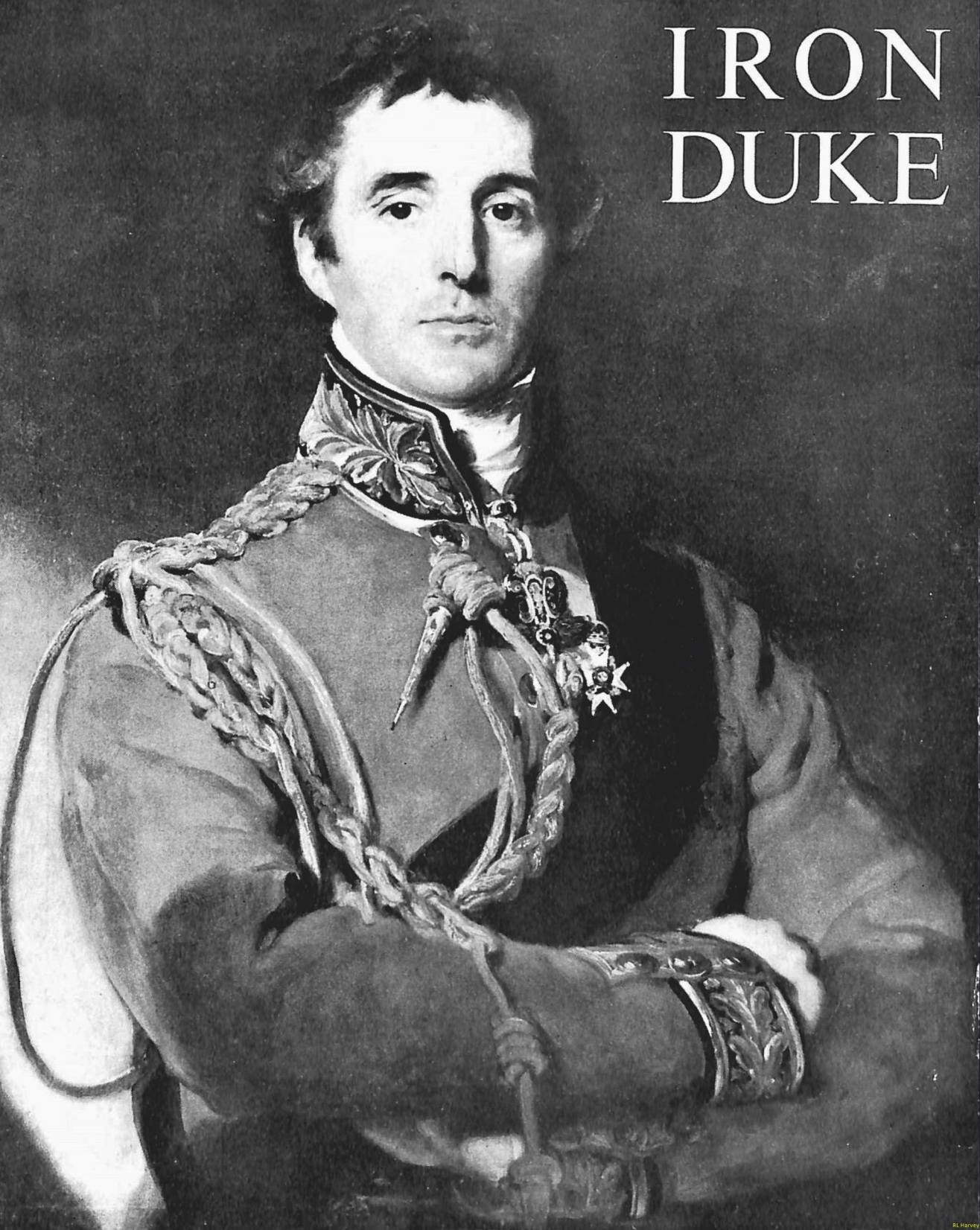


No.168 August 1975

THE
IRON
DUKE



THE IRON DUKE

The Regimental Journal of

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT

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



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

Vol. LI

AUGUST 1975

No. 168

BUSINESS NOTES

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Business Manager: MAJOR J. S. MILLIGAN
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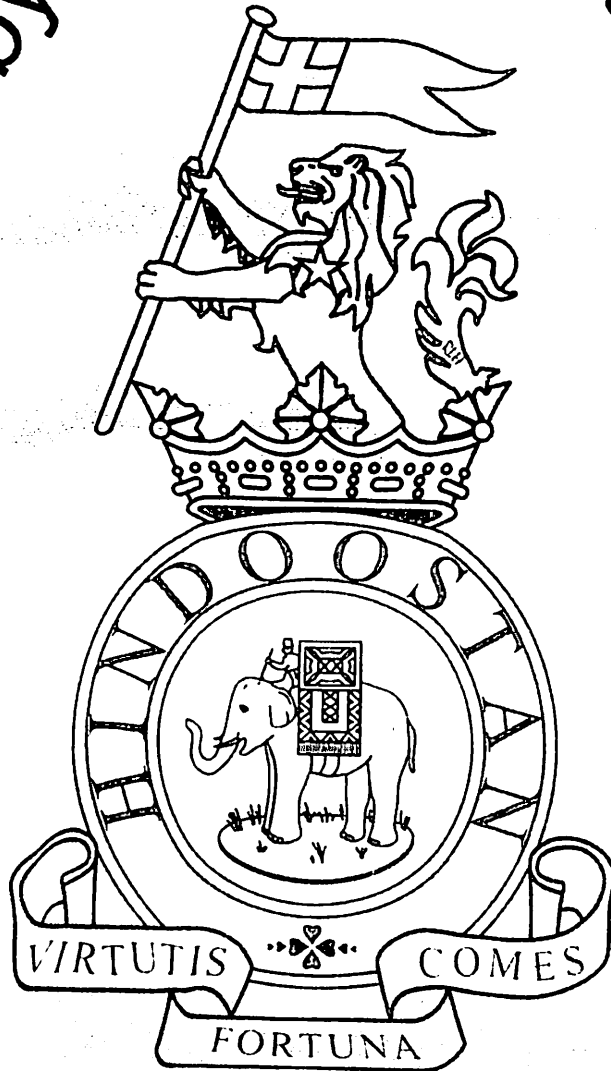
Acknowledgement

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

CONTENTS

| Notes and News | PAGE |
|---|------|
| <i>Regimental Headquarters</i> | 49 |
| <i>1st Battalion</i> | 50 |
| <i>Depot, The King's Division</i> | 70 |
| <i>'C' Coy 1st Yorkshire Volunteers</i> | 72 |
| <i>'C' (DWR) Coy 3rd Yorkshire Volunteers</i> | 74 |
| <i>Army Cadet Force</i> | 74 |
| <i>Regimental Association</i> | 82 |
| Regular Features | |
| <i>Book Review</i> | 76 |
| <i>Obituary</i> | 78 |
| <i>Personalia</i> | 80 |
| Special Features | |
| <i>Gibraltar</i> | 75 |
| <i>Sgt. Burbury</i> | 79 |
| <i>7th Dukes</i> | 81 |

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THE REGIMENT

Colonel-in-Chief

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

Colonel of the Regiment

MAJOR-GENERAL D. E. ISLES, OBE

REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS

Wellesley Park, Halifax

Regimental Secretary: Major J. H. Davis

THE 1st BATTALION

Mons Barracks, Aldershot

CO: Lt.-Col. J. B. K. Greenway, MBE Adjutant: Capt. D. W. Wonson
RSM WO1 J. Collins

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

St. Paul's Street, Huddersfield

Commander: Major C. M. B. Bateman

9

ARMY CADET FORCE

Area Commander, DWR, ACF. Major P. R. Tattersall, AMBIM, 90 Dalton Green Lane, Huddersfield

AFFILIATED C.C.F.

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

THE REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION

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General Secretary: Mr. A. Wood, Wellesley Park, Halifax



WATERLOO DAY DINNER
The Colonel of The Regiment with Col Huxtable, Maj-Gen Isles, Lt-Col Greenway, and Lt-Col Mitchell

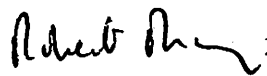


Message from General Sir Robert Bray, GBE, KCB, DSO Colonel 1965–1975

I handed over the Colonelcy of the Regiment on July 7 and am taking this opportunity to thank all those who in many different ways have done much to help with regimental affairs during the past ten years. The willing response from all, including wives, who have devoted time and effort on behalf of the Dukes has been magnificent.

It is of course the task of all of us, serving or retired, to do all we can to maintain the high reputation of our Regiment and to keep alive our spirit of comradeship and strong sense of duty. Having said thank you I now ask you all to go on doing whatever you can to help the Dukes. It is a splendid regiment and deserves nothing but the best of our efforts.

Major-General D. E. Isles has taken over from me. He is known to many of us and I wish him well in the task of serving the Dukes, a task which, under the guidance of our Colonel-in-Chief, I know he will discharge in excellent fashion.



General

Regimental Headquarters

NORTHERN IRELAND AWARDS

The last honours for Service in Northern Ireland have been awarded. The following are congratulated on recently receiving GOC's Commendations.

Capt C. G. Fitzgerald
WO2 D. Hughes
WO2 B. Stansfield
Ssgt J. Lofthouse

During the three tours in Northern Ireland the total awards received were: two OBEs, four MBEs, one BEM, 11 MIDs and 13 GOC's certificates.

RHQ News

We bid farewell to Maj Douglas Jones-Stamp who after some 18 months as Assistant Regimental Secretary has found the job commuting to and from Scotland too much of a strain. Maj John Milligan is to take over at the end of July.

Saturday, November 1

The annual service at the Regimental Chapel in York Minster. Will those not living in Yorkshire and who might like to attend, please write to Maj Roger Sugden, who will send them full details nearer the time. His address will be found opposite.

CALLING ALL WIVES

Kneelers in the Regimental Chapel—York Minster

It is hoped to be able to provide kneelers with the kindly help of the Regiment's wives and others closely connected with the Regiment who are interested in needlework.

A beautiful design incorporating our Regimental colours, maroon and French grey, and in keeping with the existing décor in the chapel, has been approved by the Dean and Chapter. Although the design is intricate the different stitches are comparatively easy to work.

Initially Miss Watson-Hall, leader of the Minster Broiderers, will come from Hull to meet helpers who live within easy distance of York to show them the design and give help and instruction (where necessary) on the stitches.

A 9-in square of canvas with wool and instructions will be given to those who can come to York or sent to others who wish to help but cannot come to York.

From these when returned Miss Watson-Hall will select two to stitch one prototype kneeler at home.

Subsequently when the prototype is ready, ladies will be invited to complete one or two kneelers over a period. The aim will be to provide something in the order of 50 kneelers.

Will those who would like to help kindly write to Maj Roger Sugden, South Court, Shipton-by-Beningbrough, York, and those who live sufficiently close to York and who would like to come to the first meeting please let Roger know.

1st Battalion

COMMANDING OFFICER'S INTRODUCTION

The past few months will remain in most people's minds I believe as a time of change; changes of personalities, and changes of plans. It is not very often, I suspect, that a Battalion is required to change its Commanding Officer, Senior Quartermaster, Adjutant, Regimental Sergeant-Major and a Company Commander in the same month. It was only by the skin of our teeth that we avoided losing the Chief Clerk in the same period. The Battalion was, I am quite certain, sorry to see the departure of the team which had led them so ably through the long Northern Ireland tour. The Battalion is, I am equally certain, still pondering slightly on whether the new team is a Good Thing or a Bad Thing.

The members of the team now departed have scattered themselves between the Ministry of Defence (Col Peter Mitchell), Headquarters UKLF (Maj Michael Stacpoole), The RMA Sandhurst (Capt Alistair Roberts), Strensall (Capt Bill Burke) and 1st Battalion The Green Howards, currently in Northern Ireland (lately RSM, now Lt, Tom Pickersgill). Many, whether still serving in the Battalion or themselves now departed, will wish me to thank those I have mentioned for their leadership and guidance through the challenges of the Northern Ireland tour and to wish them every success in their new appointments.

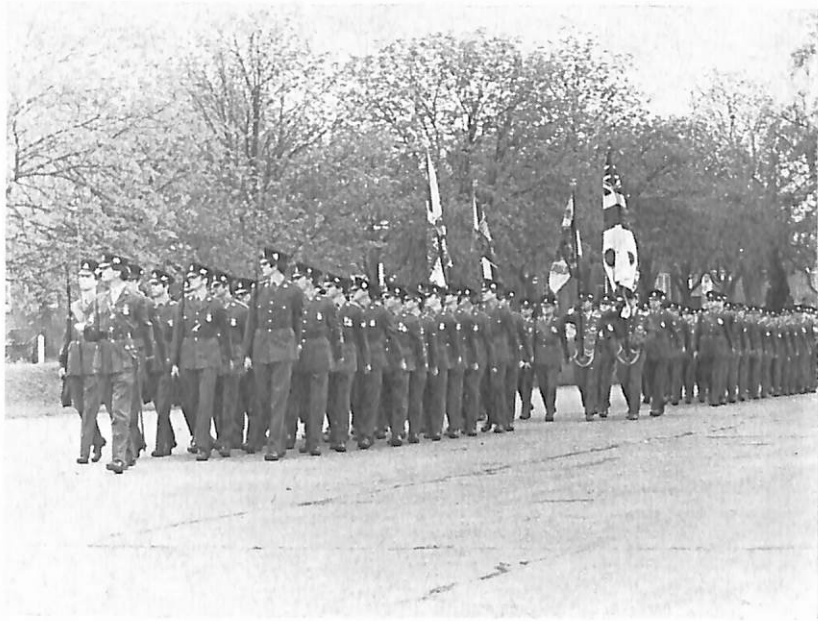
So much for the main changes of personality. What about the changes of plan? Most readers will now know that only The Alma and Corunna

Companies eventually left in mid-April for the planned UNFICYP tour. It is a pleasure to be able to record that both the Adjutant General in person and COMBRITCON, Col Peter Chiswell, the senior British officer in UNFICYP, have reported very favourably on their visits to The Alma and Corunna respectively. Both companies are under command of the 1st Royal Tank Regiment.

The rest of the Battalion returned from embarkation leave, some having moved their families, some having sold their cars, to be told that they were not, after all, going anywhere for the present. This was a major disappointment which, to their credit, Burma, Somme, Waterloo and Hook Companies took in their stride. Even now they do not know how narrowly they missed having all their baggage dispatched to Cyprus; it was only a friendly (and timely) telephone call from a staff officer at a distant Headquarters which caused the baggage to be separated into two piles, with a day to spare before the containers were dispatched.

The undeployed elements of the Battalion then shifted into a different gear and set off on a 16 Parachute Brigade Exercise on Salisbury Plain, by way of preparation for a six-week Exercise at Fort Wainwright in Canada in August/September. However, another change of plan has taken place, which gives us a month in which to re-gear ourselves for a move to a Sovereign Base in Cyprus, where, even if we are employed in a different role, we shall at least be on the same island as The Alma and Corunna.

Meanwhile the news has arrived that the Battalion



St George's Day Parade

will be leaving Aldershot in August 1976 to join 11th Armoured Brigade in Minden. This is a move which, quite apart from the material benefits which a tour in BAOR still provides, will offer an interesting challenge to us all, but not least to the very many members of the Battalion who have joined since we were last a mechanised Battalion in 1968.

But one must not look too far ahead; we have many interesting months ahead of us, both in

Cyprus and, in the autumn, here in 16 Parachute Brigade. Talking of which, our Brigade Commander has changed recently, and, as the outgoing Commander, Brig David O'Morchoe, was kind enough to compliment the Battalion on its performance since it joined 16 Parachute Brigade, perhaps it is, despite my opening paragraph, a question of *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*; which can be loosely translated as 'all change often means no change'.

News from the Messes

OFFICERS MESS

The posting of 10 officers to Cyprus, coupled with our military commitments in Aldershot, has inevitably affected the social life of the Mess. Apart from three curry lunches and the now familiar steak night, we had time for only one formal guest night. Judging from our resultant Mess bills, this was thoroughly enjoyed by both guests and hosts alike.

On Waterloo Day we held the last party before we ourselves moved to Cyprus. This was a relatively sad affair in that the Mess, in conjunction with the warrant officers and sergeants, dined out Gen Bobby Bray after 12 years as Colonel of the Regiment. We believe this is the first time there has been a combined dinner of officers, warrant officers and sergeants. The dinner was preceded by a ceremony of the beating of Retreat held in the Aldershot Stadium. All the colonels who had commanded the 1st Battalion during General Bray's tour as Colonel of the Regiment were also present. These were Maj-Gen Isles, Cols Shuttleworth, Huxtable and Mitchell.

The large size of the Mess, so proudly proclaimed in the last issue, has now become somewhat of an embarrassment. With only five living-in 'Dukes' and a couple of permanent guests, an outsider could easily believe the Mess was deserted. In fact,

we have heard Maj Lewis Kershaw has paid a few informal visits and has yet to meet a 'Duke'! However, the tranquillity has been regularly shattered by informal discos, which are held in the bar, again evidently much enjoyed by the subalterns.

In the short time since the last notes appeared we have only to congratulate John Dowdell on his marriage to April, and Mike Stacpoole on actually marrying Sarah. His intentions were announced in the last issue, but many of us believed it was too good to be true! However, we have now lost Mike to HQ UKLF as well as Alastair Roberts (to RMA, Sandhurst) and Lee Lyons (to the Depot), but welcome back Patrick Puttock and Andrew Drake.

WARRANT OFFICERS AND SERGEANTS MESS

It seems only last week that we were putting pen to paper, yet here we are again revealing the secrets of the 'Mystic Mansion'.

We have had quite a busy three months highlighted by some very good social events. These began with an impromptu social held in the Mess to celebrate winning the Rugby Cup. The OCA were in attendance, and it was a great feeling to have some real Old Sweats in the Mess.



The photograph depicts what is probably a unique Rugby occasion. Mess members of both the Dukes and the Parachute Logistic Regiment are shown with the various trophies won during the season. It is probably the first time members of the same Mess have won both the Major and Minor Unit Rugby Finals. Could it be that our skills are at last rubbing off on others?

We said farewell to Alma and Corunna who are now sunbathing in Cyprus, while we remain behind working hard at digging holes in Salisbury Plain. We produced a fantastic group for the night, and continued the movement into the wee small hours. No sooner had we got over the effects of saying farewell to our brothers-in-arms, than we accepted a challenge from the Corporals Mess to a games night. There is some uncertainty as to who really won the night, but on advice of the RSM, we claim that honour. Not to be outdone, the Corporals sought to bring shame on the Mess by winning the Boat Race.

This was a sad and sorry tale, but to this day, the Corporals feel that somewhere along the line, we let them win by cheating. (Does that make sense?)

All the committees have changed and for the less enlightened they are:

RSM WO1 J. P. Collins
 PMC WO2 M. R. Hodkinson
 PEC Ssgt T. Hudson
 Treasurer Ssgt G. Cookson
 Caterer Sgt E. Atkinson.

We have installed a variety of new beers into the Mess, and also had to raise the prices due to the Budget. We don't actually have Terry Connolly's reaction on photo record, but we are assured that he came over a deadly shade of yellow, when he heard the price.

Story

Senior Mess Member (they don't come any more senior) to barman:

'Half a pint of best bitter please'.

Barman: 'Yes sir, that's 9p please'.

Mess Member: 'If a pint costs 17p, a half costs 8½p, correct?'

Barman: 'Incorrect, we don't take halves, it's to the nearest 1p'.

Mess Member: ... (UNPRINTABLE).

Moral. DON'T buy halves.

An interesting diversion for enthusiasts was a Sergeants Mess *v* Ladies football match. This was a well-attended game and we are truly surprised that we have so many gentlemen players, with the exception of our goalkeeper (no names) who threatened to stop the housekeeping because his wife scored against him. Still on the subject of sports, we now boast a magnificent 10-hole golf course. It is said that Sgt Cross (who plays more golf than Lee Travino) has put his blessing on the course.

There can be nothing more pleasant than a lazy summer's afternoon in the Mess, pint in hand, and the constant shouts of Fore! Birdie! Eagle and the swish of the club hitting ball soon to be followed by the tinkle of glass. Ah yes, happy days.

Finally, we have redecorated the Mess to very high standards and are thinking of changing the name to 'Cedar Pines' country club. However, even this was not enough to stop various members from leaving us.

We say farewell to: Tom Martin, Bob Spearman, Dave Dickens, Ray Arrowsmith and Eric Noble. And make very welcome SQMS Norman Bryson,

Ssgt Cookson who was kind enough to take over the accounts.

In conclusion our congratulations go to: Terry Cooper, John Hogg, and Bob Blackburn on their promotion into the Mess.

CORPORALS MESS

At the end of the last notes we were anxiously waiting the arrival of our new boss, RSM Collins. We were eager to plan our future entertainment. The RSM duly arrived and chaired his first Mess meeting on February 6. Only one minute was passed to the effect that the Mess was to be decorated by self-help. We did not know it then, but by the very next day bodies were going to and fro with brushes, paint, polish and paper. This hive of activity went on day and night for a week.

The opening night was held later in February and everyone was surprised at the results of our handiwork. Our thanks to all those 'volunteers' who worked so hard.

Cpl Tolley has now rejoined the PRI and we wish to thank him for his efforts as Mess caterer. We wish Lcpl Edwards well, who has taken over as the new caterer.

The social life in the Mess is thriving, with a great many of our wives joining into the spirit of the Mess. Thank you, girls.

The Mess now has a soccer team who play most Sunday mornings. They are giving a good account of themselves, under the management and guidance of Ken Uttley. The games are followed by families' Sunday lunch-time sessions, which are very much enjoyed.

Our darts teams are playing well and are now running out of opponents (this is always a good sign of a good team).

Bar B Q evening was held in the Sergeants Mess, which turned out to be first class. The evening, which continued until the morning, was a great success. Our thanks to the Sergeants Mess for their hospitality. We also had a games night against the Sergeants Mess and the main point of note was that we beat them at the 'Boat Race'. We believe this is the first time an important event such as this is has been achieved by the Corporals Mess. Our grateful thanks must go to Sgt Hunter, who had a 'wind blockage' halfway down his pint. We noted that he was Battalion Orderly Sergeant very soon afterwards and we all wondered why!

The Mess now had a total of 79 silver tankards which carry the regimental crest. They make a first-class display behind our new bar.

Finally, before we go and join our fellow members in Cyprus, may we remind all our friends everywhere that they will be welcome to call and visit us, when they will be assured of a warm welcome.

The departures and arrivals and promotions are too numerous to mention, so to all of them we say the best of luck.

From the Companies

WATERLOO COMPANY

Orderly Room

Odd Ode

With packing box and nails I set out one day,
To prepare for a move to a land faraway.
Spearhead had just finished, life was looking
good.

So with thoughts of sunnier climes I
hammered the wood.

My packing complete, my box in store,
Painted with UNFICYP on corners four.
I set off on leave to an old Yorkshire town,
And downed a few beers to many a frown.

I returned on the Monday only to see,
UNFICYP was off; except for A and C.
Back to the store to draw out my box,
Fortunately it's still there, and not at the
docks.

Again we are told we may move here or there,
It all depends on the situation elsewhere.
CANADA and CYPRUS are bandied about,
But it's all ifs and buts and a lot of doubt.

Finally it's on; its CYPRUS to be,
To relieve the Royal Irish at EPISKOPI.
We've three weeks to go and I've no packing
done,

I'm making sure this one's no PLUM.

The moral of my story is plain to see.
You can trust no one, not even MOD.
So believe nothing of what you hear,
And half of what you see.
And only believe you're moving when on a
plane you be.

Signal Platoon

On our return from Block Leave in March we were immediately faced with the prospect of a split orbat. It had been decided only to send two companies to Cyprus. The two company detachments were reinforced in order to get as many people in Cyprus as possible. The redoubtable Cpl Brooks and Lcpl Bray are at present soaking up the sunshine with their merry men. (That's not probably all they're soaking up.)

The remainder of the platoon had to start re-assembling and unpacking all equipment in Mons Barracks. The exercise season then descended on us with a vengeance. It would be fair to say that the work load has been intensive. Bn CPX's, Bde Logex's, Bde Exercises followed quickly upon each other. Exercise 'Light Century' found us on Salisbury Plain acting as enemy against 16 Parachute Bde. In the initial phase it was gratifying to hear

the Recce Platoon working well at the extreme ranges of the C42 on eight-foot rods. In fact a lot of experience was gained in operating equipment at its maximum range. Ssgt Shaw turned in his usual immaculate performance on the rebroadcast station. His careful siting and handling of traffic greatly facilitated a tricky frequency change at the height of the battle.

The period of uncertainty has recently been brought to a close by the decision to send us to the Episkopi SBA in Cyprus. Once again the swimming costumes come out of mothballs.

During the period under review, we say goodbye to Pte Attiwell who has gone on a posting to Warminster. Cpl Ruding who has gone to the MT and Sgt Morton who is taking up new-found wealth and status in civilian life. We would like to thank him for his skilful management of a very busy Signal Stores and wish him and his wife all the best for the future.

We congratulate Pte Down on his marriage and Lcpl Cusworth on his forthcoming marriage and also Lcpl and Mrs Sissons on the birth of a son.

ALMA COMPANY

One thing that can be said about a modern infantry battalion is that wherever you are and whatever your military role, you are going to be extremely busy for twelve months in every year. Almost the last event the Alma took part in before the contributions 'cut off' day for the April IRON DUKE was exercise Fiery Cross at the School of Infantry. Since then time has flown.

Preparation for Spearhead occupied the end of January, and was followed in February by the Battalion Skill-at-Arms Camp. Some good results were obtained, and especial congratulations go to Cpl Smith and his men of 3 Sec 3 Platoon for winning the inter-section shoot, and to the Company falling plate team which was also successful.

Back from Westdown and on to exercise Muji Kas. This was a valuable exercise which enables us to shake out our conventional procedures and get lots of practice at that most indispensable art of the infantryman, digging. The final night of the exercise passed in a flurry of activity. A battalion night attack, preparation of a defensive position and a withdrawal all in one night. At one stage there seemed a fair chance that the rear of the company coming on to the position might bump into the front setting off from it.

Somehow we got to March and the great Medical Demo for students at the staff college. Cpl Hutchinson led on an excellent display of a section's medical drills whilst under highly realistic simulated mortar fire. Ptes Sheehan and Plummer, to name but two of the star-packed team have missed their vocation. What actors they would have made. Their groans and screams, supported by gallons

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of mock blood, awakened sympathy in even the steeliest of hearts. Further down the track the OC ably assisted by Sgt Harston and the Coy medic Lcpl Harvey ('I'll just sew your hand back on lad, then you can go back to your platoon') bluffed their way through Company HQ's medical procedures.

There was just time for a couple of good Company social events before our two weeks pre-Cyprus leave. Firstly the Company stag night, at which the ale flowed and two young ladies were invited to remove their clothes to the joy of all, especially 2Lt George Kilburn whose wholehearted co-operation with the artistes was much admired; been wearing that tie much lately George? The married men of the Alma had an excellent dinner dance at the Queens Hotel.

Good food, good music, excellent company. Despite it being a 'farewell to the wives night' there was no shortage of fun and good spirits.

And here we are in Cyprus, and all the events of Aldershot seem way into the past. Is it really only seven months since we left Ballykelly? It hardly seems possible. We have been to lots of places and done lots of things in that time. From the Brandywell and the County, via Aldershot and Salisbury Plain to Cyprus, the island of Venus in just over half a year. The Dukes at least have earned their pay rise.

A final note of congratulation for WO2 Brian Stansfield, CSM Alma for two years, on being awarded the GOCs commendation for services in Northern Ireland.

1 RTR Group

There is likely to be some confusion in the minds of readers of this journal over who is doing what and for whom. 1 DWR are not the only split unit in Cyprus. If we think we have problems we might do worse than to consider the lot of the First Royal Tank Regiment. RHQ, HQ Sqn, 'A' Sqn, Alma Company and Corunna Company form 1 RTR Group in UNFICYP. 'B' Sqn 1 RTR were until recently in Pergmaos (SBA Dhekelia), but have now returned to Tidworth. 'C' Sqn are in Hong Kong.

It should be put on record that the period which we have spent under command of 1 RTR has been a happy one. At all levels we have found friendship and co-operation, and we must thank Lt-Col Tony Walker and all ranks of 1 RTR for this.

Alma Company in Cyprus

The advance party arrived on April 4 and the main body of the Company ten days later on April 14. On the same day we deployed in the seven locations manned by Alma Company personnel. The Company is divided into two groups, OP force and P Patrol force.

OP Force

Within Limassol District (LIMDIST), which is the Alma's area of responsibility, we maintain four UN OPs. One platoon is under command of 'A' Sqn in Paphos District, and they are in Timi and Stravrokono UN Ops. Limdist OP force is located in Limassol Town, Mallia, Armenokhori

and Moutayiaka. At its broadest the task of the sections in the OPs is to fulfil one of the conditions of the United Nations mandate in Cyprus, which is to protect Turkish Cypriots and Greek Cypriots wherever they constitute a minority. Clearly in the southern part of the island we are concerned with Turkish Cypriots.

In the war of last July thousands of Turks fled north. Since then many more hundreds have found their way out either with a legal transfer permit which may be given to such categories as the chronically sick, the very old, or stranded children, or more likely they have paid the going rate to one of many profiteering 'Scarlet Pimpernels' and left illegally. Those who remain have no wish other than to join their more fortunate friends in the north of Cyprus, sadly many of them on arrival are bitterly disillusioned, their Utopia is under martial law, and life is hard. For example in the villages of Armenkhorri and Moutayiaka the people are genuinely frightened for their safety as they are subjected to a number of inconveniences, constant questioning at police road blocks for example. They do little to help themselves. Fields are largely uncultivated but the attitude is 'why bother', with luck in a week (or a month or a year) we won't be here. Welfare and medical cover are minimal, but the biggest enemy is boredom.

The OPs do what they can. Their very presence satisfies the villagers' need for security. Outside of that arise dozens of trivial incidents, the OP commander spends much of the day chatting, cajoling, mollifying, or persuading people to do things or not do things, or not to believe the rumours or to accept what they hear. It is not an easy task, but the sections have thoroughly integrated themselves into their villages, know everybody in them and will regret leaving.

Patrol Force

The remainder of LIMDIST is covered by the patrol force, which consists of one Alma platoon with two Land-Rovers and a half troop of ferrets. The area which stretches from the southern coast up to the Troodos mountains is divided into 13 patrol areas. In the northern part patrols remain out for three or four days, nearer to home some patrols take only half a day. During a recent survey by the patrol force we discovered round LIMDIST in huts, cattle-sheds or deserted dwellings there are thousands of Greek Cypriot refugees who fled before the Turkish Army last year. The patrols try to discover their problems, and to find out how they are getting on in their new homes. As well as keeping an eye open for military movement, patrols are checking on the current medical situation and availability of water and so on.

In summary all the members of the company whether in little OPs in Turkish villages or on patrol in the predominantly Greek Cypriot areas are dealing at grass roots level with people. Many of the political figures in Cyprus have been around a long time and will be hard to dislodge, but in the end it will be these people who must decide whether the *status quo* is acceptable or whether another match should be put to the powder keg.

Alma Company Orbat

| | | |
|------------------------------|-------|----------------------------------|
| OC (Comd Limdist) | .. | Maj T. J. Nicholson |
| 2IC (Dist Economics Officer) | | Capt T. J. Isles |
| CSM | | WO2 B. Stansfield |
| CQMS | | Ssgt J. O'Donnell |
| Ptl Platoon Command | .. | Lt A. Drake |
| Ptl Platoon Sergeant | .. | Sgt W. Harston |
| Armerokhorri OP Comd | | Cpl Johnston (Cpl Bailey) |
| Moutayiaka | | Cpl Sullivan (Cpl Hutchinson) |
| Limassol Town OP Comd | | 2Lt Kilburn (Lt Hall) |
| Mallia OP Comd | .. | Cpl Wood (Cpl Smith) |
| Stavrokono OP Comd | .. | Ssgt Hall (Cpl Sugden) |
| Timi OP Comd | .. | Sgt Noble (Lt Drake) |

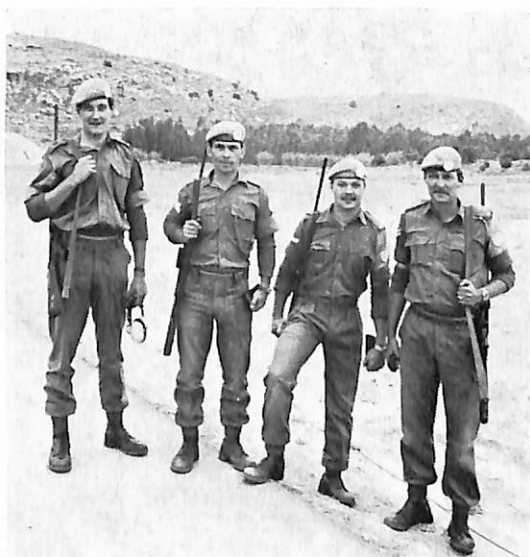
Note: Names in brackets are those who commanded respective OPs April 14 to June when the Companies first rotation took place.

UNFICYP Falling Plate Competition

On May 18, 1975, the UN Falling Plate Competition took place on the ranges at Dhekelia. All the UN Contingents on the Island took part.

The three types of weapon fired were pistol, SMG and rifle, and all contingents had to produce a team to fire each weapon. Camp UNFICYP from Nicosia had to provide a team to represent the British Contingent (BRITCON) in the pistol and SMG matches, the 'Dukes' were selected to provide the rifle team. I don't think it would be incorrect to say that it was the rifle match that all the teams wanted to win.

Before I go further let me explain what a falling plate competition is. First the draw is made, after which it becomes a simple KO competition, the



Winners UNFICYP Falling Plates
Maj Nicholson, Sgt Heron, Lepl Downs, Cpl Smith

winner of each round going forward to the next and so on. Two teams each consisting of four men stand properly at ease on the 300m firing point, facing down the range. Standing on the butts is a row of 10 twelve-inch square metal plates. On the word Go the time starts and both teams have then to run to the 200m firing point and engage the plates. The first team to knock down all the plates is the winner. Probably the most difficult decision that had to be made was who should be included in the team. After a series of shoot offs and more shoot offs a couple of days prior to the competition, the following team was selected: Maj Nicholson, Sgt Heron, Cpl Smith 68 all of Alma Company and Lcpl Downs of Corunna Company.

In the first round we had quite an easy draw against the Swedish civilian police (SWEDCIV-POL). We won that round with a very modest time of 29 seconds. It did, however, give us the practice run we needed before coming up against more formidable opposition in later runs.

Having fired first, it gave us the chance to watch all the other teams fire and we soon realised that our next opponents CAN CON who also fire SLRs, would be much harder to beat. As it turned out, we beat the Canadians with the surprisingly fast time of 25 seconds. One thing, I think, that was in our favour in that round was fitness. We were much faster than the Canadians getting down to the 200m firing point and we were actually firing while they were still getting down.

That win meant that we were through to the final, our opponents being FINCON. The Finns were the organisers and also the pre-match favourites. On the word Go the Finns wearing light-weight camouflage jackets and carrying their own type of assault rifle were very fast down the range and for the first time we found that we were second to start firing. However, our shooting just had the edge and we finished leaving the Finns with one plate left standing. Our time for the final run was 24 seconds, a remarkably good time (Bisley record is 23 seconds) considering that the team had very little practice.

The winners' medals were presented by Lt-Gen D. Prem Chand, rVSM, the UN Force Commander.

Timi OP the First Two Months

We arrived in Cyprus on a rather warm day on April 10, 1975. The flight out was uneventful as most flights are and we touched down at RAF Akrotiri at 9.30 local time. After waiting for an hour we were put into buses and moved to Polemidhia camp where we collected our kit, changed into the now familiar OGs and blue beret and got back on the bus to Timi and all points west. After a time we were greeted by Lt Drake who showed us where we were staying. He then dismissed us so we could unpack our bits and pieces. Then he gave us all the brief on Timi village. During the following week at some time or other we all went on a 'Swancon' round the area to get to know it and to find out who spoke reasonable English and what the populations of the villages consisted of.

From the second week onwards we started doing foot patrols to places like the Mandria Hill OP.

The Mandria Beach Walk which is one hell of a slog on a hot day, Aya Vavara and Anaaita. Mobiles to Phinicus, Nata, Souskia, Kiouklia OP and Nichoklia. We also did a two-day standing patrol at the Handria Hill OP and another a couple of weeks later at the Kouklia OP. We had certain highlights when the lads of the village offered us a free show of a local and a donkey; we all agreed and waited with baited breath, and sure enough up came the donkey and the lad and we were ready, till a certain Lance-Corporal who shall be nameless stood up and said . . .

'Come here you long-eared beast', at which the donkey took one look at him and after kicking its rider off went tearing off down the hill not to be seen again for a week or so.

The weeks passed and we had two games of football 7-a-side, and lost both, much to the amusement of the younger inhabitants. We also made it on to the news with the results.

We had barbecues at the rate of about one a week and kept being challenged to volley-ball matches, cross-country runs, darts matches which the Corunna Platoon kept losing after heated arguments that they were going to win. Our moment of glory was when 'A' Sqn, 1 RTR decided they were going to have a go at our cross-country course with 8 Platoon and Timi OP representing Alma. Well, we set off, the Tankies taking an early lead (all of them in headlong flight up the track) but Jim Preston from Corunna took off like a rabbit and was soon lost to sight. At the end of the race there was no doubt as to which team had won. Preston came in first, Mr Drake, Metcalfe, Thomas and Allott made up the first six; it was just like an every day training run for us and the tankies didn't even show on the scoreboard. Our tour of duty is nearly finished at Timi and it is with great regret that we have to leave this sleepy village for Polemidhia Camp; but everyone must have their turn in camp. We only hope that the next section enjoy the grapes that we have faithfully watered for the last two months.

Three's Up

As with all good things the Christmas festivities had to end and it was time to return to Mons to begin a New Year . . . of work. For the lads of 3 Platoon it was a case of working under a new taskmaster and for the taskmaster a case of learning his task. Well, neither proved impossible, I'm pleased to say, for they're both still here.

Everyone's efforts were directed towards the Spearhead alert with the odd Skill-at-Arms camp and blood-chilling exercise thrown in to keep us in trim. There's nothing like a Muji-Kas to keep the old stories and rumours circulating around the lines and to give insomnia to all the new recruits.

Unfortunately, our second attempt at the inter-company cross-country was not as successful as the first, in spite of some determined efforts and training by the lads. It all goes to show that a company stag night the evening before makes one all the more eager to reach that finishing post.

After a short respite it was a case of packing the bags and off to an island of sun. Unfortunately, we had to part company and all disappear to

outposts in the back of beyond. But occasional gatherings (for various excuses) enable one to recount happenings of old and sample the local brew. In spite of certain restrictions we seem to have no trouble in keeping up our reputation as members of 'Swancon' UNFICYP. Just think, lads, people pay a fortune to be where you are now.

WOMEN'S WALK HOME— DHERINIA, APRIL 20, 1975

By far the greatest number of refugees from any one place came from Famagusta when they fled from the advancing Turkish invasion forces on the second phase of their assault to establish the new static Attila Line. One of the most sensitive and difficult points of all negotiations between Turks and Greeks has been the question of when may these refugees return to their homes. To this end the Committee of the International Women's Year organised a vast demonstration to protest to the Turkish forces over the refusal of the Turks to let anyone return to their homes.

The demonstration took place at Dherinia which is a small town some five miles south of Famagusta straddling one of the main roads into the city. The idea was for women from all over the island to form up and march to the Turkish line. Having done so, a select few from the Women's Year Committee would hand in petitions, via a UN mediator. The demonstration was planned to be a peaceful one and indeed there was no reason why it should not be so. However, upwards of 15,000 women were expected to attend and the fear was that if tempers and passions became aroused those behind the group handing in the petitions might fan out along the barbed-wire entanglements erected in front of the Turkish Army trenches and fortifications.

To prevent any such thing happening a large UN operation was mounted and a composite platoon from 1 DWR consisting of the shooting team, practising at the SBA Dhekelia was called upon to act as one of the groups to be deployed between the marchers and the Turkish forces. The march was taking place in Swedcon's area, the operations were mounted and controlled by the Swedes. Platoon Commanders from all the different nationalities serving with the UN were represented at the briefing the day before. The plan was for the various platoon groups to be dotted around the area of the main Turkish checkpoints from Dherinia to Famagusta. To avoid an unnecessary display of strength the force moved into positions just as dawn was breaking. By 0600 all contingents were stationed in their respective positions. The British platoon along with an Austrian platoon had the task, should the situation arise, of halting a head-long rush down the road from Dherinia to the Turkish checkpoint and were positioned some 15 yards from this point. The troops on the ground were commanded by Col P. I. Chiswell, OBE, Commander Britcon and the negotiations were to be conducted by the CO of the Swedish battalion. By 0900 the first of the 600 buses chartered to move the women from all over the southern part of the island began to arrive in the specially-

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prepared car parks some five miles south of Dherinia. They were addressed by some of the Women's Year Committee, including Melina Mecouri, but despite much romour Jane Fonda did not materialise. The march got under way and, according to the heli-borne observers made quite a sight, the 1,500 women weaving along the road in column some three miles long.

By 1400 hrs the front markets of the column, headed by 40 flag bearers representing many of the countries present arrived at the Turkish Check-point. There then followed a lengthy process of various women of different nationalities handing in petitions to the UN. They requested permission to hand in these petitions direct to the Turks but this was not accepted. Among those handing in petitions were two British MPs, Mrs Joan Lester and Winnie Ewing. At one stage it appeared that this phase of the march was to go on eternally but around 1600 hrs the heavens opened and the marchers broke up as quickly as if someone had thrown a CS grenade amongst them. We remained in position for another hour but were told that the buses were streaming out of the area loaded to the gunwales. There was nothing left for us to do except pack up and move back to the transport which we started doing until Commander Britcon decided that it would be a good idea for us to show the other contingents just how fit we were and so the return to the transport was done at great speed which impressed everyone except ourselves. The drive back over probably quite the roughest road on the island did not disprove the theory that a British Tommy can sleep anywhere at anytime, and it was lights out and heads down back in Dhekelia by 2000 hrs.

An uneventful day, but sensible precautions taken by the UN ensured that this was to be the case. At the time of writing, this is the only operation the Dukes have taken part in since the start of this Cyprus tour. If nothing else it was good experience and gave us an insight into another type of UN operation.

BURMA COMPANY

At the time of the last issue of THE IRON DUKE going to press, the battalion was looking forward to a six-month UNFICYP tour in Cyprus. Sadly this was not to be; whilst on embarkation leave we

heard that Burma Company would not be going as originally planned. Only the Alma and Corunna would go and we might follow to a Sovereign Base Area (SBA) in June. Well . . . once again, at the time of going to press we are stood by for a move, together with the remainder of the battalion here in Aldershot, to the Episkopi SBA in the first week of July. This time fortune must favour us!

And so, one might well ask what on earth has happened to Shiny B in the past few months with all the action (!) in Cyprus, but you name it and the chances are that we have done it; we've had the GOC around in order to try to persuade him to condemn our blocks—with partial success; we've put up tents for the South East District Skill-at-Arms Meeting, including the biggest tent that any of us has ever seen; we've dug holes, and more holes; we walked and ran all over the district (though perhaps still not often enough); we have even had two cross-country races; we have been rented out on more than one occasion, and we've even had a 'friendly' sports afternoon against B Coy 3 Para—and with a war too! All in all, we have tried to keep pretty busy, partly to get over the initial disappointment of not going to Cyprus and also in order to take the opportunity of doing some basic training, something not done until our return from Northern Ireland.

The Skill-at-Arms Camp at Westdown camp on 'The Plain' in early February was a great success not only by reason of improved shooting standards, but also because the camp got everyone away from Aldershot and we were all able to concentrate on soldiering—although Mr Shuttleworth will probably remember it for his obvious prowess at cross-country running—a natural successor to Capt Battye when he leaves us! The comp also saw 6 Pl retain their lead in the platoon competition, and after some nailbiting over scores, they were eventually declared the winners. Congratulations to Mr Grieve and to Sgt Craven. The battalion rifle meeting saw Pte Zabrocky come third in the rifle match, and the OC managed to bluff his way through to win the Officers Cup with the aid of an extremely helpful electrical target. The camp is also renowned within the company because it saw the re-building of the Burma Company Canteen and also the exposing of the latent sales ability of 'Jalal' Fleming but more of that later.



Lt Grieve and 6 Pl, Burma Coy, Champion Platoon

No sooner were we back in Mons Barracks than we were all out again on Ex Muji Kas IV (Gurkhali for someone's posterior we are told!) on Hankley Common. After the quick move out to Hankley, we got down to the task of digging in and living in a defensive position. More by luck than good judgment, we later arrived at the battalion FUP for a night attack and rather reluctantly were forced to abandon our assault on the MTO's enemy encampment—we were running out of training area. Having secured a RV for the battalion withdrawal we were ready for the Colour Sergeants brew at the end of the exercise—shades of Chilvers—BAOR 1966. Burma Company will never forget it!

The cancellation of our move to Cyprus brought some speedy replanning of training. Ex 'Hankley Harrow' took us back to the Common for three days, only this time with the aid of a light mobile digger from 9 Para Sqn RE. We are always told of such equipment but never see it. It was therefore a great morale booster to actually see the equipment dig in a company in very quick time. The digger succeeded in digging quite the biggest hole for a company CP ever seen—it would have been taken three maxi shelters let alone one. 'Jalal' Fleming accepted full responsibility—he said he had mixed up metres for feet whilst measuring, the result was that the company HQ spent the remainder of the digging phase filling in the hole!

Throughout the night we were attacked by DB and his Fantasians, they get around these chaps—and we did some attacking ourselves. Who said 'No bangs on Hankley Common after 9 pm?' 'What Admiral?'. In the early hours of one morning we inflicted a real casualty on the enemy when Pte Lawrence and Co decided to give Sgt Grimwood the dislocated shoulder treatment.

At last light that evening the grand attack went in on DB's forces on Gold Hill. The Company Commander, the Company 2IC, OC 6 Platoon the CSM and 5 and 6 Platoons all found the right spot to attack. But what of Mr Massey and 4 Platoon? They had surprised 'Diffy' Davies in the enemy base camp by attacking him in error a quarter mile from the real objective.

'Hankley Harrow' concluded with a 13-mile bash back to Aldershot through the night and we were all back in time to watch the Dukes win the Army seven-a-side Rugby competition next day.

With barely time to draw breath after that spell of training, we were once again down on 'The Plain'—this time as enemy to 3 PARA and 1 DERR, both out on a Bde exercise. The first two days were non-tactical and were spent recceing, riding on tanks whilst trying to avoid exhausts, and drinking beer and singing songs around a camp fire which brought back memories of the end of Ex 'Bar Frost' in Norway a few years back. The only difference was that Messrs Lawrence and Wilkinson were not in Norway, sadly, to give their rather doubtful rendering of 'Old MacDonald's Farm'!

The exercise proper started at the crack of sparrows on the Wednesday and we all moved off to start phase I. The wind was far too strong for the Paras to drop and so we had to wait until they

arrived by foot much later that day, before we could get cracking.

The weather turned nasty during the evening and most of the night. 5 and 6 Platoons withdrew after beating up the opposition (metaphorically speaking, of course) whilst the unfortunate 4 Platoon got misdirected by an umpire and were still lost by the time the dawn broke. They were delivered safely back to the rest of the company by 'Playtime' in his four-tonners and deployed for the next phase.

After the enemy had struck again, Burma Company had to withdraw during the afternoon about eight kilometres and camped for the next 24-hours in a wood, inhabited by hundreds of rooks, one bird even had the gall to drop an early Christmas present into Mr Jenkins' pot of coffee! On the Friday, the company took part in 'Scorpion' training until in the late afternoon when we withdrew to Imber Village for the last phase of the exercise.

At first light on Saturday morning, Imber Village became alive with activity and noise (yet again) as 3 PARA and 1 DERR attacked our positions in the village.

For half an hour the company commander became CO of the Battalion, and 'Jalal' Fleming was on hand to offer coke and cigarettes to the exhausted 3 PARA, 1 DERR, and some attached Australians as they struggled up the hill out of the village. The exercise ended with a final flourish from the tanks and some very loud bangs from the Scorpions in a mock counter attack on Imber Village.

3 PARA obviously appreciated Jalal's generosity, as the company was invited to act as enemy to 3 PARA on Ex 'Road Runner'—again on Salisbury Plain, towards the end of May. With all the chiefs either arguing over the direction and method of approach in an attack TEWT, or attending Study periods, command of the company devolved on the CSM who attained promotion in the field (self-appointed) to the rank of Major. So forceful was he in his direction of operations that Lt Jarvis and Cpl Hepworth, MM, could not get a look in edgeways.

Mention was made earlier of 'Jalal' Fleming establishing himself as a poor man's Jalal Din at Westdown Camp. He really got going on Ex 'Light Century' with a huge stock that included over 20,000 cigarettes, at old prices, and since that time he has not looked back—and fortunately the company fund is looking healthier. He also set up a small canteen for the officers, SNCOs and Corporals on the attack TEWT held on nearby Barossa training area. Although the meat pies did not sell too successfully at the TEWT, 'Jalal' managed to sell the remainder of the pies to the boys in Burma Company block when he returned to camp. He even started offering coke and crisps to the exhausted Somme Company soldiers, who at the time, were just returning to camp after what looked like the end of a severe ten-mile bash. Needless to say, none of them had any money to spend. His final fling was on Salisbury Plain, the canteen operating from the Land-Rover trailer. Again a successful operation during which the last

of those 20,000 cigarettes were sold. When the camp was 'bumped' by the enemy on the last night, and the shooting and shouting had subsided, ENDEX was announced. The enemy were then waved towards Jalal where he promptly sold them beer, cigarettes and chocolates. At the time of writing Sgt Jalal Fleming is on leave, taking a well-earned rest. We wish him all the best in his posting to the Depot. He will be difficult to replace, and not least of all for his unfailing sense of humour.

On May 20 a very successful company party was held in the Wellington Hall the week after Ex-'Light Century', Lcpl Turner (MT) provided an excellent disco. 'Jalal' provided an equally excellent bar and the CQMS produced a superb meal. (At last Mr Massey got his pies and peas.) Various raffles were held including a draw for the chance of a trip to Italy with 3 PARA, for a lucky five, fortunately Sgt Fleming did not risk taking money as the trip is now off.

The party lasted until well after midnight, when it was left to the CSM and CQMS to dissuade the early morning drinkers from overstaying their welcome.

Two days later, the officers and SNCOs together with their wives, dined out Maj and Mrs Walker from the company. This was also an excellent evening organised by CSM Hughes, CQMS Walker and, as one might expect, Sgt 'Jalal' Fleming. After a lethal punch, a five-course meal, the OC was presented with a set of table mats and Mrs Walker with a bouquet of flowers.

And so, with only days to go before the departure of the company to Cyprus we wish Maj Walker good luck for his course at the Canadian Staff College in Toronto and welcome Capt Tighe as the new Company Commander.

Promotions

Lcpl Morton to Corporal.

Lcpl King to Corporal.

Pte Hepworth to Lance Corporal.

Pte Williams to Lance Corporal.

Pte Helburn to Lance Corporal.

CORUNNA COMPANY

Cyprus 75

The news that Corunna had been selected, together with the Alma, to serve once more as part of the UN force in Cyprus, was greeted with much joy by all members of the Company. The month of March was particularly hectic what with leave, preparing for the tour and issuing of tropical kit. However, all turned out well thanks to the hard work of the various departments in the Battalion and we finally departed on a cold wet night in April for the land of sunshine—Cyprus.

The familiar light blue UN berets quickly replaced our trusty dark blue jobs and we set forth to our new homes in the Polis Sub District, which is situated in the NW corner of the island. The Company, under command of 1 RTR Group, has a total of six outposts to run. These are at Yialia, Pelathousa, Androlikou, Melandra, Anadhiou and the Polis Town OP. The Coy HQ is situated at St George's Camp, Polis—a Nissen hutted camp some 500 metres from the beach. All the outposts are situated in Turkish villages with the exception of the Town OP which is mixed. The two villages of Pelathousa and Yialia still remain unsundered from the Troubles of 1974 and are undoubtedly the two problem villages in our area. It has already been quoted by the Force Commander, Lt-Gen Prem Chand, that Corunna sits squarely on a potential timebomb. With this in mind, much care is taken to maintain the present status quo in the unsundered villages. Each of the six outposts is commanded by a corporal with 6-8 men under his control. From each OP an extensive village patrol programme is mounted to enable a UN presence to be made in all villages, both Greek and Turk, within the respective areas of responsibility. It is while carrying out these patrols that the soldiers get thoroughly involved with countless economic and humanitarian problems—a far cry from the streets of the Brandywell. The UN soldier in fact, resembles something of a cross between a village



UN patrol. Lcpl Hughey,
Ptes Tillet, Holmes and
Mays

'Bobby' and a social welfare worker, as his tasks often cover such things as midwifery, minor first aid, evacuation of displaced persons or the settling of inter-communal disputes.

The Company covers a large area which cannot be effectively patrolled from the OPs. To assist us with this task, we have a troop of A Sqn 1 RTR under command, who carry out mobile patrols in the south and west of our area. We, in turn, provide A Sqn with a platoon, to man the Villa OP in Paphos which is situated along the Green Line in the town. In addition, the platoon also provides a standby section in St Patrick's Camp, Ktima. The mixing up of the two Regiments has worked extremely well, thanks to both Regiments enlisting soldiers from the North of England.

What to the future? Provided there is some sort of settlement between the two opposing communities, which allows the Island to split into two self-governing bodies, some semblance of normality could return. However, while both sides work out the problems and their various differences, the situation remains tense with each side acting with mutual tolerance towards each other. As long as this state remains the role of the UN soldier as a peace-maker, negotiator, mediator and diplomat is guaranteed. Corunna will, I am sure, do their best to ensure that we all have a peaceful and pleasant six months' tour in Cyprus. All we need is for the Greeks and Turks to see our way of thinking!

KENYATTA

Personalia

We say farewell to Sgts Arrowsmith and Kelly who have moved on to the Recruiting and Youth Fields respectively. Lcpl '28' Horsfall has finally been forced to seek refuge in Hook Coy. To all of them we extend our sincere thanks for all the hard work they have put in over the past few years.

We welcome Cpls Peacock and Raine from the Recce. It is about time they saw some real soldiers. Our congratulations to Sgt Blackburn and Lcpls Frear and Logan on their recent promotions.

Postscript

'28' managed to convince the Adjutant that it was vital that he should be selected as OPs Clerk for the Company during its present UN tour in Cyprus. He is definitely in danger of losing his farewell tankard.

Corunna—The Champions

Since our arrival back in Aldershot, Corunna has certainly made its presence felt in both sporting and military competitions.

Let us turn the clock back to December 1974 to the Inter Platoon Competition. If readers think back, they will recall that 7 Platoon were lying in 2nd place with 8 and 9 Platoons further down the field. The remaining event was the Inter-Section Shoot held at Westdown Camp in February. 7 Platoon managed to hold their own and hang onto their hard earned 2nd place. 8 Platoon excelled themselves and managed to win the Inter Platoon Shoot which brought them up into 5th place in the overall competition.

The highlight of the Annual Classification Shooting Camp was the Inter Company Competition which Corunna won most convincingly. Individual prizes went to Lcpl Downs, who won the Cox Medal for the Best Shot in the Battalion, and to Pte Tipple who won the Ozanne Medal for the Best Young Soldier. To complete the sweep, Pte Gedge secured 2nd place in the Young Soldier Competition.

In the Battalion Cross-Country Competition, the might of Corunna was really felt. Pte Hicklin ran brilliantly to come 2nd overall. The remainder of the team finished well up the field including our veteran Sgt Kendrew who finished 40th, and the cup was ours. Perhaps the least recognised achievement was Corunna's efforts in winning the Inter-Company Basketball League. The team led by Sgt Coates wiped the board, winning each match with ease. Another trophy had been claimed by the 'Champions'.

With the trophy cupboard looking reasonably full, the final event was pursued with vigour. In the Inter-Platoon Knock-Out Soccer Competition we managed to produce two semi-finalists in 7 and 9 Platoons and one only hoped that we would see an all-Corunna final. However, this was not to be and 7 Platoon eventually had the pleasure of taking on the Mortars who were rated as pre-match favourites. The match, organised by 'Brian Clough' Lawrence, was made into a mini-Cup Final, with the Regimental Band leading both teams onto the field. Nervous tension ran high as the teams were introduced to the Commanding Officer. The large crowd was soon on its toes as the play surged from end to end. The spirit and determination, inherent in the Company, soon began to show. Cpl Whittaker played a true captain's role, inspiring the team and making sure that they kept their heads under pressure. By the end of the first half there was no score although we had had come near misses. The second half was played in torrential rain, much to the horror of both sides and the spectators. However, the excitement was at such a pitch that no onlooker dare leave. Early in the second half—despair! A penalty was awarded against 7 Platoon. Pte Warner, the redoubtable goalie, turned a nightmare into a dream by bringing off the save of the season. Cashing in on this, the Corunna spirit spurred 7 Platoon into the attack. A strong upfield surge led to Pte Teasdale hammering home the vital goal we needed. No further goals were scored and the trophy was ours. Man of the Match was Lcpl Frear who kept the midfield intact throughout the match.

From all the above achievements one can see what tremendous spirit, pride and determination exists in the Mighty Corunna. One can only put it down to the effort every man has given over the past six months in both the military and sporting fields. Well done the Cream.

F. K.

Chicken Con

While scraping the very last bean from my plate, I decided that the rations at Fort Anadhiou were, to say the least, inadequate. Instead of moaning about the fact, as most others do, I went out and

did something about it. I bought myself 21 day-old chickens. Keeping chickens is not as easy as one might think and myself, Pte Hicklin and Mr Saville had to nurture them carefully for the first ten days, feeding them hourly and keeping them warm at night by giving them waterbottles! Even so one died after a week and another two days later. The rest managed to survive and soon began to grow rapidly. We then hit on the idea of putting them under the grill—get them used to it as Lcpl Whitfield said. After three weeks we let them out into the chicken run we had made. The only danger that now remained was the cats and foxes in the area. We must be the only OP on the island that has 'What to do if a fox breaks into the chicken pen' written into its Standing Orders. By the time that you read this our chickens will have ceased their life on this earth. Chicken Kebab, Curry, Roast etc, are some of the dishes we are contemplating. The next time you are down at your local butcher paying out £1.50 for one those skin and bone frozen jobs don't moan about it—GO OUT AND DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

M. J. B.

Swancon Nicosia

From what was initially supposed to be an official duty run to Nicosia, our trip in late May turned out to be abortive—hence the title 'Swancon Nicosia'! A misquote from Sir Winston Churchill could sum up our trip in an appropriate manner: 'Never has so little been done by so few for so many'.

KEEPING IN TOUCH

The 'Iron Duke' keeps members in touch with the Regiment. The 'Evening Courier' keeps the people of Calderdale in touch with their community — and their Regiment.

EVENING COURIER
King Cross St, Halifax

Our itinerary consisted of the following jobs:

1. Process two passports at the British Consulate.
2. Collect a roll of high tensile wire from 664 Signal Sqn.
3. Check on leave flights to Germany using Cancon facilities.
4. Check on the cost of producing Company T shirts.
5. Collect outstanding Mess Bills from HQ UNFICYP personnel.

It seemed a fair amount of work to justify our trip and the chances of success appeared high.

However, from the start, everything began to go wrong. Instead of being able to go through the Turkish enclaves to Nicosia (a mere 68 miles) we were forced to go via Limassol (a mere 129 miles). Other than the fact that the strength of the sun tended to make our fresh European complexions sizzle, the outward journey was uneventful.

On reaching Blue Beret Camp in Nicosia, we decided to try and complete items 2, 3 and 5. Success—item 5 was secured. Blanks were drawn on the other two. Undaunted, we headed for Cancon Movements to see about flight details. En route, we stopped to quench our thirst with a cool squash. Disaster! One of my passengers 2Lt 'Cannuk' Morris from 1 RTR, managed to sit on my pair of £15.00 sunglasses. Apologies were received and we headed on. We actually managed to achieve our aim and headed for the nearest restaurant for victualling. Lcpl '28' Horsfall, our other passenger, insisted on keeping a stiff upper lip and having hamburgers and chips in a kebab eating house!

Feeling replete, we set off to deal with the passports. I always thought that *everybody* knew where our Consulate was situated. Needless to say, some two hours later, having visited the Bulgarian Consulate, we were put on to the location of the shirt factory, which lies on the Turkish side of the Green Line. After a precarious drive in No Man's Land we finally made it, only to discover that the shop was shut for the afternoon siesta. Filled with the knowledge that Nicosia is easy to map read in, we headed back to the Greek quarter to search for the Consulate once more. Hey Presto! A Greek soldier put us on the right trail and we finally found the correct building. Despair once more! The passport section was closed for the day.

All was proving too much so we headed for the nearest bar to take stock of the situation. Two drinks later, when our sense of humour had recovered, we made one final effort to get to the T shirt factory. Success! The shop was actually open and our business was conducted. However it proved necessary to go to the printer's house to select a design so we set off in earnest. A shout from '28' brought us to a sudden halt. Turkish Military Police were rushing everywhere, blowing whistles and shouting. Not at us I thought! Oh yes, it had to be after all our previous experiences of the day. We were in and Out of Bounds area no less! Having had our errors pointed out we were sent on our merry way to see the designs. Success yet again!

Feeling that we had pushed our luck to the

limit, we decided to head for home. On our return to St George's Camp, we sat down to see what had been achieved after 293 miles of driving and 12½ hours of frustration.

1. No passports—counter closed.
2. No wire available.
3. Possibility of flights.
4. £1 per shirt—successful negotiations.
5. Mess Bill for £1.295 mills paid.

We must be firm favourites for the Swancon Award!

W. AN. A.

SOMME COMPANY

Army life always appears to be turbulent but I feel this would be the only really appropriate word to describe the last four months. Enough will be said in platoon notes about the postponement of our tour, the various exercises, the cadres and the Company Social for me to go into any greater detail than to say that it all actually happened. However, I believe these notes would not be complete if a small amount of praise were not directed to the Mortar, Anti-Tank and Reconnaissance Platoons. The sudden cancellation of the move to Cyprus was welcomed stoically by the families and few complaints were heard concerning the considerable upheavals that were caused. The uncertainty consequently resulted in a considerable change in training emphasis with our future destination being Cyprus, Canada or Germany! The flexibility necessary meant that we had to be ready to move in either a support or foot role which nearly doubled the workload. Many congratulations to everyone for four months hard work which we believe was well done.

Students of Infantry organisations will be surprised to have read nothing of the Assault Pioneer Platoon. The basic reason is that they managed to arrange a posting to Cyprus with Alma Coy and have not been heard of since—not even a letter. However we were pleased to receive the Recon-

naissance Platoon in their place and are now waiting to complete our empire building by receiving the Drums Platoon for our tour in Cyprus.

Although no names have been mentioned it would be invidious not to mention Cpl Allen who managed to keep the Taylor—Miles award in Somme Company. The award has never left the Company. Many congratulations.

Anti-Tank Platoon

Once again IRON DUKE time has arrived, and much has happened to the platoon in the last few months. In February we moved to Westdown Camp for a support weapons shoot which passed satisfactorily. The long awaited move to Cyprus was postponed and so the Company Commander kept us busy by devising all inter platoon exercises on Hankley Common called 'Ex Friar Tuck'!

The exercise was supposed to last three days but after 1½ days we found the Mortar platoon base camp and 'Put them to fright'! However, being a sporting platoon we started again and let the opposition attack us. Everybody throughout enjoyed the exercise and many lessons were learned especially the need for accurate map reading! During the exercise a certain amount of interrogation took place under 'Obergruppen Fuhrer' Birks. He was ably assisted by Pte 'Slim' Baxter.

We were then ordered to act as enemy on the Brigade Exercise 'Light Century' against 3 Para and 1 DERR. Trying to look and act like a full-scale company with only the Mortars in support proved somewhat difficult but we overcame this by camouflaging Cpl Birks and Pte Lewis. We hoped this subterfuge would hide both our role and size.

During the first two days we carried out our normal role in defence and believe we would have decimated the Guards pathfinder company. For the final two days we reverted to a rifle platoon role and attacked 3 Para in the early morning. The majority were caught asleep but a few comman-



Anti-Tank Detachment in action

deered a Land-Rover and were last seen heading in an easterly direction. After this success we decided discretion was the better part of valour and retired to fight another day.

On the final day we were told to defend Imber Village to the last man. We were eventually attacked by an Australian company attached to 1 DERR who were obviously overkeen on attacking separate rearguard positions, especially as some of us were interpreting this order somewhat literally. Pick axe handles seemed to be the most popular weapons!

At the end of the exercise period the Company Commander decided that some reward was justified and so at the end of May a Company social was held. Everybody thoroughly enjoyed the evening especially as several good raffle prizes were in the offing.

The 'Lewis and Thompson' syndicate won the star prize of a weekend in Paris plus £20 spending money. Baxter had more than his good run of luck and won a transistor radio.

Some of the old and bold have now left the platoon:

Lcpl 'Black' Butcher—We wish him well in the outside world.

Cpl 'Butch' Butterworth—Posted to Chatham.

Ssgt 'Matt' Hall, BEM—Posted to Alma Coy to add a little professionalism.

Congratulations to Lcpls Dent and Dugdale on achieving a 'C' grading at Netheravon.

And now to Cyprus.

Mortar Platoon

The battalion has been through a very unsettled period since the last edition of THE IRON DUKE, not least the mortar platoon. Nevertheless we have achieved much both as a mortar platoon and also as a rifle platoon in our secondary role.

Our first noteworthy performance was at West-down Camp in February where we had three days excellent mortar firing achieving on our last day the remarkable feat of four misfires in four barrels at the same time—congratulations to the CPO Sgt Atkinson (all due to faulty ammunition as ATO will testify).

Following Westdown we prepared to move to Cyprus only to be stood down at the last minute. The next two months were stop-go, stop-go with rumour and counter rumour as to whether we would eventually be required in Cyprus or not. It is rumoured that Pte Stone in desperation sent the CO the signal that we were finally on our way.

Despite not being required in Cyprus we were still kept very busy, with first a company patrols exercise appropriately named 'Friar Tuck'. Lcpl Slater on his first clearing patrol walked straight into an ambush and spent the rest of the exercise tramping the length and breadth of Hankly Common. In addition Lcpl Dack carried out a very good recce of the local golf course. The Anti-Tanks had the first major success of the exercise when they stumbled across our patrol base while en route to attack a completely different position. Revenge was not far off, after some super recce patrolling the platoon under Cpl Allen made a perfectly executed dawn attack on the Anti-Tank

patrol base.

Soon after 'Friar Tuck' we were involved with the remainder of the battalion in providing enemy for Ex-'Light Century' on Salisbury Plain. The mortars excelled themselves, working under sometimes very difficult conditions. At one stage every fire order had to pass through four radio stations to reach the mortar line. Lcpl Sweeney attached to Burma Coy had a field day calling for fire on the enemy until, according to the suddenly jumbled messages that came over the air, our intrepid MFC was being attacked by five battalions. After hearing 'Goodnight Vienna' all contact with him was lost for 20 minutes when it then became apparent that we had won the day with a little help from Burma Company and a troop of Chieftains.

The social event of the season was the Company party on May 29. Many thanks to SQMS Bryson—with plenty of help from Pte Penaluna detached to the cookhouse to learn a further trade in providing a superb buffet. Cpl Clarke won the second prize in the raffle, a weekend for two in Paris. With Cpl Whitworth as number two they have set off this weekend for Paris, just good friends they say.

We are now looking forward to Cyprus, the sunshine and plenty of Keo beer. The Company Comd has tentative plans for our next social in the 'Venus Nightclub'. He assures all that he can obtain reduced rates.

Personalia

Promotions: Sgts Hogg, Cooper. Cpl Allen. Lcpls Cole, Pemberton, Slater.

SWW Courses: Sgts Frear, Hogg. Cpl Allen. Lcpl Sweeney.

Arrivals: Ssgt Cookson to be 2IC of the platoon.

Departures: Sgt Nuttal and Cpl Clark, we wish them all the best in the future and thank them for an invaluable contribution to the work and life of the platoon.

Recce Platoon

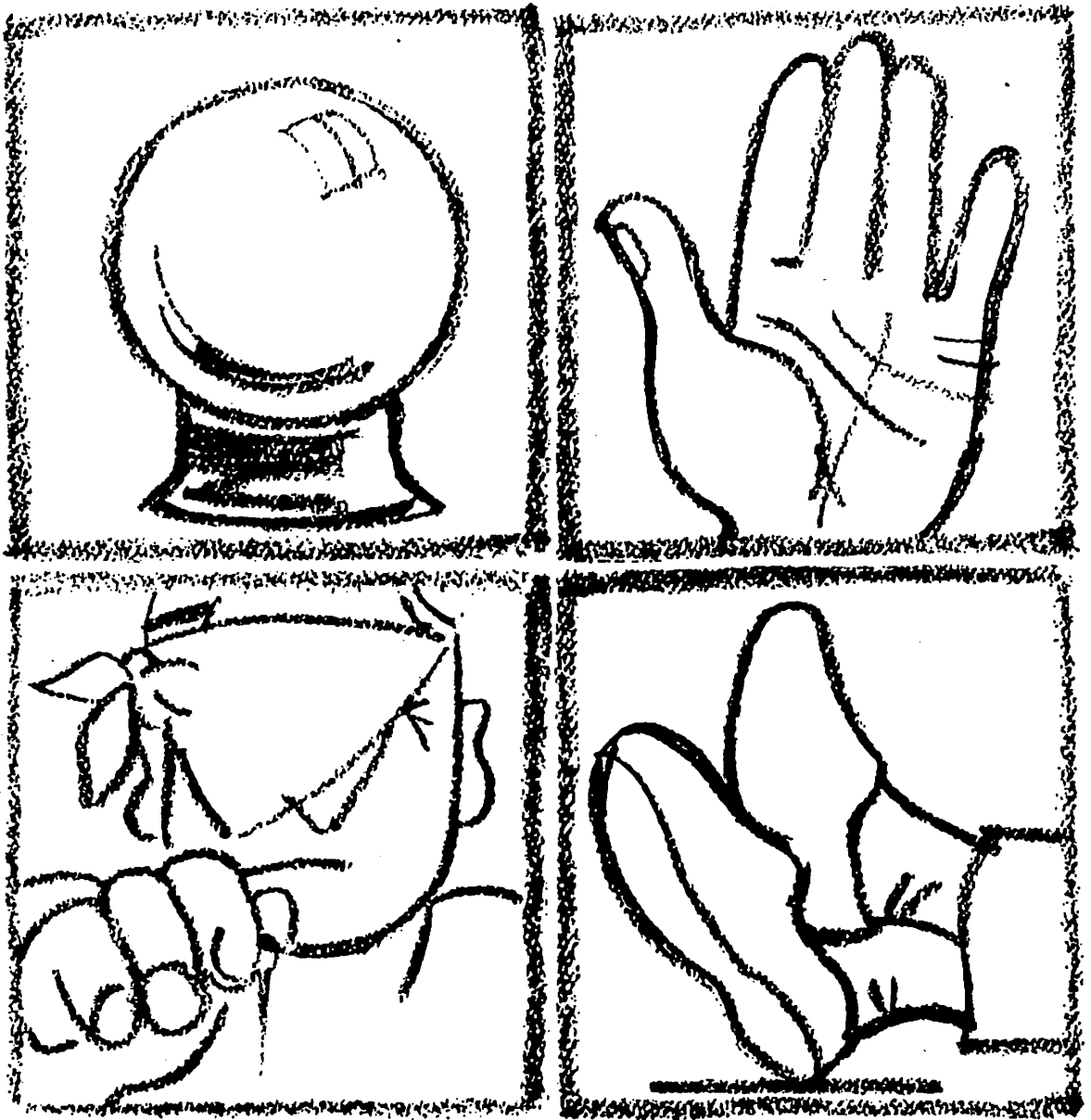
There are rumours being spread around the Battalion that the disbandment of the Recce Platoon will be happening very shortly. This is completely untrue. The disbandment of the BACKBONE OF THE BATTALION?—The rumour must have come from the streets of Hanoi.

The platoon, since we arrived in Aldershot, has become so small that the Section Commanders are having to do Area Cleaning, clean vehicles and bat for Mr Dowdell, the latter being the hardest job of all.

Only the other day the Battalion 2IC was overheard mentioning something about the new Scimitar vehicles, and interesting courses for Recce Platoon members in preparation for Minden. Our role, therefore, could prove very interesting in Germany.

Ex 'Light Sentry' proved very beneficial to us, training-wise, as we shook out and got down to practising conventional role once again. We were adequately reinforced by a Recce Section from the Coldstream Guards who, although slightly overawed at our pace and methods, assisted admirably.

Now it's back to cadres and vehicle maintenance,



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the latter being a constant source of mumbblings and grumbblings to the MTO who never fails to give us reminders everytime he walks past our platoon lines. This is far too often in the course of the day and we wonder how he really occupies his time.

The boss has done it again! He expertly discovered boggy ground while doing a recce in training area F5. One Land-Rover, two four-tonners, and twelve hours later, we finally pulled him out-again!

Sgt Tosh Goddard went down to take his high-way code test, forgot to turn over the question paper (so he said), and has since been banned for life from entering any form of vehicle, by the MTO. Not fit to be a passenger, even! Poor Tosh must have taken it badly, for very late that same night, he was seen, fully camouflaged up and complete with tin hat, trudging his way across bogs and fields towards his quarters.

Staff Basu, because of lack of employment through cadres and vehicle maintenance, has taken up stuntmanship and performed a daredevil act on his pushbike outside the MI room. This happened only a few days after Evel Knieval did his Wembley epic. Staff's head is still very sore not to mention his swollen and very painful left eye. Still the incident considerably enlivened the sleepy air of Mons.

Out of the three who went on driving cadres, only Lee came through with flying colours. Moorehouse has to take the tick test again and Austin got the same verdict and punishment as Sgt Tosh. Calvert has to take his test as yet. No wonder the MTO loves us!

The Grade One cadre finishes in a few days and it will be good to have back (I am sure) a much relieved instructor Sgt Tosh, and I hope, triumphant grade oners in Cpl Cockshott, Lofthouse, Dixon and Scott.

Including the Boss, we had five members altogether in the Battalion shooting team which did well in the SE District Competition. However only Mr Dowdell is going on to Bisley, with very high hopes. Well done lads.

We are glad to announce that Sgt Ossie Theodore has not arrived back in the Battalion, so we assume that he is thriving on the very refreshing air of the Brecon Beacons. Keep it up Ossie, I mean KEEP IT UP SGT!

Cyprus is almost upon us and we look forward to four months of sunshine, and for the older members, revisiting old hunting grounds. We also hope to meet up with our only member who is already out there with UNFICYP, Sgt (Turkish speaking) Parrott.

Finally congratulations to Ltd Dowdell on eventually getting married (we thought nobody would have him). All the best from the Platoon. And to Lcpl and Mrs Nicholls on the arrival of their baby boy. We also welcome Pte Wallace to our fold and say farewell to Cpls Raine, Hayes and Peacock who are now with Corunna.

HOOK COMPANY

Since our last notes, Hook Company has run, as usual, smoothly and efficiently as is the nature of an Administrative Company.

Very little has happened and therefore the Depts have been left very much to their own devices, much to the pleasure of the MTO.

On St George's Day it was decided to hold a Battalion 'Potted Sports Day'. The Rugby seven-a-side was once again won by Hook Company, much to the delight of the CSM (he had his doubts!), being held at the same time was Football, Hockey, Basketball and Tug-o-War and it presented a slight problem to find the correct players. However, victory was achieved with wins in Hockey, Basketball and Tug-o-War, which helped the Company to win the shield for the 'Champion Potted Sports Company', presented by the Commanding Officer.

One or two minor exercises within the Battalion caused a slight stir within the ranks, from those who went were heard moans of hardship, the thought of actually sleeping in a sleeping bag instead of Clean White Crisp Sheets whilst from the remainder were heard phrases such as 'what more duties' and 'it's always the blue-eyed boys who go on holiday'.

Now at the beginning of June we find ourselves saying farewell to Maj Davies as Company Commander into his major roll as Families Officer. We say thank you to both you and your good wife for all you have done for Hook Company. In his place we welcome Maj P. J. Puttock and wish him a happy stay with the Company.

Other changes within the Company have been numerous and would therefore take too long to list. We say 'Welcome' to all who have joined and 'Farewell' to those who have left.

For those who have recently married or had children we give our hearty congratulations.

The Company, like the remainder of the Battalion are now preparing to join the forces in Cyprus much to the dismay of many of the wives who one again think that we are off on another holiday.

As a parting gesture to Aldershot and our wives, we have arranged a Company Social. This will be our last chance of a get together until our return.

MT Platoon

After all the packing and planning prior to our expected move to Cyprus it was a big disappointment to most of us to be informed during our embarkation leave that only Alma and Corunna Companies were going.

At the time Sgt Mann was in the process of organising the storage of most of our vehicles at the Command Vehicle Depot, Ashchurch. Fortunately, he had only delivered a dozen or so for storage before receiving the sad news.

I don't think anyone, other than the MTO, could have been optimistic enough to believe that it would be worth while leaving the vehicles already stored at Ashchurch, on the strength of a possible move to Cyprus by the rest of the Battalion later.

His judgment was correct, of course, and I am pleased to report that we are all still eagerly looking forward to going, albeit three months later, a three months shorter tour and in a different role.

Even with only half the Battalion left here in Aldershot we have been very busy and we have done some very worth-while training.



MT Pl and Hook Coy on exercise. Spot the Bedford!

Because of the Battalion's recent 18 months' tour in N. Ireland and the fairly rapid turnover of manpower these days, most of us had not done much in the way of conventional training for quite a long time. Therefore, the MTO organised an echelon exercise for the platoon and elements of Hook Company.

This served well in clearing away the cobwebs from the minds of the older elements of the platoon and in the case of the more junior members, it taught them much in the art of camouflaging vehicles and the drills and organisation required in occupying an echelon area.

Apart from providing vehicles and drivers for the different exercises in which the Battalion have been involved, including a Brigade exercise on Salisbury Plain in which we all took part, normal training has continued here in camp. Fitness, shooting, night-driving periods and driving cadres to name but a few examples.

With the Battalion requiring in the region of 150 drivers for Germany next year, driving cadres will be our top priority for many months to come. To run these cadres we will require 19 corporal instructors. This is a great incentive to the junior members of the platoon and has already caused a re-think on the part of some who were contemplating leaving the Army.

Since our last notes there have been a few changes in the platoon, notably the departure of Ssgt Rawcliffe after many years loyal and dedicated service to the MT. For this we all thank him sincerely and wish him well in his new appointment.

Also to leave is Cpl Price who has embarked on a two-year tour at the KDD. No doubt they will both be returning at some time in the future, the latter with the promotion he thoroughly deserves.

Cpl Aspin is now working with the driving cadre team and has been replaced by Pte Plunkett who is doing a very commendable job as a stand-in clerk.

Finally to our boys already in Cyprus with Alma and Corunna companies. Reports from there indicate that they are doing a great job under the watchful eyes of Cpls Jameson and Lawrence. Well done lads, keep up the good work and HOPEFULLY we will see you all next month.

Regimental Band

Most people at some time or another have wished that they were back at school. In February, the Band were taken back in time to their youth (the Bandmaster has to go back a lot further than most of us) when we had a highly successful Concert Tour of the Sheffield Schools. On these tours, we demonstrate the individual instruments by playing a few bars of a popular tune. The favourite with the Band was Ssgt (Satchmo Sid) Almond playing the first bars of 'San Francisco', followed by the Band singing, 'I left my harp, in Fat Sids Disco'.

On February 10, back in Aldershot, we played for our Commanding Officer's Farewell Dinner Night in the Officers Mess. We would like to say how well the Colonel conducted the Band at the end of the evening, twice through Hootenanny,

My Girl's A Yorkshire Girl, Ilkla Moor, The Dukes Rugby Song, and of course, The Wellesley. Well done, Sir, you deserve the PSM for that.

The Band played at the Stadium in Aldershot for the Major Units Rugby Final on March 12. It had been suggested that an Elephant should be obtained from the Windsor Safari Park to lead on the Dukes Rugby Team. Unfortunately, the idea never materialised. We don't know the reason why, but think it may have been shelved because of objections by (Albert) our Regimental Mascot, who may have felt he should get all the glory.

The Regimental Band of the 3rd Bn. The Parachute Regiment, like ourselves, is always short of money and so it was a pleasant task for both Bands when we were invited to perform a Massed Band Concert at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on April 26. Apart from the exciting music rendered by all, we featured BdsM (Frank Spencer) Fairclough on his battered trombone, who, true to normal form, did not play a note, but yet brought the house down with his antics which terminated when he fell off the stage backwards dragging the conductor's stand on top of him. Needless to say, the Bandmaster who normally likes his music in order on the stand, found himself frantically searching for the next number amongst the mass of sheet music on the floor. BdsM Fairclough undaunted by his fall, etc., is still clowning around from time to time.

The Royal Air Force often requests the services of a Band and on May 7 we visited RAF Odiham to provide a Marching Display. The spectators included a party of Italian former resistance personnel who were guests of the RAF. We would like to thank the Station Staff for providing us with lubrication after the parade.

It is a rare occasion for the Band to be in the near vicinity at the right time when our Old Comrades hold their Annual Association Dinners. Fortunately, this year, the London Branch held their dinner on May 10 and we were able to attend to provide both the Military Band Dinner Music and also the Group for dancing afterwards.

Tidworth is a part of the country which the Band had not seen for some time; however, we soon rectified that when at the end of May we attended the Tidworth Tattoo. Ten Bands provided the Massed Bands' Display, and the whole show was quite spectacular. BdsM Arthington will certainly remember his visit to Tidworth. After one of the evening performances, he visited the Social Club of the Staff Band, Royal Tank Regiment. At some stage during the evening, he answered the call of nature. Everyone knows the song Oh Dear, what can the matter be, Three Old Ladies, etc. Our friend, BdsM Arthington, found himself in the same predicament. It was 8 o'clock the next morning when he was finally released by DoE workmen after numerous calls for help from the window.

Our Dance Group, The Blues Syndicate, had the privilege of playing at the RMA Sandhurst during March. Guests included HRH Princess Anne and Capt Mark Phillips. The Band Sergeant-Major has been telling everyone since that the Group should be receiving shortly an invitation to

play at Buckingham Palace, but we think it is just wishful thinking and/or a little personal pride that motivated the statement.

• Finally, we would like to notify all Rugby fans that the Band won the Bn seven-a-side Rugby Competition again.

We welcome to the Band, BdsM Smith and Mann who joined us recently.

We send our congratulations to BdsM and Mrs Bowes on the recent birth of their son. It was rumoured that the weight of the baby was 14 lb.

A. CLARKE, BM

POSTING IN

The undermentioned have rejoined the Battalion having successfully completed tours at 'E':

Lcpl Hustwick from Depot King's Division.

Lcpl Molin from Depot King's Division.

Lcpl Cooper from 10 AYT.

Ssgt Cookson from RMAS.

Sgt Robson from ACIO Sheffield.

Sgt Noble from School of Infantry, Brecon.

The undermentioned have joined the Battalion on completion of their Basic Recruit Training at Depot, The King's Division:

Ptes Anderson 98, Brown, Butterworth 85, Beardmore, Chapman 96, Charnley, Dixon, Dobson, Edley, Foster 12, Flather, Hnatkiwskyj, Ireland, Lofthouse, Lindridge, Miles, Mann, Parker, Stewart 25, Smith 46, Tarpey, Ward, Young.

The undermentioned have been posted onto our attached strength:

WO2 Bryson, ACC, from Depot and Training Bn ACC, Aldershot.

Pte Hunter, ACC, from Depot and Training Bn ACC, Aldershot.

Pte Wilson, ACC, from Depot and Training Bn ACC, Aldershot.

Pte Diffey, ACC, from Depot and Training Bn ACC, Aldershot.

Pte Maddocks, ACC, from Depot Regt RA.

Lcpl More, REME, from 8 Fd Wksps (Airptble) REME.

Lcpl Sagar, REME, from 24 Airptble Bde and Sig Sqn.

POSTING OUT

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

Pte Attiwell to Signals Wing, School of Infantry, Warminster.

WO2 Quayle to School of Infantry, Warminster.

Cpl Bell to HQ Regt 1 (BR) Corps, Germany.

Lcpl Ankers to HQ Regt 1 (BR) Corps, Germany.

Lcpl Wilkinson to 10 AYT.

Sgt Kelly to 10 AYT.

Lcpl Heath to Depot King's Division.

Pte Morley to Depot King's Division.

Sgt Dickens to ACIO Sheffield.

Ssgt Martin to 3 Yorks Vols.

Ptes Gray, Hoyland, Machin, Walker, Sanders to Army Dog Unit, Northern Ireland.

Sports and Clubs

RUGBY

With the Army Cup out of the way rugby thoughts were switched to the Army's very first Seven-a-Side competition. To work up to this competition two other competitions were entered for: The District Sevens at Tidworth and the Camberley Sevens at Camberley. Due to the fact that half the Battalion were in Cyprus only one team was entered in the competitions. The squad was as follows:

Capt Carroll, Lt Meek, Lt Grieve, WO2 Robinson, Ssgt Basu, Sgt Cuss, Lcpl Elwell, Lcpl Walker, Pte Williams.

District Sevens

The standard of the competition was not very high which allowed the Dukes time to get into the rhythm of sevens playing. The Para Logistic Regiment, thought by many to be our big rivals in this competition, faltered early on and found themselves out of the running. The final was between 7 RHA and the Dukes. The latter expecting as hard a game as in the Northern Ireland Sevens a year ago when the Dukes were held 12—11. However, this was not to be; the result was 36—4 to the Dukes.

Camberley Sevens

Pte Williams was unable to play in this competition so Ssgt Basu came in and not knowing what to expect the Dukes took every game as it came. The first two rounds were easy enough but from

here on it was to be a test of patience, coolness and fitness. A team called the Pomes (mostly Australians) gave a good account of themselves but made the mistake of trying to be clever. They lost control and the Dukes ran out the winners. The semi-final drew Guildford and Godalming. A lightning start from the Dukes put 12 points to the board. Guildford never recovered from this despite showing they could keep possession for long periods. Result 18—4 to the Dukes. The final was a ding-dong affair against the Surrey police, each side scoring after each other until the last five minutes when fitness told and the Dukes ran away with it. Score 28—16.

Army Sevens

The preliminary rounds were played in the morning. Four groups of five teams battled it out and the top two teams progressed to the quarter-finals. The Dukes group was not very strong so they were never really tested. However, it was ample time to give the whole squad a game and pick the best seven on the day for further rounds.

Lcpl Elwell and Pte Williams were made reserves for the finals. The semi-final drew the Para Logistic Regiment who had improved with every game. This was a hard semi-final but again the Dukes got the all-important first scores and the Paras, try as they did, could not penetrate a good defence. Result 13—6 to the Dukes. The final drew the old enemy, THE ROYAL REGIMENT OF WALES. Once again a lightning start by the Dukes put 12 points on the board in the first few minutes. The Welsh struck back after half time to 12—8 but this must have really taken a lot out of them for the Dukes hit back to make the final result 24—8. A great occasion for the Dukes to win the very first Army Sevens Cup and a fitting end to a successful season.



Army's Sevens
Back row: Pte Williams,
Capt Carroll, Lt Meek,
Sgt Cuss, Lcpl Elwell
Front row: Ssgt Basu,
Lt Grieve, WO2 Robinson,
Lcpl Walker

SUB-AQUA CLUB

Since the last time we surfaced to write notes we have moved from Ireland and a divers' paradise, to Aldershot, with muddy black canals, restricted pool training, and no ocean nearby. However, we have an excellent Diving Club room, plenty of keen divers, and so life goes on. We promised ourselves a shake up, and it has finally happened. In Ireland it took us 12-14 months to get a man to Class III standard. Now it takes us four months. With four 2nd-class divers, and 15 3rd-class divers, we are finally producing the goods. Fame has spread, as we have two people from other units training with us as a basis to commercial diving. Remember, diving has no age limit, so if you fancy another world very cheaply, come and join us.

Ex Iron Duke I Plymouth

From January 10-20, 1975, 15 members of the Iron Dukes Sub-Aqua Club journeyed to Plymouth for 10 days of intensive dive training.

Although the weather was not settled, some good diving was achieved, but poor underwater visibility marred what would otherwise have been ideal diving conditions.

In January, all divers seem to emigrate to their firesides, and even the underwater centre at Fort Bovisand was deserted except for seagulls, the wind, and the sea. The Club gave every man a minimum of seven dives, and some managed 10. For those who are used to diver saturation, with divers lurking round every rock and crevice, January proved to be the best month to pick. We had the surrounds of Plymouth Sound to ourselves and made good use of it. Each man did a solo rope dive, in nil visibility, and one instance worthy of note was when Cpl Cooper and Cpl Hogg both on lifelines and working on surface signals interpreted the signals wrongly and ran into each other. In the murk and gloom, Cpl Hogg surfaced (emergency style) shouting something about killer whales in Plymouth Harbour and Cpl Cooper was stood up on the bottom thinking, 'I don't know where you are, but if you come near me again I'll Kung Foo you'. On reflection, however, they did admit that although they had both been brushed by a black fin, they did remember seeing a leg attached to it. Funny now, but not funny when on your first NIL VIS Dive.

The main dive of the course was out at the Breakwater, on a calm and sunny day. After a 45-min boat trip under the direction of that budding 2nd-class Diver Dave Mounsey, we threw the hook by the side of the old Gun Fortress.

Sending the first two divers over the side, they were greeted by utter blackness within 10ft of the surface. After a quick resurface to collect a buddy line, and stop the next pair entering, they descended into the murk until both divers had lost all contact save for the buddy line. Rumours from local fishermen said that there was a hole there, dropping to 120ft, but whatever depth was attained was never recorded as depth gauges couldn't be read. However, both divers (of 2nd-class qualifications) agreed that the depth was certainly very deep. This requires more exploration as the chart shows no such depression. Should a 'hole' prove to be

there, so near to the wartime fort, then one can assume it would act as a sump. In this case one wonders what treasures would be found there. We finished the day with a bounce dive on an old wreck in 65ft, but again visibility prevented us from seeing anything.

It's amazing what shallow-water diving can produce. In depths from 15-40ft, we found some old coins, a German 95-mm solid shot shell, and some old bottles. All souvenirs to take home and remind us of those days by the sea. The course ended with a trip to Fort Bovisand and there Les Woods the CDI in charge gave us a very detailed tour of both the Army and civvy side of things. We were very impressed with the Hard Hat side of commercial diving, and the cost of a fibreglass helmet at £500 astounded us. To complete the day, we visited the Sea Aquarium, and were shown not only the fish display tanks but also the laboratories and storing tanks. The pleasures of patting a 9-ft long conger eel have to be experienced to be appreciated, but the real benefit of the visit was in seeing first hand, all the forms of fish and crustacean life seen around our coastal waters.

On the final day's diving we travelled out to a secluded bay, and on the journey spotted a dorsal fin. We hoped it was a porpoise but suspected it was a shark, come up from warmer waters on the Gulf Stream. However, assuming it to be a basking shark we took the plunge. Perhaps this dive was the best because it was the last but, as always, we came up boggle-eyed at the wonders of the sea. Now that the exams are over, our divers can get down to some pleasure diving.

A final evening was spent in The Three Crowns singing Bubbling in the Green and other divers' songs, and with many new friends to say goodbye to, we made our way home to bed for a quick decompression before dawn. A very good course which was enjoyed by all. The main point being that soldiers had seen another side of themselves that they didn't know existed.

POSEIDON

Depot, the King's Division

As Strensall swelters under a blazing sun, our thoughts turn to the 1st Battalion in Cyprus (UN failed) to compare notes.

We sit in the shade of the Orange Grove wall-paper, sipping our Theakston's Sours (made with genuine 'KEO—old Peculier') and listening to the headmen of various tribes telling wondrous and mysterious tales relating to SLR 6 and 7 (if you're lucky) respectively!

Occasionally a younger officer from one of the other six—schh, you know who—regiments, will show an uncharacteristic amount of aplomb and style by issuing an order to someone other than the barman. This will be normally to his dog, who, displaying an unusual amount of energy, will roll on to his back, growling under his breath something

about mad dogs and Englishmen.

Officers and soldiers alike have been seen tearing into the distance over Strensall Common (via 'The Ship') screaming:

'Wot, all this and no medal either?'

However,

'The time has come, the walrus said,
To speak of higher things,
Of postings-in and postings-out,
Of births and wedding rings'
(or summat similar).

We welcome to the Depot Cpl Price and Pte Morley, who go to swell the ranks of the MT, and Lcpl Heath, who enters the postal service. We are, of course, all suitably heartbroken, by the loss of our senior representative, Maj Tony 'who needs a haircut?' Redwood-Davies, MBE, and his wife.

He has gone on to better things, still refusing to tell the younger officers the secret of how to land a cushy posting!

Tony, good luck and thank you. We are standing to attention and saluting you yet.

RSM Welsh has also left us. However, it is debatable if he has gone on to better things. He has become a PWO in the role of MTO. Mr Welsh left a marked impression on all who knew him, and I would like to take this opportunity of thanking him on behalf of all the 'Dukes' at the Depot, for whom he did a great deal.

We have also lost Lcpl Heslop, who, despite all our efforts to curtail such unsavoury behaviour, mysteriously came into contact with civilian life.

Next we bid farewell to WO2 Clarke and Sgt Rochester, who go on to give 9 CTT in York the benefit of their vast experience and thirst, although not necessarily in that order.

We are all pleased to welcome back Sgt Vaughan and Lcpl Ijeh, who have both seen the light and re-enlisted on the pretence that it is easier than working. Their boots were obviously not fitting well.

It is rumoured that Cpl Hey goes back to the Battalion in August as a three-striper. Nobody is quite sure if the 'Action Man' manufacturers make sergeant's chevrons, but negotiations are under way. But as for pace sticks, I think he has bought a pair of luggage wheels and a length of string. The mind boggles!

A new recruit has been added to the Depot 'Dukes'. His name is Wallace (or Wally for not much shorter). At the time of writing he is seven weeks old, with paws only slightly smaller than fat Albert's hands. He is rumoured to be a golden retriever, but does a passable imitation of a pit pony. This veritable beast is the proud owner of one Lt Lee Lyons, and can be seen regularly taking him for walks across the common.

It is again time to wind up the notes for this session. But just a word about your ertswile author. I am at present engaged in the remarkably civilised occupation of training and captaining the Depot Bisley team. The only thing wrong is that the damned noise keeps waking me up when I'm sunbathing.

PS—How's about a few postcards to brighten up the offices?

R. M. L. C.

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C Company (DWR) 1st Battalion Yorkshire Volunteers

Recent news, giving credit where it is due, concerns the Shooting Team and our 'Grand Old Men', Arthur Westerman and Bert Eyre.

Arthur Westerman, who will be well known to many Dukes of many vintages and Battalions, retired on March 19, 1975. He had been Civilian Clerk since the Company was formed and the TAVR began its life in April 1967, following service with 10th Battalion DWR from 1940-46.

On demobilisation, he spent some time in the insurance world until the Territorial Army was reformed in 1947. He then became Civilian Clerk with 673 LAA TA and later Chief Clerk there and subsequently with 382 Medium Regt RA (DWR). From 1961 to 1967 he was at St Paul's Street, Huddersfield, where he was also Chief Clerk to the West Riding Bn (DWR).

Arthur claims that in his time he has handled over 3,000 enlistment documents. His retirement was something of a creeping barrage. Having hung up his pen on March 19 he was presented with a tankard at a Company Social on Easter Saturday and received a presentation on behalf of the present serving members of the Company. Finally on Tuesday, May 6, he was a guest at the Buffet Supper in the Officers Mess and was presented with a portable radio on behalf of the past and present Officers of the Company and its predecessor units. Prior to that we were delighted to see him and Emily at the Sergeants Mess St George's Day Ball. He still pops into the Drill Hall and he is, of course, an Honorary Member of the Sergeants

Mess. We all wish him well on his retirement.

After Arthur's retirement we have been without a full-time clerk until June 9, when we were joined by Mr Maurice Chappell, whom we welcome and hope that his stay with us will be a long and happy one.

In the meantime the Clerking burden has been largely borne by Lcpl Richard Bailey, who is the TAVR Company Clerk. This he has added to his many and varied other roles, OC's runner and signaller, section commander, Wellington Club secretary and barman; soon to be known as 'Rent-a-Job'. During this period the OC was so well protected from paperwork that he began to suspect, firstly that Parkinson's Law had gone into reverse and later, more sinisterly, that Cpl Bailey was really commanding the Company.

Our other 'Grand Old Man' is Storeman Albert Eyre. Bert has recently been awarded the Imperial Service Medal. It represents a recognition of about 40 years service. He started his military career in 1931 and served until 1938 with 1st and 2nd Battalions DWR when he moved to Border Regiment—RMP. In 1947 he joined the RA(TA) and served with them until 1957. He became Civilian Storeman with the West Riding Battalion (TA) in 1957, later changing into C Company 1st Battalion Yorkshire Volunteers.

Bert was presented with his medal by the CO, Lt-Col R. M. Weare, before the whole Company on Tuesday, May 13, when Col Weare paid his first visit to us as Commanding Officer. Those



Centre: Lt-Col R. Weare, CO 1st Bn Yorkshire Volunteers with Pte N. Tetley (left) and Lt T. Newcombe (right) winners of the North-East District Skill-at-Arms Meeting Pistol Team Match

present were not slow to point out to Bert, that the colours of the medal ribbon were those of the 'Dukes'. Has his service with the RMP finally been forgiven?

Lt-Col Weare succeeded Lt-Col Harry Ford (PWO) on May 2, Col Harry was dined out by the officers at Fulford on Friday the 2nd, and by the Sergeants at Sheffield on the following night, which barely gave this ardent sports fan time to view the FA Cup Final.

Col Weare, an ex-regular Green Howard, now a TAVR officer, starts with the advantage of knowing his Battalion well, having commanded 'B' Coy before becoming 2IC to Col Ford.

'I have decided to shoot myself this year', Capt Marsh, the Company 2IC and Shooting Team Captain, is alleged to have said. He needn't, which ever way one interprets it. The riflemen, of whom he was one, performed adequately, coming third in the Battalion Rifle Match and Section Match, but were overshadowed by the very fine effort by the rest of the team. As a reward for the whole team they brought back from the Yorkshire Volunteers Rifle Meeting (held at Bellerby on April 19-20), the Longstaff Bowl, awarded to the champion Company of the 1st Battalion. The pistol team (Lt Newcombe and Pte Tetley) and the SMG team (CSM Berry, Cpl Brown, Ptes Ashton and Tetley) were each top in both the Battalion and Regimental Competitions. Our GPMG team (CSM Berry and Pte Dodsworth) came first in the Battalion Competition and second in the Regimental one. Lt Newcombe was the individual pistol winner in both matches.

In the NE District Championship, at Bellerby on May 10-11, where competition, including that from Regular units is fiercer, the same teams won the Pistol match and came fourth in the SMG match, being the top TAVR team. Pte Tetley was the individual runner-up in the Pistol match and the best Young Soldier in the SMG. Consequently he went home with a fine collection of 'Christening Mugs', for his firstborn, a boy, was born later in the month. We congratulate him on that score as well.

The Shooting Team's success came as a reward for a lot of hard work, done not only by the Team, but by the PSIs and all of those who helped in their training and administration.

Since then we have settled down to the Summer Programme of pre-Camp training. We have had a Company shake out exercise at Feldom, a Battalion Watermanship exercise at Halton-on-Lune and at present we are about to depart for a Battalion exercise at Otterburn. Camp is at Thetford at the end of August/beginning of September.

Finally congratulations to Lcpl Francis on being awarded the Territorial Efficiency Medal and to Cpls Collins and Allott and Lcpl Walton on their recent promotions.

WOs AND SERGEANTS MESS

To deal with military matters first, all members of the Mess welcome our new CO, Lt-Col R. M. Weare and our new RSM, WO1 M. Barham to the Battalion and hope that they both have a pleasant stay.

We would also like to congratulate Bill Bailey on his well-earned Lord Lieutenant's Certificate. Well done Bill and we all hope to have the pleasure of one day putting our names alongside yours. So until then 'Keep the Choppers Flying'.

Well, 30 years as a Civil Servant deserves something. So congratulations are due to Bert Eyre on his Imperial Service Medal. We all hope that you will be around for a long time to come.

The Company did very well in the Battalion and NE District shooting this year, thanks to Mick Reddy's stubbornness not to let people have their own way and Phil Berry with the guts to try and run things differently. Keep it up SIRS and we should do even better next year.

On a sorry note, we must say farewell to Arthur Westerman, who left us, on retirement, after God knows how many years service in various Drill Halls. You deserve the rest Arthur, but the Company Office does not seem the same without you. Still we do see you on Fridays with your 75p for the Pools, so that is something.

Our congratulations also go out to Dave Peckett and his wife on their recent increase in their family. Well, you have to speculate to accumulate and you have done it at last. Keep it up, Dave.

All our best wishes for a quick and painless recovery goes out to Jack Simpson after his recent operation. We all hope to be seeing you at Camp this year and here's hoping that you enjoy it better than last year in Germany. Don't forget Jack you have a course to go on, so make sure that you are fit before you come back (socials excepted).

Our thanks go out to Robert Dearnley for all the extra work he has put in Tax wise. We are still getting paid on time, so keep up the good work Bob.

By the time these notes appear we shall have done two good Battalion Exercises with our new CO. On Ex-'Boat Hook' Sgts Hollis and Kennedy did a good job of teaching on the river, the weather did help the lads though. Also Ex 'Hard Grind' with the Choppers and with the PSIs doing enemy. Pity they didn't issue us with live ammunition; never mind, better luck next time.

THE NATIONAL ARMY MUSEUM

Two important and hitherto unknown water-colours, by Denis Dighton of the Battle of Waterloo have been bought by the museum.

They show the two most critical phases of the battle, a flank company of the Coldstream Guards taking part in the successful defence of the Chateau de Hougomont on the Allied right wing and the French cavalry attack on British infantry squares during the afternoon.

Dighton (1792-1827) was military painter to the Prince Regent. A series of his sketches of the field of Waterloo after the battle, in the Royal Collection, confirm that he was there shortly afterwards. The uniform and landscape are shown most accurately.

Three oil paintings by this artist, two in the Royal Collection, the other in a private collection, are considered to be the best portrayals of the action, but these are the first known water-colours.

C (DWR) Company 3rd Battalion Yorkshire Volunteers

Following the Christmas period we are now back in full swing with work on cordon and search and the business of choosing a shooting team to represent the Company in the coming competitions.

After the exploits of Catterick with cordon and search some members of the Company got together and made a search kit with mirrors on sticks, probes and even a rope ladder. The first time the kit was used was at Beckingham where it proved very successful, all that is except the ladder which held up well until Sgt A. Beaumont tried it; no one was hurt and the ladder has been repaired and reinforced.

Training at Swynnerton gave us a chance to practise urban patrols. Thanks here to the ACF who provided the enemy on this occasion helping to make the weekend even more interesting.

The shooting season opened with the Yorkshire Volunteers Shoot at Bellerby in which we came first in the Rifle Team Match, second in the section shoot and SMG and we gained third place in the pistol shoot.

In the NE District Shooting Competition again held at Bellerby Sgt P. Beaumont was unlucky to be forced into third place with his individual pistol score of 93 against a winning score of 95. The Company team as a whole did not win any of the prizes, but managed to get the best overall scores in the Battalion.

During the nationwide recruiting campaign 'C' Company managed to recruit 26 men, many of which have since been on a recruits' camp held at

Rowlston. During the campaign the Drill Hall was opened to the public, with displays of equipment set out. Also we put on a display in Huddersfield Market Piazza during which a six-man team demonstrated how to climb a 12-ft wall in 15 seconds.

'Warcop with good weather!'. It's amazing how good weather always seems to follow this Company. They do say that the sun shines on the righteous—how wrong you can be. Training consisted of a Battalion Exercise in which sections moved round a circuit involving them in CQBR, Section in Defence, IBSR and the highlight for most people was the grenade range with perhaps the exception of Ssgt Simpson, our PSI, who had one or two 'moments of stress' in the throwing bay.

The most recent exploit has been an adventure weekend organised by Capt Gilbert (10 AYT) and his team. This took place at Hathersage in Derbyshire where the Company spent a most enjoyable weekend rock climbing. Again we had superb weather. This was the first time for many of the Company on anything higher than a 12-ft wall, and we had one or two apprehensive looks as people disappeared down a 60-ft rock face to try abseiling for the first time.

We must welcome Lt Hawley who has transferred from 'C' Company 1 Yorks to become 2IC. Congratulations to 2Lt Tebb on gaining his commission on his recent course at RMAS. Also well done cook, Lcpl Clarke 715 who passed his BII.

Huddersfield Area (DWR) Yorkshire ACF

It is with great sadness that I record on these pages the death of 2Lt Brian Douglas Hartley on May 16, 1975, at the age of 19. The son of Capt A. R. Hartley, who served during the 1939-45 war with the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and brother of Vernon Hartley, who very recently left the 1st Battalion.

Brian was educated at Hipperholme Grammar School and before the present detachment was formed at the Grammar School in 1973 had joined the Halifax Detachment when he was 14 years old. From the outset he was an above average cadet, he passed Certificate 'A', Parts I and II, with credit and from recruit passed through each cadet rank to that of Cadet Company Sergeant-Major. Since the West Riding and the Yorkshire Army Cadet Force abandoned the battalion system in favour of areas, the rank of Cadet Regimental Sergeant-Major has also been abandoned. Instead an area may appoint a Cadet Company Sergeant-Major. In the Huddersfield Area (DWR) the Cadet CSM is

chosen from an average of 12 Cadet Sergeants or Staff Sergeants representing the eight Cadet detachments totalling some 250 Cadets. In some years the rank is not given at all. It was therefore no mean achievement to attain the rank. During his service as a Cadet Brian Hartley passed his Junior Infantryman Course and went on to win the coveted Yorkshire Army Cadet Force 'Cadet of the Year' awarded annually from the pick of some 1,800 Cadets. His prize for that achievement was a visit of 10 days to the 1st Battalion Yorkshire Volunteers, then in Cyprus. In 1971, whilst a Cadet Staff Sergeant, he took part in the Nijmegen march with Cadets of the Halifax Detachment, the only ACF Cadet unit to take part that year.

On leaving school Brian went to work for Yorkshire Television as an assistant film editor. On reaching the upper age limit as a Cadet, Brian opted for a civilian career and the Army Cadet Force. Despite several 'poaching' efforts by the Yorkshire Volunteers, he was granted a TAVR

commission for service with the ACF on the TAVR 'B' List with effect from May 1, 1974. A coincidence of timing gave him command of his old detachment, when the then DC, Capt P. R. Tattersall, was promoted Major and given the area command. Normally command of a detachment would not have been given to such a young officer, but Brian was an exception and very quickly proved himself to be, although the youngest detachment commander in the Yorkshire ACF, and probably in the UK Army Cadet Force, very competent and able. Backed up by his elders in the shape of WO2 RQMSI Jack Fitton, MM, and WO2 SMI W. FitzGerald, Brian brought an enthusiasm and vigour to the detachment which took it onward and improved recruiting. Prior to his death the Halifax Detachment (DWR) had again been chosen to represent the UK in the 1975 Nijmegen march, and Brian was to have led them with his old friend and mentor, Bill Fitton. Brian died on Friday, May 16, and on the Saturday and Sunday of May 17 and 18 the area held a sponsored walk of 50 miles from Halifax Detachment (DWR) location to Skipton (DWR) location and return. The object was to raise money to cover part of the cost of the Nijmegen March 1975, to exercise the team and to give other Cadets an initiative test of sorts. In the event some 52 Cadets took part and the sum raised looks like being about £200. Brian was the instigator of the idea and was to have played a large part in the weekend. Arising from that weekend is the present idea of holding the sponsored walk each year in the future, the proceeds from the sponsors to be donated to the Cancer Research Foundation. Also a subscription list has been opened in the area, the total subscribed to be used to purchase a piece of silver to be used as a token award for the greatest achievement on the sponsored walk. The whole idea is to commemorate a wonderful young man, and will be known as the Brian Hartley Memorial Walk, the trophy as the Brian Hartley Memorial Walk Trophy.

In this way we hope his ideals of service to others and his enthusiasm will be remembered. As an officer in this area he was with us but a short time; he will long be remembered. He was no paragon; he had the imperfections of any other young man. He received his share of extra duties for his shortcomings as a subaltern, but he will be remembered for his enthusiasm and willing eagerness to tackle any job put his way and, above all, for being what he was, a very keen, very capable and very likeable young officer.

GIBRALTAR

Brig Firth in his article on Gibraltar, in the August 1974 issue, refers to the old Command Education Centre, in Cornwall's Parade, perhaps the Mess of the 1st Battalion in the early twenties.

When the 1st Battalion was in Gibraltar at that time, HQ and two companies were in South Barracks, the remaining two companies being in Casemates. The Officers Mess was in South Barracks just above the parade ground and all officers messed there. Presumably it still exists.

As THE IRON DUKE was non-existent at that time, it might be of interest to make a few comparisons

of life as it was then with 1953-55.

In those days we were free to go in and out of Spain as we pleased. There were no restrictions and ferries ran regularly between Gibraltar and Algeciras. Both the golf course and polo ground were located in Spanish territory.

The old racecourse, rugger and football grounds and possibly the rifle range have been replaced by the aerodrome. (Only a 150m range now remains—*Ed.*) In addition, there was a riding school and our horses were regularly schooled there. The races which took place three or four times a year on Sunday afternoons were great social occasions. Everyone went.

Adjoining the frontier gates were hutted barracks. They housed two companies of the 2nd Battalion The North Staffordshire Regiment.

Polo was played two or three days a week during the season, and I can now see the long string of ponies emerging from South Barracks led by Freddie Wellesley, and behind Hugh Fraser, Duncan Paton, Basil Owen, Babe Webb-Carter, Cocky Haslock, Oscar Westmacott, myself and a string of grooms. All had to be there at the appointed time. Slowly we followed obediently for six miles to the polo ground.

During the winter we hunted with the Calpé, which met once or twice a week. Often we hacked 10 to 14 miles to the meet, returning after 30 or more miles in the saddle. I remember one occasion when 'Babe' Webb-Carter and I walked our ponies back through Gibraltar; they were completely tired out. I think we rode at least 40 miles that day. The barbs did us well.

Bull fighting could also be seen at San Roque, La Lina and Algeciras for those who cared for it. One afternoon was enough for me. I hate the sight of gored horses.

Existent at the casinos at Algeciras and elsewhere were the gaming tables for those who liked an occasional flutter. Quite a number of us enjoyed the hospitality of Capt Longhurst, then the King's Harbourmaster, which enabled us to make the trip to Algeciras in his launch, returning late in the night when the frontier gates were closed.

One of the most delightful bathing spots was Sandy Bay, as it was known then, which could only be approached through the tunnel which ran underneath the Rock from west to east, for which permits were required. I understand this side of the Rock has been developed and commercialised and that flats and hotels now exist there. Small bathing parties of four or five can no longer be the order of the day.

When the Fleet was in, the harbour was completely filled with big and little ships. The ill-fated *Hood* and *Repulse*, comprising the battle squadron, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, all added gaiety to the social life. On one occasion there was splendid boxing between the Army and Navy, plus the finals of the naval cadets who were cruising in *The Thunderer*, the naval cadet training ship at that time.

We were also able to enjoy many other activities: sailing, hockey, tennis, rackets. I wonder if the racket court, which adjoined South Barracks, is still kept in repair? Duncan Paton and I had many enjoyable games.

I was also cajoled by John Scott to play water polo for the Battalion against the Navy, a very strenuous game. One push under and you never came back! I just managed to survive.

The annual race to the top of the Rock and back to the racecourse for the *Hoare* Cup was also an important event. This was a team event and well worth the effort. I once took part in the race, but was 'pipped at the post'. Is the race still run?

One very rare event occurred whilst we were in Gibraltar. The troopship carrying the 2nd Battalion to Egypt called at the Rock either 'by chance' or 'arrangement', enabling the two battalions to meet.

Finally, one amusing event is worth recording. One guest night we dined the Navy. There were several other guests, including Capt Burlito, RASC, who was responsible for the horses belonging to the Governor, Gen Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, and his staff. At the end of the evening it was decided that the nautics should be tested for riding efficiency. All the horses were requisitioned—bridles but no saddles. Led by Capt Burliton we galloped to the docks, some horses carrying two riders. I saw one frightened nautic slip off his horse and hide behind a coal dump. As I was sharing a horse with 'Snikey' Owen, I seized the opportunity and the horse to secure a mount for myself. Then, all in mess kit, we set off for the town, through the main street, through the side streets, some disreputable in those days, and finally back to barracks. Everyone survived and much to our relief no damage was inflicted on the horses, nor our visitors. Next morning my batman, Pte Blanks, appeared carrying my mess overalls covered in horsehair. He remarked, 'Looks to me, sir, as if you've been riding an 'oss'. The understatement of the week.

A. E. H. S.

REGIMENTS OF FOOT BY H. L. WICKES

An historical record of all the foot regiments of the British Army. Osprey Publishing Ltd. Price £2.50.

It could be said that the timing of the request to review this book is appropriate because at the moment I am in the middle of writing a first draft of an article to be called 'What Has Happened to the Infantry?' or something like that, which in the not too far distant future I hope to offer to the editor of *THE IRON DUKE*. The subject of this little book, therefore, is very much in my mind at the moment because that is really what the book tells us—what has happened to the infantry regiments of the line in a brief, quick-reference and tabulated form.

The book is in three sections. The first is short and is simply a list of the permanent infantry regiments (and I stress permanent because there were many other regiments raised in times of crisis or war which were subsequently disbanded after a few years, and here I quarrel with the subsidiary title of the book. It does not treat *all* the foot regiments, but only those numbered 1st to 109th

Regiments of Foot, which remained in being as part of the permanent corps of the infantry). The list is in order of precedence under the regiments' 1751 numerical titles coupled with their better known titles of the last half-century, and the date each regiment was raised as a permanent corps on the establishment. This is a useful guide and clearly shows the periods in our country's history where expansion of the standing army was deemed a necessity. The centre and largest section in the book deals with each regiment individually—it tabulates the various changes of title which the regiment experienced from the time it was raised to today, the larger grouping (Division of Infantry) of which it is currently a part, and where appropriate includes details of any amalgamations, or merging into large regiments, which may have affected it. Then follows a list of nicknames and regimental marches and some brief historical notes.

The last section is also short, but in my view is the most valuable in the book. It is entitled 'What Became of the Regiments of Foot' and sets out to show, in tabulated form, what has happened to the original permanent regiments (as listed in the first section). It takes account of the 1881 'linkings', the disbandments of 1922, the amalgamations and the creation of new large regiments that have taken place since 1957, and the groupings into the Divisions of Infantry that we know today.

The book is not one to read as such, but would be invaluable as a quick-reference book on the infantry. However, whereas the author has been at pains to be as comprehensive as possible for all 109 regiments, regrettably there are some inaccuracies in the historical contents. There are a few errors in the notes on our own 33rd and 76th Regiments. I asked our sister Yorkshire regiments to study their respective entries and each reported some inaccuracies or errors of content or fact. This is a pity and suggests more care could have been taken over the final sub-editing or checking with respective regimental headquarters. It is doubly a pity as known inaccuracies in the historical content of some of the regiments can undermine one's confidence in the rest. One unfortunate entry in the third section I cannot avoid specifying. In this Mr Wilkes notes regiments as being disbanded, and he lists the York and Lancaster Regiment, Cameronians, Leicestershire Regiment, Lancashire Fusiliers and DLI. This is simply not true. The first two admittedly had their one and only regular battalions disbanded in 1968-69, but the regiments as such still exist and are listed in the Army List. The last three were not disbanded but were merged into large regiments. Admittedly the 4th Battalions of those large regiments were disbanded, but those three former regiments still live on in the larger families of the Royal Anglians, the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers and the Light Infantry respectively.

Nevertheless, the book does provide both layman and soldier, many of whom still are not fully aware of exactly what has happened in recent years, with a picture of the fortunes of each individual regiment, its evolution and its place in the infantry of today.

G. C. T.

SIGN OF THE TIMES?

'AND THE LORD SAID UNTO NOAH'

'Make thee an ark of gopher wood. And of every living thing, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark to keep alive with thee.'

And Noah said: 'Sign Thou here and leave a deposit'.

And the Lord signed there, and He left a deposit.

And Noah was 600 years old when the flood waters were upon the Earth.

And the Lord said unto Noah: 'Where is the ark I did command thee to build?'

And Noah said unto the Lord: 'Verily have I had three carpenters off ill. The gopher wood supplier hath let me down and the damp-course specialist tarrieth and cometh not. What can I do, O Lord?'

And Noah said further unto the Lord: 'My sub-contractor hath gone bankrupt. The plumber hath gone on strike. The glazier departeth on a package tour even unto Beirut—yea, though I did offer him double time. Shem, my son who helpeth me on the ark side of the business, hath formed a pop group with his brothers, Ham and Japheth. Lord, I am undone!'

And the Lord was wrath and said: 'Noah, muck thou not Me about! What, then, of the animals? Two of every sort have I ordered to come unto thee to keep them alive. Where now are the giraffes?'

And Noah said unto the Lord: 'The van cometh on Tuesday; yea and yea, it will be so'.

And the Lord said unto Noah: 'How, then, about the unicorns?'

And Noah wrung his hands and wept, saying: 'Lord, Lord, they are a discontinued line. Thou canst not get unicorns for love or money'.

And God said: 'Come thou, Noah. Have I not left with thee a deposit and didst thou not sign a contract? Where are the monkeys and the bears and the hippopotami? Where are the elephants and the zebras, two of every sort, and also the fowls of the air by sevens?'

And Noah said unto the Lord: 'Mine enemy hath delivered them to the wrong address but assuredly will they arrive by Friday. All save the fowls of the air by sevens, for it hath even now been told unto me that fowls of the air are sold only in half-dozens'.

And Noah kissed the Earth and said: 'Lord, Lord, Thou knowest in Thy wisdom what it is like with delivery dates in these days'.

And the Lord in His wisdom said: 'Noah, My son, verily, verily do I know. Why else dost thou think I have caused a flood to descend upon the Earth?'

With acknowledgments to 'Lucasta' of Lucy Cavendish College, Cambridge.

THE BALUCH REGIMENT

The Baluch Regiment, our allied Pakistan Regiment, having expanded since the 1971 War into several battalions, has revived its annual newsletter. The Colonel Commandant, Lt-Gen Abdul Hameed Khan, has retired from the active list but still remains Colonel Commandant. Brig Abdul Quaiyam Anzum has taken over command

of the Regimental Centre and Depot at Abbotabad.

In addition to training recruits for the Regiment, the Centre houses Pay and Records department. It also provides a school for children of serving and retired members of the Regiment. There are at present eleven teachers and some four hundred and fifty children. The Centre also undertakes pre-release training for soldiers, notably in poultry and bee farming. The Regiment still retains its old pre-eminence in games and sports including boxing, judo and adventure training, winning no less than fourteen colours in inter-service sport and the All Pakistan Hazara Hockey Tournament 1974.

THE CORPORAL WHO ATE HIS HAT

In the August 1974 number of THE IRON DUKE mention was made, in the notes of 'C' Company 3rd Battalion Yorkshire Volunteers, of a Company commander who was reputed to have said that he would eat his hat if he did not get the recruits he needed. To cap (or hat) this apparent myth, may I tell of a corporal who did, in fact, eat his hat?

In 1937 I was Signalling Officer of the 2nd Battalion in Multan. One day my very efficient Cpl Frampton disputed a point of procedure with me. I said, 'No, corporal, this is the answer'. He disagreed, while I stuck to my guns. Finally, he said, 'Well, sir, if I'm wrong I'll eat my hat'. 'My word you will', I replied. 'Open Signalling Instructions at page 78'. He did so; he gazed; his jaw dropped and, finally, in a very subdued voice, he said, 'Yes, sir, you are right'. 'Good', came my reply, 'you will, therefore, eat your hat—and I mean it'. He looked at me unbelievably. 'You promised to do so but, in order to make it more palatable, I'll have it cooked', I said. He then departed, looking most puzzled and wondering if I was suffering from heat-stroke.

The next day I had secret words with the cook and then told Cpl Frampton to give me his topee. At dinner time I walked into the Mess to see the Signalling Platoon have their meal. After the first course I told the signallers that, as the lives of others depended on their accuracy, I was going to make an example of the corporal and punish him according to his own sentence. The cook then marched in carrying a huge meat dish covered with one of those old-fashioned domed lids. He laid it before Cpl Frampton, who began turning a slightly green colour. 'Well', I said, 'you promised, so you must obey'. There was a deathly hush, all eyes were riveted on the scene as the cook, with a flourish, removed the lid. And there lay a perfect replica in miniature of his topee, made out of pastry and encircled with a scarlet flash of jam. Yes, he did eat it—and very good it was too, as I had a piece. Although he knew far more about signalling than I ever did, he never again argued the point—unless he had the book to prove it. Which all goes to show, I suppose, that one should never make vows unless one is prepared to keep them.

I believe Cpl Frampton was killed in France. He was a fine man and a most loyal friend.

K. GREGORY

Obituary

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

Mrs. Everard

On June 27, suddenly at home, Frances Audrey, wife of Lt-Col Sir Nugent Everard, BT. Funeral was private.

Lt-Col H. Harvey, MC, DL

On March 15, 1975, peacefully at his home Herbert Harvey, late the Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

Herbert ('Tuppence') Harvey joined the 1st Battalion at Rath Camp on The Curragh, just after Christmas 1921 as a Regular Officer. However, he had held a temporary commission in the Regiment in April 1915 and served with the 11th (Service) Battalion briefly before transferring to the Machine Gun Corps. He served with the MGC in France until December 1918, gaining the Military Cross and being wounded twice. Harvey then volunteered for one of the *ad hoc* battalions being raised to fight the Bolsheviks. He served in North Russia for some six months and on his return in October 1919 transferred to the Indian Army. This assignment was also brief and after little more than a year he was gazetted a Regular Lieutenant in the Regiment. He served with the 1st Battalion at Gibraltar and in Turkey and came home with the Battalion.

In 1929 Harvey on promotion to Captain was posted to the 2nd Battalion and joined it in India where he served until late in 1934. He was then appointed Adjutant of the 5th Battalion but instead he chose to second to the RAF. He became a Major in 1938. In 1941 Harvey rejoined the Regiment and was posted to the Depot then called DWR ITC shortly to amalgamate with the Depot of the DLI to form No. 4 ITC.

Subsequently he joined the 30th Battalion the Norfolk Regiment as 2IC and proceeded with it to Italy.

In May 1945 he was promoted to command that Battalion and returning home in 1946 he retired with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

Tuppence—so called presumably because of his comparatively diminutive stature—was a most endearing person and was universally popular. Although a Yorkshireman born and bred, there was a certain cheerful sprightliness and puckish humour that suggested the Cockney. He was full of energy and on retirement became County Cadet Commandant for Somerset, of which county he was appointed a Deputy Lieutenant.

As will be seen his somewhat kaleidoscope career kept him away from the Regiment for most of his service but he was a most loyal member of it.

Until very recently Tuppence was a faithful supporter of all regimental functions whether it was the OCA Dinner in Yorkshire or football matches at Aldershot. He will be greatly missed and especially by the diminishing band who served with him.

B. W. W-C.

Sir Donald Horsfall, Bart

On March 25, 1975, at Ilkley, Sir Donald Horsfall, formerly of Glusburn, Keighley, aged 83. He is survived by a widow and three children. He was a director of John C. Horsfall and Sons, worsted spinners and a director of the Halifax Building Society. In 1927 he was High Sheriff of Yorkshire. He was a keen supporter of the Regiment with which his family was so closely connected.

Lt-Col H. K. O'Kelly, DSO

In March 1975, at his home, Claren House, Bray, Co Wicklow, Lt-Col H. K. O'Kelly. He joined the 2nd Battalion and was wounded, gaining the DSO as a subaltern, for coolness and gallantry at Le Cateau on August 26, 1914 and for initiating an attack at Crepy on two motor cars, which he and a small party captured under heavy fire.

Mr B. D. Hartley

Brian Douglas Hartley, who was commanding officer of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment detachment of the Army Cadet Force at Prescott Street Drill Hall, Halifax, has died at his home, The Croft, 239 Wakefield Road, Lightcliffe. He was 19 and the youngest commander of an AFC detachment in Yorkshire.

He joined the Halifax ACF as a cadet when he was 14 and rose through every rank until he was commissioned as a Second-Lieutenant last May and appointed to command the local unit.

While a Staff Sergeant he took part in 1971 in the 100-mile Nijmegen March in Holland with the Halifax detachment—the only ACF detachment in the country to take part—and for which he received a medal.

The following year he was adjudged 'best cadet of the year' in the West Riding Army Cadet Force.

Mr Hartley was planning his unit's participation in this year's Nijmegen March in the weeks before his death. He was educated at Hipperholme Grammar School and worked as an assistant film editor at Yorkshire TV in Leeds.

Mr B. S. Nickell-Lean

On May 20, 1975, suddenly Brian Samuel Nickell-Lean, aged 59, of Charnwood, Easby Drive, Ilkley.

He was the recently appointed chairman of the British Wool Confederation and a vice-chairman

of the Wool (and Allied) Textile Employers' Council. He served on the council of the British Textile Confederation and the executive of the Wool Textile Delegation, and was a liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Woolmen.

Mr Nickell-Lean will be sadly missed and long remembered by his many friends and colleagues for his boundless energy and cheerfulness.

In the last war he became a major in the 2/6 Battalion and was mentioned in despatches.

He leaves a widow and three children.

Ex-Sgt F. J. Towey, 14447634

Mr F. J. Towey died at Myilly Point, Darwin, Northern Territory, Australia on April 14, 1975. A keen member of the RAOB he had been in poor health for some time. The last communication from him was a rather depressed letter to General Isles. He had suffered an operation to his head. Up to the present it has not been possible to locate any relatives. Perhaps some reader will have heard more recent news of him.

Col F. Longden Smith, MBE, MC, TD, DL, JP

In his 83rd year Col Francis Longden Smith of Woodlands, Gargrave Road, Skipton. He served his country with distinction in two world wars. He joined the 6th Dukes on August 4, 1914, and served continuously with that unit, apart from a brief period in hospital when he was wounded. He was awarded a Military Cross for Gallantry and was demobilised in 1919 in the rank of Major.

He reformed 'D' Coy of the 6th Battalion in Keighley and later in 1934 he succeeded to command of the Battalion. On his retirement he was granted the rank of Brevet Colonel.

He entered the firm of George Hattersley & Son, textile machinery makers, of which his father was then managing director. He remained with the firm until his retirement as governing director.

He led an intensely active life of service to the community, in local government, on the Skipton Bench of Magistrates and had an especial interest in education. During the Second World War he was Controller of the Civil Defence Forces over a wide area and for his services he received the MBE.

He exemplified the spirit of voluntary service, patriotism and love of country. In times of stress he had the gift of welding together a citizen force of men and women, both young and old, capable of acting in times of national emergencies.

Regimental Dates

As announced in the April issue the annual general meeting and dinner of the Regimental Association will be held this year in the Huddersfield TA Centre, St Paul's Street, on Saturday, September 27, 1975.

The AGM starts at 6.30 followed by the dinner at 7.15. Tickets £2.00, obtainable from Arthur Wood at RHQ.

SGT BURBURY

I expect many 'Dukes' will have listened to one or more of the BBC series 'Plain Tales from the Raj' and will have heard with pride the following words spoken by Gen Savory:

'When I left Sandhurst I was commissioned into what was called the unattached list of the Indian Army. I came out to India attached to a British regiment.

'The first regiment that I joined before I actually went into the Indian Army was The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. The Duke's were, I think, one of the finest regiments I've met—a real good tough English county regiment. Their mess was pretty stuffy. Every night we changed into mess kit; every night the silver was on the table; every night the Mess Sergeant, Sgt Burbury by name, would take round the wines, nudge you—"Port? Madeira? Marsala, sir?" You had to have a glass of something. Pretty expensive on 5s 3d a day, but you jolly well had to do it, and during that one year you were supposed to get to know your Indian regiments—be seen by them—be accepted by them, and so on'.

I found the reference to Sgt Burbury of great interest. How well he looked after the young officers. How frequently he reminded us of what should and should not be done. It was a joy to hear a tribute to this fine old soldier.

During the first world war the 1st Battalion was one of the several Regular battalions which remained in India and the only service it saw was on the North-West Frontier.

At the conclusion of hostilities the battalion was posted to Palestine, but, as nearly all the rank and file were time expired, there remained only the cadre, commanded by Lt-Col E. C. Boutflower, OBE, with Maj R. H. W. Owen as 2IC, the Band and a nucleus of warrant officers, NCOs and soldiers on extended service. Replacements were not sent to India, but were drafted direct to Palestine to Details 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—the title by which it was known until the 1st Battalion cadre arrived.

I joined them with a draft of about 200 from the 2nd Battalion, then stationed at Sheffield. Pending the appointment of Lt-Col R. K. Healing, we were commanded by Maj R. M. Tidmarsh.

As a young officer I remember so well the cadre arriving, but it did not remain long, as everyone went on leave immediately. Prior to their return we tried many times to bring the Mess property into use, but there was always the insistent reply—nothing must be touched until the return of Sgt Burbury. His name became legend.

Sgt Burbury continued to serve us in Palestine, Cairo, Tidworth, the Curragh, eventually leaving us when we were in Gibraltar to retire on pension. On his retirement he served for a short while at the Depot as Mess Sergeant but eventually joined the Corps of Commissionaires.

A. E. H. S.

Personalia

BIRTHS

- To Maj and Mrs. M. R. N. Bray, a daughter, Camille Louise, born at Watford, February 21, 1975. This is the first girl to be born in the direct line for 101 years.
- To Pte and Mrs Moran, a daughter, Linzey Jane, born on March 2, 1975.
- To Pte and Mrs Vokes, a daughter, Rachel, born on March 11, 1975.
- To Cpl and Mrs Hayes, a son, David Mark, born on March 13, 1975.
- To Sgt and Mrs Exley, a daughter, Rebecca, born on March 19, 1975.
- To Cpl and Mrs Lever, a son, Mark Simon, born on April 4, 1975.
- To Sgt and Mrs Morton, a daughter, Angela Karen, born on April 12, 1975.
- To Pte and Mrs Gibson, a son, Darrell Richard James, born on April 18, 1975.
- To Lcpl and Mrs Dugdale, a daughter, Paula Marie.

MARRIAGES

Best—Denlegh-Maxwell

On April 12, 1975, at St Martin's Church, The Cornmarket, Worcester, Mr Keith Best, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment to Elizabeth Camille McGuire Denlegh-Maxwell.

Dowdell—Clark

On March 15, 1975, at Dunluce Parish Church, Bushmill, Co Antrim, Mr Jonathan Dowdell, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment to April Jillian Clark.

Stacpoole—Bagnall

On February 22, 1975, at St. Mary's Parish Church, Hermitage, Dorset, Maj M. G. L. M. Stacpoole, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment to Sarah Anne Elenor Bagnall.

- The marriage of Pte S. M. Priestley to Miss Leslie Ann Wilson took place at Ringley Parish Church, Ringley, on March 15, 1975.
- The marriage of Pte G. Perry to Miss Patricia Fry took place at St Malachy's Church, Halifax on March 15, 1975.
- The marriage of Pte D. Hand to Miss Jeanette Taylor took place at Parish Church, Doncaster on March 15, 1975.
- The marriage of Pte G. Gray to Miss Margaret Smith took place at Huddersfield Register Office on March 22, 1975.
- The marriage of Pte C. L. Bowen to Miss Anne Gautrey took place at Leeds Register Office on March 22, 1975.

The marriage of Pte K. A. Jowett to Miss Patricia Webb took place at Eccleshill Parish Church, Bradford on March 22, 1975.

The marriage of Pte K. Barker to Miss Mary Jemima McMullan took place at Padiham Parish Church on March 22, 1975.

The marriage of Pte P. J. Davison to Miss Glenys Lowther took place at Huddersfield Register Office on March 22, 1975.

The marriage of Pte R. W. Smith to Miss Jane Margaret Kelsey took place at Scunthorpe Register Office on March 22, 1975.

The marriage of Cpl S. E. J. Raine to Miss Ann Elizabeth Knox took place at Macosquin Parish Church, Coleraine on March 29, 1975.

The marriage of Pte Down to Miss Helena Agnes Jasuikiewicz took place at Zion Methodist Church, Barnsley on March 29, 1975.

Congratulations to Sgt M. Hirst, in winning the Individual British Army and BAOR Nordic Ski-ing Championship 1975 and coming second in the Biathlon (Army).

Major P. J. Mortimer is posted to 'D' (Hallams) company of 3 Yorks for ten months prior to becoming 2IC of 3rd Battalion Yorkshire Volunteers.

Lt-Col Dick Collins wrote to suggest that in the April issue some recognition might have been made of the presence at the UK Army Rugby Finals, 1975, of both HRH The Prince of Wales and of the Duke of Wellington, each in his role as Colonel-in-Chief of the opposing regimental teams. In one semi-final of the Army Cup, possibly in 1933, at Aldershot, the Welsh Guards played the Leicestershire Regiment and the then Prince of Wales watched as Colonel-in-Chief of the Welsh Guards. At one stage Joe Kendrew (later Brigade Commander when the Dukes won fame on the Hook) took a kickable penalty for the Leicesters; he was booed all the way by the Welsh Guards' spectators, missed and the referee, having rebuked the spectators, allowed him another go which succeeded. The referee was Maj Bullen-Smith, who later commanded 51st Highland Division in Normandy.

Mr B. E. Mulhall, of 110 Craneford Way, Twickenham, Middlesex, writes that his late father Edward Mulhall served with the 2nd Battalion for many years. He would be interested to know if there were any of his father's contemporaries or sons or daughters of such who would be interested in contacting him. Regimental HQ may like to have sight of photographs taken in Wimborne of the 2/9th Battalion stationed there late 1914 and early 1915. Some of those appearing in them are Capt (later Maj) Robertson, one-time Housemaster at Winchester College, Lt Savory, Lt de Pinta, Swales, Leonard and others. Mr Edward Mulhall was born in Leeds in 1879 and died in 1941. He enlisted in 1897, South Africa

1899-1902, Depot 1902-04, India as a Csgt 1904-09. He was recalled from reserve and joined the 2/9th in 1914 until commissioned as QM in the Worcester-shire Regiment 1916. He retired in 1920.

We offer our congratulations and best wishes to Mrs. Gwendoline Maffett, widow of Lt-Col R. E. Maffett, who was commissioned into the Dukes in 1892.

Mrs. Maffett celebrated her 100th birthday on March 5. She married Reginald Maffett in 1911. Two of their three sons were killed in the 1939-45 war.

In all some 13 receptions in her honour were held. We are told that at the family party on March 9 she made a clear and vigorous speech for five minutes, showing just how cheerful and fit and alert she still is.

She has been a member of the Royal British Legion for 45 years and president of the Maiden-head branch (women's section) for 21 years.

SOME MEMORIES OF A 7th DUKE

'You can't grumble, you're a volunteer!' That was our stock rejoinder to a TA soldier from any of us 'conscripts'. Little did they know, however, that I was probably the keenest volunteer among

them. A year before my call-up I was a patient in a sanatorium with TB. The treatment in those far-off days before antibiotics was by artificial pneumothorax, a collapsing of the affected lung by pumping air between the pleura and the lung and thus resting the area concerned. A month before the medical I had my last monthly refill which meant that gradually my lung was let up by using less and less air at each monthly interval. At my medical, I firmly clasped my arm to my side (to hide the needle marks) and passed the test with flying colours after lying like a trooper regarding my past medical history. I think they were more concerned that you didn't have 'piles' than anything else.

Basic training followed at 303 ITC at Plymouth, and then I sailed in the *Georgic* (what a luxury cruise—two to a cabin and fresh-baked bread each day) as one of the first reinforcements to the 1/7th Battalion.

Only one thing bothered me, the cross-country runs—I didn't have enough puff! I was always to be found at the rear. Route marches were a different cup of tea—I found the measured tread of the heavy infantry well suited to the slow diaphragm breathing I had been taught and was able to keep up with anybody. What a good job I hadn't been posted to the KOYLI.

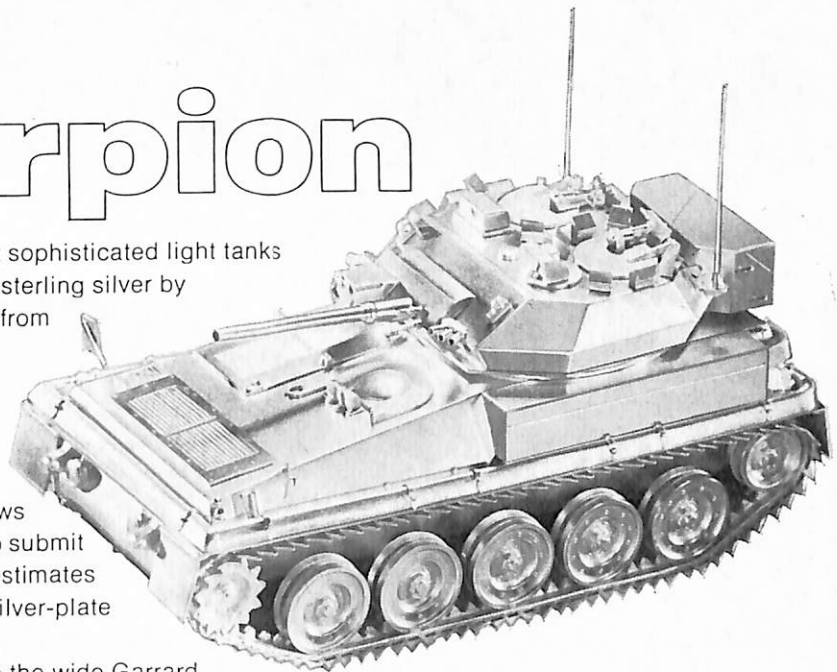
After a while I was taken on the strength of the Orderly Room and managed to stay there until my

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demob. The names and faces I met are still with me, Capt Anderson (The Black Watch) who was the Adjutant who used to like the band to play 'Cock of the North' so that he could march up and down in time to the music. Sgt Salmon, the ORS, Arthur Wood, Drummer Wood, Sgt Gudger (cook-sgt *par excellence* who stole a bus shelter to house one of his cook's kitchens), Jackie Horne, CSM (later RSM) Townsend, CSM Turnbull and many, many more. You yourself, Mr Editor, as a fresh-faced Regular 2/Lt!

So, back to the UK, first to Crickhowell and then to Scotland to exchange our role as mountain warfare troops to that of assault troops. Thence on to Great Yarmouth where they put us on to folding bicycles—a wonderful memory of the whole Battalion including Col Wilsey trundling round Gt Yarmouth on bikes!

My first taste of action was Pt 102 when I went with 'D' Company through the wood on to the objective but I must discount the rumour that Col Barry Kavanagh put about that I went through the start line with a rifle in one hand and a typewriter in the other.

So through France, Belgium, Holland and, finally, to Germany without a scratch, but losing many of my good mates through death or disable-

ment. I must at this point mention the sterling work done by Padre Chase and 'Doc' Sommerville, I'm sure that many more would have died without the ministrations of those two. My own bad experience was at Cagny in France. HQ latrine was in an orchard in front of the HQ Company's slit trenches. Once you were through the hole in the orchard wall there was nothing between you and the German position a couple of miles ahead. Jerry had a high-velocity self-propelled gun stonking the crossroads—no sooner the bang than the crump. I was sitting there minding my own business when bang—crump—and I had a terrific bang on my right shoulder—I dare not look down but I could imagine the blood trickling down—after five minutes I got out my field dressing with my left hand and looked at my shoulder. No blood, no wound, and looking down at my feet I saw it—I had been hit by a cider apple knocked off the tree by the blast.

After the passage of time 1946 came round and with it 26 age-group and return to civilian life, and the only annoying thing about my time with the Dukes was that after six years with the battalion, to 'old-timers' like Ned Chadwick—I was still one of the 'New Draft'!

B. J. HOWE

Regimental Association

General Secretary's Notes

WHAT IS AN OLD COMRADE? Visions of pipe-smoking, beard-wearing, stick-carrying old rascals who spend a lot of time recalling past experiences, amorous, battlefield, barracks, peace and wartime; deeds—true and semi-fictional—performed by themselves or Regimental 'characters'—but a joy to listeners however oft repeated.

I listened as a child, spellbound, to my grandfather, whose photograph on the wall wearing waxed moustache and a very military-looking shoulder bandolier (Boer War). Other younger relatives recounted the mud of France and Belgium (World War I), of the deep friendships formed and proven by the attendance at reunions and meetings by this ageing band.

Come 1939-45 and that 'modern war' that once again threw men of all classes together. They fought, argued, relaxed, played, confided, cursed and laughed together and once again healthy strong bonds of friendship were formed. Many of these men now need sticks but, with ever-fresh memories, can recall incidents of their 'soldiering days' as if yesterday's happenings.

Palestine, Kenya, Korea and other trouble areas brought together the sons and grandsons of the soldiers of this century and the originator of the phrase that 'Old Soldiers never die' knew what he was saying.

The Far East, Northern Ireland, Cyprus, Catterick, Aldershot—the stages for new experiences, escapades by our present generation. Time marches on, one generation succeeds the other, each adding their own contribution to the annals of The Dukes. THE SOLDIER OF TODAY IS THE OLD

SOLDIER OF TOMORROW. Recruits, Conscripts, National Servicemen, Territorials, Reservists. Soldiers of Korea and The Hook fame are now approaching the 'older end'.

Our Regimental Association was formed to help keep in contact men who have served together and enjoyed the comradeship that service life brings. Take advantage of the facilities our Regimental Association offers—join a branch—form a branch—continue to enjoy the fellowship and, if help is needed, by you or others, it can be obtained from your own funds—built up by grateful Old Comrades who remember their pals and YOURSELF by various forms of contribution during service and later.

Calling H. D. Barrett

Ex Csgt T. Parrott, The Royal Hampshire Regiment, who now lives at 32a Robin Hood St, Newport, Isle of Wight, would like to contact ex WO2 Barrett. He recalls that Mr Barrett joined The Regiment about 1922-23 as a Band Boy, served in Egypt (Cairo) and was later transferred to The Royal Hampshire Regt as a Csgt and again later joined Bde HQ ME as a WO2. 'Having a lot in common and now both Army Pensioners', to quote Mr Parrott. Any information direct to Mr Parrott please.

Sweepstake-1975

Like the hardy annual—come spring, summer and the outdoors. At Doncaster on September 8, 1975, one of our main sporting events takes place—The St Leger.

Killing two birds with one stone, this gives me an opportunity to send a letter to a great many

members reminding them of the main activities of the year, also asking them to, once again, help in our fund-raising efforts by buying or selling two books of sweepstake tickets—a lottery on the result of the St Leger race.

At 5p a ticket, 50p for a book, with the prospect of winning £100, £50, £25 or £10 makes it an 'investment', but the profits that go to help our funds will help comrades who have befallen hard times.

I would like more ticket buyers/sellers. Are you one? A small effort but a big reward. Send in your name to RHQ, Wellesley Park, Halifax.

AGM and Reunion Dinner, 1975

This year at THE DRILL HALL, ST PAUL'S STREET, HUDDERSFIELD. AGM 6.30. DINNER 7.15. TICKETS £2 (from RHQ or branches). Lively entertainment follows the dinner—a background to add to the pleasure of meeting old friends.

Medals

A request has been received from the Huddersfield and District Army Veterans Association for any 1939-45 War medals which are no longer required. We've all heard the expression that they 'came up with the rations', 'have been given to the kids to play with' or 'chucked into a drawer corner', but, quite rightly, ask for them but expect the answer 'not b—likely—I earned them'. However, if you do know of any going spare send them to A. K. Fillan, Esq, President, Huddersfield and District Army Veterans Association, c/o The Drill Hall, St Paul's St, Huddersfield.

Welfare

Please remember—if you know or hear of any ex Duke who is 'down on his luck' and needs help—let RHQ know.

London Branch Dinner—1976

After this year's resounding success, Ken Waterman, London Branch Secretary, has asked the date of the Rugby League Cup Final at Wembley 1976 (the date that always coincides with this event). The date is May 8, 1976. Further details will appear in the December issue of this journal.

Mossley Branch

When one sits down to write notes of branch matters it becomes difficult to find sufficient or interesting material to expound upon or highlight.

Things are very quiet at the moment, social activities being curtailed by the economic situation—rising costs of everything are putting things out of the reach of anyone wishing to organise a decent event although we are hoping to have something later in the year.

In March our secretary and another branch member with other old Dukes had the privilege of attending the Army Rugby Cup Final in Aldershot as the guests of the Regiment. The hospitality was overwhelming, and as the Dukes won, nothing could have been more satisfactory.

The atmosphere and enthusiasm in the Sergeants and Corporals Messes made one realise that the future of the Regiment was in good hands and to

be a Duke or old Duke was an honour to be preserved.

On behalf of Mossley Branch I would like to thank our general secretary, Mr A. Wood, and RSM Joe Collins for their efforts in making this visit such a memorable occasion and we are looking forward to a further visit when the Regiment comes home.

In April we had our AGM and all the officials were re-elected.

T. HALLAS

Halifax Branch

During the past three months it has been the pleasure of this branch to welcome as fellow members the members from the Bradford Branch and we hope it will be a cordial and harmonious union. Most unhappily the Bradford Branch is temporarily closed due to membership problems—one which most branches unfortunately have to contend with.

As usual the two main events of our year have again been held and have, again as usual, been well supported and a great success. I refer to the trips to York Minster and Strensall and our annual trip to London. The former has already been reported upon in this journal so that I may, with a clear conscience, deal with the latter. On this occasion we are indebted to so many people to whom our 'Thank you' is due that if, perchance, I leave anyone out please accept my apology now.

For London, as scheduled we left Halifax on Friday, May 9, at 2 pm and as arranged picked up our colleagues from the Huddersfield and Mossley Branches in St George's Square, Huddersfield—in all a party of 42 happy souls determined to have a really good week-end. We were none of us disappointed. Friday evening having arrived at the Victory Club at two minutes short of seven o'clock, was spent in a variety of ways—show, supper, drinks or just a general browse around.

The real purpose of the trip is, of course, the annual reunion dinner of our London and Home Counties branch and this year was to be held in the Carisbrooke Hall at the Victory Club. This year, however, there was an added bonus made known to me only a few days before our departure from Halifax and made known to the remainder only on the coach en route to London—a surprise causing happy anticipation of fulfilment—an invitation to visit the Sergeants Mess of the 1st Battalion in Aldershot. But first things first. It was the first one organised and arranged by Mr Ken Waterman ably supported by the Ballard twins and members of the London Branch. They are all to be congratulated on a splendid effort and full use of the facilities afforded them. It is many, many years since the majority of us had walked in to dinner to the strains of 'Roast Beef of Olde England' and this, to boot, to the rendering of it by the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regimental Band. For this we owe and give a very sincere Thank you to the Commanding Officer, the Bandmaster and all the members of the Band—it made the dinner one to be long remembered. Life seems to give us many ups and downs and so it was on May 10 for it was to be the Colonel of

the Regiment's last dinner with us as such. Gen Sir Robert Bray, GBE, KCB, DSO, has distinguished himself in so many different ways in his most distinguished career that it is hard to pick out his greatest achievement or moment but I doubt if ever he has surpassed the dignity he has shown as our Colonel nor has he so warmed the hearts of so many for so long. We, the older end, have known, respected and come to regard with deep and sincere affection the young officer we knew in Ahmadnagar and elsewhere. We all trust he will grace many more of our reunion dinners in the north as well as London as one of us—an Old Comrade. After dinner there was dancing to the Dukes Dance Band, a most capable group and everyone let down their hair. It was a great night. Our Thank you to them also.

Sunday morning saw us on our way to Mons Barracks, Aldershot, there to be greeted most cordially by RSM 'Joe' Collins, his members and their families. Our time perforce was limited but it is unbelievable that four hours could pass by so quickly—a tribute in itself to our hosts and their good cheer. The Mess photograph albums were well and truly perused and many were the 'Eh lad, tha' were better looking then', and 'That can't be you Jackie', and 'Were you there an' all?'. Oh yes! we were certainly taken back in time.

Our only hope is that RSM Collins and his Mess members and families enjoyed themselves one half as much as I am sure all 42 of us did. The luncheon buffet was 'a la Hilton' and a credit to those responsible for its provision and preparation. We certainly 'hammered' it and there was no talk of stopping for a meal en route to Halifax. To you Mr Collins and your merry band of stalwarts a most sincere thank you and we hope some day to repeat the dose.

And so once more our London trip was over physically but it will long remain a very pleasant memory.

SAX

London Branch

These notes must, of course, be all about our annual dinner, held in the Victory Services Club on May 10, 1975.

The dinner, which was presided over by the Colonel of the Regiment, was a very successful affair. About 92 sat down to a very good meal after grace had been said by Dave Benson. The Loyal Toast was proposed by the branch president, Tony Savory, and the toast to the Regiment by one of our younger members, Rod Owers, who was allowed out of Pentonville for this occasion. The Colonel of the Regiment responded to the toast in his usual immaculate manner and also read a telegram from HM The Queen and a letter from the Colonel-in-Chief, who so nearly attended. After the secretary's report the long and unstinted services of Bob Temple and Dave Benson to the London Branch were acknowledged by the presentation of an engraved regimental crest to each of them. A bouquet of flowers was also presented to Mrs 'Tilly' Waterman for looking after the food and drink side of our monthly meetings. The performance of the Regimental Band of the 1st Battalion

throughout the dinner, and of their dance section for the remainder of the evening, did much to make the occasion the success it undoubtedly was.

As usual, the Yorkshire contingent made up a large number of those attending. Jackie and Mrs Horne again supplied a beautiful raffle prize. This prize, together with some booze supplied by Messrs Robinson and Woodward, and a particularly smelly Stilton supplied by Tony Savory, raised the sum of £22, thanks to George and Mary Woodward, who so persuasively sold the tickets, and Gen Bray, who drew the winning numbers and assisted in the scramble for donations tossed on to the floor by our generous guests. We've never seen a general diving for money before. Had this something to do with inflation?

Many regimental celebrities, too numerous to name, attended and we were honoured by the attendance of a contingent from the British Legion poppy factory at Richmond, organised by George Woodward, two in-pensioners from the Chelsea Hospital, and because of the proximity of the 1st Battalion in Aldershot we were delighted to welcome Lt-Col Greenway and representatives from there.

We received apologies and donations from many old 'Dukes', including Maj-Gen R. K. Exham, Col R. de la H. Moran, Col F. R. Armitage, Col R. G. Turner, Lt-Cols F. P. A. and W. A. Woods, Col E. M. P. Hardy, Maj T. F. Huskisson, Maj W. F. C. Robertson and, last but not least, Fred Crouch.

We feel sure that a good time was had by all and look forward to seeing them all again on May 8 next year.