would be a doddle and we might even get a nap at the other end before dawn.

But this state of affairs did not last very long. I was with Ken Gregory (Signals Officer) in the Command Group, hurtling over the dunes, when suddenly we came to a shuddering halt. After about half an hour, while the chill began to descend on us, we were still moderately cheerful, thinking that possibly the Pioneers were digging a way over a nullah for the imaginary guns. But it was not so.

Here I must interpose what happened, culled from later conversations. Assistant chief umpire Bobbie Bray, who was amazed at the speed of our progress and being of a suspicious mind, got himself to the van and found Dick Collins striding along with aplomb. Ahead of him were two locals whom Dick, using the usual 76th common sense, had persuaded to lead us to Muzzafaghar Fort. Considering this to be rather unethical, Bobbie Bray drew level with the guides and in fluent Punjabi, or whatever, told them that the wicked Collins was luring them away from their village so that the equally wicked 2 DWR could loot it, or worse. Whereat the guides just disappeared and that was the end of that.

And then the trouble started and the desert cold struck. We would proceed a few yards, then stop, a few yards more, then stop again, and so it went on through the night. The stars blazed down; so did the cold. Three full-strength rifle companies, one full-strength MG company and a battalion HQ, strung out in a rather ragged file winding between sand dunes and camel thorn, when the navigator up front is not sure of his way, is not a very speedy column. Also every so often we had to stop and dig down the nullah banks for our troop of guns to passage them.

Ken Gregory and I tried to keep warm by pummelling each other's backs. This helped a bit because the sand was too cold to lie down upon, but it really was an awful night. At one stage we filed past a large bonfire some local had lit. We did not see the local but thankfully warmed ourselves at it as we went past; this slowed down the column even more as we were loath to leave its friendly blaze. We were not tired—20 miles to an infantryman of those days was nothing—but we were cold,

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cold, cold. Then the stars faded and dawn came up, which put our morale up a bit, but we were still only progressing a few yards at a time and we were still cold and rather lost.

And then—bang! Bang! Happiness. We all knew what the bang-bang was. It could only be chief umpire Duncan Paton having a go at the duck on the jheel near the fort. As I said earlier, Duncan and Christie had left us, after issuing the narrative, to go to the fort and await our midday attack, entirely discountenancing any attempt at a night march, so what better way to while away the time to bag a few ducks while presumably 2 DWR were 20 miles away rousing themselves for a march.

To us it was better than radar. We locked on to the sound of the guns, as we well knew where the fort was in relation to the jheel, and so reached our appointed assembly area in quite good order.

Looking back on the event it was definitely a case of *virtutis fortuna* comes; a night march when it was absolutely against all the odds of poor maps and shifting sands; a guide to get us at least four miles fast until Bobbie Bray interfered. Dick Collins must have, even so, had an idea of what direction we were marching, and all credit is due to him eventually getting us to within range of the sound of the shotguns. And nobody got lost.

Although this is the story of the night march and should really stop here, to round off the story it might be well to recount how the battle progressed.

It was all rather confused. I think the concept was a sort of pincer attack. First off the start line were "B" Company, commanded by Harry Lauder. They set off in fine style but quickly ran into trouble. The enemy had an MG and unfortunately "B" Company ran right into its line of fire and was decimated. It was one of those things—the enemy's Gatling had jammed, so could make no simulated noise. We umpires tried to tell Harry this but he was rather sceptical—no noise, no guns. He did, however, ask for smoke.

This was rather a problem for us umpires. I was mounted on some bay job ("Bull" Faithful or Duncan Paton had pulled rank and got the only charger who knew anything about military or polo tactics—Merry Widow) and was with Nausherwan Khan, another ULIA attached to us, also on an inexperienced charger. Duncan Paton told us in no uncertain terms to produce smoke and HE. We had satchels full of smoke generators and those funny string-wrapped locally-made bombs. Sat on a chary horse trying to ignite difficult smoke generators and quite lethal bombs is not an easy task, but we did manage a bit, but to no avail. "B" Company were halted.

Then came the turn of John Fallon's "A" Company, who had got themselves quite safely to an FUP not far from the fort, tucked away in some sand dunes. The "R" Group saw the fort but the "O" Group did not and from this stems another tale of disaster. Eddie (?) Crosland, another ULIA, was OC enemy, and so sure was he that this was the final push and then we could all have breakfast that he ignited smoke canisters amongst his position, set off bombs, threw sand on his charger to make it lie down and various enemy Duke's were detailed to die spectacularly. But "A" Company advanced

in the wrong direction and, as you might say, recorded a "miss".

This rather incensed Christie and he did not let us have breakfast. I am not sure how the position was eventually won. Presumably Jock Huffman's "C" Company, commanded by (?) Bob Renny, finally took the fort, because I know we did eventually inspect our feet (a "must" in those days) and have breakfast.

This all sounds very derogatory of all concerned, but it is not so; it is written with real affection for all personalities mentioned. It was just a Regular Battalion of Yorkshiremen training for war in quite strange country and in what seemed to be extremes of heat and cold and in no way was the spirit of 2 DWR in 1938 diminished.

R. E. S.

## Personalia

### BIRTHS

#### Mundell

On September 9, 1974, to Major and Mrs. W. R. Mundell, a son, Barnaby Charles.

#### Campbell-Lamerton

On September 16, to Anne and Bob Campbell-Lamerton, Lindley Lodge, Nuneaton, a son, Barnaby William, a brother for Charlotte.

To Pte. and Mrs. Walton, a daughter, Fiona Jane, born on April 23, 1974.

To Pte. and Mrs. Sutton, a daughter, Julie Anne, born on May 24, 1974.

To L/Cpl. and Mrs. Bradley, a son, Dean Robert, born on June 30, 1974.

To L/Cpl. and Mrs. Bailey, twins, daughters Samantha and Sarah, born on June 27, 1974.

To Sgt. and Mrs. Goddard, twins, son Adrian and daughter Victoria, born on June 29, 1974.

To L/Cpl. and Mrs. Peel, a daughter, Alison Janine, born on June 22, 1974.

To L/Cpl. and Mrs. Verrall, a son, Ian Gregory, born on July 31, 1974.

To L/Cpl. and Mrs. Woodward, a son, Mark, born on July 16, 1974.

To L/Cpl. and Mrs. Shaw, a son, Mark Andrew, born on August 8, 1974.

### ENGAGEMENTS

#### Dowdell—Clark

The engagement is announced between Jonathan Dowdell, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding), only son of Mrs. I. Dowdell and the late Dr. B. Dowdell, of "Ashfield", Cedar Avenue, Edgerton, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, and April Jillian, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. M. Clark, of Bayhead House, Port Ballintrae, Co. Antrim, N. Ireland.

#### Stacpoole—Bagnall

The engagement is announced between Michael Stacpoole, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment,

younger son of the late Lt.-Col. H. H. Stacpoole and Mrs. Stacpoole, of "The Grange", Leigh, Dorset, and Sarah Ann Eleanor Bagnall, only daughter of Mr. C. F. R. Bagnall, CBE, and Mrs. Bagnall, of Church Farm, Hermitage, Dorset.

### MARRIAGES

The marriage of Pte. Marshall to Miss Margaret Fern took place at Ardsley Parish Church, Barnsley, on May 18, 1974.

The marriage of Pte. Carnell to Miss Angela May Bryan took place at St. Peter's Church, Doncaster, on June 1, 1974.

The marriage of Pte. Crawford to Miss Ellen Ruth Winifred Dixon took place at the Parish Church of St. Michael, Walsall, on June 15, 1974.

The marriage of Pte. Jarman to Miss Ruth Catherine Joseph Smyth took place at St. Findlunanus Church, Ballykelly, on June 14, 1974.

The marriage of Pte. Minchin to Miss Francine Lockwood took place at Halifax Register Office on June 22, 1974.

The marriage of Pte. Jarvis to Miss Norma Lynn Morrison took place at the First Presbyterian Church, Coleraine, on July 6, 1974.

The marriage of Pte. Adams to Miss Elizabeth Teresa McGuire took place at St. Finlaugh Church, Ballykelly, on June 29, 1974.

The marriage of Sgt. Nuttall to Miss Hazel Ann Porter took place at St. Peter's Church, Allerton, Bradford, on July 27, 1974.

Brigadier A. D. Firth writes: "It may be of interest that my fellow staff captain with whom I share an office is Christopher D'Oyly, The Life Guards, whose ancestor, General Henry D'Oyly, fought at Corunna and was severely wounded at Waterloo with the Grenadier Guards. He received the war medal with one clasp for Corunna. He became Colonel of the 33rd Foot on September 28, 1847".

Major C. C. Kenchington, MBE, who lives at 82a Crosland Road, Oakes, Huddersfield, wrote that because of the pressure of work he has decided not to stand for council work this year. Besides running a restaurant in Huddersfield and a vegetable market, he is chairman, Huddersfield West Conservative Association; president, Oakes and Quarmbly Old People's Association; member, Lindley Old People's Association committee; member, Huddersfield Army Veterans' Association committee; member Yorkshire Area Conservative Council.

Lt.-Col. C. I. E. ("Cocky") Haslock writes from New Zealand, where he is enjoying the beauties of the countryside and the climate. He says that he joined the 1st Battalion nearly 55 years ago and sends his best wishes to his friends and best wishes for the Yorkshire dinner. His address is Welcome Bay, Tauranga RD5, Bay of Plenty, NZ.

Major J. D. Moir, RAOC, writes from Ord. Branch, HQLF, Hong Kong. He was pleased to renew his acquaintance with Robin Newell, Peter Pettigrew and RSM Bob Chilvers. He also met the Editor on his recent visit. He sends his best wishes to his friends.

### OSCAR WESTMACOTT

While in Devonshire recently I phoned Torquay 38549, the number of Oscar Westmacott, who lives at York House, York Crescent, Babbacombe.

He is *still* the same Oscar, very much alert although confined to a wheelchair. He and his delightful wife, Geraldine, gave Audrey and me a warm welcome and tea with home-made scones and shortbread, which, we discovered, were made by Oscar himself. We recalled some of the old days, including Gibraltar and Bostanjik, and Oscar particularly mentioned "Babe" Webb Carter, "Tuppence" Harvey, Bobby Turner, Pat and Will Woods, "Biddy" and "Tish" Oganne and he very much hopes that if any of them, or any other "Duke", are in the vicinity they will pay him a visit.

Those who served with Oscar will remember a fine soldier, his prowess at rugby, cricket and boxing, a magnificent chap whose promising career was so sadly cut short by an untimely and crippling illness most bravely borne to this day.

A. E. H. S.

### CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Major James Landless, MBE, TD, has left Gargrave near Skipton and is now at Laverton House, Laverton, Nr. Broadway, Worcs WR12 YNA. Telephone Stanton 467.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Middleton-Hands have now moved to "Fettercairn," Boardwindsor, Beaminster, Dorset. Telephone Broadwindsor 220.

Major and Mrs. J. R. P. Cumberlege, 17 Oxendene, School of Infantry, Warminster, Wilts.

Major and Mrs. J. S. Milligan, 1 Belgravia Court, London Road, Cheltenham. Telephone Cheltenham 34193.

### LADIES LUNCHEON 1974

The Ladies luncheon of the Officers Dinner Club took place on Saturday, June 6, at the Army and Navy Club. The Colonel-in-Chief and the Duchess of Wellington were present. The following attended:

General Sir Robert and Lady Bray, Brigadier B. W. Webb-Carter, Brigadier P. P. de la H. Moran, Brigadier D. E. Isles, Brigadier and Mrs. A. D. Firth, Col. and Mrs. J. Davidson, Col. R. G. Turner, Col. and Mrs. E. M. P. Hardy, Col. and Mrs. C. R. Huxtable, Mrs. J. H. C. Lawlor, Lt.-Col. J. H. Dalrymple, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. E. H. Sayers, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Shuttlesworth, Lady Landon, Mrs. V. Boutflower, Major and Mrs. R. H. Ince, Mrs. F. M. Ince, Mrs. V. Orr, Major and Mrs. M. R. N. Bray, Major and Mrs. S. G. Dunn, Major and Mrs. J. L. Streatfield, Major A. C. S. Savory, Major J. H. Davis, Major and Mrs. Jones-Stamp and Miss Charlotte Jones-Stamp, Capt. M. P. C. Bray and Miss J. A. Johnstone.

# The Officers' Regimental Dinner

The Officers held a most successful and enjoyable dinner at the Gimcrack Banqueting Rooms, York, on October 25. In the absence of the Colonel-in-Chief abroad the Colonel of the Regiment presided.

The toast to the Regiment was proposed by Lt.-Col. G. Taylor, DSO, TD.

As guests we welcomed the Lord Mayor of York, Councillor W. T. Burke, JP, the Sheriff of York, Councillor R. Pulleyns, the Bishop of Wakefield and Honorary Regimental Chaplain. Rt. Rev. Eric Treacy, MBE, DD, GOC North-East District, Major-General G. de E. Collin, MC, the Mayor of Calderdale (Halifax) Councillor Joseph Tolan, the Mayor of Kirkless (Huddersfield) Councillor R. Hartley, MBE, JP, the Divisional Brigadier King's Division, Brigadier H. H. H. Collins, MBE, the Chairman of West Yorkshire TAVR Association, Col. L. Turnbull, MC, TD, DL, JP, CO 1st Battalion Yorkshire Volunteers, Lt.-Col. H. Ford, CO 3rd Battalion Yorkshire Volunteers, Lt.-Col. J. C. Mitchell, TD, RA.

In his speech General Bray said that the dinner was held in the north to allow the regimental family to meet and renew old friendships. It was the first time that the Regiment as a whole had dined in Yorkshire and it was good to see former National Service Territorial, Army and war-time officers, some who had come a long way—one from Norway. All had added a bit to the history of the Duke's.

He thanked the Commanding Officer and the Officers of the 1st Battalion for providing the Colours and the silver and also thanked the Drum Major and drummers, who wore full dress, for their assistance.

He also thanked the committee under Col. Jimmy Davidson who had organised the dinner and asked people to let RHQ know their views on future possible dinners.

The Colonel of the Regiment then paid a special tribute to the 1st Battalion for their work in N. Ireland, firstly under the leadership of Col. Charles Huxtable and latterly Lt.-Col. Peter Mitchell, who commanded during the recent 18-month tour.

After dinner officers, many of whom had not met for 30 years, renewed old friendships and were only sorry that a few of their friends for one reason or another had been unable to come. Perhaps they will attend next time? Officers who came or intended being present were:

## Ex-officers Attending:

|                                  |                                  |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| G. C. W. Allen, Esq. . . . .     | National Service                 |
| Major G. V. Ashton, TD . . . . . | ex 7 DWR (TA)                    |
| R. Asquith, Esq. . . . .         | ex 4 DWR and 58 (DWR) A/Tk Regt. |
| Capt. T. Bax . . . . .           | ex 7 DWR (TA)                    |
| Capt. C. M. B. Bateman . . . . . | 3 Yorks and TA DWR               |
| Col. N. T. Bentley, TD . . . . . | ex 4 DWR and (DWR) RA            |
| M. P. Bird, Esq. . . . .         | ex Regular                       |

|                                               |                                  |
|-----------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| General Sir Robert Bray, GBE, KCB, DSO        | ex Regular                       |
| Capt. T. Briggs, MC, LLB . . . . .            | ex 7 DWR (TA)                    |
| Major D. S. D. B-Jones-Stamp . . . . .        | ex Regular                       |
| S. F. Bruce-Lowe, Esq. . . . .                | ex Regular                       |
| Major R. H. Burton . . . . .                  | ex Regular                       |
| Major S. A. Berry . . . . .                   | ex Regular                       |
| G. Bullock, Esq. . . . .                      | War-time 1 DWR                   |
| J. S. Binns, Esq. . . . .                     | ex 6 DWR (TA)                    |
| Capt. R. D. Campbell-Lamerton . . . . .       | ex Regular                       |
| Major T. W. Chadwick . . . . .                | ex 6 DWR (TA)                    |
| Major W. H. C. Cobb . . . . .                 | ex 7 DWR (TA)                    |
| Lt.-Col. J. B. Cookhill, DSO, MC . . . . .    | ex 5 DWR (TF)                    |
| Col. J. F. Crossley . . . . .                 | ex (DWR) RA                      |
| Col. P. G. L. Cousens, CBE . . . . .          | ex Regular                       |
| Col. C. R. T. Cumberlege . . . . .            | ex Regular                       |
| Major R. C. Curry . . . . .                   | NS/TA (WR Bn)/3 Yorks            |
| Col. J. Davidson . . . . .                    | ex Regular                       |
| Capt. G. F. Driver . . . . .                  | ex 7 DWR (TA)                    |
| Major J. H. Davis . . . . .                   | ex Regular                       |
| P. Donally, Esq. . . . .                      | ex 7 DWR (TA)                    |
| Major B. L. Ellam . . . . .                   | War-time 1 DWR and ex-7 DWR (TA) |
| Major E. J. P. Emmet, MC . . . . .            | ex Regular                       |
| R. C. Everard, Esq. . . . .                   | ex Regular                       |
| Lt.-Col. W. Fazakerly . . . . .               | ex RE att. 33 Column in Burma    |
| J. B. P. Golding, Esq. . . . .                | National Service                 |
| Major P. D. Green, TD . . . . .               | 3 Yorks                          |
| Major C. F. Grieve . . . . .                  | ex Regular                       |
| E. M. Goodman Smith, Esq. . . . .             | War-time 1 DWR                   |
| H. J. H. Gillam, Esq. . . . .                 | ex 4 DWR (TA)                    |
| Major J. M. Horsfall, MC . . . . .            | ex 6 DWR (TA)                    |
| G. M. Holroyde, Esq. . . . .                  | ex 6 DWR (TA)                    |
| M. G. Hutchinson, Esq. . . . .                | ex 6 DWR (TA)                    |
| Major R. H. Ince . . . . .                    | ex Regular                       |
| Major A. Jacobson, MC . . . . .               | War-time 1 DWR                   |
| A. C. Jowett, Esq. . . . .                    | ex Regular                       |
| Lt.-Col. A. B. M. Kavanagh, OBE, MC . . . . . | ex Regular                       |
| Major C. C. Kenchington, MBE . . . . .        | ex Regular                       |
| Major B. M. Kilner, TD . . . . .              | ex Regular                       |
| J. P. Knight, Esq. . . . .                    | ex 6 DWR (TA)                    |
| Capt. E. Leach, MBE, TD . . . . .             | ex 2/6 DWR (TA)                  |
| Lt.-Col. H. S. LeMessurier . . . . .          | ex Regular                       |
| Major J. Landless, MBE, TD . . . . .          | ex 6 DWR (TA)                    |
| Major C. J. Maclaren . . . . .                | ex Regular                       |
| Rev. R. I. J. Matthews . . . . .              | ex Chaplain 1 DWR                |
| Major K. M. McDonald, TD, JP . . . . .        | DWR (TA)                         |
| Capt. G. I. McGlynn . . . . .                 | ex Regular                       |
| Major J. S. Milligan . . . . .                | ex Regular                       |
| Major P. J. Mortimer . . . . .                | ex W. Riding Bn (TA)             |
| Capt. E. J. B. Mowat . . . . .                | ex 7 DWR (TA)                    |
| Lt.-Col. C. S. Moxon, DSO . . . . .           | ex 5 DWR (TF)                    |
| Major F. B. Murgatroyd . . . . .              | ex 7 DWR (TA)                    |
| K. Marsh, Esq. . . . .                        | 1 Yorks TAVR                     |
| Major J. M. Newton . . . . .                  | ex Regular                       |
| B. S. Nickell-Lean, Esq. . . . .              | ex 6 DWR (TA)                    |
| W. A. Proom, Esq., TD . . . . .               | ex 6 DWR (TA)                    |
| Capt. L. J. Ratcliffe . . . . .               | ex 5 DWR (TA)                    |
| Major D. C. Roberts . . . . .                 | ex Regular                       |
| Major C. R. Richards . . . . .                | War-time 2 DWR                   |
| Major D. E. Riddiough, TD, JP . . . . .       | ex 2/6 DWR (TA)                  |
| C. G. Rhodes, Esq. . . . .                    | War-time                         |
| Major A. C. S. Savory, MBE . . . . .          | ex Regular                       |
| Capt. The Lord Savile . . . . .               | War-time                         |
| Lt.-Col. A. E. H. Sayers, OBE . . . . .       | ex Regular                       |
| J. A. Shenton, Esq. . . . .                   | National Service                 |
| Major R. E. Sugden . . . . .                  | ex Regular                       |
| Capt. T. D. Sugden . . . . .                  | National Service                 |
| Capt. M. W. Summers . . . . .                 | ex Regular                       |
| Capt. A. U. Summerville . . . . .             | ex RAMC att 7 DWR (TA)           |
| Major R. Smith, MC . . . . .                  | ex 4 DWR (TA) and (DWR) RA       |
| Rev. Alberic Stacpoole . . . . .              | ex Regular                       |
| Capt. C. W. Shuttleworth . . . . .            | War-time 2 DWR                   |
| Lt.-Col. G. Taylor, DSO, TD . . . . .         | ex 7 DWR (TA)                    |
| Major T. D. Tetlow, TD . . . . .              | 1 Yorks                          |
| Capt. J. H. Turner . . . . .                  | ex 6 DWR (TA)                    |
| Col. R. G. Turner . . . . .                   | ex Regular                       |
| Sir John Taylor, TD, DL, JP . . . . .         | ex 6 DWR (TA)                    |
| Major-General G. F. Upjohn, CB, CBE . . . . . | ex Regular                       |
| Major S. Waite . . . . .                      | ex 7 DWR (TA)                    |
| Col. W. A. Waller, OBE, MC . . . . .          | ex Regular                       |
| Major B. N. Webster . . . . .                 | ex W. Riding Bn (DWR) (TA)       |
| Major F. H. V. Wellesley . . . . .            | ex Regular                       |
| Major J. A. Williams . . . . .                | War-time ? DWR                   |

Major D. H. Wood .. .. ex Regular  
 N. Wimpenny, Esq., MC .. .. War-time 1 DWR  
 J. Wilson, Esq. .. .. War-time 1 DWR  
 Major H. M. Crowther, TD .. .. ex 7 DWR (TA)  
 T. A. Hoyle, Esq. .. .. ex 4 DWR (TA)

#### SERVING OFFICERS ATTENDING

W. A. N. Atkinson, Esq., Capt. M. P. C. Bray, Major M. R. N. Bray, Capt. D. Battye, K. Best, Esq., Capt. W. Burke, R. M. L. Colville, Esq., Major J. D. P. Cowell, Major C. R. Cumberlege, A. H. S. Drake, Esq., J. Dowdell, Esq., Major J. B. K. Greenway, Col. E. M. P. Hardy, Major P. B. L. Hoppe, Col. C. R. Huxtable,

OBE, D. L. J. Harrap, Esq., Capt. R. J. Hargreaves, RAMC, Capt. S. H. Kirk, Major T. D. Lupton, Capt. L. Linskey, PWO, Capt. P. J. Mellor, Major W. R. Mundell, Lt.-Col. P. A. Mitchell, A. D. Meek, Esq., D. G. Massey, Esq., Major S. J. Nash, Major T. J. Nicholson, N. J. Newell, Esq., Lt.-Col. J. E. Pell, Major D. M. Pugh, A. J. Pitchers, Esq., Capt. A. R. Redwood-Davies, MBE, Major W. F. C. Robertson, Capt. A. D. Roberts, MBE, Capt. W. Robins, MBE, Lt.-Col. D. W. Shuttleworth, OBE, T. C. Sinclair, Esq., Major R. L. Stevens, MBE, Major M. G. L. M. Stacpoole, Major G. C. Tedd, Capt. J. M. Thorn, Capt. D. W. Wanson, Major A. R. Westcob.

## Warminster News

*Do you remember . . .*

It is refreshing to see that the Iron Duke has broken away from the old stereotyped company notes but it is even more refreshing to note the high standard of some of the contributions by soldiers in the Battalion. The magazine is of course Regimental and as such one would hope to see more contributions from members of the Regiment serving away from the Battalion.

The majority of members of the Regiment are of course in the 1st Battalion but you may be surprised to know that there is a flourishing group serving in the School of Infantry at Warminster and Netheravon. Our representation here is headed by Major Jeremy Cumberlege who has joined the Officers Wing from his Staff job in BAOR. Late of Burma Company; Major Cumberlege is an instructor on the Company Commanders Division and is expected to leave here on promotion to Lt.-Colonel. Major Chuck Ivey left Burma Company to become the DAA and QMG in the School of Infantry HQ. He has really got his feet under the table having bought his own house in Warminster. Then there is myself and I also am in the Officers Wing where I instruct platoon commanders and more about that anon. To support Major Cumberlege, myself and our fellow DS we have S/Sgt. Manion as our Chief Clerk ably assisted by his dog. I wonder how many people knew that Sgt. Larnder was trying to get into the SASC and is at present on his probationary courses in Skill at Arms Wing still badged as a "Duke", or that Cpl. Hall was travelling up and down the country with the Infantry Display Team which is also based here. I'll bet people in Burma still talk about Sam Stoddart—he's here, and is a tower of strength being a storeman for the Infantry Division. His wife is still trying to get him to leave when his time is up and it looks as if he has finally succumbed and is going to settle in Southampton. He's still a devoted "Duke" and he'll be missed but never forgotten. The two youngsters here are Ptes. Fowler and Backhouse. Capt. Battye will be delighted to know that Fowler is a good ambassador in the MT and Backhouse is our postman and can be seen riding his bicycle all over the camp. He's just got married and seems to be thriving on it! Up the road in Support Weapons Wing we have got Sgt. Gunn running their Signals Platoon and here in Warminster we have Pte. Furness in our Signal Platoon. It's really quite like old times when I find Furness as my driver/operator on an exercise. He of course is a proud father now.

No doubt you often wonder what Mr so and so gets up to when he goes away to do his Platoon

Commanders Battle Course and the main purpose of my writing this article is to tell you. I hope that my re-introducing you to the other Dukes here will prompt them to write about their tasks.

### The Platoon Commanders Battle Course Introduction

The course is ten weeks long and on each course there are approximately 60 students, some of whom will be Foreign and Commonwealth, Royal Marines and Royal Air Force Regiment. The first three weeks are devoted to skill at arms training, the next six weeks to section and platoon tactical training which includes field firing exercises. In the last week there is a five-day exercise at Sennybridge.

PCD is commanded by a Major and there are six Captains Directing Staff of whom I am one, and six instructors from the SASC. The Course is divided into five syndicates, each syndicate having a Captain DS and an instructor. Students remain in the same

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syndicates throughout the course.

### **Aim**

Our aim is to instruct junior infantry officers in the command and training of a rifle platoon.

### **Skill at arms**

My major responsibility is to run all the SAA instruction and to constantly revise and keep up to date all our instruction. As such all the SASC instructors work to me as well as for their syndicate DS. In addition to this I am also a syndicate DS.

In the skill-at-arms training it is our aim to instruct the junior officers to plan, supervise and conduct SAA training at platoon level and live firing of all infantry platoon weapons. This means that we teach the students to prepare and supervise SAA instruction; to coach firers on and off the range; apply range danger area templates and plan, conduct and supervise individual and team battle shooting exercises.

To amplify some of the points of instruction, after completion of the pre-course training at the divisional depots all UK students will be at a reasonable standard of weapon handling before they arrive on the Course. Experience shows that few students are skilled with their personal weapon (SLR) and average or above average with the alternative weapons. There is not time on the course to rectify this situation. The best that can be hoped for is that every student should be raised by at least one standard.

Students are taught how to prepare and conduct a teaching practice. Each student will have approximately two practical teaching periods. The emphasis is placed on supervision and after each teaching practice students will comment on and criticise the periods.

The importance of good coaching is continually stressed. Students are given comprehensive instruction on coaching on and off the range. During live firing on ETR and Gallery Ranges coaching is practiced. The students don't achieve the standards of a master coach but at the end they are able to understand the theory of coaching for grouping and application shoots; when firing point officers they can spot and correct bad coaching and thus im-

prove their soldiers grouping capacity and they can give advice and guidance to their NCOs.

Students are taught to be able to apply templates and understand the safety aspects for the firing of all platoon weapons on constructed and battle shooting ranges.

They see 25/30m range, Training Theatre Gallery Range (including running the butts) ETR (include running the console), 84mm/66mm Anti-Tank ranges and grenade ranges run by the instructors and they themselves subsequently run and conduct their own practices on the majority. Further they are shown how to operate and run IBSR themselves as participants. They then run Stage IV and V Exercises on the field firing areas.

During the first part of the Course students are given a problem to organise a unit cadre. They have to prepare a block and detailed syllabus and programme.

Students who pass the skill-at-arms content of the course are qualified to conduct live firing with all platoon weapons on constructed ranges and they are tested on certain aspects to gain the additional qualification required for field firing areas.

### **Tactics**

Our object is to instruct and practise students at platoon/company level in Defence, attack, withdrawal and relief in place. We teach them fighting in built-up areas, CRW and IS operations, infantry/armour co-operation and the use of artillery support in all phases of war. The students also learn APC tactics including the tactical use of the AFV 432 in its various forms. They are introduced to air operations, including helicopters and fighter ground attack. Instruction and practice is given in battle procedure, appreciations and orders, patrolling, including ambush and also combat survival.

It can be seen that your platoon commander works very hard in his ten weeks but at the end of it can be satisfied that he can competently and thoroughly command and train his platoon for any given situation in any part of the world. For my part it is a most satisfying and rewarding task and it is always a pleasure to see the new generation of "Dukes" passing through.

J. R. A. Ward

## **Regimental Association**

### **NOTICES**

#### **Regimental Sweepstake, 1974**

Prizewinners: 1st (£100), Mrs. J. Wilde, Ripponden; 2nd (£50), Mrs. H. Stringer, Halifax; 3rd (£25), M. N. Reedy, MM, Colne; 4th (£10), J. Ritchie, Limavady.

Runners (£1): 2/Lt. Richardson (1 DWR), E. Lumb, S. E. Code, A. Turner, H. Price.

A profit of £223 has been donated to regimental funds.

#### **London and Home Counties Branch Dinner, 1975**

On Saturday, May 10, 1975, all members are cordially invited to the annual reunion and dinner

which is to be held in the Victory Club, Marble Arch.

Applications for tickets, price £2, to Mr. Ken Waterman, 21 Vivian Court, 128-134 Maida Vale, London W9.

#### **Annual General Meeting, 1974**

A good attendance of over 50 members attended the meeting which was held in the Sergeants Mess at Wellington Hall, Prescott Street, Halifax, prior to the dinner on Saturday, September 28, 1974. The Colonel of the Regiment, General Sir Robert Bray, presided.

*Minutes.* The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved on the proposal of Mr. A.

Copley, seconded by Mr. T. Gibson. There were no points arising.

The secretary then gave his report:

*Funds.* Overall our funds are still in a healthy state and this year again we show a slight build-up with an increase of income over expenditure of over £2,000. £750 of this has been sent to the Army Benevolent Fund with whom we work in close co-operation on Army welfare, and £1,000 has been invested in gilt-edged securities on the advice of our stockbroker. With inflationary trends this build-up is necessary to offset higher future demands.

(Copies of the audited accounts which had been examined in detail by the Finance Committee and trustees had been brought to the meeting and were available for anyone to see who wished.)

*Assistance during the year.* The number helped had decreased over the year: 109 cases had been helped with grants totalling £2,551, a decrease of 51 cases and £601 expenditure against 1963 figures.

*ABF Assistance.* The ABF have made immediate cash grants of over £7,000 to the wives or dependants of the 10 serving soldiers of the Regiment who have died during service this year.

ABF funds can be called upon to supplement our own funds if the help needed is beyond our own resources.

Interest-free loans totalling £4,200 have also been made by the ABF through our Association to DWR Regular soldiers nearing the end of their service to help them set up home in civilian life.

*OCA Pensions.* Recipients of this special allowance number 10. Any additional recommendations are kept constantly under review.

*Holidays for ex-Soldiers.* Holidays for five ex-DWR soldiers who would not otherwise have been able to afford one have been arranged this year.

*After-care.* Special attention is being given to the after-care of soldiers invalided out of the Army and the widows or dependants of those who die. Our Association willingly takes on this responsibility for ensuring that these people are afforded any help or advice they may need.

Ending his report the secretary again appealed to all present (and to anyone reading these notes) to let RHQ know of any "Duke" who may be in need of help, or if they know of anyone other than a "Duke" who needs help, to send particulars to RHQ, who will then alert the parent Association.

*New Association Badge.* The secretary informed the meeting that stocks of the new Association badge had now been received and could be obtained from branches or RHQ for 25p each. A free issue would shortly be made to serving soldiers of the Regiment.

Concluding the meeting, the Colonel expressed thanks to Dave Benson and Bob Temple, the retiring chairman and secretary of the London Branch, for all the loyal and hard work they had done for the Association during their long term of office and welcomed Ken Waterman and the Ballard brothers, who were taking over the reins.

#### **Association Reunion and Dinner, 1974, Wellington Hall, Halifax**

After the meeting in Wellington Hall the bar was awash and crowded with members and friends

greeting, in many cases, friends of long ago, and after Pete Mudd had sounded "Fall in" on his bugle some 200 members and friends, sat down, a grand sight.

Dinner over, RSM Joe Collins, proposing the toast to "The Regiment", read a message from the 1st Battalion regretting their inability to attend, but sending their best wishes and to quote "although we cannot be with you in person, old comrades, know we are always with you in spirit". Speaking of the 1st Battalion, RSM Collins said it was no fluke that casualties during three tours of duty in N. Ireland had been comparatively light. It was because soldiers of the Duke's were skilled, well-trained soldiers ably led. He also issued a warning to all other units that we consider the Army Rugby Cup is only out on temporary loan and now that we are back in England we want it back.

General Bray, in his reply, spoke with pride of the serving soldiers and said he was sorry they were not with us on this occasion. He gave special welcome to a contingent of the old comrades of the 4th (first war) Battalion Old Comrades Association, now amalgamated into the mother Association. "There are not so many left, so they have joined our family." Expressing thanks to everyone who had contributed towards this evening's festivities, with particular mention of the West Riding Association Band led by Bill Rees, CSM Reddy, staff and members of "C" Company (DWR) 3rd Yorkshire Volunteers, Tom Mawson (another "Duke"), who very kindly provides the floral decorations each year, General Bray ended the speeches saying, "The object here tonight was not for speeches but to talk and meet friends." Always obeying the last order, throughout the evening groups and individuals old, young, not so young—made agreeable noises, danced and sung to the excellent music provided by a disco entertainer from Bradford who possessed an uncanny sense of timing when switching from "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" and other war-time songs to the modern ear-splitting "noise" that appeals to the younger and thereby appeasing everyone. As the evening progressed laughter grew louder, past deeds more daring and this exceptionally pleasant evening drew to a close when hands were shaken in real friendship and partings reluctantly made, Apart from what appeared to be a council meeting in progress, which turned out to be the serving members from Strensall "getting down to it" (beer, I mean) in the Sergeants Mess before returning home at some unearthly hour.

#### **Annual Service, York**

On the morning of Saturday, October 26, coaches from Halifax, Bradford, Keighley and Mossley converged upon the ancient city of York carrying within them over 100 pilgrims of the Duke's on our annual visit. Though our numbers were not so prolific as those visiting Mecca or Lourdes, our dedication was none the less sincere or purposeful. Despite several pick-ups *en route*, it says much for the splendid organising ability of HQ that four coaches arrived at our rendezvous within minutes of each other, viz. St. William's College, where we were regaled with a cup of coffee, piping hot, and biscuits.

At 11.15 a.m. all sauntered gently across to the Minster via Queen Elizabeth Walk and so to the Regimental Chapel for the All Saints Day service. Many notable members of the Regiment were present, those coming readily to mind being General Sir Robert Bray, Cols. Dick Cumberlege, Bobbie Turner, Majors John Davis and Freddie Wellesley and hosts of others. The Bishop of Wakefield, Chaplain to the Regiment, gave the address and the Colonel of the Regiment read the lesson. All joined in the singing of the hymns, which were popular and well known and, of course, appropriate to All Saints' Day.

In his address the Bishop said:

I choose to speak to you this morning of the subject of duty, and I would venture to introduce what I have to say with a tribute to one held in high regard and affection by the Regiment. I refer to General Kenneth Exham, who finished his earthly pilgrimage in February this year.

Tribute has been paid to General Exham in *THE IRON DUKE*. His was a life of dedication to the profession of the soldier, a profession which engaged to the full his many gifts. He was proud to follow his father in the Duke's. He enjoyed life in all its aspects. He was honoured by The Queen's Own Nigeria Regiment as a "true warrior", and so we would honour him. The words on the Exham family crest are "Be always faithful", and so he was. A man imbued with the highest standards of duty, and to those standards he was always faithful. Faithful to those he loved and faithful to his Regiment. We thank God on every remembrance of him.

I was reading Arthur Bryant's book, "The Great Duke" and I came across these words:

"An ever-abiding sense of duty and obligation made him the humblest of citizens and the most obedient of servants. The Crown never possessed a more faithful, devoted and disinterested subject."

This description of the first Duke of Wellington is an appropriate prologue to what I want to say to you this morning on the subject of duty.

Duty is the obligation we owe to one another, to society and to God. It is not set out in any handbook; it is not something that can be forced upon us; it is not something that we can be punished for escaping. It is something that comes from inside a man or a woman: a matter of personal conscience as they recognise what is expected of them—that others depend upon them.

We all depend upon other people doing their duty. The duty of parents to children, of children to parents. This unwritten code of conduct, which has nothing to do with rewards, and needs no incentive, other than the fact that when we fail in our duty we have to live with ourselves, always to know that we have failed someone who depended upon us—someone who trusted us—to be haunted always with the memory that we were put to the test and found wanting, that we put personal safety or comfort before the need of someone in danger, or pain or loneliness.

We live in a society today that is conditioned by rewards, that is more concerned with the rate for the job than the job itself. A society so poisoned with

covetousness that people are not so much concerned with what they need as with how much the other chap is getting; and in such a situation duty often seems to be forgotten.

To the soldier duty is the unwritten law. His duty may be a many-sided thing, but that aspect of it which is most real to him is that he can't let down his mates, for in tough spot men depend upon each other. Thus it is that duty breeds courage.

People had died doing their duty. Jesus Christ hanged upon a cross, His flesh torn with the nails, because He believed it was His duty in obedience to the task laid upon Him by God.

We all owe a duty to the society that had bred us, and it is the acceptance of this duty which holds society together.

There is duty in our attitude to Moral Law. I believe that we all know what moral law is. It has to do with right and wrong and it imposes standards upon us. Often this kind of duty interferes with our personal interest and inclination. It means that we have to take the hard way and reject the soft option. Often it is highly inconvenient and conflicts with what we think to be our happiness. To disregard the moral law, even in the smallest regard, is the beginning of corruption.

Recently we have heard much about corruption in public life. I do not believe that people, in their senses, intend to be corrupt. It is an insidious process which comes about as people put self-interest first as they bend the law, just a little, in order to suit themselves, as they find that by means of a small wangle or fiddle, or by a little bit of inducement on the side, they can get a little more profit or power. You know, just going a fraction over the line between what is right and what is wrong and getting away with it. The dangerous point is in getting away with it. And so the rot sets in and a little corruption becomes a lot of corruption.

So we must have an inflexible obligation to our moral duty and to recognise that broad is the way that leads to destruction and narrow the way that leads to life.

It is not a bad thing to be narrow-minded in matters of right and wrong. The Devil picks off the broad-minded people one by one. As it says in the book of Deuteronomy:

"See I have set before thee this day, life and good, and death and evil. In that I command you this day to love the Lord thy God, to walk in His ways, and to keep His commandments and statutes and judgements, that thou mayest live and multiply".

Then, there is our duty to our neighbour. Who is my neighbour? "By chance there came that way". We do not choose our neighbour—we may not even like him, but his need is our opportunity. Remember that your neighbour is as much the chap in your billet whose habits you do not like, as much the person who sits opposite you at breakfast, as the vague amorphous crowd we meet in public. To him we show kindness and generosity; we try to make his burdens our burdens, his worries and cares our worries and cares. If everybody else is giving him a hell of a life, we do not.

As I said once to some local councillors—and I



am not sure that they liked it—it profits a man little if by his efforts on the district council he achieves a swimming bath for other people's children if he neglects his own home and children; or a home for old people if he doesn't make a home for his own old people.

The first place at which we work out our duty to our neighbour is that which is nearest to us—to those who are closest to us.

And all this matter of duty stems from our recognition that we owe a duty to God. That we live under a higher authority, one who has given us the rules by which we live.

I believe that we are answerable to God for what we make of our lives; that an account will have to be rendered. This may sound old-fashioned, but to this I hold. For us to recognise that all other duties stem from our duty to Him. To see all life as a form of worship, as a means whereby we can glorify Him by serving mankind.

The Christian is a man to whom duty is paramount; it is part of his life and he looks for no reward other than the satisfaction of having done his duty.

St. Peter sums it up well: "Honour all men—love the brotherhood—fear God—honour the monarch".

### Visit to Strensall

Approximately at 12.45 p.m. we arrived at the King's Division Depot, Strensall, and debussed on the main square for our official welcome by RSM John Welsh. Amongst our Mossley Branch contingent were their guests from Hem in France, ex-Servicemen, be-medalled and with their branch Colour. One of their members present was the Mayor of Hem. Naturally they were formed up in front of our large party of OCA members, but after the dispensation of champagne the toast was, again naturally, "The Duke's". Formalities over, we accompanied RSM Welsh to his Mess and were immediately made to feel at home, and right royally were we treated.

Lunch, true Yorkshire style, consisted of vegetable soup, roast beef, Yorkshire pud, baked and croquette potatoes, cauliflower, mixed vegetables, ice cream and iced fresh fruit salad. A splendid repast with which to arm oneself against the keen October wind and the return to York for sight-seeing, "shop window ranting" or just plain aimlessly wandering around that ancient city. The Minster is now almost devoid of scaffolding and restored to her full beauty and glory, a truly great cathedral and part of our cherished heritage.

By 7 p.m. all were back in the warmth and friendliness of our host's mess with the bar doing a splendid trade and our various groups settling down for the evening's entertainment ahead. This consisted of bingo, a musical group, raffles, sing-song and a buffet. The latter received a great deal of attention and, as accustomed we are to the splendid fare placed before us, RSM Welsh, his colleagues and staff really surpassed themselves on this occasion: curry and rice, ham, sausage rolls, savoury pastries, salads, party pies, various gateaux, cakes, biscuits and cheese and hosts of other trimmings. In fact, 2300 hrs. came all too quickly with the singing of "The Duke's are coming up the hill, lads",

"Auld Lang Syne", the French national anthem (for our French guests) and "The Queen".

Thank you, Mr. Welsh. Thank you all members of King's Division Depot Sergeants Mess, and thank you all members of the staff. We had a memorable day.

'Sax'

### The London and Home Counties Branch of The Duke of Wellington's Regimental Association

#### Committee:

President: Major A. C. S. Savory, MBE, 42a, Lennox Gardens, London, SW1.

Chairman: Mr. J. Ballard, 2 Byrne Road, Sydenham, London SE26 5JE.

Treasurer: Mr. R. G. Ballard, Flat 2, 39 West Hill, London SW18.

Secretary: Mr. K. A. Waterman, 21 Vivian Court, 128/134 Maida Vale, London W9.

We are now holding regular meetings, which, although small in numbers attending, are a beginning, we hope, of a new era in the annals of the London Branch.

We usually manage to muster four or five members and are keeping official minutes. Our business takes but a few minutes, but we finish off with a convivial evening with a little drop of 'the hard stuff'. Because of our small numbers we are at present holding our meetings in the secretary's flat. Should we achieve our ambition and get a real branch going again, we have had the very kind offer of the use of a well-appointed board room from Major Lewis Kershaw, who has an appointment locally.

Forty-two letters were sent out recently notifying addressees of our meetings and of our Armistice Day duty. We received 10 replies, which I suppose isn't a bad average, and two new attendances at our October meeting. Perhaps we shall meet a few more on Armistice Day and persuade them to attend.

One of the replies was, strangely enough, from a gentleman who was ex-RAF, whose father was a "Duke". He enlisted in the 2nd Battalion in 1897 and saw service in the South African War, the Depot, in India from 1904 to 1909, when he retired as a sergeant-major. He returned to the Duke's in August 1914 and served with the 2/9th Service Battalion. His son and I had a very interesting talk and we propose to make him an honorary member of this branch.

Any "ex-Duke" in this area who needs information, please write to the secretary.

### OTHER ITEMS

#### Notes of Trucial Oman Scouts Dinner

The dinner is to be held in the RCT HQ Mess, Buller Barracks, Aldershot, on Saturday January 25, 1975. Cost for the dinner will be about £4.50. Bed and breakfast can be provided at a cost of £1.25. Those interested in attending should contact Major R. C. Wallace, RCT, The Depot Regiment, RCT, Buller Barracks, Aldershot. Telephone Aldershot 24431, ext. 2714, for details and to make bookings.

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