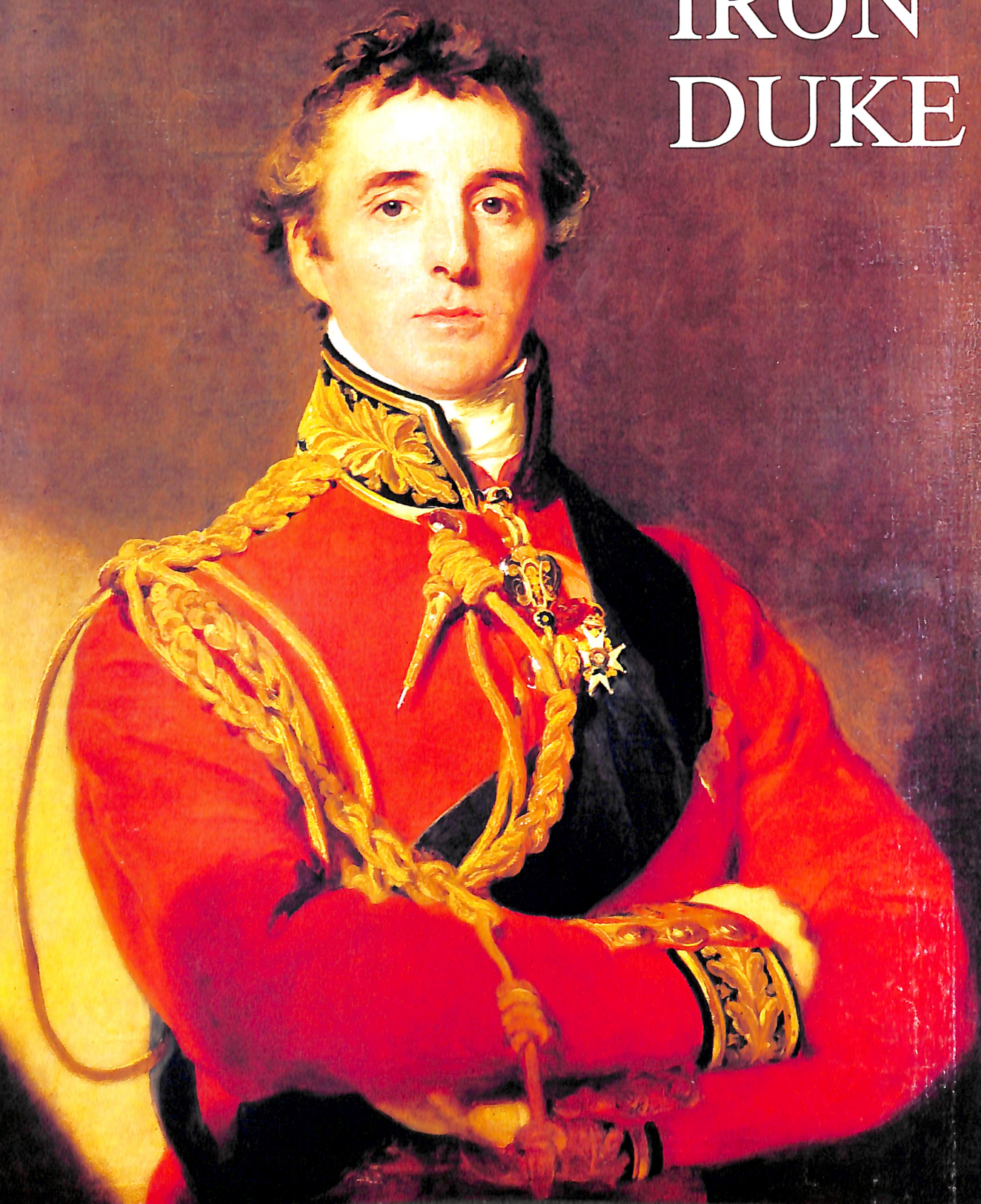


SPRING 2000
No. 242

THE IRON DUKE



THE IRON DUKE

The Regimental Journal of

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT

(WEST RIDING)

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



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

Vol. LXIX

Spring 2000

No. 242

BUSINESS NOTES

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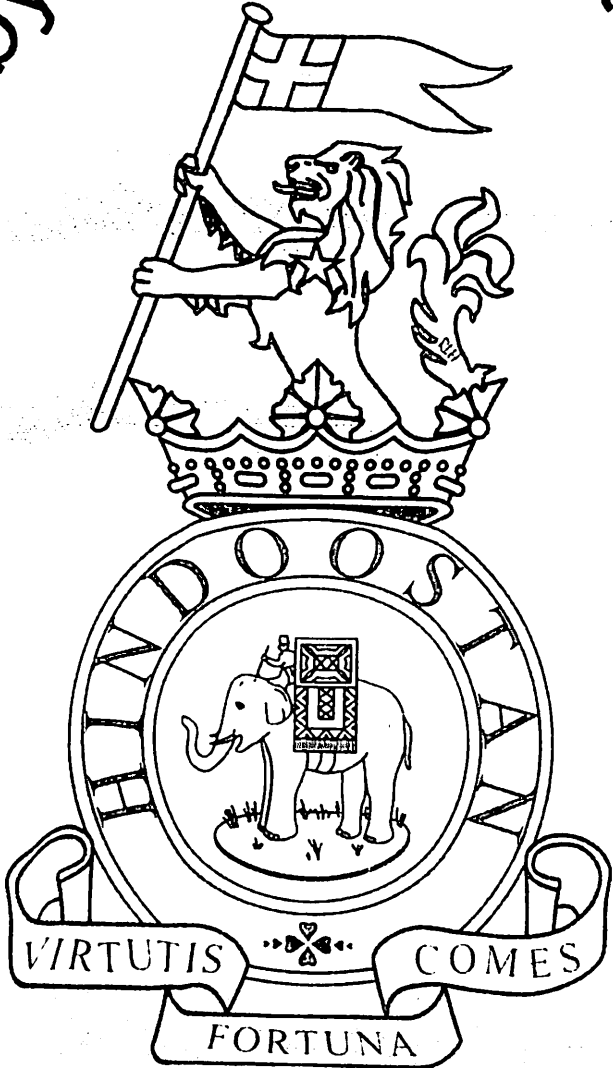
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THE REGIMENT

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.

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Halifax, HX2 0BA.*

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Assistant Regimental Secretary: Major R. Heron

1st Battalion

*Belfast Barracks,
BFPO 36.*

Commanding Officer: Lieutenant Colonel N. G. Borwell

Adjutant: Captain M. P. Rhodes

Regimental Sergeant Major: WO1 F. J. Devaney

East and West Riding Regiment

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

DWR TA Companies:

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Deputy Honorary Colonel: Charles Dent Esq

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Halifax

Huddersfield

Spennithorne

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

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CO: Lieut. Col. N. J. Mussett

Leeds Grammar School CCF

CO: Squadron Leader R. Hill

Wellington College CCF

CO: Major E. J. Heddon

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Quebec, Canada.*

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Lieutenant Colonel André Desmarais

Commanding Officer: Lieutenant Colonel Simon Hebert, CD

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10th Bn The Baloch Regiment

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Pakistan.*

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Commanding Officer: Lieutenant Colonel Kamran Jalil

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H.M.S. Iron Duke

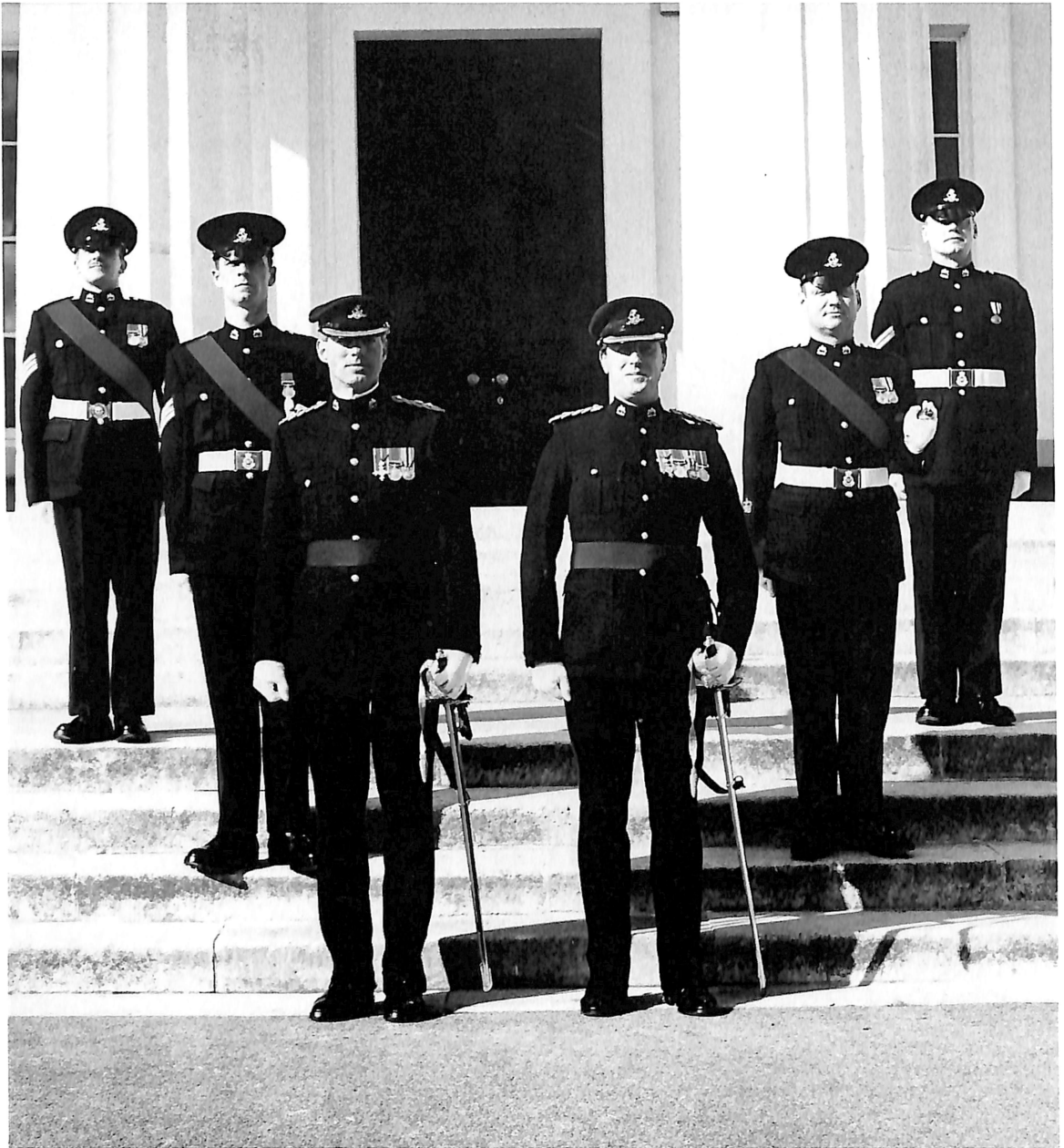
BFPO 309

Commander T. F. McBarnett, RN

H.M.S. Sheffield

BFPO 383

Commander T. Lowe, RN



Dukes at The Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

We have been glad to note that, even as the 1st Battalion has been thinning out in Hounslow, the Regiment has been enhancing the permanent staff at Sandhurst. We are grateful to Lieutenant Colonel Simon Newton for the above photograph of the Dukes at Sandhurst in December 1999.

Left to right: Colour Sergeant P. A. Brewer (CQMS), Colour Sergeant P. Wilson (Platoon Sergeant), Lieutenant Colonel S. C. Newton MBE (College Commander), Major (now Lieutenant Colonel) D. S. Bruce MBE (College Chief Instructor), WO2 M. Ness (CSM), Corporal K. Barnes (RP Staff).

Regimental Headquarters

Regimental Notes

PROMOTIONS

Contrary to the information contained in Issue No 240 of Autumn 1999, following his promotion Colonel Andrew Meek will assume command on 30 May 2000 of 143 (West Midlands) Brigade and not 49 Infantry Brigade.

We send warm congratulations to the following on their selection for LE Commissions:

WO1 J. Frear, WO1 P. Mitchell, WO1 A. G. Pigg

We also congratulate WO1 F. J. Devaney on his appointment, on 25 February, as Regimental Sergeant Major of the 1st Battalion.

RUGBY

Sadly, the 1st Battalion's Rugby XV were knocked out of the Army Cup at the Quarter Final stage, having lost a very close match 29-30 against 4 General Support Regiment, Royal Logistic Corps. The Dukes were ahead for most of the match, but the opposition scored after 19 minutes of extra time, immediately after which the final whistle was blown.

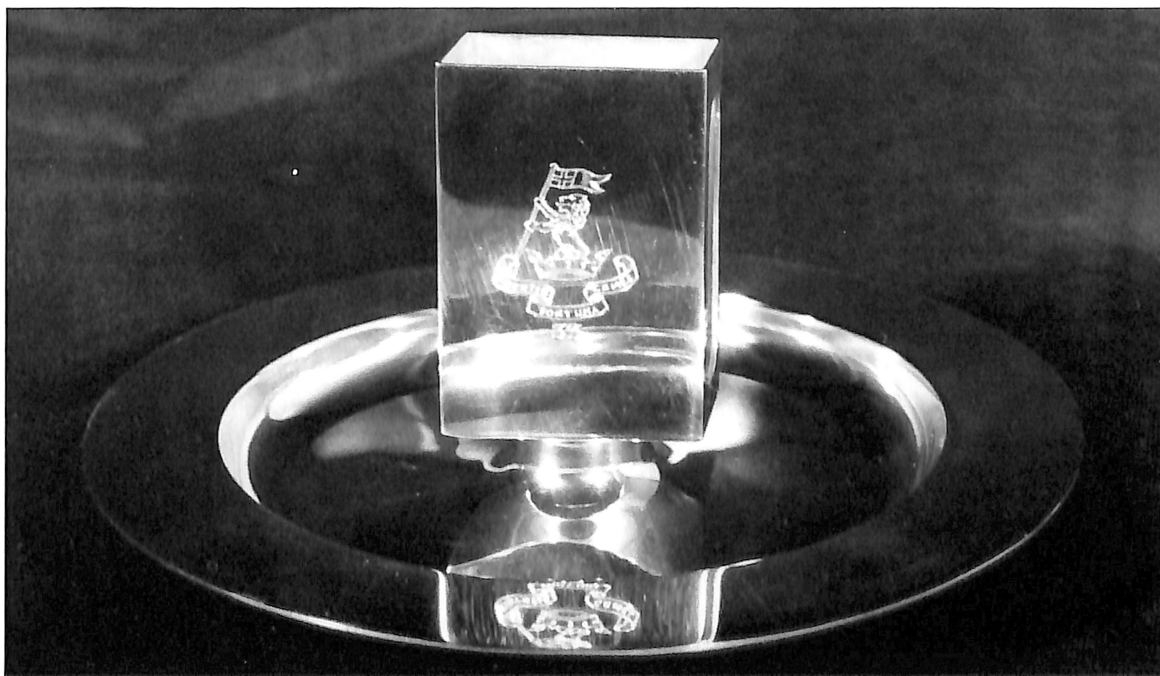
HMS SHEFFIELD

We last published a report from HMS Sheffield when she was granted the Freedom of the City of Sheffield in April 1999. She is now undergoing a period of maintenance in Devonport, but Commander Tim Lowe tells us that he hopes to be able to send us some first hand reports from a deployment in the Baltic later this year.

FAREWELL TO THE QUEEN'S GUARD

The Colonel of the Regiment writes: The 1st Battalion marked their two years on Public Duties in a typically generous and friendly way. On one of their last Queen's Guards they invited to dine myself (as the Major General) and all the staff officers of HQ Household Division, that small HQ which is responsible for ceremonial in the capital. This included the ever-watchful Garrison Sergeant Major Perry Mason. Major Alex Wilson was the Captain of the Queen's Guard and I was very touched to see that he had scoured the silver vaults in the Battalion Officers' Mess to find various pieces of silver which had been presented by my father at different stages of his career in the Regiment. They were arranged around my place setting and I was very moved. How very thoughtful of him, as he, being a Queen's Royal Hussar, all the more so! Also at the table were three hooves, but that is another story...

But the point of this little tale is that at the end of the meal the newly-appointed Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Colonel Nick Borwell, presented the Officers' Mess at St James's Palace with a very smart silver ashtray and matchbox combined, which is shown below. It makes a pair with the ashtray that was presented in 1971, when the Dukes first performed Public Duties. I received the gift with much gratitude and I know that it will remain a happy memento, with its pair, of the 33rd's time in London District 1998-2000.



1st Battalion

Commanding Officer's Introduction

By the time this edition of the Iron Duke is published, London will be little more than a recent memory for those of us in the 1st Battalion. It has been said many times before, but a two year tour on Public Duties was not what Dukes joined the Army to do. That said, the Battalion has acquitted itself well, and has received well-deserved praise from all those who saw it at work.

In addition to the immaculate performance of members of the Battalion in London, perhaps our greatest achievement is that the Battalion remains over-strength. This happy condition will change on our move to Germany only because our establishment will increase to man an armoured infantry order of battle. We will start our tour in Germany marginally under-establishment and, at our present rate of recruiting and retention, we will be up to strength reasonably quickly. In any event we will still be starting an armoured infantry tour in better shape than most of those who have gone before us. Despite our recent successes, I am in no way complacent about manning. Recruiting and retention remain sound, but we must redouble our efforts to ensure that we are over-strength once more.

Whether the dawning of a new millennium meant something to you personally, or not, for many in the Battalion it was business as usual on guard in London and Windsor. As well as a disrupted Christmas and New Year, there was the added complication of the Dukes being the UK Standby Battalion. Over almost any other New Year such a commitment would not excite too much interest, but some felt that the millennium bug could cause mayhem over the festive season, particularly with essential services. Happily the bug appears still to be hibernating, and its predicted effect failed to materialise.

The Battalion's last Queen's Guard mounted on St Valentine's Day, and it was, as ever, a sterling performance from Somme Company. The dismount, 48 hours later, was followed by a Guard of Honour for General Kelche, the French CDS. This was the Dukes' last duty in London. The Honorary Regimental Colour was carried, and General Kelche seemed to smile almost imperceptibly when he realised that the Duke of Wellington's Regiment formed the Guard.

As I write this, the Battalion is busy in preparing a dilapidated Cavalry Barracks for hand over. Many soldiers and families have already gone to Germany on the pre-advance, and advance parties. The main body will be complete in Osnabrück to take over from the Green Howards on 20 March and our conversion to armoured infantry will start on 27 March 2000. There is an almost palpable sense of expectation and excitement in the Battalion as we begin to move. The vast majority of the Battalion cannot wait to start writing a new chapter in our history as one of only nine armoured infantry battalions in the British Army.

Our last six weeks in England have been exceptionally busy. We have hosted a number of senior ex-Dukes in Hounslow on behalf of the Regiment. This was

designed to show them the Battalion at first hand so that they could in turn advise on fund-raising for the appeal. In February we hosted a delegation of Germans from Osnabrück, including the Mayor, Chief of Police, the Editor of the local newspaper and a television news crew. The visit included Windsor, London duties, an interview with the Colonel of the Regiment, dinner in the Sergeants' Mess and a "Fathers and Sons" guest night in the Officers' mess. It was clear from the incredulous looks on the faces of our German guests that they had never seen mess rugby before! There is no doubt that our visitors thoroughly enjoyed their stay, and that it will stand us in good stead for our arrival in Germany.

It is with regret that we have recently said goodbye to two fine members of the Battalion: Major Toby Lehmann, who has been a thoroughly conscientious and effective Second in Command for the past two years, has left us for a job in Warminster. Major Phil Lewis is already in the chair. WOI Dowdall handed over as RSM to WOI Devaney in February. WOI Dowdall has been the consummate Regimental Sergeant Major in London. Smart, forward thinking, intelligent, and a great soldier. He will be missed and we wish him well for the future.

Our conversion to Armoured Infantry coincides with a general change to the establishment of infantry battalions. Amongst other things, there will be greater emphasis on snipers and the formation of an assault pioneer platoon. These are issues that will be properly addressed in Germany. The Drums Platoon, that has given such excellent service throughout the London tour, will be re-rolled and trained as assault pioneers this year. Despite the emphasis that will be placed on Armoured Infantry skills from now on, I am determined not to allow our dismounted skills to fade. We will be redoubling our efforts at Brecon to ensure that we retain our strong pass rate amongst junior and senior NCOs.

Germany will bring great opportunities and challenges for both families and single soldiers alike. Families' facilities will be established early to ensure a good quality of life. For those soldiers who live in, whether single, or married unaccompanied, we will be establishing an information centre and "internet café". This will aim to tell our soldiers exactly what leisure, sporting and travel opportunities may be available to them, and how to take part, should they wish to do so. Talk of sporting activity leads me to rugby. The 1st XV was beaten by 4 GS Regiment RLC in the quarter final of the Army Cup. Seldom has the expression "we were robbed" been more apposite. The team played magnificently, and we must build on our undoubted talent for the future. The key aspect that has been missing in London, for very good reasons, is the development of a rugby club ethos. In Germany, the social side of rugby will be emphasised to develop greater team spirit, and attract more players.

The Battalion has now been warned officially for a planned deployment to Kosovo for a six-month tour

starting in March 2001. This is very good news for a number of reasons: The Battalion will deploy with our Warriors to a theatre that promises to be eventful and exciting. We will have a whole year in which to convert the Battalion to Armoured Infantry, and then to prepare for operations. This will allow us to pace ourselves,

guarantee leave, and secure a good quality of life for our soldiers and their families. This, in turn, will support my main effort, which is to fully man the 1st Battalion. It is perhaps significant that the Dukes are embarking on a dynamic new role at the start of a new century. We must rise to this challenge, enjoy it, and make the most of it.

CORUNNA COMPANY & EXERCISE GLOBETROT 17-01-00 to 21-01-00

Having returned from Northern Ireland last September and spent the New Year on guard at Buckingham Palace, the opportunity of going on exercise for five days in mid-January was ideal for Corunna Company, to shake off the cobwebs and start our field preparation for Germany. The Battalion was assisting the Company Commanders' course down on Salisbury Plain on an exercise in which students would act as company commanders as well as company 2I/Cs and platoon commanders.

Corunna Company, with very little field experience over the last eighteen months, deployed with the rest of the Battalion on the Monday afternoon down to Salisbury Plain, where they moved into a wood within the Battalion Assembly Area. Here the platoons settled down for the night in a non-tactical environment, allowing them to get used to living under the stars again and finish off any last minute administration before the students arrived the following morning.

As morning broke the company administered itself while the student company commanders and platoon commanders arrived and issued their initial orders for the following week's events.

Before long Corunna were on the move and were lined up to assault an enemy platoon position under the guidance of the student company commander. Although not entirely as planned, the first attack went well, with many a heroic charge and soon the company was again on the move towards the final objective, Imber village.

Following the Marines' (who were also assisting the course) initial investment, Corunna showed a vastly improved performance from the morning and were soon fighting their way through the houses to secure the objective. Once completed, Imber Village was then defended whilst the students were removed for a command appointment change.

The following day consisted of building up the defences around Imber Village. Alma Company and the company of Marines moved out of the village to establish different patrol bases whilst Corunna took on the task of defending the village. This also provided an excellent teaching opportunity, as the company is still young and many of the soldiers have never had the opportunity to defend in a FIBUA environment. Soon the preparations were complete and the company went into defensive routine. Throughout the night and the following day the village was subjected to several assaults from the tenacious enemy, all of which were repelled with great enthusiasm and aggression. On top of this, each platoon sent out patrols clearing the surrounding area and providing that extra bit of security to the village.

Command appointments changed once again on the Thursday and now the direction of the exercise changed from defensive patrolling to a Battalion dawn assault on an enemy company position on Friday morning.

During the early hours of Friday morning the company moved from Imber Village to a forming up point a few kilometres away and awaited H-hour and the chance to finally defeat the enemy. The time came and before long the company assaulted the enemy as part of the Battalion attack. After several hours assaulting the battle was won and End-Ex was called. The students handed back any relevant equipment and in no time the Battalion was packed up and on the transport ready to go back to Hounslow.

Exercise Globetrot on the whole provided the Battalion with an excellent opportunity to stretch its legs in what could be described as a busy two years on guard. It was not a vastly strenuous exercise but an ideal chance to practice our skills and techniques and learn from our mistakes. For Corunna it was the first real opportunity in the last eighteen months to operate in field conditions and this showed. The commitment and determination was always there, although tactical ability may have been slightly lacking. It provided us with the perfect opportunity to see our faults prior to Germany and hopefully rectify any potential problems. It allowed us an insight of what the Battalion is about to move on to, whilst at the same time gave us the opportunity to move away from the 'Blue Line' and do what the vast majority of the soldiers joined up to do.

The exercise could best be described as an excellent learning curve both for us as a company and a battalion and for the student company and platoon commanders who at times must have wondered what they had let themselves in for as we, at times, did with them.

Lieutenant R. Payne

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BRITISH ARMY TRAINING UNIT SUFFIELD (BATUS) 1999

Having left the Battalion in Wainwright, half way through Exercise Pond Jump West, being eaten alive by mosquitoes, I flew up to take over from Lieutenant Mark Tetley who was due to return to the Battalion. At three and a half thousand feet the Lynx pilot pointed to this spot in the middle of nowhere - Suffield; not exactly what I had been hoping for. The closest town is 65km away and the first major city you come to is Calgary some 260km away. However my biggest disappointment was the fact that I had not escaped the dreaded mosquito. Suffield is central to the British Army's armoured warfare training programme based on Exercise Medicine Man, a month-long training package, including a phase of live firing and Tactical Exercise Simulation (TES). The training area itself is a thousand square kilometres of Canadian prairie; the ground is ideal armoured terrain, with sparse vegetation covering, in general, rolling countryside. In a normal year BATUS would hope to conduct six exercises during the months of April and September, with the winter months being used for maintenance and preparation for the following season. However 1999 was somewhat different, with the introduction of Challenger 2 and operational commitments, only four exercises were completed.

After establishing myself in the officers' mess, I was quickly given a brief on what to expect from the following three months by Mark, who had just completed his second exercise. My job description, in

its most basic terms, was to prevent accidents, and to improve the training quality for the exercising troops; whilst at the same time clinging onto the back of a Land Rover chasing armoured vehicles, a prospect that concerned me somewhat. The first ten days were mainly lecture room-based with every brief imaginable. We were briefed on all the safety aspects, especially in relation to unexploded ordnance, as the training area had been used since the 1950s there was plenty around. Once out on the ground it became clear that navigation would prove to be somewhat testing, as there were few features to navigate by, a Global Positioning System (GPS) would prove to be an essential piece of kit.

The battle group for Medicine Man Four was made up of Second Battalion the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers and the Royal Tank Regiment. On their arrival, the exercising troops were allowed time to shake out before entering into what is a very hectic programme of training. The initial phase split the infantry away from the armour, and each arm goes through a series of special-to-arm training packages. During this phase support elements come through the various ranges. This is all very well, until you have to take a section of Army Air Corps soldiers down a live trench-clearing range. Although they were exceptionally keen, their grenade throwing ability was a little dubious, which involved several of them rolling grenades around the corners instead of throwing them, which was of great displeasure to myself.



Lieutenant Kevin Smith in umpire clothing on the prairie - BATUS September 1999.

The infantry start with very basic skills, from pairs' fire and movement to section, platoon and then company attacks. Much of this is to familiarise the troops with the unusual safety rules employed in BATUS. Safety is very reliant on the individual and the safety staff are there to respond to incidents that occur and to prevent large scale breakdown in safety. 1999 was an unusually safe year, with no fatalities, although numerous incidents occurred even in my short stay, ranging from one soldier being shot, to another losing a finger, and there were several broken bones. Once the special-to-arm phase is completed the battle group moves on to the live firing phase of the exercise. This can prove to be fairly hair-raising for all involved, especially at night, when there is AS90, 81mm mortar, Challenger 2, Warrior, MILAN, plus a host of other small arms, all firing at the same time. With the completion of the live firing the exercise moves onto the TES. This tests the tactical ability of the battle group with force on force battles. Although safety is still a priority, the BATUS staff change jobs from safety to observer controllers. During this phase you attempt to

prevent anyone from cheating and during close quarter infantry engagements stop the troops from having a mass brawl. Med Man Four was exceptionally hot, resulting in several huge prairie fires which was the job of the BATUS staff to extinguish. A tiring and sometimes dangerous job, especially when you misjudge the fire and find yourself on the wrong side of the flames, as I found out, resulting in me undertaking some pre-season rugby training as I was chased across the prairie by the fire.

On completion of the exercise everyone is then deployed on a range sweep, perhaps the most laborious and boring job I have ever been tasked to do in the army. It involved driving in a huge extended line across massive areas of the prairie, picking up empty shells and marking unexploded ones. This some people manage to get wrong when they found a live 155mm shell bouncing around the back of their Land Rover. Once everything had been accounted for, there was then a six-day window before the whole process started again; not much time for ale, or sleep.

Lieutenant K. Smith

WARRIOR GUNNERY INSTRUCTORS' COURSE

Before embarking on the gunnery course at Lulworth last year, myself and a few other selected NCOs from both rifle companies and recce went to Germany on 10 July. This was to carry out the Warrior Gunner and Commander course to become competent and qualified before moving on to Lulworth. We arrived in Osnabrück in the early hours of the morning and after having breakfast in McDonalds we moved on to Belfast Barracks. Luckily we had Sergeant Hollinshead with us who was familiar with Osnabrück from his posting to the Green Howards. The camp was quiet due to their deployment to Kosovo, however we were made welcome and soon settled in.

On Monday morning we began the course, which started off with a briefing from Captain Jackson (DWR) who is the Green Howards' BGO. After the formalities we moved on to our first lesson which was Hull Details of the Warrior AFU 510, a lesson I would become very familiar with as it was my first at Lulworth. After this we went on to familiarisation of both the 30mm Rarden cannon and the 7.62mm chain gun. The next three weeks proved to be a steep learning curve for everyone, as we learned new skills and were baptised into the gunnery world.

The first three weeks of our five spent in Germany were probably the most intense, as we were taught how to be both gunners and commanders. The fourth week was the DMI week in which we were taught basic maintenance and how to read through service schedules. Towards the end of the week we got a chance to actually command the vehicles out on the open road and across country. We were also given the opportunity to drive. The last week in Germany was used as a mini pre-course for the instructors' course which for me would start the next week.

Sergeant Hollinshead took us through the basic differences between a gunnery lesson and a normal

weapons lesson and we were all given the chance to give a lesson ourselves and be assessed on it. He also showed us how to set up and use both the desk top trainer and the turret trainer simulators that are used to practise gunnery techniques. On 14 July we all returned to England having enjoyed learning some new skills and also the night life of Osnabrück.

On 16 August I started the Warrior Gunnery Instructors' Course at Lulworth in Dorset. The first couple of days of the course are spent in testing, ensuring that everyone is both competent as a gunner and a commander and has a thorough knowledge of both the Rarden cannon and the chain gun. After this I realised I was already at a disadvantage, as most of the other guys on the course had a good working knowledge of Warrior and in most cases had operational experience. However this made me more intent on proving myself with true Dukes' fighting spirit. The first seven weeks of the course are all centred around lessons which are split into weapons lessons, vehicle lessons and simulator lessons. You are required on the course to successfully pass three of each before going onto the all-day teach in week nine.

The course is quite intense and I started off initially preparing one lesson per night, then at the end of week two this moved up to two lessons, normally either a vehicle or weapons lesson and a simulator lesson. Gunnery lessons are taken slightly differently to normal lessons, but once I had mastered the sequence things began to run more smoothly. Week eight is range week and this gave me my first chance to live fire inside the turret. It also gave me the opportunity to qualify as a gunner/commander as we were unable to fire while in Germany.

Getting the chance to fire finally was a real buzz, but range week is not just about firing, but also learning to safety supervise on both static and observe and expose ranges. This for me was probably the highlight of the

course, as it got me out of the classroom and gave me my first real chance to command a Warrior crew while firing.

Week nine of the course is when everyone teaches all day and as a student you are in control for that day and expected to make the day run smoothly and ensure that everything you need is booked and in place. You are given a weapons lesson, vehicle lesson and a simulator lesson to take throughout the day and are normally told what lessons you are taking about a week before. When the day is over the instructor debriefs you on all three lessons and you should know by then if you have passed the course or not. Through my own determination and hard work I achieved a Distinction and a recommendation to go back as a school's instructor. I am now ready to instruct on the Battalion's conversion and can't wait to get to Germany.

Corporal K. R. Peters

We are grateful to Corporal T. Byrne and Lance Corporal J. Ellam who jointly submitted a very similar article on their Gunnery course. They added:

The following week we all became track commanders. This consists of assisting the driver and helping with manoeuvring the vehicle. This sounds fairly straightforward, but when you consider that you are often faced with driving down a street amongst parked cars with literally inches to spare it isn't any fun. On the plus side though, even the most ill-mannered motorist thinks twice about cutting up 26 tonnes of fighting vehicle.

We also learned basic maintenance such as changing a track; this too was all a bit alien to us. Colour Sergeant Elcoate, one of the instructors, assured us that this could be done by a crew of three quite easily, but it still took us over an hour and we had eight pairs of hands!!

The course left us fully prepared to return to Lulworth, with a quick diversion through Amsterdam courtesy of Corporal (as seen on Battle Stripes) Leen. The five Dukes present, Corporals Byrne, Ellam, Leen, Stroyan and Oldale all passed with recommendations to return to Lulworth as instructors.

PLATOON COMMANDERS' BATTLE COURSE 9902

Starting the course just after finishing the commissioning course, we all knew we were in for a challenging time. The course of approximately thirteen weeks aimed to train Infantry Platoon Commanders to command a platoon in the light role and in high intensity warfare and to train and administer a platoon in peace. Having recently come from RMAS I was well aware of a lot of the processes required by an Infantry Officer. However it was pointed out by other subalterns in the Battalion that Sandhurst uses only the infantry "frame" in its training of potential officers. Therefore, if I was to accomplish anything at Warminster, I would be required to carry out a certain amount of preparation before my arrival on the course. Thankfully I heeded the advice of the Dukes' officers and the preparation carried out rewarded me with a commendable result in the course's initial analysis of students, Exercise "Eye Opener". I believe the result in this exercise was more significant than most people thought (there are no second chances at first impressions) and a lot of people struggled from day one having identified themselves as weak students. Fitness was emphasised in the first third of the course with "Imber Runs" taking place on a regular basis and transport from TEWTs and exercises being cancelled to allow for extra physical exercise.

Each syndicate of approximately ten students was assessed by an allocated syndicate Captain and a Colour Sergeant or equivalent. We had "Para" Fred Grey and Canadian Warrant Hills allotted to our syndicate. Because of Warrant's attention to detail our syndicate spent more time than any other syndicate doing less. Fred was almost a Doctrinal Nazi, but as long as your mission definitions were up to scratch and your TAMs were labelled up, you would always remain on his good side. I am happy to say that, because of the quality of the staff on the course and particularly the enthusiasm

shown by our own directing staff towards our education, we learnt very quickly what was required of us. The course was obviously designed to test us thoroughly and throughout it there were specific occasions that come to mind that tested me personally in different ways.

Weapon Danger Area (WDA) work frustrated me almost to tears with its monotony. I was usually the first to finish the initial trace of the problem, but, because of numerous minor but unsafe errors and twenty or so reruns, I would almost always be the last to finish.

Exercise "Busaco Ridge" gave me the thought that I may have done something like this before. Maybe at Sandhurst? Twice? In many ways the three defensive exercises in which I have taken part were similar, however PCD's gave far more emphasis to testing the students' understanding of our defensive doctrine. Also the NBC withdrawal was far more painful than any BCFT, CIFT, CFT or whatever FT I have ever taken part in.

Part of the Course's training objectives was to ensure that we were qualified to conduct live firing to SA(A)90. When we were not in the field we were at our desks writing Range Letters with never-ending annexes, in order to enable us to qualify as RCOs. I once thought my understanding of trigonometry was fairly good, however my early inability to grasp the "triangulation" methods regularly mystified me. It was only after the patience of people like Colour Sergeant Freeman of the RRW, who gave me extra voluntary tutoring, that I was able to fully comprehend. I was entrusted with carrying out a night live firing exercise with the Gurkhas as my exercising troops. Even their enthusiasm waned as the four tripflares used to initiate the contact and highlight the targetry were repeatedly prematurely activated by my support team in the effects bunker. However eventually this problem was overcome with the use of numerous flares and harsh

words. The exercise thankfully was considered good enough to pass.

If, as a proud Duke, I am to remember anything at all about my course with the Platoon Commanders' Division, it will probably be the social life. Where no time was allocated for one's own enjoyment we were

able to produce displays of carnage, humorous skits and even outstanding mess rugby, all brought on by the effects of the consumption of everyone's favourite psycho-active stimulant, beer.

2 Lieutenant R. Scothern

THE SNIPER

Many months ago the Editor received from the 1st Battalion a very carefully-prepared article by Colour Sergeant J. S. Caple, written while he was an instructor at the Sniper Division of the Infantry Training Centre at Brecon, in Wales. Sadly we did not find space for it at the time. However, the Commanding Officer's reference on page 6 to the re-emergence of sniping makes Colour Sergeant Caple's article relevant once again and we are glad to publish an extract from it.

History and lessons learnt from past conflicts are an invaluable source of reference and reminder of success and failure by both sides. Although weapon systems and optics used by snipers develop, the basic art of the sniper does not. As a Division we always seized any opportunity to study past conflicts and talk to snipers with operational experience. It was with great pride that I was able to organise such a talk to the Division by a sniper from the Korean War. Tom Nowell MM (see issue No. 236 of Spring 1998 Ed.) was a young sergeant when he attended his sniper course run by the SASC at Hythe, Kent. He went on to serve as Sniper Sergeant with the Dukes during the Korean conflict. Here, as many readers may be aware, he was awarded several Mentioned in Dispatches and the Military Medal for his work as a sniper. Some fifty years later Tom Nowell returned to the school for British snipers to see the current teachings and to pass on his experiences. Over his two day stay he was introduced to the staff and visited a Sniper Instructor Course on the ground. To his amazement very little had changed in the way that the sniper was being taught, compared to his course. One evening there was a lecture by Mr Nowell on his experiences in Korea, which was warmly welcomed by the students. During this visit we were also proud to host one Edgar Rabbets, a soldier in the 5th Northants Battalion during the Second World War. During the British retreat to Dunkirk, Mr Rabbets was given freedom of the battlefield to work alone as a sniper and did so with deadly effect. His story can be found in the book "Sniper One on One" by Adrian Gilbert.

The staff of the Division are always striving to advance the art of sniping and do so in many ways. By talking to foreign students on the course, attending foreign sniper courses and by entering competitions. One such competition I attended with another instructor from the Division, Colour Sergeant Paul Tonks PARA. The competition was entitled European Sniper Shootout and was held in the Czech Republic in September 1997. The event was sponsored by Autauga arms from the USA and a Czech arms firm from Zrojovka, Vsetin. The competition was open to police and military marksmen from Europe and the United States. We flew into Vienna, Austria and were met by the Austrian representative



Mr Tom Nowell MM (kneeling), Mr Edgar Rabbets and Colour Sergeant Caple.

for Autauga arms. We travelled by coach along with the Austrian and US teams across the border and into the Czech Republic. The accommodation for the competition was a hostel type affair 200km from Vienna and next to the Slovakian border. The competition lasted for five days and was split into two groups, military and police. In total, all military personnel were to fire 55 rounds towards the event. On each morning before the competition started, each sniper was given five rounds to zero. The shoots were extremely varied, ranging from firing at a normal bull up to 500m, to hastily identifying a terrorist amongst five faces and putting one round between the eyes at 100m. Most of the shoots were "competition style" and not sniper-related as we would have liked. However we did learn lots of valuable lessons and our shooting came on. The exchange of information at the end of each day was invaluable and we brought back a host of new ideas. During the event we received lectures from a sniper from the Vietnam war, hostage negotiators and marksmen from the US police. Although we did not fare too well in the military team event, I did manage to come second in the individual.

At the time of leaving the Division the Dukes still had a good name amongst the sniping fraternity. This was not down to me, but to the hard work put in by Colour Sergeant McCabe, Corporal Leddingham and the snipers of the 1st Battalion.

Colour Sergeant J. S. Caple

RECRUITING CELL

Officer Commanding - Captain G. R. Triplow

RRC

Second in Command - Colour Sergeant D. Harley
 Administration NCO - Corporal D. Able
 Displays NCO - Corporal D. Spivey
 G1-G4 Clerk - Lance Corporal L. Whiteley
 Recruiter - Private Whiteley

124 AYT

Second in Command - Colour Sergeant E. Innes
 Chief Instructor - Sergeant M. England
 Instructor - Lance Corporal J. McGrevey
 Instructor - Lance Corporal D. Palmer
 Instructor - Lance Corporal S. Goulding
 Instructor - Lance Corporal G. Newton

The new mission of the Infantry is to:

"Close with, and engage the enemy in all operational theatres, and environments, in order to bring about his defeat."

The mission of the Regimental Recruiting Cell (RRC) remains to:

"Close with and engage all potential recruits in West and South Yorkshire to ensure their recruitment and subsequent enlistment into the 1st Battalion."

The Recruiting Cell, based in Huddersfield, exists to recruit throughout West and South Yorkshire the future life blood of the Battalion. In conjunction with the Army Youth Team it also provides a link between the Battalion and all external agencies such as Phase 1 and Phase 2 recruiting organisations.

The last year has been a busy period for the Recruiting Cell. Recruiting figures remain good, but our divisional colleagues are close on our heels and new initiatives and avenues are being pursued to ensure the Dukes continue to have the edge. Our future programme

includes a busy summer season coupled with a KAPE (Keep the Army in the Public Eye) Tour, whilst still continuing with our weekly PDCs (Personal Development Courses) run most ably by Colour Sergeant Harley at Strensall.

The team has, in true British Army of the 21st century style, undergone some manning changes. I have taken over from Captain 'The Recruiting Messiah' Thomas after a brief spell from Captain S. Richardson. Private Whiteley and Corporal Able have also recently joined the recruiting world. Private Hill and Colour



Drum Major I. D. Johnson leads the Corps of Drums of the 1st battalion as they escort the Lord Mayor of Sheffield.



Private Sharp taking part in the official opening of the new Sheffield Careers Office.

Sergeant Lowther will be sorely missed and return to the Battalion. The places created by the departure of Lance Corporals Jackson and Napper from the Army Youth Team are ably filled by Lance Corporals Palmer, McGrevy and Newton. We also lose WO2 Stead to the King's Division Recruiting Team, who has been valuable in new project work, particularly during Exercise Iron Duke.

The changing environment in the recruiting world today means the move to centralised control by Recruiting Group from Upavon from 1 April 2000. Recent recruiting activities have involved the team in the opening of the new Sheffield Careers Office for which Private Sharp was chosen to participate in the official opening, ably assisted by the Drums Platoon. We soon look forward to the arrival of seven Fijians who will start Phase One training at Glencorse in May and June and their eventual arrival at the Battalion towards the end of the year. Much work is currently going into the new world of e-Recruiting in conjunction with the 1st Battalion. The production of Regimental

multi-media, coupled with an updated web page, will enhance our recruiting and publicity capabilities no end.

The Army Youth Team has remained busy all year with bookings throughout the winter season at Halton Camp in Lancashire, and a fully-booked summer season at Hawkshead in the Lake District. Three short periods of staff training have also allowed for further improvement and refreshment of skills for all the team.

The team overall has also covered the running and administration of Exercise Iron Duke '99 at Strensall, at which the Huddersfield detachment was victorious. We were very grateful for the attendance of Colonel Charles Dent to present the prizes. We will also be in support of our Duke cap-badged cadets in Sennybridge during their annual camp in the summer.

Finally, remember it's your Regiment from your county, so never miss an opportunity to recruit, or to earn a free £250.

Captain G. R. Triplow
e-mail: tripflare@onet.co.uk

LONDON TO PESHAWAR BY LANDROVER - 9500km IN FIFTEEN DAYS

Some travel for the destination, some travel for the joy of the journey itself. In our case the journey and the destination made the perfect build to the millennium and set a precedent for any future travels.

I have dreamt of an overland adventure ever since I met two engineers in the Negev Desert in 1994 on their way to South Africa. Unlike other forms of travel, the administrative burden can be almost insurmountable and often puts off likely travellers once they realise the

magnitude of it all. When one joins the Army and puts a time limit on the expedition one still furthers the problems. In the case of myself and Rich Hart, both working furiously towards commissioning on 10 December, the last thing we really needed was even more paperwork and hurried excursions into London in the hope of visas. But at the end of the day, if you miss once-in-a-lifetime opportunities, you will always live to regret it.

Rich had long had a friend who was working in Pakistan and neighbouring Afghanistan as a doctor specialising in drug rehabilitation. His main problem was transport, especially in the rugged terrain of the border and its surrounds, and of course, a solution was to buy a four-wheel drive vehicle in Peshawar where he worked. However, the opportunity to have an imported, cheap and easy-to-service Landrover was far preferable. The opportunity to deliver the object of his desires, a mint green, 1981 short wheel base series three became Rich's and my expedition to celebrate the end of a non-stop year at Sandhurst. On 12 December, while everyone else was recovering from the hangover of the Commissioning Ball, we were starting on a journey that would take us through eleven countries in fifteen days.

Much of the success of our journey, and our return before the turn of the century was due to the willingness of Nick Levie, another friend from Sandhurst, to join us in the race to Istanbul. Our lengthy estimate of costs, timings, fuel and supplies had left no stone unturned, but we knew that if we could get the easy driving through Europe completed as quickly as possible, then we would have a cushion for the weather and the administrative hold ups at the borders further east. Those first days, as we drove at top speed - fifty miles an hour downhill - were a twenty four-hour-a-day marathon that took us through Europe and the mountains of Switzerland to the coast of Italy and Ancona. The ferries for Greece went from either Ancona, Bari or Brindisi, but for our purposes a race to catch the 7.30pm Minoan Lines ferry on the 13th, having left England on the 12th was the best option. We rolled into the port with an hour to spare - just enough time to spend our remaining Lire on fresh food before we went 'compo' for the next twelve days. The ferry was a godsend because it gave us a chance for a last shower and a much needed sleep after the end of the course at Sandhurst. One forgets how tired one gets from constant admin and tight schedules.

Perhaps the best thing about arriving in Greece after two days was that everything seemed much calmer and achievable. Morale was pretty low when we were trying to balance priorities, but as soon as we had had time to adjust to the reality of our journey everything seemed exciting. The mountains east of Igoumenitsa were the first real challenge other than staying awake, since the road conditions were icy, the bends were very sharp and Greeks aren't exactly renowned for their driving. By the time we arrived in Turkey it seemed surreal that we had just passed through France, Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany, Italy and Greece. All of them were distinct and yet they all seemed to have blurred into the whine of the Landrover and the struggle to stay awake while navigating or driving.

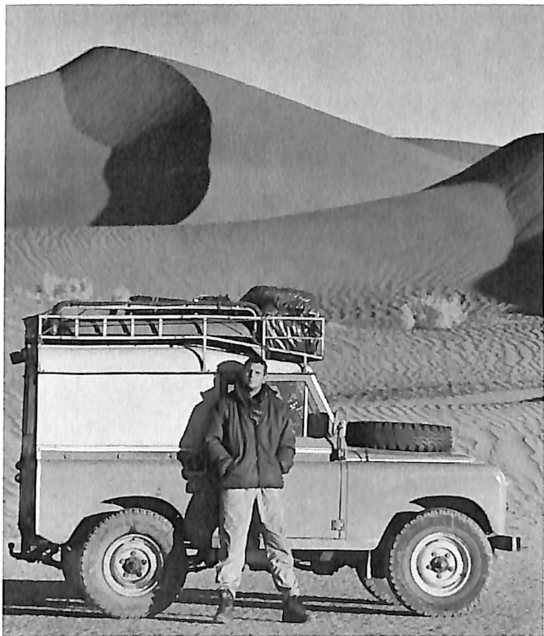
Nick, sadly, had to be dropped off at the airport after a few false turns in the centre of Istanbul and again the atmosphere of the expedition changed. The focus before had been to get to Turkey in three days and we had achieved that. Now Rich and I were on our own with the prospect of the remaining 6000km to drive. The obvious pitfalls were mechanical and bad luck on the roads or border posts, but, if we drove between first and last light at an average of forty miles per hour, we were sure that we could be in Peshawar for Christmas.

Turkey, Iran and Pakistan were always going to pose the biggest problems to planning and held the biggest administrative problems for us. Travelling through Muslim countries during Ramadan can be difficult at times, especially when our overriding desire was to light up the Christmas tree on the dash board and sing along to Christmas carols. As it happened, we never really needed to fall back on any contingency plans, as the people of all countries fell over themselves to help us. Turkey flew by in a flash since the road that runs complete to the border with Iran was very well maintained and there were no problems with the Landrover. Our only hold ups were the frequent check points that demanded an ever greater pile of paperwork and at times currency. Each of the Eastern countries holds a memory for me, for Turkey it was the pink skies over the mountains at the border.

Ask anyone about Iran and they will talk of the extremes of Islam and its personification in Khomeini. Although we lived in the cultural cocoon of a Landrover for the five days that we were in Iran, I couldn't have formed a more different opinion of the people there. On arrival at a border post where we had expected to spend a day or two there was nothing but pleasantness and smiles, everyone was desperate to talk to us and welcome us to their country. Our problems only started once we were across the border when the electric refused to engage in the starter motor of the Landrover. As it happened this was a problem that we came to get used to over the next ten days, as it wasn't one to be mended on the roadside.

By this stage Rich and I had become a fairly decent team and the driving was going well. After a quick change of fuel filter in the mountains north of Tabriz we headed into Teheran to send faxes to the Doc in Peshawar and family at home asking for the turkey to be stuffed in time for our arrival. Morale was high, and, although it would have been fantastic to spend a few weeks if not months in each of the places we drove through, our expedition was going well. The only time that we stopped to soak up more than a ten minute view was when we came to Bam. This ancient city in the middle of the desert, a day or so's drive from the Pakistan border is one of the most evocative sights anywhere in the world. We stood on the battlements of the Acropolis as the sun went down over the mountains and the mullahs called the city to prayer. Unlike other tourist sights around the world there weren't any tourists and the winding sand coloured streets were deserted. Descriptions cannot do it justice - one just has to go!

Baluchistan was the 'dangerous' part of our journey according to the foreign office, and we knew as we arrived in Zahedan on the border with Pakistan that we should stop and see if we could get a mechanic to look over the Landrover. Throughout Iran we had had problems with the fuel system and perhaps twice a day had to bleed the system of air. The fuel was very cheap at about one pence per litre, but it may have had something to do with our predicament. Roadside repairs are all very good, but for the sake of a day it was worth approaching someone with the tools and knowledge to service any problems. In a back street mechanic's yard we ended up spending about \$20 for two mechanics



Second Lieutenant W. Peters in Baluchistan on the road to Quetta.

working feverishly for ten hours - a little different from home!

The border had suffered a few gun battles in its time, one could tell, and the security checks in the area were a little more careful because of the local drug smuggling, but, as in western Iran, we passed through relatively unhindered. Our worry now was for six of our friends from Sandhurst who had taken the challenge one step further than us and were riding Enfield Bullets from Delhi to London. None of the border records contained their names and so it was clear that in the time it had taken us to drive from England to Pakistan, they had yet to travel one third of the distance. The road as we passed through the desert towards Quetta was initially good, but soon introduced us to the dangers of driving in Pakistan. Logic rarely has anything to do with the positioning of vicious sleeping policemen and it is only the crowd of locals waiting for a crash that gives away their presence. In addition, the garishly painted trucks that terrorise the roads gave little room for anything smaller than they.

Our fears for our friends were relieved as we rounded a dusty corner in a small town in the middle of nowhere. Out of the clouds of billowing sand came five of the six bikes and their weary riders. Mad Max stand aside. Relief and amusement came in equal doses. As it turned out, one of their number had had to return to England after a crash near Lahore, the others were shattered, all of them suffering from too much time on the road and the cold. Iran and Turkey would provide no let up from that. The locals were a little shell shocked by the arrival of so many Englishmen in such strange circumstances, but the celebrations went on into the night and, after exchanging information as we had planned, we were on our way.

The journey through Pakistan was a journey through the Raj. Although all the countries we travelled through had a sense of history to them and Iran a sense of adventure, Pakistan was special. The spices and the culture overwhelmed the barriers usually provided by the Landrover and our time spent in towns and villages at night was quite special. Being army officers has its draw backs when travelling, but also its benefits, and a police escort north of Jacobabad certainly made the journey to Peshawar less complicated, as the majority of roads in and out of towns were confusing at best. As with Bam, descriptions of the views and memories do little justice to the passes and river valleys that we drove through, but dawn and especially dusk, with the mullahs calling everyone to prayer, were incredibly beautiful.

Our arrival in Peshawar was a great relief and held a great sense of achievement. We arrived at around two o'clock on Boxing Day, our finishing point being the Bala Hisa fort, built by the British, a point that seemed appropriate. Sadly, photographs of the fort are strictly prohibited and even a smile and a MoD 90 can't pull some things off in Pakistan. Still, we managed to find Alex to hand over his new and amazingly unscathed Landrover, and then settle into a bath and an Afghan meal to celebrate.

Accounts like this will never sum up the sense of adventure and achievement that one gets from a journey like ours. Photographs give a better impression, but ultimately doing it and storing the memories is the only way. If the opportunity to do something arises then take it.

Second Lieutenant W. Peters

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OFFICERS, WARRANT OFFICERS AND NCOs SERVING WITH 1 DWR AS AT JANUARY '00

Battalion Headquarters

CO - Lieut Col N. G. Borwell
 Battalion 2IC - Major C. S. T. Lehman
 Adjutant - Captain N. P. Rhodes
 Ops Officer - Captain G. R. Triplow
 A/Adjutant - Lieut R. M. Sutcliffe
 Padre - I. T. Skinner
 RSM - WO1 (RSM) D. E. Dowdall
 Int Sergeant - Sergeant P. A. Stead
 Pro Sergeant - Sergeant J. Jenkins

Alma Company

OC - Major B. J. T. Faithfull
 2IC - Lieut J. Maude
 CSM - WO2 S. Caine
 Colour Sergeant - Colour Sergeant G. McCabe
 1 Platoon - Lieut M. C. A. Palmer
 - Sergeant K. R. Denton
 2 Platoon - Second Lieut K. M. Price
 - Sergeant S. J. O'Neill
 3 Platoon - Lieut F. Bibby
 - Sergeant M. Watts

Burma Company

OC - Major R. N. Chadwick
 2IC - Lieut M. C. Tetley
 CSM - WO2 M. P. Birkett
 Colour Sergeant - Colour Sergeant C. J. Scott
 4 Platoon - Second Lieut W. Peters
 - Sergeant J. Harrison
 5 Platoon - Second Lieut J. Kennedy
 - Sergeant L. Flickroft
 6 Platoon - Second Lieut D. Pawson
 - Sergeant R. Hind

Corunna Company

OC - Major A. J. Adams
 2IC - Lieut K. D. Smith
 CSM - WO2 M. Taylor
 Colour Sergeant - Colour Sergeant M. C. Lakey
 7 Platoon - Second Lieut R. Scothern
 - Sergeant D. T. Schofield
 8 Platoon - Lieut R. B. Payne
 - Sergeant S. P. Smith
 9 Platoon - Lieut R. J. Palfrey
 - Sergeant N. Brennan

Somme Company

OC - Major A. J. I. Wilson
 CSM - WO2 K. N. Craddock
 CQMS - Colour Sergeant R. A. Mosley
 OC Milan - Captain L. R. McCormick
 2IC Milan - Colour Sergeant S. A. Davidson
 Milan SNCO - Sergeant L. Smith
 OC Mortars - Captain J. Kirk
 Mortars WO - WO2 G. N. Summersgill
 Drum Major - Sergeant I. D. Johnson
 OC Recce - Captain R. Harford
 2IC - Sergeant B. W. Roberts

Hook Company

CO - Major R. M. Pierce
 CSM - WO2 M. B. Kennedy
 Colour Sergeant - Colour Sergeant M. A. Lofthouse

RAO

RAO - Captain P. Collard AGC(SPS)
 AGC Det Comd - Captain K. Hughes AGC(SPS)
 RAOWO - WO2 G. W. Stevens AGC(SPS)
 FSA - WO2 D. J. Hulse AGC(SPS)
 Regt Acct - S/Sergeant J. Kitching AGC(SPS)
 SSA - Sergeant D. Baker AGC(SPS)
 Doc Supvr - Sergeant K. Simpson

QM's Department

QM - Captain M. Smith
 QM(T) - Captain B. J. Thomas
 RQMS - WO2 G. Cracknell
 RQMS(T) - WO2 C. Murton
 G1098 - Colour Sergeant P. J. Brennan
 - Colour Sergeant S. Fisher
 Clothing - Sergeant P. Rich

Families

UFO - Captain A. J. Sutcliffe
 2IC - Sergeant J. Goodall

Signals Platoon

RSO - Captain J. R. Bryden
 Sigs SNCO - Sergeant G. R. Sharp
 - Sergeant J. M. Burns

Training Wing

Training Officer - Captain J. W. Charlesworth
 Training SNCO - Sergeant R. Hind

Messes

Officers' Mess - Colour Sergeant A. T. Ward
 Sergeants' Mess - Sergeant P. Wilson

MT

MTO -
 MTWO - Colour Sergeant G. Perrin
 MT SNCO - Sergeant T. Newhouse

Catering Platoon

RCWO - WO2 N. P. Pinchon
 Chefs - Sergeant K. A. Baxter
 - Sergeant M. R. Pickering
 Sergeant S. P. Farrell

LAD

OC - S/Sergeant M. Unwin REME
 LAD SNCO - Sergeant A. J. R. Tilling REME

Medical Centre

RMO - Captain J. E. Ball
 Medical Sergeant - Sergeant A. Barratt

Gymnasium Staff

SI - Sergeant V. W. Powell

The Dukes' Territorials

Commanding Officer's Introduction

When I last wrote for the Iron Duke the new Regiment was really in the process of forming. Since then much has been done to bond the unit together; best practice has been accepted, a Regimental Plan for 2000/2001 has been produced, Standard Operating Instructions have been introduced and a revised recruit training process adopted. All this has been achieved without any damage to the parent Regimental identities and Ypres and Fontenay remain very much DWR. Links with 1 DWR have been improved, as the importance of the home bases increases due to the move to Osnabrück.

The Dukes' companies continue to thrive. They remain the strongest in the Regiment and did exceptionally well in the inter-platoon competitions in November. Since then we have been concentrating on individual training.

The coming year looks busy with an exchange with the United States National Guard involving almost two platoons of Dukes, a Short Term Training Team deployment to Latvia and Annual Camp, with the addition of a Czech Company, in Scotland in September. The Dukes' element of the E and WRR continues in very good order.

INTER-PLATOON COMPETITION 1999

Held over a weekend in late November, 1999's Inter-Platoon Competition, held on Otterburn training area, would prove to be a great success for the Dukes' Platoons.

As Tuesday night drew to a close much preparation still had to be completed for the ensuing weekend. Friday night was upon us and all the work of the prior weeks was about to be tested to the full. Individual kit was drawn from stores and final checks were being made. There was only one problem, four of our team members were unable to attend. Feeling deflated after the anticipation of testing ourselves against the remainder of the newly-formed East and West Riding Regiment we continued to prepare ourselves, unsure whether the powers that be would let our team compete without the remaining team members.

We were still feeling sombre as we arrived at Otterburn training area, but our spirits were boosted with news that we would be able to marry up with another team who were also short. Thankfully it was another Dukes' platoon. Now able to focus on the job in hand, Saturday morning arrived and with our revised orbat we began the competition unsure how we'd manage to work together, or what the weekend's events would bring.

The competition concentrated on the core infantry skills of navigation and endurance. The morning's stands were signals, a march, weapons and map reading, with the teams responsible for navigating themselves around the area to strict timings. As early afternoon arrived we all welcomed a break from competition as the Battalion support platoons of GPMG (SF), Milan and Mortars had prepared a fire power demonstration. After this display, which was many of the Battalion's younger members' first opportunity to see these weapon systems' capabilities, it was back to the main effort of the weekend, the competition.

With light fading quickly, we were grateful to have the AFV/AC recognition stand first. Once complete it was back to tabbing and five other stands, consisting of two command tasks, a battle exercise, first aid and

military knowledge. By the time we reached our final stand of military knowledge, we were all tired and our rational thought was tested thoroughly with different questions posted to individuals depending upon rank/experience. Thankful that the day's tests were over, the last task was to navigate ourselves back the four miles to our afternoon's start point in less than an hour. As we struggled to restrain our sleeping bags from blowing off a very exposed hillside, which was to be our bed for the night, the wind and rain couldn't dampen our spirits as we all reflected on our team's performance that day.

The transport woke us in the morning, a welcome sight after the previous day's numerous miles by foot. The whole Battalion had begun to concentrate in a wooded area awaiting the final competitive stage - the assault course. Teams were called forward and raced each other down two lanes over ditches and walls and under camouflage nets. Laden down with the obligatory ammunition boxes and six foot logs, teams loaded their trailer before steering it to the finish line. Finally, with all competitive activities over, teams joked and recalled the weekend's events whilst enjoying Battalion breakfast. All that was left was the prize giving.

The Commanding Officer and the Training Major congratulated everybody involved in the competition from the teams to the administration and stand staff, before unveiling the final score board to everyone's relief. The Dukes' Companies had done extremely well, taking the first three positions, with our combined team from Ypres and Fontenay taking the winning position and the two remaining Ypres platoons taking second and third. With promises of drinks together at a later date, our team departed for their separate destinations. Once back at our drill hall the whole weekend was declared a resounding success despite a very unsure start. As the drinks flowed, fatigue caught up with most of us and individuals began to make their way home to a well-earned night's rest.

Officer Cadet Simon Newiss
(Ypres Company)



Lieutenant Colonel G. A. Kilburn MBE, the Commanding Officer, presents the Inter-Platoon Trophy to Sergeant Padley.

RELAY FOR LIFE

When they said that 1999's Relay for Life (which is one of Cancer Research's highest profile events in the UK) would be bigger and better than the previous year - they were right. This was going to be a much more daunting task for the Senior Permanent Staff Instructor (SPSI), Warrant Officer Class 2 (WO2) "Radar" McConnell, who last year had knitted together both manpower and logistics support for the first Relay for Life event to be held in the UK. It was not the fact that there would be an increase in teams this year, but more of, where would the volunteers, tentage and transport come from?

The Company that was the backbone of the first ever event (HQ Company, 3 DWR, formerly based at Sheffield), no longer existed. 212 Field Hospital now sat as "kings of the castle" in Endcliffe Hall, all due to the Strategic Defence Review. WO2 McConnell had moved as the new SPSI to Fontenay Company in Barnsley (formerly A Company, 3 DWR) and a large percentage of the soldiers had either been transferred around the newly-formed East and West Riding Regiment (E & WRR) or had called it a day. Having made a few phone calls, advertised, and some gentle pressure from WO2 "Bobbo" Braisby (now the Recruit Reception Training Team Warrant Officer based at Barnsley) the immediate problems, it seemed, would be tentage. Would 212 help? Let's be fair, the loan of a few

12 x 12 and 9 x 9 tents would be an adequate swap for Endcliffe Hall.

The Regimental Quarter Master Sergeant (RQMS) of 212, who knew a good swap when he saw one, was more than helpful and my thanks go out to him.

2 Platoon, Fontenay Company (now based at Sheffield) and a number of soldiers from Barnsley, took the lead and by 11.45pm Friday, we had set Don Valley stadium up with eighteen tents and marked off all the sports areas that the Territorial Army (TA) would be running - besides entering a team of our own.

Three night clubs, nine beers and three hours of sleep later, Saturday arrived, along with 32 teams (from all walks of life: bankers, mechanics, students, sales assistants and doctors; you name them, they were probably there) all needing to be shown where they were tented, how, where and when they had to report, book in and what forms needed filling out. The professionalism of the TA proved to be a key factor in making sure this part ran smoothly. The TA soon had the teams squared away.

Old acquaintances met up and discussed their tactics for this year and the familiar sight of everyone gathering around our famous red and French grey painted caravan was a sight we hoped would be continued each year (unfortunately our beloved caravan has since been laid to rest and a 12 x 12 tent has since been promoted as the focal point - unpainted).

Noon came and the relay was about to start and, like last year, the first lap was started by all those who were suffering from cancer and the after-effects of treatment. There were people in wheelchairs, on crutches and a tiny little girl in plaster from hips to toes, all doing their bit, each having been sponsored by the general public. This year's famous person in the start up for the first lap was none other than Cat Stevens. An emotional start as always, the teams would be walking around a 400 metre track for the next 24 hours. Did I say walking? This is true for everyone except that madman WO2 "Bobbo" Braisby. He had decided that he would double his last year's effort of 200 laps and go for 400 laps tabbing.

During the next 24 hours there would be a lot of tired "Teddy Bears", but, with the live bands and cheering of people throughout the night, it would be Monday before anyone cared. As planned, midnight was the vigil of the candles. Those who had lost someone, had lit a candle and laid them out in a star. This tugged even the hardest hearts and reminded us of why we were here. On and on throughout the night, young and old would push themselves forward.

Sunday dawned and it was a beautiful morning, everyone was up full of life. The 1999 Relay for Life was coming to a close and there were members of the TA in each of the winning teams (mostly Barnsley lads who had conned a place in the finals). But there was yet

another emotional event to take place. Members of Fontenay Company, all wearing their Cancer Research tops, headdress (Dukes cap badges protruding proudly), and boots shining, formed up to the right of the still-burning candle tribute. With Bobbo at their head and WO2 McConnell stepping them off, they marched proudly towards the now massed crowd which included the Mayor and Mayoress of Sheffield. On "Eyes Right", 46 eyeballs clicked over to the right and a final salute, along with thunderous applause and cheers, brought the event to an end.

Relay for Life 2001 is already in our plans, but unfortunately the dates in 2000 clash with the E & WRR annual camp. However, all is not lost, because WO2 Braisby has gone to pastures new (REME workshops at Rotherham) and it is hoped he will cover this year's event. He did complete 400 laps (100 miles) but says he'll stick to 200 in future, as it takes only one week to recover and not three. (That suits me as it cost me £15 - yes! I didn't believe he could do it.)

Those who took part should be proud of the way they presented themselves and should be proud to be part of the TA. Everyone who was involved from a civilian point of view commented on the energy they had put into the event.

WOII N. McConnell



Relay for Life

Left to right: WO2 Dave Braisby, who personally raised £250, Private Michael Deakin, Corporal Greg Burton, WO2 'Radar' McConnell and Corporal Richard Whitehead, with the Cancer Appeal fundraiser, whose name is need-to-know only.

“NoDUF” AT THE FIRST AID STAND

It started like any other training weekend. It was the Inter-Platoon competition and I had been tasked to assist in running the weapons stand on the Saturday and the First Aid stand on the Saturday night and Sunday morning. I arrived at Otterburn Training Area on the advance party with Colour Sergeant Miller, and we set up the weapons stand.

The day passed without any great events taking place; the teams came to the stand, took part in the tests, which included foreign weapon identification, as well as weapon-handling tests on the 51mm mortar and the SA80.

At the end of this phase we packed up the stand and headed off to assist the Medical Officer with the running of the First Aid stand. We arrived and set up the tentage, and took over the responsibility for manning the reception. Once again, nothing untoward took place, the teams arrived to the sound of screaming casualties and were assessed on their first aid skills, and then they left after being debriefed heading towards the next stand.

I thought that it was going to be an uneventful evening, but how wrong I was to be. Shortly after a team had left the location, I observed a group of civilians walking up the track in front of the reception area. I thought that they must be mad, walking out here in the middle of the training area at such a late hour, we were miles from civilisation, or so I thought.

A woman then approached me and asked if I had seen an elderly gentleman in the area, and I replied that I had not seen anybody fitting that description (other than WO2 Elwell that is). I thought nothing more of the event until about an hour or so later another woman approached me and requested assistance to search for the missing man. I then went to see Colour Sergeant

Miller and advised him of the situation. The man had gone missing while out walking his dog and the dog had returned home without him. His family and friends had been out searching for him and they had requested our assistance.

Colour Sergeant Miller said that he would assist, as did Captain Hunter, and they both went up the road in a Landrover. They had no sooner gone over the brow of the hill and I was settling down in the reception tent, when I heard a car horn sounding, I then heard a woman shouting for help. At first I thought I was hearing things, but thought I had better check it out. I went to the main track and looking down the hill I could see a stationary car, lights blazing and the horn sounding, I ran down the road to discover a woman in distress and the body of an elderly man in a ditch to the side of the road. The woman was shouting “I cannot turn him over”. I observed the man, and could see that he was not breathing and I could not locate a pulse. The Medical Officer was not more than 200m away with an ambulance and plenty of medics. So I ran back to the stand to seek their assistance. The ambulance attended the scene, and the Medical Officer unfortunately pronounced the man dead. It would appear that he died of a heart attack while taking his dog for a walk.

I later had to give a statement to the police, however, prior to this I must admit that I was slightly ill, perhaps it was the shock.....of having to run down the road. What started as an uneventful weekend, ended with the unfortunate death of a civilian.

The bereaved wife thanked all personnel involved in the attempt to save her husband, and said that he had died on his favourite walk.

Corporal K. A. Donald (Ypres Company)

‘D’ COMPANY YORKSHIRE (N&W) ARMY CADET FORCE

Exercise Colts’ Canter

D Company entered the EDIST March and Shoot Competition, which took place in October. A team of eleven cadets under the leadership of Second Lieutenant John Potts and his team of adults did a great job, and the Company’s team came a very creditable fourth overall.

Cadet Christmas Weekend

This was held at the Cadet Training Centre, Strensall, on the weekend of 27-28 November. During this weekend, the cadets are served their Christmas dinner by the staff who are wearing fancy dress - and did we have some “fancy” dress! After the dinner, the staff and cadets put on some entertainment. The finale was a drumming and musical display by the D Company Staff Band, consisting of Lieutenant Colonels Tony Kemp and Peter Martin, both Assistant Commandants, Major Peter Cole, Captain Steve Marren and Lieutenant Simon Cole, all in fancy dress. The cadets could not believe their eyes! After this the cadets had fun at the disco.

Exercise Iron Duke ‘99

This finally took place at Strensall Training Camp, on the weekend of 15-16 January 2000, and was hosted and run by the 1st Battalion Recruiting Cell, led by Captain George Triplow.

Twelve teams from Yorkshire (N&W) and Humberside & South Yorkshire ACFs competed. The stands included: Assault Course, Command Task, Observation, First Aid, Paint Ball using fixed targets, Potted Sports and concluded on Sunday with the March and Shoot.

We were pleased with the result as three West Yorkshire teams, namely Huddersfield, Keighley and Halifax, were 1st, 2nd and 3rd respectively.

Company Adult Training Weekend

The annual Adult Training Weekend took place at CTC Strensall on the weekend of 22-23 January. Thirty three staff attended the varied adult training which included weapons skills tests and safety precautions

tests. The staff were joined by guests for our annual Company Dinner on Saturday evening. Forty six staff and guests sat down to dinner including our Commandant Colonel Stephen Ashby. We also took the opportunity to dine out Lieutenant Colonel Tony Kemp, our Assistant Commandant, who retires in April following 35 years' service with Yorkshire Army Cadet Force. He was presented with a set of high hat cymbals to add to his drum kit which will no doubt

"really please" his wife Margaret, but he can play them to his heart's content in the 'bunker' at the bottom of his garden. Flowers were presented to Lieutenant Michelle Sumner, who leaves the company to take up the role of County First Aid Training Officer, and also to Sergeant Liz Weston of Mirfield detachment, who leaves us in April to join the regular army as a Combat Medical Technician with the Royal Army Medical Corps.

Captain S. A. Marren



Colonel Charles Dent presents the prizes to the Huddersfield Detachment at the end of Exercise Iron Duke.

EXERCISE TRANSGLOBE LEG 5 : SINGAPORE - CAPE TOWN

The roar from the wind and seaspray was deafening. Waves as long as our 55ft yacht crashed down onto the deck in the darkness. We were still some 3,000 miles from Cape Town as the cry: "We're filling up with water!" confirmed our worst fears.

You'd be justified in mistaking this for an extract from an Alistair McLean novel. In fact, it describes one of the many challenges aboard Broadsword on the fifth leg of the 1999 Joint Services' Transglobe Yacht Race from Singapore to Cape Town. The experience constitutes perhaps the most extraordinary six weeks of my life. I use the word 'extraordinary' carefully, as the range of emotions experienced on board covered the whole spectrum. You could go from total exhilaration and jubilation to determined survival and to self-pity within a couple of hours.

The gale was one of seven we encountered en route to Cape Town and it was a monster. It was almost impossible to read the apparent wind speed dial due to the volume and speed of the spray crashing over the

cockpit. I could just make out a reading of 55 knots when I handed over the helm, at 2300 hours, to our Skipper Lieutenant Colonel Andrew Mills. We were charging along at 10 knots with three reefs in the mainsail and only a staysail. As the waves enveloped the boat and water poured in, we started to lose steerage. The only way to rid the boat of seawater was to 'hove to' and level her off to allow us to pump out the bilges. The skipper pushed the helm hard to port and Sergeant Scott Rogers and I worked the mainsheet to assist in the hove to.

The cockpit suddenly filled with water to just above our knees and started to flow down into the cabin. The two starboard bunks were already submerged and the water was now above engine level, sloshing around the cabin floor. Corporal Keith Howes was trying to bail out the engine locker with a bucket, whilst Lance Corporal 'Arthur' Daley was pumping hard on the bilges. The off-watch, unable to sleep after being thrown out of their bunks during the hove to, also

grabbed containers to try to empty the boat. Still the water came in quicker than it could be bailed out. The noise of the wind and spray made it difficult to communicate from the cockpit with the rest of the crew who were frantically bailing down below. The skipper handed the wheel back to me and went below to assess the situation.

It was not good. The water was still rising. The skipper directed us to man the fire hose, using it to pump water from the boat into the sea. This proved difficult, as the hoses needed to be reconnected. Our torches flickered sulkily and one of the hoses leaked. The leak was eventually found and sealed and, after two hours of pumping, most of the seawater had been drained from the boat. We were all exhausted. By 0200 hours, after a very welcome cup of tea, we were able to relax. With the wind still blowing over 50 knots, we were sound asleep in our sodden sleeping bags when the mainsail ripped for the third time and it was all hands on deck to get the sail down below for repair. Corporal Spence Taylor and Sergeant Andy Dorwood then spent the next 24 hours stitching it up again.

It was clear from the minute we arrived in Singapore that our crew was full of character and that, despite never having sailed together, we were going to bond well. The eleven of us, selected from across the army, covered the ranks from Private to Lieutenant Colonel, whilst our sailing experience ranged from novice to

Oceanmaster Examiner. The 'four-hour on/four-hour off' watch system worked well, with Andy Dorwood and myself running each watch and the crew rotating through each watch via a day on cooking duties (Mother Watch). Although it was harder to maintain set drills for the various manoeuvres, changing watches every third day added variety for us all. The Skipper and Captain Nigel Hindmarsh rotated watches between themselves; weighed with overall responsibility for the boat, they concentrated on navigation and sail plan.

The race began ten miles off the historic volcanic island of Krakatoa. Broadsword got a good start and led until nightfall when both land and other yachts disappeared for the next six weeks. The first fortnight was quite incredible. We were 200 miles ahead and had experienced some of the most exhilarating sailing possible. Surfing down 20ft waves, averaging above nine knots and playing the mainsail and spinnaker 24 hours a day was simultaneously exhausting and pretty close to Utopia!

Morale was high, but the humidity and heat were oppressive. Even at night the temperature made sleeping impossible. One way to get some sleep was for the four off-watch crew members to stretch out on the spinnaker bags on the cabin floor, which was the only place that caught any breeze. How unpleasant these spinnaker bags became after two weeks of four sweating bodies on top of them! There was no shower on board so we stripped off at the stern and poured buckets of seawater over ourselves. This was very refreshing with a bucketful of tepid Indian Ocean, but became fairly bracing when we reached the cold Southern Ocean.

Throughout the race, we ate individual 24 hour ration packs ('compo'), but no fresh rations. I don't believe anyone has ever eaten the individual ration packs for 38 days without a fresh supplement before. In fact, the skipper's decision to take only the ration packs caused much amusement for the RAF and Navy yachts, but proved to be a possible lifesaver, since they required no fresh water for cooking. When our generator, which was our primary means of recharging the batteries and running the water-maker, gave up after just nine days of setting sail, compo was the best option.

With the generator broken, there was only enough diesel to run the engine for two hours a day, which was just sufficient to re-charge the batteries, provided we didn't use the weather fax and HF radio. As a result, we were unable to receive any accurate weather forecasts. We were only able to use the water maker when the engine was running, which limited us to just five gallons a day. This was not enough in the soaring heat and Mother Watch had to sit on the stern of the boat for up to three hours, often in horrendous conditions, using the manual pump to convert seawater into fresh water.

We boiled all our compo in salt water using a pressure cooker, which greatly reduced our water requirements compared to other yachts eating tinned/fresh rations. Cooking in a yacht is awkward at the best of times, but virtually impossible in 50 knots of wind, whilst being thrown around by 40ft waves. Any shortfall in the compo's flavour was made up with lashings of Tobasco. That said, I would now rather starve than have to eat butterscotch and dumplings with Tobasco again!



Major Tom Vallings at the helm in one of the few peaceful moments on Exercise Transglobe.

Every Friday at 1900 hours we had Happy Hour where we were all given a tot of rum, which we savoured, as our weekly forty-word personal family e-mails were read aloud to us. This ritual always resulted in good banter, especially when crossing the Equator, when, strangely enough, all our clothes for some reason were temporarily lost!

The last three weeks really put the boat and the crew to the test. The boat needed pumping out every twenty minutes during gales - a three-man task - thus sleep and dry clothes were almost non-existent. On average, we got anything from 12-24 hour breathers between gales, giving us brief respite before the next battering. During these breaks everyone was cheerful and jokey, but it was hard to prevent the gloom that soon set in once the next gale arrived. The mainsail ripped a total of four times, keeping two crew members continually below deck repairing the sail and restricting sleeping room. The remainder of the crew were either involved in keeping the boat dry, hand pumping fresh water, or racing the boat.

At one stage, a 45ft wave broke on top of the boat, ripping our three stantions on the starboard side and washing away both the guard-rail and the spinnaker pole mounts. Any subsequent activity on the bow now bore the risk of being swept overboard. Private Nick Shuttleworth and I were sent forward to re-secure the pole to prevent further damage. Another wave hit us. The bow was totally submerged and we were lifted up 4ft to the limit of our harnesses, to then come crashing down onto the deck. The impact gashed my knee, which required seven stitches. These were administered during the gale by Major Phil Rosell, fortunately a qualified Army surgeon. The movement of the boat impeded Phil's stitching technique, but a large shot of Captain Morgan's rum greatly eased the pain! I had the luxury of being ordered to my bunk by the skipper for a whole night of undisturbed sleep. This gave Sergeant Scott Rogers the ammunition he had long been looking for. He spent the rest of the race informing me of how brave officers in the American War of Independence fought on with severe wounds, such as only one arm, and even then refused to be casevac'd.

We rounded Cape Agulhus (the southern tip of Africa). The end was in sight. We were all dreaming of egg banjos and hot baths when the starboard rear shroud snapped. This was potentially disastrous as it supports the mast; however, Sergeant Andy Dorwood made yet another excellent repair with a rope tensioned by lashings and a knot that I have never heard of!

Our last day was met with engine failure during routine recharging. This was going to make our entry into Cape Town all the more dramatic. At nine knots, with only the staysail and three reefs in the main and a 40 knot wind on the beam, we sped into Duncans Dock. It was midnight and we had just enough battery power left to power our navigation lights. Fortunately, the shore team had organised a small motor boat to tow us the last 100m to the berth. The doctor was so keen to touch land that he took a massive leap, totally missed the pontoon and landed straight in the water! The rest of us celebrated our landfall with a few quiet beers - mission accomplished.

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We finished 48 hours behind the RAF and 12 hours behind the Navy, both of whom had taken what turned out to be much faster routes. However severe the appalling conditions became, individual determination and incredible teamwork enabled us to see the job through to the finish. At no time did we consider giving up. Despite the race result, all of us shared the collective victory of having survived and completed the task.

It was without doubt the hardest exercise I have been on. I feel privileged to have been a part of it and humbled by the experience. Our skipper (despite being a sapper!), was outstanding and deserves much credit for delivering us to Cape Town in one piece. Many critics believe that yachting should not be classified as adventure training... I agree - battlefield inoculation would be more appropriate!

Singapore to Cape Town Statistics

Total distance travelled	- 6,386 nautical miles
Days at sea	- 38
Max apparent wind strength	- 58.2 knots (hurricane = 60 knots)
Number of gales	- 7 (including 3 severe gales)
Average duration of gales	- 36 hours
Longest duration of gale	- 3.5 days
Max boat speed through the water	- 12.4 knots

Major T. G. Vallings



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REFLECTIONS ON RUGBY LEAGUE AND NATIONAL SERVICE

The Winter 1999 edition of the Iron Duke contained an article in which I gave a brief account of my experiences as a rugby league professional playing rugby union in the Dukes' team in 1958/60. In its concluding paragraph I made reference to my very first game in the Dukes' first team and said that it was a big surprise and totally unexpected, but nevertheless an honour.

It was undoubtedly a big surprise, because of the importance of the game. It was totally unexpected, because at that time I considered myself a raw recruit in rugby union terms, as well as in army terms. The honour centred around being included in a Dukes' 1st XV whose players had served the team well through seven rounds of the Army Cup. My first game in the 1st XV was of course the final of that competition, played in Germany at Bad Lippspringe on Wednesday 5 March 1958.

It had been barely two months prior to the Cup Final that I had left home, just down the road from the then Regimental Depot at Wellesley Park Barracks in Halifax, to start my thirteen week National Service army training. I cannot remember what I did with the rail warrant I must have been sent.

Yet, within two weeks of arriving at the Depot, I received word via Edward Dasent that I was to report to Palace Barracks, Holywood, in Northern Ireland, to link up with the Dukes' squad, with a view to playing in the 2nd XV. I understood at the time that this game would serve to familiarise me with the laws of rugby union. However, I learned later that the primary aim of my playing was to afford an opportunity for those in charge to assess me for possible inclusion in the first team and, thereby, to be considered for a Semi-Final place against 7 Training Regiment REME, due to be played in Aldershot a few weeks hence.

I cannot remember too much about that 2nd XV game, except to say it was skippered by a Corporal Jones, who did his best to guide me through the eighty or so minutes. It is enough to say that I found myself to be a spectator at Aldershot.

However, the Semi-Final was my first opportunity to see the Dukes' team in action. My most outstanding recollection of that match was of the late E. M. P. Hardy booting huge kicks deep into the opposition's half. Not only were the kicks floating the length of the field, in some instances, but they were being positioned with pinpoint accuracy. In my humble opinion at the time, I can remember thinking that this skilful kicking proved instrumental in controlling the game and played a major part in the Dukes' eight points to nil win.

Following this match I was ordered back to Halifax to rejoin the January intake and get measured up for a uniform. However, it was not long before I was ordered back to Holywood again, to join the Dukes' 1st XV in their preparation for the final in Germany. By this time the decision had been taken that I should join the subsequent intake at the Depot, but not until after the Army Cup Final in March. As the days in Holywood went quickly by and the big match was getting nearer, I was beginning to think the unthinkable, a place in the

final, not having played a single competitive match for the Dukes' 1st XV.

The most prominent thought in my head at the time was centred on the playing member who may have to drop out and, further to this, how it would affect team spirit. The Dukes had performed very convincingly throughout the seven Cup rounds and amassed 109 points, with only 11 points against. Along the way, five of the teams had failed to cross the Dukes' line, including two of the more formidable opponents with high rugby reputations and aspirations: 1 Training Regiment Royal Signals and the Welsh Guards.

For all the wrong reasons I was beginning to feel a bit of pre-final pressure, not least because I would not want to be seen as letting the side down should I be selected. But, as already indicated, I was selected and played in the centre alongside my rugby league colleague Brian Saville, with Ray Haywood, another league player, on my left wing. It was a great comfort playing alongside these two and, once the game got underway, all negative thoughts disappeared.

The match went well, we were successful and I was proud to receive an Army Cup winner's medal. An added pleasure for me was playing alongside the former Yorkshire and England half-back pairing of Hardy and Shuttleworth. I never forgot my good fortune in being included in the team to play in that Final on 5 March 1958. However, two years later fate was to take a hand.

Towards the end of my National Service the Dukes were again having a good Cup run. In fact we reached the Semi-Final again, by which stage the team had notched up 173 points, without a point scored against. This time I played in all the Cup games, including the Semi-Final against the Welsh Guards, whom we beat 14-0. Once again the Final was due to be played in Germany in March. However, I was due to finish my time with the Regiment in January 1960 and would of course miss the Final. Although I would have dearly loved to have played in another Army Cup Final, I was pleased at the way things had turned out. This of course would be no consolation to the poor soul who missed out on a medal two years before.

Oh, by the way, I did join another intake and completed the thirteen weeks' training without further interference!

Derek W. Davies

Editor's Note: Readers may like to know that Iron Duke No 108 of April 1958 contains the following assessments of certain players:

"Corporal Saville: After a poor start, he has become an outstanding player. Strong in attack and cool in awkward positions. Tends to tackle high. Has kicked some good goals. Selected for the Army. Private Haywood: He has been consistently the outstanding player. A converted centre, he has shown tremendous determination and a good sidestep. Not terribly fast, but very dangerous from the opposition 25. Tackles well. Private Davies: A newcomer of great promise. Keen and quick to learn. Very fast, with good acceleration."

**1 DWR v 1 (Br) Corps Troops Column RASC
5 March 1958**



The team and reserves before the match

Match won 23-5

Back row, left to right: Match Official, Captain Dasent, Private Flynn, 2nd Lieutenant Shenton, 2nd Lieutenant Arnold, 2nd Lieutenant Addison, 2nd Lieutenant Birch, 2nd Lieutenant Duckney, Captain Cowell, Private Davies, 2nd Lieutenant Greenway, Match Official.

Seated, left to right: Corporal Saville, Private Haywood, Captain Hardy, Captain Shuttleworth, Captain Hoppe, Lieutenant Gilbert-Smith MC.

TRANSCRIPT OF A TALK, "A SUBALTERN IN KOREA"

continued

David Gilbert-Smith continues his first-hand account of the operations of his platoon in Korea in 1953 after his spell of R&R leave in Japan:

We flew back to the war to learn that we had been earmarked for a stretch on the Hook, the most dreaded sector on the whole of the Commonwealth Division front. So it was that I found myself leading 6 Platoon, B Company, up the line once more. This time to take over from the 1st Battalion The Black Watch on the Hook position itself. This time, too, it was different, for I could smell the fear coming off my body as it mingled with the sickly-sweet stench of the dead and the all-pervasive acrid tang of cordite. That, and the sight of the rats playing amongst the body bags, told us of the charnel house that was to be our home for the next 14 days or so.

A disaffected Chinaman had come across the lines and spilled the beans, all but the date and time of their attack. By day Chinky was relentlessly battering our positions and by night sending out fighting patrols to test our defences and check our reflexes. He was into the last phase of the third battle of the Hook, the biggest of the three battles and, I believe, amongst the fifty major battles of the world.

We, on the other hand, were frantically repairing our defences and putting in new fighting pits where desperately needed. John Stacpoole's Assault Pioneer Platoon did sterling work. By night we took out six hour

long standing patrols, nerves jangling, expecting a shower of stick grenades at any time. We had magnificent support from a small troop of Centurian tanks dug in at the apex of the Hook, commanded by Lieutenant George Forty. I would call them up "Hullo, 33, Tulip and Besa target 2, over". Back would come the immediate reply "Tulip and Besa target 2 out". The next instant a tank searchlight would snap on, followed by long bursts of Besa ripping into the shadowy figures at target 2.

Perhaps the most harrowing times for some, such as 2nd Lieutenant Simon Berry, were the deep recce patrols right down into the floor of the valley to check out the tunnels under the Hook and the approach routes leading up to it. For me it was the pre-dawn search patrols to check that Chinky was not lying out in the long grass ready to leap out in the daylight and catch us unawares. On one occasion I judged it a bit late and the Chinky sniper 90 yards away clipped the top of my helmet as I was jumping back into the trenches. All the time there was a steady drip, drip, drip of casualties coming off the Hook, our dead and wounded. The tougher the going, the more stubborn and determined the Dukes became and the higher the morale rose. All this was due to the outstanding leadership of our Company Commander, Tony Firth.

Some two days before the battle the Commanding Officer decided to relieve B Company and move us to



Lieutenant David Gilbert-Smith MC - taken as he arrived back in the UK after the Korean War.

a less exposed front line position, Point 121, some 400 yards down and to the left of the Hook. We were replaced by a fresh Company, D. We felt robbed of our rightful prize.

At 1953 hours on 28 May 1953, just seven minutes before D Company stood to, the Chinese launched their attack with a tropical rainstorm of shells and mortars all concentrated on the Hook, half the size of a rugby field. They followed up with the first wave of assault troops with demolition satchels strapped to their backs. These, blowing bugles and firing burp guns, ran up and threw themselves into our trenches blowing themselves and our dugouts to pieces. D Company was caught on the hop. There was violent hand-to-hand fighting and many Dukes were killed, wounded and taken prisoner. A small gallant band of survivors, led by Major Lewis Kershaw, fought their way into the underground tunnels and drove off the Chinese until the tunnel entrances were blown in and they were entombed.

I had been watching this action from the lip of my trench some 400 yards away. I now decided to duck into my CP and to follow the battle on the W/T. The Dukes countered with a barrage consisting of the massed guns of the Commonwealth Division supported by the American Long Toms all focussed on that same small patch of ground, the Hook. This effectively sealed off any further incursion and prevented the Chinese from reinforcing or withdrawal. The Chinese now launched their second assault, detouring around the Hook and attacking C Company located on Sausage position. This time the Chinese were slaughtered as they attempted to climb the hill and very few actually reached the wire.

Now it was to be our turn. Sure enough, I heard Tony Firth's voice warning us: 'to be sure to traverse our

Browning machine guns through our DF to take out the Chinks following up behind'. The next instant we were struck by a deafening downpour of shells and mortars converging onto our positions from both concentrations of guns, the enemy's and our own. Private Oyston was hit in a front bunker and I found myself snaking along the bottom of the trench to lead him out to his hoochie, there to slap a fresh shell dressing onto his neck wound and jab him with morphia. I'm pleased to say he survived the battle and returned home safely. Once again the Chinese were shredded as they came across No Man's Land and the few that reached our lines were mowed down by our Browning Machine Guns. Some thirty bodies were counted on our wire in the morning.

The battle had been raging for some two to three hours. Now we sensed a turning of the tide. The enemy had been bloodily repulsed on three separate occasions and had blown most of his energy. We, on the other hand, although badly hurt in places, still had all our energy to come. Now it was to be our turn. Sure enough, Tony Firth came through to tell me that 6 Platoon was to lead the counter-attack on the Hook; that in ten minutes time a platoon from the King's Regiment would be arriving in APCs to take over my positions. Once I had handed them over I was then to board their APCs which would then take me to the morgue at the bottom of the Hook. There we were to debus and take the communication trench up to D Company's HQ at the top.

Fear gripped me once again, but this time it was different. It was like being on a rollercoaster ride at a fair ground. One moment a huge bolt of electricity shot up inside me and I felt as if I was immortal, floating on air; the next I was plunging down into the depths of my bowels where heavy leaden weights dragged me down further. I was desperately trying to handle this on the inside whilst attempting to appear cool, calm and confident on the outside.

The King's arrived. I flashed the agreed signal. We saw them in and the next moment we were running helter skelter for their APCs, butting each other in the face, neck and arms as we hastily clambered aboard. Once I saw everyone was on board I shouted at the driver "Go!". We tore off as if under starter's orders, desperately hugging the lea of the hill to protect ourselves from the Chinese shellfire which was coming down on all the approach roads to the Hook. We slewed to a halt at the morgue. We leapt out and ran for our lives into its protective sandbagged entrance. I lost one man hit in the buttocks.

I looked around at my men. All the eyes said: 'you lead, we'll follow'.

"Okay" I said "Our next stop is D Company HQ. Order of March, Platoon HQ, 1, 2, 3, Sections, Platoon Sergeant at the rear. Those of us at the front will shout 'the Dukes are coming up the hill, boys!' then the home side will know it's us and not Chinky. Follow me!" I led out once again into the tropical rainstorm of shells and mortars. We ran, crawled, slithered and clawed our way up that trench. We bumped into a small party of D Company half way up under Sergeant Simpson. "Be careful, Sir, there are small groups of Chinky running about on the top". I thanked him and moved on. We

arrived at the top and had just turned right towards "Baron" Emmett's CP when there was a burst of Bren behind my ear. I spun round. It was Corporal Enright who had fired. "'kin 'ell Sar, ah think ah've kilt a Dook on top." "There are no Dukes up there, Corporal Enright. That must have been a Chink. Follow me."

I led on towards Baron's bunker, expecting to be challenged any minute; nothing. I moved in and pulled aside the double blanket covering the doorway and walked in on a memorable scene. The Baron was there, red faced, flushed with excitement, a whisky tumbler in his hand. Around him I saw all his map boards all neatly marked denoting his Company positions and the signal codes and callsigns. Behind him his Company HQ staff were all totally absorbed in doing their own thing. I saluted.

"6 Platoon at your service, Sir. With respect may I suggest that we place a sentry at the entrance as there are small groups of Chinky running about on the top. It'll only take one of them to come in here and we'll all be done for." "Good idea" he said and posted one. "How about a tumbler of whisky?" "No thanks, Sir, I'd better keep a clear head".

At that moment my friend, Mike Campbell-Lamerton, C Company, burst in having followed my platoon up. I heard the CO's voice on the handset asking a lot of questions followed by a long pause. Then he came through in a very clear commanding tone with our orders: "I will give you 10 minutes to brief and prepare your platoons for the counter-attack. I will then call down a 10 minute barrage of airburst shrapnel over the Hook area. You will then fire the Chinese withdrawal signal and launch Mike Campbell-Lamerton's platoon as the left claw onto 10 Platoon's position and Gilbert-Smith's as the right." "But, Sir," the Baron interjected "what about Captain Glen's and Corporal Taylor's patrol? They will be killed by the barrage". Without hesitation he said "Signal them. If nothing's heard within five minutes then go ahead as ordered."

I felt unashamedly relieved that we would have a covering barrage before going in on the assault. My admiration, too, rose for the CO for making such a crucial decision so calmly. Mike and I briefed our respective platoons and crouched down into the best cover we could find. The next instant we were struck by a thunderclap of explosions above us, followed immediately by a blizzard of shrapnel sufficient to shred any exposed human flesh in the Hook area. The barrage went on for some ten minutes before it as suddenly stopped. There was a deathly silence.

The Baron went out and fired the Chinese withdrawal signal. "On your way" he said to Mike and myself. We saluted and departed in our different directions. I had only gone a little way when I discovered that one of my sections had all been killed or wounded by a shell that had landed in their dugout. I notified D Company HQ and continued on. I came across small pockets of Dukes, cheerful and determined, all wishing me luck as they realised the battle was coming to its climax. I reached the last dugout held by the Dukes, there were two Dukes manning it: "Chinky's thirty yards oop bluddy trench. Probably waiting for sum silly booger to go crawling oop thar to see if ee's still abaart." He



Lance Corporal Hitchen, taken on his wedding day. His Platoon Commander reports: "He was a typical Duke: brave, determined, utterly reliable, plenty of common sense and a lovely sense of humour".

looked at me. "Either that, or ee's waiting to coom aart for a final effin attack. Sum effin chance ee's got! Or maybe ee's even gorn."

I looked at the dark sandbagged entrance of 10 Platoon captured by Chinky. Nothing moved. I looked along the interconnecting trench between us. It had changed its shape under the massive bombardments it had received. In the bottom was all the debris of war, barbed wire, broken pickets, broken emplacements. In no way was I going to get two sections through there. I said to my batman/signaller Hitchen "Notify D Company HQ that I'm leaving my two remaining sections behind on standby and that you and I are going forward on our own to recce 10 Platoon position". It must have taken a good hour or two for us to pick our way through the debris at the bottom of the trench, expecting any moment a shower of stick grenades or bursts of 'burp' from the darkened entrance to 10 Platoon. We had gone twenty yards when Mike Campbell-Lamerton signalled us that he was totally bogged down in the entanglements on his side. Now everything depended on Hitchen and myself.

The ground ahead was a bit clearer. "Shit or bust time." I said to Hitchen "Cover me." I leapt up suddenly, ran frantically forward and threw myself into the mouth of the sandbagged entrance. I landed on some dead and dismembered bodies. I held my breath. Nothing moved. I signalled Hitchen to join me. We crept slowly forward hardly daring to breathe, eventually reaching the far end of 10 Platoon. "Signal D Company HQ that we have reached the far end of 10 Platoon position and that the Dukes are now back in control of the Hook."

I leant back against the parapet and let out a huge sigh of relief that I still had a whole skin, but, far, far more importantly, that 6 Platoon B Company had kept the faith with the Dukes.

D. S. Gilbert-Smith MC

BURMA - 1942

I was born in Stannington, 5 miles north-west of Sheffield, in 1921. The only boy, but with three elder sisters, now all deceased, I went to the ordinary village elementary school. I left at 14 to work underground in the fire clay mines in the area, but soon decided that I wanted to see the world.

So, on 18 November 1938, immediately after my 17th birthday, I joined the Dukes and was Halifax bound. There, Sergeant Lobb, Corporal Stone MM (he got his MM in 1935 on the North West Frontier) and Lance Corporal Foster were charged with making Crimea Squad into soldiers. Above them was RSM Horace Coates - and there was a soldier of high calibre. Only being 17, from a country village, I was probably a little naive, but managed okay.

I had of course joined the Supplementary Reserve, which, after three months at Halifax, meant six months with the Regulars (the 1st Battalion at Bordon) and then into the Reserves. I attended a friend's wedding on the last day of August 1939 and on the 9.00pm news it was announced that all reserves should report to their units. On Friday 1 September a tearful mother says cheerio and I'm off to Halifax Depot.

The sight was unbelievable. Imagine, all reserves from the Dukes over many years, as well as the early conscripts, had congregated at the depot. The green in front of the Officers' Mess was chock full of palliases. The weather was fortunately kind and the glass was set fine. Sunday morning, 3 September, and they were all singing all the old songs across the green. I think war was declared around noon on that day.

The next few weeks saw many departing from the depot, some across to France. I was still only 17 and October saw myself and about 80-100 other young soldiers away to the Central Ordnance Depot at Chilwell, to do garrison duties (less than a mile from where I now reside). It was while I was at Chilwell that I met my first wife and married in July 1940. Our eldest son was born in April 1941 and on our first wedding anniversary I set sail from Greenock in Scotland for India on board the pre-war liner the Cameron - sailing round the Cape of course.

In New Delhi we were based in the Red Fort. I don't remember much of that, but we did have Sergeant Bowker as Platoon Sergeant and he will be mentioned again later. We soon left for Peshawar on the North West Frontier and it was there that things began to happen. I remember doing the two days' march out to Shamshatu to do training and then our surprise when vehicles arrived to take us back to camp. All kinds of rumours until, the following morning, all the Battalion assembled in the gym and Lieutenant Colonel Owen told us we had had orders to mobilise. I recollect that nearly a week spent on a train saw us arrive at Madras, and then the boat to Rangoon. I am sure that most of what happened next is well recorded, but my own version is as follows.

I know we had to wait for vehicles etc to arrive from Calcutta and a few hectic days later we were on our way to war. To state that it was a disaster is but a mild understatement; I can only recount what I remember of it.

When we arrived near to where the KOYLIs were already engaged, we were placed as reserve troops to Brigade HQ. Our Company Commander was Captain Simmonds. It was some time in the afternoon when a KOYLI officer approached us in a jeep and informed us: "The Japs are just up the road". We withdrew across a dried-up nullah over a bridge which carried both road and rail and took up positions alongside the nullah. Various troops were crossing the bridge, probably Indian or Burmese regiments, then it was blown. I was bloody frightened at that time, there were lumps of debris falling all over the place.

We were ordered to retire across some open ground, probably over 100m. Whilst we were marching over the ground at a pretty fast pace, the Jap fighter planes were paying us quite a lot of attention. I'm not sure why there were so few casualties. When we reached the rubber plantation at the other side it was probably late afternoon and we were then ordered to take up positions to the rear of where a regiment of Burma Rifles were supposed to be. During the hours of darkness we heard machine guns at some distance and we could also hear the Japs working to repair the bridge that had been blown. When daylight came, we were on our own. All contact with other units had been lost and, although we searched the area, we found no-one.

The Company Commander set a course towards the Sittang River, which at that time must have been a long way off. We were marching parallel to the railway, something like half a mile or so away. We had noticed that other troops were at that time marching along the railway line and some of us thought they were allied forces. It was decided to send a small recon party to take advantage of the vegetation and identify them. Volunteers, Sergeant Booker, myself, Lance Corporal David Hope and one other I cannot remember, went forward with a pair of binoculars to investigate. We went near enough under cover and discovered, to our dismay, that they were Japanese Imperial Forces.

I cannot remember exactly when we heard the explosions of the Sittang Bridge being blown, but I do know that we marched almost non-stop for about 36 hours. A number of men could not keep up and, although they were encouraged, some of them were captured and ended up on the infamous Burma Railway. Corporal Mate and Corporal Booth were two of my colleagues; Corporal Mate came to my belated 21st birthday party in Sheffield after the war; some years later of course.

We did carry on until we could see the broken pieces of the Sittang Bridge in the distance and I believe Captain Simmonds was in a quandary what to do. We did eventually give the bridge a very wide berth and approached the river some miles away. We were very fortunate in being able to get the natives to take us across the river in boats under cover of darkness. We did have a fright when boarding. Dave Hope, as No 1, was carrying the LMG and I, as No 2, was pretty well-laden with magazines for the gun. We both started to sink into the sludge of the river bed and panicked somewhat, as we had no means of pulling ourselves free. But, much to our relief, we did make it onto the boat. The next day

we were able to make contact with our own forces, who were in the area of Pegu, I believe. Our own unit, B Company, was in the main intact, with the exception of the few who had failed to make it through sheer exhaustion. We were the only company to have its arms intact. It was 72 hours of disaster for the Dukes.

I cannot remember much regarding the few days following, but I do remember where we dug in along the river bank, where it was tidal, and one incident left a vivid imprint on my mind. It was decided that a patrol was to be carried out at platoon strength across the river during darkness. We proceeded to the nearest village which had flat-bottomed boats that were used for taking animals across. The boat we used was attached to a rope which was tethered to each bank. We went across and carried out a fairly extensive patrol, before returning and getting on board again. Unfortunately, someone had let one end of the rope loose and the tidal river was moving pretty fast. They were trying with paddles and making no headway against the current. Shirt off, yours truly decided to swim across and fetch the rope. I had no idea what obstacles might have been there, but I was young, fit and pretty strong-willed. Anyway, I was successful and we were soon disembarked on the other side. My shirt, meanwhile, was now full of pig dung from the bottom of the boat!

It was that night, while washing my shirt in the river, that we got orders to move straight away. I cannot recall

too much, but remember the Prome Road Block and various movement northwards. I believe it was about that time that we received news that the Prince of Wales and the Repulse had both been sunk. Very little was going right for us.

I do remember a Jap bomber being brought down by Ack Ack and seeing the scattered wreckage where they had bombed, hitting some of the horses and mules. I also remember seeing some of the men riding on tanks, including Bill Norman with a pretty nasty looking compound fracture of the leg. I am pleased that he made such a good recovery. I did manage to keep pretty fit all through the very arduous campaign. I remember when Corporal Bailey and others managed to get a lot of the animals across the Chindwin. In the area at the time were some unattended stores - hard tack biscuits and corned beef, eight tons of the stuff; and also a huge place full of large jars of Horlicks. The trouble was carrying the items, as we were all pretty worn out at the time. I forget much of it, but remember Kalewa, Tiddim and Tamu.

By the time we marched over into Assam, I was just skin and bone with amoebic dysentery, so ended up in hospital back in India. I do recall a doctor on the train giving us what treatment he could until we got there. It was several months in hospital and convalescent camp before I rejoined the Dukes in Ranchi.

George H. Wragg

ESCAPE

This is an account of one of the most important months in my life: September 1943, when I was a prisoner of war in an Italian prison camp in Italy. I had been captured by the German 15th Panzer Division in June 1942 in the Western Desert, along with the rest of 150 Brigade, 50th Division, and was transported to Italy where I ended up on Campo 41 in a small village in Northern Italy called Mont Albo, where there were about 250 PoWs of all ranks. In April 1943 Campo 41 was closed and we were all transferred to the Campo de Prigionieri No 49 in the province of Emilia. The camp had been built as an orphanage by the Roman Catholic Church, but it had never been occupied by the orphans. It had just been finished when the Italian Army commandeered it in 1943 for 600 British prisoners of war. The camp was situated about 15km south of the River Po, a formidable obstacle, and that is why all Italian officer prisoner of war camps were kept south of the Po. We were about 15km north west of Parma, the principal town of the province.

On the evening of 8 September 1943 I had gone out to join some friends in the compound to have a talk together before we were finally locked up for the night at about 9 o'clock. Of course, being summer, it was broad daylight. We were in the courtyard and at each corner of the courtyard there was a machine gun post with a sentry in it. There was myself, Peter Johnson of the RTR, John Fairbrass of 7th Medium Regiment and Gerald Tute, also RTR, who had served for a number of years with the famous 7th Rhodesian Armoured Car Regiment, which had been a legend in the desert. This

evening we heard the news bulletin being broadcast from the nearby barracks of the Italian garrison. It came out loud and clear and we heard the word "Armistizio" (Armistice). Now we knew from our own sources, the Italian radio, which we listened to very carefully every day, and from the papers that we read from cover to cover, that Italy was on the brink of collapse. So, as soon as we heard "Armistizio" we jumped to our feet and we called out and at the same time the guard became alert and he then said "There's an armistice - they've just said there's an armistice", and we said, "Yes, we heard that", and the guard was as pleased as we were. He didn't like being in the army, he wanted to go home. We wanted to go home too. However, regulations persisted and we were all pushed back into the camp at 9 o'clock, where nobody went to bed and everybody sat around talking at great length. By about 11 o'clock, lights were put out and we were told to be ready to move early the next morning, because, whilst Italy had asked for an armistice, it did not apply to the German armed forces, who were very much in evidence in the area close to the camp.

The night was punctuated periodically by distant artillery fire, which pleased us no end as we thought, mistakenly, that the Italian Army was taking on the local German Army forces. In actual fact it was the reverse, the Germans were clearing up the Italians. Next morning we all got up and we were warned to be ready to move at five minutes' notice; whistles would be blown giving us the alarm and we would have to take with us only what we could carry.

The senior British officer at the camp was a Gunner Lieutenant Colonel, called Graham de Burgh, who was a very formidable man; charming, a great womaniser, a great drinker, but nevertheless a first class soldier. He had remarkably instilled a degree of discipline into a motley collection of 600 prisoners and had tidied them up and brought them into a state of discipline, so that when an emergency arose they would be capable of obeying orders instantly and carrying them out. We were organised into four companies, each commanded by a Lieutenant Colonel, who detailed off various officers to do various tasks, and I was merely a sort of room commander of eighteen officers.

Since the Armistice had been declared the previous night, we had no outside information, except that the Italians had been informed by the Supreme Command Rome that if the Germans came to take British prisoners, they were to be released and every assistance given to them. At about half past ten the alarm went, whistles blew and an enormous exodus took place, like ants pouring out of an ant heap into the recreation ground. Eric Newby (the now famous writer who has written of his wanderings about the world) was mounted on one of the garrison's mules, having broken an ankle. We had a fair-sized exercise compound in the camp, wired in and guarded of course, and during a game of rugby (very scratch indeed!) poor Eric had his ankle fractured!

We formed up very quickly in our companies, each chap carrying whatever he could and proceeded to file out of the camp through large gaps in the barbed wire which had been cut that morning. We streamed out in a long column of khaki marching quite smartly, even for prisoners of war and officers at that. As we were leaving the camp and marching across country, over the top of us flew a Ju 52 which was the German Armed Services' transport plane, a large, very efficient machine made by Junkers and I thought: "Oh my God, now they are going to drop a bomb on the column, or drop

parachutists who will round us all up and put us back inside". However, the Junkers went floating along at about 200 feet and we all waved violently to it, shouting and yelling and from the open door of the side of the machine chaps waved back to us. They must have thought we were part of their own troops.

In the meantime, back at the camp, the Italian garrison had sallied forth to defend it against the advancing Germans. They even had a 47mm anti-tank gun, though God knows what use that would have been against any armour the Germans produced. We heard later that a force of Germans arrived at the camp after we had fled and the garrison, seeing further resistance was futile, opted for capitulation and took our places at being "in the bag" so to speak. However it did help us in that it gave us that much longer start on the Hun!

We trudged on and along the long column of chaps tramping across country came a German Ju 88, a very formidable German aircraft, which flew down the line. We repeated our waving and they were quite happy, and flew away, which was a very great relief. After about an hour's march or so we began to fan out, one company went in one direction and another went in another; one stopped, one went westwards, until we formed more or less a circle of companies all scattered over about five miles, so that even if the Germans did come, some of us would have a chance of getting away. Our leaders had no real plans about what we were going to do next, as this situation had not been foreseen. Many of the officers wanted to break away and make their own way either southwards to where they presumed the Allied lines were, or northwards towards the Swiss border, a neutral country. Our trouble was that we were lacking information. Rumours were rife. We knew that the Allies had landed but where and in what strength we did not know.

(to be continued)

Antony Mitchell

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: The Laurels
Denton
Grantham, Lincs
NG32 1JZ
8 January 2000

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

I was delighted to read Mr Bill Smart's letter in the Winter 1999 issue concerning my review of the "Great War Generals on the Western Front 1914-1918". Delighted because it is the very first time that one of my book reviews (and there have been not a few) has evinced any written response whatsoever!

This said, I was dismayed to learn that Mr Smart had read into my review matters which I neither described nor even implied. Thus, to take but one example, it is totally illogical for Mr Smart "to presuppose that other nations' generals must have performed better than our own". From what I wrote, and what is contained in the

book, there is nothing whatsoever to support this presupposition.

As regards casualties in the Great War and Mr Smart's attempt to compare, or in some way to equate them to certain casualties suffered in the Second World War, I need only to quote the official British Army casualty figures for both world wars:

World War I - Western front only. 677,515 were killed, died of wounds or were missing. 1,837, 613 were wounded.

World War II - All Theatres. 126,734 were killed. 239,575 were wounded. 203,192 were missing and PoW.

These figures speak for themselves and it is therefore somewhat incongruous for Mr Smart to say that it is "foolish to challenge prejudice with facts". These facts are why I described, without prejudice, the World War I casualties as horrific and, as such, why I suggested that

they needed to be taken into account and weighed against the author's conclusions that the "*generals, with one or two exceptions, could not have done better*". I left it to the reader to make up his own mind which, I have to admit, Mr Smart has undoubtedly done - but in my opinion - quite possibly mistakenly. Nevertheless, and importantly, both Mr Smart and I are agreed that the book is an excellent read.

Yours faithfully, D. E. Isles

From: Dunavon, Bridge of Weir
Renfrewshire, PA11 3DG
3 March 2000

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

If you are a Telegraph reader, you will probably have read the recent correspondence about the management of Apsley House, No 1, London, and Stratfield Saye, the Duke's country seat. It is really the latter that I want to mention.

I wonder how many Dukes realise that Stratfield Saye is open to the public from May to September? I went there last autumn and found it most interesting. A retired, and very knowledgeable, officer showed me round and was very ready to answer any questions. Incidentally, he mentioned that I was the first Duke that he had shown round, which made me think that not everybody knew of it.

Stratfield Saye is not far from Basingstoke, from where it is easily found. I can thoroughly recommend a visit. The Great Duke reckoned that it was within easy reach of London and it is said that he used to ride up and back in a day!

Yours sincerely, C. J. Maclaren

From: Maen Hir, Pencarnisiog
Isle of Anglesey
North Wales, LL63 5UG
30 December '99

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

Is this a record?

During my twenty five years with the Regiment, I changed stations with the 1st Battalion six times. Of these changes, five were with the Advance Party. Is this a record?

I've set out below the details of these five moves. And what prompted me to think of such a thing? It was

reading the obituary in a recent Iron Duke of the late Jack Sykes, who for the first four of these Advance Party moves represented the MT.

Yours faithfully, David Miller

P.S. With reference to the photograph on page 140 of Issue No 241, front row, second from right is Roy Mitchell (then Lance Corporal, Signal Platoon). I used to meet him when shopping at Asda!

From: 14 Gateford Avenue
Workshop
Notts S81 7BL
14 January 2000

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

BKVA Project 2000

Some two to two and a half years ago your Regiment very kindly made a contribution to the above named appeal to enable us to fund a dedicated plot within the National Memorial Arboretum in perpetual memory of those British Servicemen who died in the Korean War 1950-1953.

I am pleased to be able to inform you that our specially designed plot will be formally dedicated at a service at the National Arboretum on July 27th this year. This date is the anniversary of the ceasefire negotiated between the opposing sides forty seven years ago.

We are grateful for your contribution, thank you.

Yours sincerely, Alex Walker
Member of the Project 2000 Organising Committee

From Ampleforth Abbey
York YO6 4EN
1 January 2000

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

Those of the Regiment who visit Halifax may know All Souls' Church on Haley Hill. Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, who was architect of the Anglican Cathedral of Liverpool (he a Catholic) and Ampleforth Abbey, regarded his All Souls' as: "on the whole my best church".

The church was saved from demolition by the Chairman of the Friends of All Souls', who was also Chairman of the Advisory Board on Redundant Churches - Michael Gillingham, CBE, who died in early November 1999.

Yours faithfully, John Stacpoole

Date	From	To	OC Advance Party
August 1955	Moorish Castle, Gibraltar	Chisledon Camp, Swindon	Major Jimmy Davidson
September 1959	Palace Barracks, Holywood, NI	Warley Barracks, Brentwood	Major Tony Firth
July 1962	Meanee Barracks, Colchester	Streatlam Camp, Barnard Castle	Major John Milligan
January 1964	Bourlon Lines, Catterick Camp	Quebec Barracks, Osnabrück	Major Graham Tedd
January 1973	Somme Lines, Catterick Camp	Shackleton Barracks, Ballykelly NI	Major Mike Campbell-Lamerton

From: 1 Withey Cottages
Blackmoor
Langford
Bristol
BS40 5HW
January 2000

From: 51A Flemming Avenue
Leigh-on-Sea
Essex
SS9 3AN
December 1999

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

Amongst the effects of my late grandfather, Colonel "Swazi" Waller, was the enclosed group photo (reproduced below). As he seems to have kept few photos of his service life we wonder whether it was of particular importance to him. However we know neither the location not the occasion of the photo and would be very interested to hear from anyone who could shed any light on it. I would also be interested to hear from anyone who served with my grandfather, as I am currently working on an account of his life.

Yours faithfully
Tristan Wilson

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

I had this photograph (reproduced on the page opposite) sent to me by an ex-Sergeant R. Clarke, who, seeing I was in the photo, thought I would like it.

I have the same photo in my collection, but I was more than pleased to have all the names, as, after over fifty years one forgets things. I had the print enlarged as these photos cannot be replaced and mean so much to our Regiment. Having time to study the photo, I wonder where they all are today? After two hard-fought battles the 1st Battalion left Italy to build it up to fighting strength once more.

The two years I was with the 1st DWR I will never forget, as one could not have wished to serve with a better bunch of lads. Comradeship is a must when things are hard and how proud I am to be part of such a fine Regiment, second to none in the British Army.

Looking forward to seeing you in the year 2000.

Yours sincerely
Douglas Emery, DCM, BEM



Colonel "Swazi" Waller is seated at the front on the ground, left hand side.



1st Battalion DWR Sergeants' Mess, Aston Villa Camp, Djebel Mazir, Syria. June 1945.

Left to right, back row: Sergeants Dearden, Charnock, Percival, Hopkins, Davey, Hare, Spode, Dominay, Crawley, Smith, Jones, Dyson.
 Middle row: CQMS Callaby, Sergeants Gilbert, Robbins, Parkin, Snelling, Campbell, Clarke, Modd, Passman, Emery, Hennessy (REME), Baker, Bentley,
 Barrow, CQMS Johnson.

Seated: CSMI Minto, CSM Joyner, CSM Pollard, Captain & Adjutant Froude, Lieutenant Colonel Orr, RSM Annesley, CSM Birch, CSM Green,
 CQMS Greaves.

On ground: two interpreters, Sergeants Oxley, Baines, Cutler, Connell.

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 Union Jack Club on Sundays 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, The Cottage, Main Street, Sutton upon Derwent, East Yorkshire, YO41 4BN.

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, 15A Hatlex Hill, Hest Bank, Lancaster, LA2 6ET.

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

* * * * *

ANNUAL REGIMENTAL SERVICE

The annual Regimental service was held in York Minster on Saturday 1 April 2000. About 250 members of the Regiment including families attended. The service was taken by the Reverend Cannon Roy Matthews and the address was given by the Reverend Bill Butt, padre of the East and West Riding Regiment. Music was played throughout the service by the King's Division 'Normandy' Band.

REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION AGM AND REUNION DINNER

The AGM, followed by the reunion dinner and dance, will again be held in the Stakis Hotel, Bradford. The date of this year's dinner is Saturday 21 October. The AGM will start at 6.00pm, followed by dinner at 8.00pm. The cost of the dinner is £13.50 per ticket.

The annual raffle, which helps to subsidise the cost of the dinner, will be held at RHQ on Friday 20 October. Winning tickets and prize details will be displayed in the foyer of the hotel throughout the dinner. Tickets are on sale at £1.00 each.

KEIGHLEY BRANCH

Tommy Gibson reports that, in addition to being well represented at the funeral of Ray Batty in Giggleswick on 3 June 1999, the branch also held its own small memorial service for Ray in Giggleswick cemetery on 10 November 1999. Lieutenant Colonel N. Mussett, OC Giggleswick School CCF, read the lesson and Messrs Bush, Gibson, Kendall and Woodhouse attended with some of Ray's friends.

Having decided to mark the Millennium with a memorial plaque, the branch members got together with the Royal British Legion to set about raising funds. Tommy wishes to thank the many businesses and individuals from all over Keighley who contributed to the appeal, as well as Regimental Headquarters and the East and West Riding Regiment, including both Officers' and Sergeants' Messes.

On 23 January 2000, after a service at Keighley Parish Church, a commemorative plaque made of stone was unveiled at Keighley's War Memorial. The Regiment was well represented at the ceremony. Lieutenant Colonel G. A. Kilburn MBE, Commanding

Officer of the East and West Riding Regiment, attended, accompanied by his wife and fellow officers and staff. Major D. L. J. Harrap attended from RHQ, as did Mr and Mrs Bell from Skipton Branch. The parade was led by Lieutenant Jason Hunt, Commander of the Keighley Platoon of Ypres Company (DWR) of the East and West Riding Regiment.



Unveiling of the Millennium Plaque at the Keighley War Memorial.

Kevin Leach, standard bearer of the Keighley Branch of the Regimental Association (centre)

Photograph courtesy of the Yorkshire Post

LONDON BRANCH

We are grateful to Jim Paine, who is a member of the London Branch, for contributing the piece of verse which follows. It was printed in the programme of the 1998 National Convention of the Korea Veterans' Association of Canada, but is otherwise unattributed.

Just a Common Soldier

He was getting old and paunchy
And his hair was falling fast,
And he sat around the Legion
Telling stories of the past,
Of a war that he had fought in
And the deeds that he had done,
In his exploits with his buddies
They were heroes, every one.

Tho' sometimes to his neighbours,
His tales became a joke,
All his Legion buddies listened,
For they knew whereof he spoke,
But we'll hear his tales no longer,
For old Bill has passed away,
And the world's a little poorer -
For a soldier died today.

He'll not be mourned by many,
Just his children and his wife,
For he lived an ordinary,
Quiet and uneventful life,
Held a job and raised a family,
Quietly going his own way;
And the world won't note his passing -
Though a soldier died today.

When politicians leave this earth,
Their bodies lie in state,
While thousands note their passing
And proclaim that they were great,
Papers tell their life stories from
The time that they were young,
But the passing of a soldier
Goes unnoticed and unsung.

Is the greatest contribution
To the welfare of our land
A guy who breaks his promises
And cons his fellow man?
Or the ordinary fellow who,
In times of war and strife
Goes off to serve his country
And offers up his life?

A politician's stipend and the
Style in which he lives
Are sometimes disproportionate
To the service that he gives,
While the ordinary soldier
Who offers up his all
Is paid off with a medal,
And perhaps a pension, small.

It's so easy to forget them,
For it was so long ago
That the "Old Bills" of our country
Went to battle, but we know
It was not the politicians,
With their compromise and ploys,
Who won for us the freedom
That our country now enjoys.

Should you find yourself in danger
With your enemies at hand,
Would you want a politician
With his ever-shifting stand?
Or would you prefer a soldier
Who has sworn to defend
His home, his kin and country,
And would fight until the end?

He was just a common soldier
And his ranks are growing thin,
But his presence should remind us
We may need his like again,

For when countries are in conflict
Then we find the soldiers' part
Is to clean up all the troubles
That the politicians start.

If we cannot do him honour
While he's here to hear the praise,
Then at least let's give him homage
At the ending of his days,
Perhaps just a simple headline
In a paper that would say:
"Our Country is in Mourning -
for a Soldier Died Today."

ANON

KEEPING IN TOUCH...

Local News

We are grateful to The Times for permission to reproduce this snippet from The Times Diary of 19 November 1999: The Duke of Wellington rang his son, John Wellesley - a Lloyds' broker - at work. Announcing himself as the Duke of Wellington, he asked to be put through to his offspring. "Oi, John", bellowed the brute at the other end. "It's your local pub on the phone".

© *The Times*, 19 November 1999

Overseas

Barry and Kath Haigh of Mossley Branch report: Whilst on holiday in Portugal (between Lisbon and Porto), we came across a small restaurant named Sopa do Duque, situated in the village of Lavos which is located about 12km south of the town Figueira da Foz. The restaurateur, Maria Luisa da Silva Jordao had dedicated the restaurant to the first Duke of Wellington who allegedly dined in the town with his troops after landing at Figueira da Foz in August 1808.

Maria Luisa was adopted by the local doctor and his school teacher wife when she was seven years old. She left home and worked as a receptionist for twenty four years, before returning to the family home and turning part of it into a restaurant, where she now serves fine food.

The walls of the restaurant are adorned with pictures and artefacts referring to the Great Duke, and she has also made up a very informative scrap book. If you are ever in that area of Portugal, Maria Luisa would be very pleased to see you.

Further Overseas

"Freely as the claret was pushed about at Chinsurah, however, the drinking there was moderate when compared with that in the officers' mess of the 33rd Foot, over which Colonel Wesley presided, and in the house of Wesley's second-in-command, Lieutenant Colonel John Sherbrook, at Alypore, three miles from Calcutta. Here the drinking of the 33rd's officers was astonishing. One of the 33rd's parties, so Hickey wrote, consisted of eight as strong-headed fellows as could be found in Hindustan, including Colonel Wesley:

"During dinner we drank as usual, that is, the whole company each with the other at least twice over. the cloth being removed, the first half-dozen toasts proved irresistible, and I gulped them down without hesitation.

At the seventh ... I only half-filled my glass, whereupon our host said, "I should not have suspected you, Hickey, of shirking such a toast as the Navy", and my next neighbour immediately observing: "it must have been a mistake". Having the bottle in his hand at the time, he filled up my glass to the brim. The next round I made a similar attempt, with no better success, and then gave up the thoughts of saving myself. After drinking two-and-twenty bumpers in glasses of considerable magnitude, the Colonel said everyone might then fill according to his own discretion, and so discreet were all of the company that we continued to follow the Colonel's example of drinking nothing short of bumpers until two o'clock in the morning, at which hour each person staggered to his carriage or palanquin, and was conveyed to town. The next day I was incapable of leaving my bed, from an excruciating headache, which I did not get rid of for eight-and-forty hours; indeed a more severe debauch I never was engaged in in any part of the world".

Unattributed, but submitted by H. S. le M.

Coincidence...? Fate...? Fortune...?

We note that our Allied Regiment of the Pakistan Army, 10th Battalion The Baloch Regiment, is now based in Peshawar. Old 2nd Battalion hands will remember Peshawar and George Wragg mentions it in his article on page 28, as does 2nd Lieutenant Peters in his on page 15.

'Tis all a chequer-board of nights and days
Where destiny with men for pieces plays:
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the closet lays."

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

Rugby Cup Medals

The Regimental History 1702-1992 states that following the 1972 Army Cup win Sergeant David Dickens achieved a regimental record by winning his fifth Army Cup winner's medal. I believe he went on to win one more in 1975, making his total six - Dave you might like to confirm this?

I recently met Major Peter Robinson, who now works for the Army Welfare Service in York, and during this meeting he mentioned that he holds seven Army Cup winners (1966-67-68-72-75-78-81) and two runners-up (1976-83) medals. If the Regimental History is accurate, I believe Peter now holds the record? In his last final (1981) he was the Regimental Sergeant Major of the 1st Battalion. Is he the only Dukes' RSM to play in an army final?

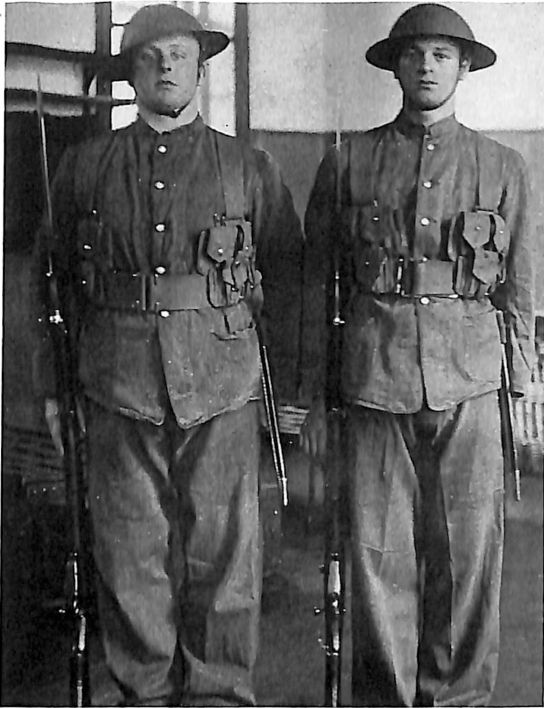
Afterthought ... It hasn't helped his golf!!! (wooden spoon winner in 1999 'Molar' Golf Match - see edition 241)

Bob Heron

Echoes from the Past

Two recruits at Halifax in 1934. Denis Mitchell and Bill Townend (*see photograph top of opposite page*).

The fatigue dress they are wearing was known as "canvas" and was that material. They are armed with the Short Lee Enfield rifle, which had an 18" bayonet. The latter had to be burnished and the scabbard highly polished. The ammunition pouches are of World War One vintage and held 150 rounds of .303 ammunition.



On the left is Denis Mitchell (Busty) who was a great rugby player and became the 2nd Battalion heavy-weight boxing champion - quite a distinction in pre-war days. He was very severely wounded in Burma at Paunde in 1942. His grandson, Sergeant D. Cox is presently serving with the 1st Battalion.

Our recruit on the right is Bill Townend, who was also a very fine boxer and athlete and was solo clarinet in the Band. At the Shwedaung battle in Burma he shot down a Japanese bomber and damaged another (confirmed as lost by the enemy). He got himself a court martial later, instead of a medal, for trying it again.

Both had great fighting spirit. They are still great pals, with Denis living at Howarth and Bill at Keighley.

Bill Norman

Horsework

Readers who are not subscribers to *Country Life* will have missed an article on the Quorn foxhounds in the March edition. The text included the following: "The sight of a serving private soldier from the Duke of Wellington's Regiment and a trooper from the Household Cavalry, riding to hounds, would have delighted the Iron Duke himself".

The private soldier was Private Matthews who was on attachment to the Household Division Stables in Melton Mowbray and much enjoyed his four months' attachment there. He had several days' hunting on army horses as did the next Adjutant, Captain James Bryden. Private Spence (now local LCpl), another Duke, is attached to the stables at RMA Sandhurst. Readers may wonder whether we are seeing the influence of the Colonel of the Regiment who is a keen horseman. He tells us that these activities are nothing whatsoever to do with him!

Royal British Legion Pilgrimages

Some thirty pilgrimages are being planned to take place between March and November 2000 in areas ranging from Taiwan/Hong Kong, Burma and North Africa to Europe, including the 60th anniversary of Dunkirk on 3-5 June. Details of all the planned pilgrimages can be obtained from: Remembrance Travel, The Pilgrimage Department, The Royal British Legion, Aylesford, Kent, ME20 7NX. Telephone: 01622 716729/716182; Fax: 01622 715768.

Commemoration of the First Battle of the Marne

Over the weekend 2/3 September this year, the French organisers of the annual ceremony of commemoration of the first battle of the Marne (September 1914) wish to highlight the role played by the British Expeditionary Force in "The Miracle of the Marne". The ceremonies will take place at Sézanne (about 40km south-west of Epernay), including on Saturday a wreath-laying ceremony to commemorate the 127 British and New Zealander soldiers who are buried there and, on the Sunday, a large service of remembrance at the foot of the Mondeumont monument. Anyone interested in finding out more about the commemoration can do so by contacting: Office of the Military Attaché, British Embassy, 35 rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré, 75383 Paris Cedex 08. Telephone: 01 44 51 3252 Fax: 01 44 51 3440.

Son et Lumiere

The Royal Hospital, Chelsea, will be holding a spectacular event of sight and sound, telling the story of the Chelsea Pensioners, between 12 and 16 September 2000, with performances at 8.15pm daily. Picnics may be taken onto the South Terrace from 6.00pm, where marquees and bars will be available. Prices range from £17.50 in open stands, to £22.50 in covered stands. Telephone bookings may be made from 6 March on 020-7881-5308.

Officers' Dinner Club Photograph

Copies of the large group photograph taken outside the Officers' Mess, Cavalry Barracks, Hounslow, on 4 June 1999 can be obtained from the photographer at: Capture It, 12 St Paul's Court, Standard Road, Hounslow, Middlesex, TW4 7AP. Telephone: 020-8577-7109; Fax: 020-8572-3943. Details are:

Photograph size	-	14" x 11"
Print only	-	£23.00
		(all prices include p&p)
Framed	-	£37.00
Mounted and framed	-	£54.00
		(external size 20" x 16")

Cheques should be made payable to "Capture It".

Model Soldier

An Italian company, Aitna Models, has just added a Crimea figure to its range. 54023 Serg. 33th (sic) Grenadier, British Army 1854-1856. This seems to be a Sergeant, Grenadier Company, 33rd Foot (Duke of Wellingtons), and is modelled in pork pie hat, greatcoat and rolled-up trousers. It is reported to look accurate and is available from Historex Agents, Wellington House, 157 Snargate Street, Dover, Kent. CT17 9BZ. Telephone: 01304-206720.

Regular Officers' Location List

as at April 2000

Colonels

A. D. Meek, Infantry Division, MCM, Div APC
D. M. Santa-Olalla, DSO, MC
N. St J. Hall, BA, UKMILREP HQ NATO
M. J. Stone, DACOS G6 HQ Land

Lieutenant Colonels

D. S. Bruce, MBE, SO1 DS JSCSC
S. C. Newton, MBE, RMAS
A. H. S. Drake, MBE, SO1 G4 Estates HQ 2 Div
D. I. Richardson, MBE, SO1 Ind Trg Pol (A) Upavon
G. A. Kilburn, MBE, CO E & W RR
N. G. Borwell, CO 1 DWR

Majors

A. J. Adams, 1 DWR
P. R. S. Bailey, SO2 APM Worthy Down
J. C. Bailey, SO2 Man Plans
R. N. Chadwick, 1 DWR
B. J. T. Faithfull, 1 DWR
P. R. Fox, SO3 G3 HQ Land
R. N. Goodwin, SO2 G3 HQNI
C. F. Grieve, MBE, SO2 G3 Trg HQ Land
R. C. Holroyd, SO2 JSCSC
C. S. T. Lehmann, SO2 (W) ITDU
P. M. Lewis, 2i/c 1 DWR
D. P. Monteith, SC PSC Australia
P. J. Morgan, SO2 OPS Controller JHQ
M. D. Norman, RMCS
S. C. Pinder, SO2 Joint Defence Centre
M. S. Sherlock, SO2 R & LS
G. D. Shuttleworth, HQ BF Cyprus
T. G. Vallings, SO3 HQ Infantry
A. J. I. Wilson, QRH, 1 DWR

Captains

R. M. Abernethy, RGR, Training Officer
J. W. Charlesworth, 1 DWR
P. M. J. Cowell, 1 DWR
A. S. Garner, RMCS
R. A. Harford, 1 DWR
D. J. J. Kirk, 1 DWR
A. J. M. Liddle, Tactical Wing ITC Wales
J. Maude, 1 DWR
J. C. Mayo, SO3 G3 Trg HQ 42 Brigade
L. R. McCormick, 1 DWR
R. C. O'Connor, JCU (NI)
J. H. Purcell, JACIG
N. P. Rhodes, 1 DWR
S. Richardson, RMCS
M. Robinson, 3 Infantry Brigade
M. C. Tetley, 1 DWR
J. E. Townhill, SO2 G2 Loan Service, Australia
G. R. Triplow, 124 AYT
P. J. Wilson, JCSC
N. M. B. Wood, SO Ops/Plans HQ MND(C)

Lieutenants

F. Bibby, 1 DWR
J. A. Glossop, ITC
R. J. Hall, ATR Glencorse
J. P. Hinchliffe, 1 DWR
S. L. Humphris, ATR
A. J. Johnston, AFC Harrogate
J. A. Kennedy, 1 DWR
R. J. Palfrey, 1 DWR
M. C. A. Palmer, 1 DWR
R. B. Payne, 1 DWR
K. D. Smith, 1 DWR
M. M. D. Stear, ITC Catterick
R. M. Sutcliffe, 1 DWR

2nd Lieutenants

P. Lee, 1 DWR
D. J. Pawson, 1 DWR
W. J. W. Peters, 1 DWR
K. M. Price, 1 DWR
R. R. G. Scothern, 1 DWR
G. P. Williams, 1 DWR

Late Entry Officers

Major B. W. Sykes, MBE, TQM 3 Bn ITC
Captain P. M. Ennis, SO3 G4 HQ 3 Infantry Brigade
Captain R. M. Pierce, 1 DWR
Captain M. Smith, QM 1 DWR
Captain B. J. Thomas, BEM, 1 DWR
Captain A. L. Jackson, Families Officer 1 GH
Captain A. J. Sutcliffe, Families Officer 1 DWR

CHANGE OF ADDRESS/*NEW SUBSCRIBERS

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

Mr J. P. Cockshott, Atlantic Aqua-Sports Intl, PO Box 19, Agua de Pau, 9560 Lagoa, Sao Miguel, Azores / Portugal.

Mr I. G. Kelly TD, Wesley Manse, 179 King Street, Hoyland Nether, Barnsley, S74 9LL.

Mr F. R. Parkinson, The Cottage, Main Street, Sutton upon Derwent, East Yorkshire, YO41 4BN.

Mr J. C. Preston, Homewood, Newstead, Southam, Warwickshire, CV47 0LT.

Mr L. J. Shaw, Linden Lea, 23 Newtown Wood Road, Ashted, Surrey, KT21 1NN.

Ms M. Sumner, 22 Mockley Wood Road, Knowle, Solihull, B92 9NG.

Mr D. Woolley, 6 Bramston Gardens, Rastrick, Brighouse, West Yorkshire, HD6 3AG.

Mr B. J. Cobbold, La Maison du Verger, La Rue du Mont Pellier, Trinity, Jersey, JE3 5JL.

Mr S. R. Howorth, 48 Foldings Grove, Scholes, Cleckheaton, West Yorkshire, BD19 6DQ.

Mr K. Leachman, 30 Scriven Road, Knaresborough, North Yorkshire, HG5 9EQ.

Lieutenant Colonel J. E. Pell OBE, The Gardens House, Castle Howard, York, YO60 7DA.

Lieutenant Colonel W. Robins OBE, Sycamore House, 2 Kelvin Crescent, Trimmingham, Halifax, West Yorkshire, HX2 7LT.

Mr S. J. Stewart, Kenn View, Kennford, Exeter, Devon, EX6 7TZ.

Mr P. R. Taylor, 7 Amy Street, Ovenden, Halifax, West Yorkshire, HX3 5QB.

* Mr B. Barrett, 364 Manchester Road, Wood Willows, Deepcar, Sheffield, South Yorkshire, S36 2RIL.

* Mr D. Burnett, 44 North Street, Darfield, Barnsley, South Yorkshire, S73 9AH.

Sir Gordon Macwhinnie CBE, FCA, FHKSA, JP, Apartment 703, De Ricou, 109 Repulse Bay Road, Hong Kong.

* Mr P. Murray, 11 Woodside Avenue, Kinmel bay, Nr Rhyl, Clwyd, LL18 5ND.

* Mr P. J. Chester, 38 Erica Way, Copthorne, Crawley, West Sussex, RH10 3XQ.

* Mr M. J. Morrice, 24 Central Drive, Bishops Itchington, Warwickshire, CV33 0RJ.

* Mr A. B. Thomlinson, Ridgeway House, Ticehurst, East Sussex, TN5 7HX.

Obituaries

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

Captain Tom Briggs, MC, DL, LLB

Tom Briggs who died in January this year, at the age of 91, was a pre-war Territorial in the 2/7th Battalion of the Regiment. He was commissioned in the Field from Sergeant in 1940 (necessitating a judicious exchange of badges of rank behind a haystack as the Germans closed in!) before he was captured at St Valery when the 51st Highland Division under General Victor Fortune was forced to surrender. Tom was one of the 97 PoW from the 2/7th, along with Colonel George Taylor, the CO, later to be his brother-in-law, who were marched away to spend five years in captivity. Much later, in 1943, Tom was awarded the MC in recognition of his bravery during the severe and desperate fighting which preceded the surrender at St Valery.

Tom never spoke much about his time as a PoW but in 1950 he did give an illuminating talk to the Huddersfield Rotary Club in which he revealed, for the first time, the dramatic story of how, while a PoW, he was involved in a plot to negotiate a peace treaty between Germany and Britain, which was coupled with an attempt on Hitler's life. At the instigation of a high-ranking German officer Tom was taken on secret trips (once to Berlin) when plans were discussed to transport Tom, either by parachute drop or through Switzerland, to Britain to engage in talks, so the Germans hoped, with Winston Churchill. In the event, the failed attempt on Hitler's life and the end of the war put paid to these

plans. Tom wrote an outline, albeit incomplete, draft of a book about these and other experiences of his five years in captivity and a copy is now held in the Regimental Archives.

After the war Tom gave great service to the Regiment as Honorary Solicitor to both the Regiment and the 2/7th Battalion and he was also a Regimental Trustee, where his wise advice on the Stock Market and his subsequent guidance ensured that the regimental funds were re-invested most successfully to produce both the necessary income and growth. In fact, the Trustees of the fifties, through to the eighties, were reinforced by Colonels George Taylor and Gilbert Howcroft who, along with Tom, were influential West Riding businessmen. For sure, the Regiment's Colonels and its Trustees were well served by these three Territorial officers during some financially critical years.

Born in Bolton in 1908, Tom became the youngest member of the Manchester Cotton Exchange at the age of 16 and at 20 he was made a director of the family textile business. But, at 25, the Depression brought the family business to its end leaving the family with virtually nothing. Tom had to start again - this time as an office junior - working as an articled clerk in a solicitor's office in Huddersfield and also working at night school to obtain an Honours Degree in Law from Leeds University. On his return in 1945 he took up his practice as a solicitor but also, again with George

Taylor, a derelict mill was bought which is now Whitley Willows. From here a thriving business in textiles and, later, carpets was built up, while at the same time Tom's solicitor's practice grew, as he clearly had a most comprehensive grasp of the business of manufacturing and the appropriate company law.

Before the war he had become engaged to Winnifred Taylor and on his return after the war they were married. For two years during the war Winnifred was not to know whether Tom was alive or dead. She pre-deceased him and they leave two sons, David and Richard.

Tom was a great believer in the importance of youth and he devoted much time to the Central Lads' Brunswick Club in Huddersfield while also being a committee member of both the National and Yorkshire Associations of Boys' Clubs. He was very proud to be appointed a Deputy Lieutenant of the West Riding.

This then, all too briefly, was Tom Briggs, a man of great faith and one of the most distinguished and bravest servants of the Regiment. Above all, we remember a sincere man of immense courtesy, dedication and friendliness; a man who always gave generously of his time for everyone.

His funeral took place at Kirkheaton Parish Church on 14 January, 2000 and was attended by General Sir Charles Huxtable, representing the Colonel, and by many other members of the Regiment.

D.E.I.

Captain E. W. Mattock

Eric Mattock died on 5 December 1999, a week before his 83rd birthday. Eric was called up for military service in January 1940 at Crownhill Barracks in Plymouth and, with many others, was enlisted into the Dukes.

He was posted to the 2/7th Battalion, was promoted in the rank of Sergeant and later commissioned into the Regiment. He joined the 10th Battalion then on coastal defence near Hull. He attended a number of courses in anti tank warfare, which later was to come in useful.

Eric was one of a draft posted into the 1/7th Battalion in Great Yarmouth just before D-Day. He served throughout the campaign from Normandy to Germany in C Company. After heavy fighting in the Fontenay area the battalion moved to Cagny, near Caen. There the area was infested with 'S' mines causing the loss of the company headquarters. Here Eric took over the company, no easy task. He was subsequently relieved by Major Fancourt and was his second-in-command until the end of hostilities. In Germany he became Adjutant until demobilisation.

He was a most delightful character and a robust soldier and his presence did a lot to keep up the morale of the company after the losses at Cagny.

Major Fancourt writes:

When I assumed command of C Company in the 1/7th Battalion early in August 1944, I had no front-line experience and I had to rely a lot on Eric. As a trained accountant he made an excellent second-in-command, relieving me of much of the administrative work; as we once jokingly remarked: "I would fight the Company,

he would feed 'em". Throughout the long winter of 1944-45 he was a loyal and very supportive friend, whose strong sense of humour did much to enliven the dark evenings spent in the cellars on the "Island".

(Note: See Barclay History p239. Ed.)

Mr R. Barron

Reg Barron died on 21 December 1999. He was 73 years old.

Reg joined the army in late 1944 at Brancepeth Camp, County Durham, before being posted to the 1st Battalion in the Middle East, in Palestine and Sudan. On return to the UK he was discharged from Strensall in 1948.

He was a regular and popular member of the Huddersfield Branch of the Regimental Association until shortly before he died. Many of his Branch colleagues attended his funeral in Dewsbury.

Mr R. Johnson

Mr Raymond Johnson died in August 1999. Based solely on his age (61) Raymond would have completed his National Service sometime between 1956-60. He lived in Stoke-on-Trent.

The following have also died during recent months:

Mrs C. Pell

Carmen Pell, wife of Lieutenant Colonel Jim Pell, died in St Leonard's Hospice, York, on 15 January 2000.

Mrs J. Faithfull

Jane Faithfull, grandmother of Major Bruce Faithfull, died in February. She was the widow of Lieutenant Colonel C. K. T. 'Bull' Faithfull, whose obituary was published in the Iron Duke in December 1979. She was also mother to James and Brian Faithfull, who were both commissioned into the Regiment in the 1950s.

Mrs A. M. W. Sayers

Audrey Minna Wilmot Sayers died in February, aged 97. She was the widow of Lieutenant Colonel A. E. H. 'Ben' Sayers, whose obituary was published in the Iron Duke in August 1978.

