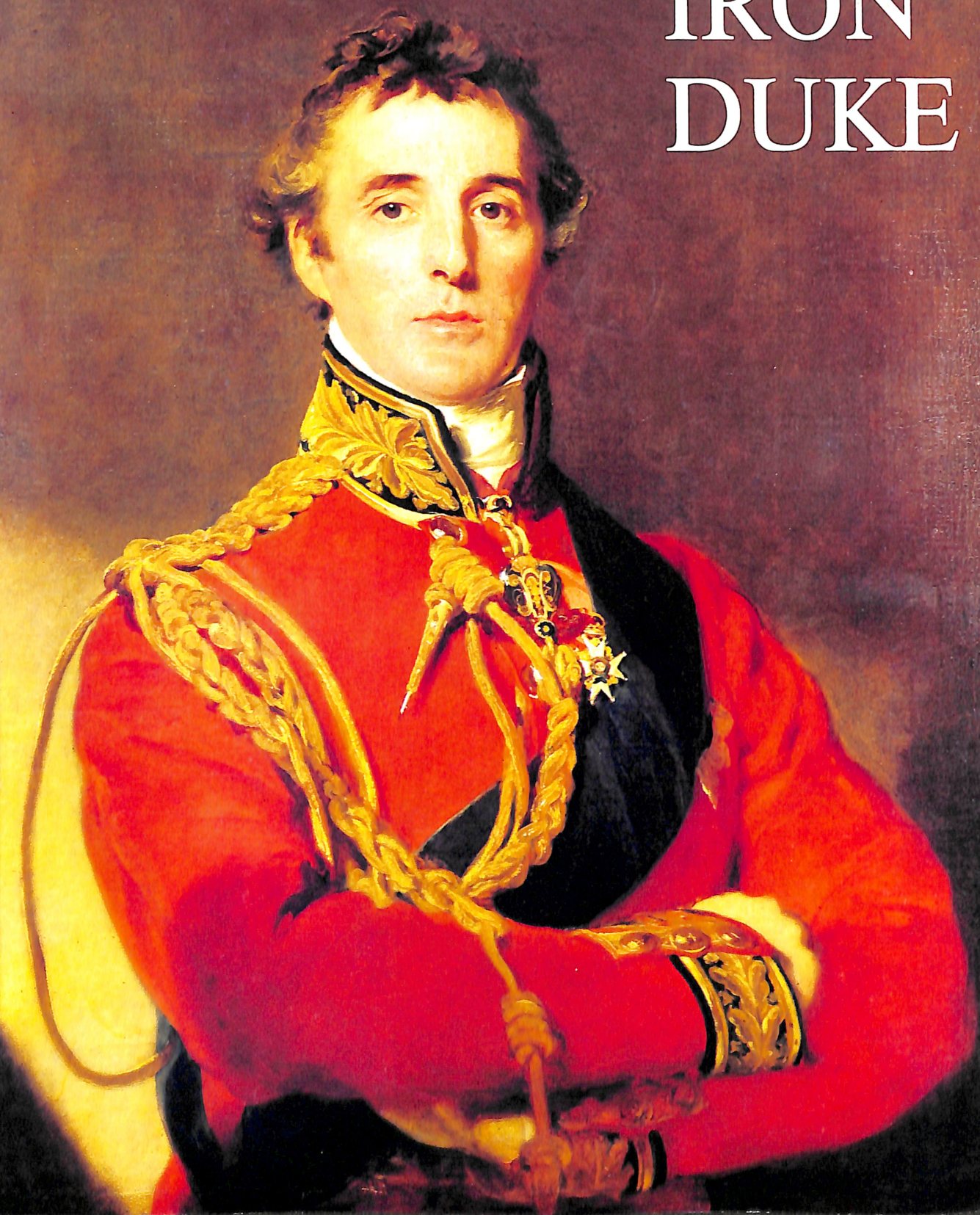


AUTUMN 1998
No. 237

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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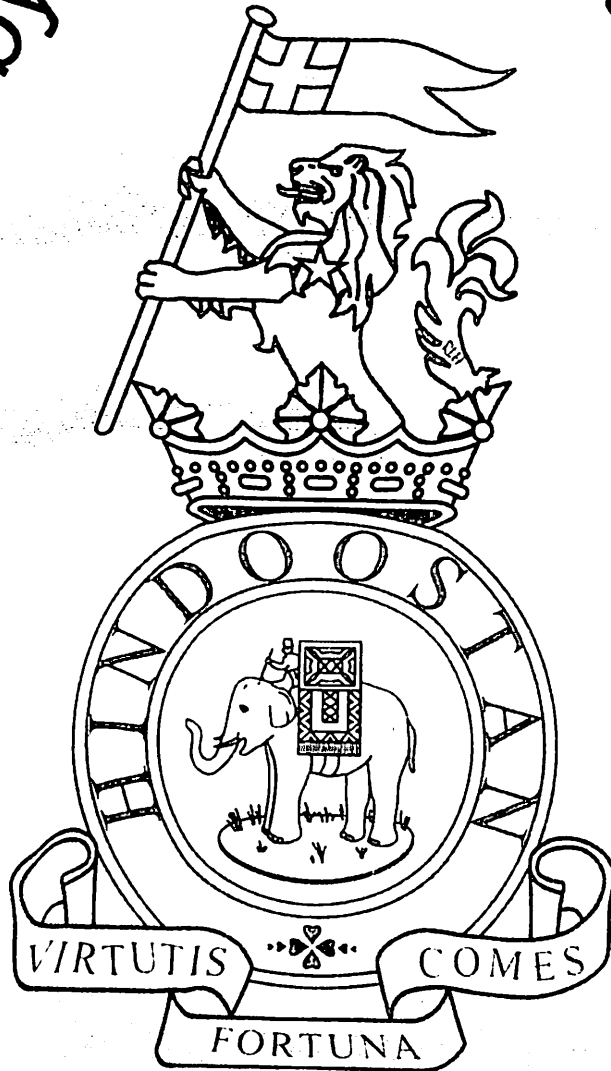
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THE REGIMENT

The Colonel-in-Chief

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

Colonel of the Regiment

Brigadier W. R. Mundell, OBE

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

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

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Assistant Regimental Secretary: Major R. Heron

1st Battalion

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

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

Adjutant: Captain R. C. O'Connor

Regimental Sergeant Major: WO1 D. E. Dowdall

3rd Battalion

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

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

Commanding Officer: Lieutenant Colonel G. A. Kilburn, 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-Allée,
Quebec, Canada.*

Honorary Colonels: Colonel Marcel Jobin, CM, CQ

Lieutenant Colonel André Desmarais

Commanding Officer: Lieutenant Colonel Simon Hebert, 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. Sheffield

BFPO 383

Commander C. J. Hamp, BSc, RN



The Korean Veterans march through Halifax on Saturday 30 May 1998

We are grateful to the Yorkshire Post for permission to publish this photograph

Regimental Headquarters

Regimental Notes

HONOURS AND AWARDS

We are pleased to record the following awards:

Queen's Commendation for Valuable Service to Captain R. C. O'Connor.

GOC Cyprus Commendation to Sergeant D. R. Walton.

GOC Northern Ireland Commendation to Corporal D. McManus.

Warm congratulations to them all.

REGIMENTAL AND 3 DWR RECEPTION

The Regimental and 3rd Battalion Reception was held at Endcliffe Hall on Saturday 13 June and a musical display was given by the Band of the Yorkshire Volunteers. The salute was taken by the Colonel of the Regiment in the place of the Lord Lieutenant of South Yorkshire who was unable to attend because of illness. The principal guests included the Deputy Lord Lieutenant of West Yorkshire, Major Keith McDonald, the High Sheriff of South Yorkshire, the MP for Calder Valley, Ms Christine McCafferty, the Mayors of Barnsley, Skipton and Rotherham, the Deputy Lord Mayor of Bradford, the Deputy Mayor of Calderdale and the Deputy Chief Constable of South Yorkshire.

45th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE HOOK AND THE KOREAN WAR

Last year Lieutenant Colonel Walter Robins suggested to the Colonel of the Regiment that, rather than wait until the 50th Anniversary before marking the Regiment's last Battle Honours of Korea and the Battle of the Hook, when all those who took part would be that much older and the commemoration would be overshadowed by the Regiment's Tercentenary, it may be better to do so at the 45th Anniversary. The Colonel agreed and the date was fixed for Saturday 30 May, the closest Saturday to the anniversary of the Battle, fought on the night of 28/29 May 1953.

Planning at Regimental Headquarters started last autumn with a meeting of several Korean War Veterans to establish an outline programme of events for the day. But, more importantly, the long process started of identifying as many Veterans of the Battle and the Korean War as possible, using mail shots, word of mouth and an on-going series of articles in local newspapers throughout West and South Yorkshire, as well as the North East and South Wales. (Many had joined the 1st Battalion from the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers and Welch Regiment in Korea to complete their National Service commitments.) Names were still arriving at Regimental Headquarters up to the last day before the Anniversary. One Veteran even arrived to join the parade in his gardening clothes, having just heard about it while collecting garden supplies in town. The final total was 283 Veterans, which was a considerable achievement after 45 years. Notable

among those present were Brigadier Tony Firth, who Commanded B Company on the Hook, Major Lewis Kershaw, who earned his DSO in the Battle and Colonel Geoffrey Brennan, who commanded 20 Field Regiment Royal Artillery, the Close Support Regiment to the 1st Battalion, and who played a key role in the success of the Battle. In addition, there were representatives from all the other supporting Arms and Corps which included 1 RTR, the Black Watch, Royal Signals, RAOC, REME, APTC, RAMC and QARANC.

The Anniversary events were led by the Colonel-in-Chief and the Duchess of Wellington, together with our principal guests, the Ambassador of the Republic of Korea, Ambassador Dong-Jin Choi and his wife. The day started with a reception in the Town Hall for all the Veterans and the Civic Guests, including the Deputy Mayor of Halifax, the Lord Lieutenant of West Yorkshire, the High Sheriff of West Yorkshire and the Korean Defence Attache. At the reception the Deputy Mayor gave a speech of welcome, to which the Colonel-in-Chief responded, including the messages of best wishes for the day he had received from Her Majesty The Queen and General Sir Charles Guthrie, Chief of the Defence Staff.

Following the reception, there was a memorable parade through Halifax to the Parish Church led by the King's Division Waterloo Band. Two guard detachments of 30 soldiers from the 1st Battalion, immaculately dressed in blues, escorted the Veterans, who marched behind the Colours. For most of them this was the first time in 45 years that they had paraded behind the Regimental Colours and was an event in which they took great pride. Perhaps most memorable was the warmth of the support and applause they received from the people of the town as they marched through the town centre and past the dais. The Veterans were led by Brigadier Tony Firth, the senior surviving Dukes officer from the Battle, and the salute was taken by the Colonel-in-Chief, the Korean Ambassador, the Deputy Mayor of Calderdale and the Lord Lieutenant.

Following the parade a memorial service, based upon the memorial service held by the 1st Battalion in Pusan Cemetery at the end of their tour in Korea, was held in the Parish Church. The Address was given by Father Alberic Stacpoole, formerly Captain John Stacpoole, MC, Assault Pioneer Platoon Commander at the Hook. After the service, a short Act of Remembrance was held at the Cenotaph, where wreaths were laid by the Lord Lieutenant of West Yorkshire, the Korean Ambassador and the Colonel-in-Chief.

The final event of the day was the reunion lunch at the Stakis Hotel in Bradford, where over 450 Veterans and their wives were present. This was the first real opportunity for Veterans to meet, talk and renew old friendships. It was a tremendous success, with many not leaving until well into the evening. At the end of the

lunch the Colonel of the Regiment gave a speech and proposed the toast to the Regiment, followed by a speech of thanks on behalf of the Korean Nation by the Korean Ambassador and, finally, General Sir Charles Huxtable spoke on behalf of the Korean Veterans.

Since the Anniversary Regimental Headquarters has received numerous letters of thanks for the day including one from the Korean Ambassador, the text of which is below:

“Dear Brigadier Mundell,

May I express my deep appreciation for the kind hospitality shown to myself and Captain Lee, during our recent visit to Halifax at the kind invitation of The Duke of Wellington’s Regiment.

I, as well as my wife, enjoyed participating in Saturday’s celebrations to mark the 45th Anniversary of the Battle of the Hook and the Regiment’s contribution in the Korean War. Particularly, I would like to thank you for your warm reception at luncheon, at the Bradford Stakis Hotel, and the opportunity for me to address and pay tribute to the many Korean Veterans who actively participated in defending my country during the Korean War.

I wish for the continued good health and prosperity of all the members of The Duke of Wellington’s Regiment. My kindest regards.

Yours sincerely,
Dong-Jin Choi
Ambassador”

Editor’s Note:

This was a notable Regimental occasion, which a number of non-Korean Veterans were privileged to attend and which can probably be best summarised in the words of the Veterans themselves, when writing to thank the staff of Regimental Headquarters for their hard work:

“A memorable day which I am glad not to have missed.”

“Everything was done to perfection; it was a most moving day.”

“Everlasting memories of the moving but enjoyable day.”

“I would like to thank the people of Halifax for the genuine support they gave us.”

“There were moving and emotional moments, as well as amusing memories.”

“Best wishes to today’s Dukes, whose tributes and help to the Veterans were much appreciated.”

“You have no idea how moving it was to march through one’s Depot town behind all our flying Colours and the Band.”

“I have never before marched behind our Colours with such a high degree of pride in my Regiment, or felt so strongly how privileged I was to belong to such a band of men.”

Photographs and further reflections of some who served in Korea are on pages 76 to 81.

1st Battalion

Commanding Officer’s Introduction

As I write these notes in late May, the 45th Anniversary of the Hook parade has just taken place in Halifax. Our move to London, The Major-General’s Inspection and first Queen’s Guard all seem ages ago and time is definitely flying! In true Dukes fashion the Battalion left Weeton in immaculate order and moved down to London with minimal fuss. Not deterred by a 200-year-old barracks in need of renovation and a wider than usual dispersal of married quarters, the Battalion has quickly made itself at home in Hounslow.

Our programme continues apace, with Ceremonial Duties in London and Windsor, platoons training in Canada and two companies preparing to run this year’s Royal Tournament. We have quickly discovered that the London tour is going to be as busy as any previous tour,

albeit somewhat different, and that there will be plenty of opportunity to do good-quality military training as well as our Ceremonial Duties. The challenge for the Battalion Second-in-Command is programming it!

The London tour has got off to an excellent start, but we have many challenges ahead, not least achieving the delicate balance between London duties, training and quality of life. I remain absolutely convinced that all this is achievable with good leadership and detailed planning. What comes next is still unknown, although, by the time this edition is published, the direction of the Arms Plot, Strategic Defence Review and Land Command Reorganisation may be more clear - there is much change in the wind and nothing should be taken for granted!

THE MAJOR-GENERAL’S INSPECTION, 24 MARCH 1998

Following the move to London, the Battalion launched itself into build-up training for Public Duties in earnest. Both the Officers’ and Sergeants’ Mess members paved the way and set the standard prior to the Junior Non-Commissioned Officers and soldiers being put through their paces. Sights were set not only on the

Queen’s Guard procedures, but also on an equally important parade in the shape of The Major-General’s Inspection. A parade that, in the past, regiments had been instructed by The Major-General to ‘reshow’, for not having reached the standards required to undertake state and ceremonial duties in London District. With the



Major-General E. J. Webb-Carter, OBE, inspects members of Alma Company during The Major-General's Inspection



**Senior NCOs of Somme Company await The Major-General's Inspection.
Left to right: Sergeant Duffy, Sergeant Lumber, Colour Sergeant Summersgill, Sergeant Buckingham,
Colour Sergeant Davidson, Colour Sergeant Innes, Sergeant Williams**

horrendous possibility of a “reshow” during Easter leave, the Battalion was totally committed to a first-time pass.

Preparatory time was spent on the square, teaching and improving all the necessary drill movements, culminating in Battalion massed foot and arms drill. Equipment preparation was also a major factor in the success of the inspection. The Battalion was extremely fortunate to have an excellent Master Tailor who, with his staff, burnt the midnight oil in an effort to ensure that virtually the whole Battalion was on parade in No.1 Dress, guard order. The old art of burning, waxing and bulling drill boots also had to be taught to the younger end of the Battalion. This art had progressed with time; out with the old candle and spoon, enter the gas “flame thrower”. Needless to say, much to the horror of the Quartermaster’s staff, one or two pairs of boots were returned to the stores somewhat smaller than they were issued!

The scene was set. It was decided that the Battalion would form up in review order facing Battalion Headquarters. Several rehearsals followed, where minor alterations to the format were made. One or two soldiers for one reason or another did not manage to stay the distance and folded like deckchairs (fortunately onto

soft ground). In my view this was no bad thing, it made the soldiers more determined not to faint and become the subject of humour within their companies.

Our day of reckoning arrived. The weather was fine and, following last-minute adjustments to company positions, the Battalion, bursting with pride, marched on parade to the Regimental quick march. The Commanding Officer presented the Battalion to Major-General Webb-Carter, OBE, by stating: “The First Battalion of your late father’s Regiment is on parade, in open order, awaiting your inspection, Sir”. This was duly met with a lengthy misty-eyed pause before the Commanding Officer was instructed to “Carry on”. The Major-General took the salute and inspected the entire Battalion for some two hours. The drill, turnout, self-discipline and effort by all ranks, without doubt, made the Inspection a success. The Major-General himself commented on his satisfaction in what he saw. The Inspection could not have come at a better time. Not only did it set the standard for the Battalion but it has, without doubt, been reflected in the excellent performance on ceremonial duties to date.

WO2 (Drill Sergeant) M. Ness

LIFE AS A PRIVATE SOLDIER IN HOUNSLOW (PUBLIC DUTIES)

The move to Hounslow filled every Private Soldier’s heart with dread. It was not the idea of swapping Blackpool Tower for the altogether grander Tower of London, nor the thought of leaving the close proximity of Yorkshire, and all our loved ones, who were to become a three and a half hour weekly motorway journey away. This was only to add some down side to the move, as most joined to travel anyhow.

No, it was the mere mention of the new Public Duties role that sent shivers down the spine. Nightmare images plagued the mind at the very thought of what was to come. Hour after relentless hour spent being drilled on the parade square, followed by a relaxing evening lovingly preparing kit for yet another day of much the same!

The reality of it all was soon upon us and the Battalion arrived at Hounslow to find a camp that was a far cry from the ruin that had been described. True, the accommodation is basic and in some cases a little neglected, but, after the luxury of a modern camp in Weeton, anywhere would have had a lot to live up to. A plus factor is that we are not required to pay accommodation charges, which allows even more funds to spend on the outstanding social life in London.

The drill programme did not take long to kick in and this was a short, sharp shock to the system for all. Drill in the last role was only carried out as a necessity and now it had to become a way of life.

Time soon began to tick away and the race was on for all to be ready for The Major-General’s formal inspection of the Battalion, as well as for our first duties. The drill square soon became home for all companies with endless marching, until both feet and arms throbbed.

The days were long and the end never seemed in sight. The nights offered little respite, as hour after hour of loving attention was spent turning each boot into a work of art, a true reflection of each man’s pride.

Then the first hurdle came, The Major-General’s inspection; the first true test to find out if the hard work by all had paid off. All went well and the Battalion gained a good pass on the inspection, as was more than once commented on by Major-General Webb-Carter and his staff.

Hurdle one was cleared without falter and we now took another step closer to the gates of Buckingham Palace. After a well-deserved leave, work began again in earnest for each company’s build-up to their first Queen’s Guard. The reality of the situation did not hit home until the day each company in turn formed up at Wellington Barracks, ready to march off to the forecourt at Buckingham Palace.

With a combination of nerves, adrenaline, hard work and, most importantly, true Yorkshire pride, each company produced what can only be described as outstanding results for such a short preparation period.

With the initial honeymoon period drawing to a close, it is, as promised, getting better and, always busy and eventful, life here in Hounslow will never be dull.

Private D. P. Hyde

FIRST QUEEN'S GUARD MOUNT

On a cold, misty, wintry day in March, Somme Company was on the drill square, waiting for the first of many drill sessions that would give the company the honour of being first to mount the Queen's Guard at both Buckingham and St. James' Palaces.

Out from the mist walked two shadowy figures complete with pace sticks. "This is it", I thought, "five weeks of hell!" No sooner had they reached us, we all found ourselves moving around the drill square at the speed of a thousand gazelles. Apparently this is supposed to loosen up all your muscles in readiness for drill. The majority of us just felt hot and sweaty.

At the beginning of April the Welsh Guards had loaned us some Drill Sergeants to show us the Queen's Guard mount. These blokes were excellent in everything that they did; they would probably have been able to do any of the guard mounts in their sleep, that's how much they are dedicated to their job.

The big day finally approached, 21 April 1998, the Queen's birthday. Everyone was nervous, especially myself. I was going to be the junior Sergeant on parade and as such I would have to give some words of command and then march off the new relief. Everything seems fine while you're practising on a drill square, but when you're faced with the reality of carrying out your duties in front of thousands of spectators, the feeling is so daunting it's practically indescribable.

We were told that the press from Yorkshire would be talking to people from their local areas, and the lads were only too happy to give their thoughts on the day's forthcoming event.

The time came to form up and march on to Wellington Barracks Square to start the mount. On we marched, stomachs churning, all the time trying to remember exactly what to do. As we turned into the square the nerves settled and stomachs stopped

churning. As we marched out of the gate to do the Queen's mount the sight was unbelievable. Thousands of people were there and every one of them was looking straight at us, clapping and taking photographs.



Lance Corporal Wright clearly enjoying getting off the Drill square



Drum Major Johnson leads the Drums Platoon and the St James' Palace Detachment down The Mall - 21 April 1998



The Captain of The Queen's Guard, Lieutenant Colonel S. C. Newton, MBE, and the St James' Palace Detachment present arms in Friary Court following the Battalion's first Queen's Guard Mount on 21 April 1998

As we marched across we could just see the top of Buckingham Palace, and as we turned through the North Centre gates we saw the Palace in all its glory. What a spectacular sight.

From the Captain of the Guard we heard "Left Form". This was our cue to do a 45° turn to the left and there they were, the Welsh Guards, the guard we were to take over from. They were all smart in their red tunics and rather large bearskins. From that moment onwards

everything was a blur. Things went so fast. I remember leaving the parade to take the new relief up to St. James' Palace and on the way we passed the new guard of the Blues and Royals, looking smarter than ever on their horses. Everyone on that first Queen's Guard mount was a very proud soldier that day and no one can deny that. It was one awesome day.

Corporal Darren Leen

5 (NORTHERN IRELAND) PLATOON

The majority of the Battalion were relieved to finish the recent Northern Ireland tour and happy to hand over the role of Province Reserve Battalion to the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. However, for some members of the Battalion their next tour of South Armagh was not to be far away. The arrival of spring saw the start of the preparatory work for a six-month roulement tour of South Armagh, involving some forty Dukes, three multiples, attached to the 1st Battalion the King's Own Scottish Borderers. The Regular Army Assistance Table (the fairground lucky dip) had deemed our assistance necessary. Although the tour ran from September to March the inevitable courses started in June, with the Dukes joining the Jocks in Edinburgh in early July, enabling all to enjoy the delights of Edinburgh almost as much as once had been done in Blackpool.

On deployment our multiples were split between Forkhill and Crossmaglen, both being company-sized locations, with a further company at Newtownhamilton, and Battalion Headquarters at Bessbrook Mill. The Crossmaglen multiple was dedicated to patrolling, whilst the two Forkhill multiples' time was split between patrolling and manning observation posts. The boys became particularly adept in the operation of certain pieces of observation kit, so adept in fact that certain members of the local population's night routine

became popular viewing. The average rotation meant one multiple manning two observation posts for up to a month with a period of patrolling between each rotation.

Whilst we operated essentially in a non-violent environment, constant threats to the peace process required all to remain alert to the current situation. For example, although most patrolling was carried out in berets, we had to return to helmets and body armour towards the latter part of the tour due to increased threats.

As the tour wore on, rotations were interspersed by mid tour training at Ballykinler, and rest and recuperation plots, a ten-day slot for each multiple. Daily events were also brightened up by the odd comical occurrence. Corporal Kynes' interpretation of voice procedure to "Collect some VRNs" resulted in his return to the debrief with the contents of someone's dustbins!

Parish notices include, a recent birth for Sergeant and Mrs Stannard, who now almost have a fire team. The marriage of private Hurd, and further birth for Private and Mrs Kitridge. We must also say goodbye to two members of the platoon, Corporal S. Acklam, and Private R. Sharkey, both of whom will be sorely missed by the platoon and the Battalion. Congratulations to Private Lynch for achieving the fastest junior time in

the Bessbrook half marathon. The recent tour usefully provided good experience for many inexperienced members of the Battalion, and our assistance to our Jock

friends was greatly appreciated. Personally I must thank WO2 McConnel for standing in for me during the early part of the tour, my recent hernia has a lot to answer for!



5 (Northern Ireland) Platoon marks out its territory

Left to right: Lance Corporal Wood, Lieutenant Triplow, Lance Corporal Simms, Private Lynch.

Orbat

Multiple Commanders

Lieutenant G. R. Triplow
WO2 N. McConnel
Sergeant Barratt
Sergeant Stannard

Team Commanders

Corporal O'Niell
Corporal Acklam
Lance Corporal Simms
Lance Corporal Wood
Lance Corporal Hamilton
Lance Corporal Connel
Lance Corporal Sykes


Lieutenant G. R. Triplow

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EXERCISE MEDICINE MAN

The Dukes platoon arrived in Canada knowing very little of the task in hand, other than that they were to assist the Green Howards on Exercise Medicine Man, considered one of the most important exercises in the British Army. If you can crack Medicine Man then, theoretically, you're fit to go to war tomorrow.

The Dukes attachment numbered 30, however on arrival at BATUS they were split to the four winds. Despite this, Regimental identity was never lost.

Prior to deployment onto the prairie a couple of evenings were spent sampling the delights of the local town of Medicine Hat, where the "exotic dancers" were found to be most accommodating. This was all very short lived and before we knew it we had deployed and Exercise Medicine Man had commenced.

It would not be unfair to describe the prairie as something of a desolate place. Indeed the one tree that exists on the vast expanse of grassland that is BATUS is marked on the map owing to its rarity. It is known as 'lone tree'. This lack of feature means that navigation is more than a little tricky, it also leads to the phenomenon of fooling the individual into thinking that after bouncing around in the back of a Warrior AFV for hours he hasn't gone anywhere at all, since the view is virtually the same no matter where you are.

Once deployed, the Dukes took only a short time in picking up the idiosyncrasies of armoured warfare, this is to their credit, since most had no previous experience with Warrior. No longer was it a case of taking just what you could carry and trying to find somewhere in your Bergen that wasn't already crammed. Living out of a

Warrior meant that your kit was separated into its various components before being stored in the many compartments that one finds in a Warrior. Cooking was also a group experience with everybody's food going in the communal boiling vessel. Needless to say the temptation to let one's admin degenerate due to all these 'mod cons' was ever present.

In retrospect, the highlights of the initial phases would be Lance Corporal Roycroft attempting to blow his own foot off with a grenade, Private Chadwick receiving a K-kill with his first ever HEAT round and Sergeant Elcott missing the group photo due to spending too much time in the thunderbox!

The culmination of Medicine Man is Exercise Totalise, a six-day Tactical Engagement Simulation Exercise (TESEX) with various missions to be completed against the dastardly OPFOR. The Battle Group began badly; however, by the end, were pushing for a Grade 5, the highest possible grade (rarely given). The grand finale of Exercise Totalise is a meeting engagement in which the Battle Group and OPFOR go toe-to-toe. This didn't go particularly well and they received a Grade 4.

This however does not detract in any way from the effort put in by the attached Dukes. They were at all times professional, despite sometimes being in situations alien to them. They were quite literally a credit to the Regiment.

Second Lieutenant R. M. Sutcliffe

BATTALION SHOOTING TEAM

The team started its preparation six weeks before the start of the London District SAAM on 10 March 1998. With our commitments and our new role we knew that training for shooting would be minimal.

However, the team went into competition with typical Dukes spirit. The team managed to get on the ranges probably twice a week and we did manage to fit in the competition shoots that we would be shooting on the day. The week before the competition started we managed to get on the ranges for a solid week, but we were sharing the ranges with the other regiments in the competition. This turned out to be eventful, as everyone was trying to suss each other out and a good rivalry built up, particularly with the Welsh Guards, who, we later found out, had been at Pirbright for at least 16 weeks solid. The Welsh turned out to be the favourites for most of the individual shoots in the competition; surprise surprise! The shoots on the day were the Roupell Cup, Whitehead Cup, Graham Hill trophy, moving target range, pistol, gun shoot, and the day would finish with the Falling Plate competition, with all the units on the day taking part, these being 15 Major, and several TA and Minor units.

We were hoping for perfect conditions for the day, but we ended up getting typical range weather, strong winds and torrential rain! This probably worked in our favour,

as we would be shooting the Whitehead Cup first, along with the team that we rated as the favourites for the competition. In practice we were averaging 140 out of a possible 160; the Welsh were averaging slightly higher, but we hoped the weather would even things out, as it turned out it did; we both came off with below-average



Lance Corporal Aidy Rudd in training for the shooting team

scores around the 100 mark, which was good for us as our best ranges were still to come.

At the end of the day's shooting the three clear leaders of the competition were the Welsh Guards A and B teams with the Dukes in third place. We were going into the final day needing 90 points to catch the Welsh B team; with only the gun shoot left to be fired, it was looking a slim chance that we could do it. As it happened, Privates Ellis and Raistrick finished in second place behind the Coldstream Guards, with the Welsh in third place. We did beat them, but the difference overall was still too much for us to catch up.

The team finished a creditable third; not bad for the first attempt, but we could still come away with some silver from the Falling Plate and hopefully stick it up the Welsh Guards and spoil their finale. With the Welsh putting four teams in and the Dukes two we knew it was going to be hard to win. Since we were drawn against

the Welsh A team in the opening round, the atmosphere was tense as both teams lined up on the firing point. All that had to happen was that the four-man teams would double to the 200m point and fire 10 rounds at the 10 plates, while all the on-lookers gave both teams loads of support. The shock of the day happened and the Welsh Guards' team got convincingly beaten! The other heats also went well for the Dukes, the A team making it to the final. The Dukes B team made it to the quarter final and was knocked out by the other team to make the final, the Welsh B team. In the final both teams hit the point together, but this was going to be the Dukes' competition as the team beat the Guards easily to win the Falling Plate competition. We also went on to win the Combined Service competition. At last, we got the silverware we knew we could win with some typical Dukes' fighting spirit.

Sergeant J. D. Foster

REGIMENTAL RECRUITING CELL

It is now four months since the Regimental Recruiting Cell (RRC) established itself on a permanent basis in the TA Centre at Huddersfield. Consisting of six personnel - a captain, colour sergeant, sergeant, two corporals and a private clerk - the team is co-located with 124 Army Youth Team, which is an eight man team, all capbadged DWR, who spend their time taking schoolchildren on adventure training activities and "Sowing the Seeds" for recruitment into the Army. So the two teams dovetail together very well and complement each other.

The Recruiting Cell carries out a variety of roles, including spending a day every month recruiting in each of our main towns in the Regimental area - Skipton, Keighley, Bradford, Huddersfield, Halifax, Sheffield, Rotherham and Barnsley.

In addition, one day "Look at Lives" now called Personal Development Courses, or PDCs for short, are run every Thursday throughout school terms. The location for these has now moved from Weeton Barracks to Strensall Camp in York, with more emphasis placed on personal development of the student, team-



Schoolchildren from South Yorkshire get stuck into the Assault Course on a "Look at Life" at Weeton Barracks

work and fitness. PDCs are still proving very popular with teenage schoolchildren and are a proven recruiting tool both for the Dukes and the army in general.

The RRC also conducted a major KAPE (Keeping the Army in the Public Eye) tour in South and West Yorkshire from 8 June to 5 July, with two weeks in each area, attending 16 shows/galas in the process. The RRC will attend a total of 24 shows/galas this season promoting the name of the Regiment in our recruiting area.

All our statistics are held on computer and the Cell is in constant touch with all our Army Careers Offices, the Army Training Regiment, Glencorse, and Infantry Training Centre, Catterick, and indeed the recruits themselves. This enables us to monitor our recruit inflow closely and forecast up to six months in advance

when the Commanding Officer can expect trained soldiers to arrive in the Battalion and how many. When compared with the forecast of soldiers leaving the army an accurate trend can be seen and any problems tackled before a downward trend occurs, affecting the morale not only of those soldiers we have recruited, or are about to accept into Battalion life, but the seasoned soldier as well.

Recruiting is a task that the Cell takes very seriously in these ever-changing times, both in educating the general public that the army is still recruiting and in actively recruiting young men into the Regiment.

Captain B. J. Thomas, BEM,
Regimental Recruiting Officer

EVERY-DAY TECHNOLOGY IN THE BRITISH MILITARY

As we move swiftly towards the 21st century the computer has become an integral part of most working environments. Although the army is often guilty of falling behind times, it relies heavily on computers and employs them in wide and encompassing spheres.

A particular area is training. With the rapidly rising cost of actual live training and the declining resources of space and time the army has found it necessary to employ computer simulations to develop basic skills. One of the most widely used simulators is the Small Arms Trainer (SAT). It is basically an indoor rifle range, which allows the trainer to concentrate on various aspects of the principles of marksmanship before building on more complex shoots, such as the Annual Personal Weapons Test (APWT). This therefore reduces the time spent on the ranges learning the basics; soldiers also have the opportunity to learn more complicated shoots before they undertake them. The Milan Platoon also employs simulator training, mainly due to the exceptionally high cost of live firing. Although training on a simulator can never equate to actual live training, it provides a basic grounding on a varied subject before undertaking the more expensive field training. Mortars have also seen an advance from the hardly-technical

Puff Range, which involved one man smoking himself to death and blowing smoke through a hole to simulate mortar fire. The army now utilises a system called the Unit Fire Control Trainer (UFCT) which is all managed by computers, including use of smoke, HE and Illum rounds.

Away from training, the army also relies upon computers to manage its soldiers. UNICOM is now used throughout the army to manage soldiers' administration. It stores everything from the name, rank and number, to what kit has been issued, and dental records. All of this information can be extracted at a touch of a button. The major problem with the system is that it is only as good as the information which is put into it. Much of the information is acquired from the soldiers themselves and this presents two problems, first gaining it and second updating it.

Technology has become part of our lives, however it demands constant management if systems are to provide the results required, whether that is realistic training or accurate data on our soldiers. Technology, if poorly managed, can create as many problems as it solves.

Lieutenant K. D. Smith



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OFFICERS, WARRANT OFFICERS AND NCOs SERVING WITH 1 DWR AS AT 11 MAY '98

Battalion Headquarters

CO - Lieutenant Colonel S.C. Newton MBE
 Battalion 2IC - Major C. S. T. Lehmann
 Adjutant - Captain R. C. O'Connor
 Ops Officer - Captain W. T. Mundell
 A/Adjutant - Lieutenant J. F. C. Vitoria
 Padre - Reverend I. T. Skinner
 RSM - WO1 (RSM) D. E. Dowdall
 Drill Sergeant - WO2 M. Ness
 Colour Sergeant M. P. Birkett
 Int Sergeant - Sergeant P. Wilson
 Pro Sergeant - Sergeant I. Bottomley

Alma Company

OC - Major J. Adams
 2IC - Captain A. J. Sutcliffe
 CSM - WO2 M. A. Cooper
 Colour Sergeant - Colour Sergeant P. A. Brewer
 1 Platoon - Second Lieutenant M. C. Tetley
 Sergeant J. L. Kenkins
 2 Platoon - Second Lieutenant M. M. D. Stear
 Sergeant A. J. Knight
 3 Platoon - Second Lieutenant K. D. Smith
 Sergeant D. R. Wilson

Burma Company

OC - Major R. N. Chadwick
 2IC - Captain S. Richardson
 CSM - WO2 C. Hosty
 Colour Sergeant - Colour Sergeant K. N. Craddock
 4 Platoon - Second Lieutenant J. Maude
 Sergeant N. S. Wilson
 5 Platoon - Lieutenant L. R. McCormick
 Sergeant R. D. Hind
 6 Platoon - Second Lieutenant R. J. Hall
 Sergeant Flitcroft

Corunna Company

OC - Major R. C. Holroyd
 2IC - Captain J. Kirk
 CSM - WO2 S. McCabe
 Colour Sergeant - Colour Sergeant M. Taylor
 7 Platoon - Lieutenant P. M. J. Cowell
 Sergeant M. D. Stannard
 8 Platoon - Lieutenant J. P. Hinchliffe
 Sergeant S. D. Moroney
 9 Platoon - Lieutenant R. M. Sutcliffe
 Sergeant N. Brennan

Somme Company

OC - Captain J. W. Charlesworth
 CSM - WO2 G. Cracknell
 Colour Sergeant - Colour Sergeant E. Innes
 OC Milan - Captain A. J. M. Liddle
 2IC Milan - Colour Sergeant S. A. Davidson
 Milan SNCO - Sergeant A. N. Duffy
 Mortar SNCO - Sergeant A. D. Williams
 Drum Major - Sergeant I. D. Johnson
 OC Recce - Captain T. G. J. Golding
 Recce SNCO - Sergeant M. P. J. Lumber
 Sergeant P. Buckingham

Hook Company

OC - Major N. M. B. Wood
 CSM - WO2 I. R. Greaves, BEM
 Colour Sergeant - Colour Sergeant S. J. J. Lowther

RAO

RAO - Captain J. A. Lamb AGC(SPS)
 AGC Det Comd - Lieut R. P. Wilkinson AGC(SPS)
 RAOWO - WO2 R. Paterson AGC(SPS)
 FSA - WO2 D. Hulse AGC(SPS)
 Regt Acct - S/Sergeant J. Kitching AGC(SPS)
 Sys Coord - Sergeant M. J. Haslett AGC(SPS)
 SSA - Sergeant D. Baker AGC(SPS)
 Docs Supvr - Sergeant K. Simpson AGC(SPS)

QM's Department

QM - Captain P. M. Ennis
 QM(T) - Captain R. M. Pierce
 RQMS - WO2 P. Mitchell
 RQMS (T) - WO2 S. W. Grogan
 G1098 - Colour Sergeant D. Dobbs
 Sergeant G. Batley
 Clothing - Sergeant J. G. Ashworth

Families

UFO - Lieutenant M. Smith
 SNCO - Colour Sergeant M. B. Kennedy

Signals Platoon

RSWO -
 Sigs SNCO - Sergeant N. K. Mason
 Sergeant G. R. Sharp

Training Wing

Trg Officer - Lieutenant J. M. Fryer PWO
 Trg SNCO - Sergeant J. D. Foster

Messes

Officers Mess - Colour Sergeant S. Caine
 Sergeants Mess -

MT

MTO - Captain B. J. Thomas BEM
 MTWO - WO2 R. Coles
 MT SNCO - Sergeant T. J. Newhouse

Catering Platoon

RCWO - WO2 S. J. Cornish RLC
 Chefs - Sergeant K. A. Baxter RLC
 Sergeant D. A. Bowers RLC
 Sergeant J. Ellis RLC
 Sergeant M. R. Pickering RLC

LAD

OC - S/Sergeant I. P. Bradbury REME
 LAD SNCO - Sergeant A. R. J. Tilling REME

Medical Centre

RMO - Major M. C. Longley
 Med Sgts - Sergeant P. J. Brennan
 Sergeant A. T. Waite

Gymnasium Staff

SI - Sergeant L. Douglas APTC

3rd Battalion

Commanding Officer's Introduction

These notes are written having just completed Part One of our Annual Camp. This year, uniquely, 3 DWR is conducting a trial to examine the advantages and disadvantages of having two one-week camps, instead of the traditional two weeks. At this stage it is too early to determine the success of the venture, this will have to wait until the second camp in Cornwall in October, but our week at Strensall proved demanding and busy.

The final weekend of the camp coincided with the Divisional Competitions Weekend. This saw soldiers competing in competitions for shooting, driving, intelligence and sport, where all our teams put up creditable performances. In addition, the Catering Platoon achieved a very good 4th place in the Land Catering Competition. During Camp, teams also prepared for the Assault Pioneer Competition and the SF Concentration, which will both take place later in the summer.

Recruiting and retention continues to be at the forefront of our activities. Mention should be made of the financial support that the Battalion receives from a

number of Trusts. These include the Huddersfield Drill Hall Trust, the York and Lancaster Regiment Trust, the Tootley Trust and the Sheffield Artillery Volunteers Trust. The money received is used in a variety of ways that directly benefit the soldiers in the Battalion and therefore complements our efforts at retention. I am particularly grateful to the Trustees for this valuable support.

Sadly, these will be my last notes for the Iron Duke in Command of the 3rd Battalion, as I hand over command in July. As I reflect on a very enjoyable and rewarding tour, it is the enthusiasm and commitment of the volunteer soldier that I will remember most. As we face the uncertainty of SDR the dedication of TA soldiers, often at the expense of time with their families and their civilian employment, should not be forgotten. The role of the TA Infantry in the post-cold war environment may be difficult to define, but any loss of the presence of the military ethos that the Dukes' TA soldier brings to the towns of our recruiting area will, I believe, be expensive to the Regular Army.

EXERCISE "ARTHUR'S BREECH"

During February the Battalion had the "pleasure" of spending a weekend at the Brigade and Battle Group Trainer (BBGT), the culmination of a number of work-up exercises. The BBGT, which is situated at Catterick, is an excellent but demanding training opportunity, that comes around every couple of years, that practises all key appointments in Battle Group procedures for the planning and execution of an operation in an all-Arms environment. Providing support to the Battalion over

the weekend were 101 Regiment RA, 72 Engineer Regiment, 147 Port & Reclamation Company REME and 3 PWO, who provided Milan, Mortar and GPMG SF elements. The scenario selected for the Battalion was that of an obstacle crossing within an offensive operation. The obstacle being the river Swale, the offensive operation being to destroy the remnants of Bluland forces (again) west of the Swale.



BBGT (North) 21/22 February 1998

Major Buczko, 2i/c, briefs the Brigade Commander, Brigadier Alan Deed, with Major Barker, Training Major, and Lieutenant Curran, Intelligence Officer, looking on.

The general format of the weekend is that the Saturday is spent going through the necessary procedures to enable the production of Battle Group orders to carry out the operation. The day starts very early with Brigade Orders and finishes very late with the giving of Battle Group orders. The hours in-between are spent doing such things as: producing timeline matrices; conducting mission analysis; initiating and reviewing the combat estimate; the intelligence preparation of the battlefield; developing situation and event overlays; carrying out recce; preparation of movement orders; developing and refining wargame courses of action; developing the surveillance, targeting and acquisition plan; producing the battlegroup synchronization matrices; writing orders etc, etc, etc. The pace is quite frenetic.

On the Sunday the battle is fought. This is done on an enormous map board where markers representing companies, platoons and sections are placed and moved. The battle is fought in real time by the various

command posts, with computers being used to decide the result of engagements in terms of success or failure, casualties received and ammunition used.

During the battle, Brigadier Deed, Commander 15 (North East) Brigade visited. I suspect he has not often been told: "Sorry Brigadier I am too busy to talk to you", or: "I'll have to make this brief very quick". Obviously this was not taken to heart, as his subsequent comments on the Battle Group's performance were highly encouraging, stating that we had a clear vision of what was required, received firm direction (!) from the CO, collectively provided good effort, and that 3 DWR made very good use of the training opportunity, adopting exactly the right approach.

It goes without saying that the River Swale was crossed successfully, the Bluland forces were destroyed comprehensively, and the stock of beer reduced quickly.

Major P. D. Buczko



Private Peace in Lower Control at BBGT (see also pages 73 and 74)

LORD LIEUTENANT'S CERTIFICATES

It's Christmas weekend and everyone is sat around the tables having eaten their Christmas dinner. Presentations are made of trophies which have been awarded for various events during the year. The promotions of individuals to higher ranks are announced, along with three Corporals to receive the Lord Lieutenant's Certificate. What a surprise it was to find my name being read out to receive it. Congratulations soon followed from the ranks, then a

question was asked from one individual, "What's it for?". My answer was weak and unconvincing, as I was not quite sure myself.

On returning home and telling the family they asked the same question. My answer was the same and it was then soon forgotten.

One month to go and the event is well at the back of my mind, when in my pigeon hole the paperwork arrives, with guest lists and information on service



Lord Lieutenant's Certificate Presentation

Left to right: Corporal Ackroyd, Corporal Ibberson, Deputy Lord Lieutenant, Colonel Alan Roberts, Corporal Tams, CO, RSM.

history - all to be filled out and faxed through to the relevant personnel.

Suddenly it's a fortnight to go and the No 2s need tailoring, from the size of a 9 x 9 tent to a proper fitting suit. There is also the cleaning and pressing; time does not look so abundant.

D Day has arrived and it's the RSM's inspection. The suit is back and the boots are bulled, it's time to find out what is wrong. The suit and boots pass, but the shirt fails for being too big and the hat for having the chin strap in the wrong position, but it could have been worse.

The night finally arrives. The boots, suit and hat are all up to scratch and they pass the RSM's inspection. The RSM goes through the evening's procedure of who does what, when and why, so that everyone knows what is expected of them.

The time for the presentation has finally come. We are sat at the side of the drill hall with the guests and dignitaries in their correct designated places listening to the Adjutant giving a final briefing before the last two guests, the CO and the Lord Lieutenant, take up their places. By this time the hands are starting to sweat and the hat is digging into my forehead. The nightmare thoughts of tick-tocking out to pick up the award and all the other things that might go wrong, start entering my mind.

The Lord Lieutenant arrives and the presentation starts, only to find that we are caught out due to the certificates being given out in a different order than had been practised, but none of the guests notice. Other than that, the presentation went to plan with a citation being read for each individual.

With the presentation over, it's down to the photos with the individuals and the Lord Lieutenant, then with the proud family. It's like having the wedding photos again with the fixed smile. Then, just when you think it's all over, the local rag turns up for a couple more. With all that over, it's time to retire to the Mess for a well-earned drink, a top class buffet and an informal chat with the Lord Lieutenant.

The Lord Lieutenant was a really nice, down-to-earth type of guy, who seemed just as proud of me receiving the certificate as I was - if not more. It was nice to see a high ranking officer spending time with guests and recipients and being interested in their views. All in all it was a very enjoyable night for my family and me. It was a night I will never forget, even if the wife never lets the certificate adorn a wall in the house.

Finally, what is the Lord Lieutenant's Certificate? It's an award in recognition of exceptional service by a volunteer. It is intended to supplement honours bestowed by Her Majesty the Queen in the New Year's and Birthday Honours Lists and in precedence ranks below such awards.

It may be awarded to any serving volunteer, of whatever rank, for exceptional service over a period of time. The award is not intended as a routine recognition of long and faithful service, but for exceptional service at any point in a volunteer's career.

So if you are honoured enough to receive this award you will know what it is and should be very proud to have achieved it.

Corporal Ibberson

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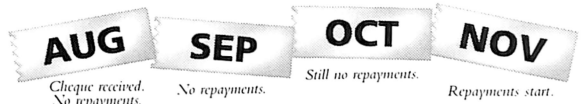
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EXERCISE ARTHUR'S TRIGGER 3 DWR ANNUAL CAMP (PHASE 1)

On 8 May the Battalion descended on Strensall Training Camp for the first phase of its annual camp. Phase two is to take place in Cornwall in October. As the Battalion had also been tasked to provide the administrative support for the DIVSAAM during the weekend 16/17 May, it made sense to combine Camp 1 and the DIVSAAM in the same package.

Apart from the shooting programme, with its culmination in the Battalion SAAM, there were many other activities taking place during the week. The MT ran a successful driving cadre for normal as well as HGV licences, with the only casualty being an innocent brick wall. The Machine Gun Platoon conducted a SF

Cadre in preparation for the concentration in July. The Catering Platoon continued to train for the army catering competition Exercise Combat Caterer, hoping to improve on their third place in the Brigade competition. There was Assault Pioneer training for their forthcoming competition, under the new command structure of Colour Sergeant Moore and Sergeant Stowe, who now wears the beard of the Regimental Pioneer Sergeant. The Battalion also ran a phase one recruit cadre for the three Yorkshire Regiments. On top of all this was a "Look at Life" day, an inter-team competition and a number of visits, as well as numerous social events. It was going to be a very busy week.



Left to right: Private Turner, Sergeant Wasden, Colour Sergeant Moore, Sergeant Stowe, Corporal Ackroyd, Private Evans. Assault Pioneers on the vehicle bridge they helped to build on Strensall Ranges for Range Warden's vehicles. May 1998.



Major-General C. D. Farrar-Hockley, MC, GOC 2 Division, speaking to WO2 Stephenson and Sergeant Johnson, Machine Gun Platoon, 12 May at Strensall.

The "Look at Life" involved 77 students from the Uniform Services Colleges of South and West Yorkshire visiting the Battalion for a day. The KDRT aerial ropeway, a paintball CQB, the assault course and a fire-power demonstration were set up as a round robin in the morning and the afternoon. After lunch, display stands of the various jobs within the infantry were visited, including assault pioneers, medics, chefs, orderly room clerks, MT drivers and signallers. The students gave a very favourable response to the activities and the teachers were also most impressed with the day's production. We will now wait to see if the efforts of those involved bear fruit.

The first visit of the week was the GOC, Major-General CD Farrar-Hockley, MC. The areas he was most interested in, apart from his split camp idea, were the employers' response to releasing soldiers to attend camp, what areas of employment TA soldiers came from and the TA's thoughts on the impending SDR. He gave a positive response to the question of why the TA was not utilised more by the Regular Army, in that he had been attempting to get the TA deployed as complete subunits as opposed to individuals. He highlighted the point with the fact that KORBR took 109 TA soldiers with them to Bosnia on their recent tour, including three Dukes. Wednesday saw the companies travel to Feldom for some stage four live firing in preparation for stage five later in the year. Thursday brought the hottest day of the week so far and with it the Battalion SAAM.

The Colonel of the Regiment spent the day with the Battalion on the Thursday, beginning with a presentation of awards in the Sergeants' Mess. Territorial Efficiency Medals were presented to CSMs Braisby and Routh, Corporal Creswick and WO2 Brown, who also received his Warrant Officer's Certificate. Colour Sergeant Mosley received his LSGC. Having sampled the offerings of Sergeant Malone, Corporal Morgan, Lance Corporal Jackson and Private Jones of the Combat Caterer team, who were to achieve a highly creditable fourth place in the weekend event, the Colonel made his way into the blistering heat of the ranges. As with most SAAMs the highlight was the Falling Plate competition. Each Company produced two teams with HQ Company fielding one male and one female team. There were many exciting encounters with the underlying lesson being more haste less speed. One of the female team, Private Peace, proved the lesson that it is better to arrive a little late on the firing point and methodically knock all the targets down, than to be first there and hit nothing. The final was a shoot out between the two Headquarter Company teams, with only a modicum of pressure on the men to rescue some rather wounded pride. The men were successful, but with four of the five team members being in the Battalion shooting team, any other result would have taken much explaining. The women certainly proved their point and were delighted with their performance throughout the day. Headquarter Company was successful in all events, save the Para Cup, which went to B Company, and therefore took the overall prize, which was collected from the Colonel of the Regiment by a somewhat over-awed Private Smith.



Private Peace, winner of highest score on Henry Whitehead Shoot at Battalion SAAM.

As well as the Company Smokers, the Sergeants' and Officers' Messes both held Regimental Dinner Nights during the week. At the Officers' dinner on Thursday night, which was also attended by General Isles and Majors McDonald and Drake, both Captain Edwards and Lieutenant Curran proved that if you are running a range all day in bright sunshine, it is a good idea to take your beret off every now and then to avoid a very distinctive two-tone forehead!

The inter-team competition organised by Captain Hughes and WO2 Elwell took place on the Friday. It consisted of command tasks, a pistol shoot, a foreign weapons stand, an observation stand and bayonet fighting. Corporal Flemming will not forget the bayonet fighting as he managed to stick the bayonet through his combat boot. He is quoted as saying "It didn't hurt until I twisted it to get it out". Fortunately no serious damage was done. The event was keenly contested, with A Company running out winners in the end.

The phase one Recruit Cadre was a great success with 21 Dukes passing out and more importantly, apart from one recruit leaving for compassionate reasons, the whole cadre completing the training. Private Hanson was awarded the Best Recruit and Private Oliver the Best Endeavour award for most improved recruit.

Camp 1 was an ambitious undertaking in the amount of varied training that was planned. It was tired but relatively happy soldiers that returned to the TACs on Saturday and Sunday. Camp 2 will focus on conventional warfare and adventure training. The results of the Split Camp trial will be reported on in future editions.

Major P. A. Davies



Women's Team, runners up in the Falling Plate at Battalion SAAM.



HQ Company Shooting Team - winners of 3 DWR Battalion SAAM, 14 May 1998.

3 DWR AT 2 DIVSAAM

DIVSAAM effectively started for 3 DWR in one of the rooms in Endcliffe Hall early in the new year, when a recently-volunteered Oic shooting, PSI Sergeant Baz Roberts and the Training Major sat down to listen to words of wisdom from Major Lehmann. It all seemed very complicated, with detailed training plans and complicated training techniques being discussed, what ever happened to the good old TA way of just turning up on the day and everything will be alright? On reflection, this was the easy part. The next stage proved more difficult, that of prizing the good shots of the Battalion away from their Company Commanders' clutches. In fairness, the companies did give up some good shots with Sergeant Lynch being the find of the early days of the trawl.

Training proper began with a series of five weekend visits to the ranges at Catterick, where we all started to become familiar with Henry Whitehead, FIBUA, and the Para Cup. The standard of shooting progressed rapidly to the point where some of the firers actually started to hit the targets when and where they were supposed to. Sergeant Roberts and I began to feel vaguely confident that, come the DIVSAAM, people might even know what they were supposed to be doing.

Phase two of the training happened at 3 DWR's one week Annual Camp which the Commanding Officer had thoughtfully arranged to take place at Strensall, the same location as DIVSAAM. The weather proved perfect for shooting with little wind, lots of sun and the chance to fire on the ranges that would be used at the end of the week for DIVSAAM. It proved of particular benefit to fire on the AMS range and get used to its

strange ways. The standards continued to improve during the week and the arrival of Lance Corporal Mullins direct from his Section Commanders' Course at Brecon gave the team even more confidence. The final event of camp before DIVSAAM was the Battalion's own SAAM. This was a final chance to try out the shoots and to see if there were any star shots we had missed during the selection process. And so it proved with the arrival on the scene of W Private Peace who put most of the Battalion to shame with her shooting.

After some deliberation the final team was selected and we were as ready as we could be for the competition.

The weather for the competition proved to be ideal for sunbathing between the shoots, but a little too hot for comfort. Things however got off to a good start and as the day warmed up so did the standard of the team's shooting. As the day rolled on the scores rolled in with Sergeant Roberts paying frequent visits to the stats tents to keep tabs on our progress. Much to the team's surprise we finished day one lying in second place in our class, with three of the team, Sergeant Lynch, Corporal Wall and Corporal Skibinski all qualifying for the top twenty.

Day two dawned with one event left to go, the Para Cup. Unfortunately things did not go to plan, from the highs of the previous night we sank to the depths of despair, as the other teams passed us and knocked us out of contention. This had not proved to be our year, but on the positive side we had come close and have started the long process of building a team for the future. We will be back next year and will finish in the medals.

Captain D. Baird

SHEFFIELD HALF MARATHON

The London Marathon was not the only distance race taking place on 26 April. In Sheffield a team from HQ Company 3 DWR was warming up to compete in the Corporate Challenge as part of the Sheffield Half Marathon. The challenge was open to any team of four runners, not affiliated to an athletic club, with the first three to count. The original plan had been to take part in the full marathon, but work commitments and injuries had restricted training and it was therefore deemed more prudent to opt for the thirteen mile option. This was to be the first stage of a programme leading up to an attempt at the London to Brighton 55 mile road race in October.

The race began and finished in the splendid arena of the Don Valley Stadium. The skies overhead were clear and bright, but a menacing bank of dark clouds was advancing from the horizon. The course was relatively flat in Sheffield terms, which anyone living in the city built on seven hills will know was little comfort. There were enough cunningly placed "inclines" to ensure competitors would be sucking in air through every available orifice. The course involved running to a turn round point and then returning along the same route. For the marathon competitors they would then have to once more leave the sanctuary of the stadium and repeat the whole event again.

With both races starting together there was quite a scrum at the beginning. This did not prevent one competitor from gaining his five minutes of fame with his version of the Full Monty - crossing the line in nothing but his running shoes and his strategically placed race number. A little stunt that earned him a police caution, which at the age of 65 was probably the most fun he had had in years.

The Dukes team consisted of Major Richard Barker, the Training Major, Captain Jeremy Hughes, the Operations Officer, Private Samantha Emery, the Company Storeperson and Physical Training Assistant and Captain John Mayo, the Adjutant. The night before, preparations by the team differed considerably, from carbohydrate loading with pasta and an early night to alternative methods, the results of which were awaited with interest.

Having avoided the push and panic of the start, the individuals settled down to run their separate races. The normal humorous comments abounded for the first few miles, before the concentration of the serious running took over. Then, at around the six mile point, the heavens opened and ice-cold rain was joined by a chilling and strong head wind. The worst effect of this change in weather conditions was for those athletes unprepared to guard against 'joggers nipple'. The St

John's Ambulance Volunteers standing by the side of the road with their hands outstretched clutching large tubs of Vaseline were a much welcome sight to these afflicted individuals. The downpour also had the effect of forcing some of the weaker-willed route marshals to desert their post, resulting in the leading runners of the marathon having to complete several laps of the running track at the end of the race to make up for a short cut they had accidentally taken due to absent marshals. As the end neared there was little envy for the runners going in the opposite direction with another lap to complete for the twenty six mile event. They must have felt very lonely as the roars from the stadium welcoming the half marathon runners dwindled behind them.

The Dukes' team all completed the course, with times ranging from one hour twenty seven to one hour forty seven. Their performance secured third place in the Corporate Challenge, which was a pleasing result for the effort given. The team's next venture is the Light Wyke Marathon, the results of which will be reported in the following edition.

Captain J. C. Mayo



The Sheffield Half Marathon
Left to right: back row - Major Richard Barker and Captain Jeremy Hughes; front row - Captain John Mayo and Private Samantha Emery.

45th ANNIVERSARY OF THE KOREAN WAR AND THE HOOK BATTLE

At the reception in Halifax Town Hall the Colonel-in-Chief read out the following message from General Sir Charles Guthrie, GBE, LVO, OBE, ADC, Gen, Chief of the Defence Staff:

"As Chief of the Defence Staff I send to all of you assembled to celebrate the forty fifth anniversary of the Korean War and Hook battle, greetings from today's servicemen and servicewomen. You will be recalling with pride your achievements of nearly fifty years ago. You will also be remembering those who unselfishly sacrificed their lives for their Battalion and their Regiment alongside you.

The two Battle Honours you won in Korea add lustre to the long list of Honours your Regiment has won since Dettingen.

We who are serving today salute you. VIRTUTIS FORTUNA COMES."

The repeated reference to Lieutenant Colonel Ramsay Bunbury in the personal accounts of operations in Korea in our Spring issue has prompted Lieutenant Colonel Hugh Le Messurier to write the following appreciation of his Commanding Officer:

An Adjutant's Tale

"All Staff College students with units in Korea will join them forthwith", so read the notice. A four-week voyage via Colombo and Hong Kong saw landfall at Kure. Helped by an urgent signal from CO 1 DWR - the first time that anybody actually wanted me - I escaped the horrors of the Divisional Battle School. Once in a lifetime was enough. Bundled up in winter warfare kit I was soon aboard a Dakota and eventually arrived with the Battalion in Corps reserve. It was February and nobody else appeared to feel the cold. The mess tent had

a large hole in the roof with attendant icicles. It was good to be back after six years away.



Lieutenant Colonel Ramsay Bunbury (left) in discussion with the Divisional Commander, Major-General M. M. A. R. West, in Korea in May 1953, with Major Hugh Le Messurier looking on.

Looking back, there was an incredible number of senior officers, nearly all with experience of war in major theatres. Grieve and Ince with 1 DWR at Dunkirk thence to other theatres. Tony Firth and Emmett, Chindits. Kavanagh, a legend with 7 DWR, with Kilner and Milligan with 6 DWR, all in NW Europe. Jones-Stamp, Italy, and of course the CO, Ramsay Bunbury, who won a DSO in Italy commanding the First Battalion.

Ramsay Bunbury was Adjutant at the Depot, Halifax, when I joined in January 1940. I was suitably scared. Now, some 13 years on, he made me the Battle Adjutant vice Tony Firth, off to command a company. A quick but efficient hand-over and I found myself in tandem, as it were, with the Second-in-Command tasked with training. Apart from burning our tent down, the Training Officer worked reasonably well. The Adjutant was Colin Glen and Simon Berry the assistant. Colonel Ramsay was aware that there were problems which was my first task to sort out. The answer was simple. Too many adjutants!

Colonel Ramsay and Colin were great friends and I soon formed a good rapport with him. Perhaps because we were both colonials! From then on Ramsay made me Adjutant, with Simon to do the boring bits and Colin to be Patrol Master, which was very time-consuming and needed much co-ordination between companies and units.

This period was a wonderful experience. Colonel Bunbury was as sharp as a needle; he had a tremendous sense of humour and fun. He had an extraordinary capacity to analyse everything before making a decision; whether he was considering the probable outcome of a cricket match, or factors affecting the next battle. He planned in enormous detail: raids and patrols; siting of weapons; fire plans with Colonel Brennan, CO 20th Field Regiment and Bill Mackay our battery commander who, sadly, died recently (see Iron Duke No. 234). He was famous for reading the enemy's mind. He invented two fictitious commanders, Mr Wu, the political commissar and Captain Wong, a company officer. They became famous. Though he drove us hard, most of all he worried about his soldiers and felt keenly the losses incurred.

One thing which the Commanding Officer needed was a reasonable night in bed and he normally got it. Having discussed exactly what he wanted, he would leave you to do it. The Battle of the Hook written by Barker tells the tale. Like all such books it has its inaccuracies, poor SD! He says that "the Dukes relief of 1 Black Watch went smoothly". In fact 1 BW failed to produce enough guides, so some platoons had to go by the scenic route; a C Company 3-tonner turned over into a pond and, in the dark, quite a few weapons were lost. When the relief was complete on time at 0700 Ramsay emerged from his caravan to say: "Any problems?" I was able to say "No sir"; but it was a close run thing!

Mention has been made in the Spring edition of the Iron Duke of command and control. Ramsay had the imagination to foresee and forestall problems. On the Hook he prepositioned reserves so that when Emmett called for re-inforcements I was able to tell him they were there (crammed into the RAP, I think). When he needed to read the battle, he would quieten the guns briefly, and listen.

Throughout the campaign the Signal Platoon - Exchange, Line and Wireless Sections - were vital to the success of all engagements. I cannot remember during the Hook Battle failing to raise a company headquarters. Aply led by Lieutenant Nick Naughton, Sergeant Walter Robins and joined by Lieutenant Charles Huxtable from C Company they worked wonders.

The solid groundwork put in by the Commanding Officer gave him the best chance of control, but in the last resort success depended on people like Sergeant Nowell, Corporal Pickersgill, Corporal Walker, Private Husband and so many others largely unrecognised.

Battalion Headquarters

Once in the line, the clerks under ORQMS Garry Hall were brought up behind the command post, so that the daily work could carry on. The command post was occupied by the Commanding Officer, Adjutant, Signals Officer and Intelligence in one part and Support Company commander and representatives of Supporting Arms in another. Quite a crowd. Bob Moran, the Second in Command, had a favourite phrase which he said without thinking "What's happened?" One day our watchkeeper and resident comedian, Bill Blakey, answered "Mafeking has been relieved, Sir". "What? When?" says Bob. "Can't remember the date, Sir". Exit Bob. One of the advantages of being the same rank as the company commanders was that they could not bully you. (Many years ago the only major was the second in command and company commanders and adjutants were very elderly captains.) With people like Emmett and Kavanagh this was necessary! They would kill for an extra allocation of wooden bunker material. "But we have dug the hole" said Emmett. "Tough" said I. After the Hook Battle some of us stayed on for the night to help, but I don't think we were an enormous help. The ground on the Hook had changed to such a degree that the drill for the Ronson Patrol, for example, was inapplicable.

The story of 1 DWR did not end with the Hook, as the excellent article by Tom Rothery in Issue No.236 shows. After a spell in reserve Colonel Ramsay sent me off to arrange the relief in the Naechon position of the Canadian Royal 22nd. We always thought our Dominion relatives as tough. Waiting to enter the office I heard their CO say "and one more thing why, can't you be tough like the Brits and walk to the Naafi? No passion wagons for you". I was chuffed. The end came with the signal reprinted in the Iron Duke. It was signed by the Brigade major, Peter Milo of the Cheshire Regiment. Hard work went on later constructing the Kansas Line and still the Americans could not envisage all-round defence in depth. To them you took the MLR and bent it into a circle. Shades of Custer! With Gibraltar and Beating the Retreat in sight, the Adjutant became even more unpopular. Subalterns' parade before breakfast on the airstrip was not good news, but it paid off later. The final leg pull I was accused of when moving from the Pusan camp to the docks was the allocation of one truck per company of 100 men. It was, however, true! The trucks were huge.

As we paraded in Halifax many more memories were invoked, but, to me, Colonel Ramsay Bunbury will be there, head and shoulders above his peers.

The Address by Father Alberic Stacpoole at the service in Halifax Parish Church was based upon the text below:

We are gathered today to share our remembrance of a closely combined year of our lives, as soldiers in action. We are now proudly called Korean Veterans. We are right not to wait till the half-century - and we might initially recall that our old foe, North Korea, is presently on the edge of severe starvation (some twenty million of them). Though we have never established diplomatic relations with that country, we continue to work through the United Nations (UN), for whom we fought 45 years ago; but now to feed grain, not guns, towards this desperate population - even though realising that the best of the grain is filtered to their soldiers and Communist officials. Yet, as General Sir Philip Christison (Slim's successor in XIV Army and our Colonel) told the Japanese after due time, "we have forgiven but will not forget". Let us begin with a double-picture of our two battalions during the World War.

Of the dozen units, Regular and TA, some of them who served as Royal Artillery and others as Royal Armoured Corps, who fought the Second World War under the badges of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, let us remark upon the singular success of the two regular battalions. 1 DWR was honoured to be the first unit of the British Army to deploy against the enemy, in Belgium. After a fighting withdrawal, very costly in casualties, the Battalion was the last complete unit to embark from the end of Dunkirk Mole. After acting as rearguard for Dunkirk, 1 DWR reformed in Sheffield: this was its first return to its home county since return in 1902 from the South African War. Later, fresh from Tunisian successes, 1 DWR landed on the Anzio beachhead and fought its way up the narrow Italian front led by Colonel Brian Webb-Carter (who twice won the DSO and was mentioned in despatches). His impressive command covered April 1943 till September 1944; and he commanded again in 1947-48, bringing the two regular battalions into amalgamation in June 1948. From September 1944 Colonel Francis Sheil, DSO, took command: he died at Monte Ceco along with over a dozen others on 8 October, on the day that Private Dick Burton won his quite exceptional Victoria Cross there: his company commander being wounded and winning the DSO. The end of the war found the Battalion in Gaza, betwixt the Arabs and the Jews. They all returned to the United Kingdom, via a civil disturbance in Khartoum at the end of 1946. By 1948, the only attempt by any nation ever radically to help the Jews had turned to ashes - for fifty years.

In the week that war was declared, 2 DWR moved from action on the North West Frontier to the lotus-eating of garrison duties in Delhi. In October 1941 the Battalion returned to frontier fighting. Mobilised at speed under Colonel Basil Owen's leadership, they all landed at Rangoon as Singapore collapsed. A week later they confronted the Japanese in thick jungle, where guns challenged at point blank range - not as on the frontier. At the Battle of Sittang Bridge their Colonel was killed and 2 DWR was reduced to two-company strength. All new modern equipment just drawn up from

Rangoon arsenal was lost as the bridge was tragically blown up, leaving them exposed. They faced a 900 mile march back to India, fighting two major battles en route under the redoubtable Colonel 'Bull' Faithfull; and tasting the ashes of withdrawal. Converted to a mobile, heavily armed assault unit in July 1943, they were assigned to General Orde Wingate's 'Chindits', i.e. 3rd Indian Infantry Division (Special Force), with three other British units, all broken into pairs of columns, each of 400 men with 100 pack animals. On Easter day 1944 they began a march deep into the Naga Hills behind enemy lines. By then, command fell to the new Colonel, 'Boy' Stevens, OBE, who, coming from the KAR in Kenya, had extensive experience of thick bush. The fearsome Wingate's motto then was: 'No jungle is described as "impenetrable" before it has been penetrated'. Roads and tracks were not to be used, only the impenetrable. So they were all reduced to mule transport, with amazing air supply and no cas. evac. The outcome was successful, but costly - half of the force ended in Imphal hospital exhausted by disease. In his Order, General Slim spoke of 'one-thousand mile moves of columns over the most difficult country in the world'. A Duke, Sergeant Hanson Turner (serving in Burma with the West Yorks) won a dogged, but alas posthumous, Victoria Cross. The war's end found the Battalion together again in Delhi, controlling communal riots between Hindus and Muslims. After a last Guard of Honour for the last Viceroy, they returned in September 1947 to the United Kingdom. By 1948, the great attempt by India's long-ruling nation to grant mature Independence had descended into massive fratricide.

The Regiment's former History, composed by Brigadier C. N. Barclay and published on the eve of our embarking for Korea, gathered up the 'lean' years leading up to the war, the intense years of struggle, and the seven years of 'armed peace'. The last thought is this: 'When the fighting ends, there are many grounds for regret and sadness. Units with fine records are disbanded, or amalgamated with others, and their officers and men scattered to the four winds. Friendships are severed and established institutions broken up.' There are some lines of verse which say much the same, carved into the rock of Gibraltar's gateway:

Our God and soldiers we likewise adore
E'en at the brink of danger - not before;
The danger passed, both alike requited
God's forgotten, and our soldiers slighted.

The hard truth is that Armed Forces, being essentially unproductive, are costing to the community; and are held in service not for friendship nor tradition, but to confront future threats. They do provide, as a side issue, examples of proficiency and selfless availability, which teach the community in its other ways of living. And they underwrite present peace by imminent preparedness - albeit on a pittance of pay. Yet they are there in all parts to fulfil a professional calling - the call being to a requirement. Where such requirements shift or fade, so too the calling. Tradition however furnishes a warm inner strength, enhancing continuity and preparedness.

A conscript army went home, even regulars departing in numbers, for the sake of their long-neglected families. Those remaining were discouraged. 2 DWR, reaching Southampton in October 1946, began a final run-down, as it was given the task of moving redundant ammunition dumps. In 1948, on the eve of Waterloo Day, what was left was absorbed into 1 DWR. This had settled to becoming a peacetime battalion, its Corps of Drums re-formed, its Colours called out, its sport emerging. Arriving in the UK, it too was given ammunition dump tasks. It soon moved to Strensall to become an Army Basic Training Unit covering NE England. The Regimental Band joined it from Halifax and the Messes' plate and property were re-installed. On 4 March 1948 the first of a stream of fortnightly batches of National Service recruits came for training. Encouragingly, many parents and family friends accepted the Regiment's invitation to the steady flow of pass-out parades. 1 DWR, fed by such as these recruits in large numbers later in Korea, were already familiar with their ways. National Service ended in January 1960; when UK VSO (1958-98 onwards) took over, sending some 25,000 school-leavers to give and learn in Voluntary Service Overseas.

It was unclear what the requirements were to become. From 1947 they had been vastly diminished in our Empire as it moved towards Commonwealth. From 15 August, none were evident on the Indian sub-continent. From 26 September, none in the Trust Territory of Palestine, as the Jewish challenge took over. From 17 October, none in Burma, which had gone out of the Commonwealth into its own union. In October 1951, Egypt abrogated its 1936 treaty with Britain, and began a series of revolutions which took it under Soviet influence as the UK withdrew from the Canal Zone. At the end of 1955, the Sudan too attained independence from British colonial governance. In 1957, the Gold Coast became Ghana, first of the African states in the Commonwealth. Requirements faded, the call to arms or to governance grew undefined.

At the same time, troubles began for the British, such as the Mau-Mau risings of October 1952 in Kenya; soon followed by military involvement in Malaya and beyond, costly in deployment of security forces. A new role emerged: 'Aid to the civil power'. Commitments accrued in the Arabian Peninsula - Aden becoming a liability. Then, increasingly, the task of the British Army on the Rhine (BAOR) in NW Europe grew into a major powers' confrontation with Soviet Russia and its satellites. A new kind of professionalism ran in a newly alert but unquiet peace. BAOR became highly-equipped and equally highly-trained, their manoeuvres lasting some six weeks at a time. 1 DWR was to be taken into this in 1951, as Lorried Infantry stationed at Minden.

New voices were heard nearer home. 'Tis a small matter, but our cap badge was made more generic - a White Rose for Yorkshire units, as we moved to centralised training of infantry recruits, so loosening the bond with fond localities. Equally, regimental depots, whose roots went back to the 1881 Cardwell Reforms, as 'homes' for the regiments and as both recruiting and training centres, were lost as such. During 1948-51 Wellesley Park went quiescent, with no more than a

skeleton staff of thirty all ranks, the museum being taken under the wing of Halifax Corporation. There was talk of few large regiments, perhaps just a dozen in all; or of a single Corps of Infantry. Amalgamation has proved deeply eroding to the strength of focussed identities.

Stronger voices were heard more widely. Churchill's March 1946 Fulton Address spoke of an Iron Curtain (a phrase culled from Dr Geobels), as he proposed 'a fraternal association' of the West versus rising Soviet aggression. While at Zurich in September 1946, Churchill advocated a European Union. In 1947 some sixteen nations gladly accepted General Marshall's European Recovery Programme. The next summer saw the Soviet blockade of West Berlin for a dozen months. Europe hardened into a defence community. In March 1948 the Brussels Treaty provided the essential evidence to persuade the USA to participate in NATO, fully and finally.

But, further afield, Communism infiltrated other weaker societies, as the Church of Rome excommunicated it. In the year 1949, the Chinese People's republic was founded from Peking, as the USA withdrew its occupying forces from Korea, leaving only military advisers. In February 1950, China and Russia established a thirty-year Communist alliance. On 25 June, as China invaded Tibet, without any warning the North Korean Army invaded a weak and ill-equipped South Korea and the United Nations gathered their response. The UN Constitution of 1946 had stated: 'Since wars began in the minds of men, it is there that the defences of peace are constructed'.

On our medals is inscribed the words: 'In defence of the principles of the charter of the United Nations'. This was to be the only occasion on which armies were fully deployed under that ideal, as yet. The three-year war's character was this: a year of drives and swoops from end to end of the peninsula, with Anzio-like landings; then two years of stalemate defence of the 38th Parallel north of Seoul. North Korea being the aggressors, the UN stalemate solution must stand as a victory. Overall it was not an 'operation', but an out-right war. The cost was enormous, especially to the Korean peoples (520,000 North and 147,000 South killed); and more especially to the Red Chinese, who interfered and lost near on a million killed. Alas, South Korea suffered more heavily in civilian casualties: 245,000 were killed, with 130,000 murdered through Communist atrocities; 330,000 missing; 85,000 forcibly transported to the North. United Nations casualties amounted to 35,000, excessive by Western standards.

Giving birth to its Welfare State and still in the throes of food rationing, the UK was in no mood for war; nor were its tired and reduced Armed Forces. A strong Commonwealth Division was offered, under strategic command of General Douglas MacArthur in Japan: brigades included Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders. Battalions each served a year in Korea: the battered Glosters handing over to the Welch Regiment, and they to the Dukes.

In the event, the Battalion set forth more experienced than circumstances might suggest. This was partly because of a fine flow of war literature: let us cite

Eisenhower's 1948 *Crusade* memoir, or Chester Wilmot's *Struggle for Europe* (1952). But it was more directly because the old battalions, especially 2 DWR, provided very experienced officers and senior NCOs. Equally, our Battalion reached Korea new and renewed by young National Servicemen, some seventy per cent of the whole. One supported the other: experience sustained bewildered juniors, offering example to inexperienced section leaders. And we were privileged in our senior commanders - General M. M. A. R. West won his third DSO in Korea; Brigadier Joe Kendrew his fourth; Colonel Ramsay Bunbury his second; and Major Lewis Kershaw his first.

For us, in Yeats' phrase, 'a terrible beauty was born': a Korean winter sunrise or dawn patrol were not far different. What we had to undergo could well fit the poet's plaint: 'The centre cannot hold: the blood-dimmed tide is loosed; everywhere the ceremony of innocence is drowned'. It was essentially soldiers reaching manhood, helped by those who remembered the fright, who fought our fight - culminating in the last and largest Hook Battle - a struggle granted a Battle Honour, as was the campaign.

In some grim moments battle intensity exceeded what war veterans (including our Brigadier) could recall. And the weather at times was desperate. In winter our guns and clothes stuck to the ground as we patrolled, or watched or waited. In late spring rain filled our eight feet high trenches; and after some six weeks nothing at all was dry, not even sleeping bags. It drained our vigour. Those who had once seen Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front* (a book/film on Great War trench existence), and wondered if we today could still stomach such, came to know that we could bear it. For us, that ghost of self-distrust was exorcised. Yet some sobbed: 'They have stolen our youth away!' And yet again, our older and wiser ones saw, of our new young under their first fierce duress, how fine were Yorkshire mothers to fashion such sons.

When the climax came, it was much like the violent moments in defence of Rorke's Drift in 1879, as depicted in the film *Zulu*. How did our centre hold, and our innocent survive in the blood tide? By the age-old common experience of Regiment, the misery of isolated loneliness or persistent fear - fear of death or wounds or capture - being overcome by mutual encouragement; the young strengthened by the stronger, the declining challenged by those full of fresh unscarred hope. We wanted - like York Minster's craftsmen after their fire - to add our generation's chapter to the English expectation. So too did our supporting Sappers, our programmed Gunners, the tanks dug down on our hills, and much medical/logistic back-up: for we were never on our own, nor the only endeavour. Indeed it proved an orchestra of effort combining complex capabilities under close command. We had allies on our seaward flank, the Turkish Brigade, who continued to fight the same defensive action a further full day. Well supported by Commonwealth Division artillery, both Turks and guns caused many casualties.

Illae lacrimae: yet our tears flowed. Our stand cost us casualties hard to bear, in the end a steady stream off the hill throughout May of 1953. The battle broke on 30 May, ironically on a grim anniversary - 1431, when Joan of Arc died at English hands. At Pusan we finally prayed over 37 headstones, of 5 officers, 6 corporals, 26 other ranks - and we should add eight other Dukes, who died with other units at other times. Our war grave headstones all carry our crest; and to them we must add remembrance of over 150 casualties. We had invoked the Lord of Ideals, called on the Christ of Courage. His gracious fortune favoured us, in our companionship. Annually since that war, South Korean children place flowers on each of our graves on a ceremonial summer day - a token of their unflinching gratitude.

Nevertheless, nothing but the Last Enemy, death is seen as certain in this life. On St. Benedict's Day (21 March) this year - his motto is Peace among thorns - the



The Speeches at the Reception in Halifax Town Hall.

Peace negotiations between Korean officials, North and South, again utterly broke down. Geneva talks, which also involved China and the USA, equally collapsed once again. Nothing stands but an armistice; though famine in the North and financial crisis in the South are drawing the two to some measure of mutual support - a barter of fertilizers for family reunion. We now ask the

Lord our Father in Heaven for the rest, for both peace not confrontation; and prosperity not starvation. We ask this through Christ Our Lord.

Amen

Alberic John Stacpoole, OSB, MC
Ampleforth Abbey, York



The Veterans form up with Brigadier A. D. Firth, OBE, MC, at their head



... escorted by detachments from the 1st Battalion.



1st Battalion Colours lead



... the Korean Veterans on the march past

We are grateful to the Halifax Courier Limited for permission to publish this photograph



The Colonel-in-Chief, Korean Ambassador, Lord Lieutenant of West Yorkshire and Deputy Mayor of Halifax take the salute



The Colonel-in-Chief



... and the Korean Ambassador lay their wreaths at the cenotaph

2nd/6th BATTALION DWR

When the Battalion returned from Dunkirk in 1940, it went to Scotland, being made up to strength from 303 ITC Plymouth. HQ was in the Stirling area at a school in Fallin. This was a mining area and coal dust blowing about did not help the spit and polish or the white-washed kerbs into the school area - they were grey.

Gradually we got new equipment and my own Platoon, Bren Gun Carriers, moved to Clackmannan. HQ Company dispersed in the area, with the Orderly room in local municipal buildings.

The CO was Lieutenant Colonel Sayers and our Platoon Officer, Lieutenant Michael Horsfall. He had three other brothers serving in the Regiment, all of whom were or became officers.

The Battalion moved to Norfolk with the HQ in Houghton Hall, Lord Cholmondley's Estate. The officers were in the big house and men in stables or tents. Eventually Bren Gun Carriers moved to Harpley village with Infantry Companies in nearby villages.

After various moves, the Battalion switched to tanks. Personnel were given aptitude tests, officers and NCOs sent on courses, a three-year course being condensed into three months. These courses were at Bovington and Lulworth. Those who survived the course returned as instructors and schools were set up in the Northamptonshire area - driving and maintenance in Finedon, gunnery and wireless in Raunds. Our first vehicles were Covenanters and Crusaders, later we had Shermans and Churchills.

The men were selected for the part they were going to play - wireless operators, gunners, drivers and co-

drivers. Commanders had to go on further courses and were hardly back with the unit when it was time to go on another course.

After a lot of intensive training, night manoeuvres etc, we found out what our role would be. We were the 264 Special Squadron 114 RAC and started training again, being caught up with Hobart's Funnies, flails, flame throwers, petards, LVTs and bridge layers etc. Our task was to supply vehicles and crews in any sector where required.

We eventually left for France and landed at Gold Beach near Arromanches. We made our way to St. Gabriel, then on to Tilly-sur-Seulles and Villers-Bocage, but there was a bit of a hold up at Caen. We then pushed on into Holland, switching from sector to sector as required and into the Ardennes to stem the Marshall Von Runstedt push (the Battle of the Bulge).

We returned north ready for the push across the Rhine. At this stage, I was in 79 Armoured Base Hospital, so I only know that the outfit moved on to Nijmegen. I rejoined them later, only to be given a short leave. On my return, they were in the Antwerp area. War in Europe was over and the vehicles were being made ready for shipment to the Far East to help finish the Japs.

This completes what I know of the 2/6 Battalion because I had not fully recovered and with the war over in Europe, I was sent to England and the Royal Herbert Hospital in Woolwich and eventually discharged.

J. W. Paine

7th BATTALION DWR

I served as a private infantry soldier in the 7th Battalion DWR and was very proud to do so.

These were exciting times for me, a teenager who, like many other youths, had never been outside his home town before. But my most vivid memories were after the Battalion had fought its way from Normandy, through France, Belgium and just over the border into Holland; where my platoon was ordered to attack and cross a very wide and deep anti-tank ditch which had been dug by the Germans around most of a town called Roosendaal.

After setting off in the fading light, we reached our objective, using irrigation ditches as cover, and surprised the enemy detachment, and after a few scuffles, captured all of the Germans, including many who were in a farmhouse adjacent to the anti-tank ditch. The prisoners and wounded were escorted back to our base, whilst we dug in, but at dawn the Germans came back in greater numbers and after a tit-for-tat battle, we were outnumbered and the order came to make our own way back to our company lines. This we did, under fire, and whilst crossing a field nearby, we came upon rolls of barbed wire and, remembering my training, I dived on top of the barbs to enable my mates to step on me and jump over the wire. The last one over helped to pull me free and my trousers were ripped in the process. I

was given a handful of safety pins to fasten my trouser legs together when I made it back to the Company. Later that day we were informed that we must go back to take our objective once more. This we did and unbelievably the same events happened again. We were counter-attacked again by a much bigger force, complete with armoured vehicles, who set the farmhouse roof on fire, thus silhouetting our positions. I saw that our officer was wounded, my sergeant lost an eye and I was trying to get a PIAT gun when I was blasted by a Spandau machine gun; the bullets shot away the fastenings of my blouse close to my neck, went through my shoulder and out of my arm. Later a German doctor said that I was very lucky - I didn't feel lucky.

After regaining consciousness I could hear someone talking, but could only see someone lying on the ground; then I saw that I was near a big man-made dug-out. I dragged myself inside and saw the old farmer and his wife sat down inside. They were holding the lead of a German shepherd dog, alsatian, who started whimpering. I reached up and held his mouth to stop him barking but must have passed out again, because the next thing I knew was waking up to find the dog and the old couple had gone and a German soldier came and carried me outside. I was put on a door that was lying about and carried to a house and placed on the

stone floor of the cellar. I then saw two wounded German soldiers with bandaged heads in the gloomy corner opposite me, who crawled towards me and beat me around my head and body. The medic who had pushed pads onto my wounds ran down the steps twice to drag my attackers away. Maybe they would not have done this if they had not been wounded, but it was a frightening time to look up into their glazed eyes as they carried out this assault. I then heard footsteps and looking up through the cellar grate saw some of my comrades being marched away. I shouted: "Don't leave me down here". They were surprised to see me, as they were allowed to carry me out of the cellar, but I was glad to be out of there.

A German guard said that he would take me to a hospital, but first we had to take shelter in a house to avoid a low-flying allied plane firing bullets down the street. The young couple who lived in the house with their small son, who was naturally frightened and crying, tried to shelter under the stairs, as a loud bang from a rocket fired by the plane shook the windows of the house. The young couple washed my arm and face from my recent injuries. All my comrades had been taken away somewhere else as my escort part-carried me to a large hospital, where the doctor of the overcrowded hospital looked at my injuries and said I would have to stay inside. The German said: "No", so I was carried on a stretcher and placed back on the street. We then carried on to what appeared to be a German HQ, where an army doctor tried to burn round the edges of my wounds and then took me in his car to an old building utilised as a hospital, where I was operated upon by a doctor assisted by four young ladies who didn't wear nurses uniforms. One of them walked round afterwards with a Bible which had a paper with the latest BBC news written on it. I was dressed again in my bloodstained tatty uniform. I was put on a stretcher and carried to an old ambulance, but must have passed out again, because the next thing I knew was waking up in bed on a train full of wounded German soldiers, one of them was stirring some stew or something in a cauldron on top of a red hot iron stove. I was covered in blankets just as I was, complete with muddy boots on; this I had reason to be grateful for, as I felt a lump on my leg and I found that I had two grenades in my large pocket, left there by the Dutch ladies at the hospital. I had never been searched at all in the different places I had been. I slowly took the grenades out of my pocket and shoved them inside the mattress cover, what a relief. I supposed someone would de-fuse them before some innocent person touched them.

I don't remember anything else until I woke up, not on the train, but slumped in a chair facing two tall men dressed in civilian clothes who started to ask questions about troop movements, etc. I told them that I, as a private soldier, only knew how to obey orders and knew nothing at all. I will always remember one of them saying: "I suppose you will be giving us your name, rank and number". I said: "Yes" and started with my number; he hit the desk and said: "STOP", I even had a smile at that. He then called for an orderly and said: "Take your clothes off, he will help you". As soon as I was stripped naked, he pointed to a door across the room and said: "Go through there". The orderly opened the door a

couple of inches and I saw some white vapour and thought: "It's a gas chamber". I then slid to the floor in the opposite corner shouting: "No, I'm not going in there". They both came toward me and I lay back kicking out, catching one full in the face. He was angry as his trilby hat went flying and grabbed my hair as the other grabbed my leg and dragged me across the room and through the door. I peered through the vapour and saw it was a large dressing station with showers down each side with two long lines of wounded awaiting their turn to be treated by the nurse at the head of the queues. The next thing I remember after having the plugs pulled out of my shoulder was waking up sat in the shower tray in a few inches of red water. I was then taken to the head of the queue to have my wounds dressed as I was dripping blood all over. This caused a bit of an out-cry, but the nurse just smiled and carried on. After a while, I and a few other wounded were dressed in white gowns and taken by horse and cart to a big hospital. As the horse was plodding up the street, some people among those who stood watching us, shouted and made a half-hearted attempt at throwing stones, but I even excused that when I looked at the bombed devastation around. The hospital was very good except when the doctor on his daily round used to push his finger through my shoulder saying: "Pain?" I just nodded as he said: "You are a lucky boy". I didn't feel very lucky. One nurse in particular was very good to us, often coming back at night to help someone. One young Luftwaffe fighter pilot used to come from his ward nearby and ask me about England and how he would be treated if he bailed out, when he was fit to fly again. When it was time to leave the hospital, the nurses lined up to shake our hand and wish us luck, which we needed after leaving there.

I next found myself accompanied by an armed guard at a big railway station when I saw long lines of civilians chained to each other. One of the men beckoned me, but I was soon discouraged from speaking to him by a German officer who was running about blowing a whistle. He then reprimanded my escort, who, in turn, shouted at me, watched by passengers waiting behind us. I couldn't understand what was happening. Finally we boarded a train, just the two of us were in a small compartment at the rear end. The door was locked, which was fortunate, because, as the train filled up and lots of passengers couldn't get on, they started getting frustrated until the train pulled away with one man running alongside banging the window with a heavy walking stick. The window cracked but we were able to continue our journey which was to a prison hospital; a room on the top floor of an old building. The bandages at this place were like toilet rolls which allowed any crawlers to get into your wounds, but I was marched from here by an escort who carried a rifle pointed to my back and was taken to a civilian hospital which had marvellous X-ray machines, where I was treated with kindness and efficiency.

There was about eight of us at this hospital which consisted of two Americans, two French Canadians and four English soldiers which included two officers, one of them a Lincoln Regiment officer who sadly died, the other was my platoon officer, Mr Judge, whom I met for the second time since we had been wounded in the same action. After a short stay at this place, we were on the

move again, boarding a train in the middle of the night. This consisted of cattle trucks full of people. It was a most uncomfortable ride after the doors had been closed. We arrived at a small station where a party of POWs helped us from our truck after it had been uncoupled from the rest of the train which was carrying civilian internees. These carried on to a notorious camp nearby. We were taken to a dark hut nearby and lay on the floor until morning. Then we were taken to have our photos taken, front and side, and given a prisoner number stamped on a piece of wood which had to be worn hanging from the neck by a length of twine at all times. I was then escorted to the Stalag hospital to have the dressing on my shoulder changed and was pleased to meet up with my platoon sergeant once again, who was as cheerful as ever and coping well with the loss of his eye. Eventually I was taken down to the overcrowded prison compound, a most horrid place which consisted of four long wooden huts which housed approximately three hundred men in each one. They were dark and dismal with wooden bunks nailed together from floor to the roof and running the full length of the huts. We were each given an old worn blanket which you wrapped round yourself as you lay on the wooden planks. This was all the bedding available. You couldn't climb down the bunks at night for fear of treading on someone; in any case no-one was allowed outside after dark, to do so was at risk of being shot. At the end of the hut was a cold water tap, but not many people washed because of a shortage of towels. I never had a hair cut or shave and never at any time took

my battle dress or underpants off. The favourite pastime was killing lice on clothing and hair. The toilet was a hole in the ground with water running underneath inside a small concrete building. When the water was cut off it was a disgusting mess right through into the yard.

The food was just mangel or turnip served from a large bin which was carried from a cookhouse which I never saw. To receive this puny meal meant finding a tin can and standing in a never-ending line outside, no matter what the weather was like. Christmas day was a bit of a change, we were given a tin full of watery pea soup straight from the bin plus one black loaf to be shared between twelve men. This caused a few squabbles as to who had a thicker slice than anyone else.

There were a few thousand prisoners in the other compounds, but we never did see them and nearby was the SS married quarters, so it was not a sorry day when we were released by the British Tank Troops. I had lost a lot of weight and was very weak, but when I saw some of the people from the nearby concentration camp I thought we came out of it pretty well.

After a few days of being deloused and having hair shaved off we were flown home to England, and, after a couple of days having medical tests, was given a railway pass to go home. I travelled to Sheffield, caught a bus home and sat on the doorstep to await my mother who had gone shopping. So that was it, no flag waving, no fuss, the most exciting, eventful and torrid time of my life was over.

George Marsden

THE UNEMPLOYMENT CAMP, SCOTLAND 1928

When I joined the army as a Band Boy in July 1925, I never thought for one moment that it would be nearly nine years before I returned to England. I served in Egypt, Singapore, India and Malta and decided that it would be a good idea to leave the army and find out what was happening in civvy street, so I went on a vocational course at the Army School of Physical Training to learn a career as a physical training instructor. I never dreamt for one minute that I would end up in Scotland as a training instructor at an unemployment camp on the Scottish border, at a place called Kirshopefoot, twenty-eight miles north of Carlisle, twenty miles north of Whitehaven in Cumberland.

When I arrived at the camp it just looked like the army camps I had been used to. The manager, who had been a Brevet Colonel in the army, informed me that there were five hundred lads from the shipyards in Glasgow who had been unemployed for quite a while and had been sent to the camp to learn other trades. It was my job to keep them fit and to teach them games, boxing and work-outs in the gymnasium. The gymnasium was situated just above the camp and was well equipped with all the modern equipment for lads to use and there were also gym kits for every man in the camp.

My quarters were also in the gym, and, as was usual in a gym, I put up notices relating to smoking, which

was not allowed. After the second day the first lot of lads, about thirty of them, entered the gym, and after a few minutes I entered wearing white slacks, gym shoes and a white sweater showing crossed swords and crown. I might have known what to expect, but it came as a shock to see them all smoking, and to cap it all one lad had put his feet on my polished stove.

I put on a big smile and said: "Good morning lads", and the lad who had his feet on the stove looked at me and, with his Glasgow accent which was strange to me, told me what he thought in no uncertain terms. It was the first time I had been in Scotland, and it took me some time to get used to their ways.

When I found the lads all smoking in spite of the no smoking notices, to me, who had been used to discipline, it was unbelievable and made me realise that I had to be careful as to the way I could gain their respect. His answer to my request to get his feet off my highly polished stove, was a challenge, that if I was a man in spite of being a Sassenach, I would fight him in what he called an 'up and downer'. He was equipped, same as the other lads, with steel-tipped boots, and his idea of a fight was to use them as soon as the other guy was on the ground. All I had on my feet was a pair of gym shoes, but I knew if I did not fight him I might as well pack up and go home in disgrace.

What he did not know was that I was an instructor in unarmed combat, and that I had fought in Singapore and

on the North West Frontier in India. I asked him in a polite way once again to remove his feet from the stove and, of course, I received the same reply with a few more polite words. All the other lads were looking at me as though to say, you'll be sorry.

I promptly lifted his feet off the stove so that he fell on his back enabling me to put a lock on him, then I rubbed his nose in the rough mat he was lying on. He never had a chance, it was what we called the element of surprise.

Joe Kendrew

THE MAGINOT LINE 1939

Twice in my life I have paid visits to the Maginot Line and in this story I will recount a visit I made in 1939 when the Line was manned by the French Army and before the disaster of 1940. I was greatly impressed with what I saw there especially the attitude of the Garrison who were specialised troops.

At the outbreak of the war in September 1939 I was stationed at Taunton in Somerset at No.22 Militia Training Depot. Britain had at last adopted conscription, or rather National Service, conscription was a dirty word. So we had about 500 of Britain's youth which we had to turn into trained soldiers in four months before they could be posted to units about the country. However, as far as I was concerned on the outbreak of war I was under instruction to report to the Depot of my Regiment in Halifax.

After the declaration of war I lined up in front of the CO, who didn't like me anyway, but, because I was trained in dealing with recruits, he would not let me go and I was ordered to stay in Taunton.

In view of the CO, ex-West Kents (the Old Blind Half Hundred) refusing to release me, I rang the Depot in Halifax and spoke to the Adjutant, Ramsay Bunbury. He was on the ball and said "We have been wondering where you had got to". I explained that the CO at Taunton would not let me go. Ramsay said to leave it to him and I would be extracted, as indeed I was, with a last interview with a defeated CO - a poor sportsman! Thus I set out for Halifax, the Depot of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

On arrival I found that the drafts of the 1st Battalion had gone! I would have gone too had I been available. However, after about an hour or so at the Depot, the CO sent for me and told me that I was going to the 1st Battalion at Bordon the next day. Great cheers all round!

The next day saw me on my way to Bordon - a day's journey in those days - where I joined the 1st Battalion. The next morning I reported to the Adjutant, Bob Wathen, and then was interviewed by the Commanding Officer, Paddy Beard (a most charming personality), and was posted as 2i/c to B Company, commanded by Major Owen Price, 48 years of age and dragged back off the reserve when war broke out. He had spent four years as a POW in the First World War, having been with the 2nd Battalion and captured in 1914.

So we settled down to sort out B Company, mostly composed of Regular Reservists. All regular battalions of regiments stationed in the UK at the outbreak of war were seriously short of men. We needed the Regular Reservists, men with six or seven years' service, to bring us up to strength. The Regiment was part of 3 Infantry Brigade, 1st Division.

Just to digress slightly from the story. In Bordon there was a central medical centre and by now every unit in

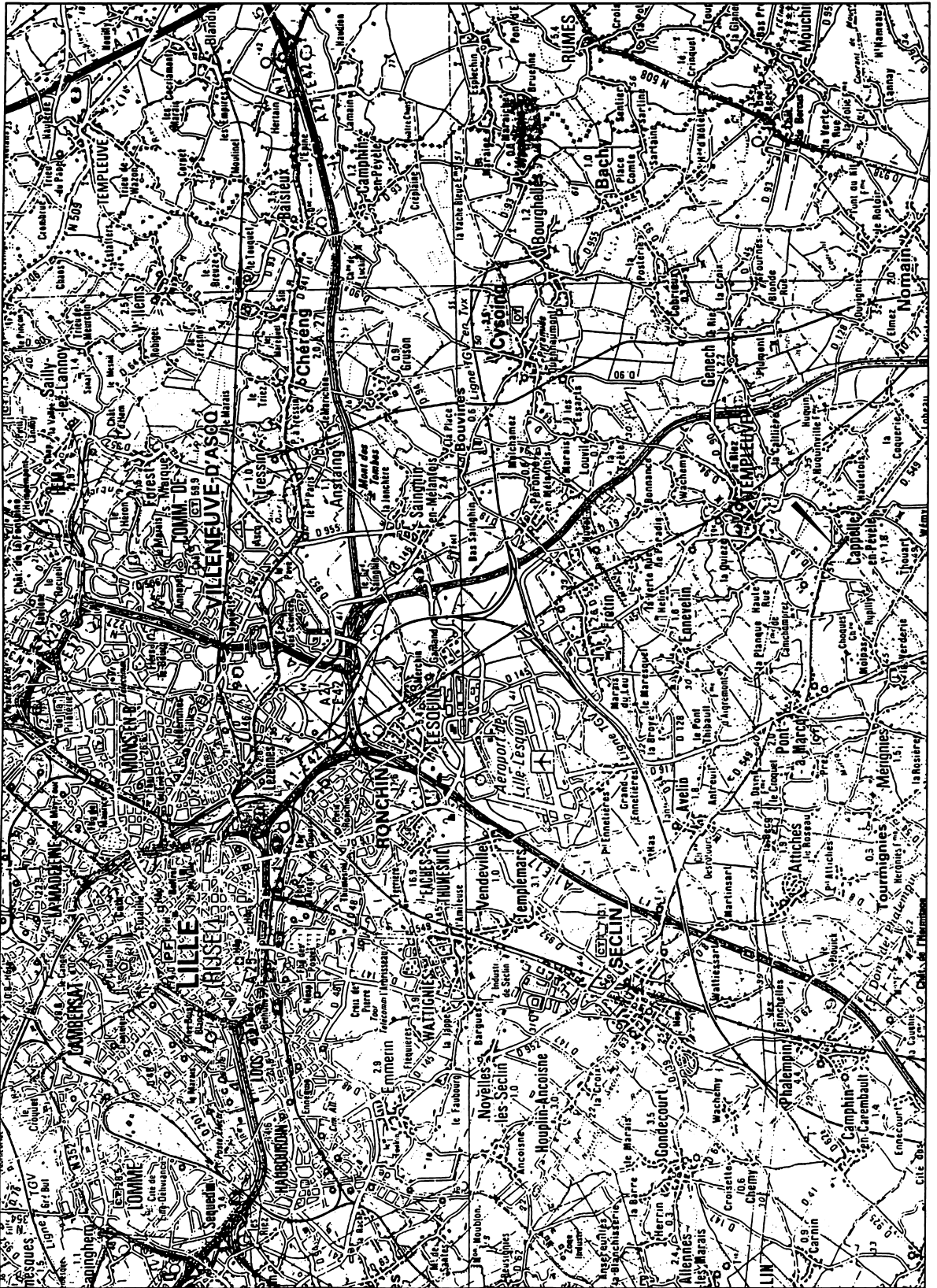
the garrison had been provided with a medical officer. In the Dukes we drew Captain Thompson RAMC, who in civil life was a GP in Scotland. He was a very fine man of high principles who went down well with the Dukes. The "docs" of the various units in Bordon organised the manning of the Central MI room on a 24 hour basis. One MO (I think from the Buffs who were in the Garrison but were not part of 3 Brigade), whilst he was on duty raided the drugs cupboard and scoffed the contents. He was found in a collapsed state later that day. Naturally enquiries were made and it was discovered that the man concerned was a reservist officer who had been released from a home for inebriates in Sussex so that he could rejoin the army as a doctor!

The next three weeks or so were spent in training the reservists in the new weapons, the Bren and the 2" mortar. During this period the Battalion transport, under Pigg Strangeways, left for France along with all the other units of transport in the Brigade. We did not see them again until we arrived in the area of Le Mans.

Then, at last, one Sunday morning near the end of September we formed up at Bordon station and entrained for Southampton, where we embarked on the MV Biarritz owned by the Southern Railways. We sailed that evening and were escorted across the Channel by destroyers to Cherbourg where we disembarked. We spent most of that day sitting around writing field postcards home and having a glass or two of wine at the estaminets. As night fell we entrained in the very large terminal station waiting for our time to go out. The KSLI was going ahead of us and it was most stirring listening to a battalion of Welshmen (the KSLI was very largely composed of Welsh) singing in their language. However, they pulled out in due course and I DWR followed, the men in cattle trucks and the officers mostly in 3rd class compartments. The French movements people would not have dared to serve up such shoddy transport for their own army as they did for us.

Next morning we found ourselves in the vicinity of Le Mans where we were billeted in a very friendly village. We spent about a week there, training, marching (the Infantry in those days marched!). We were issued with French Army maps which were almost impossible to decipher but allowing for that we were able to get around.

Life was very quiet and peaceful in that village near Le Mans and in due course we had to entrain and our next stop was Amiens, then the GHQ of the BEF. However, the Battalion was sent to a small village area where B Company was billeted in a farm which had actually been in the Front Line in 1918. We were made most welcome there by the farmer who had fought in the French Army in the First World War.



After a quiet week at Arras we again entrained, this time a relatively short journey to Templeuve, south east of Lille in the Department du Nord, one of the most unattractive areas of France. The Battalion split up, A and B Companies marching off in the direction of the Belgian frontier. The rest of the Battalion moved on in the direction of a village called Combrieux which became the Battalion headquarters. Two hours later A and B Companies marched into the little frontier town of Cysoing, about two miles from the Belgian border (see map). We were the first British troops they had seen and we set about getting ourselves billeted. I should add here that every British unit in the BEF had a French liaison officer attached. Most of them were NCOs but were treated as officers by us and of course spoke English. They did all the billeting and dealing with the French civil authorities. French mayors are touchy chaps but war took precedence over local matters.

Our role in the Cysoing area was to build a line of defence as the Maginot Line ended just at the south end of Luxembourg and from thereon it was mostly a series of single blockhouses on a very primitive anti-tank ditch. We were to augment this primitive line with further entrenchments. It was a waste of time - we had no proper equipment, the men had to buy their own gumboots from local sources and, as the water table was so high, we had to build up breastworks instead of proper entrenchments. 19 Field Company RE, which was part of 3 Brigade, did its best and even actually built a concrete machine gun post in A Company's area. We were not so fortunate in B Company!

The two companies had established a joint Officers' Mess in the town. A Company was scattered somewhat in billets, whereas B Company was in the town's cinema. The officers were housed in private houses. Owen Price, my Company Commander, had a good billet in the house of the local doctor. I was in a small house where a very old lady of 90 and her elderly daughter resided and I was made most welcome. There was a chateau in the town owned by a M. Ernaud. It was a pleasant house but ramshackle. Monsieur was a widower and his late wife had been, most importantly, one of the daughters of Charles Heidseck, the champagne baron. A bottle of champagne in those days cost us 24 francs whereas Monsieur, through his family connections, could get it for 21 francs - a big saving. I should explain here that the franc in those times was very heavily in our favour. We got Frs 174 to the £ sterling and as a result we were well off for once!

Eventually, when the British Army got itself organised along the French - Belgian border, life began to become almost like peacetime. On occasions we went to Lille, a great treat. There were all sorts of good things to enjoy - hot baths which we did need, excellent restaurants - a favourite was "A L'Huitriere", basically a fish restaurant but could produce a marvellous meal of most delicious dishes - and other pleasures too!

We had to assist with guarding the actual frontier with Belgium as part of our duties. The reason for this was that the French douaniers were very thin on the ground. The Spanish Civil War had just ended and there was a great exodus of all sorts of folk who had either fought for the Republicans or were just plain frightened of what was going to come from Franco's victorious

Fascists. Accordingly the French sent reinforcements to the Pyrenees to control the situation, hence the shortage of douaniers on the Belgian border. The frontier was closed and there was a considerable amount of (and illegal) border crossing. So we had to establish a position in a village a bit further south of Cysoing right on the border to prevent illegal crossings. Our orders, just to show how ridiculous the situation was, were that under no circumstances were we to open fire in the event of our encountering illegal entrants! Yes, the Wets at home were terrified of any incident involving Belgium, notwithstanding the shrill cries for help if and when Germany invaded that country, as she did in due course.

Early in November rumour was spread around that the Brigade was going to move. Where to? Secret! But it soon emerged that 3 Brigade was going to the Maginot Line. The infantry battalions, that is 1 DWR, 2 Sherwood Foresters and 1 KSLI together with 19 Field Company RE, plus a wing of one of the Field Ambulances, plus our Brigade Signal Squadron were going with us. No artillery or MMGs from 2 Cheshires, the Divisional Machine Gun Regiment were going.

So one Sunday afternoon in the last week of November 1939 found the Battalion in the sidings of Templeuve station where we had originally detrained on our arrival earlier in October. As we were waiting to entrain, Owen Price and I were standing by ourselves when up came the Divisional Commander, Major General Alexander, one of the most popular generals in the army. He knew the Regiment well, as he had been Brigade Commander of the Nowshera Brigade in India when the 2nd Battalion had formed part of the Brigade. He greeted my Company Commander by his christian name and said "Good afternoon" to me, which made my day, as we thought Alex was a very fine man! He was a gentleman to use an old fashioned phrase, not like some of his fellow generals!

In due course we boarded our train which had the advantage of priority on the railways. We travelled by night mostly, at high speed with one stop at Chateaudun. Early next morning saw the Battalion detraining in Metz. The first sight we had of events was a gang of German POWs unloading a train. Very interesting!

The Battalion quickly fell in and we marched off in a column of companies. We had to march to the rear area of the Maginot Line. This march lasted about four nights and we moved from one billeting area to another and always by night to avoid aerial observation. These billets had been arranged by the Battalion billeting officer, Roger Sugden and our *agent de liaison française*, Gaston, of whom more later. We remained in a forest for a couple of nights whilst company commanders and various other essential officers went forward to recce the area that we were actually going to take over. We now came under the command of the French 42nd Division, a regular division of the French Army. It was made up of conscripts, properly officered, smart, wide-awake and experienced, unlike the French soldiers we had seen in the north - elderly gents in their last year of service! When you get to the age of 49, you are discharged from the French Army. Those ancients we had seen around Cysoing had not impressed us at all!

to be continued

Tony Mitchell

A VISIT TO THE BATTLEFIELD OF PAARDEBERG

In November and December 1997 Judith and I enjoyed a once-in-a-lifetime holiday in South Africa. One of its highlights was a series of conducted visits to some of the Boer War battlefields, during which the intense heat, vast distances to be covered on foot, and harsh terrain were self-evident.

Although the area adjacent to the Modder River, which had been occupied by 1 DWR on 18 February 1900 during the Battle of Paardeberg, (1) is now being irrigated and cultivated, it was a moving experience to stand amongst the cemeteries close to the river and read out loud the following vivid first-hand account by Second Lieutenant M. V. le P. Trench:

"Soon after the advance began, my skipper Major de Gex (OC G Company) was wounded . . . I was now left in command of the Company, a Second Lieutenant with under three months' service. We moved forward by short rushes, keeping as far as possible the correct distance from the two companies in front of us . . . There was nothing to be seen of the enemy, as they were hidden by the trees lining the banks of the Modder River which ran across our front. On the far side one could see the wagons of Cronje's laager with our lyddite shells bursting among them sending up clouds of yellow and greenish smoke. A constant stream of bullets with occasional pom-pom shells (Note: Vickers-Maxim automatic guns firing 11b shells) was coming from the river and casualties were occurring pretty frequently. The Gloucesters and East Kents on the right flank suffered heavily and were pinned down, but 1 DWR and Oxford LI kept going. It was a most trying time as we were unable to return the enemy's fire with our own troops in front of us. A hot sun beat on our backs and we had burning sand to lie on with no cover whatever. We had had no breakfast (2) or proper rest, and had a raging thirst with no water in our bottles.



As we were nearing the river, I, with some of the Company, got to some rocks which appeared to give some cover, but it was a death trap, as the Boers had concentrated their fire on such an obvious landmark. The bullets seemed to be coming from all directions, hitting the rocks and making such a din that I was first dazed by it and did not notice that our front line had disappeared. As soon as I realised that they had reached the trees, I made a dash across with as many men as I could signal to. That was a terrifying few minutes, as, in addition to the rifle fire, shrapnel began bursting between us and the trees, ploughing up the sand like hailstorm. (Note: This was from our own Horse Artillery overshooting their target from north of Cronje's position).

On getting to the bank, after filling our bottles I came upon the Colonel and Tyndall (the Adjutant) and a number of officers and men of various regiments. The Colonel told me to collect as many of our men as I could and, leading us, he worked along the river bank to see if there was anywhere we could cross, but with the Boers hidden on the opposite bank it was impossible. Many men going down to drink were now getting hit and the Colonel had to stop more going. Captain Greenwood was hit in this way and, we discovered later, lay near the water's edge all day . . . The Colonel assembled us in a pit which had apparently been occupied by the Boers previously . . . There we had to sit under cover from sniping . . . Then a new trouble began as some regiment began to advance over the ground we had come by and were firing almost onto us, so that we were caught between two fires. Colonel Lloyd got up and waved his flag and also his helmet and rifle, but it had no effect. A Highlander volunteered to go out and stop them, but he never came back and must have been hit. So the Colonel and Tyndall went out and eventually got in touch with them. Colonel Lloyd bore a charmed life, his 6ft 2ins or more made him a good target, but he continually walked about calmly in the open throughout and was never hit. (3).

When darkness came on the firing ceased and we went out to collect the wounded and carry them to our pit where Anderson (Captain RAMC) attended to them. Poor Sordet (Lieutenant F. J. Sordet) was brought in shot through the stomach in great pain, continually asking for water. His Colour Sergeant, Throupe, and I sat with him for some time and did what little we could, but he died in the early hours of the morning. I fell asleep from fatigue very early on and missed a small ration of bully beef and biscuits which had been sent down to us. We had had nothing to eat since 4pm the night before.

Before light next morning, Monday February 19, we started to entrench with a few shovels that had been collected. There was very little firing and soon that ceased altogether and an order came for us to retire to our previous position . . . a party being left to bury the dead and carry the wounded. We were not fired on at all going back; the reason we discovered later was that Cronje was asking for an armistice to bury his dead." (4).

Notes:

1. 1 DWR had only recently left Aldershot, embarking on 29 December 1899 and reaching Capetown on 20 January 1900.
2. The shortage of rations was largely due to the destruction in January by the Boer General de Wet of a large part of the British supply column.
3. Lieutenant Colonel Lloyd was killed in action at the Battle of Rhenoster Kop on 29 November 1900.
4. Shortly after the action described by 2nd Lieutenant Trench the Boer General Cronje surrendered his laager at Paardeberg. However, other elements of the Boer forces fought on for many months.
5. The 3rd (Militia) Battalion of the Dukes also served in South Africa. Despite having been embodied as part of the plan to relieve regular units which had been

sent to South Africa, it volunteered for service abroad and Lieutenant Colonel Wylie, with over 500 officers and men, arrived at Capetown on 24 March 1900.

6. Second Lieutenant Trench survived and went on to command the Regimental Depot 1919-22. He was the founding Editor of *The Iron Duke* in May 1925 and continued in the role until 1948, producing an unbroken series of 70 editions.
7. The enthusiastic historians who conducted us round the battlefields hope very much that the Regiment will be represented at the celebrations for the Centenary of the battles in 2000. I can provide names and addresses of knowledgeable guides for anyone who may plan to visit the areas of Kimberley/Modder River and Pretoria.

J.B.K.G.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: Fox Hill House
Green Lane
Ellisfield
Hampshire, RG25 2QP

prevented the enemy from dominating No Mans Land during the crucial build up stages for the Chinese attack which came a few days later. This was a typical action of that time carried out with characteristic stalwart courage, leading to a well deserved award of the Military Medal.

The Editor
The Iron Duke

24 May 1998

Yours sincerely
Peter Mitchell

Dear Sir,

I was sad to read of the death of Corporal Bailey, MM, in the Spring issue, and this report brought to mind the series of short, sharp and nasty actions which took place on the approaches to the Hook in May 1953.

In order to give warning of the expected attack on the Battalion, which would certainly take place at night because of the UN total air superiority, the Commanding Officer decided to put out standing patrols on the likely approaches from the valley onto the ridge we occupied. As I remember, these patrols were mostly commanded by junior NCOs and consisted of six to eight men armed mainly with sten guns and equipped with a radio and sniper scope (an early form of night vision device). The patrols moved out at last light and remained in position until dawn, sometimes being relieved half way through the night. Their locations, up to 100 metres in front of our lines, and often much less, were of course well known to the Chinese who regularly sent out parties to attack the patrols and drive them in.

Lance Corporal Bailey, as he then was, was with such a standing patrol in front of C Company on the Sausage feature when it was attacked by a group of the enemy armed with 'burp' guns (a low-powered SMG). Action took place at very short range with Bailey standing up and firing his sten gun to cover the withdrawal of the remainder to safety. He was wounded in the left hand, which was holding the weapon magazine, and when he got back to our lines himself, I remember pulling a number of bullets from his flak jacket which they had failed to penetrate.

It was through the employment of these standing patrols, together with reconnaissance and fighting patrols operating deeper into the valley, that the Battalion

From: 2 Anson Close
Marcham
Abingdon
Oxfordshire, OX13 6QF

8 February 1998

Dear Mr Jagger,

I saw your note in the Reunions column of today's Sunday paper and thought I'd write to you to ask your help.

For the past five years I have been writing the whole 'warts and all' story/history of the Sten gun. The book is a massive tome and due for publication late this year. I would like to include it in a selection of previously unpublished photographs of soldiers using the gun. The Imperial War Museum has literally hundreds of photos of it in use during the war but many have been published before.

I know that the Dukes fought in Korea and I wonder if any of your members who fought there have one or two photos of them using it there. Naturally, they and the Regiment will be fully acknowledged in the book and with the photo. I will have the print copied and return it with an enlargement within a couple of weeks.

If you or your London Branch members are unable to help, perhaps you could give me the address of the Regimental magazine and I'll put a letter there asking the same. Incidentally, when I joined the army as a boy in January 1963, one of my Training Sergeants was a 'Duke' and Korea veteran. His name was Sergeant 'Doc' Holliday. Of course, we knew him as '...Yes

Sergeant!'. Still in uniform, albeit part time now, I'm getting too old for it all now...

Thanking you in advance.

Yours aye
Peter Laidler
Captain, REME (V) ex Armourer!

Bill Norman has already sent Mr Laidler some photographs. Ed.

From: Ward 10, Berth 13
The Royal Hospital
Chelsea
London SW3 4SR

The Editor
The Iron Duke

19 May 1998

Dear Sir,

I was delighted one afternoon when Colour Sergeant Malcolm Birkett brought me presents to my infirmary ward and an invitation from the Sergeants' Mess to view the Regiment taking over the Guard at the start of its tour of London Duties. I was to join him and other guests on the forecourt of the Palace.

Fortunately, I was back fit in time to do so, on what turned out to be a memorable day for me. The weather was dull, with a fine drizzle of rain and I was glad of my warm scarlet coat.

Everything went smoothly and I was very impressed with drill, turnout and ceremonial. Then I was whisked off to the Sergeants' Mess in Hounslow Barracks, which I knew well. Here I met the members, enjoyed lunch and was entertained until teatime. The highlight was seeing again the Regimental Crest I had carved in 1941, in good nick. They also presented me with a new tie, my old one by now no longer pristine, also a stable belt for shirtsleeve order. I felt overwhelmed.

I am pleased to say I'm well at the moment (87), enjoying the Flower Show, then Founder's Day, after which I must try for a holiday somewhere quiet.

Yours sincerely
Syd Swift

From: Hook House
Haley Hill
Halifax
West Yorks, HX3 6EE

The Editor
The Iron Duke

14 March 1998

Dear John,

Among copy recently received from a Korea veteran for Morning Calm, journal of the British Korean Veterans Association, concerning the Korean War, was included an unrelated item which I thought would be more suitable for the Iron Duke. I have spoken to him by telephone and he is agreeable to my passing this information to you,

He is: Ron Orange of 10 Ryecroft Crescent, Wooler, Northumberland, NE71 6EA. He served in Korea in the Royal Artillery. The extract from his letter is as follows:

"Thirdly, I am sending a copy of a photograph of Private William Lonsdale, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (I can't trace which battalion), taken on his return to England from prisoner of war camp in Germany in January 1919.



He joined up at the outbreak of war in August 1914, and was taken prisoner early in the war. Shortly afterwards he was sentenced to ten years imprisonment for striking a German guard. Soon afterwards he was sentenced to death and was twice taken out to be shot at dawn. He was finally sentenced to fifteen years in Spandau, where he served almost three years in solitary confinement. I have the photograph because he was a relative on my wife's side of the family, who originally came from Hemsworth."

With kind regards
Reuben Holroyd

From: Headquarters
Hon Artillery Company
Finsbury Barracks
City Road
London EC1Y 2BQ

The Editor
The Iron Duke

3 June 1998

Dear Brigadier,

Thank you very much for writing to me with regard to my attempts to have my father's obituary published in the Iron Duke.

My father, Private Frank Lightowler served with the 2/6 Battalion in France and was evacuated at St Malo, he then went on to serve with the 2nd Battalion in Burma in the Recce Platoon.

Frank was very proud of his service with the Dukes, in particular as part of the Chindits. After the war he returned to the building trade where he set up his own business, working up to the age of 73. Once while working on a property the owner presented him with a photograph of himself in uniform; the owner and Frank last saw each other in Burma as the chap was being evacuated wounded, they were both in their 70s.

I enclose a copy of a photograph of a group of Dukes, my father is bottom centre. I do not know the other men's names.

It would give great comfort to Frank's surviving family to have his obituary published in his regimental journal.

Yours sincerely
K. Lightowler
Captain PARA

(See page 101 - Ed.)

From: Ampleforth Abbey
York
YO6 4EN

The Editor
The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

At the time of the Korean Veterans' 45th anniversary celebration, Major-General Evelyn Webb-Carter, who is currently GOC Household Division, whose father had led 1 DWR up Italy during 1944, wrote to wish us well.

He wrote: "The modern 33rd is indeed under my command, and I am very proud to have them. I wish my father knew - he would have been very pleased."

He also wrote: "Interestingly my brother David had the 1st Battalion under his command in Belize in the early 1980s." Their mother's regimental brooch came back to the Regiment: 'I see them from time to time - completes the circle.'

Yours sincerely
John Stacpoole



Private Frank Lightowler (front row, centre)

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, 65 Lascelles Hall Road, Lepton, Huddersfield, HD5 0BE.

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: AGM on Sunday 20 September in the Park Court Hotel at 11.00am. 1999 meetings: 24 January at the Union Jack Club; 17 April, Dinner at the Victory Services Club; 20 June at the Union Jack Club; 19 September, AGM at Park Court Hotel.

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.

* * * * *

1939-45 OVERSEAS OFFICERS' DINNER CLUB

The 53rd dinner of the 1939-45 Overseas Officers' Dinner Club was held on Friday 13 March at Armoury House, the Honourable Artillery Company. Eighteen officers attended including the Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion and the Regimental Secretary. Major Fred Huskisson, MBE, MC, presided.

REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION AGM AND DINNER

The AGM, followed by the Reunion Dinner and Dance will be held at the Stakis Hotel, Bradford, on Saturday 3 October 1998. The AGM will start at 6.30pm and will be followed by dinner at 8.00pm.

Dinner tickets at £12.50 and raffle tickets at £1 (for 5) can be obtained from branch secretaries or RHQ. The raffle will be drawn on Friday 2 October and the winning ticket numbers and prizes will be displayed in the foyer of the Stakis Hotel throughout the Reunion Dinner.

REGIMENTAL SERVICE: YORK MINSTER

The annual Regimental Service will be held in York Minster at 11.30am on Saturday 7 November 1998. The Band of the Yorkshire Volunteers will play during the Service, after which a buffet lunch will be held at the Royal York Hotel, located next to York Railway Station. Please pre-book lunches through Regimental Headquarters. Those not requiring lunch are very welcome to come to the hotel for drinks only.

YORK BRANCH

Planning is now underway for the two major events of the year for the York Branch, namely, the Regimental Association AGM and Dinner (mentioned opposite), and the York Branch Christmas Dinner which will be held at the Beechwood Close Hotel in York on Thursday 17 December.

Anyone wishing to attend either of these functions should please contact John Hemmings soonest.

KEEPING IN TOUCH . . .

One of our stringers has sent us an extract from the Falkland Islands newsletter of January 1998 called Falklands News, which reads:

"Six Servicemen Stand By Siggy. Servicemen went to the assistance of senior citizen Siggy Barnes last October, refurbishing her house and garden on John Street, a task that is too difficult for Siggy now.

They were Corporal Kevin Peters, Lance Corporal Andy Rhodes, and Privates Anthony Thorpe, Steven Guirey, John Burrows, and George Robertson of Waterloo Company, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment." Well done the team.

We are delighted to note that Lance Corporal Dougie Stroyan played his part in the Queen's Guard which mounted on 21 April 1998. Readers will recall his article in the Iron Duke, Issue No. 233, in which he described vividly the circumstances which led to the amputation of part of his left leg.

We were pleased to hear recently from Major Alan Westcob, who wrote from South Carolina offering some ideas for marking the Regimental Tercentenary in 2002, when he hopes to be in Europe. His ideas have been passed on to the planners at Regimental Headquarters.

Mrs Betty M. Emmett, widow of Major E. J. P. (Baron) Emmett, has asked for her recent change of address to be circulated with the message that she would be delighted to see any 'Dukes' in the area. Her new address is: The Bungalow, Lower Tunshill Lane, Milnrow, Nr Rochdale, Lancashire, OL16 3TS.

We have heard from Mr David Drinkwater that Dukes Korean Veterans will be welcome to join a reunion of ex-120 Mortar Battery personnel to celebrate (slightly late) the anniversary of the second Battle of the Hook, to be held in Mitchell Hall, part of Cranfield University (between Milton Keynes and Bedford) on 25 and 26 June 1999. Those interested should contact Mr Drinkwater in Aberdeen, telephone: 01330 860351.

Readers may like to know of an initiative by a new specialist travel company, Palanquin Travel. Largely former British and Indian Army officers who have done much research among 14th Army Campaigners and staffed by Chindits. Their Indian partners have been running very successful tours over the last couple of years for Australian and American veterans from General Joe Stilwell's US-Chinese Army who fought alongside the Chindits.

Palanquin Travel is now providing an opportunity for British veterans, their families and friends, together with military enthusiasts to go back to NE India, the Arakan, Assam and Burma in October and November 1998, or as required for specific groups. This is a programme with contrasting comfort and personal support but nevertheless adventurous. It refreshes the mind and enables participants to relive those vital years and keep faith with former comrades. Permission can also be obtained to enter areas not normally open to tourists.

Tours include Kohima, Imphal, the Ledo Road, Rangoon, Mandalay and Mytkina. Alternatively, tailor-made itineraries can be arranged to meet the needs of groups (which can attract favourable discounts for their organisers).

Those interested should contact Palanquin Travel directly at 98 Boston Place, London, NW1 6EX. Fax: 0171 724 5749 77

The Royal British Legion

Everybody has heard of the Legion; it's a national institution isn't it? But if pressed to say what it is, many would suggest it is an association of social clubs for old soldiers, probably adding that it runs the televised Festival of Remembrance at the Albert Hall every November. The odd thing is that, despite an almost universal awareness of the Royal British Legion, very few know what it really is and does.

The Legion is in fact a charity, whose main purpose is to care for the welfare of those serving in all the Armed Forces, those who have served, and their families. Last year it spent over £27 million on benevolence. This, and its membership of 700,000 - of which, contrary to popular opinion, less than a third are WWII veterans - makes it by far the largest British ex-service organization. Entirely dependent on voluntary donations, a main source of funds for the Legion's benevolent work is the Poppy Appeal, another national institution in its own right.

Much of the Legion's welfare work is carried out quietly and without fuss by 20,000 voluntary workers from the 3,200 branches throughout the country and overseas, supported by a small core of professional staff. Currently it helps some 200,000 cases each year. The Legion in Scotland is entirely independent by the way, although the two organizations collaborate harmoniously. There are at present more than 15 million members of the ex-service community and, although this community is getting smaller, it will remain significant for very many years to come. As the WWII generation ages, with the post-war National Service generation hot on its heels, the Legion faces demands for help likely to continue to increase for another 15 years or so. Even after that, whilst the need for help should diminish in volume, it is expected to remain at significant levels for the foreseeable future.

The Legion's pensions department offers free, expert advice on War Disability Pensions and other compensation claims. Its college at Tidworth in Wiltshire provides job-seeking assistance and training courses leading to appropriate qualifications in a wide range of disciplines to those about to leave the Services. It also assists ex-service people with retraining. Spouses and dependents (up to 25 years) are also trained. The college operates a Careers Advisory Centre on Merseyside. A free, expert advisory service is also available for those wishing to start up their own small business. This service operates an interest-free loan scheme. There is a Vocational Assessment and Rehabilitation Centre, principally for the disabled, many hundreds of whom are employed by the Legion at two sites in West London and Kent. There are seven residential and three convalescent homes. The Legion organizes many pilgrimages worldwide every year and

acts as the MOD agent for the widows' overseas visits scheme.

The Legion does much more, but perhaps by now you will have a better idea of what lies beneath the tip of the iceberg of those well-known social clubs. As the premier ex-service organization the Legion encourages membership of service and regimental associations but would like as many as possible to "double badge" by also belonging to the Legion. In addition to its benevolent role and the necessary fund-raising to support this, it also has a campaigning role to ameliorate or improve the treatment of the serving and ex-service communities. The larger the membership, the more attentive national and local governments are to the Legion's views.

Among the benefits offered to the Legion's members are a free magazine, discounted goods and services such as insurances and travel, its own competitively priced MasterCard and (legal!) access to the 900 clubs. All ranks serving members of HM Forces, Regular and Reserve, and ex-service men and women are welcome to join, as are their families. There is a central branch, St James's, for those who wish to support the Legion through membership, but are unable or do not wish to belong to a local branch. Most counties also have a holding branch which offers a more local option for such people.

If you would like to know more about the Legion, please telephone Legionline on 0345 725 725 (calls charged at local rate) or write to: The Secretary General, The Royal British Legion (SLR Dept), 48 Pall Mall, London SW1Y 5JY.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS/*NEW SUBSCRIBERS

J. S. Bailes Esq, 5 Cavendish Close, Telscombe Cliffs, Peacehaven, East Sussex, BN10 7LQ.

Mr P. Bannister, 6 Ladysmith Mews, Strensall, York, YO3 5BB.

Mr G. R. Brook, CBE, 24 Hookstone Drive, Harrogate, North Yorkshire.

Mr P. Foxton, 139 Norby Estate, Thirsk, North Yorkshire, YO7 1BL.

Mr B. Johnson, 166 New Road, Staincross, Barnsley, South Yorkshire, S75 6HP.

Mr H. A. Kelly, 8 Yew Walk, Harrow on the Hill, London, HA1 3EJ.

Mr D. Mace, 25 Top Oth' Gorses, Darcy Lever, Bolton, Lancashire, BL2 1PG.

Mr J. Moses, 4 Barncroft Heights, Seacroft, Leeds, LS14.

Mr S. J. N. Morgan, Avenell House, Tiptree Road, Great Braxted, Whitham, Essex, CM8 3EJ.

Mr R. G. Sharp, 31 Blackwell End, Pottersbury, Northampton, NN12 7QE.

Mr K. Almond, Tannenkampweg, 37586 Dassel. Ot. Lauenberg, West Germany.

Mr A. R. Carr, 47 Three Butt Lane, West Derby, Liverpool, Merseyside, L12 2HD.

Mrs E. J. P. Emmett, The Bungalow, Lower Tunshill Lane, Milnrow, Rochdale, OL16 3TS.

* Mr G. Gill, 15 Grafton Road, Keighley, West Yorkshire, BD22 1LG.

* Mr R. Turfitt, 5055 Rosewood Drive, Doylestown PA 18901, USA.

* Mr J. T. Payne, Flat 2, 24 Cambridge Road, Huddersfield, HD1 5BU.

* Mr C. F. Aukett, 5 Brookfields, Enfield, Middlesex, EN3 7EG.

* Mr P. Pledger, 2 Warner Road, Selsey, West Sussex, PO20 9AL.

* Dr E. Heeley, Yew Trees, Wennington, Lancaster, LA2 8NU.

* Mr H. V. Brown, Barton Cottage, 88 New Dover Road, Canterbury, Kent, CT1 3EQ.

* Mr J. W. Jenkins, Aberceulan, Talyont, Dyfed, SY24 5EY.

* Mr N. H. Smith, Highroyd Residential Home, Highroyd, Moldgreen, Huddersfield, HD5 9DP.

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Obituaries

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

Major J. A. Bearder, MBE, TD, MA (Oxon)

John Bearder died on 11 May aged 84 years after a prolonged illness borne with unflinching courage and with his usual cheerful sense of fun and adventure. He graduated from Wadham College, Oxford, when he was 20, took his Master's Degree in 1935 and passed his solicitors' finals in 1939.

He then joined the army at the beginning of the war as a sapper in the 43rd (5th DWR) Anti-Aircraft Battalion Royal Engineers, which in 1940 became 43rd Searchlight Regiment Royal Artillery. He was commissioned in March 1941 after which he held a variety of command and staff jobs in the UK ending the war as a battery officer for 83 Searchlight Regiment Royal Artillery. After the war he served in both Brussels and Germany as part of the army of occupation before returning to Halifax in 1946 when he joined his father in the family solicitors firm.

He continued to serve as a TA officer with 578 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment (5 DWR) and received the Territorial Decoration in 1954. After he retired in 1957 he continued to serve as a Huddersfield Drill Hall Trustee and Honorary Solicitor until 1995 and was a generous donor to the Friends of the Regiment Fund.

He was a man who made an exceptional contribution to the community both professionally and through a wide range of charity interests. He was a solicitor to the Supreme Court for fifty years, President of the Halifax Rotary Club 1979-80, a Deputy Coroner for thirty years, a founder member of the Halifax Citizens' Advice Bureau and held posts in numerous local charitable organisations, including Honorary Solicitor for Crossley Alms Houses, Mind, the Council for Voluntary Service and was a founder member of the Savile Close Old People's Home in Halifax. In 1981 he was awarded the MBE for his contributions to charity and in 1981 set up his own charity to help people in the district.

John was unmarried and leaves a cousin, Mary Gumby.

Major P. H. Haws, TD

Pat Haws died on 26 February aged 72 years. Pat enlisted into the army in November 1944 and the following year was selected for officer training, attending the Officer Training School and Indian Military Academy, Dehra Dun, in India. He was commissioned into the Regiment in December 1945, though his first posting was on attachment to the King's Own Royal Regiment, before joining the 2nd Battalion at Meerut in February 1946. He returned to the UK with the 2nd Battalion in 1947 and was discharged from the Regular Army in 1948 on the completion of his commitment.

On his discharge he joined Lloyds Bank with whom he remained all his working life retiring as Assistant Personnel Manager for the Yorkshire Region based in Leeds. In July 1950 he enlisted with the 7th Battalion

DWR as a TA officer serving as Adjutant in 1951-3, then Company Commander first at Slaithwaite then, on amalgamation of the 5th and 7th Battalions, at Mossley, Halifax and Huddersfield. He was awarded the Territorial Decoration in 1967 before ceasing his TA service in 1968 with the disbandment of the 5th/7th Battalion. Nevertheless he maintained an active involvement with the TA continuing to serve as a Huddersfield Drill Hall Trustee until his death. He was also a Master of the Pennine Lodge of Freemasons in Halifax and Vice Chairman of the Loyal Georgian Society.

Pat leaves a widow, Joan, three daughters, Christine, Janet and Pamela and three grandchildren.

Major F. N. Potts, MBE, TD

Fawkes 'Potty' Potts died on Monday 8 June aged 83. 'Potty' was born in Tacoma, Washington USA and christened Fawkes after his distant ancestor, Guy Fawkes. He returned with his parents at a very young age to live in Huddersfield where he was brought up. He joined the 7th Battalion DWR as a TA officer shortly before the war while training as a lawyer. His legal training was cut short by the outbreak of war and the mobilisation of the TA. In 1940 he moved with the 7th Battalion to Iceland as part of the garrison against a possible German invasion, where he remained with the battalion until its return in 1942. Back in England he was transferred to the 1st Battalion and was with it throughout the long, hard-fought campaign through North Africa, Pantellaria, Anzio and Monte Ceco. At Anzio he was awarded a MID as a Platoon Commander in B Company under Tony Randall and it was here that he was wounded in the nose. He finally left the 1st Battalion in Palestine in 1946 to go to Germany to assist in the Nuremberg War Trials on the basis of his pre-war legal training. Shortly afterwards he was granted a regular commission in the RAOC. It was while he was stationed in Germany that, on a skiing holiday, he met and soon married his Danish wife, Jenny, who was working in Germany with the UN relief and Rehabilitation Administration assisting displaced persons. In his subsequent career with the RAOC he served in Korea and Cyprus at the same times as the 1st Battalion. In the 1960s he completed three two-and-a-half year tours with the Gurkhas in Nepal and was instrumental in setting up a factory to make Kukris and provide local employment. He was awarded the MBE for his services in Nepal. On leaving Nepal he joined, on secondment, the Abu Dhabi Defence Force, and it was while he was with the Force that he, with his family, was involved in one of the first plane hijackings, seized by the Popular Front for the liberation of Palestine, while returning to England on leave. Though his family was released shortly after being taken hostage, he was kept on board for three weeks before finally being released by the Jordanian Army. He retired from the army in 1976 after his service in Abu Dhabi

to work for four years in Dubai and then Jakarta with Halcrows Civil Engineering. 'Potty' leaves two daughters, Annette and Susan, and four grandchildren.

Captain D. N. Dring

David Dring died on 18 March aged 75 in Oxshott, Surrey. David joined the 8th Battalion/145 Regiment RAC as a Second Lieutenant reinforcement from the Hampshire Regiment in North Africa in 1943. In Italy at the crossing of the River Savio a German Panther Tank was captured intact, the crew having fled. Newly promoted Captain Dring, now Technical Adjutant, was called to inspect it, as they were often booby trapped. Sure enough, he had to remove a charge from the turret and two grenades from the engine. This was typical of his quiet bravery. The tank was christened "Deserter" and used successfully by the Regiment.

He had a successful business career after the war, and retired as a member of the Group Board of Chubb and Sons. His funeral was attended by Colonel J. F. Webb, MC, Major N. D. Pirrie who gave the address, and Captain G. C. Valentine.

Major Victor Gledhill

Victor Gledhill died in Huddersfield on 7 April 1998. He was 88 years of age.

Victor joined the TA before the war and embarked for France in April 1940 with the 2/7th Battalion. His stay in France was short lived, being evacuated via the beaches of St Valery en Caux in June 1940. Victor served with the 2/7th in the UK until 1942, he was OC A Company. In 1942, Victor was seconded to the 10th Indian Division and Commanded the 4/11th Sikh Regiment until he was badly wounded in Italy in 1944. After the war and after recovering from his wounds, Victor was again seconded, this time to the Sudan Defence Force with the rank of Bimbashi (Major).

Victor ended his army service in 1947 to become a director of his family company, F. T. Gledhill Ltd, Cotton Manufacturers, Huddersfield, where he worked until his final retirement.

Mr Maurice Simpson

Maurice Simpson died at home on 21 May, 1998. Maurice enlisted in the Green Howards for National Service and was posted to 1 DWR the same year in Germany. He served in Korea and was discharged in December 1953. He was in the MT driving a 3-tonner with the name Bedale, a neighbouring market town, painted on it. His normal run was the resupply of ammunition and food up to the line and taking back men for baths or R&R.

Maurice was apprenticed to the famous Thompsons of Kilburn (the Mouseman) and made the most lovely furniture in oak. He was more than a craftsman, bringing to his work the eye of an artist. After National Service he was employed on Lord Bolton's Estate at Wensley near Leyburn.

An ardent Duke, he was a staunch supporter of the British Korean Veterans Association and made a pilgrimage back to Korea. Born and bred in Wensley, his funeral took place there on 27 May 1998, the coffin being escorted by Standards of BKVA branches

Scarborough and Ryedale, NE Area and York; also the Standard of the Thirsk Branch of the Green Howards Regimental Association. Among the BKVA members attending were General Sir Charles Huxtable, Lieutenant Colonel H. S. Le Messurier, Mr Hedley Rutherford, Mr G. Billings, Mr D. A. Bell and others.

Mr Thomas Simpson

Tom Simpson died on 21 April 1998, aged 73 years. Tom worked in the building trade from the age of 14 until conscripted into the 1/7th Battalion in March 1943 and served with the Battalion in North West Europe 1944/45 as a rifleman and what he called "a part time Bren Gun Carrier" driver, during which he had many escapades.

He was a most jovial chap who would joke and make his comrades smile in most situations, just to mention his name could and still does raise a smile, a great character who had his own building business after being demobbed in 1946.

His funeral took place in Sheffield and was attended by many friends and members of the Sheffield Branch of the Regimental Association.

Captain D. R. H. Gardner

Captain Dean Gardner died peacefully in his sleep at his home in Filey on 15 June aged 82 years. Dean joined the 145 Regiment RAC/8th Battalion DWR after being commissioned in the RTR in 1941. He served with the Regiment in North Africa and Italy, and was appointed Adjutant. After demobilisation he returned to Dewsbury as a solicitor and became Clerk to the Justices. The funeral service was in Scarborough and the Regiment was represented by Major F. B. Murgatroyd.

Mr Kurt Troels Larsen

Kurt Troels Larsen was one of about 3,000 Danish men who enlisted into the British Army in 1946. Kurt joined the Regiment at Brancepeth Castle in June 1946, before being posted to India with the 2nd Battalion, where he served until March 1948.

Kurt died suddenly at his home in Copenhagen on 5 June 1998, at the age of 72 years. His funeral was on 13 June, also in Copenhagen.

Mr F. Lightowler (late entry)

Frank Lightowler died at Stockton on Tees on 31 December 1994, aged 76. Frank enlisted in January 1940. He served with the 2nd/6th Battalion in France and was evacuated at St Malo. He went on to join the 2nd Battalion at Ranchi in 1942 and served in the 76th Chindit Column, before moving on to complete his service with the Army Catering Corps between 1944 and 1946.

The following have also died during recent months:

Mrs Jean Streatfeild, widow of the late Major John Streatfeild MC, died peacefully in hospital after a long illness, on 16 April 1998.

Major Cyril Kenchington MBE, died on 17 June 1998. **Canon David Strangeways DSO, OBE**, died on 1 August 1998. Their obituaries will follow in our next edition.

REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION ACCOUNTS

Accounts for the period 1 April 1997 - 31 March 1998

FRIENDS OF THE REGIMENT FUND

Expenditure	£	Income	£
Recruiting/Retention	2105.93	Subscriptions	1408.10
Audit/Legal/Insurance	215.95	Donations	518.19
Sports/Adventure Training	550.00	Investment Dividends	1565.23
Grant towards Gurkha Statue	50.00	Charity Deposit Interest	199.12
Sittang Bridge Unveiling/Prints	1932.54	Income Tax Reclaimed	733.00
Rugby Caps Refurbish	485.00	Print Sales	3007.50
Picture Framing	206.23		
Colours Stand Refurbish	867.00		
Ex Iron Duke (DWR ACF)	69.60		
Regimental Appeal	107.00		
Travel Expenses, Regimental Secretary	71.28		
Presentation	100.00		
Iron Duke Journal	504.00		
Schools Rugby Trophy	58.00	Sundry Income	11.75
Grant to CO Central Fund	180.14		
Sundry expenditure	68.51	Sub Total	<u>7442.89</u>
		<i>Excess of expenditure over income</i>	<u>127.79</u>
TOTAL	<u><u>7570.67</u></u>	TOTAL	<u><u>7570.67</u></u>

Balance Sheet

Value of fund as at 1 April	1998	1997
Cash at bank	1673.00	8801.00
Market value of investments	<u>60975.00</u>	<u>38175.00</u>
Total worth of fund	<u><u>£62648.00</u></u>	<u><u>£46976.00</u></u>

On 4 September 1997 the fund bought £7,000 Schroders Income Units, from the cash held in the Charities Deposit Fund.

A total of £1926.29 was received during the financial year from very generous subscriptions and donations. A donation of £338.19 was received from the funds of the 6th Battalion OCA. Other donations came from Mr Donald Hall and Lady Vaux of Harrowden.

THE IRON DUKE FUND

Expenditure	£	Income	£
Production Costs	9176.00	Subscriptions	6797.00
Postage	983.00	Advertising	1083.00
Auditor	153.00	Bank Interest	204.00
Editor's Expenses	50.00	Income Tax Reclaimed	930.00
Insurance	21.00	Postage	18.00
Stationary	185.00	Donation	100.00
		Sub Total	<u>9132.00</u>
		<i>Excess of expenditure over income</i>	<u>1436.00</u>
TOTAL	<u><u>10568.00</u></u>	TOTAL	<u><u>10568.00</u></u>

Balance Sheet

Value of fund as at 1 April	1998	1997
Cash at bank	2669.00	4151.00
Less 1997 subs paid in advance	<u>(322.00)</u>	<u>(368.00)</u>
Total worth of fund	<u><u>£2347.00</u></u>	<u><u>£3783.00</u></u>

A very generous donation of £100 was received from Major W. F. C. Robertson

