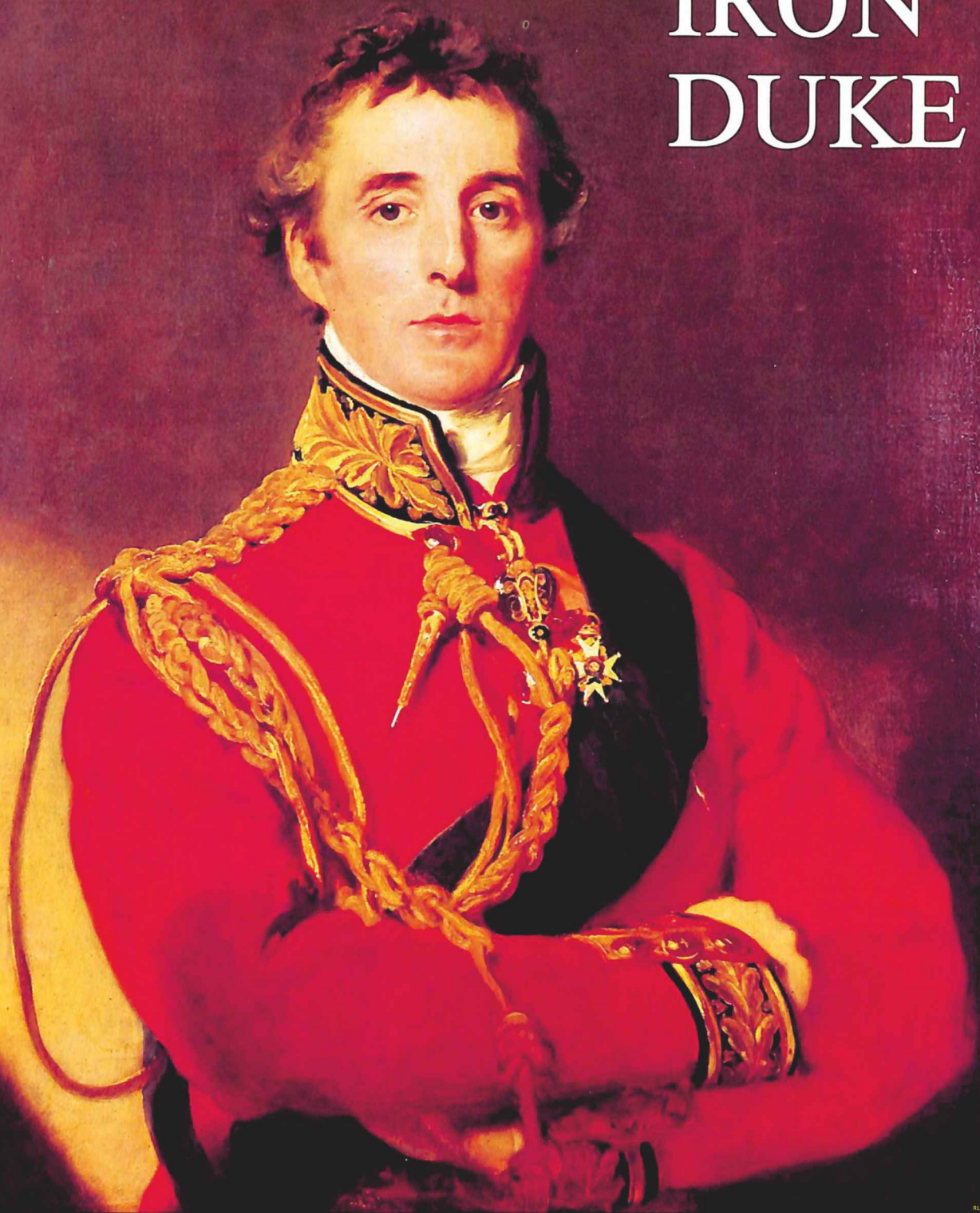


No.233 Spring 1997

THE
IRON
DUKE



THE IRON DUKE

The Regimental Journal of

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT

(WEST RIDING)

*Dettingen
Mysore
Seringsapatam
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*

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Spring 1997

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The opinions expressed in the articles of the journal are those of the
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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

c/o Royal Armouries Museum, Armouries Drive, Leeds, LS10 1LT.

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Halifax, HX2 0BA.*

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Assistant Regimental Secretary: Major R. Heron

1st Battalion

*Weeton Camp,
Preston,
Lancashire, PR4 3JQ.*

Commanding Officer: Lieutenant Colonel S. C. Newton, MBE

Adjutant: Captain T. G. Vallings

Regimental Sergeant Major: WO1 A. J. Sutcliffe

3rd Battalion

*Endcliffe Hall,
Endcliffe Vale Road,
Sheffield, S10 3EU.*

Honorary Colonel: General Sir Michael Walker, KCB, CBE

Commanding Officer: Lieutenant Colonel A. H. S. Drake, MBE

Adjutant: Captain J. H. Purcell

Regimental Sergeant Major: WO1 A. Pigg

ARMY CADET FORCE - DWR

Yorkshire (North & West)

D Company Detachments
OC: Major P. Cole

Halifax
Huddersfield

Heckmondwike
Keighley

Mirfield
Skipton

Thongsbridge

Humberside and South Yorkshire

C Company Detachments
OC: Major B. Bradford
D Company Detachments
OC: Major T. Scrivens

Barnsley
Darfield
Birdwell

Thurcroft
Wath on Dearne
Endcliffe

Wombwell

COMBINED CADET FORCE - DWR

Giggleswick School CCF

CO: Lieut. Col. N. J. Mussett

Leeds Grammar School CCF

CO: Squadron Leader R. Hill

Wellington College CCF

CO: Lieut. Commander J. J. Hutchinson

ALLIED REGIMENT OF THE CANADIAN ARMY

Les Voltigeurs de Quebec

*Manège Militaire,
Grande-Allée,
Quebec, Canada.*

Honorary Colonels: Colonel Marcel Jobin, CM, CQ

Lieutenant Colonel André Desmarais

Commanding Officer: Lieutenant Colonel Claude Pichette, 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 Majid Azim

AFFILIATED SHIPS OF THE ROYAL NAVY

H.M.S. Iron Duke

BFPO 309

Commander C. J. Bryning, BSc, RN

H.M.S. Sheffield

BFPO 383

Commander T. M. Karsten RN



Lieutenant Colonel S. C. Newton, MBE

LIEUTENANT COLONEL S. C. NEWTON, MBE

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Lieutenant Colonel Newton (41), educated at Haileybury and Sandhurst, was commissioned into the Duke of Wellington's Regiment in 1975. He has served in the United Kingdom (including Northern Ireland), BAOR, Cyprus, Belize, the Falkland Islands, Gibraltar, Norway and Bosnia.

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In late 1990 he moved to Gibraltar as Chief of Staff Fortress Headquarters, and following the formation of a Joint Headquarters there in 1991 he became the SO2 J3 (Land Ops). In 1992 he returned to the 1st Battalion as second in command and served in Norway (AMF(L)), Kenya and Bosnia.

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Simon Newton married his wife Lucie in 1984 and they have three children: Ruth (ten), Philippa (eight) and Guy (five). His home area is Sheffield and the nearby Peak District of Derbyshire and he enjoys most outdoor pursuits including field sports.

1st Battalion

Commanding Officer's Introduction

The last four months of my command have probably been among the busiest periods for the Battalion. All four companies have had extra emergency deployments to Northern Ireland and we have had two companies constantly deployed since the new year. The burden of these extra deployments so close to the end of our tour has been met with high standards set by commanders and a very professional approach on the ground by all ranks.

One should not forget that the families have also suffered considerable turbulence and instability over the last two years, but particularly during the last four months, and I thank them for their support.

Life has not all been operational. I have just returned from a whirlwind 36 hour tour of Gibraltar, where Alma Company is making the most of a six week deployment, replacing the Gibraltar Regiment while away attending annual live firing camp in the UK. Alma Company is guarding the convent and the Governor's residence. Also, they are in an expedition to the Atlas Mountains in Morocco, a comprehensive adventure training package on the Rock, and of course a spell of R&R.

It has only been possible to send Alma Company to Gibraltar because we are some twenty nine soldiers over strength, itself a reflection of the hard work of all those involved in recruitment.

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- 2i/c - Captain T. Mundell
- CSM - WO2 Cooper
- CQMS - Colour Sergeant M. I. Denton

1 Platoon

Captain T. G. J. Golding
Sergeant B. W. Roberts

2 Platoon

Lieutenant S. Richardson
Sergeant Foster

3 Platoon

Lieutenant A. Garner
Sergeant S. J. Bramwell

The main focus of our effort has still been very much based on our preparation for Northern Ireland. Just as we thought we had finished our last deployment to the province in December, we received orders to return to Portadown in the new year. The company was tasked to

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The Colonel of the Regiment is briefed by Lance Corporal Napper on new items of search equipment.

During a visit by the Colonel of the Regiment to Bessbrook Mill last October we were able to demonstrate many of our Northern Ireland specialist skills, and it was also a good opportunity for the Colonel to be briefed on current matters in the province. Although there has been much change to the fabric of the mill, it was clear that many of the problems we face today are similar to those the Battalion faced sixteen years ago. With the demise of the IRA cease-fire and the return to violence in the province it is highly likely that we will see the Mill again at some future date.

The past two years have flown by and it is hard to believe that our tour has come to an end. It has had its ups and downs. On the plus side operational tours of

duty enhance our basic skills and we can be confident that our soldiers are as well prepared now to meet operational challenges as we were at the end of the Bosnia tour. Inevitably, however, at the end of an operational tour there is a requirement to readjust the Battalion's orbit and with the focus switching to conventional skills, Support Company is looking for an injection of new blood. Therefore a comparatively large number of Alma Company soldiers will be posted to Somme Company in the very near future, to learn a specialist trade.

The year ahead for the company is already looking full, with four weeks in Gibraltar and five months in the Falkland Islands. We will take on each task in turn.

BURMA COMPANY

OC - Major Goodwin
 2i/c - Captain A. J. M. Liddle
 CSM - WO2 A. Stead
 CQMS - Colour Sergeant Craddock

4 Platoon

Lieutenant Wilson
 Sergeant M. D. Hughes

5 Platoon

2nd Lieutenant G. R. Tiplow
 Corporal Thackray

6 Platoon

Sergeant D. Cole
 Corporal Mower

Following last summer's excitement in Drumcree, Burma Company has had a turbulent time of it. A brief period of preparation was followed by a thoroughly rewarding exercise in Belize. The exercise and the

adventure training facilities were excellent. On our return Major Bailey handed over the company to Major Goodwin. Our appreciation to him was demonstrated at a superb company social where the boys presented him

with a splendid painting of Waterloo. Whilst the new OC settled in preparations were made for our final deployment to the province, due at the end of January. Everything was running very smoothly, but then we were crashed out to NI, again! Our numbers were depleted with soldiers away skiing and on career courses. Both Hook Company and the boxing team provided us with soldiers to fill the gaps.

This deployment lasted one week and was based in Portadown. The threat was from a vehicle born device being driven into or through the city. We therefore deployed a combination of overt mobile VCPs and covert trigger VCPs. The multiples all worked hard, having about three hours sleep each day. As the threat to Portadown decreased, we were deployed to more familiar territory to carry out similar tasks. This time it was South Armagh.

Burma Company has enjoyed a good Christmas break. Refreshed, we are back out in the province again! We are currently based in Aldegrove, which is a welcome change to Armagh. The area of operations is also new. The company is tasked to protect the rebuilding of an RUC station in East Tyrone. With the new territory comes the requirement to learn new skills. One such is the use of covert amphibious insertions and extractions. With our subsequent move to Bessbrooke imminent, this is our final tour in the Province Reserve Battalion (PRB) role. Burma will hand the role over to the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders. But 1997 will remain a busy year with the company going to Canada in the summer, supporting Waterloo Company in the Falkland Islands and Corunna Company in the Oman.



Captain Townhill in front of some Loyalist murals in Cough, East Tyrone.

CORUNNA COMPANY

OC - Major R. C. Holroyd
 2i/c - Captain P. J. Fox
 CSM - WO2 F. J. Devaney
 CQMS - Colour Sergeant Caine

7 Platoon

Captain J. Charlesworth
 Sergeant J. E. Lawrence

8 Platoon

2nd Lieutenant P. M. J. Cowell
 Sergeant J. Fisher

9 Platoon

Lieutenant D. J. J. Kirk
 Sergeant C. G. Scott

The last few months have continued at a frenetic pace, as the company has leapt from one task to the next. In common with the rest of the Battalion we have

been regularly deployed to Northern Ireland and when in Weeton were committed to the essential round of training and guards.

The company ran exercise "Iron Duke" in October for those cadets capbadged to the Dukes. For many of the JNCOs the exercise was their first exposure to the unbridled enthusiasm of the ACF. The exercise was based on an inter detachment competition and consisted of military skills stands. The stands were all physically demanding and the cadets impressed everyone with their skills and knowledge. The finale was a canter over the "Krypton Factor" assault course. After a frenetic day in the field the cadets were capable of "partying" all night.

Corunna Company has been awarded exercise "Rocky Lance '97", a field firing exercise in Oman. The OC led an intrepid recce party. The temperature in Muscat was a mere 37 degrees which was cool compared to the 44 degrees in the desert around Sur where the company will be based. The recce party was hosted by No.4 Company of the Irish Guards who were on exercise at the time. In normal Household Division manner we were treated to a first class lunch and a

thorough recce. An enormous field firing area will be at the company's disposal and a couple of hundred square kilometres of sand dunes to play in; camels will be provided locally on request. The camp backs on to the Gulf of Oman and is an ideal location for diving, snorkelling, sailing and canoeing. The mountains that constitute part of the training area allows for some challenging rock climbing. A chance meeting with the chairman of Muscat Rugby Club has produced three rugby fixtures and an invitation to a sevens tournament. Time spent in recce is seldom wasted!

The company is presently deployed in Portadown as a brigade operations company, covering two rebuild operations. Close liaison has been established with the Royal Marines operating on Lough Neagh and members of the company have relished the change of deployment by boat rather than helicopter. With luck this should be the last deployment to Northern Ireland of the current PRB tour but we have learnt not to count on it.

SOMME COMPANY

OC - Major J. C. Bailey

2i/c - Captain Wyithe

Mortar Platoon

Captain N. Wood

Sergeant A. Williams

Milan Platoon

Captain N. Rhodes

Sergeant R. Miller

Drums/SF Platoon

Drum Major I. Johnson

Somme Company is approaching the end of its sixth and last deployment to South Armagh as the operations company for the Armagh Roulement Battalion. The cease-fire is over and the gloves are off again in "bandit country". On this tour, Somme Company found a 250lb bomb in the area of Cullyhanna, just north of Crossmaglen, as a result of a straight forward routine twenty metre check. It had plainly been dug in for some time and was located to destroy any multiple which used the spot for a short stop. The company assumed control of the subsequent clearance operation which took four days in extreme cold weather. Snow and the cold hampered ATO and the search teams, and with the border with the Republic being so close we had to employ all manner of cunning ruses to prevent the possibility of terrorist attack. Security prevents the tactics being discussed here, suffice to say that shovels were minimised and the Drum Major managed to

combine protection from both the elements and incoming fire by careful selection of a very conveniently placed ditch and a sleeping bag. Several lessons were learned from the find and clearance operation.

Unfortunately, the frequency of deployments to Northern Ireland over the last few months has prevented us from paying much attention to support weapons. Nevertheless, several individuals have had the opportunity to get away on career courses and adventure training.

In the near future, cadres will be held for all platoons as we prepare to support rifle company deployments to the Falklands, Canada and Oman. There will be a large input of soldiers from the rifle companies, and the Recce Platoon reforms after Easter leave. Life will be as busy as ever, but the change back to a conventional role holds the prospect of more travel and more fun!

FOOTBALL

Major Sykes finally handed over the reins to Lieutenant Smith, the post of the Dukes Football Officer. In his farewell speech to all players and admin staff he stated that he had left behind the best Dukes football squad he had ever known during his service. An encouraging compliment to boost any team's morale for the new season.

Due to the Battalion's operational commitments it has not been easy to field the same team every week. This

resulted in the team's shock exit in the first round of the Infantry Cup by 1 R. Irish.

In the divisional league the team is in second place and still competing in all cup competitions. The disappointment of losing in the Infantry Cup has been hard to swallow, but the team is committed and strong.

The squad has three players in the Infantry team who are doing really well again this year in the Inter Corps competition.

BOXING

After an excellent Inter Company Novice Competition, the boxing team knuckled down to the task ahead of the quarter final Inter Unit Competition against 1 Staffords. With only two members from the winning team of last year, we engaged a number of civilian fights for our young team. Our first port of call was Barnsley Civic Hall on 15 November, organised by Grimethorpe ABA, Privates Coombs, Roper and Gill were matched against the Hard and Fast Club of Barnsley. We followed this up on 20 November at Elland Road, Leeds, organised by Batley and Dewsbury ABA, the Regimental Sergeant Major and WO2 Cooper were invited and an excellent night's boxing was watched. On 25 November we took Privates Hewitt, Jones and Roper to Leyton Working Men's Club organised by Burnmaze ABA. Then on 29 November we moved up to Barrow in Furness, organised by the Furness Catholic ABC and entered five boxers.

In the space of two weeks our young team gained vast experience at the hands of some excellent boxers,

although the results were a little disappointing. But this was the first boxing bout most of our boxers had taken outside the unit novices.

On 28 January the Battalion hosted 1 Staffords for the quarter final of the Inter Unit Team Championships, Lieutenant General Sir Hew Pike was the principle guest and members of 3 DWR, our Old Comrades and members of 3 Staffords bolstered the numbers which made the atmosphere electric. The Battalion got off to an excellent start with a win by the promising young Private Carl Johannsen, 1-0, he was followed by Private Craig Roper who excelled himself by gaining his first boxing win, 2-0, Private John Edmans met a very strong opponent and for three rounds they fought toe to toe unfortunately not gaining the result, 2-1, Private Paul Williamson then boxed an excellent fight to take us into the interval 3-1.

The second half produced quality boxing but unfortunately not one result went our way and the final score was 6-3.

SKIING

Nordic Skiing

Nordic skiing requires many of the skills which are second nature to an infantry soldier. Fitness, endurance, marksmanship, team work, navigation and leadership from junior commanders, and more. It is the second year running that the Dukes have entered a team competitively. Last year's team was very successful under Captain Mayo in becoming 5 Division champions. It was our aim to retain this title and go one further in qualifying for the Army Championships.

The season began at the infantry training camp in Nordsetter, Norway. The initial three weeks were set aside for most of the team to learn to ski under some excellent tuition from army instructors. The team composed of two officers, one senior NCO, one corporal and four privates. Of these eight, five had never set foot on skis, which made for some very amusing early lessons. Not only did we have to quickly master the techniques, but build up our endurance by skiing long distances, and build on our upper body strength. Coupled with skiing we set about the task of familiarising ourselves with the discipline of biathlon, an important race if we were to do well in the competitions. Hitting a 4cm disc at 50m was initially a difficult task. As the first three weeks drew to a close we were confident that we were proficient in all skills, eagerly awaiting the start of the Infantry Championships. Unfortunately the experience of some team members in the AMFL role and alpine discipline meant that we would have to compete in the open category, containing the better infantry teams. The week of racing saw the team compete in four different races, 15km classic, 4 by 10km relay, the biathlon and 20km patrol race. The results overall were encouraging and saw the Dukes finishing well in the top half of the field.

The infantry competition was good preparation for the divisional competition in France where we moved

to next, for some needed training in preparation for this higher level competition. Our performance would dictate whether we qualified for the Army Championships. We would start to defend our title as divisional champions against a field of eight teams, and aim for overall qualification from thirty six teams. We were blessed with good snow and weather which made the scientific task of waxing somewhat easier. In Norway it had been a hellish task, and one team was rumoured to have used a mixture of Mr Mussle and glue! Before the final race we were on the brink of qualification, having finished just outside the top ten on three occasions. It all rested on the patrol race, the blue ribbon event, over 20km involving two shoots with SA80 and carry 50kg between the patrol. Our finishing result of seventh sealed our passage to St. Moritz for the Army Championships. Coupled with this we had retained the 5 Div trophy and won the combined Nordic and Alpine title. Overall it had been a thoroughly rewarding and successful two weeks work.

The Army Championships this year were held in St. Moritz, as a mark of their fiftieth anniversary. Montgomery had formed the Army Winter Sports Association fifty years earlier in this picturesque Swiss ski resort. The Dukes now joined the top twenty one teams in the army for what we knew would be a hard and competitive two weeks. The most noticeable difference other than the higher level of competition, was the increased difficulty in the types of course. It taught us all a great deal and whilst we did not return with any silver the Regiment by no means disgraced itself.

The season overall has been very successful, especially when operational commitments have made it difficult not only to train a team but also to select it. The standard of the skiing of all members has improved drastically since November.



Nordic skiing. The biathlon team.

Left to right: Sergeant Brennan, Lieutenant Triplov, Private Murgatroyd and Private O'Donnell.

Alpine Skiing

For the second year running it was decided to send an alpine ski team to take part in the Infantry and Divisional ski championships. At the beginning of December a team of one officer, two lance corporals and two private soldiers set off for the infantry training camp held in Val d'Isere, France. The training camp comprised ten regimental teams which each consisted of five to six racers. The idea of the training camp is to take all standards of skiers and to instruct them in the four alpine disciplines: slalom, giant slalom, super giant and the downhill. For those who have not skied before this is an exhausting and sore experience. As this is only the Battalion's second season of participation in alpine skiing the team does not yet have the depth of experience in ski racing. This means that a mainly novice side was fielded with only two of last year's competitor's returning. Skiing at this level requires continuity to ensure good results.

The team travelled for seventeen hours, nonstop, from Weeton to the French Alps only to be stopped two kilometres from the resort itself by snow blocking the route. The choice was either to sleep in the minibus or find a warm bar for the night. Having awoken to the smell of stale beer it was time to set off for the resort and our six man self-catering apartment. One of the additional aspects of an exercise of this nature is the fact that a team has to become self reliant and all team members are equally responsible for this. The cooking caused a few problems and on more than one occasion the identity of the meat was suspect.

At the end of five weeks the infantry held its own championships. This included the world cup downhill, which is not for the faint hearted. The racer will reach speeds around 100kph and will have to have the confidence to ski a blind lip of which he can only see the other side of the valley. This is a daunting task for anyone let alone a novice skier with five weeks experience. At the end of the week-long championships the team, from a total of ninety competitors, had one skier in the top five and another in the top twenty, this is good news for next year. The infantry championships proved to be a good build up for the harder divisional races which were to be held in Serre Chevalier. The ski team arrived in Serre Chevalier on 15 January and prepared itself for another ten days of racing. An average race day meant the team was up at 0700hrs and on the piste by 0800hrs. A course inspection would be carried out followed by the first race at 1000hrs. The second timed run would start at 1300hrs and the day's racing would finish at 1600hrs. It would then be time to prepare the skis for the next day's racing.

The team raced well and ended up coming second in the division and along with the Nordic team won the team combination trophy. Captain Golding qualified for the army championships and Lance Corporal Simms just missed out on qualifying due to an injury caused by a bad fall in one of the races. It was an excellent effort by all those who took part and it is hoped to see some of the team building on this experience and producing some good results next year.



Alpine ski team.

Left to right: Lance Corporal Simms, Private Nugent, Captain T. G. J. Golding, Lance Corporal Parkin and Private Wall.

WOUNDED IN BOSNIA

This is a very moving and accurate account of Lance Corporal Stroyan's tragic experience in Bosnia. The 1st Battalion was acting under the United Nation's Mandate, which unfortunately does not compensate soldiers for their injuries sustained on peacekeeping operations, despite efforts made by the Regiment. Lance Corporal Stroyan is a remarkable individual who is very highly regarded by the Battalion and his peers.

Monday 11 April 1994, whilst serving with my Regiment 1 DWR, on a routine patrol through Gornj Vakuf, the Saxon I was travelling in went through an unmarked minefield. Unfortunately, one of the mines detonated underneath my vehicle, resulting in minor injuries to other members of the crew and the amputation of the lower part of my left leg.

After spending a week in MST, during which time I had two operations to try to save my foot, I was CASVACED to QEMH in London, where I was confident that I would keep my foot, after a series of operations were carried out. Paula, my girlfriend, played a great part in keeping my spirits up and supporting me throughout, she was constantly at my side.

As time passed I started to get the movement back in my foot and things started to look good. With each operation I became more confident that I would be okay, until after my fifth operation when the stitches were taken out the wound re-opened and the metal pin

which was now my ankle popped out. I was told another operation would be necessary to replace the pin. When I came round from the operation the surgeon was waiting to speak to me, and he told me that gangrene had set in, so my leg had to come off. I felt like my world had come to an end. My first reaction was "no way", but the surgeon advised me that if the leg didn't come off within 72 hours I would lose my knee as well. I had no option but to say "yes". When I had to sign the consent form, it wasn't like signing a webbing sheet. Thinking back now I must have cried for maybe half an hour.

The day of the operation came all too soon, 11 May 1994. I went to theatre at approximately 0925hrs. I spent the first 24 hours drifting in and out of consciousness. When I came round I remember thinking they hadn't done the operation after all as I could still feel my foot and the pain was excruciating.

Paula and I had agreed we would look at my leg together, however, I couldn't resist having a look, but wasn't prepared for the end result. Slowly I began to accept what had happened, I didn't feel like an outcast in the hospital as I was surrounded by people in similar circumstances. It wasn't until I left the hospital that I realised I was not "just another bloke".

I found civvie street hard to cope with, I missed my mates and the army environment and was sick of being treated like a one legged leper. Civvie life was harder than I had ever imagined, and that's when the problems really began.

I couldn't handle people feeling sorry for me and the old saying "isn't he doing well" when they didn't know the half of it. The only person who had some idea was Paula, but I even started to shut her out, when I should have told her what was going through my mind. Instead I would turn to the booze.

There were times when I was really horrible to Paula and the only time I'd open up was after a blow out and things would be okay for maybe a week. Things started to get out of hand and our wedding day was fast approaching. I really thought at one point that Paula was going to leave me when she gave me an ultimatum, to get professional help, as she didn't know what to do for the best. I made an appointment with my GP. She did not prove very helpful, the only advice she gave was to contact my Battalion and seek help from them. This in my eyes was not an option, I was not going to lose face under any circumstances. From that day onwards, I promised Paula that in future, rather than turning to drink, I would sit down and discuss things when they happened and not bottle things up.

Things went smoothly for a while, until I received a phone call from Corporal Stott advising me that we were not eligible for compensation. I was gutted and turned to the booze once more. My parents, along with support from the local newspapers started up a campaign for both me and Corporal Stott. Despite all their efforts nothing came of it. This just added fuel to the fire. Our wedding day was getting closer and I realised in time that I'd better clean up my act. Everything went great for quite a while, but I was still on sick leave and very bored at home on my own, old habits die hard and I was soon falling back into my old ways.

The turning point came in January 1995 when I was sent to Lydd and Hythe for two weeks exercise with the Battalion. I realised I could still be useful to someone and focused all my attention on my future career in the army.

Looking back I realise I should have asked for help, but my pride got in the way and without realising it I made things worse for myself. I would advise anyone in a similar situation to ask for help and not bottle things up or shut people out who genuinely care.



Lance Corporal Stroyan

THE RECRUITING EFFORTS OF PRIVATE S. LYNCH

Private Stephen Lynch joined the 1st Battalion in July last year. He has served in Northern Ireland and Belize with Burma Company and is currently in Gibraltar with Alma Company. Since being with the Battalion he has personally recruited twelve potential Duke soldiers. Six are presently in training, six are about to start. Private Lynch's story will appear in the next edition of "Soldier" magazine.

I am Private Stephen Lynch and I joined the 1st Battalion on 15 July 1996.

I come from the Sowerby area of Halifax, where my parents still live. My mother, Shirley, works as a shop assistant and my father, Paul, works in a warehouse. I have four brothers, Aron, Martin, Paul and Adriain, who all, like myself, are interested in rugby and support Halifax Rugby League Club. Before I enlisted in the army I was a printer's apprentice. However, I soon got bored of this and realised this was not the life for me. I needed a job that offered the chance of a career, excitement, travel and fulfilment. Therefore I took

myself down to the Halifax Recruiting Office and enlisted into the Dukes.

After a short time I was sent to ATR Glencorse, where I did my first ten week basic training. I found this phase interesting and enjoyable and for the first time in my life I was stretched mentally and physically. After passing out of Glencorse, we moved onto ITC Catterick to do the second part of our training. At Catterick we learnt many more skills and went into much more depth and were pushed even harder on the physical side. On passing out of Catterick I received the award for the most improved student. This obviously made my parents very proud of me. After a period of leave I joined my Battalion and was posted to Burma Company, which was at that time deployed in Northern Ireland. Unfortunately I was only seventeen at the time and had to remain on rear party. However, since joining my company I have been fortunate enough to have completed a six week exercise in Belize (central America), seeing and doing things I never thought



Private S. Lynch

possible. Whilst in Belize we did field firing and jungle training, where we learnt survival and jungle fighting techniques. We also had a week's adventure training and four days R&R, which my mates and I spent in Cancun, Mexico.

On 24 February I will be flying out to Gibraltar and sometime in the not too distant future will be doing a four week tour of Canada.

In the short period of time that I have been in the Battalion I have done and seen more than I could ever

have imagined. I have found lots of mates and now feel really at home in the Battalion. I keep telling all my mates back home about my new life and to date have managed to recruit twelve of my friends into the Dukes, six of whom are presently in training, the other six waiting to start their training.

My intention is to make a career in the army and race up the ranks as quickly as possible. Without a doubt, looking back, joining the Dukes was the best decision I ever made.

124 AYT (DWR)

- OC - Captain J. E. Townhill
- 2i/c - Colour Sergeant S. Acklam
- Chief Instructor - Corporal M. England

The Army Youth Team has now come to the end of the relatively quiet winter period, and once again has a full calendar. Throughout the winter, most of the activities have revolved around getting the instructors qualified for the start of the team's new season (February to August) and some charity work. Last year the team ran five charity abseils for Children in Need, the Imperial Cancer Research Foundation (ICRF) and

Multiple Sclerosis. In two weekends for the ICRF £40,000 was raised for research into breast cancer. The team is about to embark on its season of residential camps. Initially this will be at Halton training camp, just outside Lancaster, and later we will move to Wasdale in the Lake District. On the residential courses we run a five day outdoor pursuits package aimed at encouraging young people to consider a future in the army. With the

cold weather at this time of year we try to concentrate on older groups such as uniformed service courses run at some of the larger colleges. Needless to say the canoeing is probably the least favourite of the activities at this time of year, especially when the ice has to be broken to get in.

Usually groups are away with the team for five days starting early on the Monday morning and returning to West Yorkshire late on a Friday. During this time they take part in short mountain biking, walking and caving

expeditions, rock climbing, canoeing and a session of the assault course. The evenings are occupied by a variety of activities from practical first aid lessons to potted sports. The groups are always tired on their return home but the reaction we get is almost entirely positive. For many it is the first time they have done anything like this and the idea of an active life appeals. Through this method it is hoped that a seed is planted and they will consider the army as an option when leaving school.



Lance Corporal Jones (left) and Corporal England (right) at the top of the Hallamshire Hospital, Sheffield, conducting the safety ropes for the 200 foot abseil for the Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

3rd Battalion

Commanding Officer's Introduction

The last few months have exhibited the many varied activities in which a territorial battalion is involved. Remembrance Sunday saw contingents of 3 DWR parade at services at eight different locations within the Regimental area. In December we held our traditional Christmas weekend, with emphasis on the social and sporting aspects of military life. The Colonel of the Regiment was able to present the prizes for a number of annual competitions, including the Inter Company Competition, won by 'C' Company.

Later members of the Battalion attempted to complete the annual Personal Weapons Test at Catterick over two weekends. Unfortunately the first weekend was severely curtailed by snow, while on the second strong low sunlight meant many targets could not be seen. February saw the start of our preparation for the Divisional Concentration, exercise "Eastern Harrier", which will act as our annual camp for 1997.

WO1 (RSM) A. PIGG

WO1 Andy Pigg assumed the appointment of RSM with the 3rd Battalion on 21 February 1997.

He joined the army in 1978 and has served with the 1st Battalion in Germany, Northern Ireland, Canada, Belize, Kenya and Gibraltar. After a two year posting to the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst, as a colour sergeant instructor, he returned to the 1st Battalion. He

saw further service in Denmark, Norway and as a company sergeant major in Bosnia.

Prior to his current appointment he was the Regimental Quartermaster Sergeant of the 1st Battalion in Weeton.

WO1 (RSM) Andy Pigg is married to Vicki and they have two children of secondary school age.



WO1 A. Pigg

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Naafinews

'A' COMPANY

OC - Major D. Rhodes
 2i/c - Captain D. Baird
 PSAO - Captain J. Harding
 CSM - WO2 I. Machin
 CQMS - Colour Sergeant A. Goddard

1 Platoon

Lieutenant M. K. Hunter
 Sergeant R. S. Pilley

2 Platoon

Officer Cadet J. D. Hargreaves
 Colour Sergeant M. Smith
 Sergeant D. Beech

3 Platoon

Officer Cadet R. Huddart
 Sergeant M. Machon

'A' Company has finished its annual fortnight's training with the Battalion on a high; work-up training of platoon tactics and a fitness build-up culminating in a tough four day field training exercise in north-west Scotland.

In October 'A' Company conducted its own field firing weekend at Warcop. The highlight was hands on experience, firing high explosive rounds on the 51mm

mortar, followed by an exciting defence night shoot lit by a 51mm mortar illumination barrage.

Since then we have been passing the new annual personal weapon test using ranges equipped with automatic marking systems, which eliminate the need to spend time walking to targets and back, and then pasting out with patches and glue.

'B' COMPANY

OC - Major A. Greenside
 2i/c - Captain C. Baron
 PSAO - Captain M. Carter
 CSM - WO2 N. Hinchcliffe
 CQMS - Colour Sergeant K. Whiteley

4 Platoon

Officer Cadet J. Hunt
 Sergeant D. J. Lynch

5 Platoon

Officer Cadet I. Hetherington
 Sergeant S. R. Williams

6 Platoon

Colour Sergeant G. J. Roberts
 Sergeant N. B. Holmes

Recruiting and retention continue to be our main effort. The company is continuing to recruit well with a steady flow coming through the doors of the Drill hall both at Halifax and Keighley. But retention still continues to be a headache. While all the recruits who completed phase two during 1996 are still with us and attend training regularly, we are still losing a number of recruits during the early stages of the modules. In addition we have lost a number of senior private soldiers for various reasons, such as work and family commitments and other interests. We are all fully aware of the retention problems and are striving hard to try and resolve them. However there is no easy solution.

On many occasions 'B' Company and the Battalion receive requests from organisations within the community for help and assistance with functions or projects. These requests vary from providing tentage to the Guide and Scout movements through to soldiers working on community development projects. When and where ever possible we do try to get involved. One such request came from the Hillsborough Community Development Trust during August 1996. It was for volunteers to help clear and rectify 35 years of neglect at the Wardsend cemetery in Sheffield. The cemetery is situated very close to the former Hillsborough Barracks and is of interest for both its natural and local history.

The task was taken up with great enthusiasm by the Assault Pioneer Platoon Commander WO2 Alan Nanney and his assault pioneers. Over the weekends of 26/28 October and 2/3 November they set about clearing the seven and a half acre cemetery of over 4ft of plant overgrowth. Clearing the area was hard work but eventually the footpaths became accessible and the gravestones visible. The assault pioneers found that many of the graves belonged to former soldiers, some who had actually served with The Duke of Wellington's Regiment and some dating back to the Boer and Crimean wars.

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 CREDIT TERMS FOR H.M. FORCES

'C' COMPANY

OC - Major P. Davies
 2i/c - Captain T. Johnston
 PSAO - Captain B. Melia
 CSM - WO2 S. A. Routh
 CQMS - Colour Sergeant J. Ward

7 Platoon

2nd Lieutenant P. Stephenson
 Sergeant D. A. Bentley

8 Platoon

2nd Lieutenant T. Brearley
 Sergeant C. R. Bamforth

9 Platoon

Officer Cadet L. McColl
 Sergeant V. J. Kirkley

'C' Company ended 1996 in the same fashion as it had started the year. After narrowly been beaten in the Inter Platoon Competition, we needed to prove a point when it came to the sports competition at Christmas. With both our football and rugby teams trouncing all opposition, there was only ever going to be one outcome, that being 'C' Company retaining the annual Sports Trophy and becoming Champion Company 1996.

We have also worked hard. One weekend, for instance, we had a very cold time in the hills at Holme Moss. While the sun shone in the town centre, the hail and snow was coming in vertically on the tops. Undaunted, two teams headed off to navigate a circular 15km route through difficult terrain. The check points were generally trig points, corners of woods, etc, but there were also two aircraft wrecks to be found. Also a simple signals test was incorporated, providing practice at voice procedure for the more junior privates.

HQ COMPANY

OC - Major I. Marshall
 PSAO - Captain H. Baxendale
 CSM - WO2 D. Braisby
 CQMS - Colour Sergeant V. J. Kirkley

OC Sniper Platoon

OC - Captain P. Reaney
 2i/c - Colour Sergeant D. Wright

OC Recce Platoon

Captain P. Sherris
 Sergeant R. J. Yates

OC SF Platoon

Lieutenant D. Curran
 WO2 J. Stevenson

MT Platoon

OC - Lieutenant G. Metcalf
 2i/c - Colour Sergeant M. Heathcote

Assault Pioneers

WO2 A. A. Nanney
 Sergeant T. Heron

RRTT

Captain S. Garnham
 WO2 J. Hinchliffe

Signals Platoon

Captain D. Ogden
 WO2 D. Brown

During January the signal platoon of 3 DWR ran its first of two TARU cadres scheduled for 1997. Attendance at the cadre was exceptionally good with all of the twenty one students turning up for the teaching weekends and only one none attender, due to illness, on the test weekend. Time on the course was at a premium which necessitated both instructors and students adhering very closely to the programme. There was no time in the programme for lessons which over ran and therefore a lot of free time in the evenings was spent in syndicate groups revising and practising lessons.

One of the main aims of the cadre was to give regular radio users some sound practical experience in VP and some general hands on practice at setting up and

testing radios. To achieve this aim Corporals Sue Blaney and Ken Donald planned and controlled a vehicle born exercise in the Peak District. Although each vehicle was driven by an instructor the students were encouraged to attempt to solve any problems themselves.

After two weekends of intense instruction the students had to attend a further Saturday to be tested. The morning was devoted to last minute revision with special emphasis on vehicle fits. As well as practical tests on the radios the students also had to pass a VP test and a final written test. The overall pass mark on the course was good with only two outright failures and two conditional passes.

CHRISTMAS WEEKEND 1996

The Battalion Christmas weekend was held over 13-15 December at Wathgill Camp, Downholme, near Catterick. Emphasis was placed upon relaxation and enjoyment, rewarding all ranks of the Battalion for the effort and commitment shown in 1996.

The programme for the weekend included the inter company sports competition, which is the final event of the Duke of Wellington's Trophy, the inter company competition the Battalion runs throughout the year. Football, hockey, rugby union and tug-of-war were

played on the Saturday, with companies entering full strength teams. Two semi-finals, a 3rd/4th place decider and a final were played in each sport, with 'C' Company winning the football and rugby, 'B' Company winning

the hockey and HQ Company winning the tug of war. 'C' Company was overall winner of the sports and was confirmed as Champion Company and winner of the Duke of Wellington's Trophy.

ARMY CADET FORCE

'D' Company, Yorkshire (North and West)

Exercise "Iron Duke" took place at Holcombe Moor Training Camp in October 1996. The competition was won for the fourth time by Keighley Detachment and its all girl 'B' team was the runner up.

At the county sports competition (cross country, football, rugby and hockey) our company teams did

very well. We came away with the seniors winners in the football, the seniors winners in the rugby and the juniors runners up in rugby. In the cross country we achieved the first place in the junior male race. Our hockey team came second in the competition.

H.M.S. IRON DUKE

The ship's docking period from September 1995 to February 1996 proved to be very productive. A great deal of work was completed on the ship's weapon systems, sensors and machinery fits. All were updated with the very latest modifications to enhance the fighting potential. During April and May she was fitted with a completely new suite of computers and associated command and control screens to enable her to utilise the weapons and sensors to their maximum potential in a multi threat environment. The ship is now at the highest possible equipment level, ready to be deployed anytime and anywhere in the world.

We had to undertake several fleet trials on the equipment and at the same time show off the ship to various visiting groups, such as Russian-UK-American (RUKUS) Delegation of Navies and the officers on this year's service staff courses. The really hard work started in August with a two week work up followed by six weeks of operational sea training (OST). The OST period, as the name suggests, was an intensive and continuous training programme during which Seariders from the staff of Flag Officer Sea Training scrutinised every detail of the ship giving it a full audit. Using their experience and knowledge they also instructed the ship's company in all aspects of tactical warfare, equipment and system operations, not to mention damage control practices. This was a highly industrious and strenuous time marked by long days and very short nights, often with up to forty Seariders embarked assessing every aspect of the ship's performance.

In mid October we sailed from Plymouth for the final time and headed straight up the east coast to visit our affiliated city of Hull. There we were greeted with first class hospitality and after just a few short days the team was fully recharged and ready to head up to the north-west approaches of the Atlantic, off Scotland, to practise what Iron Duke was originally designed for, deep-sea submarine hunting. This exercise, called Area Capability Training (ACT), covers basic and tactical anti-submarine warfare over a period of two weeks, often in exceptionally rough weather. There then followed a Joint Maritime Course (JMC) during which a group of thirty or so warships, all from highly professional navies from a variety of NATO nations work together to practise naval operations of all types, again off the coast of Scotland.

In mid November the ship sailed south to her new base port of Portsmouth to join her sister ships of the Fourth Frigate Squadron. Here she underwent another short maintenance period and the completion of pre-deployment preparations. This was so we could be ready in all respects for the 1997 deployment which commenced in early January. We sailed to the Mediterranean with the Ocean Wave Task Group for some exercises and operational stand-offs in Cartagena, Spain and Ajaccio, Corsica. During the remainder of spring we proceeded to Columbia in support of defence sales before making our way to the balmy waters off Florida for sonar testing and trials.

WITH THE 2nd BATTALION IN BURMA IN 1942

(concluded)

After the Paunde and Shwedaung we regrouped near Prome where we had a short rest and re-organised, Lieutenant Colonel Faithful had gone and Major R. de la H. Moran took command until Lieutenant Colonel Theyre joined. We were to be the 17th Division protection battalion and our strength had risen to about two hundred. To lose The Bull was something we all felt bad about but at least we had Major Bob Moran who we knew would never let us down.

After about one day of rest we found ourselves yet again on the dusty road, heading north towards Alanmayo, a river port on the Irrawaddy. Mortars on trucks of some sort and soldiers doing the eternal picketing of roads, covered from head to foot in the dust from all those who had the luck not to have to march. My section of five were unusually quiet and I feared that their morale was not the same as mine, so I cajoled them into singing and, being mostly from the band, we started off with "Ilkla Moor Bah't Tat". Out of the blue a cleanly dressed officer came charging at us and yelled "Who the devil are you lot?". "We are the Duke of Wellington's Regiment Sir" I replied thinking that we had done something very wrong and wondering whatever it could be. "Well congratulations" he said, "Let me shake your hand, it is so good to see that someone can manage to sing in all this turmoil". He shook my hand and beamed all over his face, so did we and if there was any lowering of morale it was soon put right by this very pleasing gesture. I wonder who he was? He certainly did us all a power of good.

Marching on

The transport had all passed by, we became the unenviable rearguard yet again and felt very lonely. As we trudged on some tanks appeared and the commander of the leading one said "Who the hell are you". We replied that we were supposed to be the rearguard, and he told us with great urgency that if we did not want to be left behind we had better get aboard his tanks. With great speed we were on them, and after a word from Sergeant Yarnold we were off with even greater speed. Major Moran soon appeared and after an argument the tanks did an about turn, and went off, with the commander shouting that he would do something about it. Feeling even more lonely we looked back over our shoulders with that feeling that the soldier gets when he realises that there is nobody between him and them.

We marched on. Suddenly one of my section let out a scream, threw himself into the hard baked paddy and beat the ground with his fists, shouted and sobbed that he had had enough and he wanted to go home. We got him back onto his feet but were quite unable to restrain him. He seemed to be stark raving mad. Captain O'Hara was soon with us and also Lieutenant Ned Williams. He was a rather rough and tough character and pushing his way in said "I'll show you how to cure him". Instantly the MO was on him and after a few hot words he said "He is my patient, Ned" in a very quiet and calming manner. "I am very sorry and I do apologise" said Ned "But I have had three like that today and cured them all,

won't have anyone left if we do not put a stop to it". Putting our comrade between two others we marched on. I found myself to be trembling all over and prayed that it would not be noticed and that it would never happen to me. It was the only time that I ever saw a case of nervous exhaustion in the whole war.

My leg became very swollen and I dreaded that I might not be able to carry on when to our joy the tanks returned with orders to move us back with all speed. Sitting on the side of the Stuart tank with Donald Warner (my no.2 on the Bren at Shwedaung), we sped along that high, narrow road at 30mph, feeling sorry for the young Indian soldiers who had been rushed out as reinforcements and were at the wrong end of all our dust.

We felt good, but I was nervous at the speed and closeness of the tanks coming the other way to pick up more infantry from the rear.

Rear end this time

I had no sooner mentioned this to Donald when there was a mighty crash and I found myself in the middle of the road with a tank bearing down at some speed, too late to pull up. Unable to move I felt exceedingly unhappy about my present situation and tried to wriggle out of it. As the tank loomed towards me I felt myself sliding away; one of the more quick witted sepoy had managed to grab my leg and pulled me just clear, I saw the tracks flatten my pith helmet about two feet from my nose. Nodding my head to thank my saviour he just put his head to one side in the manner that all Indians do, and without turning again went on his way.

The tank stopped and the crew rushed out to see me. They were all very upset and tears streamed down the face of the young driver, I found myself trying to console them! However, Sticky Glew was on the spot to help and thought I had a fracture of the pelvis but I did not care as he loaded me back onto the tank - rear end this time. It turned out that I had sustained a fracture of the right ankle only. Both knees, my back, elbow and neck were damaged, and I had some nasty grazing. Handing the three inch mortar sight to Gus Cunnington with orders to take charge of the section I was on my way once again, Donald Warner had injured his hand and thought he had lost some fingers. The field ambulance we arrived at had just been severely bombed with many casualties and they were in great haste to clear up the mess. They hustled us onto an ambulance and away we went to Allanmayo.

On arrival we were loaded onto an ancient looking paddle steamer called the "Kalaw", of which there was a lighter lashed to the port side. Some hundreds of casualties were aboard on stretchers laid in rows on the deck in the burning sun. Lanes were left for a passageway but as my space was near the bollards the handles stuck out into the passage. They caught the feet of passers by which caused me to shout out in pain. The sun burned down in the daytime and the only way to avoid it was to get under the blanket. That was rather hot, all day it was blanket on blanket off and "Don't

kick the stretcher". I only saw one doctor who did not see me but a Chinese nurse came making signs for treatment of some sort. Seeing some of my lesser grazes she poured iodine all over it so I did not fall in love with her, or tell her that there were many more such grazes. Our Delhi MO - Dr Bloom, was a bit of a crank about letting nature cure such things and I did just that. It proved right in this case.

A couple of saucers of rice

The steamer paddled up the river by day and hove to at night which I thought should have been the other way round because of the very active Jap Air Force. Conditions were quite grim. Many had dysentery and because of the lack of staff they could not be cleaned up, so the stench was bad but the smell of the man next to me was even worse, he had gangrene. One poor chap did nothing but scream and shout until he became unconscious, but when he came to again it would start all over again. "Sergeant Major" he would plead, "please, please help me". Many of the other casualties would shout back at him, telling him to shut up and that he was not the only one that was hurt. I felt angry at the unsympathetic response he was getting, but after a few days it was all I could do not to shout myself. I do not know what feeding arrangements there were if any. All I ever got was a couple of saucers of rice a day and sometimes half a biscuit with some bully beef which Private Murgatroyd (shot through the chest at Paunde) brought me. It made no difference for I was in a perpetual state of hunger all the time in Burma, even when well fed. There was a very good 'esprit de corps'; those on their feet did all they could for the others and Murgatroyd headed the list. I tried to find out if Harry Kay was aboard but never did. Later I heard he had died on the Irrawaddy and was buried ashore. We buried our dead at nights when the steamer pulled in. I never saw Donald Warner and think he must have been on the lighter, he died on his way out of Burma, his diary shows him to be starving and sick. All track of time was lost, it could have been anything between four to eight days on that river.

On arrival at Mandalay the stretchers were moved, a jar rolled in my direction which turned out to be half full of Heinz Sandwich Spread. Such a luxury I had never even heard of. Eating it with my fingers I wanted it to last and it did, all of five minutes, or was it seconds?

Lovely life

At the bombed out station of Mandalay a train awaited us which must have been a great piece of organisation under the prevailing difficult circumstances. Starving dogs were eating the unmoved dead bodies on the platform while we were put on the train. We set off quite soon and headed up the mountains in an easterly direction. Daylight saw us travelling through lovely country to Maymyo where we were put in hospital. I could not believe that such places still existed. Here was the BMH (British Military Hospital) in all its glory, whitewashed bricks around the well kept flower beds, the CO's morning rounds, and even the matron. I was put in a well made bed on the verandah and even had sheets. Three good meals a day came which were increased to six when I gave the

orderly my last rupee to pass on the untouched meals of the very sick. Sometimes it looked as if he had made the extra meal up with left overs. Who cared, he did me proud.

Life was lovely in that beautiful hill station of Maymyo but my neighbour was not. He never stopped boasting about the Western Desert. Noticing on his sick board that he had a sprained ankle - which can be very bad, I asked where he had been wounded, this was when he had a crowd of his cronies around telling the tale. My board showed a GSW. His very smart suitcase was full of souvenirs from Egypt which he boasted he got cheaper than everyone else, not being a front line soldier I wondered if he had ever left Cairo. My dislike for him was because he never offered to let me use his razor, knowing I longed to be clean shaven. I had made sure he knew. More later.

In a great hurry

A clique of scroungers would make a big joke about going botanizing. This would be about eleven o'clock. I soon realised that they were going to hide away in the jungle to avoid the regular mid-day air raids. They were from all units, including a Duke, who was a senior NCO. Back with the Regiment he became a proper b.... to us all.

The two very hard working Anglo Burmese twins who were VADs got the bad end of this lot, they were very pretty and worked very hard to look after us. When there was an air raid warning they would see that we were all put inside the ward under the beds for safety, never did I see them take cover.

The BMH haven was too good to last and after about one week we were all bundled onto a train in a great hurry, the Japs were found to be too near. I was given a packet of bully biscuits and a tin of herrings and the train set off in a northerly direction. Far worse than the steamer, but we were very lucky to have that. Overcrowded with sick and wounded, I was looked after by Sergeant Johnny Horner and Ben Preece - the old band of course. They got me a place to lie down on the floor where I could put my injured leg under the seat. No food was issued and we three lived on what we scrounged when the very slow train stopped, mainly rice and a large tin of boiled sweets. Believing that we were going to another BMH we were surprised to find ourselves dumped in a paddy field near the landing strip at Myitkyina in the middle of the night. The next day rumour had it that we were to be flown out. A doctor with a strange accent sorted us out and said who was fit to march out and who could fly, I was to fly. At the landing strip we waited for hours, big American planes came and went on their way over the Hump to Chunking. No RAF at all. When an elderly RAF officer came out of one of the US planes he was greeted with loud boos from us who had by now become rabble. He tried to explain that this was the most difficult flying country in the world and they had lost three planes trying to get to us. All to no avail, for we had long since lost all faith in the RAF - quite unfairly, really. He promised they would do their best as he went back to India and later a Dakota arrived. A big Indian Sikh Kings commissioned officer was in charge, a really fine man and officer. We needed such a person to handle the

situation and he did. As we boarded, the officer checked our names, but to my dismay mine was not on it, and I was told to get marching. However, Johnny explained the case and I was last on. The pilot said that the plane held twenty six but without luggage he would take twenty eight. When his back was turned, our Sikh officer slipped in two more, but it did not work and two volunteers had to get off. As I stood up - being last on, two others in front got up and off, to my great relief. I was not happy to see my hospital neighbour get on the plane, but I smiled when his case of souvenirs was snatched from his hand and thrown away.

Out of the blue

The plane took off and within forty five minutes we landed in Assam at a place called Tinsukia. We piled out and sat on the grass. Nobody took any notice for a while and eventually a very clean officer arrived. "Who the devil are you lot?" he demanded. We explained, and it was quite clear to us that nobody had any idea that we would be coming. They did not know what to do with us and even wanted to know why we were so dirty and dressed in rags. It was all explained but when we asked for food the answer we got was "We can't feed you, you are not on our ration strength". I expected a riot, but the officer said he would see what could be done, he was now beginning to realise who we were. He did his stuff

and some stew, tea and bread came after a while. He told us that we had arrived right out of the blue and that we could either wait until transport could be organised to take us to India, or we could be paid twenty rupees and sent off on the next empty train. Choosing the latter we departed that day.

We were several days on that train and as we came to stations the local British population turned out and fed us. Roast beef at one place, curry and gorgeous chapattis at another. At one place our next of kin's addresses were taken so that they could be informed by airgraph that we were safe, and that was the first inclination my parents ever had that I was in Burma. Those British and Indian people certainly put themselves out for us, they even had medical attention organised at some places. The military attitude was the opposite and we felt that we were being held to blame for the loss of Burma. We almost had to apologise for being there.

Eventually we arrived at Bareilly where we were the first casualties that this general hospital had had. It was on its way to Singapore but diverted to India. They made us all very welcome and we were all very grateful and glad to be "home" again, but there were to be many trials and tribulations before I managed to get back to the Regiment.

W. Norman

BOOK REVIEW

A FIGHTING RETREAT. THE BRITISH EMPIRE 1947-97. Robin Neillands. (Hodder & Stoughton) 586 pages. £25.

The author describes this book as an oral history, which means that the text is heavily interlarded with quotations from those who were present at each of the events he describes. While this method of recording history has some merit, it does lead to a certain amount of duplication. Furthermore it becomes a little irritating to find that most of the quotations seem to be credited to members of the Royal Marine Commandos. It comes as no surprise to find that the author served with them. Whenever an individual is quoted in the text his name is given. Nevertheless the author still devotes eight pages to the irritating habit of acknowledging the name of every individual who has made a contribution to the book, however small.

Despite these shortcomings the book is of great interest, particularly in reminding the reader of the background to the various campaigns (India, Palestine, Malaya, Kenya, Cyprus etc.) in which the services were involved as the British withdrew from their Empire. As one of those who lived through all these events I was surprised to discover how little I knew or recalled of those days. What comes out loud and clear is how well successive governments were served by the armed forces. Compared to Belgium's retreat from the Congo, Portugal's from Mozambique and Angola and France's from Algeria, the British departures were positively distinguished.

For anyone interested in this subject, this book is essential reading.

A. C. S. Savory

A DAY OF ACTION IN THE BATTLE FOR ANZIO

Three private soldiers of the Anti-Tank platoon of the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, with the only gun left, broke up a German tank attack heading towards our infantry troops and so saved many lives. They were Robbins (later platoon sergeant, 2i/c of guns), Wilkinson (later corporal), and Pickersgill.

* * * * *

Early that morning, just as dawn was beginning to break, we started to move off towards the front line. The

anti-tank guns, known as the six-pounders, had been attached to the carriers the evening before complete with all shell boxes and all other equipment so that we could move off in the early hours. So after a very early breakfast we were deployed on the right of the open battlefield behind a low ridge, and our infantry troops were positioned on our left, about 150 yards further up towards the German lines. As soon as we arrived at our position we prepared the gun for action and then hastily began digging a trench behind it.

Then suddenly, as the dawn had disappeared and in full daylight, pandemonium broke out. Heavy machine guns and shells were being fired all over the battlefield and it was very dangerous to move out of our trench. This continued all the morning. Our gun sergeant decided to crawl out and get a better view of how the forward troops were faring, but he immediately got gunned down. I crawled out to him and dragged him back to our trench but he soon died. Then later on towards early afternoon our gun corporal was also shot and he also died. That left just us three privates in charge of the anti-tank gun and all the equipment.

It was now afternoon. We had had nothing to eat since our early breakfast. We decided that if we stayed in this position we also would not last very long. Also we could see very little of what was going on in the forward battle line. We decided that we would move the gun back a little to try to find a safer place and at the same time get a better view of the open battlefield. The continuing heavy machine gun fire did not deter us. We quickly hitched up our gun to the carrier, placed the boxes of shells back on the vehicle, and then began to move off. Private Wilkinson drove the vehicle - all you could see of him was his helmet above the shield at the front of the carrier - and we decided that we two privates would trot along the near side of it, and so we moved off very slowly.

As we moved along the bullets were bouncing off the carrier and the gun. We had proceeded for about thirty yards when we thought that we heard the sound of German tanks approaching. We stopped in our tracks and listened again; now the noise of the tanks was becoming much louder and we knew that an attack was pending. We quickly unhitched the gun and wheeled it to the side of the carrier and prepared for action, Wilkinson going behind the left hand gun shield and Pickersgill behind the right hand gun shield ready to load the barrel of the gun. It was now left to me to get the shells off the carrier. I quickly hoisted myself onto the steel plate at the back of the carrier to get inside, but as I did so I felt a searing pain on the right hand side of my forehead and then felt a very slow trickle of blood down the side of my face. This did not worry me as I bundled myself over the back and crawled along the floor towards where the boxes of shells were stacked. I sorted out a box of solid shells and a box of inflammable ones and crawled back with them. Then I made a flying leap over the back of the carrier, dragging the two boxes with me right onto the ground and behind the gun in between the two shafts of the gun and kneeling down placed the box of solids on my right and the box of inflammables on my left, and we were ready for action.

It now became obvious that the tanks were travelling along behind a high ridge and heading towards where our troops were deployed, and there in the open battlefield fully exposed we waited for the tanks to come out into the open. The first tank to arrive must have been 200 yards further up the battlefield away from us. We immediately went into action, and Wilkinson scored a direct hit with his first shot which hit the tank with a loud thud. He kept trying and scored two more direct hits.

It now seemed that the tank was definitely out of action. Big flames shot upwards and when the smoke had cleared we saw two bodies hanging over the side of the tank, presumably dead or badly wounded.

Meanwhile a deep hush came over the battlefield. The tanks had stopped, the machine gun fire had stopped, and it suddenly became very quiet. But not for long! The tanks started up again and with a grinding and rasping noise we heard them turn around and go back the way they had come. We then knew that we had broken up this tank attack and hopefully had saved many lives of our comrades. On afterthought it seemed that the Germans did not know we were there having come out in the open just a few minutes beforehand. I feel sure that they would have blown us up sky high before sending their tank attack.

It was beginning to get quite dark and the machine gun fire seemed more intense than before. We then decided that we had better move back to a safer place, as no doubt the Germans would soon find out where we were. We hitched up the gun to the carrier, Wilkinson jumping up inside and moving up to the front shield ready to drive. Pickersgill and I hoisted up the shell boxes onto the carrier and we were now ready to move off once again and head for the end of the open battlefield where we had noticed what looked like a small forest behind.

Once again Pickersgill and I trotted along the left side of the carrier. The bullets were still rattling on the carrier and the gun as we went along. As we neared the end of the open field we saw a few bodies lying on the ground presumably dead, but then our luck ran out. It was by now very dark and we could not see the huge ditch in front of us and as Wilkinson drove on, the carrier and the gun slowly sank into it. The more we tried to get it out the deeper it seemed to sink into the soft earth.

It now had become a hopeless task and as the bullets were whistling all around us, we decided to make our way back to base. With our rifles on our shoulders off we went into the trees, and adjoining us were several wounded soldiers, some hobbling along and leaning upon their comrades. Others were just walking, all of us intent to get back to base. Two soldiers carried a large ladder at each end on their shoulders, and laid out in the middle of the ladder was a badly wounded comrade. It was now beginning to get quite cold, and I remembered that I had left my coat on the carrier and thought that it would help to keep the wounded man warm. I ran back to the carrier, picked up my coat, and returned to the ladder with the wounded man on top. I opened up my coat ready to place it around him and was astounded to see two rows of bullet holes right across the coat. I quickly placed the coat over him.

Walter Robbins

EDITED EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF MAJOR C. J. PICKERING WRITTEN FROM FLANDERS IN 1915

Charles Pickering was commissioned into the Regiment in 1900 and shortly afterwards joined the 2nd Battalion, then stationed in Rangoon, Burma. By the time war broke out in August 1914 he was the brigade major of the 3rd West Riding Brigade of the 1st West Riding Division. Also in the division was the 2nd West Riding Infantry Brigade which consisted of the 1/4th, 1/5th, 1/6th and 1/7th Battalions of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. The Division was sent to France in April 1915.

Charles Pickering was appointed to command the 1/4th Battalion in the autumn of 1915, but was wounded shortly afterwards. However, he survived the war and later commanded the 2nd Battalion from 1925 to 1929. He was Colonel of the Regiment from 1938 to 1947.

The letters, from which extracts are printed below, were given to Colonel A. D. Meek by Mr Robin Pickering, a grandson of Colonel C. J. Pickering. The first letter quoted was written on the same day as the 1st West Riding Division landed in France.

On Service
15 April 1915

My Dearest Presh,

We had a very quick journey - pushed right through to the front and are now three miles behind the firing line. We understand we go into the trenches in a few days time. I have a billet in a farm and am feeling ever so much fitter. One battalion lost two horses last night and another lost a mule. One horse got into a deep dyke at the side of the road and we were two hours getting him out. I really thought he was a goner. I have met several old friends already between here and the port of disembarkation. These French villages are most insanitary from our point of view.

About four aeroplanes flew round this morning and you can hear the guns booming away with occasional rifle shots thrown in - on the whole there is not much doing. Our mules are splendid - nearly all are quiet and work very well. This Division is serving under Rawly whom you will remember on Salisbury Plain. I saw some Indian troops on the march this morning - they do carry an enormous amount of kit. I think these troops ought to do well on the whole and we expect a move shortly. I saw a hospital ship being loaded up with wounded including a good many Indian.

Your Loving
W

24 April 1915

I have not been able to send you a line for three or four days owing to the fact that I have spent the last three days in the trenches.

Two nights ago the Germans shouted and put up a notice "We are Saxons, you are Anglo-Saxons, reserve your fire for the Prussians who relieve us tomorrow night" - and sure enough they never fired a shot during

that night. The Prussians are however expert snipers and are provided with rifles fitted with telescopic sights and their shooting is terribly accurate. If you put your head above the parapet for five seconds you are bound to be shot at and most probably hit through the head. Yesterday a young officer received a brand new periscope out from home - he was very pleased with this but no sooner had he put it up against the parapet when a German bullet came along and put it straight out of action. It is quite extraordinary how they manage to spot these very small targets and I think they must have very good telescopes and glasses.

A man of the Hallamshires was shot yesterday through the abdomen and he died almost at once - another of our sergeants was shot through the shoulder by a sniper.

Yesterday General Dawson and I accompanied by a major as a guide were going to inspect our left section of trenches to which access is difficult by day as they can see you entering the communication trench which leads up to the fire trench. We were evidently seen and as soon as we entered the trench a shell dropped in it about fifty yards in front of us and this was followed by two others in quick succession. The major said it would not be advisable to go on just then so we ran off to a flank and took cover behind a brick wall which was all that remained of a farm house. They continued to shell for about ten minutes and then stopped - the shells dropped all around us from about 20-100 yards. Two men of a regiment belonging to another division which was billeted about 200 yards in rear were killed by the forward effect of the shells. I have not yet seen the effect of a "Black Maria".

Three days ago I motored over with our interpreter (who is a charming fellow) to see my Regiment (the 2nd Battalion DWR) which is only a few miles on our left: and on the way I noticed a water cart with the name of the Regiment painted on it. I got out of the car and entered a farm nearby where some horses were picketed and the first man I saw was standing over a small fire eating bread and jam and this was Woodcock's brother. I am sorry to say that Woodcock (his former batman) had been shot on the 19th through the abdomen when bringing a wounded officer back on a limbered wagon. They know nothing of his chances of recovery as he was immediately evacuated. I soon found Ellam who was looking extremely fit. His story was a sad one - it appears the Regiment had only that morning (the 21st) come out of action. They led the attack on Hill 60 which I daresay you will have heard about. They took the hill without much loss, but the Germans soon managed to enfilade the position and brought heavy artillery (17 and 14 inch guns) to bear on the position. It was during this period that our losses occurred, but the Regiment and the others of the brigade held on and still hold it. The Regiment lost seventeen officers and 400 men - the brigade lost 1,500 in all - my Regiment losing the most, but no regiment has less than 200 casualties. Dear old Erick Taylor was killed when

bringing up men of another regiment to reinforce - Egerton who was serving on the staff - Ginger Ellis - Thackeray and several others were all killed and Ellam said that we may take it for granted that practically all reported as missing have been in reality killed - their bodies lying about in ditches etc - or the Germans will have put all wounded out of action. Whenever they can they beat our wounded to death with the butts of their rifles. Cox, Ince and Ellam were the only ones left and Barton was again in command - the CO Major Tyndall was wounded in the spine and they believed he would be a cripple for life even if he recovered - but they really did not know so I hope for the best. Tyndall was very popular with the men and some actually wept when they heard he was mortally wounded.

We are taking over sections of the trench line from another division who will refit and "rest" for a bit. This will be completed by Sunday. Our men show an excellent spirit and I hope and think that they will do well. Emil (his brother in law) took his guns to the front two days ago and is now busy shelling "Les Boschés" I have not seen him for a few days. General Dawson met his old regiment on the road a few days ago.

I don't agree with the theory of an early peace and am convinced that it cannot take place until the Germans are driven out of France and Belgium it will be a hell of a job getting them back to the Rhine.

1st May 1915

I cannot think of anything which is usefully wanted - we are very well done - we get government rations the same as the men and they are excellent. I get fifty cigarettes or 2oz of tobacco, two boxes of safety matches and a lot of rum every week - and every officer and man gets this allowance of delicacies. It has been much warmer during the last few days - in fact quite hot. Sanitary conditions in the villages are somewhat prehistoric and I fear disease - although at present we are singularly free from it. Smells predominate and mosquito flies are putting in an early appearance. It looks like a hot summer - the farmhouses are built in a square facing inwards and in the centre of the yard there is a manure heap - you can imagine the rest.

The Germans did a very clever thing prior to their attack north east of Ypres - they built many railway sidings in the Houlthurst Forest which were free from aerial observation, and then at night they ran in troop trains and detrained - afterwards debouching from the forest. They used asphyxiating gases released from hose pipes and wafted on by a favourable wind. The men in the first trenches were overcome and it is thought that all in the front line are dead. The enemy is said to have reached our support trenches before a shot was fired - I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the above as I was not actually present and am only reporting what I have heard. The Germans gained about four miles but have since been driven back a bit. The Canadians did well and also the N.... Division T.F. which followed us from England. These poor devils were pushed straight into the fight on detraining and it is pleasant to know that one hears so good an account of their deeds - of course they suffered heavily.

My division has taken over a proportion of the trenches and our men have been in for almost a week - we get a few losses every night - a few killed but mostly wounded and I am sorry to say we had an officer among yesterday's casualties. I cannot say I like this form of fighting as it seems to be merely cold blooded murder. It is seldom that you see your enemy although you are so close to him.

Two days ago the village in which my headquarters is situated was heavily shelled with high explosive eight inch shell from 9am - 12 noon and from 1-2pm. The objective was the church tower which they think we use for the purpose of observation - they knocked the roof in and did considerable damage to what buildings are left standing. We had three killed and a few wounded. A piece of shell weighing four pounds or more fell twenty yards in front of me on the road. I picked it up and may send it on. The cost of ammunition must have been enormous and the damage from a military point of view was practically nil.

This afternoon the General and I went off to a section of the trenches which we hold and when we were about half a mile behind our trenches and opposite a ruined farm where we had a company in support - the enemy began to shell this farm - a shell dropped within thirty yards of us and did not burst. If it had burst - four of us - the General and self and two orderlies would have been blown to bits. We took cover in a dug out and about forty shells burst alternatively at varying distances from 50-200 yards on our right and left. We were hung up for one-and-a-half hours and the damage done nil - one other shell failed to burst. A sniper also had a pot at us both as we entered and left the communication trench which leads into the fire trench. These snipers are a great nuisance but I must admit that they are good at their job.

Brigade Major 148th Infantry Brigade
49th (W.R.) Division
14 May 1915

Note my new destination and address as above. I don't quite know why or wherefore the alteration has been made (from 1st West Riding Division) except that it has something to do with the sequence of the numbering of Kitchener Divisions, the first of which has just arrived in the country.

We are on the left of the French advance which you will have heard about and since Sunday last have been assisting. We have had about 100 casualties but our two brigades on our immediate right have suffered heavily. The system of supply of reinforcements is perfectly marvellous - a Regiment goes into action 1,000 strong and comes out 100 all told - the deficiency of 900 is made up in three to four days. My Regiment has again suffered badly (at Hill 60) - this time from gas poisoning.

The Germans were badly defeated a few days ago when they released this gas thinking it would be as effective as usual - and then followed on with their rifles slung, marching in no formation - our fellows armed with trench respirators pretended to be overcome and allowed the Germans to get right on top of them, when they opened fire and did terrific slaughter with both rifle and bayonet.

24 May 1915

I was doing my after breakfast duty this morning in a corner of a field when a shell came along and dropped in the middle of the opposite field - covering me with only earth and mud. I beat a hasty retreat irrespective of state of garments. They have shelled us pretty heavily all along our line today. We have a lot of work on tonight. Young Glynn of the 4th KOYLI was killed the night before last - he was such a nice boy and came from Bridlington - his father was in the cavalry. I see Charles Stewart has lost two sons and a son-in-law - bad luck. I was up all night tonight. Things seem favourable to us - but really the war is only beginning - the troops in the trenches on our left have been there since January. I see Italy has come in, but it only means that a certain number of troops will be tied to that frontier. The Germans used gas again north east of Ypres against our cavalry. The French will probably make a move shortly in a day or so. I am just off to our advanced dug-outs.

6 June 1915

We brought down a German aeroplane at 6.15 last night as it flew over our trenches. The aviator turned quickly right handed and dropped suddenly in the German lines about 400 yards behind their trenches. Harold has gone to where the air is not so pure - thanks to the Hun. I have not heard from him since he has left but I hope he is alright. Emil is fit.

They use the billet where we live as a church and I notice that all the women who attend are in mourning - the church in our village is in ruins and the Germans shell what remains nearly every afternoon. They shell certain places in accordance with a time table and of course we have learnt to avoid them. Unless someone is hit by the first shell we generally have no casualties as they always go on shelling the same area.

26 June 1915

Young Toby Hirst was shot through the head at 5am on the 24 instant by a German sniper. He had located two snipers and said he would polish them off. Instead of taking a rifle fitted with periscopic sights - so constructed to prevent the firer from exposing his head - he aimed from an ordinary rifle over the parapet and the Bosch was too quick for him. He was a very brave but somewhat reckless boy and is a distinct loss. We are moving at midnight for an unknown destination: Emil had an accident - his horse bolted and put him in a ditch, consequently he has spent some days in hospital and I think he will be discharged tomorrow.

28 June 1915

We are on the move - we marched from that position on the trench line which we have been holding for the last two months, two days ago, moving off again yesterday afternoon. I am now billeted in a farm which once had Germans billeted in and who amused themselves by firing revolvers through all the glass windows and mirrors in the place. A Belgian refugee lives in one room as a caretaker. Emil is still in hospital - he has had a nasty go of trots. We are on our way to the place with a name difficult to pronounce where the air is chemically treated by the Bosch. Harold is also in

that area and so is my own Regiment so I may see something of them again. We have had a good deal of rain over the last three or four days and it is a bit colder. It is very nice getting out of the trenches - as there was always a certain amount of anxiety about it. We have been in two engagements, but not in the thickest part of it - still we have lost about 500 men in the brigade and I am glad to hear that we may expect some reinforcements shortly. We are all provided with helmets and respirators for use against gas.

29 July 1915

I was up all last night because the Bosch was more active than usual in his endeavours to get into our trenches. Our men are having a very thin time here and our positions are not exactly what may be termed pleasant - casualties are fairly heavy chiefly due to shell fire. We have great bombing matches every night in three different places and I think our fellows do more than hold their own. A German aeroplane dropped two bombs this afternoon in Harold's transport lines but did no damage. We had Zeppelins over our lines at dusk on the last three nights - I cannot make out what they are up to. We are still short of shell and our guns have to be still whilst the Bosch shells the infantry who have to stick it as best they can. I hope the Dardenelles business proves successful - if so, things may go better. The Russians seem to be having a bad time and I so hope the Bosch does not get the line of the Vistula - if he does it will be a bad thing for us as he will be able to set free a large number of troops to fight against us.

German aeroplanes have been unusually active during the last few days and we have accounted for two of them.

4 September 1915

We are having a little 'strafing' tomorrow. Today the Bosch made it very hot and uncomfortable for us.

I went round my little line at 4am this morning and as I got out of my dugout the enemy had set what was left of a farm on fire - a few hundred yards away; as soon as it got on fire the Bosch at once put in about 100 shrapnel shells and traversed in all directions round the farm to catch any who may attempt to get away - I do not think that anybody was there. I got hung up in a communication trench for three quarters of an hour this afternoon on account of this silly shelling.

14 September 1915

I go to a dugout on the canal tomorrow afternoon and there await the return of the battalion (1/4th DWR) coming out of the trenches. I do not expect to be received with open arms as the man at present in command has been commanding for the last three months and is a temporary lieutenant colonel; and of course he feels much hurt at being passed over. I tried to see him yesterday but he was out so I have just sent him down a tactful little note which I hope will have the desired effect of smoothing matters over.

27 September 1915

We have had a terrific show yesterday and the day before, and last night was a perfectly wonderful show of flare lights, rockets, and the sound of the guns perfectly

deafening. On the whole the Bosch came off badly. Two young officers around at tea time at my headquarters in the trenches yesterday evening - having just arrived from England. They had a good show for a first arrival - and saw (as did myself) two Bosch aeroplanes attack a Frenchman with machine guns. They got him I'm sorry to say and he fell 200 feet in the enemy lines.

28/9 We were relieved in the trenches last night by our 5th Battalion (DWR) and shall be out now for some days unless we are pushed in for a forward move. I got into pyjamas last night - the first time for a fortnight. I am afraid the budget will hit some of us pretty badly. However, we must expect it. We seem to be getting more ammunition now which is a good thing.

30 September 1915

The news is of course good but we do not know what the Bosch intends to do - he is known to be transporting large quantities of guns and men from Germany and the Eastern theatre of the War - it would be a great thing if we could get Lille. We came out of the trenches three nights ago and it has poured with rain ever since, and

our trenches are 2-3 feet deep in mud and water in places. Life in the ditch is not exactly pleasant and can only be recommended for those in the best of health. We return to the ditch in a fortnight if we are not on the move by that time.

I am in a deserted and more or less ruined chateau at the moment, not my old headquarters, and we move on Sunday.

3 October 1915

We moved to the rest billets last night and we shall be here for twelve days in the ordinary course of events, but of course we may have to move at any time now. There has been no news for the last two or three days and it looks as though the advance has received a severe check. Bulgaria has apparently thrown in her lot with Germany and it remains to be seen what Romania intends to do.

I had an inspection of my new battalion this morning - they turned out very well and are a good stout lot of men of fine physique.

I am just off for a ride.

3123 PRIVATE PATRICK McGUIRE 33rd REGIMENT: THE FAILED V.C.

Patrick McGuire was born in Manchester in February 1837. On 19 November 1853 at Oldham, he enlisted into the 2nd Foot (Queen's West Surrey Regiment). He gave his age as 17 years and nine months. This falsification was later discovered and although he served a year and ten days in the 2nd Foot, his service was only reckoned as ten days.

On 5 February 1854 the 33rd had received orders to recruit up to a strength of 1,000 rank and file and to prepare for active foreign service in the Crimea. The numbers were made up by transfers from other regiments. Among those transferred was Private McGuire, who joined the 33rd Regiment on 1 March 1854. That same day the greater part of the Regiment set sail for Malta.

After landing in the Crimea on 14 September 1854 the allies (British, French and Turks) successfully attacked the Russians at the Alma and then marched south with a view to besieging Sevastopol. The siege commenced on 9 October with the digging of gun emplacements and the bombardment started on the 17th. At about this time Private McGuire was captured by a couple of Russian soldiers. The incident was recounted by Colonel the Hon. Somerset Gough Calthorpe, an officer on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Raglan:

"23 October 1854

You hear every day of heroic acts of bravery by the soldiers: one I call to mind. A few days ago a private of the 33rd (Duke of Wellington's Regiment) was surprised and made prisoner by two Russian soldiers when on advanced Sentry. One of these worthies took possession of his musket and the other his pouch and marched him between them towards Sevastopol. The Englishman kept a wary watch and when he fancied his captors off their

guard sprang on the one who had his musket, seized it and shot dead the other of his foes who carried the pouch as well as his own arms and accoutrements. Meanwhile the Russian from whom our fellow had taken his own musket and who then fallen to the ground, when rising from his recumbent position fired, missed and finally had his brains knocked out by the butt end of the Englishman's musket; after which the man coolly proceeded to take off the Russian accoutrements etc, with which he returned laden to the post where he had been surprised, fired at by the Russian sentries, and received with cheers by our own pickets."

Patrick McGuire enjoyed remarkable acclaim at the time. The Commander-in-Chief immediately authorised a gratuity of £5 (a significant sum in those days), while in England no less than three different prints depicting the incident were produced. In December 1854 a Royal Warrant instituted the award of the Distinguished Conduct Medal for gallantry in the field. McGuire was among the first in the 33rd to be so decorated. The medal carried with it a gratuity of £5 (for a private) "to be placed in the regimental savings bank there to remain on deposit at interest until his discharge from the service". The French, for their part, awarded him the Médaille Militaire, one of only nine gained by the 33rd Regiment.

The Victoria Cross was instituted by Royal Warrant on 29 June 1856, by which date the war was almost over, but recommendations were allowed to be retrospective back to June 1854. Lieutenant Colonel Johnstone, then commanding the 33rd, considered that McGuire was worthy and recommended his name, which, in due course, was submitted to the Queen. On 17 February 1857 the Secretary of State for War (Lord Panmure) was informed:



Private P. McGuire escapes from two Russian soldiers.

"There is only one case which the Queen thinks had better be omitted, viz Private P. Macguire (sic) of the 33rd. His deed, although publicly praised and rewarded by Lord Raglan, was one of very doubtful morality, and if pointed out by the Sovereign as praiseworthy, may lead to the cruel and inhumane practice of never making prisoners, but always putting to death those who may be overpowered for fear of their rising over their captors."

The reasoning behind the Royal decision appears puzzling. Perhaps the Prince Consort's somewhat tortuous mind had been at work. Be that as it may Lord Panmure replied:

"Lord Panmure presents his humble duty to Your Majesty and has the honour to inform Your Majesty that, with the concurrence of the Commander-in-Chief, he has removed the name of Private P. McGuire 33rd Regiment from the list."

One of the effects of this decision was that although a generous total of 82 VCs was awarded for the campaign, the 33rd Regiment appears to have been the only regiment that did not have a Victoria Cross awarded to one of its members.

In February 1857 the 33rd was ordered to Mauritius. Almost simultaneously the Indian Mutiny broke out and

it was soon ordered to Bombay. In September 1859 McGuire was a member of the Light Company when it was sent to Dwarka and along with other members of the company suffered greatly from the hard marching and exhausting heat. On 8 November 1860 a Regimental board proposed his discharge on the grounds of disability. The regimental medical officer reported that McGuire suffered from *"Enlargement of the liver and spleen and dyspepsia. Health first became impaired while on field service at Dwarka. His ailments have not been aggravated by vice or misconduct"*.

A year later he was back in England and sent to Chatham to be examined by the Principal Medical Officer, who confirmed the findings of the Regimental board. His discharge was authorised on 26 November 1861. He returned to Manchester and died there on 28 October 1862.

Private Patrick McGuire's medals, consisting of the Distinguished Conduct Medal, the Crimea Medal (with bars for Alma, Inkerman and Sebastopol) the Medaille Militaire and the Turkish Crimea Medal, for many years hung in the head office of Wilkinson, the sword makers. The last record of them was in 1970 when they were known to be in the possession of a member of the Wilkinson family.

VIEWS FROM THE PAST

THE 1st BATTALION RUGBY XV . . . 1930-31

On 18 March 1931 the 1st Battalion won the Army Rugby Cup for the first time, the 2nd Battalion having previously won the Cup in 1907 and 1913.

The team's results were:

1st round v 2nd Battalion Scots Guards	75-0
2nd round v King's Regiment	46-0
3rd round v 1st Battalion The Border Regiment	3-0
Quarter finals v Cheshire Regiment	21-0
Semi finals v 2nd Battalion The Cameron Highlanders	36-0
Final v Training Battalion RE (Chatham)	21-0
Total points	<u>202-0</u>

The following composed the XV:

Private E. Humpish: A front row forward.

Corporal A. Goodwin: Full back. Became Drum Major of the 1st Battalion.

Lieutenant C. K. T. Faithful: Coach. Front row forward. Ten army caps and three international caps for England. His rugby career was cut short by a knee injury. Commanded the 2nd Battalion in Burma in 1942. Died 1979.

Private G. Annersley: Second row forward. Army cap in 1931. RSM of the 1st Battalion in North Africa and Italy. Awarded the MBE. Died 1971.

Private K. Stork: Back row forward.

Private E. Bentley: Right wing three quarter. Army cap in 1931.

Private L. Eyre: Hooker.

2nd Lieutenant W. H. Summers: Left wing three quarter. The number one army sprinter for three consecutive years. Transferred to the RASC in 1934. Became a brigadier. Died 1970.

2nd Lieutenant B. W. Reynolds: Forward. Army cap 1931. Died in a fire in camp at Bridlington in 1934.

Lieutenant J. H. Dalrymple: Right centre three-quarter. An all round sportsman. Army middleweight boxing champion in 1930 and 1936. A member of Free Foresters Cricket Club. Commanded 2nd Battalion 1944-46 and the 1st Battalion 1950-51. Awarded the OBE. Died 1989.

Lieutenant H. G. P. Miles: Captain. Forward. Army cap in 1931. Became a brigadier. Died 1966.

Corporal G. Townend: Fly half. Played in the middle of the back row or in the front row for the army, but could play anywhere with distinction. Ten Army caps. Selected for two international trials.

2nd Lieutenant C. L. Troop: Forward. Seven Army caps and two international caps for England. Transferred to RAF in 1938. Awarded CBE. Became group captain. Died 1992.

Lance Corporal E. Dowas: A front row forward. Two Army caps.

Lance Corporal M. Reid: Left centre three-quarter.

Lance Corporal J. Robinson: Scrum half. Distinguished himself as a company commander in the Burma campaign of 1942. Killed in action. Awarded MC.



Back row: Pte E. Humpish, Cpl A. Goodwin, Lt C. K. T. Faithful, Pte G. Annersley, Pte J. Stork, Pte E. Bentley, Pte L. Eyre. Middle row: 2/Lt W. H. Summers, 2/Lt B. W. Reynolds, Lt J. H. Dalrymple, Lt H. G. P. Miles, Cpl G. Townend, 2/Lt C. L. Troop, L/Cpl F. Dowas. Front row: L/Cpl M. Reid, L/Cpl J. Robinson.

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 R. Heron, Wellesley Park, Halifax, HX2 0BA.

BRANCHES

Bradford: 8.30pm first Thursday of each month at Slackside WMC, Beacon Road, Wibsey, Bradford.

Secretary: Mrs R. Woolley, Bute Terrace, 8 Smith House Lane, Brighouse, HD6 2JY.

Halifax: 8.00pm second Tuesday of each month at the WOs & Sgts Mess, The Drill Hall, Prescott Street, Halifax.

Secretary: Mr P. R. Taylor, 1 Gibb Lane, Halifax, HX2 0TW.

Huddersfield: 8.00pm last Tuesday of each month at WOs & Sgts Mess; TA Centre, St Paul's Street, Huddersfield.

Secretary: Mr R. F. Woodhead, Dr Brown's Public House, 52 Wakefield Road, Huddersfield, HD1 3AQ.

Keighley: 8.30pm last Thursday of each month at Pop & Pasty Public House, Bradford Road, Keighley.

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

London: 1997 meetings on 26 January and 22 June at the Union Jack Club, near Waterloo Station, London, at 12.00 noon. AGM on 21 September in the Park Court Hotel at 11.00am.

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

Mossley: 8.30pm first Wednesday of each month at Mossley Conservative Club, Mossley.

Secretary: Mr G. Earnshaw, 32 Cawood Square, Brinnington, Stockport, Cheshire, SK5 8JS.

Sheffield: 8.00pm second Tuesday of each month at Sergeants' Mess, 3 DWR, Endcliffe Hall, Sheffield.

Secretary: Mr S. Thompson, 64 Kilvington Road, Sheffield, S13 8AH.

Skipton: 8.00pm second Thursday of each month at The Royal British Legion Club, Newmarket Street, Skipton.

Secretary: Mrs M. Bell, 39 Western Road, Skipton, BD23 2RU.

York: 8.00pm first Monday of each month at the Post Office Social Club, Marygate, York.

Secretary: Mr J. Hemming, 10 Lockey Croft, Wiggington, York, YO3 3FP.

TERRITORIAL AND SERVICE BATTALION'S OCA

5th Battalion. *Secretary:* Mr L. Stott, 18 Manor Park, Mirfield, West Yorkshire, WF14 0EW.

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

8th Battalion (145 Regiment) RAC. *Secretary:* Major F. B. Murgatroyd, Millcrest, 3 Fulwith Mill Lane, Harrogate, HG2 8HT.

9th Battalion (146 Regiment) RAC. *Secretary:* Mr T. Moore, 229 Rochester Road, Gravesend, Kent, DA12 4TW.

* * * * *

"HINDOOSTAN" WEEKEND. VISIT TO 1st BATTALION, 19-20 JULY 1997

The 1st Battalion has again extended an invitation to all members of the Regimental Association and their partners to visit Weeton Barracks over the weekend 19-20 July. Details have been sent to everyone on the RHQ mailing list. Anyone who has not received a copy, but may wish to attend, should contact RHQ as soon as possible.

1943-45 1 DWR OFFICERS' OVERSEAS DINNER CLUB

The 52nd Dinner of the above club took place at Armoury House on 14 March 1997. Major T. F. Huskisson presided and the Colonel of the Regiment was present along with eighteen other members.

REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION AGM AND DINNER

The AGM, followed by the Reunion Dinner and Dance will be held at the Stakis Hotel, Bradford on Saturday evening 4 October 1997. Full details will be sent to members in early August.

6th BATTALION ANNUAL DINNER

The 6th Battalion will hold its annual dinner in the Devonshire Hotel, Skipton, on Saturday 20 September 1997.

9th BATTALION (146 REGIMENT RAC) 50th REUNION

The 9th Battalion, will hold its 50th reunion, which will take the form of a lunch in the Golden Lion Hotel, Leeds, on Tuesday 7 October 1997. Details of this special occasion can be obtained from the Secretary, Tom Moore (address shown above).

REGIMENTAL SERVICE, HALIFAX

This year the Regimental Service is to be held in the Halifax Parish Church on Saturday 1 November. It is intended that this is to be on a trial basis, with a view to alternating the service each year between York and Halifax. Members will be aware that the Regiment has two dedicated Regimental Chapels. All Saints Chapel in York Minster, dedicated in 1923 and the Memorial Chapel in Halifax Parish Church, dedicated in 1951. Full details will be sent to members in early August.



Photograph taken by Captain Tom Vallings on a visit to the site of the battle of Vimy Ridge. The gravestones are those of Private J. E. Major and Private T. O'Rourke.

KEEPING IN TOUCH.....

John Reddington has written enclosing the "missing" part of the photograph of the officers' dinner in 1950. He also mentioned that he had recently attended a meeting at which the speaker (a Frenchman) had made some derogatory remarks about the British contribution in France, after Dunkirk. He was able to enlighten the speaker by giving him copies of articles that had been published in the Iron Duke. John's address is: 23 Wenlock Crescent, Springwood, Brisbane.

Another correspondent writing from Australia has been **James Hayes**, who wrote to say that he had heard from **Ken Gregory** about Ahmed Din the regimental contractor about whom James had written in the last issue of the Iron Duke. When Ken joined the 2nd Battalion in India in 1935 the regimental contractor was Ahmed Din. It was the general feeling that he was taking more than his pound of flesh from the Battalion. Be that as it may, shortly after Lieutenant Colonel Christison succeeded in command in 1937 Ahmed Din was sacked.

Mr David Higson who served in the 2nd Battalion from 1945-47, was for some time on the staff of 60 POW Camp, Skipton. His family was allocated a Franz Bergstein to assist in a small holding owned by Mr Higson's father. A friendship was formed that has lasted over fifty years. Last year Franz Bergstein returned to Skipton and a number of articles were published about the visit in both the local and national press.

Major Lewis Kershaw is now resident in a nursing home. His address is: c/o Woodlands Residential Home, 176-178, Reading Road South, Fleet GU13 QAE. His recent visitors have included **Brigadier John Greenway** and **Colonel Jack Webb**.

Mr Ian Anderson, a member of Lord Cornwallis's company, 33rd Regiment, has sent a photograph of Cornwallis House, which was used as Lord Cornwallis's headquarters at the time of the battle of Camden, 16 August 1781. The house was destroyed in 1865 and rebuilt in 1976.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS/*NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Mr W. S. Bainbridge, 23 Campbell Court, Osbaldwick Lane, York, YO1 3BE.

Mr A. J. Brear, Langtree House, Fare Hill, Ely, Cambridge, CB7 4AA.

Mr D. A. Cole, School House Farm, Main Street, Copmanthorpe, York, YO2 3ST.

Dr R. A. Duncan, PO Box 958, Anse Royale, Seychelles Republic.

Mr A. E. Dye, Brookfield, Hebden Hall Park, Hebden, Grassington, BD23 5DX.

Mrs R. Fenn, 29 Avenue Nozay, Broughton, Brigg, North Lincolnshire.

Mr I. E. Metcalfe, 24 Lexington Heights, Currumbine, 6028, Western Australia.

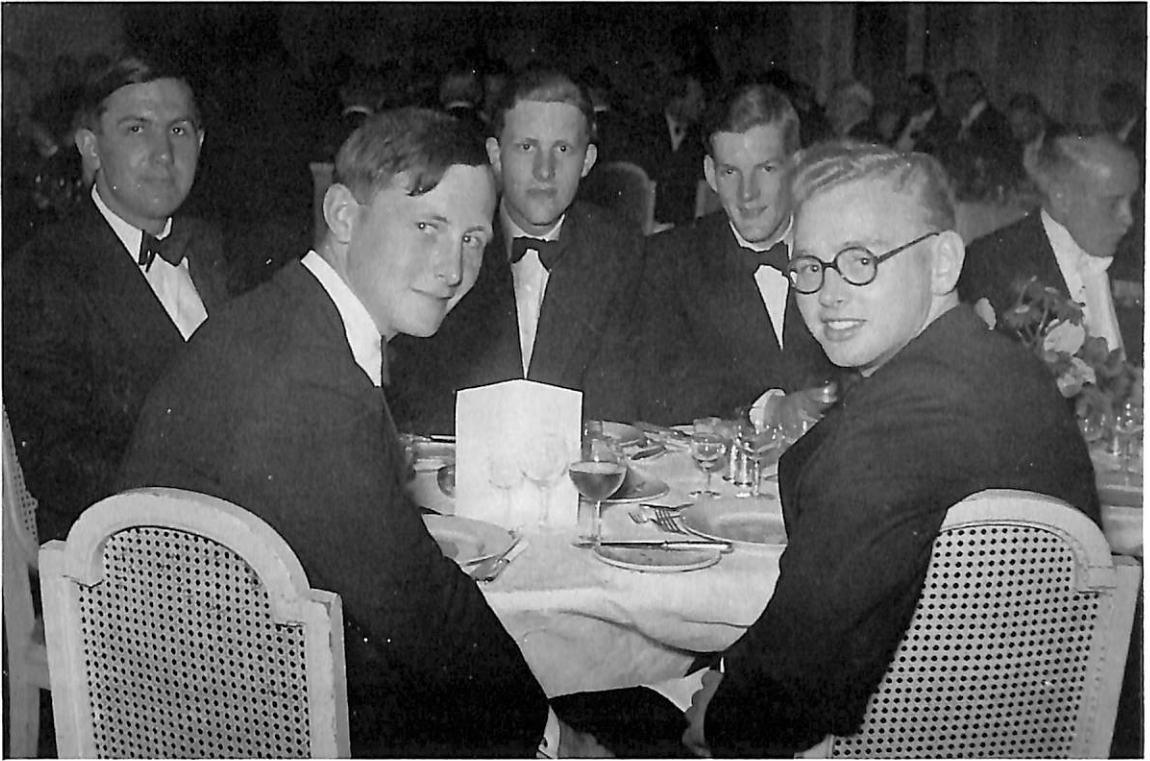
Mr S. Mullett, The Dee Inn, Chester Street, Flint, Clwyd, CH6 5NR.

Mr K. D. Pickup, 14 Bell Lane, Husbands Bosworth, South Leicestershire, LE17 6LA.

Mr A. J. Spring, 7 Wortham Place, Haverhill, Suffolk, CB9 0HP.

Dr H. J. T. Steers, US Embassy Office (Berlin POL), Neustaedtische Kirchstrasse 4-5, 01117 Berlin, Germany.

Mr R. A. Tighe MBE, 35 Tandrew Close, Beverley, HU17 7QH.



The officers' dinner 1950

A view of the end of the table which was not included in the photograph reproduced in Iron Duke No. 230.



The Kershaw - Cornwallis House, Camden, South Carolina.

Mr P. Wilkinson, Bishop's Manor, Huntington, York, YO3 9GL.

* Mr B. C. Grayson, 147 Field Avenue, Blackbird Leys, Oxford, OX4 5PD.

* Mr D. A. Smith, 40 Bollingbroke Street, Bradford, BD5 9NL.

* Mr L. Sherwin, 8 Wesley Close, Birstall, Batley, West Yorkshire, WF17 9RD.

* Mr V. B. McFarlane, PO Box 215, Stanford 7210, Western Cape, South Africa.

* Mr M. J. M. Brennan, MBE, 76 Cawley Lane, Heckmondwike, West Yorkshire, WF16 0DA.

* Mr D. M. Robertson, c/o Whitefoord House, 53 Canongate, Edinburgh, EH8 8BS.

* Mr C. K. Austin, Dunkirk Memorial House, Minehead Road, Bishops Lydeard, Taunton, Somerset, TA4 3BT.

* Mr P. Liversey, 17 Crowswell Court, Trimley St Martin, Felixstowe, IP11 0UZ.

Colonel J. R. P. Cumberlege, Woodburn Cottage, Stillington, York, YO6 1JS.

Obituaries

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

Major Derek Harris, 7th Lord Harris of Mysore and Seringapatam

Derek Harris died on 30 June 1996 aged 79. He was a descendant of Lieutenant Colonel George Harris, the first commanding officer of the 76th Regiment, who later became the 1st Lord Harris of Mysore and Seringapatam.

Derek was commissioned into the Regiment in 1937. The following year he joined the 2nd Battalion, then in India. He accompanied the Battalion to Burma in 1942. Shortly after arrival he was appointed staff captain 17th (Indian) Division. He was wounded and evacuated to India. He then assumed the appointment of adjutant of a reinforcement camp, before returning to the UK in 1945. For a year he was 2i/c of 4th Holding Battalion. He was then posted to the British Military Mission, Greece. He joined the 1st Battalion, then at Strensall, as a company commander in 1950. After a few months with the 2nd Battalion Green Howards he rejoined the 1st Battalion at the time it was sent to Korea. However after six months he was posted to HQ Land Forces Hong Kong as DAQMG. He again served with the 1st Battalion, in Cyprus and Northern Ireland, from 1956 to 1958. His final appointment, before retiring in 1960, was on the staff of HQ NORTHAG in Germany.

Derek, who was both able and intelligent, lacked the ambition to develop his full potential. After his retirement he lived in Somerset and tried his hand at various ventures, none of which appear to have been of a very permanent nature. Latterly, after his second marriage, he lived in Dorset. He succeeded to the barony of Mysore and Seringapatam in 1995.

Mr C. Holmes

Clarence Holmes died in Keighley on 19 February 1997, aged 76.

Clarence served with the 2/6th Battalion in France in 1940, before transferring to RAC. He returned to France for the Normandy landings in 1944.

In 1995 Clarence again returned to France and received the Liberte Medal from the Mayor of Caen during the 50th Anniversary of VE celebrations.

Mr A. Horsfall

Alan Horsfall died in Meltham on 27 December 1996, aged 43 years.

Alan, widely known in the Battalion as 'Two Eight', joined the Dukes in June 1970 and served for a total of 23 years in the Regiment, before his retirement in July 1993.

For most of his service Alan was a clerk working in Battalion Headquarters, eventually as Orderly Room Sergeant, where his personality and quick wit made him an almost legendary character. He served with the Battalion in Germany, Cyprus, Kenya, Falkland Islands, Canada and Gibraltar, but in addition he also completed eight operational tours, nearly five and a half years, in Northern Ireland.

The funeral service took place at St Bartholomews Church, Meltham, on Tuesday 7 January 1997. It was attended by a very large congregation of members and old friends from the Regiment.

Mr G. Coster

George Coster died in February 1997, aged 73 years.

George joined the 1st Battalion in late 1941 in North Africa and Italy. He served in 'A' Company and is believed to have been the Bren gun partner of Richard Burton VC, until he (George) was seriously injured at Anzio in 1944.

Mr K. A. Waterman

Kenneth Albert (Ken) Waterman died in a nursing home in West Sussex on 30 November 1996, aged 81.

Ken joined the Dukes in May 1931. During the following ten years he served with the 1st, 2nd and 8th Battalions and was promoted to the rank of sergeant. In 1941 he was with the 8th Battalion when it converted to tanks and became 145 Regiment RAC. In May 1942 Ken was attached to the 6th Battalion for six months before transferring to the Army Air Corps (Glider Pilot Regiment) with whom he served for the remainder of the war. Ken served throughout the whole of the second world war in India, Burma and North West Europe. In January 1947 he rejoined the 1st Battalion and

completed a further ten years regular service achieving the rank of warrant officer in the band. Ken was discharged in May 1956 after 25 years service.

After his regular service in 1961 Ken joined the Territorial Army, serving with the South Staffordshire Regiment (TA) for three years as Bandmaster (WO1). He became secretary of the London Branch of the Dukes Regimental Association in 1974 and held the post until 1980. Ken continued to be an active member until his health in recent years prevented his attendance.

The funeral service for Ken, who was a true "Duke" for all of his adult life, was held in Worthing, West Sussex on 5 December 1996.

Mr J. A. Feather

James Anderson (Jim) Feather died in hospital in Cheltenham on New Year's Day 1 January 1997, aged 80.

Jim joined the 6th Battalion in 1938 and served with it during the second world war until 1942, before being transferred to the Royal Engineers for the remainder of the war.

Jim, who came from a family of builders, will be remembered by his 6th Battalion comrades for his part in the construction of the Nissen hutted camp, named 'Skipton Camp' in Reykjavik, Iceland. Jim has also been a regular attendee at the 6th Battalion annual reunion dinner.

Mr A. Joyce

Ex WO2 Amos Joyce died in Halifax on 27 December 1996, aged 86. His wife Edna, aged 84, died a few days after Amos on 4 January 1997. A joint funeral service was held in Elland, near Halifax, on 9 February 1997.

Mr J. W. King

Joseph William (Bill) King died on 25 February 1997, aged 77.

In 1937, at the age of 17, Bill cycled from his home in Ripon to Halifax, a distance of 37 miles, to enlist into the Dukes. Being under age for enlistment like many others at the time he stated that he was 18, he also recorded his name as 'Watson' and not 'King', probably

because his parents were unaware that he was enlisting. For the whole of his service with the 1st Battalion he was known as Bill Watson. It was not until 1947 when he got married, that he had to declare his proper name.

Bill served with the 1st Battalion from 1937-43. he was wounded in Italy. In 1943 he was a sergeant when he transferred to the Military Provost Staff Corps, in which he continued to serve until 1971. His final appointment was as Garrison Sergeant Major, Warrant Officer Class 1, at Rheindalen Garrison in Germany.

Mr J. E. Ferguson

John (Jack) Ferguson died on 13 February 1997, aged 71.

Jack enlisted in July 1943, serving briefly with the 10th Battalion before joining the 1/7th Battalion a few weeks prior to the Normandy invasion. After the war he re-enlisted into the TA serving with the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers and in more recent years he was secretary of a Newcastle-upon-Tyne branch of the Normandy Veterans Association.

His funeral was attended by many members of the Normandy Veterans, the Royal British Legion and the 49th (West Riding) Infantry Division Veterans.

Major J. Moir

Johnny Moir died on 20 May 1996, aged 56.

Major D. M. Pugh writes: "Johnny joined the Regiment in 1962 and was first posted to Strensall as a training platoon commander. In 1965 he joined the 1st Battalion, then stationed in Osnabrück. He left Osnabrück on posting to No. 10 AYT, at Huddersfield. While there he undertook a long computer course. He proved to have an aptitude for this work and as a result transferred to the RAOC in 1970. He subsequently served at Chilwell, Hong Kong and Bicester. He retired in 1979 and joined the Norwich Union and became responsible for managing the technology of the Estates Division. In 1984 he was appointed DP Systems Controller. He took early retirement from the Norwich Union in 1995 and became the Parish Clerk at Holt. He developed cancer at the end of March 1996.

Johnny was a caring family man with a dry sense of humour. Those Dukes who remember him will be much saddened by the news of his untimely death."

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers, including serving members of the Regiment moving on individual postings, advise the Business Manager of their change of address without delay. Use the tear off slip printed below.

To:- The Business Manager, 'Iron Duke' Magazine, RHQ DWR, Wellesley Park, Halifax, HX2 0BA.

From _____

Please note that from _____ my new address will be

Date _____ Signed _____

Officers' Location List

as at April 1997

Colonels

A. D. Meek, RCDS
D. M. Santa-Olalla, DSO, MC, Colonel ATRA 2

Lieutenant Colonels

N. St J. Hall, BA, HQ BF Cyprus
M. J. Stone, RMCS Shrivenham
A. H. S. Drake, MBE, CO 3 DWR
S. C. Newton, MBE, CO 1 DWR
D. I. Richardson, HQ King's Division
G. A. Kilburn, MBE, HQ BFFI

Majors

J. C. Bailey, 1 DWR
P. R. S. Bailey, 2i/c 1 DWR
N. G. Borwell, HQ 3 (UK) Division
D. S. Bruce, COS, HQ 39 Infantry Brigade
C. G. Fitzgerald, OC, RSC Winchester
R. N. Goodwin, 1 DWR
C. F. Grieve, MBE, SO2 G3 Trg Land
R. C. Holroyd, 1 DWR
C. S. T. Lehmann, DNBC Centre
P. M. Lewis, 1 DWR
P. J. Morgan, MOD ATRA
M. D. Norman, HQ 1 9UKO Armoured Division
M. S. Sherlock, PSO CRLS East
G. D. Shuttleworth, SO2 Plans HQ 2 Division

Captains

A. J. Adams, HQ 7 Armoured Brigade
J. R. Bryden, ATR Glencorse
R. N. Chadwick, HQ 1 (UK) Armoured Division
J. W. Charlesworth, 1 DWR
R. Douthwaite, RMAS
B. J. T. Faithfull, HQ 160 (W) Brigade
P. R. Fox, 1 DWR
T. G. J. Golding, 1 DWR
A. J. M. Liddle, 1 DWR
J. C. Mayo, 1 DWR
D. P. Monteith, HQ Infantry
W. T. Mundell, 1 DWR
R. C. O'Connor, 1 DWR
S. C. Pinder, 1 DWR
J. H. Purcell, 3 DWR
N. P. Rhodes, 1 DWR
S. J. Steward, CTC RM
J. E. Townhill, 1 DWR
T. G. Vallings, 1 DWR
M. J. Wolff, CATC
N. M. B. Wood, 1 DWR
R. P. Wyithe, 1 DWR

Subalterns

P. M. J. Cowell, 1 DWR
A. S. Garner, 1 DWR
R. A. Harford, 1 DWR
D. J. J. Kirk, ATR Glencorse
L. R. McCormick, 1 DWR
S. Richardson, 1 DWR
M. Robinson, 1 DWR
T. E. J. Smart, 1 DWR
G. R. Triplow, 1 DWR
J. F. C. Vitoria, ITC Catterick
P. J. Wilson, OC KDRT (Yorks)

Late Entry Officers

Major B. W. Sykes, MBE, 3 DWR
Major P. Ennis, QM 1 DWR
Captain R. M. Pierce, QM (T) 1 DWR
Captain M. Smith, Fams Offr 1 DWR
2nd Lieut B. J. Thomas, MTO 1 DWR

NOTICES

BRITISH KOREAN VETERANS ASSOCIATION

The year 2000 marks the 50th anniversary of the start of the Korean War, when many special commemorative events will take place in the UK. In the run up to this, the BKVA is undertaking a number of projects, one of which is to establish a permanent memorial to each of the 1,078 British war dead. They are also trying to carry out a national survey of surviving veterans of the war. To assist this, anyone who served in the Korean War 1950-53, or in the subsequent Peacekeeping Force, is invited to write to the BKVA National Vice Chairman:

S. Mercer MBE,
99 Heybridge Avenue,
Streatham Common,
London SW16 3DS.

The association, in order to provide opportunities for more veterans to re-visit Korea, has introduced a programme of two week pilgrimages. Information about these can be obtained by writing to:

Tony Leach,
Rayner House, 23 Higher Hillgate,
Stockport, Cheshire, SK1 3ER.

Or by phoning 0161 477 4521. When writing, please enclose a stamped, self addressed envelope.

REGULAR FORCES EMPLOYMENT ASSOCIATION (RFEA)

Assists ex-regular men and women to resettle and find employment, any time up to the national retirement age and as often as necessary, provided they:

- ◇ left with a character assessment of "satisfactory" or better
- ◇ served a minimum of three years in the ranks
- ◇ or were medically discharged regardless of time served

This service is now also extended to

- ◇ those who were subsequently commissioned
- ◇ widows/widowers provided the spouse died in service

Our Employment Consultants have all had a full and successful service career themselves and worked in commerce or industry, placing them in a unique and strong position to offer:

- ◇ registrants free personal counselling and local job finding advice
- ◇ employers access to a responsive free recruitment service

This service is available from thirty nine branches throughout the United Kingdom

- ◇ Branches are listed in Yellow Pages or local directories