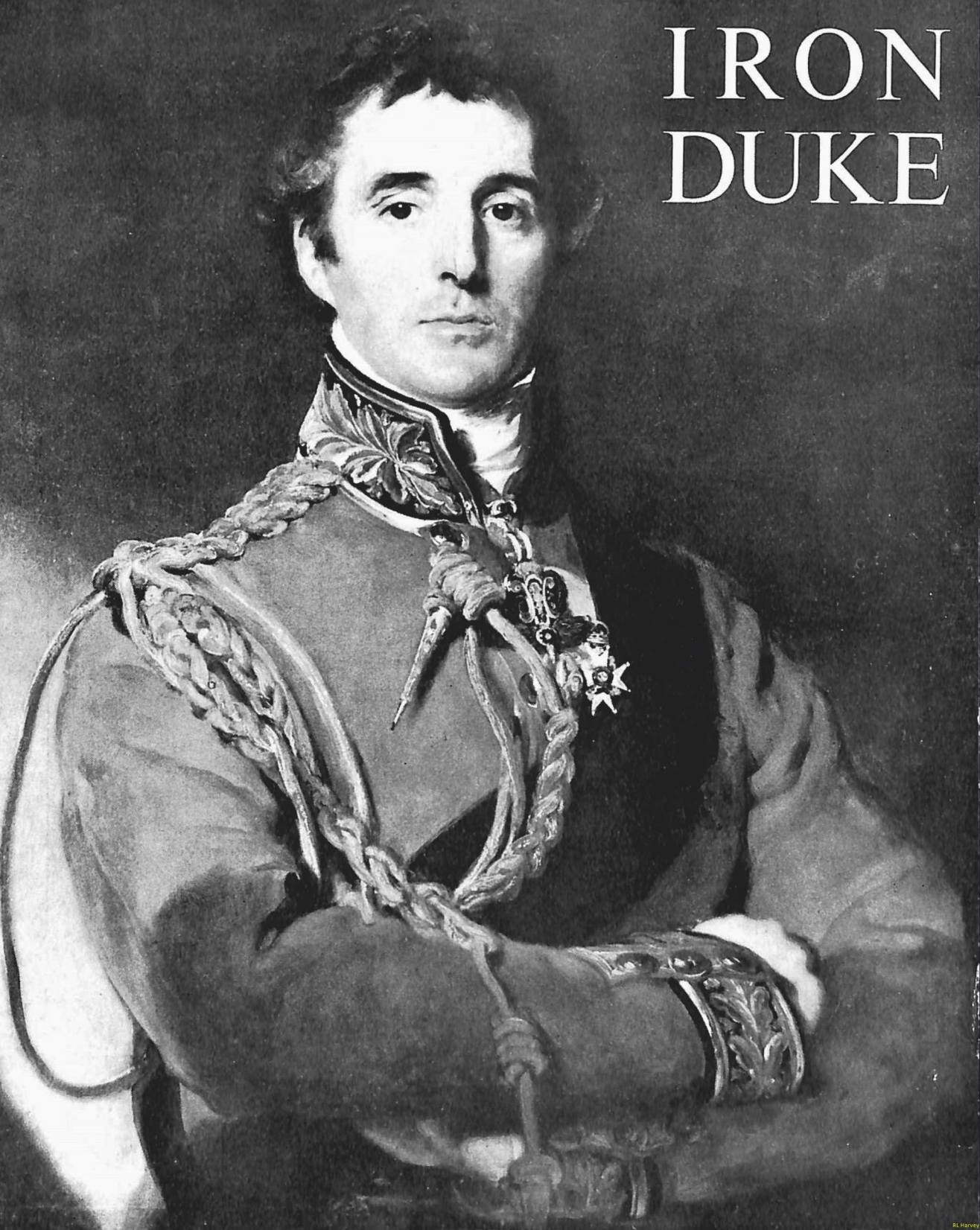


No.177 August 1978

THE  
IRON  
DUKE



# THE IRON DUKE

*The Regimental Journal of*

## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT

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



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

Vol. LII

AUGUST 1978

No. 177

### BUSINESS NOTES

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*Editor and  
Business Manager:* MAJOR J. S. MILLIGAN  
WELLESLEY PARK, HALIFAX.  
TEL.: 0422-61671

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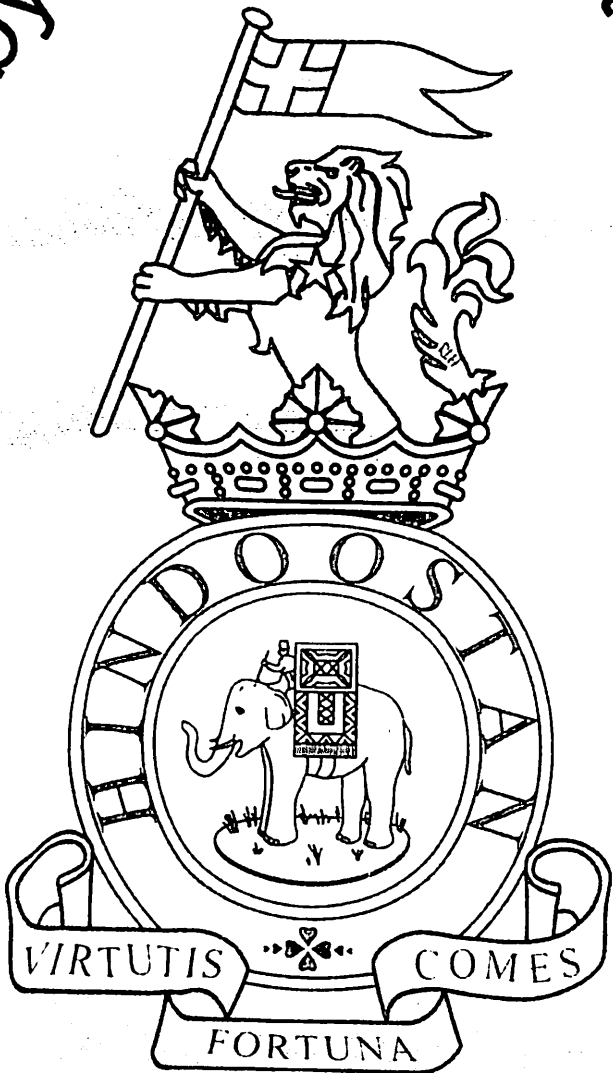
#### *Acknowledgement*

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

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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, CB, OBE  
*Rocliffe House, Easingwold, Yorkshire*

## **REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS**

*Wellesley Park, Halifax*  
Regimental Secretary: Major G. C. Tedd  
Assistant Regimental Secretary: Major J. S. Milligan

## **THE 1st BATTALION**

*BFPO 29*  
CO: Lt.-Col. M. R. N. Bray      Adjutant: Capt. A. D. Meek  
RSM: D. Hughes

## **TERRITORIAL & ARMY VOLUNTEER RESERVE**

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

*Wellington Hall, Prescott Street, Halifax*  
Commander: Major J. W. Garner, TD, BA

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

*St. Paul's Street, Huddersfield*  
Commander: Major M. Hawley

## **ARMY CADET FORCE**

### **WELLESLEY COMPANY (THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT)**

Huddersfield area ACF  
Major J. K. Tyler, 37 Woodside Road, Silsden, Keighley

## **AFFILIATED C.C.F.**

### **GIGGLESWICK SCHOOL CCF**

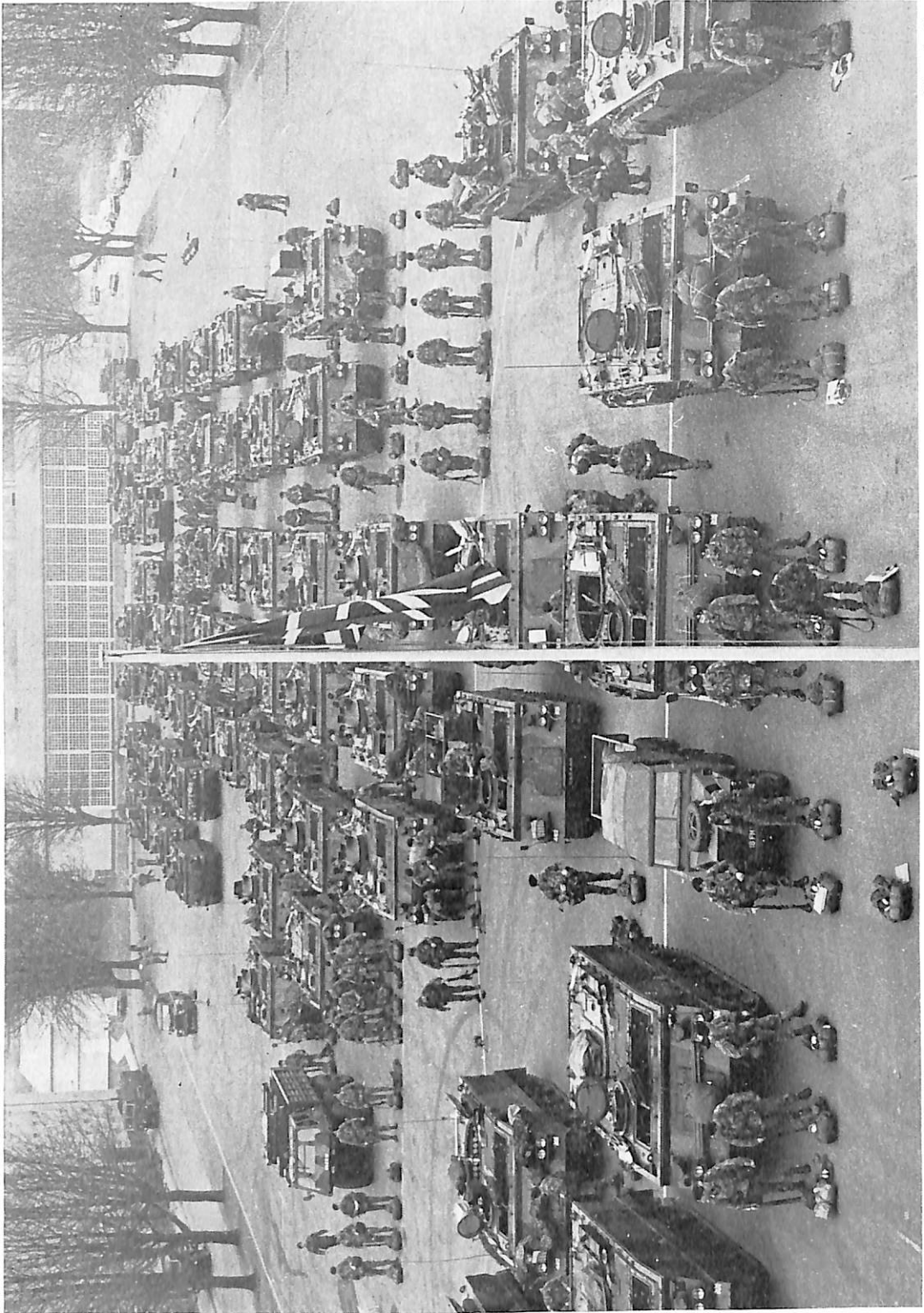
CO: Capt. N. J. Mussett

## **THE REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION**

### **Patron**

Brigadier His Grace The Duke of Wellington, MVO, OBE, MC, BA  
*President: Major-General D. E. Isles, CB, OBE*  
*Vice-President: Colonel J. Davidson, Mount House, Terrington, York*  
*General Secretary: Mr. A. Wood, Wellesley Park, Halifax*





*Frontispiece*

**ON PARADE**  
The 1st Battalion on Parade during the Annual Review of the Unit in March 1978

# Regimental Headquarters

## The Colonel of the Regiment

The Colonel of the Regiment has decided to leave the Army early and he is now to retire on October 1, 1978. He has accepted the appointment of Deputy Managing Director of the British Manufacture and Research Co Ltd at Grantham in Lincolnshire. This company is a subsidiary of Oerlikon-Buhrle, the famous Swiss armaments manufacturers and who took over some time ago the Hispano-Suiza Company. The Colonel will

spend much of his time commuting between Zurich and England and has also decided to move from Easingwold to Grantham in October. As yet he has not found a house so all mail for him should either be addressed to Easingwold until October 15, or to his DGW(A) address until August 28, when he hands over as DGW(A). The Colonel has agreed to continue as Colonel Commandant of The King's Div until September 1979.

The Colonel was honoured by HM The Queen by being created a Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath in the 1978 Birthday Honours List. All of us were delighted with the news of this well deserved award and we are sure we echo the feelings of all in the Regiment, past and present, in offering Maj Gen Isles our warmest congratulations.

## The Rt Rev Bishop Eric Treacy, MBE Honorary Chaplain to the Regiment, 1961-1978

Bishop Eric Treacy died suddenly on May 13 this year in his 71st year. This came as a great shock to his family, to his many friends, and not least to us in the Regiment. There have been many tributes to Bishop Eric Treacy including details of his life and interests, in particular his especial affection for railway trains, in the national and local Press. Apart from being a sincere and outspoken churchman with strong and sometimes controversial views on many topical subjects, he was acknowledged as being one of the finest railway photographers of his day. And it was whilst he was engaged in this pursuit at Appleby that he quietly collapsed and died.

What was not widely known, however, although the fact did appear in the obituary in *The Times*, was that Eric Treacy was our Honorary Chaplain.

His connections with us started soon after he came to Halifax from Keighley in 1950; and when our Depot at Halifax opened up in 1952 and started to receive and train recruits again, our connections with him became closer and more frequent. During those years, before he was consecrated Bishop of Pontefract, whenever we had an 'event' in Halifax, we invariably incorporated a service at the Parish Church in Halifax, and Eric Treacy was asked to take the service. There were many big occasions in those days—the service to mark the refurbishing and rededication of our Regimental Memorial Chapel; the dedicatory church parade of the 1st Battalion on the eve of its departure for Korea; the 250th Anniversary of the raising of the 33rd Regt; the installation and rededication of the 4th Bn's War Memorial in the Parish Church from its original site in the Prescott Street Drill Hall; the laying up of the 1st Bn's regulation Colours; and so on.

In all these events he evinced a dignity, a

sincerity and a strength that was the mark of the man—and we felt that he had become rather to like us! And on each occasion he had a message for us. Sometimes the message was too deep for us to understand immediately, but nevertheless it was there.

Shortly after he left Halifax to become Bishop of Pontefract in 1961 he was asked by our then Colonel, the late Maj Gen K. G. Exham, if he would do us the honour of becoming Honorary Chaplain to the Regiment—an appointment which was unique in that it was unofficial (in official military eyes that is) and personal. We felt that having established such a rapport and connection with him during his time in Halifax we would like to continue it. He accepted with considerable warmth, gratitude and delight—and he remained our Honorary Chaplain until his death. In the years that followed he was much in demand for weddings, baptisms and funerals for members of the Regiment.

Because of his greatly increased ecclesiastical duties at Pontefract and later at Wakefield, we did not see as much of him as we would have wished—but one thing he did do, regularly, and that was to preach a sermon at our annual service in our Chapel in York Minster. He would come with his wife May and join us for lunch after the service—and we were informed that this was one of the annual events he and May really looked forward to—the service and the lunch—to meet old friends, to renew old friendships in the Regiment, to maintain contact with us, and to give us a message.

Many of us were privileged to regard him as a friend and we respected, admired and yes, loved him—we shall all miss him. And all our sympathy and prayers go to May his widow, who was such a help to him and a friend to us. G.C.T.

## Korean War Ceremony in Westminster Abbey

On Monday, June 26, 1978, a ceremony took place in Westminster Abbey to commemorate the 25th Anniversary of the end of the Korean War 1950-53. I was asked to represent the Colonel of the Regiment. There were present, Representatives of all the Regiments and Corps who fought in Korea, and of the Royal Navy, Royal Air Force and Royal Marines, equally committed. Also, there, in uniform, were the military attachés of old Commonwealth and other countries involved and senior members of the Ministry of Defence. We were all assembled and seated around the tomb of the Unknown Warrior.

At 11.30am a magnificent wreath was laid by the Ambassador of the Republic of Korea—Dr Pyo-Wook Han. An excellent address was made by the Dean, prayers were said, and a short silence kept. It was a very simple service. Almost too simple: but then it was always a bit of a forgotten war as far as the rest of England was concerned. There was no music and no singing—just a general murmur of the gruff greetings of grizzly old campaigners and their hushed, hoarse, comments. I gazed around the Abbey with all its magnificent and historic monuments to England's past honour and glory. Surely the events in Korea were part of all this. I walked over into St James' Park and through the Green Park to the RAF Club for a reception. As I walked my thoughts turned to that country, those times, and those trenches in which briefly we had our being and in which some ceased to live. The smell of chloride-of-lime, and mud—'then, far away, the thudding of the guns'. The occasional whine of our own shells and the peculiar chuntering of the 8-inch projectiles on their way north. The solemn faces of the subalterns and NCOs at briefing time. It was their war. They won

it; they, and the Commanding Officer Ramsey Bunbury who raised our pitiful bests to peak performance by firm leadership, constant drive, wise general policy; and carefully considered immediate plans. It had been hard for us older ones, just finished with the high adventure of four years of general war, to have to abandon recently acquired domesticity, to plunge into a smaller but very serious war. '... but if you can't take a joke you should not have joined!' echoed the grizzly reaper as he hovered over the Sami-chon Valley at 'stand-to'. It was a daunting experience for the young national serviceman. The young officers and the scores of junior ranks—not yet 20 years old, and straight from some close knit Yorkshire family circle—the finest of the English. 'Call-up boys smash reds'. 'The Dukes did all I asked'—ran the headlines in the national press.

And yet, Korea was such a pretty country. Its beauty easily survived the scars of bulldozers, bombs, shovels and shells. There were orchids and lilies, and swallowtail butterflies and cock pheasants, brightly dressed and smiling children and old men in impeccably white garments, and big hills and little streams. All these thoughts came back, along with the flickering faces of those I was with, too many to mention, but who together constructed as fine a battalion as ever took passage in one of HM's troopships, across the China Sea. This year the nation has, quite correctly, commemorated the 25th Anniversary of the Coronation of Her Majesty, and of the conquering of Mount Everest, but the third great event of the summer of 1953 was the holding of the Hook.

A.D.F.  
Casualties: killed, 32; missing, 5; wounded, 95.  
Honours and awards: DSO, 2; MBE, 2; MC, 10; MM, 7; MID, 15.

## The Freedom of Halifax

As most of our older readers will know, the Regiment received the honour of the Freedom of the then County Borough of Halifax on June 18, 1945, and a large parade took place to suitably mark the occasion (see ID No: 62, of October 1945). This was our first Freedom and we have always been proud and jealous of that honour and the privileges it bestows. And when occasions have been appropriate we have exercised these privileges by marching through Halifax with bayonets fixed, colours flying and bands playing.

With the changes in local government and the alterations in boundaries and indeed the absorption of Halifax for instance into the larger administrative area of the Metropolitan Borough of Calderdale, we often wondered how our Freedom was affected.

The following exchange of letters has recently taken place:

**From the Chief Administrative Officer of Calderdale**

The Officer in Charge,  
Duke of Wellington's Regiment,  
Wellesley Park,  
Halifax

April 6, 1978

Dear Sir,  
FREEMEN OF FORMER BOROUGHS IN  
CALDERDALE

I write to you as a Freeman of one of the former authorities which merged into Calderdale Council in 1974.

In its first few years that Council has been preoccupied with many matters but I am pleased to

tell you that an area of activity has now been suggested for the select group of which you are one.

In future an invitation will be extended to you and your wife/partner to attend the following Calderdale Council civic events:

Annual Council (ceremonial part and lunch)  
 Mayoress' at Homes  
 Civic Sunday

In case you wish to make an entry in your diary, the date of the Annual Council this year will be Wednesday, May 17, commencing at 12 noon at the Town Hall, Halifax. That meeting will be preceded at 11.30am by a ceremony at which the Lord Lieutenant will formally hand over the Calderdale Coat of Arms, and to which ceremony you will also be invited. The dates and venues of the other two functions will be announced later.

This recognition is being accorded to all surviving Freemen, who, so far as I have been able to ascertain are:

*Halifax*

Mr W. Higgins  
 Mr F. H. Swire  
 Mr M. Jagger, JP  
 The Rt Rev. E. Treacy, LLD, MBE  
 Mrs L. A. Mitchell  
 Mr R. de Z. Hall, MA, LLB  
 Representative of the Duke of Wellington's  
 Regt

*Brighouse*

Mr J. V. F. Bottomly, CBE

No arrangements can be entirely adequate to acknowledge the status of Freemen but I hope you will be able to accept and enjoy these events as and when they occur.

Yours sincerely,

MICHAEL SCOTT  
 Chief Administrative Officer

**From the Regimental Secretary**

The Chief Administrative Officer,  
 Metropolitan Borough of Calderdale,  
 Town Hall,  
 Halifax HX1 1UJ

May 3, 1978

I wish formally to acknowledge receipt of your letter AH/JH/F.166 (2) of April 6, 1978, on the subject of Freemen of Former Boroughs of Calderdale, which I have already informally acknowledged by telephone to Mr Hoyle.

I sent a copy of your letter to the Colonel of the

Regiment, Maj Gen D. E. Isles, OBE, and he has instructed me to reply on behalf of the Regiment.

He has asked me to say that it has given us the greatest possible pleasure to receive your letter. The honour of the Freedom of the County Borough of Halifax was conferred upon the Duke of Wellington's Regiment on Waterloo Day, June 18, 1945, and we are very proud and jealous of that honour. Over the years, whenever the 1st Bn has had the opportunity, we have exercised one of the privileges bestowed upon us by marching through Halifax with bayonets fixed, colours flying, and bands playing—and we have much enjoyed and appreciated the privilege of doing so.

We fully understand and appreciate the reasons why the close links between Halifax and ourselves may have been somewhat weakened; mainly because, on our side, we no longer have our Regimental Depot here, nor do we have our own Duke of Wellington's Territorial Bn at Prescott Street. We also fully understand the more pressing matters with which the Council has been pre-occupied since the changes in local Government in the period 1972-74. However, we are very pleased to feel that we, as one of the small band of Freemen, are recognised by Calderdale and, as I said earlier, your letter has given us great pleasure. Also, it is good to know that it is not forgotten that our Regimental Headquarters is still here, and thriving, at its corner in Wellesley Park.

As the Freedom granted to the Regiment was what might be termed a corporate Freedom, the Colonel of the Regiment is our senior representative. However, because he is serving at the Ministry of Defence in London, and as a Regiment we are such a scattered body, he has further asked me to say that he has appointed me to be the Regiment's Representative Freeman—to coin a new phrase—and to be the recipient of whatever communication or invitation you or the Council may wish to issue. He has also given me discretion to ask my Deputy here at Regimental Headquarters to act for me, or to invite a more senior, or a uniformed officer, to act on our behalf as may be appropriate.

Yours sincerely,

G. C. TEDD

Regimental Secretary

All members of the Regiment will be pleased to know that our Freedom of Halifax, and its recognition in Calderdale, thrives.

G.C.T.

## Regimental Notes

### MAYOR'S DINNER AT HUDDERSFIELD

On Wednesday, May 17, 1978, the new Mayor and Mayoress of Kirklees, Maj Cyril Kenchington and Edie his wife, presided at the Mayor's Dinner

in the Town Hall at Huddersfield, their first engagement after the Annual Inaugural Meeting of the Council that afternoon. The following members of the Regiment were guests of the Mayor:

Brig and Mrs Firth; Col and Mrs Davidson;

Lt Col and Mrs Ivey; Maj and Mrs Roberts; Maj and Mrs Milligan; Lt Col Johnson.

Brig Tony Firth had the honour of proposing the toast of the new Mayor, after a short speech in which he highlighted Cyril Kenchington's long and varied career in the thirties on the North West Frontier of India with the 2nd Bn, in Europe in 1939-45 with the Reconnaissance Regt, in Korea, Gibraltar, Cyprus and Ireland. He recalled the incident in the Drill Hall at Huddersfield when a youth armed with a loaded rifle was holding a crowd at bay, and Cyril lit his pipe, approached him quietly, calmed him with a fatherly talk, and persuaded him to hand the rifle to the waiting police. Brig Firth reminded everyone that Kirklees is the seventh largest Metropolitan District in Britain including 370,000 people and 180 square miles of territory. He read out the following message from the Colonel of the Regiment, and handed Cyril a copy to keep.

'The Duke of Wellington's Regt is very proud that one of its sons has been selected to be the Mayor of Kirklees—one of the largest Metropolitan Districts in the country and also embracing two of the old authorities which honoured the Regiment by bestowing their Freedom upon us—Huddersfield and Spensborough.

On behalf of all ranks of the Duke of Wellington's Regt, past and present, I, as Colonel of the Regiment, wish The Mayor and Mayoress (Cyril and Edie) a successful, happy and rewarding year of office'.

### NUMBERING OF ISSUES

Readers will have noticed an error in the Numbering in the last issue.

It is the practice to number issues in sequence from the first issue and the number of the April 1978 issue should be amended to No 176.

### THE COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT AND THE HUDDERSFIELD AND DISTRICT ARMY VETERANS ASSOCIATION

At their monthly committee meeting, held in April this year, the Huddersfield and District Army Veterans Association unanimously decided to invite Maj Gen Isles to become their Honorary Patron, and asked him accordingly. The Colonel was delighted to accept and he is now the Honorary Patron of that unique Association which is locally and popularly known as the 'Huddersfield Army Vets'. He follows a distinguished line of Honorary Patrons which has included Lord Roberts 'Bobs', Lord Jellicoe, the Earl of Harewood and the Earl of Scarbrough.

### REGIMENTAL CHRISTMAS CARD 1978

The Regimental Card will be the same as for last year, ie, a plain white folded card 6×4in with the Regimental Badge embossed in red on the front.

Inside is the customary Christmas and New

Year Greeting, with the 'Duke of Wellington's Regiment' printed in the bottom left hand corner.

Due to our bulk order last year, these cards cost 6p per card.

Please forward orders to RHQ as soon as possible accompanied by your remittance (6p per card plus 10p per dozen post and packing).

### THE D-DAY AND NORMANDY FELLOWSHIP

Members of the D-Day and Normandy Fellowship held their annual functions on 3-4 June. These included a dinner in HMS *Dryad*, *Southwick*, *Hampshire* (General Eisenhower's D-Day Headquarters) and the annual service in Portsmouth Cathedral followed by a reception. Members from Canada, Greece, Australia and The Netherlands were among those present. Subsequently a party went over to Normandy. Membership still builds up. Membership application forms are obtainable (SAE requested) from the Hon Membership Secretary, St John's Cottage, Sheffield, nr Southampton.

### CORRESPONDENCE

The following letter has been received by the Regimental Secretary from Capt F. A. Renton, ARCM, psm, now Director of Music with the Parachute Regt, who was Bandmaster at the Depot The King's Div and badged in the Duke of Wellington's Regt (see IRON DUKE of April 1978, page 10).

Regimental Headquarters,  
The Parachute Regt,  
Browning Barracks,  
Aldershot,  
Hampshire GU11 2BS  
June 12, 1978

Dear Maj Tedd,

May I use the page of THE IRON DUKE to express my thanks to the many members of the Regiment with whom my wife and I have been in any way associated during my two years as Bandmaster at Strensall.

Although I never had a chance to visit the 1st Bn we have made many friends and never failed to be impressed by the warmth and easy friendliness apparent in every contact; it made what was a very good job into a most enjoyable involvement.

May I wish everybody the best of fortune for the future.

Thank you.

Yours sincerely,  
FRANK RENTON

We are grateful for this letter and the sentiments expressed therein, and, as we said in April, we wish Capt Renton well for the future.

Courier Buildings,  
PO Box 19,  
Halifax  
April 10, 1978

The Editor,  
THE IRON DUKE,

As I retire from 'active service' with the *Halifax Evening Courier* I should like to put on record through THE IRON DUKE my sincere thanks to countless members of the Regiment who contributed on many occasions and in many places to some memorable highlights in my post-war years in journalism. Such times as those spent with the 1st Bn—in Belfast in happier days, several times in Germany, in Kenya and in Norway on 'Bar Frost'—will ever remain in happy memory.

Always and everywhere I enjoyed a welcome and first-class hospitality and I am proud to have been accepted as a friend of the Regiment, something I shall always continue to be.

Yours truly,

GEORGE BEDDOE,  
*Editor*

(George Beddoe handed over the Editorship of the *Halifax Evening Courier* on July 1 and finally retired on July 30. He will, however, remain on the Board of Directors.

We take this opportunity to thank George for all he has done for the Regiment and extend our best wishes to him for a happy retirement.)

Sir,

I am completing a book about Dunkirk and would like very much to get in touch with anyone who participated in those stirring days. If any of your readers can help, I would greatly appreciate it. Kindly address letters to me, c/o Penguin Books Ltd, 17 Grosvenor Gardens, London SW1.

Yours sincerely,

WALTER LORD

## EXTRACTS FROM LONDON GAZETTE

### King's Division Regular Army

Lt Michael Carter (504991) DWR from Short Service Commission to be Captain (QM) April 1, 1978. (LG May 15, 1978).

The undermentioned Second Lieutenant from General List is confirmed in his commission and transferred to DWR with effect from March 4, 1978. Regular Commission, J. A. C. Kilburn (503853) (LG May 9, 1978).

### Commands and Staff Regular Army Reserve of Officers

Brig A. D. Firth, OBE, MC (85648) late DWR ceases to belong to Reserve of Officers December 19, 1977 (LG May 9, 1978).

Capt N. J. Newell (485744) DWR retires March 31, 1978. (LG March 9, 1978).

### Regular Army

Capt J. Dowdell (491444) DWR Resigns his commission March 24, 1978. (LG March 28, 1978).

2 Lt P. J. McDaid (501654) to be Lieutenant March 6, 1978. Resigns his commission April 1, 1978. (LG April 11, 1978).

### TAVR

Lt Col R. M. Weare (436581) 1 Yorks to be Col TAVR March 1, 1978.

Lt (Acting Captain) R. T. Newcombe (495858) 1 Yorks to be Captain March 1, 1978, with seniority April 1, 1976.

### Promotions

#### Regular Army

#### Commands and Staff

The undermentioned Colonel to be Brigadier June 30, 1978:

D. W. Shuttleworth (400063) late DWR.

The undermentioned Captains to be Majors June 30, 1978:

A. D. M. Palmer (480372) DWR, and D. W. Wonson (477861) DWR. (LG July 11, 1978).

Maj W. F. C. Robertson (362946) DWR retires on retired pay June 30, 1978. (LG July 11, 1978).

### Kings Division

#### TAVR

#### Group A

Maj K. Marsh, TD (471089) 1 Yorks, resigns his commission May 1, 1978. (LG July 18, 1978).

### Regular Army

23487626 WO1 William Synnott (506455) R Irish to be Captain (QM) April 1, 1978. (LG July 18, 1978).

### Army Cadet Force

#### TAVR

#### Group B

The Queen has been graciously pleased to confer the award of the Efficiency Decoration (T & AVR) upon the following Officer:

Maj C. J. Tattersall (481148) ACF. (LG July 18, 1978).

### Mr Victor Prince, Storeman at RHQ

Mr Princc, the Storeman/GD man at RHQ will be retiring in early February 1979. In conjunction with the Area Civilian Staff Manager at York we are starting the process of finding a replacement, but will have to go through the usual civil service procedures. Ideally, we would like the post to be filled by an ex Duke—either someone who is about to leave the army or who has been left for some time. Anyone who is interested should write to the Regimental Secretary at RHQ.



# Personalialia

## APPOINTMENTS

We are delighted to report that Col D. W. Shuttleworth, OBE, has been selected to be the next Divisional Brigadier of the King's Div (HQ at Imphal Barracks, York) and for promotion to Brigadier. He takes up his new appointment on August 14, 1978.

Col R. M. Harms, MC, has taken up his appointment as Defence Attache, Caribbean, wef, March 1978.

Lt Col J. E. Pell, OBE, is appointed GSO1 (Psy ops) at the Joint Warfare Establishment wef, May 4, 1978.

Lt Col R. L. Stevens, MBE, is appointed GSO1 British Forces at Belize Garrison wef, July 31, 1978.

Maj S. J. Nash is appointed to DAAG (Ops) HQ 1 (BR) Corps wef, August 1, 1978.

Maj I. P. Reid has been appointed GSO2 Sy A at HQ UKLF wef, June 1978.

Maj C. G. Fitzgerald, to be GSO2 (SD/Trg) at HQ The King's Div, in relief of Maj S. J. Nash, wef, October 4, 1978.

Maj W. F. C. Robertson retired from the active list on June 30, 1978, and takes up an appointment in the recruiting field as ACIO Oxford.

Maj D. M. Pugh has taken up his appointment as Training Major 3rd Bn Yorkshire Volunteers at St Paul's Street, Huddersfield, from May 1978.

Maj P. J. Mellor is appointed GSO2 (DI 4b) in MOD(A) DIS wef, August 4, 1978 (and not to HQ 3 Armd Div as appeared in the list in April issue of THE IRON DUKE.)

Capt D. W. Wanson has transferred to the Royal Military Police wef, June 1978.

Capt (A/Maj) M. P. C. Bray is a Company Commander at Depot, The King's Div, wef, April 1978.

Capt A. J. Pitchers is 2IC of a Company at IJLB Shorncliffe as from June 1978.

Capt J. Dowdell resigned his Commission March 1978.

Capt N. J. Newell resigned his Commission in April 1978.

Capt A. D. Meek has been appointed Adjutant of the 1st Bn as from May 1978.

2 Lt P. J. Harvey is appointed a Platoon Commander at Depot, The King's Div in August 1978.

Maj (QM) W. Robins, MBE, joined RMA Sandhurst in June 1978 and takes up his appointment there as Staff QM on August 28, 1978.

Capt (QM) M. Carter has been granted a QM Commission, promoted to Captain, and appointed as QM 2nd Bn Yorkshire Volunteers wef, April 1, 1978.

Capt (QM) R. A. Tighe has been appointed the QM of the 1st Bn wef, June 15, 1978.

Capt W. R. R. Synott, R Irish has been selected to be QM2 (Technical Quartermaster) of the 1st Bn, as from June 1, 1978.

## ENGAGEMENT

### Mr R. C. Stark and Miss P. J. Leach

The engagement is announced between Robert Chisholm Stark, The Duke of Wellington's Regt, elder son of Mr and Mrs J. Stark of Sheffield and Philippa Jane, daughter of Mr and Mrs B. R. Leach of Bakewell.

## MARRIAGES

### Capt C. F. Grieve and Dr G. O'Donnell

The marriage took place between Capt Charles Frederick Grieve, The Duke of Wellington's Regt and Miss Gaye O'Donnell at Ampleforth Abbey on April 8, 1978.

Sgt G. R. Blackburn to Miss Pauline Greaves, on March 25, 1978.

Lcpl M. Turner to Miss Elaine Green, on March 25, 1978.



Lcpl M. Turner at his Wedding with Page Boy 'Cpl' Mark Wooley

Pte T. Cullen to Miss Marike Shaper, on March 28, 1978.

Pte R. L. Lowther to Miss Jane Patricia Cunningham, on May 18, 1978.

Cpl D. A. Porter to Miss Joan Mowbray, on March 26, 1978.

Pte M. V. Cooper to Miss Vera Colette Johnson, on April 8, 1978.

### BIRTHS

To Lt and Mrs W. A. N. Atkinson, a son, Nicholas James.

To Sgt and Mrs B. Noble, a son, Richard Isaac.

To Cpl and Mrs M. Smith, a daughter, Maria Valerie.

To Pte and Mrs D. Mace, a daughter, Nichola Anne.

To Sgt and Mrs W. Parrott, a daughter, Liliana Sera.

To Bdsm and Mrs H. Mears, a son, Perry Jason.

### CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Brig and Mrs D. W. Shuttleworth, Sandisfield, Fulford, York.

Lt Col T. D. Lupton, 14 Ox Calder Close, Dunnington, York.

Lt Col and Mrs J. E. Pell, 30 Merrifield Road, Ford, Salisbury, Wilts.

Capt and Mrs C. F. Grieve, 4 Strensall Park, Strensall Camp, York.

Capt and Mrs N. J. Newell, Karina, Pwllheli, Gwynedd.

Maj and Mrs I. P. Reid, HQ UKLF, Erskine Barracks, Wilton, Salisbury, Wilts.

Capt A. J. Pitchers, Infantry Junior Leaders Bn, Sir John Moore Barracks, Shorncliffe, Folkestone, Kent.

Capt J. Dowdell, Western Frontier Coy, Thumrait, PO 897 MUSCAT, Sultanate of Oman, Arabian Gulf.

Maj P. J. Mellor, 4 Bridge Lane, London SW1.

Mr and Mrs S. F. Bruce-Lowe, Ashfield Tower, Kenton Road, Newcastle upon Tyne NE3 4PE.

Mr L. H. Conway, 16 St Golder Road, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

Maj P. T. Hirst, Army Catering Services (UK), HQ Eastern District, Flagstaff House, Colchester, Essex.

### PERSONAL REQUEST

Capt John Sandison, REME, the present OC LAD with the Duke's informs us that his great-uncle was a Duke, Lt Col John Hutton Bowes-Wilson, born in 1878 and was killed in Zillebeke in June 1917.

Beyond this Capt Sandison knows little, and he would be very pleased to hear from anyone who may have known him or known of him.

### THE THIN RED LINE

By Lt Col George Taylor

A friend of mine left Huddersfield to live in Budleigh Salterton and when we went to stay with them he told me that the vicar's warden at the church was Brig V. C. Green who remembered me from many years ago and would like me to call and have a glass of sherry with him and his sister.

He and his sister lived in a delightful old house next to the church. His sister was very nearly blind but the Brigadier was as tall, slim and well turned out as I had remembered him on Territorial Camps in the twenties as Staff Captain and later as Brigade Major and General Staff.

Over the sherry we had a delightful conversation and he told me how he became a member of the Dukes.

His family were related to Cromwell and he showed me a few family relics which they still held. The finances of the family had varied from period to period and he was born in a period of shortage and his future was to be the army.

When he was at Sandhurst he was told that his father would not be able to make him any annual allowance but could contribute £20 towards his uniform.

He joined the West Indian Regt which he described as the cheapest Regiment he could join, but after a few years when this regiment was to be disbanded the officers were asked to apply to the Regiment they would like to serve with.

How could he ask to join any Regiment with no allowance and pay of 10s 6d per day out of which he had to pay his Mess bill, batman, uniform expenses and all personal items.

By the Grace of God he said he was posted to 'The Dukes'. He was given a marvellous reception and quickly became part of that wonderful family which brought him all those years of happiness.

V. C. Green was a splendid example of the Thin Red Line and Regimental Officer and we members of the Territorial Army have been grateful for such members of the Regiment who were sent to us as Adjutants, Training Officers and Permanent Staff Instructors.

When I joined 7 DWR in 1921, foreign travel was very limited with no airways and few motor cars and it was exciting and most informative to be told of service in India, Egypt, Singapore, and other parts of the world by one of 'The Dukes' who had served there.

We were most fortunate to have these splendid examples of the British Army to train us and on behalf of my contemporaries I express our gratitude to the Regiment for having sent them to us.





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# 1st Battalion

## COMMANDING OFFICER'S INTRODUCTION

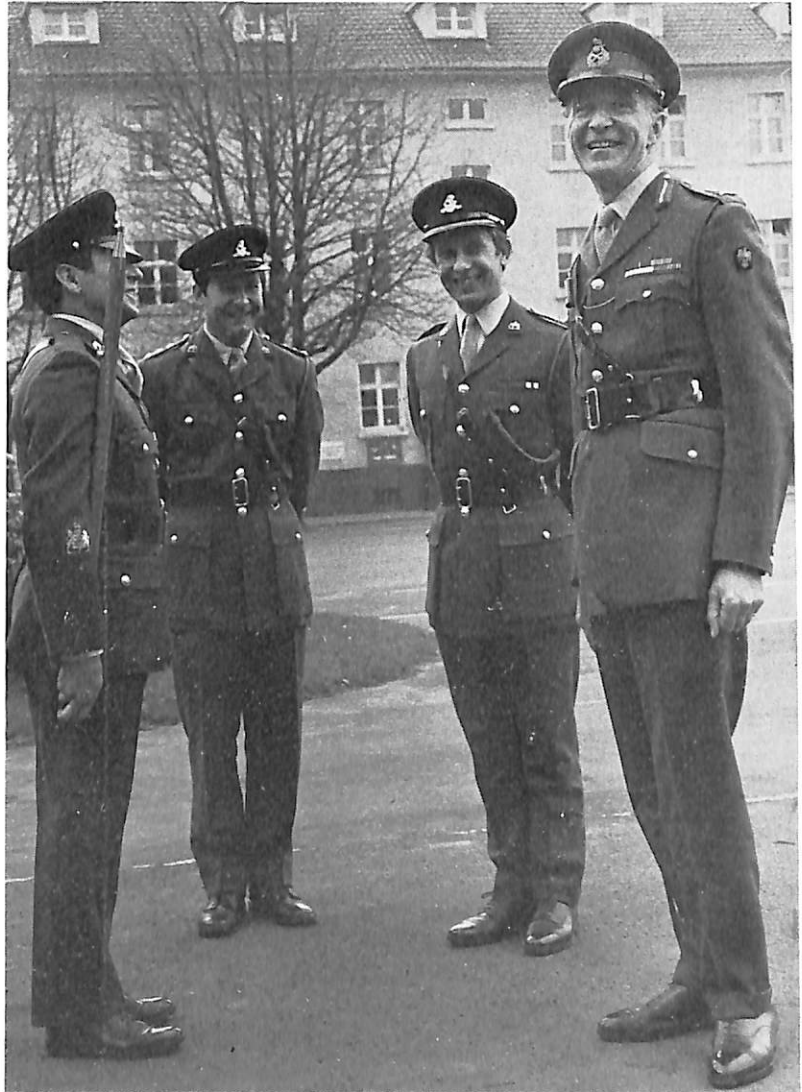
We are in the middle of things and it feels a very inappropriate moment to be reporting in these columns. As I write Alma Coy are exercising in Canada with the Blues and Royals Battle Group; Burma are in the process of moving there with the Queen's Own Hussars Battle Group; Corunna are just returning from leave and about to start training for Canada; Dettingen has been divided between the other three, and Hook, which now includes mortars and anti-tanks, is well represented everywhere. The sub-editor is looking even more desperate than usual.

By all accounts the training provided at Suffield, Alberta, is the best training of its kind the Army

has ever had and we all look forward to it. For each battle group there is preparation in BAOR, which consists of a two-day study period followed by about 10 days training at Soltau and then a month in Canada. The whole affair presents an interesting and worthwhile challenge. This can be illustrated without further comment by listing the components of 1 DWR Battle Group, none of whom have seen each other before:

<i>Sub unit</i>	<i>Provided by</i>	<i>Where they come from</i>
BG HQ	1 DWR	Minden
Tank Sqn	A Sqn RHG/D	Detmold
Tank Sqn	A Sqn QOH	Detmold
Close Recce Tp	5 Tp B Sqn 16/5 L	Wolfenbittel

Visit of Maj Gen R. M. H. Vickers, MVO, OBE, GOC 4 Armoured Division  
Left to right: RSM D. Hughes, Capt J. R. A. Ward, Lt Col M. R. N. Bray, Maj Gen Vickers



Inf Coy	'C' Coy 1 DWR	Minden
Inf Coy	'D' Coy 1 RCR	London Ontario
Arty Fd Bty	16 Bty (Sandhams Coy)	Dortmund
	26 Fd Regt RA	
Swingfire Pl	P Tp J (Sidi Rezagh)	Sennelager
	Bty RA	
Blowpipe Det	43 Bty 39 Fd Regt RA	Sennelager
ATGW Sect AAC	B Sqn (664 Sqn AAC)	Herford
	Sect 4 Regt AAC	
Tp Engrs	29 Fd Sqn 4 Div Engr Regt	Hameln
IRG	IRG 2 Armd Div Tpt Regt	Bunde

For good measure we have added two Gurkhas and four University undergraduates.

Meanwhile in Minden our run of sporting success has continued and the outstanding achievement has been the winning of the BAOR Inter Unit Novices Boxing with a fine win over 2 Para in the Olympic Stadium in Berlin.

Much continues on the domestic scene in Minden. We have resurrected the White Rose Club and the Sports Club combining the two in a very suitable building which we now use successfully for all types of function, sporting or social. The White Rose Club also operates a very successful coffee shop. Showing the families what we do is currently fashionable; wives are seen getting half-inch groups on the range and winging around camp in APCs. If recruiting does not pick up we may shortly need them, and the fact that our newly formed youth club for 10-14-year-olds is already bigger than a rifle Company has not gone unnoticed.

In summary, the number of people who are happy vastly exceeds the number who are not. We feel that we have turned the corner on the pay issue (and are grateful to many, including the Editor, who have given us their support on this matter). And I bet I'm the only person who has got his IRON DUKE notes in on time.

### RRU—1 DWR

(Religious Report on a Unit)

by

Rev Peter Bayley, CF

The Word came through from MOD  
To pack me gown and books,  
The CG said 'Now Bayley lad,  
Tha's goin to join the Duke's.

You'll find they're quite a funny lot  
Who come from up near York,  
They like a pint, and then a laugh,  
And then a damn good talk.

On top of that they play a game  
Called rugby, so I'm told;  
But your Commission's simply this—  
To get 'em in the fold!

So off we went to Minden town  
And sized each other up:  
The Duke's said, 'Padre on thee Knees,  
And 'elp us win the Cup!'

Their Colours speak of glories past,  
From Dettingen to Hook:  
I understood the lads who said,  
'I'm reet glad to be a Duke.'

I read they must be lead not driven,  
Or else ther'll be a mess!  
And so I've tried to lead 'em in  
The paths of righteousness.

I've shared in happiness and tears,  
As every Padre should;  
And now and then I've glimpsed some faith;  
For folks are mostly good.

In various situations  
They've seen the business done;  
This article's much better than  
When Waterloo was won!

What can one say to sum it up,  
About this breed of chap?  
'Irreverence with a cheeky grin'  
Could be his epitaph.

A Duke has little wish for Heaven,  
Unless he's with his mates:  
Then God might just admit them if  
They kick ball o'er the gates.

### OFFICER'S MESS

The torrid tale of the Officers Mess, its ups and downs, and continuing dramas must commence with a congratulatory word to the CO on his MID for the Londonderry tour. And now down to the hard stuff!

Immediately after Easter the Mess experienced a week of considerable activity. It began with a Guest Night at which the Adjutant designate introduced an interesting game involving chains and trolleys (the advent of which caused Gen Worsley to usher Gen Berry—Commander V US Corps quickly out of the Mess) and we introduced American and German Officers to the delights of gin and tonic. The following night the Mess went 'en masse' to the Officers Mess of 110 Pioneer Bn of the German Army. They are our affiliated Battalion in Minden. This time it was their turn to introduce us to the delights of a Westphalian supper and the occasional beer and schnapps! It was on this occasion that the problems of language were quickly surmounted (in fact, in direct proportion to the amount of alcohol consumed) and the expression 'Pas de Coves' came into being. For the living-in members the week continued at a high pitch, with 2 Lt Peter Harvey trying to dispose of his Spitfire over a cliff edge. The week reached a climax with a weekend of tennis and the reintroduction of Pimms to the Mess.



The end of April saw a French night in the Kellar Bar and a special place was reserved for Lt Col 'Les mains' Dick Mundell. It was an excellent evening and Andrew Drake still thinks 'river gauche' is a Brazilian football player. Thanks to Don and Mitch for all their handiwork. Tennis, and recovering from it predominate German evenings and weekends, especially now that we have a rear patio, a dead birch tree, and an assault course-type fire escape. Now that the Companies are split up for Canada there will be a three-month gap before we are all together again in September. Comings and goings provide new faces, new nicknames and plenty of gossip. The Pitchers have left for Shornecliffe and Chris Gilbert has slipped down to Herford. We are sorry to say a more permanent goodbye to Nick and Margo Newell but if they do end up in South Africa perhaps a holiday invitation might be in order! An equally sad loss to Mess life in the departure of Lawrie and Sandra Linskey to somewhere boring in the Far East.

We welcome Andrew and Sandie Meek back from that tax haven Warminster. George Kilburn has returned to keep an eye on another new arrival, his younger brother Jack, and we have a new TQM Bill Synott and his wife Teresa from the Royal Irish—welcome.

Congratulations to Bob Stark on his recent engagement to Miss Philippa Leach and there's a sinister rumour going round about the A/Adj, but its not confirmed officially.

### SERGEANTS' MESS

At the present time everyone is asking if the Sergeants Mess 1 DWR is in Minden, Soltau, Sennelager or Canada, or spread all over Yorkshire.

During February the Mess was definitely at Soltau as we all remember that chilly experience well. Eventually the Mess with the aid of the Blues and Royals thawed out. The RSM's social life did not suffer as the Blues and Royals ensured he ate well at the dinners they invited him to. The

remainder of the Mess (not to be outdone) supported the Adjutant in the viewing of Eskimo Nell and her sister. We now know that Capt Ward rescued this pair from underneath a polar bear.

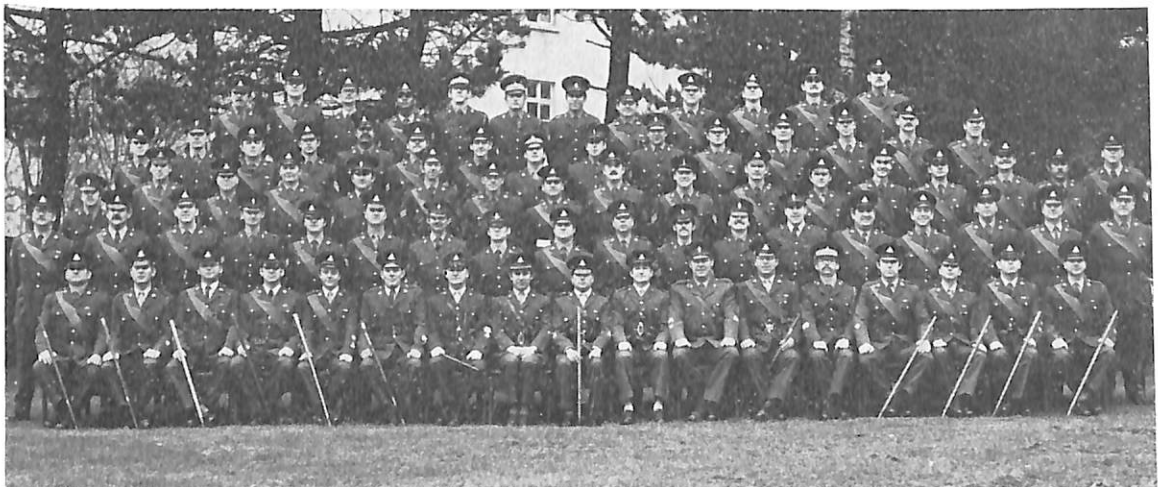
After the ARU enough said. We continued our roving to Sennelager for the Battalion Skill-at-Arms camp. We continued our social activities with a games evening against the 1 A and SH. According to rumour control we won. The Mess shooting team managed to get to the semi-finals of the falling plate competition. Our congratulations to Frank Lowney on winning the Sergeants Mess Cup for the best shot.

For a short period the Mess definitely moved to Minden, to congratulate Dave Dickens on being awarded the BEM. During this short stay we managed to have the ladies in the Mess for dinner followed by an excellent cabaret. This was followed by a series of dinners as follows: Regimental dinner, a series of living-in members dinners, the dining out of Capt Linskey and the dining in of the new QM Capt Synott from the Royal Irish. Everyone is now extremely well fed and having difficulty passing the new Battle Fitness Test. The highlight of this period was the Army Cup returning home to the Mess. Bill Swap, not to be outdone, arranged a trip to Berlin for us to collect the BAOR Novice Boxing Champions Cup.

At the time of writing these notes Alma Coy are in Canada, Burma Coy are about to go any day and the remainder of the Battalion is preparing to go to Soltau for pre-Canada training. I ask myself where is the Mess now.

Farewells unfortunately to the following: Nobby Clark on promotion to RSM, Belize Garrison, keep your beret on, its hot there. ASM Cowell on retiring from the Army to join the hell drivers branch juggernauts. Brian Nash to Warminster to dress the new Infantry demonstration Battalion. Is it true that Bernie Coll is still alive and well in Nigeria?

Welcome to the following. ASM Noble, another Yorkshireman, to the Duke's. Eddy Craven has come back home to look after the Mess.



The Warrant Officers and Sergeants Mess—April 1978



## ALMA COMPANY—FROM CANADA

It is 0400 hours in the morning. Nobody is awake apart from the Duty Signaller who is listening to yet another spares problem on the Admin/Comd Net. Mosquitoes are now beginning to stir, a guaranteed alarm clock for the Combat Team. Somewhere in the leaguer the cough of a 432 shatters the stillness as the water is heated for washing and shaving.

Suddenly the leaguer area is alive as people move around checking equipment, washing and shaving, preparing breakfast and putting equipment back into vehicles ready for a move. The sun creeps over the horizon bathing everything in a blood red glow. In the command vehicles the radio nets come alive. The Battle Group is beginning to stir.

By 0600 hours everybody is ready, the vehicles have been loaded and soldiers are sat in their 432s chatting and talking about the days activities, telling a joke, cursing at the mosquitoes or just sleeping.

As far as the eye can see its rolling grassland punctuated by the odd 'tower' or 'chimney' with 'bench markers' thrown in for good measure. At least it is recognised that the map reading here is difficult and some thoughtful person has put out navigation aids.

Above the dull throb of the APCs can be heard a new note, an engine being pushed along to its limits. Suddenly it seems from nowhere, a Land-rover appears painted in fluorescent orange—our safety staff have arrived. Officers appear from all corners of the Combat Team and a ten minute brief on the days activities is started. After the brief, a last minute check to make sure there is no litter and the Combat Team moves off to start the days work. It could be Combat Team attacks using live ammunition or even Battle Group attacks.

The advance is noticeably slower because of safety restrictions, but by the end of the day the Combat Team had managed three or four attacks, all of which in the eyes of the safety team were successful.

Sunray Minor is sent off to find a leaguer area with the following explicit instructions from Sunray C/S 1, 'You will find a place which has no mosquitoes'. Eventually a leaguer area is found and whilst the lanes are being set up, a patrol is tasked from C/S 1B to hunt for mushrooms. The mushrooms in this area are enormous and every evening people can be seen scouring the landscape for them.

The vehicles move into the leaguer and final checks are carried out. Because it is maintenance the following day the CQMS opens his 'tuck shop' and bottles of beer, cigarettes and chocolate are seen disappearing quickly into bivis.

A final quick check on tomorrows activities with Platoon Sergeants and then settle down into the night routine. This is one of many days (if nobody has already guessed) on Medicine Man 2 in Canada. By the time you read these notes the final round of the exercise will have been fired and the company will be on a well deserved R & R in Canada.

Everyone will agree, I'm sure, that the exercise was of great value, especially being shot in by the supporting arms. At times the weather called a halt

to operations because of replenishment problems, but all in all an exercise that I don't think anybody would have missed.

## Changes in the Company

Capt Mike Sherlock—sometimes 2IC (more often mushroom hunter and expert at finding mosquito ridden leaguers).

We would like to welcome the ten new recruits from the Depot and hope they enjoy their tour with the 'Alma'.

A special thank you to all our attached personnel for the help they have given us in the last few months.

## BURMA COMPANY

Sadly, the TV crews did not follow us back to Minden but we were able to see the results of their efforts when the life of a BAOR Unit was shown on German TV early in the New Year.

Since the last report amidst the usual run of priority tasks has been the Battalion Skills at Arms Camp at Sennelager and preparation for Exercise Medicine Man 3 with Queen's Own Hussars (QOH) in Canada in July. The former was not ideal in that we went down early to Sennelager because of the pre-Canada training at Soltau following on immediately after the camp as well as the requirements to carry out a demonstration to the Staff College. Nevertheless, the shooting conditions were good, the enthusiasm was there, and results were considerably better than last year. During the week following the end of our camp we took part in an excellent Bn Rifle meeting coming second to the old and bold of Dettingen Coy. Exercise Medicine Man 3, our battle group training with the QOH, promises to be outstanding value. For many years we have heard talk of the Giant Viper breaching minefields and have notionally deployed it on countless occasions; this year we will use it. For years on training many of us have crossed start lines both before and after H hr with our notional fire plans cast to the winds; this year we will have our artillery battery and mortars supporting our attacks as well as bringing down defensive fire whilst we are in our defensive positions. That is a good incentive for us to get it right.

We go to Canada as part of a 'Square' battle group ie two armoured Squadrons, Burma Coy and a Company from the PPCLI all under Command of Lt Col Robin Greenwood, QOH.

Our training started in May with a study period at Detmold for all Officers and SNCOs and was a very worthwhile teach in. It also enabled us to renew our contact with the QOH who we met on Exercise Spearpoint in 1976. They all made us most welcome and we look forward to our summer training with the regiment.

Our work up training for Canada at Soltau was unusually interesting not least because we learnt at first hand all the arms and supporting arms that go to make up an armoured heavy battle group. As well as tanks, artillery and engineers we had our own recce flight of Gazelles (a la Creggan), the Blowpipe

hand held ground to air missile detachments, Swingfire ATGW now controlled by the Gunners and Helarm—the ATGW Scout helicopter. It was all good value as well as being extremely enjoyable for everyone.

Because of the rather disrupted summer period sport in the Battalion has taken a knock but we have managed to retain the Inter-Company Shield and have contributed to the Bisley Team and the highly successful Battalion Boxing Team. Sgt Howard Mann, Lcpl Russ Whelan, Ptes Neil Dukes, Phil Barr, Graham Ingham and David Smith are to be congratulated on being selected to go to Bisley. Whilst under the Guidance of SI Bill Swap and Pte Errol Bogle our Army Boxer, the following represented the Battalion in the final of the BAOR Novices Boxing Tournament against 2 Para in Berlin, Ptes Billy Smith, John Swain, Leroy Salmons and Graham Ramsden. We have great hopes for Lcpl Pat Marshall who is running in the 400m in the Army Individual Athletics Championships on June 14–15 and who has been short listed for the Army squad.

Another high point for the Company has been the selection by the CO and RSM of Cpl Steve Mortimer for the 1978 Taylor-Miles Award for the most promising JNCO in the Battalion. We all congratulate Cpl Mortimer on the award; he is hoping to meet Col Taylor at RHQ in August. Shortly after the award was made, and quite independently, Brig Gordon-Lennox, Commander Task Force Hotel (we no longer have Brigades you will remember) described Cpl Mortimer's patrol action and debrief as the outstanding aspect of his pre-Canada TF exercise and quite the best effort he had ever seen by a JNCO. Well done Cpl M!

Whilst in Minden we try to make the most of the opportunity for some kind of social life and before Sennelager we managed a most successful Company social organised by Cpl Mortimer and Cpl Jim Whiteley. The decor was excellent, the food first class and the Burma 'Conn' disco made the evening with a good raffle though we can't work out what CQMS Vinny Pye will do with his single duvet! We organised a good evening in the White Rose Club with those that attended keen enough to pay the 3 Para disco ED to play on late. Probably the most successful family gathering was the follow up to our Minden open day when we managed to get 37 wives and 46 children up to Soltau for a day out. The fact that mums and kids alike were black within 10 minutes of arrival did not detract from the enjoyment of the rest of the day. More follows on this later.

All in all we have had a pretty busy three months since March and now look forward to a spell of leave after Canada.

### CORUNNA COMPANY

'I have often walked down this street before . . . ' and that's how I'm beginning to feel about IRON DUKE notes. It is a constant problem not to be parochial and repetitious, but we do try! We have now been in Germany for nearly two years and have managed to encompass nearly every aspect of Army life.

There have been tales of missed ferries, 'nasties' at checkpoints in Berlin, wayward platoon outings in Hamburg and some red hot shooting down at Sennelager. Since we left you last we have spent two weeks at Sennelager. The first week was spent field firing and the second on the ranges where the Company had a 100% pass rate in the annual classification. Cpl Logan can tell an interesting story of the problems of being a safety NCO and the CSM was found to have a pocketful of 7-62 pencils! The OC had one of his off days and converted more live rounds to empty cases than anyone else in the Company (almost). It helped immensely that most of the firing was done in warm weather and it was that much easier to maintain enthusiasm. During the fortnight we experienced a minor interruption called the Staff College Demo—which, we were assured, would only involve 7PI for two days. In fact they worked exceptionally long and hard hours for five days! Still that's Army 'guesstimates' for you.

Much to the CSM's delight the rugby season came to a close and he now waits eagerly for the 2IC to think up some new excuse for wearing a tracksuit. Three weeks leave prior to Soltau and Canada training came at just the right time, and in order to send everyone off in high spirits a Company Bar-B-Cue was organised the evening before leave was due to begin. It was a great success except that OC 7PI thought you could light charcoal with petrol—we got some wonderfully flavoured sausages!

Upon our return from leave we were brought straight back to earth by being made duty Company. For the uninitiated this means that the lads do guards and duties for that particular week and during the working day partake of a novel game called fatigues. Still, life goes on and we are now preparing for the Battalion Open Day and then off to Soltau in the dust! Three weeks after Soltau we fly to Canada as the infantry combat team in the Duke's Battle Group, and its back to Minden in September.

We would like to say goodbye to WO2 Toplis, WO2 Rawcliffe, Sgt Frear, Sgt Sullivan, Cpl Russell, Lcpl Frear, Pte's Bagshaw, Drewell, Jones, Woodhead, Hargreaves, Inglis, and last, but not least Lt Paddy McDaid.

In the same breath we would like to welcome a new CSM, WO2 Leachman, a new CQMS (on promotion) Csgt Grey, two new platoon commanders—Lt Newton and 2 Lt Kilburn (Klanger to his friends), Cpl's Johnston, Hanley, Pte's Hill, Walker and Marland.

Congratulations to Pte Gardner and his wife on their recent marriage, and also to Pte and Mrs Pogson on their recent marriage.

### DETTINGEN COMPANY

It is with great regret that we must start these notes with the announcement of the tragic death of Cpl Newton in April. His death is a sad loss both for the Company and the Battalion. Cpl Newton was part of the Somme Coy administrative nucleus which did so much to start Dettingen Coy off on the right foot. As the storeman and the CQMS's



**Dettingen Company Shooting Team with their collection of Trophies after the Battalion Skill at Arms Meeting— May 1978**

right hand man he was very much involved in our birth and we owe him a lot. He was an experienced NCO and a storeman of repute and it was only with great reluctance that Burma Coy let him go after his temporary Northern Ireland detachment to them. To his parents we offer our deepest sympathy.

The Company is cock-a-loop at the moment having won the Battalion Skill-at-Arms Competition in May. In the months since our formation so much effort has been put in by all ranks to give the Company a sense of identity and spirit and their efforts have been ably rewarded. Having handed over as Adjutant to Capt Meek in the last week in April, I took some leave and on my return and start of takeover, I was immediately told by all whom I met, that I had missed a very worthwhile Skill-at-Arms camp. The Dettingen Coy were full of themselves and I found it hard to gauge which it was that thrilled them most—coming first, or just beating Burma Coy.

I think it right to sing our praises in our own column. Undoubtedly we owe a great deal to Csgt Hirst and the Drum Major for their valuable coaching and to Maj Mellor and Csgt Hewson for their direction and encouragement throughout. Perhaps the most remarkable result was that of our 12 Platoon section which was the best Section. 12 Platoon for those readers who have not caught up with restructuring, is the 'double hatted' Platoon and so all the personalities are specialists first and riflemen second. The Section comprised: Cpl Pierce (Trg Team), Cpl Lard (Trg Team), Cpl Shinn (Drum), Pte (now Lcpl) Barraclough (Trg Team), Lcpl Wilkinson (Cpls' Mess), Pte Kerry, Pte Charnley (Regtl Cook), Pte Robinson (Regtl Pnr), Cpl Shinn was the real star as in addition to the above he was the best SLR shot, the best Corporal shot and won the Cox Medal. Pte Johnson won the Ozanne Medal, and together with Lcpl Wroe, won the best GPMG pair.

Not to be outdone, the 'old men' (Csgt Hewson, Csgt Hirst, D Maj Wilkinson and Sgt Theodore) won the falling plate and Drummie was also joint winner of the Pool Bull—cheeky so-and-so even had the nerve to ask me to pay the cost of the

Pool Bull out of the Company Fund! I cannot remember the Cox's and Ozanne Medals ever both having been won by members of the same Company before. I'm sure some one will correct me if I'm wrong. Life is never easy in the Company and the departure of WO2 Robinson as CSM did nothing to help. 'Robbie' did a great deal to get us clicking together and the Company was sorry to see him go. Try as I might as Adjutant I was unable to fiddle the books enough to get a handover of CSMs one to the other and thus the CQMS has moved upstairs to acting CSM whilst Csgt Hirst has come in as temporary CQMS by way of filling in time between ski-ing engagements.

Apart from normal training, the Drums have been training like mad for the forthcoming KAPE. Many of the lads in the Drums Platoon have learned from scratch to drum, bugle or play the flute since Christmas and it is tremendously satisfying to see and listen to them now and compare them with a few months ago. They look and sound good. All the practice has had its compensations too. Drum Major and the side drummers went to Lyons in France. The two Band Concerts went off well and the infra red lighting in the drums and luminous drum sticks were very effective.

We're a bit thin on the ground at the moment as the bulk of 11 Platoon and one section from the Drums are either in Canada with Alma or about to go with Burma. It is a shame that we were unable to go to Canada as a Company but almost all of us, including Maj Mellor whose swansong was with Alma, and myself who go with Corunna, will make it. I am sure we will all gain a great deal out of the training. Who knows we may yet make it as a Company next year—it has been rumoured.

Recently a great deal of time and effort in our spare time has been put into giving the Company Club a facelift. The Club has flourished in our first six months and we have been encouraged by the number of families who have availed themselves of its facilities. The families lunch was a huge success as was the games night. Anyone who wants to challenge us to dominoes beware of Mrs Casey and Wilkinson. Now that we know we will

occupy this block until we leave Minden, it seemed worthwhile to sink some of our profits into it. Lcpl Doyle has been the chain gang leader and the Club is looking very good. We intend to have a renaming party on Dettingen Day. Sorry 'Robbie' but I prefer '1743 Club' to the 'Oval Ball' . . . I know you won't mind. By the way if you like to buy a Company sweat shirt, just drop me a line.

We are now challenging Hook Coy for the most honoured Company in the Battalion. Cpl Lord is currently one of the most experienced Corporals. His experience bore fruit in Northern Ireland and we are delighted to say was justly recognised by the award of the BEM. With Sgt Nellist we now have two members of the Order in the Company.

It remains for me to round off with congratulations to the following in their promotions:

WO2 Robinson to WO1 (RSM), Cpl Hird to Sergeant, Lcpl Turner to Corporal, Pte Barraclough to Lance Corporal.

Also Sgt Blackburn and Cpl Turner on their marriages. We wish Maj Mellor well on the Staff in London. We've opened a sweepstake on how long it will be before he announces his engagement. By now Mr Robinson will have settled in to life at HQ UDR and we all hope he keeps his head down. Sgt Hird has now left for ACIO Huddersfield and we trust he will look after the Drums during KAPE as well as recruit plenty of good lads. Finally Ptes Hatton and Galtress have gone to Hammelburg as part of the British contingent in the NATO Small Arms Trial to select the next generation of rifles and machine guns. First reports indicate that they are well pleased with the facilities at the German Barracks and we hope the trials will go in Britain's favour. No doubt they are already budding Bisley shots. We wish them well and hope Lcpl Wroe succeeds in completing the double.

## HOOK COMPANY

I would like you to imagine that you are an innocent civilian receiving a guided tour of Hook Coy. Your guide is most conversant with the Company, its departments, platoons, deployment and jargon. The notes are written through the eyes of the innocent and uninitiated visitor who has been given, or rather asked to sign for, an aide memoire outline in the Company sub-units. Here goes then . . .

I arrived not unexpectedly at the unit Guard Room. I asked the soldier on barrier duty if he could direct me to Hook Coy:

'Eh!', he said.

'Hook Coy', I repeated.

'Thee'd best ask in t'pokey', the sentry replied.

'Eh!', said I.

I eventually encountered the Provost Sergeant, not a pretty sight . . . smart, yes . . . pretty, no. Recalling my aide memoire I said to the Sergeant:

'Of course you're part of HQ Company yourself. Could you tell me what your duties are?'

'Jailing long haired layabouts like you', he growled.

'This 'ere's yer guide.' He continued pointing with a knarled finger at a smiling youth and went off to eat another prisoner.

My guide said that we should go to Hook Coy

office for a briefing and call in at the Kremlin en route. Since I had no visa for the Soviet Union, I was relieved to learn that my escort referred only to Battalion HQ. In these corridors of power my ears were assaulted by a cacophony of type writers clacking (some fast, some slow) smiling female secretaries whimpering pleasantries (why were they smiling I mused) ringing telephones, telephone receivers being slammed back into their cradles, and loud conversations coloured with unprintable expletives. The actors in this production which made Mogul look like Jackanory were the harrassed adjutant wearing an asbestos glove to answer his telephone, an operations officer wearing a wig because he'd pulled all his hair out; a 2IC munching well on a semi-digested chinagraph pencil which was also being used to fill an ever diminishing number of places on a self proliferating mass of charts; clerks smiling at female secretaries and missing the typewriter keys, a chief clerk oblivious to the activity; a paymaster who looked as if his coach had just turned back into a pumpkin; an intelligence officer who had locked himself in the secure room and forgotten the combination; a friendly looking major carrying a screaming baby pursued by a vociferous lady carrying two more infants.

'Who's the officer carrying the child?', I asked my smiling guide.

'That's the Families Officer', he replied.

'How many families has he?', I continued . . . bewildered.

'Best part of three hundred.'

'But . . .' There seemed little point in pursuing the matter further. Maybe there was a special clause in the Manual of Military Law for bigamous Officers.

Smiling serenely over all this bustle was the Commanding Officer who took me to meet the President of the Regimental Institute. Between the two of them I was persuaded to buy Duke's book markers, tee shirts, bios, pen knives, records of the band, stateettes, a three-year-old diary and a copy of the Regimental History. My guide nudged me. 'Come on', he said 'before you sign on.'

It was with relief that I relaxed in an easy chair in the Hook Coy Commander's office and drank tea or coffee or a mixture of both from a large white pot decorated on the inside with brown tide marks.

'It's all go here', said the OC failing to notice this month's copy of 'Playboy' slip from the buff cover marked Standing Operating Procedures which he was putting back in the pending tray.

'Anyway we can hack it', continued the OC. 'I'm just off to the Mess for coffee, the Sergeant Major will brief you. Nice meeting you . . . Byeee!' Whereupon the Major was gone.

'I've been to Battalion HQ which is responsible for the running of the Battalion and the CO is in overall command and yet my memoire indicates that both Battalion HQ and the CO are part of Hook Co. Who Commands who?' I asked the CSM.

'Good question', he replied. Only when he recognised the look of incomprehension on my face did he continue 'Battalion HQ are in Hook Coy for administrative purposes only'.

'Ah!' said I knowledgeably and I hope convincingly.

'Well lets go round the camp and visit the rest of the Company', directed the CSM.

'There's more?'

'Oooh Bloody 'ell aye!'

We did a quick circuit of the smaller branches such as the Officers' and Sergeants' Mess staffs as it was 10am and they were busy serving oceans of coffee and tea.

On arrival at the Mechanical Transport Platoon I learnt that the MTO was also the PRI who I'd met earlier and wasn't around. His warrant officer was doing his Hell's Driver bit with some mechanical mammoth and everyone else was on detail, under a bonnet or having fun on the square driving round some sort of slalom course marked out with rubber cones. Next door to the MT the Technical QM and his staff strongly resembling ironmongers were handing nuts and bolts over a counter to some chaps from the LAD (looking like a human oil slick) who in turn attached their recently acquired goodies to the MT's trucks. A very friendly circle.

At the QM's department the QM was being fitted by the unit tailor for a three-piece suit and the pioneers were building him a coffee table. Elsewhere in this domain there were cries of 'Sign here' and 'What do you think this is, Marks and Bloody Spencers?' and 'Of course they fit you lad' and '... off!' So we did.

The Signal Platoon were nearby so we took the opportunity of calling in. The language here was alien to me; lots of dipoles, directional this and HF that, morse bleeps and everybody seemed to be called Roger or Wilco. Everyone was very friendly though and very keen to tell me all about their work and scottish equipment . . . Clansman or something I seem to recall.

In the cookhouse we met the cooks being insulted by all and sundry. They took it well I thought as revenge could have been ugly with the armoury of meat cleavers, knives and skewers ready to hand Wounds made me think of medical aid so we went to the medical room where I was told there was nothing wrong with me, accused of skiving, given two codeine tablets and informed that there was no chance of seeing the doctor. 'They're a fun crowd', commented my guide dryly.

On leaving the Medics I noticed the cars parked outside the Company Block.

'Soldiers can't afford cars like that!' I exclaimed.

'They don't belong to soldiers', came the reply.

'Who do they belong to then.'

'The Band.'

Indeed the band did seem an affluent lot. Well travelled too, as their own separate notes explain. Anyway we couldn't hear ourselves talk over the noise of instruments being tuned, stereo units blaring and the rustling of banknotes being lovingly counted so we moved on to the Support Platoons.

The Mortar and Anti-Tank Platoons were engaged in some friendly rivalry:

'You wouldn't know an enemy tank from a tin of beans.'

'So what? We'd be too far back to see them anyway.'

'You dropshorts would be in trouble if we didn't hold them back.'

'As long as you're as accurate as us there'll be no problem. We never miss our target.'

'That's no problem, it's the bloody ground.'

Before the punch up started I decided to leave, thanked my guide for an enlightening few hours and bumped into the OC returning from his coffee break. 'Haven't we met before?' he said. I just smiled whilst my guide explained my presence.

'Glad you've enjoyed yourself', said the OC. I couldn't recall saying that I had.

'Thank you for letting me look round. I seem to have been everywhere except in those blocks on the other side of the square. What are they?'

'Oh they're just rifle Companies', said the OC.

I departed then . . . bewildered.

## AWARDS

Lt Col M. R. N. Bray—Mention in Dispatches.

Cpl S. Mortimer—The Taylor-Miles Award as the most promising JNCO in the Battalion.

Pte (now Lcpl) C. J. Meade—Best student on the potential NCO's cadre.

Cpl P. M. Ennis—Best student on the Junior NCO's cadre.

Pte (now Lcpl) R. W. Pedley—Best student on the Std II signal cadre.

Pte T. F. Sulich—Best student on Mortar cadre.

Lcpl S. Hunt—Best student on Anti Tank cadre.

## BATTALION RIFLE MEETING

The Battalion rifle meeting was held on May 16, and this was the finale to our two week skill at arms camp at Sennelager. Over the period a great deal was achieved in getting a high percentage of the Battalion through their annual personal weapon test. The weather was a great help, and many hours on the ranges in glorious sunshine was enjoyed by all. On the day of the Battalion rifle meeting competition was keen with everyone eager to do well and pick up as many prizes as possible, the Company shooting shield being much sought after. At the outcome it was our recently formed Dettin-gen Coy who carried it off. Well done 'D', Champion shooting Company. Other prizes went to:

Best rifle team	..	'B' Coy
Best SMG team	..	'HQ' Coy
Best Section team	..	'D' Coy
Best GPMG team	..	'B' Coy
Best Rifle shot	..	Cpl Shinn
Best SMG shot	..	Lt Newton
Best GPMG pairs	..	Lcpl Wroe and Pte Johnson
Best Pistol shot	..	Maj Simmonds (RAPC)
Runners-up pistol	..	Lt Harvey
Best Officer—rifle	..	Maj Cumberlege
Best SNCO—rifle	..	Sgt Mann
Best Cpl—rifle	..	Cpl Shinn
Best Soldier—rifle	..	Pte Smith
Best Cox Medal	..	Cpl Shinn
Best Ozanne Medal	..	Pte Johnson
Best falling plates	..	'D' Coy, 'A' Team
Offrs/Sgts falling plates	..	Sgts, 'A' Team

The Regimental Band with  
Drum Major J. Wilkinson to  
the fore



### REGIMENTAL BAND

It is not very often that we get the chance of seeing how much musical talent we have within the Regiment. In February, we had a Battalion Show which was expertly directed by our 'Singing Vicar', Padre Peter Bayley, who unfortunately will be leaving us later in the year. Through his hard work and good memory of the Company Shows that we did together in Londonderry, he picked the best acts and put together the Battalion Show. The compere for the show was Sgt Vinnie Pye, and his crystal clear voice could be heard throughout the performance. He would tell a few jokes, introduce the next act, sample a few Herforder beers, tell a few more jokes introduce yet another act, sample a few more Herforder beers, etc. At the end of the night, he was found telling himself the joke about 'There ain't no voting in this county today'. Among the other stars were Mrs Dooler, the Medical Officer and his staff, the Officers Mess Morris Dancing Team, and the stars of the show were the Corps of Drums doing a Punk Rock routine.

It was not really a matter of chance that we accepted to play on the BAOR Rugby Final this year, because we had accepted the engagement nine months before it was due to be played and it was a foregone conclusion who the teams would be in the final. After the BAOR final came the Army final at which the QOH Band were playing. The Commanding Officer phoned us and said, 'As our Rugby Team is playing, I would like the Band to play also'. We performed before the match started and during the interval, but the teams were so eager to get to grips with each other, that the interval was cut short and we did not get chance to play the 'Dukes Rugby Song'. As a matter of interest, the Rugby Team have never lost a match when the Band have been playing for them, with the exception of Tokyo, which goes right back to 1969. Following them seems to bring them luck.

The Band had to take part in the Annual Report on the unit which was an inspection by the Commander of Minden Garrison. When it came to our Medical Role complete with Skeleton Order and

the shout 'Gas, Gas, Gas', poor Bdsman 'Reggie' O'Keefe was stood with a cigarette in his mouth and as he hurried to put on his respirator, in his case it was a case of 'Gasp, Gasp, Gasp'. We did, however, all pass after a hard days work.

April 21 saw the Band performing an evening concert for the Battalion in the gymnasium. The programme was a mixture of music and comedy and everyone enjoyed themselves.

The next engagement on the chart was a trip to France for the opening of the Metro in Lyon. The journey took 14 hours and we arrived at a French Army Barracks by late evening. Because of the late arrival, there was not much free time to look around. Bdsman Fawcett got lost at one stage and Cpl Harrison and Bdsman Norton must be the first British Bandsmen to have had their names entered into a French Occurrence Book. Lcpl Barnes who tried to speak the language, which is just as bad as his German, asked for a bottle of beer to share between four people. He asked for four glasses and behold was most surprised when he was given four ice creams. Still the engagement went very well and we eventually set off on the return journey to Minden.

We also attended the Cologne Military Music Festival which was an International event with eight Bands taking part.

We have quite a full programme for the next few months with plenty of new friends to meet.

### BOBC IN NORWAY—OR FUN IN THE SUN

BOBC stands for British Outward Bound Centre and the one in Norway is based at Isafjaer, about 18km from Kristiansand in the southern part of the country. It is situated at the end of a beautiful fjord and although spartan, it has a certain primitive appeal. The centre also has a Mountain Centre about 60km further north at Gaustestad. The Centre offers a considerable choice of courses including unit expedition kadess, canoeing (basic and instructors), special white water canoeing, langlauf ski-ing, rock climbing (basic, intermediate



and Joint Services), and special expeditions. The course lasts for two weeks and although they are all demanding, they are immensely enjoyable and well worth going on.

In the past two years several Dukes have been to the centre both on summer and winter courses, and I was fortunate enough to be allowed to attend the basic canoeing course in early June. It is a long and tiring coach drive from Hannover to Denmark but Fred Olsen provides a terrific ferry with excellent meals. I arrived at the centre at midday on the Tuesday after having left Minden at 5pm on the Monday. We were shown our tents (yes tents!) and the shower block and canteen and then invited to partake in a short swimming test. The fjord was not as cold as I had feared. We were then issued with our canoes, kit, paddles, life jackets, wet suits, etc, and then given a brief lecture on the history of canoeing before collapsing on to our camp beds.

The next few days were taken up with learning basic strokes and techniques including capsize drills, (very necessary I can assure you), life-saving and various rescue procedures. We then went on a 18km sea trip which was very tiring but immensely enjoyable, especially if you were one of the few who didn't capsize that day!

Then we were told that we were ready for our introduction to white water. The remainder of the

course was taken up in white water of various grades. White water is classified into six grades of unpleasantness, culminating in grade six which is 'dangerous to life and limb'. The Basic Course were at one stage invited to canoe in grade 4 and the only advice given was to 'keep the canoe straight and paddle like . . . fury!' Only three of the 22 on the course actually capsized on this one. However rivers are marvellous things and the most peaceful eddy can suddenly throw you over. Don't forget said the instructors 'lean downstream'—but not if you turn into an eddy for then its upstream (or so they told us after a quick ducking).

The course climaxed on the 12th day with the Army Proficiency Test. After a 100% pass for the course we were allowed to use the many other boats at the centre. Water-skiing, mini-sailing and canoeing in all types of canoes kept us quiet on our last afternoon. After the debrief and announcement of the results we were given the Saturday morning in Kristiansand. I have never seen so many beautiful women per square foot as I saw on that morning, and then it was back on the ferry courtesy of Fred Olsen. It was a terrific fortnight (and you can reclaim food and accommodation charges) and although beer was expensive in Norway—about £1.50 per pint, I would go again like a shot and I would recommend the course to anyone in the Duke's.



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## Sport in the Battalion



The 1977-78 Rugby Squad

### DUKE'S RUGBY

The climax to every season are the various sevens tournaments which take place in April. After winning the Army Cup in March the Duke's took two sevens sides to the 4 Div Sevens at Herford. The 2nd seven lost narrowly in the quarter-finals and didn't need to call on Maj Don Palmer's kind offer of a speedy winger. The 1st Seven went on to win the tournament and in fact were never stretched.

The following week-end a squad of 10 led by Capt Tim Sinclair went to the UK to take part in the Camberley Sevens and the Army Sevens. The Camberley Sevens provided some stern opposition including a guest side with county and international players. The Duke's won their semi-final against our old friends Chatham by 22 pts to nil. In the final against Camberley the 1st Seven found themselves 10 pts down at half-time. But two fine runs by Lcpl Sam Fleary and a drop-goal by Cpl Ena Elwell secured a fine win by 17 pts to 10 pts.

Three days later the Duke's kicked off in their first pool game in the Army Sevens in their attempt to win the Courage Sevens Cup for the fourth consecutive time. In the morning the Duke's easily won their four pool games scoring 42 pts against 10 pts. In the afternoon the quarter-final against the SEE was easier than anticipated and the Duke's won by 24 pts to nil. 7 RHA put up strong opposition in the semi-final and it was thanks to two fine individual tries by Sgt Mick Cuss that the Duke's went through. In the final the Welsh Guards, as usual, fought every inch of the way but the Duke's emerged victorious by 12 pts to nil. Sgt Mick Cuss was awarded the Man of the Match Award, and also scored 50 pts in the tournament.

Returning to Germany the Seven competed in the BAOR Sevens at Minden. An easy run to the final led to the Duke's taking the field against the Welsh Guards in an over-confident mood. The Duke's went straight into a 10 pts lead but relaxed in the second half and two kick and follow-up

tries by the Welsh Guards gave them a 12-10 win.

That evening the Duke's held their first ever Rugby Dinner, and it was a tremendous success. Advance notice will be given of the date and venue for next year's dinner.

This year's first seven were as follows:

Capt Tim Sinclair, Capt Andrew Drake, 2 Lt Martin Drake, Cpl Graham Walker, Sgt Mick Cuss, Cpl Ena Elwell, Lcpl Sam Fleary.

Reserves: 2 Lt Gilbo Dixon, Pte Dexter Landell, Lcpl Steve Moorhouse.

PS—A Duke's Seven reached the final stages of the Heineken Sevens in Amsterdam but circumstances combined to deprive them of higher honours.

### ANGLING

Some sports complain of lack of facilities in BAOR, but this is certainly not the case for angling. Here in Minden we have, on our doorstep, probably the best coarse fishing river in Europe.

The River Weser contains—bream, carp, roach and chub of a size that would merit mention in any angling paper in the UK. However, its current is so fast that many people are discouraged on their first attempt—what they should do is treat it as the challenge it is.

This is where the Thomas 'Tommy' Atkins Angling Club (as the Battalion's Club is known) can help. We have experience on the river and also on other local waters—we are prepared to help anyone who is interested.

We also have a competition section for those interested in matches and although in its infancy, trophies have been won by Sgt Porter, Cfn Cooper and Pte Greaves.

Other achievements to date are—a carp of 28½lb caught by Sgt Robson, a zander of 6½lb caught by Sgt Mann, 10 carp of over 8½lb caught in one outing by Cpl Timbrell, a carp of 10½lb caught on a line of only 1½lb breaking strain by BSM Parkinson, and 139lb of bream caught in 9 hours by Sgt Porter.

### 'DUKE'S—BOXING CHAMPIONS'

Last year's boxing article was entitled 'Duke's—A Boxing Regiment' (August 1977 issue) when SI Swap, APTC, stated that we could be a boxing Regiment. Well we have done just that!

The season started with the inter-Company boxing competition in late November. There was a much larger entry this year and the contestants were much fitter with lots of guts and an element of skill. The cup went to Alma (trained by Cpl Ernie Pemberton) and the runners-up were last years champions Burma. No Battalion boxer was allowed to compete. The result was that we now had the nucleus of a very strong squad.

As last year we easily took the Divisional championships—our opponents were:  
28 Amphibious Engineer Regt

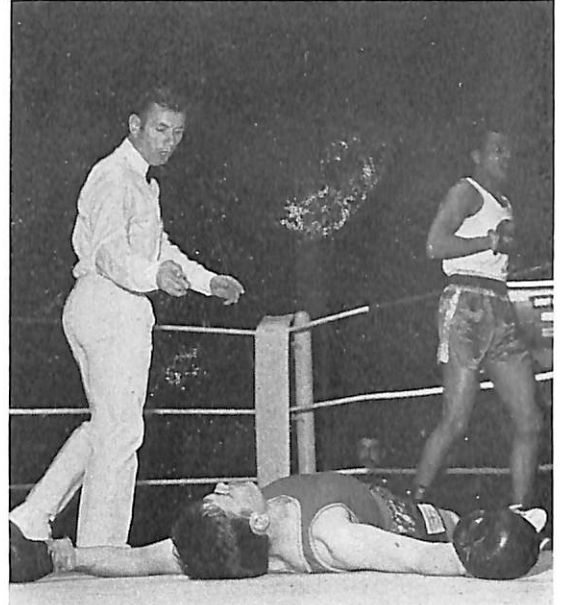
RE	Won 5 bouts to 2
7 Signal Regiment	Won 6 bouts to 1
Queen's Own Hussars	Won 5 bouts to 2

Again we had reached the BAOR semi-final but this year our preparation was much greater. Our opponents were 50 Missile Regt RA, 3 Div Champions. We won this match by 5 bouts to 2 and the outstanding fight of the evening was that of Pte Mick Doyne (Alma) who stopped Gnr Campbell in the 3rd round of their welterweight bout. Our winners that night were:

Pte John Swain (Burma), Pte Russel Rhodes (Alma), Pte Mick Doyne (Alma), Lcpl 'Tracker' Oakley (Mortars), Pte Everton Salmon (Burma), and our two losses were: Pte Billy Smith (Burma) and Pte Eric Juma (Alma).

The following day, SI Bill Swap, and Lcpl Chad Chapman (Corunna) who had taken over as 2IC from Cpl Ernie Pemberton, travelled to Berlin to watch the other semi-final between 2 Para and the Royal Scots. The Para's won by 5 bouts to 2 and also won the toss for home venue. The BAOR inter-Unit Novice Team boxing final was to take place at the Olympic Boxing Stadium, The Kuppersal, in Berlin on Saturday, May 13, 1978.

Our squad of 14 were in excellent health, superbly fit and in good humour when they travelled to Berlin to avenge the previous season, of losing in the semi-final in this same city. Surprisingly we were billed as the 'underdogs' and our chances of success were rated as 'limited'.



Lcpl 'Tracker' Oakley knocks his opponent down for the second time during the deciding bout of the BAOR Boxing Finals

The evening started at 2030 hours with three 'special' bouts, and the first of these was the most encouraging of the evening when Pte 'DJ' Maskill (Hook Coy MT) easily outpointed the strong, aggressive Lcpl Rowlands with a display of superb skill and control.

The bouts in the competition went as follows:

<i>Weight</i>	<i>Bout</i>	<i>Cumulative Score</i>
Feather	Pte Swain (Burma) bt Pte Mulholland, on points	1 bout to 0
Light	Pte Rhodes (Alma) lost to Pte Stevenson, on points	1 bout all
L/Welter	Pte Doyne (Alma) bt Pte Wright, on points	2 bouts to 1
L/Middle	Pte Frank Stirk (Corunna) lost to Pte Osborne on points	2 bouts all



The 1977-78 Boxing Squad celebrate their victory over 2 Para in the BAOR Finals

Middle Pte Salmon (Burma) lost to 2 bouts to 3  
 Pte Downie, on points  
 L/Heavy Pte Juma (Alma) KO Pte 3 bouts all  
 King, rnd 2

So everything now depended on the last bout of the evening, the welterweight clash between Lcpl Oakley (Mortar Pl) and Pte Fox.

Straight from the bell, Lcpl Oakley boxed very sensibly and very coolly. He outreached Fox and jabbed away at him to win the first round. He twice knocked Fox down to win the second round and although Fox came back very strongly in the third round it was Oakley's fight and the Duke's were the 1978 BAOR Champions.

Our thanks go to the Commanding Officer and Maj Cumberlege who gave us 100 per cent support throughout the season and our gratitude goes to the boxers who made up the squad throughout the season. Only they will know, how hard the training was to achieve this success and they deserved every minute of it.

Congratulations to Ptes John Swain, Mick Doyne and Lcpl 'Tracker' Oakley on remaining undefeated through the season.

Congratulations also to Lcpl Dave Oxley (Burma) who was not a member of the team but who won the BAOR, UK and combined services individual open flyweight championships.

Good luck to Lcpl 'Chad' Chapman for next season, because the talent is there, and you have the experience to exploit it.

The Commanding Officer would like to thank SI Bill Swap for his sterling efforts in bringing our team to the boxing pinnacle, we wish him every joy in his new job at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

#### HANG GLIDING IN THE DUKE'S

Cpl John Cockshot of 11 Platoon is a keen hang gliding fan. He has submitted the following article:

Hang Gliding is one of the most exhilarating of sports. Of course there are risks but they are actually part of the attraction. People often wonder what motivates me and fellow pilots to hang glide—I suggest they read the book 'Jonathan Livingston Seagull' which gives a much better explanation than I can give.

Hang gliding dates back to 1848 but it has really come into prominence since 1972, when Francis Rogallo patented a 'sailwing'. This is basically aluminium tubing made into a rigid structure by bracing wires and covered with a lightweight synthetic material. It may not look much but it is an aircraft and not a toy—it is potentially lethal and as with other forms of aviation one may not have the chance to repeat a mistake.

Having got the glider, the other necessity is a sufficiently fast airflow to lift the wing—to be more technical the Rogallo wing is a single surface flexible sail cut so that when it is filled by the airflow lift is generated. If windspeed drops below 15–18mph then the glider will stall.

Hang gliding is controlled by the British Hang Gliding Association and one must attend a course at one of their many schools before you can start. Once a member you are insurance covered for £100,000.

Essential equipment is a crash helmet in case of a bad landing, strong boots with ankle support, as your feet are your undercarriage!, and gloves to keep you warm and in case of a bad landing.

As I said at the beginning of the article hang gliding is one of the most exhilarating of sports and there are plenty of opportunities for participating in it in BAOR. It really is the way to see Germany.

Happy landings!

The Battalion Ski-ing Teams







The 1977-78 Langlauf Ski Team  
 Left to right: Csgt Fred Kendrew, Pte Mike Sweeney, Lt Bob Stark, Cpl 'Sas' Tooley, Lcpl Russell Whelan, Pte Mark Varley

## WARRANT OFFICERS, STAFF SERGEANTS AND SERGEANTS LOCATION LIST

As at June 30, 1978  
 (Excluding those serving on the Long Service List)

### Warrant Officers I

CLARKE, A., BMr 1st Bn.  
 HUGHES, D., RSM 1st Bn.  
 STANSFIELD, B., RSM 3 Yorks  
 CLARKE, G., RSM Belize Defence Force.  
 ROBINSON, P., RSM HQ UDR.

### Warrant Officers II

COLL, B., BAAT Nigeria.  
 CONLEY, T. M., RQMS 1st Bn.  
 QUAYLE, G., School of Infantry.  
 MILNER, D. R., IMRO(N), York (for discharge 25.8.78).  
 PARKINSON, F. R., Band 1st Bn.  
 PEARSON, D., 1st Bn.  
 WILKINSON, P., 1st Bn.  
 LAWRENCE, G. K., 1 Yorks.  
 TOPLIS, J., BEM, 1st Bn.  
 ALLPORT, V. H., (Green Howards) ORQMS 1st Bn.  
 SIMPSON, A. F., 1st Bn.  
 BASU, R. M., 1 Yorks.  
 COOKSON, G., 1st Bn.

### Acting Warrant Officers II

O'DONNELL, J., 1st Bn (sub 1.9.78).  
 LEACHMAN, K. H., 1st Bn.  
 SHAW, L. J., 1st Bn (sub 1.9.78).  
 RAWCLIFFE, P. I., 1st Bn.

### Staff Sergeants

SKIPWORTH, D. C., 1st Bn.  
 HALL, M. L., BEM, HQ N Ireland.  
 ALMOND, K., Band 1st Bn.  
 HARDING, G., 3 Yorks.  
 BUTLER, W. N., 3 Yorks.  
 HEWSON, P., 1st Bn.  
 HERON, R., 3 Yorks (sub WO2 1.9.78).  
 BRENNAN, M. J., School of Infantry.  
 KENDREW, F., 1 Yorks.  
 WALKER, J., 1st Bn.  
 LOWNEY, F., 1st Bn (for 3 Yorks 5.12.78).  
 Hunter, G., 1st Bn.  
 PYE, V. F., 1st Bn.  
 ROBSON, G., 1st Bn.  
 DICKENS, D. E., BEM, 1st Bn.  
 HIRST, M., 1st Bn.  
 CRAVEN, E., 1st Bn.  
 GREY, P. V., 1st Bn.

### Assistant Staff Sergeants

NASH, J. B., IDB WARMINSTER (sub Ssgt 1.9.78).  
 COATES, P., 1st Bn (sub Ssgt 1.9.78).  
 HEMMINGS, J., 1st Bn.  
 SYKES, B. W., School of Infantry NCOs Tac Wing.

### Sergeants

SPEARMAN, R., 1st Bn strength att King's Div Recruiting Team.

BLENKINSOP, G., 1st Bn.  
 ELLWOOD, B., Band 1st Bn.  
 VAUGHAN, J. W., Band 1st Bn.  
 FLEMING, C., 1st Bn.  
 BUDDEN, M., ACIO Huddersfield.  
 KELLY, S., 1st Bn.  
 ATKINSON, E. D., ACIO Sheffield.  
 NOBLE, B., 1st Bn (sub Ssgt 1.9.78).  
 GODDARD, A., 1st Bn (sub Ssgt 1.9.78).  
 EXLEY, D., 1st Bn.  
 ARROWSMITH, R., 1st Bn.  
 MANN, H., 1st Bn.  
 THEODORE, O., 1st Bn.  
 PEAT, R. B., 1st Bn (sub Ssgt 1.9.78).  
 FREAR, R., 1 Yorks To be Sub Ssgt 1.9.78).  
 BOWDEN, E., HQ 3 Armd Div & Sig Regt.  
 PARROT, W., 1st Bn.  
 GREGOR, G. E., Drum Major AAC Harrogate.  
 SHADBOLT, T. A., IJLB  
 HEY, B., IJLB.  
 TOLLEY, M. L., Depot PS.  
 ARUNDEL, J. N., 1st Bn.  
 PARKINSON, J., 1st Bn.  
 HALL, B., 1st Bn.  
 CUSS, M., 1st Bn.  
 FREAR, J., 10 Cadet Trg Team.  
 HUTCHINSON, P., Depot PS.  
 HOGG, J. T., 1st Bn.  
 TEMPLEMAN, G., 10 Cadet Trg Team.  
 SELLARS, G., 1st Bn.  
 WRAGG, J., Depot PS (for discharge 16.10.78).  
 HAYES, D., HQ N Ireland.  
 BYRNE, T. P. (R Irish) Band 1st Bn.  
 FIELDING, D. B., 1st Bn.  
 LISTER, K., HQ BAOR.  
 BUTTERWORTH, T., 1st Bn.  
 NUTTALL, M. A., ORC 1st Bn.  
 WILKINSON, J. A., Drum Major 1st Bn.  
 BLACKBURN, G. R., 1st Bn.  
 NAIKEN, F. M. W., 1st Bn.  
 HALL, M. J., 1st Bn.  
 COOPER, T. E., 1st Bn.  
 SHERRATT, C. B., 1st Bn.

### Acting Sergeants

WHITE, A. R., 5 Fd Force HQ & Signal Squadron.  
 PRICE, P., 1st Bn.  
 NELLIST, W. G., 1st Bn (sub Sgt 21.9.78).  
 BUTTERWORTH, D., 1st Bn.  
 HOLMES, M. G., 1st Bn.  
 BROOK, L., 1st Bn (sub Sgt 21.9.78).  
 HIRD, J., ACIO Bradford (to be Sub Sgt 21.9.78).  
 WOOD, M., 1st Bn (Sub Sgt 21.9.78).  
 WYKES, C. J., ORC HQ Paderborn Garrison (Sub Sgt 21.9.78).  
 HUXLEY, C. R., 1st Bn (Sub Sgt 21.9.78).

# The German Offensive of March 1918

## Part II

By Capt K. B. Mackenzie, MC

To return to the movements of my Company. I took up my position where ordered and formed a block across the trench where bombs were soon exchanged with Fritz. Alas we had left SM Holmes and Freddie and many other fellows lying in London Trench where we stepped over their bodies as we passed. Holmes was a brave, cheerful soul who, though American by birth, had joined the British Army as a private, and Freddie Holmes was a cheerful Yorkshire boy—he can't have been more than 20 and we all loved to have him about. I associate him with his frying bacon in a dugout over a candle and singing a foolish song:

I'm learning a song for Christmas

To sing it on Christmas night.

Oh! Oh! 'Ow does it go? This is the only part I know.

Ha! Ha! Ha! He! He! He I think I shall get it all right.

But I shall look a mug with my little brown jug  
When I sing it on Christmas night.

These were only two of my men and I miss so many of all grades of life.

Towards dawn we had orders to move back to dugouts in a spoil bank near the canal and about half a mile behind 'Yorkshire Spoil Bank'. Here we were able to rest an hour or two, a defensive line being formed by the Lancashire Fusiliers in a wood between us and the advancing enemy. This position was soon under fire, and we had orders to form a defensive line east of the canal at Ruyaulcourt. Between the Spoil Banks already mentioned at Ruyaulcourt the canal turned at right angles and was running north and south behind us.

Much heavy stuff was dropping but our platoons swung along with a steady gait unharmed. We held the Ruyaulcourt position some hours and could see the ruins of Hermies village on the hill. Severe fighting was taking place there, and odd ranks, waggons and mounted men were coming down the hill out of it. A sorry sight. Our agony of mind was acute.

Here were we giving up priceless positions without getting to grips with the Hun, for whenever we began to get into real touch we withdrew. The troops were begging to be allowed to get at them.

It appears, though we did not know it at the time, that on our right, on the 6th Army front, the enemy had penetrated some 30 miles in depth, and all through the retreat we were in constant danger of being surrounded and taken in our rear.

We then fell back to Le Transloy. On the way we passed through a village Rocquigny, I believe where the Divisional Canteen had been and the Divisional Entertainment Party, 'The Duds'. Everyone had left or was leaving and troops, as they were moving away, took with them anything they could carry. I remember seeing the roughest

looking fellows smoking luxurious cigarettes and carrying off all kinds of things rather than leave them. Some fellows I saw wearing wigs and comic dresses which they had obtained from the Divisional Entertainers' kit, which had been jettisoned owing to lack of transport. I need hardly say that our Battalion was not permitted to loiter. We were line troops likely to meet the enemy at any hour. We reached Le Transloy and were apportioned a few tents in the ruins of the village. From dusk onwards we stood to, and the alarm was given towards dawn. We turned out and took up a line in rough open country.

The Battalion was occupying a front of about 400 yards held by 'A' and 'B' Coys, 'A' on the left, 'B' on the right. In support were 'C' and 'D' Coys, 'C' supporting 'A', 'D' supporting 'B'. The positions were in broken ground some three-quarters of a mile east of the ? road and defending the village of Le Transloy. This ground had not been fought over since the Germans retired from it about March 1917 when they withdrew from the Somme area taking up the 'Hindenburg Line' defences.

The Battalion Headquarters were some half a mile in my rear on the outskirts of the village in a cellar (in Rocquigny).

As the situation was entirely abnormal (the retreat had been in progress four days), our CO (Lt Col Wannell, DSO) had laid out field telephone communications to my Company. This was against general orders (owing to the enemy employing earth pins and listening in to telephone conversations) but was amply justified in practice in this case and saved the Battalion, and went far to save 5th British Army whose right flank our Brigade then formed.

On our left front was the village of Barastre and on our right front the village of Bus. Between the two at about 800 yards range was a crest of bare ground. The two villages just mentioned were situated in small woods.

When we took up our position we were not under heavy fire, as the enemy was naturally advancing cautiously. Immediately work was commenced to dig in as well as possible, and my shell hole being in telephonic communication with the CO was for the time the command centre of the line.

As the sunny afternoon advanced fire increased, and heavy hostile fire was directed on Bus and the right flank. There was a gap on the right of our Brigade and no immediate touch was obtained with neighbouring troops by the 12th Manchester Regt (then right Battalion of the Brigade).

My position got hotter and hotter though the fire was largely machine gun and light stuff (field guns, whizzbangs). About 3 o'clock a swarm of aeroplanes, about 40 in number, flew over, and



without dropping many bombs or using the MGs flew about our Brigade position at a very low altitude, and with the roar of the engines went far to disturb the troops and as I believe according to plan this diversion enabled their field guns to advance without too much attention from our artillery.

Our artillery was poor in the extreme and afforded little or no assistance. So many guns had been lost that no doubt it was impossible to give us the support we required.

About 3.30pm to my amazement I saw a battery of German field artillery gallop up on to the forward slope of the ridge, take up positions, unlimber, lead off the horses and open fire point blank. Never before or since have I watched gunners actually loading and firing at me in the open.

I reported this, as I had reported the situation as it developed by telephone. The fire, both frontal and enfilade from the right, was now very hot and evidently the enemy were well round on the right.

It was noticed with great satisfaction that about this time Brig Gen Eden commanding our Brigade (52nd) was riding about the field of action doing what he could to comprehend an obscure situation.

At this time five British tanks passed through our lines to try and assist towards Bus. It was a hopeless task, and we saw each tank in its turn hit and put out of action by the field guns at point-blank range. It was a thrilling sight to see the tanks advance spitting MG fire and 12-pounder fire. In one case I saw the officer in command standing on the top of his tank as she was going into action. The sight cheered the troops who were realising the difficult position we were now in.

About 4 o'clock the CO called me up on the telephone.

'The Boche are in the village outskirts. You must get out at once as they are getting round behind you. Send my instructions to "A", "B" and "C" Coys by runner. "A" and "B" Coys will get up and walk back to some 300 yards behind you. You will covert their retirement with fire. They will then lie down and cover your retirement for a similar distance. There must be no panic, or running. Let every officer know he must shoot anyone who is seen to run'. Those are my orders.

'Well, good-bye. Mackenzie, and good luck. I'm off'.

I enquired where I had to make for and was told to keep north of Le Transloy and make for Guedecourt.

It took perhaps 20 minutes to get proper instructions to all companies by runner owing to the difficult and serious message being properly understood, and the fire was hot.

At length 'A' and 'B' came slowly walking back through us, and as soon as they passed through 'C' and 'D' the men of the latter companies joined them.

It was impossible to prevent this as the manoeuvre is a most difficult one and utterly impossible with young troops who have been retreating for some days on next to no rations or water. Moreover, there was no time or opportunity to assemble subordinate commanders and explain the proposed manoeuvre.

In spite of the desperate position much humour was seen in it and enjoyed by many of us. The best part of an infantry brigade were trailing away from the fight dotted about the countryside. Walking aimlessly towards an unknown goal, odd fellows turning round and taking shots at the low flying aeroplanes, as though at game, one sergeant caught a young pig and carried it some way thinking of a future feast, but he put it down soon as it was a warm day.

I saw no one run. We had formed and still were the front line. The enemy had now established a strong machine group of motor machine gunners in Rocquigny and they were firing continuously northward. We had to pass right through their zone of fire and I clearly remember wondering, not whether I would get hit, as was one's usual thought in a show, but where one would get hit and determining to shoot myself if seriously wounded. An advancing army of Huns has no use for wounded prisoners.

The rattle of MG fire was deafening and the cloud of bullets hissed by just over our heads. Why we were not wiped out to a man can only be ascribed to Providence and the atrociously bad display of German machine gunnery. Usually their MG fire was particularly deadly. The Huns were firing high just over our heads, and I can only explain the bad gunnery as possibly being due to excitement and the fact of having such a glorious target that they could not believe their eyes. About 600 yards, I suppose. You could see the dark machine gunners and machine guns, and the flashing muzzles.

Now the artillery was quieter, and we passed through the outskirts of Le Transloy. Lorries were on fire and I noticed an abandoned battery which had been put out of action.

Up the slope towards Guedecourt we went and the field guns again opened, very wildly as they had advanced and had no accurate range.

I was turning round every minute or two to see what I expected, but it never came. Why the enemy did not use cavalry I do not know. He could have rolled us up, and cut us clean up. Fine open country, no wire, no trenches, nothing between our backs and the Huns. I felt sure he would use cavalry, for rarely has such a cavalry target been available.

Think for a minute. The right of the British 3rd Army in hopeless retreat. We had the vaguest idea of where we were going. Guedecourt, our objective, had ceased to exist during the Battle of the Somme. Any who had been there, were there when it was in front line, and of course could not observe it by day.

The flock of men got scattered, some bore away to the north and were lost for 48 hours. Near Guedecourt cross-roads we formed up some 120 odd all ranks, and at the cross-roads was the brave General Eden standing his horse. Tears were on his cheek, and he just said: 'Thank God, I never expected to see my poor Brigade again'. He asked me a few questions and was relieved to hear that so many had been seen to leave, although I could show only a small though stout-hearted party. He told me to get on to Flers.

Near Flers we saw the first attempt at a defence. The field companies of the Royal Engineers were digging in as infantry on a rough defensive line by the roadside. It was growing dusk, and at Flers we met our Battalion HQ, Col Wannell and Capt Petty, MC, now Adjutant, some half mile east of the village.

It appeared that Capt Cullinan, MC, our Adjutant, had an attack of acute appendicitis while retreating to Flers. Fortunately, he was enabled to be carried back on one of the last convoy wagons which left Flers.

He was evacuated to England after the operation had been performed at one of the bases. He perished in the earthquake at Yokohama.

It was heavy dusk dropping into night when we reached Flers, and the Verey lights were rising very near to us particularly on our right where they were well round us.

Companies put out pickets and outpost groups immediately, and waited.

Here I disobeyed one of the Army's most rigorous laws, in company with an officer of Battalion HQ. We took a sip of water from dark green stagnant pools in a shell hole! We were so dead beat we heeded little as to consequences.

Just before dawn broke we withdrew the pickets and outposts, and forming up without noise marched back westwards.

We dared not halt for more than a minute or two as lights kept rising, and always well up on our right.

At one halt I picked up an uncooked potato on the road, and splitting it in four gave the CO, Doctor and Adjutant a piece! We passed through to Martinpuich.

At Martinpuich it was daylight and we rested an hour, west of it, then on through Courcellette to Posieres, where we formed an outpost system. Here were our 17th Divisional 18-pounders that we knew well. They were unlimbered on the road and the guns just drawn into the ditch. They were spitting fire eastwards, but no one seemed to know exactly where the Boche was.

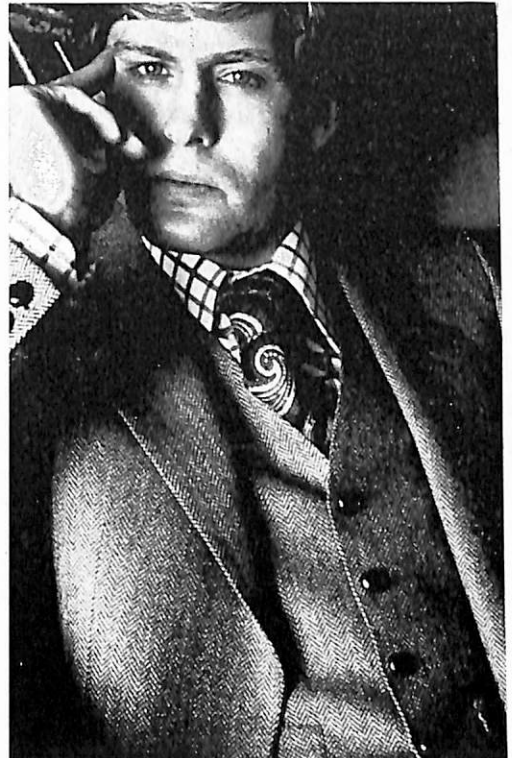
This day I commanded the Battalion, or rather the remnant of it, as our CO went off to take the place of the Brigadier who had gone off to try to find the Divisional Staff, and learn what the general situation and intentions were.

*(Here the narrative ends. It is unfortunate the author did not complete this most interesting account.)*

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## 'C' (DWR) Company, 1st Battalion The Yorkshire Volunteers



CSM P. Berry with a group of recruits at Warcop Training Camp

'The time has come once more to bear ourselves to THE IRON DUKE . . . You'll do this time, Peter'.

I looked up in amazement. Surely the OC (Maj J. W. Garner) didn't mean me. However, being the only junior subaltern, I quickly deduced that it was. By the time that I had ordered another drink, in preparation for finding out what he meant, he had gone. Naturally, my first reaction on finding out that all I had to do, was contribute to the Regimental magazine, was one of relief, followed by nervous apprehension. What shall I say?

Should I write about how well our recruiting drive has gone, mentioning that by camp we will have some 30 newly trained members of this branch of the Duke's family? This quick turn round of recruits, being due to Recruit Cadres now being run every two weeks at Strensall.

Or should I perhaps mention how well the shooting team has done, in both the Yorkshire Volunteers and N.E. District meetings. For although they were only a new team (only four original members left), they managed to be placed in virtually every event and next year promises even greater feats.

No this would not do. What the many readers of THE IRON DUKE want to read about is the type of training that we're doing. But how do you write about helicopter training, river crossings, bridge demolition guards and the like, in preparation for our Annual Camp in Germany this September?

Perhaps I would be better to mention the people involved. Congratulate our newly promoted sergeants, Ashton and Robinson, not to forget our cook corporal Budd.

Yet to do that would take a lot of time and we haven't much of that. Especially as we have only recently carried out our change for the '650 role (at last we have three platoons).

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I really must wish Cpl White and Pte Richardson an enjoyable time with Burma Coy in Canada later this month.

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Since our last bulletin 'C' Company have been getting down to some nitty gritty soldiering.

A small select team of unusually energetic idiots, led by the indefatigable Lt Robinson, have been undergoing intense training for the Nijmegen Marches. Their activities have included singing in pouring rain, and sleeping in barns; not to mention a bawdy night out in the dens of iniquity around Scarborough. The CSM is bicycle orderly, but has kept his training to himself—no-one has seen him on two wheels yet.

The rest of the Company have continued at a more normal pace following the helicopter training weekend up at Catterick, where we zapped some Royal Anglians.

Many new recruits have gone through recruit cadres and have been fully participating in company training, including an ambush range competition, where the winning team was awarded a can of beer. This was followed up by a march and shoot competition in which we proved conclusively that members of the Intelligence Corps(e) cannot map

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With incidents like this it's hardly surprising that the 2IC has gone totally 'punk', wandering around with half his face painted a livid red. He claims his car radiator crept up on him and sprayed him with boiling water, but we have our suspicions as to the real reason.

Into this menagerie we have to invite the new training major, David Pugh, from the Duke's. He seems to have the right temperament for fun and laughs, having organised the last battalion weekend and making us dig holes and stand in them. Perhaps someone will fill him in, instead of his trench, if this continues. (Honest it's not that serious Guv.) It turned out a great weekend and was voted 'Best Bn Ex Yet!' by a unanimous vote.

Well that's all so far and everyone is looking forward to camp and 15 days of digging holes and filling them in, on Salisbury Plain.

## Depot, King's Division

Depot Duke's continue to do twice as much work for half as much money, as many ex-Minden based Duke's find out. Recent arrivals include Maj Martin Bray from HQ 3 Commando Bde RM, Lt Paul Bailey and Cpls Dave Wright and 'Chief' Warrior from the Battalion, and Pte Carbine has slipped into a drivers seat in MT. We also welcome Pte Michael Basu, stepson of WO2 Sam Basu, who is a recruit under training.

The task of training recruits is as difficult and frustrating as usual, but the ultimate satisfaction of watching them Pass-Out is still there. Adult recruits now do a standard 18-week Common Military Syllabus (Recruits), (CMS(R)), designed to produce a soldier trained 'in the fundamental attributes and skills of an infantryman, with particular emphasis on Skill-at-Arms, so that he can take his place in a section after acclimatisation and special theatre/role training'. With this in mind Junior Officer/NCOs in the Battalion should not expect miracles when taking a recruit into their platoon, and should bear in mind that some battalions have centralised continuation training for newly arrived soldiers. This might be particularly applicable in units based in BAOR with all their complications.

At Strensall recruits are trained in platoons of 35-50 men led and run by a Platoon Commander (Subaltern or WO2), Sergeant and three or four Corporals who are responsible for all training in Skill-at-Arms, Fieldcraft, Tactics, Map reading,

Military Admin, NBC, First Aid and Radio Training are now centralised. Thus training teams have to work hard to ensure that recruits pass the periodic tests in various subjects to achieve the Mandatory Training Objectives of CMS(R).

There is no room for the inefficient or non-enthusiastic instructor, as training tests reveal their faults as much as those of the recruit. The system now requires high quality Officers and NCOs, and subjects covered in training are much more varied than when many present J/NCOs were recruits.

A noticeable absence of Duke's recruits at the Depot at the moment is perhaps somewhat disheartening. The Duke's like the other Yorkshire Regts at the moment seem well up to strength with a resultant drop in recruiting. A recent Waterloo Day parade revealed almost as many Duke's permanent staff as recruits. However, a not too tight Regimental clique exists here, allowing us to have the odd get-together, such as the visit of Lt Col M. R. N. Bray and Waterloo Day.

Congratulations go to Lt Bill and Janet Atkinson on the recent birth of a son Nicholas, who has of course inherited the good looks of his father. Congratulations also to Sgt John Wragg on his recent marriage. Finally we hope to see the Battalion KAPE tour team at the Depot in July/August, and will be glad to give a hand—training commitments permitting.

P.R.S.B.



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## Depot, King's Division

Depot Duke's continue to do twice as much work for half as much money, as many ex-Minden based Duke's find out. Recent arrivals include Maj Martin Bray from HQ 3 Commando Bde RM, Lt Paul Bailey and Cpls Dave Wright and 'Chiefy' Warrior from the Battalion, and Pte Carbine has slipped into a drivers seat in MT. We also welcome Pte Michael Basu, stepson of WO2 Sam Basu, who is a recruit under training.

The task of training recruits is as difficult and frustrating as usual, but the ultimate satisfaction of watching them Pass-Out is still there. Adult recruits now do a standard 18-week Common Military Syllabus (Recruits), (CMS(R)), designed to produce a soldier trained 'in the fundamental attributes and skills of an infantryman, with particular emphasis on Skill-at-Arms, so that he can take his place in a section after acclimatisation and special theatre/role training'. With this in mind Junior Officer/NCOs in the Battalion should not expect miracles when taking a recruit into their platoon, and should bear in mind that some battalions have centralised continuation training for newly arrived soldiers. This might be particularly applicable in units based in BAOR with all their complications.

At Strensall recruits are trained in platoons of 35-50 men led and run by a Platoon Commander (Subaltern or WO2), Sergeant and three or four Corporals who are responsible for all training in Skill-at-Arms, Fieldcraft, Tactics, Map reading,

Military Admin, NBC. First Aid and Radio Training are now centralised. Thus training teams have to work hard to ensure that recruits pass the periodic tests in various subjects to achieve the Mandatory Training Objectives of CMS(R).

There is no room for the inefficient or non-enthusiastic instructor, as training tests reveal their faults as much as those of the recruit. The system now requires high quality Officers and NCOs, and subjects covered in training are much more varied than when many present J/NCOs were recruits.

A noticeable absence of Duke's recruits at the Depot at the moment is perhaps somewhat disheartening. The Duke's like the other Yorkshire Regts at the moment seem well up to strength with a resultant drop in recruiting. A recent Waterloo Day parade revealed almost as many Duke's permanent staff as recruits. However, a not too tight Regimental clique exists here, allowing us to have the odd get-together, such as the visit of Lt Col M. R. N. Bray and Waterloo Day.

Congratulations go to Lt Bill and Janet Atkinson on the recent birth of a son Nicholas, who has of course inherited the good looks of his father. Congratulations also to Sgt John Wragg on his recent marriage. Finally we hope to see the Battalion KAPE tour team at the Depot in July/August, and will be glad to give a hand—training commitments permitting.

P.R.S.B.

# Wellesley Company

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

## Comings and Goings . . .

With great pleasure we welcome into the Company, SI K. L. Wall and SI P. Walton who are posted to Skipton and Halifax respectively. With regret we see the departure of SI Glen Baume from Huddersfield Detachment.

## . . . and Congratulations

To SMIs Peter Cole and Keith Roughton from Mirfield and Keighley, upon successfully passing a Command Selection Board at Imphal Barracks, York, for TAVR B Commissions.

## Weekend Camps

During the period February 24-26 a most successful Administration/Training seminar was held at Proteus attended by nearly every adult in the Company. Opportunity was taken to 'Dine Out' Maj Peter Tattersall, Capt Geoff Whitaker, SMI George Wright, SMI Frank Poulton, SSI Graham Wilkinson, and Sgt Dave Mosby of 10 CTT. Tributes flowed freely and a most convivial evening developed.

April 6-8 produced wonderful weather for a Company weekend at Strensall at which the Colonel of the Regiment, Maj Gen D. E. Isles, honoured us with a visit. Cadets embarking upon Orienteering, minor tactics, assault courses, range activities, etc, produced the menu, and the detailed interest of Gen Donald converted that menu into a veritable feast.

Anzio Camp, Leek was the venue for our next weekend, and the four-mile trek to and from the training areas by cadets, officers and instructors alike was good for the Company. Not one moan, and when you are only one metre high (or very nearly) with a 4kg rifle across your shoulders and other associated equipment going up 1 in 4 hills this was rather pleasing. The glorious weather for this May weekend witnessed the first appearance of our band in all of its inaugural glory—how those kids lapped it up!

We warned our County HQ that the Duke's intended to attend the County Skill at Arms meeting in force. We failed to win but six out of seven detachments competed and we went down fighting. By converting the event into a mini area weekend, we inspired our cadets and gave formal 12 months notice to the 'Shooters of Yorkshire (South)' that next year it will be different. On this theme you will hear no more from the scribe—we shall now silently slip into the background and practice practice practice—the next you will hear will be a report on how we swept the board in 1979—I say no more.

The foregoing report accurately describes how we successfully spent 66% of our General Travel grant by May 31. The boost was necessary for

morale and we have a good run-in to annual camp at Thetford, so we must now mark time and carefully work out how we finance the remainder of the year—one way or the other Wellesley Coy will wave the flag.

## Annual Visits

Having reported 'Above Standard' grading for Halifax and 'Standard' grading for Mirfield in our April notes, we are delighted to report 'Above Standard' gradings for both Thongsbridge and Huddersfield with 'Well up to Standard' for both Skipton and Keighley together with 'Standard' at Heckmondwike. The visits were most kindly carried out by Col R. M. Weare and Maj Tony Farrell to whom we are indebted for their appreciable interest and most welcome advice.

## Kings Division

Maj Peter Hoppe made contact, resulting in three excellent visits by his Kings Division Recruiting Team to locations at Keighley, Halifax, and Huddersfield. A most interesting programme was provided and his Team are to be congratulated for the zeal and initiative they displayed in producing their display. The cadets loved every minute and arrangements are now being made for return visits in October and December. Thank you Maj Peter and the team; we appreciate your efforts.

## Athletics

Cpl Sidebottom from Halifax and Cdt Peter Wade from Skipton both participated in the North East Region Athletics at Bishop Auckland on June 17. In true Duke's style they won and both now progress to the National Finals at Aldershot scheduled for July representing North East District. Well done to you both, and the very best of luck. Congratulations are equally offered to Lcpl C. Alderson of Halifax in achieving 3rd place in the Javelin and to Cdt I. Boyes in securing 3rd place in both the 100 and 400 metres at the County Sports.

## Citizenship

Some 40 plus cadets from Huddersfield, Mirfield and Thongsbridge Detachments played their part in collecting on behalf of the Army Veterans Association in Huddersfield on June 24. Do please remember, all of our readers, if Wellesley Coy can help you in any way, you have our offer and the OC is only at the other end of a telephone wire.

Capt Doug Bennett led a splendid group of Duke's cadets in the Keighley Gala parade. Preceded by our Area Standard proudly displayed by SMI Roughton, the discipline and bearing of Keighley Detachment left nothing to be desired. They were superb.

### Cadet of the Year

'Dukes' cadets came 6th, 9th, 12th and 47th in this excellent competition organised by Maj Roger Sugden. With a visit to Canada for first prize we were more than pleased with the final placings

of Cpl Briggs (Keighley); Cpl Sidebottom (Halifax); Cpl Bennett (Keighley) and Cdt Gregory (Halifax). The competition was fierce with the cream of the County at their best—we were well represented.

## Obituary

### The Rt Rev Bishop E. Treacy, MBE

Bishop Eric Treacy died suddenly at Appleby on May 13, 1978, aged 70 years.

The funeral took place at Crosthwaite Church, Keswick, on Friday, May 19.

The Regiment was represented by Col J. Davidson, Maj J. H. Davis and Maj G. C. Tedd.

A memorial service was held in Wakefield Cathedral on June 23 at which the Regiment was represented by Maj J. S. Milligan.

An appreciation appears on page 49 of this issue.

### Lt Col A. E. H. Sayers, OBE

Lt Col Ben Sayers died at his home in Edgbaston, Birmingham, on June 26, 1978.

The family funeral took place on Friday, June 30, at Edgbaston Old Church.

At Mrs Sayers' request a Bearer Party consisting of Lt W. A. N. Atkinson and three Senior Ranks represented the Regiment at the Funeral.

A Memorial Service was held at the same church on Friday, July 14. Maj G. C. Tedd and Maj J. S. Milligan represented the Regiment.

Mrs Sayers writes:

'Ben'—as he was known to all his friends—acquired the name because when he joined the 11th Battalion of the Regiment from London University OTC in 1914, he was both a boxer and a golfer and there happened to be a professional of each sport at the time called 'Ben Sayers'. It stuck, and I'm so glad I haven't had to call him 'Alfred' for nearly 50 years!

After a course at Cambridge University, Ben embarked as Company Commander of a draft of the Dukes for the Middle East and they took part, with the Lancashire Fusiliers, in the evacuation of Suvla. He was wounded in the back, arms and legs, and was evacuated to hospital in Malta. He rejoined the 1st Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers in Belgium, and in a few days went with them to the Somme, fighting at Quedecourt. He remained in that area throughout the Winter of 1916–17. In 1917 he was with the 29th Division (86th Brigade) in the Ypres Salient fighting in the Monchy-le-Preux area, and he took part in the Battle of Arras and in the fighting at Passchendaele. He was severely wounded in the right arm again during a night attack at Langemark, whilst taking up a mortar battery to the Front. The rest of the party were all killed or badly wounded. After recovering at the Royal Free Hospital, he was again passed fit for General Service and posted to the 3rd Battalion DWR, and

in August 1918 was once more back in the firing line.

I have now lost track of his movements, because I did not meet Ben till 1926, when he was on a course at London School of Economics. We met at a dance at Wentworth Golf Club, and spent most of a starry night on the Club roof! We were married in Gosport with the Regiment, and Snikey Owen was our best man. My dream of a scarlet wedding had to be abandoned because we could not squeeze Snikey into his Full Dress. Our honeymoon was spent on SS *Dorsetshire* on our way to join the 2nd Battalion in India. Ten happy years followed—with the Regiment, at Ahmednagar, Cherat, Nowshera, or with Ben in staff jobs at AHQ, Simla and Delhi, inter-mixed with active service on the North West Frontier mostly in General (then Brigadier) Alexander's Brigade.

At the outbreak of the Second World War, Ben was commanding the Depot at Halifax. He had the job of transforming the Depot into an Infantry Training Centre with literally thousands of personnel billeted all over the town, then he had the task of transforming the Centre into an ATS ITC. He was popular with the ladies except on occasions when inspecting their quarters, he would compliment them and then spoil it all by standing on a chair and drawing a finger along a dusty ledge that had been overlooked. I was told this by one of the Army hospital nurses. I said 'Oh dear, what did you do when you saw him coming?' She replied: 'I put on a clean apron, and shut myself in the toilet'.

But before long he was on active service commanding the 2/6 Battalion DWR on the coast. Later he took over command of Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow—the stronghold of the HLI. I think there was a second Regiment there as well, and Ben had the job of amalgamating them to form another huge Training Centre. I understand he coped most efficiently with the stormy disruptive characteristics of the Glaswegians and the unit was second to none, and was probably responsible for earning Ben his OBE.

When, at the end of the war the opportunity of a settled home and a civilian job came his way, he decided to take it. But the War Office still had work for him to do, and kept him at sea for months returning overseas troops to their native lands.

I heard a little story about this only the other day. On board one ship he was commanding, a huge African trooper ran amok with a knife threatening everyone who came near him. It was the CO, it seems, who chased him round the ship and disarmed him.

**Col J. M. Forbes, DL, JP**

Col Jonathan Forbes, Regimental Secretary, The Green Howards, died suddenly at his home on July 3, 1978, aged 63.

**Mr H. Webster**

Mr Harry Webster died in Halifax General Hospital on July 11, 1978, aged 74 years.

The funeral followed by cremation took place on July 17.

The Regiment was represented by Mr S. E. Code, Mr Arthur Wood and Mrs Joan Fish.

**Lt Col D. H. Hirst, MBE, TD**

Lt Col Denys Heaton Hirst died suddenly on May 20, 1978, while on holiday in Portugal aged 75.

The service took place at South Crosland Parish Church, Huddersfield, on June 1 followed by cremation at the Huddersfield Crematorium and was attended by Col J. Davidson and Maj G. C. Tedd representing the Regiment and many friends and members of the Regiment and the Yorkshire Volunteers.

Maj C. C. Kenchington, the Mayor of Kirklees also attended.

**Mrs A. Huxtable**

Mrs A. Huxtable died on June 14, at her home in Crowthorne, in her 86th year. She was the widow of the late Capt Dick Huxtable, The Duke of Wellington's Regt and mother of Brig C. R. Huxtable.

The funeral service was held at Crowthorne Parish Church on June 19.

**Col F. R. Armitage**

Lord Savile writes:

As one of 'Boy' Armitage's first Subalterns when he formed the 8th Bn at Otley in the summer of 1940 I would like to add a footnote to the admirable tribute which appeared in last April's IRON DUKE.

First, to correct an error: it was 1940 when 'Boy' was awarded an OBE. I remember a distinguished Commanding Officer of another Duke's Battalion telling me two years later that with 'Boy' commanding a Battalion so early in the war plus an OBE and psc anything might happen. We all held our breath as we hoped he would have a dazzling career and eventually hold high command. Perhaps he lacked that extra quality for that or was unlucky. If he was not destined to lead troops into battle he certainly helped to plan the battles that were fought. Besides the quality of integrity referred to in the April edition I would add another, wisdom. He made a lot of sense. In the years which followed we became great friends and I never failed to consult him on the latest International situation or the state of our defences and those of possible enemies. He was always so amazingly accurate and had an incisive mind.

'Boy' was a great Commanding Officer and we knew it. That is why we trusted him implicitly and gave him of our deepest loyalty and affection.

**Col L. B. B. Beuttler, OBE**

From the Rev Canon David I. Strangeways.

Bertie and I joined 1 DWR on the same afternoon at Aldershot in 1933. He from Sandhurst, me, very green, from Cambridge. I regarded him as a very special friend from then onwards. We served together on the 'square', does the modern subaltern do the same today? We were in the same company in Malta, shared a room in the War Office at one time in the war and towards the end of the war were together in the same HQ in Europe, both during the campaign and after.

Bertie had one of the quickest brains I have met, he could work flat out, but could never tolerate being asked to pretend to work. He had an independent mind, enormous humour and a loyalty to his friends which was always generous and kind.

He could act boldly when he thought that independent action was required and the following may show some of his delightful spirit in this regard. We were on Salisbury Plain and the end of a rather dull exercise was drawing near. It was time to get started on that long march to barracks. In those days each Company had its own bugler. Bertie was Signal Officer at that time and decided that if the Generals could not make up their minds to close the exercise then he would do so. He got the HQ bugler to take out the mouthpiece of the bugle and having got through to one of the companies on the field telephone our company bugler quietly blew the 'no parade' into the mouthpiece of the telephone. Within moments we could hear the 'no parade' being blown by the various Company buglers, taken up by other Regiments and before anyone had time to get confirmation telephone cables were being reeled in, troops concentrated—the exercise, in spite of officers from the staff rushing here and there, was at an end. Bertie knew when enough was enough. They never did find out how it all happened for our poor adjutant had only heard the bugles from other places. Needless to say neither the bugler nor I ever knew anything about it, nor did Bertie!

We seldom met since the war but when we did it was always the same Bertie and I shall miss his just being there more than I can say.

D.I.S.

**Mr A. Anderson**

Mr Andy Anderson died at his home at Fareham in January 1978. He served in India in the 2nd Bn and was recalled for the reserve and posted to the 1/7 Bn in 1939.

Albert 'Andy' Anderson was one of the exceptional group of ex-India service long-term soldiers who joined the 7th Bn in the Hovingham/Slingsby area when we were mobilising. He became my batman when as a raw 20-year-old TA officer I was being taught by experience how little I knew of the real soldier's art. For two years 'Andy' made sure I avoided too many obvious nonsenses including keeping me roughly on the right lines when taking charge of a, happily in the event not needed, advance party to Norway followed by a period of training and administrative pressure in Iceland made in what colleagues will recall demanding conditions. Throughout this period Andy's com-

mon sense and ability to improvise took pressure off me and allowed me to do an officer's job without worrying about personal administration; he ensured I was fed, watered and rested by sheer force of his personality. I am glad I could keep touch with him after he left the service and Marion and I will both miss him.

B.M.K.

#### Mr J. S. Hodgson, MM

Mr John Smith Hodgson who served with 'C' Coy 10 DWR during the first world war died at Keighley on July 3, 1978, aged 84. Mr Hodgson was awarded the Military Medal on June 7, 1917, for action on Hill 60 and later awarded a Bar to the Military Medal on September 1, 1918.

#### Mr W. J. Reed

Mr William Joseph (Mick) Reed died at Rhyl Cottage Hospital on June 17, aged 64 years, having been taken ill on holiday.

Although I did not serve with Mick in the Regulars I knew him well since he joined the

Territorials and in later years as fellow-members of the Halifax Branch of the Old Comrades and Regimental Associations. During TA service, having soldiered through the ranks to BSM appointment his quiet efficiency masked the eager ever-willing man whose physical and mental fitness permitted the most arduous of tasks appear simple. It was on the sports field which he really excelled and as an 'old soldier' showed the younger National Service and recruit really how to play. A popular Sergeants Mess member and a dedicated Duke we shall remember him and the enjoyable evenings spent in Mess and camps.

Mick worked with the GPO in Halifax after demobilization with many of his Regular soldier comrades.

The funeral service was held in The Dukes Chapel in Halifax Parish Church and conducted by Canon R. I. J. Matthews, CF(V) Vicar of Brighthouse. Officers, old soldiers, both Regular and TA, alongside his work-friends bid farewell to a fine man and friend.

To his widow, Kathleen, and family we extend our deepest sympathy.

A.W.

## Regimental Association

NEWS ITEMS—NOTES OF INTEREST

### NOTICES

#### AGM and Reunion Dinner, 1978

Huddersfield. St Paul's Street Drill Hall. Saturday, September 23, 1978. AGM, Sergeants Mess 6.30pm. Dinner 7.30 for 8.0. Guests of Honour, Maj (Ret'd) and Mrs C. C. Kenchington, Mayor and Mayoress of Kirklees. Tickets £3.50, from RHQ DWR or Branch Secretaries.

#### Regimental Service, York Minster, Saturday, October 7, 1978

All meet in St William's College (behind East of Minster at 10.30 hrs for coffee and biscuits. Service in The Minster 11.30 hrs. After the Service organised parties from Association Branches will proceed to places still to be agreed to complete the day's celebrations.

#### London and Home Counties Reunion and Dinner, 1979

A slight break with tradition in 1979 is caused because the Carisbrooke Hall is not available for May 5, the Rugby League Cup Final and Duke's London Dinner 'day'. The Reunion and Dinner will now be held in the Carisbrooke Hall, The Victory Club, Marble Arch, London, on Saturday, May 12, 1979 (the FA Cup Final day). Full details will be published in the December issue of THE IRON DUKE.

# Keeping in touch

The 'Evening Courier' keeps the people of Calderdale in touch with their community— & their Regiment.

**EVENING COURIER**  
King Cross St, Halifax.  
Telephone 65711

**NEWS ITEMS**

Con Sullivan and Joe Perrin are now CSMs of 'A' and 'B' Coys respectively of the Nottinghamshire Army Cadet Force.

Sgt 'Pop' Dodds is now a resident at The Royal Hospital, Chelsea. 'Pop' attended the London Dinner on May 13, 1978, and met many old friends.

A chance remark made to the Secretary led to the reunion of ex-Drum Major John Dunn and Donald Noon. John says he will be attending the Annual Reunion at Huddersfield on September 23, 1978, with Sammy Allsop.

The Huddersfield Branch has received a 'tonic injection' with the recruitment of Messrs Ewart, Powell, Hough, Mills and Uttley into their active section—National Servicemen, with their numbers now drying—REJUVENATION!

Arthur Hollingsworth ('Somme Veteran'—see ID April 1978 issue, p 40) has now joined the Huddersfield Branch. He was voted in as an Honorary Member at the May AGM. Arthur says that this was the proudest moment in his life, also that he has been unable to join before owing to workaday commitments since he was demobbed in 1922 (56 years!).

On June 3, 1978, a successful 'Horse Sale and Race Meeting' was held in the Drill Hall, St Paul's Street, Huddersfield. This event, organised by Lt Col Barnes, President Huddersfield Branch, and Maj Hawley, OC 'C' (DWR) Coy 3 Yorkshire Volunteers was to raise funds for a team from 'C' Coy who are taking part in the Nijmegen March (Holland) later this year.

**Military Band Concert**

During the KAPE Tour the Regimental Band of The Duke of Wellington's Regt will give a concert in the George Lawton Hall, Mossley, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs, on Sunday, August 13, 1978, commencing 7.30pm. This event has been arranged and organised by the Mossley Branch of our Association.

**'Ancienne Combattants de Hem'**

Our friends from France will again be visiting Mossley and will attend the Minster Service with the Mossley Branch on Saturday, October 7, 1978. After the service plans are afoot to entertain them royally until their return to France on October 9. (Mossley individuals are also 'getting in some practice' in readiness for the reciprocal visit to France in November).

Sgt C. M. (Mick) Sullivan, son of 'Con' Sullivan has been medically discharged from the Army. He was injured on the ranges at Warcop in February 1976. Mick is going to Canada shortly and hopes to find employment and settle there.

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## THE GUNNERS

By J. IMRAY

We all look back on our service and try to remember the good company we knew. Some of us remember good companions and long forgotten chums.

'I'll remember Bill and Jack,  
I'll remember looking back'.

(Australian author 1940)

We had our favourite 'Company' which we trained with and fought with. To me the finest Company I ever knew was 'C' (S) Coy of the 1st Bn in Malta. It consisted of the older type of young soldier. Men who had about two years or more service and were most likely to remain with the Company for a long time. The duty companies generally lost all their men when drafts were required for India but 'C' (S) Coy soldiered on with the same old faces.

Mussolini was threatening Malta and the Company had to be strengthened to take in coast watchers. We were armed with a torch and a whistle to repel the invaders if any. Hundreds of submarines were reported to be waiting around the rocky coastline but after a while the shouting died down and Maj St. J. Faulkner decided to absorb us into the Company and we began our training as gun numbers on the Vickers machine gun. Harry Stacey, Benny Dawson, Frankie McCabe and others sat with me on the benches as Sgt Lobb tried to teach us gun drill. We had two boxers with us, Albert Hull and Busty Mitchell who never seemed to be able to recite the sequence of mechanism. When Sgt Lobb got exasperated Busty would say, 'Ee Sarge daint bother wi us. Thee knows we be thick'. That brought smiles and the odd sparring and life went on. 'On this spot mount gun'.

In time we became good gun numbers eager to prove our toughness as we fought to carry the gun which weighed 28lb. Some were stronger and wanted the tripod which weighed 45lb. We slung it across our backs with the rear leg down the back and we grasped the front legs with our hands and swaggered down between the barrack blocks announcing to other soldiers. 'Look, am I tough?'

It was called the 'Long Carry' and many a long carry we did to our own songs and parodies of the songs of the day. We sang, 'Where's the Gunners' to the tune of 'Where's the Tiger' and finished up with 'There goes the Gunners over there'.

Sgt Gill was another of our instructors. He took us on the rifle and Albert Lobb took us on the gun. When Albert was instructing all other NCOs kept quiet. His voice was so loud they gave us the chance to listen to Albert instead who was over a hundred yards away.

John Willie Green had such a bias against two bad lads who were away on the boat to India that he still shouted their names when he saw some Gunner who was idle or not paying attention. I had to tell him one day the two 'Cook and Ross' were in India and from then it was two others 'Imray and Hunter'. Two Geordies were equal to two Yorkshiresmen.

Capt K. G. Exham was our 2IC at the time and had his right leg in plaster of paris. That did not stop him from going around asking questions on indirect fire and other gun business.

Mr P. G. L. Cousins one of our subalterns was reputed to be an authority on cheese. We were issued with some awful smelling cheese which seemed to be running off the plate and no one would eat it. Geordie Daking, our popular Cook Sgt, decided to call in our young officer to see if the cheese was fit for human consumption. Geordie took a plate of cheese to the Company Office and Mr Cousins took a piece. He chewed it slowly and then made a request, 'Sgt Dakin, do you think you could send a pound of this wonderful cheese to the Officers' Mess?'

Capt H. C. H. Taylor took over the Company. He was a big man. He had a word of command as good as any Sgt Major and he didn't mince his words when he dealt with the wrong doer. I have watched him as he swung out of our Company office with his swagger stick in his right hand and humming a quiet tune he would prance and sway like any Drum major as he swung his stick and twirled it around. I never knew him to drop it. When we Trooped the Colour in 1937 he was chosen to smarten up the 'Slow March and arms drill' which wasn't too good at the time. We had three months to prepare and we were ready on the appointed day. 'C' (S) Coy found the No 1 Guard consisting of all men over 5ft 8in and also No 2 Guard of small men like myself for the 'Trooping of the Colour'.

The Yorkshiresmen called the Company Commander, 'Arkie'. He was a man's man and was very popular. A few days 'Jankers' was like a Christmas box when men earned them and they came from 'Arkie'.

Heard on the ranges one fine sunny day.

Mr J. Harrison had finished his practice and he was satisfied with the good score he had obtained. Then we heard a roar.

Arkie. 'Mr Harrison, when you go to the toilet don't you pull up your trousers before leaving?'

Mr Harrison. 'Oh yes Sir'.

Arkie. 'Well clear your bloody gun before leaving the range'.

The language was rich and lurid but it had the right effect.

Eddie Mahoney, a Cockney wit and his Yorkshire chum, George Cairns always seemed to carry a rubber tube or an empty water can out of the gun store when we were preparing the guns for the day's work. We stupid young soldiers struggled with a heavy tripod and George and Eddie strolled about their business.

I asked them one day why this was so and Eddie gave a grin and said, 'Too many eager, strong young men in this Company'. They obviously did not want to carry the gun.

Arkie started a new idea of taking out the dinner meal to the ranges and spending the whole day out there. In the lovely Malta sunshine it was like

spending a holiday in heaven. During the meal break we did as we liked within reason. The schoolboy in some of us got up to schoolboyish games and the two Jacksons with Colin Dawes and Chucker Mylan started the games rolling with the aid of Lunn and Exley our dining room orderlies and Andy Ancill the Company cook. The game was 'Duck Stone'. Mr Harrison was interested in the game but couldn't make head or tail of what was happening. So he approached Benny Dawson, one of the players. 'I say old chap could I have a game?' All the players whooped with joy and said 'Come on Sir, we'll teach you the game'. I watched Arkie who was lying there with his topee on the back of his head. He had a satisfied grin on his face and I seemed to sense his thoughts. 'He'll learn and they'll like him'. That is what makes comradeship among officers and men. Mr Harrison was a fine boxer and rugby player and if we taught him schoolboy games he taught us the finer arts of sport.

Streakers are all the fashion now but Andy Ancill, our Company cook was well before his day. When we were on early morning parades and 'Gunfire' was an issue I have seen Andy streaking down 'C' Coy verandah to get his cup of tea. A streak back and that was Andy home and dry and not a scandal anywhere.

Nipper Tom Walls one of our Lance Corporals was in love with Rosie of The Seven Sisters in the 'Gur' Strada Stretta, Valetta. He really loved his Rosie and today was his birthday and a parcel arrived for him. We eagerly gathered around for a bit of cake or some goodie. Nipper opened it and out dropped the sweepings of the bar. It was her way to say 'Get Lost'. He was a simple lad and never gave up but I believe Rosie married a bandsman in the Regiment. Nipper was a grand little boxer and one day he had to fight the RAF Champion in an exhibition bout. Someone told Nipper the RAF laddie was going to murder him. There was only one punch and the RAF boxer lay there stone cold. It took a lot of sorting out between the two services but our lad was satisfied honour had been won.

Men were in very short supply in 1936 and 37, India had taken most of the men from the duty companies and the only full Company was 'C'. Guards of Honour had to be found as well as the 'Trooping of the Colour' and we always rose to the occasion. Often we would be as black as any coal miner as we worked on families' coal fatigues and given a few hours we would scrub and prepare our equipment and be down at the Grand Harbour ready to greet some celebrity. Arkie would take us himself for practice arms drill. He gave three orders. 'Slope, Present, Order arms and go away and get yourselves ready'.

A grand Company with fine officers and NCOs and men. I am sorry it's impossible to mention everyone. I can see them now with a song on their lips and an instant readiness to obey the last order. There was very little indiscipline because we were happy people. Midget Wolgast Wyatt, Blossom Bartram, Bob Maw, but let me call a halt and leave it to Conan Doyle, that famous writer who knew us all. Listen to what he had to say about the men who carried the gun.

Who carries the gun?

A lad from a Yorkshire Dale,  
Then let him go For well we know,  
The heart that will never fail.

For the Colonel rides before,  
The Major's on the flank,  
The Captains and the Adjutant  
are in the foremost rank.

But when it's action front  
and fighting's to be done,  
Come one, come all, You stand or fall,  
by the man who carries the gun.

*(From the Gunners, by Conan Doyle)*



*When you buy that  
special gift  
consult the experts*

*Take the chance out  
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