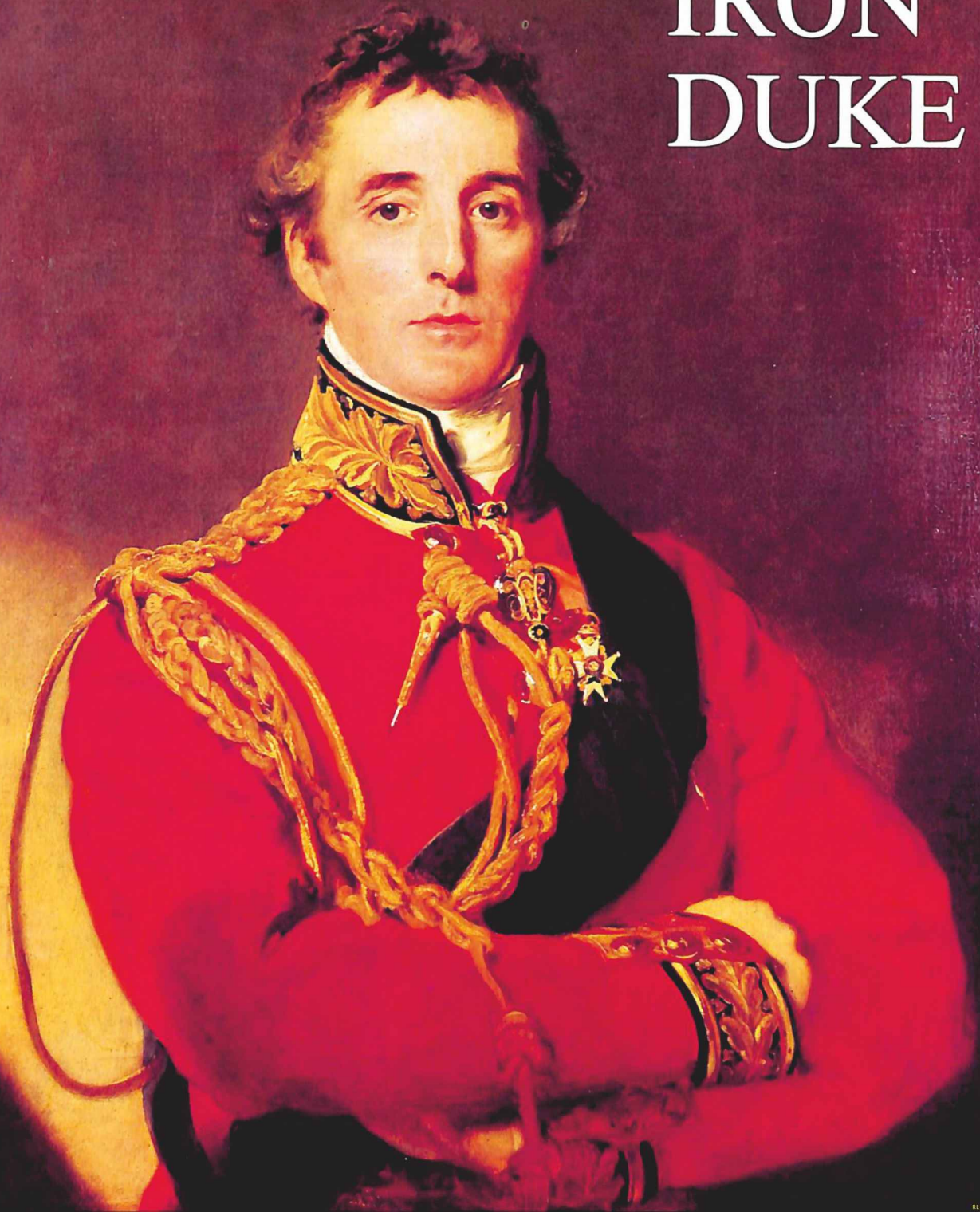


No.218 Spring 1992

THE  
IRON  
DUKE



# THE IRON DUKE

*The Regimental Journal of*

## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT

(WEST RIDING)

Dettingen  
Mysore  
Seringapatam  
Ally Ghur  
Delhi 1803  
Leswarree  
Deig  
Corunna  
Nive  
Peninsula  
Waterloo  
Alma  
Inkerman  
Sebastopol  
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 Suvla  
Afghanistan 1919  
North-West Europe  
1940, 1944-45  
Dunkirk 1940  
St Valery-en-Caux  
Fontenay-le-Pesnil  
Djebel Bou Aoukaz 1943  
Anzio  
Monte Ceco  
Burma 1942, '43, '44  
Sittang 1942  
Chindits 1944  
The Hook 1953  
Korea 1952-53

Vol. LXI

Spring 1992

No. 218

### BUSINESS NOTES

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The opinions expressed in the articles of the journal are those of the  
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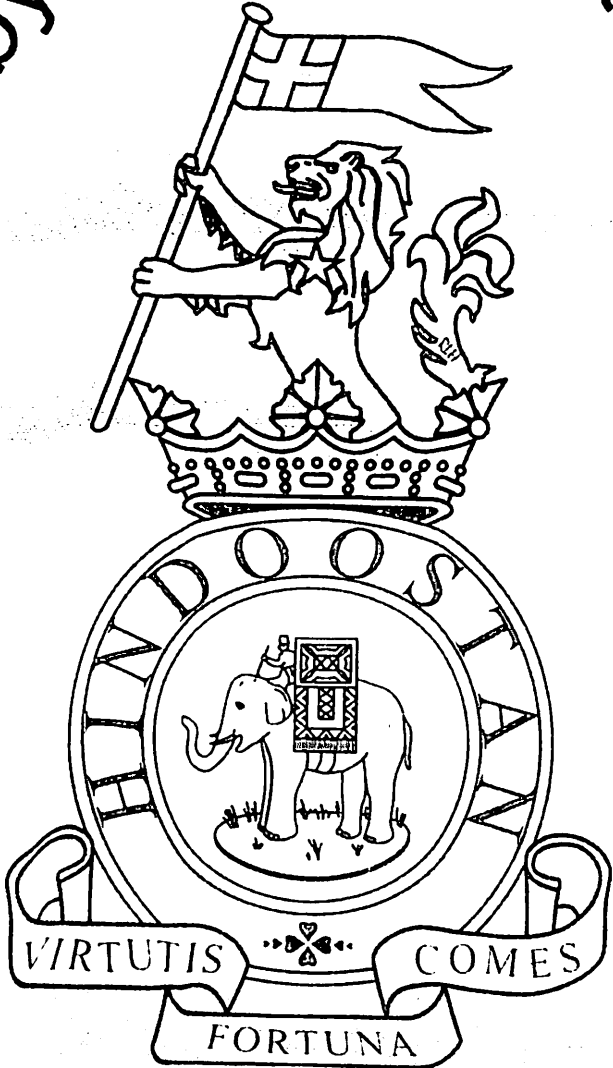
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# THE REGIMENT

## *The Colonel-in-Chief*

BRIGADIER HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, KG, LVO, OBE, MC, BA, DL

### *Colonel of the Regiment*

Brigadier W. R. Mundell, OBE

*Headquarters North East District and Headquarters 2nd Infantry Division,  
Imphal Barracks, Fulford Road, York, YO1 4AU.*

### **Regimental Headquarters**

*Wellesley Park,  
Highroad Well,  
Halifax, HX2 0BA*

Regimental Secretary, Lieutenant Colonel W. Robins, OBE  
Assistant Regimental Secretary, Major C. D. d'E. Miller

### **1st Battalion**

*Picton Barracks,  
Bulford,  
Salisbury, SP4 9PF*

Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Colonel D. M. Santa-Olalla MC.  
Adjutant, Captain S. R. Neath  
Regimental Sergeant Major, P. Ennis

## **AFFILIATED COMPANIES OF 3rd BATTALION YORKSHIRE VOLUNTEERS**

**"C" (DWR) Company,**  
3rd Bn Yorkshire Volunteers,  
*St. Paul's Street,  
Huddersfield, HD1 3DR*

Officer Commanding, Major P. D. Buczko

**"D" (DWR) Company,**  
3rd Bn Yorkshire Volunteers,  
*Wellington Hall, Prescott Street,  
Halifax, HX1 2LG*

Officer Commanding, Major C. S. Garrad

## **"D" COMPANY YORKSHIRE ARMY CADET FORCE**

**Wellesley Company**  
Affiliated Detachments

Halifax                      Heckmondwike      Mirfield                      Thongsbridge  
Huddersfield      Keighley                      Skipton

DWR Liaison Officer and OC "D" (Wellesley) Company: Major D. L. Bennett ACF

## **COMBINED CADET FORCE**

**Giggleswick School CCF**  
Officer Commanding, Major N. J. Mussett

**Leeds Grammar School CCF**  
Officer Commanding, Squadron Leader R. Hill

## **ALLIED REGIMENT OF THE CANADIAN ARMY**

**Les Voltigeurs de Quebec**  
*Manège Militaire,  
Grande-Allee,  
Quebec, Canada*

Honorary Colonel: Colonel J. T. P. Audet  
Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Colonel A. Gauthier CD

## **ALLIED REGIMENT OF THE PAKISTAN ARMY**

**10th Bn The Baloch Regiment**  
*Malakand Fort,  
Malakand, NWFP,  
Pakistan*

Colonel: Brigadier Syed Sarfraz Ali, SI(M)  
Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Colonel Kaizad Maneck Sopariwala

## **AFFILIATED SHIP OF THE ROYAL NAVY**

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*BFPO Ships*

Captain R. A. G. Clare RN

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President:  
Vice-President:  
General Secretary:

Brigadier His Grace The Duke of Wellington, KG, LVO, OBE, MC, BA, DL  
Brigadier W. R. Mundell, OBE  
Brigadier D. W. Shuttleworth, OBE  
Major C. D. d'E. Miller, *Wellesley Park, Halifax, HX2 0BA.*





Lieutenant Colonel D. M. Santa-Olalla MC

# Regimental Headquarters

## Regimental Notes

### APPOINTMENTS AND PROMOTIONS

Colonel P. D. Gardner OBE is to take over the appointment of Divisional Colonel, The King's Division, in September 1992, from Colonel J. J. Gaskell OBE.

2nd Lieuts J. N. Mitchell, R. Douthwaite and R. F. E. Hammond were commissioned from Sandhurst on 10 April 1992 and posted to the 1st Battalion.

### RETIREMENTS

Brigadier E. J. W. Walker is to retire in April 1992. The following retirements later this year, as part of phase one army redundancies, have been announced. Colonel A. R. Redwood-Davies OBE, Lieutenant Colonel J. M. Thorn OBE, Major P. J. Puttock, Major D. Whittaker MBE.

Lieut C. M. Buss completed the active period of service on a short service commission on 7 April 1992 and is transferred to the reserve of officers.

### BRIGADIER E. J. W. WALKER OBE,

After thirty years in the Regiment Brigadier Johnny Walker is retiring early from the army to take up an appointment with the Order of St. John Trust, an ancient order of chivalry.

The job is a new project as the Trust is branching out from first aid and ambulances. Sixteen retirement homes in Lincolnshire stretching from Mablethorpe to Stamford and from Gainsborough to Spalding are to be privatised. With effect from 1 May the headquarters of the Order of St. John Trust, Lincolnshire, will be Wellingore Hall, Hall Lane, Wellingore, Lincoln, LN5 0HU.

### BRIGADIER D. W. SHUTTLEWORTH OBE

Brigadier Dennis Shuttleworth has been appointed deputy chairman of the Yorkshire and Humberside Regional Sports Council. The chairman David Oxley, also executive director of the Rugby League, played for the RASC against the Dukes and Brigadier Dennis when 1 DWR beat 1st (BR) Corps Troops Column RASC 25-5 in the Army Rugby Cup final of 1958.

### BAND MASTER (WO, 1) C. NORTH

Bandmaster Christopher North has been awarded a Bachelor of Arts Degree by the Open University. He entered the army in 1972 and on leaving the Royal Military School of Music at Kneller Hall became principal cornet of the band of The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire. He left the army for three years to play with the renowned GUS Brass Band in Kettering. He re-enlisted into the staff band of the REME. He became the bandmaster of the 1st Battalion's band in 1987. He started his studies with the OU while serving in Northern Ireland in 1987.

### OPTIONS FOR CHANGE - TERRITORIAL ARMY

The Secretary of State for Defence announced in December 1992 the outline organisation of the Territorial Army following consideration of the 'options for change' proposal. During the period 1 April 1992 to 1 April 1995 the Territorial Army will reduce to a peacetime strength of 63,500 with a wartime establishment augmented by reservists of around 71,000. As part of the reductions the Yorkshire Volunteers are to be reduced from four to three battalions each of three rifle companies. This is to be achieved by the amalgamation of the 3rd and 4th Battalions. The amalgamation is to be effective by 1 April 1992. The headquarters of the new 3rd/4th Battalion will be at Encliffe Hall, Sheffield.

### OPTIONS FOR CHANGE - REGULAR ARMY

The Queen has approved new titles for the regiments of the Royal Armoured Corps who are to amalgamate under the 'options for change' proposals:-

4/7th DG and 5 Innis DG to become The Royal Dragoon Guards (RDG).

QOH and QRIH to become the Queen's Royal Hussars (The Queen's Own and Royal Irish) (QRH). RH and 14/20H to become the King's Royal Hussars (KRH).

13/18H and 15/19H to become The Light Dragoons (LD).

16/5L and 17/21L to become The Queen's Royal Lancers (QRL).

1 RTR and 4 RTR to become 1st Royal Tank Regiment (1 RTR).

2 RTR and 3 RTR to become 2nd Royal Tank Regiment (2 RTR).

The Queen has also agreed that the new corps formed from Postal and Carrier Units RE, RAOC (less Staff Clerks), RCT, RPC and ACC is to be known as The Royal Logistic Corps (RLC). The Royal Engineers and the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers are to retain their present titles.

It has previously been announced that a new Adjutant General's Corps (AGC) is to be formed in April 1992 by the amalgamation of the RACP, WRAC, RMP, MPSC, RAEC and ALC.

The titles of the new regiments to be formed by amalgamation within the infantry have yet to be announced.

### REORGANISATION OF ARMY DISTRICTS IN THE U.K.

Among the many changes that are taking place within the army is a reorganisation of the army districts in the U.K. under which North East District (York) and Eastern District (Colchester) are to combine from 1 April 1992 into a new Eastern District with headquarters in York. North West District, Western District and Wales have already combined and the amalgamation of South West and South East Districts is planned.

## REORGANISATION OF ARMY TRAINING ESTABLISHMENTS

Radical change in the army training organisation is also to take place which will involve a reduction in the number of units carrying out basic recruit training. Five army training regiments (ATRs) for Phase 1 military training will be established at Glencorse, Litchfield, Bassingborn, Winchester and Pirbright from September 1992. Recruits for all arms and corps will undergo an initial period of basic training before moving on to their own special arm training centres. Recruits for the King's and Scottish Divisions will carry out Phase 1 training at Glencorse, near Edinburgh, from September 1992. The King's Division Depot at Strensall will close but it is likely that Strensall will be converted onto one of three infantry training wings (ITWs) to provide phase 2 infantry training as an interim measure until a single Infantry Training Centre is established following further studies.

The training of junior soldiers for the King's Division is to be moved from Ouston to Harrogate later this year.

## REVIEW OF ARMY BANDS

Army bands are yet again under review in an attempt to reduce further the manpower devoted to

providing military music. The current establishment for regimental bands of a bandmaster and 21 musicians is considered by some to be inadequate to provide an acceptable standard of music and problems certainly arise when one or two key instrumentalists are sick or on courses.

A well argued paper in support of the retention of regimental bands has been submitted by the Director of Infantry. The outcome is awaited.

## RANGOON FORCES CHAPEL APPEAL

The Regimental Trustees approved a donation of £50 from the War Memorial Fund to the Rangoon Forces Chapel Appeal in 1989. A recent news-letter from the Appeal Director reports that a total of £7496 was raised from which £2650 plus £500 from the Foreign and Commonwealth Office has so far been spent on repairs to the Chapel inside Rangoon Cathedral. There is now a major problem with the main roof of the Cathedral which needs urgent attention and the Trustees of the Appeal have pledged £3000 towards this. It is hoped a considerable part of the total expense will be raised from other sources and a Singapore based Australian company has agreed to carry out the work at cost.

## REGIMENTAL MUSEUM AND ARCHIVES

### Improvements to Museum display

At a meeting between Brigadier Shuttleworth, the Regimental Secretary and Barbara Woroncow, the Director of Yorkshire and Humberside Museums Council, it was agreed the services of the council's designer would be made available to assist with the planning and implementation of improvements to the Regimental display at Bankfield Museum. An application for a grant aid from the Museum's Council during the financial year starting 1 April 1992 has been submitted.

### Recent acquisitions

Recent acquisitions include:-

- From Mrs E. S. Naylor of Bradford, a scarlet tunic and sash originally belonging to her late father,

Sergeant J. B. Jolly who served in the Regiment prior to the first World War.

- From Mrs S. H. Mustoe of Harrogate the Military Medal, 1914-15 Star, 1914-18 Victory Medal awarded to her uncle Private Hirst Graham MM, who died of wounds whilst serving with 2/5 DWR in France in March 1918. A group photograph including Pte Graham and two newspaper cuttings on the award of the MM were also received.

- From Mrs Greatorex of Taunton the uniforms and photograph album of her uncle, the late Captain J. K. Beckwith FBA, FSA, MA who served during the second World War with 1/6 DWR. An obituary on John Beckwith was published in the Spring issue 1991 of the Iron Duke.

## LIEUTENANT COLONEL D. M. SANTA-OLALLA MC

Lieutenant Colonel David Santa-Olalla MC succeeded Lieutenant Colonel Andrew Meek as Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion on 10 April 1992. Lieutenant Colonel Santa-Olalla was commissioned into the Green Howards from the RMA Sandhurst in 1973. For the next three years he served as a platoon commander in the 1st Battalion Green Howards in the UK and BAOR. It was during one of the Battalion's tours in Northern Ireland that he was awarded the MC. In 1979 he was posted to NITAT (BAOR), where he was responsible for Northern Ireland training at Tin City. Between 1980-1982 he was with the Battalion when it was deployed to Cyprus and Kenya. In 1982 he was seconded to the 2nd Battalion 2nd King's Own Gurkha Rifles, based on Brunei. After a period as operations officer he was appointed to command a company. For the following

two years he served in Hong Kong, where the Battalion was employed on internal security and operations against illegal immigration. In 1985 he attended the Staff College, Camberley, following which he was posted to 1st Battalion Green Howards as a company commander. After a year at Osnabrück and in Northern Ireland he was, in 1987, appointed to be the Chief of Staff of the newly raised 3rd Brigade, to be based on the border in Northern Ireland. For his services he was mentioned in despatches. He was next assigned to the US Army Infantry School, Fort Benning, as the British Exchange Officer.

Lieutenant Colonel Santa-Olalla is married to Jo. They have four children, Lydia (12), Zoe (10), Thomas (7) and Harry (5). He enjoys rugby, golf and fishing.

He transferred to The Duke of Wellington's Regiment on 10 April 1992.

# 1st Battalion

## Commanding Officer's Introduction

It is now over a month since the Battalion deployed to Norway for arctic training and it is only now becoming fully apparent to all what the real nature of the task facing us amounts to. We are based in company locations in the mountains east of Bergen adjacent to a Norwegian Army training area. The weather is cold (-36°C with windchill is the coldest so far) and there is deep snow all round; ideal conditions for the work we have to do. There are many difficulties to overcome if we are to be effective as a combat unit. The overriding factor is the environment. The climate is a genuine killer and everyone has to know and understand the dangers and then be able to survive. The nature of the terrain is such that any job, however simple, saps energy and even the fittest man can tire quickly. Just living in the field requires stamina and a high degree of personal administration and this is before any tactical tasks are undertaken. Add to all this the requirement to ski cross country carrying weapon, webbing and survival equipment (plus a pulk to pull within each section): nothing can be done in quick time.

All this means that everyone has to be very fit and well motivated, personal administration has to be of a high standard and low level leadership must be effective at all times. However, so far not only is all the training going extremely well but, more importantly, everyone is enjoying it. It is without a doubt the most challenging environment I have worked in but the opportunities for excitement and enjoyment are practically boundless. Yet it is not all work and play: each company has every 7th or 8th day off, and it is on these occasions that everyone takes to the downhill ski-ing slopes of Voss. After days of struggling at cross country ski-ing it is an enormous relief to be able to demonstrate a degree of control on the descent after which there is a chair lift to the top! Much of all this was seen and experienced by the Colonel of the Regiment who paid us a three day visit during which he was able to experience at first hand the difficulties of travelling around Norway.

There are still some six weeks left to the deployment during which time we have two exercises in this area

and a redeployment north to Bardufoss to participate in Exercise TEAMWORK with the Norwegian army. We are now in the process of developing and providing our SOPs so that, come the end of this winter, we can declare honestly that we are arctic trained.

The only down side to this role has been the effect on the rugby team. I am sure everyone is now aware that I made the decision to withdraw from the Army Cup. It was, I think, the most difficult decision I have had to make in nearly two and a half years, but the realities of living and working in Norway are such that it would be too risky to allow up to ten key individuals to return to the U.K. for a number of weeks. However I do hope that next season we can mount a proper challenge against 7 RHA as there is a firm proposal to shorten the Cup season and have the U.K. final prior to Christmas.

This is the last Commanding Officer's introduction I will write. The last two and a half years have passed unbelievably quickly, thanks to the varied nature of our programme. Exercise POND JUMP WEST, the Ambulance strike, the Falklands tour, the UKLF MILAN Concentration, support to Operation GRANBY, the Skipton Parade, Jamaica and the move to Bulford are but distant memories. The programme has at times been tedious, there have undoubtedly been frustrations, but there have also been numerous successes, both for individuals and for the whole Battalion. For me life has been made immeasurably easier thanks to the cheerful and willing manner in which everyone has approached jobs whatever the short notice or mundane nature of it all. Standards have not slipped, rather, I think, they have improved and throughout there has always been laughter in the background. It has all been an enormous privilege for me as well as a thoroughly enjoyable time and I take this opportunity of thanking everyone in the Battalion for all their hard work whatever the circumstances. I have no doubt that the Battalion will continue to go from strength to strength.

## ARCTIC WARFARE TRAINING

After all the traumas of the Novice Ski and Survival courses (NSSC) the 1st Battalion is now settled into its arctic warfare continuation training. This is taking place primarily at platoon and company level in preparation for the Battalion and brigade exercises to come. The main problem for the rifle companies is simply movement across country on skis and although they are mainly borne by BV 206 (Tracked Vehicles) there are always those last few miles to cover and it can be extremely frustrating. Even the most experienced soldier can look a complete idiot with two planks tied to his feet and 80lb on his back. We are improving! The worst part, though, is having to return to army skis, a weapon and webbing, and a nice heavy back pack, after a good day's downhill in Voss! The biggest myth about arctic warfare is that the tactics are completely different from England. They are in fact

exactly the same, apart from of course the method of movement, and many soldiers seem to ignore basic skills simply because there is no snow on the ground. Everyone has to be reminded to spread out on patrols, for example, although it is very tempting to close up when it is blowing a gale and -10°C! Personal administration has to be on the ball and whereas in England you might get away with leaving wet clothes on, or missing a meal, in the arctic anything like that causes enormous problems. It is very clear that the companies haven't spent much time in the field recently and the time spent out here just doing basic routine is very valuable. Much more time has to be spent looking after each other and consequently everything takes much longer. Tents always need to be pitched for example, and feeding and drinking enforced. At least you know out here that at some

point during the day you will be warm and in the shelter-something which can't be said about Sennybridge! Overall the training is going very well and the ski-ing will come with more practice.

Everyone is working very hard and the Dukes should put up a good performance in the AMF exercises to come.

2nd Lieut J. C. K. Cumberlege.



*Hagalund BV 206*

The Hagalund BV 206 is the current British oversnow vehicle. The Battalion has some seventy of them used in all HQs, mortar, milan, signals platoons and two to each rifle platoon. It has a 2.6 litre V6 engine which gives it a maximum speed on roads of 55km per hour. It has superb climbing ability: 60% on hard surfaces and 30% in deep snow. It can cross slopes of 70% gradient, 1.1.4. It has an operating range of 200 miles. It also has an amphibious capability. All of which combines to give the Battalion vital tactical mobility in the arctic environment.

### ARCTIC WARFARE INSTRUCTOR COURSE

The Arctic Warfare Instructor Course (AWIC) started early in November 1991 with approximately fifty students drawn from different regiments and corps in the British element of the AMF(L).

We all mustered in Ward Barracks Training Wing for our opening brief on the first morning. Once the brief was completed we were introduced to our instructors. They came in three sizes: big, very big and huge. I sat and stared at one particular marine and thought to myself "I hope I don't have him"! and yes of course I got him. Sgt Crombie had loads of brains, loads of muscles and a sadistic sense of humour. As a welcome to the course we ran a BFT and then did the American marine equivalent to the army personal fitness assessment. I then realised that I wasn't as fit as I used to be!

As the first two weeks in England progressed I began to realise how important this course was as there was so much to learn to help us to survive and

fight in the snow. The Norway or Arctic part of the course was split into four parts: revision week, tent routine week, tactics week and a survival week. All this was done from a base location at Liseth in the Hardanger area of Norway near Bergen.

Once we had got settled in, press-ups began! As in England, I must have spent 50% of my time doing press-up. Revision week was mainly spent getting our ski legs back, despite this the Marines still found time to have their fun and games by taking the course out for a night in what I would call bad weather. It was raining and windy and very cold, we pitched our ten man tents up and started training. All was very relaxed and easy for the first twelve hours then the pull pole time was given and we moved out. That is when the Marine DS decided to discover the cardboard toilet which we had forgotten - a 'serious' lapse in field discipline. Anyway we got back to Liseth Hostel and formed up in sections. It was there they gave us the



*1st Battalion training in Norway.*



*1st Battalion training in Norway.*

good news - they told us that because we had forgotten the toilet we had to pitch our tents outside the hostel and stay in them for an extra night. Fun was had by all as we could see the DS slowly getting drunk. Inside they were nice and warm in a room with a real fire, outside...

As the DS worked us Monday morning to Friday night, and Saturday was mainly taken up by administration there was not a lot of time to relax. But when Saturday night came everybody rediscovered their sense of humour and had a drink or two.

The second week we spent dealing with tent group routine in the five man and the four man tent, again it was mainly ski training during the day and a little at night. All was going fine until one of the sections was twenty seconds late and we were made to pull pole and re-pitch the tent.

As week three came around we were told to switch on as it was our tactics week. That didn't stop us doing press-ups or short runs, which are not so short in two feet of snow. Just as we left our BV's and were given our orders the weather closed in and it got colder. We were to pitch our tents approximately 10km from the road. 10km may not sound far but when you are as laden as a camel on skis it's the start of a five day nightmare. Finally we got to the location and set up. We then did not move for nearly two days due to the weather. We had about three feet of snow in one night

which was quite frightening especially with increasing wind speed. Anyway, we all survived and carried on up the mountain to our new position after ski-ing for nine hours. Once there we were bumped after only twelve hours by the enemy. After I wiped away my tears it was our turn to do the fighting. As most attacks are done from high ground, the DS had the excellent idea that my section was all Chris Bonnington and sent us up the Norwegian equivalent of K2 with skis on. As I reached the summit ENDEX was called and again the DS laughed - more marine humour.

The final week was survival week, which was relatively relaxed. Its aim was to introduce us to different survival shelters for the duration. All was well until the final night when we were put into a survival situation, something that everyone is tested on in the AMF(L). As the weather closed in and the wind chill dropped to -45°C, ENDEX was called early and we went back into camp. Hoorah! This fact combined with the fact that ice breaking drills were cancelled due to the bad weather, ensured that after six weeks we had the last laugh.

Overall I found the course to be as tough as I had expected but it certainly prepared me well to be an instructor for the rest of the Battalion.

L/Cpl Jenkins, A - Coy.

### MILITARY SKI INSTRUCTOR COURSE

When I was informed that I was to attend a MSI course in Norway I thought "Why me?" My only previous ski-ing experience was an arctic warfare training course on South Georgia, a small island approximately eight hundred miles South of the Falkland Islands. This course lasted eighteen weeks, most of which I spent in the prone position. I therefore arrived at Brandset Camp full of trepidation, along with forty or so other soldiers from different units.

Day one consisted mainly of a course brief and introduction to the training team. Light entertainment was provided by a gentleman who at first glance appeared to be a well known Norwegian ski bending artiste, but in actual fact turned out to be Colonel Stromm, OIC Course.

Briefs, lectures and introductions over, we were told to be in the "Rubber Hut," a building which served many purposes including cookhouse, gymnasium and bar, at 0900 hrs ready to go. A coach arrived to take us to a place called Vikkerfella where all our ski training was to take place. Then began the long and painstaking process of turning forty or so novice skiers into military ski instructors.

The men who would turn us from mere novice skiers into military ski instructors were from wide and varying parts of the AMF(L), ranging from junior NCO's of the Royal Artillery, to officers in the Norwegian Army. I am happy to say that overall the instructors turned out to be a very relaxed bunch.

A great many hours over the next five weeks were spent in diagonal gating, double poling and the other techniques that go to make a proficient military skier.

A great deal of time was devoted to furthering Anglo Norwegian relationships. Socialising aside, the course itself consisted of firstly bringing everyone up to the same basic standard of ski-ing, which for some of us took quite a while. This done, the process of turning us into instructors began, which was achieved by endless hours of practice in technique.

With about one and a half weeks left of the course and everyone eager to try their new found skills, a spate of what can only be described as sheer madness began. Everything from hot dogging to ski jumping was tried with varying degrees of success.

With four weeks of expert tuition, practice and much socializing, the test day finally arrived. This consisted of a number of practical tests on basic techniques and a fifteen minute teaching period, the subject being drawn out of a hat, leaving the unfortunate victim with about three minutes to prepare.

Having successfully completed the practical tests we returned to the camp before sitting the written test the following day. The course was successfully completed by almost everybody, with Dukes having a 100% pass rate.

### NOVICE SKI AND SURVIVAL COURSE

The two week novice ski and survival course is designed to introduce soldiers to ski-ing and surviving in an arctic environment. Despite this, none of the

NSSC courses of which six have been run, have been above the Arctic Circle. Conditions at Maurseth and Mjollfell Hostal have been very similar.

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Week one consists of learning to ski, or rather learning to get up with six foot planks attached to your feet. The second week sees you out in the field learning how to live in various tents, ten man, five man, and four man, and how to survive in a snow hole and a snow grave, or any other situation in the snow. Basic tactics do not come into the NSSC as this is done by the companies through their AWI's.

A typical day on survival week is as follows:

- 0600 Last man on stag boils water for breakfast.
- 0700 Last man passes brews and rolled oats around the tent.
- 0700 Basic administration, packing of kit, cleaning of equipment and soldiers.
- 0830 Secondary guy ropes on tent dropped. Bulk packed.
- 0840 Final brew, all ready to move.
- 0900 "Pull Pole". This is the signal to drop the tent, pack it and then set off on a route march.
- 0900) Ski march to next location.
- 1300)

- 1300) Demo of next tent/snow hole etc.
- 1400)
- 1400) Erection and excavation of next shelter.
- 1700)
- 1700) Dinner.
- 1800)
- 1800) Night ski.
- 1930)
- 1930) Night routine.

Night routine consists of one man on candle watch, normally for an hour. Due to the non tactical situations he will usually read a book or listen to music on his personal stereo. Prior to NSSC a week is spent in England, mainly in the classroom. This covers such lectures as hygiene, cold weather injuries, avalanches, and cookers and coleman lamps, basic introduction to all the tentage etc. Out in Norway a few mandatory lectures are given normally during ski week. These are avalanche safety, cold weather injuries, mountain and arctic safety rules and, most importantly for the officers, mountain navigation! Overall the two week package is a fairly adventurous course, definitely not for the faint hearted.

#### AN ACCOUNT OF NSSC 4 BY WO2 "MAJIK" MAJCHRZAK RMP ATTACHED TO 1 DWR

Sunday 12 January 1992, about 0120 a.m., and my train slows down and stops. I'm the only one to get off onto a cold deserted snow covered platform of a station called Mjofjell which seems to be in the middle of nowhere. Ten minutes later a BV 206 from 1 DWR picked me up and took me to the remote camp which was to be home for the next week.

Early next morning, mine was just another of a large group of apprehensive faces lined up in what looked like a Siberian hutted camp. Suddenly one of the instructors appeared naked except for a knitted full face ski-ing balaclava and a leather 'Toe Muff' covering his... ski pole! Most of us sensed something bad was to come out and it did in the form of a stripped down roll in the snow; for me the first of many full body contacts with the stuff.

The next week was spent on going out daily learning to ski during the day and trying to keep awake during the lectures in the evenings. The rest of the evening was spent studying a small white book full of endless lists of things we should know for a test at the end of the week, before the dreaded week out in the hills. Day by day bruises and pains appeared in places where I didn't think they could.

The dreaded second week came. It was a sunny day, straight out of a ski holiday brochure, as we started off up the hill carrying light day packs - okay until I volunteered to carry the safety pack and then it suddenly became a race and I wasn't the hare! The first of many nightmares.

This was the first night in a ten man tent getting to know some of the characters a bit better, after we were introduced to a "night ski", which was surprisingly less difficult except that you didn't know when you were going to do until after you had done it. The rest of the night was spent doing your hour long stag during which you made the next man a cup of coffee only to find out he drinks tea.

One night gone... five to go! It seemed like an eternity. On the second day everyone had a fairly good ski and before we knew it we were all digging our tents in for the night in a four man tent. That night we had a noise and light demonstration; we'd all seen it before but never in such cold conditions. One of the instructors had the solution to the cold, it being the first of many mini nightmares which started off with shouts like "I want to see the last man back here after running around the rock up there ... Go".

Two nights gone... four to go! Everybody seemed to be counting: I certainly was. The day went by with another ski and after digging in a double four man tent we found ourselves with four new neighbours. Another night ski followed during which I had time to stop halfway up the mountain and spend a second or two taking in the spectacular night landscape when suddenly... Dob, Oof! Flipsake! Wrong wax on the skis, there's nothing worse than having a wet arse at that time of night.

Three nights gone... three to go! Halfway through and sadly some of the guys are disappearing through injury. Big mountains to go over today, the going up was okay but the coming down was harder especially on the arse, elbows and ankles. No tents tonight and after being shown a perfect instructor built, 'snow grave' we were told "It'll only take you a few hours to build", oh really! The grave was the best nights sleep I had during the course.

Four nights gone... two to go! Sledging used to be fun but not today; instead of pushing it, we were pulling it up another hill and picking up bits out of one of the lads bergans which seemed to drop things all the time! Once at the top we climbed an impossibly steep slope and started our 'snow holes'. This went on into the night, when we had to take another guest and a miserable, irritating and cramped night was had by all. Morning came and so did the accident prone Pte.



Chorley syndrome... with minutes to go before moving, he managed to spill the last of the hot water. Disbelief, followed by humour; you've got to laugh haven't ya?

Five nights gone... one to go! Dear mum, pulled that bloody sledge again! However, young 'physco' who'd been quite rough the night before, rejoined us with recharged batteries and put in a right gutsy performance on the pulling, something that gave us a

bit more strength to go on. That night after being deprived of essentials such as rations, sleeping bag etc. we had to build a survival shelter and after a bit of perseverance we managed to get the roof on a shelter amongst the huddle of holes, it was still cold though!

Six nights gone... only the ski down to go! A cooked container breakfast and an announcement that all remaining had passed, sent spirits soaring as we all set off on the ski down to Endex.

## SPORTS GAMES AND RECREATION

### Rugby

The Battalion rugby season has been somewhat truncated due to our enforced withdrawal from the Army Cup. Having reached the quarter finals of the competition by convincingly defeating the Guards Depot and 12 RSME we then faced the realities of our post Xmas arctic training in Norway. By way of explanation for our withdrawal, the quarter final was to be played on 8 January, the semis on 29 January, and the U.K. finals on 26 February and the Army final on 25 March. Alma and Corunna Coys were deployed to Norway complete between 7 and 10 January and were joined by the rest of the Battalion by 25 January. The scheduled return to the U.K. after Ex TEAMWORK is 26 March. Although it might have been possible to reach the U.K. final with no training, no preparatory matches and by flying people back from Norway to play, the effect on our military training would have been severe and, in addition, the prospect of playing a match hardened 7 RHA in the U.K. final with an unprepared XV was both unrealistic and dangerous. Rather than continue in the competition and withdraw at a later stage, thus ruining the competition as a whole, we decided to withdraw prior to the quarter final. The decision was not taken lightly and nobody was more disappointed than the players, particularly as the potential exists for a good XV. We will be back however to take part in the Army seven-a-side competition in early May and defend our title of Army Champions. Hopefully we will also be able to participate in the Halifax Sevens.

We have managed to maintain some representation in the Army XV. Lts Chris Buss and Simon Pinder are currently in the team and we are hopeful that this year they will gain their Army caps.

Major G. Shuttleworth.

### Football

A very promising start to the soccer season was unfortunately curtailed when it became apparent that the Battalion could not compete beyond December because of the deployment to Norway. Nevertheless the team played two matches in the Army Cup in which we were undefeated and two matches in the Infantry Cup, losing the game to 1LI largely because of having to field a weakened side due to the absence of a number of players away on courses. Four matches were played in the SWDIST League and success looked promising but for our having to withdraw early. The short season in which we have participated has proved that the Battalion retains the ability to field first-class sides with the promise of success in the future. Good individual performances were made by Pte Atherton, who was picked for the Infantry squad, and LCpl's Gill and Morgarfi who together constituted a very strong midfield partnership. On returning from Norway in March the Battalion team will play as many league matches as possible to maintain the basis of a team for next season.

Major J. C. Bailey.

## 124 ARMY YOUTH TEAM (DWR)

124 AYT (DWR) was formed in the spring of 1991 along with seven other AYT's within North East District. After one or two moves we are now accommodated with 3rd Bn Yorkshire Volunteers at the Drill Hall in Huddersfield.

We are a small team of eight, seven Dukes and one RAPC. Our breakdown starts with the Team Command, the only non adventurous qualified member, but the one who trudges the streets looking for work. CSgt Glen Carter is the second in command. He takes care of all the admin and looks after the stores. He has got himself qualified in basic rock climbing and UEL. SSgt Reg White RAPC is the chief instructor, an expert in the adventurous training world. He is organising all the outdoor pursuits and is keeping an eye on the other instructors. The remaining five are all qualified in rock climbing, canoeing and UEL.

We are self-contained with all our own kit and equipment. We are capable of taking up to twenty-four youths in most outdoor pursuits such as rock climbing, abseiling, canoeing, hill walking, orienteering and command tasks. We offer these pursuits on a daily basis or on residential courses from 2 1/2 to 5 days. We can also take large numbers of school children in their own gymnasiums by setting up an indoor assault course for the day under the guidance of our PTI LCpl Dougie Douglas.

We offer our services to schools, youth clubs, army cadet forces, boys clubs and venture scouts. Next month we are helping the local ACF detachment with their Duke of Edinburgh's Award expedition phase. Because of the likely physical stresses we set a lower age limit of thirteen years.

Our aims, hopes and eventual achievements are to target youngsters from the ages of thirteen years

upwards and who have yet to decide on a career. To make them aware that there can be such a career as the

army and hopefully take them on their first steps of self-discipline, self-confidence and self-respect.

B. H.



*124 Army Youth Team (DWR)*

Back row: Lance Corporal Dunn; Colour Sergeant Carter; Captain Hey; Staff Sergeant White; Lance Corporal Douglas. Front row: Lance Corporal Hawcroft; Lance Corporal Peters; Lance Corporal Lynch.

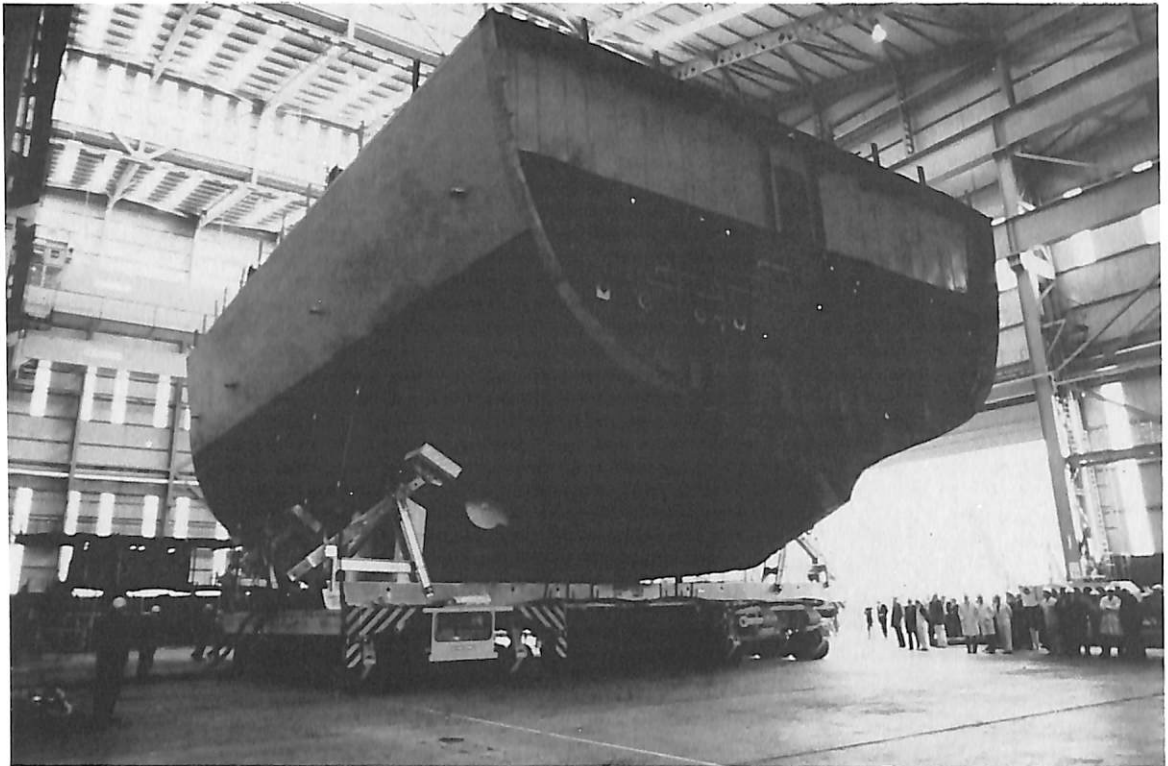
## H.M.S. IRON DUKE

H.M.S. Iron Duke was launched on 2 March 1991. At the time there were very few ship's company standing by, their task being to assist the MOD naval overseers and to learn about the ship's systems. It is only this year that our number is rising above fifty. From Easter onwards the commanding officer joins, and the numbers increase swiftly to the capacity of 185 as the ship is accepted into service. The autumn and into spring 1993 will be given over chiefly to weapon system set-to-work and associated trials, before the ship commissions and joins the Fleet.

What happens in the formative years of a new warship? Contemporary shipbuilding techniques have resulted in a dramatic move away from construction on an open slipway when a keel was laid, ribs added and the hull formed by plating over the ribs. The machinery was fitted and decks added and more equipment and systems installed. Nowadays at Yarrow Shipbuilders complete sections of the hull, containing much equipment, are assembled and formed into modules, some weighing several hundred tonnes. These massive units are manoeuvred into position on transporters similar to those employed by

NASA and when aligned the modules are welded together to form the hull. Such techniques allow advanced outfitting to be undertaken while the ship benefits from construction under cover, which is a significant bonus on the damp west coast of Scotland.

Once the ship is afloat and with break wheels fitted instead of propellers, the main propulsion machinery can be tried and set-to-work. The purpose of the break wheels is to absorb energy without producing thrust, thus allowing full power to be developed while alongside the jetty. On such occasions one not only senses the ship's power from the noise of the diesel and gas turbine engines but has the feeling of being at sea with gulls and other sea birds wheeling around the stern. They are intent only on investigating the delights of the river bed, stirred seemingly for their benefit. Meanwhile work continues fitting out heads, bathrooms, galley, laundry, besides much electrical wiring in support of services and the first weapon system to be installed, the - 5 Mk 8 gun. Radio, radar and sonar systems are gradually completed and made ready for sea trials.



A module of HMS Iron Duke being moved on a transporter.

## 50 YEARS AGO: THE BATTLE OF SITTANG 16-23 FEBRUARY 1942

By W. Norman

*Bill Norman was born at Sheffield in 1920, his father being Jock Norman, who later became the Drum Major of the 2nd Battalion. He grew up with the Battalion in Egypt, Singapore and India. Following his father's invaliding out of the army in 1933 he returned to England. A year later he enlisted into the Regiment as a band boy and joined the 1st Battalion in which his uncle, Tom Norman, was Orderly Room Sergeant. He served with the 2nd Battalion in the Burma campaign of 1942. On return to the U.K. he volunteered for the Commandos and saw service with them in Italy and the Balkans. After the war, while maintaining his interest in music, he also developed an interest in rifle shooting and in 1947 attended Bisley for the first time. In later years he was nine times in the Army Hundred, shot for the Army Eight in 1956, was third in the Army Championships (1956) and on several occasions represented the army in both full and small bore matches. At the time of his retirement in 1975 he held the rank of WO2 (CSM). Since then he has continued with both his musical and rifle shooting interests. In addition he is performing an invaluable service to the Regiment by indexing the very many photographs and papers in the Regimental archives.*

At Christmas 1941 I was attending the annual corporals mess dance at Peshawar on the North West

Frontier of India. Not being the dancing type I stood at the bar, chatting to RSM (Dye) Ward. He was a kindly man whom I respected, not too regimental, and quite a good family friend. A few bottles of Murree beer made me more talkative than usual, and I bemoaned the fact that we were messing about on those rather bare mountains when we could be learning about jungle warfare, so that we could go off to Malaya and fight the Japanese who had invaded that country. Nice to be able to tell the RSM on equal terms (almost) what I thought of things. Like the rest of the 2nd Battalion I was yearning to get into this great war which had been going on now for two years without my having heard a shot fired. We had just moved to Peshawar from Delhi where we had been doing ceremonial duties. Delhi was okay by us but the ceremonial duties were not, and we loathed them. We wanted to get into this big war and volunteered for anything that might get us there. Peshawar suited us much better than Delhi, we trained hard at frontier "warfare", though being in the band I did not get as much of the training as I would have liked. At least we were shot at now and again; we even had three casualties with gun shot wounds on one occasion.

This type of warfare did not require the very latest in arms and equipment and apart from the Lewis gun being replaced with one Vickers Berthier LMG per

platoon we were more or less fitted out as we had been at the end of World War One. However we were very fit and proud of our ability to fight the wily pathan.

It was at this time that I was chosen to attend a 3" Mortar cadre run by the newly arrived Lieut O. E. M. Travis who was appointed as our very first mortar commander. The band made up the nucleus of the mortar platoon and several of us NCO's were being trained as detachment commanders with Band Sergeant (Ginger) Yarnold as the platoon sergeant. He was a first class soldier and a martinet. I took to the mortars well and liked Mr. Travis, so worked extra hard to make sure of being a worthy and efficient member of the organization.

Just before leaving Delhi we had received two *real* mortars to replace the drill purpose ones which were various pieces of metal pipe for the barrel and bipod, a flat piece of iron with a hole in the middle as a base plate and elastic as the recoil spring. The muzzle cover was a Cherry Blossom Boot Polish tin lid. It was surprising, though, how much we had learned on this contraption, primitive as it was. Later we received two more mortars but as times were hard there was no ammunition to be had, not even to see what it looked like. Later a travelling team from somewhere showed us the bombs, fired half a dozen and cleared off.

January 1942 saw us out training at a place called Shamshatu with our pieces being carried on long suffering mules. There was no proper harness, so we adapted the Vickers MMG equipment. I can't really say that half the time I knew what I was doing, but I just carried on and enjoyed every minute of this playing at soldiers. At least there was a potential enemy out there most of the time. You never saw them but you knew that they were about, and watching us with the greatest of interest. We had to be very careful at times.

Right out of the blue we were suddenly ordered to strike camp and get marching back to Roberts Barracks at Peshawar. Wild rumours circulated and we set off on our march with high hopes. After a few miles had been covered a motley lot of transport arrived in dribs and drabs to pick us up and hasten our return.

### High spirits

At one point on the march the RSM came alongside and said "Well what do you think of your chances in jungle warfare now?". There must have been something in the air or he would not have asked me for my thoughts. A renewed wave of excitement went through me. Over the next few weeks we received all the modern equipment. Our "last war" webbing was replaced and battle dress appeared. We just had to have our photographs taken wearing it, to the joy of the local photographer. 2" mortars, bren guns, anti-tank rifles and our first ever wireless sets (Australian) were released from the very scarce stocks allotted to India. Two more mortars brought us up to strength and our G1098 Scale of ammunition arrived, namely 10lb high explosive and 9½lb white phosphorous bombs. As each case of bombs weighed 72lb it was heavy work moving it about. Our spirits were very high on 3 February 1942 as we marched to Peshawar Railway Station. I was saddened to see Captain Conningham's newly married wife full of tears as we passed. There were to be quite a few from the married quarters who were seeing their husbands for the last time.

Six days across the Deccan on a troop train is a lot of fun to the likes of me, but even so I was glad to arrive at Madras on 9 February and board the SS Varsova, a wartime troopship. Escorted by the cruiser HMS Emerald and two smaller warships we sailed in an easterly direction.

We did some weapon training on board ship which included the 2" mortar though we did not quite get the hang of using the sight. The instructor did not seem very confident about it either and, after a few explanations, brushed it aside. It was out of the question to fire it but we did fire the .55 Boyes anti-tank rifle and looking back I am glad that I was not firing it in anger as it scared me more than the enemy tank would have done at the time. There was such a mighty flash, bang, back blast, and recoil that I shut my eyes when I let the second shot go. We were informed that our destination was to be Rangoon and in my ignorance of that country I wondered why we had to go to sea and not by rail, thinking Burma to be some part of India.

We arrived at Rangoon on 14 February, to be greeted, the next day, with the unbelievable news that Singapore had fallen and that the army in Burma had taken up new positions in some place with a strange sounding name. Again my ignorance of the country to which I had come to fight came out when I discovered that the Burmese were an Asiatic race of people, they all looked like Gurkhas. We were driven in big American made trucks to the barracks at Mingladon, by way of the Shwe Dagon Golden Temple. Here we ate wonderful Australian tinned sausages and Heinz beans, a luxury indeed.

As we were near to the airport which was subject to regular air attack, we had to sleep in the open near some trenches, but all that happened was that I was soaking wet due to the heavy condensation.

We had a demonstration of the Stickey anti-tank grenade, a general visited us, and after a few days we loaded up our heavy G1098 ammunition yet again and were on the move.

This time we were bound for a place called Thannet Pin - some to Yit Khan, south of Pegu. It was feared that the enemy might make a landing across the Gulf of Martaban. On arriving we cleaned our mortars and got them ready for action, but as we never had fired a round it was decided that we might loose off a few rounds. A suitable piece of ground was found and we prepared for action. As soon as we fired three rounds from one mortar we were ordered to cease fire for we were on the move again.

Each mortar, along with 150 rounds, was carried on a 15cwt truck, so to avoid overloading the crews had to march. Off we hiked with the rest of the Battalion. It was very hot and the road very dusty. The dust covered us from head to foot, and gave us a thirst that never left us for the rest of our time in that country. We sweated, and cursed every truck that passed and showered us with yet another layer of that yellow stinking dust. We halted and along came the MT Sergeant in a jeep who ordered everyone who had an idea of driving to join him. There was no lack of volunteers. They were to go to Rangoon to unload the transport which had arrived from Calcutta, then drive it away. I was surprised that we had so many undiscovered drivers, of course I later found out that we did not. They had only gone to get away from the marching, heat, and dust. Mortar platoon was not permitted to volunteer.

### Heading eastward

On arrival at the important town of Pegu we reloaded the G1089 ammunition onto a train, boarded it ourselves, and headed eastward. "Now we are bound to get rid of some of that ammunition" thought I. Travelling overnight we detrained in the early morning at a place called Kyaikto where there was an ancient armoured car of the 1920's vintage on the platform. It had been hit many times with bullets and was full of dents, I did not see any holes though. It occurred to me that we had rather old equipment and that they could do some pretty good shooting. Another march, more dust, more heat, more thirst, and on arrival at some unknown village the inevitable G1098 ammunition to lump. This time it had to be carried over a very shaky bamboo bridge with a very muddy river beneath. It was no easy task to carry the awkward 72lb boxes with the bridge moving and nothing to hold on to, I felt quite nervous but did not dare show it. However, the population of the village turned out and insisted on taking over the job from us and I for one was most happy about that. We had a collection for them and only after some persuasion did they accept it. They gave us fruit and it was a pleasure to sit on their bamboo hut verandas and drink Burmese tea with them. Later in the campaign they would flee for their lives as we approached even though we at no time harmed, or even threatened them. We were losing this war and perhaps they did not want the Japanese to be able to accuse them of helping us. Who could blame them?

In the early hours of the morning there was a great deal of small arms fire from our right and we all thought the battle had started, so we stood to while a patrol was sent to investigate the commotion. It discovered that a Japanese patrol had bumped into the Burma Rifles who let off a hail of panic fire. This was quite a common thing with fresh units at the start. As dawn came we saw our first Japanese soldiers, a section passing a long way to our left and too far away to open fire upon them. They were moving into position behind us and later it was going to be us who had to attack them. Their standard practice.

Orders came for us to withdraw and as we had not fired a shot we were rather peeved about it. Forming into rifle sections we set off and had not gone very far when we met up with some men from the KOYLI, they were so scruffy that I could not believe it; an absolute shambles. Little did I realise that we would be in a similar condition in a short space of time. Prior to our departure we had to get our beloved G1098 ammunition back across the rickety bamboo bridge along with the mortars in their boxes and our personal kit, then load them into the big American trucks, and set off along the dirt road.

### Enemy air attack

We marched across country in an open formation through some clumps of elephant grass about ten feet high, some higher. Twenty-seven single engined aircraft appeared, but we just gazed in admiration. We had been told that air superiority was ours, and an argument ensued as to whether they were the Hurricanes or Tomahawks. They formed into a circle and dived, and it gave us good heart to think what a pasting the Japs were about to receive, so I was surprised when Sergeant Hamilton blew short blasts on his whistle to warn us of an enemy air attack. I jeered at him for it when a big noise and a cloud of dust

came towards me at great speed. I did not have time to do anything as the bullets thudded into the ground both to my left and right and as the plane passed directly over I noticed the big red rising sun painted on its wings. Setting my sights at 250x I adopted the kneeling position and prepared to shoot the next one down, feeling with the greatest of confidence that I could not miss. However I was ordered not to fire so as to delude them into thinking we had gone; "Some blooming hopes" I thought. We only fooled ourselves and the planes with the big red blobs on their wings came on. None were shot down and I did not see anyone on our side hit, but some were and we had our first fatal casualties.

The attack only lasted a few minutes but it was long enough for us. It was my first time under any real heavy fire and I was quite pleased with myself because I did all I was supposed to do, and was surprised at how cool I had kept.

We took cover in a rubber plantation in nice neat rows. As there were a lot of men in this bit of plantation there was often more than one crouched behind each tree. As I did not have one I sat in the open. Presently some more planes attacked and we were in for it again, I just watched the scene. A plane would come in with all its guns firing and the bodies would align themselves behind the trunk for cover. Then another plane would come from a different angle and the whole party would swing round together in a beautiful movement that would have gladdened the heart of any drill sergeant. Near me was an Indian truck driver, one of the very thin men one sees in the east. His legs resembled a pair of worn army leather boot laces, and wearing web anklets he looked as if he was standing in a pair of buckets. He stood in a perfect standing position and when a plane attacked he would wait until he saw it, measure a twenty-one degree with a handspan, bring up his rifle into the shoulder, and fire at the plane which by this time was miles away. I shouted at him in my very best barrackroom Hindustani to stop firing and take cover. With the greatest of smiles, which showed his beautiful white teeth, he held out his handspan and in the best of his barrackroom English said "Twenty-one degrees Sahib". Telling him how well he was doing I let him get on with this fine bit of soldiering.

Later, aircraft appeared that did not have big red blobs on their wings but the roundels of the RAF and we said some rather nasty things about our airforce, still I did not see anyone hit for all the thousands of rounds that came our way. I am sure there must have been some though. After a cold night in that plantation and with terrible thirst we left shortly after dawn, but we had not gone far when we found our transport which had been shot up and abandoned on the track, some of it was burning and ammunition exploded in all directions. I went to see if there was anything that could be done to salvage our gear, but it was burning, and fearing that the bombs might go off any minute, I came away. The one thing I did see was my very own mosquito net with my last four numbers stamped on it; I felt rather saddened.

The air attack blew and we dived into the scrub somewhat faster than we had done on the previous day. From now on anything that flew was our enemy's. In my bush was the bloated, stinking body of the first dead man I had ever seen. It gave me quite a shock. Before the day was out I was to see many more without turning a hair. A Japanese reconnaissance



plane flew by very low and we continued our retreat in a westward direction. How long that march lasted I do not know, I only thought of water and could hardly speak when RSM Ward came alongside and croaked: "How about jungle warfare now?". I was never to see him again as he was taken prisoner and died shortly after release.

### March or die

Men began to pass out, and we came upon one who had fairly recently come from the UK and was older than most of us. I tried to get him on his feet but he was completely done in. Our sergeant arrived and, giving him a kick to no effect, said: "Get on your feet and march or we will leave you to die". We thought Ginger was being rather harsh but the truth was just that; march or die. That man's name is now on the roll of honour, and we had learned a lesson.

Later we halted and deployed. The ground to our front sloped downwards to some jungle with the wide track running through the centre. Quite some battle was going on. Lieutenant Colonel Owen stood there in full view of everyone, his hair was neatly plastered down as always, and his monocle held firmly in place. He looked as dapper as ever and I was full of admiration for him as I saw him for the last time. Lined up left and right of the path, with bayonets fixed, rifles at the high port, he gave us the order to advance and forgetting our thirst, we went.

Some small arms fire and one or two explosions met us, but on we went into the thick jungle without making any contact with the Japs.

Afterwards I realised that I had lost contact with the rest of the platoon and decided to keep going forward along the edge of the path. I had got ahead of the rest, so took up a position to cover the path, fired a couple of sighting shots and waited for the platoon to catch up.

After a while I was joined by "Sticky" Glew of the band and some of the platoon. Trying to get ourselves organized we came under machine gun fire and Corporal Stacey was hit in the head and killed. Some Japs ran across the road and we all opened up on them, killing three to our satisfaction. In this thick jungle we seemed to have lost control so we moved forward in small groups trying to gather in as many men as we could reorganize, but as we went it became impossible and we only got dispersed again.

I came upon some Gurkhas who indicated that their officer was wounded and was lying quietly on the ground with some of his men guarding him. His hat was by his side and I could see the name of Pattinson - or something similar, written inside. "Now what have you been doing, Mr. Pattinson?" I said to his surprise. He told me that he had received a sword wound in his left lower side and numerous grenade fragmentation wounds. After doing what I could for him his men told me that they would carry him onward.

As I went on I picked up a Bren gun from a dead man but there were no magazines with it and being in a nasty spot, I did not hang around to look for any. Meeting up with a pal of mine called Armitage from "A" Coy we kept together until we met Major Robinson with a group of men who were exchanging shots with a group of Japs. I was given a couple of magazines for the Bren gun but did not know how to open the magazine opening cover as it was of a different design to the Vickers Berthier on which I had been trained, so I used my rifle.

The firing died down and being informed that a chap named Abrahamson was hit I went to see what I could do for him but he was quite dead, and being under fire, I decided to leave him and get out of it as quickly as possible. Later at an inquiry about missing persons, I was to get one hell of a chewing off because I said that he was dead and I had not taken his identity discs.

### Sittang River

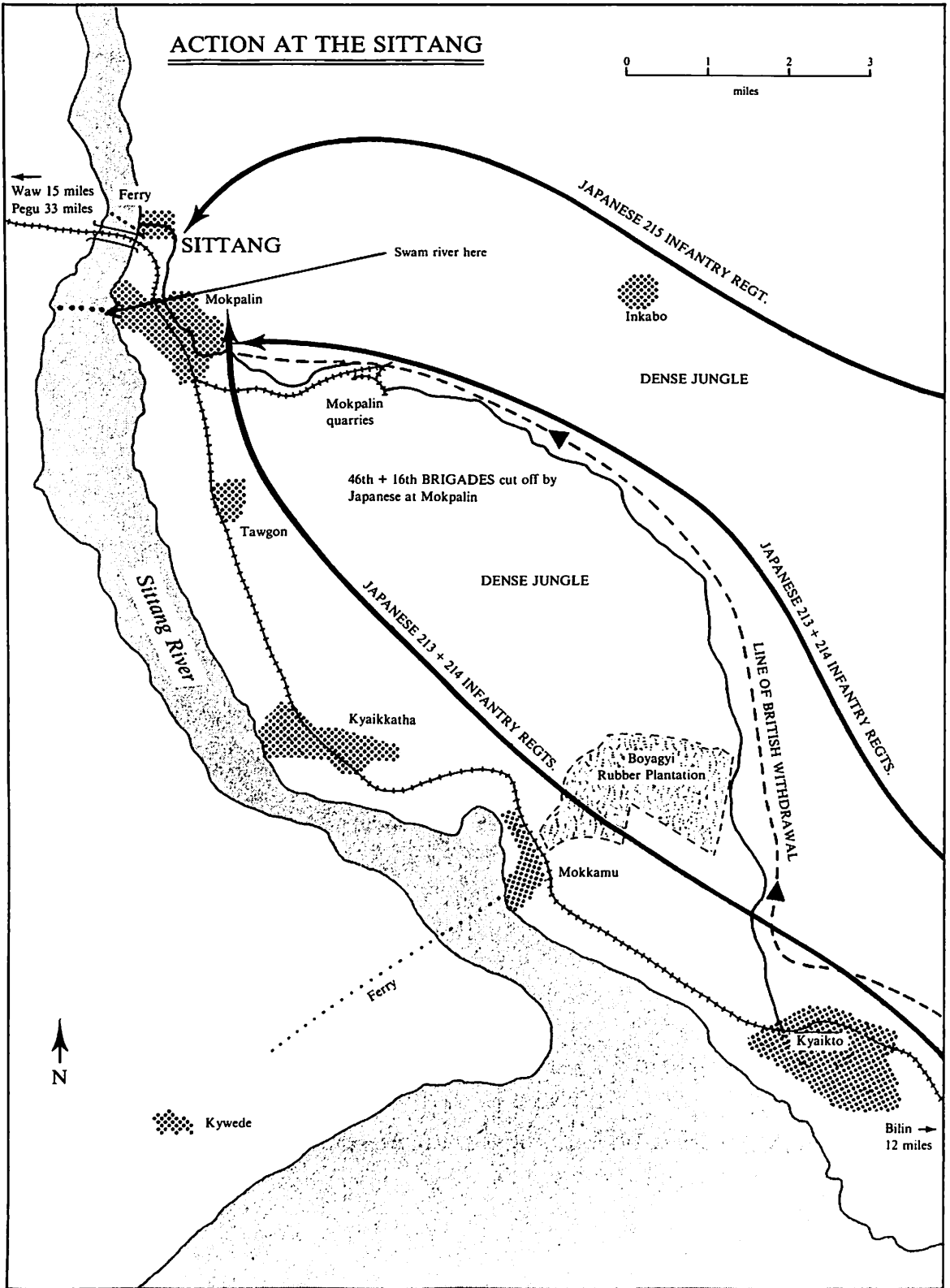
The Japs cleared off, so we went, stopping occasionally to chop down plantain leaves of which we chewed the centre stem to extract the juice to slake the terrible thirst we all suffered. The Gurkhas had shown me this trick and I blessed them for it.

We headed for the Sittang River. As we approached Mokpalin we saw a very muddy pond and there was a frantic rush towards it. Filling our helmets/hats with the filthy liquid we drank it, poured it over our heads and wallowed in it. I was told later that there was a dead mule in it, I had not seen it but it would not have made any difference if I had. Somebody on the road was reorganizing and soon we were back into our platoons where we felt more secure. Ginger Yarnold soon got a grip on us and it was good to see him despite him being a martinet. He was very pleased that I had obtained the Bren gun for the platoon and ordered me to hand my rifle to Jacky Waterhouse, our rangefinder, who was only armed with a pistol, Jacky was more than pleased to receive my SMLE rifle. I was sad to lose it but it was all in a good cause and he was a good lad.

Under Corporal Jow North a group was formed to piquet one of the hills while the rest came through Mokpalin towards Sittang. Through my monocular I saw a load of Japs heading towards Sittang but they were a long way away. Jow told me to open fire on them but I refused because of my only having two magazines and they were a long way away for my fire to have much effect. Also there must have been some of the enemy in the vicinity because their empty cartridge cases were lying about. He was not at all pleased but the rest of the section joined in on my side and he shut up. We sent a report down to our HQ. Poor Jow, he was quite a tough character. He was to die the next day and seemed to have a premonition about it. After about an hour or so no more troops passed through and after too long a silence we began to get worried in case we had been forgotten, but to our relief we received a message to come down from the piquet. We lost no time in doing just that. We linked up with the rest of the Battalion about half a mile south of the bridge which crossed the River Sittang.

### Hastily strung out

Our platoon position was in some hard baked paddy fields with a railway crossing our front about four hundred yards away. Six hundred yards, half right, was a hill with houses that stood out. About the same distance, half left, there was a lower hill on which a good number of the division's transport vehicles were parked. To our immediate rear there was a very muddy stream which was half dried up, making it difficult to cross at any great speed. The rear bank of this stream was about ten feet high with a row of quite tall trees along it, so we were unable to see anything to our rear beyond these trees. There were some troops on our right flank but seemed to be small in number and I did not know who they were.



As it was almost dark we were hastily strung out into some kind of defensive position and told to have each alternative man awake for two hours while the other slept. This did not work out too well and we spent the night in a semi-daze, not seeming to be asleep or awake, though we were soon wide awake when anything happened. We all felt very cold throughout the night, our shirts had become wet with the day's sweat and the night came so quickly that they did not have a chance to dry out.

After a few hours had passed the Japs started to call us, giving us the creeps and the feeling that you wanted to be just a little closer to the man next to you. We kept quiet in order to conceal our position though the temptation to yell something back was strong. Our silence did not last long before somebody thought he saw something and loosed off a round or two. Then somebody joined in, then another, until almost everyone was at it and it took us NCOs some effort to stop it. Dire threats from Ginger prevented it from occurring again and we gained control over our fire. I remembered how we had scoffed at the Burma Rifles the night before. All was not fantasy, though, and several times during the night there really was the enemy out there and we opened fire, but this time it was under control.

We stood to at dawn and wondered what the day would bring. There was a lot of talk of hearing a very loud explosion in the early hours and that the bridge over the river had been blown up, but not having heard it I put it down to yet another rumour. The country was a place full of rumours and superstition.

A Jap reconnaissance plane nipped in very low and waggled its wings over our position, so low that you could clearly see the face of the pilot. Everyone shot at it and it came down with a sickening crash which put great heart into us and we all cheered. Credit was given to an Anglo-Burmese from an auxiliary 18pdr battery because he looked so spectacular firing a Lewis Gun from a tripod. He certainly did a very good job but with so many people firing it could have been anyone, not me though, because I was still saving two magazines for a close target.

I was ordered to take up a position about halfway to our right-hand hill with Jack Longden and Smith 83, both from the band. Stuck out there in the middle of the paddy we seemed to be a long way from anyone else and setting up the gun on a paddy bund I started to scrape a hole with my bayonet, we did not have any trenching tools. The ground was like concrete and I had not reached any depth when a burst of fire splattered about me from the hill. Ginger Arnold shouted from a distance: "Can you see it?" and without even looking I shouted back "No". That I had not even looked before I shouted pricked my conscience as a newly promoted full corporal, so I put my helmet on top of the paddy bund (about nine inches high) and waited a minute or so. Nothing happened, so I put my head over and had a good search round with my monocular. Seeing nothing I turned to the sergeant and shouted: "I can't see anything at all, sergeant" and went back to my observing. Another long burst came which sent the dirt into my face, so I kept my head down and dozed off, dreaming of ice cold water. The voice of Mr. Travis awakened me, he was standing beside me and wanted to know if I wanted some food. I frantically urged him to take cover but he did not seem to be "with it" and gave me half a bully biscuit. I asked him

for some water and he said he would get me some, to my relief he went. I tried to eat the biscuit but my mouth was so dry I could not and it fell out as I lay dozing.

#### **All alone and exposed**

I was not at all sorry when we were recalled to the platoon, feeling the comfort of the crowd. It was put to me that, with my section of two, we should cover the withdrawal of the platoon to another position, and we would remain where we were until orders were received to retire.

The hours seemed to drag by as we lay there, all alone and exposed, with nobody in sight or sound. Smith was not at all happy about this situation and suggested that we were going to be very lucky if we got any further orders from anyone, and I had a sickening feeling that he might be right. I was ordered to hold that position and come what may I was going to do it. So more hours passed by and we all felt a certain nervousness.

I saw a party of Japs pass under the railway bridge about six hundred yards away, then another lot with a mule. Setting the drum sight at 600x I decided to let the next lot have it. A few quick bursts would not give them time to locate us. Presently a whole crowd came and I gave them two regulation bursts as per pamphlet. I do not know where those shots landed but those Japs scattered quite smartly. I had humped this gun long enough and it was time I used it.

Hearing voices to our left I had a momentary panic but they were our own people. It was Captain Christison with Boynton, Cooney, and another whose name I have forgotten, and they were from the carrier platoon. I told Captain Christison of my predicament and he told me that he had no intention of staying there, and advised me to get out while I could.

Scrambling over the muddy stream they disappeared, Boynton to be killed that day and all the others a few weeks later.

Still not happy about abandoning my position I sent Smith off to try to locate the platoon, to tell them that our position was hopeless, and request permission to withdraw. If he found it too dangerous to return he was not to bother and we would withdraw at 1300hrs, orders or not. As he crossed the stream he was greeted with a long burst from a machine gun, but with luck on his side he somehow got over intact. We had been located by the enemy and rifle fire came our way which grew heavier as time passed, so after some time I told Jack to make a dash for it and to cover me as I followed. We did this without anything coming our way.

Once over the embankment we had a good view of a massive river several hundred yards away. There was no sign of Smith or anyone else, so we headed in the direction of a bridge that was about half a mile away and had a span hanging in the water.

#### **Thick bamboo pole**

On reaching the river bank I was surprised to see it deserted, not a soul in sight. While making up our minds as to how we could cross, a man appeared from nowhere who was from our platoon. He told me that the platoon had made rafts but they fell apart and he was able to scramble back to the shore. He feared that many had drowned. He was a poor swimmer and did not know what to do to cross as the river looked the better part of a mile at this spot. He said that the

bridgehead had been taken by the Japs (this was not so) - could we help him? I told him that I feared we would not be able to offer him much as we were going to have a job to manage it ourselves, but we would not desert him. He decided to try the bridge again and I was jolly glad to see him go. Somehow he got over the river and I am pleased to say he survived the war.

Jack found a very thick bamboo pole and, stripping the Bren for the very first time, I threw it into the river, along with everything else I had. Clad in only our shorts we had a good drink out of the river and set off on our pole.

It was nice to discover that we could wade about two hundred yards before we got out of our depth, pointing a pole at a landmark we swam and thanked the fact that we had been made to learn to swim when stationed at Malta with the 1st Battalion.

Once again we lost all sense of time, we just swam and swam, resting every now and then, but after a while the pole became waterlogged and would only bear the weight of one person. Jack got cramp and I was beginning to feel very tired. I could see that we could soon be in serious trouble and felt anxious about it. Fortunately a solitary man caught up with us, he seemed to come out of the blue, and, telling us that he was a very strong swimmer, he got his shoulder under the pole to support us, taking the weight. We were able to relax and recover some strength. Our saviour turned out to be a bombardier from the Anglo-Burmese 18 pdr battery. He was well over six feet in height and lived in Rangoon. He chatted for the rest of the swim and it put new heart into us.

Quite some distance further I thought I felt my foot touch something which was most gratifying, another few yards and our gunner pal let out a whoop of joy. He had hit bottom. We had done it and the feeling of relief was something I could never describe.

We crawled out of the water and were momentarily unable to stand but after a rest we got our legs back again and decided to report somewhere. Finding a Burmese soldier, who sat crosslegged with a Tommy Gun, the gunner asked him in his own language where we should go and after a lot of jabber we were informed to head for the town of Waw, the direction of which he gave with a nonchalant wave of his arm.

We set off walking and soon found the hard baked paddy was very tough on our feet, and so hot it was like walking on the top of an oven, but after a while we got used to it and plodded on.

Later we met up with a lad from the Carrier Platoon called Donkersley who had an Indian soldier from the Dogra Regiment with him. He told us they had crossed the river together and the Dogra stuck to him like glue all the time. As we had no head-cover I was worried we might get sunstroke in the hot sun, also that we might get badly sunburned as we were clad in nothing but our shorts.

As we approached the first village about fifty of the male population turned out, they were all armed with dahs (a Burmese tool/weapon rather like a machette) and advanced on us in a threatening manner, making a lot of noise. I regretted that we had not attempted to bring Jack's rifle with us on the pole.

#### Passed from village to village

There were some bamboo poles stacked nearby, about six feet long and sharpened at one end, so we armed ourselves with these and lined up at the wharf port ready to do a controlled charge and hopefully

scatter them. Gunner shouted something to them and then went forward on his own to parley, telling us to remain still for a while.

They turned out to be friendly and took us to their village where the whole population gathered giving us Burmese tea and rice which was plain boiled and very dry. Despite our lack of food over the past few days we were unable to eat it having no appetite whatever. They informed us that the local penal colony had been let loose and they feared we might have been convicts who were roaming the area in bands, robbing, and causing havoc in general. That was the reason for the hot reception. Thank heavens I did not have Jack's rifle for I would have surely opened fire on them. Giving us bamboo conical shaped cooly hats, they advised us to roll in the mud to make ourselves look like Burmese. If a Jap plane came we should wave in a friendly manner and, thinking we were locals, they might fly away. Lieutenant Colonel Owen was murdered by dacoits in a Burmese village and I have since wondered if this has been the place and the murderers convicts. I do not suppose we will ever know. However, they were very kind and helpful to us, poor as they were.

Giving us a guide to introduce us to the next village we shook hands and departed. And in this manner we were passed from village to village. At one time a Jap plane did pass us but it was too far away for us to bother waving.

At one village we were surrounded by a large mob which was too close for comfort. Among them were several Burmese religious men (Pongyis) with their shaved heads and saffron coloured clothes. Their attitude was very different and we could sense serious trouble, the pongyis were egging them on. I decided to bluff it out with them and got gunner to spin a yarn that there was a great new army which had just arrived from England which would be looking for us. Every man was armed with a machine gun and they rode in great big waggons which nothing could stop or penetrate, called tanks. They got quite excited, saying that they had seen these soldiers and the "gharies" which did not run on wheels but chains. They were a few miles down the tarmac road that led to Waw. The bit they said about running on chains surprised us and made us think. So while they were jabbering among themselves we edged out and got away feeling a whole lot better. Some followed us for a while and I think if one had shouted they would have attacked us. One by one they lost interest and trickled away. Gunner said that he had expected them to attack us and wondered why they had not. It was nice to be on a proper road and even better to be away from the hostile oriental mob.

#### Where are your weapons?

Coming to the metalled road we met a Burmese man on a bicycle who was a civil servant and spoke very good English. He was very distressed to see us in such a poor state and did his best to give me both his shoes and his bicycle. I told him that I was most grateful but in no way would I take these things from him, so he gave us a drink of some spirit from a bottle which really put some life into us. He said that there was a train leaving Waw in about one hour's time for Rangoon and it would be the last before the railway packed up. He was on his way to his village to see if his family was alright as everything had broken down in Waw and he did not know what to do. I advised him to

stay with his folks and when the Japs came not to antagonize them, and to keep his eyes and ears open for when we returned because we would surely do that, even if it took a year or so. We decide to run the three miles and it was getting dark when we came to the outskirts of that small Burmese town. We came to some British soldiers who were brewing tea on both sides of the road and went to the nearest of them who happened to be a brigadier: "Who the hell are you, why are you in such a state, and where are your weapons?" were some of the questions he screamed at us. We tried to explain, but he did not listen and ordered the nearest sergeant to hand us over to the military police. The sergeant ordered us to sit down and await the MPs. The soldiers were cooking a meal and I asked if they could let us have something and the reply was "No you can't", I tried to explain what we had been through but they did not want to know and we found it very humiliating to be treated in such a

manner, more so by men who were not front line troops. We were nearly in tears and felt very bitter indeed. The bitterness that I felt towards that corps I have retained for many a year. It all seemed so unfair. After a while the MPs came, and we were so fed up we could not have cared what they did to us. Without a word to us they took us down a street and to our great joy we found the Dukes once again, or what was left of them. RQMS Hunt gave me a blanket, somebody else two cream biscuits, and I lay down with the mosquitoes in the stinking oriental street for the night, but I was unable to sleep at all.

I noted that gunner had disappeared without a word. Later in the campaign I met a chap from his unit who told me he was awaiting a court martial for desertion and I never heard of him again. I hope he got away with it. How anyone could have been accused of that in the circumstances we had endured I do not know.

## REMINISCENCES OF SERVICE IN INDIA IN THE 1930s

By S. F. Swift

### Nowshera - cantonment oasis among dissident tribesmen and the hill stations Cherat and Simla

After three years in Kamptee we were to move to the North West Frontier. For weeks we laboured. Each morning saw parties despatched to work under the supervision of an NCO to move mountains of boxes, crates and bundles belonging to an officer or store. Our own kit posed no problems, all our allowance went into our kitbag and a bedding roll.

Finally the day came when the Brigadier reviewed us before we climbed aboard the train which was to be our home for the next four days. After so much fetching and carrying, it was a relief to relax and not to have the discipline of parades and fatigues. By no stretch of the imagination could one say we travelled

in comfort, but we each had a bunk to lie on. The cooks travelled ahead and when we pulled into some quiet siding for a meal it was ready for us. After the meal we had an hour or two to freshen up and stretch our legs. In this way we progressed. Heat became a problem when the coaches warmed up as the day wore on, and we scarcely travelled fast enough to cause a draught, so we sweltered.

Nowshera, our new station, is half way between Peshawar and Rawlpindi in what is now Pakistan. It is predominantly Muslim. This was what made the North West Frontier so different from the area we had just left. The terrain was also vastly different, as was the climate. But it was the difference in religion that most impressed itself on my mind. There is a



The 2nd Battalion marching through Nowshera in 1935.



fanaticism about Muslims that can be frightening. They are a proud people with a disregard for others not of their own creed.

This was not so obvious in the cantonment, but Nowshera, the native city, on the other side of the river Indus, was out of bounds for the troops. Native shrines and temples were also strictly taboo. It was soon obvious that the cantonment was an oasis in a desert of dissident tribesmen. The cantonment was a large garrison camp spread out at the foot of a mountain range, part of the great Hindu Kush. Besides our Battalion there were a regiment of British artillery, two Indian regiments and an Indian mountain battery of field guns. All the military installations had a shabby air of impermanency about them, being built mostly of wood and tin sheets. The region was drab and arid with little rainfall. The only green was the distant mountain range which was covered by scrub oak, which was cropped by large flocks of goats herded by small boys.

As we could not trust the natives we had to be on our guard all the time. Guards became the bugbear of our lives and two consecutive nights in bed was the most we could expect. Each company was responsible for prowling its own area from dusk to dawn. Prowler guards were new to us. They were designed to deter the loose wallah, thugs who made raids on the barracks in the hope of getting hold of an army rifle. We dressed in denims and wore soft shoes, pick handles were our weapons. Hit first and ask questions after was the order.

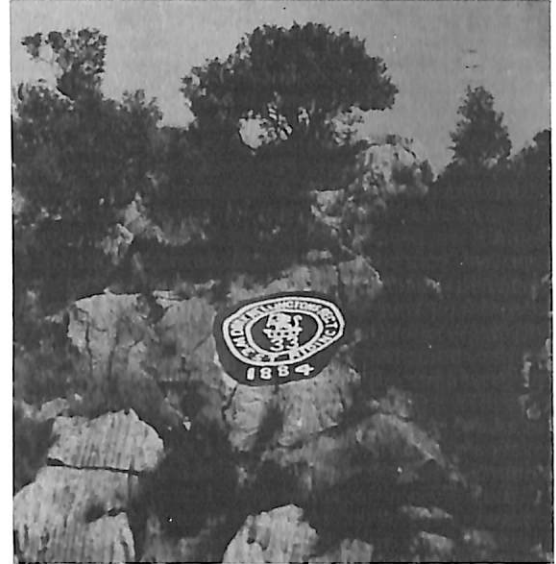
Arms and ammunition were stored away for safety in locked rifle racks in company weapon cotes. Weapon cotes were small rooms, heavily barred, with only enough room to stand in. Locked up in a little cupboard was torture. To be seen and not be able to see was the worst part. Keeping awake was imperative, for a soldier caught asleep on guard was in the most serious trouble. What made keeping awake more difficult was lack of sleep because of the many guard duties that fell to our lot. Two hours on watch seemed endless. We were forbidden to sit, and there was no room to walk about, so time dragged. I imagine all soldiers approach the problem of keeping awake on guard in their own way. In my case, as a last resort, I used to stand with my chin resting on the tip of my bayonet.

### Green and restful hills

One advantage of being on the frontier was our closeness to the hills, and during the few hot months the whole regiment moved out. Cherat was a small cantonment clearly visible from the barracks in Nowshera. It stood three thousand feet above the plain right on the very ridge of the mountain. I really enjoyed Cherat, its more relaxed atmosphere, the less arid dry air. The little hill station was built on twin peaks, and at three thousand feet the weather was like a perfect English summer. Every day the sun rose in a cloudless sky, it rarely rained, and when it did it was welcome and refreshing. The hills were green and restful to the eye and the views were panoramic, with the great river Indus sweeping through a wide valley in the far distance. We spent all our spare time clambering up and down rock faces. Sport was the main pastime at hill stations. Between the two ridges was a large area of playing fields and sports grounds. The area had been blasted out of solid rock, and the fields were constructed of muti, a mixture of dried

mud and straw. Here the troops played football, cricket, hockey and tennis, or sat up in a rocky stadium as spectators.

One feature of the sports ground was "Cap Badge Hill". In the excavation of the playing fields a large flat cliff had been left on which regiments had carved their cap badges over the years. It was a moving sight to see our own badge inscribed 1884. It was on a later visit to Cherat that I was to refresh the badge with a coat of paint.



The Dukes badge carved in the rock face at Cherat.

### A riot of colour

At a later date the band and drums were ordered to Simla. We travelled on a slow train, pottering our way to the foot hills at the eastern end of the Himalayan range. The country became lush green; it was an immense relief to get away from the bare scrubby foot hills of the N.W.F. After two days we arrived at the terminus of the India state railway, and transferred onto the narrow gauge railway, especially designed and built to climb the last stages of the journey, to the summer capital. It was on this miniature railway that the Government and the Viceroy's staff moved en-block during the heat of Delhi's insufferable summer. The toy-like train with its "dinki" carriages were, and still are, a delight to railway buffs all over the world. The design and workmanship of the tiny railway was a feat of engineering much in advance of its time. As the tiny engine stood panting to be off, we crowded into the small open carriages, two abreast in our seats. The leisurely crawl along the sinuous route carried us up and into an indescribably beautiful world. Range upon range opened up to each twist and turn. Everywhere was a riot of colour. We climbed through banks of pink blossom, and fields of multicoloured crops, all set in a back-cloth of bright red rhododendrons which covered the distant mountains, as if in flames.

Terraced fields grew from the deep valleys up the mountain side in neat steps, forming an orderly pattern, in contrast to the riotous profusion of the

trees and shrubs. Because of the steepness of the climb, it is quite possible to alight from the train and make a short cut and catch it higher up by scrambling vertically up the mountain. Often it seemed as if the little engine was not going to make it as it huffed and puffed and struggled, but each time it appeared to draw some hidden strength, and with a triumphal toot! it made the grade. The lush terraces gave way to smaller, more isolated patches of stepped fields. Deciduous trees began to give way to handsome coniferous giants, and all the time, standing sentinel in the background, were the legendary snowcapped Himalayas.

All I saw delighted me, but I was not prepared for the extravagance of the British Residency and the public buildings, nor the incongruous picture east and west presented as they met, high up on that select artificial environment the British Raj had created. Harrogate always reminds me of Simla, but I also saw Bath, Cheltenham, Princess Street and Bond Street high up on that pseudo British outpost. Along the ridge ran the Mall with stolid, English, plate-glass Victorian shops. It could have been an elegant row of shops from any of the Spa towns. Many of the shops were in fact branches of high quality firms in the West End of London, but the high class quality goods were not for us. We were Kipling's Tommy Atkins out for a good time, but not here. There was an intangible air of the elite about that part of Simla that was definitely forbidding. One felt like a catfish in a bowl of golden carp. It was a world one could admire, but never become part of, and this impression was shared by most of my friends. On one side were quality shops, houses and streets, peopled with the upper class ladies and gentlemen accompanied by colourful subservient natives. Down wide avenues rick-shaws moved along decorously, or waited respectfully outside shops or clubs while their fares dallied away the time. Pretty Indian ladies in saris often out-matched their white cousins in beauty and poise, while on the kerb side the ubiquitous beggars rattled begging bowls.

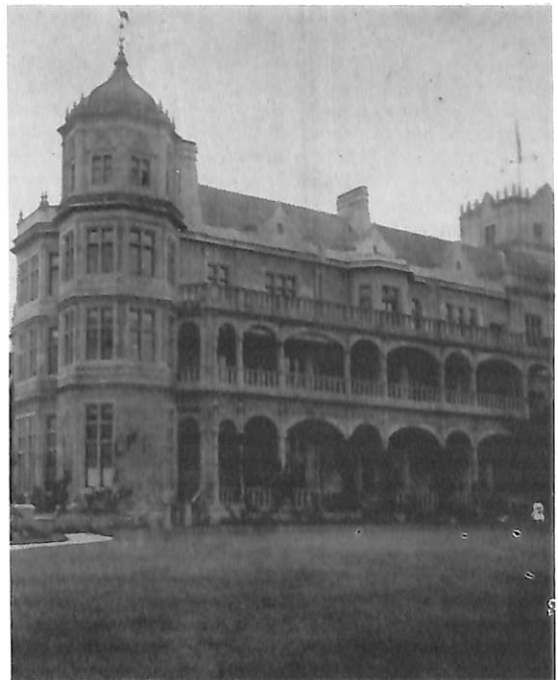
A native bazaar runs off the Mall down the slope of the hill. Enter it and you become engulfed in its teeming life; its noise, its smells, the beggars, the flies, the pi-dogs and the sacred cows. Away from the shops and the administrative area was another summer capital. Spreading out from the ridge you could easily imagine you were back in rural England. Thatched, stone or brick cottages with their gardens ablaze with a profusion of familiar flowers, roses growing up the walls, sweet peas trailing over trellises, carnations, pinks, hollyhocks sent one racing home. But up winding tracks were the huddles of stone and mud daubed huts of the native servants, with their goats, chicken and children. The large Anglican church, the chapels, the civic libraries, government offices, and the exclusive clubs, all built in a mix of styles and materials, more common to the U.K. than India, added to the contrasting effect that made Simla unlike any place else on earth.

Hiking became our main preoccupation and though my mate, Jim, and I explored the surrounding country-side on our own, we also joined in the treks with the KOYLI when some twenty or more made a party. Strung out in single file we climbed high into the tree line. We carried the means to make tea and stopped in some shady spot for meals. The climate was perfect for walking and the views as we climbed were breathtaking.

### Tea-party at Viceregal Lodge

To celebrate the 25th anniversary of George V reign a tattoo was arranged at Annandale just outside Simla. A packed stadium awaited the entrance of the bands and the drums at the special performance attended by the Viceroy, the Commander in Chief (Lord Chetwode), a host of Indian princes and high government officials, to honour the King. Standing behind the walls of the mock fort in total darkness, hemmed in by the high black mountains, we waited our queue to enter. The massed band and drums entered playing in the dark, and when the last rank had passed through the fortress door the lights came on, bathing us in a flood of colour. The crowd gasped and a burst of applause drowned the music. The performance lasted almost two hours. Besides the massed bands and drums were the usual popular and exciting acts by the Royal Signals on motor cycles.

To thank the participants in the tattoo the Viceroy invited us to a tea-party at the Viceregal Lodge. There seemed little enthusiasm for the visit at first. The general expectation was that it would only be a rock-bun cup of tea affair which would, however, mean best uniforms, and a lot of hanging about while a lot of toffee nosed officers stood around trying to bring themselves down to our level. To my surprise, and consternation, it was the Viceroy himself who greeted us as we entered. He was charming, shaking us cordially by the hand. "You appear to be the last", he said looking down the drive. "The rest are being shown round the house by my aides, so let me be your guide". We were about ten in number. At once Lord Willingdon put us at ease. "Don't be afraid to ask questions about anything you see", he invited, and began to point out things of interest as we went through the different rooms. Here, I felt, is a man very proud of his home, and genuinely pleased to be



Viceregal Lodge, Simla.

showing it off to visitors. There was no hint of rushing us and he invited us into his own den as he called it. "This is where I work" he said, and sat at his desk to show us. Round him I noticed were photographs of what I guessed were his family. One photograph was of a second lieutenant which he proudly handed round. It was his son, "killed in the war", he explained. The rooms had a lived-in air, in contrast to the state rooms which were richly furnished and decorated. Each room had a character of its own, reflected in the pictures, the furnishings, the upholstery, the trophies of war and the hunt. One item of particular interest was the Howdah in which Lord and Lady Reading were travelling when a bomb was thrown at them in an assassination attempt in Delhi. The richly decorated howdah bore the dark stains of the mahout killed by the bomb. Besides the howdah were the feet of the unfortunate elephant which was also a victim. In the throne room stood two thrones of state, beautifully ornate and richly upholstered. "The thrones and footstools were made from rupees donated from every state in India", the Viceroy explained.

Towards the end of our tour Lady Willingdon came fussing, and chided her husband for keeping his guests from their tea. "Tea and not the house is what they came for", she suggested as she guided us on to the lawn where a tempting feast was spread. Here all the wives and the aides were serving tea, and what a meal, not the expected tea and bun affair, but a spectacular buffet of meats, fish, flans, cheeses, strawberries and cream, fruit salads and jellies, but most of all was the real ice-cream being served from a freezer. Cups were re-filled, plates replenished, as quickly as they were emptied. While the tea party went on, the Viceroy's famous band played sweet music, and the Viceroy, Lady Willingdon and the Commander-in-Chief, chatted informally with the

guests. Later we were free to wander round the grounds, and this time I had Lady Willingdon as a guide on a tour of the garden which, she explained, was her province. What I had expected to be a stiff and formal occasion had become a delightfully friendly and carefree afternoon. Towards the end of the tour of the garden Lady Willingdon suggested a photograph of her with some of her guests and, seeing the Viceroy near, called to him to join her, Lord Chetwode, not to be outdone, also joined the group, and with much joking, and some not so helpful advice from the Viceroy, I took a snapshot of the great occasion. There was no formal ending to the party. We left in groups while the tireless pair shook hands and bade us goodbye. Walking down the long drive, turning now and then to make sure it had not all been a dream, I carried with me the memory of a wonderful experience that has not dimmed over the years. Even now the sight of a bed of stately delphiniums can transport me to that far off garden in those magic mountains.

\* \* \* \* \*

In 1932 the Viceroy paid a visit to Nagpur. While there Lord and Lady Willingdon accepted an invitation to lunch in the officers' mess of the 2nd Battalion, then stationed at Kamptee. It was necessary to issue passes to the native servants employed in the mess and these were printed locally. When these were received it was discovered that the passes had been headed:

Officers' Mess

Duke of Willingdon's Regiment

One of them was shown to the Viceroy who later presented the mess with a silver salver inscribed:

*To my Regiment*

*The Duke of Willingdon's Own  
Kamptee, December 1932.*

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

From: Lieut Colonel G. O. Whyte  
Huntley  
Officers' Association  
Country Home, Border Lane  
Bishopsteignton  
Devon, TQ14 9SJ  
20 January 1992

The Editor  
The 'Iron Duke'

Sir,

### THE LAST DROP

There was this chap. Retired, getting on a bit, and knowing that he was running out of steam. At odd times he wondered where he would go from here but had never seriously applied his mind to the problem.

Now, having just come out of hospital, a widower, his children married, he realised that, as time went on, he would become a burden on his family and friends. So, being Sandhurst trained, he made an 'appreciation of the situation', and the only cold blooded 'conclusion' he could reach was that he should blow his brains out. However, that required more guts than he had, was a messy business, and, anyway, he had sold his gun.

So he decided that, as an ex para, the most suitable way to go would be to jump from the top of a tall building.

No time like the present. It would be a long drop, and he remembered that on one operational jump he had read a map as he came down. So he grabbed a magazine as he left, went to the top of the Centre Point building, opened his magazine, started to read, and stepped into space.

He found that he was reading a notice about a home for retired officers of three services, called 'Huntly' - a place like a wardroom or an officers' mess, but with no chores. Good Lord, he thought, why didn't I ever read the advertisements.

By that time the pavement was getting pretty close so he kept his legs together, knees bent, hands above his head, and as his feet touched the ground, he did the best front roll he had ever done. He got to his feet, stopped the next taxi, and told the driver to go to 48 Pall Mall where the Officers' Association, which runs Huntly, has its office.

Now he has it kushy, his relations are relieved of all concern, and eventually he can be buried in sacred ground.

Yours sincerely,  
G. O. Whyte

## THAT CONDOR MOMENT

When, some time ago, I was doing a mental flip through my files of memorable events, I recalled a funny incident concerning the (then) Lieutenant Charles Grieve.

I had been posted back to Burma Company after the disbandment of the assault pioneers in Catterick for the Ballykelly tour. At first our platoon commander was Lieutenant Keith Best, but he soon disappeared to Corunna Company. In his place we received an officer of unknown qualities with the name of Charles Grieve, a small, thin man with glasses too big for his face, full of nervous energy, a complete opposite to Keith Best who was tall, broad and very calm.

Charlie soon stamped his mark on the platoon and things settled down into a routine. The company commander, Major 'Chuck Ivey, had turned over to me an empty bunkhouse with explicit orders to "fill it with booby trap devices of every description", a task I was more than willing to perform as it was part of the pioneers I enjoyed, I got the project well under way with many devices on permanent display and the odd lecture under my belt when the incident happened. In Ballykelly each bunkroom had an NCOs room in it, Charlie had turned one of these into an office for platoon HQ. This was straight down the passage where I worked with my bits of wire etc. Along the way I had acquired a fairly large amount of gunpowder from 'thunderflashes' to add realism to the booby traps. I was busy working one day when I was paid a visit by my platoon sergeant which at the time, I thought a little odd because I rarely had visitors, - they were never sure what little surprise would greet them. This particular day he begged a small amount of black powder from me but was reluctant to disclose the reason for wanting it. He, having three stripes upon his arm and me only stitch marks where my one used to be, I didn't press too hard and I supplied him. I soon forgot it, getting absorbed in my work.

Then movement at the corner of my eye alerted me to the fact that someone else was in the room, but it

took a few seconds before it registered and I looked up. In front of the table, arms outstretched, fists clenched, doing a little jig, was Charlie Grieve. As my eyes travelled upward I was taken aback to note a blackened chin, nose and glasses; his eyebrows and hair were singed. I thought, wrongly, that he had blacked up for a training period. Then I thought he was going to burst into song. Wrong again. Eventually I got the gist of the problem as my ears were assaulted by words that cannot be repeated here. His outburst ended with the threat of jail. In the distance could be heard hysterical laughter. My reaction to this tirade was to stammer "Me sir, no sir" being not too sure whether I was denying I'd done whatever it was had been done, or in reply to the threat of jail.

Sergeant Cook, still red in the face and making a great effort to keep control entered, and after a great deal of encouragement Charlie left the room. I was left in confusion as to what had happened. It had all begun when it was noticed that at certain times the glorious leader made his way to the office for a tea break. He had a habit of rushing up the path, along the passage into the office, grabbing his pipe, placing his behind on the chair and swinging his feet onto the desk, at the same time igniting his tobacco and sending great clouds of smoke into the atmosphere. This time it had had a slight variation, his pipe had been scraped clean, filled with gunpowder and topped off with a small amount of his foul smelling mix. The end result was spectacular according to eye witnesses. It is understandable that I was thought to have been the obvious culprit, being the possessor of the powder. The fact is that it was a trick I would have done, if only I'd thought of it first!!

This all happened in 1973. When on a visit to the Battalion in 1988 I met Major Charles Grieve, his first words were "I still think you sabotaged my pipe". Sorry, Major, I only wish I had, that day, the expression on your face would have got me a few pints in the NAAFI. "Sir, Sergeant Cook did it".

Steve Howorth.

## VIEWS OF THE PAST

*Reproducing photographs from the Regimental archives to illustrate aspects of soldiering in past years.*

### 4. The officers of the 1st Battalion at Strensall Camp in 1892

At the end of 1889 the 1st Battalion returned to the UK after a tour of 14 years in India. The Battalion was posted to York where it remained until 1891 when it was moved to Bradford. From 1893-1895 it was at Dover. In the latter year it sailed for Malta.

Among the officers included in the photograph taken at Strensall a hundred years ago, are:  
Colonel D. C. de Wend (seated centre)

He joined the 76th as an ensign in 1860 and continued to serve with it until 1886 when he was posted to the 1st Battalion. He was in command from November 1889 until October 1892. He subsequently commanded the Regimental District, at Halifax, from 1894-1899.

### Major C. Connor (seated right)

He joined the 33rd in 1867. He succeeded Colonel de Wend in command of the battalion and remained in command until 1896. While the battalion was at Dover it was inspected by the Duke of Cambridge, the Commander-in-Chief. It is recorded that he was so impressed with the steadiness of the Battalion that he pressed forward on his horse in order to see better down the ranks and then exclaimed: "They are as good as the Guards - as good as the Guards".

### Major A. E. Curran (seated left)

Was commissioned into the 33rd in 1872. In 1898 he was granted accelerated promotion to lieutenant colonel and given command of the 1st Battalion The Manchester Regiment. He retired in 1904. He died in 1950, age 97.



*The Officers of the 1st Battalion at Sirensall Camp: 1892*

Standing: Captain Le Marchant, 2nd Lieutenant Macleod, Lieutenant Stavner, Lieutenant & QM Seaman, 2nd Lieutenant Champion, Captain Humphrys, 2nd Lieutenant Greenwood, Captain Houghton, 2nd Lieutenant Stordet, Captain Harrison.

Seated: Major Curran, Lieutenant Wynell-Mayon, Colonel de Wend, Bt. Lieutenant Colonel Jenkins, Major Connor.

Seated on ground: 2nd Lieutenant Baimbridge and 2nd Lieutenant Ackworth.



**Captain C. V. Humphrys** (standing, 5th from right)  
Commissioned into the Regiment in 1882. He commanded the 1st Battalion, then in India, from 1908-1912. During this time it was commonly believed that there was no better trained battalion in India.

**Captain B. St. J. Le Marchant** (standing 1st on left)  
Joined the 76th in February 1881, the last officer to do so before the Regiment became the 2nd Battalion, four months later. He was Lieutenant Colonel Conor's adjutant when he commanded the 1st Battalion. Because of the then slow rate of promotion he transferred to the Royal Munster Fusiliers and later commanded one of its battalions.

**Captain E. G. Harrison** (standing first on right)  
Commissioned into the Regiment in 1885.

Thereafter he spent most of his service in East Africa. He retired to live in Kenya in 1910. In 1914 he rejoined and for two months commanded the 2nd Battalion in France. He then commanded 12th Battalion the Manchester Regiment, until wounded on the Somme in 1916.

**2nd Lieutenant F. J. Siordet** (standing, 2nd from right)

He was the only officer of the 1st Battalion to be killed at the battle of Paardeburg in February 1900. Among those wounded during the same battle was **Captain Greenwood** (standing, 4th from right).

**2nd Lieutenant N. B. Bainbridge** (seated on ground)

Joined the 1st Battalion in 1896. He transferred to the RAOC in 1911. On the outbreak of war in 1914 he was appointed Chief Ordnance Officer at Boulogne.

## Regimental Association

Patron: Brigadier His Grace The Duke of Wellington KG, LVO, OBE, MC, BA, DL

President: Brigadier W. R. Mundell OBE

Vice-President: Brigadier D. W. Shuttleworth OBE

General Secretary: Major C. D. Miller, Wellesley Park, Halifax HX2 0BA

### BRANCHES

**Bradford:** 8.30 p.m. 1st and 3rd Thursdays each month at The Slackside WMC, Beacon Road, Wibsey, Bradford.

**Secretary:** Mr. C. Frear, 13 Edward Street, Little Town, Liversedge.

**Halifax:** 8.00 p.m. 3rd Thursday each month at Victoria Hotel, Horton Street, Halifax.

**Secretary:** Mr. I. Cardwell, 5 Ivy Terrace, Lightcliffe, Halifax, HX3 8BD.

**Huddersfield:** 8.15 p.m. last Friday each month at Turnbridge WMC, St. Andrew's Road, Aspley.

**Secretary:** Mr. J. Howarth, 32 Deercroft Crescent, Salendine Nook, Huddersfield.

**Keighley:** 8.30 p.m. last Tuesday of each month at Sergeants Mess, The Drill Hall, Lawkholme Lane, Keighley.

**Secretary:** Mr. C. W. Akrigg, 10 Eastfield Place, Sutton-in-Craven, Keighley.

**London:** 8.00 p.m. last Monday of each month at Strand House, 7 Holbein Place, Nr Sloane Square.

**Secretary:** Mr. R. Owers, 12 Waterfall Road, London, N11 1JD.

**Mossley:** 8.30 p.m. 1st Wednesday of each month at Mossley Conservative Club, Mossley.

**Secretary:** Mr. C. J. H. Quest, 39 Kingfisher Avenue, Audenshaw, Manchester.

**Sheffield:** 8.00 p.m. 2nd Tuesday of each month at Sergeants Mess, 4 Yorks Endcliffe Hall, Sheffield.

**Secretary:** Mr. S. Thompson, 64 Kilvington Road, Sheffield.

**Skipton:** 8.00 p.m. 2nd Thursday of each month at the Royal British Legion Club, Newmarket Street, Skipton.

**Secretary:** Mrs. M. Clegg, 44 Church Street, Gargrave, Skipton. Telephone 0282 815268 Monday to Friday working hours only.

**York:** 8.00 p.m. 1st Monday of each month at Post Office Social Club, Marygate, York.

**Secretary:** Mr. J. Hemming, 6 Yearsley Crescent, York.

### TERRITORIAL AND SERVICE BATTALION'S OCA

**5th Battalion.** **Secretary:** Mr. L. Brook, 1 Hollin Terrace, March, Huddersfield.

**6th Battalion.** **Secretary:** Captain J. H. Turner, The Nook, Church Street, Gargrave, Skipton.

**8th Battalion (145 Regiment) RAC.** **Secretary:** Mr. A. T. E. Duncan, Millmore, Killan, Perthshire.

### GENERAL SECRETARY'S DIARY

#### November 1991

At the monthly meeting of the Mossley Branch on the 6th, Mr. Douglas Herod tendered his resignation as secretary, and was given an unanimous vote of thanks for his hard work during his time in office. Mr. Chris Quest was asked to act as secretary until the AGM in April.

On Remembrance Sunday the Regimental Secretary led the Halifax contingent. Mr. "Stripy"

Richardson carried the Halifax branch banner. At Huddersfield, Arthur Ayres carried the branch banner, where I paraded with a dozen ex Dukes. Ex bandsman Rocky Rochelle came all the way from Todmorden to parade with the Halifax branch.

On the Monday following Remembrance Sunday, I attended the Mayor of Huddersfield's wreath laying ceremony in Greenhead Park. At the ceremony, Colonel Colin Barnes spoke the words of the exhortation. Accompanied by Mr. Peter Mudd, I laid a poppy wreath on behalf of the Regiment. On the



11th I was contacted by Roy Hudson, recently of the 1st Battalion Orderly Room. He is now running a shop in St. Albans, Herts. At the monthly meeting of the Halifax branch on the 12th, it was decided to change the venue for meetings from the Drill Hall in Prescott Street to the Victoria Hotel in Horton Street for a trial period of three months. The monthly meeting will be held on the third Thursday of each month. The Victoria Hotel has close Regimental connections. The landlord, Mr. Stanley Halcrow served in the Regiment, his wife Margaret is the daughter of a Duke, her brother served with the 1st Battalion in Korea and the husband of the hotel manageress was also in the Regiment.

On the 22nd, I received a letter from Mr. J. W. Summers of Andover, who, I believe, is our senior ex regular soldier. He is now in his 88th year and served with the 1st Battalion from 1922-29.

#### December 1991

At the Halifax branch meeting I met ex Corporal Jim Robinson who was the CO's staff car driver in 1969-71.

Mr. Paul Medlycott called at RHQ on 11 December. He was with the 1st Battalion in Palace Barracks in 1959 as a RAPC pay clerk. He is now a senior pensions consultant for Sun Life Broker Services.

Tom Shadbolt, who still lives in Morley, Leeds, called to buy a regimental jersey and tie. He was made redundant earlier in the year. He is now a warehouse manager. Peter Smith, ex A Coy in Korea, and now wheelchair bound, wrote to say that he had attended the Mayor of Cleethorpes Remembrance Day Parade and that Bob Hutchinson, also ex A Coy, had kindly pushed his wheelchair. They both live in Brigg, South Humberside.

In the middle of the month, I had a letter from Mr. Malcolm Short, who lives in Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta, Canada. He enlisted as a boy in the 7th Battalion at Mossley in 1938. A week before the declaration of war he was called up and joined the 2/7th. Being too young to go to France in 1940 he was posted elsewhere and finally saw action with a DLI battalion in North Africa and Italy including Salerno and Casino.

On 16 December, I paid my Christmas visit to our In Pensioners at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. They are all well, although Mr. Pony Moore is now confined to his ward as he finds walking difficult. At the next table to ours in the Pensioners Club, Brigadier David Webb-Carter, son of Brigadier Brian, was visiting the In Pensioners of the Irish Guards. Our pensioners, Alton and Ellis, were delighted to meet him as they had both served with his father.

#### January 1992

I was able to visit all the branch meetings during the month. Skipton branch decided that their dinner, on 20 June, would be held at the Devonshire Hotel. Tickets will be £8 a head from the branch secretary. Members of other branches will be welcome to join them. The Halifax branch is going from strength to strength at its new venue. Two or three new faces appear each month. Mr. Raymond Baxter, who was a member of Colonel Rodney Harms' raiding party in Korea in January 1953, attended and I put him in touch with the colonel.

Others who have contacted RHQ recently include: Derek Holroyd, ex Drums and D Coy in Korea, now living in Redcar; Ron Hill who recently left the 1st Battalion and is now settled in Halifax; Pat Russell who served in Cyprus in 1957-58. His son was best recruit of "The Hook" platoon which passed out last September at Strensall; Neil Cairns ex Signal Platoon 1956-60, transferred to Royal Signals and now living in Barnsley; Cyril Curling and Denis Exley who called to look through the archives as they are researching the Regiment's history in World War I; Mr. Denis Knowles, ex 2nd Battalion 1945-47 now living in Silsden. He joins Bob Turner and David Higson, both ex 2nd Battalion, in the Skipton area; Mr. Stuart Arnold who served in the Regiment as a national serviceman. He was drafted to Korea as a reinforcement for the 1st Battalion but was kept at JRBD in Japan as the Officers' mess barman; Mr. Tim Holt of Huddersfield, who has pleasant memories of playing battalion cricket at Strensall in 1948-49, and Mr. Peter Barrett now living in Huddersfield, who wishes to be remembered to those who served with him in Gibraltar and Chisleton 1955-56.

During a visit to Hong Kong in March, the Regimental Secretary made contact with Peter and Ann Pettigrew and Colin and Paula Wood who send their best wishes to their friends in the Regiment. Colin, who retired from the post of Director of Music of the Band of the Royal Hong Kong Police last year, is now managing a garden centre in the New Territories. Superintendent Frank Parkinson, an ex Band Sergeant Major 1 DWR, took over from Colin Wood as Director of Music of the Royal Hong Kong Police Band; a unique double for the Regiment. Frank very kindly invited the Regimental Secretary and Mrs. Robins as his guests to watch a Commandant's Parade and Inspection at the Police Training School at Aberdeen. To the surprise of the Regimental Secretary and probably the Commandant, the parade marched past to The Wellesley. Frank and his wife Nora also send greetings to their friends in the Regiment. Ex WO2 Tom Delaney is now living in Hong Kong, on Lantau Island, but the Regimental Secretary was unable to contact him.

Richard Ward, now living in Stoke-on-Trent, has recently met two former Dukes living in the same area. They are David Cooper, who served as a National Service subaltern with the 1st Battalion and Dennis Heptonstall who served with D Company in Korea. The latter is Leader of the East Staffordshire district Council, but is due to retire shortly.

Will anyone who knows Bryan Dwight please contact RHQ. Mr Dwight served with the Regiment from 1978-84. He was discharged following two serious road accidents which left him very severely injured.

C.D.M.

#### LONDON BRANCH NOTES

Nineteen members of the branch gathered at our Regimental plot at the Field of Remembrance at Westminster Abbey on Remembrance Sunday. Mr. Bernard Harrington carried the branch banner. After watching the Royal Family drive past and the main parade march off, we retired to our usual watering hole for refreshments.

On 27 January we held our New Year's party at our normal venue for which our Chairman very kindly organised the food and drinks.

Meetings are held on the last Monday of the month at 7.00 p.m.. Please contact the secretary for further details. New members are always welcome.

#### 1/7th BATTALION 1944-45

Mr. Henk Bredevolt of Roosendaal, Holland has a museum in which he commemorates the liberation of Roosendaal by the 49th (West Riding) Division in 1944, and the 1/7th Battalion in particular. He is very short of memorabilia of the 7th Battalion and would gladly receive or buy anything relevant. Anyone wishing to help Mr. Bredevolt should write to him at:

Flintdijk 192  
4706 JW ROSENDAAL  
HOLLAND  
Telephone 01650-56993

Mr. George Marsden, ex 1/7th Battalion, has visited this museum and can vouch for its authenticity.

#### 1st BATTALION THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT. 1943-45. OVERSEAS DINNER CLUB.

The Club held its 47th annual dinner at Armoury House, London, on Friday 13th March 1992. The Colonel of the Regiment, Brigadier Dick Mundell attended.

Those dining:

Pat Cousins	Alastair Paterson
Michael Curtis	Fawkes Potts
Richard Diacon	Tony Randall
Peter Faulks	Tom (Padre) Richardson
Michael Goodman-Smith	Derek Siddall
Ronald Hoyle	Jim Sills
Fred Huskisson	John Streatfeild
Donald Isles	Jim Urmson
Ronnie Miller	John Wilson
Vic Oliver	Noel Wimpenny

In support:

Dick Briscoe (2nd Field Regiment)  
Dick Richardson (19th Field Regiment)

#### CHANGE OF ADDRESS / \*NEW SUBSCRIBERS

\* Mr. D. Holroyd, 30 Buttermere Road, Redcar, Cleveland, TS10 1LL.

\* Mr. A. G. Bryant, 23 Durham Way, Harrogate, N. Yorks, HG3 2TA.

\* Mr. R. Hill, 9 Myrtle Drive, Illingworth, Halifax, HX2 8HQ.

Dr. R. A. Duncan, P.O. Box 52, Victoria Hospital, Seychelles Republic.

\* Mr. P. J. Russell, 87 Gordon Street, Slaithwaite, Huddersfield, HD7 5LH.

\* Mr. N. Cairns, 9 St. Mathews Way, Monk Bretton, Barnsley, South Yorkshire, S71 2HD.

Mr. K. Jagger, 26 Digby Road, Barking, Essex, IG11 9PU.

\* Mr. P. Turner, 277 Colne Road, Sough, Near Earby, Colne, Lancashire, BB8 6SY.

\* Mr. J. N. Avery, 51 Woodlands Avenue, New Malden, Surrey, TW9 1SY.

\* Mr. P. J. Davies, 4 Churchill Close, Streatley, Nr. Luton, Bedfordshire, LU3 3BJ.

\* Mr. R. Palzeaird, 41 Highmoor Lane, Hartshead Moor, Cleckheaton, West Yorkshire, BD19 6LW.

\* Mr. W. Aspinall, 23 Moffat Close, Nursery Lane, Halifax, HX3 5TF, West Yorkshire.

\* Mr. J. Awdas, 209 Westminster Avenue, Sheffield, South Yorkshire, S10 4ES.

\* Mr. Gordon Booth, 26 Laurel Crescent, Ovenden, Halifax, West Yorkshire, HX2 8DF.

\* Mr. J. Robinson, 40 Clifton Street, Sowerby Bridge, West Yorkshire, HX6 2DQ.

\* Mr. P. R. Taylor, 10 Hill View, Holmfild, Halifax, West Yorkshire, HX2 9QA.

\* Mr. H. E. Ackroyd, 5 Illingworth Grove, Bradshaw, Halifax, West Yorkshire, HX2 9RU.

\* Mr. M. Short, 13 Elizabeth Drive, Fort, Saskatchewan, Alberta, Canada, T8L 2M3.

Mr. P. J. Sugden, 13 Northfield Grove, Lockwood, Huddersfield, West Yorkshire, HD1 3SJ.

\* Mr. P. Mudd, 1 Greenhead Lane, Dalton, Huddersfield, West Yorkshire.

\* Mr. E. D. MacIntosh TD, 35 Churchfield Court, Roebuck Close, Reigate, Surrey, RH2 7RS.

\* Mr. C. Curling, 46 Clarendon Road, Leeds, LS2 9PS.

\* HMS Iron Duke, Yarrow Shipbuilders Ltd., South Street, Scotstoun, Glasgow, G14 0XN.

\* Mr. D. Knowles, 68 Skipton Road, Silsden, Keighley, West Yorkshire, BD20 8TT.

\* Mr. K. Blagborough, 8 The Paddock, Kirkheaton, Huddersfield, West Yorkshire, HD5 0ER.

\* Mr. T. Holt, 23 Celandine Drive, Salendine Nook, Huddersfield, HD3 3UT.

\* Mr. P. Barrett, 256 Kilner Bank, Moldgreen, Huddersfield, HD5 9EJ.

\* Mr. G. H. Curzon, 8 Mallin Drive, Edlington, Doncaster, DN12 1HA.

\* Mr. E. Fishwick, 89 Sapgate Lane, Thornton, Bradford, West Yorkshire, BD13 3DY.

\* Mr. R. Brooks, 234 Old Mosley Street, RRI Wasaga Beach, Ontario, Canada, LOL 2PO.

Mr. C. M. Buss, Orchard House, Coombe Lane, Hughenden Valley, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP14 4NX.

Mr. J. T. Hogg, 8 Kirkland, Strensall, York, YO3 5WX.

\* Mr. P. D. Hargreaves, 23 Swain House Crescent, Bradford, BD2, West Yorkshire.

\* Mr. A. R. White, 77 Clayton Hollow, Waterthorpe, Sheffield, S19 6HP.

Mr. C. F. Peart, 9 West Road, Nelsonby, Richmond, North Yorkshire, DL16 9ND.

Mr. R. G. Best, Flat 4, Hereford House, 74 Wimbledon Park Road, Southfields, SW18 5SH.

Mr. S. J. N. Morgan, 8 Kohima Crescent, Huntington, Chester, CH3 6DW.

Mr. J. W. Wood, "The Hollies", 13 Colonel's Way, Southborough, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, TN4 0SZ.

## Obituaries

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

### Mr. T. W. Mawson

Tom Mawson died on 20 December 1991 aged 73. He was mobilised as a militiaman in July 1939, and after a short period at the Depot, he joined 1/6 DWR, and became a medical corporal, and later the Battalion medical sergeant. He served with the 1/6th in Iceland from 1940 to 1942 and landed with the Battalion in Normandy shortly after D Day. During the severe fighting which followed, he carried out sterling work in caring for the many casualties suffered by the 1/6th until he himself received a severe head wound when his steel helmet was sliced open.

After the war Tom bought a florist shop and nursery garden in Hebden Bridge. Shortly afterwards he moved to Savile Lea Nurseries in Halifax where he remained until he retired. During this period Tom regularly provided, free of charge, a display of flowers and plants for Regimental functions in Halifax.

Tom Mawson became well known in Halifax for his work for the Royal British Legion. He was a member of the King Cross Branch for almost fifty years, holding some form of office for the greater part of that time and becoming president in 1957. For many years he organised the Halifax area Poppy Day collections, was chairman of the RBL Wellington Court Housing Association, and also of the Halifax District RBL committee. He held the RBL Gold Badge and received certificates of appreciation at county, area and national level. He was also chairman of the Kirklees, Wakefield and Calderdale war pensions committee.

### Lady Christison

Vida Christison, the wife of General Sir Philip Christison Bt, died at Melrose on 18 February 1992.

### Major J. T. Rivett-Carnac

John Rivett-Carnac died at Benoni, South Africa, on Christmas Day 1991 at the age of 85. He joined the Regiment in February 1926 from the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, having been educated at Lancing College. Between 1926 and 1936 he served with both the 1st and 2nd Battalions in the United Kingdom and India. After a short period as station staff officer, Cherat, India, he returned to England and joined the 1st Battalion in early 1938. At the outbreak of World War II he joined the staff of HQ 3 Infantry Brigade with whom he went to France. He rejoined the 1st Battalion in France in March 1940, but illness forced his evacuation to the U.K. After six months hospitalisation, he held minor staff appointments before joining the 1/6th Battalion for a year as a company commander. Just prior to D Day he was posted to the 4th Battalion, The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, with whom he remained until VE Day, when he moved to the Far East. There he was appointed officer commanding No. 1 Officer Training Wing, two years after which he rejoined the 2nd Battalion. Shortly after his return to the U.K. in 1947, he resigned his commission and emigrated, with his family, to Tanganyika to work on the government

sponsored groundnut scheme. He moved on to Rhodesia where he worked for the Rhodesian Ministry of Defence until the demise of the Smith regime. Eventually he moved to Benoni, near Johannesburg where he worked in the motor trade for a number of years before retiring.

Mrs. Audrey Sayers, widow of Lieutenant Colonel 'Ben' Sayers writes:

We had known John Rivett-Carnac since the early thirties when we were all with the 2nd Battalion in India. John came out from England as the latest subaltern. He was 22. I remember he asked us to call him 'John', I said "but I know at least ten Johns, including my garage man and the carpet wallah from Hong Kong. Haven't you got a second name?" He said "yes, Temple"; I said "we can't call you Temple, what were your parents thinking of?", he said "my godfather, Archbishop Temple".

We now share memories of Ahmednagar, Kamptee, Nowshera, leave in Kashmir, Sprinagar, Gulmarg and many other stations. Later on John was Ben's second in command of a Battalion on the east coast of England.

I had last met John roughly 45 years ago. Later he started writing to me and telling me all that had been happening to him since then. When he left the army he joined the ill-fated ground nut scheme in Tanganyika. He got to South Africa, then migrated to Rhodesia where, as he wrote, he had fifteen happy years as a civilian attached to their army.

When Britain gave Rhodesia independence he found himself back in South Africa because by then he had a married daughter, Rosemary, living in Benoni, a small mining village in the Transvaal.

In October 1991 he invited me to join him in South Africa for a holiday. John met me at Durban Airport. We were now both in our eighties. However, we had no difficulty in recognising each other. It was a joy to realise before very long that we were still the same people. In fact, it did not take more than a few days before we seemed to have forgotten that we were 45 years older - there was so much to talk about, the warmth and sunshine so glorious they seemed to cast a spell - it was extraordinary - we were young again! John had arranged a splendid itinerary. We made Durban our base and visited a number of places he knew well along the Natal coast. Every day was like the most perfect warm summer's day in England, saved from humidity by the gentle sea breezes. What a beautiful country! We spent five days at the Hluhluve Game Reserve. I have a list, made by John, of all the wild animals we spotted from our slowly moving car, many of which we were able to photograph.

All this time John was in the best of health, full of life and fun, just as I'd always remembered him - and wildly happy. Our fantastic six weeks holiday ended at Durban Airport on December 10th. We said a sad goodbye but I promised to go back as soon as

possible. We had our sights fixed on Cape Town for our next 'holiday'.

It was not until January 4th, 1992, when I saw the Daily Telegraph announcement, that I knew - John had died suddenly on Christmas Day.

#### Mr. V. A. O'Shea

Vincent O'Shea died in Halifax on 16 February 1992 at the age of 48. He had been ill for some time.

Mr. O'Shea joined the Regiment in 1962 and was posted to the 1st Battalion that year. He served firstly as an anti-tank gunner and then a regimental signaller. He left the army in 1971.

The funeral service took place at Ovenden. The General Secretary of the Regimental Association and Mr. Paul Taylor of the Halifax branch, represented the Regiment.

#### Mrs A. G. Charlesworth

Agnes Charlesworth died on 22 February 1992 at Eastbourne at the age of 92. Mrs. Charlesworth was the widow of Major Malcolm Charlesworth who served in the 7th Battalion throughout World War I.

#### Mr. P. A. Seymour

Philip Seymour died on 29 January 1992 at the age of 73. He enlisted in the Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment) in 1935 but voluntarily transferred to the Royal Irish Fusiliers in 1937 and with whom he served in the U.K. and Middle East. It was with the 2nd Battalion of that Regiment that he was taken prisoner by the Germans on the Island of Leros in November 1943 and spent the next eighteen months in German POW camps.

After the war he was posted to the Green Howards and served with their 1st and 2nd battalions until being posted to our 1st Battalion, then in Minden, in 1952. He remained with the 1st Battalion until leaving the army after twenty-two years service in 1957. He then worked for the Post Office until his retirement in 1983.

Philip Seymour will be best remembered as an excellent and consistent rifle shot who was in the 1st Battalion Bisley Team from 1952 to 1957 except for 1953 (while in Korea when he was with the sniper section) and in the Army Hundred in 1954, 1956 and 1957.

#### Mr. F. G. Salmon

Frederick Salmon died on Christmas Day at St. George's Hospital, Hornchurch, Essex at the age of 89. Mr Salmon enlisted in the Regiment in London in August 1919 and served with the 2nd Battalion until 1939.

#### Lieutenant Colonel J. W. D. Forsyth

John Forsyth died at his home in Scotland on 21 March 1992 aged 75 years. He will be remembered with the greatest affection by all those Dukes who served with the 1st Battalion in Palestine and Egypt in 1945/46. In a short space of time he commanded successively B and A Companies, was 2IC of the Battalion and then commanded it for a few weeks until Colonel Dick Cumberlege arrived.

John Forsyth was commissioned into the East Yorkshire Regiment in 1939 and retired in 1967. During the war he served with the 2nd East Yorkshires in France (1940) and later as a staff officer in North Africa and Italy. Joining the 1st Battalion straight from a staff appointment at HQ XIII Corps in Italy, John very quickly became well liked and respected. Being from a Yorkshire regiment he was straight away in tune with the thinking and habits of the Dukes. This factor was a great asset as, with the end of the war and release dominating the thoughts of most 'hostilities only' soldiers, the Battalion was experiencing a period of extreme manpower turbulence. Simultaneously, the operational role in Palestine called for great vigilance. John, in each of his appointments, ensured that the men under him never forgot this vital fact. He also joined in all our sports. He was a competent yachtsman and also played a useful game of rugby. He was a jovial member of the Mess, full of stories and anecdotes and he enjoyed life to the full. Above all, he was essentially a kind man, determined to look after the younger officers as well as his men. He made many friends of all ranks in the Dukes and the Regiment will always be grateful to him for his service, so willingly and generously given.

His eldest son, Rory, commanded his father's regiment, now the Prince of Wales's Own.

D.E.I.

#### Mr. A. Vaughan

Arthur Vaughan died on 6 December at his home in Welling, Kent at the age of 78. Arthur was a regular soldier who served with both the 1st and 2nd Battalions between 1933 and 1946 when he terminated his engagement in the rank of sergeant.

#### Mr. G. Edwards

George Edwards, who served with the 2nd Battalion in India before and during the Second World War, died at his home in Mirfield on 9 February 1992.

Mr. J. Oldroyd of the 5th Battalion Branch Old Comrades Association represented the Regiment at the funeral at Dewsbury Crematorium.

#### Mrs. C. W. G. Ince

Mrs. May Ince, the widow of the late Lieutenant Colonel C. W. G. Ince and mother of Major R. H. Ince died at her home at West Clandon on 6 March 1992. She was in her 99th year. The funeral service was held at St. Peter's and St. Paul's Parish Church, West Clandon. Among those present at the funeral were: Brigadier A. D. Firth, Brigadier J. B. K. Greenway and Major W. Blakey.

#### Mr. H. Dyson

Herbert Dyson died in Huddersfield on 18 March 1992, at the age of 74 years.

Herbert enlisted in the 7th Battalion (TA) in early 1939 and was mobilised with the 2/7th. He went to France with the Battalion in early 1940. In June he was evacuated back to the UK through St. Valery. He spent the remainder of the war based in England in various postings, one of which was the escorting of German POWs from England to Canada.

After the war he returned to his trade in the textile industry in Huddersfield. He was an active member of

the Golcar branch of the Royal British Legion, the Huddersfield and District Army Veterans Association, the Dunkirk Veterans Association and the Fellowship of the Services.

The funeral service took place at St. John's Church, Golcar. The General Secretary of the Regimental Association represented the Regiment at the funeral along with many other ex Dukes.

Mr. L. W. Rusby writes:

Having just read the obituaries in the last issue of the Iron Duke, I feel I must put down my own feelings on Blondie Williams and Jackie and Rose Horne.

Jackie was instrumental in getting both my father and myself to join the 'regulars'. My first memories of Jackie are as a small child in the infants class at my school, which was opposite the TA Drill Hall. Also in the class were young members of the Horne family. At lunch time Stanley, the youngest boy, and I would go and slide down the long coal chute which led from the road separating the school and the Drill Hall, lower down the hill - that is if Jackie or Rose were out of sight. Otherwise we got a right earwiggling. Rose being the gracious lady that she was, would often give me a jam buttie and Stanley and I would play for hours around the Drill Hall after school, Jackie, when present, would always be on the go. As CSM/PSI he had a lot to do. He recruited my father into the TA who later enlisted into the RASC as a regular. All Jackie's sons joined up. He arranged for Stanley and I to go to the Apprentice College when we were fourteen, but my grandmother stopped me from going. However Jackie 'got me' when I was seventeen and I enlisted into the Dukes. This brought me back into contact with Stanley, whom I met at the Battle School in Japan en route to Korea.

Many will recall Jackie's tales. One I remember well occurred on the NW Frontier of India when he was a drummer boy of fifteen. He was placed on a charge of

"lagging behind" because "We were out on patrol going through a sandy ravine when we were fired upon by snipers in rear of us". Our corporal ordered "find cover". Just then I heard a crack past my right earhole and saw the bullet spurt in the sand in front of me and then wriggle along under the sand, like a snake. I chased it and dug out the bullet that had just missed me, as I thought it would make a splendid souvenir. The rest of the section, now well under cover, were still being subjected to sporadic fire. The corporal meanwhile had been shouting at me, but in my excitement I hadn't heard a word - so I got the bullet in two ways. He put me on a 'fizzer' and I got seven days shovelling sand".

I last saw Rose in July 1991 when I went to pay my condolences following Jackie's death. Although she was a bit unsteady on her feet we were able to have a good long natter about Jackie, the Dukes and a lifetime of events.

After I left Stanley in Japan I joined the 1st Battalion in Korea and was posted to S Company. The CSM was Blondie Williams, the nicest CSM I ever came across. He was a father to us all. He was never fearsome like some other senior NCOs, but he could and did discipline us in his own unique manner in which he would explain the error of your ways and the consequences for yourself and your comrades in a patient and understanding manner. He was also very approachable, a rare thing among the NCOs in the fifties. There was always the feeling of mutual respect whenever you spoke to him. I continued to serve with Blondie to his last night with the company in Cyprus in 1957. By this time there was only a handful of us left from earlier days. Blondie brought us all in from road blocks outside Limassol to company HQ where we had a few crates of beer around a camp fire. But we were all sad at this parting, because we knew we were losing not only the best CSM in the army, but a good friend and a first class gentleman. I cherish his memory.

### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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From: .....

Please note that from ..... my new address will be

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Date ..... Signed .....



# Officers Location List

As at April 1992

## Brigadiers

W. R. Mundell, OBE,  
Deputy Commander NEDIST,  
Colonel of the Regiment,  
Honorary Colonel 3 Yorks.  
E. J. W. Walker, OBE,  
Comd 49 Inf Bde. To retire April 92

## Colonels

W. F. Charlesworth, OBE, HQ UKLF.  
A. D. Roberts, RMCS.  
A. R. Redwood-Davies, OBE,  
Dep Comd 3 Inf Bde. To retire 1992.  
P. D. Gardner,  
HQ UKLF. For Div Col King's Div Sep 92.  
A. D. Meek, For COS HQ (Berlin) Inf Bde.

## Lieutenant Colonels

R. L. Stevens, OBE, DCIS (A) MOD.  
J. M. Thorn, OBE,  
Ghana Staff College. To retire 1992.  
P. D. D. J. Andrews, ITDU Warminster.  
P. J. Mellor, ACDS MOD.  
T. J. Isles, Inf Sch FRG.  
C. J. W. Gilbert, Trg Advisor Oman.  
D. M. Santa Olalla, MC, CO 1 DWR.

## Majors

P. J. Puttock, HQ SW DIST. To retire 1992.  
C. N. St. P. Bunbury, MBE, Asst Comdt MCTC.  
C. G. Fitzgerald, BMATT Namibia.  
M. S. Sherlock, HQ SEDIST.  
C. F. Grieve, HQ SWDIST.  
K. Best, 1 DWR.  
A. H. S. Drake, MBE, US Mil Ac West Point.  
D. Whittaker, MBE,  
Depot King's Div. To retire 1992.  
M. J. Stone, US Inf Sch.  
D. I. Richardson, MA to CBF Cyprus.  
G. D. Shuttleworth, 1 DWR.  
S. J. N. Morgan, Trg Maj 5/8 King's.  
S. C. Newton, Fortress HQ Gibraltar.  
M. J. B. Drake, HQ NEDIST.  
P. R. S. Bailey, 1 DWR. For HQ SEDIST Apr 92.  
G. A. Kilburn,  
Lang Trg. For French SC July 1992.  
P. Wilkinson, 1 DWR.  
N. G. Borwell, 1 DWR.

## Captains

B. Coll (A/Maj), HS Depot King's Div.  
C. S. T. Lehmann, DOAE.  
D. S. Bruce, Australia RMC.  
P. M. Lewis, 2/2 GR.  
J. C. Bailey, 1 DWR.  
R. Heron, 1 DWR.  
J. C. Preston, Sch of Inf Warminster.  
M. A. Lodge, RMAS. For 1 DWR Aug.  
R. N. Chadwick, Adjt 3/4 Yorks.  
R. C. Holroyd, Sch of Inf Warminster.  
M. Tinsley, 1 DWR.  
A. J. Adams, 1 DWR.  
S. R. Neath, 1 DWR.  
M. D. Norman, Trg Centre RM.  
B. Noble, 1 DWR.  
B. W. Sykes, MBE, 2 Yorks.  
T. Butterworth, 1 DWR.  
P. Coates, 1 DWR.  
R. A. Preston,  
1 DWR. For Sch of Inf (Sp Wpns Wg) Jun 92.  
M. J. Wolff. BRITCON UNIKOM.  
B. J. T. Faithfull, 1 DWR.  
J. H. Purcell, 1 DWR.  
F. D. Murray, 1 DWR.  
D. P. Monteith, 1 DWR.

## Subalterns

J. T. Hogg (A/Capt), JIB Ouston.  
B. Hey (A/Capt), 1 DWR (124 AYT).  
G. Night, 45 RM Cdo.  
A. J. D. Wheatley, Att AAC.  
S. Pinder, 1 DWR.  
J. C. K. Cumberlege, 1 DWR.  
T. G. Vallings, 1 DWR.  
M. T. I. Priest, 1 DWR.  
R. C. O'Connor, 1 DWR.  
J. C. Mayo,  
Depot King's Div. For 1 DWR May 92.  
P. R. Fox, 1 DWR.  
A. D. Hadley, 1 DWR.  
N. M. Wood, JIB Ouston.  
J. R. Mundell,  
1 DWR. For Depot King's Div May 92.  
S. J. Stewart, Depot King's Div.  
M. H. Whitley, 1 DWR.  
R. C. Brearey, 1 DWR.  
N. P. Rhodes, 1 DWR.  
R. J. Douthwaite, 1 DWR.  
J. N. Mitchell, 1 DWR.  
R. F. E. Hammond, 1 DWR.