

YORKSHIRE PUD

256.

The NEWSPAPER of the 7th Bn. The DUKE of WELLINGTON'S (West Riding) Regt.

SEPTEMBER 28th, 1946.

FAREWELL

SEPTEMBER 1944



EDITION

SEPTEMBER 1946

AND SOUVENIR

COMMANDING OFFICERS OF THE BATTALION



BRIG. J. H. O. WILSEY, D.S.O., C.B.E.

Brigadier J. H. O. Wilsey was appointed to command the Battalion in 1943. In the U.K. he trained us, first of all as an "assault", and later as a "follow up" Battalion. He led the Battalion into Normandy. His own personal courage and his unparalleled leadership were by-words to all. During the heat of the battle he would always be encouraging the Battalion and it was under his inspired leadership that the Battalion rose to even greater heights. He left us at Nijmegen to command 158 Infantry Brigade of 53 Division, for the Ardennes Counter Offensive.

He was awarded a well-deserved D.S.O. for the part he played in the Battalion, and later the C.B.E. for his work in 53 Division.



Lt. Col. C. D. HAMILTON, D.S.O.

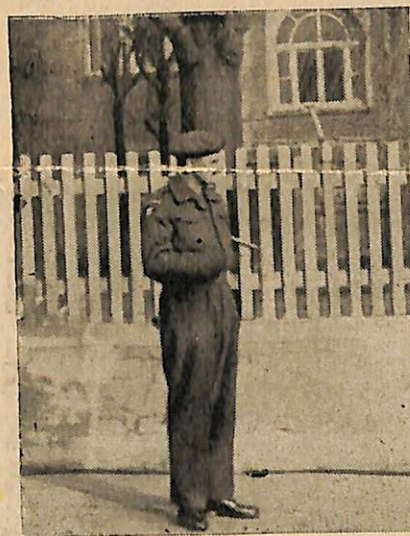
Lt. Col. C. D. Hamilton, D.S.O., took over the command of the Battalion from Brigadier Wilsey, who left us for 158 Infantry Brigade.

He commanded the Battalion during the copy-book defensive action fought at Haalderen. Later he led us into the 2nd. attack on Arnhem, and right through Holland until the German surrender.

Later he was to organise our first peace-station, and occupational role in Germany.

His brilliant and inspired leadership, combined with his only thought, "the Seventh"; made him a greatly respected and well loved C.O.

He left us to become a civilian in 1945, when the Battalion was at its highest state of morale.—Truly a fine achievement.



Lt. Col. CUMBERLEGE,

Lt. Col. Cumberlege took over command of the Battalion in February 1946. His first action being the move of the Battalion from Gevelsberg to Buren.

He guided our destiny during an even more difficult period than before, and kept the Battalion at a high pitch of efficiency and happiness—a deed that reflected very greatly on his leadership.

For a period of six weeks he commanded 147 Brigade in the absence of Brigadier Cottrill-Hill.

He left us in August 1946 to command the 1st. Battalion D.W.R. in M. E. F., where we wish him the best of good fortune. Our loss is their gain.



Major A. B. M. KAVANAGH, M.C.,

Major A. B. M. Kavanagh, M.C., was appointed C.O. in August 1946, and is now the longest serving Officer with the Battalion.

He will be long remembered for his fine work in "D" Company, both during and after action. To this day he talks about the deeds of his fine "young soldiers", whom he was very proud to command.

In November 1945 he was appointed 2nd. in Command of the Battalion and held the post during a very difficult period of training and occupational duties. Noteworthy, was the way in which he organised the advance party for the move from Gevelsberg to Buren.

In October he will be moving, along with about a hundred "Dukes", to take command of the newly formed Heavy Weapons Wing, of the B.A.O.R. School of Infantry.

We would like to wish him the best of luck in his new appointment.

FROM LE HAVRE

"Y. P."

TO BÜREN

September 6th, 1944 was just another of those bright sunny days we had in Normandy that year. There was nothing special about that day. The Battalion was resting and refitting ready for the coming assault on Le Havre. The Companies went cheerfully about their business, the cooks cooked, the B.O.R. clattered cheerfully away on typewriters, the Intelligence Section assumed its daily strain to look and act intelligently.



It has been said that the Intelligence Officer had an egg for breakfast that morning, possibly he had, eggs were plentiful in those days. Sufficient to say that, even if he did not have an egg, he certainly had an idea. In fact he had two ideas. The first idea was that of creating a Battalion paper so that the people who couldn't get near a radio could have the news just the same. The second idea was the name. On that sunny morning Tris Bax stood outside his tent, "hummed" a little, "hawed" a little, then, suddenly, a brilliant inspiration, "Yorkshire Pud" The next thing was to find someone to write the paper.

The eagle eye swivelled to a new buckshee Lance-Corporal who had only the day before joined the "I" staff from the B.O.R. The name was Smith. Said Tristan Belfort Bax: "Know anything about Army newspapers?" And the buckshee answered: "Well, I've had a bit of a do before, don't mind again, sir."

So was born the "Yorkshire Pud", the only Battalion Daily in the British Liberation Army. The only time we missed an issue was when the Battalion was on the road and in the attack. Every day, wet or fine, when the Battalion halted for a couple of days the "Yorkshire Pud" came out between 1130 and 1200 hrs. Until we reached Holland. It was at Ressen Bommel that the B.O.R. insulted the "I" section.

Bert Howe drew a cartoon depicting the "I" Section gone mad. Needless to say the "I" Sec immediately retaliated. And as the "I" people had the edge on B.O.R., with the "Yorkshire Pud" they managed to win that battle. Cartoons changed into print. Tris Bax had many a headache in the old days because the paper was too outspoken. Every day he expected a Court-Martial and death by firing squad.

No-one deserving of mention on the back of "Yorkshire Pud" was missed. We insulted, ridiculed, publicised and unmercifully strafed all sorts of people. Doc Somerville who left the Battalion early this year could tell many a tale of how he woke up in the R.A.P., to see a buckshee Lance-Corporal taking the news. Of how, unwittingly he unburdened his heart to the man with the pencil and the notebook. Of how amazed he was to find most of the conversation accurately reproduced in that day's "Y. P." If you want confirmation ask any member of the old Battalion who remains with us today. If the word of a private soldier isn't good enough for you, ask Major Kavanagh M.C., the C.O.. If you want to set the Q.M.'s stores on fire ask the Lieut.-Quartermaster "Who was the 'Great One?'—he'll tell you if you ask him nicely. Possibly if Major Burke had been with the Battalion in those days he too would have appeared in our columns under a similar nickname. The Battalion, like Little Audrey, laughed and laughed and laughed. Most people took the leg-pulling in good part.

So was born the legend of the "Snoop," the eyes, ears and nose of the "Yorkshire Pud". If anyone said anything then you could be sure of seeing it in the paper—providing of course that Tristan Belfort Bax didn't censor it—as he very often did.

* * *

Chapter II in the history of the "Yorkshire Pud" opens at Milpse. After lapsing for some six weeks it was revived by Major G. V. Fancourt M.C., the then Battalion Education and Welfare Officer. It was typed and duplicated by Pte. Horner, then the Education Clerk, and who was demobbed recently.

It wasn't until September 7th, 1945 that our first printed number was published. The event was the opening of the "Iron Duke" and issue No: 47 of the "Yorkshire Pud" was a single sheet, blank on one side. The paper was in the throes of teething where printing was concerned. Issue No: 48 reverted again to the duplicated foolscap sheet but Issue No: 49 bearing the headline "The Dukes Return to Normandy" was published in time to be placed in the dining rooms for the tea meal. The paper was small when compared with recent issues. It had three

columns back and front which contained news of the Battalion tour to Normandy, Sport, a "break-down" of Age and Service Groups within the Battalion and wireless news.

The first four column issue was published on October 23rd. The sheet had been reduced in size but the four columns contained more news and greater variety.

The 100th number of the "Pud" was published on November 8th and the paper became a picture paper as well as a newspaper. Number 100 had a front page picture of Brigadier Wood inspecting the Band and a back page picture of Lt.-Col. Rollin, Major Kavanagh M.C. and Captain Evans M.C. From that day we have gone from strength to strength.

At Christmas a special 8—page number was published which contained 25 photographs of the Battalion area, canteen, educational facilities and sports.

On January 7th. of this year we published our first pin-up—Frances Gifford, a young lady of the M.G.M studios. Since then a number of pin-upious young ladies have appeared in the paper. Our reporters have covered everything from weddings to rugby matches. Swimming, basketball, cricket, hockey, food, every subject under the sun has appeared in your paper. The Companies supplied notes, and they have sometimes caused the editorial staff to tear their hair at the briefness of their reports on Company life. Sometimes we have even had to write the Company notes in the "Pud" office—fortunately this was not often.

Our first loss was Major G. V. Fancourt M.C., the man who "made" the Iron Duke. He left on Class A release on January 14th and was succeeded by Capt. R. A. H. Farrar. Captain Farrar continued the good work until he too was released on March 25th.

Lieut. Tilley next occupied the Editorial Chair for a brief spell, and then went the way of his two predecessors. He was followed by Lieut. Judge, who "stopped the rot" by holding the post until August 15th, when he returned to England to join No. 6 Infantry Holding Battalion at Hertford Bridge.

* * *

The final chapter in the romantic history of our newspaper opens in Büren. When the Battalion moved to Büren last April we were faced once more with the problem of finding a suitable printing works. However, this difficulty was quickly overcome, and within a fortnight we had resumed publication. Our new printing works were at Lippstadt. With our offices in Büren and our printing works as far away as Lippstadt, it was no longer possible to produce

a daily newspaper. And so it was that the "Pud" underwent its final metamorphosis. Instead of a single sheet it now became a four-page paper, which is its present form. It was hoped to publish the "Pud" in its new form bi-weekly. Unfortunately this proved to be impossible, and we were obliged to content ourselves with a weekly edition.

One of our greatest losses came when "Snoop" Smith was released from the Army in July of this year. The Mantle of the "Snoop" fell upon L/Cpl. Nichols who has remained with the "Pud" until its "demise".

Then, at the beginning of August we lost two-thirds of our printing-staff, namely Pte. Tullett, demobbed, and Pte. Sibbert, who received a compassionate posting to England. We were unable to find replacements for either of these men, and it was due solely to the versatility and the truly amazing energy displayed by Pte. Lloyd, the only remaining member of the printing staff, that we were able to continue publication.

Finally, when Capt. Judge left the Battalion last month, Lieut. Maw took over the Editorship of the "Pud", to become the "last of the few".

"Yorkshire Pud" besides being distributed among members of the Battalion has found its way to all corners of the globe. Copies have gone to Palestine, Greece, and the Middle East. In England alone it has a circulation of well over 100 copies. It occupies a position among all other Army War Newspapers in the Imperial War Museum in London, and is shortly to be included by Yale University, in America, among its collection of War Literature.

And so, with the break-up of the Battalion, we must write 'finis' to the story of our newspaper. Conceived in the mind of an enterprising officer, born amid the smoke of battle, "Yorkshire Pud" has served the men of this Battalion both in war and peace. Now, having completed its mission, it has been "put to bed" for the last time. If, during the bloody months of the campaign in Europe, it was able to give momentary distraction to those engaged in the mad pursuits of war, and if it has brought some small pleasure to men serving with this Battalion during its Occupational rôle, then the "Yorkshire Pud" has "lived" not in vain.

COMPANIES

"A" COMPANY NOTES

It is indeed with a sad heart that we pen these notes for inclusion in the farewell edition of the "Yorkshire Pud".

There are few of the original members of the Company left, but the spirit and traditions have carried on and will do so to the end.

Through good and bad there has always been the family feeling about the Company, and we have done our best to live up to our title of "A for ABLE".

Last Saturday we held our farewell party at the OR's NAAFI club at Bielefeld which proved a great success, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, including "Boy" Morgan. "You're slipping, mind the beer".

The success was largely due to the excellent work done by the Manageress to whom we extend our very hearty thanks, and to Capt. Scott-Evans, Cpl. Dealtry and others who ably assisted in "Fiddling the

Lucky Dip". Now you know who did it Jock.

We are very grateful to Capt. and Q.M., Marchant, R. A. of No. 2234 POW Camp who in spite of the transport arrangements not materializing, arrived, and gave us a first class show of conjuring. Having watched him prepare his tricks and looked behind his back we still can't see how he does it. We hope you have recovered Ginger from your trick—bit painful wasn't it?

We understand that Capt. "Scotty" is taking up fishing, but would like to take this opportunity of pointing out that the BIELEFELD Gold Fish are the property of the NAAFI and anyway are too full of bones to eat. Spam sandwiches are much better for breakfast.

Finally we would like to take this opportunity of saying goodbye and the best of luck to everybody in the 7th. Dukes.

"CHARLIE" CALLING

The object of this issue of "Charlie" Calling is to cram into a small space a brief summary of its activities and also to mention again a few of its personalities from the days of Milspe in 1945 up to the present day.

For the sake of those who weren't with us at Milspe I will try to put you into the picture by a brief description of it. It was a fairly large-sized village, nestling in a valley. The village itself was practically untouched by the ravages of war and the surrounding woods gave it a typical English appearance. When we first entered Milspe it was occupied by Americans and was then the land of "Jeeps and Cow Gummy" but the streets were soon alive with the Dukes and their "Polar Bears". Our first job was to look after four thousand D.P. Poles, Russians, Yugoslavs, and other nationalities. The Company Commander then was "Gloves" Fancourt, M.C., who was helped along by that live wire "Cuffs" or "Skipper", namely, Captain Mattock, who by the way instituted the Company Canteen which was named after its manager, "Buckley's Bar". The manager seemed to spend most of his time at a Convalescence Depot in Brussels. But he was substituted by Claude Godfrey during his absence.

About this time the "Yorkshire Pud" was in full swing and such names as the Gentleman Burglar, The Lion, The Irish Tenor, hit the headlines each week. The above named characters were more correctly known as Lt. Le Cornu, M.C., Lt. Lyon, M.C., and C.S.M. Townsley, and we mustn't forget Little Jack Horner who sat in His Corner, in the Company Office at Milspe.

The summer of 1945 saw many members of "Charlie" Company leave us to join the KOYLI.

In September we moved to Gevelsberg to join the Battalion and there our work was the old routine of "two on and four off", not forgetting the weekly road checks which caused many a headache for "Canada" our Can Loan Officer who was noted for "making away" with Gascoigne's tea. For a short while Capt. Thornber became Company Commander until the arrival of the "Poonah Wallah" who is now Commanding "A" Company. Xmas was carried out in the usual tradition and will be remembered for the number of our "flock" who left us to

suffer the hardships of "Civvy Street".

It was in January that the fun began. "Charlie" Company turned Transit Camp, "SS Emerald Isle" and many other things. Reinforcements came pouring in from all units.

Mainly the KOYLI, RWF's, KOSB, Monmouths, Commandos and Airborne.

The reinforcements made several people tear their hair out. Usually it was Dadd Scaife, Electric Penny, the Rissole King, and last but not least Jack the Ripperkin.

With the new faces, new names appeared in the "Yorkshire Pud". Lt. Maw earned his nickname of Lt. "Wait One" Maw, along with others like "Sun Baked" Maddison, "Gummy" Leighton, "Smiling Morn" our laughing C.O.M.S. Last but not least "Colonel Blanco" the "Moustache Man", or plain "Pick", our present Company Commander.

The only man for whom we have not yet discovered a nick-name is Lt. Allsop, though he did receive close attention in many ways. Notably for his scrounging round the Company Office and lines etc., in the hope of getting a drink of tea.

This brings us to the days of Buren where we lived like lords in civilian houses, much to the surprise of the new arrivals who expected to live in barracks.

All those mentioned have at intervals had their movements recorded in the annals of our weekly issue. And now that we are whiling our time away in the land of Black Sand and Barbed wire named Eselheide we are looking forward to the future and what it has in store for us. Many of us are thinking of Civvy Street, but some whose A.S.G.'s will not allow for it are saying "What next?" Whatever your next Regiment may be or wherever you may go you can always look back with pride on the gallant and difficult job which you performed, and also spare a moment of thought for the gallant members of "Charlie" Company who helped to make this possible. Those that we left behind in the fields of Fontenay, Cagney, Poppel, the ditches of Holland and for those who were disabled and maimed. Their names will always remain even though we're apart. For them "Charlie" Company of the 7th. Battalion still marches on, for "Theirs was the Glory".

To close this issue, which I write with regret, I would like on behalf of "Charlie" Company, to wish all members of our "flock" who have departed for Civvy Street, the best of luck and Good Fortune wherever you may be. And to those whose services take them further afield, I say may Success and Happiness follow you, and may we meet again. Good Luck to you all. The "Scribe"

BAND NOTES

Although many people may have forgotten that we really exist we are, in truth, almost like the DODO—extinct.

Looking back over the 15 months of our being, there has been a complete cycle of emotions from both the Bandsmen and the Bandmaster. The latter was able to add to his emotions with quite a few foul words in two or three different languages. I

forget the number of times the members of the Sgts Mess referred to us as "that ?? Band", especially on Sunday afternoons when we had to do extra practice. Ah well! All's well that ends well. I have often wondered whether any other band in the British Army started as we did with nothing at all. Three new bands have had to be formed since the start of our musical (?) career, and on one occasion the late Commanding Officer issued the following ultimatum "DO or DIE". Naturally we accepted it (What else could we do?)

The first band had a few experienced players who had not played their instruments for two or three years. Our first appearance in public was on a Retreat Beating. Yes, we were proud to be able to beat that Retreat and all those that were to follow, and eventually to uphold the name of the Regiment when we visited other Battalions in the Division in our Full Dress Uniforms. We were often away for days on end, returning for our fan mail now and again. Although the ex-

perienced players left the Battalion one by one, we were able to carry on until the third Band was formed. That was when we dropped out of public life. By sheer hard work on the part of the Bandsmen, plus the usual cussing of the "High Executioner" of the third Reich (Sorry Band; we managed to play a few marches. One day we all received a great shock. We had received two engagements. On the 5th Sept the Band trooped down to Brigade HQ, to play a most strenuous programme consisting of "The Roast Beef", the Regimental Marches of the 4th Welch, 11th RSF, and our own "Wellesley".

On the 6th Sept we played at Buren Officers' Mess Cocktail Party, and then the Swing (?) Section went along to the "Duke" and assisted the German Orchestra.

Who said that the Band never did anything? Let me tell you that the Band did their share (if not more. Eh. SP?) of guards at the holiday camp known as Eselheide from June onwards.

Now I'll hand the mike over to the BM who wishes to say a few words.

QUOTE:— Since the Band formed, the members have worked really hard and have not had an easy job musically. It is very rare that any man is able to do his share in a Band, in fact, to be the core of a Band with only twelve months experience. There are fifteen members of the Band being posted to the Depot Band and I am sure they have earned it. Being the Bandmaster of a learner-band has not been an easy task, but without the backing of the Bandsmen it would never have been possible. To the

Bandsmen I say "Well done. Keep at it and jolly good luck to all of you, wherever you go". UNQUOTE

To every Officer, NCO and man of the Battalion, this is the last call from the Battalion Band and we wish you all Good Bye, and the Best of Luck. E.S.W.

CONTRIBUTIONS

"D" COMPANY DIARY

The time is drawing near when the 7th. Dukes will cease to exist or to put it officially "will go into suspended animation". It's something that everybody will regret. Still it can't be helped.

There are not many of the "Old" lads of "D" Company left, in fact Sgts. Taylor, Marshall, Hyde and C.Q.M.S. are about the only surviving NCO's of the old "Brigade". I'm sure that those who are left will certainly look back on the good times we had together, both in action and the more easier times we spent at Schwelm and Gevelsberg. At least they were "Cushy" for those lucky enough to be excused B.H.Q. Guard.

During its long life "D" Company has seen quite a few Company Commanders including our present Commanding Officer, Major A. B. M. Kavanagh, M.C., who filled us all out with pyjamas at Schwelm and has been trying to introduce the idea to the whole British Army ever since. Another of the honoured few who have Commanded "THE" Company was Major R. E. Austin, fresh from the "Wilds" of East Africa. His spell with the Company was regrettably short and he left us to become Second-in-Command. Our present Company Commander Capt. T. E. Hopps is one of the Burma Boys and can't quite understand why our present lads parade each morning without their "Kukri".

The number of C.S.M.'s we have dealt with is far too large to name. To them and all past and present members whether Officer or OR we should like to wish the very best of luck in either their new Units or that promised land called "Civvy St."

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REPAIRS AND POULTICES

I can't give an account of the R.A.P. and all its affairs since the formation of the "Yorkshire Pud" as I have only been with the Battalion for a short time, so I will deal with the news from January onwards.

At that time "DOC" Summerville was the ever cheerful gaffer, and Sgt. "Fingers" Marriot the slave driver. The staff then consisted of "Jungle Juice" Wood, "Feet" Spencer, and Pte. Kearns as medical orderlies and L/Cpl. "Sammy" Holding as the driver of the "blood wagon".

With the coming of the draft from the "Loyals" three new bods appeared, Cpl. "Sweetface" Parker-Smith, L/Cpl. "Butcher" Bates, and "THE STOMACK" Pte. Chadbourne, who became chief scrounger i.e. batman to "Doc".

Eventually Cpl. Smith became Sgt. and "Fingers" went out with group 25. Next we had to say Cheerio to "Slim" who managed to wangle his group number up two places. In his place we were issued with our present Doc; "Swanner i/c" Mr. Greer.

Soon after his arrival, the groups began to take our staff, and we said farewells to "Smiler", Springthorpe and Johnny Rigby the stretcher bearer.

Next to appear on the scene was "Pop" Norsworthy, who left the saddle to join the happy band of torturers in the R.A.P.

About this time "A" Company began their sojourn at Siegen, so an M.I. Room was opened there, under the gentle supervision of "Butcher" Bates. On one of their missions to Siegen to spread the anti-typhus among the people, the "Doc" and "Sweetface" narrowly missed having their promising young lives cut short, when, on halting the jeep outside the M.I. Room, one of the front wheels fell off.

Then came the news that the Battalion was moving to Büren. So we gathered together our itinerant staff, placed all our paraphernalia into a three-tonner, and left for the "Holy City" to set up shop there. We soon got used to the dust and the sweet odour of drains, and in this salubrious atmosphere we set about our diabolical work with renewed vigour.

When the "Dukes" took over the Eselheide outpost, we opened a branch of the old firm out there, under the management of "Sweetface" and "Dorley". It was then that "Butcher" Bates came into his own by receiving his long-awaited second tape.

As a result of a little wheedling in the right quarter, "Silent" James was now taken into the fold. He very quickly acquired dexterity in slapping.

Our latest piece of news concerns the "Doc" himself. Returning from leave recently he found he had been elevated to the rank of Area Medical Advisor, and with his own transport too (sighs of relief from M.T.). During the "Doc's" absence ing on a hot poultice.

We were graced by the presence of Lieut. "Wait One" Maw, who stayed at the R.A.P. and ate us out of house and home.

That concludes our narrative, and so it is with great sadness that we close these notes for the last time.

Good Bye One and All, from the Staff of the R.A.P.

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"S. P." BREVITIES

At last our wanderings in the Wilderness (of Eselheide) are at an end, and we have been delivered unto the Land of Plenty—plenty of leisure and plenty of time in which to enjoy it.

The Mortar Platoon have laid aside their "drainpipes". No more demonstrations for them; no more hard work; no more early calls. That's what they hope anyway, and why should we disillusion 'em? But we must not create a false impression, for although our commitments are by no means as heavy as they were

at Eselheide, we are not altogether idle here in Wewelsberg. We now have a petrol depot to guard, and the whole Company have recently returned from guarding a number of Nazi "bad boys" during transit from Belgium to Germany; a task not altogether without interest, but by no means a joy-ride.

Major Burke left us to enjoy a spot of leave recently, taking with him the drums of his old Regiment, the East Yorks. On his return he will join the 1st. East Yorks, and so too, presumably, will "Burk's Drum". Major Burke's place is now taken by Captain Taylor.

After their long "holiday" at Winterberg the demonstration platoon have at last returned to the fold. So once more we stand united. But this happy state must be short-lived, and we are a little sad at the thought that soon we must all go our separate ways, leaving behind many old friends.

We take this opportunity of saying goodbye to everyone in the Battalion and of extending our sincere best wishes to you all, wherever you may go from here.

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H. Q. NOTES

Instead of a dull and uninteresting summary of a events since 1977—welcome to a mass presentation of bouquets.

First a bouquet to all our Company Commanders whether they're interested in either horses or men. To the surprise of everybody they managed to control a collection of human beings known as H.Q. A Company whose strength varies as frequently as the weather. (It has often been said that only a football coupon enthusiastic could render a true and correct H.Q. Company parade state).

Another bouquet for those undaunted few who managed to attend the little-heard-of morning muster parade even as far back as '44 & 45 under the auspices of Uncle Ned and Intelligence and Signals were the chief sufferers.

Let's present a large bouquet to the Signals who have managed to contend with the verbosity of their many H.Q. subscribers—Even if they did get us one or two wrong numbers.

Another presentation to the M.T. whose time limit for transport requisitions has varied from five minutes to two days. Never-the-less we always get our trucks—well within 48 hours.

Let's give the next one to the Intelligence. Those fellows who fix the road checks at the most remote place, at the most inconvenient times. To those now absent members of the Brains Trust whose map indexing would have baffled Whitehall, we raise our greasy cap G.S. (C.Q.M.S. please note).

To the merry band in the Company

A Word from the Padre

Rather to my surprise I find the writing of this final Word rather difficult and cannot think why it should be so, unless it is because so many things leap to mind eager for expression in what is sure to be the last article I shall write for the "Yorkshire Pud". Apart from the disbanding of the Battalion I am due for release very soon. When that happens I shall return to Glasgow and I view the prospect with mixed feelings. There is elation and joy at thought of being once more close to my ain folks, but there is also sincere regret to part with so many who have given me friendship and mutual trust and respect. Mais c'est la vie! Human happiness is never without some tinge of sadness because if it were we'd be already in Heaven, and Heaven is not Germany nor yet my own dear Scotland.

So we come to the parting of the ways and it is my privilege to wish you all godspeed. My days amongst you have been few, but they have been very happy and for that I am genuinely grateful.

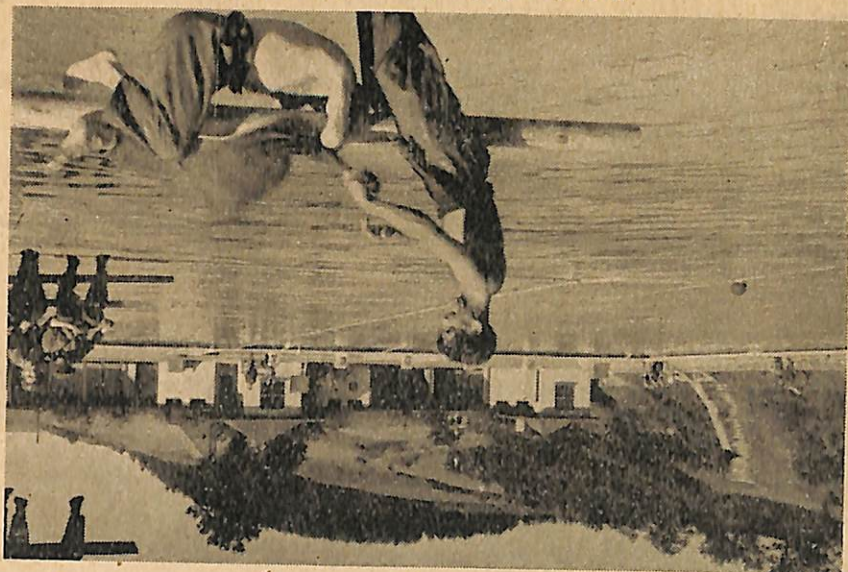
The future is as usual unpredictable, but I think we should take our jumps as we reach them and have high hopes that we will clear them safely. One thing is sure that, despite all the grouses to which the healthy soldier is prone, we have all had many chances to learn from the Army qualities and virtues which should prove invaluable in the years ahead. Self-control, discipline, healthy exercise, mutual tolerance and forbearance, cleanliness and smartness of appearance—these are worth clinging to when your days of soldiering are at an end. The saving grace of a sense of humour too, even when the going is grim, is a priceless asset and worth more than silver and gold.

These weekly "Words" have been a pleasure to me to write and I have purposely avoided any semblance of sermonising; but there are some basic principles of behaviour without which we cannot live with Christian dignity. Of these principles I have written as simple as may be in the hope of giving you food for thought, and to encourage you to be a credit to the Cause for which we fought. Good luck attend you and God bless you all.

Stores and Office comes the next. They're the fellows who have to produce everything from a Duty Free Label to a new B.D. The place where everyone is politely informed as to the exact position of the door.

Oughtn't we to save a few bouquets for the sections not now operating?—The snipers for one. Well anyway there is plenty left so for those who haven't had a mention—Come and get 'em. And the best of luck to everybody wherever you may go.

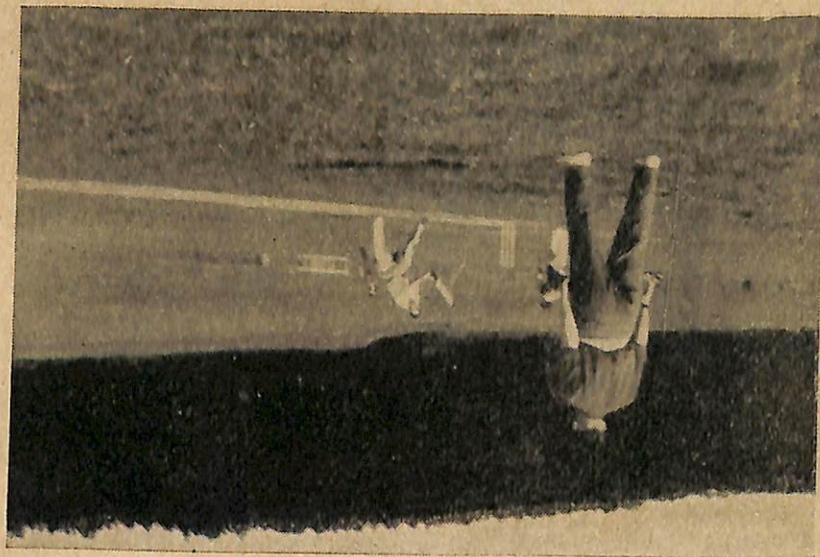
Glimpses of Battalion



Battalion Swimming, Greasy Pole Event.



Lt. Q.M. E. E. BUSH, to whom we are indebted for these and many other photographs.



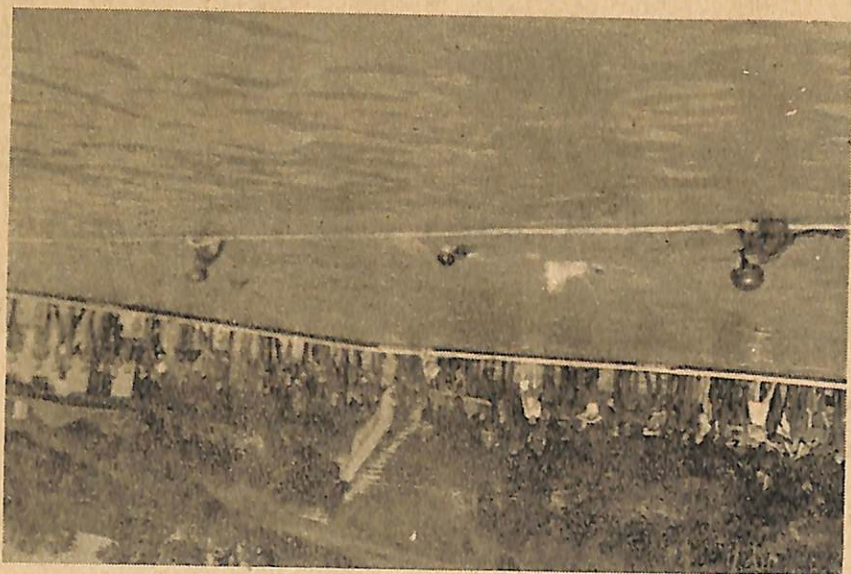
Major Austin Balling, in match against 11th. R.S.F.



"H. Q." Company Football Team

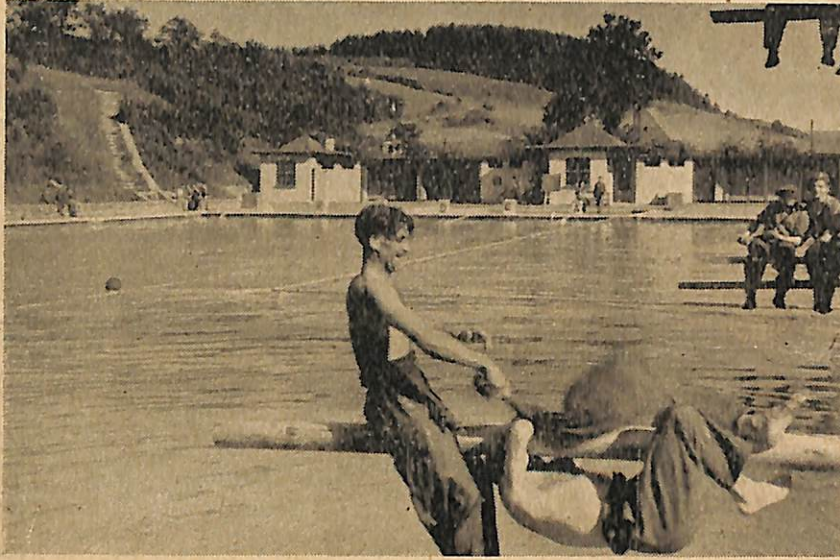


and after the match.

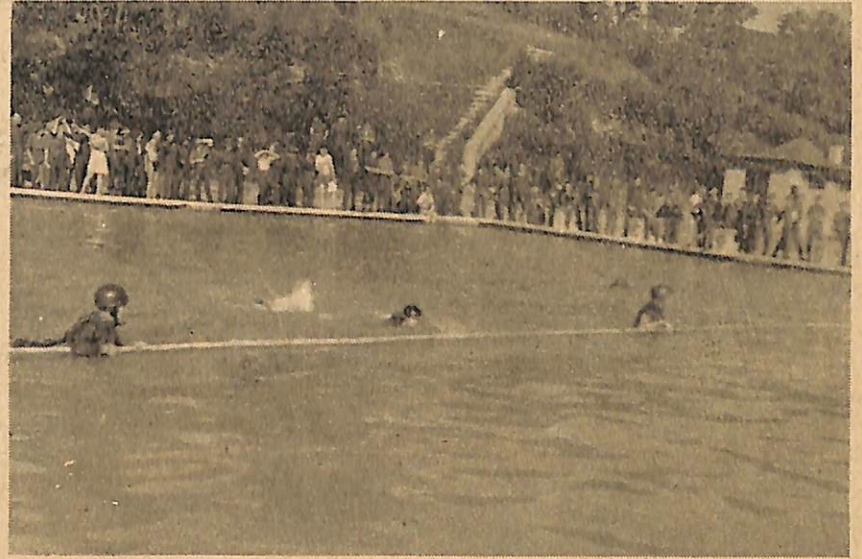


Brigade Swimming 1946: Battle Order

Glimpses of Battalion



Battalion Swimming, Greasy Pole Event.



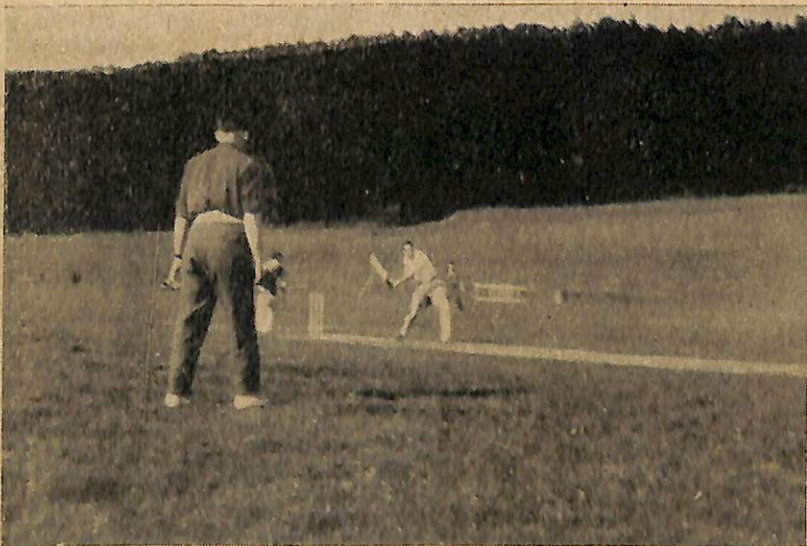
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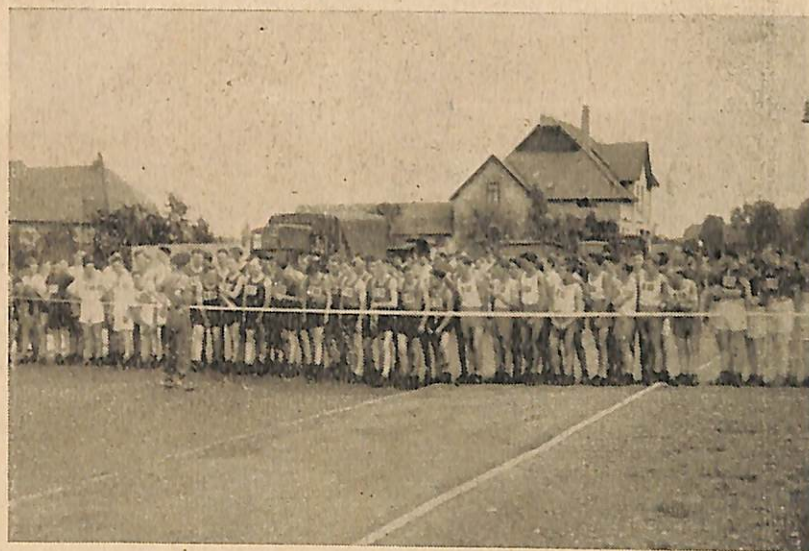


Major Austin Batling, in match against 11th. R.S.F.



and after the match.

Sporting Life



We would like to take this opportunity of congratulating the Battalion Road Walking team on their recent success.

The hard training, ably supervised by Lieut. Q. M. Bush, has in no way been wasted.

The Divisional competition saw the team competing with the 4th. Welch and the result, 12 men in the first 16, gives a good idea of how easily we won the shield.

Next came the 1st. Corps walk, held at Bielfeld; The Battalion competing against 8 teams, including representatives from Poland and Belgium. This time we took 2nd. place being beaten by the East

ROAD WALK... A GREAT SUCCESS

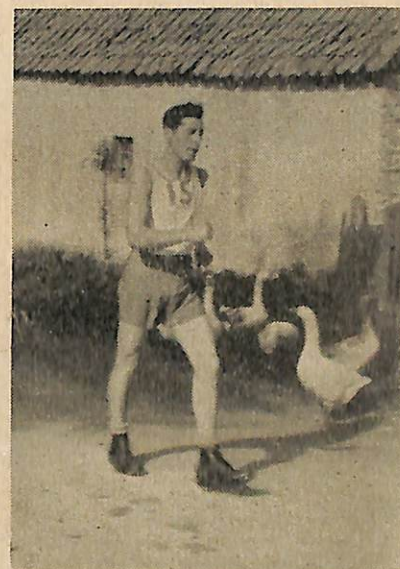


L/Cpl. BRIGHT, B.A.O.R.
CHAMPION

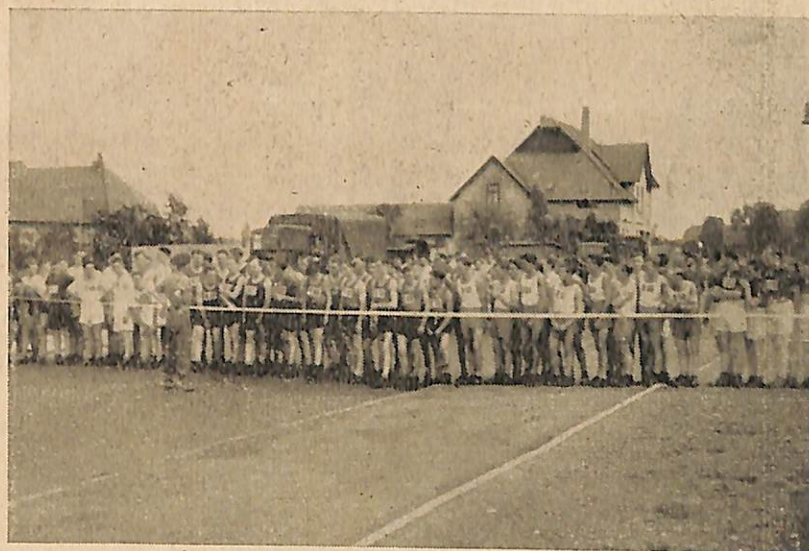
Lancs. Worthy of mention is the fine performance by L/Cpl. Bright, he was first by a good half mile.

On Friday, 20th. September, the team proceeded to Hannover to take part in the Rhine Army Championship. Again we did extremely well being 3rd. The Grenadier Guards took 1st. place, and the East Lancs 2nd. (but only by one point above the Dukes). We would like to congratulate L/Cpl. Bright who was awarded the cup for being Rhine Army Champion, having won the Divisional, Corps and Army meetings. A really fine achievement.

Thank you road walkers, and your trainer, Lt. Bush, you have certainly kept up the Battalion's sporting record.



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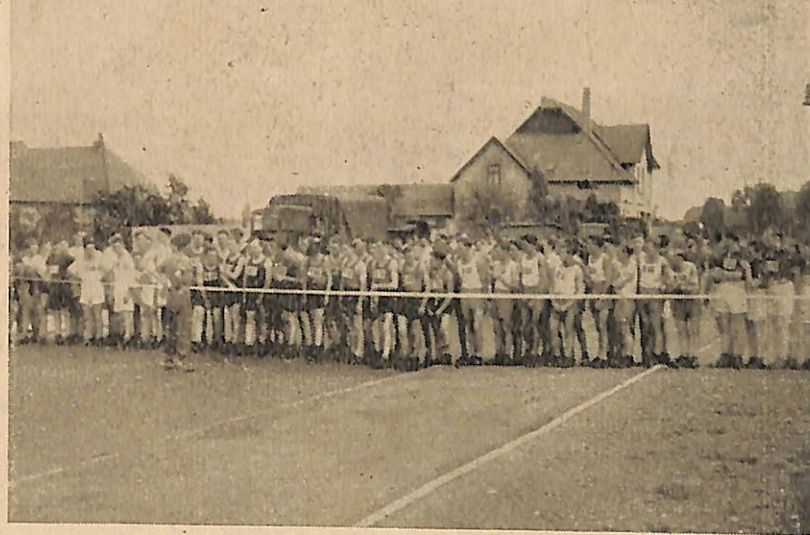
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"VIRTUTIS FORTUNA COMES"

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE BATTALION

The 7th Battalion of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment was a Territorial unit recruited among the West Riding and Lancashire border-town districts of Huddersfield, Halifax and Oldham. Incompletely equipped, it stood by in the Forth in April 1940, to sail to the help of Norway, but when the hopelessness of our Expeditionary Force was obvious the battalion was re-embarked for Iceland, where it spent two weary years garrisoning the southern ports of Iceland. Mountain and Arctic training in Iceland, and for a year in 1942 in Wales, was followed by more intensive modern training in Herefordshire, Abergavenny, Scotland and Norfolk.

For three months before D Day all leave was stopped, and the Commanding Officer began to be missing more frequently in the mess. He had either slipped away to some of the briefing talks in Cambridge by the C.-in-C., Field Marshal Montgomery, or for quiet meditation over the models and air photographs locked away in the secret planning room at Brigade. On the night before D Day the battalion moved down to the assembly areas in two portions—the marching party, which went to Southampton to embark in small landing craft, and the transport party, which was loaded into cargo ships in Tilbury Docks, London.

The Battalion landed on the Normandy beaches on June 11th. Air went well. Many jumped from the landing craft dryshod and every vehicle was put ashore without mishap.

The first day was a gamble and then a miracle; the first week critical; the first month dogged sloggng as both sides flung everything against each other; the second month the glorious opportunity for which Montgomery had laid his plans for the British and American armies months before.

Appropriately enough, our first attack was delayed until Waterloo Day itself, and the way the battalion triumphed in an inferno of shells and mortar bombs, in attack and counter attack will make the anniversary of Point 102 on June 18th, 1944, as precious in memory as that of the 33rd of Foot's smashing of the French Imperial Guard one hundred and twenty-nine years before.

On Sunday, June 25th, at 0430 hours the Division was attacking Fontenay le Pesnil and Rauray and at 2100 hours the Battalion was on the start line with Fontenay as their objective. On July 1st the Battalion came under the command of 70th Infantry Brigade who were being heavily counter attacked at Rauray, and two days later the Battalion was relieved by the 4th. Royal Welch Fusiliers and returned to the old positions south of Fontenay le Pesnel. The Battalion re-

mained in this position until going out for its first rest at Conde-sur-Seuilles since landing, on July 19th.

The advance party was on the move again on Sunday, July 23rd, the destination being Cagny, south-east of Caen. Here the Division joined the 1st Corps of the 1st Canadian Army and was to take over from the 51st Highland Division. The Battalion moved into the line on July 25th, and immediately came under very heavy shell and mortar fire. Days and nights went by to the accompaniment of shelling, mortaring, sniping and "tip and run" air raids with everyone wondering when the breakout would take place.

The "Big Push" came when England was starting on its Bank Holiday. There was a big attack from Caen by the Canadian Army using novel methods with floodlit night attacks by infantry riding inside modified tanks. This was only a bait. Twenty-four hours later the Americans started their marathon behind a vast aeroplane "carpet", and soon the whole front was on the move.

It was not until August 9th that the long and eagerly awaited advance was continued. At 2000 hours the Battalion, supported by a squadron of tanks, attacked towards Vimont, but the going was made difficult by an anti-personnel minefield as well as mortaring which took heavy toll. On August 17 it became obvious the enemy had withdrawn on a large scale and the Battalion had advanced six miles, the only opposition being mines. On the 19th the Battalion moved, embussed, to an area west of Le Mesnil Mauger, taking over from 10th D.L.I. and at 0430 hrs. on the morning of the 21st, in heavy rain, the advance continued with an attack supported by artillery, towards Les Trois Pois, which was secured without opposition. Another embussed move on the 23rd brought the Battalion to St. Gratien on the west bank of the river Touque, the other two battalions of the Brigade being across the river. The following morning the Battalion led the continued advance as far as the river La Vallette where the bridges were found blown — and mined. A crossing was forced against minor opposition and by 1900 hrs., after a 12 mile advance that day, the Battalion had a firmly established bridgehead.

We rejoiced as the Germans committed the folly which not even Montgomery expected; but he was quick to seize the opportunity. When Patton was racing for Le Mans he was supplied along a narrow corridor at Avranches. Hitler gave orders for all the armour, three divisions, to be hurled against this inviting neck and so to reach the sea. The first attempt was beaten off by the Americans with tremendous German

loses. Again and again the Germans tried. Every Allied tank buster was put in the sky, and at the end of the third day there was hardly a Hun tank left.

Patton, his lines of communication now safe, chased on past Le Mans. Here was the chance. One American corps was diverted directly North to meet the Canadian 2nd Corps, headed by the Polish Armoured Division, smashing its way southwards to close the pocket at Falaise.

Here then was the battalion, pulled up in front of the Seine, at the end of its chase from Caen. It was the end of Phase One.

PHASE TWO of the Battle in the West had the rather solid strategic object of making good our bases for the winter so we could build up our strength for the final knock-out blow. It began with fireworks. The Guards' Armoured Division rushed Brussels, the 11th Armoured Division made their celebrated moonlight march to capture the port of Antwerp intact. The Allied Airborne Army dropped four divisions across Holland in a glorious attempt to open up a route into the Northern German plain. Eindhoven, Grave, and Nijmegen were won; the failure at Arnhem was dimmed by the glory of the 1st Airborne Division's savage defence.

This was all in September. To the Canadian Army (49th Division had formed part of it since August 1st, and, except for one spell in November, was still with it on VE Day) fell the task of first opening up Le Havre, Calais, Dieppe, Ostend, and later on, both sides of the Scheldt Estuary so the valuable prize of Antwerp could be used to the full.

The Battalion had rested, reinforced, and reorganised at a place called Bougelon, south of the Seine, between 28th. August, when we ended our share of the pursuit to the Seine, and 2nd. September. On the 3rd. the battalion moved at dawn from Bougelon to cross the Seine. Marchers are supposed to be slow, but on this occasion we beat the wheels and trucks by a handsome margin, thanks to "Dukws", which carried the marchers over the Seine in one flight in a space of fifteen minutes.

Our most exciting plan was number 2, which directed the Battalion, at 1400 hrs. to motor into, and capture, the centre of the town. We were supported by tanks and carried in armoured vehicles. It was a very big moment! But we reckoned without the devilish ingenuity of the Boche mines. We were advancing down a road along which hundreds of vehicles and tanks had passed before us when, at a narrow and steep corner, our two leading armoured vehicles were blown up on delay actuated mines. Most fortunately

we suffered only two minor casualties but the delay was disastrous—another battalion 400 yards ahead of us, up the hill, was mounted on tanks and had the coveted honour of entering the city first.

At Le Havre, we saw, at first hand, the effectiveness of precision crater bombing by the R.A.F. and as far as we were concerned we were satisfied.

Twelve days later we rejoined the main battle-front north-west of Antwerp. From here we crept forward slowly to Gilcourt near Dieppe where we remained until 21st. Sept. We then moved in one bound through Abbeville and Arras to Tournai.

Our welcome in Belgium was tremendous. We passed on through Brussels, Malines to Herethals on the Leopold Canal, and here on the 23rd September we went into the "line" on the southern bank of the canal at a tiny factory village of Boeckel.

Our task now was to clear the Belgium-Dutch frontier areas northwards to the river Maas. On the 24th. September we crossed the canal at Herenthals on the heels of the Boche and that evening we entered Turnhout on the Turnhout-Antwerp Canal. In Turnhout we found our forward companies in contact with the Boche dug in on the north bank of the canal.

We shot at Boche yawning and stretching on the Canal at 30 yards. 15 Platoon, "C" Company, shot at lorries full of Boche at 100 to 200 yards. Our gunners, our own anti-tank gunners, our mortars and our rifle companies all engaged targets at leisure and only on the last day did the Boche learn. There is no explanation for his behaviour. Perhaps he was drunk on loot or perhaps doped. We gave up keeping the score early on.

Our next move came soon and one night we slid out of Turnhout and crossed the Canal near Vlimmeren to the west.

We fought a spirited battle at De Meir, the honours going to "A" and "D" Companies commanded by Majors J. Jameson and A. B. M. Kavanagh. Pte. A. Kalahar, "A" Company, wounded in this action, won the immediate award of the M.M. for a brave and gallant action. We supported the Polish Armoured Baerle Nassau (a Belgian principality in Holland), and we spent seven unpleasant days in the close pine-clad country north of Poppel. During the week we were on the aggressive-defensive round a Belgian-Dutch Customs house. It was obvious to the Boche where we sat—it was obvious to us! The one and only road ran through the pine-clad wastes and ended in the one-time barrier, the Customs house, the police house, & the café Boche. S.P. guns shot down the main road and

Continued in page 9

"IRON DUKE"



PERSONALITIES



L/Cpl. "SNOOP" SMITH,
Past Assistant Editor



Lt. N. S. MAW.
EDITOR



L/Cpl R. H. NICHOLS.
Present Assistant Editor



Pte. "TAFFY" LLOYD.
Linotype Operator and Compositor



Pte. J. SIBBERT.
Compositor



Cpl. S. HORNER.
Education and Welfare Clerk



Sgt. J. Longmire.
i.c. IRON DUKE



Capt. R. J. IUDGE
Past Editor



Pte. D. C. Smith.
Librarian.

Continued from page 7

two games developed early on. One was to watch the reaction of visiting Jeeps driving towards the "Frontier" if their visit coincided with "enemy activity"; the other was the jockeying for cellars which took place immediately "enemy activity" produced a direct hit on a house. At the latter game Battalion H.Q. played a poker hand holding five aces.

On the 19th we came out of that frontier post. For the next ten days we pushed with 34 Tank Brigade. It was an interesting strategical operation and from the tactical aspect the Battalion "mixed it" freely, doing a rush forward with tanks, a firm base near Wustwezel, coming under command of an armoured force, firm base again, attack with tanks, night move and deployment up to the anti-tank ditch defences of Roosendaal, attack and counter-attack across the ditch defences, and finally a night advance to Roosendaal to free yet another town. The Battalion entered Roosendaal at 0600 hours to meet yet again the infernal anti-personnel mines, which caused our leading companies some casualties. In the Boche way the mines were left for soldiers or civilians alike to walk on. No Boche defended these minefields and in fact some Boche coming in to surrender to our leading companies walked on their own mines and suffered a well-deserved fate.

We stayed in Roosendaal for some days resting. We certainly needed sleep and a clean-up.

Phase Two was now at an end. Antwerp was fifty miles behind the lines. With the certainty now of adequate amounts of ammunition and stores, the Commander-in-Chief entered the ring for the third and perhaps decisive engagement—the winter battle for the Maas and Rhine.

Phase Three opened with a typical

Monty operation—"tidying up" the salient along the gigantic British front. 49th Division was switched from the north to 12 Corps reserve for the November push to bring the full 21 Army Group line along the Maas. The 147 Brigade was given the vital task of forcing the anti-tank ditch and minefields around Blerick, a suburb of Venlo.

Then at half a day's notice the Battalion was switched back to the Canadian Army—to the famous "island" north of Nijmegen, and thus became one of that select band to have stood on the far side of the Rhine in 1944. This move was to release the 50th Division and other formations while the regrouping for the main object of Phase Three, the turning of the northern end of the Siegfried Line, took place in Holland and Belgium.

This is what Colonel Hamilton wrote later in the "Iron Duke": The 'Island'—the salient of the bridgehead over the famous Rhine or Dutch Waal river—had enshrined in it the destinies of more divisions than any other battlefield in this War....

"The apple and cherry picking of the autumn had given way to smashed ruins, 1914-18 mud, and the slashing rain of the winter when our recon parties arrived on 31st November. Slit trenches were flooded and there was hardly one brick standing on another anywhere.

"For two days we watched the waters rise—in the Rhine over the towering winter bund, or dyke, on our right, over the sides of our slit trenches."

It was in the small hours of the morning of December 4th that a "D" Company. The repulse of this attack, made by a parachute battalion which intended to secure the Nijmegen bridge, was a great

triumph for the battalion. It was a soldiers' battle—even the cooks joining in.

14 days later we moved back to Nijmegen. Shortly after this Lt. Col. J. H. O. Wilsey, D.S.O., was appointed Brigadier in another Division. Major C. D. Hamilton was appointed to succeed him as C.O.

On New Year's Day we returned to the "island", where we remained till March. How weh the men stood the strain during these nerve-wracking months is testimony to the with only two short rest periods un-Battalion's high standard of discipline

In April the stage was set for the last act of the great drama. The Battalion was symbolically chosen to carry out the vital first phase in clearing the "island" to open up a route from Haalderen through the mines and demolitions protecting the Rhine. For its success during this phase the Battalion received a message of congratulation from the Divisional Commander. Next came the triumphal entry into Arnhem. After this things moved very quickly. The Battalion advanced across the high ground north of Arnhem, then on through the town of Ede to the Ederveen-Bruynhorst area.

For the remainder of the month the Battalion was in the peculiar position of watching the Boche walk around the front without being able to open Division forward through Merxplas and Zondereigen to the outskirts of fire on him owing to the truce as the P.S. Command parleyed to allow the passage of foodstuffs into North-west Holland. "The truce continued until May 4th when the first rumour that the fighting had ceased in Denmark, Holland, and North-west strong attack was developed against Germany was confirmed.

On May 6th we set out from

Ederveen on the last stage of our war-time pilgrimage. We motored as far as Baarn, where we learned the Battalion, with the R.S.F., was to disarm our old enemies, the 6th Parachute Division. It was the end of a long road.

On the 18th the Battalion was relieved by the North Nova Scotia Highlanders of 3rd Canadian Division and returned to friendly Ede. At the end of May we moved into Germany staying first at Buer, near Osnabruck, and then moving to the Ennepe Ruhr Kreis at Gevelsberg to take over from the Americans.

Since then the Battalion has been engaged in the less spectacular, but nevertheless most important, task of occupation. We remained in Gevelsberg from June 1945 until April of this year, during which time we had to control a population of some 500,000 spread over an area of 400 square miles. Add to this the 30,000 D.P.'s for whose welfare we were responsible during the early days, and it will be readily appreciated that our task was no easy one.

From April up to the present time the Battalion has been stationed in Buren, where it has continued to discharge its occupational duties, whilst also maintaining a detachment at Eselheide, engaged in the somewhat dreary task of guarding a P.O.W. Camp.

And now the mission of the 7th. "DUKES" is complete. As part of a wider scheme of reorganisation this Battalion is to be disbanded.

Today we may look back with pride at the fine record of achievements of our Battalion both in war and in peace. The Duke of Wellington would have been proud of this Battalion of his West Riding Regiment.

On the bright and sunny morning of Wednesday 18th. September the Battalion paraded on the Football field, Buren. Yes the weather was kind to us; the first time for two weeks.

After all the usual preliminary inspection the Battalion under R.S.M. Cook were formed up in open order to await the arrival of the Officers.

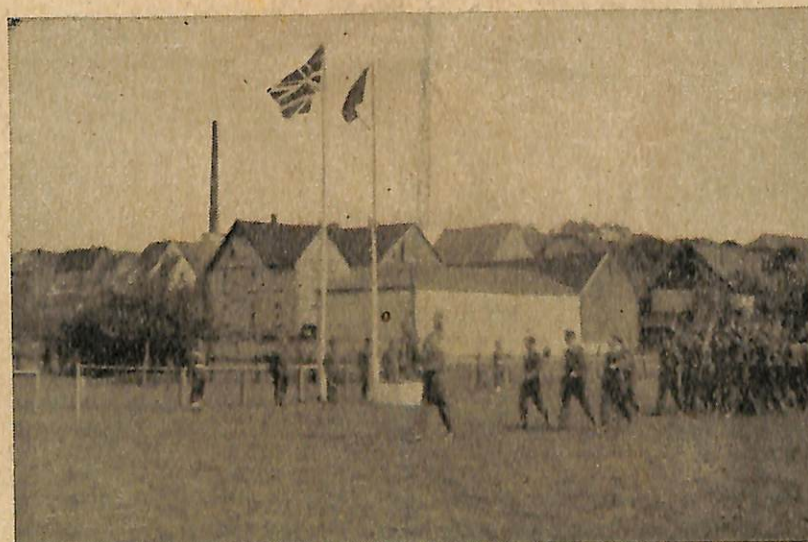
The officers arrived and promenaded up and down the parade ground; few of us knew we had so many officers. At 10.55 everything was ready, including the Regimental Police who had prior to the parade been white-blancing and practising stick drill.

The General arrived preceded by an M/C escort of R.P.'s. After the "General Salute" Major. A. B. M. Kavanagh, M.C., reported the parade to General Gordon.

So began the inspection: a long procession of officers following the General round the ranks. General Gordon took particular interest in the men and spoke to many of them, often making some amusing remarks.

Owing to transport difficulties the band of the 4th. Battalion The Welch Regiment was a little late in arriving;

DIVISIONAL COMMANDER'S INSPECTION



however they were soon ready to play for the remainder of the inspection. Thank you 4th. Welch.

After the inspection the Battalion, led by the Commanding Officer, Major A. B. M. Kavanagh, M.C., marched passed the Saluting base, to the strains of the Regimental March, The "Wellesley". The march past completed, the Battalion formed three sides of a square in front of the Saluting base. However, we heard a very crisp command "Duke of Wellington's, round me; move". At once there was a mad rush, even a few hearty howls, and the Battalion were surrounding the Saluting base to listen most informally to a talk by the General.

Yes, it was a proud moment for many of us to hear such praise of the Battalion both in and after action. Such names as Point 102, Fontenay, Haalderen, brought back memories of former battles. Indeed a motto for 49 Divisional would be "RES NON VERBA"—"DEEDS NOT WORDS".

And so the parade ended with one last word from its Divisional Commander. "Goodbye. Well done 'Dukes'. Thank you."

OPERATION "ZENO"

For the uninformed Operation "Zeno" is not some highly infectious disease but the code name for a search carried out by Eselheide Detachment under the leadership of Major. Austin at the end of July.

Early in July information had been received concerning a certain 'Pension Westhof' which was believed to be the headquarters of a subversive organisation. By the end of July sufficient information was to hand to warrant a raid, and plans were put into operation to further that end.

Everything was highly secret so as to give the Germans no hint as to what was going on. We who were "in the know" found ourselves split into three parties under the leadership of Lts. Allsop and Turner and CSM. Pearce.

Here I think might be recorded the highly amusing preliminary "Recce" that was carried out. The difficulty of getting near the café without attracting undue attention was easily overcome by the simple expedient of going "shooting". The Officers simply armed themselves with shotguns and whilst looking for rabbits had a good look at the café.

Everyone was most helpful and some Germans even assisted in the search for game. I doubt if they would have been so helpful had they known what was to follow the "shooting party". Anyway the "Recce" turned out to be most successful although, I'm sorry to say no one managed to shoot a rabbit.

Came the evening and the actual raid got under way, Zero hour being 2100 hrs. The plan roughly was for Lt. Allsop's party to form an outer cordon round the house whilst Lt. Turner's party formed an inner cordon. CSM Pearce's men were the actual searching party. Everything went without a hitch and the Dukes were soon well inside the café. The Germans didn't seem very worried, they were singing when we arrived and after a slight pause carried on again. However by the time we were finished that evening they had little to sing about.

After the café had been successfully entered the party under Lt. Turner were withdrawn and dispatched to search a house known as the 'inn in the wood'. Information about this building was forthcoming only two hours before Zero hour.

I went along with Lt. Turner's party to the inn which proved to be a much less interesting place than the "Pension Westhof". Personally I should have called it a barn rather than an inn. There were cows in the most unexpected places. The first two people we picked up were the Officers' Mess Cook and the 2234 PW Camp Commandant's batman. Imagine the consternation amongst the officers who were firmly convinced they would either get breakfast the next morning or a breakfast daintily savoured with powdered glass.

Continued in Col. 3.

PILGRIMAGE TO BRUSSELS

Last week the Dukes had another opportunity of living up to that old army slogan of "Join the Army and see the World". If they didn't see the world they at least saw half of it. The circumstances were not very thrilling, merely a trip half across Europe and back again acting as 'hosts' to a few hundred German "bad boys".

The first half of the trip was quite reasonable apart from a slight shortage of food. After a flying visit to Brussels, where no casualties were reported, we finally arrived at 2226

Continued from Col. 2.

After a thorough search of the building we marshalled the occupants of the house down to the wagons and "whipped" them smartly back to Eselheide. When we got back to Eselheide we found that the party from the "Pension Westhof" had also made a good haul in the way of suspects.

Then started the interrogation. This job took about twice as long as the actual raid, but finally we staggered away knowing that, Operation "Zeno" was another job well done.

How successful the raid was I'm afraid I'm not at liberty to say. Perhaps one day when Major Austin writes his memoirs we shall know the inside story. It is sufficient to say that there are quite a few Germans about to-day who wish they had been 50 miles away from Hovelrige on 30th. July 46. Lt. R. I.

PW Camp and picked up our "guests". The train was not what one might call luxurious and after a quick survey of the train the OC decided to confine the "guests" to the box wagons. The carriages were a little too open and might have given the "guests" the idea that they could leave the party any time they desired.

We put two 'Dukes' per wagon to entertain our "guests" and just to relieve the monotony changed them every four hours. (The train driver willing of course.) The driver was not of the right type and often drove for 6 hours without a stop, much to the annoyance of the "hosts" on duty at the time.

After a dinner party at Krefeld and a luncheon break at Minden the party began to drag a little. I must mention in passing the "NAAFI Canteen" run by Sgt. Hyde. At every stop, two of his staff would race madly down to the engine with an old tin can, whisper a few words to the driver and 'Hey Presto' there was a brew. At one stop the men, plus brew, were on their way back to their carriage when the train got under way. Luckily we managed to drag the tea on board and report "Nothing Lost"!!

As we approached Hamburg the weather took a turn for the worse and we finally bade farewell to the "bad lads", in the pouring rain. Still after such a glorious trip it took more than a little rain to damp the spirits.

After a day's well earned rest in Hamburg the "Dukes" finally rolled into Büren, a little travel-stained and weary but feeling much better after their Short Leave". Lt. R. I.

Col., C. J. Pickering C.M.G., D.S.O., Colonel of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, paid a short visit to the 7th. Battalion at Büren, on September 13th.

He visited the POW guard detachment at Eselheide, where he expressed great interest in the war dogs. He spoke to many men in the camp and after lunch watched a closely-contested football match between "A" and "C" Companies; which "C" Company won. After tea, having been around Company lines, guard posts, the canteen, cookhouses and Sgts. Mess, he went with the Commanding Officer to Büren.

That evening there was a Regimental Guest Night in his honour. Other guests included the Divisional and Brigade Commanders, also two Regular "Dukes" Lt. Col., Beutler, M.B.E., and Major Maclaren stationed in B.A.O.R. Speeches were given by the C.O., Major A. B. M. Kavanagh M.C., Col., Pickering, and the Divisional Commander, who spoke on behalf of the guests. A very enjoyable evening was had by all.

COL. PICKERING'S VISIT



The next day Col., Pickering toured the Büren area, paying visits to "D" and H.Q." Companies, the Signal Section, R.A.P., B.O.R. and various other sections.

At the M.T. park, a special demonstration was given illustrating the swimming powers of the 'Weasel'. At the Q.M.'s he fancied buying a G.S. watch, but was informed "No Sale". He then visited the "Iron Duke" where he "Sprechen Sie English" with one of the clerks. Throughout the morning he spoke to many of the men.

In the afternoon he visited "SP" Company at Wewelsberg, who are occupying the old Gunner lines.

In the evening he was very kindly asked by Lt. Col. Burnett, to the 4th. Welch Farewell Party, which he very greatly enjoyed.

The Commanding Officer then took him to catch the train for Berlin, where he stayed a day or two.

The Battalion was very proud to have seen the Colonel of the Regiment before "suspended animation" sets in.