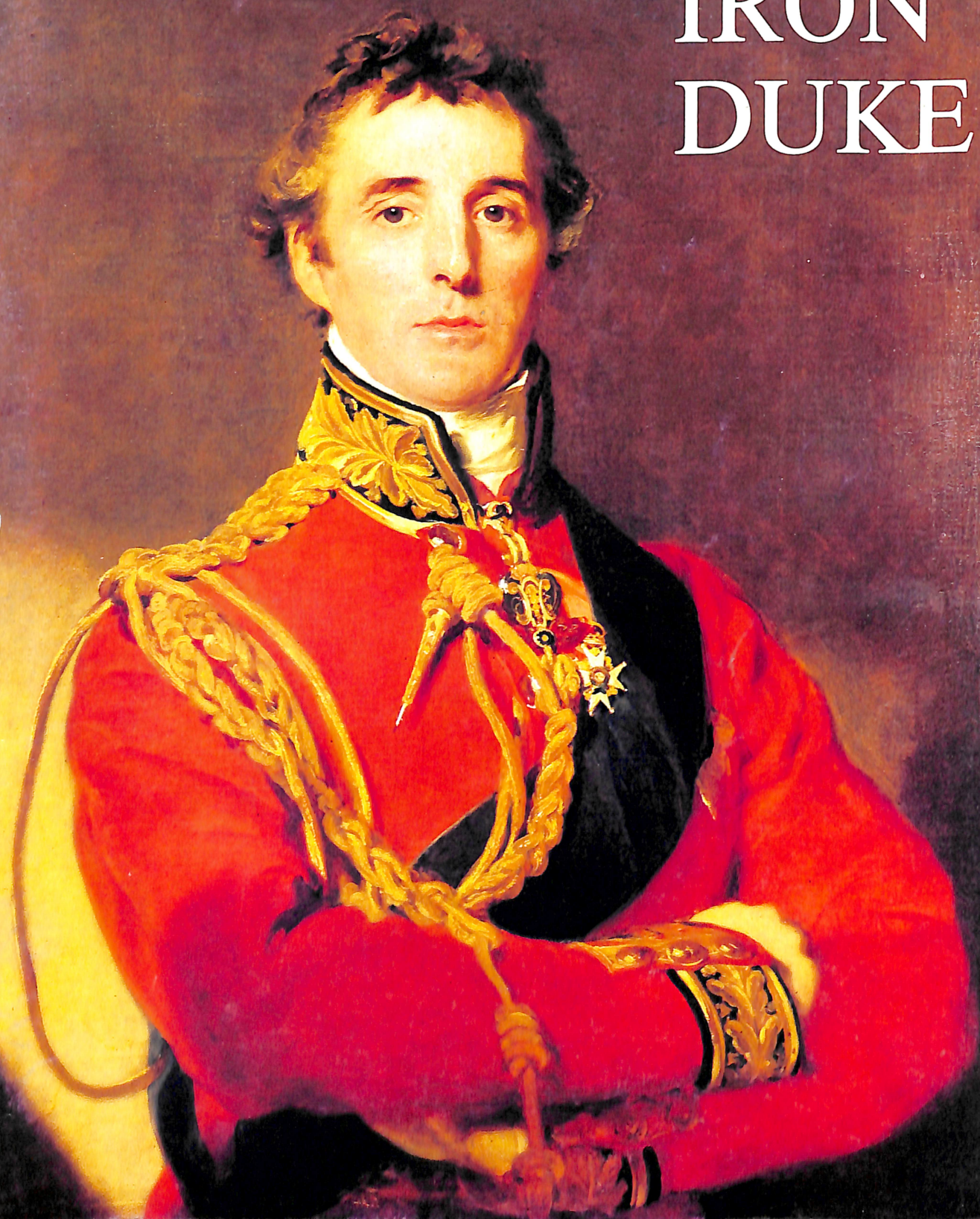


SPRING 1998
No. 236

THE IRON DUKE



THE IRON DUKE

The Regimental Journal of

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT

(WEST RIDING)

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



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

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Spring 1998

No. 236

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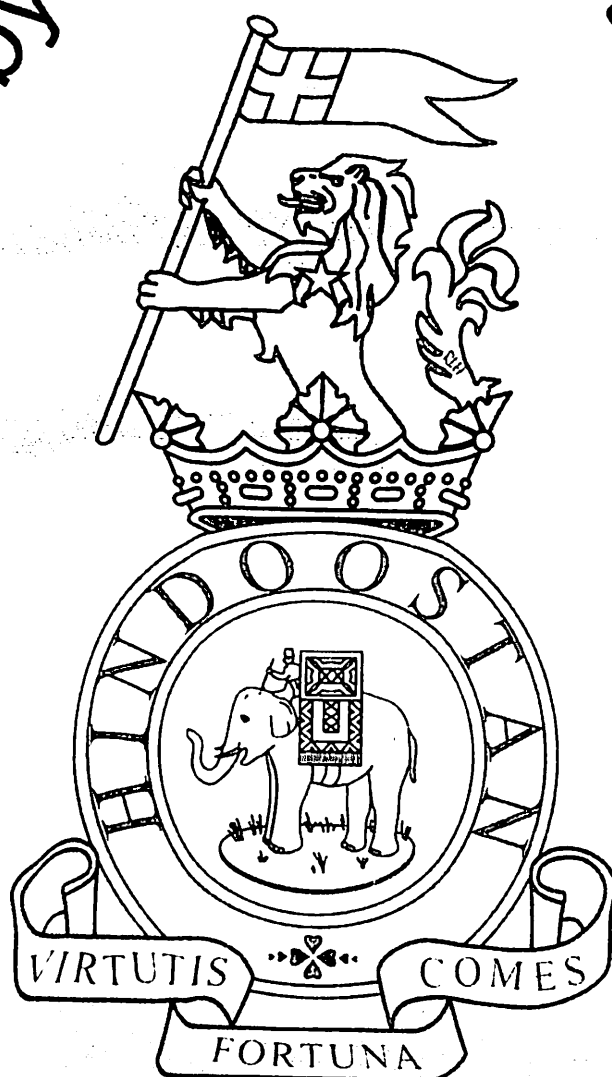
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THE REGIMENT

The Colonel-in-Chief

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

Colonel of the Regiment

Brigadier W. R. Mundell, OBE

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

Regimental Headquarters

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

Regimental Secretary: Major D. L. J. Harrap, LL.B.

Assistant Regimental Secretary: Major R. Heron

1st Battalion

*Cavalry Barracks,
Hounslow,
Middlesex, TW4 6EZ.*

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

Adjutant: Captain T. G. Vallings

Regimental Sergeant Major: WO1 D. E. Dowdall

3rd Battalion

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

Honorary Colonel: General Sir Michael Walker, KCB, CBE, ADC Gen

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

Adjutant: Captain J. C. Mayo

Regimental Sergeant Major: WO1 A. Pigg

ARMY CADET FORCE - DWR

Yorkshire (North & West)

D Company Detachments
OC: Major P. Cole

Halifax
Huddersfield

Spen Valley
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-Allee,
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 Baluch Regiment

*Sialkot Cantonment,
Pakistan.*

Colonel: Brigadier Ajaz Hussain Shah SI(M)

Commanding Officer: Lieutenant Colonel Tasadduq Hussain Zahid

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H.M.S. Iron Duke

BFPO 309

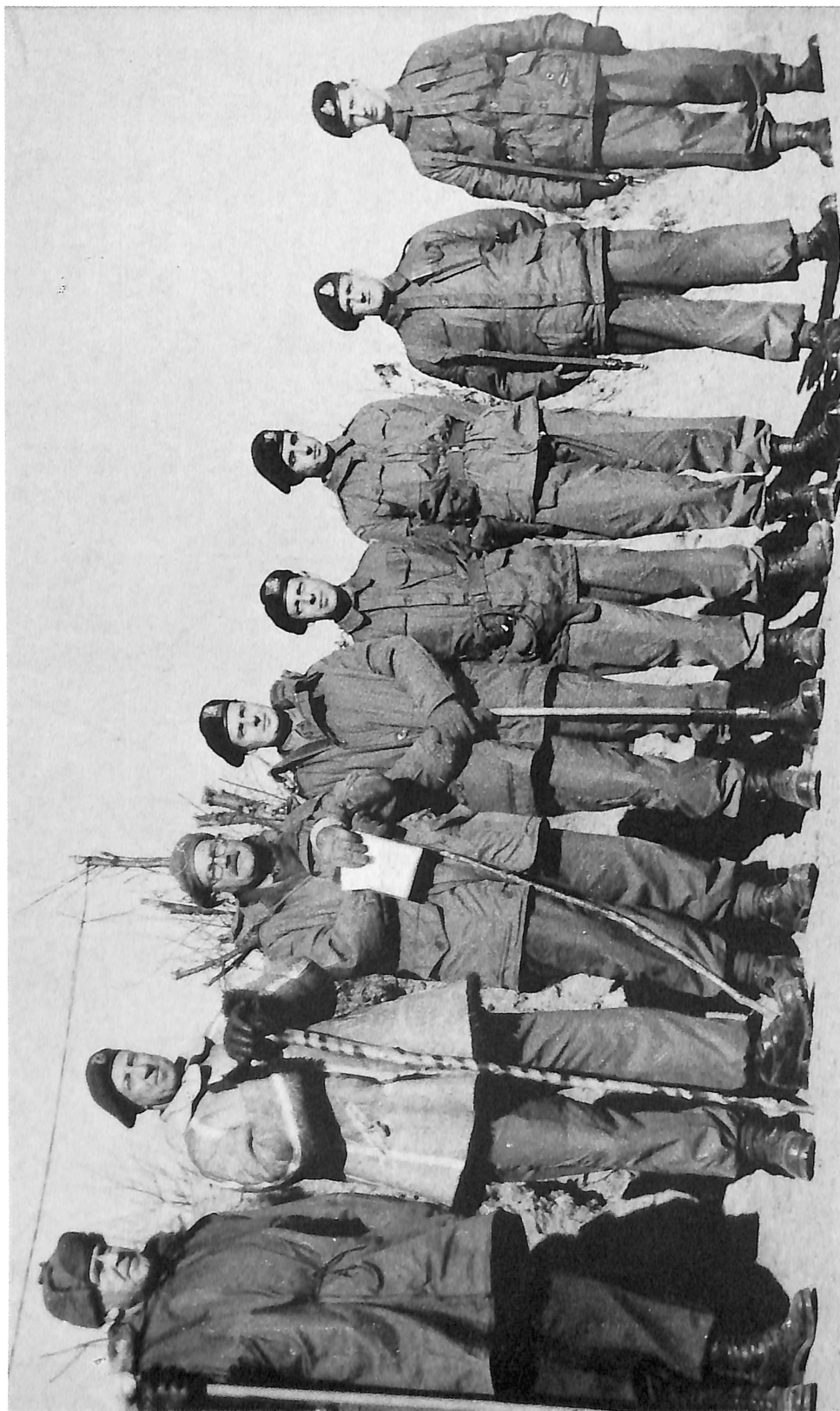
Commander C. J. Bryning, BSc, RN

H.M.S. Sheffield

BFPO 383

Commander C. J. Hamp, BSc, RN

KOREA 1952-1953
Chain of Command - February 1953



Left to right: Lieutenant General P. Kendall, Commander US Corps, Major General M. M. A. R. West, Commander 1st Commonwealth Division, Brigadier D. A. Kendrew, Commander 29 British Infantry Brigade, Lieutenant Colonel F. R. St P. Bunbury, Commanding Officer 1 DWR, Major R. H. Ince, Officer Commanding B Company, 1 DWR, Second Lieutenant T. M. Rothery, Officer Commanding 5 Platoon, 1 DWR, Corporal J. Clark, B Company, 1 DWR, Private J. Goodall, B Company, 1 DWR

Regimental Headquarters

Regimental Notes

45th ANNIVERSARY OF THE KOREAN WAR

The Regiment will be marking the 45th Anniversary of the Korean War in Halifax on Saturday 30 May 1998. The date selected being the closest Saturday to the 1st Battalion's action on The Hook (28/29 May 1953).

The outline programme for the day is as follows:

1100hrs Reception for DWR Korean Veterans in Halifax Town Hall.

1200hrs Service in the Parish Church for veterans and all members of the Regimental Association, followed by a Wreath Laying Ceremony at the Cenotaph beside the Church.

1445hrs Luncheon and drinks in the Stakis Hotel, Bradford. Transport will be available to take all those without their own transport from Halifax to Bradford. Private bars have been arranged for reception drinks.

We would encourage all members of the Regimental Association to support this Regimental Anniversary by watching the Parade, and attending the service and lunch.

KOREA 1952-1953

This signal from Headquarters 29 British Infantry Brigade notified the 1st Battalion of the end of hostilities in Korea in July 1953. Some of those who took part reflect on the campaign on pages 32 to 40.

FROM : HQ 29 BRIT ~~Inf~~ Bde

DTG 27 / 1953 I(Jul)

TO : 1 RS 1 KINGS 1 DWR A Sqr R TKS 55 Fd Sqn Sigs C/amp
29 BRIT Inf Bde LAD Det 904 FSS

INFO : Comd
A/Q

Security Classification

Originators Number

UNCLAS

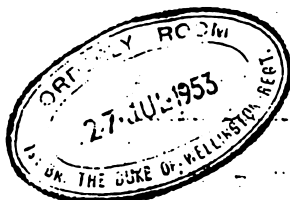
GOPS/7

CEASE FIRE (.) all fire will cease at 2200 hrs 27 Jul 53 (.)
time synchronisation will be broadcast on Bde Comd net 2015 hrs
and 2150 hrs (.) operative order to cease fire will be transmitted
at 2200 hrs (.) ACK

Degree of Precedence

Originators Signature

PRIORITY



SEEN
O. A.
ADTT. <i>initialed</i>
2 1/2
PRE
G. M.
CRMS

[Handwritten Signature]

1st Battalion

Commanding Officer's Introduction

At the time of writing it is late January 1998; the Battalion is mid-way through moving to Hounslow, with freight being loaded, families marching out of married quarters and a 150-strong advance party already in London. However we also have two companies away for a fortnight providing support to Northern Ireland training and one and a half platoons deployed in the province until March - the term "in baulk" during a unit move has long since vanished from our vocabulary! The three years in Weeton has been a happy and satisfying tour for the whole Battalion and so there is much sadness as we depart the Fylde. However, a new and different challenge awaits us in London and the Battalion is now ready for a change.

Our tour in London will again be as a Light Role Infantry Battalion dedicated to National Defence. However, as one of the three Infantry battalions in London District we also share responsibility for Public Duties in London and Windsor. This part of the role will allow us to promote the Regiment in a high-profile arena and the Battalion, as always, will rise to the challenge. We also have a very full training programme

in 1998, which will take platoons to Germany, Canada and possibly Kenya, followed by a major battalion overseas exercise in 1999, so our eye will be kept firmly focussed on real soldiering!

On the sporting field the Battalion has again had a very successful winter; the rugby squad has started a three year build-up and, with the help of some outside coaching, is already playing better than for many years and reached the quarter-final of the Army Cup; the soccer team is still in its Army Cup and had a good run in the Infantry Cup, and we currently have two private soldiers in the Army boxing squad. The emphasis on team sport at all levels will continue throughout the Battalion whilst in London.

Finally I must mention recruiting. The Battalion remains one of the few overstrength battalions in the Army, however we must guard against complacency. Surveys are indicating that our greatest recruiting tool remains word of mouth and personal recommendation, so I take this opportunity to stress the vital role played by all members of the Regimental family in ensuring we continue to be well recruited into the future.

THE 1st BATTALION'S LONDON ROLE

The frenetic activity of the 1st Battalion move will be complete by the time this is published. The firm control exercised by the Quartermasters and their teams, with an emphasis on fatigue parties, cleaning, polishing and packing, will have been returned to the formal chain of command. Cavalry Barracks, Hounslow, will be in the hands of 1 DWR and the rumour of what life in London will be like will have turned into reality! Many people will ask how, after a period of several years of varied and challenging operational soldiering, we will adjust to what is perceived to be the chocolate box existence of a Public Duties Battalion. So what will life in London be like?

We come directly under command of Headquarters London District. The GOC, Major General E. J. Webb-Carter OBE, is no stranger to the Dukes, his father, Brigadier B. W. Webb-Carter, having commanded the 1st Battalion through some of the decisive actions of World War 2 and again in 1947/48. We will work within a carefully calculated District programme, which is designed to allow all units to participate in Public Duties and ceremonial commitments, as well as making time for normal military skills, contributions to the Regular Army Assistance Table, sport, adventure training and, importantly, leave.

The reality of the annual programme will mean that, as a battalion, we will be expected to participate in Public Duties for six months of the year. However, if our programming goes to plan, this will mean that in any one month a company will expect to complete two weeks of Public Duties, divided between Queen's



Lieutenant Colonel Simon Newton takes over in Cavalry Barracks, Hounslow, from Lieutenant Colonel Iain Chollerton, 1 RRW.

Guard at Buckingham Palace and St James' Palace and Windsor Guard at Windsor Castle. This will leave two weeks for military training and other activities. The busy months will be during May and June, when we shall provide Queen's Guards on a regular basis and be almost permanently the sole providers of Windsor Guard. This is partly to allow the Foot Guards battalions

to prepare for the Queen's Birthday Parade and also because at that time of year the Guard changes once every 24 hours. For the rest of the year we will be on duty in alternate months and be expected to provide guards for 48 hours at a time. Anyone wishing to know when they can see the Dukes on parade should ring the Ceremonial Adjutant to avoid disappointment!

For the rest of the year we will continue life as UK National Defence Battalion in a similar role to the one which we have left at Weeton. Interestingly, we have the same readiness states and are at a higher notice to move than the rest of London District! We will be expected to train to a high standard and to maintain individual and collective skills as much as any other Regular Infantry Light Role Battalion. Soldiers should expect to be involved in the full range of cadres. Support weapons platoons will visit HQ LAND concentrations and plans for a full programme of shooting leading to full live firing exercises are in hand. The Battalion will run demanding exercises during the winter months and the command element will be thoroughly tested at the latest Brigade and Battlegroup Trainer in Warminster.

We will have less time to train and, to make up for this, we are taking advantage of being one of the best recruited battalions in the Army. Currently other battalions which are involved in major exercises have offered us spaces to take up. Over the next nine months, platoons of Dukes could serve with other battalions in Canada, America and Kenya, as well as on some of the major battle simulation exercises on Salisbury Plain. The Regular Army Assistance Table provides some opportunity for training, particularly for the Mortar

Platoon. In addition, there are continual invitations for individuals and specialists to support operations and exercises. The stability of life in Hounslow will allow time for a shooting team to train and for adequate preparation for other military competitions such as the Cambrian Patrol.

The Regular Army Assistance Table could be compared with a fairground lucky dip! As one of the tasks allocated to 1 DWR we have the honour of being the Support Unit for the Royal Tournament. This will involve taking control of the entire Earls Court complex and then the entire management of all aspects of support to the Royal Tournament. We have been assured that we will thoroughly enjoy this high profile task which is the Services' annual showpiece.

Sport and Adventure Training will continue to be a key aspect of Battalion life. The Rugby Officer will be searching for high quality fixtures amongst the south eastern clubs for next season. Sports such as boxing, cricket and football will be played on a regular basis. There are a number of very competitive District sports competitions which we will be aiming to win and sport will play a major part in the Inter-Company Competition for this year. Companies are already planning adventure training weeks and individuals will still have the opportunity to go away on courses.

There will be challenges and demands on the Battalion in London District. However the key to a successful and happy tour will be a balance between high ceremonial standards and challenging and interesting field training, as well as taking advantage of the sporting and social aspects of life in London.

PLATOON COMPETITION 1997

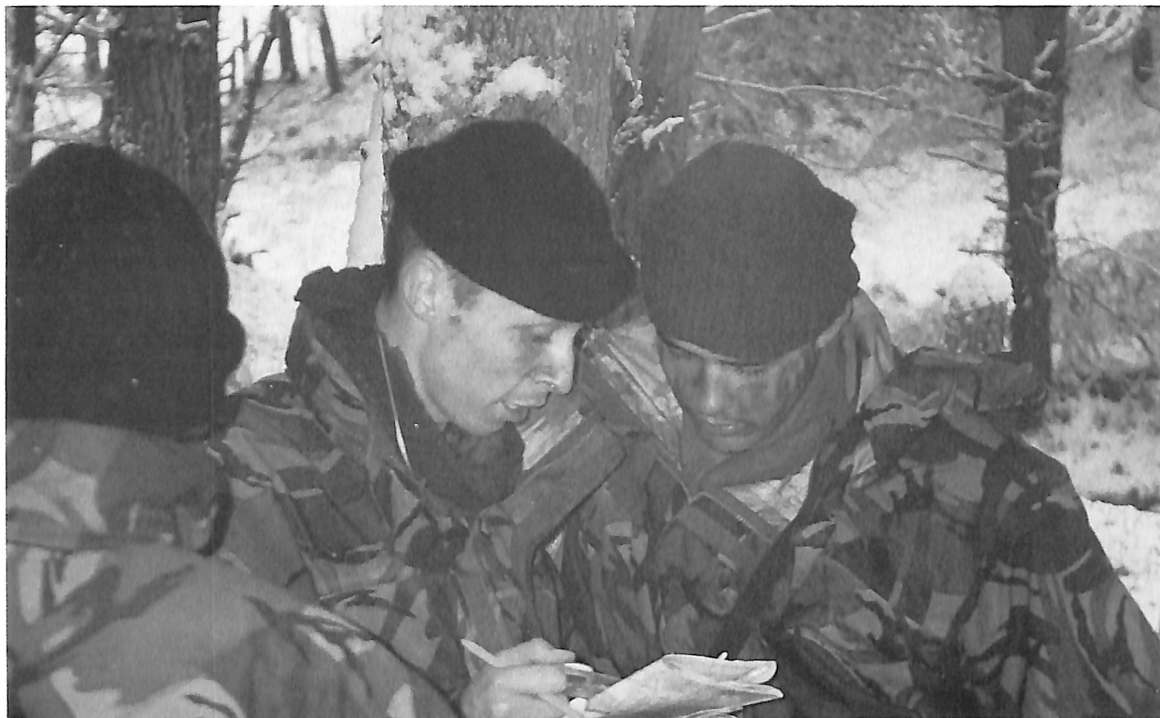
There are two main indicators that a Platoon Competition is soon to take place. The first of which is torrential rain and hurricane winds followed by arctic blizzards. The second indicator is much more predictable and comes in the form of soldiers recounting tales of previous Platoon Competitions to a captivated audience of younger and infinitely less-experienced soldiers.

Most stories are drastically inflated but none the less entertaining. Generally these stories centre around the Canada 1989 competition and the Bulford "Warminster to Tidworth ninjathon". Whilst these stories are extremely interesting, what really tops the bill is the look on the faces of our new brethren as they listen to these accounts of human endurance; and little wonder, as the last time I overheard the Bulford encounter, it was one hundred kilometres between stands and every soldier was made to wear Scotchbrite underpants! Rivalry is usually subdued between platoons and companies, but is quite fiercely brought to the fore in the run up to the annual competition, so much so that soldiers will do anything to gain inside information about the competition, bribing the Battalion Headquarters cleaner to eavesdrop conversations is not unknown! This is always a fruitless operation as he or she only seems to happen upon conversations about

last weekend's football results; perhaps it is some indecipherable code, either way BHQ security appears to be good and the Toms have given up on trying to break it.

This year's Competition lived up to all expectations being both physically and mentally demanding. The Competition comprised two main phases, the first of which was an overnight stay in a harbour holding area. Phase two was the Competition itself, starting with a battle scenario and kit inspection. All platoons came through the inspection well, having being provided with a kit list prior to the Competition. The mandatory equipment in bergans had bumped the average weight carried to 80 pounds. This made the next 48 hours a stern test of character and fitness.

The inspection over, we set off into a winter wonderland on route to the section attack stand. Wet and breathing heavily we left the stand and moved across the mountainous terrain via an ammunition and ration resupply stand. A fair distance covered thus far, bravado was cast aside and the Pennine Way mountain route was selected. Some 10 hours and 30km later the platoon sat upon Windy Gale, the highest feature of the surrounding 30 miles, with still 8km to go to the next stand. The 3.00am darkness had done little to dampen spirits, even with a minus eight icy wind; conversation



Lance Corporal Tony Devanney and Private “Benny” Lindsay from Corunna Company planning a route on the Platoon Competition, December 1997.

centred around favourite food, hot baths and the platoon’s ugliest girlfriends.

After a straight 14 hours of tabbing the platoon arrived at the initiative stand, where it soon transpired that the ‘initiative’ was a demanding orienteering course to be completed within two hours, this brought a lot of smiles and few raised eyebrows!

During the stand it started to snow to near “white out” proportions, making navigation extremely difficult. This said, the platoon fared well. After a tiring night the

platoon moved by vehicle via a first aid stand which involved another 14km “wobbly leg” stretch to a drop off point. The harbour area we were bound for was another 5km distance and, in particular, one fast river and a steep mountain away. On arrival at the harbour, orders came via radio for an ambush, strangely enough another 5km away. I felt sure at this point that if we kept wandering around we would bump into Ranulph Fiennes sooner or later. On extraction from the ambush we tabbed back to the drop off point from the previous day just in time to start the march and shoot. By an uncanny coincidence the march was 5km, encountering the same river and mountain we were now so familiar with. To a man, every platoon’s soldiers must have been as eager to start this as we were. On completion of this final stand four tonners extracted some very tired but happy troops back to Otterburn Camp for a well-deserved shower.

In all, the Competition brought to a close a very demanding year and made 1997 a year to remember. The Competition had achieved something very worthwhile, covering over 70km in 48 hours and we had used and been tested in all basic skills. If one thing is to be learned for next year’s competition it is that the platoon needs to be able to run in training with main battle tanks tied to their ankles in order to find the next competition easy! Until then, like Chris Ryan’s epic journey in “The One that Got Away” we shall remain “The 27 that Got Away”.

Sergeant N. S. Wilson, Burma Company



Members of the Mortar Platoon complete the Cross Country March and Shoot on the Platoon Competition in Otterburn.

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CAMBRIAN PATROL, OCTOBER 1997**The Team**

Captain Golding

Corporals Schofield and Marsden

Privates Wilby, Wyeth, Fitzgibbon, Roycroft and Martin

"The Cambrian Patrol is a challenging, long-range, mission-orientated, patrolling exercise held in mid-Wales. Physical fitness, endurance, team work and determination must be combined with excellent infantry skills to complete the patrol." So says the certificate given to all teams that manage to complete what is regarded as the premier patrolling competition in the British Army, attracting many teams including some from other NATO countries, such as Italy, France and the USA.

The Recce Platoon began training for the competition in the Falkland Islands, swimming a flooded quarry in full kit and occupying an OP on the windiest mountain in the Southern Hemisphere being just two of the more memorable parts of our preparations.

It was a bonus to arrive home from the Falklands earlier than the remainder of Waterloo Company. We caught our first sight of the team from the 51st Infantry Battalion, US Army, whose role is Long Range Surveillance, or "eyes behind the line, soldier", as they would say, at Weeton, as they were being hosted by the Dukes. Once we arrived in Wales we learned that the Americans had in fact failed to complete the competition; in a morbid kind of way this gave us a life!

The Competition began in an assembly area where our kit was inspected, an exhaustive mandatory packing list has to be adhered to for the competition, forcing the weight of every man's kit into the region of 65-70lb each. We then began full battle procedure with Captain Golding issuing the patrol orders under the watchful eye of the directing staff. From here we deployed by vehicle to a drop-off point and the real work began, patrolling tactically but at best possible speed up through the Welsh countryside.

Our mission was to meet friendly agents and assist them where possible, in a pseudo-Bosnia style scenario. Our main task found us occupying an OP, our target being a barn frequented by enemy patrols out scouring the area for us. By this time we had covered some mileage and were a little low. However our spirits were lifted as an enemy land rover patrol chased one of the other competing teams out of its OP and took them prisoner. As Corporal Marsden and I lay there sniggering, Private Roycroft crawled up to relieve us wearing his "sex-pest" NHS glasses, our morale took several steps back up.

All information logged and sketches completed, we patrolled away to continue the competition, stopping only to marvel at Private Wilby's incredible blisters, though these didn't slow him down in any way.

Our final task was recording of information. Instead of the usual patrol report, however, all members of the patrol received a very thorough verbal de-brief.

In all we had covered upwards of 60km in around 40 hours. In addition to the OP task, we had carried out a first aid and a signals exercise, a river crossing (with boats - I ask you!) a patrol skills test and a night defence shoot.

At the prize giving the next day we were shown footage from next generation image intensifying and thermal imaging cameras and weapon sights. On the video screen patrols could clearly be seen in pitch darkness, falling over fences, using cover to brew up and generally "mongeing it". We even recognised ourselves, not least by the thermal signature of Private Fitzgibbon's nose.

For our efforts we took a silver medal, the congratulations of the Commanding Officer and received a week's leave into the bargain.

Corporal Schofield, Recce Platoon



Corporal Lee Schofield, Recce Platoon, carrying out a river crossing in the Falklands in preparation for the Cambrian Patrol.

THE OFFICERS' MESS

Throughout the last year at Weeton Camp the Officers' Mess has seen quite a change, we have always been fully manned, so to speak, however to look at the Mess at times you would not have thought so. As has been noted before, even though the Province Reinforcement Role finished at the beginning of March the dearth of officers continued throughout the year, with people deployed to Canada, Oman, Germany, Northern Ireland and Cyprus. As each of these tasks came to an end (Northern Ireland excepting) and new subalterns arrived, so the Mess began to fill up, so that by the end of the year there was the marked contrast of a completely packed Mess. New arrivals in the Mess are Second Lieutenants Richard Sutcliffe, Kevin Smith, Mark Tetley, Justin Maude and Richard Hall.

Despite the relative quiet in the Mess, several very successful events have been run, not least the Summer Ball. The ball was based loosely on a "Waterloo/Lady Richmond's Ball" theme and included such attractions as laser clay pigeon shooting, where the subalterns failed to impress their lady folk with their marksmanship; bumper cars, where the order of the day was spilt champagne and whiplash, as opposed to the skilful art of driving unhindered; and a bouncy castle enabling budding Greg Louganis to practise swallow dives off

the fire escape. A little style was added with the inclusion of a cocktail bar and a casino and two live bands, the Normandy Swing Band and Blues Brothers band called The Solicitors. The whole lot was rounded off with a superb spread of barbecued food, including a whole hog roast.

Other events that have taken place over the year are the farewell dinner for Major Paul Bailey, a Fathers' Dinner Night and, of course, the annual Ruperts and Andy Capp awards.

The Mess is in the process of moving down to Cavalry Barracks, Hounslow and the forecast of events for the Mess is currently unknown, although we shall doubtless be having a few social occasions to mark our arrival in London. Sadly, before we leave Weeton completely we must say farewell to Major Ken Johnson, Kings, Captain Jamie Deans, RADC, and Captain Nick Fraser, RAMC, who will remain at Weeton with the Kings Regiment.

As a Mess we have enjoyed our time at Weeton, and the proximity of Blackpool has had some notable benefits. However all eyes are focussed down south now, with the anticipation of hitting a new social scene, but with the trepidation of having to conquer the drill square first!

RUGBY

The past few weeks have been particularly busy on the rugby field. Since the last set of notes the 1st XV has had its triumphs and its tribulations. Our coach, Ian Geary, has developed a clear playing style designed to win games and, more importantly, to build a team for the future. He has instilled a different and more professional attitude towards playing the game. Each player has been briefed on his role in the game and the plan for each situation, almost a set of SOPs. In essence the Dukes are starting to catch up with the modern professional era. Rugby in the Army, generally, is not managing to keep pace with the changes in the civilian clubs; their attitude to the game is streets ahead of ours. In the past, clubs like New Brighton, Birkenhead Park and Moseley were happy to play against us. In the modern professional game, these clubs will not even consider playing against us, as we do not present a challenge sufficiently good to risk injuries for. Our experience here in the north-west shows that civilian clubs are loath to play us during the week, as it disrupts preparation for their league programme. The league rugby is leaving unit rugby behind and making it increasingly difficult to catch up. However, Ian Greary has been instrumental in acquiring fixtures for us, using his influence as the RUSLO for Manchester and his position as a senior RFU coach. Indeed he gained us a place in the Lancashire Cup and games against Lancashire U21 and a Fylde XV. Military opposition in the north-west is scarce and Wednesday sides few and far between.

In light of this, our build up to this year's Army Cup has been a struggle. We have a relatively strong side; the pack in particular is a very effective unit. However the squad was not complete until early December when our operational commitments eased. The work done in Oman had laid a good grounding, but we have been short of time and quality opposition with which to prepare the side. The team romped through the first two rounds of the Cup beating 19 Brigade CSS Battalion 53-0 and the RGBW 46-0. The game against SEME was a close run affair on a bitterly cold night in Portsmouth. The Dukes managed to dominate the first half playing into a howling gale and at half-time led 8-0. The second half saw the side defend against a constant onslaught from the REME who ran everything from everywhere. It was a scintillating match, for which both sides deserved credit for determined, gritty defence and concentrated attack. The REME managed to squeeze a try in at the corner in the last minute, the match ending 8-5.

The quarter-final was a similar story but regrettably with an unhappy ending. Having beaten the REME Corps XV it was now time to face 4 GS Regiment, the RLC Corps XV. Once again the pack dominated for long periods of the game. Indeed the Dukes were 8-0 up within five minutes and still leading 8-5 at half-time.

With fifteen minutes to go the match was still tied at 8-8 when a penalty put 4 GS Regiment ahead. As the team threw all caution to the wind in an attempt to find the elusive score they managed to concede a further try, once again in the last minute.

This season was always going to be a time for re-building and given the busy period and constraints on the Battalion we have done well to reach the last eight. The 1st XV has beaten the University of Central Lancashire and Manchester University in the last two

weeks. We have a fixture against RMAS in February and every intention of getting stuck into the London Rugby set up. In short, preparation for next year's Cup is already underway.



Corporal Phil Beetham takes good ball in the lineout in the Quarter Final against 4 GS Regiment RLC.

RUGBY REUNION DINNER

For the first time since 1986 the 1st Battalion hosted a Dukes Rugby Reunion over the weekend of 17/18 January. It was clearly long overdue and, judging by their high spirits, the old and bold have lost none of their fire. It was particularly encouraging for the younger element to meet so many of the veterans of the 1950s and 60s. We were regaled with stories of famous victories over Ulster and several Army Cup wins. Indeed there were many tales of heroic tries, outrageous dummies and extravagant side steps. Naturally these became more exaggerated as the evening passed. The present players were in awe of the achievements of their predecessors and felt very keenly their failure to win the Cup of late. It was with great relief we heard, late in the evening, that two veterans of that era had revealed a dark secret that has been kept from the current generation. The great Dukes side had lost, against the KOSB in Berlin! A game they should have won! It was quite clear that this event had left indelible scars on those that played. Indeed it took another whisky to allow the teller to regain his composure.

The event was attended by 100 Dukes, past and present, and many letters of regret were sent expressing a clear sadness at being unable to attend. The dinner had a secondary function, to raise funds to help the club pay for its professional coach and for much-needed equipment.

The attendance at the dinner once again highlighted the strength of Dukes Rugby. We may not have won the Cup this year, but we still aim to do so in the future. Rugby is still our culture, heritage and identity and when the re-union attracts so many past players it is invigorating to know that we have so much support to help us to achieve our aim. Few other clubs can boast so prestigious a body of British and Irish Rugby Union Caps and Great Britain Rugby League Internationals. I would conclude with one thought that was really relayed to me by Don Palmer: "If the Dukes could produce a side that was as tough and resilient as the Beef Wellington, we would carry the Army Cup with ease". Those who attended the dinner, or planned to do so, are listed on the next page.

Colonel of the Regiment
Brigadier W. R. Mundell, OBE

S J Acklam	S L Good	S J N Morgan
G C W Allan	M J Granger	N J Newell
D Allen	J B K Greenway	S C Newton
P D D J Andrews	S W Grogan	S J O'Niel
D Bailey	R Hall	A J Padgett
D P Barnett	D H P Harley	A D M Palmer
R M Basu Vesikula	R Hartley	I G Perkins
P M Beetham	R M Harms	J C Preston
I Bottomley	D L J Harrap	R Preston
R D Campbell-	J Hemmings	S Richardson
Lamerton	R Heron	A D Roberts
R C Camplin	J P Hinchliffe	W F C Robertson
J W Charlesworth	R C Holroyd	P Robinson
W F Charlesworth	P B L Hoppe	G Robson
R M L Colville	C Hosty	A T Rudd
J D P Cowell	G Hunter	J Scroby
P M J Cowell	D E Isles	R Sergeant
K N Craddock	J Jenkins	J A Shenton
B Curry	K Johnson	D W Shuttleworth
S A Davidson	A Keegan	T C Sinclair
D W Davies	H A Kelly	K D Smith
P J Davies	J Kirk	R J Spence
D Dickens	G C Knight	A J Sutcliffe
L Douglas	C S T Lehmann	R M Sutcliffe
A H S Drake	S P Leng	M Taylor
P T Draper	K Lodge	M C Tetley
J L Ellam	J Maude	T G Vallings
P M Ennis	J C Mayo	G Williams
D M Foley	K M McDonald	P J Wilson
A Garner	L R McCormick	J W Wood
I Geary	A D Meek	D J H Woodhouse
J P B Golding	J N Mitchell	
T G J Golding	D P Montieth	

R. C. Holroyd, OC Rugby

BATTALION FOOTBALL

The 1997/98 season has seen the Battalion continue its success in both league and cup competition. Seven league fixtures have been completed with five wins, one draw and only one defeat. The West Midland District Premier Division is considerably stronger, but the team has risen to the challenge and produced a number of excellent performances.

An early defeat in the Infantry Cup by the Highlanders has now focussed our efforts on the Army Cup. ITC Catterick are the next opponents in the last 16. Victories over 1 Staffords, 5-2 and 30 Signal Regiment 3-1 have been achieved through superb team spirit and grit.

We bade farewell to WO2 (TP) Stead on posting to Germany. TP has been the stalwart of the squad for many years and his presence both on the pitch and in the changing room will be sadly missed. Also leaving the squad this season are Sergeant Mower and Private Yates, both players of immense talent and character.


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With these departures the Battalion squad now has an abundance of youth, with elements of the seasoned and experienced old and bold. Private Hird continues to represent the successful Infantry side.

The Admin team serves the squad with dedication and professionalism. Corporal Wood leaves on promotion to ATR Glencorse and Corporal Clarke to live as a civilian. We thank both for their work over the years and wish them well. Corporal Burns and Lance Corporal Hutty step into the organisation and are welcomed by all.

On arrival in Hounslow an Inter-Company Competition is planned to seek out new players. It is hoped that young players will join the squad and continue to keep the Dukes on the footballing map within the UK. The team spirit and attitude of the Battalion football team will reap its just rewards, it is only a matter of time.

A S-TYPE ENGAGEMENT WITH 1 DWR

In October 1996 I joined the 1st Battalion, on a S-Type engagement, having served for six months with 4 King's Own Border and twelve months with the 3rd Battalion. So what is an S-Type engagement? Basically, having served a minimum of twelve months with the TA, and with a recommendation from PSI or Officer Commanding, TA soldiers can volunteer to serve with a regular unit, with engagements usually lasting six, twelve or twenty-four months, but sometimes shorter in duration, for an overseas tour for example. The easiest way to find out about S-Types is on Unit Part Two Orders, where regular units notify their need for TA soldiers to help fulfil their commitments. It is also possible to apply "on spec" for a S-Type engagement, as, due to the army-wide manpower shortage, there are always units who need trained soldiers.

Having made the transition to the Regular Army, I have seen what is needed from the individual soldier. Firstly, fitness. Being able to pass a basic fitness test is obviously one of the criteria, but I would advise any TA soldier to concentrate on fitness. Secondly, knowledge. Again, it is wise to learn as much as possible from all sources, particularly the weapons you will be using. Both these areas will help TA soldiers to fit in to a regular unit.

It must also be said that TA soldiers on S-Types should have broad shoulders. Not only are you the 'new boy' in the platoon/company, but you have also missed

out on eight months of basic training, a fact that I am still reminded of, even after a year in the Battalion! However, if your fitness and knowledge are up to standard, you can substantially cut down on the incoming flak!

When I joined The Dukes, the Battalion was coming to the end of its two year Province Reinforcement Battalion tour of Northern Ireland. My new company still had a couple of tours left in the Province, so I was sent on a NIRT course with three other new members of the Battalion. After completing both Province tours, I shared in the process of converting back to the conventional light role.

The rest of my engagement has flown by with exercises and adventure training and I even managed to pass the Regular Commissions Board in the meantime, but the highlight of the first year was the Company's six week tour in Oman - Exercise Rocky Lance '97.

However, my time is now up and I am moving on to pastures new. I will never forget my first year with the 1st Battalion and would thoroughly recommend a S-Type to all TA soldiers. In the last year I have made many new mates, served on operational tours, trained all over the United Kingdom, exercised in the Gulf and learnt to scuba dive and sail. All in all a very memorable twelve months.

Private J. L. Brown
Corunna Company

CROSSING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL BY CANOE

In the middle of June 1997 I was phoned up by a 23 SAS officer called Neill, who wanted me to lead his canoe expedition across the English Channel. This instantly appealed to my sense of adventure, but, before confirming my availability, I had to gain leave from the Adjutant. This was not a problem, but I hadn't expected the Adjutant to want to come along as well! He in fact knew this chap Neill and after a second phone call it was confirmed that the Adjutant and I were going to canoe across the Channel in a two man canoe in two weeks' time with four other guys from 23 SAS.

Battalion Headquarters found the whole idea hysterical and the Commanding Officer started to re-look at the officer plot in case the Adjutant didn't make it.

On the way down to Folkestone it began to dawn on the Adjutant that 22 miles in a canoe was not the 'walk in the park' he had told everyone, I also started to question our experience and complete lack of training. I had not been in a canoe for two years and the Adjutant had only ever been in a canoe for two weeks. The Adjutant was counting on Sea Dog Innes being the engine room whilst he smoked cigarettes and drank champagne looking out for the big ships. He realised, however, that if he stopped paddling I would simply launch my paddle into his neck, accidentally of course!

I have been on numerous army adventure training exercises, but none quite like this. To say the SAS is elite is one thing, but it is certainly unique in its administration. The exercise had no name, no covering letter and up until the day before, no canoes and no safety boat. However, just when it all looked like a show stopper, things started to happen. The situation had been saved by the old officer-saying "If you have a problem, throw enough money at it and the problem will disappear". Thus a fishing boat was hired for £700 to act as safety, and the canoes that had been driven up from Poole eventually arrived at 2100hrs the night before.

The weather forecast was reasonable but worsening in the afternoon. The decision was taken to go early the next morning on the ebbing tide.

I had hoped for a good night's sleep, but as five of us crashed out in a small sitting room the snoring started. I tried to move on to the patio but this only activated the heat sensor patio lights and the alarm, waking everyone up. I eventually got to sleep half an hour before the weather forecast woke us up at 0555 hours. The forecast was Force 3/4, gusting 5 by the afternoon. This to the layman means strong winds and rough seas by the afternoon. Thankfully the Force 5 winds didn't arrive until we had actually finished, but they were always playing on my mind.



Rear canoe

Captain Tom Vallings (front) and Sergeant Eric Innes (rear) relaxing on their Cross Channel Canoe Challenge.

We set off, having calculated that we could canoe at about three miles per hour. We stopped on the hour every hour for five minutes to take on water, food and, in the Adjutant's case, nicotine.

Everything was going according to plan, apart from the odd alteration in course in order to avoid a super tanker. The English Channel is the busiest stretch of water in the world and crossing the shipping lane in a canoe is not something that I recommend to the faint hearted.

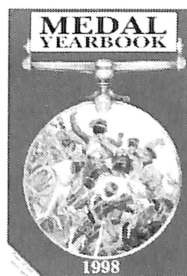
As a team, the Adjutant and I were bearing up well against the two SAS canoes and at around 1300hrs we were over half way and feeling good. Then one of the crews capsized and we sped to the rescue. They were in the water for no more than three minutes before we put them back in the canoe. However, in my experience, once something like this happens it is normally the start of worse to come. The worst thing was that this had happened in the middle of a shipping lane and we now just concentrated on paddling out of it. Capsizing really takes it out of you and I was concerned that these two lads were getting tired.

Half an hour later their steering keg snapped and this makes the canoe nigh-on-impossible to control. The seas were also getting bigger and the wind increasing. France now was only seven miles away, but didn't seem to be getting any closer. They paddled on, but it was obvious they were not going to make it. Their regimental motto of "Who Dares Wins" came to mind and there was no way these lads were going to give up. The only solution was for me to get in their canoe and one of them to get in behind the Adjutant. This plan was quickly put into practice and two hours later we touched dry land at Cape Gris Nez. It had taken eight-and-a-half hours in the canoes and we stumbled around the beach trying to regain our land legs, much to the amusement of the sole Frenchman watching these strange English people.

The journey back to Folkestone on the fishing boat took three hours and we cracked open some celebration juice. All that is left is to thank Neill and his lads for an excellent weekend and "wait out" for the next one.

Sergeant E. Innes, Provost Sergeant

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REGIONAL PLATOON COMMANDERS' BATTLE COURSE 1997 - ZIMBABWE

After spending some time sifting through the Adjutant's In-tray during January, I came across a signal asking for volunteers for a training team to go to Zimbabwe during the summer. The task was to assist the Zimbabwe National Army (ZNA) and the British Military Advisory and Training Team (BMATT) to run a Regional Platoon Commanders' Battle Course (RPCBC 97) for 80 students from nine nations in the southern African region. I applied straight away and, much to my surprise, was selected as one of the two company commanders. This appointment quickly changed as no one could be found to fill the Chief Instructor's post. With 'Virtutis Fortuna Comes' fixed firmly in mind, I asked if I could become the Chief Instructor and again I was successful.

The advance party of myself, Captain Mark Pritchard of the Royal Regiment of Wales and QMSI Mike Turton of the Small Arms School Corps arrived in Harare early on Saturday 31 May. We had ten days before the main body arrived to set up the camp, make all our local contacts and start planning and programming the course. The course was to take place at Border Camp, Nyanga in the Eastern Highlands area, which is a beautiful ridge of hills running from north to south along the border with Mozambique. The camp had been built during the 1980s and early 1990s mainly by

British sappers, but, sadly, had been left unmanned between courses and required the advance party to become competent odd-job-men overnight. The training area was all around the camp and roughly the size of Sennybridge training area. The main difference was that we could live fire all our weapons anywhere on the area, which meant we could provide the students with very realistic field firing exercises.

On Monday 9 June all the instructors and support staff assembled at the camp for a week of final preparation before the students arrived. The orbit consisted of two companies each with two platoons. The staff was a mix of British Infantry and a ZNA platoon commander. The week was spent in a rush of preparation.

The course aim was to instruct platoon commanders in the operational and training duties of an infantry platoon commander. We also hoped to provide a range package which would qualify as many students as possible to run ranges up to platoon size field firing. To achieve this, we selected parts of the Platoon Commanders' Battle Course (PCBC), Warminster, the Platoon Sergeants' Battle Course, Brecon and the ZNA PCBC, which resulted in a mish mash of ideas which would prove to be highly successful and flexible enough to be adjusted at short notice. The ten week



Author supervises RPG 7 live firing

course took on a modular structure, which involved week-long packages in Stage 1 to 3 range qualification, Stage 4 and 5 field firing qualification, attack week, patrols week, defence/operations in built up areas week, low intensity operations, demolitions and grenades and the final exercise.

Unlike the UK, the students on the course could not be described as young officers, because many were in their thirties with the oldest student on the course being 43 years old. Most students had vast operational experience in places such as Mozambique, Uganda and Namibia, to name a few. A large proportion had also served with the United Nations' force in Angola. Some of the students had been on operations continuously for the past five years! This all proved a little daunting and the training team was concerned that we may not be able to teach the students anything. Our worries were unfounded, as the students had a voracious appetite for knowledge and could absorb information at a staggering rate. Most of the nations represented seemed to lack the resources to train and initially found the pace, style and aggressive nature of the course a shock to the system. Although the students were extremely fit, the African way of life is relaxed and time has no real significance, consequently this made time appreciations and key timings, such as H hours, a challenging concept to put across.

The students quickly developed a strong team spirit and their sense of humour proved to be exactly the same as ours. Captain Dougie Cochran of the Kings Own Scottish Borderers was conducting a recce with his ZNA staff at dusk when he spotted a pair of animal's eyes in his headlights. Being new to Zimbabwe he was keen to spot some big game. He turned to one of the ZNA platoon commanders and said "What is it?". The deadpan reply was "It's a dog - we have many dogs in Zimbabwe". Somewhat deflated he drove on to see another pair of eyes further down the track. "What's that then?" "Those are puppies - they are often found near the dogs."

The ten weeks of the course seemed to fly past and, before we knew it, the students were square-bashing in preparation for their passing out parade. The parade was a great success and was attended by the Zimbabwean Deputy Minister for Defence, the British High Commissioner, the ZNA Commander, Commander BMATT and defence attaches from most of the nations on the course. All were impressed by the team spirit shown amongst the different nations represented. The mascot of the ZNA band (a large goat) appeared to be the only one not to enjoy the day, when he realised that lunch was (another) spit-roasted goat.

The majority of the training team were committed to other tasks at the end of the course, so the programme was manipulated to allow everyone the chance to have a week off. Everyone made straight for Victoria Falls in the north western corner of Zimbabwe. The falls are spectacular, their cloud of spray can be seen from a mile away and the roar of the water can be heard from half a mile. Also in this area are such adventures as white water rafting on the mighty Zambezi river, the world's highest bungee jump (111m), all manner of safaris and a stunning golf course with crocodiles in the ponds. From there we travelled to see the grave of Cecil Rhodes, the founder of Rhodesia. It is a remarkable place, on the top of a hill, commanding views for miles around.

Wherever we travelled the Zimbabweans greeted BMATT like long lost friends and Zimbabwe is without a doubt the friendliest country I have ever visited. The permanent BMATT staff provided us with fantastic support both for the course and for our trips around the country. To all the serving readers I say go and work in Zimbabwe if you ever get the chance; and to all wives and girlfriends: start working on your other half for next year's summer holiday!

Captain P. R. Fox

INTER SERVICES OFFSHORE REGATTA - 1997

The Army Offshore Sailing Team competes in all the Royal Ocean Racing Club Offshore races in a Sigma 38 called Redcoat III. The yacht has been very successful in these highly competitive races, winning its class in the race to St Malo and coming third in class in the Fastnet Race.

The climax of the season is the Inter-Services Offshore Regatta. This event is held over four days and incorporates two days of inshore races, around the cans in the Solent, and a 168 mile offshore race from Portsmouth to Guernsey. The Army, Navy and RAF all race each other in three classes: Victoria 34s; Sigma 38s; and in the ageing but still competitive Nicholson 55s. The racing is particularly exciting, not only because the three classes are made up of identical boats, but also because the crews are very evenly matched. This was proven as, after the first two days of inshore racing, the Army, Navy and RAF were all equal first!

Therefore, the overall result was totally dependent on the offshore race to Guernsey. This race proved to be

one of the most exciting and physically demanding experiences that I have had at sea. First, the weather was not the usual June light airs, far from it. Gale warnings were issued in sea areas Dover, Wight and Biscay, meaning that Force 7 winds gusting up to 45mph were expected, with rough seas. Second, the race took just under 24 hours, with no sleep, and the boat was constantly being worked very hard. Working a boat hard means that all nine crew are constantly playing and trimming the sails, altering the ballast of the yacht by shifting the weight, for the slightest change in wind speed or direction. The crew is totally focussed on boat speed.

The race started at 0900hrs on Friday with the wind blowing NE Force 5/6. Redcoat III got a good start and we led for the first hour, but were shortly overtaken by the Navy and RAF Sigmas. It was very close, with only 100m between first and third. These positions were maintained until about three in the morning. By then the wind was blowing the forecasted Force 7, it was



Redcoat III under racing conditions

pouring with rain, all crews were cold, wet and tired. As Redcoat III rounded the Casquettes, off Alderney, it was still neck and neck, the spinnaker was up and we were surfing down wind at 13 knots. The boat was vibrating due to the speed and, I assure you, this was seriously exciting. The RAF couldn't last and their spinnaker ripped, effectively ending their chances. Meanwhile the Navy were having problems reefing their mainsail and we sneaked into first place. Our skipper, Major Nick Bate (a veteran of the Whitbread Race), then decided to cut the corner by sailing over the overfalls between Guernsey and Alderney, which yachts are recommended to avoid due to the dangerous water. This was a risky manoeuvre, but it paid off as the Navy didn't follow us, and four hours later we crossed the finish line, five minutes ahead of the Navy and fifteen minutes ahead of the RAF.

It really was an exciting and dangerous race which was won due to the crew's dedication in foul weather, a good decision by the skipper, and the inevitable bit of luck. The Army Nicholson also won her class and the Victoria was second in class three. Thus the Army was the outright winner of the Inter Services' Regatta. That night we were visited by General Sir Michael Walker, C in C LAND, and then went out to dinner with the Navy crew to give them their second lesson of the week!

Captain T. G. Vallings, Adjutant

3rd Battalion

Commanding Officer's Introduction

As described in detail elsewhere, the Autumn of last year saw the completion of the Battalion's Inter-Company Competition. It was a closely-fought event and in the end was deservedly won by A Company, but only just. Remembrance Sunday saw contingents of the Battalion parading throughout our recruiting area. These are important events in which the soldiers of today are fully involved with those of the past. The curry lunches held in the drill halls after the services enable both reminiscence and the renewal of old friendships. December was a time of many social events, which gave the opportunity after a particularly hard training year for members of the Battalion to entertain their partners at the various mess functions. Service within a TA Infantry Battalion requires much commitment and many weekends and drill nights away from home. The support of the wives, husbands and partners of our soldiers plays an important part in the success of the 3rd Battalion.

Fortunately, the cut in our training budget for next year is not as severe as initially forecast. This means we are able to produce a full and demanding programme. The year is an individual training year and, uniquely, the Battalion is to take part in a split camp trial. Traditionally TA units have organised one fifteen day camp during each training year. With the current



B Company's Private Jubb receives the £100 cheque for winning the Recruiting Competition from Lieutenant Colonel Andrew Drake MBE.

demands of the civilian labour market, it is viewed that more flexibility for camp attendance is needed. In 1998, to examine this view the Battalion will attend two camps. The first will be for a week in May at Strensall, which will concentrate on shooting and preparation for the Divisional Skill at Arms Meeting. The second will

be held at Penhale, Cornwall, in October and will concentrate on individuals' military skills and adventure training. It is hoped that after this variation in 1998 the Battalion will go to Cyprus for camp in 1999, something for all to look towards with anticipation.



Captain Richard Wyithe leads the contingent into Western Park for the Remembrance Day Parade, with RSM Pigg looking on.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S TROPHY 1997

After our return from Exercise Eastern Harrier in August, A Company's efforts transferred to the Duke of Wellington's Trophy, the annual Inter-Company Competition. The previous year the Company had come last, an unknown occurrence for A Company, and we were determined to ensure such a result was never repeated. The Competition had officially been running since the beginning of the year, with all our recruiting and retention figures each month contributing to a running total. We hadn't paid that much attention to these, as our minds were elsewhere, so when we came to look at these for the first time in September, we were in third place - not a good place to start regaining the crown by any means!

However, the Competition would be decided on much more than just recruiting and retention, with the Battalion Skill at Arms meeting, the Inter-Platoon Competition weekend, and the annual Sports Day all still to come in the last three months of the year, everything was still to play for.

The SAAM came first in October. Under the guidance of WO2 (CSM) Ivan Machin, who was determined to overturn the dearth of shooting trophies in our cabinet, the Company spent two weekends at Catterick hammering out two teams for the competition. Although everybody was up to speed right to Stage 5 this year, due to Eastern Harrier training, competition shooting is an alien skill to most of our soldiers. It is to WO2 Machin's credit that we went to the SAAM with significantly better teams than the previous year, fully clued up on all the shoots we were to fire.

The Competition was held at Catterick over two days, and we got off to a good start, with excellent results in the first two competitions. Although scores were not published after the end of day one, we were feeling positive and expecting to win. Then came day two. A poor result in the Section Match, which we felt was our best card, sapped our morale, as did a second place to B Company in the Falling Plates. A good score by B Company again on the Pistol Shoot and it all started to

look like we had plucked defeat from the jaws of victory. With only points separating us from B Company the final scores came in, and we had been pipped at the post by only 50 points, out of a HPS of over 2,000!

A feeling of dejection washed over the whole Company; so near yet so far. We had come expecting to wipe the board, and were leaving with nothing. It looked as though we were to be robbed of glory this year as well. Then suddenly we were confronted by a rather sheepish pay clerk who informed us that the final scores had been incorrectly calculated and we had actually beaten B Company by only ten points, as well as won the Pistol Match! The Company returned to South Yorkshire triumphant and believing that the overall trophy was now well within its grasp. It is a strange thing indeed to watch the morale of an entire company turn on such a twist of fate - I will never again underestimate the power of morale to the performance of a team.

In November we arrived at Feldom for the annual Inter-Platoon Competition weekend, or IPC. We had spent the past month preparing over several evenings, many unpaid, and that was to prove decisive. Second Lieutenant Jim Cameron led our composite platoon through mud, rain, river and freezing temperatures, to complete a gruelling 36 hour field exercise. Our only casualty was Corporal 'Butty' Butterworth, who had a rather unfortunate collision with a cattle grid, and came off worst! Private Hancock ably took command of the section until the end of the exercise and is to be commended for a spirited performance.

In the end, we won the competition by a good margin, and placed ourselves in front overall, with B Company a close second, and only one event left to play.

Sports days have not been kind to A Company over the past few years, so this year we set about our preparation with a vengeance. Our now regular

Wednesday night 5-a-side football training was supplemented by additional work-outs on Tuesday nights. By the time we arrived back at Catterick for the Sports Day we felt we had a football team that could take on Liverpool. As it turned out, Ullapool would have been more accurate! We breezed through to the final, and were feeling quite comfortable against C Company at the end of the first half, despite the score remaining nil-nil. Then disaster struck - a breakaway goal early in the second half put us on the back foot and suddenly we were feeling not quite so invincible after



Major Paul Davies receives the Inter-Company Sports Trophy



A Company - Champion Company 1997

all. A late equaliser put us back in the game, but several missed chances denied us victory before the full time whistle blew. Penalty shoot-outs are cruel but decisive and this was to be no exception, with C Company taking the honours. Next year lads, next year...

Spirited performances in the Rugby and Hockey tournaments failed to give us the results we needed, although a determined first place in the Tug-of-War, helped to put us back on the leader board. As it turned out, that penalty shoot out was the difference between first and third place on the day, and the honours went to C Company.

Fortunately, our Tug-of-War efforts had put B Company into last place, and a quick calculation told us that the Duke of Wellington's Trophy was back in A Company's hands, and out of five events we had come first in three and second in one. Little imagination is needed to guess at the nature of the evening's celebrations!

As we start 1998, we are now the company that everybody wants to beat this year, and the competition will be stiffer than ever. I hope to be reporting to you our continued possession of the trophy next year.

Major David Rhodes, OC A Company

INTER-PLATOON COMPETITION 1997

The Inter-Platoon Competition 1997 took place at Catterick Training Area and was set in a Bosnia style scenario. The platoons arrived at Cordilleras Farm on Friday night deploying into freezing fog and driving rain which was to persist until the closing hours of the competition. From this company location a series of operations were to be mounted in order to test the Platoons' basic skills and determine the best composite platoon. This was all to be under the supervision of the 1st Battalion directing staff.

After a good night's sleep Platoon Commanders reported to Excon for tasking and the competition was underway.

Our first tasking was to recover casualties from a land rover which had struck a mine. We arrived to find three casualties. One in the open and two still in the vehicle. After a quick appreciation, local protection was posted and we began to clear a route to the vehicle. A number

of mines were located and marked and pioneer support requested to destroy them. Casualties were quickly evacuated on makeshift stretchers and given first aid under the supervision of the Company CMT. Vehicles were then called forward and casualties evacuated. Our first task had been completed without a hitch and spirits were high.

Defending a company location from a number of marauding locals proved a more challenging task than many had imagined. A Platoon HQ was established and Section Commanders were required to deal with a series of multiple incidents designed to test their initiative and diplomacy as well as their command and control. These incidents ranged from attempted breaches of the perimeter, to the confiscation of unlicensed weapons and the delivery of suspected chemical weapons to the camp gates. Local Commanders were also required to ensure minimum force was used against even the most persistent and difficult aggressors.



Lieutenant "Nelson" Hunter commands his craft across the river in the Inter-Platoon Competition.



We then entered the Platoon Attack Phase coming under effective enemy fire 200m short of a strip wood. The Platoon's reactions were sharp, with the first two sections quickly taking cover in a bund line and immediately bringing fire to bear on the enemy. A fire mission was twice requested and denied. A quick attack was required if we were to maintain momentum and seize the initiative from the defenders. The point section quickly fired and manoeuvred into a fire support position, with the second sweeping through the wood. The drills were instinctive and the enemy was quickly knocked off balance and destroyed.

At this phase, I left the Platoon in the capable hands of Sergeant Lynch and headed off for night operation orders, with the Platoon tasked to construct a water tower.

With our position compromised we quickly withdrew, heading back to the harbour. Approximately 300m along the track we came face to face with our intended enemy. They hesitated, we engaged and the mission was accomplished. The rogue flare was later found to have been fired by the enemy patrol. The soldier who initiated the ambush is still to come forward.

The following morning we met our transport at 6 am and headed back to the company location to receive further tasking. We were to move by vehicle to meet a friendly agent who would give us further directions. To no-one's surprise the vehicle hit a notional mine and we were required to tab 8km to a new destination. The platoon put in an excellent effort and we achieved a well-deserved first, finishing six minutes before the next team.

After a brief water stop we set off for our final objective. We were required to negotiate a fast flowing river in small rigid boats. This proved highly entertaining with a number of soldiers making heroic dives for trees and any other available anchor on the home bank and finding themselves stretched between these and the drifting boat.

With the competition over, all that was left was the prize giving. The final results were close with little between the first and third places. A Company came first, followed by B Company and then C Company.

Lieutenant Mark Hunter, B Company

CAMBRIAN PATROL 1997

On Thursday 23 September the 3 DWR Recce Platoon team mustered at Sheffield TAC to draw weapons and equipment, prior to departing for Wales in two minibuses to take part in the Cambrian Patrol 1997. Thursday night was spent in transit accommodation and the team reported to the main checkpoint at 0930 hrs Friday morning keen to get started.

Preparation for this year's competition had been quite good. All the team members were reasonably fit, but many had done extra training in their own time and this was to prove vital. Most of the administration and stores had been handled by Colour Sergeant Duffy (PSI), and this proved a great help to the Patrol Commander.

At the assembly area the patrol was sanitised and then given a 100% kit check. The patrol commander was then taken away for a set of orders, which he extracted and issued with the use of a model. The orders process went well, which was mainly due to the practice obtained on previous training weekends.

This year's competition differed slightly from previous years, with both TA and Regular teams carrying out the same assignments. Teams would move from RV to RV to be met by agents who would then delegate the tasks to be carried out.

From the DOP the patrol moved along tracks and paths for 6km to the first RV. We were then split into two teams by the agent to carry out Signals and Navigation tests. On completion of these, the team was issued with an eight figure grid reference, the name of the next agent and once again we disappeared into the mist.

The patrol travelled 8km across country and reached the second RV one and a half hours ahead of time. We were then placed in a holding area on five minutes' notice to move, and after a cold 40 minute wait, moved onto the First Aid stand. This involved a mock explosion with three casualties consisting of a chest wound, a leg fracture, and a shock victim.

Having successfully dealt with the casualties, a grid for the third RV was issued and the patrol moved another 9km across country. Here the patrol entered the OP Phase. A target area to observe was given and an eight figure grid for siting the OP, which unfortunately was a feature devoid of any natural cover. This phase lasted five and a half hours, with the emphasis on logging and reporting. No Close Target Recce was permitted on this phase. At a set time the patrol extracted itself from the OP site and moved across country 10km to the fourth RV.

At RV4 a period was spent in the holding area before the team was moved on to the Patrol Techniques Stand. At this stand obstacle crossings, RVs, halts, FRVs and snap ambush techniques had to be demonstrated in a set order,

On completion the patrol moved on to RV5, 3km away, where the patrol had to undertake a tactical river crossing with the use of two boats. After securing both banks the patrol moved across. A grid was then issued for RV6 and a time allowance of three hours was given to move 11km. The patrol first moved across country and then onto tracks and minor roads to the RV, from



Cambrian team

Back row: Corporal Marsh, Private Ezzard, Private Benningsen and Private Bacon.
Front row: Private Robinson, Colour Sergeant Yates, Corporal Wall and Private Aran.

here we were extracted to the FIBUA village on Sennybridge Training Area.

Throughout the patrol navigation did not cause too many problems, except when visibility was down to 3m due to the fog. It is recommended that any future patrols always have two members to navigate at all times and, if possible, a GPS should be taken.

At the FIBUA village a full kit check took place for a second time, followed by a patrol hot debrief with all the relevant information being passed. Lessons had been learnt from last year's competition and all information had been logged, as a result the patrol had a very good debrief. The exercise finished at 1330 hrs Sunday with all eight patrol members completing the event. The team then returned to Sennybridge Camp and went straight to the prize giving; the patrol was awarded a Certificate of Merit.

EXERCISE IRON DUKE 1997

Throughout 1997 the Battalion has made an immense effort to support our affiliated Army Cadet Detachments. This support has been in the form of providing them with equipment, transport and instructors to assist with training periods. The results of this were evident with the performances produced on Exercise Iron Duke by B Company's affiliated Army Cadet Detachments from Halifax, Keighley and Skipton.

Exercise Iron Duke is one of the main events in the diary of all those Army Cadet Detachments which are affiliated to the Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

The Exercise in 1997 took place over the weekend 24-26 October at Weeton Camp, Blackpool. It was sponsored by the 1st Battalion, with Burma Company having the responsibility for its organisation. B Company volunteered to assist with the running of the exercise, taking on the responsibility of organising two of the stands.

In all, 27 teams from all over Yorkshire and Humberside took part in the Exercise, which began early Saturday morning concluding shortly before lunch time on the Sunday.

Throughout the Saturday the young cadets had to put their knowledge and skills to the test by competing on a number of military stands. The stands included a Command Task, First Aid, Military Skills, Observation, Regimental History and Field Tactics.

The Field Tactics stand was the responsibility of B Company. On arrival, the cadets were briefed on what the stand consisted of. They were then given a demonstration on how to carry out a Section Attack using fire team and pairs fire and manoeuvre. On completion of the demonstration the teams were moved into a battle preparation area, then under the guidance of the DS began the exercise. On coming under effective enemy fire the teams were marked on how they reacted to the fire, movement onto the enemy position and the reorganisation. Overall their efforts were very good, with one or two impressive displays. By Saturday evening there were plenty of tired but happy cadets looking forward to getting back to their barrack rooms for some well-earned rest (DS as well).

All stands that were undertaken had been completed to a fair standard, but it is the Patrol Commander's opinion that vital points were lost due to inexperience or over confidence. This is easy to say in hindsight, but future teams must stay 100% switched on even when cold, tired and wet.

Cambrian Patrol is a competition that not only tests military skills and fitness, but also character. The patrol set off with eight members and on completion eight members still remained. Overall the team performed well. The physical effort was a credit to the Battalion and every member of the team. Also it was a young, mainly inexperienced team, with only one member completing the competition before. With experience gained this year the chances of a medal in next year's competition can only vastly increase.

Colour Sergeant Yates, HQ Company

On the Saturday evening the officers and senior ranks from B Company plus the majority of the cadet adult instructors were entertained in the Officers' Mess of the 1st Battalion. After a scrumptious buffet and one or two lagers, the topics of the evening revolved around events that had occurred throughout the day and what lay in store on the Sunday morning.

The final part of the exercise on the Sunday morning comprised the Assault Course, a one and-a-half kilometre march followed by a shoot. The shoot was once again organised and run by B Company, and was certainly different to anything that the cadets had probably encountered before and was down to the ingenuity of Colour Sergeant Ward. I am sure it was a shoot the cadets will remember for some time to come.

As Sunday lunchtime approached and the morning's events came to an end, the results started to look very promising for the Cadet Detachments affiliated to B Company. The Halifax Detachment came out the clear winner with Skipton the runners up and Keighley fourth.

The winning team was presented with its prize by Lieutenant Colonel Newton, Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion. When marching up to receive the shield every cadet looked the part of a future soldier of the Regiment.

Major Andy Greenside, OC B Company

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Halifax ACF Detachment, Winners of the Exercise Iron Duke Competition
Underneath their camouflage are Cadet Sergeant Beck, Cadet Corporals Chambers and Mellor and Cadets Cooper, Guest and Moore.

T.A. ASSISTANCE TO LATVIA

In September 1997, I was lucky enough to be chosen as a member of the training team to help train members of the Latvian Home Guard (Zemessardze). The other members of the team chosen at Divisional level were Captain Baron (DWR) and Colour Sergeant Hedley (PSI 7LI) and four members from 15 Brigade and 49 Brigade Specialist Training Teams.

On arrival at Riga Airport we were welcomed by Captain Baron and Colour Sergeant Hedley who had flown out two days before the advance party. We were also met by one of the four interpreters that we had been promised. He turned out to be the only interpreter that could actually speak English to a reasonable standard. Ninety minutes later, after we had driven from the airport to the camp which was going to be our home for the next twelve days, we began to realise the mammoth task that was lying ahead of us.

The accommodation was, to say the least, sparse. There were three bunk beds in an area of approximately 4m x 4m. We had to be very well organised if we were to live together for night on two weeks. I will not mention the ablutions in case you are reading this at the dining table, but I will say that I will never again take my loo for granted for as long as I live.

Next morning, after what can only be described as an eventful breakfast, we finally met the students. The morning was spent basically feeling the ground and trying to get to know our squads. What became apparent was that most of the students had served in the Soviet Army as National Servicemen. While they had been members of the Zemessardze they had worked

alongside Danish, Swedish, German and American forces and only a handful had worked with the British before. In the afternoon, again after, let us say, a "different" lunch, made up of boiled black-eyed beans and lumps of fat in boiling water, we started the lessons that we had prepared prior to leaving for Latvia. The handouts had even been translated into Latvian by a local butcher who lives near Captain Baron.

We had been briefed six weeks beforehand that the Latvians wanted us to teach them patrolling, which is what the training team was geared up for. Translation problem number one: they didn't want to be taught patrolling, they wanted to be taught how to teach patrolling. In good time-honoured tradition the British Army brought out its most lethal weapon - flexibility. Six weeks of work was pushed to one side and an almighty panic set in amongst the training team, however this was not projected to our hosts. We quickly set about teaching the students what they wanted to know. They were not students as we abruptly found out, but the Latvian equivalent of our own Training Majors.

During the remainder of the course we taught the Latvians how to plan, construct and run both zeroing and close quarter battle ranges, of which they had neither. When it came to the Zemessardze firing their AK 47s, they would stick some targets in the ground and engage them without any regard for the danger area behind! We also introduced them to fighting in a built-up area and the orders process, finishing with what was planned to be a three day exercise. However this turned

into a 36 hour exercise due to the torrential rain and the fact that the only shelter the students had was plastic sheeting that had to be purchased privately, a luxury not many could afford.

The students were permanently employed by the Zemessardze, their monthly wage being the equivalent to approximately £120, of which more than half was taken for rent. Each soldier is issued with one set of American-style battle dress uniform, which must last the soldier a minimum of three years. Therefore when the students train in the field they wear an assortment of different uniforms which they have managed to acquire from around the world and uniformity goes out the window. Two other things that were obvious to the training team were the students' reluctance (a) to take control or show initiative and (b) to ask questions. When we queried this with the interpreter, he told us that if anyone showed initiative or attempted to carry out a task without being ordered in the Soviet Army, it

was seen as a conspiracy to undermine authority and in more severe circumstances the rebel involved would be sent to Siberia as a punishment. The same punishment was freely handed out to any soldier who questioned the smallest matter. By the end of the course there was a marked improvement in both these aspects, with students enthusiastically wanting to be the leader, along with all the students wanting to know more by asking questions during the lessons and more so during relaxation time, normally with numerous bottles of brandy that the students managed to pay for. In the end they became very good students and worked both well and hard in order to achieve their aim.

Latvia desperately wants to be part of NATO along with Estonia and Lithuania. They have a long way to go, but I for one was impressed with their will to learn and enthusiasm and wish them all the best.

Colour Sergeant A. Goddard, A Company

VISIT TO H.M.S. SHEFFIELD

Considering most cruises are full of rich, overweight geriatrics, the idea of a trip aboard a warship was very appealing. Corporal Bolton picked me up from Halifax on Saturday afternoon and we set off to Barnsley to pick up Second Lieutenant Hargreaves and Staff Sergeant Harding.

After a tour of Hull docks we eventually found HMS Sheffield, an impressive and imposing piece of military hardware. We were met by Lieutenant Commander Spiller, a female officer in charge of underwater warfare, obviously an important position as the type 22 Frigate's main task is to destroy submarines. She showed us to our respective quarters. Second Lieutenant Hargreaves on the main deck and myself and Staff Sergeant Harding on the second deck, where all the Petty Officers and Chief Petty Officers, equivalent to our sergeants, lived. There was another deck below for all the other crew members. A very clear division of ranks exists, not dissimilar to Army accommodation in barracks. The Petty Officers' (POs') Mess was a comfortable, average sized room, conveniently situated directly opposite our bunk room and as soon as we were introduced, we were offered a drink and invited to a night out in Hull. The lads in the Mess had been at it all day and were singing along to Rawhide. As guests we were not allowed to buy a drink, all the beer was paid for by a chit system based on trust. After a few drinks we were taken to Hull by the ship's duty driver for a night out. On our return the drinking continued into the early hours. I can vaguely remember staggering into a tiny room with two sets of triple bunk beds and trying to climb up to the top bunk.

On Sunday morning at 0650, wondering where the hell I was, I rolled out of my bunk with a thick head and nearly killed myself, my first thoughts were, "this is going to be a long day". We met our guide and Second Lieutenant Hargreaves on the upper deck and went outside for a welcome breath of fresh air and to witness the departure from Hull. On the ship's bridge a couple of things in particular caught my eye. First, where was the big wooden steering wheel? This big 5000 tonne

ship was being steered using two tiny joysticks. Second, despite the array of technology around the bridge, the giant prismatic compass still played an important role in navigating.

We moved down to the Ops Room which, incidentally, is where the old Sheffield was hit by an Exocet during the Falklands War at the cost of twenty sailors' lives. This dimly-lit room is a hive of activity packed with radar screens, sonar screens, satellite equipment and all manner of displays of the outside world. Each boat, ship and aircraft was spotted, identified and tracked. Computer predictions provided information on how close each vessel on their current headings would pass, allowing adjustments to be made well in advance. Two television screens showed the view of the Seawolf Missile Trackers and another the Flight Deck. This room really is like something out of Star Trek only more complicated and with better looking crew.

The ship's armaments consist of Seawolf Missiles, Sea Skua deck-launched torpedoes, an Exocet capability and also 20mm and 30mm cannon, together with GPMG mounts. Operation of these weapons would be directed from the Ops Room.

The tour continued with a look at the supply department and the galley, where a small number of men in a tiny space performed three miracles a day producing excellent food for up to 260 people with only one cooker. They did all their own washing up and cleaning down without complaint. God only knows what they could do in an army kitchen with full catering equipment and a gang of GD men.

After lunch we moved on to look at the other departments, which included the ship's Admin Office complete with computers, printers and photocopiers etc and the Communications Room full of radio equipment of all types. The Engine Rooms were in the base of the ship. One housed two small engines for cruising up to 18 knots and the water purification system, the other engine room housed two large Rolls-Royce engines capable of powering the ship up to 30 knots. After this we met up again with Lieutenant Commander Spiller

and she briefed us on the following day's activities, which was an Action Stations and NBC exercise.

In the evening we were free to wander around the ship as we pleased and spent some time out on the quarter deck, which is below the flight deck, very close to the water. It's a place that seemed quite popular with the crew to just stand and gaze out to sea and gather their thoughts. One of the crew told me that no matter how full it was you could feel on your own and get a bit of peace, and I noticed that there was almost no talking out there, apart from us three yapping away and taking photos like Japanese tourists. We had a couple of cups of coffee (no beer at sea seemed to be the unwritten rule), watched a film in the Mess then headed for bed.

The sea was calm and the gentle rocking was quite therapeutic, apart from in the shower when I shut my eyes and nearly fell out of it.

The following morning I felt fully refreshed, I still had a thick head though, but then I have had that since birth. After breakfast, activity began in earnest. We went out to the Flight Deck to watch the helicopter landing and the air crew go through their drills to fold back the rotor blades and winch it into the hangar. The rest of the ship was closed down and the outside doors were passable only through an airlock. The interior of the ship was called the Citadel and was completely sealed. The internal air pressure was then increased to ensure any leaks had air forced out of them and nothing let in. All the crew wore flash masks and gloves and while some practised fire drills pulling hoses around, others practised emergency rewiring of the ship. Up in the Ops Room and on the bridge simulated air and sea attacks called everyone to Action Stations and the ship was swung into tactical manoeuvres. Every post was manned, including the missile loading crew who looked a bit bored, not unlike a 51mm mortar man with no rounds. During all this we experienced action messing. The kitchen staff had 40 minutes notice to prepare a meal, 45 minutes to feed everyone on the ship and 40 minutes to clear everything away. Each person had just eight minutes to get to the Mess, eat and then get back to their posts to relieve the next man. I was expecting something like range stew, but even under these conditions the food was high class and included three choices.

The exercise came to an end in the afternoon for most of the crew. Back on the Bridge they were talking to HMS Norfolk and testing the underwater telephone. The NBC prewash was also being tested. The outside of the ship is covered by a sprinkler system that uses salt water to wash down the ship and also create a mushroom over the ship to defend it from NBC agent. The Sheffield has just returned from a complete refit and all the day's system checks had to be done and passed before the Navy officially accepted it back from the contractor.

The crew had been hoping to dock on Monday evening and go ashore, but just before evening meal it was announced that because of delays meeting up with HMS Norfolk we would be staying out at sea for the

night and docking on the morning tide. So as the ship circled just outside Plymouth harbour the bar opened and again the free beer flowed.

During our time on the ship we found all the crew very helpful. In every department someone would offer to explain the equipment and show us around their little corner of the world. The crew was a new one to the ship and for a lot of them it was their first time at sea. They all worked well together and there was always a good atmosphere and a feeling of high morale. I was surprised to see how many female crew there was. I expected one or two but there were about thirty women aboard doing much the same job as the men.

The Captain, of whom everyone spoke very highly, is a friendly and approachable character and the high morale is a lot to do with the way he and his officers run the ship. I was told they respected him because he took the time to visit the lower decks and speak to his crew, which is something apparently that other captains do not always do. Similarly Lieutenant Commander Spiller, despite being a very busy woman, donated a lot of her time to being a tour guide to us and made us feel welcome, taking the time to explain everything to us clearly.

On Tuesday morning we stood on the deck and watched the docking procedure. We thanked everyone and said our goodbyes to the crew who were rushing around doing their jobs. After a quick walk around the docks to look at some of the other warships we headed home.

It was an interesting and enjoyable experience and nobody seemed to mind having us aboard. We have been invited to the West Indies with the ship later in the year, which means a great deal of greasing around the Adjutant is likely to occur.

Sergeant D. J. Lynch



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D COMPANY, YORKSHIRE (N&W)

ARMY CADET FORCE

Since last writing, the Company has been quite busy with the following events and activities taking place:

Exercise Iron Duke 1997. This took place on the weekend of 24-26 October 1997 at Weeton Camp and was hosted by 1 DWR assisted by 3 DWR. This was an excellent weekend and our thanks go to Major Richard Chadwick, OC Burma Company, for the excellent way in which the competition was run. The results were very good for D Company in that the winner was Halifax Detachment, with Skipton coming second and Keighley gave all the others a chance by coming fourth! For additional details and a photograph see the report on Exercise Iron Duke on pages 24 and 25.

All our annual inspections have now been completed and all seven DWR detachments were inspected by Lieutenant Colonel A. H. S. Drake and RSM A. Pigg

from the 3rd Battalion. These took place during November and December 1997 and all went very well. We very much appreciated the time that Colonel Drake and the RSM allocated to do these inspections.

The Company held its Annual Dinner on Saturday 24 January 1998 at CTC Strensall. This was the highlight of our Adult Training weekend. Lieutenant Colonel Drake and RSM Pigg from the 3rd Battalion attended as chief guests.

We also took the opportunity to dine out Captain Barry Hey, who has now left us to take up a post as PSAO with the 3rd Battalion, and our Company Cook, Sergeant Major Bob Instrall, who has decided to retire from service due to ill health.

Captain S. A. Marren

H.M.S. SHEFFIELD

Having returned last Christmas from a long deployment, the preparations for the ship's refit began in earnest in the New Year, with the removal of everything that was not actually nailed down. This mammoth task incorporated all the ship's stores being landed and control of the ship being handed over to the Superintendent Ships in Devonport Dockyard. Whilst this was going on, a drastic reduction in the manpower levels occurred, as the majority of the ship's company were drafted to other ships and establishments.

With only a skeleton crew of engineers and stores personnel remaining to keep an eye on the progress of work, the main contractor for the refit, DML, then proceeded to gut the ship almost to an empty shell before the rebuilding could begin. Many weeks of hard work left us with a new communications fit, sonars and propellers, to name but a few, making HMS Sheffield a more efficient and capable fighting unit than ever before. This quiet period allowed a majority of the remaining personnel to take the opportunity of having some well-deserved R&R. The Weapons Engineering Officer, Lieutenant Commander Dave Allen, went to Nepal for a Joint Services' Expedition and on his return used his experiences to take as many people as could be spared mountain biking on the local moors on various occasions and the Marine Engineering Officer, Lieutenant Commander Rod Sugden managed to refresh his sailing talents. Once again, regular 5-a-side football matches with adjacent ships took place, albeit with mixed results.

As the work package approached Christmas, a crew started returning, along with many fresh ideas and great enthusiasm. In fact only a handful of personnel who

were present at the beginning of the re-fit period remained. As the ready for sea date came closer, so did the requirement to check that all the new equipment worked as it should. Leaving the harbour wall for the first time after nine months was a daunting prospect, but was achieved safely and on time, to undertake a long and complex trials period. The trials were split into two halves, with the marine engineering trials taking trials before Christmas and the weapons systems to be checked in the New Year. The pre-marine engineering trials were completed successfully, and early, thereby allowing the ship's company to get depart on Christmas Leave a few days early.

Once the weapons have been inspected, it will be necessary to spend a few weeks carrying out Basic Operational Sea Training, a busy but very rewarding period which is intended to test our ability to perform to the highest professional standards when we fight the ship. The culmination of all these trials will be for the Fleet Acceptance date, which is to be followed by the re-dedication ceremony, planned for 12 March 1998. After a deployment work up period, we will then deploy to the West Indies in July for six months to patrol against smugglers, in conjunction with the US Coastguard and just in time for the hurricane season.

Other items of note include the Remembrance Service conducted on behalf of HMS Sheffield on Sealion Island in the Falkland Islands by HMS Brave on 11 November, commemorating those whose lives were lost on 4 May 1982. Also, a BBC Radio 2 programme was recorded from HMS Sheffield which was broadcast on Remembrance Sunday, 9 November.

MARKETING THE ARMY

- LIFE WITH THE ARMY PRESENTATION TEAM

When I was first offered the job of Team Warrant Officer with the Army Presentation Team, I said "Who?". This shadowy group of individuals lurks on the edge of the military spectrum, confining its activities to the challenging and competitive area of corporate operations. Once described as "the SAS of Army Marketing", we skirmish into the world of politicians, executives and businessmen, armed with high tech equipment and civilian commercial tactics. Our mission is: "to increase public awareness about the Army and Defence" and by doing so pave the way for others. The positive message we give out smooths the road for recruiters, resettlers, the TA and charities to operate with the support of the public whom we serve.

A day in the life of the team on tour is not as glamorous as it may appear. A typical day begins at 0730 hrs with PT (those who know me will already be growing sceptical) and thirty minutes running sets us up for the day ahead. Breakfast is an opportunity to confirm arrangements before setting off for the next venue. Like all good military operations we have carried out a close target recce, so we arrive at 1230hrs and begin the setting up. Lunch is "on the hoof" as we disappear amongst the mass of steel, cables and flight

cases that are "the presentation". The final sound check at about 1600hrs allows us a brief respite before returning at 1800hrs to meet the punters. The trouble with evening presentations is...they take all night. We finally pack the van and trailer by 2230hrs before finding the local TA centre for secure parking. Exhausted, we collapse into our beds at 2300hrs.

My own part is carried out behind the scenes, operating the multi-media equipment which generates the high quality sound and images that make up the presentation. The remaining four team members give flawless accounts of army life at all levels, from corporal to colonel. Reference to the Dukes is given at the beginning of each presentation and we feature regularly in newspapers and magazines, so I continue to "fly the flag". Of course all this is old hat to Corporal Burns and crew who have helped us out on numerous occasions in the past.

So, this is life in the fast lane and, with the Army changing continuously, so does the presentation. Rest assured that the team will continue to promote positive aspects of the Army and of the Regiment.

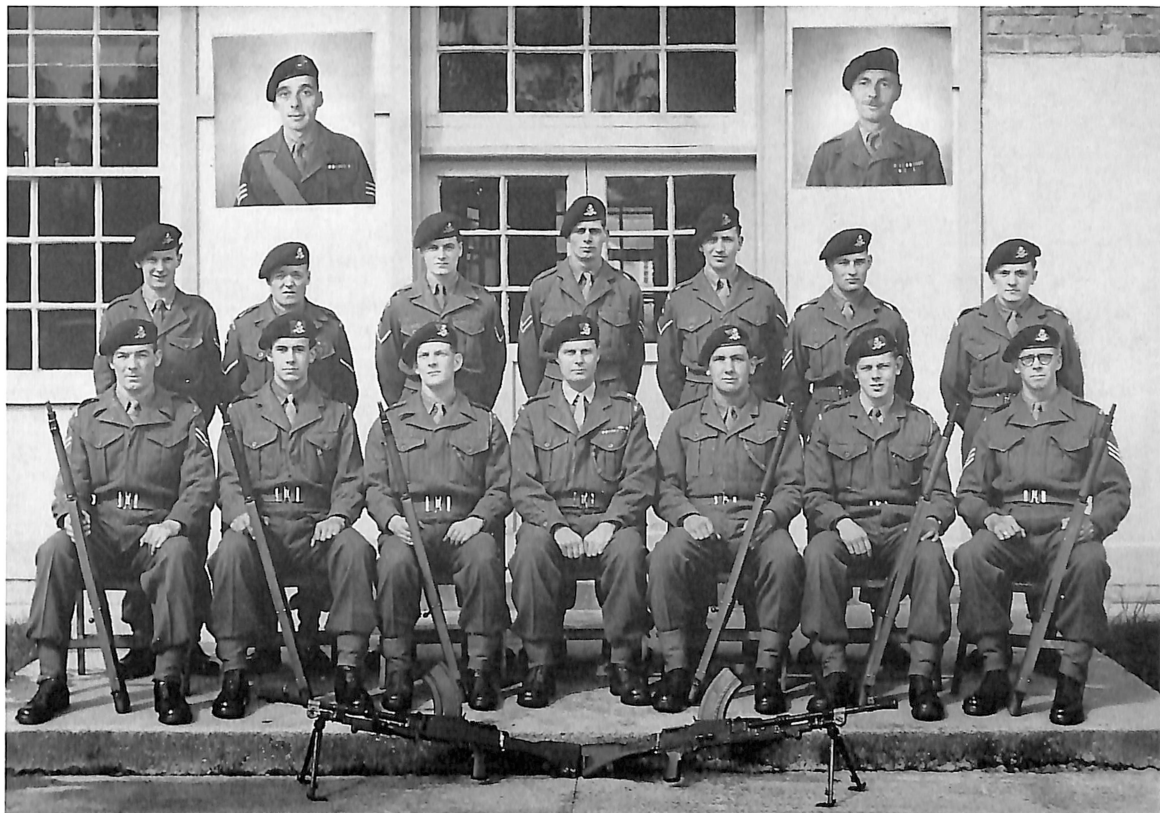
WO2 G. A. Carter, DWR



WO2 G. A. Carter, DWR, Army Presentation Team, in the British Embassy in Paris, 1996.

COMPETITION SHOOTING IN THE REGIMENT

We are reproducing this photograph of the 1st Battalion's 1951 Shooting Team, because, regrettably, some of the names were incorrect or omitted in our last edition.



Inserts: Norman and Stephens (REME).

Standing: Wood, Buxton, Jackson, Lister, Clark, Bailes, Frisby.

Seated: Davis, Perkis, Robertson, Bunbury, Cowell, Plummer, Nowell.

WARTIME POETRY

by the late Harry Brunskill

Harry Brunskill served throughout the Second World War with the 9th Battalion (146 Regiment RAC) where his wit and outgoing character were well known. He lived in Bradford and died in 1982.

QUESTION TIME

What will I do, I ask myself,
When we this war have won?
Will I sit back in my chair,
And say, the job is done,
That I surrendered freedom,
That the sacrifice was light,
And now that I have got it back,
Well, everything's alright?
Or will I think of those who paid,
With everything they had,

In order that the world should have,
The good . . . instead of bad?
I've asked myself these questions
And now I see the light,
The battle won't be over then,
We must keep up the fight,
Take interest in our fellow men,
The way the world is run,
That battle must continue,
Each Dawn . . . each setting Sun.

THE LETTER

I thought I'd been forgotten, thought I'd nobody who cared,
And then upon my charpoy, a letter at me stared.
I recognised the writing, the slope was so precise,
A letter from my mother, I can hear you say "how nice".

But you can think just what you like, say just what you will,
 A letter from my mother, still gives me a thrill.
 She writes of things so commonplace, so many miles away,
 About the sky that's lovely blue, a perfect washing day.
 Of Mrs Jones two streets away. She died last week poor dear,
 If she'd have lived another week she'd have seen her 90th year.
 Little Pip my nephew, is troubled with his chest,
 The flowers in the garden are now just at their best.
 The siren sounded once last week, it didn't last for long.

Our canary in the window has burst out into song.
 Oranges are very scarce and very hard to get.
 The lean-to in the garden lets in a lot of wet.
 My brother Joe has been on leave, he had a weekend pass,
 His little girl is doing well, she's in the seventh class.
 Yes, things at home are not so bad, they've had their share of rain,
 But all look forward to the day when I'll be home again.
 That will be the day of days, a day of happiness,
 And she concludes, the same old way, take care my son,
 - God Bless.

THE WAR IN KOREA 1952/53

We are most grateful to those who have agreed to the publication of extracts from their first-hand accounts of events in Korea. Those elements of their accounts which cannot be published in the Iron Duke are being passed to RHQ for safekeeping in the Regimental archive.

We make no attempt here to spell out the history of the war, we merely allow some of the participants to tell their tale.

Background By Sam Robertson; Machine Gun Platoon Commander:

"The Korean War was officially described as a limited conventional war. In the last stages, as far as we were concerned, it was a defensive war, defending South Korea. The Commonwealth Division was a unique

Division, half of it British, and we had had a lot of experience of defensive warfare. Our company positions were sited on commanding hilltops, concentrated and dug deeply. It would have needed a brigade attack, with all the supporting fire that could be called up, to be certain of taking them all. An attack like that cannot be mounted quietly in a few minutes. Our active patrolling and numerous standing patrols would give plenty of warning. If the enemy bypassed the company positions, by going into the valleys below, they were in a killing ground of minefields and defensive fire from numerous different types of weapon and they still had to get up the hills in order to take them."



This photograph and the one over the page give us a feel for the nature of the terrain, the work involved in repairing a damaged covered communication trench and the extent of overhead cover required.



Command and Control By John Stacpoole; Assault Pioneer Platoon Commander:

"Some of the skills required by senior commanders in this arena, so admirably displayed by Ramsay Bunbury, were comparable to those of the conductor of a large orchestra playing a major symphony: the ability to bring in all the right instruments and influences at exactly the right moment, whilst still maintaining the coherence of the whole".

The Rifle Platoon By Tom Rothery:

"I was commander of 5 Platoon in B Company. When we first went into the front line in the Yong Dong area I was six weeks short of my 20th birthday. I was fourth oldest man in the platoon. We were young and confident in our own ability. Only two men in the platoon had active service experience. Sergeant Fletcher had been in Palestine during the troubles and Corporal Ryder had been with the Paras in North West Europe. The Company Commander, Major Ince, and the CSM had also seen action, both with Para Battalions. Yong Dong was a quiet area and we soon got used to the routine of evening and dawn stand to. Also standing patrols, as well as our first patrols into no-man's land.

In December we moved to the Naechon area where we were the right-hand forward company. Here we experienced some mortaring and shelling. A soldier from 6 Platoon was badly injured by a mortar bomb in my area and, in spite of what we were able to do for him, he sadly died later that day. It was a very chastening experience for all of us.

We did our own cooking and, as there were not sufficient field cookers, I was allocated an ACC National Service cook. He was a delightful and entertaining man. Unfortunately he could not, nor would not, cook. However, we had a team of four or five men who were keen and we ate very well.

Standing patrols could only be out for two hours at a time because of the cold, so most of the platoon were out every other night. We also had to find the occasional ambush patrol and several recce patrols. Ambushes were usually eight to ten strong and recce two.

Fire was always a risk, as our methods of heating our bunkers was very Heath Robinsonish. We lost one bunker to fire; very spectacular, with grenades and ammunition exploding. Luckily both men got out safely.

In early January we changed places with D Company and became the Battalion Reserve. This meant more patrolling. My platoon and I provided a firm base for an attempted (unsuccessful) snatch patrol. We were meant to be in position for 15-20 minutes. In the event we were there for 45+ minutes. The temperature that night was minus 22°F, i.e. 54° of frost!

After being Divisional Reserve in February and March, we moved back to the line. Major Ince had moved on to a staff job and the Company was now commanded by Major A. D. Firth, who had been with the 2nd Battalion in Burma. 1 DWR, with one company attached to the Black Watch on the Hook, was in Brigade Reserve. One company was on instant standby to go up to the Hook. This meant being ready to get into lorries within about ten minutes.

On 12 May I went with my three section leaders and three guides up to the Hook the day before the full take-over took place. The stories we had heard about the place were true. It stank. There was fairly persistent mortaring and shelling. The BW Platoon Commander, sergeant and a soldier had been killed in the Platoon HQ the day before. We lived in tunnels and operated in nine fighting bunkers during the night. I doubt if anyone got more than two to three hours sleep a day. Shelling and mortaring became more intense as the days passed and casualties occurred. Two of my men were killed and two wounded. We were always surprised to be told how many shells and bombs had hit the area. It was always a far higher total than we thought.

On 27 May we swapped with D Company and moved to 121 to the left. The next night the main attack took place. Firstly 6 Platoon (D. Gilbert-Smith) was sent to the Hook for a counter-attack. Later I took my platoon, but remained at the bottom of the Hook as 6 Platoon had done the job.

We had to return to the Hook over the next couple of weeks to re-build the position. None of us enjoyed that at all. On Coronation Day one of my soldiers said they had a present for me. They had dug up a dead Chinese soldier who had been hit by a shell. After nearly a week he was not a pleasant sight.

We finished the war back in the Naechon position. My two years was nearly up. I left the Battalion in mid-August to return home.

I am glad I had the experience. There were times when I was scared and a couple of times when I was petrified. There were good and amusing times as well. I

don't think any of us realised what a significant action we had been involved in on the Hook for quite a long time after. We had the benefit, as young National Servicemen, of our senior officers and NCOs having had combat experience before Korea."

Recce Patrol By Tom Nowell, Sniper Sergeant:

"Come late afternoon, I went down to the Company dug-out and joined up with Ian O. After a final conference with the Company Commander, Barry K, and a final briefing, we were escorted down to the wire and mine-field gap. There, we were bid a good patrol and the best of luck and we were off.

Threading our way down the remainder of the hillside and negotiating the mine-field and extents of the wire, we made it to the first bound, or objective, that we had set ourselves. It was the stream that some standing patrols used quite often for listening and observation. It was frozen over at this time of year, but there was the little rickety footbridge still there to affect a dry crossing in the event that it was thin ice or water to cross. The night was fairly dark and the moon had not yet broken through the cloud base. We wanted as much darkness as we could get, seeing that we were to be travelling a good way into enemy territory. The snow that was still down and the ice that glistened in the eerie night light reflected what light there was and made it brighter than we would have liked.

What a noise we seemed to be making. The ice under-foot crackling and the ground foliage swishing as we tried to step carefully as we went along, picking out our landmarks and bounds. Making our way to those, often stopping and listening as we progressed. It was slow and nerve-wracking, the senses being acute all the time to try and pick up any odd noises that would indicate to us the presence of other people, or enemy that may be about. We could hear the sounds of gun-fire and the occasional flare that went up made you freeze in your position until it finally died its death and left you in the relative dark again. It seemed an eternity, that travail across the valley. Keeping the speaking down to the minimum and making do with the odd sign, or grabbing the other's arm to attract their attention.

Resting up a little on reaching each of the various objectives that we had set ourselves. We both felt naked out there, having got past the point of no return. We concluded that it was now safer to go forward than to retrace and go back.

Suddenly, a series of clicks and bangs went off and we were illuminated by a string of flares and tracer fire that lit the sky. What the hell was happening? We were supposed to be given the quietest of night time activity so as to get the best conditions that we could, to effect a crossing of the valley. But it quietened down and we were able to make our way across the last leg to the foot of the opposing side's hill and trench emplacements. We did hear later that the ruckus that was going on was one of our night patrols trying to do a snatch and at the same time create a diversion for our efforts to get across into enemy territory.

We paused for a while to look back and take stock of our bearings and land marks. The hills opposite now being our own friendly lines. The temperature was well below freezing and our clothing on the outside was beginning to go hard and getting hands into pockets to retrieve items of equipment was quite a feat of dexterity. We were both equipped with "body warmers" that went into your pockets and around other parts of your person, so at this time we were not too distressed. We also carried an assortment of goodies to help sustain us for the period that we were to be out there with no food back-up. We were travelling light, a couple of grenades and a Sten Gun each forming the bulk of our armoury. No radio cover; we were not expected to be sending messages back throughout our stay over there. Just to make notes or mentally take stock of the layout and the fortifications that were there.

We came to the foot of our objective and decided to go around and further into the enemy territory to come up on the hill from the rear. Approaching the suspected tunnel work site from the rear would not arouse undue suspicion if we were spotted at that close range. Climbing up the slopes at the rear then, we made our way along the ridge of the outcropping feature, where we came across some large logs, or sawn-down trees, that were being used for the construction of the tunnel, so we knew that we were on the right track for the tunnel itself. Getting near to where we thought the tunnel entrance should be, we split up and were to make separate hides that were to be our positions for the rest of the next day and, who knows, for how long it may take.

Ian O stayed at that point; I decided to go further towards where I thought that the tunnel entrance should be. Out with the jack-knife then and cut some small firs that were growing in the area and fashion them into something like a sort of cover from view, if not altogether cover from fire. That wasn't as easy as it sounds, particularly as we didn't know where the Chinkies might be and in what strength. After some agonising minutes doing this, I thought that my little hide was coming along quite nicely. I could hear Ian O doing the same, twenty yards or so further back and I thought "God, what a noise he is making". It turned out later that some of the sounds that he could hear and put down to me were actually made by the two Chinese workers who were preparing an evening meal for themselves, and the patrol that came along a little later in the night.

Having made everything as ready as I could, then it was a case of settling in and making myself as comfy as I could. A cup of self-heating soup would be nice, so out with the can and activate the striker. God, what a noise. The crack that it made sounded like a gun shot going off. As it warmed up, there was the inevitable sizzle as it got hotter and it sounded like a kettle when it was about to blow its whistle. I couldn't stop the thing and it seemed to be getting louder. The whole time I am trying to smother it, only to be showered with hot, steamy beef stew in the process. The stillness of the night exaggerating sound beyond normal daylight noises and senses.

Daylight wasn't too far away now and the streaks of dawn were appearing over the hill tops. There was some movement below me which I assumed to be "Big" and "Little Dusty" (Note: Two Chinese who had previously been spotted and given nicknames) getting squared up for another day of digging and excavating. It turned out to be the night patrol going back across the little re-entrant to their day quarters, possibly to get a meal and to rest up, ready for another trip out on patrol. Strange to think of Chinky doing the same as we did on the other side of the valley. When daylight finally came, I found myself just on the lip of the entrance to the tunnel that we had come all this way to report on. I had a grandstand view of what they were up to. In fact I considered myself too close for comfort, but there wasn't anything that I could do about that now. It was a case of staying very still and trying not to make any undue noise. What with the situation that I found myself in, and the bitter cold temperatures, you could say that I was in a precarious position. Every move that I made to ease my position gave me the distinct feeling that I had given the game away. However, it appeared that they were too engrossed in what they were doing to be worried about any little noise that I may have made. Probably the sound of Little Dusty singing, if that is what it was, would have drowned out any little noise that I made. He sounded terrible. The other fellow, the taller one, was content to grunt and spit. Whether it was in sympathy, or disgust, I wasn't too sure. Anyway, while Little Dusty was prepared to work, his singing didn't do anyone any harm. Good job the Commissar wasn't around to rebuke him and exhort him to greater activity. I had a good view of all this. A bit too close for comfort, but it was a case of make the most of it now that I was here.

My colleague, Ian O, a little further back, wasn't aware that I was just about sitting on the Chinamen's laps. The temperatures never rose above freezing point and my limbs were beginning to play me up. I tried to revive them with a little light massage but it sounded too noisy for safety, so I had to devise other methods of getting the circulation going. Little Dusty came away from the mouth of the tunnel in my direction, for another tree log, or something. It turned out though that he wanted a pee, so I had the indignity of having my home-made hide peed on by a Chinese labourer. Apart from that, he splashed me in the process and the wonder of it all was that he didn't see me in the hide. I think that I would have preferred to have been peed on than have been caught out at that time.

Inevitably, the story of this Chinky and others using my home-made hide as a urinal during the course of the day and later on in the evening caused me some embarrassment when having to recount the details to the CO and the visiting Brigadier at the post-patrol intelligence de-briefing. The story of this did leak out. I wonder who did the leaking? I never did get to know.

All during this time on the enemy hillside, we continued to record as much as we could of the enemy tunnel and the size of the logs etc. It would appear that they were almost finished and it wouldn't be too long before the enemy was going to use the tunnel emplacement in earnest."

(to be continued)

Machine Gun Support By Sam Robertson:

"As 3ic of the advance party for Korea, I had seven weeks, mostly with the Welch regiment, which gave me time to discover the complexities and problems of machine gunnery in Korea. The Platoon had six Vickers .303 medium machine guns, firing 250 round belts of ammunition with a maximum range of 4,500x. The steel tripod weighed 50lbs and the water-cooled gun 40lbs, it was therefore extremely stable and accurate. We fired a total of 800,000 rounds, of which only 5,000 were fired in daylight, which was when we were on the Hook position, and caught the enemy retreating from an attack on the Turks on our left flank. This was because we had tank and air superiority and so the enemy did everything at night. This meant indirect fire, mostly map shooting, a subject almost ignored on our two month machine gun course. The official teaching was to put an aiming lamp 25x out in front of the gun. The lamp was a very vulnerable and delicate contraption with pull strings, bulbs and batteries. On a steep forward slope this was obviously ridiculous and impossible. The result was that the aiming lamp was put in the gun pit, but this gave a large and variable false angle. A simple answer was a small mirror which was really an old gunner idea. The mirror took up the false angle as your point of aim moved along it.

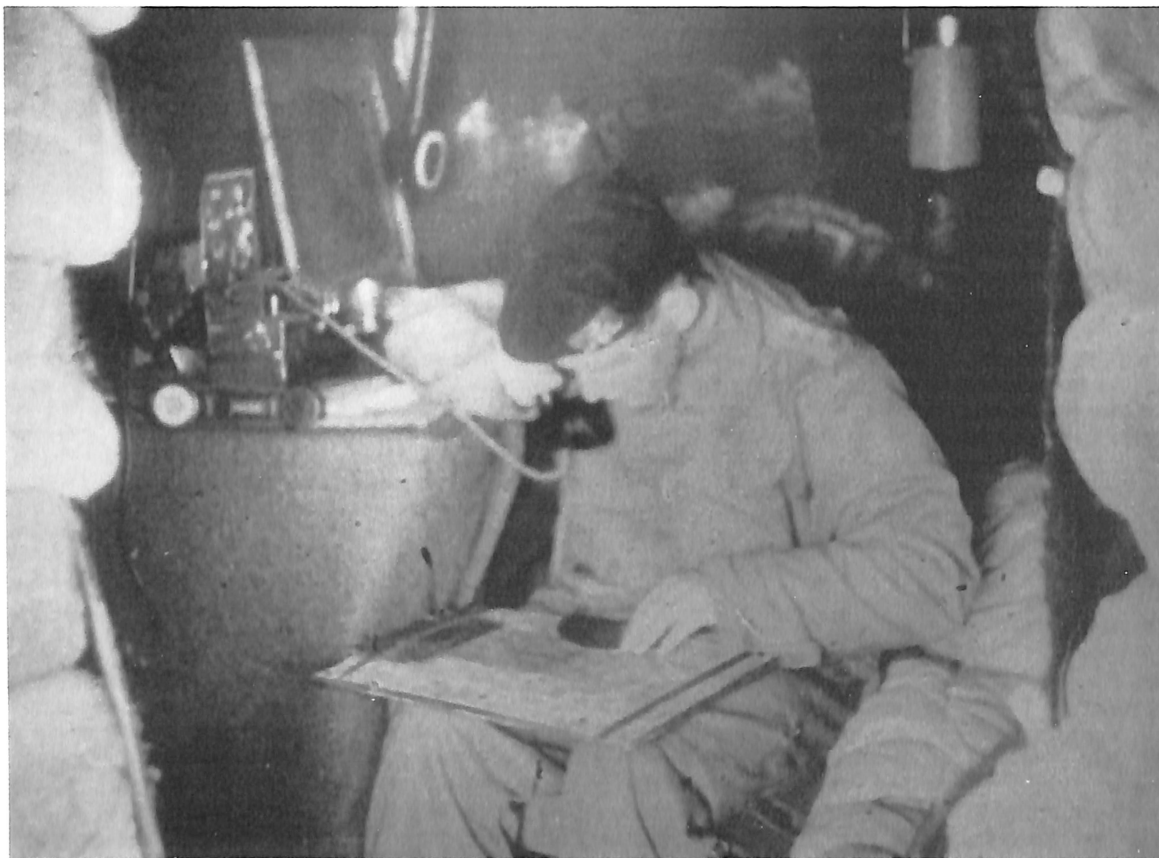
I learned that the enemy called machine gun fire "whispering death" and did their best to knock our guns out. I therefore indented for fifty unserviceable blankets to fire through, and eventually managed to remove these from the walls of 'B' Echelon Officers' Mess where they had got stuck!

A further problem was communications at night whilst being shelled. The school solution was to write the fire order, or correction etc, on a piece of paper, and give it to an unfortunate runner to take to the Number Ones on the guns. This was obviously suicidal, slow and inefficient. So we arranged some 88 head-sets and plugged them into No. 31 batteries. We could then speak to each Number One instantly.

Another big problem was the cold, up to 50° of frost, ie 20F, meant a great loss of range, far more than in the range tables which were dangerously wrong. The "powers that be" eventually discovered (in Alaska) that the bullet keyholed in dense air. The cold also meant that the water-cooling froze solid and it was extremely difficult to get the guns to start. Anti-freeze solution gassed the gunners and the MTO was very loath to part with it anyway. The answer was to keep the condenser can by the hoochie (*bunker*) petrol fire (these fires were home-made and very dangerous), and to syphon it into the water jacket after several bursts had warmed the barrel.

We had hundreds of DFs all measured out, some for flanking battalions, some from flanking battalions. Most were laid on the barbed wire and recorded by me in the nearest open slit trench. It became easy to tell from the volume of the "whispering" how far away the bullets were.

We did not understand why the enemy kept shelling the forward slope of an unoccupied hill 100x behind us. We got so used to it that we didn't even duck. One day the CO came to discuss an operation that night. The shelling started and he kept hitting the dirt at my feet,



Sam Robertson in his hoochie in Vickers Village.

dusting himself down for the third time he got annoyed and said "what the hell are they playing at?" I didn't know, but said they had been doing it for weeks, as the Mortar Platoon Commander, Bill Blakey, and I had discovered on our initial recce using a slit trench observation post from that hill. The DLI Reserve Company Commander had made us take our berets off and slowly raise our heads. A minute later we heard the familiar whistle and hit the deck one on top of each other and the shell burst just in front of us. We all agreed that we had seen enough. It was difficult to believe it was that sharp in the reserve company, if so, what was life going to be like in the front companies?

Some time later the CO phoned me to explain that we could thank our lucky stars that "Vickers Village", where three-quarters of my platoon were, was on a false crest from the enemy's point of view, they thought that they were shelling us but were just 100x plus due to this happy geographical fluke. On reflection, the fact that we never suffered any casualties was due in large measure to this lucky chance, and it explained that unbelievable business in the observation post; it was just a coincidence that we were there then. No other platoon in the Battalion, including HQ Company, was so fortunate.

Tracer was seldom used, but one day whilst I was liaising with our New Zealand FOO "Gibbo", who was

a better source of intelligence than the Brigade reports, he suddenly called "target target target" and tried to demolish a bush, "that bush was not there yesterday" he said. The Gunners failed to hit it, so we used tracer to burn off the camouflage of what turned out to be a broken down enemy SP gun. This was a target worth an air strike which was duly called in to pulverize it. Two rounds of tracer were used at times on receipt of a codeword from lost patrol commanders. The target and codeword were secretly arranged with me beforehand, so that even their own Company Commander listening in did not know. This was especially useful on the "nursery slope" position of Yong Dong where there was a wide no-man's land. The only other daytime targets were carefully constructed strong points which we demolished in conjunction with the 20-pounder guns of our nearby Centurion Tanks. These usually sat like pillboxes rather too close to us for comfort, as they attracted a lot of "incoming" which did not worry them much. "Gibbo" gave priceless up-to-date info on where the enemy was working at the moment, which I used to work out my harassing fire plan for that night. One day I was with him on the Hook when he spotted one lone Chink with his trousers down, it was an unbelievable piece of cheek! "Target target target" said Gibbo, the first round landed below him, up came his trousers and he ran off up the hill, the second round landed further up

and much nearer him, whereupon he turned round and ran back down the hill, through the crater and smoke from the last round and the third shell landed where he would have been if he had continued up the hill. "Dead clever these Chinese" said Gibbo, "he deserves to get away with that."

When firing over the heads of your own side it was essential that the barrels were not too worn. The test was a gauge plug which should not enter more than 3.5 inches. Barrel life varied between 3,000 and 23,000 rounds but normally it was between 7,000 and 8,000 rounds. The 2ic knew about this and kept phoning me up about barrels and engaging in complex calculations. When I told him that was no problem as I had scrounged forty extra barrels he treated me to some very choice words. However being a true gentleman he phoned me back to apologise.

One of the most difficult operations is relief in the line at night. We waited in vain for the "Van Doos" (Royal 22nd Regiment of Canada) to take over from us, finally I decided to try and find them as our Battalion had gone. I eventually tracked down their Platoon Commander to a noisy, well-lit tent where he was playing cards with his sergeants. "Mon Dieu" he said and looked at his watch.

An amusing coincidence occurred one day when Sergeant Bob Spring, one of my Section Commanders and I had to liaise with the Turks on the left of the Hook position. We went on and on in our jeep and couldn't see them anywhere. "We must be in no-man's land by now" said my rather anxious companion. Just then a tank came round a hill and on it was painted T.34. "There you are, that is a bloody T.34 Russian tank, I told you we had gone too far" said Spring. It just happened to be the number of an American tank, and we turned about and finally found the dug-in and camouflaged HQ of the Turks. There was no need to camouflage on the reverse slopes as we had air superiority and we were looking for our familiar sign boards, sentry boxes and flag poles etc. The RP on sentry duty at our Battalion CP did have a slit trench beside him in case of shelling!

Most of the platoon were National Servicemen, and a magnificent bunch they were, I had no trouble from any one of them the entire time. Regulars included Sergeants Spring and Houghton, who were with me for years as very reliable and mature section commanders, and Sergeants Waite, Clarke and Craven. Sergeants Sullivan and Simpson also did some time with us, and we had some stalwart Number Ones, Corporals Smith, Flood, Johanson, McDermott, Myers and Lodge. Some privates were also Number Ones at times, Delaney, Wilson, Carey and Gledhill. A total of 40 was quite a normal complement, each of three sections having a Range Taker and Signaller. Platoon HQ at one time totalled 15 including cooks and Korean porters.

We were a proud bunch and I would just like to give one example of their superb and long-suffering behaviour. The 'Kansas' last line of defence south of the Imjin river used the river as the first obstacle, the defence was then laid back correctly from the barbed wire which was sited along the beaten zones of the Vickers. The vast work on the 'Kansas' line had to take place while we were manning "Jamiestown", the front

line, and my machine gunners were not excused this work. The result was that they hardly had time to clean their guns which took hours. After a few days I was approached by a choir from my platoon who sung me a song, a very tuneful song. The words went something like this: "All night long we've been firing, firing, and all day long we've been wiring, wiring, and then again at dusk we will stand to, for you, just you". As this was quite poetic I knew it was serious, and risked my scalp with the CO by getting them excused.

As a Scot I think I can say this, there is no finer defensive soldier than the Yorkshireman, nothing shifted him in Korea and he stood his ground."

Assault Pioneer Support By John Stacpoole:

"My soldiers, being Assault Pioneers, had been sifted from the mining areas for their slight experience with pit props. Our task of improving the defensive positions, the daily duty of troops in a static war, became a sort of field first aid, drainage and plumbing. Bunkering and tunnelling ceased for a while after bombardments, as shoring up with pickets, corrugated iron or mud-filled sandbags took all our energies.

The Colonel decided that the immediate approaches to the Hook company should be heavily wired on all sides. In consultation with our Sappers, we decided upon a blanket of dannert wire from about thirty yards forward of our fighting bunkers, a continuous fence broken only by patrol routes, stretching 300° around the Hook. This blanket, once established by a picket and strand wire fence, could then be thickened up inwards towards the fighting trenches under cover of darkness night after night by shifts; and when we reached our own positions with a veritable forest of wire entanglement, dannert held down by pickets and more dannert coils heaped on top to bring the obstruction to eye height, we decided to go on wiring inwards until most of the Hook looked like a tropical forest of steel undergrowth.

It was impossible to wire by daylight or even by clear moonlight, for Chinese OPs and snipers drove us back. It was difficult to work out beyond our fighting bays on a still night, for so close were the Chinese that they heard our pickets being driven into the ground and could bring approximate directional fire down on our working parties, using mortars usually and sometimes machine guns. It was out of the question to use lights above ground as we were fully exposed. We had to resort to feeling our way on dark blustery nights or risking our necks on calm clear nights. We largely overcame the picket hammering problem with a device the Engineers had already concocted for us, a heavy metal sleeve with a solid top to it and a handle on either side, which could be slid over the picket head and run up and down its shaft by two Assault Pioneers, on the ram principle, until the picket was driven far enough into the ground. This was a noisy process until we packed the inside head of the sleeve with sandbags to muffle the strike and put a sandbag over the picket to muffle the sliding action of our two handled hammer.

Each night's wiring was carefully planned, wiring parties being given exact tasks and an opportunity by evening light to look at the ground they were to grope

over, the Quartermaster's men delivering exact amounts of field equipment to the best exits as close behind the skyline as possible during the day. We co-ordinated our work programme with outgoing patrols and with repair and building programmes being undertaken by our supporting Sappers. We tried to keep fresh by snatching daylight hours of sleeping, living as we did our most active hours through the night, like troglodytes.

The wiring went well, unutterably exhausting as it was; for we had to carry seemingly endless coils of barbed wire, each of them a good weight, up on to the ridge and out on the ground which by then had been shelled for a couple of years and was full of pitfalls to the blind and weary porter at the dead of night. We often stumbled, liable sometimes to fall into our own trenches several feet below with dannert cable crashing on top of us. Our task was disturbed by very lights, par-illuminating flares and searchlights whenever they suddenly lit up the gloom and caught us moving about on exposed ground - it could be like a rather morbid game of grandmother's footsteps, men being caught in the middle of a tangle of barbed wire unable to do anything but freeze and pretend they were pickets!

We pegged our tracks from the stores area, where the Quartermaster's men had left off, out to the night's wiring areas, with white tape and six inch nails. Ferrying was part of the task, wiring up the other part; and both tasks were done under persistent though often very intermittent harassing fire. As the field of wire grew dense and began to acquire an unmistakable bulk through enemy field glasses morning after morning, the harassing fire grew more regular and better directed night by night, until we became used to expecting four or eight mortar bombs every quarter of an hour dead on the quarter. At about a minute to the harassing time we looked for cover either in our trenches or in shell holes, and as soon as the last round of the scheduled shoot had exploded we were on our feet and back at the wiring task.

One of our main fears when we began the fence was enemy foiling patrols, for we had no cover party, apart from one or two of the Assault Pioneers taking a rest from work. It would not have been difficult for the Chinamen to come close, watch our pattern of work, and at an opportune moment machine gun those who were pulling out and pinning down dannert coils. But as the fence grew thicker our work area came in close under our own fighting bays and the screen of wire between our working parties and no-man's land grew more impregnable, till eventually we were wiring inside our own trench perimeter, skylined to shellfire but safe from patrols.

The night I dreaded came on 26 May, a still evening and a near full moon. We went out to continue the wiring programme, but were too closely mortared and eventually had to come in early - it seemed prudent - with half our schedule of work left undone. The next day I telephoned the Colonel to explain this and ask for the right to cancel the next night's programme if the moon and the weather continued like that. The Colonel refused; he said that the wiring was so crucial to the defence programme that he was willing to carry a number of casualties to see it proceed.

Two mortar bombs whistled in on top of us. I was thrown to the ground, bleeding from the mouth and with

a large lump of shrapnel stuck against my backbone. I remember the casualty evacuation process well. (*Note: the official NOTICAS signal reported the injury to be "Very Slight".*)

Our wire had played an important part in the battle, so I heard. The artillery barrage before the assault had chewed it up into an ever more spiky tangle, tossing a lot of it into our partially destroyed trenches, so that the fighting bunkers and tunnels were sealed off from ready communication. We did not need to use those trenches, but only sit tight: the Chinamen wanted to use our trenches, but found them blocked by rubble and wire."

The Recce Patrol Continues By Tom Nowell:

"Although the gunners and our mortars had been given the order not to fire on this particular feature during the time that Ian O and myself were over there, except in an emergency, there were a couple of occasions when they did open up. One such bombardment came uncomfortably close to where we were and a sliver of one of the shells cut a furrow up to where I was. The piece was a fair specimen about eight inches long and it cut my outer jacket high on the upper arm. It fell to the ground and I was able to reach out and retrieve it. It was hot to the touch when I picked it up.

After the episode of the soup tin sizzling away at the earlier hour, I was most reluctant to try the other one that was left. I was getting pretty desperate for a drink, or something to eat. I had some glucose sweets in my inner pocket but it was a case of being able to get at them without causing too much noise. The evening was beginning to close in on us and that meant that we would be able to make a start in retracing our steps back to our own lines, providing that we could get away from the Chinese patrols that we now knew would be operating in that immediate area. The temperatures were getting lower as the sun set and this did not improve matters. How we were to extricate ourselves from the vicinity and out into no-man's land was going to be the problem. To top it all, back came the night shift to take up their positions once again. I heard them coming from over the re-entrant where they had disappeared earlier on the morning before, chattering away to each other as they did so. They came over and settled in a group on my side of the tunnel entrance. The problem now was, how to get away from this little lot without giving the show away? We could possibly have taken on those few Chinamen and the couple of resident workers, but there was the problem of the other patrols, who by now would have taken up their stations. The instructions were to get back with the information, and leave the fighting for another day. If we had overcome the sentries that were close by the tunnel, the noise of that would have alerted the rest. No, it was a case of getting back somehow without letting the Chinamen know that we had called, and then our next call would be all the more successful, and less costly to ourselves.

The Chinese patrol that was with me on this side of the tunnel were chattering away amongst themselves. Every now and then they would be shrieking with laughter and it was while they were doing this that I managed to worm my way backwards, in easy stages. Sometimes things went a bit quiet, then I had to pause and wait for some more activity in order to get away

from them. What with limbs that had been stuck all day in the one position, without being able to stretch and relax, made it the most difficult of manoeuvres to complete. After what appeared to be an eternity, I managed to get far enough away to ease my stiff limbs and work my way back to where I had last seen Ian O.

I explained to him what was going on and where the enemy was situated in front of us. We discussed the best route back to our own lines, the one we came in on was now fraught with the danger of bumping into the patrols that we now knew were blocking our route out. It was decided to go further, deeper into enemy country and circle around the offending enemy patrols. My outer garments, by this time, were frozen up and it took quite a while to get the circulation back into my feet. After a period of this getting some feeling into my limbs, we set off back around the alternate route. I have never been as cold in all my life. The thought of being able to do something to ease the pain of the cold now was a blessed relief to me. The saying of Lawrence of Arabia came to my mind, that of "knowing that it hurts, but not minding that it hurts". The preparation of footwear and outer garments before we set out on this madcap scheme was probably the most important aspect of the whole affair. The use of the pre-warmed body heaters, situated at the important parts of the anatomy did a lot to keep things fluid and moving.

We set off on our return journey and proceeded to go around and to the rear of this position. With a lot of care where we trod and how fast we moved helped us to pass the enemy patrols and make it down off the hill and out into no-man's land. There was still the valley to traverse and we had no idea what the patrol plans of both sides involved, so it was a case of playing it by ear. Our password would have been changed, as it usually was, every twenty four hours or so. What appeared a straightforward plan of return when on the outward journey was to prove complicated on the inward run. We stumbled, rather than stepped out into the darkness of night and into the valley; the night sky seemed darker on our way back. The reference points that we outlined on our outward run ready for the return were now indistinct and confusing. We had to take cover several times during the cross-over, due to enemy, and at times, we suspected, our own patrols having a go in the valley.

Due to the activities of the patrols in the area, we were forced to take evasive action and this meant that our route back was a long, winding, more complicated affair. I slipped off a bund and went crashing to the ground in the darkness, knocking the stuffing out of me. I was badly winded, and what with our resources of strength and endurance being at a low ebb, it was some time before I pulled myself together. My companion Ian O was in a similar straight, but not as spent as was I. A flare went up and in the resulting after-light we could make out the outline of the re-entrant to our own lines. We were near the stream gully and the rickety old wooden bridge, approaching with as much caution as we could muster when we were challenged by a patrol of ours. Not knowing the change of password, there were some moments of confusion, until someone piped up that we must be the two who were expected in sometime in the morning. Just our luck to have got

shot up by one of our own patrols, after managing to overcome the earlier part of the task that had been set us. However, all ended as well as could be envisioned after the problems of the last 36 hours.

We were escorted through the mine-field and wire to the approaches of the Company HQ, where there was a welcome meal just being prepared. I certainly enjoyed my helping of hot stewmeat and vegetables with a chunk of bread chucked in. I had difficulty in making my face go. Making my mouth open and shut was quite an ordeal, but the stew soon warmed that, although my outer garments were still solid with the cold and wet of the outside temperatures. I gave the Company Commander my remaining supply of goodies that I had not been able to reach, or enjoy. Whilst we were having this meal, which was the best I had tasted for ages, we were able to give the Company Commander as much of the information as we could that affected his part of the front. The real picture would be brought out in the CO's de-briefing on the first chance when I got back to HQ. After that welcome meal I was given transport back to my hoochie at Battalion HQ which I shared with the Intelligence Sergeant Tony G. He helped me out of my still-frozen clothes and gave me a good rub down with a warm blanket and then put me to bed. I don't remember much of what happened after that. I must have gone out like a light. The next thing that I knew was when Tony G was shaking me and telling me that the CO and the Brigadier were waiting to hear my report.

The de-briefing was intense and because of the proximity of the Chinese workers and the intense cold, I had only made notes of the important points of my stay over. I had committed all else to memory so the early de-briefing was essential. The young officer, Ian O, had also been called in to give his account. All in all, it was a successful patrol and the decision to send only two skilled observers in the first instance seemed to all to have been the best thing to do."

Logistics By Sam Robertson:

"Due to the cold winter we were only meant to do one year in Korea and the medical authorities said we had to eat plenty of good food. We had a mixture of American rations plus bread, cheese and tea. One morning however we had a poor breakfast of eggs and tomatoes. On phoning the Mortar Platoon down below us they said that they had sausages as well. We failed to discover ours, and found it difficult to investigate because we did not know the names of our six Korean porters who had carried up the rations. We therefore had a christening ceremony, and they stepped forward and repeated their names with great pride. I remember three given for obvious reasons "Smiler", "Bolshie" and "Farter". To supplement the food we also had five bottles of beer per man per week, rum in winter and a tin of 50 cigarettes each week. The cigarettes and rum were free, but the beer cost 1/4d per bottle. The Americans were 'dry' and complained that our beer took up too much precious rolling stock. The packing for the beer was very useful, straw, cardboard etc., and the empty bottles were local currency, and were exchanged for basins, mirrors and oil lamps. Our empty ammunition belts were in great demand to make "charpoys, they were also used as ropes and holders for

pens, pencils, chalk etc. The modern metal disintegrating belts would not have been an asset.

Rats will always be amongst our lasting memories of Korea. For a masterly description of how not to deal with rats read "Fortune Favours the Brave" by Lieutenant Colonel A. J. Barker (Leo Cooper Ltd.). In short, you had to learn to live with them."

Other Aspects of Command By Bill Blakey, Mortar Platoon Commander:

"Waiting for the Hook battle to happen was an exhausting and, for most, a very unpleasant time. However, we did have an impressive supply of Majors and were able to bring back the hard-pressed forward company commanders to report, be briefed, take a bath and generally relax and refresh for a few hours. The caretaker would be well briefed and esconced before the resident took his leave. It was an admirable and worthwhile procedure.

On this particular occasion, the incomer, who shall be known as Dogged, was known to be unflappable, methodical and very adaptable to life in general. Time in the line posed no problems and he enjoyed life as a relief manager.

Settling down to an afternoon's fairly quiet command, he realised, to his great annoyance, that he had left his pipe behind in his hoochie in the Battalion CP area. Reaching across the Company CP table, he picked up the handset on the Battalion command net, adjusted the headphones, groomed his considerable moustache, and began to transmit:

"Hello Four, this is Major Dogged. Look, be a good chap and go and get my Batman, Green, and put him on the wireless. Over." Instantly, all other signallers on the net sat up straight, tuned their sets for the best signal and waited, expectantly. The Battalion signaller, totally taken aback, did as he was asked and sent for Green, there being no Pronto or CP Watch Officer to hand.

"Hello, Sir" says Green, "Green here. Over." "Ah, yes, hello Green. Look here, I've come up to D Company and rather stupidly I've left my pipe behind in my hoochie. Now what I want you to do is to go into the hoochie, and you will find my mackintosh hanging up behind the door. Put your hand in the right hand pocket and you will find my pipe and tobacco pouch. Then I want you to jump into a Champ and bring them up to me. Do you understand? Over." By now the whole command net was fully alerted to this fascinating exchange and waited, agog, to see what would develop.

The RSO, or his Deputy, had also been alerted and joined in before Green could reply: "Hello Four, hello Four, this is Pronto speaking; I say again, this is Pronto speaking. This net must NOT be used for this sort of traffic. Do you understand? Over". . . "Ah . . . hello . . . Nick? . . . Yes, of course; you are quite right; sorry about that . . . and . . . Green, the matches are in the other pocket."

Summary By Brigadier Joe Kendrew, Commander 29 Infantry Brigade:

"The Dukes did all I asked. They held the Hook."



Captain Bill Blakey (centre) on duty in the Battalion CP, with (left) duty signaller and (right) Major Douglas Jones-Stamp.

Operational Awards

The following operational awards were made to members of the Regiment in the Korean War:

Name	Rank	Award	Name	Rank
Austin, R.E.	Major	MC	Catchpole, B.	Lance Corporal
Bailey, H.	Lance Corporal	MM	Connor, M.	Private
Borwell, D.L.	Lieutenant	MC	Douglas, J.H.	Private
Bunbury, F.R.St P.	Lieut Colonel	Bar to DSO	Glen, C.H.	Lieutenant (Temporary Captain)
Connor, M.	Private	MID	Gibson, R.	Private
Corke, G.	Warrant Officer 2	MID	Guthrie, P.M.	Second Lieutenant
Davies, E.J.	Private	MID	Hawthorn, J.	Private
Emett, E.J.P.T.	Major	MC	Hepple, A.	Private
Evans, P.S.	Captain	MID	Holland, J.	Private
Firth, A.D.	Major	MC	Holmes, G.	Private
Gilbert Smith, D.S.	Second Lieutenant	MC	Jackson, D.A.	Corporal
Glen, C.H.	Captain	MID	Jones, R.C.C.P.	Private
Hall, J.S.	Warrant Officer 2	MSM	Kelly, R.P.	Private
Hall, J.S.	Warrant Officer 2	MBE	Kenehan, D.F.	Acting Captain
Hardy, E.M.P.	Lieutenant	MID	Kirk, E.C.	Second Lieutenant
Harms, R.M.	Lieutenant	MC	Kirkpatrick, R.N.	Private
Hollands, D.J.	Second Lieutenant	MC	Lawton, T.H.	Second Lieutenant
Husband, D.W.	Private	MM	Mason, P.	Private
Ince, R.H.	Major	Legion of Merit	Moody, G.G.	Acting Corporal
Ince, R.H.	Major	MID	Mulrooney, M.	Private
Jenkins, I.C.	Corporal	DWR MM	Oughtibridge, R.K.	
Jobling, J.C.	Warrant Officer 2	MM	RAMC attd 1 DWR	Corporal
Johnstone, G.S.	Private	MID	Pickles, B.	Private
Kavanagh, A.B.M.	Major	MC	Pinkney, J.	Lance Corporal
Kershaw, L.F.H.	Major	DSO	Robertson, D.	Private
Le Messurier, H.S.	Major	MID	Rolley, L.	Private
Mackie, E.D.	Captain	RAMC MID	Sharp, N.W.	Acting Corporal
McKenzie, M.A.	Acting Sergeant	RAMC MM	Skingsley, A.	Private
McKenzie, M.A.	Corporal	RAMC MID	Smith, D.	Private
Moran, R de la	Major	MID	Strachan, J.	Private
Naughton, J.M.H.	Lieutenant	MID	Thompson, J.H.	Acting Corporal
Nowell, T.	Sergeant	MM	Thurlow, G.M.	Corporal
Nowell, T.	Sergeant	MID	Turner, E.	Private
Orr, P.I.	Second Lieutenant	MC	Watson, T.E.	Private
Pearce, R.	Warrant Officer 1	MID	Williamson, T.A.	Acting Corporal
Pearce, R.	Warrant Officer 1	MSM	Wright, T.W.	Private
Pickersgill, G.	Corporal	MM		
Quarmby, L.	Private	MID		
Robertson, W.F.C.	Captain	MID		
Robins, W.	Sergeant	MID		
Skeisey, W.	Major	MBE		
Smith, D.C.	Lance Corporal	MID		
Stacpoole, A.J.	Second Lieutenant	MC		
Walker, J.	Corporal	MM		

Members of the Regiment who lost their lives while serving with other regiments

Attached to the 1st Battalion The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers

Clarke, C.	Sergeant
Cox, B.L.	Private
Donald, R.A.	Sergeant
Foster, K.	Private
Hamer, H.	Lance Corporal
Leach, L.G.	Lance Corporal
McAleese	Corporal

Attached to the 1st Battalion The Gloucestershire Regiment

Ford, R.F.	Corporal
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Roll of Honour

We honour the memory of the following, who gave their lives in Korea.

Name	Rank
Bell, J.T.	Private
Black, N.	Private

BOOK REVIEWS

OFF THE RECORD: THE LIFE & LETTERS OF A BLACK WATCH OFFICER. By Lieutenant Colonel David Rose, DSO. Spellmount (Staplehurst) 1996 222p, £19.

It was Brigadier Angus Irwin's obituary in the Times of 29 December which brought me to this book. I came with a strong respect for the Royal Highland Regiment, The Black Watch (1 BW) and its Korean Colonel, David Rose (DR), from having been brigaded with them on the 38th Parallel in 1952-3. I had noticed that Major Irwin had won his DSO as OC A Company on the Hook Ridge in the autumn of 1952; that the name of DR never appeared in the obituary; that the name of Irwin scarcely appeared in the CO's account of the action of 16 November which earned Irwin not the MC (he already had one from St Valery 1940) but an unusual DSO; and that the action of essentially a few hours had been elevated into 'The Second Battle of the Hook'.

It is a book that slightly suffers from 'the goldfish bowl principle' - looking up to the light, never down to the mud. The back cover carries a photo of five rows of medals accumulated by rows of Roses; and the preface is written by General Sir Michael Rose of Bosnia fame. The front cover uses Cuneo's commissioned picture owned by the Royal Engineers, showing sappers at night improving the Hook defences. An appendix (p 212-20) lists the log of the action of 16 November 1952, from 9.00pm to 10.00am.

What especially jars in this rather breezy account of post-Great War soldiering, through to 1960, is a lack of humility in respect of self and a lack of respect towards others. Others who suffer are especially those of other regiments alongside and officers senior in the command hierarchy. Since 1 DWR was importantly alongside 1 BW during 1952-3, its officers are notably objects of tasteless scorn.

The 1 BW Hook period ended with another Chinese confrontation, labelled 'Third Battle of the Hook', of which DR wrote: 'I have been much complimented in the handling of it....full success was nearly in my grasp, but my company commander failed me and did not carry out my final orders' - which were to sweep the

battlefield as the Chinese were recovering their dead and wounded. DR stayed up over the handover: 'The Dukes are not firmly in the saddle on the Hook. May they learn quickly so that 1 BW doesn't have to go back and retake it'. An uncomplimentary account of the Dukes' defence of the Hook on 29/30 May appears on p190, beginning thus: 'DWR made a pretty average balls of it'.

DR took 1 BW on to Kenya, to confront the Mau-Mau rebellion. He went on to the Hythe Small Arms School as a last appointment. He complained that, 'despite compliments from distinguished officers on my military ability', he was never recommended for higher rank. Rehearsing his recent achievements, he wrote: 'Not a bad record in five years of very hard work; but there was to be no reward, no promotion'. It did not seem to occur to him that the reward for successful service is within itself; and that promotion supposes greater performance at a higher level - not rewards.

Alberic/John Stacpoole OSB
Ampleforth Abbey, Epiphany '98

PROJECT KOREA. The British Soldier in Korea 1950-53. Spellmount (National Army Museum) 1998 £4.99.

Veterans of the war in Korea may like to be aware of this 44-page, A4 sized, illustrated booklet, which complements the National Army Museum's Special Exhibition bearing the same title. It contains a series of short, factual sections covering the country, the Cold War, the opposing forces, terrain, equipment and so on. It draws, in part, upon interviews with a number of participants, ranging from General Sir George Cooper, who supported the Dukes as a sapper Captain, to Private Sam Mercer of the Glosters, who had been taken prisoner. It is of interest as a factual summary of the war, but its brevity permits little analysis or serious commentary. The Dukes are mentioned here and there; mainly as the recipients of over 20,000 enemy shells in one week, of which half arrived in one night on the Hook.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: 23 Wenlock Crescent
Springwood, Brisbane
Queensland 4127
Australia
18 February 1998

Dear Sir,

The Winter issue of the Iron Duke, Regimental Notes (p85) states, with reference to Korea 1952-53, "The Commonwealth Division was formed of British, Australian and Canadian troops".

This statement unfortunately omits the notable contribution of the New Zealanders. Their 16th Field Regiment of Artillery was formed specifically for the Korean conflict, and, according to Captain McKinnon, Assistant Defence Adviser at the NZ High Commission, Canberra, was widely acknowledged for its high level

of gunnery skills throughout the campaign. Some may also remember that a NZ RASC detachment picked up the bulk of the 1st Battalion, after disembarkation from the "Seoul Flyer", and transported it to a holding position near the line on first arrival.

In addition, the 2nd South African Air Force Squadron flew in support of the Commonwealth Division from 1950-53. A SA Battery Commander was also attached to Battalion HQ in the early part of its Korean tour.

Finally, India also provided a Field Ambulance. Other Dukes may recall further additions to the Commonwealth Division - the largest division in the Korean theatre of operations.

Yours sincerely,
John Reddington

From: 8 Dellwood Green
Richmond 7002
New Zealand
5 February 1998

Dear Sir,

May I correct, albeit only slightly, the article by Syd Swift in the Iron Duke No.235? I have (but am not) a missing link. I knew him very well in the 2nd Battalion in India in the mid 1930s, and even promoted him to Lance Corporal. Early in the war I was wounded in Norway and, on return to duty, became Adjutant of the ITC at Halifax, which is how we met again. While there he made for me (it may have been on the occasion of my engagement) a regimental crest of wood, size 12 inches by 7, and carved his initials SFS on the back. Ever since then it has held pride of place in our various homes in England and New Zealand.

Meanwhile, because it hung initially in my office in Halifax, it was seen one day by RSM Code. He was extremely intrigued by it; finally he said: "Do you think Swift would do one for the Sergeants' Mess?". My reply was: "Well, he might, but you'll have to ask him very nicely". Which, of course, he did, with the result as shown in the Iron Duke.

I might add that my wife and I visited the 1st Battalion on Salisbury Plain in 1992 and, with Lieutenant Colonel Santa-Ollala, had lunch in the Sergeants' Mess. I was then able to tell the story of Swift's masterpiece.

In addition to the above, he made for me a small wooden sign, on which I got him to inscribe the words: "He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God" (2 Samuel 23.3). Whenever I had to try a case in the Orderly Room I had these words on my desk. First, while the offence was being read out, they were directed at the man being charged; then at me while I summed up the matter.

Kenneth Gregory
Formerly Major, now The Rev, but retired.

From: 20 Dean Court
Copley, Halifax
HX3 0UX
1 February 1998

Dear Sir,

In the Winter issue of the Iron Duke I was very interested to read the story of the badge carved by Mr Syd Swift. The reason why I was interested becomes more apparent when I say that I too was in Cherat when Syd Swift carved it on the Drums' barrack room floor.

I am in my 85th year. I joined the Dukes in September 1931 and was, after training, posted to the 1st Battalion at Aldershot. In September 1933 I embarked at Southampton for India, to join the 2nd Battalion, who were at that time stationed in Kamptee, in the Central Province. In 1934 the Battalion was moved up north to Nowshera, in North West Frontier Province.

In the heat of the Indian summer most of the Battalion marched up to our hill station, Cherat, of which, incidentally, we could see the church spire from Nowshera. It was a hard day's march in full marching order, but we were fit in those days. I was in the Signal

Section (17 Platoon) HQ and, if my memory is correct, his barrack room was up near the top football ground and canteen.

I wonder if Syd remembers all those cap badges of many regiments who had served in Cherat and were carved and painted on the rock face overlooking the bottom football ground, next to the HLI, who were stationed in Peshawar and whose hill station was also Cherat.

I too cherish many kind and happy memories of Mr S. E. Code, MBE, when he was the General Secretary of the Regimental Association. His passing was a great and sad loss to all Dukes.

Yours sincerely
Douglas Rowlands
Ex Dukes and Royal Signals

From: Dom Alberic Stacpoole
Ampleforth Abbey
York YO6 4EN
10 February 1998

Dear Sir,

The oak-carved badge of our Regiment, which some hope may yet become the centrepiece of a memorial to our Warrant Officers and Sergeants who died in the Second World War, caused me to visit the carver (prompted by Bill Norman). Within a week of us all receiving our Winter Iron Duke, I discovered In-Pensioner Syd Fox Swift at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, (London Gate, Ward 10, Berth 13) looking spry at 86.

Syd Swift had rejoined the Dukes in 1939 in Aldershot, as a Corporal in the Pioneer Platoon. He found himself in 1940 in the retreat from Brussels, making periodic stands, when he was caught by shrapnel in the thigh. Evacuated to the Halifax depot to recuperate, he took up his carving - and he still paints a bit. He was recycled into the 5th Inskilling Dragoon Guards; and for them he has done some commemorative carving in Bielefeld Garrison Church.

The Royal Hospital tradition goes back to Charles II in 1682. In-Pensioners lose to the hospital their 22 year Army pension, but keep as pocket money their state pension. They live each in a berth/cabin along corridors, with windows and writing desks along the other side. All meals are given in hall. They have the run of a large garden down to the embankment; and on their west flank is the National Army Museum (free entry). They have a large chapel in the main building, floor to roof, and their own chaplains.

Yours sincerely
John Stacpoole

From: Bankfield Museum
Akroyd Park
Halifax HX3 6HG
Tel: 01422 352334
19 February 1998

Dear Brigadier Greenway,

As you may know, I am the Museum Assistant responsible for the maintenance of the Regimental Museum on behalf of Calderdale Museums Service.

Over the last two years, myself and a group of colleagues have been involved in forming a "living history" group, depicting the 33rd Foot in 1815. We are now fully equipped and will be appearing at several events during 1998.

I believe that these events may be of interest to readers of the Iron Duke and would appreciate it if you were able to give details in the next issue.

Yours sincerely
John D, Spencer

Delighted. See below. Ed.

**33rd FOOT LIVING HISTORY UNIT
- THE HAVERCAKE LADS
EVENTS 1998**

12-13	April	Carlisle Castle
24-25	May	Helmsley Castle, North Yorkshire
20-21	June	Shibden Hall, Halifax
4-5	July	Weston Park, Midlands (t.b.c.)
1-2	August	Kirby Hall, Northants
30-31	August	Richmond Castle, North Yorkshire
?-?	September	York Castle Museum (t.b.c.)

For further details contact John Spencer at the address or telephone number shown on his letter above.

From: Cheyney Road
Chester
CH1 4BJ
9 January 1998

Dear Sir,

Please could the following request for information concerning army padres be placed in the next edition of Iron Duke.

Army Padres: Please could any ministers who served as a padre, and officers and soldiers who had contact with padres during the Second World War, write to me and assist with the research I am doing towards a PhD. If you know anyone else who may be able to comment on the work of chaplains, please draw their attention to my request. I am investigating the relationship between soldiers and chaplains that developed during the war. Usually this relationship was close and supportive, but occasionally there were tensions and disagreements. During WW2, chaplains trained at Chester Teacher Training College, this institution has now become University College Chester where I work. Please write to Alan Robinson, Department of History, University College Chester, Cheyney Road, Chester, CH1 4BJ, or phone me on 01244 341088.

Thank you in anticipation of your assistance.

Yours faithfully
Alan Robinson

From: Green Gates
Cresswell
Morpeth
Northumberland
NE61 5JT

The Editor
The Iron Duke

19 February 1998

Dear Brigadier,

Thank you for your letter about my script on the Maginot Line. I am glad to hear that you may be able to use it in future editions of the Iron Duke.

I am afraid that since I left the Army I have had almost no contact with the Regiment, except on one occasion in Northern Ireland, when Peter Mitchell was in command and Mike Campbell-Lamerton Second in Command.

I sent the Depot a copy of the Officers' photograph, taken in Bordon, just before we went to France in September 1939. Looking at it recently, there are very few of us left, which is sad, but time takes its toll.

Yours
Tony Mitchell

From: 36 Northcote Avenue
Sheffield
S2 3AX

The Editor
The Iron Duke

30 March 1998

Sir,

I served with the 7th Battalion and have written some of my memories, which may be of interest to you.

I am a member of the Sheffield Branch of the Regimental Association and attend the meetings regularly which are held at Endcliffe Hall.

Yours truly
G. Marsden

Editor's Note. I am grateful to both Major Mitchell and Mr Marsden and I plan to publish their contributions in due course.

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 E. J. W. Walker, OBE, DL

General Secretary: Major R. Heron, Wellesley Park, Halifax, HX2 0BA.

BRANCHES

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

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

Secretary (Bradford): Mr R. Woolley, Bute Terrace, 8 Smith House Lane, Brighouse, HD6 2JY.

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

Secretary: Mr R. F. Woodhead, The Royal Hotel, 270 Oldham Road, Rishworth, Halifax, HX6 4BQ.

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: 1998 meetings on 25 January and 21 June at the Union Jack Club, near Waterloo Station, London, at 12.00 noon. AGM on 20 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 P. Elwell, c/o 3 DWR, Endcliffe Hall, Endcliffe Vale Road, Sheffield, S10 3EU.

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. Hemmings, 10 Lockey Croft, Wiggington, York, YO3 3FP.

TERRITORIAL AND SERVICE BATTALIONS' 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.

* * * * *

1943-45 1 DWR OFFICERS' DINNER

The 53rd dinner of the club took place at Armoury House on Friday 13 March 1998. Major T. F. Huskisson presided.

9th BATTALION (146 REGIMENT RAC) REUNION

The 9th Battalion will hold its 51st reunion lunch at the Golden Lion Hotel, Leeds, on Tuesday 6 October 1998. Details can be obtained from the Secretary, Tom Moore (address shown above).

REGIMENTAL SERVICE

The Regimental Service is to be held in York Minster on Saturday 7 November 1998. Full details will be sent to members and branch secretaries in July. You will probably be aware that this will be the last Regimental Service to be held in the autumn. In 1999 and thereafter the service will alternate between Halifax Parish Church and York Minster on a selected date in spring, probably close to St George's Day.

REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION AGM AND DINNER

The AGM, followed by the Reunion Dinner and Dance will be held in the Stakis Hotel, Bradford on Saturday evening 3 October 1998. Full details will be sent to members and branch secretaries in July.

MOSSLEY BRANCH IN HEM

The Mossley Branch of the Regimental Association has had, for the past 25 years, an annual town twinning exchange with its comrades in Hem, Northern France, a group of old soldiers known as the *Fraternité des Anciens Combattants*.

The annual visit for the commemoration of the end of the two World Wars took place in November 1997 as usual - except for the addition to the Mossley group of two serving members of the 1st Battalion, Lance Corporal Shaun Houghton and Private Scott Walsh - who were invited to visit France by the Hem Town Council. The main purpose of their being invited was to play the Last Post and Reveille at the ceremonies in Hem during their stay - in particular on 11 November,



Lance Corporal Shaun Houghton (left) and Private Scott Walsh in Hem Cemetery.

when homage was paid at the 16 graves of the British soldiers who are buried in Hem Cemetery.

By coincidence, 1997 was the 75th anniversary of the formation of the *Fraternité des Anciens Combattants*, so a commemoration parade was held on Sunday 9 November to mark the event, in which the Buglers in full uniform played their part. Also the day marked the anniversary of the death of President Charles de Gaulle, which was acknowledged by speeches and wreath laying etc. in pouring rain at a memorial erected in Hem in his honour.

As well as the official ceremonies, time was taken to show the two soldiers a little of the history of the area - particularly that of the First World War. A trip was made to four Commonwealth War Cemeteries in the region, including the largest by far at what is known as Tyne Cot, near the village of Passchendaele. As Ypres is the main town of the region, the trip ended there, with a

visit to, and explanation of, the Menin Gate, a most moving and impressive memorial - the poignancy of which did not fail to reach us all.

It is appropriate to thank, through this medium, Madame Mona Lutz who hosted the two soldiers during their stay - she fed them well, saw to all their needs, and transported them around Hem as and when needed. She was forever attentive and introduced them to a new style of living which they very much appreciated.

All members of the Mossley Branch would like to thank Lieutenant Colonel S. C. Newton, MBE, Drum Major I. D. Johnson and the Drummers who helped us celebrate such occasions, both here in Mossley and Hem, Northern France.

YORK BRANCH

The York Branch of the Regimental Association held its annual Christmas Dinner once again at the Beechwood Close Hotel in York. A fine night was had by all who attended, and congratulations must be given to both Leo Taylor and John Hemmings whose organisation made the event such a success. Another pre-Christmas event was a shopping trip to the medieval market in Skipton which was excellent. The York Branch members, and in particular 'John Edward' Sergeant would like to thank the Skipton Branch for its members' fine hospitality throughout the day. It was very much appreciated.

Our regular monthly meetings are held on the first Monday of each month at the Post Office Club in Marygate, York, starting at 8.00pm. Anyone who has served with the Dukes is welcome to come and join us at these meetings.

REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION SHOOTING TEAM

Formed in 1992 by ex-serving members of the 1st, 2nd and 6th Battalions and their wives, the team shoots small bore rifle, and until recently pistol, at The Wellington range at Skipton. Following the Government's confiscation of their pistols, the team members are seeking an alternative discipline to replace this lost interest.

Membership has never risen above 15, but the enthusiasm of those attending made up for lack of numbers. Shooting against other ex-servicemen's associations the Dukes always seemed to win! Some members attribute this success to the training they received from Sam Robertson, Derrick Wood and Bill Norman.

Club competitions are competed for yearly with trophies presented at the Skipton Branch annual dinner.

While most of the shooters live within a few miles of Skipton, membership is not restricted to Skipton Branch and any Association members will be welcome to join in the activities.

Photograph (page 47) taken on the final pistol shooting evening of members who saw service in: North West Europe, Iceland, India, Korea, Japan, Hong Kong, East Africa, Aden, Cyprus, Northern Ireland and Germany.



**From left, back row: Reuben Holroyd, Stephen Lancaster, David Higson, Ernest Ramsbotham.
Front row: Barry Blood, Charlie Battersby, David Normanshire, Ann Blood, Pam Higson.**

KEEPING IN TOUCH . . .

"Old Soldiers Never Die . . ."

As we go to print, there have been no bids for the Editor's prize for the first correct identification of the two aspiring engine drivers pictured on page 128 of our Winter 1997 edition, No.235. They were, on the left, Frederick Michael Rawson and Richard Birch, who were both subalterns in the 1st Battalion in the late fifties. They report enthusiastically on the joys (and hard work) of a week's firing and driving course on the Bluebell Line in Sussex.

Centenarians

Speaking of old soldiers, we are glad to note that two of our number attained the 100 year mark in 1997: Walter Bagby, who was born in Darlaston, served in the Dukes in the 1914-18 war and now lives in Wednesbury in the West Midlands; and Harry Holmes, who lives in Bradford. We congratulate them both.

Stanley J. Bolitho of Australia is trying to locate a former medic with the Dukes, **Richard Harvey**. Stanley writes:

"I had the privilege of working with your regiment in Cyprus during 1975 when I was attached to the Australian Civilian Police Contingent, of the United Nations. I met Richard Harvey at that time, when he assisted me with a medical condition. I kept in contact with him until I suffered a burnout some years ago leading to my leaving the Victoria Police.

I still proudly display your regiment's "shield" that Richard gave me on my wall, along with other regimental shields I gathered, such as the Welsh Guards, 41 Royal Marine Commandos and the Royal Tank Regiment.

I last visited Richard at his parent's home in Huddersfield in 1979, and, although I kept in contact via letters for several more years, I lost contact approximately six to seven years ago. Richard moved to Manchester (I think) about the same time. He had undergone major



**Centenarians
Harry Holmes (centre) Then . . .**

bowel cancer surgery, before I last visited him, so I am not sure that he is still alive.

I have been trying to locate him, as well as your organisation, on the Internet but with no success. Fortunately one of the Richard Harveys I contacted was able to provide me with your address. If he is still alive I would like to get back in contact with him, if possible."

Can anyone help Mr Bolitho? His address is 3 Brisbane Street, Morwell Vic. 3840. Tel/Fax: (03) 5133-0647. E-mail: stan@latrobe.net.au. - Ed.

The Royal British Legion

Details of the Royal British Legion's 1998 Programme of Visits Worldwide can be obtained from:

Pilgrimages Worldwide
The Pilgrimage Department
Royal British Legion Village
Aylesford, Kent, ME20 7NX.
Tel: 01622-716729/716182
Fax: 01622-715768

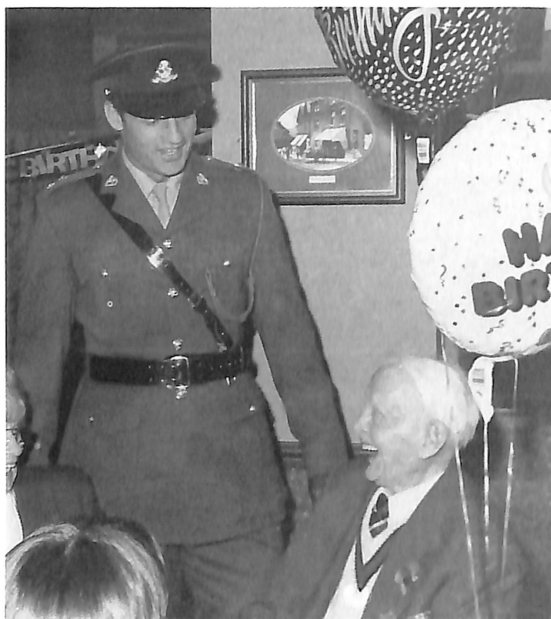
CHANGE OF ADDRESS/*NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Colonel M. J. Campbell-Lamerton OBE, Burmington House, Burmington, Shipston on Stour, Warwickshire, CV36 5AF.

T. J. Coburn Esq, 17 Blenheim Way, Southmoor, Nr Abingdon, Oxfordshire, OX13 5NQ.

Mr D. Holroyd, Windrush, 1 Lorton Road, Redcar, Cleveland, TS10 4LY.

Mr. M. John, Cheshire Home, 10 Adbolton Grove, West Bridgford, Nottinghamshire, NG2 5AR.



... and Now

**Harry Holmes being visited on his 100th birthday
by Lieutenant Scott Richardson from the
1st Battalion.**

Mr J. P. Knight, Restalls, 5 Beck Houses, Gawthorpe Lane, Bingley, BD16 4DF.

Mr S. Mullett, 48 Maes Gwyn, Flint, Clwyd, North Wales, CH6 5EF.

Mr A. J. Pitchers, Midway, Red Shute Hill, Hermitage, Thatcham, Berkshire, RG18 9QH.

Mr G. Webster, The Craven Hotel, Craven Street, Skipton, North Yorkshire.

Mr M. J. Wolff, 26 Alfriston Road, London, SW11 6NN.

Mr G. O. W. Williams, 5 Dene View, Willington, Crook, Co Durham, DL15 0HX.

* Mr J. H. Taylor, 7 Barnard Way, Pendas Fields, Leeds, LS15 8UX.

Mr A. Williams, 134 Gaisby Lane, Shipley, Bradford, BD18 1AQ.

* Mr D. Dickens BEM, Bracken Hill, Camusterrach, Applecross, Wester Ross, IV54 8LU.

Mr G. H. Machen, Greenacres, Huddersfield Road, Meltham, Huddersfield, West Yorkshire.

* Mr M. P. Darcy, 3 Trent Road, Redcar, Cleveland, TS10 1NN.

* Mr W. Morris, 33 Acton Road, Bournemouth, Dorset, BD10 4DW.

* Mr P. O'Keefe, 22 Bilsdale Road, Middlesbrough, Cleveland, TS4 2LQ.

* Mr T. A. Brear, Wyndorg, 11A Fairway, Tranmere Park, Guiseley, LS20 8.

* Mr G. Hawkins, 4 Springwood Gardens, Copley, Halifax, HX3 0UF.

* Mr C. D. Lloyd, 11 James Street, Pontardowey, Swansea, SA8 4LR.

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

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PLEASE NOTE THAT FROM

MY NEW ADDRESS WILL BE

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Please complete and send to:

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

Obituaries

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

His Honour Major P. R. Faulks, MC

With the death on 15 February 1998 of Peter Faulks, aged 80 years, the Regiment has lost yet another of those commanders who did so much for the 1st Battalion in the Second World War and who were nicknamed by Brian Webb-Carter as his Barons.

Peter obtained a degree in law at Cambridge before the war and in 1939 became an officer cadet at 164 OCTU at Colchester. He was commissioned into the Dukes in February 1940 and in March 1940 was posted to the 1st Battalion in France as a platoon commander. He fought his way back from Belgium and was evacuated from the beaches of Dunkirk.

When the Battalion reformed he was a platoon commander with B Company and soon moved to Battalion Headquarters as Intelligence Officer. During our training in the UK he was promoted to Captain and commanded D Company.

On our move to North Africa, D Company under Peter's command suffered the brunt of the Herman Goering Division's attack on our positions on Banana Ridge and it was due in no small way to his handling of this position that the attack was repulsed and the way

opened up for the advance on Tunis. Peter was awarded an Immediate MC for his inspiring leadership and gallantry in this battle.

Shortly after Banana Ridge he was wounded for the first time, but returned to the Battalion after the fall of Tunis, was promoted Major and took part in the invasion of Pantellaria. Our training for discharge from Assault Craft covered direct from the bows or from the port or starboard sides of the craft but Peter's craft slewed round on an unexploded bomb and landed stern first, a problem that he quickly sorted out.

Our next move was to Italy and our first action was the landing at Anzio and our abortive attempts, without proper and promised support, to cut the German lines. In the chaos of the battle by the railway embankment in mid-February Peter was severely wounded in the head and, to add to his troubles, he also suffered a shell splinter in his arm in the dressing station.

He recovered well and was able, after the breakout from Anzio, to lead D Company in the Battalion's march past of 8 June 1944, with US General Mark Clark taking the salute, to mark the entry into Rome. Peter served all the way up Italy, with a short secondment to



**Entry of the 1st Battalion into Rome. 8th June, 1944.
General Mark Clark taking the salute of D Company (Major P. R. Faulks, MC)**

run a Divisional Training School, until the Battalion was withdrawn to Palestine.

In Palestine, policing and trying to find and control the Stern gang and illegal immigrants were the orders of the day, as well as keeping an eye on the situation in French-dominated Syria and Lebanon. Peter's Company was given the task of moving to an isolated fort in the desert on the way to Damascus, where the native troops had rebelled and murdered all their French officers. This somewhat terrifying commission he accomplished with an impressive show of authority and no further loss of life.

He returned to the UK for demobilisation late in 1945 and resumed his career in law, quickly qualifying as a solicitor. In 1972 he became one of the first solicitors to become a Circuit Judge, a position he filled with the same ability and distinction as with everything else he did.

The above is a brief summary of his service with the Dukes, but what of the man? He was a person it was a great privilege to serve with, and from the comments of his troops, to serve under. He was brave, fearless, but not fear-free, fair-minded, humorous and a pleasure to be with, either in a muddy slit trench or on a recreational jolly.

Peter married his wife Pam in 1949 and she survives him, as do their two sons Edward, a QC, and Sebastian, the author and journalist.

Mr H. Bailey, MM

Herbert Bailey died suddenly on a visit to London on 13 December 1997. He was aged 72 years. Herbert served in the 1st Battalion for seven years between 1951-58. He was a member of D Company in Korea, when on the night of 17 May 1952 whilst in command of a patrol, he earned the award of the Military Medal. *His citation stated "Lance Corporal Bailey displayed great coolness and bravery. Wounded and single-handed he inflicted many casualties upon the enemy and enabled the men of his patrol to return unscathed".

The funeral took place in Herbert's home town of Leigh in Lancashire on 29 December. Members of the Mossley Branch of the Regimental Association and representatives of the British Korean Veterans' Association attended.

**Note: Copies of the full citation are held in RHQ.*

Mr D. A. Harpin

Douglas Arnold Harpin died in Huddersfield on 24 January 1998. He was aged 80 years.

Douglas joined the 2/7th Battalion as a sergeant in October 1939 and was soon promoted to the wartime rank of Warrant Officer Class 3, as a Platoon Commander. He crossed to France with the Battalion in April 1940 and became a POW in June 1940, together with many of his comrades in the Battalion and the 51st Highland Division, to which the 2/7th was attached at the time in Veules les Roses. Douglas remained a POW until the end of the war, but in 1945 he was Mentioned in Despatches for Distinguished Service in France in 1940.

After the war Douglas became a partner and director of Timothy Woods Ltd, Ironmongers, Builders and

Engineering Merchants in Huddersfield. From 1976 until 1994, he was also a very active committee member of the Huddersfield and District Army Veterans' Association.

The funeral service was held in Huddersfield Parish Church on Tuesday 3 February. Members of the Huddersfield Branch of the Regimental Association and representatives of the Huddersfield Army Veterans attended.

Mr F. Taylor

Fred Taylor joined the Regiment in 1931 at the age of 13. Being a bugler in the Fulwood Cottage Homes in Sheffield, he went straight into the Band and, after a spell at Kneller hall, he joined the 2nd Battalion at Kamptee, in India.

By the time the Battalion had left Peshawar for Burma he had become a sergeant in the Mortar Platoon and was amongst those who had to swim the Sittang River. After that, he was, rather against his will, detached to the Royal Military Police, but was able to return in due course to the Mortars. By then, having served for over 10 successive years overseas, he was repatriated to the UK and, having served a spell as CQMS in Northern Ireland, he was finally demobbed in 1945.

Fred (nicknamed Toots) was a hardworking Yorkshireman of exemplary character, who was proud to have been a member of the Regiment. A first class sportsman, he represented the Regiment at football and boxing and was at one time an instructor in physical training. But he will be best remembered as a musician. He was a brilliant saxophonist, doubling up on the clarinet. On leaving the Army, he became well known amongst dance bands and clubs in Sheffield, entertaining thousands over many years. He worked at Brown Bayles, Woolworths, and, for 26 years, at Woodhead Components.

Quiet and modest by nature, he was well liked and will be much missed by many. He is survived by his wife, Madge, two sons and a daughter. His cremation, which took place on 2 March 1998, was attended by ex-CQMS Ted (Ginger) Staniforth MM, and ex-CSM Bill Norman, who also represented the Regiment.

The following have also died during recent months:

Michael Sykes Walker died on 7 December 1997. He was Assistant Adjutant of the 5th Battalion during the early part of World War 2.

Mrs Marion Huffam, widow of the late Major Jock Huffam VC, died on 12 February 1998 whilst with her son Bob. Her funeral took place on 16 February.

Norman Wilkinson died on 23 February 1998, aged 83 years. Norman was the Intelligence Senior NCO in the 6th Battalion in Iceland and Normandy. He was wounded at Le Parc de Boislande.

Major P. H. Haws (Pat), ex-2nd and 7th Battalion, died on 26 February 1998. An obituary will follow in our next edition.

Regular Officers' Location List

as at April 1998

Colonels

A. D. Meek, Infantry Division, MCM, APC
D. M. Santa-Olalla, DSO, MC, Colonel ATRA 2
N. St J. Hall, BA, HQ NATO

Lieutenant Colonels

S. C. Newton, MBE, CO 1 DWR
A. H. S. Drake, MBE, CO 3 DWR
M. J. Stone, HQ Land
D. I. Richardson, MBE, CO 5/8 Kings
G. A. Kilburn, MBE, HQ BFFI
(CO 3 DWR wef August '98)
N. G. Borwell, SO1 JHQ Northwood

Majors

A. J. Adams, 1 DWR
P. R. S. Bailey, BDS Washington
J. C. Bailey, RMCS Shrivenham
D. S. Bruce, COS, HQ 39 Infantry Brigade
R. N. Chadwick, 1 DWR
R. N. Goodwin, RMCS
C. F. Grieve, MBE, SO2 G3 Trg Land
R. C. Holroyd, 1 DWR
C. S. T. Lehmann, 2i/c 1 DWR
P. M. Lewis, SO2 COORD CGS
D. P. Monteith, HQ Infantry
P. J. Morgan, JHQ Northwood
M. D. Norman, HQ 1 (UK) Armoured Division
S. C. Pinder, HQ MND
M. S. Sherlock, PSO CRLS East
G. D. Shuttleworth, SO2 Plans HQ 2 Division

Captains

J. R. Bryden, Seconded to 1 GH
J. W. Charlesworth, 1 DWR
R. Douthwaite, RMAS
B. J. T. Faithfull, 1 DWR
P. R. Fox, 1 DWR
T. J. G. Golding, 1 DWR
A. J. M. Liddle, 1 DWR
J. C. Mayo, Adjutant 3 DWR
W. T. Mundell, 1 DWR
R. C. O'Connor, 1 DWR
J. H. Purcell, JACIG
S. Richardson, 1 DWR
N. P. Rhodes, JCSC
J. E. Townhill, SO3 G3 Loan Service Australia
G. R. Triplow, ATR Glencorse
T. G. Vallings, 1 DWR
P. J. Wilson, ATR Glencorse
N. M. B. Wood, 1 DWR

Subalterns

A. S. Garner, RMCS
R. A. Harford, 1 GH
J. P. Hinchliffe, 1 DWR
D. J. J. Kirk, ATR Glencorse
J. F. C. Vitoria, 1 DWR
P. M. J. Cowell, 1 DWR
R. J. Hall, 1 DWR
J. Maude, 1 DWR
L. R. McCormick, 1 DWR
M. Robinson, 1 DWR
K. D. Smith, 1 DWR
M. M. D. Stear, 1 DWR
R. M. Sutcliffe, 1 DWR
M. C. Tetley, 1 DWR

Late Entry Officers

Major P. Wilkinson, OC KDRT (Yorks)
Major B. W. Sykes, MBE, QM 3 DWR
Captain P. M. Ennis, QM 1 DWR
Captain R. M. Pierce, QM(T) 1 DWR
Captain M. Smith, Families Officer 1 DWR
Captain B. J. Thomas, BEM, RRO 1 DWR
Captain A. L. Jackson, Families Officer 1 GH
Captain A. J. Sutcliffe, 1 DWR