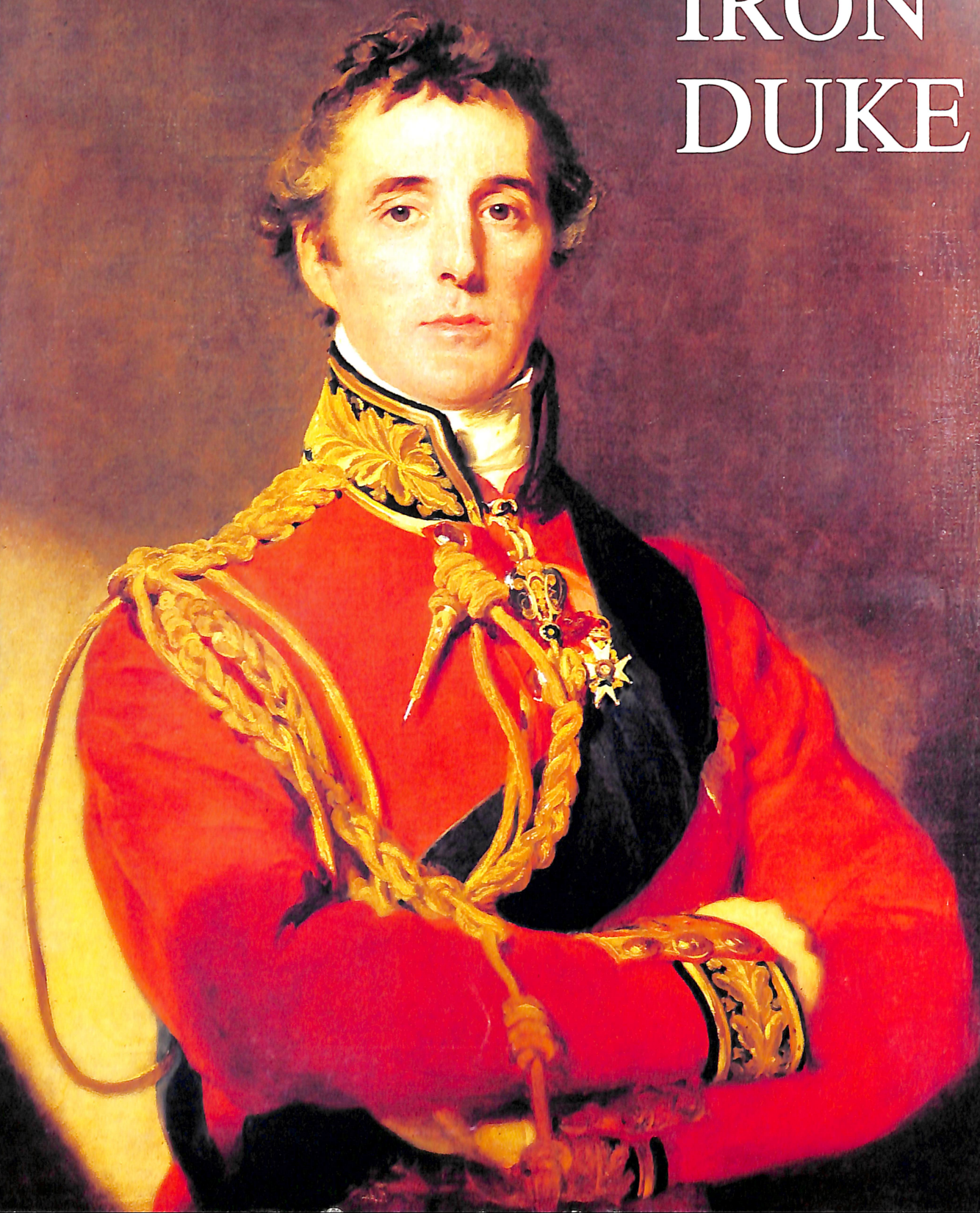


WINTER 1999  
No. 241

# THE IRON DUKE



# THE IRON DUKE

*The Regimental Journal of*

## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT

(WEST RIDING)

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



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

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### BUSINESS NOTES

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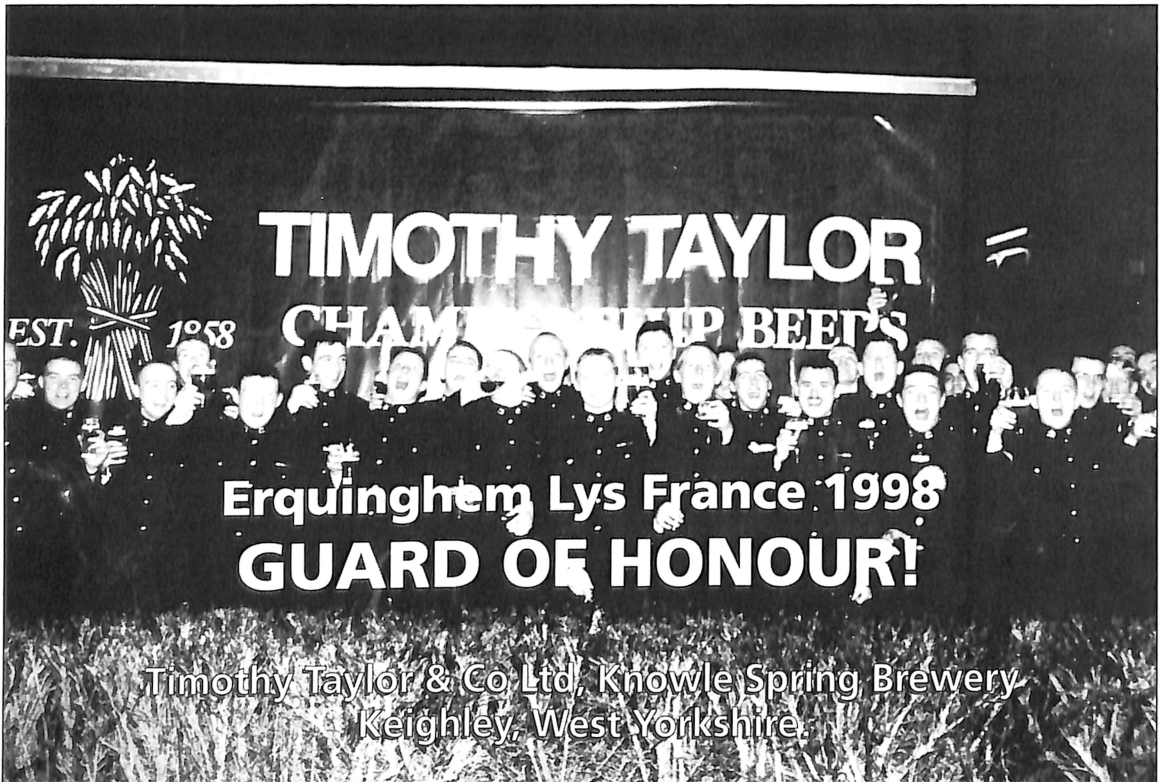
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# THE REGIMENT

## *The Colonel-in-Chief*

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

### *Colonel of the Regiment*

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.*

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

Assistant Regimental Secretary: Major R. Heron

#### **1st Battalion**

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

Commanding Officer: Lieutenant Colonel N. G. Borwell

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

### **ARMY CADET FORCE - DWR**

#### **Yorkshire (North & West)**

D Company Detachments

OC: Major P. Cole

Halifax

Huddersfield

Spen Valley

Keighley

Mirfield

Skipton

Thongsbridge

#### **Humberside and South Yorkshire**

C Company Detachments

OC: Major B. Bradford

D Company Detachments

OC: Major A. Hudson

Barnsley

Darfield

Birdwell

Thurcroft

Wath on Dearne

Endcliffe

Wombwell

### **COMBINED CADET FORCE - DWR**

#### **Giggleswick School CCF**

CO: Lieut. Col. N. J. Mussett

#### **Leeds Grammar School CCF**

CO: Squadron Leader R. Hill

#### **Wellington College CCF**

CO: Major E. J. Heddon

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

#### **Les Voltigeurs de Quebec**

*Manège Militaire,*

*Grande-Allée,*

*Quebec, Canada.*

Honorary Colonels: Colonel Marcel Jobin, CM, CQ

Lieutenant Colonel André Desmarais

Commanding Officer: Lieutenant Colonel Simon Hebert, CD

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

#### **10th Bn The Baloch Regiment**

*PO Box 428,*

*GPO Rawalpindi, Pakistan.*

Colonel: Major General Kaizad Maneck Sopariwala

Commanding Officer: Lieutenant Colonel Kamran Jalil

### **AFFILIATED SHIPS OF THE ROYAL NAVY**

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*BFPO 309*

Commander C. C. C. Johnstone, BA, RN

#### **H.M.S. Sheffield**

*BFPO 383*

Commander T. Lowe, RN



*Private Arthur Poulter VC*

The following citation was published in the London Gazette on 28 June 1918:

**“24066 Private Arthur Poulter 1/4th Battalion, the Duke of Wellington’s (West Riding) Regiment (TF).  
For most conspicuous bravery when acting as a stretcher bearer, at Erquinghem-Lys, on 10 April, 1918.**

On ten occasions Private Poulter carried badly wounded men on his back to a safe locality, through a particularly heavy artillery and machine-gun barrage. Again, after a withdrawal over the river had been ordered, Private Poulter returned in full view of the enemy, who were advancing, and carried back another man who had been left behind wounded. He bandaged-up over forty men under fire, and his conduct throughout the whole day was a magnificent example to all ranks. This very gallant soldier was subsequently seriously wounded when attempting another rescue in the face of the enemy.”

## A MESSAGE FROM THE COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT

I have been your Colonel for just over a hundred days and look back with gratitude to all those who have gone out of their way to brief me, entertain me and above all welcome me to the bosom of the Regiment. Like Napoleon's 100 days I have been busy mustering support from my troops by visiting the Regimental Recruiting Areas, the two Territorial Companies, recruits in training and the Battalion. I have learnt of the tremendous regard in which the Regiment is held in the West Riding and South Yorkshire and how important our links are with the boroughs therein. This was graphically demonstrated in Barnsley in September when the Battalion skilfully exercised its Freedom privileges. Of course I already know what an excellent job the 1st Battalion does in London District by creating a 'wilco' and professional reputation. A battalion that is overstrength in both officers and soldiers usually exudes an air of confidence and stability and so it is with the 33rd. I realise that 'Dukes' do not join the Army to 'square bash' but the Regiment as a family should be proud of the way they have gone about the task in hand. I therefore know that they will do well

in their new Armoured Infantry role in Germany next year.

One of the most moving events of my 100 days was the presentation to the Regiment of the VC awarded to Private Arthur Poulter in 1918. I was very struck by the generosity and humility of the Poulter family who gave this great medal to the Regiment in his memory. What an outstanding and rare gesture of loyalty to a regiment and family!

I started my 100 days on 18 June, a good day to become a 'Duke'. I was reminded of the post script the Great Duke put in a letter to a nephew: "I believe I forgot to tell you I was made a Duke". I had to telephone the Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion to check I hadn't dreamt of my new appointment. So I look back over the hundred days not just with gratitude but also with considerable pride at being Colonel of a Regiment with a fine reputation both in the wider Army and in Yorkshire. My job is to make absolutely sure that this remains so.

Major General E. J. Webb-Carter, OBE, Colonel



**Katie Harrison passes Arthur Poulter's Victoria Cross and other medals to the Colonel of the Regiment on 11 September 1999.**

*Photograph courtesy of Halifax Courier Ltd*



**Lieutenant Colonel N. G. Borwell**

# Regimental Headquarters

## Regimental Notes

### LIEUTENANT COLONEL N. G. BORWELL

Lieutenant Colonel Nick Borwell succeeded Lieutenant Colonel Simon Newton as Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion on 17 September 1999.

Lieutenant Colonel Borwell (41) was commissioned into the Duke of Wellington's Regiment in 1977. He has served in Northern Ireland, Germany, Gibraltar, Bosnia, Norway, Australia and Malaysia.

He joined the 1st Battalion, in the mechanised role, in Minden. Following Platoon Commanders' tours that took him to Germany, Canada, West Belfast, Crossmaglen and recruit training at the King's Division Depot at Strensall, he was Mortar Officer in 1983/84.

In 1985 he was ADC to General Sir Charles Huxtable in his capacity as Commander Training and Arms Directors at Wilton. He returned to the Battalion as Intelligence Officer for a short time in Bulford, before becoming Operations and Intelligence Officer for the Battalion's Northern Ireland residential tour in 1987. He commanded Corunna Company from September 1987 to October 1988 with deployments to West Belfast, Newry and Armagh.

In 1989 Lieutenant Colonel Borwell attended the Malaysian Staff College in Kuala Lumpur. This was followed by two years as an exchange officer at the Australian Defence Intelligence Organisation in Canberra. He returned to England in 1992 and commanded Alma Company while the Battalion was part of the AMF(L) in Norway and UK. He attended Staff College at Camberley in 1993 before returning to command Alma Company in 1994-95. During this period the Battalion went on exercise in Kenya; deployed to Bosnia, where Alma Company was initially responsible for Vitez, but soon found itself in Gorazde; and moved to Weeton as Northern Ireland Province Reserve.

In 1995-96 Lieutenant Colonel Borwell was SO2 G2 HQ 3 (UK) Division in Bulford. This tour included his second deployment to Bosnia. He was promoted in 1998 and moved to the Permanent Joint Headquarters at Northwood as SO1 J5 Plans, responsible at various stages for Cyprus and Kosovo operational planning. He has been twice Mentioned in Despatches.

He married his wife, Jane, in 1994 and they have two children, Lydia (4) and Phoebe (3).

### FREEDOM OF BARNLSLEY

Barnsley came to a halt on Saturday afternoon 11 September as the 1st Battalion marched through the town centre, exercising the Regiment's Freedom of the borough. (See page 121 for photographs.)

It was the first time the Regiment had taken advantage of the privilege which was granted by Barnsley Council in May 1995, when the Freedom of the borough was transferred from the York and Lancaster Regiment to the Dukes.

The Mayor, Councillor Howard Lavender, inspected the parade at the front of the town hall before granting

his permission for the Battalion to march through the town centre. The salute was taken in May Day Green by the Mayor, the Lord Lieutenant of South Yorkshire and the Colonel of the Regiment.

The parade, led by Lieutenant Colonel Simon Newton as almost his last act before handing over command of the Battalion, included two guards dressed in Number One dress (Blues), two guards in Combat kit carrying bergens, the Colour Party, Corps of Drums and the King's Division Normandy Band. The parade with bayonets fixed and colours flying made a very impressive sight for the people of Barnsley.

### HALIFAX PLC DONATION TO REGIMENTAL MUSEUM

The Halifax has generously given £5,000 to the Regimental Museum to help fund a study to redesign and modernise the displays and improve its educational facilities. This is one part of a wider plan to relocate the museum within Bankfield. The study will form an essential foundation for a bid to the Heritage Lottery Fund for support for the museum redesign. A principal element of the plans for the new display is to draw on our roots as one of the now very few unamalgamated or disbanded of the old County Infantry Regiments and show the long, close connections between the Regiment and our home county, the West Riding. In particular, it will be focusing on the lives and contributions of individual soldiers, officers and their families, to illustrate and bring to life these connections and the parts they played in so many of the major events which shaped our nation and its history.

### ARTHUR POULTER'S VICTORIA CROSS

On 11 June 1999, the family of Arthur Poulter presented his VC to the Regiment. This was an exceptionally generous donation and the Regiment is deeply honoured that the family should wish Arthur's VC to be kept within the Regimental family. The medal was presented by Mrs Pat Harrison, Arthur's daughter, and her two brothers, John and Leslie Poulter to Brigadier Dick Mundell, while he was still Colonel of the Regiment, at a very simple function in Pat's home in Leeds. Symbolically this was Brigadier Dick's last function as Colonel of the Regiment. It was fitting that it should be marked by a simple, generous gesture honouring the memory of a humble and brave man who typified so many of the qualities of his generation of Yorkshire soldiers, qualities to which we still aspire to today.

On 11 September a further short ceremony was held in the Regimental Museum to unveil the medal and to say thank you to the wider Poulter family, of whom 25 were able to come led by John and Leslie and including many of Arthur's grandchildren, great and great-great-grandchildren. The focal point of the ceremony was the passing of Arthur's medal to the Colonel of the Regiment, Major General Evelyn Webb-Carter, by





**Pat Harrison, with her brothers John, left, and Leslie Poulter with their father's Victoria Cross which was presented to Brigadier Dick Mundell on 11 June 1999.**

*Photograph courtesy of Halifax Courier Ltd*

Katie Harrison, Arthur's great-granddaughter. It was Katie who, last year in Erquinghem-Lys, unveiled the monument erected by the town to Arthur on the site where most of the action which earned him his VC took place. A short description of the battle is on page 108 of the Winter 1998 edition of the Iron Duke.

The museum now holds four of the ten VCs awarded to members of the Regiment. The other VCs we hold are those of Drummer Michael Magner, 2nd Lieutenant Henry Kelly, and Sergeant Hanson Victor Turner (earned whilst serving with the West Yorkshire Regiment).

#### **ARMY BENEVOLENT FUND (ABF)**

When writing to the Colonel of the Regiment to thank him for the Regiment's annual contribution to the Army Benevolent Fund (£4,000 for 1999/2000), the Controller of the ABF also said:

"You may be interested to know that between 1 April 1998 and 31 March 1999 the Army Benevolent Fund disbursed a total of £13,585 to past and present members, and their families, of the Regiment. In addition, the fund on behalf of all the regiments and corps of the Army donated £2.1 million to those charities which either provide vital services to the partnership of Army benevolent funds or meet the special needs of the soldiers, ex-soldiers and their

families. This is included in the total of approximately £10 million which the partnership of the ABF and Corps and Regimental Benevolent Funds disbursed during the year to members of the Army and ex-Army communities who were in real need."

#### **CATHEDRAL 2000 - YORK MINSTER 18 JANUARY 2000**

Cathedral 2000 is the Army's official religious celebration of the new millennium. In outline it is a series of ecumenical services to be held in cathedrals around the UK and other countries where the Army is serving. One of these services will be held in York Minster at 1430 hours on Tuesday 18 January 2000.

The service is primarily for members of the Army, both regular and territorial. However, the following will be made welcome, and are invited to attend: members of cadet forces, civilians working with the army, veterans' organisations and families of the aforementioned. Collections will be taken during the service for the Army Benevolent Fund.

#### **PROMOTIONS AND AWARDS**

Warm congratulations to Major D. S. Bruce MBE on his selection for promotion to the substantive of Lieutenant Colonel and similar congratulations to WO2 P. L. Evans GM on his award of the MBE.

# 1st Battalion

## Commanding Officer's Introduction

I am delighted to be back with the 1st Battalion once more, and it is a privilege to have taken over as Commanding Officer. It is quite clear from my first impressions of the Battalion that it is held in high regard within London, and that it has done a difficult job on Public Duties extremely well. The fact that we continue to be well manned, despite the often fragmented nature of our role over the past few years, is a credit to everyone within the 1st Battalion, but credit must also go to our recruiters and to RHQ. I am most grateful to Lieutenant Colonel Simon Newton for handing over such a fine Battalion.

It is now mid-October, and we still have five months to run in London. There is a determination within the Battalion to continue in the style that has characterised the rest of the tour. That said, the over-riding priority now is to get the Battalion ready for Osnabruck. We will experience a step-change in activity levels as we become part of 4 Armoured Brigade. It is a challenge to which the Dukes will rise, and I am confident that we will do it well. We are fully manned, and are fortunate in the exceptional calibre of our officers and NCOs.

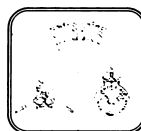
The next year or so will be busy, but the Battalion will be training and deploying on operations all together, under its own command. This will allow us to inject a degree of stability into our lives that has, in recent years, not been possible. The Dukes will be complete in Osnabruck by the end of March 2000. We will then be required to convert from the light role to Armoured Infantry (AI), in record time during the spring and summer. The current plan is that the Battalion will then deploy to Bosnia for a six month operational tour in November 2000. The fluid nature of the situation in the Balkans means that it is possible this tour will not come our way, and we may be warned off for a later deployment, maybe in Kosovo, in 2001. Given this uncertainty, we are planning for the worst case, and we will be ready for operations in Bosnia in late 2000.

All this activity demands that we are well organised and prepared for what lies ahead. I am determined that the battalion will balance a busy programme so that we give everyone an opportunity to really learn from the experience and enjoy it. This will be achieved by concentrating on the essential elements of conversion and pre-tour training. We will then complete as much additional training as we can, but not at the expense of our leave entitlement and opportunities for sport. In this way we should be able to ensure that we complete a busy period with high morale, having achieved our training and operational aims. Whilst the short to medium term priority at any one time will be on conversion and operations, my main effort throughout my time in command will be manning the 1st Battalion.

Without our full complement of officers and soldiers we cannot be operationally effective and we will enter a downward spiral of discontent. Recruiting and retention is the bedrock on which all other battalion activities rest - we must continue to get it right.

This is a time of great change for all of us. For the families it will mean a degree of upheaval, but I am heartened by the positive attitude as more information on life in Germany is made available. Their continued excellent support to our efforts will be critical to success. For everyone, whether married or single, the quarters and accommodation are of a high standard; Osnabruck is a bustling friendly town; and there are great opportunities for travel in Europe. Turning to rugby, we will continue to build on last year's success in getting to the Army Cup Final. We have the quality, and we have the time to train. With confidence in our ability, there is every reason to be optimistic this year.

To summarise, the AI role and life in Germany will be fun and professionally rewarding. We will strive to achieve a balanced programme that will ensure that we become the best AI battalion in the British Army, whilst retaining the Dukes at full strength.



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### BATTLEFIELD VISITS

A group of young officers from London District studying for the Junior Officers' Training and Education Scheme went to France to study the Battle of the Somme. Amongst them were eight officers from the 1st Battalion. The party was led by the GOC/Colonel of the Regiment.

The photograph below was taken on the Butte de Warlencourt a few hundred yards from where Lieutenant Henry Kelly, 10th Battalion DWR, won his VC on 4 October 1916.



**From left to right, standing: Mark Tetley, Jim Kirk, Jim Glossop, Richard Sutcliffe, Mat Palmer, Liam McCormick, Sam Humphris. Sitting: Colonel of the Regiment, Kevin Price.**

### EXERCISE POND JUMP WEST - THE PERMANENT RANGE TEAM PERSPECTIVE

The Permanent Range Team (PRT) planners, like an advance party of worker ants, arrived in Canada with great ideas and bags of enthusiasm. However, the weather that first greeted the newly arrived bunch soon got rid of that, as the rain soaked everyone to the skin on the first day and the wind made sure that you were not only wet but also extremely cold. Planning ranges in this weather was not going to be fun!

The PRT staff were a motley crew, their illustrious leader was Major Simon Pinder, constantly trying to avoid staying in one place for too long, just in case someone found out where he was. The command structure was vaguely Somme, but here any similarity ended, the personnel from outside this unit drafted in to the team were definitely not Somme Company. Jocks, Paras, Cumbrians and Lancashire folk left over from the last ice age were the people to help the planners run the ranges. A six week jolly it was not.

The ranges to be planned started with the very basic Pairs Fire and Movement to eventually the complicated

range of Captain 'Crusty' Bryden with his "Valley of Crack and Thump". The package was aimed at working the companies up to the same high standard of field firing, but there was always the requirement to tailor certain ranges to the company's specific needs, e.g. the Composite Company, as nearly all the students/TA personnel had not thrown grenades before.

The first phase of the range package worked the companies at section then platoon level, then, after a period of company-run training, the rifle companies would go through a battle run designed to test all the company personnel, as, in true Dukes form, it consisted of some ranges dotted around the training area with big tabs in between.

It was interesting seeing the different approaches from the rifle companies when going through the package, from a Company Commander wanting his soldiers to dig in at the rear of the defence range and becoming very pedantic over the safety factors compared to the exercise realism, to another that just wanted his soldiers to rest

for long enough so that they could complete any future tabs. The ranges were all live firing throughout and this caused some interesting decisions with the personnel involved as safety staff; thank you RSM and CSM Hook. The live firing throughout the company battle runs was aimed at generating as much realism as possible for the soldiers. It was certainly a challenging environment and the addition of live ammunition being carried throughout added that extra challenge; not just for the soldiers and commanders involved but also the safety staff.

So far there has been no mention of Somme Company participation. Throughout the live firing package it was

the Mortar Platoon that provided the indirect fire support and this was planned so as to get the troops as close to the action as possible within the safety parameters used. The Mortar Platoon tried to get themselves closer to the action than anyone else for the final attack by firing on their anchor OP! Well done lads.

The Machine Gunners were also utilised in their proper war role and they went through the battle runs just the same as the rifle companies but obviously with the extra kit that they carry. Preparation for this, at the same time as trying to do certain ceremonial tasks, was no mean feat.

Captain P. Cowell

### MORTAR PLATOON DURING EXERCISE POND JUMP WEST 2/99

The opportunity for the Mortar Platoon to exercise and live fire in Canada proved to be a valuable and exciting experience for all concerned. The lack of artillery support thrust the Dukes' mortar men into the limelight, being the sole dependable source of indirect fire support for the Battle Group.

Much of the build-up training for Canada had been in the form of live firing tasks in support of other units. The majority of the NCOs fulfilling the posts of Section Commanders, Mortar Fire Controllers etc had recently been on Mortar Division courses or were very experienced. This formed the backbone of the Platoon. We were able on arrival to start a brief week of revision, to blow away any cobwebs and prepare ourselves for the task of supporting troops on the ground. We were extremely lucky to have the opportunity to use the Army Air Corps' Lynx helicopters for mortar fire adjustment from the air and movement of troops, equipment and stores. The Commanding Officer was keen to have mortar fire for the rifle companies' live firing package. Therefore, from platoon attacks up to the final battle group night attack, the Mortar Platoon provided high explosive, smoke and illumination.

Sergeant Cox's expertise ensured the platoon was fed, watered and re-supplied and, supported by Corporals Burton, Bushby, Leen and Seviour, managed to guide his Mortar Officer in the act of mortaring. The refreshing experience for the newly-qualified and pressured Mortar Officer was the way the platoon

worked as a team and ensured effective results were achieved. Private soldiers were given a lot of responsibility during live firing. Often privates were given the appointment of Number 1 on the Mortar detachment, normally a job for a lance corporal. The responsibility of laying the mortar onto the target and ensuring accurate fire was achieved in the right place at the right time was often theirs. Although the safety supervision was there, Mortar Fire Controllers on the ground, demanding fire to support an attack, needed quick application of their requests. Two minutes is the stated time to switch a mortar onto a new target, Private Knox was often able to do this safely, under supervision, in around forty seconds. This was a remarkable achievement.

The final battle group attack was at night and the Mortar Platoon was lucky enough to provide fire support for the assaulting troops. A sudden influx of extra ammunition enabled a fire plan that provided high explosive and smoke for thirty minutes and illumination for around forty-five minutes. The effectiveness of the 81mm mortar is sometimes underestimated due to lack of ammunition and time live firing with rifle companies. The opportunities in Canada proved to be a great experience for the whole platoon and, we hope, for the troops assaulting on the ground too.

Captain D. J. J. Kirk  
OC Mortars

### PLATOON COMPETITION 1999

Exercise Pond Jump West culminated in the traditional manner with a testing competition pitting all the platoons against each other. The setting for the competition was the rolling and featureless plains of Wainwright, which the 1st Battalion had come to know and love over the last five weeks of various levels of training.

The main theme of the competition was to test the elements most crucial to the infantry soldier. Namely to cover large distances, arrive at an objective on time and be combat effective. It comprised a 25km march, followed by a 4km speed march to the range for a section attack.

Shortly after completion of the final Battalion exercise, platoons separated into their own locations and prepared themselves for the task to come. This involved preparing the correct equipment required under the rules of the competition, and working through the route selection, which was to prove most crucial at critical times later during the night, as fatigue set in amongst the troops.

After very little rest, the weary troops endured the inevitable kit inspection prior to setting off at half-hourly intervals. With the initial mission being to move with the complete body of men from the start location

through a series of manned rendezvous points in order to reach the first objective.

In theory an easy task, however it proved to be the most testing aspect of the competition. The terrain and visibility, coupled with antique cartography, meant that accurate navigation was anything but simple. The frustration was increased by the constant harassment of the eye in the sky, which was the judge's helicopter.

The main role of the eye in the sky was to enforce the boundaries and to ensure that the out of bounds tracks and roads were not used. Along the route each platoon's signaller was tasked with various demanding reports and returns which got increasingly more difficult both in terms of battling mental and physical fatigue and also the complexity of the report.

The early running seemed to be with the Recce Platoon, as they swiftly reeled in most of the other platoons; this did sometimes prove disastrous to the morale of those platoons which had set off earlier in the competition. 5 Platoon was the only rifle platoon to complete the route in the time set, with forty-five minutes spare. The remainder of the platoons came in having achieved various degrees of success.

At this point, the end of the forced march, each platoon had on average 30-40 minutes to take on water and prepare kit for the 4km speed march - the next stage of the competition. Once again the platoons were set off with timed intervals separating them, once again against the clock. The main hurdle which had to be crossed was that of simply setting off, due to the fact that everyone's joints had seized up during this simple stop.

The time limit for the speed march was easily achieved by all participants. This now left the shoot, which was set out as though it was a section live attack. In the event, this was the deciding point of the whole competition, with leading teams losing their lead through poor shooting, and vice-versa.

On completion of the competition there was a Battalion parade, where the result was anxiously awaited. Almost predictably, the Recce Platoon won, although it was a very close run thing, with 6 Platoon, Burma Company, only nine points behind. Many points were brought out over the final breakdown of results, causing some controversy over the individual infantry skills which should be hoisted on board.

The Platoon Commanders, Burma Company

### ADVENTURE TRAINING: PARAGLIDING

Throughout the Battalion's seven-week tour of Canada this summer companies were rotated through an excellent five-day adventure training programme. The central base of the package was Trail's End Camp, thirty minutes outside Calgary and four hours from Wainwright training area. Staff at the camp were either qualified Dukes' personnel, permanent-posted military, or sub-contracted specialists, all combining to run some of the most memorable weeks of the tour.

Prior to arrival at Trail's End Camp participants were able to select their preferred activity. Canoeing, white water rafting, climbing, glacial trekking, horse trekking, pot holing, parachuting and paragliding were on offer and, by and large, all were able to get their first choice.

From Alma Company, seven others and myself opted for the paragliding option. This took us a further seven hours west to the small village of Lumby, British Columbia. Here, we were assured, was where the most consistent and favourable wind conditions were to be found. The spectacular drive down to Lumby took us through the Rockies and a large cross-section of British Columbia until we finally arrived at our quaint campsite location.

The paragliding instructors were sub-contracted Canadians of a national standard who collected the group from the campsite each morning. For the first two days the whole group was taken through the very basics of the sport, spending the majority of time on canopy control and the precarious launching technique, known as the "chicken run". This, we were told, was the most critical time of a jump and therefore had to be of the required standard before we could throw ourselves off a cliff!

Paragliding is extremely weather-dependant, requiring the correct wind speed and direction to make jumping possible. For this reason groups' total jumps

varied from week to week. However, luckily for Alma Company, we were blessed with favourable winds, blue skies and searing temperatures for all but one day. This meant that our first solo launch was imminent after two and a half days of running up and down a gently sloping hill practising canopy control.

It was at this point that the main aim and purpose of the adventure training week became strikingly clear. We found ourselves two thousand feet up, standing in a thirty square feet clearing heading out to a sheer cliff edge overlooking British Columbia as far as the eye could see. We had been told we would face large challenges and achieve feats that tested our nerve to the full and that is exactly what we were doing. By the end of day three the whole group had successfully launched and landed with an exhilarating flight time of eight to ten minutes. The frustration of two days' repetitive launch training had become worthwhile.

For the rest of the week we launched from various peaks in the area, depending on the wind direction, and were lucky enough to complete a total of six jumps each. At each location we were surrounded by fantastic scenery and a complete lack of other paragliders, leaving us with the skies all to ourselves. By the end of the course the majority of us had managed to catch part of a thermal, travelling up rather than down and master the fundamentals of the sport. It would have been easy to assume there was not actually much to it had we not been able to witness one of our instructors launching and landing at the same small clearing on a cliff edge 2,200 feet up Mount Vernon! They were able to ride and soar in thermals for up to five hours at a time putting our novice ten-minute escapades into reality.

As a whole the group had an exhilarating and thoroughly enjoyable week, aided by lunch breaks at a nearby lakeside resort with great views of the scenery in



**Private Peas soaring two thousand feet above British Columbia**

all respects! The paragliding was great fun and we were spoilt by the surrounding climate and views. A week in Crickhowell, the British Army paragliding centre, may not quite have made the same impact. All of the locals we met were extremely jealous of this perk of the British Army, a course that would have cost much money in civilian life. Paragliding was not one of the most physically demanding options but it tested the

nerve of our tough Yorkshire soldiers to the full. One or two would far rather have watched the whole spectacle, an option not available to them.

Speaking with seniors from the various adventure training options confirmed that this was one of the best-organised and run adventure training packages that the Battalion has participated in.

Lieutenant M. C. A. Palmer

### **BURMA COMPANY STAND DOWN IN CANADA**

After an arduous Battalion FTX, then on to the Platoon Competition, the men of Burma Company were looking forward to some time off, in the shape of Stand Down.

The preparation started a couple of weeks earlier, with the booking of hotels etc. The main bulk of the Company opted for a package consisting of a five star hotel, transport and VIP tickets guaranteeing you free admission to several night clubs, no queuing and first drink free, also a free pass to Water World.

The morning of Stand Down all Burma Company paraded for the MCCP to back load unwanted equipment, then onto the awaiting coaches which would take us on a three-hour journey from Wainwright camp down to Edmonton.

No sooner had the lads booked in to the Holiday Inn, taxis were on standby to whisk them away off to the night clubs and bars, Malibu's and Cowboys to name but two.

By day the lads made the most of what was on offer. The main place for the bulk of all activities was the Edmonton Mall. The ice rink where the Burma Company

ice skating team, consisting of Privates Hammer, Hart, Pearson, Smith and Ward, put on a display to the enjoyment of what ended up being two hundred people, mostly armed with camcorders, to capture a true comic display on film. To sum up the display one of the attendants asked one of the lads if his mates were all drunk? "No" was the reply "they just can't skate."

With free tickets on offer for the water park, which saved them over \$24.00, the lads snapped at the chance to experience slides over 100yds high, some of which needed some nerve to go on. Waves, a beach and bar and other welcome water activities, kept you occupied for hours. Those of a sporting nature took to the roof for a driving experience of a golfing type, on a range with all mod cons including auto teeing. Alternative driving was the carting circuit, with a few budding Damon Hills doing their best.

You would think after the exercises and battle runs the lads would want a break from it all, but no, the Laser Quest beckoned and in they went on urban combat (shorts and T-shirts, sun glasses optional); then into the Elephant and Castle for a debrief.

Back at the hotel the lads were boisterous, but behaved due to the sheriffs in town, consisting of the RSM and WO2 Murton. Following the daytime adventures came the night-time adventures. Enough said.

Stand Down did not consist of Edmonton alone; some people ventured further afield; Corporal Burn, Ellam and Lance Corporal Palmer hired a car and toured out as far as Calgary and the Rockies.

Corporals Cornwell and Harris decided to improve on their adventure training, and went back to Biesker and successfully free fell from 10,000 feet, with a few unpredictable spins and turns on route to ground zero.

All in all, a Stand Down period in which all members of Burma Company thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Sergeant J. Harrison

### CORUNNA COMPANY

OC - Majors Norman and Adams  
 2i/c - Captains Charlesworth and Harford  
 CSM - WO2 McCabe  
 CQMS - Colour Sergeant Lakey

#### 7 Platoon

OC - Lieutenant Johnston

PI Sgt - Sergeant Knight

#### 8 Platoon

OC - Colour Sergeant Buckingham  
 and Lieutenant Payne

PI Sgt - Sergeants Watts and Smith

#### 9 Platoon

OC - Lieutenant Sutcliffe  
 and 2nd Lieutenant Palfrey

PI Sgt - Sergeant Brennan

#### 1 Royal Scots Platoon

OC - Lieutenant Morrison (RS)

PI Sgt - Colour Sergeant Coen (RS)

Corunna Company (DWR) was warned in late 1998 that it was to become attached to 1 Royal Scots for the duration of its operational tour in South Armagh. For most young Dukes hearing Scottish accents would not be a shock, especially after their introduction to it in basic training at Glencorse. However, working with a Scottish regiment, its ethos and traditions, which aren't quite "Yorkshire" would be another thing. Most of the Dukes were delighted to miss the summer ceremonial season in London, so, with the pomp and pageantry of ceremonial duties in London firmly behind us, and with the knowledge that an altogether more gritty, and tangible challenge lay before us, the men of Corunna Company embarked upon build up training for the tour with gusto and fervour.

Our enthusiasm for the tour to Northern Ireland was tempered not only by the knowledge that we would not miss the palatial, tree lined splendour of Hounslow, but would sadly miss 1 DWR's exercise in Canada during July and August. It was with heavy hearts that we would wave goodbye to loved ones for six months. Yet the company was imbued with the desire to get back to what we understand best: Green soldiering.

By January, Corunna Company was appearing regularly in Colchester to take part in the in-barracks training phase. Gradually both organisations were beginning to integrate, and adapted to each other's mannerisms and ways of doing things. Yorkshiremen, and Scotsmen, a potent combination! It appeared for a while that the soldiers of 1 RS regarded the boys from Barnsley and Huddersfield as being far more exotic than the Gurkhas and Fijians whom they had recently been working with, and in some cases understandably so. Some 1 RS personnel probably still don't understand. And vice versa for Dukes about Royals.

However, once regional dialects were put aside and different football allegiances were temporarily forgotten, both sets of soldiers began to find that working together was not so difficult after all. None of us are ever half as unique as we imagine.

In the early days of March 1999, with the political process in Northern Ireland at an impasse and the destiny of the province laying uncertain, Corunna Company arrived in Bessbrook, South Armagh. It was an interesting time to be arriving in the province.

The general perception back in the UK was that the "war" was over. The media was more interested in how the UN and NATO were going to rid Yugoslavia of Milosovic. Media interest in NI issues tended to be limited to the political domain. It came, therefore, as something of a surprise to most that the level and intensity of operations within South Armagh had been maintained at a relatively high level. The peace dividend had clearly altered life in the province, and the role of the Army was evolving as dictated by that continuing process. Yet there was clearly still much to be done and Corunna Company would clearly be very busy. The cries of our compatriots back in London before we left that we would have nothing to do for six months now rang strangely hollow.

Corunna Company's role was to be that of the Bessbrook Company. The Company's primary task being the security of Bessbrook. This would be fulfilled in three ways. The first was framework and mortar base plate patrols within the immediate locality, as well as further afield within our area of responsibility. Secondly, by providing the guard multiple to ensure local camp security, and finally the use of CCTV cameras. Also to be manned by the company were seven tower locations. From these the company would sustain

the ongoing surveillance operation. In order to assist the company in fulfilling its obligations, two multiples from 1 RS, commanded by Lieutenant Morrison and Colour Sergeant Coen, were to be attached to Corunna for the duration of the tour. The unreserved character of both of these individuals meant that it was very easy to get them to volunteer an opinion on any subject. They settled well into Yorkshire mode. Along with their men, they soon referred to themselves as "the attached to the attached". Once fully integrated within the company there was the inevitable movement of soldiers between the call signs. This was only possible due to the fact that several soldiers became rapidly conversant in the ancient dialects that are Scottish and Yorkshire. Soldiers were certified bilingual and then able to interpret as necessary. Worthy of note in this department are Privates Wilson and Shuttleworth (DWR) who proved particularly adept at this.

Multiples worked a four to six-week rotation between Bessbrook and the various tower locations. The work in the towers is fairly sustainable with soldiers being in a regular routine, working for a set number of hours daily, and being able to learn and understand their own jobs in some detail. The situation presented commanders at all levels with the scope to change their working environment, and not simply accept systems which we had inherited. This was an opportunity for commanders to delegate responsibility to private soldiers. It allowed young inexperienced individuals the chance to exercise their own judgement in a far broader sense than is usually possible or normally acceptable. Without doubt all the toms and jocks will have learnt much about themselves and their peers.

The tower locations varied in standard quite dramatically. R16 is a particularly well-positioned and desirable property in an ideal location suitable for much decadence and heady excess in a junior officer. What is more, it is blessed with the presence of a chef, which means that the secret cult of the hobby chef can remain well and truly suppressed. The command opportunity for this establishment and the other locales provided exciting times for the junior commanders. The remaining multiples took up residence in outstations very much in the style of the "Alpine retreat". Lacking access to South Armagh's substantial rail and road network these ram-shackled mountain top towers would test the ingenuity and improvisational skills of any owner-occupier; especially the new Platoon Commander. Corporal Erskine's DIY is still to be seen in many a location. Some members of the company would have you believe that he went into a tower armed with nothing more than his trusty power tools; not a rifle in sight. The vision of the locals water skiing, boating or even jet skiing on Camlough Water was a test for every man's resolve.

Life away from the mountain retreats was somewhat more hectic for the multiples located in Bessbrook Mill. Working on a three day rotation for five weeks or so would prove a powerful disincentive to do much other than sleep in those few precious hours whilst not on stag. But there remained plenty of time to indulge in inter-multiple football matches which were always contested keenly. These matches often took on the

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significance of a Calcutta Cup type, or Leeds United v Hearts contest. Not much love lost there.

Another significant event in the hectic sporting diary of BBK was the Corunna Company "superstars contest". This was an event ultimately driven by Major Adams with his compelling desire to shed pounds. It comprised seven events (running, rowing, cycling, sit-ups, squat thrusts, heaves, press-ups) and aiming for their personal best in each a cumulative position total score was reached. This was keenly contested, giving a focus for many within the company. Congratulations to Sergeant Brennan, Sergeant Mitchell and Lieutenant Morrison for their effort and example to the remainder of the sloths in the company. Throughout the tour, training proved a valuable release, no matter which location the soldiers were working from.

Possibly the most notable facet of Corunna Company hierarchy was the high turnover of officers and SNCOs. Being an attached company allowed 1 DWR to rotate the hierarchy to provide valuable operational experience for many more personnel than would normally be possible. That 1 RS saw these changes as a seamless transition is a credit to both regiments.

This tour proved to be an opportunity for Corunna Company to gain invaluable experience in an operational environment. It provided a fresh and welcome perspective for many soldiers and officers alike, who would thus far only have known Public Duties. To that end Corunna Company has benefited from the experience it has gained. It will be all the better for it as it trains for its new role as Armoured Infantry in Germany next year.

Corunna Company's role was at times a static monotonous task to which all the soldiers showed a remarkable degree of application and professionalism. A high standard of self-discipline, hygiene and surveillance were maintained. The combination of Corunna Company and 1 RS working together in the ARB was a testament to the flexibility and professionalism of both units. We all carry a fierce and redoubtable pride in our own cap badges and regimental qualities, and rightly so. Yet behind this pride lies the ability to recognise and exploit each other's strengths. Both 1 RS and Corunna Company showed this clearly, forming a strong and cohesive, operationally effective unit. It was thus that we made our six month stint together in South Armagh a



resounding success and in doing so quashed a few prevailing myths and made many new friends.

Corunna Company returned to 1 DWR to prepare for Potential NCO Cadres, Support Company Cadres and more Public Duties. To paraphrase Gerry Adams, "They hadn't gone away you know!" Corunna Company will be guarding the Queen at Buckingham Palace for New

Year's Eve. I cannot think of a better place to be if you have to be on duty whilst seeing in the new Millennium. Such is the lot of today's young man in the Army. There is no doubt that we have all learned much about our friends, our fellow countrymen, and ourselves. It was a honour to serve with The Royals.

Major J. Adams

### BATTALION CHURCH, 1st BATTALION, CAVALRY BARRACKS

In February 1998, the Dukes arrived in Hounslow and with them a new Padre, the Reverend I. T. Skinner. As recently as the nineteen eighties Cavalry Barracks had boasted three churches in regular use. But by 1998 the picture was very different. One building had been destroyed in a storm and never replaced. The second building (a large structure at the main gate) had been taken over by the Army Youth Team. What remained was the Roman Catholic Chapel, an old corrugated iron structure tucked away at the rear of the barracks. Although still designated as a church, this chapel had not been in regular use for over a decade. On opening, dust and cobwebs were everywhere. On clearing out the vestry for use as a Sunday school room, old money (£ s d) was found on the floor. A testimony of time.

Permission was given by the senior Roman Catholic Chaplain for this building to be used for ecumenical worship, provided that some acknowledgement was made of the building's Roman Catholic roots. Within a fortnight it was open for Sunday worship. The Stations of the Cross and a few other small items remain and testify to the origin of the chapel. The Padre had brought some hymn books from his previous posting and these plus some bibles provided by the Forces Bible Society provided material for worship.

Some may ask the question, "Is there a place for the small battalion church in the United Kingdom?" My answer is, "Yes!" The odds have been stacked against us in Hounslow but the Lord has been faithful and there has always been a congregation (sometimes as low as two or three) even during leave periods. On a normal Sunday the weekly congregation averages at 6-8 adults and 3-6 children. A small figure but when analysed against the circumstances very heartening (only the Beavers quarters estate is close to camp and most single soldiers travel back to Yorkshire on free weekends). Many Sundays the congregation is swelled with people bringing their children for baptism. As at October 1999 we have had 38 baptisms. Most of these were infants and young children. However six adults, three soldiers and three wives have responded to God's call through baptism. Whilst we are on statistics, the chapel was registered for weddings in August 1988 and since then there have been six marriages. Three other couples have also come forward to renew their wedding vows in God's house.

We have held special services throughout the year, and these have been well received. Over Christmas we held a mid-week Christingle, a Christmas Eve Communion and a Christmas Day Family Service. All these special services were well supported, even though the Battalion was on leave over the period.

Our church furnishings received a Christmas present in that a number of items formerly at Bagshot (the former depot of the Royal Army Chaplains Department) now reside in Hounslow. We have been very grateful for these, at last we have a font that does not leak water throughout the service. In addition to these, the pedal-operated organ has been replaced by an electric one, passed in our direction from the Devon and Dorset Regiment. We have the organ, but still pray for someone to play it week by week.

As the Padre, I have been supported through the prayer and worship life of the chapel. I firmly believe that its witness and presence helps my every day ministry within the Battalion.

The Reverend I. T. Skinner  
(Dukes Padre)



**Baptism of Private Gannon, Battle River Canada, whilst on Exercise Pond Jump West.**

## THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S CORPS DETACHMENT

As everyone knows, the AGC Detachment works very hard and therefore deserves to have the odd break, so it was decided to have an adventure training weekend in Betwys Coed in North Wales. It all started with a never-ending journey; Lance Corporal (Pathfinder) Parker was map reading for both minibuses but decided it would be a good idea to open a window and within minutes the route plan was sucked out and floating up the motorway. Things could only get better!

On arrival, like all good soldiers, the Detachment carried out a recce of the local area including the public houses and found that their local ale may have been off, as next morning there were a few sore heads to start the first day of adventure training. This of course did not stop everyone having a whale of a time on the gorge walking. This version of gorge walking was slightly damp, lots of scrambling across unwelcoming rocks and walls with the river right below you. Some of the detachment had a few problems, such as with the concept of lowering themselves down by a rope; in future Corporal Nelson recommends that just throwing yourself into the water saves time and energy! Or, if you happen to be Private Young, who seemed to spend more time in the water or on her backend and who thinks the best answer is "let's get the rest of the detachment wet as well". The second activity for Day One was mountain biking. For this the detachment split into two groups, in the morning the first group decided it would be a good idea to cycle straight up a mountain. However, in the afternoon, having seen how exhausted group one were, the second group had a better idea, they looked at the mountain, thought about cycling up it, then planned out a much better route which happened to end up at a pub. Well after all it was cold and wet and we are clerks!

The next day the whole Detachment attempted some potholing, which consisted of climbing down a rope into a pitch black hole and then climbing up Mrs Pepperpot's ladder. There was also an abseil down a 70ft rock face SAS style. At the instructor's halt halfway down it had to be pointed out to Private Stamp that when rocks start to dislodge themselves from the face it is recommended to try and avoid them not head them away! And, just in case that wasn't enough for the Detachment, the instructors set up a death slide which left nothing to the imagination, stepping off a 70 feet drop falling 40 feet in seconds then sliding the last 30 feet into freezing cold water. The final day was the Army classic, up the hill, down the hill. The views from the top of Snowdonia would have been magnificent except the mist kept getting in the way. A special mention must go to Private Young, now known as Mountain Goat Mandy, for her amazing ability to fall off flat rocks. The final night was spent back in the local pub, just to make sure the local ale was to blame for the sore heads and ponder over the never-ending journey back.

Now that the Detachment had had its time of fun, it was time to prepare for the build up for the Battalion's move to Canada. Due to Corunna Company being deployed in Northern Ireland the Battalion had to trawl other units to make up the manpower for the exercise this consisted of a large contingent of Territorial Army

and Officer Cadets. To ensure that everything went smoothly prior to their arrival, Sergeant Baker and his merry men had to prepare all documentation and pay for the attached personnel, which was no easy task due to the numbers involved. Then of course there was also the issuing and checking of all the documentation for those personnel already based at Hounslow.

On deployment to Canada the clerks found themselves being split up between the companies out in the field and the administration office set up in the Battalion Headquarters. The Company Clerks soon found themselves commuting back and forth between the training area and the Battalion Headquarters as the need for technology sometimes became too much! The administration office clerks carried out the main admin office duties, which of course included the ever-essential facility for the cashing of cheques which was a never-ending job; hats off to WO2 (SQMS) Hulse and his ever lovely ladies. But, as we all know, AGC personnel have many talents and Staff Sergeant Kitching and Sergeant Simpson came into their own when they had to run an all ranks bar in the evenings which was very popular with the Three Wise Men of the Quartermaster's department. For the final phase of the exercise the clerks found themselves split up between manning the radio safety net back in Battalion Headquarters, with a company in the field or playing enemy against the companies. Despite all the hard work, most of the Detachment persevered and during their R&R relaxed and enjoyed themselves in Edmonton; some more than most!

But like all good things, it must come to an end and the Battalion had to prepare for the return trip to Hounslow where the Detachment finally found itself with a new Detachment Commander, Captain Hughes, who has taken over the resettlement and education. This year has also seen many other major changes in the running of the AGC Detachment. Captain Collard replacing Captain Lamb as the new RAO and WO2 Stevens replacing WO2 Paterson as the RAO. With its new management now in place and Canada now a distant memory the Detachment finds itself preparing for Remembrance Sunday, where it will represent the Adjutant General's Corps at the Cenotaph.

Lance Corporal Parker AGC & Corporal Barnard AGC

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# The Dukes' Territorials

## Commanding Officer's Introduction

The new East and West Riding Regiment formed on 1 July 1999 and has now existed for three months. We have been kept very busy sorting ourselves out after Annual Camp in Cyprus and completing the reorganisation. Ypres and Fontenay Companies continue to be well manned and training continues apace. We are currently seeking to standardise administrative and operational procedures across the new regiment and this is proving both challenging and interesting. The administrative staff has been reduced across the board and we have therefore had to seek to do our business more efficiently. The official answer is to adopt best practice. This is of course, like all DS solutions, the right answer. It is also much more difficult than it seems. We are all victims of our own experience and persuading some individuals that an idea from another cap badge is to be adopted has created some friction. However, we do clarity not subtlety and such resistance is being overcome.

After Camp we formed as a Regiment and spent August involved in command, leadership and adventurous training. We also managed to provide a platoon to 1 DWR for their exercise in Canada; this was mainly comprised of Dukes, but with the odd Light

Infantryman to reflect the makeup of the new regiment. In September we came to the culmination of collective training for the year with a company field weekend, followed by a Regimental Field Training exercise two weeks later. We have done all this and have still managed to get a Short Term Training Team to Latvia, predominantly made up of Dukes, to train their home defence forces.

We did not have a formation parade, but held a cocktail party at Minden House, Pontefract, on 25 September 1999 to entertain the great and good of our region. The Light Infantry Band and Bugles played. It is difficult for a heavy infantryman to admit this, but they were really very impressive, even if one or two of the buglers looked a bit flushed after a spell at double time.

We will be concentrating on individual training throughout the winter, but are looking forward to an Annual Camp in Scotland in September next year and there is apparently the possibility of one company group (150) exchanging with a US National Guard Company for that period. All continues to go well, and we go forward into the new millennium in good order, despite all the upheaval.

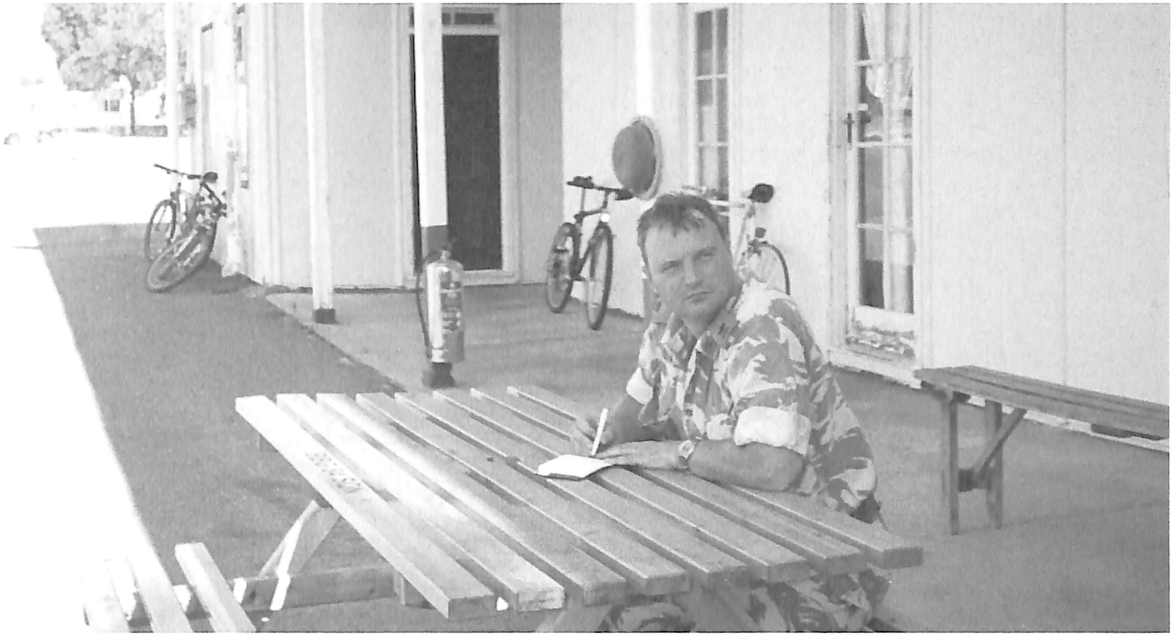
## EXERCISE LION SUN, JUNE '99

### THE FIRST ANNUAL CAMP OF THE NEWLY-FORMED EAST AND WEST RIDING REGIMENT

Annual Camp June '99 was effectively to be the first of our new hybrid regiment, and what better location for it to be put through its paces than that ever-popular British Army holiday destination of Bloodhound Camp, Cyprus. Indeed, Friday night, arriving at the TA centre at Bamsley, the holiday atmosphere was everywhere in evidence, particularly enhanced by several members of our Sheffield detachment sporting really 'bone' Hawaiian shirts. After much admin, a couple of pints and a couple of hours' sleep we were awakened and scurried around eating breakfast and boarding coaches for our short journey to Manchester Airport; relatively confident that we would depart for Cyprus on time as we were flying civvie and not with 'crab air'. The other advantage being that Martin Air, a Dutch airline, had rather gorgeous flight attendants who pampered us tremendously well and made the journey pass in the blink of an eye. Upon arrival at RAF Akrotiri I suddenly remembered just how hot Cyprus was; having been there on holiday a few years previously. I had some idea; but lounging by the pool and drinking heavily was certainly going to be different to patrolling and platoon attacks, especially in these temperatures. This was going to be interesting to say the least. Soon we were bussed to Bloodhound Camp and for the first time saw our deluxe accommodation for the two weeks; old WWI tents pitched on old concrete missile platforms; outstanding! I began to relish the prospect of

getting out into the field. Having arrived quite late, there was just time to grab personal kit, find a tent in our allocated company areas, have a few drinks in the bar (I use the word bar here in the loosest sense) and then laugh at Chalk Two arriving as the bar closed, as their plane had been incorrectly loaded at Manchester and had to be completely emptied and repacked, so they were about six hours late and not amused.

After a fairly straightforward day of admin, briefings, orders groups and an 'acclimatisation' navigational exercise for the lads on the Sunday, military training began in earnest on the Monday morning for Fontenay Company. Two days were spent brushing away the cobwebs, carrying out some company level training and becoming accustomed to the heat. We carried out patrolling and harbours revision, revised section and platoon attacks and spent the whole of Monday night/Tuesday morning lying in an ambush, but for once without freezing our nuts off, which was a refreshing change. Having already had a couple of pre-camp training weekends to sort ourselves out we were soon pretty much back up to speed, and Lieutenant Jim Cameron and myself looked forward with mischievous glee to tackling whichever company was to be our opposition on the force on force exercise, planned for the following week. With the OC seeming relatively happy with our progress and with plenty of red faces and necks we retired back to camp with a smug smile on our faces, for tomorrow was to be playtime!



**Major David Rhodes, OC Fontenay Company**

Wednesday was to be the first of two adventure training days for the Company and was to be held down at tunnel beach, a private beach surrounded by cliffs which is in the Sovereign Base Area and is consequently owned by the forces. The day at tunnel beach was an opportunity for the lads and us to let our hair down and do a lot of the kind of things that you'd associate with a holiday and not a military exercise. We passed the day parascending, water-skiing, canoeing and riding banana boats, which proved to be tremendous fun, if a little terrifying when done with the OC who seemed intent on drowning us all. Thursday was spent familiarising ourselves with the army landing craft which were to be used by the battalion during the final exercise and much mirth was had when we were given the opportunity to push a couple of non-swimming members of the Company into the harbour in their huge orange survival suits. Despite the assurances of the staff that it was perfectly safe, the looks on their faces as they hit the water told a different story. We also returned to RAF Akrotiri to carry out familiarisation drills on the Wessex helicopter, which, surprise, surprise, the RAF technicians were actually repairing whilst we were climbing in and out. This really filled us with confidence, and for once we became convinced that tabbing was probably going to be the best option for the duration of the exercise. After further training for much of the day we showered and changed into civvies for a bus ride up to Troodos station and our second day's adventure training in the Troodos mountains. The air temperature in the mountains was far more pleasant, and the scenery stunning. That night we settled into our accommodation and then enjoyed a sumptuous barbecue and what proved to be far too many beers, followed by a drawn out game of charades in which Sergeant Major Mcconnel, being vertically challenged,

came off quite badly, with titles such as "Small soldiers", "It's a bug's life" and "Honey, I shrunk the PSI" being performed by all and sundry, much to everyone's amusement. The following morning the previous night's too many beers took its toll when a certain "Jack" officer cadet, who shall remain nameless, neglected to awake the snoozing subbies in the next room. Needless to say the same red-faced subbies not only missed breakfast but also Company muster and by the time they actually did awake the Company Commander was so enraged that he couldn't even bring himself to speak to them and had to let the almost equally as cross 2ic shout at them instead. By way of punishment the naughty junior officers were sent on a ramble through the mountains, visiting pretty waterfalls along the way, led by the Training Major. Alas this attractive sounding jaunt proved to be more of a death march than a ramble and by the end of it we had thoroughly sore feet and were cursing the Training Major at every painful step. Still, well worth it; it was the best night's sleep I had the whole camp.

Saturday! and lo and behold yet another day with no military training, hurrah and huzzah! The Company arose early and was driven into Paphos to play at tourists for the day and, after all the hard adventure training, it proved to be really relaxing. The officers spent the day roaming the streets, shopping, arguing with Cypriot speed boat owners who told us we couldn't hire their boats because we were obviously squaddies (then watching the rest of the Company tearing around the harbour like lunatics in the same hired speed boats), dining at little tavernas and then wrestling each other off a bridge across a swimming pool at a bar called Splash, which was tremendous fun and turned into something of a tournament. I must comment that my hat goes off to Sergeant Major

Mconnel, who proved to be a formidable opponent on the wrestling bridge, his tactic being to run through your legs as you were about to grab him and then push you in from behind; outstanding! The day ended with a Company smoker at the beach taverna near Bloodhound Camp and drinking copious amounts of Cypriot brandy, which they were virtually giving away at the bar, it would have been rude not to.

Sunday saw us rising early for an uplifting morning of hymn singing and fainting in the heat under the Battalion's Padre, Major Butte, who has since sadly transferred to another unit and will be dearly missed. There then followed a session of death by photography in the Roman amphitheatre where we sat for a string of shots from Battalion to individual portraits (almost), and seemed to take forever. It was worth it though, as the end pictures of everyone squinting into the bright morning sun are terrific! Then it was finally onto the meat of the camp, the FTX! Sunday afternoon saw battle procedure at its finest with the Company administrating itself to death and a flurry of orders groups, vehicle recces, heli recces, warning orders, etc. First light the following morning we were crouched in groups of eight on the HLS awaiting our lifts into action. The first stage of the exercise involved a great deal of patrolling by my platoon whilst 2 Platoon prepared a defensive position. Away across the boundary into the next training area lurked the evil Orange Forces (Imphal Company) whose position had to be located and destroyed at all costs. Oddly enough they had the same idea about us! At last light I was to lead my platoon into the Orange Force's area to establish a patrol hide from which to find the enemy's main locations. We established ourselves in a culvert under a motorway, which could only be penetrated by crawling about 70 feet through a narrow drainage tunnel with all your equipment off, very difficult to attack, and spent the whole day patrolling against the enemy with mixed success, but emerged, after several firefights and a great deal of sweating, with a rough idea of where they were. A low point of the day came when my platoon sergeant was bumped leading back a resupply patrol from a live letter box and, assuming that the patrol base had been compromised, promptly burned his notebook and maps and decided to exfiltrate back to the defensive position about 10km to the east, dragging Private "Side Order" Whitelam along with him, who protested that they would probably die out in the barren wasteland that is Cyprus and that Sergeant Johnson was clearly mad as a bicycle. Undeterred they continued on, even readying themselves to kill a dog at one point in case it compromised them by barking, ...barking being the operative word! That night the remainder of the Company moved up to our location and at first light a successful attack was put in on Imphal Company's echelon, the remainder of them presumably being 10km away in a FUP about to attack nothing, as we had moved from our defensive position lock stock and barrel.

Following our surprise attack we were moved into a concentration area to be retasked and prepare for the final phase, which was to involve two companies, of which we were one, preparing a defensive position and

the remaining three undertaking a beach landing from the floating rubbish skips and tabbing inland to assault us. I had visions of sleeping in the concentration area, but was as busy as a bee with more recces, orders etc, until once again at last light we were choppered on to the top of a huge spur which rose up from the sea and after confirmatory orders began to prepare our defensive position by building rock sangars, as the ground was too hard to dig. Once again my platoon was to spend the following day away from the main body and was tasked to slow up the enemy on their move inland and generally spoil their day. This we did with aplomb, causing the enemy to shake out to attack us time and again, only to disappear to the next spur to do the same again. In the early stages when the landings (by heli) were taking place on the beach my OC had a tragic lapse of memory and, forgetting that he had been specifically told not to oppose the landing, told me to oppose it, and my platoon cheerfully accounted for about eight successive Wessex lifts; I'm told the CO was furious! Towards late afternoon we bumped and destroyed a large enemy standing patrol that was supposed to be observing us and took a prisoner who, under mild interrogation, told us frequencies, strengths, dispositions and the time of H hr; he was most helpful! Satisfied at a good day's work and with the enemy at our heels we withdrew to our main position and rested until the supposedly unbeknown H hr. When the battle came it was short but ferocious, only lasting a couple of hours and the umpires, erm sorry enemy, quickly and very realistically worked their way through our positions until only a handful of us were left clinging to a ledge at the rear of the hill, vainly trying to stem the Orange tide. Realistically, the battle ended when the OC leapt from the safety of his ledge and ran forward screaming "I won't die defending!" into the midst of the approaching hordes with his weapon on full auto; a magnificent way to go! As the call of endex went up, the



**Lieutenants Jason Hargreaves and Jim Cameron at Endex in Cyprus**

sun went down, and the Company wearily made its way off that corner of a foreign field, and back towards Bloodhound. The OC stood with his officers gazing into the beautiful Mediterranean sunset, and I'm sure I wasn't alone in seeing a tear roll down his cheek as we stood silently together on that hill. This was to be his last Camp and he had just led his company on exercise for the final time; not a bad way to end!

Back to that NCOs' favourite again, admin! On the final Friday as the Battalion folded itself away for the following day's return flights. The troops were allowed out for a last boisterous, and well-deserved, night in the surrounding bars before returning to camp in high spirits and drinking our bar and messes dry. I too had been looking forward to this last bash but, alas, my little sleeping indiscretion at Troodos had earned me a stint as BOO and so I spent a sleepless night dealing with the lads and their high spirits, rather than joining them. All in all it had been a terrific camp with a good balance of training and fun and one which I shall remember for a long time to come. In Cyprus we said goodbye to our previous and well-loved battalions and embraced the new one, and the way we went about it certainly bodes well for the future of the East and West



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(West Riding)*

Riding Regiment. I wish it and its members the very best and continued success for the future.

Lieutenant Jason Hargreaves  
OC 2 (Hallamshire) Platoon  
Fontenay Company

### EXERCISE BRITISH BULLDOG 3, LATVIA 4-18 SEPTEMBER 1999

Exercise British Bulldog is part of the NATO Outreach initiative and Partnership for Peace programme, the purpose of which is to contribute to security and stability in Central and Eastern Europe. The East and West Riding Regiment's part in this was to sponsor and implement a Short Term Training Team (STTT) to assist the Zemessardze (Latvian National Guard) in their training, the aim being to teach the principles of patrolling at platoon level.

The team assembled was:

OIC course	Major J. G. Hughes
CSM/CQMS	Warrant Officer Class 2 P. Elwell
Course Clerk	Colour Sergeant S. Coles
Instructors	Colour Sergeant A. Kendall Colour Sergeant G. J. Roberts Sergeant C. Johnson Sergeant M. Matthewman

Or "The Magnificent Seven" - no reference to cowboys.

The team was accommodated in a hotel in Liepaja, a coastal town on the west side of Latvia. The lectures in the first week took place at the Latvian marine barracks, a four kilometre drive from our hotel. This was an old Soviet submarine base, some of which was knocked down as the communists withdrew to Mother Russia. The buildings left standing were a bit run down, but adequate for our needs. Towards the rear of the base were the demolished buildings and also a vast underground concrete bunker, where it was suspected that nuclear weapons were stored. It was quite an eerie place to explore, all returning glowing like Ready Brek men.

A game of football was organised between the Latvian Marines and a composite team of course students and British instructors. The outcome was a

creaming for the composite team 3-1 by a team of twenty-year-old fitness fanatics. I think that at one stage they were fielding fifteen players - it sure felt that way. A saving moment of face came along with a penalty, which Colour Sergeant Kendall converted over the bar. Sticking to rugby might be a good idea.

On the first Friday night Liepaja was host to a bike meet. There were well above eighty bikes, all Harley Davidson style, carrying an array of leather-clad riders looking like the Black Widows from the Clint Eastwood film. Outside our hotel an argument broke out between the local Mafia and the bikers, which ended up with petrol bombs being thrown under some cars with the occupants still inside. The local police stood by and watched the show. WO2 Elwell looked on from his hotel window, door barricaded, defence being the best option.

R&R came with a visit to Riga. The evening was spent cruising the bars and finished up in a nightclub. The club was also host to the Polish national rugby team. They were a very friendly and high spirited bunch who dragged us around the dance floor whether we liked it or not. I think it was a male bonding thing.

On returning to Liepaja we entered the exercise phase of the course. This was four days' confirmation in the field. The students turned up in an interesting array of uniforms, ranging from American to Russian kit, complemented by some items borrowed from the local scarecrow.

Colour Sergeant Roberts observed and debriefed a recce patrol which was conducted around a specific location but ended up doing a recce of the whole training area. This was down to a navigationally challenged student who had an interesting method of using a compass. Right grid, wrong planet.

During the exercise a local and a national television crew visited the course. They filmed an attack on the harbour, which was repelled; the enemy was followed up and destroyed. Altogether a good war with the students being made to look like heroes on terrestrial television.

The enemy for this exercise was co-ordinated by Sergeant "Grizzly" Johnson, who went native with his team of trappers and fishermen. He spent the exercise living off freshly caught fish and lobster, cooked to perfection over an open fire fuelled by a telegraph pole. At Endex we were greeted by Sergeant "Jeremiah"

Johnson wearing a new set of combats made from local pelts, complete with Davy Crockett hat.

Time then for us to say farewell to our new-found friends and pack for the return journey, but we didn't leave before making one final visit to Pablo's, the local club, to throw our bodies round the floor one last time.

Looking back we all had a great time, working hard and playing hard. For myself, it was a pleasure to work with a team of such professionals. Hope to have one in Pablo's with you one day.

Sergeant M. Matthewman



*Three team members taking a break.*

Left to right: Major Jeremy Hughes, Warrant Officer 2 Ena Ellwell and Colour Sergeant Gavin Roberts.

### A SENIOR NCO'S VIEW ON SDR

Since I joined the Territorial Army in 1982 I have seen many changes within the battalion, yet the outcome of the Strategic Defence Review concerned me most.

Whilst the Strategic Defence Review was taking place there was a lot of unrest within the battalion, the voice of concern being 'will I have a future career within the battalion?' and 'where will this be?' As information on the changes to the battalion were being announced my concerns heightened. With the loss of the drill halls and companies, no-one's position appeared to be safe. Although streamlining the junior ranks could be carried out by mainly dismissing non-attendees, this was not going to be the case for senior ranks. After our interviews with the Commanding Officer in January, the severity of the streamlining of senior ranks became apparent. We appeared to have taken the brunt of the changes. In the mess that evening the atmosphere was

not one we were used to. The banter and joviality were absent and replaced with an atmosphere of relief and despair as some of the mess members searched for jobs in other units. Instead of banter, the question 'why me and not him?' was being asked, people agreeing and disagreeing with the decisions that had been made, but all of us knowing that the changes within the mess would affect us all one way or another with the loss of mess members and good friends.

I myself, like many other mess members, agree that changes need to be made, and in time we feel that the harsh decisions that were made over the last year will benefit the Territorial Army by producing a more efficient and therefore more effective asset to the regular army.

Since the changes have been implemented the 3rd Battalion has been reformed to create the East and West Riding Regiment, which includes Light Infantry, the

Prince of Wales Own and of course the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. The Regiment was up and running by Annual Camp in Cyprus in June, some weeks before being formed on 1 July. This was done with a good degree of success. The company now known as Ypres adjusted well and is in the process of building up in strength. The company is well turned out

and is enjoying the new challenges. More 'S' type engagements and short term postings have become available which can enhance the Territorial Army soldiers as a whole. I feel any change that will make the Territorial Army soldier more proficient will be good for all concerned.

Colour Sergeant G. Roberts

## 'D' COMPANY YORKSHIRE (N&W) ARMY CADET FORCE

A Company weekend was held at Halton Camp near Morecambe on 8 and 9 May, attended by 140 Cadets. Nobody got lost, not even Colour Sergeant Shaw. We were unable to get any cooks, but, fortunately, the use of hexamine burners is permitted at Halton and we were able to feed everybody on the weekend on 24-hour ration packs. Unfortunately, a more recent weekend planned for the beginning of September, at Leek, had to be cancelled at very short notice, because, once again we could get no cooks. Sadly hexamine burners are not permitted at Leek.

### Attitude Campaign

Then it was all go for the Attitude Campaign's national open evening. The Attitude Campaign is a national marketing campaign, through the national media, to raise public awareness of the Army Cadet Force and the varied activities it makes available to local young people. On 27 May every Army Cadet Force Detachment opened its doors to the general public, with the aim of increasing Cadet strength and also recruiting potential adult instructors. Display stands showing all the activities available in the Army Cadet Force were on show, and light refreshments were available for anyone brave enough to try a cuppa made by a Cadet!

### Annual Camp

Annual Camp was held in Scotland between 7 and 20 August. Fifty-four Senior Cadets and twenty-two adults attended the first week at Barry Buddon and were joined by a further sixty-six Junior Cadets and three adults, for the second week at Cultybraggan. A series of inter-company competitions were held over the course of the

fortnight, with D Company taking first place in the march and shoot, and second in the orienteering. The Cadets were presented with a super T-shirt and mug respectively. A varied training programme was carried out over the fortnight, which included an excellent 24 hour exercise on a superb training area, including shooting and an assault course. Cadets also enjoyed adventure training activities such as an expedition, clay shooting, canoeing, abseiling, mountain biking and swimming, with an excellent day out in Edinburgh in the first week and a half-day in Perth during the second. At the end of camp everybody returned home tired, but having thoroughly enjoyed Annual Camp.

D Company would welcome any retired ex-Battalion members who might be interested in sharing their knowledge with the younger generation, by becoming adult instructors in the Army Cadet Force. If anyone is interested, please get in touch with the Company Commander, Major Cole, or CSM Yardley, at  
HQ D Company YACF, TA Centre,  
St Paul's Street, Huddersfield, HD1 3DR.

Captain Malcolm Kirk provides an example of an extended career.

Captain Malcolm Kirk, BEM, an ex-Lance Sergeant in the Coldstream Guards, who retired after twenty years' service with D Company Yorkshire N&W Army Cadet Force, badged DWR, is still in touch with the military. Malcolm received the British Empire Medal for youth services and he is now a caseworker with SSAFA Forces Help, with office premises at Cloth Hall Street, Huddersfield.

S. A. Marren  
Captain

## TWO YEARS IN RECRUITING

There are times when I sit in quiet solitude and reflect upon my life, the universe, the future and where I fit into the greater scheme of recruiting. It was during one of these rare, quiet moments, just before my Sunday lunch, the day after a very civilised and well-supported Dukes' reunion that I was filled with admiration of all my peers. While the Battalion's attention was focused on the imminent move to London back in October 1997, I was pre-occupied with my own change into the recruiting world and the pending recruiters' course down in Bovington - the Army School of Recruiting.

I was labouring my way down the M25 in my L-registered Vauxhall Corsa, armed with my heavy briefcase and a biro, when it dawned upon me that I

was one of the chosen few. I was 35 years of age, tall, handsome, fit and active, with a full head of hair, and the world was my oyster. I couldn't wait to get started. Not only had I, unlike the vast majority of my peers, managed to avoid the front row, but also I was about to be trained as I'd never been trained before. Truly, by the end of the course I was ready - or so I thought!

In December of 1997, fresh from my recruiting course, I reported to ACIO Huddersfield and was greeted by just two of my peers, Sergeant Jimmy Jenkins and Sergeant Diz Harley. We immediately set about drinking a keg of beer, a ritual that was to become a regular event over the coming months due to various leaving dos.



A programme of work was drawn up for me by Jimmy, who gave the impression that he was truly amazed by the speed that I had settled into recruiting. Occasionally I was permitted to answer the phone, more in a vain attempt to improve my etiquette, which did leave a lot to be desired. Jimmy was continually busy on the computer during the initial hand-over. My head was starting to spin as I tried to come to terms with the vast amounts of paperwork allocated to each individual applicant. It wasn't until about a week later, during another of Jimmy's busy periods, when I found him engrossed in a card game I now know to be solitaire, that I realised the skills he had acquired in IT would soon be rubbing off on me. After a few nervous and rigorous weeks of recruiting, the culture shock of this new and interesting career began to abate.

Destiny offers few men or women the opportunity to be able to change things for the better. I arrived at Huddersfield ACIO with little knowledge of the recruiting world. However, I settled in, found my feet and with the best interests of the office and all concerned at heart, suggested a few changes that were subsequently implemented to the benefit of the ACIO Huddersfield. I am now, and will always, remain grateful to the people who had faith in me and who have given me the opportunity to develop in what I would consider to be the most rewarding and challenging role I have ever had.

I have been in recruiting now for two years. I am fatter, bald, divorced - but much better looking and no longer in need of lessons in etiquette. In my opinion, the easiest aspect of recruiting is communicating with prospective recruits; which I feel is the single, most important part of the recruitment process, as putting them at ease and building rapport is essential.

Sergeant Taff Hughes (REME) and WO2 Paul Banks (RLC) are also posted here at ACIO Huddersfield, which brings a rich blend of rank and cap badge, and which in turn, gives you an idea of what various Corps and Divisions are looking for. I have thoroughly enjoyed my time spent in recruiting so far. I have met a lot of interesting and amusing people and will, I'm sure, continue to do so. I confess to not knowing anything, but I hope that the soldiers who have arrived at 1 DWR in the last two years are enjoying their careers as much as I have enjoyed mine.

Sergeant A. Watson

**ACO - AFCO Leeds comments:** Sergeant Watson has been responsible for processing the following number of DWR enlistments during his period at ACIO Huddersfield.

1998-1999 - 50 enlisted

1999-2000 - 38 enlisted as at mid October '99."

## HALIFAX PLC DONATION TO REGIMENTAL MUSEUM



Lieutenant Colonel Walter Robins, Chairman of the Museum Trustees, Major David Harrap, Regimental Secretary, and Ms Rosie Crook of Calderdale Museum Services receive a cheque for £5,000 from the Halifax to support the Museum Redesign Study from Ms Christina Tsotsoulis of Halifax plc.

Photograph courtesy of Halifax Courier Ltd

## FREEDOM OF BARNSLLEY



**The Mayor of Barnsley, Councillor Howard Lavender, inspecting the Burma Company Guard during the Freedom Parade on Saturday 11 September 1999. Following the Mayor, Major Richard Chadwick and the Colonel of the Regiment.**



**Leading from the front, Regimental Sergeant Major Dale Dowdall, followed by Major Philip Lewis.**

*Photographs courtesy of Barnsley Chronicle*

## THE PHILIPPINES FROM AUSTRALIA

There are times when you really feel that you have fallen on your feet. This is exactly what happened in January of this year. Serving abroad with the Australian Army I find myself as an instructor in Jungle Warfare at company level for an organisation called Battle Wing Canungra. This is a two and a half year appointment that involves training company size groups on three week rotations in a "Battle Camp" type scenario. (See Issue No. 238. Ed.)

However another part of the work that Battle Wing undertakes is a little bit of military diplomacy. Both the two Australian Captains who work here were posted, leaving me as the only member with continuity from the previous year. This meant that I was chosen to lead an Australian Army training team to the Philippines. The aim of the team was to teach Junior Officers in the Philippine Army how to be Jungle Warfare instructors. The team included myself as team leader, a WO2 as 2IC, two WO2 instructors, two Sergeant instructors, plus a medic, cook and stores NCO as support staff. The OC of Battle Wing, an Australian Major, would fly out later to see how things were running and keep the local dignitaries off our back, something that became essential.

The course was to last for three weeks. Therefore myself and the 2IC deployed two weeks early to recon areas and set up some local infrastructure with the PA. We landed in Manila and were met by the Defence staff from the Australian Embassy. All went well for the first few days when we met the Philippine Army staff who

promised everything was in order and ready to go. Our container was at the port and would be sent to our camp for the course some 150km north of Manila. It was here we were to find out that working in "Philippine time" required a little more patience and diplomacy than we had bargained for. This was compounded by the fact that our local liaison officer was enjoying himself in Australia on a fact-finding mission in a well known Jungle Training location called Surfers' Paradise! Without going into detail, the container was released after six hours of negotiations in the Philippine police headquarters, battling bureaucracy and slightly-less-than-honest officials. The Embassy staff proved invaluable and a mixture of local knowledge and a little coercing finally got the correct forms to have the container released.

Armed with our stores and a new sense of optimism, the pair of us headed north to set up the rest of the course. Although there was a plan, some fine detail needed sorting out such as transport, accommodation and training areas. We knew these were already booked, but the difference between being told they were ready and the equipment turning up is something that we were learning quickly. As a general rule, the higher up the chain of command we went the less knowledge or care there was. So we finally got everything we wanted by speaking to a variety of junior and senior NCOs.

The rest of the team arrived without too many additional hazards and the course started in earnest. The students on the course were all lieutenants and 2nd



**Captain Townhill (left) with Sergeant Wethling (right) (Aust) about to give a lesson on platoon attacks, assisted by a Philippines Army LO.**

lieutenants. We found them to be intelligent and very keen to learn. We had to be very aware that they were already fighting a guerrilla war with communist and Muslim insurgents in the south of their country. As such there was a great deal to learn on both sides. A lot of the stories they told were fascinating and were a real eye opener to how third world armies fight. Apart from some techniques, the one thing most of them confessed to learning from us was the need for commanders to set examples. Philippine officers adopt a hands-off approach, they have a habit of taking those two great military principles, flexibility and economy of effort to extreme proportions. The fact that we had to deal with junior commanders and NCOs to get things done bore this out. If ever there was an example of how commanders influence situations by their own attitude this was it. It was with some pride that I reflected the reputation of Dukes' officers of getting their hands dirty and the corresponding standards our soldiers demand of us. The Australians have a very similar philosophy and working with them is very easy, with a great deal of mutual respect.

The course ran successfully for the three weeks. There was a copious amount of interest with visiting dignitaries and invitations to parties galore and I now saw why the OC was required to travel across. We all thought it was very self-sacrificing of him to be host at all these parties, but without him the job would have become quite difficult.

The reward for all this hard work was a few days to sample the local brews of Manila and the surrounding countryside. The country has a legacy from years of American involvement that has seen a real party atmosphere develop in areas wherever there used to be garrisons. Out of the cities the countryside was breathtaking with rainforest and paddy fields clinging to hillsides. Needless to say I worked very hard to dismiss the idea that Aussies can drink anyone under the table. Having proved that, all I need now is to be able to prove that we can outplay them at rugby, this one is proving a little harder!

Captain J. E. Townhill

## WORKING IN THE LAND OF THE EAGLES - ALBANIA

I have worked for the Foreign and Commonwealth Office in a variety of positions and with different organisations since 1995, and I must add that the past four years have been both stimulating and at times very humbling. After tours in Bosnia and Croatia I was seconded to work for the Organisation for Security and Co-operation in Europe (OSCE), as the Deputy Head of its Mission to Albania, and have held this position since May 1998. My experiences in Albania may be of interest to some Iron Duke readers, and in this article I particularly highlight the recent refugee crisis, but it should be remembered that this is not the Mission's core role. As one of the larger international organisations in the country we were in a position to assist, and so became very involved with the overall effort.

For those unfamiliar with the organisation, I should explain that the OSCE is a pan-European security organisation of 55 participating states. It was established as a primary instrument for early warning, conflict prevention, crisis management and post-conflict rehabilitation in Europe. The organisation has a number of field missions throughout central and eastern Europe, the largest of these being in the Balkan states. Summits are held at heads of state level, there is a ministerial council attended by foreign ministers, a permanent council meets on a weekly basis at the headquarters of the OSCE Secretariat in Vienna, and the OSCE has its own parliament, based in Denmark. A chairman-in-office is appointed for a tenure of one year with specific responsibility for managing the work of the field missions - it is currently Norway, with Foreign Minister Knut Vollebeck heading the Chairmanship.

To expand a little further, I should explain that the OSCE was created in the early 1970s, under the name of the Conference on Security and Co-operation in Europe (CSCE), to serve as a multilateral forum for dialogue between East and West. Until 1990, the CSCE

functioned as a series of meetings and conferences, setting norms and commitments and periodically reviewing them. One such act was the Helsinki Final Act of 1975, which established the basic principles governing the behaviour of states towards their citizens and each other. At the Paris Summit of 1990, the CSCE was set on a new course, for under the Charter of Paris for a New Europe the organisation was called on to contribute to managing the historic change in Europe and to respond to the new challenges of the post-Cold War period.

In the four years that followed, the organisation continued to grow in importance, and a number of important treaties were brokered under CSCE auspices, including the treaty on Conventional Armed Forces in Europe (CFE). In 1994, in line with its increasing role, the Budapest Summit recognised that the CSCE was no longer a conference, and changed its name to the OSCE.

To return to Albania. Although not directly involved in the Balkan conflicts until the Kosovo crisis of 1998 and 1999, as Europe's poorest country, only recently opened to the west, Albania has had without doubt the most difficult transition from communism. The Stalinist regime under Enver Hoxha left a legacy that is taking much to repair. The country's first faltering steps towards democracy in the period since 1990 were dashed in 1997, following the collapse of all 'Pyramid' investment schemes, with the loss of the personal savings of most of Albania's citizens. Wide-scale rioting followed, resulting in the destruction of much of the country's infrastructure, along with the looting of military establishments which, even today, means that in excess of 500,000 assault rifles remain in private hands. One should really draw a line in the sand at this point and consider that Albania's transition towards European integration started a little over two and a half years ago. Since then Albania's progress has been

marked by further problems; serious rioting on the streets of Tirana (two T-55s were commandeered at one stage) took place in September of 1998 following the assassination of a prominent opposition politician, and the first half of 1999 has been dominated by the Kosovo refugee crisis. It is against this background that the OSCE Mission operates.

The Mission was established in 1997, in response to the collapse of the government and the turmoil that followed, and has a very wide mandate. Embraced by the title of 'democratisation', it above all seeks to provide the framework by which all parties involved in assisting the country may operate. In concrete terms this mandate means that the Mission is heavily involved in a number of areas, including:

- Political brokerage - there remains still a fragile democracy, and politics in general remain very confrontational. The Mission is very active at the highest levels of government in assisting with solutions.
- Security related issues - high violent crime levels mean that foreign investors are still not prepared to commit to private enterprise schemes, despite many positive aspects that could be developed, including oil, mineral resources and tourism. International support is often obtained to assist in particularly difficult areas.
- The rule of law, for which the Mission's Legal Counsellor's Office is very active, working closely with the Council of Europe, in commenting and assisting with the drafting of new laws, plus a host of other legally-related areas of concern, including modernising and professionalising the judiciary.
- Human rights programmes, institution building, the promotion of civil society, media development, donor co-ordination.
- In addition, the Mission chairs the local 'Friends of Albania' group, set up following the riots of September 1998, as an initiative to fully mobilise and coordinate the efforts of the international community, both bi-lateral and donor, to assist in the development of the country. The group also meets at international level twice or three times a year, when it is co-chaired by the EU as well as OSCE.

The Mission has a headquarters in the capital, Tirana, and a number of field offices throughout the country, all of which act as the eyes and ears of the OSCE centre in Tirana. Of note is that a number of these field offices were set up in response to mounting concerns over the Kosovo crisis. Operating in northern Albania, on the border with Kosovo, Montenegro and Macedonia, this 'Border Monitoring increment' was responsible for much of the information gained by the media since 1998 on the situation both on and over the border with Kosovo. Their reports were widely quoted in the world's media, were regarded as impartial and above all, accurate - this particularly important as they operated in areas where travel was sometimes difficult or dangerous for journalists, as well as times when a very fluid situation made for rapidly-changing events.

This region, where most of the monitors operated, known as 'High Albania', is the stuff of legends. The mountains rise to nearly 10,000 feet, waterfalls cascade down, the land is barren, the winters harsh and the people rugged. Operating as a border monitor out of some of the remotest field offices was always a challenge, and particularly so during the fighting between the Kosovo Liberation Army and the forces of the FRY. The monitors are unarmed, of mixed international background, but the operation showed that basic principles familiar to all soldiers still apply. Good communications, teamwork, accurate and unambiguous reporting, adherence to SOPs, sensible security precautions, the ability to react quickly when things got difficult, and much more, ensured that they earned their pay, and their meagre amounts of R&R back in Tirana, when 'down from the hills'. It is sad to record that on the day the Kosovo peace accord was signed, two of our radio technicians working for one of our most remote border monitoring posts, were murdered in a vehicle ambush by persons unknown.

As would be expected, the refugee crisis had a marked effect on the country. Refugees, some 20,000, first poured into Albania in 1998 following the first of the FRY army offensives through western Kosovo. In April 1999, when the mass exodus started, Albania became the home for some 470,000, or more than 15% of its population. The government, with strong international guarantees, undertook to house all of them, pending a solution to the crisis in Kosovo. Whilst there were specialised organisations in the country to deal with the crisis, the sheer scale of the exodus meant that there was a need for 'all hands to the pumps'. OSCE teams, reinforced with elements from the former Kosovo Verification Mission (who had operated in Kosovo as a separate OSCE mission until their position became untenable), operated in all of Albania's twelve Prefectures (counties), using their mobility, knowledge of the ground and personalities, and satellite communication systems to link in with local authorities and pass situation reports, details of shortages, requirements and all other emergency details up to Tirana. In the capital an Emergency Management group was established, manned in part by re-roled OSCE members. From this hub, all International and Local Aid organisations directed their efforts. As the relief agencies, and aid, poured into the country the situation stabilised, but in the early days, with refugees crossing into Albania at 20,000 a day, mainly through the Morini crossing point, few will forget the sight of this tide of human misery, or have failed to grasp the huge scale of the task ahead of attempting to bring relief to nearly half a million displaced persons. They were busy days for those involved, and whilst some media reports have suggested that the relief effort was slow to start, the fact remains that in the space of little more than three months, almost half a million homeless and penniless people entered, and then left, Albania, and not one died from lack of food or shelter.

The international settlement in Kosovo has meant that the Mission's efforts have returned to its traditional work. Whilst some development programmes were of necessity delayed, or put on hold, due to the crisis,

Albania's internal problems are once again to the fore, and along with this the Mission is back to its mandated work. The autumn brings the Party Congresses, which may well see some changes and reshuffles in the higher echelons of the two main parties. Work connected with The Friends of Albania group will continue to be a priority, with particular emphasis on the two key areas of Public Order and Anti-Corruption. Local elections, due to be held next year, see the requirement for a comprehensive plan to properly compile accurate voters'

lists, as well as the passing of a new election law, that, among much else, will need to address such issues as citizenship and voters' rights abroad.

I trust this article has given an insight into the many aspects of the work of the OSCE, and particularly life in Albania. The days may be long and the weekends few but every day is different, and that makes for a very challenging experience.

Tim Isles

## RAYMOND SYDNEY BATTY

We published WOII Ray Batty's obituary in our last issue (No. 240) and we are most grateful to Lieutenant Colonel Nigel Mussett, Officer Commanding Giggleswick School CCF, for his permission to reproduce part of the Address he gave at Ray's funeral on 3 June 1999.

*"The third prize with the cauliflower had started something. First it got me mad but then it showed what could be done if you knew the ropes. What I needed was a high to go out on - something not local but which even local folk could be proud of. The chance came in the following year at the Southport Show; it was the longest runner bean contest, organised by a national gardening magazine. This offered a real challenge because I knew of no bean capable of enormous lengths. Eventually I found a retired breeder who'd worked at Kew Gardens; he had a few seeds and wanted to keep the strain going. I promised to give it my best and six seeds popped through the letter box.*

*I needed the help of my friend Ray for this. He'd retired from the Army and was now helping to run the school cadet force. It called for a military operation and his big greenhouse. The seeds went in on the first of April and within days the shoots were coming through and growing by the minute. "Sure they're not rhubarb?" chuckled Ray as gigantic leaves began to develop. Then came the flower stems. Instead of the normal few inches they were two to three feet long. The next problem was how to pollinate the flowers. And this is where army training pays off. You learn initiative.*

*Ray organised bee hunts. A few boys from the school, volunteered by Ray, were issued with jam jars. There were many such hunts but most of the bees got back out of the greenhouse and the rest usually got up Ray's trousers. We needed a less vicious sort of beast.*

*"Moths don't sting", said Ray, "and electric light attracts them." We tried it. We rigged up a 60 watt bulb in the middle of the greenhouse and came back after dark. There were plenty of moths around the light bulb but none near the plants. The next morning I went into the paper shop. "What's you and your mad mate up to now?" asked Jean Lambert at the newsagents. "Nothing special", I muttered feeling a bit down. "Well, what's he buying six sets of Christmas tree lights for in July?" came the reply. "Brilliant!" I shouted and shot out of the door. That night the greenhouse looked spectacular. Twinkling lights twisted around each runner bean stem and moths were going crazy on the flowers. It all went to plan and the beans set on the plant.*

*By high summer it was a steaming jungle inside the greenhouse with plants growing up and away through the corrugated plastic roof, coming out like monster ivy and trailing down outside with a glimpse of a gigantic bean here and there in the undergrowth. Panes of glass collapsed under the strain. It was impossible to get inside the building so we had to use an old stirrup pump to spray feed and water through the open door. "We'll need a machete when it's time," said Ray.*

*With two days to go to the show, in full protective clothing, we clawed into the jungle. The best bean was over two feet long and we knew we had a chance. The bean had to be sent to Southport where they laid out all the entries. We made it a special box, lined it with cotton wool and took it to the post office. "First or Second?" chuntered the man looking up from behind the counter. "Second's no good," we said, "and neither's third or forth." So off it went First Class.*

*On the day of the show we went straight to the runner bean tent. There were lines of beans all along the benches. Lots of jostling. But ours wasn't there. It was on its own table - next to the cup.\**

This story, told in a book published a few years ago by one of Ray Batty's local friends and accomplices, Terry Wilson, epitomises much of Ray's life and character. As Terry Wilson affirmed in a fax message sent this week from Australia: "What Ray did have was enormous, infectious enthusiasm. In the 'Golden Years' we spent together, there was no one better than Ray for getting us into and out of scrapes. Lateral thinking and projects went riot." Along with giant runner beans went wild schemes for breeding ferrets and guppies, rabbiting and cultivating mushrooms for Covent Garden Market.

Born in Bradford, he was a West Yorkshireman through and through. Many of his formative years were spent in and around Pool-in-Wharfedale where he developed a keen interest in, and fascination for, rural pastimes. Each time he and I drove through Pool he would point to the site of the fence on which he was sitting as a lad of sixteen when the outbreak of the Second World War was declared. Given his sense of adventure, it seemed only natural that he should want to enlist in a Yorkshire Regiment and to do so it is rumoured that he faked his age, a strategy that caught up with him when the day of reckoning came and he expected to collect his pension. He married Gladys Julian in 1950 and she, together with their daughter Susan, accompanied Ray on most of his subsequent nineteen postings until he retired from the Army in

1966. Being a keen sportsman (he represented his Regiment in cricket, hockey and golf) and a countryman at heart, he was also a down-to-earth Yorkshireman, able to cross all boundaries of rank and took his fellow human beings just as they came, on his own terms. There is a story of his Mortar Platoon being visited by the then Bishop of London during the Korean War and, on taking his leave, the Bishop said "God bless you, Sergeant Batty", whereupon Ray came to attention, saluted and replied "And God bless you, too, Sir!".

Throughout his service life, Ray was a soldier first, intensely loyal and companionable, and, like so many Sergeant Majors in their day, became something of a legend. Almost inevitably, his family came second in the scheme of things. Nevertheless, Ray's own family meant much to him and in earlier years he would spend many, many hours with his daughter Susan engaged in fishing and other country pursuits, treating her sometimes more like a son than a daughter.

On leaving the Army, Ray had a brief spell as Sergeant Instructor at Sedbergh School before coming to Giggleswick with his wife in 1970 and embarking upon a second major phase of his life. Within this village, and for the best part of thirty years, he became involved with local cricket, golf, fishing and horticulture. His gardening interests provided him with much pleasure and plenty of amusement as our story at the outset related. He was noted as much for his prize blooms as for his magnificent vegetables. At Giggleswick School, he served as School Staff Instructor and Quartermaster within the Combined Cadet Force, taking a TA Commission and finishing in

the rank of Captain. He is particularly remembered as being responsible for training the Guards of Honour for the Inspecting Officers at the annual inspections and chief guests on Speech Day; personalities such as Sir Alec Douglas Home, Sir John Betjeman and a succession of Generals and Brigadiers saw the splendid results of Ray's drilling: "Plenty of Swank!" as he used to say as the band and Guard marched out on parade. He also ran the tuck shop - a popular port of call for hungry schoolboys and he became involved with school cricket, golf and fishing. He retired at the age of sixty five and moved into his Riversdale flat in the village not far from his local friends, the school and, indeed, the pub.

Ray very much felt the sudden and tragic loss of his wife almost twenty years ago and then shortly afterwards of his brother Lawrence who had retired to the area on leaving the Army. In his latter years Ray suffered from increasing discomfort and ill-health. He did, however, lead life to the full and, accompanied by his never-ending succession of springers and spaniels, he was surrounded by his many friends and old comrades right to the end.

There is an old adage in the Regiment which asserts that "Once a Duke, always a Duke". The Regimental motto, *Virtutis Fortuna Comes* (fortune favours the brave) is as applicable to Ray as it is to any other member of that famous Yorkshire Regiment, and his memory lives on."

N. J. Mussett

\**A Boy's Own Dale* by Terry Wilson. 1991. Yorkshire Art Circus, Castleford, WF10 4QH.

## REFLECTIONS ON RUGBY LEAGUE AND NATIONAL SERVICE

Writing about experiences with the Dukes some forty years ago may present a daunting task to some. However, the memories and memorable occasions I experienced remain very clear.

Reading through the Spring 1999 issue of the Iron Duke, most notably the section on the Dukes' progress in the Army Cup prompted this reflection. A reflection from a Rugby League professional, drafted into the Duke of Wellington's Regiment to do a period of National Service, which included being a playing member of the Dukes' side.

Like many of my professional colleagues who played Rugby League for various clubs in Yorkshire, I was somehow steered towards the Regiment, attracted by the fame of its rugby team. The hope being that some involvement would speed me through the two years. However, they were to prove two of the most enjoyable years I was to experience playing rugby.

As far as the game of Rugby Union was concerned, I had never played. Any recent knowledge was acquired, in the main, from watching the international matches on television, which, at the time, seemed to centre around the kicking game. However, playing for the Dukes was very different from the image of the game that I had formed in my mind.

Of course my experience of playing with the Dukes as a centre threequarter was predictably different from that of my Bradford Northern colleague and friend, Jack Scroby, who was picked to play in the forwards (see Issue No. 240. Ed.). In comparison to Jack, the adjustments I had to make to fit into the team were minimal, and I am sure that my other threequarter colleagues at the time, Norman Field (Featherstone), Ray Hayward (Huddersfield), and Brian Savile (Hull) would agree.

It must be remembered of course that my period of National Service was between the years 1958-60, a period when professionalism was still anathema to the Rugby Union code, or so I was led to believe. In fact, it was never to be a problem that I or any of my professional colleagues were consciously aware of. However, I have to say that this issue was not in the forefront of my mind when I found myself walking through the gates of Wellesley Park Barracks in Halifax to sample my first day of army life!

As a team we were well received by all the civilian rugby union clubs that were sporting enough to give us a fixture. As I remember, the only time the matter was raised was in an article in the Ulster edition of a national newspaper. Space will not allow a full account



*Photo by Thos. B. MacNally, MRPS, 14 D'Olier Street, Dublin*

*1 DWR v Trinity College, Dublin, on 28 January 1959, in Dublin.*

**Standing:** Capt C. D. Miller, Lt I. A. Addison, Cpl J. Scroby, 2/Lt S. R. Arnold, 2/Lt J. Shenton, Capt J. D. P. Cowell, Pte N. Field, Lt J. B. K. Greenway.

**Sitting:** L/Cpl D. Glanfield, L/Cpl R. Haywood, L/Cpl D. Davies, Capt D. W. Shuttleworth, Lt-Col P. P. de la H. Moran, Capt P. B. L. Hoppe, Capt D. S. Gilbert-Smith, MC, 2/Lt D. Marsay.

Many of the above-named are mentioned both in Jack Scroby's article in Issue No. 240, page 83, and this article by Derek Davies.

of the article, although it provided an interesting insight into how the two codes were viewed at the time.

The main thrust of the piece was that rugby union football was a strictly amateur game and why should these professionals in the army be allowed to play against purely amateur teams? Was it ethical? Was it fair? As I have indicated, in practical terms it was never a problem and we had some enjoyable encounters with the clubs in Ireland, and, towards the latter end of my service, with others in the London area.

Although, in rugby terms, my League colleagues and I were professionals, the term is misleading, as it might suggest to some that we were better at applying ourselves to the game than amateurs. Not so. The term referred strictly to the financial reward for playing. Indeed, during our time playing for the Dukes we came up against some very gifted players, both in opposition and within the Dukes' team itself.

Dennis Shuttleworth and David Gilbert-Smith, who captained the team at different stages during my period of service, were top class performers, who also provided brand of leadership that was to be admired and respected. Although the styles in their respective approaches to training and on the field of play differed, the end result for the Dukes' team at the time was always the same - to encourage open and inventive play.

Both captains were very "professional" in their approach to training and preparation for a game, but they were never single-minded over a game plan, and we professionals were left to use our individual skills as and when the need arose.

As to how I was initiated into the Dukes' first team to play my first rugby union game will have to wait for another time, except to say that it was a big surprise and totally unexpected, but nevertheless an honour.

Derek W. Davies

## TRANSCRIPT OF A TALK, "A SUBALTERN IN KOREA"

*given to the Officers of 1 DWR at Cavalry Barracks, Hounslow, London in October 1998*

*by David Gilbert-Smith*

"I feel very pleased and privileged to be invited here tonight to give this talk. I hope that together we can make it a very enjoyable and memorable occasion. It certainly will be for me. Tonight I want to turn the clock back nearly fifty years and take you into the Korean War as seen through the eyes of a twenty year-old subaltern.

We disembarked at Pusan in the autumn of 1952. To all of us 'young lions' the war seemed a great adventure,

a chance for glory. No-one really knew why we were there and so the Battalion became our home, our family, our pride, our very *raison d'être*. Heaven help anyone who let it down.

We married up with our advance party at our base camp sited near the Imjin river battle where the Glorious Gloucesters had been overrun by the Chinese the year before. The CO did not have much time to



knock us into shape before we were due to go up the line for the very first time. So it was that I found myself, shortly after arriving, leading 6 Platoon B Company up to the front, a so-called 'cushy number' for initiating newcomers.

We were all into bravado and 'bukkie's', Dukes' for 'bucksheesh', when suddenly out of the sky there came the sound of screeching trains. The next instant there was a huge clump of explosions some fifty yards to our right. I found myself clutching the ground as large clumps of 'paddy' and spent shrapnel thudded into the earth around us. After some two minutes the shelling stopped. There was a deathly silence. We got up and dusted ourselves down. Soldier humour put us back together again on the outside. "Bit o' bukkies that"... "Abaaaght time sum of us got sum effin shrapnel oop our bluidy backsides" etc, etc. On the inside though we were mightily shaken.

We took over from a battle-hardened Aussie Battalion. They were aged twenty three/twenty four going on thirty. We were 'greenhorns' of nineteen/twenty going on sixteen. The Colonel dinned into us a twenty four-hour routine designed to keep us gainfully employed for every one of those twenty four hours; a routine to give us a feeling of comradeship as a corporate body of men in the front line and a sense of normality in our world of fear, terror, wounds and sudden death.

We carried out all our 'first's'; our first standing patrol, recce patrol, fighting patrol, ambush patrol. We took Chinky's incoming, his shells and mortars and some high-flying red hot sprays of tracer. We watched the second battle of the Hook some two thousand yards away across the Samichon valley, as the 1st Black Watch beat off overwhelming hordes of Chinese, supported by long bursts of tracer from our Vickers machine guns overhead. Soon it was time to pack up and depart. We handed over to a Canadian Battalion and marched out feeling like schoolboys who had robbed their neighbours of their apples and had got away with it. It was all a bit of 'bukkie's'.

We turned round quickly and went up into a far more potent sector of the front, the Naechon position. We grew up as a platoon some three days later. It was 1730 hours, time for our runner, Geordie Kirkpatrick, to collect the password and self-heating soups for the standing patrols from Company HQ. He'd called in to get the 'nod'. Just at that moment I heard the distinct 'plock', 'plock', 'plock' of Chinese mortars firing from behind the enemy hill opposite. "Wait until Chinky's finished", I said, "before you go." "Aw, noo, its bukkies" he said and before I could stop him he'd ducked out behind the blanket covering the doorway and was gone. I heard the long hisses and salvo of explosions all around Platoon HQ and then the agonized cry of "Stretcher bearer!". I grabbed my steel helmet and sten gun and rushed out to find Geordie Kirkpatrick lying mortally wounded at the bottom of the trench. "It's okay Geordie", I said, "the stretcher bearers are on the way. We'll chopper you out tonight to BMH and we'll be down to see you as soon as we can". "Ah, noo, sar, ah'm going ter die". Later that night he did.

The next morning my platoon sergeant brought in a wad of money. "All the boys have given a week's pay

for Geordie's widow. Please will you send it on. Please thank all the platoon and tell them that I'll add a week's pay of my own. I'll make certain she gets it." I rang my first Company Commander, Dick Ince, and told him what the platoon had done and how they were very angry that the chopper had not flown that night and that as a result Geordie had died. "Oh no, don't trouble yourself so", he interrupted me, "these things happen in war. You'll get used to it." He put the phone down. I thought "You insensitive bastard". I soon learnt that he was right and I was wrong. The front line is no place for sensitivities. It was a place of 'kill or be killed'.

Some two days later the OC came up to my position. "Show me round to your OP" he said. As soon as we were there he pointed out the enemy trench on the hill directly opposite us. "I intend to take a prisoner from there on Christmas Day. I want you to take a recce patrol there tonight to find out if it is occupied." I nodded. "Good luck. I'll see you in the morning for debriefing." He was gone.

Fear gripped me when I realised what was required of me. It must have taken me about half an hour before I managed to calm myself down sufficiently before I could think straight again. That evening, after dusk, I led 'Woody' (not his real name), a world war two soldier, out through our protective barbed wire and defensive minefields. We'd hardly reached 'No Man's Land' before we heard the Chinese loudspeaker from the enemy hilltop opposite open up: "Good evening officers and men of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Welcome to the Naichon front. We can see your patrols starting to come across 'No Man's Land'. Turn back now or else keep coming and give yourselves up. We will take good care of you and return you safely at the end of the war." Woody said "They've seen us. We've got to turn back now, Sir." I said, more to re-assure myself than anyone else, "Woody, they have no more seen us than we have seen them. Call down Delta Foxtrot on top of the enemy hill opposite now." As soon as we heard the re-assuring whine and crump of our 25 pounders thudding into the top of the enemy hill we moved forward again cautiously.

We'd almost reached the base of the enemy hill when we heard reed whistling some thirty yards ahead. We'd bumped an enemy standing patrol. We froze, trigger fingers taut, locked in a Mexican stand off for what seemed like an eternity, perhaps three seconds. "Cover me" I whispered to Woody. I moved forward cautiously and then ducked into the dead ground at the base of the enemy hill. Woody was right behind me. "Oh thanks for the cover, Woody." I said cuttingly. The tension of the moment had got to me. We detoured around the enemy patrol and then clambered up a high bank onto the base of the hill. We then had some two to three hundred yards of a steep upwards crawl on our stomachs completely exposed to any Chinese sentry that may have been looking down. It took us some two hours, eyes straining for any sight of an enemy, before we reached the lip of the trench. I looked over. No-one there. I could see the trench was well appointed and that there was a blanket over an entranceway to a dugout some twelve yards to my right.

On Christmas Day 1952 Sergeant Mackenzie, MM, led a brilliant prisoner snatch patrol to that position. He

grabbed an unarmed Chinese signaller who was so terrified that he wriggled out of his arms and disappeared down the trench. The Colonel's policy had been to dominate 'No Man's Land' and the enemy. The Dukes had accomplished this with some brilliant fighting patrols notably by Lieutenants David Borwell and Douglas Holland, and an outstanding daylight raid led by Lieutenants Rodney Harms and Ian Orr to destroy a new trenchworks being built. In the process he had weeded out the lesser brethren and had shaped, hardened and honed the Battalion into a formidable fighting machine. We were counted amongst the best in the division.

The new year came and with it the UN Commander, General Ridgeway, decided to relieve the

Commonwealth Division and to send us all off for seven days R&R leave in Japan, courtesy of the US air force. We flew in as if arriving on another planet, no longer having to dodge the shells, mortar bombs and snipers' bullets. We bumped into the Aussies that we had taken over from first time in the line. They greeted me with "Bust yer duck yet, Dave?" I laughed. "Well, you come with us and we'll give you the time of your life, that we will." I did and they did. The last two days I spent on the island that the kamakasi pilots went to before their last flight. It was one of the most moving moments of my life.

*David Gilbert-Smith's first-hand account, including the Battle of the Hook, will be continued in our next issue.*



**Lieutenant Rodney Harms, third from left, and some members of his successful fighting patrol, with the Brigade Commander, Brigadier Kendrew, left, and the Divisional Commander, Major General West, second from left.**

## BATTLE HONOUR : ABYSSINIA

*We do not often consider our Battle Honours in the broad context in which they were won and we are most grateful to Mr Fred Wilkinson, Consultant to the Royal Armouries, for his permission to publish the following article, albeit with a different focus from his own.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Africa was commonly described in the 19th century as the Dark Continent, for it was then a place of mystery and legend. Large areas of it were unexplored but more and more European countries saw it as a potential source of wealth and a market for their goods. The religion of most of the continent was Islamic or pagan but there was in the east, the Horn of Africa, a Christian country. In the middle of the century this country was to make violent contact with the modern world.

Abyssinia had a Christian tradition going back centuries and was associated in legend with King Solomon, the Queen of Sheba and the Medieval Prester John's fabulous kingdom. Although Abyssinia was nominally Christian its dogma was rather unorthodox and as a consequence it attracted a number of missionaries seeking to bring it back to a more Western style of belief. Among these was Reverend Henry Aaron Stern (1820-1885) who wrote a book about his life in Abyssinia (*Wanderings among the Falashas in Abyssinia, 1862, London*) that was later to create severe problems for him.

Probably around 1818, Ly Kasa, a man from Kuara, in the eastern province of the country, was sent by his family to a church school to be educated. He learned well and eventually became involved in tribal wars and gradually acquired a band of followers. His education, personality and military prowess brought him power and the control of larger and larger areas. Eventually he felt strong enough to claim the whole country as his kingdom and in 1855, supported by the church, he was effectively crowned emperor or king of kings. To enhance his position he took as his regal title the name of a legendary man whom tradition said would one day appear and unite the peoples of Abyssinia to make the country great. Tewoderos was the native spelling but this was europeanised into Theodore or Theodoros.

In 1848 Britain appointed Walter Chichele Plowden (1820-1859) as the first British Consul to Abyssinia but this appointment was to generate tension. The official letter introducing Plowden was mistakenly addressed on to Ras Ali, a rival of Theodore, an error that did not please Theodore. When Ras Ali later signed a separate treaty with Britain the tension increased and Theodore was not very keen to ratify the treaty and relations with Britain became a little more strained. During some local tribal fighting Plowden was wounded by a spear and as a result died in 1859.

Owing to the difficulty and time taken for communication it was not until 1860 that a replacement consul, Charles Duncan Cameron, was appointed and he was not to meet Theodore until 1862. As was usual he took with him gifts from the Queen and a letter written by Theodore describes Cameron's arrival and

states 'When I read the letter, he gave me a double-barrelled rifle and two double-barrelled hip pistols saying they were gifts from the Queen. Having expressed my thanks I accepted them'. This gift is elsewhere described as being a rifle and a pair of revolvers but the discrepancy may have arisen in the translation from Amharic, the language of Abyssinia. There is in the Gun Room at Sandringham a double-barrelled, .577 patent smooth-bored rifle by Lancaster, No. 3451 which bears an engraved plate stating that it was a present to King Theodore 'in appreciation of his kindness to Plowden'. There is, however, no record of its purchase in the Royal accounts which suggests that it was probably supplied by the government. Presumably it was found in Magdala after the battle and was brought back to Britain.

Theodore now composed a 'circular' letter to be sent to most of the crowned heads of Europe. In this letter he sought help to expel the Turks and Egyptians who controlled most of the land surrounding his country. Cameron was given a copy for Queen Victoria and told to deliver it and Theodore seems to have meant that Cameron would do so personally. He sent it on and it became lost in the maze of Indian and Foreign Office administration. When the French reply reached Theodore he was displeased for it offered him no real assistance and was prompted to ask where was Queen Victoria's letter and no one was able to answer as to why it was taking so long. A series of accidents and oversights had delayed its delivery and no action had been taken. In the meantime the Emperor had learned that Stern's book had criticised him and the country. In response to this insult Stern and a colleague were made prisoners and put into chains. No doubt still feeling aggrieved the Emperor's patience awaiting Victoria's letter gave out and when Cameron sought permission to leave Abyssinia in 1863 he too was made prisoner and chained. Theodore made clear that the chains would stay on until an official reply to his letter was received.

This direct action at last provoked some reaction in London and eventually in May 1864 the Foreign Office finally decided to send a reply. The chosen messenger was a Hormuzd Rassam (1826-1910) an American-born archaeologist and Arabic translator serving in Aden. He was joined by a regular soldier Lieutenant Prideaux and they journeyed to Abyssinia with the letter and a gift of 500 out-of-date muskets. On arrival Rassam was kept waiting by the Emperor whilst his position was undermined by other semi-official British approaches. These secondary approaches convinced the Emperor that Rassam could not be considered as too important by the government and he consequently was inclined to delay even further. Eventually Theodore arranged a meeting and on 18 January 1866 the Queen's reply was handed over, some three years after the Emperor had first written. Theodore seemed pleased with the response and generously agreed to release all his European prisoners. The number of these had now increased to a total of thirteen men, five women and children and all were collected at Rassam's base camp by Lake Tana. In April 1866 the group set off for the frontier and freedom.

A farewell meeting with Theodore was planned but then, to everybody's surprise, the entire group, including Rassam and Prideaux, was seized and made prisoners. The reasons for his action that were advanced by the Emperor were vague, confusing and contradictory. He now addressed another letter to Queen Victoria in which he asked that artisans should be sent to Abyssinia to help him. In a similar letter to Rassam, written on 17 March, Theodore wrote "What I require is that you should send me a cannon-founder, a gunsmith, an iron smelter, a heavy artilleryman and a gunner. Let all these workmen come to me with their equipment and then they may return after they have instructed me". The letter was to be delivered to the Queen by one of Theodore's prisoners, a German missionary named Flad, whose wife remained with Theodore as hostage. Flad reached London in July and duly presented Theodore's letter. Steps were taken to meet Theodore's request and Flad was received by the Queen so that he might truthfully say that he had delivered the letter into her hands.

In the meantime Theodore's behaviour was to say the least eccentric. First he sent all the captives to his headquarters which were situated at the top of a 9,000 foot high mountain, the Magdala. His base was on a plateau that was fortified with walls and reached only by narrow dangerous paths. The prisoners were treated with a mixture of harshness and kindness but on the whole their duration was not too vile. News of the continuing imprisonment of a British Consul and other British subjects was evoking national indignation and there was a growing demand that something really should be done.

Theodore's unwilling messenger, the missionary Flad, was given the Queen's reply and set off on his journey. He was told to ask for the release of the captives and the letter contained a strong hint that Britain would use her influence to ensure that Egypt did not attack Abyssinia. A Colonel Merewether (1825-1880) was appointed to collaborate on the arrangements and he gathered a group of artillerymen who were ready to make the long journey. By late 1866 Flad and Merewether were at Massawa on the coast of the Red Sea and Flad attempted to pass Queen Victoria's letter on to Theodore and arrange a meeting with the Emperor. At that time the country was in an unsettled state and travel was so dangerous that he was obliged to wait at Massawa. Theodore deliberately prevaricated and continued to delay the meeting. At home the British government began to take an increasingly serious view of the situation and sent another letter to Theodore suggesting that, unless the prisoners were released at once, then Britain might well consider some form of military action.

Theodore continued to procrastinate whilst at home British national pride was demanding some firm response. On 19 August the cabinet decided that they would indeed send a military expedition to rescue the hostages. There was some political opposition but the plan was popularly supported. The Prime Minister, Benjamin Disraeli, planned to raise the anticipated cost of £2 million for the expedition by increasing the rate of income tax to five pence in the pound. The Indian

government was asked to undertake the planning and organisation of the expedition. The Commander of the Indian Army, Lieutenant General Robert Napier, was asked to examine the problem and give an assessment of the task. He was an experienced soldier with many years of active service behind him and his comments were practical and well received and he was appointed to command the task force.

The expedition was to be one of the best organised of the century with detailed forward plans before any move was made. Supplies were ordered and every effort made to ensure a smooth sea voyage and a good landing site was chosen and a pier to assist in loading was built. Reconnaissance to find the best route to the Magdala was undertaken, and friendly relations with the various tribes were generated, a railway was built along the coast and fresh water distilleries were set up. Some 16,000 troops, 2,500 horses, 16,000 mules, 5,700 camels and 44 elephants would be involved with many thousands of support staff. The troops would be a mixture of 2,000 British and Indian cavalry, 10,000 infantry and 1,500 artillery, sappers and miners. The force was made up of three brigades and the 33rd were part of the second that also included a Naval Rocket group. This regiment had seen service in the Indian Mutiny and set out for Abyssinia on 21 November 1867.

Many of the troops were armed with the new breechloading Snider rifle and carbine which was to see its first use in action. This weapon was capable of a much higher rate of fire than the old muzzle-loading Enfield percussion rifle and Napier also obtained permission to replace some of the obsolete weapons normally carried by his Indian troops with more up-to-date pieces.

Napier landed at Massawa, in January 1868 and the rescue started. As the British expedition began its 350 mile cross-country march. The H and D companies of the 33rd were part of the advance guard. By the end of January good progress had been made over difficult terrain and a base at Adigerat was established. The 33rd were not to stay there and again led the expedition on to the next base at Antola when two of their companies were again ordered forward. The terrain was even more difficult and the men were tired and inclined to complain rather loudly. This rather riled the Commander-in-Chief and he halted the column and told the 33rd he did not want them marching with him and they were to fall back to the 2nd Brigade.

In the meantime Theodore had set out for the fortress with his army. He reached there on 27 March 1868 where he ordered that Rassam be released from his chains and he also sent him gifts as compensation for the hardship he had suffered. Later the rest of the prisoners were also released from their chains but Theodore still resisted demands to release them. Their situation was rather precarious for, in a burst of rage, Theodore and his troops attacked Abyssinians held as hostage and many hundreds were killed.

Theodore refused all requests to release his prisoners and Napier prepared to attack the Magdala and the first salvo of rockets was sent towards the Magdala. On 9 April the two brigades of the army started moving forward. The main body of Abyssinian troops now

attacked what they thought was a small baggage troop but a large body of British and Indian troops was waiting. The Abyssinians, their number estimated at around 4,000, came on steadily with the British holding their fire until the enemy was within about 350 yards. The Snider rifles, seeing action for the first time, with their rate of fire of two to six rounds a minute wrought terrible casualties on the brave natives. Blasted by the rockets as well, the charge was broken with some estimated 800 killed and 1,500 wounded and the survivors retreated.

On 11 April Theodore sent a representative, accompanied by two of the prisoners, to parley with Napier. He was told that the release of all prisoners and his surrender were the only solution. Theodore is then said to have attempted suicide but was prevented by his staff. He then ordered the release of many of the captives who made their way down to the British camp. Their reception was less than enthusiastic for, despite media reports, they were seen to be in better condition than most of the troops and rather arrogant as well.

On 12 April Theodore ordered the rest of his European prisoners, their families and servants to leave and some 200 people, animals and baggage were on their way to Napier. Theodore still refused to surrender and Napier decided to attack his main fortress on the mountain. The emperor announced that any of his troops who wanted to leave might do so and many did but a number were prepared to fight. On 13 April, Easter Sunday, the attack on the Magdala began. At 4pm an artillery barrage opened up on the stronghold. The British troops, including members of the 33rd Regiment of Foot (Duke of Wellington's Regiment), advanced with the band playing 'Yankee Doodle' and colours

flying in good traditional style on what was to be the last time ever for this tradition.

The advance of the 33rd was halted by a strong wooden gate but a group of men worked their way forward close to the gate. Sappers and miners were now called forward to blow it up. Unfortunately there was a problem, for the Sappers had forgotten to bring any of their equipment including the gunpowder. To await the belated arrival of the powder would be too dangerous and Major Cooper ordered men of the 33rd to find an alternative way in skirting the gate. Bergin, an Irish Private, was unusually tall and he found a section of wall lower than the rest. A small drummer, Magner, climbed onto Bergin's shoulders and was able to reach the top of the wall. Helped by a push up the bottom with butt of rifle he scrambled onto the top of the wall. He lay down and reached out to give Bergin a hand up. Others joined them over the wall and their sustained rifle fire drove off the defenders. This left a clear route into the fortress and the siege was broken. The Ensign of the 33rd, Walter Andrew Wynter, mounted the rampart and waved the colours as a sign that the fortress was breached. Bergin and Magner were awarded Victoria Crosses for their action.



**Drummer Michael Magner.**



**Private James Bergin. He later transferred to the 78 Highlanders (2nd Battalion Seaforth's)**

The battle was over and shortly afterwards Theodore's body was found shot through the head, for he had committed suicide, ironically with one of the weapons presented by the Queen. The body was stripped and later some of his clothing was presented to Queen Victoria. The troops turned from fighting to looting but eventually all booty was collected, auctioned and the proceeds shared among the soldiers. Large numbers of weapons were found to include shields, spears and some guns 'old and very curious' were found. Weapons were excluded from this sale and a number found their way back to Britain including some belonging to the Emperor.

The fortress was destroyed on 17 April and by the next day the troops began their evacuation heading

for the coast. The return journey was made hazardous by attacks from the local tribes but by 10 June 1868 only some 868 men remained in Abyssinia to supervise the final clearing up. The campaign aims of rescue had been achieved at a cost of two killed and twenty seven wounded and, as agreed, the entire force left.

The success of the campaign was hailed by the nation and Napier was created of Baron of Magdala. With the returning troops came souvenirs and these were distributed to various dignitaries including Queen Victoria. Some went to the Prime Minister, Benjamin Disraeli, and may be seen at Hughenden Manor, others went to the Victoria and Albert Museum. Part of King Theodore's drum is held in the 1st Battalion Officers' Mess.

## POETRY

*by Syd Swift*

### THE PROPOSAL

I'd evaded the question too long  
Though I knew the answer  
But tonight I would speak.

It was my last chance  
Tomorrow my leave was over  
Then I was for India.

I waited outside the store  
Giggling girls leave in pairs  
I drooped beneath a lamp.

The last to leave; she took my arm  
A choice of a walk or a cinema  
She chose to walk.

Arm in arm we strolled  
To Pontefract race course  
Where I planned to propose.

Not on one knee for me,  
She'd have laughed I knew,  
A park bench would do.

Diffidence held my tongue,  
But cold urged me to speak  
The words she was hoping to hear.

That night in Pontefract park  
I chanced my art, placed my bet,  
Knowing I was onto a winner.

### INJUSTICE

The Captain's Scottie dog Matty  
Was never far from his heels,  
He followed him onto parade  
And into the mess hall at meals.

Dawes was proud of his boots  
The toe caps shone like glass,  
He even burnished the eyelets  
They really were first class.

Church parades were a bugbear  
Every Sunday at nine,  
Hair cut; best suit, belt bayonet;  
Brasses and buttons a high shine.

The Captain took his time  
Inspecting us one by one  
It was a bit slow for Matty  
Following him woe begone.

Matty perked up at John Dawse  
Sniffed; circled him twice  
Cocked up his leg and pissed,  
All over John's boots in a trice.

From out of my eye corner  
I viewed the desecrating pee.  
Got seven days' CB for my snigger;  
Matty got off Scot free.

## BOOK REVIEW

**BURMA 1942 - THE JAPANESE INVASION.** Published by The Zampi Press, 6 St Martin's Square, Chichester, PO19 1NT, @ £25. ISBN 0-9521083-1-3.

This is the story of the longest retreat of World War Two from January to May 1942. The book's outstanding aspect is its joint approach - Major General Lyall-Grant, Royal Engineers, with personal experience in action in the Burma Campaign, and Dr Kazuo Tamayama, a Japanese civil servant, historian and scholar, have produced together an important contribution to the history of the Second World War.

The book starts by exposing, clearly, a major strategic error which brought the Japanese to the very gates of India, crippled our support of Chang-kai-shek's China, and delivered a blow to British prestige of lasting and serious proportions. It goes on to describe Japan's awakening and its amazing military development, leading to its incredible World War Two operational gamble. The Japanese armies, constructed and equipped on German lines, and their navy copied from the British, had, initially, devastating success against the Allies in the East.

After the fall of Singapore their army made for Rangoon in a single-minded thrust which very nearly cut the defence in half. It was always felt that, had Burma been re-inforced as General Wavell requested, it might not have fallen. As it was, the 18th East Anglian Division were sent on to Singapore and were virtually unable to contribute.

The two authors make it quite clear that the Japanese came very near to failure on several occasions and were saved by some British tactical errors, for example at Sittang River. If the Dukes fresh from India, had been kept in reserve behind the Sittang obstacle, along with 25 Armoured Brigade, fresh from the desert, and others, the whole course of events might have been different.

The book gives a first class account of the campaign, including 2 DWR actions at Shwedaung and Paungde and a particularly clear story of the extent and

seriousness of the battle for Sittang Bridge. One outstanding battle must have been 48 Gurkha Brigade's blocking action at Kyaukse, which ensured that the Ava Bridge survived for use. The maps are remarkably good and easy to follow and the text short, simple and clear. There are many excellent photographs. This must be the best book on this subject yet produced,

From the Dukes point of view coverage is good. However no unit could have had a more difficult introduction to war and this campaign in particular. Before Christmas 1941 2 DWR moved from the glamour of the capital city of Delhi to the heart of operations on the North West Frontier of India at Peshawar. An operational zone. We started a training programme designed to keep the peace in serious and dangerous situations created by the Pathan tribesmen, some of the best natural infantrymen in the world, albeit ill-equipped. The battle ground was tall bare rocky hills, very hot by day and cold by night. Our uniforms and equipment were of World War One vintage: animal transport, visual signals including heliograph, lamp, and flag. It was almost Hollywood epic material. After Christmas 1941, while in a training camp near Peshawar, we were fired on by rifles of tribesmen and three machine gunners were hit at a range of 500 yards; Corporal Lawther in the head. All survived. Now it was to be burp guns, point blank, in thick country. We were given one week to mobilise with weapons and equipment we had not seen before, mortars, MT, Brens, and some pack radios which never really worked. We arrived on the Eastern battle ground after a week in a train, a sea voyage, and very short of sleep.

The Japanese are revealed as good, but hard soldiers - maybe cruel at times but that perhaps is their code. They had their weaknesses too. Here is a bit of stark regimental history which, however, is gripping to read and of the greatest interest. A very satisfactory tribute is paid to the British soldier, who comes out of this grim tale very well.

A. D. F.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: B Company  
1 Green Howard's  
Belfast Barracks  
BFPO 36  
3 October 1999

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

Whilst serving with the Green Howard's in Osnabrück I bumped into an old member of the Regiment, who has since become a friend of mine.

22527937 Boy (as young drummer recruits were known in those days) Millar E enlisted into the 1st Battalion in early 1955 by means of a much more simple process than we would today. Eddie approached the sentry on the gate at, if memory serves him correctly, Wellesley Barracks, High Road Well, Halifax, and casually announced that he wanted to join up. The

sentry then called the Provost Sergeant who immediately sorted the young man out with his request. On successful completion of his recruit training he was then posted to the 1st Battalion in Gibraltar and subsequently in to the Drums Platoon, of which he remained a member for the rest of his career.

By the time that the Battalion went to Hong Kong in the late 60s, Eddie was well on his way to becoming Drum Major (if not already), and has particularly fond memories of Major E. M. P. ("The Emperor") Hardy who at the time was OC Alma Company (Alma Panzers as they were affectionately known throughout the Battalion). Eddie was Alma Company's bugler, and recalls in detail how the OC would invent bugle calls to fit the situation at the time.

Eddie remembers a couple of great friends of his, that even I can remember from my younger days in Minden, one being the infamous Provost Sergeant Steve Kelly

who would make life extremely difficult for the likes of myself and other members of the Battalion who joined in the late 70s. The other being Drum Major Johnny Wilkinson, who was greatly involved in our spell of public duties in February 1981, the presentation of new colours in April 1981 and the many ceremonial duties in Gibraltar from March 1983.

Whilst posted in Hong Kong in the late 60s, Eddie approached "Mr Paul", who apparently was Hong Kong's early version of Arthur Daley, with a request to make a gold ring with the Dukes' cap badge on it. On approving the design and detail Eddie ordered ten more for close friends in the Regiment, and is interested to know if anyone reading this letter still has theirs.

Eddie has many fond memories of the Dukes, and is looking forward immensely to the Regiment taking over in Osnabrück in early 2000.

J. Elcoate  
Colour Sergeant

From: Whitecroft House  
8 Cloister Crofts  
Royal Leamington Spa  
Warwickshire  
CV32 6QQ  
16 September 1999

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Brigadier,

I read the Autumn 1999 journal in my usual way, cover to cover. Thank you for all your efforts which are greatly appreciated. I wish to comment on the review undertaken by DEI of "The Great War Generals on the Western Front 1914-1918".

The article has a thumping great sting in the tail concerning the casualty figures and that the generals were somehow to blame for these. It is surely logical that this conclusion presupposes that other nations' generals must have performed better than our own; which is untrue.

The fact of the matter was that the extent of casualties inflicted in the Great War affected all the participants equally. The precursor was evident from the size of the casualties resulting from the Franco Prussian War in 1871.

As a proportion of the male population France and Germany fared far worse than the UK. As with the nation as a whole, our WWI generals faced an enormous learning curve which resulted in those very same men achieving the magnificent victories of 1918 of which so little is heard.

That is in no way to disregard or wish to underestimate the horror that the loss of life represented. It was not however exclusive to the 1914-1918 conflict.

Much is written of the casualties of the first day of the Battle of the Somme (c58,000 largely in the first two hours). What about the fall of Singapore in February 1942 in which 90,000 British and Allied troops surrendered to the Japanese, resulting in more deaths in captivity than were killed on the first day of the Somme? Or the comparison of the circa 38,000 officers

who died in the 14/18 war compared to the 58,000 aircrew who were killed in WWII?

There again, perhaps it is foolish to challenge prejudice with facts. The book, like your journal, is an excellent read and very informative. I recommend both.

Yours truly, Bill Smart

*We are delighted to publish this open letter from David Gilbert-Smith to Jack Scroby. Readers will spot the link with the article in this edition by Derek Davies on page 126... Ed.*

From: Lowenva  
Fleet Lane  
Twynning  
Nr Tewkesbury  
Glos GL20 6DG  
13 September '99

Dear Jack,

I thoroughly enjoyed reading your article in the Iron Duke 'Look back and Wonder' (Issue No.240). It evoked so many memories of the 'golden oldies' of those times and the magic teams and matches we had in your day.

I would agree with all you said about Dennis Shuttleworth and his captaincy. He certainly handed on to me as his lucky successor a wonderfully trained and disciplined team, packed full of ability. So much so, that we went all the way to the next Army Cup final without a single score being notched up against us.

Tragically, although we had a side who were all internationals, British Lions, Barbarians, Army or first team club players, both of amateur and league codes, we somehow contrived to lose the Final against KOSB in a bitter cold gale played in the Hitler Stadium in Berlin.

I well remember our excellent fly half, Ian Reid, being badly concussed in the early opening stages, and as a result, the outsides having to play out of position as well as cover him. I fear, though, that we were far, far too over confident for our own good before the match, which is probably why we lost it!

It was great to know you both as a player and a person, Jack.

All the best for the future,

Yours, David Gilbert-Smith

From: 17 Sandhurst Avenue  
St Annes  
Lancashire FY8 2DB

The Assistant Regimental Secretary

Dear Bob,

The enclosed photograph is of B Company DWR Permanent Staff at No 4 ITC at Brancepeth Camp, County Durham, taken in 1946.

I have named not all, but most, from memory. I recall a lot came from the Halifax area. I myself came from Leeds on call up in 1945.

I would be glad should anyone wish to contact me.

I did try to get this picture published some years ago. Perhaps this time I'll be lucky!

Yours, Gordon Harvey





Left to right, back row: ? , ? , ? , ? , Bill Cahill, George Salmon, ? , George Andrew (died 1984), Kimble.

Middle row: Sergeant Johnny Gain, Lance Corporal Pick, George Saxton, Moffat, Sergeant Holmes, Eastwood, ? , ? , ? , Gordon Harvey (me!), Bill Bonfield.

Front row: ? , ? , CQMS Jewkes, 2nd Lieutenant Bentley "Yorkshire Beers", Captain Berryman, 2nd Lieutenant Bentley "Yorkshire Beers", ? , Sergeant Nobby Clarke, Lance Corporal Poskett (wearing wound stripes).

# Regimental Association

Patron: Brigadier His Grace The Duke of Wellington, KG, LVO, OBE, MC, BA, DL  
 President: Major General E. J. Webb-Carter, 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:** Meetings at 1.00pm at the Victory Services' Club on Sundays 30 January, 18 June and 17 September (AGM). Annual Dinner on Saturday 15 April in the Victory Services Club.  
*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 White Rose 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 J. T. Payne, Flat 2, 24 Cambridge Road, Huddersfield, HD1 5BU.

**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.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 8 DWR (145 REGIMENT RAC)

Ten attended the Reunion Luncheon at the St Ermins Hotel, London on 23 October. Major N. D. Pirrie presided.

## 9th BATTALION (146 REGIMENT RAC)

Members of the 9th Battalion held their 52nd reunion in the Golden Lion Hotel, Leeds, on 5 October 1999. There were fourteen seated for lunch. Captain Tom Moore presided and Major Bob Heron from Regimental Headquarters attended as a guest.

## REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION REUNION

The Annual Reunion Dinner, attended by 210 people, was held in the Stakis Hotel, Bradford, on Saturday 2 October. Brigadier Dick Mundell proposed the toast to the Regiment and the Colonel, Major General Evelyn Webb-Carter, responded. In his speech the Colonel reflected on the memories of his upbringing as a son of a Duke, of his first one hundred days as Colonel, and of the honour and pride he felt to be invited to be the Colonel of the Dukes.

## REGIMENTAL SERVICE 2000

The Annual Regimental Service is to be held in York Minster on Saturday 1 April 2000 at 11.30am. Prior to the service coffee will be available in the Minster School Hall from 10.30am. Full details about the service will be sent to all Association members in the new year.

## THE FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE

As usual, the London Branch was responsible for preparation of the Regimental Plot in the Field of Remembrance beside Westminster Abbey on the Thursday before Remembrance Sunday. As Keith Jagger, our Branch Secretary, was laid low, Evie, his wife, very kindly led the operation, assisted by Fred Richardson, John Kelly and Jim Paine. As reported in the national press, the Queen Mother toured the Field of Remembrance in her buggy, while the Duke of Kent, who was accompanying her, took the time to talk to the Dukes' team. It was clear that he was well-informed, as he already knew that the Regiment was involved in Public Duties in London.

**KEEPING IN TOUCH...****Surprise Encounter**

The Colonel of the Regiment was buttonholed by an elderly gentleman at the Freedom Parade in Barnsley on 11 September 1999.

"Are you Major General Webb-Carter?"

*Reply* "Indeed, I am."

"What relation are you to Lieut Colonel Webb-Carter?"

*Reply* "He was my father."

"He was my CO at Anzio, what a real gentleman he was, good luck to you, Sir."

The gentleman is believed to be a Mr Harrison who served in B Coy of the 1st Bn between 1943 and 1944.

**'Molar' Golf Society**

Many readers will remember that the radio appointment title 'Molar' referred to the Quartermaster, 'Molar Minor' was the RQMS and 'Molar Call' sign 1, 2, 3, 4 etc were the CQMSs. Three years ago a group of ex-Molars formed the Molar Golf Society and now meet annually for a day's golf followed by supper and quite a few drinks. This is a fiercely competitive golf match, with the winner being presented with the appropriately named trophy 'The Bent Putter'. This year the Molars met at West End Golf Club, Halifax, on 26 August. Founder members of the society include Walter Robins, Bob Tighe, Mike Carter, Peter Robinson, Bob Heron, Brian Sykes, Terry Butterworth, Barry Hey and Honorary Molar, Brigadier Johnny Walker. This year's winner of The Bent Putter was, appropriately, the senior Molar, Walter Robins.

**British Triathlon**

Ex-Sergeant Chris Jones who served in the 1st Battalion c. 1976-90, initially in the Band and finally as

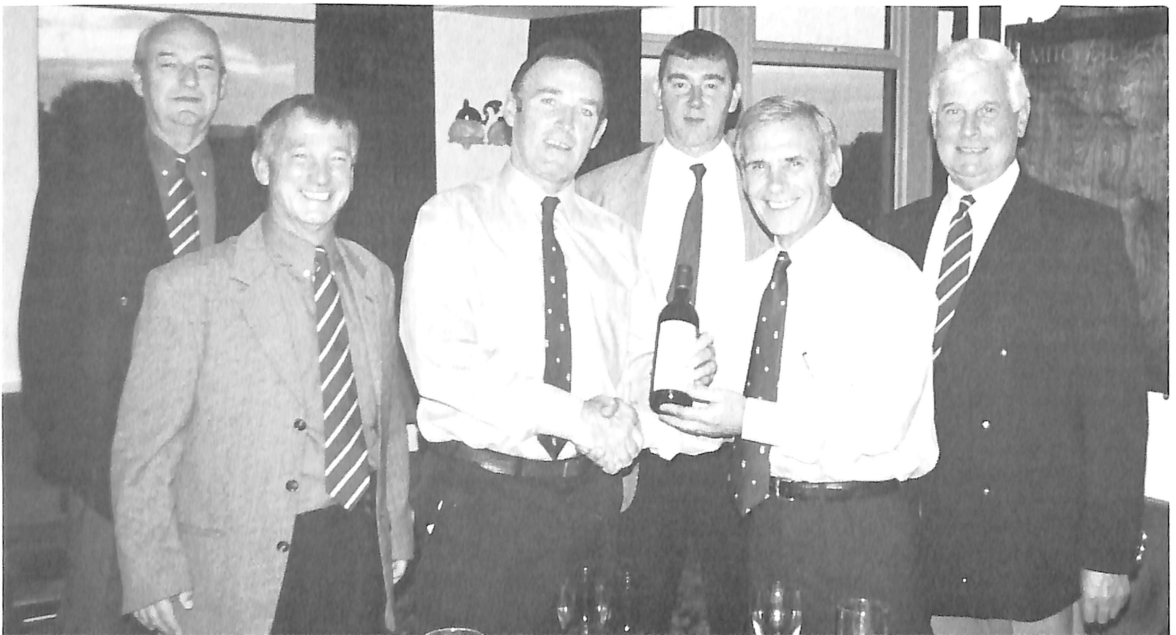
PTI, will be remembered by many as a very fine distance and cross country runner, largely responsible for the success of the Dukes' Cross Country team in the mid - late eighties. Chris has recently been appointed as the British Triathlon Association 'High Performance' coach based at Bath University. Well done Chris.

**Gallant Rescue 1**

During the Boer War, Sergeant James Firth was awarded the VC for his gallantry on 24 February 1900 in his rescue, whilst under fire, first, of Lance Corporal Blackman and, later in the day, of Second Lieutenant Bowes-Wilson. He was himself shot through the nose and eye in the latter action, but survived. It is an interesting coincidence that the officer he rescued later married Miss Janet Sanders, who was the aunt of Alex, the wife of Brigadier Tony Firth, who is pictured at the top of the opposite page on the occasion of his 80th birthday earlier this year, with Alex and their daughter Robin. Lieutenant Colonel J. H. Bowes-Wilson, as he became, was subsequently killed on 7 June 1917 while commanding a battalion of the York and Lancaster Regiment. It is also of note that Sergeant Firth's VC was sold recently at Christies in London to a telephone bidder for £38,000.

**Gallant Rescue 2**

We published in Issue No 240 the obituary of WO2 Jim Brocklehurst, noting that he had been awarded the Military Medal for his courage in North Africa in 1943 in collecting and, together with the Medical Officer, evacuating wounded whilst under fire. The Medical Officer, Captain Jack Webb, was himself awarded the Military Cross and your Editor was pleased to visit him recently at his home in Fleet, where he recalled Jim



*Some of the Molars*

Left to right: Mike Carter, Barry Hey, Peter Robinson, Terry Butterworth, Bob Heron, Walter Robins (1999 Champion). Photo taken by Brigadier Johnny Walker.



**Brigadier Tony Firth, on the occasion of his 80th birthday with Alex and their daughter Robin.**

*Photograph courtesy of EJWW*

Brocklehurst's nickname of "Rommel" or "Tiger" for his exploits in Italy later as the commander of a captured German tank which was itself nicknamed "Deserter".

#### **Sporting Types**

In Issue No 239, page 44, we asked for the names of the people in the photograph of the 1st Battalion's Gibraltar Command Athletics Team. We are grateful to Colonel John Barkshire for submitting the following selection. Back row: Conway or Worthington; Halliday; Crow; Faithfull; Campbell-Lamerton; ? ; Emery; Kirk; Barkshire; Raybould. Front row: Fell; Cumberlege; Garland; ? ; Dasent; ? ; ? ; Granger; Worthington or Conway. Others in the picture are Barker, Mitchell, Mallinson and Rushbrook, but we cannot place them in the appropriate slot. The photograph has again been reproduced in this issue on page 140.

#### **Regimental Christmas Cards**

The Regimental Archive at RHQ holds about forty Christmas cards which have been collected over the years from as far afield as Burma, where our 2nd Battalion was stationed over 100 years ago, and from the trenches of the Great War. Do have a look in your cupboards and drawers and send any unwanted cards, or other correspondence, to RHQ, where they will not only be given a good permanent home, but also be of value to the historians of the future. The more names, dates and other details they contain the better. Any not needed by RHQ can be returned or disposed of, as requested by the donor.

#### **Regimental Blazers**

Two regimental blazers, in good condition, are available at a very reasonable price (which will be paid to regimental funds), suitable for a six foot tall man with 42"/43" chest. Applications to the Editor please.

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

Mr K. Almond, Hohlweg 33, 37581 Bad Gandersheim, West Germany.

Mr T. J. Coburn, 2 Keldwyth Park, Windermere, Cumbria, LA23 1HG.

Mr G. Fickling, 14/40 Victoria Road, Narre Warren, Victoria, Australia 3805.

Mr D. J. Hollands MC, 2 Orchards Farm, Buckerell, Nr Honiton, Devon, EX14 0EJ.

Mr J. W. Kelly, 45 Halstead Court, London Road, Wickford, Essex, SS12 0RH.

Captain W. T. Mundell, 158 The Keep, Kingston upon Thames, Surrey, KT2 5UF.

Mr C. North, 12 Alexandra Road, St Austell, Cornwall, PL25 4QP.

Mr W. M. Plewman, Chestford House, Badgers Hill, Sheriffs Lench, Evesham, Worcestershire, WR11 5SB.

Lady G. N. Bray, 16 The Beeches, Bramley, Surrey, GU5 0BD.

Mr R. Douthwaite, House of Brewer, Blair Atholl, Pitlochry, Perthshire, PH18 5TW.

Mr F. Gill, 67 Fareham Park Road, Fareham, Hants, PO15 6LF.

Mr J. M. Humphrey, 27 Elm Walk, The Links, c/o Whitley Bay Holiday Park, Whitley Bay, NE26 4RR.

Major L. F. H. Kershaw, DSO, TD, 4 Lower Road, Holme Hale, Nr Swaffam, Norfolk, IP25 7EB

Major F. B. Murgatroyd, 15A Hatlex Hill, Hest Bank, Lancaster, LA2 6ET.

Mr G. Philpot, 17 Lakin Drive, Bishops Itchington, Southam, Warwickshire, CV47 2TE.

Mr T. E. J. Smart, 3 Mitchell Street, Durham, County Durham.



*Sporting Types*

Left to right, back row: Conway or Worthington, Halliday, Crow, Faithfull, Campbell-Lamerton, ?, Emery, Kirk, Barkshire, Raybould.

Front row: Fell, Cumberlege, Garland, ?, ?, Granger, Worthington or Conway.

Barker, Mitchell, Mallinson and Rushbrook are here somewhere.

Mr E. Smith, 29 Queens Road, Tankerton, Whitstable, Kent, CT2 2JF.

Mr M. J. Wolff, Lochindorb, East Stoke, Stoke Sub Hamdon, Somerset, TA14 6UQ.

\* Mr R. T. Bradley, 1 Carrsides Lane, Rushyford, County Durham, DL17 0NJ.

\* Mr J. Collins, 37 Castle View, Witton Le Wear, Bishop Auckland, County Durham, DL14 0DH.

\* Mr C. J. Dent, Ribston Hall, Little Ribston, Wetherby, West Yorkshire, LS22 4EZ.

\* Mr J. W. Rattigan, 14 Burnaby Close, Hartlepool, TS25 5BX.

Mr M. Tinsley, 2 Teichman Close, Boreham Wood, Warminster, Wiltshire, BA12 9HY.

\* Mr G. Baldwin, 3 Tile Close, Skipton, North Yorkshire, BD23 3DW.

\* Mr G. Bullock, 9 The Braid, Chesham, Bucks, HP5 3LU.

\* Mr A. D. Cooper, 108 Lucas Avenue, Burttonstone Lane, York, YO30 6HJ.

\* Mr P. P. Heaton, 57 Lansdowne Street, Worcester, Worcestershire, WR1 1QF.

\* Mr R. A. S. White, 4A Loch Place, Bridge of Weir, Renfrewshire, PA11 3NY.

Mr D. A. Smith, 8 Beech Square, Clayton Village, Bradford, West Yorkshire, BD14 6BX.

Brigadier E. J. W. Walker, OBE, DL, The Old Manor House, High Street, Navenby, Lincoln, LN5 0EN.

## Obituaries

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

### Ex WO2 (CSM) F. Kennedy

Frank Kennedy died in his nursing home in Brighouse on Wednesday 6 October 1999. He was 87 years of age.

Frank joined the Regiment in January 1929, following a long family tradition of Kennedys in the Dukes which lasted for over 100 years and includes service in the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the Abyssinian Campaign, the South Africa War 1899-1902, the Great War and the Second World War. It started with Frank's grandfather, Sergeant Michael Kennedy, who enlisted in 1854 and was followed by his three sons, James (enlisted 1890), Michael (1890) and William (1899) and, finally, two grandsons (sons of James), James (Junior) who joined the 1st Battalion in 1921 as a bandsman and Frank, who joined the 2nd Battalion and served until 1951. Note: documented in Iron Duke No. 25, June 1933 - "Notable family records in the Regiment".

After a short period in Devonport, Frank sailed for India and the 2nd Battalion in December 1929, not returning home until June 1943 after nearly 14 years in India. During this time he met and married his wife, Edith, in 1937. They were married for 61 years until Edith's death in June this year. After returning home in 1943, Frank spent a brief three months' attachment to the York and Lancaster Regiment, before rejoining the Regiment at the Dukes' Infantry Training Centre at Brancepeth, County Durham. Frank served with the Regiment until 1949 before transferring to REME as a Company Sergeant Major for his last two years of service. After returning to Halifax, Frank became a very active member of the Halifax Branch of the Regimental Association until, in recent years, his health deteriorated.

Frank's funeral service took place at Elland, Halifax, on Wednesday 13 October 1999.

### Mr H. Holmes

Harry Holmes, a veteran of the Great War of 1914-18, died on 28 February 1999. He was 101 years old.

Harry, who was born at Intake, Sheffield, on 6 November 1897, enlisted with his brother Frank into the West Riding Regiment on 17 November 1915. Before his death, Harry recalled having served with the 2nd, 3rd, 10th and 11th Battalions before being discharged on 7 August 1917 as a result of wounds sustained in France.

After his discharge he went back to his old job of bookmaker and he lived his later years in a bungalow in Guisley. In November last year, the day following his 101st birthday, Harry met many members of the Regimental Association at the service in York Minster and the drinks that followed. He surprised many with his stamina and his total awareness.

On 4 January 1999 the French Government awarded Harry with its highest honour, the National Order of the Legion of Honour. The presentation took place in Sheffield Hospital where Harry eventually died, appropriately the city where he was born over 100 years earlier. Also present at the presentation were the Lord Lieutenant of West Yorkshire and the Lord Mayor of Leeds.

*Note: The details of Harry's recollections were published following an interview with Bill Norman (RHQ archivist) in November 1998 and can be seen in the Winter 1998 Issue No. 238, pp142/3.*

### Mr A. Poulton

Anthony (Tony) Poulton died on 31 August, 1999, aged 55. Tony was a regular attender at the Skipton Branch of the Regimental Association. His regular service, 22 years, was in the Intelligence Corps from 1968-1990 and he left the Army as a Warrant Officer

Class 2. From 1963 until he joined the Regular Army, Tony was a member of the Dukes TA in Skipton, where he served alongside his father.

### Lady Macleod of Borve

Readers may have noted in the national press reports of the death of Lady Macleod of Borve on 17 November 1999, aged 84. She was the widow of the late Right Honourable Iain Macleod, PC, MP, who died suddenly, whilst serving as Chancellor of the Exchequer, on 20 July 1970. Our obituary of Iain Macleod was published in Issue No. 153 in August 1970. Having enlisted as a private soldier in 1939, he was commissioned in 2/7 DWR, which later became 115 Regiment RAC. He was wounded with the BEF in France in 1940, but married Eve Mason who was already a war widow, shortly

afterwards, before continuing his own war service until 1944. Lady Macleod overcame not only bereavement, but also meningitis and poliomyelitis and went on to lead a very distinguished public life. She is survived by a son and a daughter.

### Mr B. Howsam

Brian Howsam who served with the 1st Battalion and was wounded in Korea, died in Leeds on 22 August 1999.

### Mr T. Farrand

Terry Farrand who served in the 1st Battalion during the Korean War, died in Meltham, Huddersfield on 17 October 1999. Terry was 66 years of age.

## REGIMENTAL ACCOUNTS

For the year ended 31 March 1999

### THE IRON DUKE FUND

Income	1999	1998	Expenditure	1999	1998
Subscriptions	6,553	6,797	Stationery	-	185
Advertising	1,344	1,083	Cost of Editions	11,002	9,176
Income Tax Reclaimed	950	930	Audit	158	153
Donations	104	100	Editor's Expenses	-	50
Interest Received	106	204	Postage	1,199	983
Postage	9	18	Insurance	21	21
Subsidy (Regtl. Assoc)	1,400	-			
Excess of Expenditure	1,914	1,436			
	<u>£ 12,380</u>	<u>£ 10,568</u>		<u>£ 12,380</u>	<u>£ 10,568</u>

### Balance Sheet as at 31 March 1999

Assets	1999	1998
Cash in Hand	-	6
Current Account	640	700
Charities Deposit Fund	137	1,963
	<u>777</u>	<u>2,669</u>
Less Creditors-subscriptions in advance	(344)	(322)
	<u>£ 433</u>	<u>£ 2,347</u>
<b>Represented by</b>		
Balance Brought Forward	2,347	3,783
Less Excess of Expenditure	(1,914)	(1,436)
	<u>£ 433</u>	<u>£ 2,347</u>

Note: The business manager forecasts an excess of expenditure over income of £3,000 by the year ending 31 March 2000. The Trustees of the Regimental Association Fund have agreed to subsidise this sum. The Trustees of the Iron Duke Fund have therefore reluctantly agreed to the increase of the annual subscription from £6.00 to £10.00 with effect from 1 April 2000.

## OVERVIEW OF OTHER REGIMENTAL FUNDS

### Regimental Association Fund

The total worth of the fund, using a cost price valuation, is £491,023 (market value £677,597 as at 31 March 1999). Income to the fund was £62,467 including: £19,312 investment income, £21,164 from the Serving Soldiers' Day's Pay Scheme and £15,105 from the Army Benevolent Fund in support of DWR welfare cases.

Expenditure was £65,828, the largest elements of which were: £12,000 grant to the Friends of DWR Fund (in support of adventure training, sport and recruiting), £9,652 regimental grants (including £1,000 to the Branch Management Fund, £5,418 to the Korean War Anniversary Weekend and £1,400 to support the Iron Duke journal), £5,350 Trustees annual grants to other service and welfare charities and £32,176 to individual welfare cases. This resulted in an excess of expenditure over income of £3,361.

The Independent Examiner of the account noted that the cause of this excess of expenditure was a combination of exceptional costs in this financial year, which are not expected to continue in the future, and reported accordingly to the Trustees of the Regimental Association Fund.

### Central Funds (Friends of the Regiment)

The total worth of the fund, using a cost price valuation, is £51,070 (market value £62,622 as at 31 March 1999).

Income to the fund was £5,217 including: £1,394 voluntary subscriptions and donations, £1,852 investment income, £310 sale of prints (Sittang Bridge), £276 Inland Revenue tax claim; the remainder being miscellaneous income.

Expenditure was £5,820, the largest elements of which were: £1,504 on the Arthur Poulter VC Memorial Parade at Erquinghem Lys; £1,218 Officer/Soldier recruiting and retention; £1,107 allowances to the Colonel of the Regiment and Commanding Officers.

The fund ended the year with an excess of expenditure over income of £603. This is due to the significant drop in subscriptions and donations to the fund, in favour of the Regiment's new appeal fund 'The Friends of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment'. The Trustees of the fund have encouraged all subscribers to transfer their subscription to the new fund with the intention of closing the original 'Friends' fund, with the approval of the Charity Commissioners and transfer the assets to the new fund.

### Friends of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment Fund

The total worth of the new appeal fund as at 31 March 1999, using a cost price valuation, was £40,822, all having been raised by voluntary donation and subscriptions under Deed of Covenant. All the assets of the fund are invested in equities with the aim of maximum growth. Note: As at 30 September 1999 the total worth of the fund at cost price was £67,146. This sum does not include the monies covenanted to the fund for the next four years, which will significantly increase the value of the fund.

## 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 .....

PLEASE NOTE THAT FROM .....

MY NEW ADDRESS WILL BE .....

DATE ..... SIGNED .....

*Please complete and send to:*

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



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