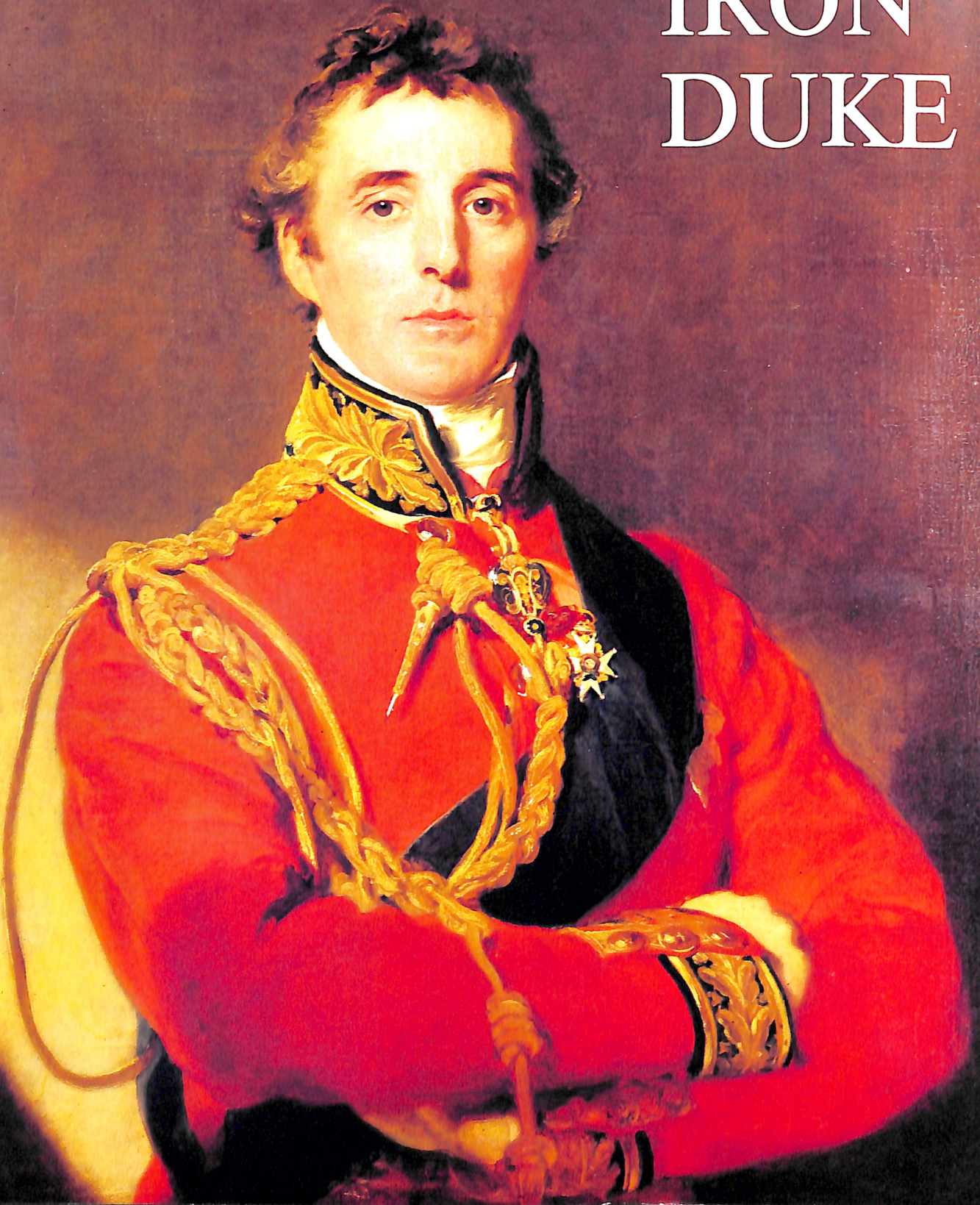


AUTUMN 1999
No. 240

THE IRON DUKE



THE IRON DUKE

The Regimental Journal of

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT

(WEST RIDING)

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



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

Vol. LXVIII

Autumn 1999

No. 240

BUSINESS NOTES

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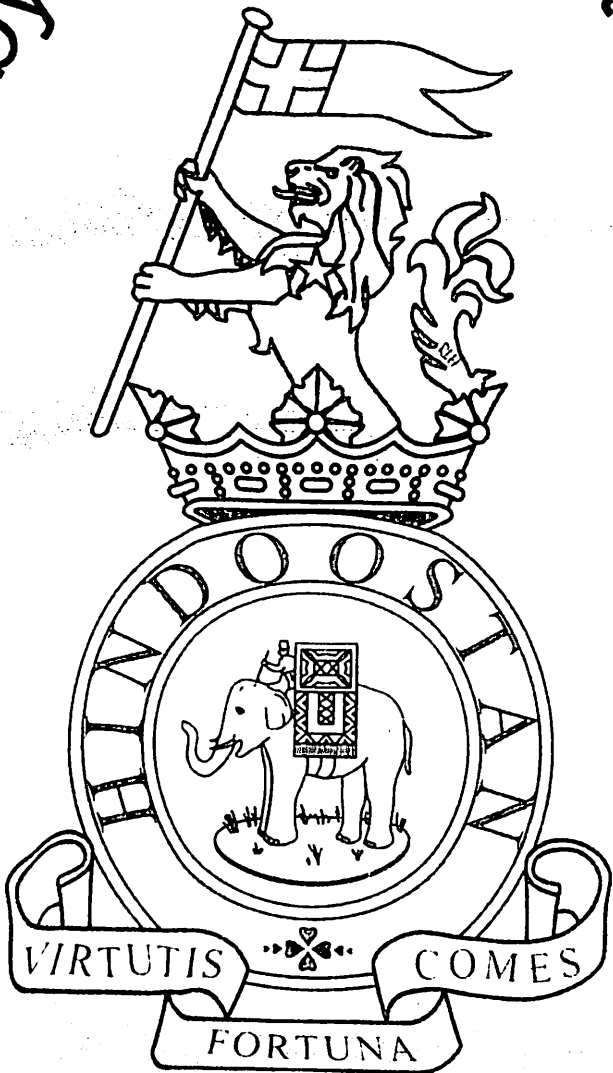
CONTENTS

Regimental Items for Sale	50
Editorial	53
Regimental Headquarters	53
1st Battalion	57
The Dukes' Territorials	71
HMS Sheffield Receives Freedom of City	75
The Maginot Line 1981	77
Poteen with the Easter Man	78
Service in the Army 1939-1946	79
Marching	80
Sailing in Gibraltar 1953-55	82
Look Back and Wonder	83
Norway - 1940	84
Book Reviews	86
Letters to the Editor	87
Regimental Association	89
Obituaries	92



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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

Major General E. J. Webb-Carter, OBE

c/o Headquarters London District, Horse Guards, Whitehall, London SW1A 2AX.

Regimental Headquarters
*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 M. P. Rhodes
Regimental Sergeant Major: WO1 D. E. Dowdall

East and West Riding Regiment

CO: Lieutenant Colonel G. A. Kilburn, MBE, DWR
DWR TA Companies:

Ypres Company (West Yorkshire)

Deputy Honorary Colonel: Charles Dent Esq
Officer Commanding: Major J. G. Hughes

Fontenay Company (South Yorkshire)

Deputy Honorary Colonel: Colonel J. Fox, TD, DL
Officer Commanding: Major D. Baird

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OC: Major P. Cole

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Huddersfield	Keighley	Skipton	

Humberside and South Yorkshire

C Company Detachments
OC: Major B. Bradford
D Company Detachments
OC: Major A. Hudson

Barnsley	Thurcroft	Wombwell
Darfield	Wath on Dearne	
Birdwell	Endcliffe	

COMBINED CADET FORCE - DWR

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CO: Lieut. Col. N. J. Mussett

Leeds Grammar School CCF
CO: Squadron Leader R. Hill

Wellington College CCF
CO: Lieut. Commander J. J. Hutchinson

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Lieutenant Colonel André Desmarais
Commanding Officer: Lieutenant Colonel Simon Hebert, CD

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Commanding Officer: Lieutenant Colonel Kamran Jalil

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Commander T. Lowe, RN



Colonels of the Regiment - Past, Present and Designate. Hounslow, Friday 4 June 1999
Major General E. J. Webb-Carter (designate), Brigadier W. R. Mundell, (1990-99), The Colonel-in-Chief, Major General D. E. Isles (1975-82),
General Sir Charles Huxtable (1982-90).

EDITORIAL

It has not been the custom in recent years for the Iron Duke to contain an Editorial. However, the moment is propitious.

Our Frontispiece in this edition reminds us of the flow of history, depicting as it does our Colonel-in-Chief with four successive Colonels of the Regiment, whose span of responsibility covers the period from mid-1975, past the Regiment's Tercentenary in 2002 and, we hope, on into the new century.

Brigadier Dick Mundell's tenure as Colonel spanned a particularly taxing nine years, which included a succession of defence reviews. One of these almost swept our 1st Battalion out of the order of battle and the most recent has removed our 3rd Battalion, leaving us with just two Dukes' Territorial companies. It was very largely due to Brigadier Dick's strong leadership, backed by invaluable support from his predecessors as Colonel and others of influence, not least our Colonel-in-Chief, that the Dukes remain in being, albeit in somewhat reduced numbers.

People have said farewell to Brigadier Dick on several occasions in recent months, but it is important to record that on 4 June, with the 1st Battalion in Hounslow, he was complimented and thanked, both privately at the meeting of the Regimental Council and publicly at the Officers' Dinner, for his sterling work as our Colonel, supported, as he always has been, by Jilly. Aspiring public speakers may like to be aware that the Colonel-in-Chief spoke on the latter occasion succinctly and movingly without a single note.

We hope that on 4 June it also became clear to Major General Evelyn Webb-Carter, who was our guest, that we welcome him warmly as our Colonel. It is certainly clear to us that, as a distinguished senior serving officer, a son of an equally distinguished Duke and as an enthusiastic historian, he has much to bring to the Regiment.

The speeches on 4 June reminded us that, amongst the other achievements of the 1st Battalion, its rugby team had reached the final of the Army Cup; the first time for a number of years. This must be marked as a major achievement, given the Battalion's many and widespread other commitments. A measure of the importance of such success is the queue of young officers at Sandhurst at present hoping to join the Regiment, whose CVs make prominent reference to rugby.

In his final speech as Colonel Brigadier Dick paid affectionate tribute to the Regiment's soldiers, mostly Yorkshiremen, regular and territorial alike, who go on to become highly competent corporals and singularly stalwart sergeants, many moving on to warrant and commissioned rank. It is they, together with the officers, who form the Dukes of today. This publication, the Iron Duke, is their journal. Add in the Dukes of yesterday, including our National Servicemen, many of whom attend our functions and, moreover, subscribe generously to our occasional appeals for funds and it becomes the journal of all Dukes. Read on.

Regimental Headquarters

Regimental Notes

HONOURS AND AWARDS

We are pleased to record the following awards which were made in The Queen's Birthday Honours:

CBE to Colonel David Wonson, who joined the Dukes from the York and Lancaster Regiment in 1969 and transferred to the Royal Military Police in 1978.

OBE to Lieutenant Colonel Tim Isles as Deputy Head of the OSCE Mission in Albania.

We send them both our warm congratulations. We will quite understand if General Donald and Sheila Isles feel a warm glow of satisfaction at the news; and the Colonel-in-Chief and the Duchess too, for that matter, as their son, the Marquess of Douro, was also awarded the OBE, for services to British-Spanish trade relations.

PROMOTION

We send our warm congratulations to Colonel Andrew Meek on his selection for promotion to Brigadier and on his appointment to command 49 Infantry Brigade, an appointment which was held in the Eighties by Brigadier John Greenway and in the Nineties by Brigadier Johnny Walker.

OFFICERS' DINNER

The annual dinner of the Regimental Officers' Dinner Club was held in the Officers' Mess of the 1st Battalion, Cavalry Barracks, Hounslow, on Friday 4 June 1999. 115 officers attended, the Colonel-in-Chief presided and our Colonel-designate, Major General E. J. Webb-Carter, was the guest.

During the Dinner, the Colonel-in-Chief presented to Brigadier Dick Mundell, who was making his last formal appearance as Colonel, a silver statuette of a Dukes soldier in Northern Ireland, which had been purchased from donations received from across the Regimental family.

PRESENTATION OF VICTORIA CROSS TO THE REGIMENT

The members of the family of Arthur Poulter VC have very generously decided to present his medal to the Regiment, to be housed in the Regimental Museum at Bankfield in Halifax. On Friday 11 June 1999 the Colonel formally accepted the Victoria Cross on behalf of the Regiment. A formal unveiling will take place in the Museum on Saturday 11 September 1999.



Commanding Officers of the 1st Battalion - Past, Present and Designate, Hounslow, Friday 4 June 1999.

Left to right: A. D. Meek (1989-92), N. G. Borwell (designate), M. R. N. Bray (1977-79), S. C. Newton (1997-99), W. R. Mundell (1979-82), The Colonel-in-Chief, N. St. J. Hall (1994-97), D. E. Isles (1965-67), D. M. Santa-Olalla (1992-94), C. R. Huxtable (1970-72), D. W. Shuttleworth (1967-70), C. R. Cumberlege (1982-84), P. A. Mitchell (1972-75), J. B. K. Greenway (1975-77), E. J. W. Walker (1984-87).

DEPUTY HONORARY COLONELS

The Regiment is delighted that Mr Charles Dent and Colonel Julian Fox have agreed to become Deputy

Honorary Colonels for our two Territorial companies. Further details are given on page 71.

As at 16 June 1999, in addition to the names published in our last edition, the following have subscribed to The Friends of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment Fund:

N. G. Borwell	G. A. Kilburn	J. H. Purcell
J. R. Bryden	S. H. Kirk	M. Ralph
R. N. Chadwick	C. S. T. Lehmann	D. I. Richardson
A. H. S. Drake	A. J. M. Liddle	M. Robinson
B. J. T. Faithfull	J. C. Mayo	M. S. Sherlock
G. Fickling	L. R. McCormick	G. D. Shuttleworth
P. R. Fox	S. F. McDonald	K. D. Smith
A. S. Garner	A. D. Meek	M. Smith
J. A. Glossop	H. M. P. Miles	R. Sugden
E. M. Goodman-Smith	S. J. N. Morgan	B. W. Sykes
N. St. J. Hall	S. C. Newton	B. J. Thomas
R. J. Hall	M. D. Norman	J. E. Townhill
R. C. Holroyd	R. C. O'Connor	J. A. Wilkinson
S. L. Humphris	R. J. Palfrey	P. J. Wilson
T. J. Isles	D. Peckover	N. M. B. Wood
A. L. Jackson	R. M. Pierce	S. C. Wood

In addition, all regular Senior NCOs and full Corporals are subscribing through their respective Messes. The total sum subscribed or promised now stands at £90,000.



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Freedom Parade through Halifax, 15 May 1999.

**The Ceremonial Adjutant (Captain Bryden), Colour Party and SNCOs prepare for the inspection.
WO2 Birkett and Sergeant Harrison in the right foreground.**



The Mayor inspects the parade. Private Gibson and Corporal Foster in the foreground.

1st Battalion

Commanding Officer's Introduction

It is Waterloo Day, the Battalion are away on leave prior to going on exercise in Canada and our new Colonel of the Regiment has just telephoned to make sure that I am still at work! With our latest stint of Public Duties behind us and with this summer given over to a much-needed period of military training, the light at the end of the London tour is at last in sight. Since writing my last introduction to the 1st Battalion's notes, we have once more been extremely busy. Corunna continue to do a marvellous job in Northern Ireland, supporting the Royal Scots, and the Milan platoon have also just deployed to the province for six months in support of the Grenadier Guards. Alma have run a very successful three-week Cadet Leadership Camp for Land Command up in Nesscliffe, whilst the remainder of the Battalion have undertaken a very intensive period of Public Duties here in London. As part of our ever-present recruiting campaign we did a four-week KAPE tour in West and South Yorkshire and, on 15 May the Battalion exercised the Regiment's Freedom Rights through Halifax and Huddersfield. For this parade the emphasis was on the regular element of the Regiment with two company guards dressed in ceremonial uniform, to show our current role, whilst the other two guards wore full combat dress, complete with helmets and bergens, to remind people that we are first and foremost combat soldiers! This part of the parade was also followed by a Warrior armoured fighting vehicle to publicise our next role in Germany.

On the sporting scene, the Battalion's footballers had a successful season getting through to the quarter finals of both the Army and Infantry competitions. Privates Johanson and Hannon both boxed for the Army and Combined Services, whilst a sailing expedition under the watchful eye of Captain Bryden is at sea as I write. The rugby season has been a huge success, despite our failure to win a major title this time. The Army Cup final at Aldershot on 13 May was an amazing day, with a regimental turnout rarely seen in modern times. Alas, we are still not quite ready to take back the cup, however we are now firmly back on the rugby scene and patience will bring victory. (Having won the Infantry Sevens at Warminster in late April, we were again beaten by 7 RHA in the Army Sevens final at Aldershot one week after losing the Army Cup to them!)

This will be my last contribution to the Iron Duke as Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion, as I hand over to Lieutenant Colonel Nick Borwell on 17 September this year, whilst the Battalion will shortly move on to a proper warfighting role in Germany and the London tour will quickly become a thing of the past. The manner in which our soldiers and their families have coped with the extraordinary role here in London has never ceased to amaze me, whilst also giving me great pride. The Battalion remains strong in heart and will always remain so for as long as our wonderful Yorkshire soldiers are in it.

PUBLIC DUTIES (A DRILL SERGEANT'S POINT OF VIEW)

"Drill Sergeant can we?" ... "Yes sir." ... "Drill Sergeant should we?" ... "Of course sir." ... "Drill Sergeant I need" ... "Right sir."

Just some of the terminology that you as a Drill Sergeant of the 1st Battalion must get used to. It's now some sixteen months since the Battalion started its role in London District doing public duties and in all honesty it seems to have passed in the blink of an eye. The officers, NCOs and soldiers have risen to the challenge of Ceremonial Duties in a way that can only be described as outstanding. A Queen's Guard Mount is now written into a company training programme just as a Company Commander would write in a BFT or APWT.

There are obviously many different aspects of drill that the men are rapidly made aware of, such as the different formats of the parades they take part in, and the Battalion has now done everything from a Queen's Guard at Buckingham Palace, to a Windsor Guard in the Quadrangle at Windsor Castle, right down to street lining for the State Opening of Parliament. For the latter virtually the whole Battalion was on parade, even the two RQMSs had to don their No.1 dress once again. The officers and men have come to accept that before they go anywhere near the forecourt at either Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle they must do at

least three days' drill, to remind and revise the guard on the sequence of events. On the final day the Commanding Officer and Regimental Sergeant Major watch the final rehearsal. This usually isn't a problem, as a majority of officers and men have done the mounts many times before, however, like in any other role, there is always the turn around factor of fresh new "DNA" as they are now known; whether it be people who have been posted back to the Regiment, or new officers from Sandhurst, or new recruits from the ATRs. As a Drill Sergeant you get to know individuals within the guard very well, so when a new face appears, it is usually very easy to spot. It does not matter if he's an officer, NCO or private soldier, he will be nervous and have the look of "I don't really know what's happening here" written right across his face. So it is then down to the Drill Sergeant and the CSM of the respective guards to reassure the individuals and if necessary spend a few hours out of school teaching the various intricacies of the mount. It works, we have never been let down yet.

When the Battalion comes off the blue line (ceremonial duties) you don't stop being a Drill Sergeant. The Commanding Officer pointed out to me that London District needed a Drill Sergeant to teach Officer Cadets at the Sheikh Isa College. Sword, foot



The Buckingham Palace Detachment under Captain Charlesworth.



Mr Hinchliffe, the Ensign, carries the Queen's Colour escorted by the St James' Palace Detachment.

and rifle drill for two months, there would also be some tactics and fieldcraft as well. "Not a problem Colonel, but where is the Sheikh Isa College?" "Bahrain!"

So it was best boots and kit packed along with pace-stick and pamphlets and out to the Middle East to the Sheikh Isa College, Bahrain's equivalent to Sandhurst, to teach the officer cadets the finer points of the British Army Drill Manual, and some tactics.

On returning to the UK I am welcomed by the sight of a new Drill Sergeant to work alongside, WO2 Carl Murten, freshly posted back to the battalion from 3 DWR. WO2 Ness has now moved on and taken over Burma Company as CSM. But now I have a nervous-looking individual who has a mountain of formats, orders and parades to learn.

WO2 Murten went about this task exceptionally well and didn't let up until he had learnt the various parades and mounts inside out. He even volunteered

to do a Queen's Guard Mount as the Senior Sergeant so that he could get the feel for the occasion from that point of view. Having been in the job now six months, he has got quite a few Queen's and Windsor Mounts and even a Guard of Honour at MOD buildings under his belt, all this in such a short space of time. This once again proves the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess can provide the right individual for the right job.

All in all, the officers, NCOs and men of the 1st Battalion have without any shadow of doubt proved that, be it on the forecourt at Buckingham Palace, the rugby field or the streets of Bosnia, no matter what, they will always be thoroughly professional, give 100%, get on with the job and rise to the occasion with style, panache and true Yorkshire grit!

WO2 M. P. Birkett,
Drill Sergeant

EXERCISE NATIVE TRAIL - THE SETTING

Burma Company has had a long association with Belize. The company was first deployed there when it was named British Honduras in August 1962, under the command of Major D. E. Isles. The company was detached from the remainder of the Battalion and completed a ten month unaccompanied tour. (It was during this tour that the company was named Burma Company). In 1981 the country achieved full independence and was renamed Belize. The company returned with the remainder of the Battalion in 1985, for a six month unaccompanied tour, and were stationed in the south of the country at Rideau Camp under the command of Major K. Best. The reluctant recognition of Belize as an independent country by Guatemala saw British troops withdrawn in 1994, after which a series of sub unit exercises called Exercise Native Trail were planned. The aims of the exercise were to continue the British presence in the country and thus provide a deterrent to Guatemala, to maintain the jungle expertise within the Army and to provide another interesting Overseas Training Exercise (OTX) location. One of the first Exercise Native Trail exercises was conducted by Burma Company in 1996, under the command of Major J. C. Bailey, therefore it was with some surprise, that Burma Company were once more warned off for a deployment to Belize to undertake the Exercise in February and March of 1999.

The company started the preparations by sending a number of section commanders and Lieutenant Richard Hall, who was to be the Chief Jungle Warfare Instructor, on the Jungle Warfare Instructors' Course in Brunei. They returned suitably sun-tanned and eager to get to grips with teaching the company how to live, survive and fight in the jungle. The pre-training included fitness, patrolling skills, signals training, how to fit drips into heat casualties and yet more fitness. The training for the company concluded with an arduous patrols exercise conducted in Sennybridge in January! Although the heat of Belize was scarcely simulated by the freezing cold of the Brecon Beacons, it was possible to replicate the heavy loads that would have to be carried and get used to working in small teams. The

company deployed to Belize in the middle of February ready for action, although a few of the younger soldiers were showing concerns with the war stories of encounters with crocodiles, snakes and spiders that some of the older soldiers were beginning to tell.

Belize is unrecognisable from when the Battalion was there in 1985. All the camps have been handed over to the Belizean Defence Force (BDF); Salamanca Camp is a jungle research station, Rideau Camp has been renamed Fairweather Camp and Holdfast Camp has been renamed Belissario Camp. Airport Camp (APC) is very much as it was, however, it is now run by the BDF. Tenants within APC are the British Army Training Support Unit Belize, more commonly known as BAT-SUB, and 25 Flight AAC. BATSUB is commanded by a Lieutenant Colonel, has a small orderly room staff, a QM's department, a LAD and a QMSI heading a small jungle warfare training team. Their mission is to provide support and assistance to the seven Native Trail exercises that are conducted each year. It was this organisation that would provide all that would be expected from a Battalion Headquarters for the seven weeks we were to be in Belize. 25 Flight AAC provide the helicopter support to the exercise in the form of two Gazelle aircraft.

On the arrival of the advance party in Belize the weather was unexpectedly very cool and wet. We were reassured that this was the end of the rainy season and it would hot up in the near future. These reassurances did not stop the urgent calls back to Hounslow for the main body to bring fleeces and Norwegian shirts for the cold nights that were being experienced in the jungle. The CQMS and his party took over all the stores and prepared for the arrival of the main body. The Jungle Warfare Instructors deployed immediately into the jungle to start preparing the first activity and the Permanent Range Team under the command of Captain Tim Mundell began to prepare the targetry required for the live firing package. The range team was to be deployed for a month into the jungle, so, in addition to targetry, the team also turned its attention to the home comforts and a number of Colour Sergeant Eric Innes'

patented “Thunderboxes” were very impressively constructed! The main body arrived without a hitch, courtesy of the RAF via Gander and Washington.

I will leave Sergeant Flitcroft to describe the detail of the training undertaken in the article which follows. Suffice to say, the company had time to acclimatise prior to deploying onto the first phase of the exercise; the Basic Jungle School. This took place in the Mayan mountains just south of the Mountain Pine Ridge in central Belize. The training area was called Guacamallo Bridge, some 30 square kilometres of jungle. However, due to the lack of support helicopters and a helicopter with a winch facility for emergency CASEVAC, the company was restricted to remaining close to designated helicopter landing sites. This was to be a continual problem throughout the exercise. The basic school was an introduction to the jungle for all the company. It was the first time that the majority of the company had slept in the jungle. Having been shown how to put up their hammocks few got any sleep that first night; this was due to the many noises that the young soldiers could hear, the previously-mentioned war stories and a very large thunder storm that drenched all but those in the most diligently constructed hammocks. We were taught how to survive in the jungle environment by making fire, constructing shelters, obtaining water and killing our own food. The slaughtering of pigs and chickens was a new experience for the majority. It provided the soldiers with many stories and opportunities to poke fun at those nominated to carry out the slaughtering. The two female clerks did not enjoy this activity! The weather was getting hotter.

The platoons were now ready to move onto the main part of the exercise; the rotational phase. Over three



Private Pearson and Private Morgan patrolling on the Intermediate Jungle School phase.

weeks the platoons participated in an Intermediate Jungle School, a jungle live firing package and an adventure training package. The Intermediate Jungle School was held in an area called Sibun Gorge some two hours south of APC. The rough terrain made it physically demanding and, in addition, everyone had to get used to sleeping in patrol harbours on a jungle floor that was constantly moving! It was during this week that the pressure was put on the junior commanders, allowing the platoon staff to assess the command and control of their junior non-commissioned officers. The weather was getting hotter!



Left to right; Privates Robinson, Moore, Wright and Smith 37 at HLS on final exercise.



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The Duke of Wellington's Regiment
(West Riding)*

The live firing week was the activity that the soldiers enjoyed most. The platoon was in a semi-permanent camp that was constructed by the Permanent Range Team. There were attaps used as a dining area and a field kitchen that provided all with fresh rations. The ranges were all conducted in the jungle. The close country was new to most and initially the confidence in weapon handling, coupled with the inability to be sure where your buddy, was proving difficult to overcome. However by the end of each package three very good platoon camp attacks were conducted in a confident and aggressive manner.

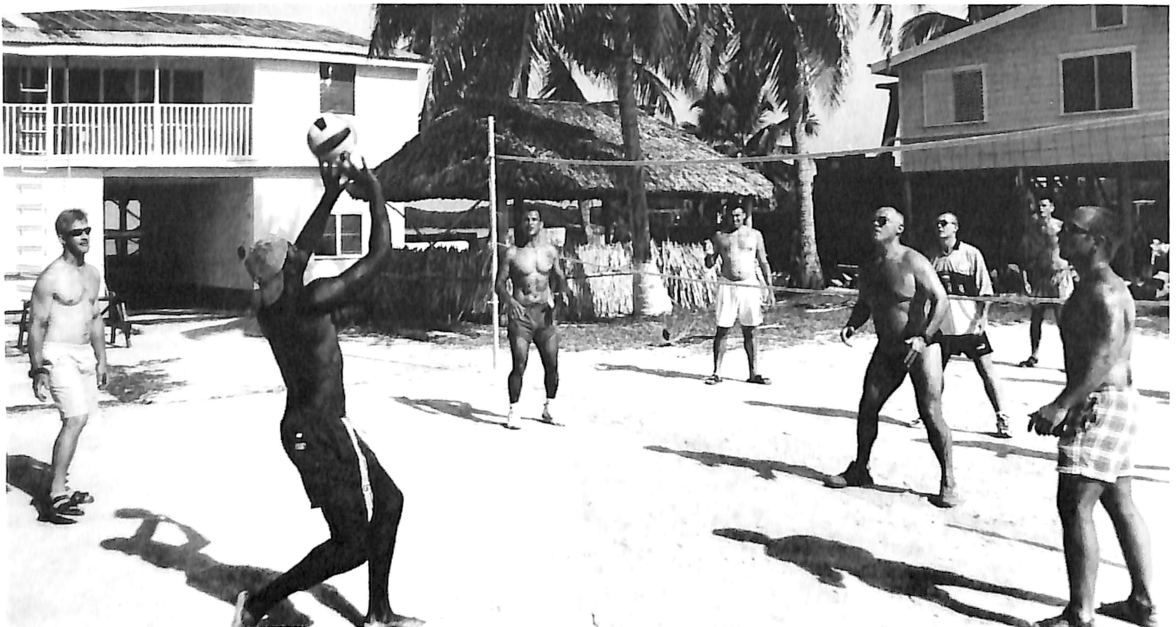
There had to be some reward for the hard work that the company were putting into the exercise and this came in the form of the adventure training package. This was conducted at the British Forces Adventure Training Centre on St George's Caye. The facility had certainly improved greatly since the last time the Battalion conducted adventure training there. A new

thirty man accommodation block has been built, new equipment has been purchased and a permanent staff of a Staff Sergeant APTC and an admin Corporal has been established. Of all the activities on offer the diving was the most popular. Over fifty soldiers gained the PADI open water diving qualification from a five day course conducted by a civilian instructor. The waters off the caye provided some spectacular sights as the students swam with Manta Rays and Nurse Sharks!

The company consolidated all that had been taught over the last three weeks during the Company Field Training Exercise. This pulled together the tactics and skills that had been taught at platoon level and integrated them into a single company operation against an enemy platoon provided by the BDF. The hard work had now been completed and all that remained was to participate in a sports day against BATSUB, hand back the equipment and take a few days of R&R.

Belize has changed over the years that the British Army has been deployed there. The lengths and natures of the deployments have also changed. Some may say that it is easier on the troops now that we fly in, exercise for a short period and fly out seven weeks later. I can sympathise with this view, however, for whatever period of time a soldier is deployed in the jungle, he has to work hard at his personal administration and individual skills. The company deployed to Belize with a large contingent of young soldiers, they worked hard and learned a lot about their own capabilities; most surprised themselves. Junior commanders were also pushed hard, having to accept responsibilities that in any other environment would be dealt with by platoon or company headquarters. The experience gained by all in the jungles of Belize has been invaluable and the company as a whole has "grown up".

Major R. N. Chadwick



The Permanent Staff at BFATC take on HQ 5 Platoon at volleyball.

EXERCISE NATIVE TRAIL - THE TRAINING

Burma Company deployed to Belize in February 1999 with 120 soldiers on Exercise "Native Trail" 2/99. The six week package consisted of four weeks of tough jungle training, including a basic jungle school, advanced jungle school, an impressive field firing week, and finally the company FTX. Also combined into the six week deployment was a week's adventure training on the Caribbean islands of St George's Caye and five days R&R.

When the company had arrived in (APC) Air Port Camp, we had three days' administration which consisted of lectures and acclimatizing to the stifling heat of our new surroundings. Then the whole company deployed for a week at a basic jungle school, situated four hours, by bus, south of APC. The basic jungle school is designed to introduce everyone into the jungle environment. The soldiers were shown how to live, survive and navigate in the jungle. After six days we came to realise that there really wasn't a snake or a tarantula waiting to sting you under every leaf or tree!!

At basic jungle school we were shown how and now, at the advance jungle school, we could put into practice section CTRs (Close Target Recces). The week consisted of the platoon setting up a harbour and the sections going out and gathering information, so that the platoon could conduct an ambush and a camp attack. One of the most difficult tasks to master is jungle navigation, which requires constant pacing and working of bearings. The section commanders and soldiers got to grips with this very quickly. With all the information gathered the platoon was able to have a successful ambush and camp attack.

The PRT (Permanent Range Team) based itself at New Maria Camp, seven kilometres south of the basic jungle school. The range staff set up some excellent ranges starting off with individual CQB's in jungle lanes, leading on to pairs, fire teams, section attack range, with the platoon, at the end of the week, going

through a testing platoon camp attack range. All the ranges were demanding and produced some outstanding performances from the soldiers.

The platoon then moved onto adventure training at St George's Caye. Where the platoon could relax for a week and try their hands at diving, windsurfing, sailing, canoeing and sea fishing, with a few beers at the Cottage Colony, the only hotel on the island in an evening.

The company FTX took place over five days in an area south of where all previous operations had taken place. The area was known as the "Blue Hole". The start of the FTX was a demanding eight kilometre insertion tab with full kit into a company harbour. The harbour area was situated around a helicopter landing site, the company "life line"! All supplies were brought in by gazelle helicopter. Numerous operations went out, mainly consisting of section CTRs, 5 Platoon conducted a thirty hour ambush operation and water was running low! 4 and 6 Platoons on the final day conducted simultaneous platoon camp attacks. The FTX had brought the best out of the individual soldiers, especially personal administration.

The following day, back in APC was the BATSUB sports day with B Company being the opposition. The company in the morning had got off to a bad start, losing the football, the basketball and the volleyball. However, in the afternoon we won the rugby match in true Dukes' fashion. The evening consisted of a barbecue, inviting BATSUB to join B Company and thank them for their support throughout the deployment on "Native Trial".

The following morning, with headaches and suntan lotion, the soldiers departed to Cancun (Mexico) and San Pedro (small island off Belize) for their R&R. Five days later they returned, with headaches and sunburn, ready to return back home.

Sergeant Flitcroft

THE IRISH DIMENSION

Three months in, R&R now running, third rotation through the towers, 1750 laps of the Bessbrook running circuit... As you are all very aware, the art of surviving a six month tour is using milestones to mark the passage of time - and time is flying. Corunna Company is currently deployed as the Bessbrook Company of the Armagh Roulement Battalion and as such is attached to the 1st Battalion the Royal Scots, who, due to undermanning, are a company understrength.

Corunna Company began Northern Ireland training with individual Search, ECM, Intelligence and driving cadres in September 1998 and, having been written out of the Guards and Duties forecast, began the in-barracks training phase in January 1999. The three-week Lydd and Hythe and STANTA package rushed us to the March 1999 deployment date and here we are at the end of May nearly half way through.

Corunna Company based at Bessbrook Mill (1 DWR's second home) provides four multiples to observation towers, two multiples to Camp Guards and

CCTV, one multiple to patrols and one multiple to JSG. Corunna Company has six DWR capbadged multiples and two Royal Scot multiples - the attached to the attached!

As ever, on a six month tour the soldiers work extremely hard, with the multiples rotating between six weeks in an observation tower and three weeks on Guards, CCTV and patrols. In addition to our every day rotation, we have also had a number of high profile visits including Princess Anne, CGS, GOC Scotland, GOC NI, Comd 3 Inf Bde, CO, RSM, QM and Padre 1 DWR. All of which went well due to the straight, no-nonsense approach of the Dukes soldiers.

Indeed, this is what the no-nonsense Duke thinks so far...

A Corporal's view

The Northern Ireland training package started as early as September '98, with courses ranging from Heli Handling to Search Team training. Then it was time to



Princess Anne's visit to Bessbrook 11 May 1999.

Left to right: Sergeant Rett (IRS attached to Corunna Company), Sergeant Coen (IRS attached to Corunna Company) and WO2 (CSM) McCabe (CSM Corunna Company).

move to Lydd and Hythe for the main training package run by the ever-watching, all-seeing NITAT. The package started with the infamous penetration and explosives demonstration on the pebble stone ranges of Lydd training camp. It was followed by a week long urban training exercise in the Rype village complex.

The first day consisted of a walk-through, talk-through round robin covering various aspects of operating within an urban environment. We then moved to Rype village and then into a routine that would resemble the life within a SF base in the province. The routine consisted of guards, the manning of sangars, QRF and of course framework patrols. During this phase, it was obvious that the in-barracks training we did was now paying off, with even the most inexperienced soldiers carrying out the correct drills and possessing the relevant skills required to operate effectively within an urban environment. However, anyone who has experienced Rype village will know that life does not always go to plan. A variety of incidents were used against us, shootings, bombings and minor aggro. Needless to say everyone worked hard and coped with all the incidents extremely well. There was no escaping the NITAT instructors, as all incidents were caught on video. The cameraman always made a point of zooming in on the multiple commander whilst he was looking at his maps and templates for inspiration. Multiples were debriefed directly after their incident. All debriefs were carried out with a sense of humour whilst still getting the point across. It was good to see that the number of incidents has now been reduced to a more realistic level. However there were still the classic incidents where the end result was a multiple commander surrounded by metres upon metres of mine tape and corpses.

The next phase of our training was the live firing package, which included a night live contact shoot. We also carried out the sangar shoots, CMV shoots and various contact shoots. On completion of this phase, we moved to Risborough camp.

The rural exercises consisted of a series of rural patrol stands, culminating in a company level exercise, which practised us in rural skills; these would be tested in the Battalion exercise later. These exercises were conducted under the watchful and ever-helpful eye of the NITAT rural instructors and in particular Captain Golding. The Battalion then moved to STANTA in Norfolk and was subsequently split up into company groups. Corunna Company was sent to Wreatham B camp, here we rotated through patrols, ARF and surveillance towers. Endex was called at the end of an arduous Cordon Op. Corunna Company gave an extremely good account of itself throughout the training package.

Leave was short but sweet. The company arrived in the Province during mid-March. It did not take long to settle into Bessbrook and take over our taskings. In general, our rotation is five weeks BBK consisting of Guard, CCTV, mortar base plate patrols and framework patrols. From BBK, our platoon then spent approximately five weeks in the Romeo towers where we carry out various surveillance tasks. We have now completed one full rotation and the work rate is extremely high, cease-fire or not!

With only approximately two months of the tour done, morale is high and a good standard of professionalism is being maintained.

A subject close to all our hearts is that of R&R with a total of six full days at home to look forward to. On return we will be almost halfway there.

Corporal Mitchell

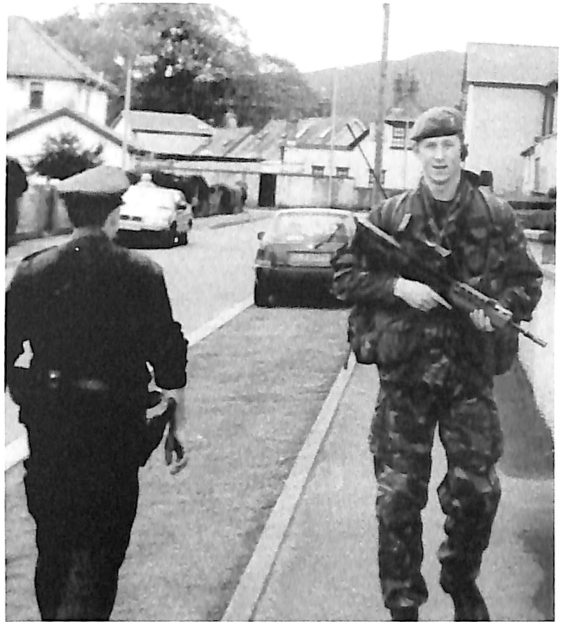
A SNCO's view

Looking back over the last two months the workload on W30B has been voluminous. The callsign has had the opportunity to work all over the ARB, in fact it could be said that there really hasn't been one specific location that we haven't been to. I am often reminded of this by the RUC as we wade through another river.

The STANTA package provided a good base to work from, but, as usual, reality rears its ugly head and methods and drills are adapted to suit a) the task, b) the callsign, and c) the commander, and how he conducts business. Needless to say the callsign now conducts very slick drills in all aspects of patrolling and VCPs, however what is undisguised is that speed is essential for success.

The JSG Det who we work for is a bunch of likely lads who have a depth of experience in NI. They are very friendly towards the callsign (in particular Lance Corporal "Nabbed" Fisher) and when on patrol conduct themselves very professionally. One benefit in working with the Det is that they let us use their gym, this has been severely abused by Lance Corporal "Good Body" Rowlands, who has apparently, he keeps telling me, gained a six pack (stand by Mortar Platoon!). We have also assisted in their cumulative training exercise "Op Maximise". This consisted of both urban and rural serials and, at one point, the lads were given the licence to leather the students on the course; of course we serve and obey! We are now two months down the line and the callsign has ONLY two months until R&R, which everyone is looking forward to. Nevertheless, until then,

like the rest of the company, it is Groundhog Day, with most days beginning with either a patrol or a tower stag.



**Lieutenant Andy Johnson displaying his liaison skills with the RUC. "OK. You go that way then"!
Bessbrook, May 1999**



W30B, Sergeant Brennan and the JSG Multiple.

But, everyone knows that there is a job to do no matter how difficult times may be, and with true Yorkshire grit we follow the traditional saying of "if it's not worth doing properly it's not worth doing at all".

Sergeant Brennan

*"Attached to the Attached" - 1 RS Multiple
Commander's view*

I have the honour of commanding a Royal Scot platoon attached to The Duke of Wellington's Company who are in turn attached to the 1st Battalion The Royal Scots (The Royal Regiment) on the current ARB tour.

An excellent rotation has resulted in a very rapid two months in South Armagh and we have experienced as much variation as is possible on such a tour having spent time in the towers, on patrol, guarding the mill at Bessbrook and studiously monitoring the CCTV screens. There have been one or two stags thrown in as well.

I have had the privilege of having had between two and four Duke soldiers attached to me throughout the first two months of the tour and they have been nothing but an asset, working hard in all departments including the most important one, that of learning a new language.

Indeed they have put many hours into picking up some of the slang used by the modern day "jock" and we can only hope that if they take nothing else away from the experience of working with us they at least take away a few of our more colloquial expressions.

The high point of the tour so far has undoubtedly been the conclusion to the Five Nations Rugby. Passions were raised high throughout the weekend and after the exceptional performance of the Scots in Paris it was left to the English to secure the Grand Slam at Wembley against the Welsh. It all looked good until the last minute when hearts were broken from the lower ranks of Corunna Company all the way to the top. I regret to report that the Scottish members of the company could not hold back their excitement and Lance Corporal Russell's immediate remarks to a truly distraught OC, Major Norman, were almost enough to ensure that he staged on for the remainder of the tour. This has however been the only hiccup in the command relationship that it is clear that both Duke and Jock are enjoying. We can now only hope that the remainder of the tour goes as smoothly as the first half.

Lieutenant Morrison IRS

5th LAND COMMAND CADET LEADERSHIP COURSE

From late March to mid April the Battalion ran the Cadet Leadership Course at Nesscliffe, Shropshire. This course was run for cadets from the Army Cadet Force, the Combined Cadet Force, the Sea Cadets Corps and the Air Training Corps. Cadets were aged between 15½ and 18 years.

Based on Alma Company, with large slices of Somme, and help from 202 Field Hospital, and Birmingham University Officer Training Corps, over 160 personnel were involved. The aim of the course was to develop cadets' powers of leadership, and used military skills as the tool to do this. Two courses were run, each of nine days, and each had 120 cadets, of which 20 or so were female. Sadly, there was not a single Duke capbadged cadet on either course. Nonetheless the Regiment made a large impression on 240 cadets from all parts of the country.

Four days of rehearsals soon swept past. These were ably co-ordinated by Lieutenant Cowell, 2nd Lieutenant Payne and WO2 Merton. Much imagination, humour and professionalism were put into each demonstration, exercise and competition. The first cadets arrived on Friday 26 March at Shrewsbury Station with much trepidation. They were quickly administered and placed in their platoons and sections. As dawn rose on the Saturday they were faced with early morning PT under the keen, torturer's eye of the Battalion's PTI, Sergeant Douglas. This set the tone for the course. The cadets undertook lessons in basic fieldcraft and map reading, over the next few days; all lessons taken by JNCOs from 1 DWR. The inter-section competition ran throughout the week. All sections completed a short but hard log race, orienteering, the assault course, a night navex, competition shooting and command tasks. Throughout, the cadets put in fantastic effort. All were

well motivated, and the competition added a good edge to the course.

The course built up into a final 36 hour exercise. During this the cadets deployed into a patrol harbour from where they launched recce patrols. On the basis of these they put in an ambush on enemy patrols, and then a platoon deliberate attack on an enemy patrol base. Finishing on a high, the cadets withdrew to camp for post exercise administration and preparation for departure, whilst 1 DWR prepared for another group of cadets.

Throughout the course all ranks were certainly working exceptionally hard. As a result much effort was placed on ensuring that everyone made the most of what little time off they had: Shrewsbury and Oswestry being the main haunts.

The second course arrived on the afternoon of 3 April, with the first course going that morning. There were two major visit days, each on the fifth day of each course. Visitors included Regional Brigade Commanders, Cadet County Commandants, Executive Officers and CCF Contingent Commanders. All visitors received a briefing from Major Adams, the Chief Instructor, then saw the assault course competition and had ample opportunity to talk to the cadets throughout the day. The final part of the visit was watching the cadets insert and spring an ambush.

Throughout the course all cadets had opportunities to command and lead their section and/or platoon, be it on exercise, or as duty student. Throughout they were under great pressure from time, loss of sleep and unfamiliar surroundings. Most coped admirably, but in varying degrees of competence. Each course had a best student and a most improved student. Course One's best student was male, but the other three prizes went to very competent females. Generally the girls stood out

because of determination and intelligence, but also because there were so few of them.

Finally, we said goodbye to the cadets from Course Two on 11 April, and spent two days stockpiling Land Command Pool stores and handing over Nesscliffe Camp. The support from 143 (West Midlands) Brigade and the staff at Nesscliffe Camp was excellent. Not only timely, but also based on much experience.

For most DWR soldiers this was the first experience of cadets. Over 80% of the cadets were service

candidates, and therefore were fully motivated. This kept our soldiers on their toes, ensured that all presentations, exercises etc were planned exhaustively and presented professionally. This course, once set up, was simple to run, but much planning was required to ensure that this was so. It was a joy to host the future generation of the British Army, yet a shame not to see any capbadged Dukes.

Major A. J. Adams

EXERCISE SARUM CANTER

In preparation for the forthcoming exercise to Canada in July/August the Quartermaster thought it prudent to do some prior build-up training. The idea of the Quartermaster's department deploying on exercise for a 72-hour period on the surface seems quite a simple and easy procedure. To say the exercise grew arms and legs can only be described as an understatement and the build-up and preparation prior to the exercise was as challenging as any deployment since the Spanish Armada was assembled.

The whole department were to deploy with all the logistics to sustain the Battalion for a protracted conventional operation. Included were some seventeen vehicles of various assortments, crammed with the multitude of logistics and munitions you would find in a light role battalion. Build-up training took place for some six weeks before the deployment by way of weekly instructional modules which, for some, was a whole new enlightening experience and for others, a blast from the past.

Memories of how to encrypt or decrypt a Batco radio message, or how to set up and communicate on a HF radio have, for some, been an impossible task. However the enthusiasm of the department brought back the will to assimilate the necessary skills and drills so as not to be embarrassed in front of the whole department. Indeed it was rumoured that some individuals spent time 'behind closed doors' doing a quick pre-pre cadre. A list of those individuals who considered it appropriate to do a little extra mural activity can be found by glancing at the results file in the office.

The exercise was split into two phases, the first of teaching the procedures for siting and deployment of A2 Echelon and the routine and layout. Phase two was a testing exercise encompassing all the lessons of phase one and including an Echelon move, convoy drills on a long road move and a forward replenishment of A1 Echelon at night. Other activities included a demanding night navex and a series of low level tactics lessons taught by the corporals of the department.

Some of the hidden achievements of the exercise included:

- a. Rough terrain rally time trials.
- b. White knuckle rides experience in rough terrain rally vehicles.
- c. Getting geographically disorientated whilst positioning night navex check points during daylight.

d. Scoring a JNCO for erecting his cam net around his 8 ton DAF ammunition truck, insisting he spends the next hour putting it the right way around. Later the Warrant Officer being told by an instructor from STANNOC that it does not matter which way the cam net goes.

e. 8 ton truck dodgems fun fare.

f. 'I will say it was my fault you left your rifle at the last check point.'

g. Both driver and front passenger decided to embark on a white knuckle ride in a Wolf Landrover at night. When the driver turned the lights out, but inadvertently took his hand away from the light switch, he found it "quite exhilarating finding the switch to re-ignite the main beam. "Words from the passenger quote "seconds became minutes driving down a dirt track at 'unspecified' mph, with night vision completely ruined."

Anyway, enough of the light-hearted moments that we can now reflect on and back to the more constructive issues of the 72 hour exercise. It took place on Salisbury Plain training area and the weather was kind throughout. The first phase proved to be particularly beneficial for all and incorporated both revision and teaching in the many disciplines within a busy A2 Echelon. The exercise closed after a substantial tactical period of: sentries out, stand to, prepare to move, halt who goes there, and an A1 replenishment phase. The final part of the tactical exercise was the incursion of a thirty strong team of students and instructors of the STANNOC course. The team descended onto the Echelon position to examine its siting, construction, and concealment as a practical testing medium for both students and Quartermaster's department alike. The debrief given by the STANNOC course was particularly useful from both perspectives and very much a worthwhile exercise.

In summary, the exercise was a success with many lessons learned. The department will now be able to concentrate most of its efforts on providing a logistics service to its customers, without having to look 'inwards' when deployed on exercise during Pond Jump West this summer in Canada.

Captain R. M. Pierce
Quartermaster

DUKES' RUGBY

The end of the 1998/99 season and the build-up to the Army Cup final saw the Dukes collect their first silverware for a number of years, winning the first Infantry Sevens competition and the London District Sevens (adding to the London District XV's cup). The Infantry Sevens tournament was the most testing of the two, running over a two day period and culminating in a Dukes v 1RWF final and a 35-0 victory. Throughout the two days the Dukes conceded only two tries, our overall success relying heavily on excellent defence. We now have our name engraved first on another cup.

Apart from Sevens, the main build up games prior to the final were against strong Rosslyn Park and Newbury 1st/2nd XV's and a Barkers Butt 1st XV. Narrowly losing to both Park and Newbury proved we could compete with strong 3rd Division sides. Our scrummaging was tight and against 'Park' our pack rucked with the same high standards and tenacity. We were also beginning to play a more expansive game, proving we were more than just a twelve man side. The most encouraging aspect of our game, however, was the team's defence which was beginning to gel into a wall of white shirts.

Returning from Easter leave, the team had a period of two and a half weeks before the Cup Final, at the beginning of which we played Barkets Butts. The Coventry-based side was not of the same standard as Park and Newbury and our performance was by no means convincing, despite a 76-0 victory. The team was left with a lot of work to do before the final and a limited time in which the whole side could train together. Due to the work commitments of a number of players on career courses, the pack had to use evenings

and a weekend session in order to hit enough scrums and lineouts prior to the final.

Aldershot Military Stadium, 13 May 1999; our first Army Cup Final for nine years, a grand reunion for past and present Dukes and their families and the culmination of an extremely committed rugby season by the entire Battalion, as well as the team itself. All but three of the squad had never experienced a Dukes' Cup Final and the whole day confirmed, if there was any confusion, how central rugby is to the Regiment's identity.

The match itself was a close, hard-fought battle with a tension and intensity equal to the game's importance for the Regiment. An Army Cup Final is a unique match, creating a passion and fire not previously experienced by the majority of the youthful Dukes' XV. This was shown clearly in the first half hour of the game when we played some fantastic rugby, with the driving forwards creating enough space outside for the three-quarters to run in two tries. However, as you already know, victory was to evade us, as 7 RHA clawed a try back just before half-time and scored a further 13 points with the wind behind them in the second half, finishing 20-15 victors.

In-depth match analysis has been made by all those who played, watched and even heard about the game. Views all seem to be along the same lines and highlight the loss of two of our critical players and the steady composure of 7 RHA sticking to their gameplan. The "what ifs" will slowly fade away and hopefully all will remember a great game and the outstanding achievement of the team in reaching the final and playing some exhilarating rugby.



Army Rugby Final vs 7 RHA, Aldershot Stadium, 13 May 1999.



1 DWR 1st XV squad Army Final, 13 May 1999.

Back row, left to right: Cpl Peacock, Lt Maude, Maj Pinder, 2Lt Payne, Capt Harford, Lt Smith, Capt Richardson, LCpl Camplin, Capt Kirk, CSgt Davidson, LCpl Nettleton, LCpl Lambert.

Front row, left to right: 2Lt Bibby, Capt Cowell, Cpl Foster, LCpl Lockwood, Lt McCormick, Sgt Douglas, Capt Graham, Lt Palmer, 2Lt Kennedy, Lt Hinchliffe.

Six days later, with disappointment still hanging over the Battalion, the Dukes entered a depleted squad into the Army Sevens Competition. We were determined to enjoy ourselves and had no expectations as to how far we would progress. However, the squad soon realised we had had enough strength in depth for this weakened side to make the final. Eventually, after a nail biting 12-10 semi-final win over a Fijian-dominated ITC Catterick side, feelings of déjà vu crept into our minds. 1 DWR and 7 RHA found themselves head to head in the same stadium less than a week later!

The twenty minutes of the final were played in a freak torrential downpour which tested the best handling skills of both sides, creating a tight game which finally went against us by three tries to one. What would have happened if we had had our full squad? Who knows? However, we can be sure that it was another fine achievement and another bitter disappointment; the hallmarks that have characterised the 1998/99 season.

Lieutenant M. C. A. Palmer

REGIMENTAL SIGNAL SENIORS - RSS

A brief history

The RSS is a relatively new course designed for the Signals world. It was designed along with RSJ to replace the old RSI/RSDC courses, previously qualifying courses.

Like all Signal courses, it is run at ITC Warminster and it gives the individuals who attend and pass the course the qualification for promotion to Sergeant and above. The only step after that is the Regimental Signals Officers' Course, again held once a year to qualify for promotion to WO2. Having arrived on day one as a local Sergeant, but finding that you've been accommodated in the Officers' Mess accommodation, is a bit of a let down, especially as you live in one part of the camp and then have to travel the length of the camp just to eat in the Sergeants' Mess.

Having turned up for the first lesson, we were asked out of curiosity how many people had either passed a RSJ or the old RSDC course. When it turned out that 27 of the 30 students on the course had completed the old RSDC course, we were asked why we were here, as this was for RSJ students. It turned out that what was going to be taught on the RSS was for the benefit of RSJ personnel as RSDC students we had already covered the course subjects. As we progressed through the course it became apparent that not all Regiments and the Signals Wing had the same working ways when it came to CP set-ups and had different methods of using and controlling their respective assets.

The course itself lasted for four weeks and was mainly for teaching purposes, held either within ITC Warminster or out on Salisbury Plain. In camp we went through the various installations that can be found in

vehicles, the theory and practicability of Signal Orders. Having been through the orders process we then had the task of going through scenarios of equipment allocation for certain formations and the use of certain equipment, like the deployment of Rebro sites and their security. Throughout the course we also covered accounting procedures; like Crypto, its uses and how to control it; MT accounting and the various forms that deal with it, i.e. work tickets, fleet management and what forms to be used when vehicles are to be sent to places like ABRO.

The practical side of the course consisted of individual days when we were let loose with Landrovers around the Plain and surrounding areas, trying out certain radios and the capability over certain distances and with different types of antenna attached.

Having written our own exercises, either indoor or outdoor, we then went and put all this work into scenarios on the final exercise. It consisted of six phases over a three day period. Each phase consisted of the usual detachments normally found in the Signals Platoon, i.e. CV, Company, Rebro and Step-up to mention a few.

The course criteria cover a wide spectrum, ranging from the principles of war across to controlling and managing the signals requirement for a battle group. Overall the course is very taxing on the old brain matter, with having to write exercises, orders, estimates, which in the Signals world could cover scenario after scenario. The course in itself is very demanding mentally, having to come up with solutions each time the battle changes and the control of manpower and resources. Computers have been introduced into all Signal courses as part of the new Bowman System, which, when it comes into service, will be digital, consisting of computer terminals combined with GPS. It will give Commanders the capability to monitor the battlefield more effectively.

Overall, it is a very worthwhile course if you are interested in Signals as it gives the individual qualifications which can be used when you move into civilian life at NVQ level 3.

Compared to other courses such as Brecon, I believe it can give the individual a much better chance of gaining a qualification which can be recognised in the civilian sector. Brecon only teaches how to organise a bank robbery, as there's not much call these days for section or platoon attacks in an office block!

Corporal A. Spink, Signals Platoon

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The Dukes' Territorials

Commanding Officer's Introduction

The East and West Riding Regiment

This article is being written on 1 July 1999 the day the East and West Riding Regiment formally comes into being. The five companies which form the Regiment including the DWR companies, Ypres from West Yorkshire and Fontenay from South Yorkshire, have been working together since April, but have only formally come together today. The cohesion of the Regiment has been much helped by a recent annual camp in Cyprus for a total of 439 all ranks. The new Regiment is comprised mainly of Yorkshire folk and although there are some differences the culture is much the same. A small story to demonstrate this; I walked into the cook house in Cyprus where a male Sergeant was involved in gentle banter with the four female chefs behind the hot plate, "Sexual discrimination?" I asked. "Yes Sir", one of the female chefs replied, "we're giving him plenty".

We have come through a period of considerable turbulence and there is still much more work to do, but the successor Regiment to 3 DWR is well ahead of many of the other new TA Regiments and the Dukes TA goes forward in good order.

DEPUTY HONORARY COLONELS

The Charter for the new East and West Riding Regiment makes provision for the appointment of an Honorary Colonel, the role which has been carried out for 3 DWR by General Sir Michael Walker. However, the Honorary Colonel for the new Regiment has not yet been appointed. Meanwhile, as the Charter also permits the appointment of a Deputy Honorary Colonel for each company, the Dukes are delighted that Mr Charles Dent has agreed to take on the appointment for Ypres (DWR) Company and Colonel Julian Fox has agreed to do so for Fontenay (DWR) Company.

Mr Charles Dent, FRICS, is Managing Director of Timothy Taylor & Co, the company which runs Knowle Spring Brewery in Keighley. He is modest about his military experience, during which he attained the rank of Sergeant in the Eton College CCF, with experience of camps in Norway and Scotland. His birth and early schooling were in Yorkshire and, following Estate

Management training at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, and practical experience in the Seventies with Savills in London, he opened a Savills office in York in 1980. He covered general rural practice and specialised in moorland management. The same year, he became a non-executive director of Timothy Taylor & Co, his wife's family's business.

In 1992, Charles Dent left Savills to become a full-time executive director of Timothy Taylor & Co and assist his father in law. In 1995, following the latter's retirement, he became sole Managing Director. His other interests, which centre around farming and the countryside, include field sports, bird watching and wildlife. He and his wife Anne have a son aged 18 and a daughter aged 15.

In November 1998 he led the party from Timothy Taylors which attended the unveiling of the memorial to Private Arthur Poulter VC at Erquinghem-Lys and he is much looking forward to forming a close association with Ypres Company.

Colonel Julian Fox, TD, DL, enrolled with the Territorial Army in Bristol in 1969 and was commissioned in June 1971. He came to Yorkshire in 1979 and joined D Company 1 Yorks, based at Endcliffe Hall in Sheffield. By the time 4 Yorks was formed, he was in command of the company around which it was based. He succeeded Tim Isles as the Commanding Officer of the new Battalion until its merger with 3 Yorks in 1992, and commanded the even newer 3/4 Yorks until they, in turn, became 3 DWR in 1993.

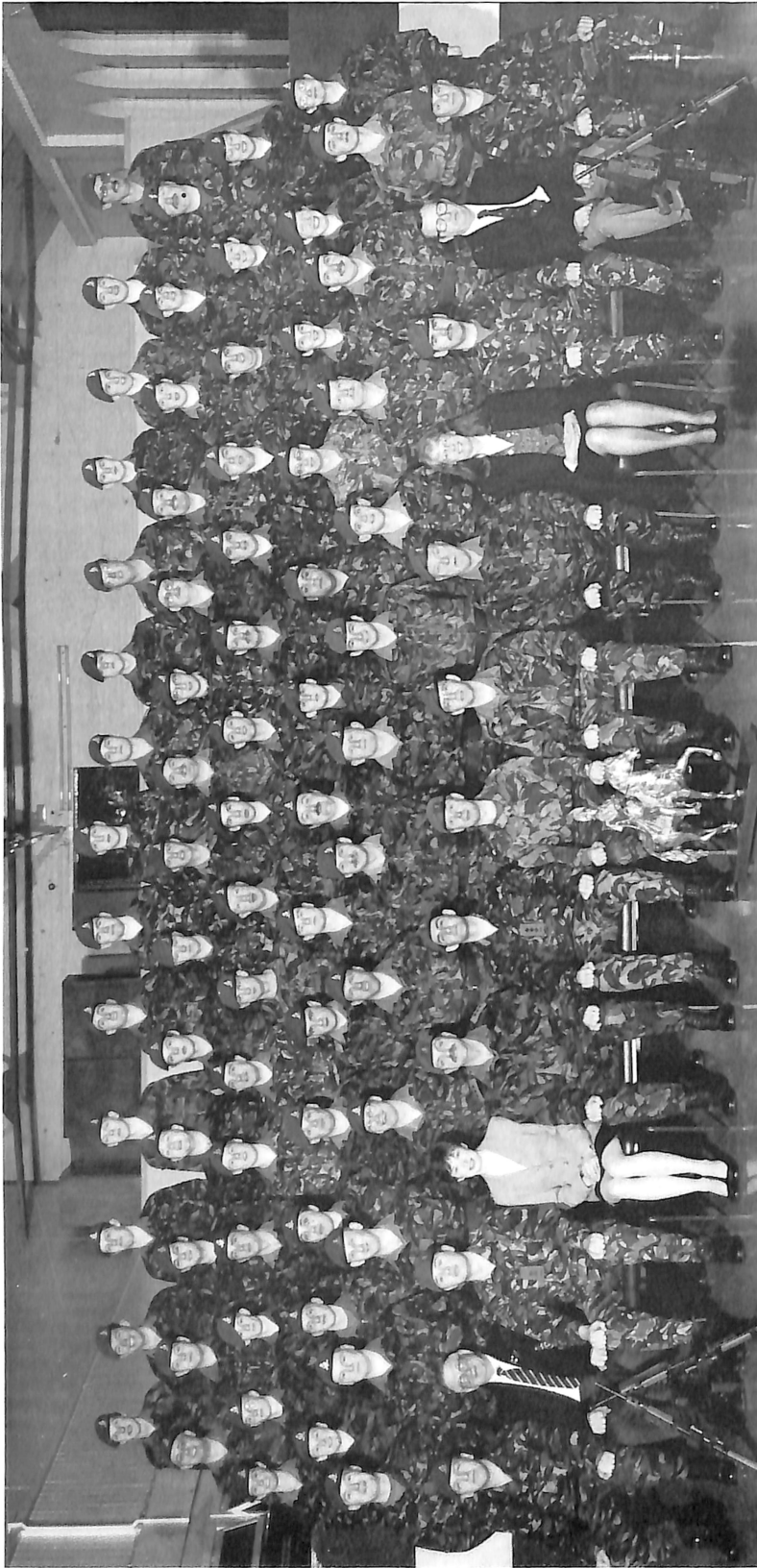
Following a three-year posting as Deputy Commander of 15 (North East) Brigade in York, Colonel Julian retired from the TA after 28 years or so, to give more time to his other commitments, including the need to earn a living. He lives in Sheffield with his wife, Debbie, and young daughter, and in civilian life is a solicitor with the Probation Service. Amongst his non-military interests he includes travel, climbing and enjoying good wine. He is looking forward to getting back into uniform occasionally with Fontenay Company, but worries that his lightweight trousers may no longer fit!

FINAL PARADE - B COMPANY 3 DWR

When I took command of B Company over three years ago, I never envisaged that I would go down in history as the last officer to command a TA unit in Halifax.

The closure of the Drill Hall marks the end of a long and bustling regimental history with the Territorial Army in Halifax. The Victorian Gothic building was officially opened on 18 January 1870 at the cost of £5,000. Whilst thousands of soldiers have passed through the doors of the building, very little has changed inside since the day of the official opening.

Whilst many of the current serving soldiers had already started to parade with C Company in Huddersfield, it was decided that everyone, including the Keighley Detachment, would have a final training night in Halifax on Tuesday evening 30 March. I had already decided that the evening would be utilized as a presentation night, with five soldiers being presented with their Territorial Army Efficiency Medals (TEMs). Colour Sergeant David Bentley, Sergeant Tim Heron, Sergeant Neil Holmes, Corporal Ian Tams, Corporal Mick Ackroyd and Lance Corporal Mark Thorpe are all



B Company 3 DWR, Halifax, February 1999

Back row (left to right): Pte Salt, LCpl Smith, Ptes Scholes, Bradwell, Pryor, LCpl Hales, Ptes Jones, Sugden, King, Bull, Lord, LCpl Smirthwaite, Pte Watkinson.

5th row: LCpl Hall, Ptes Edgar, Smith, Long, Astley, LCpl Matthews, Pte Holdsworth, LCpls Nightingale, Jickells, Thorpe, Cpl Minnock, Pte Williams, Mr Hales, Cfn Pears.

4th row: LCpl Taylor, Ptes Lythe, Short, Newsome, Hastings, Cook (I), Cook (K), Harrison, Pallister, Barker, Cpl Bolton, Ptes Brook, Mathieson, Parkinson, LCpl Jubb, Pte Hales.

3rd row: Sgt Beaumont, LCpl Midgley, Pte Oliver, LCpls Fleming, Nixon, Pte Metcalf, Cpls Ackroyd, Clarke, Graham, Ptes Stafford, Noble, Smith, Roddis.

2nd row: Cpls Murphy, Tams, OCdt Hetherington, Sgts Shaw, Heron, CSgts Bentley, Whiteley, Sgts Lynch, Brunton, Cpls Ramsden, Houlihan, Hudson.
Front row: CSgt Bottomley, Mr Gaukroger, Lt Hunt, Mrs Browes, Capt Wallace BEM, Capt Hunter, Major Greenside, WO2 Hinchcliffe, CSgt Stamiland, Mrs Bamford, Sgt Roberts, Mr Deaville, CSgt Ward.

more than worthy recipients of the award. In addition, presentations were made to four members of the Permanent Staff team as a thank you for all their hard work and dedication to the company throughout the years. They are Colour Sergeant Bill Staniland (CQMS NRPS), Mr George Deaville (storeman), Mr Philip Whitehead (vehicle fitter) and Mr Roger Gaukroger (caretaker). Until the citations were read out I was unaware that Mr Roger Gaukroger had 47 years of unbroken service with the Regiment. Some 80 soldiers attended the evening with a number of invited guests, namely family of the recipients. Whilst the evening was a great success, it was also a very sad occasion.

Throughout the closing down period all ranks have responded to the situation with great professionalism. Whilst a large number of soldiers have been given positions with the former C Company in Huddersfield, there have been some soldiers who were displaced. However, the majority of soldiers who were displaced have found positions with Signals, REME and Medical units. These units making full use of the soldiers' infantry skills by placing them in their recruit training teams. A few soldiers opted for the choice of becoming

adult instructors with the Army Cadet Force, a role which I am sure they will fully enjoy. Sadly, there were a couple of soldiers who decided that the change was not for them and hung their boots up calling it a day.

There are no doubts that the former B Company soldiers will often recall their times spent in the Drill Hall at Halifax and they should always be proud of their roots. However, no one should sit on their laurels and continue to live in the past. The changes have taken place and everyone must now move forward with the times. A football team is never judged on what it achieved last season, but on what it is doing now and what it will do in the future. New horizons can never be reached if we keep our sights fixed firmly on the shore that we are trying to move away from.

For myself the last three or so years have been very demanding, but they have been the most enjoyable and fulfilling of my time with the TA. I am extremely proud of all the personnel who have been under my command. I am also very thankful for all the hard work, dedication and commitment that they have given. I wish them all the very best for the future.

Major A. J. Greenside

PRESENTATION OF THE ARNOLD LOOSEMORE MEMORIAL - OLD BOY HERO COMES HOME

Sergeant Arnold Loosemore, VC, DCM, of the 8th Battalion DWR was a pupil of Clifford School, Psalter Lane, Sheffield. After his death in 1924 a memorial to

him was erected in St Andrew's Church, Sharrow, and remained there until the church was condemned last year. The Royal British Legion then contacted the 3rd



Photograph reproduced by kind permission of the Sheffield Star

Left to right: Lieutenant Colonel G. A. Kilburn, MBE, CO 3 DWR; Mr N. Web, a Clifford School Governor; Captain J. C. Mayo, Adjutant 3 DWR; Mrs S. C. Preston, Headteacher of Clifford School.

Battalion and asked if we were interested in salvaging the memorial. Naturally we jumped at the opportunity.

Unfortunately the SDR axe has fallen on the 3rd Battalion and yet another home was required for the stone. It takes a top soldier to come up with a solution for another top soldier's memorial and RSM Pigg suggested that, as the memorial referred to Clifford School, it would be a fitting place to erect it.

The school was contacted and gladly agreed. So, 75 years to the month of Sergeant Loosemore's death, the memorial was presented to the school as an example to

the children. The Commanding Officer carefully explained to the children what Sergeant Loosemore had done in World War One and was then inundated with questions ranging from "Are you a real soldier?" to "How many bullets do you carry?"

It has since been discovered that Sergeant Loosemore's son is still alive. Mr Loosemore, now aged 77, who is also called Arnold and saw service with the Royal Engineers, has been contacted and has given his blessing to the presentation.

Captain J. C. Mayo

CHAMPION TERRITORIALS

In 1912 the Brighthouse Echo reported that the Bingham Trophy had been handsomely won by D (Brighthouse) Company of 4 (Halifax) Battalion DWR.

Mr J. A. Renshaw of Brighthouse (see letters section) has been trying to trace this astonishing trophy, which seems to have disappeared.

Apparently, HRH the Duke of Connaught having spoken of the necessity for more practice amongst Volunteers in field-firing, Colonel J. E. Bingham of Endcliffe Hall decided in about 1887 to make and present this trophy to Yorkshire's Volunteers for an annual field-firing competition.



Photograph reproduced by kind permission of the Brighthouse Echo

Brighthouse Trophy Winners - 1912. The Bingham Trophy and Wilson Cup.

Back row: Pte A. Wardingley, LCpl C. Brook, LCpl A. McNulty, Pte A. Mitchell, Cpl J. H. Green, LCpl W. Soothill, LCpl J. Barker.

Seated: Pte W. Cheetham, Lance Sgt I. Robertshaw, Capt R. E. Sugden, Sgt F. Spencer, Cpl F. Robertshaw, Bugler H. Wardingley.

The trophy, reportedly worth £800 at the time, was stated to be the largest piece of sterling gold and silver plate ever manufactured in Sheffield. Standing three foot six inches high, it consisted of a colossal sterling silver vase of oval shape, on a plateau of silver having a circumference of 11 feet.

The caption to the photograph reveals that the officer seated third from the left is none other than

Captain R. E. Sugden, whom we highlighted in our last edition as having commanded 1/4 DWR in the course of rising rapidly from Captain to Brigadier and earning the CMG, two DSOs and five Mentions in Dispatches.

Mr Renshaw would welcome any help in tracing the trophy.

THE 6th BATTALION'S LINKS WITH KEIGHLEY

The Keighley brewers Timothy Taylors recently re-opened The Volunteers Arms in Keighley after refurbishment. It had earlier sought archive material related to the Dukes to display in the pub.

The brewery was then contacted by Hilda Pickles (nee Bailey) who lives in Geelong, Victoria, Australia, who wrote: "Hi there from down under. As a former resident of Keighley I was interested in your search for photos connected with the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. My grandson got me the information from the Keighley News web site on the internet."

"Every parish feast they had two weeks in camp at a different location", she wrote. "And on the Sunday, when they arrived home at Keighley railway station, all the ranks formed behind the band. They would then march up Cavendish Street past the Volunteers Arms and then to the Drill Hall in Lawkholme Lane. It has always been one of my fondest memories. The band (including my dad) always looked smart in their scarlet uniforms. It was a pity we did not have colour films in those days". Hilda emigrated to Australia over 30 years ago. "But I still call Keighley home", she wrote.



Lance Corporal Simon Spencer and Private Jamie Sykes taking part in the ceremonial re-opening of The Volunteer Arms.

H.M.S. SHEFFIELD RECEIVES FREEDOM OF CITY

Very often in military life, especially it would seem in the Royal Navy, the continual hard work and endeavour of our duties appear to go largely unnoticed by the public and people whom we serve. Seldom do we seek reward greater than the satisfaction of completing our tasking and the pleasure of working and living with a broad range of professional and enthusiastic colleagues. Therefore, when the opportunity is offered to gain the highest award that a city and its people can offer, it is a great honour for all our military forces to accept it. It also means we can achieve our aim of promoting the military way of life and making the nation more aware of the work that we do.

The honour is of course HMS Sheffield being granted the 'Freedom of the City' back in April this year. It was a real and unusual chance for the Royal Navy to leave its natural element of the high seas and to bring a piece of naval tradition to the very heart of Northern England, about as far from the sea as you can get. Sheffield arrived in Hull docks on Wednesday 14 April. The passage had been largely uneventful, although the English Channel had proved as hectic and busy as always. The weather had been kind to us on the way up, with sunshine and clear blue skies giving the embarked local media excellent photo and filming opportunities.

The following day (our only real day to practise) the weather broke in true Northern England fashion with a biting easterly wind and driving rain. We had one day to co-ordinate the marching and enthusiasm of over 200 people with a civilian dockside serving as our parade square. Strangely, the ever so slightly inclement weather, combined with the fact that sailors were not designed by the Ministry of Defence to all walk together at the same time in a military fashion, seemed

to deplete the humour of our drill instructors. What helped pull it all together though was the presence of the Waterloo Band during the afternoon. No longer did we have the task of attempting to keep time with everybody else which, myself very much included, was proving difficult, given the conditions we were operating in, and the fact that the Royal Navy doesn't do this sort of thing very often.

The day of the parade itself was soon upon us, right on cue though the weather broke. What had been a blustery and wet day over in Hull turned into slushy snow as we headed over to Sheffield. This did little to deplete spirits initially, but it proved difficult for some of us to leave the cosy and warm confines of the transport kindly provided by the Duke of Wellington's Regiment and venture out into Sheffield centre.

At 1040 the parade marched into the review area ready for the Lord Mayor of Sheffield and our Commanding Officer, Commander Colin Hamp, to arrive and inspect us. The Waterloo Band led us into the area in fine style, the guard followed, who were in turn followed by a platoon of Senior Rates and four platoons of Junior Rates. Over 200 personnel were present from HMS Sheffield, and all were ably supported and cheered on by many residents, family, friends, guests and influential people of Sheffield who had braved the weather to see the parade. During the ceremony the traditional casket containing the scroll was handed over to our Commanding Officer. The scroll is a traditional gift detailing the rights of a person or group who are given the freedom of the city, it includes the right to bear arms within the city boundaries on the day, amongst other more ancient rights. After the inspection of the parade by the Lord Mayor came the march past with swords drawn, bayonets fixed, colour flying and



Sub Lieutenant Andy Burston gives the salute as the march passes the Lord Mayor of Sheffield.

drums beating. The parade marched round the shopping area of Sheffield with the Lord Mayor taking the salute. It was an honour and a privilege to be part of a parade for such an important occasion, especially with the numbers and enthusiasm of the people who turned out to watch us.

At the end of it all came the official reception in the town hall. Celebrations did not end there, a cocktail party in the hangar of the ship later that day proved to be a popular way for us to thank personally all the people from the area who had supported HMS Sheffield and our fundraising activities as a unit both at home and abroad. The few days that were spent in Hull saw many visitors to the ship as well, everybody from school children to firemen and retired ex-servicemen took the

opportunity to come aboard and have a guided tour of the ship. Presentations were given to university students and importantly to careers advisers from the local area, in a constant effort to promote the Royal Navy as a worthwhile career.

Many of us took the opportunity over the weekend to catch up with family and friends living in the North of England. A very kind invitation was extended to the ship's company by Sheffield United Football Club, with whom we have affiliations, to watch the Saturday match. With friendships and associations strengthened, preparations were made for sea, engines fired up, lines let go and personnel fallen in as the Shiny Sheff headed out to a grey rolling sea once again.

Sub Lieutenant Andy Burston

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THE MAGINOT LINE 1981

The story of my first visit to the Maginot Line was published in the editions of the Iron Duke of Autumn 1998 and January 1999. I will now describe my second visit to the Line in 1981. At that time I was a civilian working for the Ministry of Defence and stationed in Dusseldorf where I spent four years and lived on a British 'patch' - as did our Chief Education Staff Officer, John Cockram and the OC 4 Security Company (the greenflies).

Early in 1981 John Cockram told me he had arranged a visit to the Maginot Line and, knowing that I had been there before, would I like to go? The answer was definitely "Yes". So, one Saturday in June our little party left Dusseldorf. It consisted of John Cockram (RAEC), myself (nondescript) and the OC of No 4 Security Company who was the owner of a large Mercedes saloon car which was very comfortable. His wife and small daughter came too. We sped down the autobahn until we were south of the Saar and then turned in towards the French frontier and at about 1500 hrs we reached the French frontier. We knew that certain local roads at the frontier closed at weekends, however having hooted the horn, the barrier which was down, suddenly rose without any sign of life from the douaniers inside the post! We entered France and we were in Alsace. We then went to the little town of Biche which was a French, I assume, pre-war garrison, rather like Kedange. The barracks at Biche were occupied by a French Artillery Regiment from Strasbourg undertaking some form of annual training, Biche being a training area for field units of the French Army.

We were expected and received by the Commandant de Place, an elderly Lieutenant Colonel of the French Army who allotted us a quarter for the night. I had brought some kit with me, a bath and hand towel plus loo paper! The French Army, likewise the Italian, do not consider such items of essential issue necessary. Being an old soldier I had come fully prepared.

At about 2000 hours all of us, including small girl, presented ourselves to the Officers' Mess, which was packed. It was a regimental dinner night and as we went into the entrance one was struck by all the kepis (officers' hats) hung up in the entrance. We were welcomed and joined in the dinner being served. We had a very respectable meal with all the trappings and service that one would expect from the French. After the meal, for a short while things went rather flat for the British. The younger French peeled off in card games and were unapproachable. When eventually they found out that I had been in the Line in 1939 and in the BEF 1939-40, our conversations warmed as we went on with me describing my impression of the French Field Army and 'La Ligne' which at that time in 1939-40 was a viable thing. Our hosts were interested in the local conditions of those days and my impressions of the forts and their garrison and interior. I would say that I gave the Maginot Line a glowing appraisal. At a late stage of the evening a crisis arose - the supply of beer ran out and it was suggested that the Mess should close. The situation, however, was redeemed by the elderly French Colonel we had met earlier. He ordered that the Mess

des Sous Officers (Sergeants' Mess) should be ordered to supply reinforcements, which was done, and we continued to have a very pleasant and interesting evening with our French hosts, small girl and her mother having gone to bed after dinner. The French Officers could not have been kinder and more friendly. The next day, Sunday, we said our farewells to the Colonel, a Breton, and a very nice professional soldier.

So now we were set for the great visit, to La Ligne Maginot and, after about half an hour, we found ourselves at the approach, which was exactly the same as it had been for the Fort des Welches which I had visited in 1939. There were the massive twin doors; the armament which had been there had been removed, although one could see the embrasures where the cannons and machine guns had been. A collection of people had assembled and the others were, judging from their accent (French being spoken of course) locals from Alsace or Lorraine, the next Departement to the north where we had been in 1939. The tour guide, a well-informed local, took us in hand and we commenced our tour of the fort. He was a bit put out by the fact that I was giving a running commentary on the side for the benefit of our party and pointing out features which I recalled from the past. We had a ride on the train through the fort which I had not had before. We were shown the accommodation for the troop and I was privileged to be given a ride in a lift to the Cupola level. The rest of the party had to clamber up steep flights of narrow stairways to the turret platforms where the armament of the fort had been housed. There were the turrets, but where once there had been a live entity of alert, well trained soldiers, and an adequate armament, now they were bare. Worse still was that the area in front of the turrets which previously had not a blade of grass was now completely overgrown with thick undergrowth and there was virtually no field of fire from the turrets at all! It was, certainly as far as I was concerned, a pathetic scene compared with 1939.

However, we continued our tour and eventually emerged via a small door high up in the turret level which allowed us to descend to where we had started. The locals quizzed me quite a lot about conditions in 1939. One woman asked me "how old were you then?" I refrained from asking how old she was now!

As we started to say our farewells the guide said "Would you please go and sign the book in the hut. You are a Belgian!" There then followed a roar like a nuclear fission which could have been heard in Brussels. The little man was told in plain English that I was NOT a...bulging Belge but a British Officer! However we parted amicably and I did register in his book.

For a weekend away it was most enjoyable for my friends who were going to the Line for the first time. For myself it was in some ways a sad recollection of what had been a wonderful piece of military skill and engineering. La Ligne Maginot deserved a greater place in military history than it received.

A. P. Mitchell
Major (Rtd), late DWR

POTEEN WITH THE EASTER MAN

It was either late September or early October 1957, I forget which exactly. I do know that we left Cyprus on 2 September and sailed home - a matter of ten days I think. S and B Companies were only given 14 days leave, as they were the Advance Party to Northern Ireland. We arrived, as was usual in those days, by ferry at 0530 hrs on a typical Northern Ireland day for that time of year - cold, damp, drizzly and dark; not the best of starts for a new posting.

We were taken on trucks to Holywood Barracks, where we spent two days before S Company was sent up to Londonderry to HMS Sea Eagle, to take over from the Royal Northumberland Fusilier Company that was detached there. Those two days at Holywood had hardly been a settling in period, being a constant whirl of briefings, drawing weapons etc, all the usual advance party ground work.

By the time we arrived in Derry, lunchtime as I recall, we were all hoping for a bit of a respite. But no! I was told to take my section for a quick lunch and to present myself at the Company office prompt at 1330 hrs for another briefing.

Having been shown to our six-man cabin and dumped our kit on the three-tier bunks, I bolted my lunch and reported to the Company Office, where my Platoon Commander, Second Lieutenant Ivey and the CQMS "Sexy Remy" Webb, who was standing in for the CSM, were waiting for me.

Mr Ivey told me that we would be working shifts for the three-month tour we would be doing in Derry. These would be split into morning, afternoon and night patrols with the police, to fit in with their hours I think. Anyway, I was told my section was on duty that night and we were going down to the police station to be briefed by no less a deity than the Chief Constable of Derry. We were duly briefed and the Chief Constable told me that he always went out with the first patrol of a new regiment.

I took my section down to the police station at 1800 hrs and we were given a final briefing with the police guys we were going out with. We had been told that the IRA caused a bit of bother now and again, shooting up police stations and planting the odd bomb, also building up their arms supply for the future and burying it in hides (a few of which we discovered during our tour). Needless to say, we had live rounds in our magazines and were fully prepared to use them.

Before we set off on our patrol I re-emphasised to my lads that the police were in charge, unless a military situation arose and then they would all take their orders from me. We set off at 2000 hrs in two land rovers, with the Chief Constable in the front of mine - so he had direct contact with me - and with one soldier, myself and three policemen in the back. Four soldiers and three policemen were in the other vehicle.

My Bren Team in the rear vehicle were a cracking team and very dependable in all situations. I hardly had to give them instructions, as we'd trained together so long that we read most situations the same.

We, tootled around Derry and the Chief Constable had been pointing out to me all the nefarious places the

IRA were known to inhabit, whilst a sergeant was doing the same for my other lads. The Chief Constable then said: "Let's go out into the country", meaning a patrol of the Border.

We were swanning around in the dark, on little country roads, and I couldn't see any point to it, as we couldn't have found our way there again in daylight, being stuck in the back of a rover not able to see anything.

We started going up a fairly steep hill and came to a "Cyprus-type" bend in the road, where we started to crawl at about 15mph, when, all of a sudden, a shot rang out from the hill above us. In the blink of an eye everything kicked in for me and I shouted for the driver to reverse under the wall below the hill and debussed everyone before he could get into gear.

Meanwhile, my Bren Team in the rear vehicle were out and had mounted the gun in a gap in the wall. I sent the two men and police from the rear vehicle to the right and up the hill, taking my lot left flanking under cover of the wall, until we came to a gap with a well-used cattle track running from it.

We charged up the hill, weapons ready, and on arriving at the top, found an old man, smoking a pipe, with a "broken" shot gun resting in the crook of his arm. He was so surprised to see us right in front of him that he choked on his pipe.

It was only as we approached him that I became aware of the Chief Constable shouting: "Don't shoot him" from several paces behind us, the military. My right flankers had reached the hill behind the old man just after I had and their policemen were in the same position as the Chief Constable and his lads - well behind. I'd heard the puffing and grunting on the way up and, because it was so loud, I'd assumed they were right with us.

The Chief Constable arrived at my side and said "Holy Mother of Murphy, Sean! I thought you were a goner". He then explained to me that Sean was aged 82 and had been one of the original IRA men in the 1916 uprising and was oftentimes wont to welcome new regiments to his area with a blast over their heads from his shotgun. He, and I think the Chief Constable, were surprised at the speed of our reactions and he told me later that he really did fear for Sean when we "took off", as he put it. I had a few choice words to say to both of them - still being in charge, it being a military matter.

Suitably chastened, old Sean said he hadn't aimed at anyone and would we all come into the kitchen. The Chief Constable ushered us towards the farmhouse and, once inside, Sean became the gracious host. He started pouring out glasses of what I thought was lemonade, he raised his glass, "Slangeied" us and downed it in one, so I did the same, as did all the others, and thought I'd been set on fire and been kicked by a donkey at the same time.

When we stopped coughing and our eyes had stopped watering, we were enlightened as to the properties of the liquid dynamite called "Poteen". That was my first and only taste of the stuff. Though I was to taste a viler concoction later in my service called "Bush Rum" - but that's another story.

The following evening, after a well-earned sleep, Mr Ivey took me to the Chief Constable's office and there, along with Sexy Rexy, he was told of my actions on that first patrol and how splendidly we had done. "I have total trust in your Regiment", he said, "and I know that all will go well, whatever tasks you do". Mr Ivey and, later, Major Ince, when told of this, were suitably pleased with our efforts.

Sexy Rexy was as pleased as punch and couldn't stop buying me beers. He must have been well pleased, but my guess is he'd had a bet with someone as well.

There was no more "welcoming" by old Sean, having been told by the Chief Constable that our lads were not

green, having just had a tour in Cyprus where we had had some success against EOKA, so his lot had better cool it while we were over there.

As a footnote to this story, we arrested a chap in the area of Sean's farm about a month later. We'd found a hide empty, but ready for use and this chap had been spotted on several occasions near the place. When I asked the Police Inspector if we were going to arrest Sean, he said: "Sean wouldn't be seen dead with these scumbags, he's real IRA and wouldn't have anything to do with this lot". So I guess the old Poteen Man had morals and scruples like the rest of us.

Len Rusby

SERVICE IN THE ARMY 1939-1946

(continued from issue No. 239)

We were surprised by the customs of some of the Italian peasants. One day we saw some men and women walking down a road, one woman was carrying a chest of drawers on her head and her husband was walking behind with his hands in his pockets. One of our chaps was going to thump him until stopped.

At the end of August we crossed the River Arno and during September passed through Borgo San Lorenzo to the north east of Florence. We were advancing against strong opposition towards Bologna and the enemy held a commanding position in our path on Monte Ceco. From around 4 October 1944 we were moved up to attack this position. The attack was made by C Company with A Company, which I was in, in support. The enemy threw everything they had at us. By the time my platoon reached the top I was at the back, very short of breath. It was then when I got wounded. I was hit by shrapnel in both legs; the left thigh was the worst but the right calf was slightly hit on the back and sides. I think that if I had not suffered from shortage of breath and been further forward, I would likely have been killed. I lay in the mud and rain for about an hour until I thought it safe to move. I had just got on my feet when a chap at the side of me was hit. I then started walking to the dressing station. If it had been daylight I think I could have got there in about an hour, but it was quite dark. While I was trying to find my way I met three stretcher-bearers carrying a casualty. One of them asked me if I could help them; so I told them I would lead them and find the best place to walk, because there had been a lot of shelling in the area and the ground was very disturbed. We eventually arrived at midnight, having walked for six hours. After my wounds had been dressed I was put in a party of wounded and those of us who could walk started on our way to hospital at Borgo San Lorenzo, which we reached at eight o'clock the next morning. When I walked into the hospital an orderly told me to lay on a stretcher. He asked me if I

was tired and he then stuck a needle in me and the next thing I knew I was waking up in the late afternoon. I had been operated on and taken upstairs. I was soon moved from that hospital to a mobile one further away from the fighting.

The attack on Mt Ceco had been successful but at considerable cost to our Battalion. Our Commanding Officer was killed along with another officer and 12 other ranks. I was one of the 58 others who were injured out of about only 200 in the two companies. The action was, however, distinguished by the valour of Private Burton of A Company who was awarded the Victoria Cross for his bravery during the assault on the summit.

The doctors wanted to do a graft on my thigh, but owing to the unsuitable conditions they could not do it locally, so I was sent to a hospital in Naples to await a hospital ship. This was the S.S. Sameria which took me to Leith in Scotland from where I was sent to a skin hospital at Peebles for my wounds to heal up. After a short stay in this hospital I was medically down-graded and then sent to a transit camp.

The war in Europe was coming to an end and I was sent to a rehabilitation centre in Broadstairs, Kent, where a number of us who had been down-graded were given the job of looking after New Zealand ex-prisoners of war who had been released from German prison camps. They were given good food to get them well in preparation for when the boats came to take them home. Their own government sent plenty of food, real milk chocolate and tinned fruit for them; things that we could not get here, and which they shared with us. After the ex-prisoners had been sent home, we were sent to Folkstone where the New Zealanders had opened a leave centre. We had the job of looking after this centre and in January 1946 I was sent to York where I was de-mobbed, ending my six and a half years army service.

Stanley Reedman

MARCHING

MARCHING



A Warrior AFV marches past in Halifax on 15 May 1999

MARCHING



Freedom Parade through Halifax, 15 May 1999.

The Commanding Officer leads the parade through Halifax with the Ceremonial Adjutant (Captain Bryden) and RSM behind. Major Adams commands the first guard from Alma Company.

MARCHING

Sergeant Lumber, Junior Sergeant Buckingham Palace Detachment.

REALLY MARCHING!

“We’re marchin’ on relief over Injia’s sunny plains” (Route Marchin’. Barrack Room Ballads. R. Kipling)

In January 1929, 2 DWR marched from Ahmednagar to annual three-week camp at Kazipur. Drum Major Crouch leads the Corps of Drums who would play - alternating with the Regimental Band, the whole 78 miles. This march took five days. Very hot and dusty, note their boots. The Drums were also the Intelligence Section and Company Buglers. In those days, before wireless, bugles were used for communication. The Band were trained as stretcher bearers.

Bill Norman

SAILING IN GIBRALTAR 1953-55

Soon after our arrival in Korea in the autumn of 1952 it became known that our next station was to be Gibraltar. Full planning advice received from Fortress HQ included the fact that, in a somewhat restricted environment, of highest importance would be the organisation of sports and games. Most of this was well established on a tri-service and unit basis. The exception was sailing which was rather left to unit initiative. The one major unit which rotated as a unit was the Infantry battalion. The other corps and units were on a trickle reinforcement basis, and therefore their sports organisation was continuous. An Infantry battalion took over from the preceding battalion and this worked reasonably well, except for sailing. Unfortunately in our case there was no preceding battalion. We took over from a gunner regiment acting in an infantry role and which, for sailing needs, had used well-established RA sailing facilities of the local coast and AA artillery units. Thus the Dukes had to start their sailing arrangements from scratch. The CO put me in charge of this. I wrote to the Royal Gibraltar Yacht Club and their spokesman was that celebrated character Willy Piccone, an international helmsman of great repute. The main class sailed by the club was the Victory class. The Victory was a 21 foot, fixed keel, clinker-built boat, well established in the Solent and still appearing at the Cowes Regatta. Willy strongly advised us to buy one in the UK and get it brought out by Grey Funnel Line. The biggest fleet of Victories in UK came under the Portsmouth Harbour Sailing and Racing Association with whom I corresponded. They were charming, but not all that keen on dispersing their Victory fleet and weakening local Victory start lines. However, at last I found a chap who was willing to sell and all was eventually arranged including a new mast and new sails (No. "17", cotton) from Lucas. A massive trolley was made in readiness.

The 1953 season was over by the time we disembarked. When the new Victory arrived we had plenty of time to get her ready, thanks to the Regimental Pioneers under Sergeant "Pop" Dodds and Corporal Vale allotted two excellent carpenters. She was called "Woodpecker" and painted Solent black. Our successors later changed her name to "Emendeck". We also obtained two RNSA dinghies. One, "Penelope" was varnished and nearly new, from the CRE. The other one needed much work: also a 12ft Sharpie was found. About this time an inter-service, all ranks sailing club was being formed which had facilities but few boats. The RAF were very keen and had some very good helmsmen, but led a strangely isolated life at North Front, with good facilities. The Royal Navy had their own facilities and sailed their service RNSA dinghies and service whalers. RN whalers were available for the army on loan. A crew of about six was needed. Some resolute and muscular subalterns plus WO2 Renton RAPC used to take the Dukes' whaler out in the winter.

The CO, by this time Lieutenant Colonel Moran, was reasonably forthcoming as regards essential cash. However, once boats were in the water things had to be self-financing. The first effort in this connection was an Officers' mess dance which was a memorable event, if not a complete financial success. Rather than have to refer to "The Sailing Club of the Officers' Mess of the 1st Battalion the Duke of Wellington's Regiment" I introduced the name of The Hindoostan Sailing Club. A burgee was designed by Alex Firth who made the prototype, now at RHQ, consisting of a grey pennant with a scarlet elephant, superimposed.

The first members were from memory:- Lieutenant Colonel R. de la H. Moran, OBE (Commodore); Firth (Secretary); Roberts; Le Messurier; Streatfeild; Berry; Hind; Akeroyd; Barkshire; Bethman-Holwegg; Kelly; Reddington - inter alia.

You had to be very good to be successful in the racing against the local helmsmen on Wednesdays and Saturdays. I can remember that Kelly had success in Victories as did Rosie Le Messurier who achieved a second place in a Victory class ladies race crewed by Hugh. Simon Berry and Alex Firth got a first in the RNSA 14 foot Dinghies Class one Saturday. I have no complete records to go on, but I have a feeling John Barkshire had success, when he was not busy winning the distance running events in the unit, Army, and Joint Services Athletics meetings.

In recognition of the great kindness and endless friendliness of the RGYC members our Commodore decided to make a presentation to the club. REME workshops were situated in the heart of the Rock in a space tunnelled out by the RE tunnellers in WW2, which had the largest unsupported ceiling of any artificial underground space in the world, and the CO sent me off thither, with his request to make the largest wooden spoon possible. This they did in mahogany about six foot long. To this was attached a silver plate stating that it was to be a prize for a handicap race with the aim of giving a chance to those who rarely got a cup, to win a race on handicap.

A.D.F.

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LOOK BACK AND WONDER

Over the past few weeks I have had the pleasure of meeting up with a few friends I made whilst doing my National Service in the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. This caused me to wonder just what has happened to many people I met whilst doing my stint in the late Fifties. Where have they got to in life? Young men thrown together by conscription. Men from literally every walk of life, simply put together for two years by National Service.

Looking back, I realise that, in the period 1945 to 1963, there must have been hundreds of thousands of youths just plucked from their homes and families to do their two years. All of them, be they assigned to the Army or the other services, will have memories, both good and bad, of happenings to them or incidents they witnessed during their call up years.

These young men, remember, were not there by choice, but knew that, come the age of 18, if they were not in an apprenticeship of some kind, they would be "called up". Those that were, were not to get away with it, for at 21, when their apprenticeship was completed, then they too were called up.

The long brown envelope, with OHMS printed boldly across the top, was to drop through all our letter boxes and fill us with trepidation over what was in store for us. I must say now that I had much sympathy for the young men who had been called up who had left behind a young wife and, perhaps, a child, as many had. It must have been a huge worry to them to be paid 27 shillings a week (£1.35, less barrack damages). Oh yes, there was also the cost of polish and blocks of blanco to deduct!

We all knew it had to happen to us. To some it was a hated burden; to others it was a task that had to be done regardless of personal feelings; and to some it was an adventure, or perhaps a challenge.

I well remember reporting to Wellesley Barracks, Halifax, on the Ides of March 1958; being herded together with about 60 others to wend our way through the "Keep" being issued with all sorts of odd items of clothing and webbing. Whoever will forget those "Drawers, cellular, green, pairs three"? Mine still had the same creases when I handed them in after two years that they had when issued to me.

Then it was over to the barrack rooms, our allocated bed space, and the start of six weeks systematic hell. The repeated fall outs to dash inside and change from one outfit into another in an allotted time, in the full knowledge that the time would "run out" just before the last man got back on parade. We were aware of why these practices took place - to instil into us reaction to commands and attempt to achieve the impossible. However, that was no consolation to the squaddie from Sheffield. I have long since forgotten his name, but he fell on his way into the block, was trampled by the herd, and was still laid there, semi-conscious, with a fractured arm, as we dashed out again - to be just beaten by the clock yet again. He was laid up a few weeks and, when fit again, re-started his basic training with the next intake.

The "bull" sessions, polishing our brasses and blancoing our webbing. Squaring off our bed packs and

perching our pouches on top of our lockers. All done, not to break us, but to make us react and adhere to command.

There were some who retaliated in their own way and for different reasons. I well remember that each morning we had a little puddle somewhere on our highly waxpolished floor. Its position changed each day, so it was obviously not the piped plumbing, but someone's personal plumbing that caused the offending pools. Our NCO in charge, Corporal McDermott, sat on guard one night and pounced on our phantom piddler. I don't know just why Private "Ev" from Leeds performed his piddling ploy, but it precipitated a premature parole.

Basic training flew by, mainly because one was continually active. On the square, in the gym, on the ranges, or sat in silence on your bed bullying your kit, only to be released for 30 magic moments at Mrs B's NAAFI, listening to Perry Como on the juke box.

Then over to Ireland, Holywood Barracks, just outside Belfast. It was right alongside the coast, but also alongside a tip. The tip must have been alive with rats, for I well remember, when stood on barrier duty outside the Guard House, watching them walk across the road in broad daylight and into camp "unchallenged". On one occasion there were two sat in the gutter as I pushed down the barrier to allow Lieutenant Addison, complete with sports car, into camp. I must admit I detest rats, so whenever I was on duty inside the walkway to the Guard House I made sure I stamped my feet to let them know I was there, for they move very quietly in the dark.

Holywood was for me the start of a most enjoyable period of National Service. I had been encouraged into the Regiment because of its rugby prestige and I was not to be disappointed.

Major Denis Shuttleworth, as he was then, had gathered around him a body of very capable players. However, what impressed me most was the detail and intensity of his planning of any game. Denis was far more professional in his approach to a game than any coach I had been under before.

Reaction to numbers called had to be automatic whenever one was on the field of play. There was no holding back on whoever fouled up anything unnecessarily. He was a hard taskmaster. Recces were done on opponents. I well remember being sat in the Garrison Church, which overlooked the sportsfield, on more than one occasion watching the opposition on their pre-match training. But he did insist we sat well back from the window so that we were not spotted.

It was his attention to detail and his insistence on response that made his Dukes teams so strong. I respected Major Shuttleworth, as I did the other officers in the team: Mike Campbell-Lamerton, David Gilbert-Smith, Donald Isles, Dick Mundell, Graham Allen, Ted Duckney, Jim Shenton, Simon Arnold, Paul Davies, John Greenway, John Golding, Ian Addison, Peter Hoppe and David Cowell; one could go on and on. So to those I have missed - my apologies, it was not intentional. To those who have been named one must add the other ranks who contributed their skills to help make the Dukes a team to be respected for a long span:

Brian Saville, Ray Haywood, Norman Field, Derek Davies, Brian Curry, Roy Sabine, Arthur Keegan and Charlie Renilson, to name a few. I must also mention a regular, a pugnacious little hooker, Joe Brown. Whatever happened to Joe?

Away from the rugby, let's think about some of the real characters in the Regiment in my short spell with them. One immediately springs to mind and, because of the size of him, so he should. Big Harry, the RSM. Here was a huge man who loved the Army and all its traditions and expectations of people. Yet he could also be very kind and compassionate. I well remember being on orderly sergeant duty on one occasion when Corporal John Clifton (Leeds) failed to get company orders down correctly. When Big Harry asked for read back, poor John made a complete balls of the job three times. On the third time there was a bellow from the RSM. John shot out of the office just like Road Runner, with Big Harry hot after him waving his pace stick.

But one also remembers his party piece: "The Keyhole in the Door" and realises that, yes, Big Harry was a huge man and the RSM, but he was a fine fellow and I was sorry to hear of his demise. He could be naughty, but he could also be nice.

Bill Burke, my old Company Sergeant Major, was a Siddal man and I now meet up with two of his grandsons playing golf at West End.

Judd Dowdall was a really competitive guy from Tyneside area, who was a regular soldier with great leadership qualities and personal belief in himself. (*His son is at present RSM of the 1st Battalion and built like Big Harry! Ed.*) Privates P. Marney, Wilkinson and Benny Hill, who were all in the same intake as myself and all hailed from the Sheffield area: I wonder how they all are now?

One strange turn of the wheel came last year, when a certain W. Robins applied for membership at West End Golf Club. Yes, the same W. Robins who was a CSM in my days at Holywood and rose right through the ranks to finish, I believe, as a Lieutenant Colonel. But, as I was Captain at the golf club at the time, I had to interview Wally to accept him into the club. Although I pointed out how the power and influence had swung, it goes without saying that he was accepted and now enjoys golf on almost a daily basis, often playing with Major Bob Heron.

There are times when I think what would have happened had I signed on when my National Service ended. I really enjoyed my two years with the Dukes and would be pleased to hear from any fellow conscripts who remember me. Meanwhile, I will just look back and wonder...

23550034 Scroby J.

NORWAY - 1940

In 1939 I was on long leave from my regiment (2nd Battalion the Duke of Wellington's) in India. At the end of August I was helping at a children's camp in Cornwall. Just before it finished I felt I should go back to my mother's in Devon. Two days later, on 26 August, I received a red telegram which said: "Report to Movement Control at York, Chester or Edinburgh as most convenient to you by 12 hours first September under your own arrangements. Family may not accompany you, but take your own kit for voyage and duty with your own unit. Acknowledge by postcard quoting AG 2 (0). Signed "Troopers".

As I knew both Edinburgh and York I decided to go to Chester. On arrival I was billeted at the "Nag's Head" and, the following day, boarded a train full of other officers. The carriage windows were entirely blacked out, so that we could neither see in which direction we were going nor be seen by anyone trying to look in. We eventually arrived at Gourrock, the port of Glasgow, and embarked on S.S. Britannic, sailing on 2 September with a ship full of military and ICS officers and others engaged in essential services.

We sailed down the Western Isles under a heavy naval and air escort and, as it was not known whether Italy was going to join in the fighting, we first made for America, and presumably the Panama Canal. Once it was clear that Italy was not involved we turned eastwards and sailed through the Mediterranean, still under escort. Of course the ship was blacked out at night and the temperature in our cabins going through the Suez Canal and Red Sea, made it very uncomfortable.

On arriving in Bombay I found that my regiment had moved from the Punjab to Delhi. Here there was clearly no war going on, and much of it was ceremonial. I found myself commanding the colour party at the unveiling of the Memorial to King George V, and then being a temporary ADC to the Viceroy (Lord Linlithgow) on the occasion of his daughter's marriage. Every rajah and maharajah in India attended and the presents were fabulous. Before long I asked my CO if I could go back to Britain to join in where the real war was. He agreed and I sailed home (though this time we went to Marseilles and by train across France which was still basking behind the Maginot Line, while the Russians were still undecided as to who was their real enemy).

I reported back to my regimental depot in Halifax in April, where I awaited posting to any battalion of my regiment which needed me. One night I was on duty in the orderly room. At about 0300 hrs a despatch rider from army HQ in York arrived with a top secret message. It had the words: "Officer of the rank of Lieutenant or Captain, preferably with mountain warfare experience, required for duty in Norway". As I knew nothing could be done until daylight, I decided to wait until then before seeing the CO, and told the guard commander to wake me. But I could not go to sleep; so I turned to my "Daily Light", a book of Bible verses for each morning and evening of the year. I looked up the readings for 20 April (when the force was due to sail) and found the following:- "It is I; be not afraid. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned;

neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, thy Saviour". That seemed right for me, so I went to sleep. At daylight I took the message to the CO. He read it and said: "Do you want to go?" This was a bit odd, because there was another officer who had just had his embarkation leave to go anywhere where needed, but I simply said: "Yes, sir". So off I went to Rosyth, where I joined the York and Lancaster Regiment. We embarked on HMS Sheffield for Aandelsnes, being fired at by the Luftwaffe and U-boats, but passed through the waters unscathed. On then by train, truck and foot to a defensive position near Lillehammer. Incidentally, we did not have a single aircraft in support. The very few which got to Norway parked one night on a frozen lake, but were seen by a German spotter. The next morning, before ours had taken off, the Germans bombed the lake, and the few which did manage to fly were mostly shot down.

During our first night near Lillehammer the CO sent for me and said: "You are the only officer who has had warfare experience of recent years, I want you to take charge of the company on the other side of the river. I accordingly walked across to it (there was no bridge, but the river was frozen solid). Early next morning we were assailed by German bombers, which was something none of us had experienced before. The woods, in which we thought we were well camouflaged, were soon on fire and, as we retired, the Luftwaffe's machine guns took over. We were hopelessly outgunned from air and sky and gradually had to withdraw over many miles of snow-covered terrain until we came to the only bridge left standing, which we crossed so as to join the rest of the battalion. I had just reported to HQ when an aerial bomb fell near me. The next I knew I was being woken up by a medical officer in a dressing station. I had not been directly hit but my legs were immobile and my back hurt.

Shortly afterwards the MO rushed in and said we were nearly surrounded. "Can you drive?" he asked. I said "Yes", so he said he'd take one of the two trucks which were there and I was to take charge of the other. A soldier who was detailed to drive stalled the engine three times. I asked when he had last driven, he replied "Three years ago, sir". I said "Get out and push me into your seat; I'll steer, you push down the pedals when I tell you". So off he went. As we came round a corner three German troops emerged from a river bed; one raised his rifle and waived us to stop. I drove straight at them and, as they jumped out of the way, we slid round the corner and out of their sight. We eventually reached the hospital at Dombas, where the staff could not have been kinder. In the middle of the night, though, the head doctor came in and said to me: "We have to move you, the Germans are nearly all round us". They produced a car, out of which they had taken the front passenger seat, and I was driven all through the night over the snow-covered road (a magical experience: it was a real "silent night"). We eventually arrived back at the place we had landed, Aandelsnes. I spent the whole day there in some house close to the sea, and was bombarded all day, chiefly by incendiaries. At 2300 hrs a British sloop, just back from the Persian Gulf, arrived

and picked me up, and an officer kindly gave me his cabin (good old Navy!). We eventually arrived at Scapa Flow in the Orkneys, where I was transferred to a hospital ship. Later we sailed round the North and West coasts of Scotland and finally docked at Liverpool, from which I was taken to the Davyhume Military Hospital in Manchester. All my Daily Light promises had been fulfilled...here I was safe back home!

Eventually I was discharged, with a medical category B minus. I was able to go back to Halifax as the Adjutant of our Infantry Training Centre. As time wore on, Britain ran out of man power, and the female ATS took over. I then got posted to Barmouth where soldiers who were considered fit to be officers were trained. After only a few months a message came from the War Office saying I had been awarded a place at the Staff College, Camberley (I had passed the entrance exam before the war). While there the Commandant, General Stopford, said to me one day: "You're lame, what's the matter with you?" I told him the story. He then rang the War Office and said: "There's a man here in medical category B. On no account must I have anyone under medical category A. This fellow is doing all right and I'll keep him on". So on I stayed. On graduation one is recommended for a job for which one is thought suitable. I was recommended to be a brigade major of a parachute brigade! Of course I was not fit for such a task, but had I been I might have landed with fatal results at Arnhem!

After a brief spell in the War Office (pushing round bits of paper) I appointed myself to be Military Secretary, with the rank of major to one of the newly formed Anti-Aircraft Groups. I chose No.3 at Bristol, which was fairly close to my mother's. This was in October 1942, and I stayed on there until November 1944 when, as a result of our air defences, and the German withdrawal from many of their airfields in France, Bristol had become safe. My General and some of his staff moved to London to take over IAA Group. He, his ADC and I moved to a flat overlooking Hyde Park. I remember one night that he and his ADC went out to inspect some units, leaving me behind and looking after not only the phone but also his big dog. Then the air raid sirens started up. First their noise, then the noise of the V1s, then the unheralded noise of exploding V2s (which, of course, made no sound until they landed). The poor dog added to this cacaphone with heart-rending howls! All quite a concert!

Very shortly after our arrival there I was summoned to a medical board. This was all top brass. If I remember rightly it consisted of a Lieutenant Colonel, a Brigadier and the top medico - a Major (or Lieutenant) - General. They sent me to the world's top spinal specialist (Sir Hugh Cairns, an Australian) in Oxford. After prodding me all over, and subjecting me to a lumbar puncture (I don't recommend it!) he said I would never be more than medical category B again. He said that my right sacroiliac joint was out of place and had permanently affected my spine...all due to the bombing in Norway. I think he said my 4th lumbar vertebra was also affected. As a result I would never be medical category A or, for that matter, B again. So he signed my discharge papers.

I had always felt that (after being a Field Marshal!) I should like to be ordained as a Christian minister, so, when he let me out of hospital, I virtually crossed the road and asked the Principal of Wycliffe (theological) Hall if they would accept me. This was no problem, as my wife's Bishop (Dr C. M. Chavasse) who had been her school chaplain, had told me when I had been at her mother's home church, that if I ever had to leave the army, he would accept me into his diocese...which he did later. A brave man indeed, but then his twin brother Dr Noel Chavasse, was the first man ever to win a double VC as a medical officer in the army in WW1.

Because of my health problems, and I can no longer live through an English winter, we moved out to the more equable climate of this part of New Zealand in 1948.

Rev, formerly Major, Kenneth Gregory

Postscript

Goodness me! I've forgotten one of the most important incidents in all that time in Norway. After recovering from my time in hospital I had gone to Harrogate on army affairs. In some strange way I was led to visit someone I had never met, but I knew she was an associate member of the Officers' Christian Union to which I belonged. She immediately asked me

where I was on the day I was wounded. As I told her what had happened to me she said: "I thought you were still in India". "Why did you ask?" I said. She replied: "I awoke at midnight and knew you were in terrible danger. I got out of bed and I wept for three hours as I prayed for you. At last the Lord said you were safe, and I went back to sleep". "That was the night I was evacuated from the hospital at Dombas, from which I was taken to the port and finally rescued". Now who was this dear saint? She was an "Associate" member of the Officers' Christian Union, dear ladies who were given the names of service officers to pray for, even though they might never meet each other. In God's mercy we were to meet at last, and so learned why God had woken her so far from the scene of action, and had given her the role of rescuing me from the enemy. Had this not happened I should probably have spent the rest of the war in a German prison camp. It's all written in Psalm 107, three times in different verses: 8, 15 and 20: "Oh, that men would give thanks to the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!"

By the way I am writing this at 0245 hrs on 8 April, almost 59 years to the day after all this happened in Norway. I look forward to meeting this lady in Heaven soon and praising God together.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE GREAT WAR GENERALS ON THE WESTERN FRONT 1914-1918 by Robin Neillands. Robinson Publishing, London. £25

"The British field commanders in the Great War were all incompetent and callous cavalry officers, living in châteaux well behind the lines and speeding millions of hapless soldiers up to the front, there to perish in fruitless attacks which were constantly repeated until the end of the war."

This is the popular allegation made against the generals of the Great War and the author's aim is solely to examine its validity and to prove that everything that went wrong on the Western Front was *not* entirely the fault of the generals. He makes a very convincing case and, after reading the book, one is left with an entirely new perspective, both on the war itself as well as on the conduct of the generals. Each and every single battle fought by Field Marshal Haig and his Army and Corps commanders is brilliantly analysed and conclusions drawn, starting with the despatch of the BEF to France in 1914 and ending with the final victories in 1918. The actions of the Australian, New Zealand and Canadian corps and divisions are covered in full, together with the battles fought by the US Army in the last year of the war. As a necessary background the actions of the French armies are also included, but in no confusing detail, so as not to distract the reader from the main aim of the book. The conduct of Haig, French, Robertson, Plumer, Home, Smith-Dorrien, Rawlinson, Gough, the Australian, Monash, the Canadian, Currie, and many divisional commanders' actions are all examined and assessed, certainly with hindsight but, more importantly, taking into account the conditions prevailing at the time

together with the tactics, weapons and equipment (which had huge shortcomings, especially the lack of battlefield communications). And it is these factors which are of the greatest significance to the author's aim. Because, as he explains: first, the BEF was small and totally unprepared for a continental war, starved of equipment and still dependent upon the horse and wedded to the theory of the *arme blanche*, while the generals had no experience of the type of defensive trench warfare which was to become the prevailing characteristic of the Western Front. Secondly, for sure, the Boer War was no useful training ground, for generals or soldiers in this conflagration. But, surely and logically, the author explains all the generals' thoughts, plans and actions and is most convincing in his conclusions that the generals, with one or two exceptions, could not have done better and that most of the post-war criticism was and still is misplaced and, moreover, untrue. Not every soldier will acquiesce in the entirety of his conclusions - the casualty figures are too horrific for that - yet, the reader must assess that for himself and the author's theories and arguments need to be considered against the plethora of books and memoirs which has blamed, and continues to blame, the generals.

D. E. I.

BLANCO BRASSO & BULL by Tony Thorne. Rogerson Press. £6.99.

This chunky paperback traces the full course of Tony Thorne's two years of National Service, from the ignominy of his first medical examination, to his mixed feelings at being left out of his Regiment's rapid

operational deployment in 1958 because of his impending release from the army. It makes no pretence at being a history, it is more of a fast-flowing tale; nonetheless, it contains shrewd observation and well-described detail, from which Thorne has extracted a great many hilarious moments. These will be instantly recognisable to anyone who had done any form of basic military training and especially so to those who went on to undergo officer selection at RCB or WOSB and officer cadet training. I found it very amusing. It should solve many a Christmas/birthday present problem.

Yes, the Dukes get a mention or two, primarily as the one regiment which would give the East Surrey Regiment a run for its money on the sports field.

For every copy bought through the Iron Duke the publishers will make a donation to the Army Benevolent Fund. When ordering a copy simply say that you have learned of the book through your Regimental Association.

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J. B. K. G.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: Moat House
Finkle Street
Sheriff Hutton
York, YO60 6RA
18 June 1999

Editor, The Iron Duke

Sir,

Today I have handed over the Colonelcy of the Regiment to Major General Evelyn Webb-Carter. On 4 June I attended my last annual dinner of the Officers' Dinner Club as Colonel. After dinner, the Colonel-in-Chief, on behalf of the Regiment, presented me with a silver statuette of a Dukes soldier in the 1970s Northern Ireland uniform. At a previous ladies' dinner night at the 1st Battalion on 21 May Jilly was presented with a very fine engraved picture frame. We are both very touched by these presents and would like to pass on our very sincere thanks to everyone in the Regiment. They are very precious to both of us and will remain prominent in the Mundell household as permanent reminders of our long and happy association with the Dukes. We are most grateful for these generous gifts - thank you all very much.

Our Regiment is a marvellous family made up of officers, soldiers from the West Riding, either regular or territorial, and our wives and families. We have served Queen and country for almost three hundred years and our traditions and reputation remain second to none. I have served the Dukes for forty years. I know our way of achieving and sustaining high professional standards whether on operations or duty, or on the playing fields. As a Yorkshire man I know also of the strength of our stock, and as a Duke I am well aware of the special relationship that exists between our officers, NCOs and soldiers. I have always used the term 'love', for both one's soldiers and the Regiment when briefing new young officers. For me it is that love whilst achieving those high standards we expect that creates this family of which I am so very proud.

It has been an honour and a great privilege to be an officer in the Dukes, and to be your Colonel for the last nine years.

Yours sincerely
Dick Mundell

From: "West Overton"
Brook, Godalming,
Surrey, GU8 5UH
30 May 1999

The Editor
The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

Shooting Medals

I found the letter in the current Iron Duke most interesting.

In 1946, when the 2nd battalion was in barracks at Meerut UP, the then CO, Lieutenant Colonel Armitage, decided the Regimental Silver should be brought from store in the Red Fort, Delhi, where it had lain throughout the war. The labours of love of de-greasing and polishing it all fell to us subalterns, needless to say!

One small item was a silver medal with the inscription "Prize medal for the best shot in the 76th Regiment". The reverse - "Presented by Lieutenant General Sir Samford Whittingham, KCB, KCH. West Indies 1837" (Ribbon attached).

The medal was seriously competed for with rifle and Bren at both 200 and 400 yards. It now hangs proudly in my dining room with a number of DWR campaign medals including Corunna and Waterloo.

Yours faithfully
David Lee

From: Ampleforth Abbey
York, YO6 4EN
12 May 1999

The Editor
The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

It was most moving to read, in Colonel Swazi Waller's obituary, that he saw action in the D-Day landings as a Brigade Major, then assuming command of 1 South Lincs in mid-October after four COs had been killed or wounded. That shows the severity of the European final struggle.

From my father's Regiment, the West Yorks, George Taylor similarly found himself in France after D-Day; and, after only four weeks of fighting, he became the third CO of 5 DCLI, the two others having been killed. He went on to win two immediate DSOs, before becoming commander of 28 Commonwealth brigade in Korea in April 1951.

A more "intense" example, perhaps, was Taylor's fellow-CO, Hugh Borradaile of 7 Som LI. As a CO in the July 1944 Caen battle, he was severely wounded and so sent to hospital. After recovery he took command of the Somersets, who had lost four COs in rapid succession up to the Seine crossing. Soon his jeep was hit by tank fire; of five aboard, only he survived. He was the first CO onto German soil, and was then awarded his DSO.

Yours faithfully
John Stacpoole

From: 25 Yewtree Grove
Kesgrave
Ipswich
Suffolk, IP5 2GL
16 March 1999

The Editor
The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

Herewith my subscription for the Iron Duke.

I am wondering whether there will be any photographs in the magazine of the actual Changing of the Guard ceremony at Buckingham Palace. It is quite an honour for the Regiment and it would be grand if this could be recorded on film.

I am finding the magazine very interesting to read and it certainly keeps us up to scratch as to how the modern soldier has to cope. It is good to see the Regiment is still very healthy, despite modern pressures.

Yours sincerely
Ron Morgan (ex 2/6 Battalion)

The 1st Battalion has had to overcome the restrictions on photography in the forecourt of the Palace. However, I am glad to say that they have been able to obtain some pictures for us, some of which we are publishing in this edition. Ed.

From: 8 Mallin Drive
Edlington
Doncaster
DN12 1HA
17 March 1999

The Editor
The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

Please find enclosed my subscription for the Iron Duke.

So sorry I have not been back to Halifax since I was called up just before the war was declared.

I still think of the old members and find the letters in the magazine very helpful. I live such a long way from the various functions and I am very sorry I cannot get over. I have just reached 80 years of age, but during the last 52 years I have carried the DWR badge on all the British Legion of Edlington parades.

One person I have met and kept in touch with is Major General D. Isles. I hope I can keep in touch with you during the next few years.

Yours sincerely
G. H. Curzon

I hope people who cannot get to functions will keep in touch, like you, by letter - either direct to each other, or via the Iron Duke. Ed.

From: 183 Thornhill Road
Rastrick
Brighouse
HD6 3HL
10 May 1999

The Editor
The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

The enclosed photostats regarding the Bingham Trophy were taken from the Brighouse Echos of 1912 and 1913 (see page 74). They suggest that the trophy was made and presented in about 1887.

After the first world war people lost interest in rifle shooting and the trophy lay in Brighouse Art Gallery. I remember seeing it there in around 1950.

In 1974 the gallery was taken over by Halifax (Calderdale). I have written to the Curator at Halifax, but they don't know its whereabouts, and say Brighouse may have got rid of it before 1974. I have given a copy of the photostats to the Brighouse Echo Editor and the local Historical Society, hoping someone will remember its removal and destination.

Yours sincerely
J. A. Renshaw

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 Calderdale NALGO Social and Recreation Club, Northgate House, Halifax.

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

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

Secretary: Mr J. Armitage, 23 Glenside Close, Edgerton, Huddersfield, HD3 3AP.

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

Secretary: Mr T. Gibson, 27 Braithwaite Avenue, Braithwaite, Keighley, BD22 9SS.

London: AGM at the Park Court Hotel at 1.00pm on Sunday 19 September.

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 C. J. H. Quest, 39 Kingfisher Avenue, Audenshaw, Manchester, M34 5QH.

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

Secretary: Mr P. Elwell, 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 F. R. Parkinson, 58A Hawthorne Avenue, Haxby, York, YO32 3RN.

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.

* * * * *

FREEDOM PARADE BARNSELEY

The 1st Battalion will exercise the Regiment's freedom rights in Barnsley on Saturday 11 September, stepping off at 1415 hours.

REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION AGM AND REUNION DINNER

The AGM, followed by the Reunion Dinner and Dance, will be held at the Stakis Hotel, Bradford, on Saturday 2 October 1999. The AGM will start at 6.30pm and will be followed by dinner at 8.00pm

Dinner tickets at £13.00 and raffle tickets at £1.00 each can be obtained from branch secretaries or RHQ. The raffle will be drawn on Friday 1 October and the winning ticket numbers and prizes will be displayed in the foyer throughout the Reunion Dinner.

REGIMENTAL SERVICE 2000

The next Regimental Service is to be held in York Minster on Saturday 1 April 2000, further details will be published in the Winter Edition.

YORK BRANCH

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

The York Branch Christmas Dinner will be held on Wednesday 17 December at the Beechwood Close Hotel in York. Members, guests and anyone wishing to attend the dinner are requested to contact the branch treasurer or secretary for further details.

KEEPING IN TOUCH...

The York and Lancaster Regiment

When the York and Lancaster Regiment was disbanded in 1969 following a defence review, the Dukes not only received a welcome reinforcement to the 1st Battalion, but also began recruiting productively in the old Y&L area of South Yorkshire. Therefore many Dukes soldiers of today may well have Y&L forebears. So it is appropriate that the Iron Duke should occasionally

publish matters pertaining to the Yorkshire and Lancaster Regiment and, indeed, to the Hallamshires, the Territorials of the area.

Crete

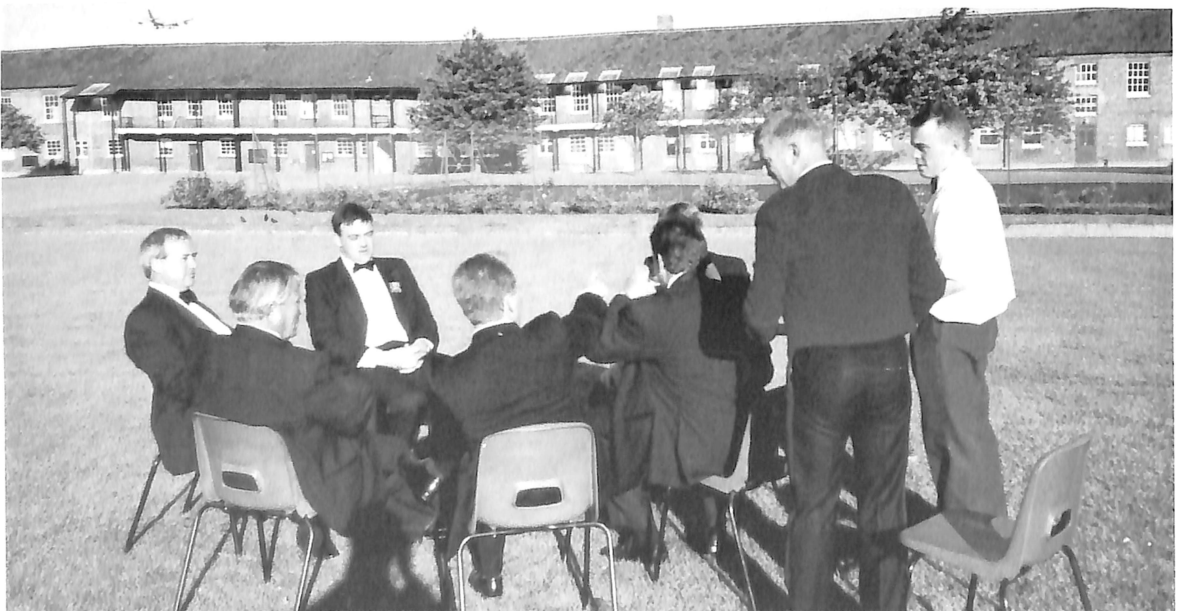
A recent visit to the Commonwealth War Grave Cemetery at Souda bay in Crete revealed two Y&L graves: those of CQMS F. A. Crosby, aged 26, and Private F. Sidaway, aged 22, both of which are shown here. They stand in a very beautiful setting amongst a large number of British, Australian and New Zealand graves. 2 Y&L had been guarding the airfield at the western end of Crete which was eventually captured by German airborne assault in late May 1941, but 2 Y&L had been moved to Heraklion, at the eastern end of the island, before the assault took place.



Hounslow

The location of the photo below is authenticated by the jumbo jet in the background letting down into Heathrow. But what is Colour Sergeant Ward saying?

1. "Gentlemen, dinner is served."
2. "No. I'm serving no more champagne until someone signs for it. And that's final."
3. "You guys are flying higher than that jumbo."
4. "There'll be tears before bedtime."
5. "So, that's one scrambled, one easy over and four full fries. Right?"



Military Philosophy

We are grateful to Cyril Curling for the following snippet: For a solid hour an officer had been lecturing his men on "The duties of a soldier" and he thought it was time to see how much they had understood.

"Now you, my man", he said, "why should a soldier be ready to die for his country?"

The man scratched his head for a moment, and then smiled engagingly, "Yes Sir", he said pleasantly, "You're quite right, why should he?"

Legion d'Honneur

We are very pleased to have received from his son, Mr Ken Hick, this photograph of Mr Ernie Hick wearing the medal of the Legion d'Honneur which was presented to him on 20 February 1999, the medal having been awarded by the French Government to all survivors of World War 1. Ernie joined the Dukes aged 16 in 1915 and served in 2/6th and 1/4th DWR. He attained the age of 100 years in June 1999.



Ernie Hick, born 1899.

10th Battalion The Baloch Regiment

In notifying us of the changes of Colonel and Commanding Officer of the 10th Battalion, the latter tells us that the correct spelling is now Baloch rather than Baluch. The changes have been inserted on page 51 of this edition.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS/*NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Mr R. C. Brearey, 25 Roman Row, Whichford, Warwickshire, CV36 5PJ.

Mr J. C. K. Cumberlege, 5 Drayton Court, Drayton Gardens, London, SW10 9RQ.

Mr G. Hunter, 17 Malton Street, Halifax, West Yorkshire, HX3 6HS.

Captain J. A. d'E Miller, Rose Cottage, The Street, Lodsworth, Petworth, West Sussex, GU28 9DA.

Mr S. Mullett, The Stag Inn, High Street, Bagillt, Flintshire, CH6 5ED.

Mr C. H. Owen, 49 Pagewood Close, Prenton, CH43 9YW.

Major A. D. M. Palmer MBE, 89 Lower Road, Bemerton, Salisbury, Wiltshire, SP2 9NH.

Mr E. D. Atkinson, 105 Rothbury Gardens, Lobley Hill, Gateshead, Tyne and Wear, NE11 0AX.

Mr I. E. Brett, No. 2A St Hellens Road, Drayton, Portsmouth, Hants, PO6 1HN.

Mr R. A. Hudson, 10 London Road East, RBL Village, Aylesford, Kent, ME20 7NN.

Lieutenant Colonel T. D. Lupton, 3 Clyst Halt Avenue, Exeter, Devon, EX2 7TQ.

Mr D. Mounsey, 162 A 131st Avenue East, Madeira Beach, Florida 33708, USA.

Squadron Leader B. R. Oliver DFC, 7 Court Hill Farm Cottage, Kelso, Roxburghshire, TD5 7RY.

Mr A. Paley, 65 Fountayne Road, Hunmanby, Nr Filey, North Yorkshire, YO14 0LU.

Mr G. A. M. Purcell, 15 Millfield Road, York, North Yorkshire, YO23 1NH.

The Reverend G. A. Reddington, The Orange Tree, Madeira Road, Sea View, Isle of Wight, PO34 5BA.

Lieutenant Colonel R. A. Tighe MBE, Wold Rise, Manor Barn Court, Millington, East Yorks, YO4 2TX.

* Mrs R. A. Burnett, 34 Heath Farm Road, Harrowby, Grantham, Lincolnshire, NG31 9EX.

* Mr B. Carbine, 4 Larel Close, Woolston, Southampton, SO19 7DE.

* Mr W. Craddock, 112 Donvale Road, Donwell 2, The Original Washington, Tyne & Wear, NE37 1DN.

* Mr R. George, 20 Sandycroft Close, Wymersley Road, Hull, HU5 5QA.

* Lieutenant Colonel R. Glazebrook MBE, Owl Pen, Sunning Avenue, Sunningdale, Berkshire, SL5 9PN.

* Mr M. R. Hodkinson, 5 Vicarage Road, Yardley Gobion, Northants, NN12 7UN.

Mr C. B. Sherratt, 24 Hawthorn Terrace, New Earswick, York, YO31 4BL.

Mr M. J. Wolff, 40 Highlands Road, Seer Green, Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire, HP9 2XN.

* Mr N. Butler, 8 Craiggowrie Place, Aviemore, Invernesshire, PH22 1UA.

* Major P. F. Connolly, 10 Glaisdale, Spennymoor, Durham, DL16 6SE.

* Mr J. Fox TD, DL, 34 Moorside, Sheffield, South Yorkshire, S10 4LN.

* Mr T. Gibson, 27 Braithwaite Avenue, Braithwaite, Keighley, BD22 9SS.

* Mr I. R. Greaves BEM, 45 Summergangs Road, Hull, East Yorkshire, HU8 8JX.

* Lieutenant Colonel J. Howarth, 4 Heather Road, Meltham, Huddersfield, West Yorkshire, HD7 3EY.

- * Mr R. N. Kerry, 49 Rainer Road, Brighouse, West Yorkshire, HD6 2BX.
- * Mr J. W. Paine, 53 Harold Road, Upper Norwood, London, SE19 3SP.
- * Mr W. M. Plewman, Willicote House, Clifford Chambers, Stratford on Avon, Warwickshire, CV37 8LN.
- * Mr T. E. J. Smart, 8 Cloister Crofts, Royal Leamington Spa, Warwickshire, CV32 6QQ.
- * Ms M. Sumner, 1 Fentham Close, Hampton in Arden, Solihull, West Midlands, B92 0BE.
- * Mr R. Turner, 42 Parklands, Bramhope, Leeds, West Yorkshire, LS16 9NJ.

- * Mrs E. J. B. Mowat TD, Calle Pic De La Batalla 17, Montgo 10, Javea 03737, Alicante, Spain.
- * Mr W. Pareti, 4 Finau Street, PO Box 10422, Nabua, Suva, Fiji Islands.
- * Mr R. Read, 21 Fairway Road, Oldbury, Warley, West Midlands, B68 8BE.
- * Mr J. G. Stubbins, 22 Sheffield Road, Creswell, Worksop, Notts, S80 4HW.
- * Mr E. Towler, 88 Savick Way Lea, Preston, Lancashire, PR2 1XA.
- * Major P. R. Wood, The Old Brewery House, Chittlehampton, Umberleigh, North Devon, EX37 9QL.

Obituaries

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

Major R. H. Ince

Dick Ince died on 7 April 1999, aged 80. He was the son of Colonel Cecil Ince, who served with the 2nd Battalion in the Great War, in which he was awarded the MC, before being severely wounded and invalided out of the army.

Dick and his father were very close and it was no surprise when the one followed the other into the Dukes after Sandhurst in 1939. After serving with the 1st Battalion in the BEF in France, Dick volunteered for Special Forces and, after parachute training, joined 2 Commando which, later, amalgamated with 11 SAS to become the 1st Parachute Battalion as we know it today. With them he sailed, as a company commander, to North Africa with the 1st Army. He was badly wounded in 1943 and evacuated. In 1946 he attended the Staff College at Quetta, later becoming GS02 with 2nd Indian Airborne Division. 1948 to 1951 found him on the staff in Palestine with 6th Airborne Division and in the Canal Zone.

Dick then served as a company commander with the 1st Battalion in Korea, where he earned a Mention in Despatches and the American Bronze Star for his role as Liaison Officer with our allies. He commanded Dukes companies in Gibraltar, Cyprus and Northern Ireland, after which he commanded our Depot in Halifax, before becoming Brigade Major 2nd Nigerian Brigade in West Africa and the Congo. Finally, service at Eastern Command and the Support Weapons Wing at Netheravon saw his retirement, when he took up an RO's appointment at RHQ the Parachute Regiment.

With such a full, active and varied record of service it should, perhaps, be no surprise that he seemed to know everyone and that everyone of any importance seemed to know Dick! Those close to him know that he started the day late, often very late and he finished it early, often very early! Yet he was able to keep a close grip on events and there was not much that he did not know, for he was wise and was a great exponent of the art of delegation.

It was always the greatest of fun to serve with Dick. He lived life to the full, always saw the funny or ridiculous side of any predicament and he invariably

had a solution, even if somewhat unorthodox. A great man for a party, he was responsible for many splendid hangovers amongst his friends. But many will also remember the delightful entertainment they received from Dick and Angela wherever they lived. Dick's 80th birthday party last year, admirably master-minded by Jennifer and the family, was especially memorable.

Although he coxed the Sandhurst rowing VIII, Dick was not a games player. Nonetheless, he was always a great supporter of Regimental sport and, while at the Depot, was a social member of Halifax RUFC where his many friends are unlikely to forget him. Indeed the attendance at his funeral in West Clandon on 16 April suggests that he is unlikely to be forgotten by many in the Dukes, the Parachute Regiment and the Royal British Legion alike, as well as by other local friends and several generations of his family. Several Dukes' officers attended the service, headed by General Sir Charles Huxtable and Major General Donald Isles, who gave the address.

CSM R. S. Batty

Raymond Sydney Batty died on 25 May 1999, aged 76 years.

Ray Batty was really a soldier for all his adult life. At the age of 17, in 1940, he joined his local Home Guard unit at Poole-in-Wharfedale before enlisting into the East Yorkshire Regiment in February, 1942, at Beverley. He was with the East Yorks at Port Suez (Egypt) in 1945 and later in Vienna and Graz (Austria) in 1946. He was demobilised in 1947, but re-enlisted almost immediately, this time into the Green Howards, serving in Khartoum (Sudan) in 1948 and Malaya in 1949, before, again, changing regiments, into the Dukes, in March 1950. Ray then served with the 1st Battalion almost continuously until the end of his service in 1969. He was the Platoon Sergeant in the Mortar Platoon in Korea, 1952-53, Colour Sergeant (CQMS) A Company in Cyprus, 1956, CSM A Company in Kenya, 1960, and finally departed the Battalion from Osnabruck in 1965, leaving intact his reputation not only as a Battalion level cricketer and hockey goalkeeper, but also as a countryman, who was a fine shot and skilled fisherman.

After completing his regular service, Ray was commissioned as Captain (QM) TA, serving with the Combined Cadet Force, firstly at Sedburgh in 1964 and then Giggleswick from 1970-1988.

Ray's funeral service took place on 3 June 1999, at St Alkelda's Church, Giggleswick. The address was given, on behalf of the Regiment, by Lieutenant Colonel Nigel Mussett, OC Giggleswick School CCF.

WO2 (SQMS) J. H. Brocklehurst MM

James Henry Brocklehurst died on 7 June 1999. He was 83 years old.

Jim enlisted into the Regiment using his mother's maiden name of Richardson at the age of 15, and he continued to be known under that name for the first six years of his service. He completed his basic training in Halifax before joining the 1st Battalion in Mandora Barracks, Aldershot. Jim served with the 1st Battalion until 1940, in Malta 1935-37 and with the BEF 1939-40. In July 1940 he was transferred to the 8th Battalion, subsequently to become 145 Regiment RAC. Jim served with 8 DWR (145 Regiment RAC) in North Africa 1943-44 and Italy 1944-45.

It was in North Africa in April 1943 that Jim, as a Tank Troop Sergeant in C Squadron, earned the award of the Military Medal during an action when four of his squadron tanks had been knocked out by the enemy, including his own, he, together with the Medical Officer, displayed great gallantry during the collection and evacuation of the wounded under enemy fire.

The funeral service, which took place at Kingston-upon-Thames on 11 June 1999, was attended by members of the London Branch of the Regimental Association.

Mr H. Larrad

Harold Larrad died in Dewsbury Hospital on 1 April 1999. He was 75 years old.

Harold joined up with the 1st Battalion in Italy in February 1944, shortly after the Anzio landings. He served with the Battalion throughout the remainder of the Italian campaign and later in Syria, Palestine, Egypt and the Sudan, before returning to Halifax in 1947 to be discharged.

Mr J. Kendrew

Joe Kendrew died on 10 May 1999, aged 90.

Joe served in the Regiment from 1925 to 1938, mostly with the 2nd Battalion in India, in the Band. He then served with the KOSB before transferring again, to the APTC, in 1941. He left the Army in the rank of Sergeant Instructor, APTC, in 1945.

In later life Joe became very respected for his work with hypnosis, particularly in St James' Hospital, Leeds. He made frequent visits from his home in Leeds to RHQ. He also recently wrote a series of articles for the Iron Duke: 'The Recollections of an Old Soldier'.

Mr R. Ridley

Bob Ridley died in Newcastle on 2 April 1999. He was 66 years old.

Bob, like many others, was a National Serviceman with the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, before being

transferred to the Dukes in late 1951, in Minden, for deployment with the 1st Battalion to Korea in 1952-53, where he served in the Mortar Platoon.

His funeral service took place on 6 April 1999, and was attended by a number of his Dukes Korean Veterans friends, including Tom Gunn, John (Sonny) Humphrey and George Tully.

WO2 S. F. Swift

Syd Swift who was an In-Pensioner at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, died on 20 July 1999. He was 88 years old.

Syd joined the Dukes in Halifax in March 1930. He was with the 1st Battalion in Devonport and Aldershot until 1933 when he was transferred to the 2nd Battalion in India where he remained as a Drummer until November 1937. Then he was back with the 1st Battalion in Bordon and subsequently France as part of the BEF, where he was wounded and evacuated to the UK and eventually back to the Depot in Halifax. It was during this time, 1940-42, that Syd carved the wooden regimental badge that has for many years up to the present date been displayed in the WO's' and Sergeants' Mess of the 1st Battalion. In July 1942 Syd transferred to RAC (5 Innis DG) and in 1947 he transferred again, this time to RASC until the end of his service in March 1954.

After his regular army service Syd worked briefly in a fish and chip shop in Scarborough, before getting back into uniform in 1955, this time as a member of the then War Department Police at Hounslow and later Bramley. Syd became an In-Pensioner at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, in March 1996, where he again elected the Dukes to be his parent Regiment.

Syd was a man who possessed remarkable artistic talents. In addition to his wood carving, he was an accomplished artist (water colours), poet, author, cartoonist and gardener. Readers may have seen some of Syd's articles and poems in previous editions of the Iron Duke. Copies of some of his other publications are held in the Regimental archives at RHQ.

His funeral service was held in South London on 29 July 1999. Brigadier John Greenway, our Editor and Chairman of the London and Home Counties Branch of the Regimental Association, together with ex WO2 Bill Norman who served with Syd in India, represented the Regiment.

Major J. W. Bell, TD

Major John Bell died on 20 July 1999, aged 83. He was commissioned into the 43rd Searchlight Regiment RE (5th Dukes) in 1937, serving at Mirfield in 373 Company as a Section Commander. He was called up in 1938 and by August 1939 he was caring for his widely deployed troops around the Yorkshire area.

On the expansion of Anti-Aircraft Command he was posted with his Battery to the Middlesex Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment and served in France and Germany, until they demobilised. He joined the TA on its reformation after the war and became Second in Command, 598 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment RA (5th Dukes).

A local manufacturer of considerable note, he was well known as a great sportsman, councillor and friend of many in the Mirfield/Huddersfield area. Ever a great humorist and raconteur, he was a long standing member of the 5th Dukes Dinner Club. He leaves a widow, Mickie, a son and two daughters.

Major General A. G. C. Jones, CB, MC (late RE)

Many of us in the Regiment will be saddened to hear of the death of Tony Jones in July 1999, a most distinguished Sapper officer who was, perhaps, best known for his bravery at the Nijmegen Bridge in 1944. His actions there are well documented in many books covering the actions of General Sir Brian Horrocks' XXX Corps when attempting to join up with the paratroops at Arnhem. "Perhaps the bravest of these very brave men was Lieutenant Jones, a young Sapper officer, who ran on foot behind the leading tanks, cutting the wires and removing the demolition charges".

This was Tony Jones, a brave soldier and also a most competent front row forward, who played in the Army XV's of the early 1950s along with Mike Hardy, Dennis Shuttleworth and Donald Isles. He also commanded 25 Engineer Regiment alongside the 1st Battalion in Osnabrück in 1965-67 and became a great friend of the Battalion, so much so that he even went so far as to allow his daughter, Geraldine, to marry Alan Westcob, then a subaltern in the Dukes.

His funeral took place in Folkestone on 23 July 1999 when General Donald Isles, Brigadier Dick Mundell, Brigadier and Mrs Johnny Walker and Colonel and Mrs Tim Nicholson represented the Regiment. Our sympathy goes out to Biddy his wife, to Gel and Shane

his daughters and to his grandchildren. We remember their many kindnesses and support in the Osnabrück days.

Mr C. G. Rhodes

Geoffrey Rhodes who has died, suddenly, aged 75 was commissioned into the Dukes in February 1944. After service with the Dukes ITC in County Durham he was seconded to the 5th Seaforth Highlanders in 51st Highland Division, fighting with them as a platoon commander in Holland and Germany. He was severely wounded in the crossing of the Rhine in March 1945 and was discharged from the Army that year. In civilian life he was a successful businessman who did much for charity in and around Scarborough, where he made his home. He was also a well-known member of Ganton Golf Club.

His funeral took place on 30 June 1999 at Scalby. He leaves a wife, Maureen, and a son and daughter.

The following have also died during recent months:

Mr J. A. Jowett

James Jowett, ex 1/6th DWR 1940, died on 27 April 1999.

Mr R. Birch

Richard Birch, ex 6 DWR, died on 7 June 1999.

Mr R. Roberts

Robbo Roberts, a stalwart member of the London Branch of the Regimental Association, died on 15 July. He leaves a widow, Betty, and daughter, Sarah. His funeral mass in South London on 26 July was attended by Judith and John Greenway.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers, including serving members of the Regiment moving on individual postings, advise the Business Manager of their change of address without delay

NAME

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