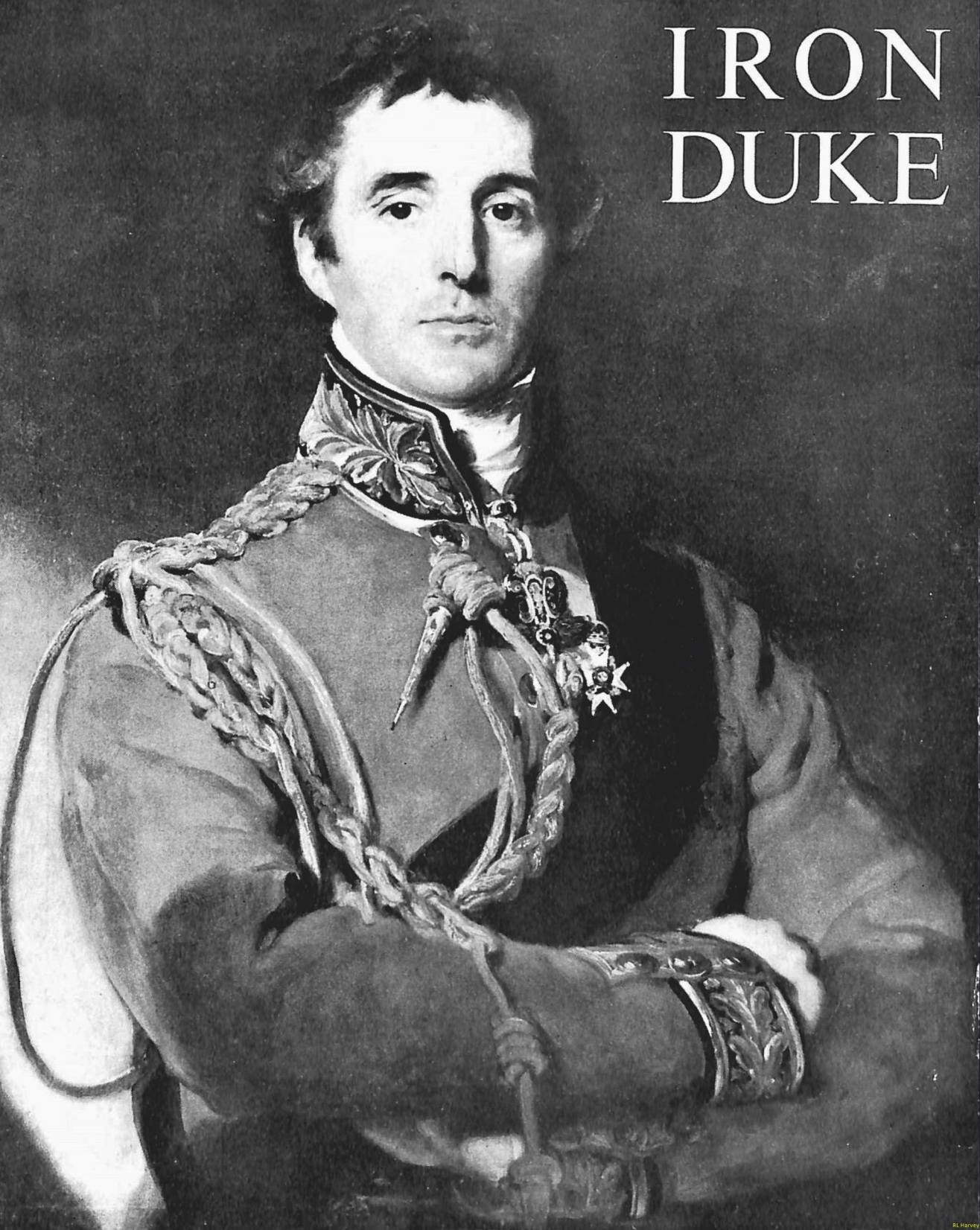


No.170 April 1976

THE IRON DUKE



THE IRON DUKE

The Regimental Journal of

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT

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



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

APRIL 1976

No. 170

BUSINESS NOTES

Published three times a year — April, August, December.

Annual Subscription—£1 payable in advance to the Business Manager on February 1.

Editor: LT.-COLONEL H. S. LE MESSURIER,
THORNTON GRANGE,
THORNTON STEWARD,
RIPON HG4 4BQ

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WELLESLEY PARK, HALIFAX.
TEL.: 0422-61671

Copy for the August 1976 issue should reach the Editor by June 20, 1976.

Acknowledgement

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

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Digitised by The Regimental Archives



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

c/o Ministry of Defence (DGW[A]), St Christopher House, Southwark Street, London SE1

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. J. R. A. Ward

RSM WO1 J. Collins

TERRITORIAL & ARMY VOLUNTEER RESERVE

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

Wellington Hall, Prescott Street, Halifax

Commander: Major K. Marsh

3rd BATTALION, THE YORKSHIRE VOLUNTEERS

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

St. Paul's Street, Huddersfield

Commander: Major C. M. B. Bateman

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

Patron

Brigadier His Grace The Duke of Wellington, MVO, OBE, MC, BA

President: Major-General D. E. Isles, OBE

Vice-President: Colonel J. Davidson, Mount House, Terrington, York

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



Cpl Arundel guards the derailed Dublin express

Regimental Headquarters

REGIMENTAL DATES

Regimental Association

London and Home Counties Branch

The annual reunion dinner will be held on Saturday, May 8, at the Carisbrooke Hall, The Victory Ex-Services Club, 63-79 Seymour Street, London, W1. The cost of the dinner and dance will be £3. Tickets may be obtained from: Mr K. A. Waterman, 21 Vivian Court, 128-134 Maida Vale, London, W9.

Ladies' Luncheon and Officers' Dinner

These will both be held in Aldershot on Friday, May 21.

Regimental Association Annual Reunion

The annual dinner, dance and reunion will be held in Halifax on Saturday, September 25, at 19.15 hrs.

It will be preceded by the annual general meeting of the Association at 18.15 hrs, to which it is hoped as many as possible will come.

Annual Service in York Minster

Saturday, October 30. Details will be sent out from RHQ later.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE

Infantry, King's Division

Regular Army

Patrick Paul DeNiefte (500814), DWR, to be Second-Lieutenant (on probation) (University Cadetship), August 31, 1975. (LG, November 18, 1975).

Promotions

The under-mentioned Major to be Lieutenant-Colonel December 31, 1975, with seniority to June 30, 1975: J. R. P. Cumberlege (439982), DWR.

The under-mentioned Captains to be Majors December 31, 1975: P. J. Mellor (476580), DWR; A. R. Westcob (476092), DWR. (LG, December 29, 1975).

The under-mentioned Lieutenant to be Captain December 19, 1975: M. S. Sherlock (488485), DWR. (LG, December 23, 1975).

Short-Service Commissions

Capt D. Battye (490642), DWR, retires on retired pay January 11, 1976. (LG, January 1975).

TAVR

The under-mentioned Captain (Acting Major) to be Major: P. J. Mortimer, TD (464768), 3 Yorks, September 25, 1975, with seniority October 1, 1972. (LG November 25, 1975).

Lt M. Hawley (492737), 3 Yorks from TAVR Gp A 1 Yorks, to be Lieutenant May 1, 1975, with seniority October 31, 1973. (LG, November 25, 1975).

Transfer—Officers

Lt D. G. Massey (495025), SSVC, reverts from SSVC DWR to TAVR Gp A 3 Yorks, in rank of Lieutenant from November 20, 1975, with seniority April 15, 1975. (LG, November 18, 1975).

APPOINTMENTS

Col C. R. Huxtable, OBE, has been selected for Commander DHOFAR Brigade in August 1976. He is to be promoted to Brigadier in June 1976.

Lt Col J. R. P. Cumberlege has taken up the appointment of GSO1 (DS) Nigerian Staff College.

Lt J. Dowdell has been selected for the appointment of Instructor Junior NCOs Division, The School of Infantry, NCOs Tactical Wing, in July 1976, with the acting rank of Captain.

Maj K. Marsh, TD, BSc, has assumed command of 'C' Coy 1 Yorks vice-Maj T. D. Tetlow, TD, who now commands 'HQ' Coy 1 Yorks.

Maj R. C. Curry, TD, 3 Yorks has been appointed GSO2 (TAVR) Liaison, HQ North-east District.

APPOINTMENTS TAVR

Honorary Colonel, 1 Yorks

HM The Queen has been graciously pleased to approve the appointment of Lt The Right Hon The Earl of Scarborough, DL, as Honorary Colonel, 1st Battalion The Yorkshire Volunteers TAVR.

Honorary Colonel, 2 Yorks

HM The Queen has been graciously pleased to approve the appointment of Capt (Hon Maj) The Right Hon The Lord Middleton, MC, JP, DL, as Honorary Colonel, 2nd Bn, The Yorkshire Volunteers, TAVR, in succession to Capt (Hon Col) The Right Hon The Earl of Halifax, JP.

Col W. P. Sheppard, MC, has been appointed Deputy Commander TAVR, 3 HQ North-east District and Regimental Colonel, the Yorkshire Volunteers, in succession to Col I. G. Norton, TD, ADC with effect from January 15, 1976.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Will all serving officers, other than those on the strength of the 1st Bn, please notify the Assistant Regimental Secretary RHQ of their current address and any future change of address. It is suggested that these officers consider giving their Bank as a forwarding address.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S ROYAL ARMY NURSING CORPS MUSEUM APPEAL

The QARANC Museum was opened in 1956 at the Training Centre in Hindhead and a great deal of hard work has been put in to create a historical

WE HAVE OUR TRADITIONS TOO!

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record of the Corps. It has been decided to re-design the Museum and a target of £10,000 has been set for this project.

In 1854, during the Crimean War, Florence Nightingale took a party of nurses to the Crimea to organise the nursing in the hospitals at Scutari.

Queen Victoria, in 1856, was so impressed with the work of Florence Nightingale that she caused a fund of £45,000 to be raised and, under her personal direction, the first Military Nurse Training School was built, called the Royal Victoria Hospital, in Netley.

In 1881, the official title of Army Nursing Services was given, and 10 nursing sisters in 1888 went to India and formed the nucleus of the Indian Army Nursing Service.

In 1897 a Reserve of Nursing Sisters was organised by Princess Christian, third daughter of Queen Victoria. They were recruited from civilian hospitals and had to undertake a period of military training each year.

In 1906 they became absorbed into the Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service and, in the same year, the Territorial Force Nursing Service was formed.

The Nursing Sisters served in the Boer War (1899-1902) and a Royal Warrant was issued in 1902 to establish the Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service.

The QA's, as they were now known, served in the first world war and a total of over 10,000 nurses served on the different fronts in World War I, and of these 195 lost their lives.

World War II again found the QA's serving wherever the British Army was fighting, in Europe, Middle East, North Africa, Mediterranean and the Far East.

By the end of World War II there were 12,000 serving in the QA's and 220 had lost their lives.

In 1949 the Service became a Corps of the British Army and was renamed Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps.

In recognition of the devoted service given, both in peace and war, by members of the QAIMNS and QARANC to generations of Dukes, it was thought that a contribution in the name of the Regiment might be appropriate.

The Colonel of the Regiment invites readers collectively or as individuals to send their donations to RHQ DWR.

Cheques or Postal Orders to be made out to 'RHQ DWR a/c'.

This appeal will close on June 1, 1976.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Capt D. Battye to 49 Thirlmere Road, Wakefield, West Yorkshire.

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1st Battalion

COMMANDING OFFICER'S INTRODUCTION

'*Plus ça change . . .*' Which is where we left off in the August issue.

Little did any of us really expect that we would be compiling our notes for this issue in Northern Ireland, although, of course we all knew that our stint on Spearhead could well lead to this.

Before commenting on any aspect of our activities I must regretfully record the sad deaths of three of our soldiers. Pts Leo Doran and Glenn Riley were killed in a motor accident in October whilst they were on leave, after returning from Cyprus, and Pte Ian Lindridge was killed when he was accidentally run over by a re-supply vehicle, at night, during a major exercise in December. We all send our deepest sympathy to their relatives and friends; we miss them, too.

I don't know whether the pace of military life has hotted up over the years quite as much as we imagine (it might be interesting to hear other Tales of Mystery and Adventure from some of our Regimental Senior Citizens; ours follows this introduction), but a study of the calendar of events will show that we had 20 working days in which to work ourselves up from post-Cyprus leave to a major NATO exercise on Salisbury Plain. During this we walked many miles, dug many holes, grouped and re-grouped with armour, artillery and engineers, were lifted hither and thither by helicopter and called down air strikes which were actually flown against our mixed Belgian/British/American adversaries. Apart from Lindridge's tragic accident, the exercise went very well, thanks to some very hard work by everyone.

There then followed 10 working days in which to prepare ourselves for our annual equipment inspection, for our pre-Spearhead inspections and, of course, for Christmas. Needless to say, it was a hectic period, but the fact that we also fitted in a great deal of inter-Company sport and the traditional Christmas festivities made it an enjoyable one. Also in this period we were delighted to be visited, for the first time in his capacity as Colonel of the Regiment, by Maj Gen Donald Isles, OBE. We are glad to feel that his guidance and support will be behind us in the years ahead.

Christmas leave led to the Tale of Mystery and Adventure which follows this introduction; perhaps, for those not well versed in the ways of the great ogre Spearhead, it should be called 'A Cautionary Tale'.

We were sorry that our swift departure for Northern Ireland prevented us from saying a fitting farewell to Capt Derrick Battye, with whom so many of us have served so long. He has very generously presented the Officers Mess with a superb painting for which we are very grateful, and which makes a fitting pair to one we have commissioned ourselves. For our part, although we

were able to arrange for him to receive a small presentation, we would have preferred to have dined him out properly and made a more public acknowledgment of the very considerable individual contribution 'DB' has made to The Dukes over many years and to have wished him God speed in the future; this I am glad to do now.

Our deployment in Northern Ireland is covered later in our notes, but, now that we are halfway through our Spearhead tour, I must compliment all ranks on their hard work, which calls for all the same qualities of patience, alertness and endurance as have our previous tours. Somme Coy in particular is having to work very hard in South Armagh. I must also compliment our families on the particular form of endurance which they are once again being called upon to show and which they are doing with such cheerfulness.

' . . . plus c'est la meme chose'.

A TALE OF MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE

Monday, January 5, 1976

- am** *Mystery voice from distant VERY IMPORTANT HQ:* 'Is that the Commanding Officer?'
Brightly: 'Yes.'
Voice: 'I say, could you start Spearhead next Friday instead of Sunday?'
Thoughtfully: 'Yes.'
pm *Voice again:* 'Sorry, old boy, could you manage Thursday?'
Guardedly: 'Yes.'
Much later
Voice: 'Could you fly on Wednesday—the day after tomorrow?'
Shooing wife out of earshot: 'Yes.'
 'It was nothing, dear, just a bit of shop. Please warm up the drawing room, one or two people will be coming in.'
 'But it's bedtime.'
 'Sorry.'
 'When are you going?'
 'Going where?'
 (Non-conversation ensues)
- Tuesday, January 6, 1976**
pm *Signal received:* '1 DWR Group is to move to Northern Ireland . . .'
- Wednesday, January 7, 1976**
Midday: Chalk 1 leaves Alder-shot.

Thursday, January 8, 1976

Late: 'Is that you, dear?'
'What's it like over there?'
'Over where? ...'

TOM WAQABACA—AN APPRECIATION

It was not long before the Battalion realised, way back in the early 1960s, that the recruitment of 200 Fijians had brought some very welcome talent to the Army. In those days The Dukes only owned Tom Waqabaca and Ponijiasi, who subsequently joined the SAS. These two were promising soldiers and excellent sportsmen. Waqabaca played rugger for the Battalion and, in due course, for 2nd Div, BAOR, and the Army, while they both threw the javelin for the Battalion athletics team. Later on, the Battalion was joined by Basu, who came from REME and who is still serving, has progressed to staff-sergeant; Parrott, now a sergeant, and Verou, who has now left, joined from the York &

Lancasters, while Cagilabra was part of our REME support team in Hong Kong. Tom Waqabaca has recently been medically discharged following a long period in which he underwent treatment for a knee injury. In years to come he will surely number amongst our best known and best remembered Regimental characters, for his sudden departure in 1965 for the promised land of rugby league with Huddersfield and Wakefield Trinity, and for his welcome return to the Battalion; for his mysterious disappearance during his Company's tour of New Zealand; for his melodious rendering, to his own guitar accompaniment and with his Fijian colleagues, of the Red, White and Blue; for his charming manner; for his enormous smile; and for his swerving run and devastating tackle on the rugger field. Luckily for the Battalion he is still living nearby and we frequently see him on the touchline and around Aldershot. He has not yet embarked on a second career, but he has spoken of joining the Civil Service. Whatever he chooses to do, we thank him for his valuable service to The Dukes and we wish him and his family well in the future.

News from the Messes

OFFICERS MESS

What with our recent tour in Cyprus and now our emergency tour in Northern Ireland life, or least social activity in the Mess, has been somewhat sparse.

In between times, however, we have actually managed to organise a few memorable occasions. Notably the Ladies' Guest Night which was a great success. Gen Donald and Sheila Isles came as our guests, and were at last able to meet all of the officers and wives together for the first time since taking over as Colonel of the Regiment. We took the opportunity to dine out John and Janet Carroll who left us for Hong Kong in December. Our thanks to them both for joining so well in all our activities during their 12 months with The Dukes.

The projected farewell guest night for Derrick Batty, sadly, had to be cancelled through our being whisked away to the Emerald Isle. Fortunately, the situation was rescued by those still in Aldershot who were able to arrange a small get-together to thank Derrick for his outstanding service to the First Battalion and to present him with an inscribed silver rose bowl. We all wish him the very best of fortune for the future.

We also offer our good wishes to David Massey, who has returned to the world of insurance, and to Mike Jenkins and thank them both for their services. Mike is replaced by his brother, Phillip, to whom we extend a warm welcome.

Tim and Sheenagh Nicholson have departed for higher things, i.e. the Staff College, but we still see plenty of them as they are only down the road. We welcome back Charles and Jo Cumberlege from the gilded Staff, Charles to take over Corunna Coy. Also Richard and Janet Ward from The School of Infantry.

Although the Mess has, once again, been split up in Northern Ireland, we have managed to make contact with most members of the 'Northern Ireland Battalion'. It is remarkable to find so many Dukes serving out here; Jim Pell (CO 1 UDR), Robin Stevens (39 Bde)—congratulations to Janet and yourself on the recent arrival of Thomas who must surely become a new playmate for Tweed: Peter Andrews (8 Bde), Robin Newell (3 Bde), Peter Gardner (HQNI), and Don Palmer (8 Bde).

Our congratulations to Paul and Auriol Saville on their recent marriage, we were all delighted to see the groom didn't forget his trousers this time.

Lastly, we have been delighted to see Padre Alistair Hegarty over here in Ulster. He is frequently to be found at the sharp end, and even kept up with the peregrinations of Tac HQ and two companies into Tyrone and Fermanagh. He is at present in Aldershot helping to maintain our link with the families.

We also welcome back Louis Lilleywhite for the duration of our tour in Northern Ireland; many will remember him as our doctor in Ballykelly.

Wos & SERGEANTS MESS

The problem in compiling these notes is not one of what to write about but one of what to omit. So much has happened since we last put pen to paper.

Cyprus is a distant memory by now, yet it is only a short while ago. We feel that we have left behind a lot of friends in Cyprus... is there anyone on the island who was not entertained in the Mess? It was a great pleasure to meet up again with 'Bobo' Chilvers who is the GSM at Episkopi (how do you do it, Bob?).

The RSM is now back in harness after spending

four months in and out of hospital and we are pleased to say that he has made a full recovery.

The comings and goings of Mess Members are too numerous to mention but we wish them all well in their new jobs.

The notes on the Christmas draw and Officers *v* Sergeants are published elsewhere. The Christmas party for our children was a great success and our thanks are extended to David Hughes and his committee who worked so hard. A mention must also go to our ACC staff who are the best the Battalion have had for many years.

No sooner had we got back from Christmas leave than we were told that we were likely for a move. There are only two places to go to for The Dukes as far as they were concerned—Salisbury Plain or Northern Ireland. So it was no surprise to us to get 24 hours' notice to move to Ulster.

At the moment of writing, we are three weeks off returning to Aldershot to a spot of leave and a very full training programme in preparation for BAOR.

The following entertainments are planned before the Battalion go to Germany:

Wives' Dinner in April; Members' Dinner in May; and Mixed Dinner in June.

To all our friends everywhere, we extend our best regards and we wish to advertise once again: Any Old comrade who may be in the Aldershot area—please drop in—you'll be more than welcome.

PS—Dick Fenn is the GSM at HQNI, Lisburn, and is in close touch with us once again.

Officers *v* Sergeants Soccer, December 19, 1975

The annual battle for the wooden spoon was played on a cold, wet morning. The teams rolled out on to the battlefield at 10.30 hrs, most of the players had come straight from the Sergeants Mess where the Christmas draw had just ended.

The game itself produced plenty of excitement on and off the pitch; on the pitch the referee was constantly threatened with close arrest by Maj Bunbury (who managed the Officers Mess team), and with a threat that his military career was coming to an end by RSM Collins (who managed the Sergeants Mess team).

The game was very even in the first half. WO2 Clarke was gradually stamping his authority on the game with his very good passing which was splitting the Officers' defence time and time again. If it had not been for the Battalion 2IC the score could well have been 3—0 by the halfway mark. His reaction saves were really good; the Battalion goalkeeper had better watch out!

All the goals were hotly disputed, but, nevertheless, were allowed by Lcpl Cooper (who should be a full corporal—he can follow instructions exactly!). The second half produced three goals from the Sergeants Mess team, one a penalty for a rugby tackle from the 2IC on one of our forwards who is still limping. The 2IC claimed he took a dive. Maj Bunbury almost choked on his brandy from the far end of the pitch claiming that he could see everything and that the 2IC never touched the forward. What a sniper he'd make!

The final score was 4—1 to the Sergeants Mess and, on reflection, should have been 1—0 (the

penalty was blatant). For the Officers Mess Lts Grieves and Shuttleworth played a crafty game. Officers Mess man of the match: Maj Mundell. For the Sergeants Mess: WO2 Clarke was outstanding. The old fox hasn't lost his skill.

CORPORALS MESS CHRISTMAS DRAW 1975

The Corporals Mess Christmas Draw was held on December 17, 1975. As this was a first attempt at such a large venture the committee (chaired by Cpl Foster) set about the task of transforming an old building in Mons Barracks into something representing a ballroom. A new bar was built (self-help) (WHEN DOES THE RSM LEAVE?). Christmas tree lights, decorations, etc were produced and hey-presto, it worked.

The original planning was for 300 people to attend. However, it turned out that a lot of Mess members had granddads, uncles, etc, down to Aldershot for the festive season. They all came. This caused a few teething problems for the first half hour or so as the barmen dashed about the hall looking for empty glasses, etc.

The rest of the night/morning went extremely well and there were still about 150 people dancing when the bar closed at 02.00 hrs. Our brothers from the ACC did us proud with an extremely good spread which was appreciated by all present. Two groups and a comedian (who was paid off and shown the door) kept the night going non-stop.

Roughly £1,000 worth of prizes were won, even Les Davis won a prize with his 50p investment. Guests included the Commanding Officer, Second in Command, Adjutant, Quartermaster and the RSM. We noted that our guests stayed on until the end which gives an indication as to the success of the evening.

On behalf of the Corporals Mess we would like to thank all those who had a hand in planning the Christmas Draw. They have set a standard which will be hard to better in the future.

FAREWELL LETTER FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER TO CAPT D. BATTYE

BFPO 801.

January 16, 1976

Dear Derrick,

I am so sorry that the intransigence of the Irish and the exigencies of the Service should have prevented myself and the officers from seeing you off at the end of your service in the manner which we had all planned and which you undoubtedly deserved.

I am glad, though, that it was possible for a small gathering to meet you and give to you that small memento of what has been for all of us a very happy association with DB.

Thank you for your kind letter which arrived yesterday.

Now I must thank you in my turn on behalf of all of us for your own very generous presentation to

the Mess. I have heard nothing but praise for the picture and, of course, it is splendid to have a pair to the one which the Mess commissioned.

Once again, Derrick, I am sorry not to have been able to see you off in person, because I would have liked, in the presence of the other officers, both to have thanked you for the very considerable individual contribution you have made to The Dukess

over many years and to have wished you God Speed in the future.

I do both, of course, now, but this way it becomes a private acknowledgment of your achievements rather than the public acknowledgment which I would have preferred.

With the good wishes of us all,

J. B. G.

From the Companies

ALMA COMPANY

Short Notice

It often happens in the Army. We all went on our well-earned leave to show off our Cyprus sun-tans, having carefully planned a programme for our return to barracks in Aldershot. Surely enough it happened! A change of programme during leave by our masters resulted in a crash drill cadre for the Company and a day's trip to London to line Victoria Street for the State Visit of President Nyerere. A fortnight later a rather alarmed OC Alma was given the task, for the first phase of the NATO exercise Advent Express on Salisbury Plain, of securing the River Avon across an 8000-metre frontage with what seemed to be almost half the Battalion under his command! Despite a soaking throughout the first day we achieved the objective and the lack of any real enemy opposition made the task much easier. Seven days later, and surprising for some, an unscathed Company returned to Aldershot to end the pre-Christmas period with a week of inter-Company sports, in which we were placed second to Somme (one point behind them), managed to fit in Christmas parties and a farewell to CSM Stansfield, our Seagull for 2½ years. We wish you and your family all the best in Sheffield—sorry we lost the football!

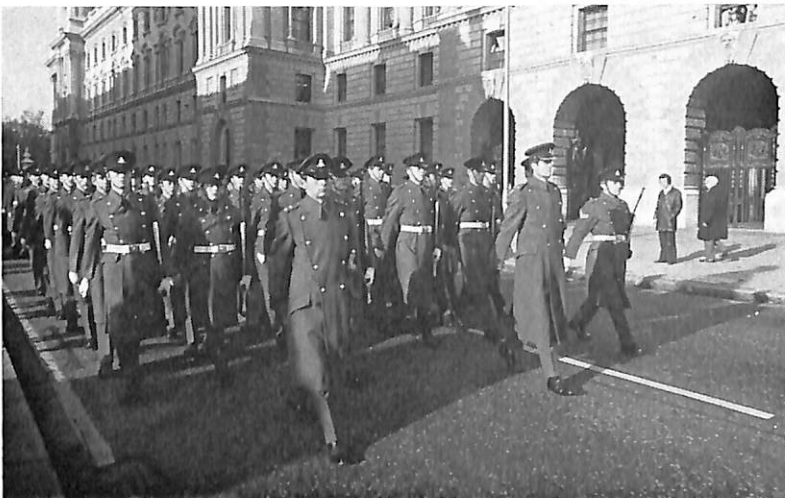
Part of the pre-Christmas period, for a few, was spent planning the great Centralised Training Programme which, we soon discovered on our return to work in January, was not given much

chance to prove itself. After hearing of some 15 deaths in Ulster over three days it was reasonably obvious that the Government would have little option but to call for the Spearhead Battalion. Fortunately we were packed and ready, and the main scramble revolved around sorting out family and personal affairs. Our arrival at Aldergrove was fairly spectacular; the RAF kept the aircraft engines running as we all scrambled out of the back of the Hercules and then milled around in the darkness trying to marshal ourselves and get into escorted convoys. We deployed on to the streets the following afternoon and were soon engaged in the now familiar round of stags, VCPs, 'P' checks and searches of derelicts and waste ground areas. Then there was another mad 'Spearhead-type' scramble one weekend when, at the usual short notice the Alma packed, drove to Cookstown and deployed in a snow storm. The best news that hectic weekend was of our return date to GB!

On the positive side of life we have searched a number of illegal drinking clubs, found some 22 cases, two grenades, a radio, a dummy Thompson, and we continue to assist the RUC in the search for the local petrol bombers. Late news. We helped the RUC in rounding up four 15-year-olds who were subsequently charged.

Company HQ

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Alma Coy
State visit of President
Nyerere



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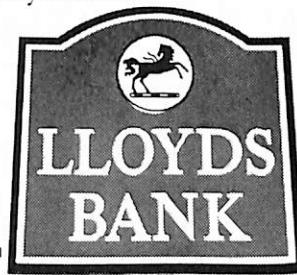
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To: D.P. Gardiner T.D., Services Liaison Officer,
Lloyds Bank, 6 Pall Mall, London SW1Y 5NH.

scivers, creep out of their hidy holes to team up into a section ready to go down into one of the province's most bullet-scarred areas. With amazing timing they work their way to the forming-up-point outside Battalion HQ block. First to arrive is Pte M. S., the OC's driver, skilfully flexing his fingers inside his Stirling Moss-'inscribed' leather gloves, closely followed by Pte S. D., the back-up driver, who is carefully making sure he has exactly ten rounds in his magazine. Pte A. D., the Company's number two clerk, ambles up trying to figure out how to get his SLR magazine on to the riot gun and cursing because Pte A. R., the Company's number one clerk has been excused (as he has too much typing to do). Next comes Lcpl R. M., the Company's medic, with an amazing array of cameras, radios, tape recorders and a medical pack hanging from his flack jacket.

Out of the OPs room glides Lcpl J. C., the signals NCO with his do-it-yourself radio manual and festooned with wire, screwdrivers and the mike.

Next to arrive is CQMS T., BEM (congratulations) dragging Lcpl B. F., who is refusing to go anywhere until his Mum signs him out on a 1033, but he quickly changes his mind when he sees the Boss, Maj P. M., striding down the road swinging his 9mm automatic pistol around his little finger whilst humming the theme tune to 'Fist Full of Dollars'.

Bringing up the rear is CSM P. W., herding Pte R. P., who was hiding in the Armoury with Pte M. H. reading 'Penthouse', and Ptes C. M. and K. H., the Company signallers, who are still clinging

desperately on to their bed clothing muttering something like 'Only just come off night shift, Sir'.

'The Major', who was making gestures at Lt M. J. and Sgt R. H., who were laughing at us from the comfort of the OPs room, turned around hardly daring to look at us all, said: 'All right, now we are all here let's go and do our best, do exactly what I say and we should come back without any injuries'.

So off we go, our heads held high and tears in our eyes, following the Boss at 15-pace intervals, trying to look brave.

The name of the bullet-scarred area? Why the camp's pipe range of course (to zero our weapons) but it was 09.30 hrs in the morning, and on a Monday!

Please note the names have been omitted to save the life of the author, who also wishes to remain anonymous because he's run out of pain killers.

WO2 Paul Wilkinson arrived on Tuesday, January 6, to take up the post of CSM Alma after spending the past two years as CSM/PSI with 'E' Coy, 1 Yorks in Leeds. On reporting for the customary interview with the RSM, he was immediately ordered home to pack his kit for Northern Ireland and, later, the CO was overheard to say, 'Welcome back Sergeant-Major—if you can't take a joke you shouldn't have joined'. We all welcome you, and hope your wife managed the unpacking—due to your 'Absence whilst on Duty'.

Ssgt Toplis joined the Company on November 26 as CQMS. No sooner had he arrived than the Battalion's exercise Advent Express took place on Salisbury Plain. He was overheard to tell one of the officers in Echelon who was enquiring where he was posted from, 'Just over that hill, Sir'.



EXERCISE ADVENT EXPRESS

A section of the Alma embarks in a RAF Puma helicopter

Lcpl George Deville has finally taken leave of the Alma. He has left to take up residence with the Tech QM's Dept. We all wish him well in his new job.

1 Platoon

Since last writing for this journal many things have happened and the Platoon has seen a number of changes and many different places. The main event before Christmas, apart from leave, was exercise Advent Express, where the Platoon worked well. It was a little unfortunate that Cpl Warrior's section was lost for 48 hours and nobody in the Battalion knew where they were. When the Platoon was complete again the exercise went well with no further casualties to the Platoon.

During this time we said goodbye to Cpl Wood to the Depot; Cpl Pierce and Lcpl Mitchell to 2 Platoon (to help them out a little); Lcpl Jones (on promotion) to 3 Platoon; and Ptes Metcalfe and Colley. We welcome to the Platoon Cpl Arundel; Lcpl Kenny (on promotion); Ptes Mullett, Choma, O'Toole and Bowes, from the Depot.

The Platoon is now in Portadown, Northern Ireland, and settling down well for our nine-week Spearhead tour. Many of the Platoon had not been to the province before and, with no special pre-tour training, everybody has worked well and learnt the principles of this kind of warfare quickly.

Finally, our congratulations to Ptes Thomas and Tillett on their recent marriages and our commiserations to their wives, that their husbands had to leave for Northern Ireland so soon after being married.

From Peace-keeping to Law-enforcing

It is now almost four months since I was last required to contribute to this journal, in that time No 2 Platoon have removed their blue berets (UN) and replaced them with dark blue ones (Dukes). Our task is now somewhat different, having spent three months in England recuperating we now find ourselves on a short tour of Northern Ireland.

What happened in those three months is clouded in something of a haze, as everything seemed to happen so quickly. No sooner had we finished our three weeks' disembarkation leave, than we were told to prepare to line the streets for the President of Tanzania. As soon as that was finished we were required to take part in exercise Advent Express.

Advent Express was a week on Salisbury Plain which can't go without mention. The first night we had a river crossing, great care had been taken to get us across dry, however, it was raining so heavily it probably wouldn't have made any difference had we swam across. So that night we slept in soaking kit. The following morning we had two possible exposure cases, Pte B., of whom I became suspicious when he came to me and said: 'I get exposure easily'; the other was Pte A., who couldn't eat without being sick. He was immediately despatched to Company HQ, where WO2 Stansfield, MD, prescribed 'eat and be sick', following this infallible theory 'if they haven't got blue lips they haven't got exposure'.

Advent Express finished without any further traumas, that is apart from Sgt Heron hotly dis-

puting the death of the 84mm team after an air attack, in which was heard the unforgettable words: 'but it was one of ours'. The entire Platoon was knocked out by the same umpire some 18 hours later.

Between the end of the exercise and Christmas we said farewell to the CSM, and had a number of parties; we also had a sports week. Alma entered as a Company and came second overall. Kenny excelled himself in the boxing—what a pity he didn't confine his activities to the ring, the rest of the Platoon were involved in the other sports and, although I say it myself, we made a great effort.

Christmas came and went, as did leave. Within a few days of returning, we were back in BFPO 801. The major things of note: a patrol of 1 Section found 13×22 empty cases, and the Boss, to his disgust and everybody else's delight, crawled through a heap of dog muck during a sneaky patrol. Having kept the peace in Cyprus for six months we are now enforcing the law in Northern Ireland; it is possible, you might imagine, they are similar roles, we should be so lucky!

Three's Up

Writing my notes for the latest edition of IRON DUKE never fails to tax my memory cells of the past few months. Time always seems to have raced by, and recent events take on a history book touch. So, in advance, I must apologise for any large unexplained gaps or mental aberrations in my story.

The return from Cyprus saw a welcome break, time for the marrieds to spend with their families and the unattached of us to spend some of that hard-earned money. Cars seem to have been the popular buy—well, that is what Pte Chapman calls that four-wheeled contraption.

The months leading up to Christmas were packed with goodies, such as exercises. Salisbury Plain doing its best to either wash or blow us away. December is a great time for ducks. But, as they say 'You shouldn't have joined if you can't take a joke!'

The year 1976 looks like being a year of change! The New Year heralds the departure of some old, familiar faces from the ranks of 3 Platoon, lost for ever—wishful thinking!—to various far-flung corners of the Battalion. To those who have already gone, we wish you the best of British luck—you'll need it. To those who have filled their places, greetings, you horrible lot!

No sooner had we returned to Mons after the New Year's festivities than we were packing our bags. Destination—Shamrock Isle! Our outward journey, as with any air movement, was made memorable in the usual Crab Air style but they did at least redeem themselves in part by feeding us throughout. And so, once again, we find ourselves as peace-keepers on a troubled isle. Stag on, lads!

BURMA COMPANY

Four months ago we were sweating in the heat of Cyprus. Now we are shivering in the cold of Ulster. Such is the Army today. In between leaving Cyprus and now, we managed to do some basic soldiering which included exercise Advent Express. This

was a very large exercise which proved to be both instructive and great fun. As usual there will be many tales told about the exercise. However, it would not be correct to write these notes without expressing our sorrow at the tragic death of Pte Lindridge on the exercise.

After the exercise, the preparations for Christmas got under way. A Christmas party for the wives and children proved to be a tremendous success. The wives certainly drank a great deal of sherry. Sgt Pye, Lcpl Lawrence and Pte Teall, in particular, have to be thanked for their efforts. An inter-Company sports week was held in the week before Christmas. Burma Company managed a creditable third, after looking likely winners until the last day. The cross-country was easily won and individual honours go to Pte Sweeney who came second. The tug-of-war was also won, due mainly to Sgt Craven's exhortations and knowledge of the rules (Somme Coy please note). In the hockey competition Burma recorded a win which was cause for celebration in itself. Alma were on the receiving end of a 14-nil beating. Despite not winning the competition, much enjoyment was derived from the week, as nearly everybody represented the Company at one sport or another.

After Christmas the panic started: Centralised training. Despite a great deal of organisation and work before leave started, certain unavoidable factors led to the programme being changed. Eventually it got under way on time and in the right place; how, we'll never know. Then it was that the events in Ulster caused us to be brought forward on Spearhead until we were were called out to become the Brigade reserve company at Portadown; 6 Platoon only had one private soldier who had served in Ballykelly a bare 15 months before. The other Platoons were no better off. This meant there was a lack of experience but this was counter-balanced by the enthusiasm and willingness to learn which has been demonstrated since we arrived.

Whilst the advance party was on reconnaissance, the remainder did some training and had their parties; 6 Platoon had theirs at the 'Prince of Wales' in Fleet. They arrived at the pub as the Weight-watchers Club was in progress. It is to be hoped that certain corporals took note. However, there are no signs of it as yet.

The trip in the LSL proved to be less tedious than we feared. The ship managed to hit both sides of the dock on the way out which resulted in large cheers from the soldiers which, in turn, resulted in the deck being cleared. We arrived to find a cold and impatient 2IC who had been kept waiting for two hours. Our arrival in Portadown was a nice surprise. The accommodation was above standard for Ulster and it is a pleasant location to work from.

The Company had one-and-a-half weeks to settle down and perfect the drills that the 'crack, spearhead Battalion' with 'many Ulster veterans' should have. 5 Platoon were sent off to Banbridge whilst 4 Platoon went off to Pomeroy. 6 Platoon then relieved 5 Platoon at Banbridge. The next step was to call the Company out to County Tyrone.

4 Platoon went back to Pomeroy, 6 Platoon and Company HQ to Cookstown. 5 Platoon were detached to Lisnaskea, on the border, in Enniskillen, 6 Platoon and Company HQ were then dispatched to Coagh. After this the Company moved down to Enniskillen to join 5 Platoon. All this and the return to Portadown was accomplished in only four days despite a blizzard, the loss of a convoy, and half-a-dozen vehicles sliding off the road. This latter was speedily fixed by half-a-dozen '26s' and the knowledge and sweat of Sgt Grimwood.

We have spent the last week on standby with one Platoon in Lurgan every day. Tonight we move off to Dungannon. There is no doubt that Burma is a very well travelled Company indeed.

Success has been hard to come by, although a couple of land mines proved to be hoaxes, the newcomers were able to see 'wheelbarrow' in action. The greatest success of the tour so far has been to give the newcomers experience and practice in the normal Ulster situations, ie VCPs, searches, lifts, road clearance, etc.

These notes should not be complete without expressing our thanks and very best wishes to WO2 Hughes for all the hard work and endurance he has shown whilst serving in Burma Coy. We wish both himself and his wife all the best for the future, and know that our loss will be the Yorkshire Volunteers' gain.

Burma Int

Whilst an unsuspecting province slept, the undaunted steel claw of the security forces moved with determination yet again, in its ceaseless efforts to bring peace and tranquility to this ravaged land. **BURMA WERE ON THE MOVE.**

Known as 'rent-a-Company', our efficient fighting machine was, and still is, mark you, available for hire to any Brigadier with enough government funds to afford us.

Our midnight moves are renowned for their stealth and speed with just a few mishaps on the way such as losing a few saracens and a platoon in the snowdrifts of Co Fermanagh. Don't lose heart 4 Platoon, even Hitler and all his Generals had the same problems with their effort in Russia.

The move to this land of bomb, bullet and boredom was planned with astute cunning by the chiefs of staff in their hallowed halls, with forethought befitting an international chess tournament. Part of the text of this planning is now made public for the first time, due to the unceasing craftiness and lightfingeredness of Burma Coy ops staff.

Gen X.: 'I say, what are The Dukes doing just lately?'

Brig Y.: 'Something called centralised training I think.'

Gen X.: 'Is it worth while, old chap?'

Brig Y.: 'Bloody useless I'd say, Rupert.'

Gen X.: 'How about a short spell in that outpost we've got?'

Brig Y.: 'Which one?'

Gen X.: 'You know! The one where the natives wear black berets and shoot people.'

Brig Y.: 'Gosh, yes, let's send them there, such fun, old bean.'

Gen X.: 'What ho! then, dear chap, they're off tomorrow.'

Brig Y.: 'Good, now that's settled, is there any port left old chap?'

Having now published part of the planning operation for our move, remarks from individuals within the Company such as 'Does anybody know what the bleedin' 'ell is 'appening?', will be completely disregarded.

The return from Northern Ireland is already being planned by Pte 'Toothy' Grundy, but what of the present?

Burma have done their bit in no small way—5 Platoon had a find of 20 × .45 rounds in Craigavon, and lifted a couple of bad 'uns! 'Stiffy's' lads found a suspect bomb, which is being dealt with at this very moment (I feel like a war correspondent). And we've helped everyone out in general, all over the province.

We're all looking forward to returning home though, and I think we'll all be ready for a spot of leave and rest from our arduous tasks. I leave you, dear reader, with the following thoughts and acknowledgments.

Thoughts

1. Will the OC continue to rub his hands?
2. Will Sgt Pye find the part number for intelligence and draw some up in time?
3. Is Dave Hughes really leaving, or is it a rumour to keep him smiling?
4. Are 'Stiffy' Brennan's fat muscles caused by hormone injections?
5. Is Pte Wagner an Aspirin pusher?
6. Is Lt Grieve NORMAL?

Acknowledgments

1. Congratulations to Lcpls Corr, Marshall and Acklam on reaching dizzy heights.
2. To Cpl Verrall for keeping us out of radio contact.
3. To CSM Hughes (just to keep in the good books).
4. To Pte Conlon for saving my life by not turning his vehicle over three nights ago.

TARA KIDDER!

**CORUNNA COMPANY (Or dare I say
DETACHED again COMPANY)**

EDITORIAL

So much has happened since our last notes that it is difficult to know where to begin.

Our move back from a successful tour in Cyprus with the UN went smoothly, and our awaited leave was gratefully received. So ended our first detached period from the 33rd. During the month of November the Company set out in earnest to try and get into shape for the big NATO exercise Advent Express. Everything went extremely well including our build-up exercise Green Goblin, fought against Alma Panzers. The whole Company acquitted themselves in true Dukes' style on the main exercise and we felt that a great deal was achieved. Our condolences are extended

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to Sam O'Garra and Sam Fleury for suffering from the first two cases of 'trench foot' since the 1914-18 War! (Must have been de cold!) and Lt Bill Atkinson for conducting a successful (?) six-hour one-man recce patrol! (Rumours have it that he knows Salisbury Plain intimately.)

After another timely spell on leave over the Christmas period, we were suddenly confronted with the prospect of Spearhead duties. Lo and behold, by Wednesday, January 7, we were not only brought forward on to Spearhead a week early, but we were actually deployed into Bandit Country in South Armagh. Everyone was well prepared and our move over by VC10 went smoothly. After a hectic 24 hours taken up drawing IS kit and macroloning our vehicles, we finally became operational at 17.00 hrs on January 8.

Our base was in Glenanne UDR centre, and we came under operational command of 1 Royal Scots (our second period of detachment had started). The boys were housed in caravans and portacabins dotted around the centre. Everyone was reasonably comfortable and the tasks which befell the 'Men in Blue' well under way. Not two miles from our base, is the spot where the 10 Protestants were murdered in January, which served as a sobering reminder to the Company and helped to keep everyone on the ball.

Everyone settled well and Corunna made its presence felt with the locals.

This is my last editorial for Corunna. I would

like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who has served in the Company, not forgetting our attached members from Hook, who have accompanied us on our various tours, for all the hard work and support in making my stay in Corunna such a happy and memorable period.

KENYATTA

Company HQ

Under great pressure (mainly from the threat of the OC's meaty fists), the gallant CQMS has finally been cornered and has gracefully consented to write the notes for this quarter (only!).

We departed from Cyprus with very mixed feelings. All us had made good friends with civilians and members of other units but, of course, were anxious to be reunited with our families. Our activities in Cyprus have all been covered in the previous issue, and I do not intend to reiterate them all, suffice it to say, I, for one, still miss the early morning, weekend water ski-ing sessions. There was one very noticeable omission, however, in the last notes. Whilst all our supporting elements (cooks, MT and the like) were volubly thanked, our favourite 'Moneyspider' Shylock Rosenhead (then Corporal—now Sergeant), was left with his praises unsung. Congratulations, Ron. We would all like to remedy this forthwith and say, unanimously, how well he looked after our vested interests, both personal and communal (in the form of the Company funds). Now you have had your



Secretary of State for Northern Ireland with the CO and Maj Westcob, OC Corunna at Glenanne

mention, Ron, would you please start paying us again?

On our return to Aldershot all was, once again, hectic in preparation for Unit inspections, Command Secs Visits and, of course, the inevitable Spearhead preparation. We were sorry during this period to say farewell to Duke 'Don Revie' Lawrence, our mustachioed CSM, who is now serving with Somme Coy, and in his place we welcome Ginge 'Jack Custard' Hodkinson, star of polls, sea and goldfish bowls. I suppose now we will have to disband the football team and start a Corunna sub-aqua club.

We also say farewell to Lcpl Alan Kay from the Company Stores to civvy street, and Lcpl '28' Horsfall who left the Company Office to show 9 Platoon how soldiering should be done. The other farewell I have left until last, for no sooner had a certain Major relinquished his command to that firm and able leader of men, Capt 'Pugwash' Thorn, than he returned to take command for the Northern Ireland Spearhead move. Our gallant 2IC is still seen to cast an occasional thunderous glance at our equally gallant leader. Maj Westcob has now been given a definite date to leave, and we are momentarily awaiting the arrival of our new OC, Maj Cumberledge. Finally, we would like to say welcome to 'Oggy' Fitton on his appointment to Company HQ as Arms Storeman for the Company.

On our sudden arrival in Northern Ireland we were despatched post haste to Glenanne (6 miles north of Bessbrook) under command of 1 Royal Scots who, contrary to everything we had heard of Scotsmen in Yorkshire, looked after us very well. They had worked hard to erect a temporary camp for us that had only been dismantled two weeks previously. There are a great many of them who can speak English and these have all expressed their sympathy at being despatched to Northern Ireland but pointed out our luck at being attached to them! Seriously, though (in case they ever get hold of this magazine), we would like to thank them for looking after us so well. Naturally, on being posted here we were once again sent our attachments from Hook Coy, and we were glad to see our MT back in the safe hands of Cpl 'Jamie' Jameson accompanied by 'Tea Urn' Tearne and Lcpl Scheffler (REME). Lcpl Kay, our cook, returned—this time bringing 'Snowy' Raine (not to be confused with Cpl 'Snowy' Raine recently departed from 9 Platoon) and 'Radar' Mitchell (who is ex-Corunna anyway). Shortly after our arrival the cooks were reinforced by Sgt 'Fred the Bread' Kerry who was gladly received. The signallers returned, led by 'Donk' Bray accompanied by Lcpl Gledhill and Pte Gibson. The signallers' numbers have been swelled (literally) by the secondment of 'Oggy' Fitton from the Arms Khote. He was unable to leave camp due to a shortage of an extra, extra large flak jacket. Finally, the Battalion Intelligence Sergeant, 'Doc' Budden, who was unable to justify his existence in Long Kesh or Portadown, was despatched to the sharp end to organise our Company Intelligence cell. He has gathered a great deal of intelligence since his arrival and, after a week

here, had worked out all three meal times. If you are good, Malcolm, we will give you a few clues about sheet exchange day!

Unfortunately, the arrival of 'Doc' Budden made Fred Kendrew redundant and he returned as Platoon Commander to 8 Platoon. Fred still turns up 20 minutes early for meals and shows us how to shift five men's rations in record time!

To date our stay here has been relatively uneventful and were it not for the UDR 'Greenfinches' flitting about camp and the occasional WRMP 'Coffeepot' strolling through, life would be dull indeed. However, I'm sure that before our hopefully brief tour ends we will have more to write about.

Strewth—I almost forgot—welcome back again, Manny Rosenhiemer!

J. A. W.

7 Platoon

The contrasting roles of a modern Infantry Platoon

The demands made upon an Infantry Platoon are many and varied. The past 12 months have given us the chance to operate in three quite distinct roles, that of International Peacekeepers, Conventional Airtransportable troops and Internal Security troops. Having experienced these changes in such a short time it is interesting to note how a platoon adapts itself.

Upon arriving in Cyprus there was no soldier serving in the Platoon with previous UN experience. This meant that knowledge had to be gleaned from the unit we were relieving, often giving a Section Commander only 24 hours to learn of the problems which applied to his particular area. Also, for the first time, Section Commanders would be working on their own, often several miles from their Platoon Commander. To begin with, the organisation had to be sorted out, both on an operational and a routine administrative level. Private soldiers had to be turned into cooks overnight, others found themselves in the role of interior decorator or, in some cases, landscape gardeners. None of these trades had been learnt in basic training and yet they were fundamental in building up the good morale that we enjoyed on our tour. Soldiers, even at the highest levels, have never been famed for their diplomacy; but here Private soldiers had to be trusted to visit, listen to problems, mediate between Greek and Turk and often provide an on-the-spot solution.

Back on home ground in Aldershot, Cyprus was quickly put out of our minds. Training manuals replaced Turkish phrase books and cam cream replaced suntan. Basic Infantry skills, so easily forgotten, had to be retaught. Section and Platoon battle drills practised until once more they came naturally. And yet, within a month 7 Platoon were the leading element in a Battalion advance to contact on exercise Advent Express. A far cry from the two-man 'chat up' patrols that were commonplace only weeks earlier!

Now we find ourselves being used as Internal Security troops in South Armagh. The hours are long and often tedious. The rewards in terms of

success usually small, but the standard of alertness and efficiency is never allowed to drop. For here the soldiers have to make one of the biggest transitions of all; from blank to live rounds. The move was a crash Spearhead call-out, and several of the Platoon had never been to Northern Ireland before. They had had little training and yet were expected to take their place in the section with the knowledge that other lives depend on their actions. No small responsibility; but one has only to look around and it can be seen that most are more than able to meet the challenge.

To sum up, the ability of a group of men to adapt to widely changing circumstances is, in part, due to the leadership of its officers and NCOs—especially at the junior levels. In a platoon the important role of the corporal and lance-corporal cannot be overrated. However, all will be in vain if the soldier on the ground does not take a pride in the job he is doing, be it listening to a Turk pour out his troubles or dealing with an awkward customer at a VCP. During the past year this personal pride has been more than apparent. All that can be added is, 'Well done, and keep it up'.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking all those of 7 Platoon who have left for better things (at least that is what OC Somme Coy tells me). Also to congratulate Ptes Broadbent and Peat on their recent marriages. (Both had a three-day honeymoon due to Northern Ireland call out.); and to welcome the many new faces—may your stay be a happy one.

8 Platoon Notes

On our return from leave, our top priority was basic Infantry skills—something that was never needed in our role of Peacekeepers in Cyprus. As it was, it did not take long before we were bound for Salisbury Plain to take part in the Company exercise Green Goblin against Alma.

The highlight, as far as 8 Platoon were concerned, was the fighting patrol led by Lcpl Jones which captured a luckless sleeping subaltern from Alma (it's all right, we'll mention no names). One lesson learnt from our trip was 'Never check that the current of an electric fence is switched off, by touching it with your rifle'—it bites!

On the main exercise, Advent Express, 8 Platoon had the daunting task of assisting Alma Coy to take the main bridges across the River Avon. The assault took place in appalling conditions of driving rain and gale-force winds—shades of exercise Bar Frost for those older members who can still remember. Once we had established the bridge-head, the main Battalion advance started. A very wet 8 Platoon joined up with the rest of the relatively dry Company during the next day. Throughout the advance to contact stage and in the first defensive position, spirits remained high, and everybody began to realise that we were tough enough to take it all in our stride. Casualties were light and we eventually finished up back near where we started, to dig a final showpiece defensive position to show to Ace Mobile Force. To assist us, various items of mechanical digging equipment

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were promised. Much to our horror they broke down leaving us to do the work the hard way. Needless to say, Walt Whiteley was heard to mumble 'Typical Sappers!' as he slaved away. Although it was an extremely tough exercise, everybody knuckled down well and enjoyed it.

We have had to say farewell to several Platoon stalwarts since the Christmas break: Cpl Brian Hall left us for the MT, only to be replaced by Cpl 'Dinky' Hall from the Depot. Cpl 'Nice one, Cyril' Lord is now in the training wing—(we hear you demolished three projectors on your course—can you be a member of the Society of Calculated Incompetents?). Ptes Ford and Stewart are now drivers with Somme Coy. To you all, we wish you luck and a good future. The Platoon 'pads' have been increased by two with Lcpl Chris Frear and Pte Alan Ball taking the plunge—congratulations.

As I write these notes from 'Bandit Country'—yes we're in Ulster yet again—we welcome back Sgt Pete Coates fresh from his Brecon Course, and that ex-Corunna veteran Lcpl 'Stockrat' Henstock. We've all settled in well and are hard at it patrolling, and doing VCPs. All we want now is the magic date of return to Aldershot.

P.S.—To placate Sgt 'Fred'—he *did* win a swimming medal in Cyprus as part of the BRITCON team!

9 Platoon

On answering the call from the wilds, here once again are the notes featuring the hard core of Corunna Coy.

Having spent our last month in Cyprus down amongst the Plain-dwellers of Polemidhia, us mountain folk had to try and adjust to their sedentary way of life and to the bright night life of Limassol. Although we managed to make the transition easily enough we were all more interested in getting back to Yorkshire and a decent pint of ale. By early November, Yorkshire was subjected to its second invasion of 'Pakistanis'! On our return to work our major problems were firstly to retrain the soldiers in conventional military skills and, secondly, to acclimatise to the cold. On the Company exercise, aptly named Green Goblin, the Platoon was decimated when both the Platoon Commander and Sgt Robson went down with a variation of 'Housemaid's knee'. However, by the time Advent Express arrived, spirits were high and everybody was well prepared for a long, arduous exercise.

What a revelation! 9 Platoon hit the Plain with a bang and everybody except the Platoon Commander, who attended a one-night course on the 'Trail of the Lonesome Pine' (will he ever live it down), acquitted themselves well. Suffice it to say that morale was sky high after seven days of hard graft in the field.

With this newly discovered spirit, we headed on leave once more, only to discover that the Irish situation had caused our training programme to be thrown out of the window yet again! Everything happened so fast that we are only just realising that we are right in the front line of an explosive situation in the South Armagh salient. The 'hard core' as ever has adjusted to the situation well, and

we are now hard at it doing endless VCPs, patrols and staggings. What a change from the Cyprus we knew less than three months ago. All we need to know is our date of return. Until then, we'll keep smiling.

W. A. N. A.

SOMME COMPANY

Once again it will be noted that our Platoon notes are under the headings of 10, 11 and 12 Platoons. This is the result of being, yet again, in the Infantry role during our tour in Ulster and hides the fact that the Company now consists of the following: Mortar Platoon (Capt Harrap), Anti-tank Platoon (Capt Sherlock), Assault Pioneer Platoon (Sgt Lowney), Reconnaissance Platoon (Lt Sinclair), and the Drums Platoon (Sgt Gregor).

Having already vetted the Platoon notes, the Sergeant-Major (Welcome WO2 Lawrence), immediately requested an interview regarding the lack of space devoted to our endeavours in the Champion Company competition. However, not to be outdone, his notes follow later.

Since our last notes there have been a considerable number of changes to our orbat. It is impossible to annotate them all but of the hierarchy we have said farewell to Lt Dowdall, WO2 Hodgkinson (to Corunna Coy), and Sgts Atkinson, Parkinson and Sykes (all within the Battalion). The lack of welcomes must mean that several covetous eyes must be looking for quick stardom!

Finally, many congratulations to Sgt and Mrs Cooper on winning the long weekend to Amsterdam in the Company raffle. When will they find the time to go?

'CHAMPION COMPANY 76'

The Somme

After reading all the Platoon notes for this issue it became apparent that our magnificent winning of the Company championship might have gone unnoticed.

However, yours truly could not let this issue pass without blowing our own trumpet. The idea behind this competition was to select Battalion teams for the Warrior trophy, a Para Brigade competition which the Dukes intended to win. The sports competed for were rugby, soccer, hockey, basketball, boxing, volleyball, tug-of-war, cross-country and orienteering. The initial hopes of most of the Somme were pessimistic, to say the least. But after the preliminary rounds when we found that we had won basketball, rugby, soccer and volleyball, losing only hockey, tug-of-war and cross-country, a Company spirit was beginning to build up. This spirit would eventually carry us through to win the competition.

We eventually reached the finals of the rugby, soccer and volleyball. We won the volleyball by murdering the Alma 3-2. This win could be put down to the experience of the 'golden oldies' in the team (OC, CSM, Sgt Lowney (capt), Sgt Sellars, Ssgt Basu) and the enthusiastic supporters of the Company on the touchline. We lost the rugby and the soccer finals to Hook Coy but the points system was such that being in the final was



**'Last minute check'
A Somme Coy border
patrol prepares to move**

enough to give us four points in each event.

The boxing competition was by far the highlight for us and we had five finalists. There was no answer to the power of this magnificent team, Lcpl Pemberton crushed his opponent in the first round of the lightweight division, our other notable winner was Pte Savery, who completely outclassed his opponent from Corunna Coy and won by a ko. Also in the first round, troops, Lcpl Nicholl and Doyle all lost their fights, but a mention must go to Pte Doyle who put up a magnificent fight only to lose on points, and was awarded the Best Loser's trophy. Lcpl Pemberton picked up the Champion Boxing Company trophy at the end of a very entertaining evening.

The points were so close at the end of the competition that only one point separated the first two placings. However, it might as well have been 100 points, Somme were the new champions and if the new spirit that is beginning to show through continues, it will be at least two years before any of the rifle companies can get even close to us.

'Well done the Somme'.

DUKE 'BRIAN CLOUGH' LAWRENCE

10 Platoon (Mortar Platoon)

After our sunny, eventful and hard-working tour in Cyprus, the Mortar Platoon found itself once again in chilly Aldershot. We returned from our long-awaited disembarkation leave to the task of preparing for exercise Advent Express. The build-up to the exercise included our own four days on Salisbury Plain ironing out all the wrinkles that we acquired in Cyprus. Due to persistence and patience by our SNCOs, we at last found ourselves ready for the forthcoming exercise. For quite a

few members of the Platoon working alongside our NATO counterparts was a new and exciting experience, and full marks are to go to all departments of the Platoon for all the hard work and keenness shown that made our side of the exercise such a success. Once we had finished patting ourselves on the back we found that our turn for Spearhead Battalion was again on hand. Everything was either being packed or painted in preparation to be ready by the given deadline.

We all went on our Christmas leave with the gloomy cloud of Ulster hanging over our heads; and, sure enough, on our return to camp, we found ourselves being tasked for South Armagh so, after hasty goodbyes to our wives and families, we found ourselves in the familiar surroundings of Bessbrook Mill. Our accommodation we found to be, to say the least, cramped, but in the true Somme style, we are making most of what room we have.

The days, we find, are passing quite quickly, due mainly to the hard work we are having to put into our own patch of South Armagh. After all the ditches, hedges and fences that we have jumped it is rumoured that our Platoon is about to outlaw the Grand National as being a bloodsport. Despite all the hard work the morale of the Platoon is still very high, which makes the tour bearable.

One highlight of the tour so far is the continuous verbal battle between 'Bed-sores Allen' and 'Nancy Sherratt' as to who has managed the most amount of sleep. If the truth was told it would be revealed as being pretty well neck and neck, and an exciting photo finish is on the cards.

We would like to take this opportunity to welcome back to the Platoon Ssgt Cookson and Lcpl Hartley. Congratulations are in order for the following:

Capt Harrap and Cpl Sweeney on their promotions; Lcpl and Mrs Dack on their wedding; and Pte and Mrs 'Clipper' Lee on the birth of their son, Tommy.

11 Platoon (Anti-tank Platoon)

Having arrived back from Cyprus on October 13, the Platoon was on leave for two weeks. As soon as leave had finished, training started again for exercise Advent Express. The OC had just disappeared to Warminster on another course, in fact, he's doing quite well regarding the number of courses he's been on. One comment heard on Advent Express: US Marine: 'We saw your Paras dropping the other day and we don't think they're that good'.

ATk Platoon NCO: 'You should have seen them on the last exercise, they jumped out of buses' (because of bad weather). Result: very puzzled US Marine.

After the exercise the Battalion took a well-earned Christmas leave. We came back to work in early January and straight on to Spearhead.

By January 13, the Platoon were in Northern Ireland attached to the Royal Scots at Bessbrook.

The work at Bessbrook is quite hard and the hours are long. We move everywhere by helicopter, or on our feet, but it's normally the latter. We get plenty of exercise and fresh air and even Cpl Birks is complaining that his uniform is too big for him.

We keep an eye on the Irish Railways part of the time which has prompted many of the Platoon to admit they would rather go home by bus than train.

Because of our Northern Ireland tour, plans were disrupted as far as the anti-tank cadre was concerned. We move back to Aldershot on March 9 and, after yet more leave, it's back to the grindstone with a cadre for the 'new faces' in the Platoon.

From the sport point of view, the Platoon helped the Company towards 'Champion Company for 1976' and we managed to put out either a football

team or rugby team most Wednesdays which normally ends up in a free for all. Time seems to be flying by at the moment, so it won't be long before we're in Aldershot.

Welcome to Ptes Yeadon, Duffy (24), and Glynn on joining the Platoon, and Pte Watson who joined for the Northern Ireland tour.

Congratulations to Lcpl and Mrs Nicholson on the birth of a son, and Lcpl and Mrs Evans on the birth of a daughter, Samantha Jane.

Finally, congratulations to Capt Sherlock for getting his third pip (it must have been all the canoeing courses he's been on!).

12 Platoon (Recce Platoon Group)

The Platoon was sad to see the departure of Lt Dowdall. Also Lcpls Dixon, Moorhouse and Lofthouse. Sgt Goodard managed to slide away in Cyprus. We welcome Lt Sinclair, Cpl Frear, and almost a dozen new faces too numerous to mention here. For our short tour of South Armagh we welcome various (attached) personnel from the Assault Pioneers and Drums Platoon, the most notable being Cpl Staniland, Lcpl Williams ('Jack' to his enemies), and Pte Brayshaw and his detachable tooth.

Our three-month tour of Cyprus involved the breaking up of the Platoon for various duties. Sgt Theodore thought it was easier to break his back, but, fortunately, is now fully mended. Sgt Parrott has taken his place in hospital and we hear he is now making a slow recovery. We would have enjoyed the sun and sea in Cyprus if we hadn't spent most of our time running past it. The week up at Troodos enabled us to get an all-over-tan—much to the pain and anguish of certain members of the Platoon.

Upon returning from Cyprus many hard hours' work (especially on Saturday mornings), went into



**Somme Coy on
South Armagh border**
(Left) Cpl Anver
from Bradford
(Right) Pte Mounsey
from Shipley

preparation for the December exercise Advent Express. More actual effort probably went into the Christmas leave period and, surprisingly, all were back on time. Despite Lcpl Squire's attempts to go on the KAPE tour of Yorkshire, the Platoon, plus all its attached personnel, were whisked off to the Costa del Armagh, Bessbrook Mill. Unfortunately, we cannot be used in our primary reconnaissance role as the Powers that Be want us to prevent any more train hi-jacks. Our feet came in for a bit of bashing. We are also very dependent on the helicopters, and flying in helicopters can be a traumatic experience. Every time a Puma banks when coming in to land Pte Barratt's face changes through many shades of green.

Lcpl Barlow is the only one of us who has seen any action as yet, and he lost his fight with a rather belligerent goat. When 'Swamp Rat' was seen walking through the block with his mattress under his arm, T. C. asked him what he was doing. 'Swampers' replied that he was handing it in as he didn't have time to use it! Pte Williams is the only one of us lucky enough to have inspected the bed of an Irish river 'face to face'. It is highly commendable that he carried out the remainder of the patrol (another 10 hours) without a murmur except for the occasional squelch. We are all looking forward to our return to Aldershot (believe it or not) on March 9, and then, perhaps we will be able to sort ourselves out properly and once again resume our recce role.

HOOK COMPANY

Editorial

Hook is the only Company that can truly claim the motto 'Ubique' to describe where its members have been stationed during the latest Northern Ireland tour. Even 'Rent-a-Company' Burma, which has been moved throughout the length and breadth of the Province, cannot match the Hook Coy collection of travel stickers. From Portadown to Bessbrook to the border; from Long Kesh to Glenanne to Cookstown and anywhere else that elements of the Battalion have been ordered to go, one will find members of Hook Coy 'doing their thing'. Whether it be signalling, cooking, delivering, collecting, guarding, patrolling, driving or repairing vehicles or even manning vehicle check points, Hook will be there with the best, or even there on their own.

Clearly, therefore, it is a somewhat formidable organisation. No one is quite sure how big, least of all the Company Sergeant-Major and Company Commander, but it is believed to number somewhere around the 260 mark. It has already devoured Waterloo Coy (at the latter end of last year) so it is to be treated with the greatest of respect.

It is also an organisation which harbours within its ranks an immense amount of talent, resourcefulness, adaptability and patience, qualities which are only really given the best chance to demonstrate themselves when the Battalion is under pressure. Hook has demonstrated these in no small way. This has been evident from the very large number of compliments that have been received concerning individual members of the Company.



Somme Coy operating on South Armagh border
Pte Vokes from Ayr

Hook normally has the reputation of being a somewhat lumbering and inflexible organisation, but everyone has been ready and willing to step into a gap at the last minute or to do an extra guard or three with cheerfulness, or to go out on patrol at five minutes' notice. All this in addition to finding the time for everyday tasks.

This is really a rambling and rather roundabout way of saying a public thank you to all ranks of the Company for all their hard work over the year and during the Northern Ireland tour in particular.

COMMAND (AND CONTROL?)

Since February 1975, 1 DWR

- a. Has been under command of:
 - Brig The O'Morchoe, MBE; Commander 16 Para Bde, in Aldershot.
 - Maj Gen C. W. B. Purdon, CBE, MC; GOC NEARELF, in Episkopi.
 - Brig J. N. Holden; Commander Troops Cyprus, in Dhekelia.
 - Brig G. H. W. Howlett, OBE, MC; Commander 16 Para Bde, in Aldershot.
 - Brig D. W. Anderson, OBE; Commander 3 Inf Bde, in Northern Ireland.
 - Col P. I. Chiswell, OBE; Commander British Contingent UNFICYP, UN Companies in Cyprus.
- b. Has had under command or in direct support:

- (1) In Cyprus
 - 'A' Sqn (—) 14/20 H.
 - 'A' Coy 1 DERR.
 - 'C' Coy 1 D and D.
 - Three separate Platoons of 1 R Irish.
 - (2) On Salisbury Plain
 - 1 Troop The Blues and Royals.
 - 'A' Sqn 4/7 DG.
 - 'B' Sqn 4/7 DG.
 - 'G' Battery 7 Para Regt RHA.
 - 1 Troop, 9 Ind Para Sqn RE.
 - 'A' Coy 2 Para.
 - (3) In Northern Ireland
 - 1 Troop, 'C' Sqn QDG.
 - 'B' Sqn 15/19 H.
 - 176 (ABU KLEA) Medium Battery of 39 Medium Regt RA
 - 'A' Coy 2 Queens.
 - 'B' Coy The Queen's Lancashire Regt.
 - Spearhead Troop 54 Sqn RCT.
 - Elements 174 Provost Coy RMP.
 - Elements 4, 8 and 11 UDR.
- c. Has, for several months, NOT had under command:
- Alma Coy.
 - Corunna Coy.
 - Somme Coy.

BATTALION OPERATIONS ROOM

It is not the intention to write a long screed on the workings of the Bn Ops Room. The main purpose of these notes is to describe the deployment of the Battalion in Northern Ireland to date.

Tac HQ, 'Q' Advance, Alma and Corunna Coys flew into Aldergrove on the night of January 7/8 and staged through Long Kesh 2 on their way to their deployment locations. From Long Kesh, Tac HQ and Alma Coy moved to Portadown whilst Corunna Coy went to Glenanne with echelon remaining *in situ*.

Tac HQ was to assume command of Police Division 'J' from 39 Med Regt who were withdrawing into the Maze. Alma Coy was to relieve 'B' Coy 1 QLR. Corunna Coy came under command of 1 RS for operations in Police Division 'H'. The handover of command came at 18.30 hrs on January 8, just 12 hours after our arrival in the Province. The Ops Officer was Capt Ward, until relieved by Capt Isles on February 6.

The initial deployment of 1 DWR Group was as follows:

Tac HQ	—	Mahon Camp, Portadown
Alma Coy	—	Mahon Camp with responsibility for half the Portadown Police sub-Division including the town of Portadown
'A' Coy 2 Queens	—	Portadown U/Comd and responsible for the remaining half of the Portadown sub-Division and the Banbridge Police sub-Division.
176 (Abu Klea) Med Bty RA	—	Lurgan U/Comd and responsible for the Lurgan Police sub-Division.

The next phase of our redeployment was to take place on January 14 with the arrival of Burma, Somme and the remainder of Hook Coy. Burma was to form part of 1 DWR group vice-'A' Coy, 2 Queens, whilst Somme Coy was to come under command 1 RS in Bessbrook for deployment in the border area of Police Division 'H'. Burma Coy became operational at 13.30 hrs on January 14 and 1 DWR was deployed as follows:

Bn HQ	—	Mahon Camp, Portadown
Alma Coy	—	Portadown with TAOR as before
Burma Coy	—	Portadown with responsibility for 'A' Coy, 2 Queens TAOR and to be



Burma and Hook Coys at
Bainbridge
Ptes Anderson, Tarpey,
Sweeney, Gibson,
Butterworth and Beecroft

176 Med Bty — Bde Reserve Coy at four hours' notice
 Lurgan with TAOR as before

Spearhead Tp 54 Sqn U/Comd with 1 Sect of RCT Saracens to each DWR Coy and Tac HQ.

Burma Coy's role as Bde Reserve Coy resulted in 4 Platoon being sent to Pomeroy in East Tyrone on January 16 to bolster up QDG until January 22 and then 5 Platoon were sent to Lisnaskea in East Fermanagh to help 15/19th H from January 22 until January 26.

No sooner had 4 Platoon arrived back to the fold and 5 Platoon despatched from us than the Bde Comd decided that East Tyrone needed a strong military presence in order to reduce the level of violence. This resulted in Burma Coy, minus 5 Platoon, being deployed at lunch time on January 22 under command of the QDG. The Battalion 2IC took the Company to Cookstown in the absence of Maj Tighe. 6 Platoon deployed to Pomeroy soon after arrival in Tyrone.

The level of violence throughout the Province, and in East Tyrone in particular, increased on the night of January 22. The Brigadier therefore decided there was a requirement for an increase in the force levels and to this end he deployed Alma Coy and Bn Tac HQ into the area at midday on January 23.

The result of this redeployment was as follows:

1 DWR (Main) with Bn 2IC in command	—	Portadown remaining in command of 'J' Division
176 Med Bty RA	—	Lurgan—no change
'B' Coy, 1 QLR	—	U/Comd in Portadown with responsibility for Portadown and Banbridge sub-Division
1 DWR (Tac) with CO	—	Cookstown RUC in command of 'M' Division East
Alma Coy	—	Cookstown UDR Centre
Burma Coy, HQ and 4 Platoon	—	Coagh RUC station
6 Platoon	—	Dungannon RUC station
Tp QDG	—	Cookstown.

The concept of using 1 DWR (Tac) and one Company as troubleshooters to be deployed into a troublesome area for periods of 48 hours was decided upon and to this end it was decided that in future Alma Coy should remain in Portadown as the continuity Company and that the Banbridge sub-Division should be taken over by 39 Med Regt RA with effect from January 24. The violence in 'M' Division quickly dissipated on our arrival and, by January 25, the troublesome area was 'L' Division. As a result there was a further redeployment. This time Tac HQ plus Burma Coy deployed into East Fermanagh whilst Alma Coy, less a Platoon, returned to Portadown. The final deployment on January 25 was as follows:

1 DWR (Tac)	—	St Angelo Camp, Enniskillen
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Burma Coy, HQ	}	RUC Lisnaskea
Two Pls 'B' Coy and 1 Tp 'B' Sqn, 15/19th H		
'B' Sqn HQ, 15/19th H	}	St Angelo
Four Tps 'B' Sqn and 1 Pl 'B' Coy, 1 DWR		
1 Tp 'B' Sqn, 15/19th H		RUC Rosslea
1 DWR (Main)	—	Portadown
Alma Coy, less 3 Pl 'B' Coy, 1 QLR	—	Portadown
3 Pl Alma Coy	—	U/Comd QDG in RUC Coagh. This Platoon returned to Portadown on January 26 and rejoined Alma Coy.

Tac remained in 'L' Division until the morning of January 27, when they and Burma Coy returned to Portadown. Due to the loss of the Banbridge sub-Division to 39 Med Regt RA the new deployment of the Battalion was:

Bn HQ	—	Portadown in command of Portadown and Lurgan Police sub-Divisions
Alma Coy	—	Portadown sub-Division north of the 50 Northing
Burma Coy	—	Portadown as Bde Reserve Coy and responsible for the Portadown sub-Division South of the 50 Northing and also to provide a Platoon daily to U/Comd the Battery in Lurgan
176 Med Bty	—	No change.

The concept of Renta-a-Duke, whilst popular with us, was not entirely to everyone else's taste. Since our exploits in East Fermanagh and East Tyrone there has been only one further deployment of Burma Coy into 'K' Division East. It was significant that Tac was not asked for.

Burma Coy, deployed under command of QDG for a most useful task of providing covert OPs in an effort to 'break' a particular IRA unit. They were away from February 5-7.

Whilst there have been several changes in the deployment of 1 DWR Group our two detached Companies—Corunna and Somme have remained in their original location under command of 1 RS.

Battalion Orderly Room = In Action

This news report comes to you direct from the front line. A once merry band of men have in the past six weeks been reduced to a bunch of babbling idiots. As the momentum hots up there are distinct cracks in this once inseparable team. Wild talk of, 'I'll be glad when it's August', from Lcpl 'Smudge' Smith, and 'I'm off out' from Lcpl 'Titch' Waller emit from once tight lips (same as their pockets have always been). The Routers (see ORBAT below) Reporter compiling this grim report has also been known to issue growls of anguish from time to time.

What is causing all this disquiet in a once so

serene (!) atmosphere? Can it be the dastardly enemy, or perhaps the lack of their appearance (they tend to keep away from the confines of Mahon Road Camp). No, it's the dreaded, vile, incomprehensible typed print known as a duty forecast, or more to the point, the lack of one. Ad Hoc is the order of the day. Gone are the days when a clerk could languish in the comparative luxury of his heated office, with the coffee pot constantly on the boil. Gone are the days when one's only enemy was a typewriter that could not spell. For this is war (what a revolting word—ugh!). BOR ORBAT stands below to give you a better idea at what I'm getting at. This is liable to contradiction, but why should I worry, after all, who's controlling the keys to this typewriter other than yours truly:

- ORBAT**
- Capt Ward — A cross between a Kestrel and a Seagull—still in transition phase.
 - Ssgt Manion — Covert Ops Specialist (or 'Belfast here I come').
 - Sgt Akeroyd — 'B' Coy Pathfinder (or 'Going my way mate?').
 - Sgt Nuttall — 'A' Coy Heavy Squad Commander (Bridging that Gap a speciality).
 - Cpl Holmes — Sherlock (Specialist in Blood Trails).
 - Lcpl Waller, Lcpl Smith and Pte Goult — Rentabody Inc (available for most unsavoury tasks, guards, escorts, etc—were once known as clerks).

With three weeks to go, the possibility of Netley having seven more inmates (officers don't go there, we all know they don't visit the same place twice (!)) looms larger by the minute. So think of us poor souls (violin music for background effect), miles from home (tears sliding down your cheeks by now), women at a premium (about £50,000—if you can find one), ever ready (even a battery runs down eventually), defenders of your birthright (strains of Last Post overlapping violin music), we saw, we came, we were forgotten (heart-rendering stuff, this), for we are attempting the impossible—to become clerks again.

Well, this will be my first (and last) despatch from the front, they will not let me touch a typewriter again after reading this (whatever happened to freedom of sp).


[Sub-Editor's note: destroy this rubbish before he goes any further.]

SIGNAL PLATOON

Spearhead


The Signal Platoon went on Christmas leave largely prepared for the Battalion Spearhead commitment which everyone had been working towards for some time.

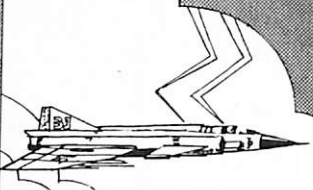

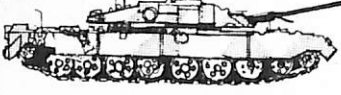
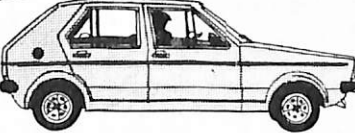
Although not due to take over the Spearhead responsibility from 2 Queens until January 11, the more astute members of the Battalion, including those signallers not trying to become beer barrels themselves, were keeping an eye on the current affairs programmes and news items, hoping that all



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potential dissidents and troublemakers were also busy enjoying turkey and Christmas pud, and not stirring up trouble rather than seasonal cocktails.

Besides Middle East 'cease fires' the world situation remained calm until news came through of particularly nasty sectarian murders in Northern Ireland, the soldiers' second home. The UDR was called out in the area, and it was only a matter of time before the Signal Platoon, 1 DWR, was also required to ease the situation.

Leave ended on January 5 and, by the 6th, final packing and organising had been completed. On January 7 (despite all rumours to the contrary), the first chinks, including many key signallers, left for Northern Ireland.

The journey to RAF Lyneham by road went smoothly, no breakdowns or maps 'printed upside down' to worry the convoy commanders.

Under the experienced eye of the RAF and Army Movements Control, vehicles were speedily made ready for the flight. Meanwhile, all those lucky enough not to be drivers sampled the efficient RAF hospitality, in their cookhouse.

Uneventful flights left the majority of the Battalion signallers stranded in a hostile country looking for somewhere to sleep. . . . They were eventually rounded up and interned for the night at Long Kesh, but escaped next morning to Portadown.

The Company detachments all arrived without mishap at various intervals during the following days, and were to be seen erecting and assembling all manner of strange appliances—known in the trade as Stations Radio, not working Mk II.

The first few days proved a headache for Pronto and Pronto Minor, deploying and redeploying signallers and sets to where they were needed, problems arising in the different training standards and characteristics of the equipment. Eventually all was organised, men 'gainfully' employed, equipment issued and accounted for, telephones fought over and listed.

The Signal Platoon had triumphed again with 'comms in depth' running into double figures (including our personal tannoy, skilfully sited on Slieve Croob Mountain).

The Platoon extend their best wishes to: Lcpls Pete Hollis and Joe Whitfield in their new unit—civvy street.

We say farewell to Capt Newell who has gone to Ops/Training (or has he, Capt Ward?); and congratulations on the new addition to the Newell family.

We welcome Lt Pitchers as our new Pronto, and Ssgt O'Donnell who is learning the ropes prior to taking over from Ssgt Shaw (who is due a well-earned two-year rest with 'C' Coy, 1 Yorks Vols at Halifax).

For all those old Prontos who may be reading, it is with great regret that we announce the retirement (through knee cap trouble) of the flying Fijian, Tom Waqabaca, who returned to us for a short spell, but, finally, was 'sent off' for the last time in December.

Congratulations to 'Clarky' and Mrs Clarkson on the birth of a baby boy, also to 'Dobo' and Mrs Dobinson on the birth of their son.

MT PLATOON

While the Battalion were in Cyprus the MT Platoon underwent a change of command. Capt Battye, MTO for almost five years, decided that he would like a change (or did the MT drive him to it?) and decided to move on to civilian life. Most of us believe that he is only shedding his uniform and that the man beneath will always remain a soldier. The MTO's chair was filled by WO2 Pearson who has had a four-year rest from the MT Platoon.

It wasn't until we had returned to Aldershot that the lads of the MT Platoon were able to show their gratitude to Capt Battye. This they did just before Christmas in the Corporals Club which was kindly loaned to the Platoon by the Corporals Mess members. All the lads chipped in to put on a farewell party that he will remember for many a day. Many of the Platoon thought that Capt DB was devoid of any feelings but when he found all the Platoon there waiting to say farewell it was almost too much for him. The surprise and pleasure he received by seeing all the Platoon together was reward enough for all. All that remains to be said from us all is, 'Good Luck, DB, may good fortune go with you'.

Other than the events taking place in the Battalion on the very full programme that we all take in, the Driving Instructors of the Platoon have been trying their best to turn out as many drivers as possible from soldiers. At times it seems that we will never make it to the deadline but cadres continue at full power.

After exercise Advent Express, the drivers all settled down to the task of cleaning, repairing and painting the vehicles in preparation for the equipment inspection which was to take place while the Battalion was on Spearhead. After three weeks' work we found ourselves in Northern Ireland with the cleanest vehicles ever but still not inspected. One wonders what will happen next and things happen in such strange ways that if the vehicle inspection takes place on the docks as we return to England none of the Platoon would be surprised.

The NCOs of the MT are making frequent visits to the Army MT School on the various courses and, by the end of the mechanised conversion period in July, most of them will have spent more time during 1976 at Bordon than with the Battalion.

Our congratulations go to Lcpl 'Noddy' Greenwood, again, on his promotion. Also, farewells to Cpl Ruding and Lcpl Grant to the unemployment queue. That makes it, including students, 1,437,579 out of work.

ECHELON MOVE TO LONGKESH JANUARY 1976

1 DWR (Spearhead) and elements of 22 SAS arrived in Armagh during the same period. Which is which?

22 and 11 'SSH' Regt (Echelon DWR)

Having spent so much time on subterfuge, optical distortion, disguise and alphabetical displacement it becomes almost impossible to relate our operations with fact.

It is a fact that we are here—where? Locals,

including civilians, the militia, civilianised military, militarised civilians, para military, polimilitary, etc. . . play a game of noting the obvious then disbelieving it. The simple question and innocent answer provides more evidence for speculation and confirmation. Consider:

Established soldier of 39 Med Regt RA sees a military person wearing a red triangle on his beret, watches for a while pretending to adjust a wing mirror on a Land-Rover. Looking first left then right, he then approaches and says, 'Excuse me, I am looking for your orderly room', the reply, 'Eh'.

'I am looking for your orderly room, we have a flag outside ours, where's yours?'. The reply, 'We don't have a flag'. Triangle wanders off into the rain and the gunner races off to his Troop accommodation shouting, 'I've found them—they are down there, the old place!' He, of course, is not believed and has to describe the sinister rain-sodden shape he has just met, 'Well he's sort of little and fat, you know'. 'They don't have little fat ones', says his mate. 'Well they don't all march about looking like Tarzan, that would be obvious, they've got to disguise themselves haven't they?'.

If a soldier misses a meal, usually because he is too idle to make the effort, he is met on the next occasion at the table with a friendly, knowing nod from one of the civilian staff. 'We know that you boys cannot always make it, anything special you would like?' Being modest heroes may just mumble, 'Yes love; it is a bit hard sometimes'.

Then there is the night training—well if you can't sleep and, at 03.30 hrs, don a track suit to pay a visit, next day's gossip reveals that *they* do road runs in the middle of the night and in pouring rain—hard set of B . . .

We have tried flat denials but these are met with, 'of course not, mumble, mumble—you can't fool us, mumble, mumble'.

As there is no smoke without fire, perhaps we should start to spy on ourselves. You never know.

REGIMENTAL POLICE

Since our last notes for THE IRON DUKE (that did not reach the Editor) we have been busy preparing for exercise Advent Express, which was held on Salisbury Plain during the first week in December 1975. We were all working in the best of spirits, including Lcpl Archer, alias 'Cookie' Archer, who prepared all our meals whilst the rest of us did the work. Never mind, Archie, when you get a voice like ours then we will let you join in the 'Provo Brigade'.

We all asked Lcpl Archer how long it took to grow his 'tash, he replied, 'It took just three months, and none of you could grow one because it takes a man, but some day you will be able to grow one so hurry up and grow up, lads!'.

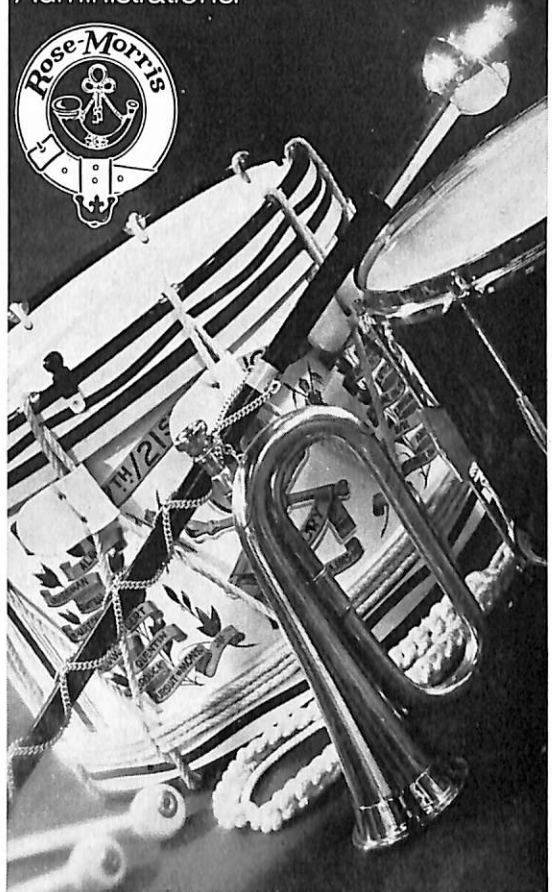
We noticed a change in the chiefs since we returned from Christmas leave, and wondered why, then it came to our notice that both 'Kojaks' (Sgt Hunter and Cpl Waterhouse) wives have given birth to budding policemen, congratulations to you all from the rest of the 'Sheriff's department'.

Since we started out on our emergency tour in Northern Ireland we have noticed that we have a

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'Phantom Gonker'—Lcpl Blagborough, alias 'Columbo Blagborough'; every time we look for him we seem to find him asleep, in fact, it has been known that while he was on the loo he fell asleep! We all feel very sorry for Mrs Blagborough if this is how he is at home.

RSM: 'Lcpl Wilkinson, why have you no gaiters on?'

Lcpl W.: 'When I am sat in the NAAFI having a quick drink they ride up my legs, sir.'

RSM: 'Well, get them weighed down somehow.'

Lcpl W.: 'I tried balancing a pint on them, but it spilt the beer all over the place. I did not try it again because my funds are running low—"can anyone give me a sub?">'

We say goodbye to Lcpl Uttley who has left to join the 'young' boys at the depot. Our goodwill goes with him. We also say farewell to Pte White (15) who has gone up in the world to the Officers Mess staff as a waiter (just think, 'Chalky', you could be waiting on us some day—in cell one).

Congratulations: We all congratulate Sgt and Mrs Hunter and Cpl and Mrs Waterhouse on the birth of their children.

We shall shortly be saying goodbye to Cpl Barker, who is about to go back to civilian life. See you when we return from Ireland, and 'put the kettle on, lad!'

INTELLIGENCE SECTION

P 302018Z JAN
FM 7A KEVIN ST DUBLIN
TO D O'CONNELL
S TWOMEY
SARM ASU
NLOUT ASU
S DERR ASU

BT
HQ PIRA INTREP DTD 30 JAN
GRADED F6 DOI 28.1.76

ANDREW MEEK CMM 10 1 DWR ASU

1. THE ABOVE NAMED IS SOURCED AS BEING ON THE RUN IN THE WARMINSTER AREA AFTER HAVING BEEN OVERTHROWN BY FNU ISLES. ANK. ISLES IS SAID TO HOLD A FAIRLY HIGH POSITION IN THE ORGANISATION. BDE COMMENT, THIS COULD ALSO BE SAID OF HIS FATHER.

BRITARM ACTIVITIES

2. REPORT GRADED C3 STATES THAT 1 DWR ASU WERE TRG IN THE BORDER AREA PAREN EAST/WEST SAXON PAREN DURING NOVEMBER LAST YEAR. SOURCE STATES THAT LARGE NUMBER OF HOLES DUG IN AREA OF LAVINGTON FOLLY. BDE COMMENT, POSSIBLE HIDES.

ORBAT.

3. FNU ISLES SAID TO BE IN CHARGE BUT HAS BEEN AWAY FROM THE AREA RECENTLY AND HIS PLACE TAKEN BY COLM BUDDEN. PIRA TRACE, ALIAS HECKMONDWIKE TORPEDO. PURPLE AVENGER. FNU GALE. PIRA TRACE. RECENTLY TRIED TO LEAVE THE ORGANISATION BUT WAS THREATENED BY FNU COLLINS. NO TRACE. GALE SAID TO BE A HARDLINER BUT WAS MORE

WORRIED ABOUT BEING KNEECAPPED IF HE TRIED TO LEAVE. SOURCE STATES THAT FNU CRAWFORD HAS NOT BEEN SEEN FOR SOME TIME AND IT IS THOUGHT THAT SOMEBODY PUT THE BIG FINGER ON HIM AND A HEAD JOB WAS CARRIED OUT. BDE COMMENT, THIS SEEMS VERY POSSIBLE. TWO NEWCOMERS ABOUT WHOM VERY LITTLE IS KNOWN ARE FNU WHITE AND FNU COWBURN. AN FNU COWBURN LEFT THE ORGANISATION SOME TIME AGO AND WENT OVER TO THE OFFICIALS. BDE COMMENT, COULD BE SAME ONE. FNU WHITE SOURCED AS RUNNING AN OFFICE FOR THE DEPENDENTS FUND SOME TIME AGO.

DT

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REGIMENTAL BAND

It would appear that we missed the last edition of THE IRON DUKE. This could be attributed to that fact that we have had a busy year moving around or, alternatively, maybe the Editor decided that our column was too hot to handle [Not received—Ed.]. We prefer to believe that the former excuse is applicable.

Two weeks of glorious sunshine prevailed for our attendance on the Bandstand at the Leas Cliff, Folkestone, during June and July. Our music was so lively that the Old Age Pensioners in the audience got up and proceeded to dance around the bandstand. We were a little alarmed at first, fearing that someone might collapse, but we need not have worried really because we had plenty of trained Medics within our ranks who could have dealt expertly with the situation had it arisen. We owe a great deal to three ladies in particular who helped us spend an evening, by inviting the senior ranks to a 'Floor Show' in the Pavilion, followed by drinks and supper afterwards. We hasten to add that the outing was in appreciation of our performances, *on the Bandstand!*

For the benefit of collectors of records of Military Music, we did attend the Wembley Pageant of Music in July. This occasion is reckoned to be the highlight of Military Bands, when 1,500 musicians mass together in Wembley Stadium and perform martial music, and works by the celebrated composers. The live performance was recorded and should anyone be interested the record can be obtained as follows:

Title of Record: WEMBLEY PAGEANT 1975.

Catalogue No.: PKD 2001

Label: PYE.

Apply to: GEORGE POTTER & Co, POTTERS CORNER, ALDERSHOT, HANTS.

Price: £3.50 (DOUBLE ALBUM).

The record should also be available from most good record stores, but the price may vary from

store to store. Works included on the record are:

Prelude to Pageantry/Battle Music (Johnson)/
Tunes of Glory/ Music of The Light Division/
Peanut Vendor/ The Lost Chord/ Abide With
Me/Sunset/ and many more items.

In August the Band visited Yorkshire for ARMEX '75 and, being on home ground, we were able to perform engagements in Sheffield, Strensall, York and Kirbymoorside. Finding our way over the border to the wilds and wilderness, we managed to perform again at Lytham St Annes (Lancashire) and Derwentside (Co Durham).

It was now time for us to increase our sustans with a quick trip to Cyprus. The Battalion had already departed prior to September and they informed us that the beaches were deserted, and so we packed our kit. The Bandmaster, as an afterthought, advised that we should take our instruments just in case any opportunities arose to provide music. Needless to say, the chance did arise the day we arrived at Akrotiri when the RAF requested us to play for them. From there, things seemed to snowball and engagements took place in Episkopi, Dhekelia and Nicosia.

It was on the same day, when we had just completed an Investiture engagement at Episkopi, that we had to travel to Nicosia to rehearse for the British Contingents' United Nations Medal Parade. Unfortunately, we are not able to release details of this event with its minor mishaps, but it is recorded that the parade was a great success.

A visit to Ayios Niolaos Primary School resulted in the Bandmaster receiving many letters from children commenting on various instruments of the Band. We are still reading the letters.

Social life, in addition to sunbathing, was quite active. It had been our initiation to Dhekelia to be invited to the Royal Engineers Sergeants Mess. We were wine and dined in a fine traditional manner. Everything went well until, suddenly, someone noticed that the Bandmaster was absent. We began to wonder if he was all right after about ten minutes had lapsed. It was Ssgt Sid Almond who eventually came running with the news that our leader was in the ablutions bathing his head. Apparently, he had found himself shut in a cubicle. All attempts to free the door, or summon help had gone in vain. In desperation, he climbed over the door and, upon descent, struck his head on a corner stone. The result was a nasty gash on the back of the head and a night in hospital. We are glad to report that the injury was only superficial and he was soon back at work in the crotchet and quaver factory.

With Cyprus now in the background, we would like to just spare a moment to offer our sincere thanks to Capt D. W. Wonson, who did a really splendid job as temporary Band President during the tour. His role in the Battalion afforded him ample work, but in spite of this, he took great time and effort to deal with our administrative requirements.

Prior to Christmas, the Band visited Lewes, near Brighton, for the bonfire celebrations. None of our music was burned, although we had to restrain the librarians from taking half our library of old scores with them.

Our Band Christmas draw took place in Welling-

ton Hall, Aldershot, on December 9. It was a fine evening due to the hard work put in by the committee. We were pleased to see several ex-members of the Band present; namely, Terry Haigh (now a London Bobby) and Robert Edwards, who now serves with the Royal Army Medical Corps Staff Band.

It was a pleasure to combine our resources with the School Band of St Edwards School in Oxford during December. An excellent programme of music was performed, and the Commanding Officer, an 'Old St Edward', was in attendance.

It is rather a sad note that due to the 'Exigencies of the Service', we were unable to provide music for the farewell dinner of Capt D. Battye, who left the Battalion in January. We did have one or two things up our sleeve for him. We wish him good fortune for the future, and should he pay us a visit, we will try to include the march, 'The Voice of the Guns' on the programme.

Our hopes of seeing the England v Wales rugby match at Twickenham were also dashed with the realisation that we could not field a full team to provide the musical participation at the event. Eight of our number are assisting the Battalion on duty as medics.

BSM Parkinson, a keen angler, broke all records by organising a fishing trip which landed the following catch:

103 whiting, 7 dogfish, 1 skate, 1 seagull and 1 budgie.

Yes, that's right, last but not least, the budgerigar had flown out 12 miles and then landed on the boat. We believe that Cpl Tolley brought it home to mate with his own.

We offer our congratulations to Lcpl Irving and BdsM Dunning on their marriages during 1975. Also, congratulations are extended to Lcpl and Mrs Dermott, and BdsM and Mrs Nicholson on the recent additions to their families.

Finally, we are still interested in tracing former members of the Dukes' Band. If you happen to be a former member, or know of one, please drop us a line in Aldershot. We shall be visiting Yorkshire again in June and would welcome making contact with you.

POSTINGS IN

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

WO2 Clark from 9 Cadet Training Team, York.
Lcpl Porter from Depot The King's Division.
Sgt Pye from 1 Yorkshire Volunteers, York.
Ssgt Toplis from 5 Airportable Brigade HQ and Signal Sqn.
Ssgt Simpson from 3 Yorkshire Volunteers.
Cpl Hall from Depot The King's Division.
Lcpl Hartley from IJLB Shorncliffe.
Lcpl Henstock from IJLB Shorncliffe.
WO2 Wilkinson from Depot The King's Division.

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

Ptes Mullett, Smith (86), Brook, Bassinder, Choma, Oliver, O'Toole, Walker (29), Lofthouse, Jones, Pickles, Watson (79), Fenton, Salmon, Broad-

head, Powell, Acklam, Ashton, MacGregor, Ormerod, Steel, Stadyk, Woodward.

The undermentioned has joined the Battalion on transfer from 2 Para:

Cpl Huxley.

The undermenton have rejoined the Battalion on re-enlistment having spent a short spell in civilian life:

Pte Bowes, Pte Goult.

The undermentioned have been posted on to our attached strength:

Lcpl Scheffler (REME) from SEME Bordon.

Cfn Patten (REME) from SEME Bordon.

Sgt O'Callaghan (RAPC) from Sch of Mil Survey.

Cpl Gough (RAPC) from 12 Fd Wksp.

Cpl Rayner (ACC) from HQ UKLF.

Cfn Hull (REME) from SEME Bordon.

POSTING OUT

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

Cpl Sutton to Depot The King's Division.

Sgt Goddard to Depot The King's Division.

Lcpl Uttley to Depot The King's Division.

Sgt Hemmings to 1 Yorkshire Volunteers, York.

Cpl Wood to Dept The King's Division.

Ssgt Walker to 3 Yorkshire Volunteers.

WO2 Stansfield to 1 Yorkshire Volunteers, York.

Lcpl Garner to IJLB Shorncliffe.

Cpl Watson to 10 AYT.

The undermentioned have now completed their attachment with 1 DWR:

Lcpl Sagar (REME) to 15 Fd Wksp.

Cfn Cunningham (REME) to 6 Fd Wksp.

Lcpl Farley (REME) to 39 Med Regt Wksp.

Cpl Fairclough (RAPC) to 19 Tank Tpt Sqn RCT.

Sgt Ashley (RAPC) to RAPC Training Centre.

SPORTS & CLUBS

RUGBY

The Battalion Spearhead move to Ulster meant that the semi-final had to be played at Palace Barracks, Hollywood, against our visitors from England, 42 Survey Regt Royal Engineers. After six weeks without any rugby The Dukes were slightly apprehensive but extremely keen. After a few minutes settling down, The Dukes scored regularly with some excellent rugby. Tries by Lt Atkinson (3), Lcpl Elwell (2), WO2 Robinson (1), Lt Grieve (1) and Sgt Cuss (1) plus a couple of penalties and conversions made the final score 47—8.

Apart from the two cup matches The Dukes have played no rugby, but we are hoping to fix up a couple of games against local Irish teams during February in preparation for the UK final at Aldershop on February 25 v the Guards Depot.

Sgt Cuss and Lcpl Williams both came on as substitutes for the Combined Services against the touring Australian team, and the same two plus Lt Sinclair, Capt Gilbert, Lt Atkinson, WO2 Robinson and Lcpl Elwell have all played for the Army this season, with Lts Drake and Grieve lurking on the sideline.

UK ARMY CUP FINAL

It was evident throughout the first half that The Dukes were woefully short of match practice. Loose passing, poor handling and the lack of support prevented several promising moves from being successful. Elementary mistakes gave the Guards Depot two early penalty chances, both of which were taken. The Dukes had three kickable chances during this same period but Sgt Cuss was not on his best kicking form.

It seemed that a score fairly early on by The Dukes might well have changed the pattern of the game completely. Cpl Elwell crossed the line in the best move of the first half which came after only three or four minutes of the game. However, he lost the ball in the tackle as he went over.

The Dukes turn round 6—0 behind and although they were evidently the better side, the Guardsmen managed to withstand the increasing pressure that The Dukes applied. This, even though Cpl 'Ena' Elwell managed to charge over five minutes after half time. 6—4 behind, with only a quarter of an hour to go the floodgates suddenly opened. Confidence returned and The Dukes' handling, running and support now reached the high standards that we all know they were capable of producing.

A series of exciting moves resulted in further tries by Moorhouse the lock forward, and Grieve the scrum half after superb support work. These two tries completely knocked the stuffing out of the Guardsmen and three more tries were scored by Elwell, Drake and, in the dying minutes, a very simple and cheeky one by Grieve. Conversions were made by Walker (1), Cuss (2) to leave a final score of 30—6.

It took an hour for The Dukes to settle down and produce the goods. With the prospect of meeting either 7 Sigs or RRW in the final in Berlin on March 17, The Dukes will have to take control much earlier in the game to ensure success and avoid giving the supporters further heart attacks.

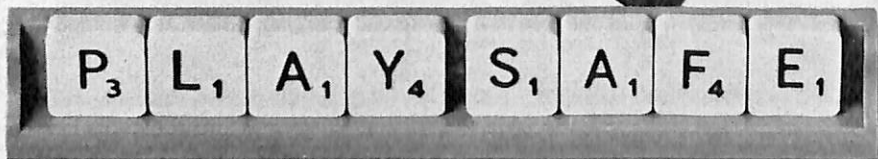
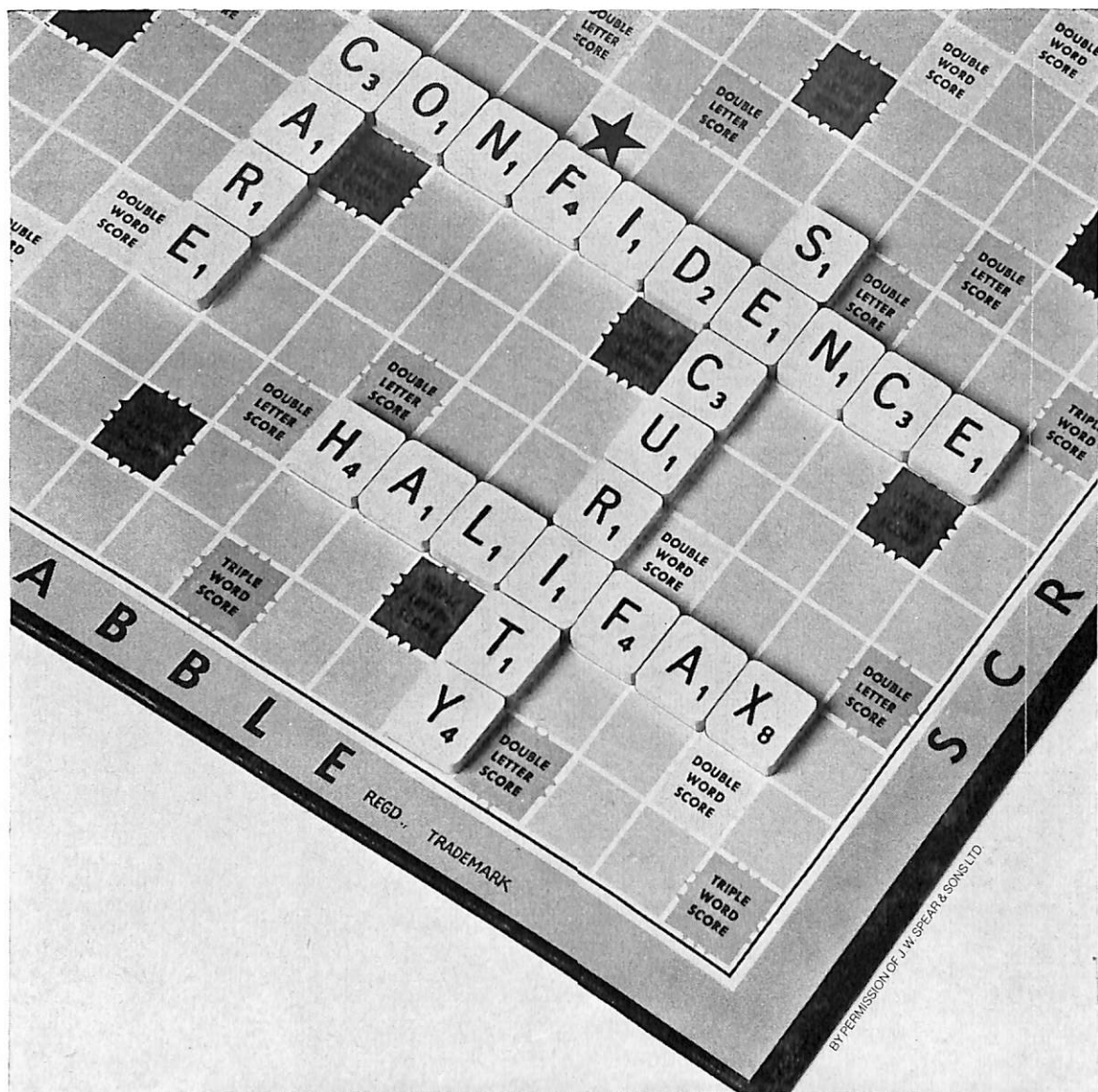
K. B and D. R.

THE FAMILIES

By any standards the last year has been a difficult one as far as the Married Families are concerned, for it has been marked by two long separations, and in the 10 months to date most families have had up to eight months apart. In general, the ladies and children have accepted this with good grace as part of the job of the Regiment, but all look forward to a less turbulent year to follow. Once again we have a move quickly approaching, and preparations are well advanced for our move to Minden. All the predictions are that Minden is a good family station but as always it will be a case of wait and see.

Wives Club's activities have carried on as normal and there were many excursions arranged whilst the Battalion was in Cyprus, which covered such places as Stratfield Saye, Chessington Zoo, and Windsor. Coffee mornings were the usual gathering places of information and the re-telling of the latest rumour.

Two contrasting evening activities have been a



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lecture on crime prevention given by a police officer of the local force and a chicken and chips get together, but the highlight of the season was the Christmas dinner which, this year, took the form of a buffet supper with music by a group from the Regimental Band. The hard work of Mrs Greenway and her committee was supplemented by the highly personal attention of the Quartermaster and his catering experts, and the displayed artistic talents of

Ssgt Rawcliffe who transformed the functional appearance of Wellington Hall into a gay and fanciful place. This party has set a high standard to be followed in the future.

We are sorry to note the pending departure of Mrs Hughes who has acted so capably and so long as our treasurer, and we wish her all good fortune in Yorkshire, and hope to see her return before too long.

Huddersfield Area, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, Yorkshire Army Cadet Force

Area Appointments

The past few months have seen a few changes to the Area staff. RQMSI Jack Fitton, MM, has been 'dined out', the occasion being marked by the presentation of a 'pot' suitably inscribed and with, in addition, '43 Years A Duke'. A memorable occasion enjoyed by all present, and further enhanced by the surprise addition of a very large cake, iced, decorated and inscribed by the kitchen staff, mostly by the chief cook himself, Sgt Squires of 3 Bn, Yorkshire Volunteers.

The Area has welcomed Sgt-Instructor P. J. Maloney who served for some time in the 1960s with 'C' Coy, Dukes TA at Skipton, and latterly with the Royal Marine Cadet Coy at Keighley before coming to the ACF on the closure of the RM Cadet Unit. Also from the RM Cadet Unit, Sgt-Instructor P. W. Briggs. Both have been posted to the Keighley Cadet Detachment (DWR). The notes of 'C' (DWR) Coy, 1 Bn, Yorkshire Volunteers in the December issue of THE IRON DUKE regretted the retirement of Maj (Rev) R. I. J. 'Roy' Matthews as Battalion Padre. We are more than delighted to say that Maj 'Roy' has not 'retired', he has taken up the appointment of Area Padre with us. We look forward to seeing him add a 'few more notches' to his already impressive score of 22 annual camps.

Gordon Simpson, having assumed the appointment of Area RQMSI (with 11 Areas in the County, we cannot have that number of RSMs, this appointment has largely the same duties and responsibilities), has nicely 'settled in' and made his presence felt during the last two Area weekends. His size and formidable 'bearing' indicate his service in the early years of the 1939-45 War with the Brigade of Guards, whilst his conversation reveals his love of parachuting and his subsequent war service in the Parachute Regt. Let me not leave you with the wrong impression, however, he now has a considerable number of years' service as a Duke to his credit, both TA and ACF.

Lastly, it should be noted, Lt Terry Bonds has taken over the Halifax Cadet Detachment (DWR), leaving his former appointment, Mirfield Cadet Detachment (DWR) in the capable hands of Ssgt-Instructor David Ellis.

Visit of The Colonel of The Regiment

On Thursday, November 13, last, the Officers of the Area enjoyed the pleasure and privilege of

entertaining The Colonel of the Regiment. Maj Gen Isles had expressed the wish to meet the officers of the Area, and took time out from his very busy schedule to do so. A buffet supper was arranged in the Officers Mess of 3rd Bn, Yorkshire Volunteers, the Mess being 'loaned' by kind permission of Lt Col J. C. Mitchell. A perfect setting for such a meeting, the Mess at St Paul's Street Drill Hall being very much a Dukes' room. We would like to think that Gen Isles enjoyed the visit; for certainly the officers of the Area did, and considered it a considerable honour.

In addition, Lt Col Mitchell kindly attended, as did Maj Derek Roberts and Maj Roger Sugden, of HQ Yorkshire ACF; whilst the 1st Bn was represented by Maj Dick Mundell and Lt John Dowdell. Capt Nigel Mussett came along from Giggleswick School, and of the school detachments of the Area Mr J. M. Edwards, Headmaster of Hipperholme Grammar School managed to find the time from a busy evening to attend.

From the Area

The short KAPE tour has just been concluded, Lt John Dowdell with WO2 (CSM) P. Robinson and the team visited several of the Detachments, bringing a welcome contact with the 1st Bn, and giving us a lot of very valuable assistance. We would like to thank them all for their valiant effort; it is very much appreciated.

The annual inspection visits are almost completed. Maj Jim Nash, currently Training Major with 1st Yorkshire Volunteers, has visited Huddersfield, Thongsbridge, Mirfield and Halifax Cadet Detachments (DWR); whilst Maj Guy Lanning, QLR Training Major with 3rd Yorkshire Volunteers, visits Heckmondwike Grammar School, Hipperholme Grammar School, Keighley and Skipton Cadet Detachments (DWR). We now sit back and wait for the reports to be published and hope the 'toil, sweat and tears' will result in a good report.

From the Detachments

Hipperholme Grammar School Cadet Detachment (DWR) had fun and games with Capt Chris Gilbert, Sgt Kelly and the 10 AYT. Having successfully taken Huddersfield Cadet Detachment (DWR) abseiling from the Huddersfield Public Library, they went on to more venturesome heights, choosing Wainwright's Tower at Halifax. Mid-day of Friday, November 28, the team were 'setting-

up' whilst the Area Commander was busily assuring the assembled Press and TV team that the whole exercise was perfectly safe. To the several questions he was able to say 'yes, it is rather a high tower to put Cadets on', and 'well, yes, the wind is rather strong', 'but these chaps know what they are doing'. 'The whole thing is perfectly safe'—'nothing to worry about'.

Presently the school mini-bus and assorted cars arrived to disgorge cadets (some hopefully to witness a gory happening to their fellow cadets), the team of Cadet/Lcpls Appleyard, Addy and Peel, and Cadets Branford, Lister and Briggs. The School Headmaster, Mr J. M. Edwards, assorted parents, well-wishers and the Detachment Instructors 2/Lts John Nichols, Simon Burnett and Raymond Woodward. The first of the team set off to climb the 300-odd steps to the top of the tower whilst the local ice cream seller made an unexpected fortune; how CAN anyone eat ice cream on a perishing cold and windy day?

Then, way up in the dizzy heights a diminutive figure climbed over the balaony at the top of the tower and began the 240ft descent. All went well—albeit slowly; for 30ft or so, then, a tiny voice could be heard, 'I'm going to be sick'—pause, a hurried consultation. And then, 'he's fainted'. Sure enough he had, and a small figure hung limp as a sack of potatoes, slowly swinging to and fro, but in an ever-increasing arc as the wind caught. On the ground—cameras popping, TV camera whirling, you never saw so many Press-men, all having a field-day. 'Is he all right' 'Will he be safe?' 'Well, they said it was.' 'Poor kid.' Whilst above, Chris Gilbert, and below, Maj Peter Tattersall, each enjoyed his own small nightmare, under a blue haze of silent expression. It seemed an age, but not more than seconds, and Cadet Lister was on his way down on the safety rope, still unconscious and oblivious of the excitement he had created. Presently he was on the ground, recovered and assuring his mum and dad that he was 'OK' but—'no thanks, Dad, I'd rather not do it again today'.

The episode rated a few seconds on national TV that evening and a small entry in the next day's national Dailies, and, of course pics and a page in all the local papers. Thereafter, anticlimax, the remainder of the team descended safely, happily and without mishap. 10 AYT, the cadet team and sundry others made off to a suitable 'local' where the kind landlord restored creature comfort with pie and peas; the sponsorings were counted, and the venture had raised some £200 for the local branch of BLESMA, to the delight and gratification of the Branch chairman, Mr Jack Horne, who had braved the cold and the wind throughout the exercise, and who was full of praise for the cadets of the team.

Since the last issue, Heckmondwike Grammar School Cadet Detachment (DWR) have undergone a process of rebuilding, not the hut, but the number of cadets in it. The detachment now has a 'book' strength of 25, with eight recruits and about 30 parading each drill night. Brian Dolan, the detachment's staunch Sgt-Major Instructor, 'pinched' from 1st Yorkshire Volunteers via Halifax Cadet Detachment (DWR) has performed

wonders recruiting in Cleckheaton, and is now getting together about a dozen lads to play drums and bugles. Allegedly, that is why the Detachment Commander stays away on Thursdays, it's Brian's 'blow and bang' night. However, keep it up—from such small and painful beginnings a Corps of Drums might grow. Sufficient, it is hoped, to enlist the aid of the Battalion, when the Band comes to the West Riding for the June KAPE.

Personalia

BIRTHS

- To Capt and Mrs N. J. Newell, a daughter, Sally Anne, born December 29, 1975.
- Imray, Alisdair, September 16, 1975. Born at Falkirk, Scotland, to Eleanor (nee Findlay) and Patrick. Another grandson for 'Imray', The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.
- To Lcpl and Mrs Waller, a daughter, Victoria Louise, born on October 16, 1975.
- To Lcpl and Mrs Roast, a daughter, Wendy Eileen, born on October 22, 1975.
- To Lcpl and Mrs Fisher, a daughter, Carmen, born on October 15, 1975.
- To Lcpl and Mrs Hughes, a daughter, Cheryl Louise, born on October 31, 1975.
- To Pte and Mrs Sheenan, a son, Daniel, born on June 20, 1975.
- To Pte and Mrs Wroe, a son, Leon, born on October 19, 1975.
- To Pte and Mrs Hardy, a daughter, Lisa Jayne, born on November 3, 1975.
- To Lcpl (86) and Mrs Evans, a daughter, Samantha Jane, born on November 20, 1975.
- To Sgt and Mrs Robinson, a daughter, Lorraine Michelle, born on September 3, 1975.
- To Lcpl and Mrs Ijeh, a daughter, Xenia Clare, born on November 30, 1975.
- To Lcpl and Mrs Cooper, a daughter, Ashlene Louise, born on December 8, 1975.
- To Pte and Mrs Nicholson, a son, Zachery Henry, born on January 4, 1976.
- To Pte (46) and Mrs Palmer, a daughter, Andrea, born on December 5, 1975.
- To Pte (43) and Mrs Acklam, a daughter, Deborah Louise, born on August 2, 1975.
- To Lcpl and Mrs Dobinson, a son, Wayne, born on July 21, 1975.
- To Pte and Mrs Jarman, a son, Glen Michael, born on July 11, 1975.
- To Pte and Mrs McDonnell, a daughter, Downna Louise, born on September 25, 1975.
- To Lcpl (53) and Mrs Smith, a daughter, Michelle Louise, born on August 20, 1975.
- To Cpl and Mrs Wilkinson, a daughter, Charie, born on October 7, 1975.
- To Cpl and Mrs Wood, a son, Stuart James Alexander, born on September 17, 1975.
- To Sgt and Mrs Harrison, a daughter, Kari-Lovelee, born on October 20, 1975.

- To Pte and Mrs Bowes, a son, Lee Paul, born on July 2, 1975.
 To Cpl and Mrs Walker, a son, Robin Jay, born on July 3, 1975.
 To Lcpl and Mrs Robinson, a daughter, Nickola Michelle, born on January 5, 1976.
 To Lcpl and Mrs Dermott, a son, Jonathan Brian, born on January 16, 1976.
 To Lcpl and Mrs McCarthy, a son, Paul, born on January 4, 1976.
 To Lcpl and Mrs Scheffler, a daughter, Barbara Dorothea, born on April 2, 1975.

MARRIAGES

Mr P. J. Y. Saville and Miss A. L. Jones

The marriage took place on November 15, 1975, at Compton Chamberlayn, between Paul John Yorke Saville, the Duke of Wellington's Regt, and Auriol Lynda Jones.

The marriage of Pte Broadmore to Miss Maureen Lacey took place at St Paul's Church, York, on October 25, 1975.

The marriage of Pte Palmer (46) to Miss Gretta Hindmach took place at Durham Register Office on October 22, 1975.

The Marriage of Lcpl Mitchell to Miss Annaleen Newton took place at the Parish Church, Basildon, on October 25, 1975.

The marriage of Pte Rightson to Miss June Weston took place at Dewsbury Register Office on October 25, 1975.

The marriage of Pte Lee (91) to Miss Maria Devonport took place at Laro Register Office on October 27, 1975.

The marriage of Lcpl Dack to Miss Lorraine Greenwood took place at the Garrison Church, Aldershot, on October 25, 1975.

The marriage of Pte Mitchell to Miss Jenny Hopgood took place at the Garrison Church, Aldershot, on October 25, 1975.

The marriage of Pte Wilson to Miss Joan Florence Hall took place at Cleveland Register Office on August 22, 1975.

The marriage of Pte Jacques to Miss Maria Hough took place at St James' Church, Wakefield, on October 25, 1975.

The marriage of Pte Bryan to Miss Ann Stewart took place at Halifax Register Office on November 1, 1975.

The marriage of Bdsman Dunning to Miss Jacqueline Ann took place at St Edmon's Church, Richmond-upon-Thames, on July 19, 1975.

The marriage of Pte Baines to Miss Audrey Elizabeth took place at the Parish Church, Sowerby Bridge, on December 16, 1975.

The marriage of Pte Casey (15) to Miss Maryanne King took place at Sheffield Register Office on December 24, 1975.

The marriage of Pte Hunt to Miss Cathleen Elizabeth Bradbury took place at Leeds Register Office on December 31, 1975.

The marriage of Pte Pugh to Miss Marilyn June Brown took place at Sheffield Register Office on January 3, 1976.

The marriage of Pte Priestley to Miss Sadie Young took place at Leeds Register Office on December 20, 1975.

The marriage of Lcpl Frear to Miss Susan Brook took place at the Parish Church of St Andrew, Stainland, Halifax, on January 3, 1976.

The marriage of Pte Broadbent to Miss Janet Maria took place at Halifax Register Office on December 27, 1975.

The marriage of Pte Oliver to Miss Janet Etherington took place at Barnsley Register Office on December 20, 1975.

The marriage of Pte Peat to Miss Jenny Phillis Yardley took place at Rotherham Register Office on January 3, 1976.

The marriage of Pte Thomas to Miss Anne Scholes took place at Huddersfield Register Office on January 3, 1976.

The marriage of Pte Maguder to Miss Gulson Mehmet took place at Middlesbrough Register Office on December 27, 1975.

The marriage of Pte Tillet to Miss Catherine Hinde took place at York Register Office on January 10, 1976.

The marriage of Lcpl Smith (84) to Miss Anne Selby took place at Beverley Register Office on December 30, 1976.

The marriage of Cpl Briston to Miss Elizabeth Hulley took place at Hampshire Register Office on December 19, 1975.

The marriage of Pte Wroe to Miss Lynn Pullen took place at Ashford Christ Church on March 14, 1975.

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The marriage of Pte Ball to Miss Geraldine Patricia Morley took place at Hampshire Register Office on December 19, 1975.

The marriage of Pte Brandon to Miss Diane Deacon took place at St Luke's Church, Bradford, on July 26, 1975.

The marriage of Lcpl Edwards to Miss Isabel Callacher took place at Halifax Register Office on October 30, 1975.

The marriage of Sgt Kerry to Miss Kathleen Harvey took place at Aldershot Register Office on July 29, 1975.

The Long Service and Good Conduct Medal (with gratuity) has been awarded to CSM (WO2) T. J. E. Delaney, to whom we offer our congratulations.

Capt C. J. W. Gilbert has captained the Army Rugby Union XV and the following members of the Regiment have also played: WO2 P. Robinson, Sgt M. Cuss and Lcpl P. Williams. Many congratulations to you all.

Lt Col Michael Bray writes to say he and his wife are now safely settled in Brussels where life promises well. Should any member of the Regiment be making a pilgrimage to Waterloo, they will be delighted to offer them hospitality at 23 Van Severlaan, 1970 Wezembeck, Brussels, Belgium. Tel: Brussels 731.59.96.

Mr Lewis Stagnetto, the head of the family wines and spirit firm in Gibraltar, and a friend of many officers of the 1st Bn in 1953-55 and a great supporter of the Regiment, died on February 7, 1976, in London.

Cpl Sullivan, son of a well-known personality, was unhappily wounded in a grenade accident whilst instructing a recruit on the grenade range. Readers will be glad to know that he is cheerful and being well looked after in the Catterick Hospital. We wish him a quick recovery.

Obituary

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

Col Sir William Fenton, CBE, MC

Col Sir William Fenton died at his home in Cleckheaton on January 24, aged 83.

He served in the 1914-18 War and was one of the founder members in 1919 of the 4th Bn DWR OCA.

His loyalty to and affection for his war-time comrades meant so much to him that despite his disabilities he attended the annual reunions until the branch disbanded two years ago.

He joined British Belting & Asbestos Ltd, of Cleckheaton, in 1907, eventually becoming chairman of the company. He also served on the Federation of British Chambers of Commerce and was a past-chairman of the Yorkshire region of the Federation of British Industries.

Capt (QM) H. Coates, MBE

Horace Coates was one of my oldest and best friends.

I first met him in Devonport in 1930. He was then a CSM and, if I remember correctly, responsible for the 1st Bn soccer team, being a good player himself.

He was a very good shot and a member of 'Bull' Faithful's Bisley team.

He was RSM at the Depot during the four years I was there and was extremely well liked both by the staff and the recruits.

I next met him during the war when, on being posted to command the 8th King's Own, I was delighted to find Horace as Quartermaster. As

always, he was tremendously popular. During the Italian campaign he was awarded a very well-earned MBE.

On his retirement he lived by himself at Rotherham. He was very talented and had many outside interests. As well as publishing a children's book he was an accomplished artist. Towards the end of his life his eyesight began to fail and he was forced to reduce his activities. He always remained cheerful, however, and wrote me an entertaining letter only a few days before he died.

R. B.

Mullaney

James Henry Mullaney, 2 DWR, 1931-52. Died at Batley December 5, 1975, aged 62.

Maj J. H. Timgate, MBE, DCM

Jack Timgate died on December 29, 1975, as a result of a coronary thrombosis but had been in failing health for some time.

He had reached the rank of RSM when he was commissioned and joined the 8th Battalion at Newquay.

He was one of a small group of officers who were around 40 years of age whereas the remainder were only in the early 20s.

He quickly established himself as an officer who got things done. In those days of many shortages Jack was the one to 'make bricks without straw'. After 8th Battalion became 145 RAC he was determined to go with them to North Africa, and succeeded.

He was a most loyal officer and very popular in the Regiment.

Until a few years ago he generally managed to attend the annual dinner in London of the officers of 8 DWR/145 RAC.

Pte Ian Lindridge

Pte Ian Lindridge was tragically killed with the 1st Battalion whilst on exercise on December 2, 1975.

Gilbert

William Ronald Gilbert, aged 4 months, son of Pte and Mrs Gilbert, at Aldershot, on January 4, 1976.

Middleton

Christopher David Middleton, aged 4 months, son of Cpl and Mrs Middleton, at Aldershot, on January 17, 1976.

AN APPRECIATION

Maj Douglas Brisbane-Jones-Stamp

A number of people are contributing to an appreciation of Douglas Jones-Stamp and Brigadier Tony Firth is compiling it. This will appear in the next issue.

Regimental Association

NOTICES

London and Home Counties Branch Dinner—1976

On Saturday, May 8, 1976, at the Victory Club, Marble Arch. All Association members cordially invited. For details see under Regimental Headquarters.

Annual General Meeting, Reunion and Dinner—1976

On Saturday, September 25, 1976, at the Drill Hall, Prescott Street, Halifax. AGM 6.15 pm; Dinner 7.15 pm. Tickets £2.50 each, obtainable from RHQ, Halifax, or from Branch Secretaries.

Regimental Service—York Minster—1976

Saturday, October 30, 1976. Further details will be given in the August edition.

General Secretary's Notes

Notes from Huddersfield, Halifax and Keighley branches must have got 'lost' but this sub-editor can assure all readers that all is well despite all the non-too-cheerful news that abounds these days. (It seems 'near criminal' to read or write of anything pleasant, but my own view is that this 'infectious dejection' will evaporate when the sun's rays grow brighter and warmer—with these notes!)

Time of writing—mid-February 1976—during a very cold wintry spell, everyone is being asked to keep a special look out for any ailing or elderly people who might need help or assistance. Keep a special look out for any of our men, or their dependants, AT ANY TIME, and let RHQ know of anyone you consider may need a helping hand.

MOSSLEY BRANCH NOTES

The annual reunions of 'des anciens combattants de Mossley' and the 'Old Comrades of Hem' (France) once more were celebrated on November 1, 1975, when our French visitors attended York Minster for the Regimental Service, followed by wining and dining at Queen Elizabeth Barracks, Strensall. A reciprocal visit by 12 members of our Mossley Branch was made to Hem on the Remembrance weekend commemoration in France. During

their stay as guests at the homes of the 'Old Comrades of Hem', they were taken to Compiègne, about 15 miles north of Paris, where they enjoyed a guided tour of Le Chateau de Compiègne (1,300 rooms). As guests of the officers of the French Army Camp De-Royal Lieu, they sat down to a typical three-hour French luncheon followed by a visit to the famous railway carriage where the Armistice was signed in 1918 in the forest glade of Compiègne.

Wreaths were laid in Hem Cemetery by the Mayor of Hem, Monsieur Mondet, and Jack Powell, chairman, Mossley Branch. A section of this cemetery contains the graves of British soldiers who died in the First World War.

NEWS ITEMS

Bob and Angela Middleton (1 DWR) are now 'mine hosts' at the Newlands Inn, Eynsham, situated 1 mile off main A40 Oxford to Witney road (Tel: Oxford 881486). Our best wishes to them both. They extend a warm welcome to all Duke's and friends.

The Huddersfield and District Army Veterans Association and guests spent a very enjoyable evening at their annual dinner in the Princess Restaurant, Huddersfield, on January 9, 1976. After dinner entertainment was provided by 'Shirl's Girls' that brought broad smiles and youthful glints in the eyes of the Old warriors, mostly Dukes, present.

We have had a communication from Maj J. P. Hetherington, one-time OC of 146 Regt RAC (DWR) in the Far East. His address is: 'Melbreak', 21 Abbotsmount, St John's Road, St Helier, Jersey, CI.

Harold Rowlands, secretary/treasurer of the Halifax Branch, has now joined the ranks of the retired. It remains to be seen what new activity he will pursue but the organising of 'The Norths' trip to London on the occasion of the London

Branch dinner should at least keep him, and us, contented for a little while. Every good wish and, thank you, Harold.

CSM Eric Wakefield (formerly 1 DWR) now 3 Yorkshire Volunteers (TAVR) is the new chairman of Keighley Branch. Wait until the 'recce' is over!

Mick Reddy, approaching run-out, has joined the Halifax Branch. A very warm welcome, indeed, to Mick (and Pat) who have already given much help and support to the Branch during Mick's last appointment as CSM (Regt) to 'C' Coy (DWR) 1 Yorkshire Volunteers.

D. G. Landels (DWR) informed us that The Royal British Legion Club at Berwick-on-Tweed looked bare with no DWR Regimental Plaque adorning its walls although they had Dukes members. This has now been rectified, and a DWR plaque has been placed with Honour and Dignity on the club premises.

'Jackie' (CSM) Stead, DCM, MM, and his wife, Annie, both now aged 82, celebrate their 62nd wedding anniversary on May 22, 1976. Their address is: 42 Woodhall Rd, Thornbury, Bradford 3.

In Civilian Life



Enjoy Service and Comradeship in THE ROYAL BRITISH LEGION

Your service to Queen and Country needn't stop when you leave the Forces. The British Legion has as much interest in and responsibility for young ex-servicemen and women of today as it has for those of two world-wars and looks to them for its leaders of the future.

The Royal British Legion, 49 Pall Mall, SW1Y 5JY

Delhi

We left Multan about ten one night and arrived at Delhi Station at 5 o'clock the following morning. From there we marched a distance of nine miles to Nicholson Lines, called after General Nicholson who died outside the walls of Delhi during the Mutiny of 1857. He was a god to some Indian people and they worshipped him as 'Nicolsen'. I believe there is still a sect who pay homage to this famous man. I had pictured Delhi Barracks as something like our barracks at Halifax. The same, distance apart. Cpl Frank Kennedy gave me some ideas of barracks in India and his forecast proved to be right. He had said, 'Nine miles at least from the capital'. There was an open-air cinema and around this compound were a lot of tables, and men in Indian dress were serving and cooking breakfast for us. New to me but not so strange to the old Indian wallahs. As we ate, a big car came to a halt. It held the uncrowned King of India, Hari Chand Kapoor, our contractor. We said his car was ours seeing as we had bought it with our custom. It was a good meal and all we had to do was eat it, whilst the Quartermaster and his men took over the barracks from The Royal Norfolk Regiment (9th Foot). They had relieved us at Mandora Barracks in Aldershot in 1934, so we were not strangers to each other.

The barracks were low, bungalow-type and built of brick—not stone—that was generally found in India. An old soldier said there had been a mix up with the plans. Where these rumours spread from I do not know, but this type of rumour was prevalent all over the sub-continent and had often been passed down by word of mouth as men went home and others came in. The story was that these barracks were intended for Hythe Small Arms School and, with the plans being mixed, they had got an Indian barracks and Delhi had got a British type. I know they were a great improvement on Multan. There were no arms kotes. Rifles were kept in locked racks in the barrack room with magazines and bolts kept in our barrack boxes as was the custom. A blue lamp burned overhead, and under this lamp sat the arms kote orderly keeping watch for 'Loose Wallahs' (thieves).

There were four or five young subalterns waiting outside 'C' Coy office who had arrived from Sandhurst. Two of them were to join us: 2/Lts J. V. Butterfield and J. Conyngham. The latter was my Platoon Commander for a while, and I became very friendly with him. He was later killed in Burma.

The war being a fact, we soon got down to training. We marched over 20 miles to a place

called Badapur. This was only possible in the periods when the Viceroy was absent from Delhi. No troops were allowed to march through Delhi when the Viceroy was in residence. Badapur was about 11 miles on the other side of the city. The Band took us to the foot of the hill leading into Delhi, and from there we went through the city and on the way to our training area. I had watched two Band NCOs writing a march one night in the Corporals Club and, on this march, I heard it played. It was: 'I'll Hang up my washing on the Siegfried Line'; and one of the NCOs was an old soldier from Wales called 'Taffy' Watkins, who later earned himself a nickname from Beau Geste and Foreign Legion fame (the sergeant who gave the brothers hell).

At Badapur we were issued with beds that were only 4ft 6in long so they would fit into the tents supplied. After a night which was often bitterly cold, lying with hunched-up-legs, it took a while to get the circulation going again.

Capt K. G. Gregory was our Company Commander and, on Sundays after he had held his church service, we were free to wander within bounds or go shooting if we had shot guns. On the outskirts of our camp was a huge castle, reputed to hold a school for potential Indian Congress pupils and the future rulers of India. This was strictly 'out of bounds'. I was passing by when an Indian, with the charm and courtesy of his race, asked Jimmy Crabtree and myself if we would come in. Jimmy was scared and refused, but I took a chance and risked disciplinary action and asked him why. Around a table sat about a dozen men reading books of British nursery rhymes. All they wanted was someone to sing the words so that they could sing the songs. I was given a glass of lemonade, and proceeded there and then to sing 'Cock Robin', 'Little Bo-Peep' and other rhymes for the students' benefit. I was thanked and made my way out, to be met by a worried friend who was sure I had met an awful fate.

There was a young Sikh officer who was attached to my Company who was often late on parade. The morning we set off for Badapur he failed to parade. No one liked marching behind him as he seemed to have a hop, skip and jump action when he walked. Lcpl Jones blamed all his blisters on this officer. Jones was delighted when the officer missed the march but, approaching Delhi City, a tonga caught us up—The Sikh had joined the parade. Moans all round from the front files as he hopped along to our bawdy songs.

The officers went out shooting and bagged a few of the sacred birds of India, peacocks. My two squad mates, Tommy Hardwick (who was killed in Burma) and Norma Shearer, were the Officers Mess staff. Naturally they didn't allow a squad mate to go hungry, and at night we dined in the staff tent from the proceeds of the officers' shoot.

We did a forced march from Badapur to the Cantonment for the fun of it, doing about five miles to the hour. Mr Conyngham was in charge and entered into the spirit of the thing. Not so some of our weaker brothers in the rear, and at the hill leading out of the city we had to go at a slower pace as the Band took over. Our Sikh fell out and

Jones boy cursed him as he examined his feet when we got in.

We were due to march to Delhi Fort in the morning (the Red Fort), the scene of some of the bloodiest fighting in the Indian Mutiny of 1857. The fort overlooked the Jumna. We used the Lahore Gate as an entrance and the Delhi Gate to go to our training area. Outside the Delhi Gate were two huge stone elephants. We told all attached people that these elephants were erected in honour of the Regiment. They believed us, and we wore the Elephant and Howdah to prove it.

The entrance to Lahore Gate housed a set of rooms that made history in the Mutiny. In these rooms died the Methodist minister and his family, murdered by the mutineers. We used the same rooms for our 'Indication and Recognition' lessons. I had bought a lot of books on Delhi and knew these facts, but my comrades' thoughts did not hold the same interest, and they were astounded when I told them the history of the room we were training in.

I was often the NCO in charge of reliefs when on guard, and my job was to stand on the bridge crossing the moat leading into the fort and give the sentry a signal when any VIP was approaching the fort. There were so many important people calling, that a wrong salute, especially to an Indian officer, brought the wrath of the Commanding officer upon the Guard Commander's head. I had to call out, 'Sentry, present arms', or other salute. We only turned the guard out for General Officer

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



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

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

British Limbless Ex-Service Men's Association

'GIVE TO THOSE WHO GAVE — PLEASE'

Commanding Delhi District and the Viceroy, but the latter never ever called during our stay.

We did a lot of field training and sport. Boxing was a must, seeing our new Company Commander was none other than Capt J. H. Dalrymple, an ex-United Services Champion. I came in the fort one night and the guard commander was John McGowan, who told me, 'No boxing, no promotion'. I was an unpaid lance-corporal and so I volunteered to box as a lightweight. In the final I beat my best friend, Cpl Bill Buckley, and on the next Orders I was appointed a paid lance-corporal, and the last peacetime lance-corporal ever in the 2nd Bn, unless the Battalion should ever be formed again. After that, all appointments and promotions were war, acting. I can also say I boxed for my promotion and then proceeded to the Battalion lines later on and boxed as second string lightweight, and was beaten on points in the final. My Company Commander told me I had lost by half a point and if I had won I was to have been a representative against the 14/20th Hussars at Meerut. Just think, if I had won I might have even got a commission!

Around that time, rankers were getting commissions and we were given as second-in-command: Lt Jack Robinson (whose widow still attends the Regimental dinners). He had been one of Hore Belisha's Platoon sergeant-majors, a rank that was soon scrapped when the war broke out and officers ceased to be in short supply. The newly-promoted officer soon settled into his new role and we got used to the fact in time. One day, a golden eagle appeared on the roof of the married quarters, a good 200yds away. The Company Commander asked Mr Robinson to get his sporting gun and the latter took aim and fired and, with his only shot, brought it down. Whether he had it stuffed I do not know. Capt Dalrymple suggested it but Mr Robinson was not too keen.

At Christmas weekend an important Congressman was visiting Old Delhi, and we were confined to the fort. To fill our day we played five-a-side football and seven-a-side rugby and we were too exhausted at the end of the day to go out and cause any trouble. That night there was trouble in the Chandni Chowk, a notorious street just outside the fort and out of bounds to all British troops. Two bad characters from Nicholson Lines and not of our Company had gone there and began fighting with the bazaar keepers. We had to turn out and rescue them before they suffered a far worse fate than the CO meted out next day.

Discipline was bad at the time, due to the change from the backwoods of Multan to the fleshpots of Delhi with its massage parlours and other attractions. The Commanding Officer, Lt Col Fraser, DSO, MC, took steps to put matters right. We were given lectures by the Provost Sergeant, Joe Hird, and told about the places we were barred from. A ruling was made. Any individual who got VD, or days confined to barracks under this heading, would forfeit the late pass for his whole Company. 'C' Coy led a charmed life and eventually we were the only Company wearing plain clothes on our weekly night out in the capital. The CO then changed the rule. It was: one man in a Platoon at fault, the whole Platoon was punished. That very weekend

one of our men decided he didn't like my Platoon and asked for a transfer. He was transferred to 14 Platoon and discovered he had VD. That weekend 14 Platoon lost their plain clothes and late passes; 12 and 13 Platoons still had them when I left in August 1940.

The big attraction in Delhi was Wengers. All made it their Mecca to drink and dance with the Anglo-Indian community. A man named Flaherty decided otherwise. If he and his gang didn't like your face, Wengers was out of bounds. The Regimental Police could do nothing with this gangster-type mob; the police were pretty soft and were frightened. Unknown to them, the CO got all the better Regimental boxers together: Cpl Harry Stacey (4611863), a second enlistment after his mother had bought him out (he was one of our first to die in Burma); Frank McCabe, who had a piece of rib for a nose bone; Freddie Fox (later MM, Burma). Flaherty and his gang never knew what hit them as these NCOs in plain clothes went into them. The NCOs later took over officially, and peace reigned in Delhi until later in the year when Flaherty was courtmartialled for a fracas in Nicholson Lines, and that was the last of his gang until one night three of them tried to take a rifle from the sentry at the entry to Lahore Gate. They were sent down to penal servitude and that was the last of the gang.

There was a wireless mast in Delhi Fort, 260ft high and every daring lad wanted to climb it, but only one had the guts—Joey Flint, a very hard character, who went up one night and hung his shirt from the pinnacle. Mr Robinson offered a reward to anyone who would go up and bring the shirt down. That night Joey went up again and brought it down. It had his dhobi mark on and he didn't want to be found out. He need not have worried, no-one would have gone up—not even for a reward. Joey used to take his enemies on weekend leave when he was a recruit and get his Sheffield gang to beat them up, so it was said. He was a likeable tough lad, and I believe a great asset to the Regiment against the Japanese in Burma. I met the Adjutant, a Capt Woods, in Bombay, and he told me: 'A regiment of "Joey Flints" and we would have smartened the Japs there and then.'

My Company returned to Nicholson Lines to practise for the unveiling of the statue to our late King, George V. With the 4/11th Sikhs we practised saluting and marching but at first it was not a success. Our arms drill was far too slow, so we sharpened the words of command and took a shorter pause between movements. We took out our magazine springs and put in a two-anna piece; the effect was first class. The bang, bang, bang of our movements were really good as we matched these 6ft warriors of India in their movements. It was alarming to me to see the reaction of the British officers to any Sikh soldier's errors on parade. A mouthful of venom in the Urdu tongue, and one could see the soldier brace himself and never err again. Their discipline was of the best and I was very proud to go on parade with such men. I was placed in the centre of the front rank by Mr Jowett, our RSM. My job was to control

the Colours carried by Mr P. P. de H. Moran and another young second-lieutenant. As we dressed, I told them to move right or left as needs be.

Delhi was splendid in its pageantry. General officers were so numerous that a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Infantry was small fry in their company. Thousands of spectators came in their Indian and other national dress. I took it all in my mind's eye and wrote it down in my memory to tell you now. We were a selected band picked by the Regimental Sergeant-Major and that day I saw the end of the British Raj and the last tribute to a British King.

We had boxing, of course, and Capt Dalrymple was there to tell how good or how bad we were as we fought in the square near the men's canteen and Corporals Club. Bill Buckley won his weight, whilst Frank Kennedy tried to teach me to use my right. I had a good left but the Company Commander thought Frank could teach me a thing or two.

We were one of two regiments who marched at the burial of a Major-General who died. He was entitled to two regiments so it was said. Sergeants of the Regiment carried the coffin.

Our homeland was calling for NCOs, and soon the Regiment was sending home large drafts of Warrant Officers and NCOs to form the second line TA regiments. All NCOs went to Delhi Station to see off people like Larry James, our CSM, and dozens of NCOs. One poor lance-corporal had only married a very dark-skinned girl the day before, in spite of a warning from the CO not to do so. He was put on a draft for home with his coloured wife. Their belongings consisted of a cheap Indian suitcase. I felt very soory for the girl going to an alien land away from her own folk. He, Lcpl Willie Bell, of March 2 Squad, was later killed in France.

Some were NCOs who had fallen foul of the RSM and this was his way of getting rid of offending NCOs as they proceeded home to promotion in spite of their faults. Drafts went home and later we got news of deaths and promotions: 'Paddy' Burns at Dunkirk; CSM W. L. James, commissioned and later to be a Major. It meant rapid promotion for people remaining in the Regiment. From lance-corporal to sergeant in 12 months was nothing compared to private soldiers who transferred to the IAOC. Private today, sergeant tomorrow; WO1 (Conductor) after three months. The Military Police also spread their net and men and NCOs transferred to that Corps. I met quite a lot of them later, they were at least sergeants.

Pte Simpson was up before the Company Commander, not on a charge; he was a 'Hore Belisha boy'. Like lots of his kind, India had found him out. Hore Belisha had a great idea of feeding up C3-men whilst recruits, and getting them to peak fitness. India and its climate soon had these boys back to where they were before the War Minister had his bright idea. Simpson was deemed to be 'unlikely to make an efficient soldier', and he was put on three months' probation. He, along with the other Hore Belisha recruits, would have been discharged under normal circumstances but there was a war on. He came out of the office and found

a parcel on his bedcot left by the Post Corporal. Simpson opened the parcel and shared it with us and let us read the letter therein. It said: 'In grateful thanks for the wonderful job you are doing for King and Country'. It was from his local village. He was the only one to get such a parcel and, like us, he saw the humour of the situation as he said, 'Ee, bloody hero I am, can't shoot, can't march, but got parcel'. Simpson, however, like his class, was to die in Burma for his King and Country. I look at the Roll of Honour and see lots of my comrades; fine boys who were unfit to fight for King and Country, but they did, and paid the supreme sacrifice.

A young second-lieutenant joined us at Delhi. With his keen sense of humour he kept us amused as we trained behind Delhi Fort. Section leading and patrols and the voice of this young officer to speed the day. He later commanded the 1st Bn—2/Lt A. B. M. Kavanagh.

Three NCOs went to Rawalpindi to go before an Officers' Selection Board: 'Blood' Foster, 'Cushy' Mason and 'Dinky' Davies. They were commissioned in the Regiment and 'Cushy' was taken prisoner in Burma. Lance-corporals became sergeants, Sergeants became officers and we became dissatisfied with our war effort. The CO, Col Fraser, came to Delhi Fort to lecture us on the war and promised us action in the near future. We got it in Burma.

'Cushy' Wright (Satan) let his monkey loose and it got into the Indian War Museum and did untold damage. He was lucky he wasn't shot at dawn as the Company Commander told him his life history.

Thousands of Indians entered the Fort on Fridays, the Moslem day of prayer. They were going to see the Peacock Throne, beloved of Shah Jehan, the Mogul ruler. The story goes that Shah Jehan, after he had defeated the Hindu overlords, promised the people of India a new throne. On the day of the unveiling the people paraded expecting a throne of Hindu origin but the great diplomat produced his masterpiece, the Peacock Throne, a sacred Hindu bird. It was either he or his son, Shah Jehangir, who built the Taj Mahal, in memory of a beloved wife, Mumtaz Bibi.

Delhi Fort was at one time a military prison in Victorian times and as the bulk of the Army then was Irish, so most inscriptions on the cell walls were pleas to God before facing a firing squad or hanging in the morning. These inscriptions and the cells were a showpiece for visitors but I am sorry to say the Peacock Throne was out of bounds to British troops in case some of us gave offence, which would have happened. There was always the stupid and ignorant amongst us.

I see advertisements in the Press offering tours to India for as much as £250 per week. The Army gave me a tour at no cost at all but then, like most of my comrades, we did not appreciate the gesture, and now it's all ended and we look back with nostalgia and call our modern soldier and say, 'Come over here, young soldier, and I'll tell you a story' of, A soldier. A soldier of the King.