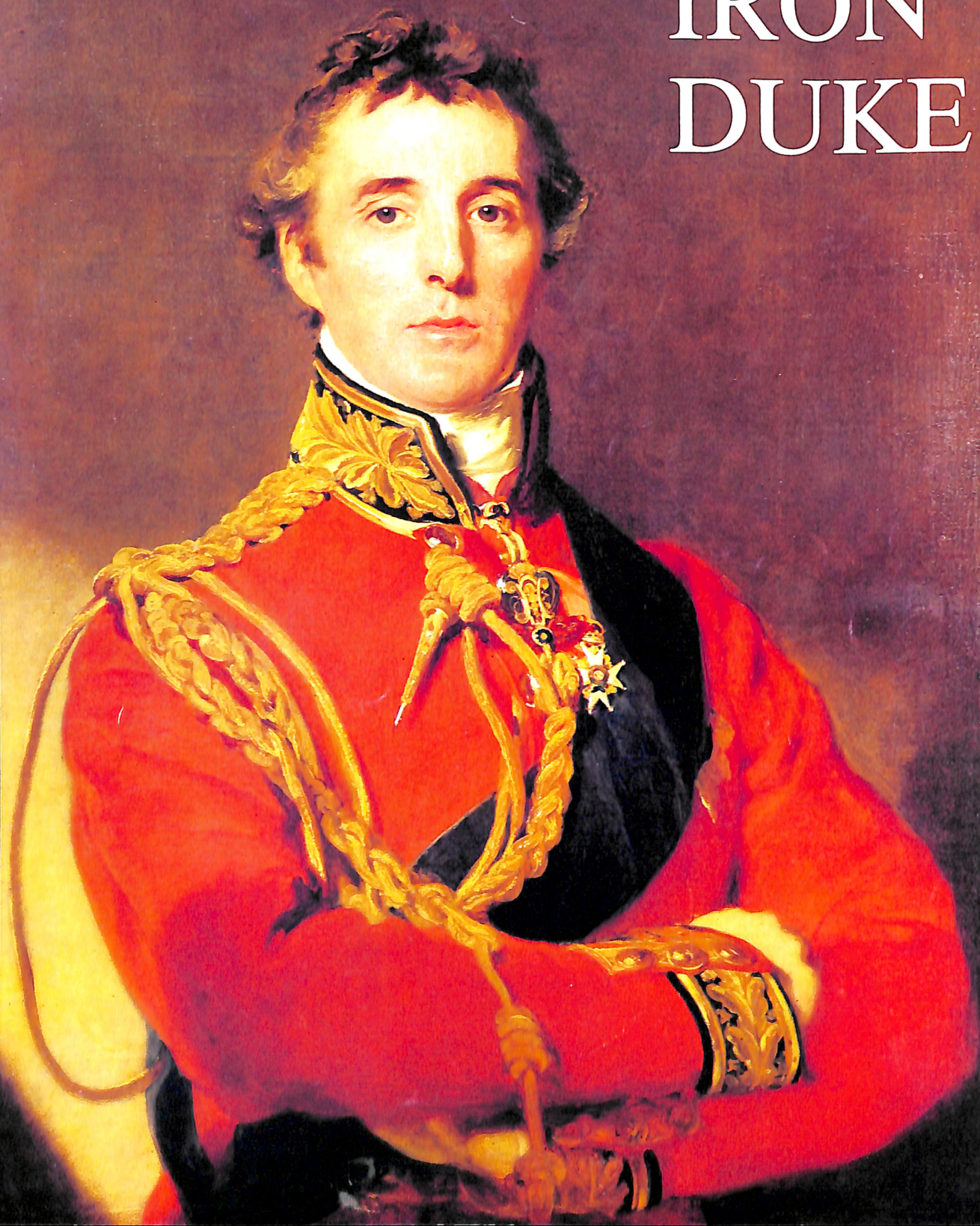


WINTER 2000  
No. 244

# THE IRON DUKE



# THE IRON DUKE

*The Regimental Journal of*

## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT

(WEST RIDING)

*Dettingen  
Mysore  
Serlingapatam  
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

Winter 2000

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### BUSINESS NOTES

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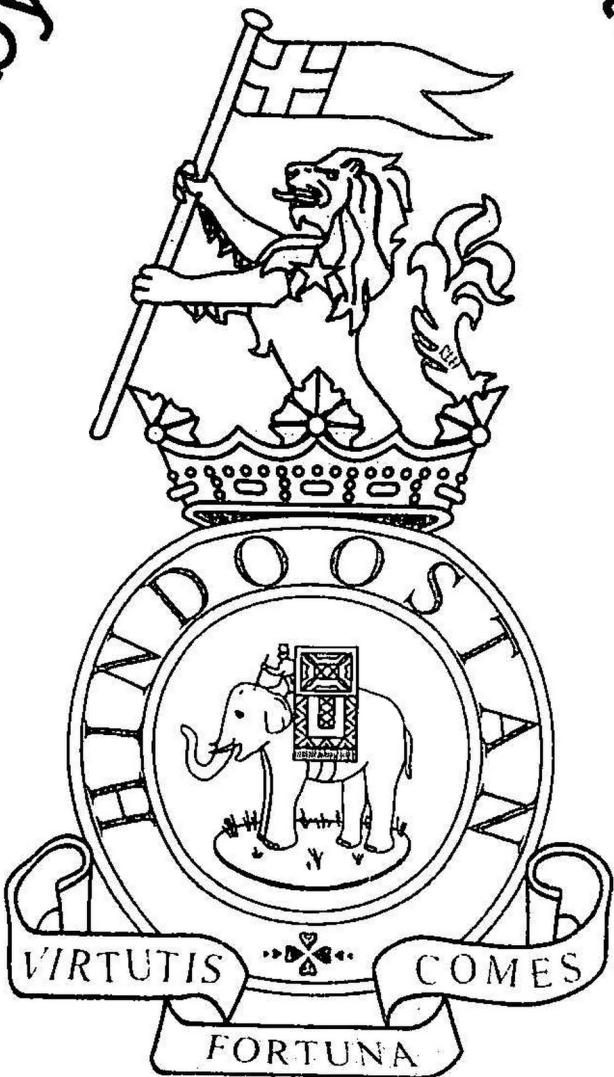
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# THE REGIMENT

## *The Colonel-in-Chief*

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

### *Colonel of the Regiment*

Major General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter, KCVO, OBE

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

#### **Regimental Headquarters**

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

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

Assistant Regimental Secretary: Major R. Heron

#### **1st Battalion**

*Belfast Barracks,  
BFPO 36.*

Commanding Officer: Lieutenant Colonel N. G. Borwell

Adjutant: Captain J. R. Bryden

Regimental Sergeant Major: WO1 F. J. Devaney

#### **East and West Riding Regiment**

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

#### **Ypres Company (West Yorkshire)**

Deputy Honorary Colonel: Charles Dent Esq

Officer Commanding: Major J. G. Hughes

#### **Fontenay Company (South Yorkshire)**

Deputy Honorary Colonel: Colonel J. Fox, TD, DL

Officer Commanding: Major D. Baird

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

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

D Company Detachments  
OC: Major P. Cole

Halifax	Spen Valley	Mirfield	Thongsbridge
Huddersfield	Keighley	Skipton	

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

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

Barnsley	Thurcroft	Wombwell
Darfield	Wath on Dearne	
Birdwell	Endcliffe	

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

#### **Giggleswick School CCF**

CO: Lieut. Col. N. J. Mussett

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

CO: Squadron Leader R. Hill

#### **Wellington College CCF**

CO: Major E. J. Heddon

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

#### **Les Voltigeurs de Québec**

*Manège Militaire,  
805 Avenue Wilfrid-Laurier,  
Québec, Canada. G1R 2L3*

Honorary Colonels: Colonel Marcel Jobin, CM, CQ

Lieutenant Colonel André Desmarais

Commanding Officer: Lieutenant Colonel Simon Hébert, CD

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

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

*Peshawar Cantonment,  
Pakistan.*

Colonel: Major General Kaizad Maneck Sopariwala

Commanding Officer: Lieutenant Colonel Kamran Jalil

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

#### **H.M.S. Iron Duke**

*BFPO 309*

Commander T. F. McBarnett, RN

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

*BFPO 383*

Commander T. Lowe, RN



*Manège Militaire - Québec City*  
The home of Les Voltigeurs de Québec with, in the foreground, the Regiment's War Memorial

# Regimental Headquarters

## Regimental Notes

### IMPERIAL SERVICE MEDAL

We noted, with pleasure, in our last edition, the award of the Imperial Service Medal to Mr Edgar Gaukroger and it gives us equal pleasure to be able to send our warm congratulations to Mrs Joan Fish on receiving the same award. Joan's valuable service to Regimental Headquarters was outlined in our last edition. Edgar joined the Regiment in 1952 and served 17 years in all, in Korea, Malta, Cyprus, Germany, Kenya, Hong Kong, Great Britain and Northern Ireland. He then became Caretaker of the Prescott Street Drill Hall in Halifax for 30 years, retiring in July 1999.

The Citation, which is sent by the Registrar of the Order, from the Central Chancery of the Orders of Knighthood, in St James's Palace in London, reads:

"I am commanded to forward the Imperial Service Medal which Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to award you in recognition of the meritorious services which you have rendered."



**Mr Edgar Gaukroger**

*photograph courtesy of Reuben Holroyd*

### LES VOLTIGEURS DE QUÉBEC

Motto: "Force a Superbe, Mercy a Foible".\*

The Regiment's first link with Canada was in 1783 when, after the American War of Independence, the 33rd was sent to Halifax, Nova Scotia, where it remained until 1786. In 1812 the second war against America broke out and the 76th were amongst the reinforcements which arrived in 1814, just as the war was ending, but they remained in Canada for the next 14 years, being stationed in Québec twice in that time. In later years both the 33rd and the 76th were stationed in Canada; the 76th from 1841-42; the 33rd from

1844-48 and the 76th, again, from 1853-57. The Second Battalion was stationed in Nova Scotia from 1889-91.

Lieutenant General Sir George Prevost, Bart (Colonel of the 76th, 1813-1814) was Governor of Lower Canada from 1811-1815. General Sir John Sherbrooke (Colonel of the 33rd, 1813-1830), having served as Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia since 1811, was appointed Captain General and Governor of Canada in 1816. There was an affiliation between the North Saskatchewan Regiment and DWR following the Great War and 2 DWR was commanded by a Canadian, Lieutenant Colonel F. Paulette, DSO, from April 1918 until the end of the War.

Les Voltigeurs were formed in 1862 as part of the Canadian Militia and were later involved in a number of actions in Canada. During the Great War they provided individual reinforcements, but did not leave Canada as a unit. In the Second World War the Regiment left for Europe and retrained in the armoured recce role in Bordon Camp. Although they never saw action as a unit, they provided reinforcements for other French Canadian units, principally the Royal 22e Regiment, "the Vandoos". Fifty eight members of the Regiment were killed in action and 168 wounded.

In 1952 the Colonel of the Regiment, General Sir Philip Christison, instructed Brigadier K. G. Exham, who was on an Imperial Defence College tour of Canada, to investigate a possible affiliation. The Canadian Adjutant General was particularly keen to strengthen links with French Canadian Regiments and subsequent discussions led to the affiliation between the Dukes and Les Voltigeurs de Québec, which received the approval of HM the Queen on 5 May 1953.

Earlier this year your Editor enjoyed a holiday in Canada and was able to make an informal visit to Les Voltigeurs de Québec in their magnificent Drill Hall in Québec City, which forms the frontispiece to this edition.

As luck would have it, the electricity had been turned off in order to allow some vital maintenance to take place, so the permanent staff had all been sent home. However, the gallant Adjutant, Captain Bruno Turmel, was holding the fort and he kindly made me welcome and showed me round the magnificent Drill Hall and impressive Museum. It was good to see several reminders of the Regiment's affiliation with the Dukes.

Lieutenant Colonel Simon Hébert CD, a partner in a busy solicitor's practice, has a background as a Sapper, but he is clearly enjoying his time as Commanding Officer of an infantry unit, albeit one that is currently established at company strength. The training commitment is similar to our own Volunteers', although annual camp takes place over four weeks, rather than two.

The Colonel generously took me to lunch in a beautifully appointed club in the city, which started life as the military Garrison Club, but, which is now a club for a cross-section of distinguished Québécois.



**Inside Manège Militaire**



**Lieutenant Colonel Simon Hébert CD**

It was a great pleasure to be able to reinforce the cordial relationship between our two Regiments and to convey to the Commanding Officer the good wishes of the Colonel and all ranks of the Dukes.

\* This may be translated: "Force Against the Arrogant, Mercy to the Weak".

JBKG

**THE IRON DUKE - a personal note from the Editor**

I have from time to time received kind compliments from readers, who either enjoy the contents of our journal in general, or have been stirred by a particular article or letter. I have pleasure in passing on these compliments to all of you, the readers, because it is you who have contributed virtually all the contents of every edition.

You may like to note that contributions have been made by private soldiers, right through to generals and up to a Duke! All are welcome, in any format (tho' not yet disk or e-mail). At least one piece (a hilarious story) was passed to me over the telephone. Photographs always enhance an article, especially if they are accompanied by the names, and, where appropriate, ranks and initials of those depicted.

All I would add is: please accept a bit of editing; that's why I'm here! For your part, please feel free to contribute to the living history of our Regiment; a history which will very soon have spanned 300 distinguished years.

John Greenway

# 1st Battalion

## Commanding Officer's Introduction

The Dukes successfully completed conversion to the Armoured Infantry (AI) role on 28 September 2000, some six months after our arrival in Osnabrück. The final act in this relatively long-running saga was the battalion gunnery camp for a fortnight at Sennelager. We were required to integrate Warrior crews with their "dismounts" in live-firing attacks up to company level. In line with our earlier performance during conversion, I am proud to be able to report that the Dukes achieved the highest gunnery scores ever recorded for a converting AI Battalion. Credit for this lies with all our officers, NCOs and soldiers - they tackled the task with characteristic enthusiasm and determination. I should single out Major Lewis and Captain Sutcliffe, who largely masterminded such an excellent package and ensured that we exceeded our highest expectations.

The gunnery camp was preceded by a week in Bavaria at a US Army "virtual reality" training facility (SIMNET) in which we were put through the tactical mill. This proved a particularly valuable dry run for commanders, and ensured that our procedures at battlegroup and company level were exercised fairly painlessly. There is no doubt that commanders at all levels gained a great deal of confidence during SIMNET, and the sooner the British Army can get its own version up and running at Sennelager (planned for 2002) the better.

Our first act as a converted battalion, immediately following the gunnery camp, was to embark on a field training exercise (FTX) at Sennelager. This involved all phases of war and integrated other arms into the battlegroup. For the first time, we worked closely in the field with the tanks of the Queen's Royal Lancers, gunners from 4th Regiment Royal Artillery, and Sappers from 21 Regiment Royal Engineers. The exercise highlighted many areas in which there is room for improvement, and it confirmed the key importance of Warrior crews and their dismounted sections working together. We all know that a Warrior without its infantry is just a second-rate light tank, whilst together they are a potent weapon system, and this exercise reinforced the message. There is no doubt that we are now on course to achieve an excellent result in our test exercise at Bergen-Hohne in November 2000. This will be another important milestone for the Battalion. We will be

required to prove that we can operate as a battlegroup and be capable of warfighting, prior to deploying on operations in Kosovo.

By the time this edition of the Iron Duke is in print, we will have conducted our recce to Kosovo, and we will have a good idea as to our likely order of battle for the operational tour in March 2001. Given recent events in Yugoslavia, we will have to remain flexible and ready for anything.

With an operational tour starting in the middle of the rugby season, I have had to make a tough decision over our participation in this year's Rugby Cup. With the 1st XV comprising a majority of officers, and a heavy burden of pre-operational tour training, we will be unable to compete this year. We will redouble our efforts in the 2001/02 tercentenary season to bring the cup back where it belongs. In the mean time we will play as much as possible this year, encourage more soldiers to play, and build the rugby club ethos back into Dukes rugby. In developing the social side of the game, and broadening the base of players, we will improve our prospects of winning, and enjoy ourselves into the bargain.

We have completed our conversion to AI in the same style with which we started it. So far, we have achieved a remarkable level of expertise with Warrior in a short space of time. There is a danger that all this success will come at a price: the Battalion has been working flat out since it arrived in Germany, and there is an operational tour on the near horizon. It is therefore important that we build a bit of elbow-room into the programme over the next few months. To this end, we will cut out all non-essential training. We will still train our snipers, potential NCOs and signallers as planned during the autumn cadre period, but we will minimise in other areas. Great efforts are being made to ensure that soldiers who have put so much into the Battalion's success during conversion, should now be able to take a fair amount of time to relax and be with their families whilst there is an opportunity to do so. My main effort remains full manning, and these efforts to re-balance the programme should help us to retain our soldiers. The Dukes have, once again, proven magnificent in training, and I am confident that this performance will be equalled on operations in the Balkans next year.

## SENNELAGER TRAINING CAMP INFANTRY FIELD FIRING PACKAGE

10-14 July 2000

It was an early morning when Burma Company 1 DWR arrived at Sennelager Training Camp to start a whole week of dismounted live firing. Most of the lads that morning were tired for two reasons, the first being the 0430 hrs reveille time and then a two hour coach journey down to the training area. But they were soon alive and kicking, due mostly to the heavy downpour that was occurring in the "lovely July weather"! As soon

as we got off the coach we located our kit that was then dumped in our "highly furnished accommodation". We then had an hour or so to finally prepare our kit. This included accommodating our wondrous ration packs within our body armour and day sacks etc.

Most of the lads were looking forward to the live firing package due to the fact that it meant a change from being with the Warriors. For our Fire Team



assessment - a two-mile timed run with patrol order kit, followed by a hard shoot, we all made sure that we had the correct weight in our day sacks, then boarded the Bedfords to be taken to the starting point. The run began down a long straight road, the first two hundred metres or so very tiring, but gradually it became better on the feet. By the end all the lads had a sweat on, but that wasn't it, as we still had to do our live firing on the range. The live firing was very tiring due to the exertion of the run, but everyone got through it - making some good times and scores. During the day we also got the opportunity to fire the General Purpose Machine Gun (GPMG) and Light Anti-tank Weapon (LAW 94). As some of the seniors had previously used these weapons, it gave the younger members of the Company a chance to fire different weapon systems. For most of us it was a nervous time as firing the LAW 94 was our first time, but like everything, when you have done it once, then you're ready to go again.

We started the second day by doing individual attacks, each person had a partner and using the buddy/buddy system cammed up each other's kit. The weather at this point had not got any better, but the lads forgot about the conditions and cracked on. The objective for the individual attack that Sergeant Yeadon had briefed us on previously, was that we had been separated from our Platoon and had to rejoin them as soon as possible. But also looking out for enemy depth positions and destroying any enemy encountered. Overall the day went very well with everyone giving 100% effort and all concerned walked away with smiles. To round off the day the Company put their kit on the back of the Bedfords and ran back to camp just to keep on top of our fitness.

During the week we had completed individual, pairs, fire team and platoon attacks, plus lessons on the GPMG and LAW 94, which most people got the chance to fire. To top it all off we did the Company attack, because ultimately this was what the week was all about. We received our brief the night before from Sergeant Yeadon, who told us that our mission was to clear our objective, so 5 Platoon could move through to hit theirs. In doing this we should suppress any enemy depth positions, so that Corunna Company could come through and clear up. We had been told that enemy had small arms, Rocket Propelled Grenades (RPG) and BMPs (Soviet Armoured Personnel Carriers). We were also informed that the enemy's morale was very low due to air strikes. We started the attack patrolling in a staggered formation until we reached the Company RV point where we bombed up ready to roll.



**Private Pearson guards the rear as 6 Platoon moves out on a live firing attack.**

As we got to the area we all knew what we had to do, so we cracked on. After finally taking our objective (after a long firefight) we then started to suppress enemy depth positions. Suddenly we had a man down with Private Shepherd's leg having been blown off, but it didn't take long for medical attention to arrive with Private Thompson dragging the casualty into a bunker, beginning immediate first aid. While this was happening the other platoons were putting fire down, aided by overhead fire support by Mortar Platoon. The Company attack felt like the real thing and it all went very well, it was only a shame that the weather was so poor. But happy faces were soon back at the sight of coaches to take us back to Belfast Barracks, Osnabrück and a chance to get our heads down and collect some well-deserved sleep.

Privates Shepherd and Pearson  
Burma Company

## BERGEN-BELSEN - AUGUST 2000

*"A visit to the site of commemoration on what was the concentration camp of Bergen-Belsen stirs up emotions.*

*We are left speechless when confronted with the incomprehensible events that took place here.*

*The mute and yet testifying evidence by human beings who suffered on this very soil, inevitably raises the question: How could those things happen in our country, in our century?"*

The above few sentences are paraphrased from the Foreword, in the visitor's guide to Bergen-Belsen. In August this year Burma Company went to the site of commemoration to see for themselves the horrors this camp represented.

On a warm sunny day in August, about forty soldiers from Burma Company mounted the coaches for the three hour trip to Bergen-Belsen. Arriving in good order, we were met by a guide, who explained that the first stage of the visit was to take the form of a twenty minute film, which was made by a British Army cameraman who was present at the liberation of the camp on 15 April 1945. It shows in stark black and white scenes which confronted the British soldiers on their arrival. A British Medical Officer, Glyn Hughes, said: "They could not believe the terrible sight that met their eyes. The conditions in the camp were really indescribable; no description nor photograph could really bring home the horrors that were there outside the huts and the frightful scenes inside were much worse. There were various sizes of piles of corpses lying all over the camp. The compounds themselves had bodies lying about in them and within the huts there were uncountable numbers of bodies, some even in the same bunks as the living." The cameraman who took the pictures was unable ever to watch the film he made.

The film sets the scene and makes one consider the true nature of what actually happened beneath the ground you are walking on. It is quite unnerving.

We were then taken to a small display of various photos and relics of the camp. These give some explanation of the chronology of events of the camp leading up to the liberation. They illustrate with personal accounts and

sketches and drawings what life was like for prisoners. There is a chart showing numbers of deaths and prisoner population, it shows quite clearly the situation in the camp getting worse and worse, building up to the hellish first half of 1945, when 35,000 people perished before the liberation and, despite the liberation, a further 9,000 people died in April and another 4,000 before the end of June.

"The more evacuation transports arrived in Bergen-Belsen, the more catastrophic the situation became there. The overcrowded huts, often without any heating at all lacked all equipment or furnishings and people had to lie on bare floors. The camp authorities deliberately refrained from easing the situation and made no attempt to draw on the reserves of food, clothing and medical supplies which were stored at the nearby military training grounds. The lack of water was so severe that prisoners in Bergen-Belsen died of thirst. Others went mad from hunger and thirst and turned to cannibalism."

Having seen the display, we went outside to walk around the site that was the camp. After the camp had been liberated the British Army burned the buildings and infrastructure to the ground to prevent the spread of disease. What remains today is a large open area with a walkway around it. To anyone who didn't realise it would probably look like a recreation park, however every hundred yards or so there are raised mounds, and when you reach them you find an inscription saying 2,000 people lie here, or 6,000 people lie here or an unknown number of people lie here. It is not a park.

An example of one of the most startling sites is the Russian PoW cemetery, it is only the size of a small rugby pitch, but it holds 50,000 dead.

The Bergen-Belsen site is kept and developed by the Lower Saxony Landtag (parliament) so as to 'give an accurate and detailed account of what has happened in the very place it happened'. It does. The Landtag has one underlying principle for Bergen-Belsen - "Never let those events fall into oblivion!" Let us not forget.

Lieutenant J. A. Kennedy

## ALMA COMPANY TACTICS PACKAGE

And last, but by no means least, Alma Company deployed on our ten day tactics programme in Sennelager. Being the final rifle company to go through such a package, most were extremely keen to get on with the bread and butter of Armoured Infantry. Having spent the previous week on the ranges, the drivers especially wanted to be let loose on the area.

A great deal of the exercise was spent up on Stapel, a small training area to the north of Sennelager Training Area (STA). With the help of Armoured Infantry Training and Advisory Team (AITAT) together with experienced NCOs attached through AIMI, all of us novices became practised at basic formations and manoeuvre techniques. Once again, elements of 1 DWR had moved on to Blue Monkey (a point on the training area) and were soon shown by our fitter section how

liveable, indeed comfortable, life could become when out and about in a Warrior.

As a special treat, Alma Company were issued a pair of Sergeant Majors for the duration! (WO2 McCabe had been recently promoted but to aid the package's smooth running, he ran Alma's CQMS staff as a WO2). Although some questions were raised on our return, as to how Burma Company's new Sergeant Major (known to us all as "Badmin", but don't tell his OC!) had managed to boost his "new" company's funds so quickly. Somebody queried the prices charged on our NAAFI wagon, but I couldn't possibly comment!

Late finishes were followed by early starts: "Alright then men, today's been a good day. And in fact you may deserve a pat on the back, but remember that's just a recee for the knife! Reveille tomorrow morning will

be...0530!!” Sergeant Major Craddock, making friends and influencing people!

The initial week was filled with instruction and practical lessons, ranging from camming up the vehicles, to anti-ambush drills, to company attacks. The necessity to be more than capable at Light Anti-tank Weapon (LAW) drills was brought home to all during the integrated phases, and the dismounts were practised and rehearsed in these drills. The use of TES (Tactical Engagement Simulation; lasers and receivers to simulate fire and casualties) kit throughout the exercise also instilled realism into the training package, and whether up against each other or elements of Somme Company, all crews soon understood the need to adhere to and apply the skills taught.

The difficulties of crossing an obstacle with an armoured formation were also highlighted during the latter part of the week, and, although we were unable to use or be introduced to any of the engineer equipment due to other commitments, the whole company took part in day and night crossings; people were soon to discover the difficulties of driving and commanding whilst battened down!

During this week too, all involved became to realise how much work “after hours” must be done in order to maintain these vehicles. Unfortunately the days of finishing off a night Navex, putting up a poncho, and snurling down into a sleeping bag (albeit in a hole in the ground!) are behind us. These battlefield taxis demand more attention than a pair of size nines after a day’s graft. Checks, checks and preparation all must be carried out before the day is over. If these checks are not done correctly, not only will the wagon probably not work, but also the chances of getting your ankles bitten by the REME “Tiffy” multiply significantly!

With the first week completed, everyone was beginning to feel the strain; the Sergeant Major’s normally glistening head was beginning to grow hair, people’s ears were burning due to the constant reminding’! and Lance Corporal Dooley’s phone battery was running dangerously low! After a small company gathering on the Saturday night, Alma Company deployed onto the area for the three day Exercise Phase.

The occupation of a hide at night came as a shock to everyone, people were caught out with the sheer size of a Warrior Company hide. Again LAW teams were used to a great extent to offer protection for those within, as crews tackled the huge cam nets. Whilst struggling, an AITAT instructor assured me that two men could complete this task in a little over seven minutes. I think then, we may need a little more practice!

Foot patrols were sent out to “Find and Fix”, with the company being launched into a series of company attacks during the day. Again formations, tactics and Secure Orders Cards (SOCs) were all brought into play throughout, with certain people attempting to remember the fine arts of Batco (in his defence, however, Sergeant O’Neill hasn’t done it for a while!). During the whole exercise, the enemy were made up of elements of

Somme Company, and as a culmination to the tactics phase; a little Force on Force was introduced. Alma was to delay the enemy’s advance north. The battle was long fought, with the defenders obviously coming out on top, having successfully achieved our mission!

The subsequent mission, however, was to prove just as testing. The meticulous process of post exercise administration was upon us. With the Sergeant Major’s hair successfully removed the company quickly began to spark! Back to Blue Monkey it was then, TES kit cleaned and handed back, tentage collapsed. The Warriors were then pushed through the wash down point, where they, let’s say, got wet! Before being placed precariously onto the rail flats and taken back to Osnabrück.

All in all the ten-day package proved to be very challenging and rewarding for all involved. Thanks must be given to AITAT staff for their instruction, advice and patience during the ten days. With the learning curve being so steep everyone felt they had worked hard. A great deal was taken from our time spent in Sennelager, the skills, drills and techniques will all become faster and more effective with time. Although I’m still not sure you can put a cam net up in seven minutes!

2 Lieutenant G. P. Williams



**Sergeant O’Neill having successfully decoded his first Batco message for years! “A Company are to remove helmets at Gd 178635, and do a little dance!”**

## ALMA COMPANY AT THE BATTALION GUNNERY CAMP

It all started a week before, with early morning starts and late finishes loading vehicles onto the trains. Then on a wet Sunday afternoon the main body deployed to Sennelager camp. We were then met by a series of briefs by the Battalion Gunnery Officer (BGO), OC AITAT and the QMSI. No sooner had they finished than it was a fast and furious task of getting the vehicles ready and deploying them to the ranges for the first day of the gunnery camp.

Monday morning came and so did the good weather, then the company split into two with the vehicle crews going to the range under the watchful eye of Colour Sergeant Owen, the Warrior Sergeant Major, and the "Dismounts" (the sections) carrying out some valuable infantry training under myself. The main task of the vehicle crews was to get up to the required standard so that they would pass their annual crew test and the annual platoon assessment. This then goes forward to the unit's performance level for the conversion; normal units only reach Level Four, but in Dukes' fashion we were heading for Level Six. The Dismounts were now starting some valuable training as well, fitness running to and from ranges, the Annual Personal Weapons Test (APWT), weapon handling tests on all weapons especially the 94mm LAW and learning how to dismount from the Warriors tactically, so when it came to the integrated work the vehicles and dismounts would be working with each other knowing exactly what each other's job was.

The day of the annual crew test arrived and so did the rain, which cut visibility, but this was not going to get the troops down. The test consisted of FMX (fire and movement exercising) which in basic terms meant moving out of cover, locating the target and destroying it with two rounds from the 30mm Rarden; all this is timed. The targets are at various distances and are only up for forty seconds; this gives the crew time to move out of cover and destroy the target, plus get back into cover. They get thirty points if both rounds hit, fifteen if they only hit it once and no points if they miss, points are also deducted if they are out of cover for too long. All crews passed this with a good result, achieving a Level Five. There were a couple of night shoots during the first week; the first was a platoon ambush using

vehicles and a company defence shoot. These were very spectacular to watch, with tracer going through the air every second round and the CO stated that night firing was much more aggressive. The Company opted to stay out, as sleep was now becoming very short due to early starts and late finishes. This must have given them an extra hour's sleep, having saved travelling time to the ranges. That concluded the first week's range package. The company then deployed out onto the training area for a bit of low level training practising company movement and advance to contacts, just to iron out the creases prior to the Battalion Field Training Exercise (FTX). Saturday night we stayed out but in a non-tactical capacity, with the CQMS providing light refreshments and a good old sing song.

The next step was to do the Annual Platoon Assessment (APA); this consisted of bringing dismounts and crews together in a platoon attack using fire and movement with vehicles and troops. Before we could start this we had to begin at section level and this was done with the troops being in the vehicle for the first time when it was firing. It also showed the dismounts how busy the crews were in the turrets. Once deployed from the vehicle the troops had fire support coming from the chain gun and only a very short distance to destroy the enemy position a distance of no more than 50m.

The next APA consisted of a platoon attack using dismounts and vehicles, firstly identifying the positions, suppressing them, and then moving forward, dropping the troops off and launching them towards the enemy from a distance of no more than 50m. This again went well, which put us in good stead for the final test: the live company attack. The company attack had support from the Mortar Platoon and the Milan Platoon, which was planned by the BGO, Captain Sutcliffe. Alma was last through the range and some excellent work had already been produced by Burma and Corunna Companies. We were all fired up for a good attack with the rest of the Battalion looking on, Alma did not let itself down and produced a very good attack which made a very good end to an extremely demanding two weeks.

Sergeant S. J. O'Neill  
2 Platoon

## EXERCISE WAGON TRAIN 1

Exercise Wagon Train saw the Battalion's A1 Echelon deploy onto the local Achmer Training Area for three days in September. The aim of the exercise was to get the Battlegroup's Immediate Logistic Support Team trained in the procedures used for re-supply on operations. The A1 Echelon is commanded by the MTO and consists of Alma, Burma, Corunna and Somme CQMS staff, along with MT drivers.

The exercise began with a TEWT on how to occupy and operate from a hide and it was obvious from the start that we were rusty in even the basic skills of soldiering. After reminding and, in some cases, teaching such simple functions as noise and light discipline and how to drink tea without burning your lips, it was time

to practise convoy movement, re-supply by day and night and even cross-country driving by day and night.

The A1 Echelon is the first line of re-supply to the battlegroup and its ability to survive is essential. It was therefore important that all members of the team were not only trained in loading stores and driving but also NBC, Signals, First Aid, Artillery Target Indication and that we were able to use weapons such as the LAW 94mm.

On the final day a series of stands of interest was set up for the benefit of the A2 and B Echelon staff, these stands included Challenger 2, Specialist Logistic vehicles, camouflage and concealment and B vehicle recovery. CQMS Hook, Sergeant Joe Lawrence, set up

a field kitchen and using No 5 cook sets produced an excellent lunch for all.

It is already well understood within the Battalion that effective Logistic Support is vital to the success of the mission and therefore the support staff require

to be trained as efficiently as the remainder of the battlegroup, this exercise was the first step towards ensuring that. In the end it proved to be a valuable three days training.

Captain Andy Jackson, MTO



**Left to right: Captain Jackson, Colour Sergeants Childs, Moroney, Lumber, Denton and WO2 Perrin plan the next Replen.**

### MORTAR PLATOON

On return from the Battalion exercise in Canada on Exercise Pond Jump West last August I decided that it was vital that we must prepare straight away for the conversion to the Armoured Infantry role and my first port of call was the Mortar Division in Warminster for advice. Having spent an hour moving from one technical specialist to another in the art of mortaring, I left with my trusted regimental red (I'm really busy!) clipboard folder full of telephone numbers and contacts. Unfortunately these were not for assistance, but to inform Mortar Division on the progress of the Platoon, as it was suddenly apparent that the conversion programme was an internal problem and a self-help task.

A friend from the Mortar Platoon Commanders' Course a year before soon got a call, and with some sound advice and guidance the conversion to the Armoured Infantry role was set in motion; the best advice was get the vehicle aspects covered first, then deal with mortaring because without a vehicle you have no mortar. Within a matter of months the platoon soon grew with experienced driving and maintenance instructors and, before arriving in Germany, we had two instructors for the CVR(T) vehicles used by the Mortar Fire Controllers (MFC) and HQ, two instructors for the 'old dogs of war' the always reliable 432, two fleet managers, four qualified drivers to maintain the vehicles on arrival and we even managed to have a Warrior instructor and a RIG (somewhere along the route OPVs (Warrior variant) was a serious option for the MFCs, then the Chancellor built a big tent in London instead!).

The foundation for the success of the platoon during the conversion has been in place for some years, with the knowledge and practical experience within the platoon, excellent live firing with battle courses and artillery-sponsored events. The completion of the annual Mortar Cadre produced increased strength and some new blood (by now completely developed in the finer characteristics of Mortar social activity) and a valuable period of introduction, instruction and advice to all ranks prior to deployment was given by the Devonshire and Dorset Regiment.

Soon after arrival, Conversion Package 1 started and the majority of the platoon attended either the 432 or CVR(T) driver and maintenance cadres, which allowed the vehicle commanders to concentrate on other military or career courses. Unfortunately the standard of the vehicle fleet was not good, with every vehicle on the Mortar fleet graded Vehicle Off Road, and the garages had been previously used for MFO storage, a depressing sight, especially compared with the Warrior sheds. As the weeks went by the lads put time and work into the vehicles and soon the CVR(T) were getting into a good order, only to be used, broken and swapped by the infamous Lance Corporals Martin and Wyeth, known by students as 'Phil and Grant'.

On completion of Package 1 the Platoon was well qualified with instructors and drivers, and improving vehicles. So the direction now changed to mortaring, with periods of drills and pamphlet study and this culminated with a period of live firing at Sennelager, when Alma Company was supported during live platoon attacks. It soon became apparent that the 81mm

Mortar firing in the mounted role is an extremely accurate system, with an increased level of ease to move and adjust the various scales. Maintenance of accuracy is greatly increased due to the stable platform within the 432.

Tactical training became the final part of the conversion, which had the primary aim of husbandry of the crews to vehicles, with various small battle exercises. Crew administration is a constant area of concern, the 432 is not only the platform for the mortar barrels to fire from, the command post to operate from, and the ammunition to be stored from but also the home for the crew - well, the outside is the home, the inside is reserved for the 143 HE, 37 Smoke and 25 Illum rounds carried by each detachment; shelters, cam systems and maintenance kit and personal Bergens are all attached to the outside. However, in some cases people get things a bit wrong, a good sense of balance and care is always required, as proven by Private Hodgkinson who, in a hasty action drill, avoided falling into the commander's cupola by conducting a hop, skip and jump routine, resulting in him disappearing into the driver's hatch instead! Others also have shown great disappearing acts, including two potential officers who, when observing a live firing practice, were blown away by the force.

Further exercises at various phases of war, Part 2 Shoots (Tactical), produced confirmation of the platoon's ability to provide indirect fire support. Events since August leave have given the platoon valuable experience at battlegroup level. Major Wilson, OC Somme (Callsign - Sunray Floppy) since arriving in Germany has been a great help with his tanky knowledge; however his recognition needs improving. At the SIMNET (simulation computer exercise) he saw three vehicles at 40 metre spacing with a small barrel protruding from the top of a 432, firing small bombs into high trajectory towards the known enemy position, he seemed surprised when told that these vehicles were his own Mortar Platoon.

The Battalion Gunnery Camp allowed the opportunity to conduct other activities such as annual training tests and alternative weapons test on the GPMG and LAW, both key systems for our own defence of the platoon. The conclusion of the Companies' conversions was an integrated company attack for which the Mortar Platoon provided indirect fire support by means of a fire plan. Unfortunately Lance Corporal 'minimi' Baker nominated

as the Bravo MFC in the Anchor set off down the range in his Spartan CVR(T) to conduct the adjustment of the bombs and suddenly realised that he was in the wrong place and in the middle of an anti-tank range. He was soon reassured when he discovered it was our Milan Platoon, so the odds on him being hit were limited, although later they did manage to reduce the minimum range of Milan to 50 metres! During various social events the Milan can be seen demonstrating the new wire guided system with a game of bungee runs, apparently it returns the missile in order to have another chance. We attempted this sport in the traditional Mortar way by trying it naked, which in the rain became a muddy affair and increased the spirit of the run. Compassion was given to Private Mills who, after a forceful run, snapped the elastic and after a painful twang it was decided that the naked run with ball was not to be incorporated.

Battlegroup exercises have confirmed the tactical knowledge of the platoon within the AI role, and a sound and growing affiliation with 3/29 Battery of 4 Regiment RA, which has involved members attending AS 90 live firing and exercises. We have even developed close affiliation with the Challenger 2s of the Queen's Royal Lancers; Private 'Watco' Watkinson has shown a strong head towards them during an encounter with a long barrel. Fortunately the 432 Mortar hatch will be fixed.

The future of the Mortars will soon be enhanced with issue of the Gun Laying System, a GPS with the means of surveying the Mortar and providing the MFC with greater target acquisition incorporating the new Laser Direction Distance Finder. Plus with the continuous Mortar and Arty affiliation the Battalion's only guaranteed indirect fire support assistance will and must be encouraged to grow into an effective and lethal fire support platoon.

Finally, I must thank all members and all ranks of the Platoon for the support throughout my post, in particular the senior members and old hands of mortaring who have provided me with the technical support, even the new lads must get a mention because without the 'Brew Bitch' how would the crew morale be on exercise! Although it must be known that I would appreciate an alternative ration menu to lamb and potato stew! Especially for breakfast.

G. N. Summersgill, Mortar WO

### EXERCISE CASSINO RAT, 13-19 MAY 2000

Having only returned to the Battalion at the end of April, I was more than pleased to find myself part of HQ 4 Armoured Brigade's Battlefield Tour to Salerno, Cassino and Anzio. As part of the Brigade group the Battalion was well represented, besides myself the group consisted of the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Colonel Nick Borwell, Second in Command, Major Phil Lewis, OC Somme, Major Alex Wilson, IO, Captain Richard Sutcliffe and two Brigade Staff Officers, Major John Bailey and Captain Phil Wilson.

The aim of the tour was to study a critical section of a joint and combined campaign, in order to improve

officers' professional understanding of formation level operations in difficult terrain. The focus was on the battles for Salerno, Cassino and Anzio.

The day prior to the start of the Battlefield Tour was a Battalion "Welcome to Osnabrück" night, with a Beating of Retreat followed by cocktails and vast quantities of German beer. Needless to say, as good Dukes we stayed to the end to ensure our hosts were well looked after! The downside was that we went straight from the Mess into transport and on to Amsterdam to fly down to Rome. The journey was a somewhat quiet affair, unless your name is John Bailey: need I say more.

As we drove to Amsterdam we met the remainder of the party from Brigade HQ, RDG, QRL, 4 Regt RA, 21 Engr Regt, 1 Bn REME, 12 MI Det, 1 (UK) Armd Div and I IG who, as many veterans know, were with the Dukes on the attack on Campoleone Station.

On arrival in Rome we were met by Lieutenant Colonel (retired) Patrick Mercer and Major Dermot Fitzgerald, both historians, and two veterans, Tony Hoyle of the Sherwood Foresters and Dennis Mulqueen of the London Irish Regiment. Our Admin Manager was Brendan McDough who served with 5 Inniskilling DG. Our journey down to Salerno took about three hours, the weather was in the mid-80s and everyone was looking forward to the days ahead.

On arrival at the hotel we were given enough time to throw our bags into our rooms and meet in the hotel lobby for our first briefing. This was an introduction to the Italian Campaign and the strategic background. We then boarded the coach and visited our first location, which was the hillside overlooking the British beaches from the German locations, to focus on the German perspective.

After a lot of general discussion we reboarded the coach and moved to the British landing zone and British 56 London Division beach, where the beachhead was established and the initial advance took place under the command of Lieutenant General Sir Richard McCreery. There is little evidence of the landings today, however both historians produced excellent material which allowed us to maintain an understanding of how the landings and advance proceeded. We then moved onto the airfield scene of the breakout battle, followed by the German counter-attacks. Our final destination that day was the Salerno War Cemetery. We were able to understand clearly what price it took for a successful breakout and the fact that the Germans had

to withdraw to the Gustav Line. We were also very fortunate to visit the 6th Duke of Wellington's grave. He was killed whilst serving with No 2 Commando in the Salerno Battle. (See page 120 ... Ed.)

That evening, over several glasses of good Italian wine, we contemplated the days ahead. We departed our hotel early the next morning and set off for the Italian War Museum at Monte Lungo, this is on the approach to Cassino and after walking around the indoor and outdoor war relics we were given an overview of the battle. Our next stop took us to La Pietra which overlooks the River Rapido from the west which gave us the German perspective. Our final visit of the day was to the hairpin bend at Cairra village, which again gave us an overview of the battle from the north and east approaches to the monastery. We finally moved onto our hotel accommodation for the night.

We again rose early for our move to Cassino. We first moved to the River Garigliano which was where 56 Division successfully crossed and then moved onto Castle Hill which encompassed the failed approaches from the east and south and the battle for Cassino town. We had time to visit Point 593, which was the Polish Memorial, before moving onto Albaneta Farm and the fighting at Cavendish Road and the battles for the high points to the north. Our final visit of the day was to the Abbey at Cassino and the fall of the Abbey and breakthrough of the Gustav line. We spent a little time discussing the reasons for success and found the Abbey to be spectacular from both the scenic and historical points of view.

The next day took us, first, to the Commonwealth War Cemetery at St Angelo and then on to the Anzio beachhead (Peter Beach, British Landing Zone) and the establishment of the beachhead. We visited the flyover where the initial allied advance took place and were



Left to right: Major P. Lewis, Captain R. Sutcliffe, Major A. Wilson, Captain P. Wilson, Lieutenant Colonel N. Borwell, Major K. Johnson, Major J. Bailey.

given an introduction to the breakout battles. We finally visited the factory which was the British Division operation to breakout.

Our final day of battlefield tours started at Dung Farm, which was the Brigade Operation to seize Campoleone and then Campoleone himself and the train station where the involvement of both 1 IG and Dukes took place. This in many ways was the highlight for those of us in the Battalion. It is quite clear that the Dukes played a major part in the battle for Campoleone as one of the two assault battalions. We then moved to the Wadis and discussed the German counter attacks, Wadi fighting and the mistakes in the conduct of Allied operations. We then finally moved onto the Anzio War Cemetery and, after paying our respects, discussed the

conclusion of the operation and the allied advance to Rome and the end of the war in Italy.

That evening we thanked our historians, veterans and tour manager for all their help in making this a battlefield tour to remember. We also had the chance for a dip in the hotel pool (shame not to!) before returning to Osnabrück the next day.

Since our return we have formed a bond once again with the Irish Guards and will be celebrating an Officers' Mess Anzio lunch early next year in memory of our two Regiments' part in the Italian campaign.

Major K. G. Johnson  
OC Hook Company

### THE OFFICERS' MESS IN OSNABRÜCK

I think that by making a cavalry officer the PMC, the Commanding Officer thought that he would have a private income to back up the Dukes' Mess. But I have had to inform him that not all the cavalry have private incomes, indeed some of the troopers now joining do not have one at all. The Officers' Mess fared well in Hounslow partly due to the tremendous interest shown in the artefacts by the last Commanding Officer. Colonel Simon supervised the writing of a handbook concerning all the memorabilia in the Mess to help those that were visiting or newly joined. However the Mess in Hounslow suffered from other afflictions. Given the disjointed nature of Public Duties, RAAT tasks and the lure of central London, Mess life was difficult to generate and concerted efforts had to be made to gather the officers together. Additionally, the Officers' Mess building in Hounslow was central in the camp, had no private outside area and the inside was compromised by the lack of any grants to repair a Mess in a barracks which may be shutting down. It was also run under a poor civilian contract.

The situation in Germany is different. The Officers Mess here is unattractive, but very practical, bungalow accommodation at the far corner of Belfast Barracks. The main building contains the normal facilities. The second block, or Captains' block, contains the television room and guest bedrooms along with the majors' and captains' rooms. The final block, making the third side of a courtyard, is shared between the training wing, who start work at 0600 hrs every day, and the subalterns, who do not. Central in the courtyard is a pond with goldfish that seem to survive, despite being attacked, caught and fed port and beer by the subalterns. Around the pond are some gardens and a tennis court. There is also a barbecue area at the side of the bar. Reading this back I have perhaps made the Mess sound a touch more idyllic than it actually is - it is functional, but not attractive.

The move over from Hounslow went extremely well. We were well served by the Mess staff, especially Colour Sergeant Ward, who supervised the packing and made sure all the documentation and freight timings were adhered to. There was also a small cadre of officers who deserve a mention for their hard work, while others were sloping off with some fanciful excuses.

Mark Tetley, Karen Hughes, Jim Kennedy, Will Peters and Dan Pawson filled a grand total of 136 boxes with Mess property - a gargantuan task. Remarkably little was broken in the move, but that which was broken was all properly insured and is in the process of being mended as I write these notes.

So much for the buildings and the move, but what of our most important asset, the people? The Mess itself does not have the capacity to sleep the burgeoning numbers, thus we have taken on three flats for the livers-in who do not fit in. These are six miles from camp, but give the occupants a good deal more independence than they would have if they lived in. The Adjutant and OC Alma Company live in No 6 Crusty Close, Mark Tetley, Karen Hughes and Kevin Smith live in No 3 Tidy Terrace, and Liam McCormick and Rob Harford live anywhere in Bombshell Boulevard. All seem happy with their lot, especially the citizens of Tidy Terrace who are a model of a Blairite dysfunctional family.

The remainder of the livers-in are enjoying what Mess life there is during the busy time of conversion. We have not had a full Mess since the first week of May, and even that was for merely a week. However the strong pound and the cheap German beer conspired to make those days great fun. In London beer was over £2 a pint, whereas the Mess sells the local beer for about 50p a pint - dangerous but welcome. On 9 May, we welcomed our Brigade Commander, Brigadier W. R. Rollo CBE, to lunch for the first time. We also held a cocktail party, beating retreat and buffet supper on 12 May, which was our Welcome to Osnabrück party. Most of 4 Armoured Brigade, Osnabrück Garrison and local German dignitaries came to hear the King's Division Normandy Band play with the 1st Battalion Corps of Drums, led by Drum Major Johnson, directed by the new Normandy Band Director of Music, Captain Gary Clegg, give an excellent note-perfect forty minute display in the sunshine on the main square, ending with the Wellesley as they marched off. The Officers' Mess had entertained over a hundred to drinks before the display, and then fifty came back for a buffet supper afterwards.

An informal Ladies' Dinner Night was held on 27 May for those who were around, which was very successful, even if the old duo of John Bailey and Phil Lewis did manage to lose their ID cards and need the help of Bruce



Faithfull to find the front gate at the end of the evening! Having been invited by the Sergeants' Mess for drinks shortly after our arrival, we reciprocated in the Officers' Mess on 16 June. Three days later we entertained the Colonel of the Regiment for two days, during which visit he gave his approval to the layout of the Mess, and in the evening the CO hosted a buffet supper at his house for Colonel Evelyn and the officers. This year the Waterloo Dinner Night took place on 23 June, and we were able to welcome CO RDG and CO QRL as well as some guests from Brigade HQ for a dinner night, remarkable because it was our fifth function with only roughly two-thirds of the Mess able to attend. In fact we had only three subalterns at the table.

On 22 July we held our Summer Party with a White Mischief theme. Just under a hundred people came to drinks outside while the RTR band played, followed by an excellent seated dinner before the Fakir Show, which boasted fire-eating, beds of nails and lying on broken glass. After dinner the QRL casino ran for four hours, there was a disco and bratwursts to sustain the serious revellers until well into the morning. On the Sunday the Mess was rapidly transformed back to normal, so that a barbecue could be held at lunchtime and all could exchange stories of what they thought they had done the previous night. There have been a few impromptu Mess parties, the most noteworthy of which has been the visit of Warwick University Netball Team, who settled into the swing of the Dukes' hospitality very easily and were entertained by the subalterns from dawn to dusk. Osnabrück town centre provides a good night out, the Altstadt being full of bars which have no fixed closing time, and as the town holds two universities there is a significant student population. In Der Stiefel and Die

Pupasch you will find Dukes' officers on many nights of the week, especially in the latter where the lure of a free spirit-level if you can consume more than ten drinks seems to be inescapably attractive.

Colour Sergeant Ward is still the cornerstone of the Mess. He runs a friendly and efficient establishment, and he mothers the livers-in far too well - they will certainly have a shock when they are forced to move to another Mess. He has had to cope with civilianisation, and has had to adapt to different working practices. Because of contractual changes we have had to keep some soldiers in the Mess, including the Mess 2IC, Private Wright, who has been employed in the Officers' Mess at St James's Palace for the past two years. The standard of food in the Mess is outstanding, thanks to the diligence of our military chefs, Corporal Wright, Lance Corporal Schultz and Private Maguire. The officers of the 1st Battalion are living well at the moment, and some are in danger of becoming rotund with the good living, earning the nickname of 'turret-plugs'.

Life is fun and cheap out here in Germany, but it has been disjointed since we arrived because of the amazing number of commitments which we have had to take on. We look forward to having a full Mess working on the same programme, so that we can strengthen Mess life and the Mess ethos - however given the current forecast of events, this may well be too much to hope for. It goes without saying that there is a proper Dukes' welcome and a bed for any officer or ex-officer of the Regiment who is passing or who wants to visit; we look forward to seeing anyone who can make it over here.

Major A. J. I. Wilson, PMC

### THE WARRANT OFFICERS' AND SERGEANTS' MESS

My arrival back to the Battalion after an eighteen month spell instructing at the Army Apprentices' College at Arborfield in Reading, meant that not only would I be reunited with some old friends, but also I would be rejoining the Mess whose "good old regimental traditions and customs" I'd had to lock away for the last eighteen months (not to mention the ones I'd forgotten). However the memories of these traditions came flooding back when (unlike the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess at Arborfield, where regimental custom and traditions are barely recognised and women have the same scope to buy a drink at the bar as their male counterpart if they so desire) I was soon reminded that women (as tradition has it) do not accompany their partners to the bar under any circumstances. This reminder came (whilst stood at the bar accompanied by my wife) in the form of what I first thought was a welcome back wave of the hand from my Company Sergeant Major, which kind greeting I promptly returned, only to be immediately informed that the hand gesture was in fact something of a very different nature, and not the kind greeting I'd first assumed. Welcome back - in traditional style!

With all the Mess rules and regulations restored in my mind, I could now settle into the comfortable atmosphere I had missed and could also look forward to

an entertaining forecast of mess events. The forecast kicked off with the first of many barbecues that were to be hosted by each married accompanied SNCO, starting at the house of Colour Sergeant Swarve Harvey. This event was well attended by the living inners, as well as the married couples. The weather was perfect, the food and drink plentiful (mainly provided by the living-in members and Mrs Sandra Harvey) and the music was good enough to ensure the event went according to plan, although WO2 Kenny Craddock's traditional rendition of Tom Jones's "Delilah" may be best suited to the bathtub, as opposed to the middle of a housing estate. Overall the event was a massive success and to finish the day off we were treated to a cake fight, compliments of WO2 Mally Birkett and Colour Sergeant Baz Roberts.

Due to the huge success of the first barbecue it was decided that the remainder of the "Pads' Barbies" would continue and one or two more members actually managed to host on their designated day before rain stopped play for others, so the barbies were cancelled and the forecast was changed to incorporate other functions in lieu. These functions involved a football night and a pub night. The football night was held on the evening England were playing Germany and the Mess was rearranged and made to look like the inside of a

football stadium with a large screen television, rows of seats and stands and also its very own referee (the PMC). The decision to have an "in house" ref was to prevent any crowd violence from taking place and to curb any abusive language. The spectators were relatively well behaved with the ref only having to show the red card once to a member of the crowd known as Staff Sergeant John Kitchen who was removed from the premises for verbal abuse. Of course this was all light-hearted fun and he was soon escorted back to his seat and left to enjoy an England victory by one goal to nil.

The Pub Night was equally successful and was again well attended. The entertainment was made up of a variety of activities that included all the games you could expect to see in a normal pub and culminating with a well-appreciated disco and the delightful sound (not) once more, of WO2 Craddock who this time treated us to a rendition of Tom Jones's "What's new pussy cat", however this time he was accompanied by an equal singing disaster, Staff Sergeant Gaz Allcock.

With those memorable occasions now becoming a distant memory, the Mess has also enjoyed the delights of a couple of ladies' dinner nights, happy hours and games nights. As these occasions are still at the forefront of our minds, so too is the horrific injury incurred by Sergeant Joe Lawrence due to an accident at the last Mess games night. On behalf of the Mess, we wish him the very best and pray for his speedy and painless recovery.

As well as enjoying a Mess social life, all Mess members have also, on most occasions, been involved in their own fair share of hard work and with more of it in store we can still look forward to more entertainment in the near future. The most talked-about event of the year has to be the Andy-Cap and Rupert awards that will be held in December. This is an event that has a direct attack on the mistakes or wrong doings of officers and SNCOs made during the year, by means of a "Skit Show" and I somehow get the feeling that this year I could probably do with missing it ... so could ??? from the Officers' Mess.

Colour Sergeant S. D. Moroney

### KEEPING THE ARMY IN THE PUBLIC EYE (KAPE) 2000

A three week period over the last two weeks of July and first week of August saw the execution of this year's Dukes' KAPE Tour. Though planning had been more difficult this year due to the pressure on the Battalion in Germany and on-going Warrior conversion, eighteen members of the Battalion arrived in the West Riding fighting fit and ready to do battle with the young men of West and South Yorkshire unaware they wanted to join the Dukes!

We were ably assisted by the Infantry Display Team with their Warrior for part of the time, which certainly added to the size and scope of our display and activities. Following an initial briefing day, the three weeks were divided up into daily programmes which saw the whole team or part of the team deploying throughout the recruiting area to talk to potential recruits. The modus operandi saw small 'fire team' sized groups operate around towns and cities to push not only the Dukes' message, but also that of the Infantry Marketing Campaign, "Command Respect". The primary aim being to assess briefly individual suitability, then deliver them directly to Dukes' recruiters for onward processing to recruit selection centres and finally Phase 1 training, at Glencorse or Harrogate.

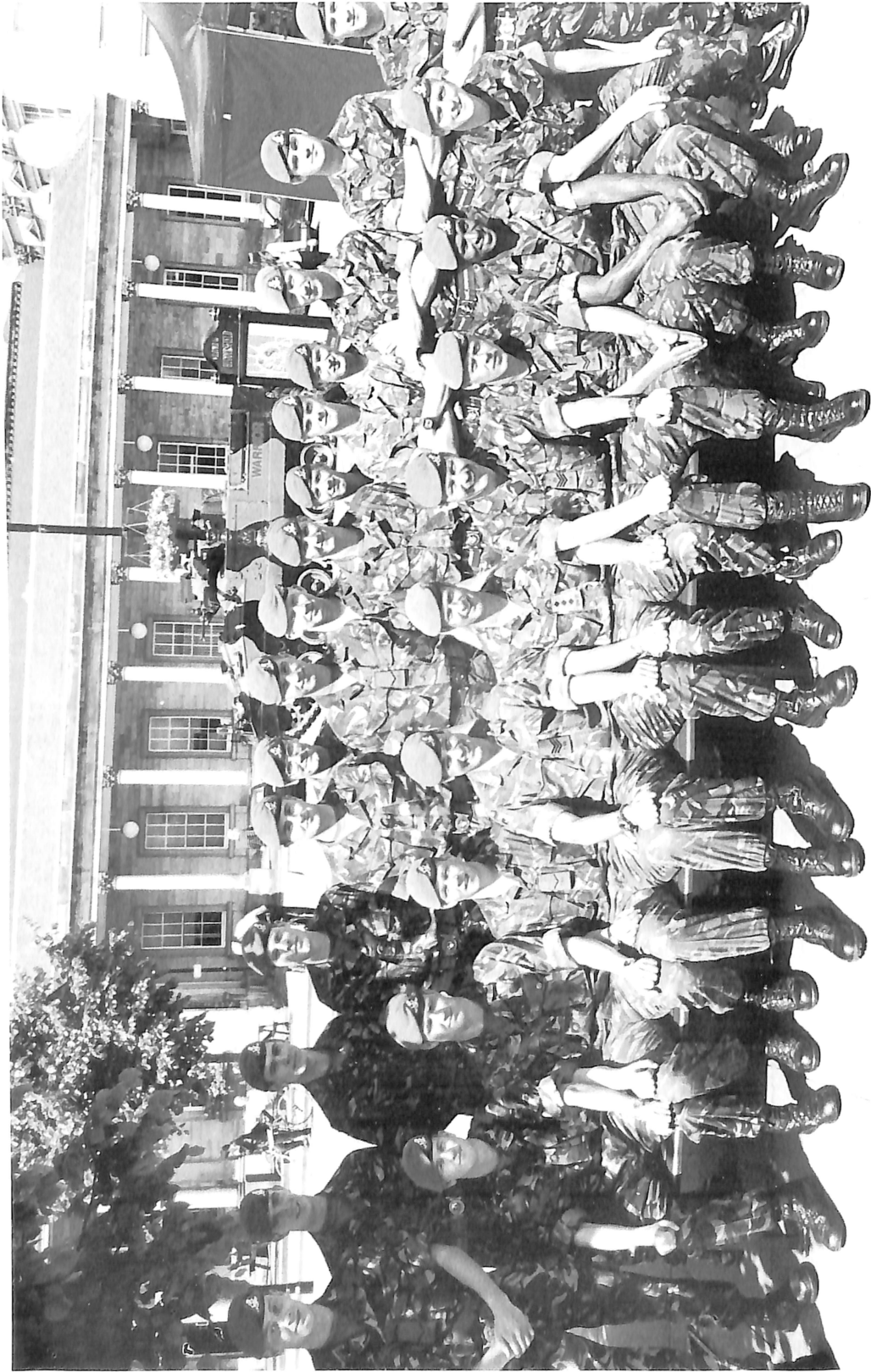
Further to the main effort of recruiting on the streets and raising the profile of the regiment, we also attended other activities within the local community. All Duke cap badged detachments of the ACF were visited. Different shows and galas were attended at weekends.

We offered the South Yorkshire Police support at their Open Day and worked hand in hand with the Huddersfield and Sheffield Giants with their recent marketing campaign. The Giants' marketing campaign resulted in three minutes of television coverage, with an interview with the Officer Commanding and culminated in a visit to the team. Coverage was also gained in all the local newspapers.

Thanks must be passed to all the recruiters, Sergeant Jessop, Halifax; Sergeant Morgan, Barnsley; Sergeant Watson, Huddersfield and Colour Sergeant Bottomley and Sergeant Jones in Sheffield for their help in accommodating the KAPE Tour. Also to Corporal Masterson and Lance-Corporal Dunn of the Infantry Display Team whose help was invaluable. (Sorry lads you can't transfer!)

The aim of KAPE 2000 was to target fifty potential recruits to the stage that their applications were processed at the Armed Forces Careers Offices. This figure was achieved, with initial enquiries from over six times that figure. The entire recruiting area was covered in detail for aggressive recruiting, with local and county shows attended for soft recruiting and confirmed awareness of the Regiment. All ranks, particularly the teams on the ground, worked hard over the three-week period to achieve good tangible results.

Captain G. R. Triplow  
OC Anzio Company



*The KAPE Team in St George's Square, Huddersfield*

Left to right, back row: Lance Corporal Harrison, Privates Hirst, Gale, Bidski, Casey, Corporal Spivey, Lance Corporal Thompson, Privates Smith, Hart, Doran, Hamer, Jones, Duckett, Walsh.  
 Front row: Privates Lynch, Lilley, Lance Corporal Soper, Sergeant Flitcroft, Captain G. R. Triplow, Colour Sergeant Harley, Corporal Abel, WO2 Robinson (E&WRR), Corporal Pearson (E&WRR), Corporal Jones (E&WRR).

# The East and West Riding Regiment

## Commanding Officer's Introduction

In July 1998 I took Command of 3 DWR and I am now about to hand over E&WRR. In those two and a half years I have seen three TA units merge into one, a regimental annual camp run in Cyprus, four weeks before the regiment existed, three short term training deployments to Latvia, reciprocal training with the US National Guard and a Czech company under my command for this year's annual camp. I am now told that the Regiment will conduct reciprocal training with the Americans next year and have annual camp in Belgium the year after. These are, of course, only the highlights and they hide the massive amount of routine activity which goes into maintaining standards, keeping the army in the public eye, recruiting and supporting both cadets and the regular army. There have been some very difficult times, but these have been overcome and there have been outstanding opportunities which have been exploited. I will take away very fond memories of my time in command and would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who have contributed to the success of the Battalion and Regiment I have commanded. Most of all I would like to reflect on how lucky I have been to have Yorkshire folk to command.

I have found them to be all I would have expected: micky-taking, aggressive, tight-fisted, and on occasion intransigent. I recognise the flaws because I have them all within me. However, the soldiers I have had the privilege to command have always 'got it done' no matter how difficult the task and always with humour and good grace. I can think of no higher accolade than to tell you that they are true Yorkshire folk.

To lighten the tone slightly I will conclude by recounting a conversation at annual camp between two Colour Sergeants, one of whom was acting as a liaison officer with the Czechs. This perhaps shows some of the characteristics above. I am sure that many readers will be able to recall similar exchanges showing that not a lot changes.

Colour Sergeant A (shaven headed). I have obviously impressed the Czechs, they call me James Bond.

Colour Sergeant B. You pillock! They've been watching television, they call you Brook Bond! They think that you're a bloody chimp.

You will see from the notes that follow that I, as Commanding Officer in my ivory tower, am not always exempt from micky-taking - long may it continue.

## THE LIGHTS OF MASSACHUSETTS

In June members of Fontenay (DWR) Company formed part of the Regiment's composite company to carry out an exchange with the US National Guard. After several compulsory training weekends, lots of form filling, kit issues and baggage checks the 'American Experience' began when we were issued with \$100 and transported to Manchester airport for the flight to America.

A few time zones later, on arrival at Boston, Massachusetts, we were whisked to Camp Edwards, watered, fed and shown to our accommodation. A quick orientation exercise soon found most of the company at the bar waving their hundred dollar bills at a bewildered barman who was totally unprepared for the experience. After all why not try and drink him dry if it was going to be our last beer for four days?

On the following day the Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion 181st (Light) Infantry (motto 'Keep Your Powder Dry') welcomed us with the news that the next few days' training had been designed 'to run us into the dirt'. And if that wasn't enough the Medical Officer informed us that bites from ticks, mosquitoes and black widow spiders would soon decimate our numbers if heat stroke didn't get us. It was a relief to get out of the lecture room and head for the training area.

For training the company was despatched to Fort Devans and split into two courses. The Light Leaders Course for section 2ICs and above, and the Light Fighters Course for the remainder. Basically a three day range package covering the firing of all platoon weapons.

Zeroing on a 25m range with fifty lanes under the watchful eyes of only three safety supervisors proved to be an experience, but the Brits were soon ready to move to the next range, while quite a few of the Americans were experiencing difficulties in zeroing their own weapons. A testament to the good application of marksmanship principles.

The next phase included firing at pop-up targets before moving on to a night firing exercise with the use of mortar illumination, smoke and whistling thunderflashes to simulate incoming artillery. All this accompanied by a commentary from the Range Conducting Officer in the tower designed to get everyone 'to really rock and roll'.

Day two was a little more relaxed with a series of demonstrations followed by the opportunity to fire the 80mm mortar and the Mark 19 grenade launcher. Also included was a visit by Lieutenant Colonel G. A. Kilburn (our CO) and Lieutenant Colonel J. D. Greb the American CO. We were also given the opportunity to furnish the press with our impressions of what we thought of it so far.

On the third range day, after firing Berretta 9mm pistols, M203 grenade launchers and the M249 we declared "No brass and no ammo" boarded the air-conditioned buses and headed back to camp.

Next morning consisted of PT, a revision of battle procedures and participation in a series of command tasks coming under the term of Leadership Reaction Training. In essence a set of stands, including a 60ft abseil tower, all run by Arnold Schwarzeneger lookalikes



**Left to right: Privates Pavior, Schofield, Corporal Conway, Privates Pigg, Baldwin and Steele.**

disguised as US Rangers. We were also issued with Lieutenant Chris Libertini whose main task as Liaison Officer was to interpret the differences in phrases and terminology in order to get us through the coming exercise.

The final exercise began with a 10km march followed by a deliberate attack on a Soviet-style trench system. Very conscious that we were all wearing MILES (similar to our SAWES) the lads kept their heads down in the trenches but still learned on the debrief that they had managed to sustain 60% casualties. This even after supposedly catching the enemy asleep.

Later, in the harbour, preparing for the next phase it was swop and barter time with the American troops. They had decided that our webbing was far better than theirs and obtaining a full set of 'Brit Kit' was the next step in becoming a more efficient soldier.

Moving on to the ambush phase we were in position and ready to set the ambush for 1730hrs. Then due to a national emergency (the chow had arrived) the serial was postponed until 1930hrs. Could this ever happen in the UK? Eventually the ambush was carried out in sterling fashion, we received our 'hot' debrief and moved off for the harbour and night routine.

The next day it was final debriefs, photos, participation in a parade to witness long service presentations to some of the National Guardsmen and then back to camp for a clean up.

On the degunge everyone found they had at least a dozen mosquito bites to deal with, but one poor soul found at least fourteen ticks hiding in various crevices around his body as well. Had he found a few more the Americans would have declared him a national park and set him up as a visitors' attraction.

The next 36hrs consisted of a well-earned spell of rest and recuperation visiting the local resort of Hyannis and doing things the 'American way' in down town Boston. Rest and recuperation was topped off with a final visit to the camp bar where the barman, better prepared this time, even managed to keep the bar open way past closing time. The final twenty-four hours were spent resting, visiting the camp shop, and exchanging kit with the Americans. Gerber tools for t-shirts or berets seemed to be one of the better exchanges.

We eventually left Handsome Airport on the old faithful C-130 hercules which made its 'routine' 24hr stop at Gander, Newfoundland, to replace faulty engine parts, giving us another night's hotel accommodation. Undeterred the Company boarded the plane the next day and it buzzed with soldiers recounting their experiences on the most enjoyable and enlightening time of their careers all the way to Leeds/Bradford.

They are all looking forward to the chance of repeating it.

Sergeant Johnson  
Fontenay (DWR) Company

## ANNUAL CAMP

Saturday 9 September saw Fontenay Company East and West Riding Regiment set off for Annual Camp 2000. Due to an exchange camp with the United States National Guard in July, the attendance for the two weeks based in Scotland was not as good as it would have been under normal circumstances.

It was decided well beforehand that the Regiment would go to camp as two composite companies. Ypres Company based at Huddersfield with a detachment at Keighley, was absorbed into Fontenay Company's structure for the duration of Annual Camp 2000.

The first week was to be spent at Cultybraggan Camp in Perthshire, a converted prisoner of war camp from the Second World War, which held up to 4000 prisoners from which not one escape was recorded. The facilities were basic; however, as long as there is a bed, hot showers and hot food then a Territorial soldier is happy. The week's training for Company 1, very soon changed to the "Dukes" Company, was two days' company level training followed by a two-day exercise run by the Regimental Second in Command.

The two day company training involved low level training such as fire team, section and platoon tactics incorporating patrolling. On the first evening, when supervising a reconnaissance patrol, the Scottish silence was shattered by the ringing of my mobile phone high on the hills, which in its own right was a miracle, as the network I am subscribed to was quickly renamed by everyone in the Regiment as "one 2 no one" because of the lack of reception in and around Perthshire.

The second day's training culminated in three demonstrations carried out firstly by the 100 strong Czech company attached to the Regiment for camp who showed us how they would attack as a company. Then followed a section attack demonstrated by the other composite company made up of the two Prince of Wales' Own Regiment of Yorkshire (PWO) companies along with the Light Infantry (LI) Company. And finally the platoon attack demonstrated by the "Dukes" company, which was orchestrated and tastefully commented by WO2 Mark Lakey, the Senior Permanent Staff Instructor (SPSI) at Fontenay Company. All the demonstrations were carried out and watched while Scotland decided to have all the month's rainfall in one day, this day being it.

After the two-day exercise it was a case of put away the military attire and don the adventure training clothing for the next two days. The activities on offer for the company for day one were somewhat curtailed due to the bad (or is it normal?) weather in Scotland and also there was something about a fuel crisis going on in the outside world (how very inconsiderate of them to blockade the oil distribution sites while the East and

West Riding Regiment was at camp). However the weather didn't stop some of the company going canoeing (down the main road I believe) and it opened up another type of adventure, fly fishing which some of the company did. The challenging part was to try and stop the trout from jumping on to the line, because whatever was caught had to be paid for and couldn't be thrown back. This could prove to be expensive because the cost of the trout was £1.65 a lb, with some fish weighing in at up to 5lb. I did hear that some tight-fisted members of the company got around this by not putting a hook on the line, however this has still not been proven.

The adventure training package lasted two days, with rock climbing and abseiling added to the activities after the torrential rain that had gone before. I heard that the abseil was demanding, however the climb was a different kettle of fish and the Commanding Officer flirted with the climb and managed to get disco leg part way up, but that's enough said if I want to continue in the TA as warrant officer.

The company was rewarded for its hard work in the first week with a day's rest and recuperation in Edinburgh, which enabled the whole company to charge its batteries for the second week, which was planned to be held as a brigade exercise in the north of Scotland. This however became a victim of the fuel crisis, as there was not enough fuel to move the Regiment further north and then be able to recover back to the TA centres after the exercise. So a hastily-organised regimental exercise was planned and executed on a very wet Otterburn training area.

All in all I believe it was a good Camp where for once in seventeen years of being in the TA the volunteers were not subjected to a "We've got them for fifteen days, let's work them to the bone" attitude. This will benefit the soldiers and ultimately the Regiment in both retention and training values in the future.

WO2 (CSM) A. Goddard  
Fontenay Company

## EXERCISE BRITISH BULLDOG IV - LATVIA

15 September - 1 October 2000

As readers are probably aware, this exercise is part of the Partnership for Peace programme and the NATO Outreach Initiative. Part of this initiative allows short term training teams (STTT) from Territorial Army units to deploy to the Baltic states to conduct a two-week course. The East and West Riding Regiment was again asked to conduct such a course for the Zemessardze (Latvian National Guard). The team this year was responsible for conducting a command course for officers and senior NCOs. It was stressed from the start that British military doctrine was not to be forced upon them, but to show them our leadership methods. The team this year was as follows:

OIC Training Team	Major J. G. Hughes, DWR
SPSI	WO2 J. S. Caple, DWR
Course Clerk	Private D. Joyce, AGC

### *Officers Course*

IC	Captain M. Hunter, DWR
Instructors:	WO2 S. Allison, LI Colour Sergeant S. Padley, DWR Colour Sergeant M. Thomas, LI

### *Seniors Course*

IC	WO2 P. Elwell, DWR
Instructors:	Colour Sergeant S. Yates, DWR Sergeant M. Simpson, PWO

Due to problems with the fuel crisis the team had to fly from Manchester to Gatwick to guarantee getting on the flight to Riga the capital of Latvia. On arrival at Riga International Airport the team was met by the Defence Attaché and the Liaison Officer from the Zemessardze. After the usual pleasantries we were



**Exercise British Bulldog IV  
short term training team**

whisked off to our accommodation, which was ten minutes outside the capital. To our relief the facilities at the hotel were of a good standard, unlike previous years.

Originally the course was to be held further south, but due to funding and lack of facilities it was moved at the last moment to the Mobile Infantry Training Centre in Adazi. The camp was formerly used for training Soviet Army conscripts and remains largely unchanged in structure, but had been gutted by the Russians when they left. It is now a training establishment for the Latvian regular soldiers and also the base for a company size grouping of the Baltic Battalion. The Battalion consists of companies from Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia. It took forty minutes drive each morning in a less than roadworthy minibus, which became known as the "Yellow Peril" to get to the camp.

It did not take long to set up in the training wing and we were pleased to find that our lesson packs, which had been sent out earlier, had been translated. Instructors had to answer various questions from the interpreters on a few words, as translation into Latvian can be difficult. This was because their language remained undeveloped for around thirty years during the "occupation" of the Soviet Union. For example there is no translation for the word ordnance, so an ammunition and weapon supply was the closest we could get.

The first week of the course was the inevitable classroom bashing to ensure that all students were up to date on a variety of topics from qualities of leadership to combat estimates. The students took a few days to get used to our sense of humour, but by the end of the week a few smiles were reported. WO2 Elwell and his team set about teaching the finer points of being a Warrant Officer and a SNCO as the Zemessardze still regard each other as friends even in uniform. The senior course was put through its paces on a variety of leadership

topics such as model exercises, orders and command tasks. Fitness was an area that both seniors and officers did not welcome with open arms, but a few encouraging words from Colour Sergeant 'Speedy' Yates and freshly promoted Colour Sergeant Steve Padley, soon put them on the straight and narrow. The officers' course suffered a similar start, with lectures on leadership, orders, intelligence preparation on the battlefield (IPB) and the estimate process. Then came the confirmation by training exercise without troops (TEWT) on attack, defence and reserve demolition. Major Hughes had to calm local fears of an invasion after his reserve demolition TEWT on a bridge outside camp, as the liaison officer had not notified the local authorities.

During the first week Captain Hunter and WO2 Caple set about planning and writing the instruction for the Field Training Exercise (FTX) on the local training area. The training area was very flat, with open areas of sand and woods comprised of pine trees. Hidden in these woods are a lot of tank bays and command bunkers underground. On the edge of the range danger area there were large buildings that housed tank turrets for gunnery practice and bunkers allowing the Soviet Generals to observe their troops on exercise. A little over ten years ago these areas would have housed some of the armour that we would have engaged should war have broken out.

At the start of the FTX the whole course was split down into three equal groups and deployed onto the training area. Each group was put through six hours of battle procedure and all students had to produce a set of orders for their group's tasking. Students were nominated as commanders and after giving orders, set off to their locations. The groups' taskings were running a command post (CP), a patrol harbour and an observation post (OP). During a six hour period various serials were conducted either by enemy or initiated by radio. After a rest and debrief the students were rotated through each task. Colour Sergeant Padley, who became deadly accurate with a signal flare pistol towards the end, controlled the enemy. In the closing stages of the exercise the press and local dignitaries visited the course. A small demonstration of an ambush was laid on under the control of WO2 'Sex Bomb' Elwell and the press had the opportunity to talk to the students.

After post exercise admin, students were debriefed individually on their performance. The majority worked hard and were very keen to listen and learn. Others were content to keep quiet and let others take the lead. Some of the students had seen service in the Soviet Army and this was evident on the TEWT. They were, unfortunately, not very forthcoming about their experiences.

After a final parade with awards for most improved and best students the team set off for a well-deserved period of R&R in Riga. After a night time insertion into the centre of Riga's nightlife, a collection of sore heads explored the cultural side of the capital. The most memorable part was a visit to the Occupation Museum.

As with previous years, Bulldog IV was a success. The team this time had a variety of cap badges from within the E&WRR and everyone worked extremely hard to make it work.

WO2 (SPSI) John Caple  
Ypres (DWR) Company

## TERRITORIALS OF YESTERYEAR

From: 226 Spen Lane  
Gomersal, Cleckheaton  
West Yorkshire  
BD19 4PJ  
20 September 2000

From: 56 Sugar Lane  
Dewsbury  
West Yorkshire  
WF12 7AN  
24 July 2000

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

With reference to your recent issue of the Iron Duke, I was interested in your article "The Territorials of Yesteryear". I was commissioned into the Cleckheaton Company of 4 DWR on 10 May 1938 and I served with them after the change to 232 Battery. As such I was on the train ferry on the way to Calais in 1940. Fortunately for us the Germans bombed the terminus and we never got there. This was unlike our less fortunate colleagues from Brighouse, who went by destroyer.

I subsequently transferred to the RAF and became a flying boat pilot. In that role, operating from Gibraltar, I was part of the escort for the troopships conveying the Regiment to North Africa.

From the photograph - taken of course well before my time, I recognise Major Sydney Smith and Second Lieutenant W. B. Sugden (Bill). I knew both of these men personally. I also knew CSM Barr, CSM Routh and Sergeant Boden. The latter was my Platoon Sergeant. They were a splendid trio. I served under Jim Gillam and, on Regimental occasions, under Colonel Richard Sugden. He once publicly ticked me off for not wearing gloves on parade. He was quite right! It showed that officers were just as subject to discipline as everyone else.

So, at the age of 88, I am a junior survivor - in distinguished company.

Yours faithfully  
John G. Walker  
Squadron Leader RAFVR

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

My wife Jane and I attended the commemorations in and around Venables on the banks of the Seine on Sunday 11 June exactly 60 years after the events. We undertook this journey on behalf of my father Dennis Tolson, who fought in the rearguard action at Venables with D Company 2/6 DWR, was wounded and captured and who is now too infirm to travel himself.

I had the honour of laying the Dukes' wreath on the six graves at Venables in the presence of the Mayor of the town, Monsieur Jean Marie Drouet; the Secretary of the Venables Old Comrades Association, Monsieur Guy Anne; the Conseille Generale of le Departement de L'Eure and the Mayors of Pont de St Pierre and St Pierre du Vouvray (graves of 10/6 Lancers); representatives of the Old Comrades Sections from Gaillon, Louviers, and St Andelys also attended.

All these representatives bar one were too young to have participated in the 1940 conflict most having served in Algeria and Indo-China, but all expressed their satisfaction at a British presence at the commemoration. I have to say that their respect for our sacrifice and theirs is a model in this rather cynical modern world. That a group of French people should still annually honour our dead is remarkable when you look at our own desecrated and forgotten memorials.

I was introduced to the owner and curator of an embryonic museum to WWII at Tosney which is some 5km from Les Andelys where Second Lieutenant Reynolds and soldiers of B Company of the 2/6 DWR on 9/6/40 carried out a heroic defence in the face of the



Mr Phil Tolson at Venables



advancing Panzers. The detail of the action is in the Regimental History on page 210, but the true significance of the defence is obscured in the general denial of post Dunkirk history. We are talking about a planned action almost a fortnight after Dunkirk!

I was shown a rifle, a helmet and a set of 1940 webbing with Bren magazines and a small haversack. They had all been found this year hidden in a barn belonging to the widow of a deceased farmer. The haversack and helmet bore the inscription 'T. Williams 4616765 B Company'.

The whole of this little action by A, B, C, D and HQ companies 2/6 DWR, as many others on the line of the Seine 8/10 June 1940, such as the defence of Pont de L'Arche by the 2/4 KOYLIS from Dewsbury, Batley, Osset and Pontefract, or the defence by the dismounted troop of the 10/6 Lancers at St Pierre Du Vouvray should in my opinion have been proclaimed as notable rearguard defence and those killed and captured honoured commensurately. However, that will of course never be and the least we can do is to acknowledge the bravery of a small band of ill-equipped and inexperienced troops who were blessed with a sense of duty that would shame us all.

I wonder if through the pages of the Iron Duke I could ask if anyone can shed any light on the artifacts found near St Andelys. Was 4616765 Williams captured? Or did he abandon the items to better flee undercover through territory saturated by enemy units? The curator of Tosney Museum and the local Mayor would be delighted, as would I, to know the facts behind the discovery.

Anyone wishing to contact me by telephone (01924 469560) or in writing about any part of the May/June 1940 campaign will be most welcome.

Yours sincerely,  
Phil Tolson

### Hallams Fontenay Club say Farewell

Members of the Sheffield-based Hallams Fontenay Club recently celebrated their last ever meeting. Around eighty guests gathered to remember the battle at Fontenay Le Pesnel in France that took place during the Second World War.

The Hallamshire Battalion had been stationed in Iceland for some time guarding the Atlantic approach before joining the fighting in France. Capturing the Normandy town of Fontenay Le Pesnel in 1944 was their first major victory in a gruelling nine-month campaign which took them from Normandy to Arnhem. In 1964 the Hallamshire Battalion of the York and Lancaster Regiment visited the Normandy battlefields and cemeteries. Upon their return they decided to form a club to commemorate the lives of 200 of their comrades who were lost in battle, one of whom, Corporal Harper, was awarded the Victoria Cross. The club was named 'The Hallams Fontenay Club' in remembrance of the battle at Normandy.

Over the years the Hallams Fontenay Club have arranged visits to the Second World War battlefields

where they fought, and have organised annual dinners and ladies nights but this had to come to an end. The club members attended their final dinner earlier this year. Poignancy was added to this occasion when they met, for the first time since the war, a soldier who fought alongside them, with whom they had lost touch. This brought an emotional end to a long-standing club.

The dinner took place at Endcliffe Hall, Sheffield, the Headquarters of the Hallamshires from 1859 until the York and Lancaster Regiment was disbanded. In 1924 King George V granted the 4th Battalion of the Regiment the distinction of being known by a name, rather than a number, in recognition of the contribution and effectiveness of the territorial battalions of the Regiment that had fought in the First World War.

Lieutenant Ray Langdale BEM of the Hallams Fontenay Club of the York and Lancaster Regiment presented Lieutenant Jason Hargreaves, OC 2 Platoon, Fontenay Company the East and West Riding Regiment with a silver statuette. The statuette bears the following inscription:-

*Presented  
to the Territorial Soldiers  
of Endcliffe Hall Sheffield by members of  
the Fontenay Club  
The Hallamshire Battalion.  
May your future be more peaceful than our past.*



**Left to right: Club President Colonel Julian Fox, Lieutenant Jason Hargreaves receiving statuette from Lieutenant Ray Langdale BEM.**

The Club's President, Colonel Julian Fox said: "These Territorial Army soldiers of the Second World War endured hardships that welded them together as a formidable team. They have maintained strong friendships for sixty years and are a grand bunch. Time has taken its toll on the members of the club, and those who remain have decided to bring the activities of the club to an end. But I am sure that many of those fine men will continue to keep in touch with each other. They helped to liberate Europe, and we all owe them a great deal".

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

### Annual Camp 2000

The Company departed for this year's Annual Camp on Saturday 5 August to sunny (?) Sennybridge in South Wales. We took the senior cadets for the two week period and then the junior cadets joined us for the second week only. Over the two week period we took 120 cadets and the county had some 680 cadets in total at Camp. The training was a good mix of military and adventure training with a two day FTX on the Brecon Beacons, followed by mountain biking, swimming, assault course, clay pigeon shooting and general APC training. There were also the usual 3 Star and Signals cadres running at Camp and we had cadets on both of these. The junior training package was similar, with a two day expedition, mountain biking etc and APC testing. On the last day of Camp we had the County Competitions and 'D' Company won the March and Shoot, came runners up in the Drill and Turnout and third in the orienteering.

The weather was the usual for Wales! Bright and sunny in the mornings and then heavy rain in the afternoons, but throughout the fortnight the temperature was always warm, so both cadets and clothing dried very quickly. For the recreation day the cadets were taken to Swansea, as there was a jazz festival taking place in Brecon and it was thought that jazz probably would not appeal to them.

Whilst at Camp, Second Lieutenant Joanna Lynch took time off to go before the Regular Army Selection Board and came back all smiles having passed and she is now waiting to go into Sandhurst to start her army career. Good luck to Joanna from all in 'D' Company.

Our next Company event was to have been a weekend at Proteus Camp, Nottingham, but the fuel crisis put paid to this as all movement was halted due to lack of fuel. This happened at the last minute so

everyone was feeling rather let down, but if fuel prices are reduced as a result of the protests, then it was probably worthwhile missing the weekend.

### Germany Visit

We are now heavily into the final planning stages for a trip by twenty eight cadets and four staff from the Company to visit the 1st Battalion the Duke of Wellington's Regiment in Osnabrück from 21 - 28 October led by the Company Commander, Major Peter Cole. This has involved numerous phone calls to arrange flights, insurance etc, and then holding a meeting with all parents of cadets going on the visit. The main contact with the Battalion has been by e-mail so technology is certainly a wonderful thing! We could not have managed without it. The programme for the visit looks extremely good so the party should have a first class time.

### Regional Swimming

One of our cadets, Ben Lister of Odsal Detachment RA, has represented the county in the NE regional swimming. He came away with four golds and was only stopped from making it five because of the number of events each cadet was allowed to enter. Well done Ben. He is now going forward to the National Swimming Championships at Sandhurst and we wish him every success for this. If he does well, he could be selected for the Inter-Services Swimming Championships where he will come up against cadets from the SCC and the ATC. The next event on the horizon is our Company Christmas weekend at the Cadet Training Centre, Strensall in December. This is usually the highlight of the cadet weekends and we always have a very good turnout.

Captain S. A. Marren

## H.M.S. IRON DUKE

### Autumn Activities

Since the last edition the pace of life has been hectic for HMS Iron Duke. We completed a three week "beasting" in the Plymouth sea areas by Flag Officer Sea Training and his staff on 13 July and were assessed as fully trained and ready to join the operational fleet. We returned to Portsmouth and, after a day at sea with our families, took some well-earned summer leave. August was taken up with a maintenance period during which the ship was prepared for the rigours of the South Atlantic and received a number of extra bits of equipment specifically for our deployment. We finally sailed on 11 September and, after a week's intense shakedown, began our Southern Atlantic Patrol Task in earnest.

Our first port of call was Arrecife on the island of Lanzarote in the Canaries. This arduous five day visit was the first 'run ashore' for the ship's company in some fifteen months and all the usual 'male bonding' was conducted. HMS Argyll, waiting off Freetown, was

grateful to hear we had sailed and we duly took over her role as part of Operation Basilica in Sierra Leone.

The contrast between the holiday town of Arrecife and war torn Freetown could not have been more extreme. We arrived there as planned on 30 September having made good time on passage from Arrecife and the evidence of the ongoing civil war was plain to see. Members of the Ship's Company were soon involved in local community projects.

One team set to painting and decorating in the wards at the Wilberforce Military Hospital in Freetown. The principle of equal medical care for all is strongly in evidence here with members of the West Side Boys receiving treatment from British Army doctors, alongside their former enemies from the Sierra Leonian Army. Understandably, the majority of patients are suffering from gunshot wounds but there are no surgeons in residence, so our own Medical Officer, Surgeon Lieutenant Commander John Hudson, was also able to give some valuable assistance.

# 1 DWR FIELD TRAINING



**Lance Corporal Walker with  
dismounted section**



**Corporal Sykes leads an  
anti-tank stalk on the FTX**



**Corporal Ellam prepares to launch**



**Private Crabtree dismounts his Warrior  
into the attack**

**Left to right: Private Tay, Private Crabtree,  
Private Squire and Lance Corporal Holsten  
relax during a pause in the FTX/battle**



# EXERCISE, AUTUMN 2000



Left to right: CO Lieutenant Colonel Borwell, Battalion 2IC Major P. Lewis, OC AITAT Major M. Perkin MBE.



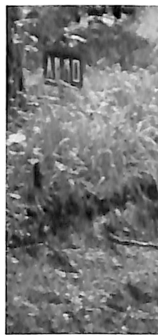
Dismounts in the attack



ounts on FTX



The BGO, Captain Sutcliffe, relaxes after a hard day



RSM WO1 Devaney with Brigade Commander Brigadier N. Smith



Another group were involved working alongside locals in rebuilding a village school. This proved to be tremendously rewarding work, with the immense gratitude of the villagers and children bringing a lump to even the most hardened matelot's throat. We sailed from Sierra Leone on 4 October to head south towards Tema, the commercial port which serves the city of Accra in Ghana.

This was a step change again. Ghana remains relatively prosperous and safe and has the trappings expected of a sunny holiday destination, albeit tinged with the potential for unrest which is axiomatic in West Africa. All opportunities for recreation were exploited and the ship's rugby and football squads were in action against Accra RFC and the Ghanaian Navy respectively, both our teams emerging convincing winners in front of a large number of spectators.

After taking on fuel and essential stores we sailed on 10 October to return to Sierra Leonian waters. Alongside the deployment of JFHQ to theatre, we expect to remain in the area in the short term and the Ship's Company are eager to continue their community work in Freetown. Meanwhile our time at sea includes a balance between operational days, where we exercise our core war-fighting skills, and maintenance days where the emphasis is placed equally on the upkeep of man and equipment.

Our patrol remit for this deployment includes regions as distant as the Falkland Islands and South America and the only reasonably certain thing is our return to the UK in March 2001. No doubt the next article which you read will report just as much variety for HMS Iron Duke.

Lieutenant Commander D. C. K. Booker  
Royal Navy

## “A GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN”

*In our last edition we published a personal account, by Fred Strand, of the last days of “Morny”, the Sixth Duke of Wellington, whilst commanding his Troop in No 2 Commando. We are now grateful to the Colonel-in-Chief for allowing us to publish another account from his private papers. It is a compilation of contributions from fellow members of No 2 Commando. Ed.*

\* \* \* \* \*

No 2 Troop of British Army Commando already had an illustrious war behind them when they were lined up to meet their new officers in May of 1942. Namely: operations at Vaagso, in Norway, to disrupt the port facilities; followed by the daring raid at St Nazaire, in France, when HMS Campbeltown rammed the lock gates, blocking the harbour.

In the raid, many in No 2 Commando lost their lives, including the Commander of No 2 Troop, Captain David Birney. The CO, Lieutenant Colonel Newman, was captured on the raid. Those who survived and were lucky enough to get back to Plymouth were returned to Ayr, in Scotland, where they immediately started to reorganise, taking in replacements to bring them up to strength again and retraining. No 2 Commando consisted of six troops of approximately sixty men in each troop, including a heavy weapons section.

To replace Lieutenant Colonel Newman, in came Lieutenant Colonel Jack Churchill (no relation to Sir Winston). He was a man regarded in awe by all who came in contact with him. Known in the army as “Mad Jack”, he always carried a broadsword into battle and, although not a Scot, he played the bagpipes to the annoyance of those around him.

No 2 Troop were told their new commander was a Captain in the Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment. What they didn't expect was the Duke himself - Henry Valerian George Wellesley, the Sixth Duke of Wellington, Earl of Mornington, known to his brother officers as “Morny”.

Captain David Birney had led No 2 Troop at St Nazaire with considerable elan; a man liked by the men, he would be a hard act to follow and, after hearing of the appointment of a Duke to command, the Troop had visions of a stiff-upper-lipped martinet taking charge. Some of the men didn't believe it and couldn't wait to see “their” Duke.

It was natural that he became known as “the Duke”, but not to his face, and they soon learned that he had a sense of humour. On his first day, after introducing himself to the men, he said: “Now we are going to march up to the “Heads of Ayr” (a local pub) and I'm going to show you how to throw a grenade”. The men burst out laughing; many of them having been in Commandos since 1940, they knew all about throwing grenades. Nearing the pub, the Duke got the men down behind some rocks and threw the grenade. He was a bit late getting down and received a shrapnel cut above the left eye, not realising the grenade used by the Commandos only had a four second fuse and not the standard army one of seven seconds. This didn't stop him from being first in the pub to order a pint of shandy.

Commando training was no picnic; more an endurance test. Speed marches of up to twelve miles were undertaken, going from Ayr to Kilmarnock at a speed march rate of seven miles per hour. The men took bathing shorts and made use of the local swimming baths before marching back. If they happened to see a bus, they would shout out “bus coming” and the Duke would hold up his hand for them to board. He always paid and dismissed the men outside the pub near Ayr racecourse.

The exact opposite of being aloof, the Duke rapidly endeared himself to the men, sitting and talking with them during rest breaks. On the foulest of nights he would lighten the spirits of the men. One of the men, recently married, went Absent Without Leave and, on his return, he was hauled up before the Duke. The Duke asked his Sergeant Major: “What do you think SM?” Three days' CB, Sir”. “Very good. Three days' pay.

Dismiss". "But Sir, I meant three days Confined to Barracks" said the Sergeant Major. The Duke rushed out of his office, found the man and said: "You won't run off again will you?" then wrote a cheque for £20 to send to his new wife.

No 2 Commando were shipped overseas on May of 1943, staying on Gibraltar prior to the allied invasion of Sicily, it being thought at the time the Germans might try and enter the campaign through Spain. Training continued on Gibraltar. In one exercise, crossing a deep ravine on a single rope, using one foot as a balance, the Duke fell off, falling some fifteen feet onto rocks. Although badly bruised, he gave no sign of his injuries, but got up to complete the crossing.

During the Commando's stay on Gibraltar the Duke took advantage of the trip to visit the family estate in mainland Spain. Warned by Jack Churchill of the consequences if caught, he went off across the Border in "civvies", returning ten days later.

The Allied landings on Sicily took place in July of 1943, but the Commando did not participate in the initial assault. General Patton's Americans on one side and the British Eighth Army on the other fought their way across Sicily towards Messina. The Commandos were kept back, landing in August at Scaletta, ten miles from Messina, to cut off the German retreat across the Straights to mainland Italy. Most of the Germans had fled. The Commando caught some stragglers and destroyed German transport. Lieutenant Jeffreys and Sergeant Duffy were killed in the action. Although Allied aircraft bombed the Straights, the Germans had brought off a brilliant coup, masterminded by Baron von Leibenstein, using follboats originally designed for the German invasion of Britain in 1940. By 17 July they had managed to transport 39,950 men and 51 tanks over to mainland Italy.

The Commandos looked down on Messina, anxious to press on and be the first troops to enter the town; no Allied troops were so far forward. Lieutenant Colonel Churchill received a message to halt, trucks were coming to take them back to the rear. To say the least, the Commando were upset. It was thought a political decision had been taken to allow General Patton's Americans the honour of entering first. When the Commando did enter Messina, it was to find American troops lined up in the local brewery filling their water bottles with beer.

The Commando was then moved across Sicily to join up with American General Mark Clark's 5th US Army, in preparation for the forthcoming Operation Avalanche, the Allied landings at Salerno. Here they enjoyed the luxury of American rations, a far cry from their bully beef and hard biscuits. One night in Sicily the Duke said to the men of No 2 Troop: "If any of you can't find a job when this war is over, come and see me".

Salerno is situated on a flat coastal plain, rising at each end with very high headlands. The Germans had sited a battery of big guns which controlled the whole of the bay, making it impossible for any invading force to enter the bay; the big guns would have to be taken out. This task was given to No 2 Commando, with American Rangers, under command of Colonel William O'Darby,

to their left; their task to prevent a German counter-attack through the hills above the town. Royal Marine Commandos were to pass through the lines to secure the town of Vietri sul Mare, thus controlling the hills above the town.

On 9 September 1943, just after midnight, the Commandos landed at Vietri, taking over the big guns with little opposition, Royal Marines passed through and secured the town. Messages were passed to the Fleet and, as dawn broke, the invasion armada dropped anchor in Salerno Bay.

Things did not remain quiet for very long. No-one who has ever heard it can forget the whip-like crack of the German M 42, the Mauser machine gun, known by the troops as the Spandau, named after the town where the special bullets were made. Firing at a rate of 1,300 rounds per minute, against the British Bren, with its slow rate of 600 a minute, the Germans quickly made their presence felt. The Marines came under pressure, taking casualties; the Commando moved up to give support. With the Duke in the lead, they drove the Germans back.

A problem arose with ammunition. The Commandos only had what they carried ashore with them. The American Rangers could do little to help; they had been issued with British bombs for the 4.2" mortar which didn't fit their weapons. The Duke was going from section to section to see all's well, when one of the men said: "Sir, you've been hit". The Duke turned, placed a hand on his rear and, seeing blood, said: "The audacity of them, hitting a Duke of the Realm in the arse with a bit of shrapnel!". Although walking wounded, he waited until things had quietened down before going to the aid station. One of the men remembers walking down with him and couldn't help overhearing the conversation between doctor and Duke: "Hello Morny, what's wrong?" "I've been hit doctor". "Where Morny?". "In the arse, doc; in the arse." "Drop your trousers then. You'll be able to go home and say that the Duke of Wellington was wounded in the battle for Salerno." "What? In the arse man? In the arse?"

Later, the Germans were trying to blow up the viaduct at Vietri. The Duke, with his batman and two signallers, hid in a cave overlooking the viaduct, shooting at the Germans, preventing them from placing explosives. The men had little water and no food for two days; one of the men volunteered to go for food, but German fire made it impossible.

The Duke took an American K ration pack from his battledress blouse, saying: "Divide it up". One of the men started to cut it into four pieces, when the Duke said: "Not for me, I'm not hungry". - This after two days with no food.

The Commando had been in the line for eleven days before they got a much-needed rest. They went down to a large house with its door swinging open, the locals having fled the war. "We will stay here tonight", said the Duke; "Move in". A voice came from the top of the stairs: "Get out of this house at once. You are trespassing. Do you know who I am? I am the Swiss Consul General". The Duke replied: "And do you know who I am? I am the Duke of Wellington. And don't you know there's a bloody war going on?".

The Commando started to settle in, but, after thirty minutes a message came: the Germans had broken through; Captain Broome's HQ had been wiped out by heavy mortar fire, killing the Captain and his staff.

Lieutenant General Richard McCreery met Lieutenant Colonel Churchill. Could the Commando go back in the line? He knew they were due for a rest, but he had no other troops to spare; the German heavy mortar unit was decimating the attacking infantry. Once more the Commando went back, attacking the village of Pigoletti, capturing the German colonel. The Duke approached him and threw up a perfect salute, saying: "Sir, you are my prisoner". Typical of him; polite and courteous to all.

German reaction was swift. An estimated 200 were on the hill overlooking Pigoletti. Jack Churchill called for volunteers; No 2 Troop were now reduced to only fourteen fit men; the Duke ordered the wounded to remain behind and give covering fire if required, leading one section, with Lieutenant Parsons, who replaced Lieutenant Jeffreys - killed in Sicily, taking the other section, they advanced through the village, the Duke saying to his men: "Come on chaps, we'll teach those Germans to shoot a Duke of the Realm up the arse". Those were his last words. Lieutenant Parsons returned, mortally wounded, with blood pouring from him. He reported to Jack Churchill before collapsing from his wounds. One of the section described seeing the Duke, lying on his back, his face white. No doubt about it, he was dead. A quick search failed to find the body.

The Commando were back at base when the Adjutant received an order from "above". The "heir presumptive" had flown in and was demanding someone was sent to find the body of the Duke and bring back the "Ducal Ring" worn by the Duke. He sent one of his men back to Pigoletti, scene of the fierce fighting; the Germans were still in the area and the man didn't think much of his task "just for a bloody ring". He found the Duke's helmet, identified by the regimental flash, but no sign of the body. It had been buried in a shallow grave, by whom no-one knows.

Much later Colonel Churchill returned with a burial party. They exhumed the Duke's body and gave it a proper burial in Salerno cemetery. No mention was made of the "Ducal Ring". Fifty seven years have elapsed since the Salerno landings and the fighting for



**Grave of the 6th Duke of Wellington at Salerno**

*Photo courtesy of the 1st Battalion*

the beaches and hills of southern Italy. Survivors of No 2 Commando are now in their eighties; memories may have dimmed a bit over the years, but all in No 2 Troop remember their Captain; a "lovely man", said one, "a real gentleman's gentleman".

1,850 young men from Britain and the Commonwealth who lost their lives lie in the beautiful, well-kept war graves cemetery at Salerno. Captain, the Duke of Wellington, lies near to his Sergeant Major, Pat Garland. The inscription on his grave reads: "Virtutis Fortuna Comes. Mornly the happy warrior. From his sorrowing mother and sister."

## THE SECOND BATTALION

*continued*

### **The Retreat from Burma**

From the docks in Rangoon we drove straight to a hutted camp at Minglagoon and saw nothing of the city. We immediately started to unpack and distribute equipment. No animals but plenty of jeeps from "lend lease" stocks. The "Flying Tigers" of the American Volunteer group were using the main road as a landing strip. On 20 February 1942 we moved out to an open farming site south west of Pegu. We were in reserve, with the task of watching the Gulf of MATEPAN for

amphibious or airborne landings. At this point the crucial error was made to move 2 DWR forward, by train, across the Sittang River to reinforce the rearguard of 46 Brigade and 17 Division at Khaikto. This one stroke led to a fresh battalion sustaining 50% casualties and losing their entire G1098 equipment, recently drawn from Rawalpindi Arsenal, without firing a battle winning shot. 2 DWR moved eastwards by train across the Sittang River bridge, leaving D Company on the west bank as bridge guard.

We moved on 21 February to Khaikto and spent one night as part of the 46 Brigade rearguard perimeter. Around us there was incessant small arms automatic fire, probably at nothing at all. I was sent, in my new jeep, to Brigade HQ to report our arrival. There was a stream of transport passing through westwards towards the Sittang River bridge. It was nearly dark and I asked an officer in the front of a 15cwt truck if I was now near the front line, and his tired answer was, "My dear chap this convoy is the front line", and drove on westwards towards Mokpalin. Having been in Khaikto less than 24 hours we were ordered to move that afternoon to a rubber plantation just west of the town. While on the move, in the open, about tea time, we were strafed for nearly an hour by Blenheims and fighters with RAF markings, suffering many casualties. Having already dropped D Company off as bridge guard, we were now to leave B Company at the rubber plantation to gather in a Burma Rifles Unit which was lost or missing. The Battalion, less two companies, marched off towards Mokpalin, a mile or so south of the bridge. Our route lay along an unmade gravel/sand road through thick, low scrub. We were the Brigade rearguard. A big road block ahead of us was cleared and the Adjutant, Pip Moran, at one point gathered my Signals Platoon together and we assaulted a small hill next to the road, but the Japs had withdrawn and we rejoined the column.

Thus my baptism of fire in World War Two was from the front end of a Blenheim bomber about 200 feet above me and coming straight at me with guns blazing. We were in the open in the rubber plantation. I could not get a clear view of the accompanying fighter aircraft through the trees.

It was a fearsome eighteen mile march to Mokpalin village next day with no food, no water, a heavy load of weapons and ammunition, hot sun and dust and quite a lot of pellets flying around! We got to Mokpalin railway station and village for the night. Still no water or food or blankets. Sporadic small arms fire all night.

On the morning that the bridge went up, when at Mokpalin, I saw the flanking Lewis gun of the 18 Pounder Battery shoot down the Japanese recce plane which flew very low over their guns. I heard afterwards that the wounded pilot finished up with someone from KOYLI under a large, nearby tree. He looked after the pilot increasingly well as the Japs got nearer! However, I mention this to emphasize the sort of out-of-date equipment the army in Burma was using, even before the Sittang disaster.

In the early hours we heard the Sittang bridge go. At dawn I found an RA mule's sideload water tank and we were able to fill it with water. I got the NCOs to set about collecting wood and we made a gigantic fire and boiled the water. We got the ingredients, tea, sugar and milk, and the whole platoon started that fateful day with a full mess tin of hot, sweet tea. The Adjutant told me to line the Mokpalin railway embankment, connecting up with the KOYLI on our right (south) flank, and this we did. At about this time the village was thoroughly mortared and burned fiercely. I stayed where I had been ordered until mid-afternoon. I remember seeing the second in command (or CO?) of the KOYLI being bowled over, wounded by a mortar bomb. I remember

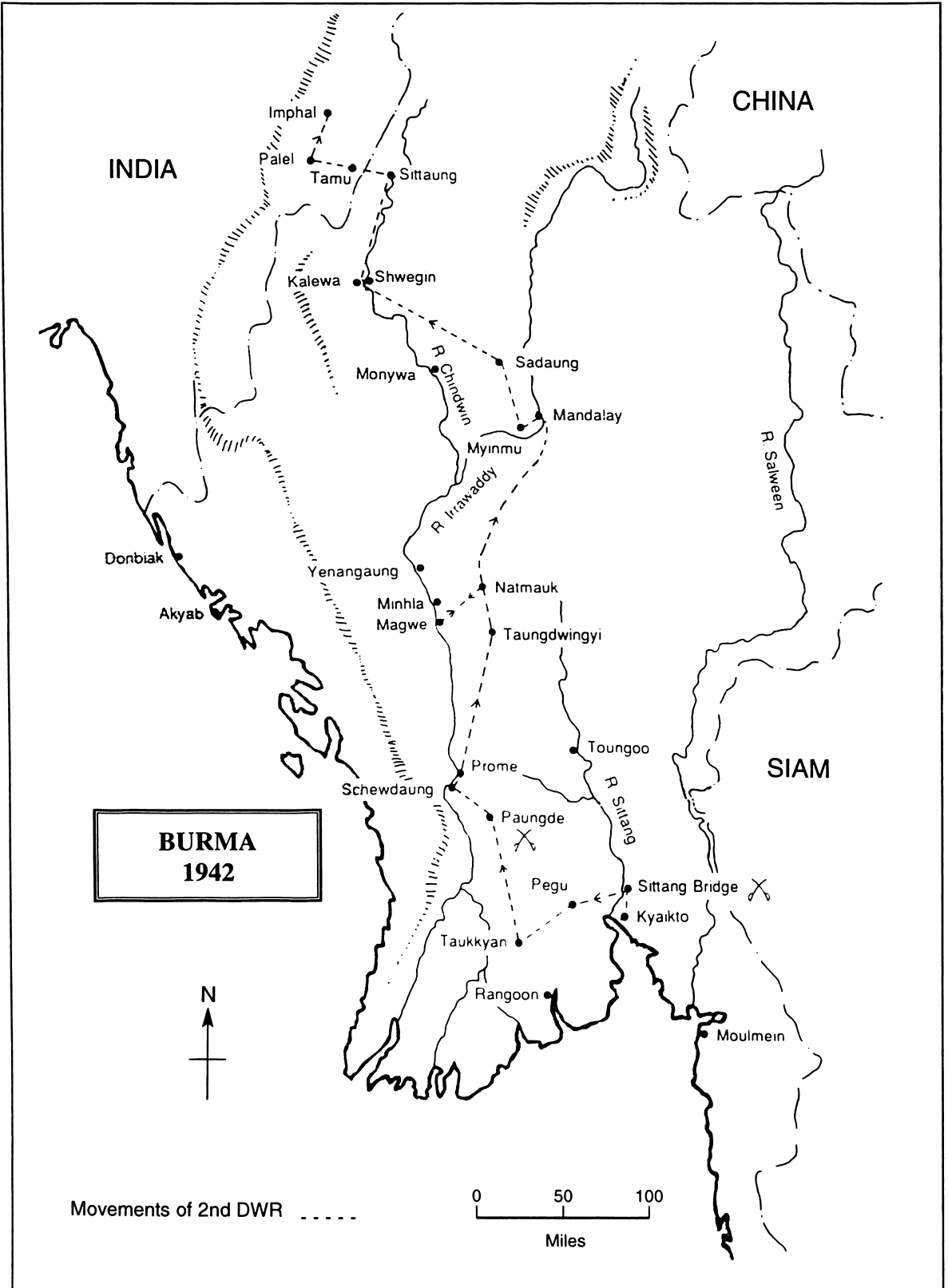
our heavy RAF bombers coming over high above us. I could see the bombs coming down and they landed beyond us. On the ground there was no contact with the enemy.

About 4.00pm, with a Lance Corporal in the KOYLI called Burns, I walked down to the river, about 600 yards away, carrying a KOYLI private soldier with his knee smashed by a mortar. We loaded him on a banana trunk raft, where he lay comfortably enough and secure. Burns and I stripped off, except for my .45 Webley round my neck, and swam gently across in warm sunshine for 800 yards pushing the raft along. On the far bank we were glad we still had my .45 pistol, as there were some evil-looking Burmans about, with their dahs (a long knife not always used for domestic purposes). On the other side, about 600 yards away, we discovered a bullock cart and a group of KOYLI and we managed to catch them up. It was carrying their CO or second in command, but room was made for our wounded man. Thank God; he was heavy and could not walk with one leg. Corporal Burns and I walked, still only in our pants and vests, in the direction of a general "hubbub" which turned out to be Waw railway station, by which time it was getting dark. I was hauled into a carriage in which was the CO of the Jats, shivering with fever and wrapped in a blanket, with one or two of his VCOs (Viceroy Commissioned Officers). These included a Jemedar, who the CO said, was the chap who found the body of our CO, who had been murdered in a village downstream, and extracted due vengeance! The train took us to Pegu, where I found the remnants of the Battalion had arrived and were reforming.

After Sittang we spent two or three days at Pegu. QM and vehicles arrived from Rangoon with some clothing, equipment of sorts, the scrapings of the Rangoon Depots, also weapons. The 7th Armoured Brigade arrived, having disembarked from the Middle East at Rangoon. They dashed about the place patrolling in their tanks and taking the strain off us. We moved back to Hlegu and thence to Taukyan road junction with the main Rangoon to Mandalay road. The Japanese road block was cleared eventually. John Christison (son of General Sir Philip Christison, who was our Colonel 1947-57) was the first to find it, and was killed there with his carrier platoon. I saw General Alexander standing near here, in his red hat, under small arms fire, waiting for us to sort things out. To get clear past the road block our Brigade formed close columns of fours and marched all through the night. Such a manoeuvre was a great risk, but it paid off.

The Battalion leap frogged back towards Prome. 2 DWR took part in the 17 Division counter attack at Paungde and Shwedaung. I missed this, having been sent to hospital with severe jungle sores on my legs which were making it impossible for me to march. We reassembled at Alanmayu, moved up to Taungwingee and dug in for quite a long time. Then back to Natmauk and patrolled the road from there to Magwe, together with the 7th Hussars. Thereafter we leap frogged back to Meiktila, where I met Robin Parry, 2/5 RGR briefly, in a graveyard where he was sleeping on a grave stone. It was here that we shared the road with retreating Chinese units.





The retreat continued. Sometimes we were told: "This is where we stand and fight it out", but the retreat continued in the end. We know now that the strategic decision had already been made. There was a great deal of marching, sometimes 25 miles in one night and it was getting very hot. The Japanese airforce was the only one we saw, to our cost. Though invisible, the RAF were doing valuable interdiction, but for which our situation would have been even worse.

We did a lot of marching towards Monywa and back, after crossing the Irrawaddy via the Ava bridge. Finally we were sent via Ye-U, to Shwegin and were ferried across the Chindwin River to Kalewa. Here we stayed to cover the evacuation of all troops and civilians, including the Mandalay fire engine. One of the interesting events was getting the vast number of mules across.

When 2 DWR were defending Kalewa the whole of the Burma Army and many civilians passed through, having been ferried across the Chindwin River in paddle steamers of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company. The moment arrived when extremely large numbers of mules had to be got across. These mules were assembled on the bank opposite Kalewa, having been led up the far bank several miles from Shewgin. At first they tried towing them in threes and fours behind motor launches. Corporal Carter, 2 DWR, immediately said to me, "That will never work". I knew he had been in the Animal Transport Section of the Battalion and I asked him how it should be done. He said, "Swim them free". This was done with instant success and thanks to Corporal Carter being put in charge a very large percentage made it to the Kalewa side. The odd mule would suddenly put its head below water and stop swimming, and just drift away. The river was at least 400 yards wide, quite fast-flowing.

Finally, last of all, we left Kalewa in two paddle steamers of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, Pauk was the name of one of them, together with a large part of 48 Brigade (Gurkhas) and had a peaceful two day voyage upstream to Sittaung where we all disembarked and then sank the ships.

Here two officers of the Gurkhas sneaked off to have a look at the Mawlaik Club, and came back with 2-3 vast, fantastic volumes of the bird books of Audubon worth, now, a fortune.

We had a hard march for two days over 7,000 ft mountains in 102 degrees of heat, with no water, to Tamu. While at Sittaung we were visited by a platoon of "Elephant Bill's" elephants, presumably to collect some heavy baggage (I hope that somehow those bird books were sneaked on board the elephants). I had obtained a rare 12 bore from the arms dump at Kalewa, but had to discard it on that march over the tall hills between the Chindwin and Tamu when my personal load had to give way to the need to help out with carrying the Boyes anti-tank rifle.

The monsoon broke as we crossed the Indian Frontier on about 18 May 1942. The screw guns of 12 Mountain Battery were in action positions to cover us as we crossed. They had marched some one thousand miles with mules and their screw guns from south of Moulmein. As we marched up to Palel, General Slim

was there to see us - "They looked like scarecrows, but they looked like soldiers too". John Williams' Company still carried one of their Boyes anti-tank rifles, a four-man load! We had all our own weapons such as they were. I had to remain in Imphal commanding the last ninety, all ranks, of the remaining fit men, including the padre, our MO, John Williams, Jackie Wardle and Horsfall. Our MO was "Doc" O'Hara who had been awarded the MC for his performance between Khaikto and the Sittang bridge and divisional counter-attack at Paungde/Shwedaung.

At Imphal the staff were still worried that they might be short of troops should the Japs "follow up". Also the Manipur road was clogged with transport and continually being washed out by the monsoon rain. We still had no new clothing and looked extremely scruffy. I eventually wrote to Rankens, the tailor in Calcutta, and they sent to me at Imphal an expensive bush jacket, a pair of trousers and a hat.

In July I eventually got my group back to join the main body of the Battalion, who were by now well set up at Shillong. They were under the command of Lieutenant Colonel "Bull" Faithfull, who then left me in charge of the Battalion, such as it was (200?), and went off on leave with these last words: "The Brigadier has promised he will leave you all in peace until I come back". As soon as his back was turned I was sent down to the Arakan Division, to start, and then to run, the 14 Division Jungle Warfare School, with Robin Parry, on the Gumptee River, off the Comilla - Argatala road. I never got any leave until Christmas, when I went up to Peshawar and stayed at the club. I had a few days' hunting with the PVH. Bill Ingle, 6 GR, had asked me to look after his white pony when he left Delhi with his Gurkha Brigade for the desert in late summer 1941. When we went to Burma I left the pony in Peshawar with Lieutenant Colonel Whistler, Royal Signals, who said he would see it was looked after. As soon as my back was turned he sold the pony to another officer, who kindly let me have the use of it - luckily. The barmen at the club were very welcoming and, although it was closed when I arrived off the Frontier Mail at midnight, we sat on the floor and they gave me a drink, and I heard the latest gossip of the Peshawar Cantonment.

I handed over the Jungle Warfare School in summer 1943, by then at Sevoke, by the bridge over the Teesta River on the last of the flattish ground before the railway and road began to climb up to Darjeeling. In July I rejoined 2 DWR near Dinapore, temporarily on railway security patrol duties - Ghandi et al. We were thence ordered to join 3 Indian Division, Special Force (Chindits) Long Range Preparation Group in Central Provinces near Nowgong, for five months' rigorous special training, and organisation. But that is another tale.

*Afternote:* The following were particular problems:

Acclimatisation. There was none. We had not trained for this sort of campaign, switching from long-range rifle fire on bare rocky mountains, on the North West Frontier of India, to "Burp" guns at point blank range in steamy jungle, with only a train journey and a sea voyage between the two.

Lack of sleep. As Regimental Signals Officer I was on watch in Battalion HQ every night, sharing the duty with three or four others.

Water. This was always a problem and thirst was a real hardship.

Clothing. This was never properly replaced after losing everything at Sittang.

Equipment. We lost all our signals equipment at Sittang and, except for telephones and cable to companies, it was never replaced. I imagine the artillery and tanks had priority. In any case, we had no transport to speak of to carry large sets.

Weapons. We had our weapons and ammunition and we had a few Thompson sub-machine guns, but these were too heavy.

Lieutenant Colonel "Bull" Faithfull was our CO for most of the retreat, after Colonel Basil Owen was murdered by Burmans as he slept. He was a magnificent figure of a man and a tower of strength. On a long march I saw him seize a soldier whose march discipline

was failing, lift him clean off the ground, shake him and tell him what he had done wrong in words he understood. This revived the whole platoon!

Under these conditions the true subordination of an army is revealed. In peace we instil discipline ready for the test. This is why our way of life seems odd to those who have not thought it all out.

It is not good for one's morale to be thrown into a major retreat with only three years' service, but one finished up as a temporary 2 i/c of a battalion and an acting Major at 21 and was never "demoted".

ADF

#### *Editor's Note*

"The longest retreat that British forces had ever made, or are ever likely to make. For three months the British fought without a line of communication and for two months without any air support", so says Major General Ian Lyall Grant in the introduction to his book *Burma 1942, The Japanese Invasion*, which was written in conjunction with Kazuo Tamayama, and reviewed by ADF on page 134 of *Iron Duke No 341*.

## THE DUKES STRIKE BACK - BURMA 1944

My previous article, re the campaign of '42, was printed in *Iron Duke*, Spring 2000, with the cooperation of the Regimental Archivist, Bill Norman, who has incidentally given me a great amount of assistance with this attempt on the campaign of 1944. I would point out to the reader that events mentioned are something in excess of 56 years since, and the mind is perhaps not so active as I will be 79 in November 2000. I had rejoined the Regiment at Ranchi, in India, after recovering from a long bout of dysentery after the campaign of '42. The 2nd Battalion Dukes were by this time fully mechanised, and had large fire power with Bren Carriers now available.

During this period, certain events were still taking place in Burma, and an army officer of somewhat unorthodox character had gone into Burma, behind enemy lines, with his men, with the object of creating the utmost chaos and disruption to Japanese supplies and communications. Brigadier Orde Charles Wingate, and his Chindits, were to become a byword for fortitude and bravery. Such was the success with his original force, with the disruption created behind enemy lines, that it was decided that something like 10,000 further troops were to be trained for this purpose.

The Long Range Penetration Forces were designated to do just about the most exacting training that could have been foreseen anywhere, and the Dukes were one of the last regiments to become part of it. Lieutenant Colonel Faithfull had flown to Delhi to express to the powers that be that the Dukes were right for this job.

September '43 saw the changes and we were moved to Charterpur, in the Jhansi area of India, and on the banks of the river Ken, where we were to undergo intensive training, with emphasis on river crossings and route marches etc. We had only bivouacs as cover and many long hours were spent on the river, which was ideal for

myself. I loved being in the water and experimented with all kinds of ideas of river crossing with one's own equipment. We did unfortunately sink a homemade pontoon and lose two of the then new Sten Guns considered to be priceless at the time. In the eventual campaign itself we never had to cross any large rivers.

We became part of the 23rd Infantry Brigade under Brigadier Perowne, and were in fact removed from the original Long Range Forces, and became part of General Stopford's group. Where others had been flown into Burma by plane and glider, we were designated to march into the Naga hills and were taken by rail to Mariani, where the long and arduous trek was to start.

I point out the units which comprised 23rd Infantry Brigade, the Dukes' two columns, the Border Regiment two columns, the Essex Regiment two columns and the 60th Royal Artillery two columns had been converted to infantry for this. The war in the Burma theatre, at this time, was entering a very critical stage. The Japanese had amassed very large forces indeed in the north, with the objective of the future conquest of India. To accomplish this, the three places he had to capture would be Kohima, Dimapur and Imphal. Kohima was already besieged and would remain so for some fifty days before being relieved. The Allied commanders were aware of the situation and large forces were moved to meet this threat.

Around the middle of March '44 the 23rd Infantry Brigade entered the conflict, the primary object being to harass the enemy, to engage them at all times, and to cut and disrupt all communications. My own belief is that this was carried out to good effect. I do point out at this stage that we were about to enter some of the most inhospitable terrain one could think of, with hills of 8,000 ft or more. We would move only on narrow tracks, with no vehicular traffic. We would be entirely

dependent on air supplies in terrain where the hills were very often covered in dense cloud, creating extreme difficulty for aircraft bringing supplies.

The training had been done. After a journey of some length we finally arrived on the Bengal and Assam Light Railway at Mariani, near to the foothills of Assam. My own platoon, under Captain E. R. Harris, left before the 33rd and 76th Columns in order to carry out a recce to Mokochung and beyond, which was some 100 miles from Mariani, the railhead. This took over a week and covered some 240 miles in extent. We were of course carrying our full complement of equipment weighing some 50lbs. My own section was to be forward scout and advance patrol - three miles to the hour and ten minutes rest at every third milestone. In spite of the weights we had to carry (each pack had extra ammunition magazine carriers sewn to each side) we made very good progress, being young and fit.

One was immediately struck by the surrounding Naga foothills. The vegetation was really lush and thick. Towering bamboo, some four to five inches thick, and the wildlife, particularly birds of wide varieties and spectacular in colour. Once the foothills were left behind the gradient became apparent - uphill all the way. Local porters and bearers carried the loads of supplies suspended on their backs with a large pod and strap over the top of the head. Without exception all had very enlarged thyroid glands. On the fourth day we were welcomed by local Nagas as we arrived at Mokochung. They were extremely friendly.

The following day I was ordered on patrol with my section to a village some twenty miles away. I was accompanied by my English-speaking guide, a school teacher from Mokochung by the name of Kilem Sungba. I had orders to stay the night in the distant village, and return the next day with or without any information about the whereabouts of the Japanese. We arrived back at Mariani on the tenth day to find that the 33rd and 76th Columns had left some days before, after having had a visit from Lord Louis Mountbatten himself. Our platoon had already covered some 200 miles - we were pretty tired.

The following morning we set off in the general direction to the north of Kohima where contact had already been made with the enemy's supply routes. I believe it was at Khesomi that I made my first contact with the enemy. My platoon occupied the village and that night I made a mistake which unfortunately was to end in tragedy.

We knew the enemy was in the area and the local villagers were invited to leave the village over night for their own safety. Most of them declined. Our information was that there were four tracks leading into the village, and one section was to cover each. Being section leader I usually did the first stint of guard. I was already reduced to six men. The plan was that I should stay on guard until midnight. Just before midnight I was informed by one of our Naga look-outs that we had "visitors". They had entered the village by a small access unknown to us. There were about twenty of them, bartering with the natives for supplies.

I had aroused my section who were now stood to along the perimeter - all six of them. I crept alongside one of the village rice containers. Hearing movements

behind me I turned to come face to face with a Japanese officer who was apparently in charge of the party. I believe he was just as startled as I was. By the time I had turned around and brought my sten into position, he had disappeared over a low wall, shouting "Englisi, Englisi, Englisi". By this time I had let forth a burst of sten gun fire, but unfortunately I had missed. I rejoined my section. We could hear hurried movements but were unable to make contact. We were extremely alert for the rest of that night. In their hurry to leave the village the enemy had left practically all their equipment. Next morning I presented my platoon commander with around twenty sets of equipment. One of them contained a map copied from a British Ordnance map with Japanese Nippon signs superimposed on it.

We were pleased to hear later that the enemy who had left in such a hurry had been picked up at the next village by one of our other platoons. Most of them were Indians and Anglo Burmese who had been commandeered by the Japs to visit the local villages to secure supplies. Unfortunately an elderly female in the village who had been in bed asleep had received a head wound and died later. I was naturally very upset knowing that my own sten gun had been responsible. War is indeed ruthless and sometimes very unkind to the innocent. But this tragedy would not have occurred had the villagers heeded the advice they had been given.

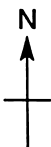
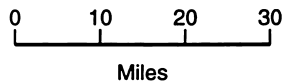
This incident I did pass off previously as insignificant from a military viewpoint, but on reflection it would seem significant. The Japanese had sent forth a fairly large foraging party; the entire party was dealt with, and it had lost all its equipment. It was a start and the Dukes had begun to strike back.

It would be impossible for me to describe the events, and bitter fighting that ensued in nearly all the villages around the Kohima area, where units of the 23rd Infantry Brigade were engaged. There was the area around Chozumi, Chezwosumi and Runguzumi, and the notorious 28th Milestone. The enemy had dug in to a large extent on high ground overlooking the track junctions. I was sent on patrol myself, but took coloured men with me from an Indian unit, the purpose was to establish where the enemy were dug in. They received the attention of an air strike as well as our own mortars, after all they had previously attacked our own positions at dawn one morning and killed two colleagues next to my own section. At this particular place the Column had been held up for several days before it was cleared of the enemy, and we were able to proceed.

Whilst these activities of 23rd Infantry Brigade units were taking place, the enemy were beginning to be somewhat short of supplies. After all, supplies were also being disrupted by the other long range forces who had been air-lifted into Burma. A very large battle ensued around Imphal and Ukhrul, and Kohima at last was relieved after being besieged and cut off for some fifty days. This did appear to be the turning point of the war in Burma, and the enemy were given no respite, monsoon or no monsoon.

Our own Columns had done some very long marches over extremely difficult terrain, long before we arrived anywhere near Ukhrul, where we were finally picked up with vehicle transport. There was constant rain and everywhere there were carcasses and dead bodies,

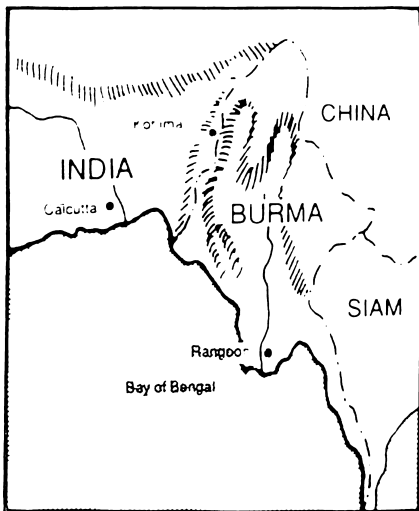
**BURMA CAMPAIGN**  
**March - July 1944**



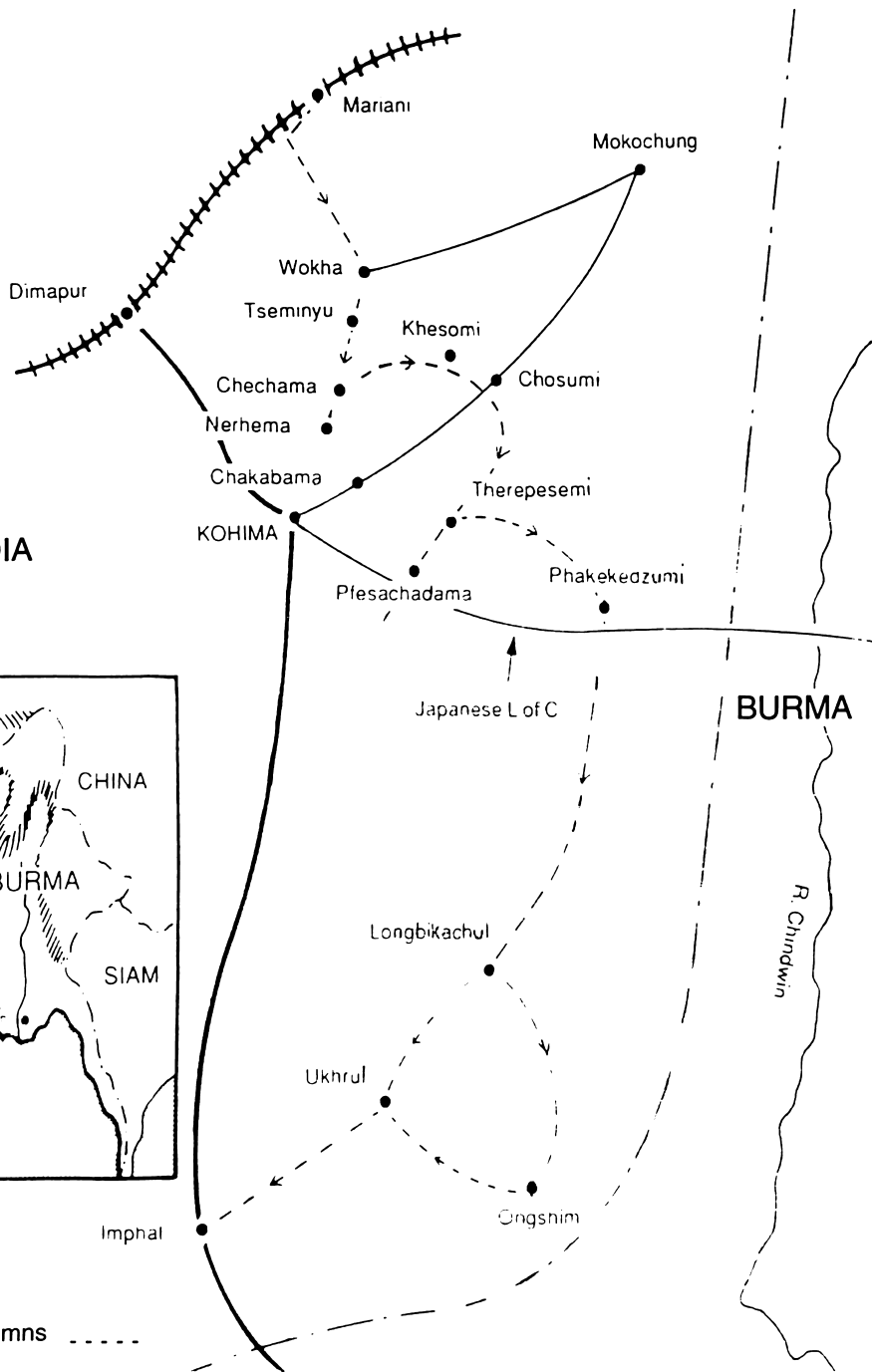
INDIA

KOHIMA

BURMA



Movements of the  
33rd and 76th Columns



mostly of Japanese. Plenty of water, but none really fit to drink, with it being polluted by dead bodies.

There is a lot of the complex situation that I am unable to describe. We had lost some of our colleagues, not always by enemy action, but by the sheer privations that we endured. Most of my own toe nails fell off with the long periods of not having dry feet, but they grew pretty normal in time and I have never suffered with them. Many of the men in the '44 campaign contracted malaria and gastric stomachs. We had of course been without fresh food for a pretty long time, but we had survived in no small way due to the Air Force that had supplied us, in spite of some terrible flying conditions at times.

I do realise that much has been left unsaid, but the Japanese stranglehold in northern Burma had been broken. His Indian conquest was now a nightmare, he had briefly raised the Rising Sun on India, but only briefly and it was estimated that the Japanese left behind something in excess of 50,000 dead in the state of

Manipur alone. As a postscript, I add the message we received from Lieutenant General W. J. Slim, Commander of the 14th Army:

"On the successful conclusion of this phase of operations in this Imphal area, I wish to convey to you and all ranks of 23rd Brigade my high appreciation of the great contribution which you have made to the defeat of the Japanese. 23rd Brigade was given a task which was a real test of its skill, determination and toughness, but never during the one thousand mile move of your columns over some of the most arduous country in the world was any difficulty, whether provided by nature or the enemy, too great for its commanders and men to overcome. 23rd Brigade should be proud of the part it has played in the destruction of the Japanese forces. You have more than sustained the reputation of the Special Force."

George H. Wragg  
Ex Corporal DWR

## ESCAPE

*continued*

As I have said previously, I had returned to Fontanellato to try and find out what was happening and to look for a fresh companion to end my journey with, and I will now deal with the three people I have mentioned previously.

The easiest one is Eric Newby the writer, who was at that time a Lieutenant in a Commando and had come unstuck somewhere; I think, in either Sicily or the Balkans in 1943 and been captured. When I found him he was in the Cottage Hospital, or the equivalent thereof, in Fontanellato. He had been overtaken escaping on his mule and had had to go back to the hospital for attention. In Italy, the police are called the Carabinieri and they are loyal to whichever government is in power. Well, of course, there was poor old Newby in the hospital and the local power was in fact the German Army and the Germans had told the Maresciallo, the Sergeant Major of the Carabinieri, that he was to guard Newby until they could arrange to take him away. I went to see Newby and there was no danger to me. If the Carabinieri had been told to arrest me they would have done so, but all they were doing was what the Germans told them to do - guarding Newby. I had a very amusing conversation with Newby in the hospital in front of the guard (and de Bendern who was also there) and I suggested that he might try and escape, but the fact was that we could not effect this without upsetting the Carabinieri. If we had taken Newby out of their custody forcibly, which it was possible to do, that would have made enemies of them and they would have made life very difficult for us in the district. Newby was fully appreciative of this situation and told us not to take the risk. His girlfriend, now his wife of many years, was there. She was an extremely attractive girl and very pleasant, and spoke quite good English. She and her family were of Slovene or Croat origin and before the First World War had been subjects of the Austrian Empire, but in 1918 the part of

Austria where they lived was seized by Italy as gains of war. Because her father had been a civil servant and was fairly outspoken he was not popular with the Italian authorities and consequently was removed into the Po Valley, where he was living virtually under surveillance. I never saw Eric again, but of course one has heard a great deal about him (and her) and I have seen them both on television and read one of his books. He is obviously an erudite man, and of an enthusiastic nature. He was a very nice man too.

Lieutenant John de Bendern was originally called John de Forrest. His father, Arnold de Forrest, had been a Liberal MP when the First World War broke out. Eventually, after the war (he was a very rich man indeed and eccentric into the bargain) he had a row with Winston Churchill and as a result took out Liechtenstein nationality and became de Bendern instead of de Forrest. Now John was his younger son - the old man had two sons, Aleric and John and a daughter whom I never met, but who had married Jean Borotra, the French tennis star of the thirties. However, John remained basically an Englishman and lived in England. His father went to live, I think, mostly in France and, during the war, in Switzerland. John was, however, the Amateur Golf Champion of the UK in 1930 and as such was quite well-known. He was a lean, wiry man, very nice, very amusing to talk to, a bon viveur, a bon raconteur, and attractive to women! He spoke French fluently, Italian quite well and he spoke some German, so he was a very useful companion.

We now come to Primo Tenenti Pierro Prevadini of the Italian Army. He had been an artillery officer, but was born in Soho! The Prevadini family had run a restaurant in Greek Street in Soho for forty years until the war broke out. They were very well known and had a good restaurant and clientele. Young Prevadini and his sister had grown up in that area, in other words they were Londoners. They both spoke with a broad

Cockney accent and so did their mother for that matter. He had, of course, gone back to Italy for part of his education and had secured employment with the Banca Commerciale Italia in London. But he was virtually an Englishman. However, he had been impressed, whilst being educated in Italy, by the antics of Mussolini and some of the achievements of Fascism.

When war broke out the Prevadini family discovered they were still Italian subjects, so they had to choose between going back to Italy or being interned in the UK. Pierro persuaded his parents to return to Italy and to abandon all their possessions in Greek Street. As old Mrs Prevadini told me later: "The Special Branch came one morning and told us we had two hours in which to pack up. My God!, how can you pack up forty years of possessions in two hours. All my linen, I had to leave it behind", and there were tears in her eyes.

At any rate, come the Armistice, Prevadini became a very great asset to us. It was quite obvious why - he wanted to go back to London after the war. He, like most of the Italians, knew they had lost and that times were going to be very hard for Italy after the war. Whereas, somebody like Pierro, who had assisted a number of British officers to escape, would be looked upon with greater favour by the British government, as indeed he was. His family had a house high up in the Appennines. His father had died, of a broken heart, it was said, but his mother and sister and her children were all up in the Appennines in, funnily enough, a place not very far away from where John de Benden and I had been in prison at a place called Mont Albo.

The parish priest there was a Father Andrea Rossi who was a remarkable man. He had the courage of a lion, he was charming, he was kind, he was a very true Christian, Padre Andrea, and he was truly a Pastor to his flock. He had been our parish priest whilst we were in the village, in the Castello, an old castle, 240 of us, and Father Andrea had come in every Sunday and on feast days to say Mass for us Catholics. He spoke French fluently, in addition to Italian. This irked the Italians because they hadn't got anybody who could speak French and of course he really wasn't supposed to be in contact with the British prisoners without someone keeping an eye on him. He listened to the BBC surreptitiously; or perhaps he had a chum who listened on his instructions. At the time of Alamein, when we wanted information badly and were eager to get it, he told us with some glee "We've lost six divisions", and by Jove he was right, they had. Padre Andrea was definitely sympathetic to us. We told Prevadini we would go to Mont Albo and get Padre Andrea to direct us to Prevadini's village and we would find the house ourselves. So, the wheel had turned in full circle. We had had an Armistice, and we had all alerted ourselves. We had broken out of the camp, we had broken away and split up and I had returned to Fontanellato.

The time had now come for us to get away from Fontanellato and so, early one morning, John de Benden and I set out with our bicycles, each carrying a sack on the cross bar, containing one's few tattered belongings - a shaving kit and a towel which we had managed to procure. The area was at the time quite clear of Germans, although there were some along the main

road which ran right across the province, the Strada Emilia, from north west to south east, one of the main trunk roads of Italy. However, we decided we would have to cross it and then take off into the countryside going in a north west direction into the mountains. The foothills were quite close to the main road, and having got into the mountains we would then make our way across to Mont Albo to see our friend, Padre Andrea Rossi.

We kept about 100-150 yards apart and took it in turn to lead, as the Italians had warned us that the Germans did have check points to see that people's papers were in order. We had no papers of course, other than various receipts which the Italians had given us at an early stage of our imprisonment for the belongings which they had confiscated, including my silver cigarette case. I did in fact get the case back in 1946 when I was serving in India. It had been found in a safe depository in Parma, about fifteen miles from Fontanellato!

Having gone some way up the main road, we took a side road due westwards towards the Appennine hills and stopped at a farmhouse. Now, this farmhouse was not very far away from a large German aerodrome. The farmer was a charming old boy, "Yes, of course you can, come in and we'll put you up for the night", and they did and looked after us very well indeed. He then told us how to make our way on our journey following a fairly reasonable class of road.

I was leading our little column, and as we were going along towards the aerodrome I suddenly saw, to my horror, about 200-300 yards ahead that there was a check point. The Italians in front were queueing up and showing their papers to the German guards. At once I quietly turned around and pedalled back the way I had come to warn John. I twiddled my hand round, with my fingers going round and he turned very quickly and we disappeared down the road and went off it.

We went back to the old farmer and told him the problem. He said, "Oh yes, I thought that might happen". He pointed out another route which took us right the way round the entire circumference of the aerodrome - a very long way - tedious going, and we didn't make much progress that day.

In passing, I would mention that this aerodrome was obviously one of the German's main focal points of supply in that part of the world. Supplies were being flown in on a regular basis and there were swarms of Ju 52s, which were the main German transport plane. Extraordinarily enough we actually saw one of the legendary Messerschmitts, probably the Me 600, which was an enormous (for those days) transport plane, having six engines on each side. This plane was capable of lifting about a battalion at a time. It needed a very long runway to get down and to get off and we did actually see one flying. They were the biggest aircraft that both John and I had ever seen. It was alleged that the Germans had flown a Me 600 to Cape Town and back earlier in the war, without refuelling and without being caught by the Allies. From information we received later it seems the flight did actually take place, although I have no details now. No mean feat.

Having circumvented the aerodrome and got into the foothills of the Appennines, our troubles began. To start

with, the hills are very steep. After climbing to the top of one we would walk about ten yards and plunge down a precipice, walk about twenty yards and up another sheer cliff and so on. As a result of this our progress in a day was not very great, but we did need to stay off the beaten track. However we persevered, even though having to push our bicycles made the journey even harder.

We managed to find accommodation and were looked after the first night. The next day we pushed on and reached a farm where the owners put us up. It was Saturday evening so we settled down there and stayed until Monday. All the people on the farm were busy bringing in grapes so we helped. The grapes were put into barrels, the men took off their trousers, climbed in and stamped on the grapes to extract the juice. I was

quite thin in those days and found no difficulty in jumping up and down in the barrel when it was my turn and helped to make my lunchtime drink.

The next day we set off again. The people who sheltered us were incredibly poor. They had little to eat themselves, and were scraping a living by sheer hard work and willpower. But they were golden-hearted souls and had no hesitation in helping us. Whatever they had they would share and were the most generous and pleasant people. We found quite a few of them had actually been to America; some could even speak a rudimentary form of English!

Somewhere along the line there was only one incident where we were actually refused help.

*(to be continued)*

Antony Mitchell

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: Nonsuch  
Warwick Close  
Sheriff Hutton  
York YO60 6QW  
29 Sept 2000

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

I would like to join with Derek Davies and David Gilbert-Smith in remembering Raymond Haywood who died in April. He was a very talented rugby league player both in attack and defence, someone who could turn a game. He was much admired and respected by all those who played with him in the Dukes in Northern Ireland.

At the same time I would like to comment on the superb obituary for Major Charles Grieve, adding a personal observation. In my time with the Dukes there have been some great games players of the highest ability in the Regiment. I do not want to start a competition but, in my opinion, Charles was the outstanding games player with his talent in so many directions. I think that the last sentence of the obituary got it absolutely right.

Yours faithfully  
Dennis Shuttleworth

From: Bryn Pabo  
Carreglefn  
Almwch  
Gwynedd LL68 0PL  
9 July 2000

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

I was very fortunate as a National Service subaltern to join the Dukes and, even more, initially to have had Baron Emmet as Company Commander and A1 Arundel as Platoon Sergeant.

Then, after six months, I moved to Support Company and the Mortar Platoon, where I came into contact with Major Grieve and Sergeant Battye. I had to be trained

and, thanks to them, I was. The Major left you alone as long as you got on with your job. But always you knew he was there in support and with the offer of help.

I was also very aware of the deep faith he had and the depth of feeling for his family and his Regiment. As captain of the Battalion cricket team he was firm in his direction and what he wanted. In one cup match, 36 overs a side, he gave firm instructions: "I want to average ten runs an over". We gave him 367!

If there are rugby pitches, golf courses and cricket pitches in the Elysian Fields I hope he will make use of them. I give thanks for and drink a toast to Charlie Grieve.

Yours sincerely  
Bryant T. Fell

From: 31 Judith Avenue  
Knodishall  
Saxmundham  
Suffolk IP17 1UY  
17 Sept 2000

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

It is always with pleasure and interest that I receive my copies of the Iron Duke.

The Autumn issue (received a few days ago) was of particular interest for two reasons.

First was the article on Pantellaria 1943 by Ron Clarke, MM. He was a sergeant in the 1st Battalion as I am sure you know. The second item was the note (p84) on the London Branch of the Regimental Association about the dinner attended by the Colonel of the Regiment and that his table was shared with Herbert Beckett, Douglas Emery and Ken Walker.

I have had the privilege of meeting both Ron Clarke and Herbert Beckett. The first time was on the occasion of a RBL Wargraves Pilgrimage to Italy in May 1994, together with the Rev Tom Richardson who had been padre to the 1st Battalion. The connection is that my father also served in the 1st Battalion from late 1939 until his death at Anzio on 12 February 1944. My father



was Major 'Brainy' Benson, MC, and apparently Herbert had heard I was going on this particular pilgrimage and actually spoke to me on the 'phone before we went. We visited several of the cemeteries in Italy of course with a big ceremony at the Cassino Cemetery of which I have a video (again thanks to Herbert Beckett) and the next day a service at the Anzio Beach-head Cemetery where my father is buried. That was particularly poignant to me (and my sister) as the Rev Tom Richardson gave the address. We all had many interesting talks and learned a lot of little tidbits about the campaign in North Africa and Italy which were not known to my family. It is interesting to me that Major General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter is now the Colonel of the Regiment since it was his father my father served under for part of the time and also I still have the letter written to my mother by Lieutenant Colonel Brian Webb-Carter at the time of my father's death. Also in 1994 my husband and I spent a weekend in York and went to the annual Regimental Service in York Minster and to lunch afterwards. Again of course I met up with Ron Clarke and Herbert Beckett and at lunch I was seated next to General Donald Isles who also served in Italy.

It was not until 1993 that I found out for certain that the Duke of Wellington's Regiment was still in existence when a representative of the Regiment attended my mother's funeral here in Knodishall. That was a great thrill. Since then I have had several small kindnesses from the Regiment including a copy of the citation for my father's MC, which I suddenly realised we did not have. Long may the Regiment and the Iron Duke continue.

Yours sincerely  
Mrs Mary J. Wright

From 8 Penrose Way  
Four Marks, Alton  
Hampshire  
GU34 5BG  
19 October 2000

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

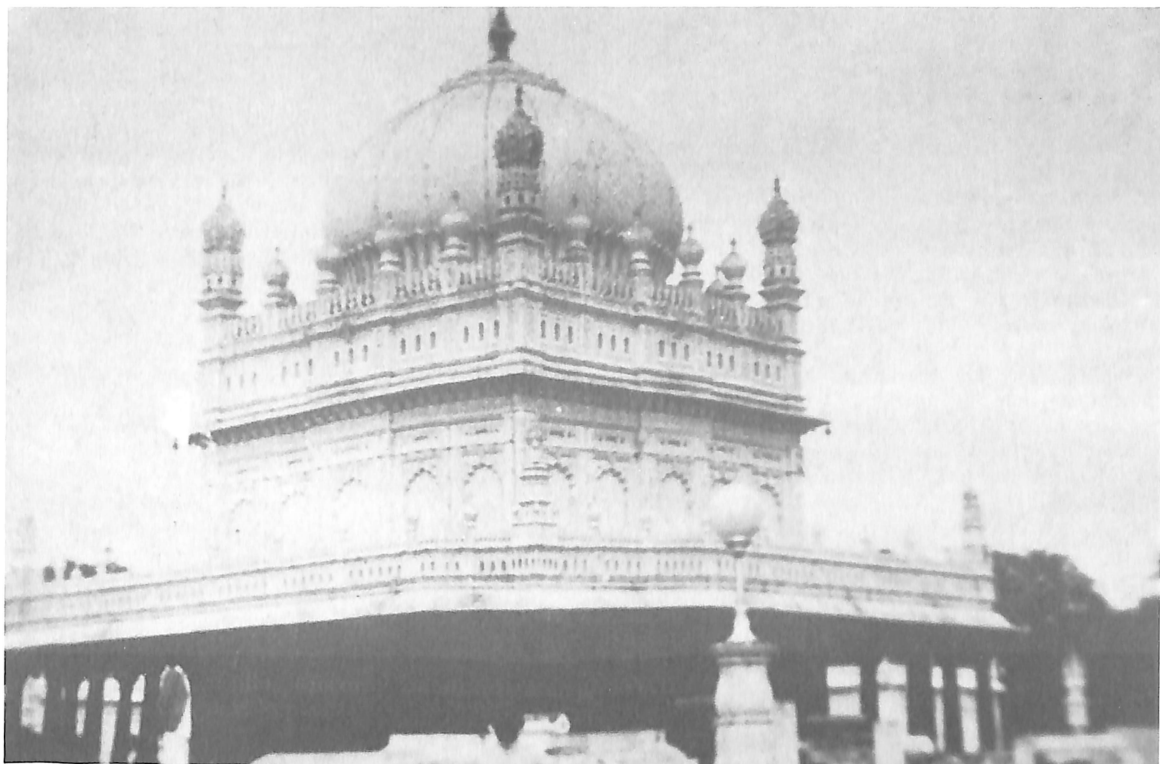
I was interested to read Richard Ward's letter in the Iron Duke (Autumn 2000) concerning his trip to Seringapatam, India where both the 33rd and 76th Regiments of Foot fought in the Mysore Wars at the latter end of the eighteenth century, and where finally the aggressive Sultan of Mysore - Tippu Sahib - was defeated and killed by British and Indian Forces (including the 33rd) on 4 May 1799 in his fortress.

I, too, visited Seringapatam in July 1946 when on commissioning leave after having passed out from the Officer Training School at Bangalore and before joining 2 DWR in Meerut. I stayed at a hotel in Mysore - a completely Indian city in an independent state - and explored the surrounding countryside by taxi with an Indian officer who was also staying at the hotel. We thoroughly enjoyed our daily trips including the one made to Seringapatam. I am enclosing some of the photographs I took. It is interesting to compare my Water Gate photo with his and note the deterioration that has taken place over the last fifty years especially to the top lintel. The murals were indeed very vivid and in a good state of preservation fifty years ago. In contrast the dungeons were grim.

However, after half a century, my strongest memory is of visiting the hill fort at Savandroog built on a droog. This was known as the Hill of Death. These droogs were natural steep conical hillocks arising out of the flat plain



The Water Gate



**Tippu's Mausoleum**

and perhaps reaching an elevation of five hundred feet. Tippu built fortified camps on the top of these droogs to act as outposts on the approach lines to Seringapatam. The sides were very steep and littered with jumbled boulders interspersed with thorny scrub. I know that at the time as I viewed this formidable obstacle I could hardly conceive the sheer physical effort needed by the British soldiers, including those of the 76th, to scale the sides and capture the fort at the top, as they did on 21 December 1791.

Another delightful memory was the time I spent riding with the Mysore Lancers. Daily after returning from our exploratory trips I would spend two hours down at the horse lines being put through my riding paces by a demanding Risaldar. At the end of the fortnight I was allowed some trial runs tent pegging with a sabre, but certainly not competent enough to use a lance. For those who might be unfamiliar with the term tent pegging, I should explain that this was derived from an old cavalry tactic of attacking an enemy encampment at dawn whereby the cavalymen galloped down the tent lines spearing out the wooden tent pegs with lance and sabre so that the tents collapsed on the sleeping incumbents. Later this exercise was adapted as a show ground spectacle when cavalry units gave exhibition rides.

Likewise, as requested by Mr Ward, I would ask you to pass these photographs on to RHQ for the archives.

Yours faithfully  
J. A. d'E. ('Dusty') Miller

From: 4 The Square, Caverswall  
Stoke on Trent  
Staffordshire, ST11 9ED  
26 Sept 2000

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

How sad to hear of the death of Major Claes Frost in the Autumn Iron Duke.

I got to know Claes well between 1976 and 1987. I remember first meeting him when he came to visit the Battalion in Minden when I was Adjutant. I seem to recall he stayed with Mickey Bray, but I can't be too sure. However, what I am sure about is that we had a rugby match on the Saturday and he demonstrated a great capacity for putting it away in the White Rose Club afterwards, drinking beer with Schnapps or the local equivalent as chasers. Ugh!

At the time, I used to rent a caravan in Aarosund in Denmark, which we used for holidays and weekends. Claes introduced us to the local food and some retired Danish Life Officers who looked after us well. Later, when the NATO exercise planner at UKCICC, I would regularly visit the Danish MoD in Copenhagen, the NATO HQ at Flens and the airbase at Karup, and I could guarantee Claes would have a friend who would look after me. Latterly, as the SOI responsible for WINTEX/ CIMEX planning in MoD, I used to have to travel around NATO countries visiting NATO HQs and national MoDs to co-ordinate scenarios and plans and at that time Claes was equivalent to Regimental Secretary

and based in the historic Kastellet in Copenhagen. With embarrassing memories of winning the Rupert of the Month award in Sennelager, the less said about our nights out in Copenhagen the better! He will be sadly missed.

On a totally different issue, I note the reference to General Donald and the RARDEN cannon. In 1973-76, when an instructor on PCD with lead responsibility for small arms training, I was sent on the RAC RARDEN gunnery instructors' course. I was then tasked with setting up the infantry course and writing the first tactical doctrine working with ITDU and the Demonstration Battalion. The FV 432 proved to be a very difficult weapon platform and the RARDEN variant had a short in-service life sadly. The weapon itself was a very revolutionary design, not having the traditional recoil mechanism, however I found it a joy to handle and very, very accurate in the hands of a well-trained gunner. The hardest thing for us instructors was not mastering the gun, but getting to grips with all the tank gunnery commands!

Yours sincerely  
J. R. A. Ward

From: 9 The Braid, Chesham  
Bucks, HP5 3LU  
16 September 2000

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

Having just received the Autumn edition of the Iron Duke, I thought you might be interested in the attached photograph of the 1st Battalion Rugby Team taken (I

think) at Moascar some time in 1946. You will see from the reverse that all members excluding one are named and it might be interesting to know who the 'unknown' member is.

I am not quite sure why Fred Huskisson and Geoff Reynolds are not in this photograph but I can remember being in the second row with Fred on quite a few occasions and I think it was about the time we were in the canal area that Geoff Reynolds came to us - he used to be so well marked by any opposition that he did not get many chances to shine! As far as memory goes Charlie Grieve did not rejoin until we were in Khartoum by which time the longer serving were starting to depart home on demob.

Yours sincerely  
Geoffrey Bullock

From: 11 Woodside Avenue  
Kimmel Bay  
Tywyn  
Conwy  
LL18 5ND  
15 September 2000

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

Reference the letters page of Iron Duke No 243.

Can someone please clarify for me and other former members of the Regiment the events which led up to its engagement in Cyprus? As far as I am aware. the Regiment arrived back from Gibraltar in 1955 and was



*The Dukes' Rugby Team 1946*

Left to right, standing: Private Turnbull, Lieutenant Connor, Lance Corporal Stone, Captain le Messurier, Sergeant Bowen, Lieutenant Isles, The Rev Cory, Major Faulks, Lieutenant Bullock, Major Forsyth.  
Sitting: Privates Gould, ? , Jones and Kemp, Captain Darbyshire.

billeted at Chisledon in Wiltshire. In November 1956 the Suez crisis emerged and the Regiment was mustered and ended up in Malta. From there it moved to Cyprus in early 1957, where it was employed in the emergency.

I am asking you to clarify this for Geoff Hill (10 Platoon), who says in his letter that the Afxentiou incident took place in March 1956. One member of the patrol involved was a little guy called Higginbottom, who I met some years later when I was visiting the former depot; he was a Halifax lad. I am sure that the incident happened in 1957!

Yours sincerely  
Pete Murray

From: 204 Warley Road  
Halifax  
HX1 4HT

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

The previous edition (243) showed me being presented with a silver cigarette box by Major General Isles, to mark my retirement.

I would be most grateful if you could publish my personal thanks to everyone who contributed towards such a wonderful present. I will treasure it for the rest of my life.

During the thirty years I have worked at Regimental Headquarters I have had the good fortune to work with and meet so many wonderful people, and attend so many memorable Regimental events. I will always be grateful.

Thank you all once again and my best wishes for the future.

Yours faithfully  
Joan Fish

#### REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY



In-Pensioner Pinkie Ellis, Duke Lawrence, Fred Richardson, Keith Jagger, Judith Greenway and Evie Jagger in the Garden of Remembrance beside Westminster Abbey on 12 November 2000.

# 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, 7 Amy Street, Ovenden, Halifax, HX3 5QB.

**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 12 noon at the Union Jack Club on Sundays 21 January, 17 June and 16 September (AGM) 2001.

*Secretary:* Mr K. Jagger, 26 Digby Road, Barking, Essex, IG11 9PU.

**Mossley:** 8.30pm first Wednesday of February, April, June, August, October and December at The Conservative Club, Mountain Street, Mossley.

*Secretary:* Mr G. Earnshaw, 32 Cawood Square, Brinnington, Stockport, Cheshire, SK5 8JS.

**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 Yorks, 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.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 8 DWR (145 REGIMENT RAC) REUNION

The 56th Annual Officers' Reunion took place at the Victory Services' Club, London, on 28 October 2000. Ten officers attended and Major N. D. Pirrie presided.

## 9 DWR (146 REGIMENT RAC) REUNION

The 53rd Reunion lunch was held on 3 October at the Golden Lion Hotel, Leeds. It was attended by those shown in the photograph below. The youngest member,



Left to right, back row: A. S. Robinson, Tom Moore, Arnold Armitage, Donald Cockroft, Wendy Storey (representing her father, Gary Hall (87)), D. F. Paget, John Shaw and Ken Winship.  
 Front row: Vic Trewitt, Mrs Lovewell and Len Lovewell.

at 80 years, Tom Moore, reports that a further six people sent their apologies. Majors Harrap and Heron were glad to be able to attend.

### REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION REUNION DINNER

The Reunion Dinner was held on Saturday 21 October at the Bradford Hilton. 259 people attended the dinner, which included a party of fifty from the 1st Battalion who had travelled from Osnabrück. The toast to the Regiment was proposed by former WO2 Dennis 'Busty' Mitchell. Now resident in Howarth, Busty enlisted into the Regiment in 1934, he served in the 1st, 2nd and 6th Battalions before being demobbed in 1947. He was also one of a small group of Burma veterans who were called upon to add accuracy to the Regiment's painting of the 2nd Battalion at the Sittang Bridge. In his response, the Colonel of the Regiment spoke of the 1st Battalion's successful move from Hounslow to Osnabrück and its conversion to the Armoured Infantry role, leading up to an operational tour in Kosovo in early 2001. He mentioned particularly the recruiting and retention success of the Regiment, including the 1st Battalion and the Dukes' TA companies of the East and West Riding Regiment. Finally the Colonel presented the Imperial Service Medal to Mrs Joan Fish, awarded to her on her retirement after 30 years of service working in the Regimental Headquarters, Halifax.



**Mrs Joan Fish with the Colonel after the presentation of her Imperial Service Medal.**

### ANNUAL DRAW

The Annual Draw took place at RHQ on Friday 20 October. The purpose of the draw is to offset the cost of the Reunion Dinner, which this year in particular was heavily subsidised from Regimental funds. The draw proved to be an outstanding success, a total of £2,650 has been received from raffle sales, which after prize money and printing costs are deducted, leaves £1,700 approximately to offset the costs of the dinner, almost the total amount required. Winning ticket numbers were as follows:

	PRIZE	WINNING TICKET
1.	Weekend at Hilton Hotel	2522
2.	£200	5423
3.	£100	4123
4.	£100	6959
5.	£75	0910
6.	£75	0622
7.	£50	7526
8.	£50	3092
9.	£50	0056
10.	£25	3618
11.	£25	1013
12.	£25	0502

Note: Prizes have been sent direct to all winners.

### 'MOLAR' GOLF SOCIETY

The 'Molar' Golf Society ('Molar' being the old radio appointment title for the Quartermaster/RQMS/CQMS) held its annual meeting at West End Golf Club, Halifax, on Thursday 19 October. This fiercely competitive match, which was followed by supper and quite a few drinks, was attended by: Walter Robins, Mike Carter, Peter Robinson, Bob Heron, Terry Butterworth, Barry Hey, Brian Noble, Len Hepworth and Phil (Ena) Elwell. Frank Lowney and Geoff Harding were unable to play, but joined later for supper. Bob Tighe, currently stationed in Germany, sent his apologies, but hopes to make it next year. Guests this year were Brigadier Dick Mundell (former Colonel of the Regiment), Major Chris Jowett (Regimental Solicitor) and David Harrap (Regimental Secretary). The trophy, the appropriately named 'Bent Putter', was presented to this year's winner Bob Heron.

### REMEMBRANCE DAY - 12 NOVEMBER 2000

On Thursday 9 November the London Branch set up the Regimental plot in the Garden of Remembrance beside Westminster Abbey in the normal way. Keith Jagger, Branch Secretary, was present, with his wife Evie, as were past Branch Chairman, Fred Richardson, John Kelly, Colin and Vera Auckett and, a welcome addition to the group, George Simcock. They were delighted to be joined by the Colonel of the Regiment.

On Remembrance Day itself, while a small group from the London Branch observed the two minutes silence in the Garden of Remembrance, a strong contingent of Dukes assembled on Horse Guards Parade and joined the Korean Veterans, who marked the 50th Anniversary of the Korean War by leading the Parade at the Cenotaph in Whitehall.



**The Korean Veterans form up on Horse Guards Parade ...**



**... and step off, led by (right) Lieutenant Colonel H. S. le Messurier, who was Adjutant in Korea.**

## REGIMENTAL EVENTS 2001

*Key dates of Regimental events for 2001 are:*

21 April	Regimental Association 'Southern' Reunion Dinner (Victory Services Club, London)
28 April	Regimental Service, Halifax
24-29 September	Tour of Battlefields

*Details of the above events will be sent to all members in January*

8 June	Officers' Dinner Club, Sandhurst
6 October	Regimental Association Dinner, Bradford

## REGIMENTAL ACCOUNTS

For the year ended 31 March 2000

### THE IRON DUKE FUND

Income	2000	1999	Expenditure	2000	1999
Subscriptions	6,583	6,553	Cost of Editions	8,976	11,002
Advertising	1,398	1,344	Audit	164	158
Income Tax Reclaimed	1,024	950	Insurance	-	21
Donations	-	104	Postage	1,231	1,199
Interest Received	24	106	Excess of Income	258	-
Postage	-	9			
Subsidy (Regtl. Assoc)	1,600	1,400			
Excess of Expenditure	-	1,914			
	<u>£ 10,629</u>	<u>£ 12,380</u>		<u>£ 10,629</u>	<u>£ 12,380</u>

### Balance Sheet as at 31 March 2000

Assets	2000	1999
Cash in Hand	138	-
Current Account	732	640
Charities Deposit Fund	144	137
	<u>1,014</u>	<u>777</u>
Less Creditors-subscriptions in advance	(323)	(344)
	<u>£ 691</u>	<u>£ 433</u>
<b>Represented by</b>		
Balance Brought Forward	433	2,347
Less: Excess of Expenditure	-	(1,914)
Add: Excess of Income	258	-
	<u>£ 691</u>	<u>£ 433</u>

*Note: Subscribers will be aware that with effect from 1 April 2000 the annual subscription was increased from £6 to £10.*



## OVERVIEW OF OTHER REGIMENTAL FUNDS

### Regimental Association Fund

The total worth of the fund, using a cost price valuation, is £507,781 (market value £729,690 as at 31 March 2000). Income to the fund was £61,132 including £19,000 investment income, £21,538 from the Serving Soldier's Day's Pay Scheme and £11,138 from the Army Benevolent Fund in support of DWR welfare cases.

Expenditure was £48,055, the largest elements of which were £20,208 Trustee's grants in support of Regimental causes (including £7,500 to the 1st Battalion for recruiting and adventure training), grants to the other service welfare charities, and £23,307 to individual welfare cases. The fund had an excess of income over expenditure of £13,077.

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

On 31 March 2000 assets of the former DWR Central Funds were formally transferred to the Friends of DWR Fund, these included: £15,674 Commanding Officer's Fund, £50,482 Friends of the Regiment Fund, £21,801 Tercentenary Fund and £37,332 Honorary Colours Fund. Added to the balance of the Friends of DWR Fund (£81,547) this made the total worth of the fund, using a cost price valuation, £206,836 (market value £260,091 as at 31 March 2000).

Note: the assets of both the Honorary Colours and Tercentenary Funds remain 'ring fenced' and cannot be used for the general purposes of the fund. Other income to the fund included £14,801 donated by 3 DWR on its disbandment, £21,408 from individual donors/subscribers, £2,070 investment income and £3,763 income tax reclaimed.

## KEEPING IN TOUCH...

### Editorial Apology

Regrettably, but rightly, we must start our column with an apology. In our last issue, No 243, we published a tale or two from life in the 1st Battalion in 1945/46 and attributed them to Captain "Freddie" Hoyle. The author was, of course, Ronnie Hoyle and we offer him full apologies for our inadvertent mistake.

### Equitation

We look forward to a report in due course from the Colonel of the Regiment on his recent mounted expedition to Pakistan. Meanwhile, here is a challenge for readers. Who are the characters in the photograph below? Extra points will be awarded for knowing the name of the groom as well. Rules: The following are debarred from replying before February: A. The person who submitted the photograph (you know who you are); B. General Donald and Bill Norman (to give everyone else a chance).



Who are the three horsemen?



*Photograph courtesy of the Yorkshire Post*

### **Korean Gratitude**

The President of the Republic of Korea, Kim Daejung, has written recently to veterans of the war in Korea, fifty years after its outbreak, speaking of his: "deepest gratitude for your noble contribution to the efforts to safeguard the Republic of Korea and uphold liberal democracy around the world". He also says: "We Koreans hold dear in our hearts the conviction, courage and spirit of sacrifice shown to us by such selfless friends as you, who enabled us to remain a free democratic nation".

Councillor Grenville Horsfall, Deputy Mayor of Calderdale, himself a recipient of the letter, having served in Korea with the Royal Signals, is pictured above presenting their copies to (left to right) ex-Dukes Reuben Holroyd, Edgar Gaukroger and Ken Brown, as well as to other recipients, in Halifax in September.

### **The Corporals' Mess Dinner**

ACT 1, SCENE 1: Cookhouse, Strand Road Police Station, Belfast. Lunchtime.

*Corporal A:* "How come the Officers can have a dinner and the SNCOs can have a dinner when we're on the next best thing to Active Service?"

*Corporal B:* "I don't know, why shouldn't we have one?"

*Corporal C:* "I bet we could, the RSM's on R&R next week, the Chef Corporal would cook us something up. Let's see the CSM and the OC".

Exuent.

ACT 2, SCENE 1: Temporary Corporals' mess, Strand Road Police Station.

*Corporals' Clique:* Much noise and merriment after a bottle (or two) of illicit wine.

*RSM:* "What the bloody hell's going on here? I'm directly underneath you lot and I can't get to sleep - I'll see you all in the morning ...".

*Corporals' Clique:* "Oh shit! when did he get back?". Much subdued and quieter merrymaking.

ACT 3, SCENE 1: Various parts of the Police Station, Strand Road.

*Corporals' Clique:* Much subdued: "Oh well, I suppose it was worth it. We had a brilliant night, showed the Officers and SNCOs how to do it and the police station will never have been so clean since it was built ...".

### **Diamond Wedding**

We are delighted to send our warm congratulations to Douglas Emery and his wife, who celebrated their Diamond Wedding on 29 September.

### **The War in Korea**

Mr R. A. Manning, MM, would like Korean Veterans to be aware that pairs of commemorative envelopes, including one design commemorating the Dukes on the Hook, may be obtained from The Korean Veterans of Great Britain, Unit 7B, Perth Airport, Perth, PH2 6NP. Telephone 01738 553659. The envelopes cost £3.50 per pair. Money raised will go towards building a Korean Veterans War Memorial in Perth.

### Snippets from the Archives: AWOL in the early 18th century

#### Extract from 'The Postman' newspaper Tuesday 11 August - Thursday 13 August 1702

Deserted at Uxbridge from the Honourable Captain Coote's Company in the Earl of Huntington's Regiment; William Harrison of Newcastle-under-line in Staffordshire, a Corporal, being about 35 years of age, slender and tall, having a great cut on his fore-head and squinting inwardly. He took away with him a red coat lined with yellow and yellow breeches, being the Regiment's livery, with white stockings; and pawned at Uxbridge his halbert and sword. As also deserted from the said Company, Richard Baker of Huntington, a middle aged man, about five foot nine inches high, somewhat stuttering in his speech, and stooping in his shoulders; he is also of a swarthy complexion and wears a bob wig. As also Benj Beal, a Worcestershire man, a well set fellow wearing his own hair. Richard Lawthorn of the City of Worcester, a steeple climber, five foot seven inches high. Joseph Lamb shoe maker at Cambridge, about 19 years of age, slender and wearing a bob wig. John Nichols a short man, black hair of a swarthy complexion. If they will repair to Worcester Castle or to Mr Cambel, agent to the said Regiment, in Pall Mall, at the sign of the two civit cats, London, or to Mr Neal at the Rainbow Coffee House over against Scotland Yard, before 1 September they shall be kindly received, or whoever shall secure them shall have three guineas for William Harrison and two for each of the others. *(All ye spelling above be correct...Ed.)*

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

Mr R. J. M. Birch, Larkwood, Mantle Hill, Church Land, Ripple, Deal, Kent, CT14 8JN.

Mr A. J. Brear, First Secretary, British Embassy Sweden, Scarpogatan 6-8, Box 27819, S-115 93 Stockholm, Sweden.

Mr P. I. Busby, The Old Stables, Staveley, North Yorkshire, HG5 9LD.

Mr R. J. Douthwaite, 297 New Kings Road, Fulham, London SW6 4RE.

Major G. V. Fancourt MC, Flat 4, The Dell, Priory Street, Colchester, Essex, CO1 2YH.

Mr K. Keld, 2 Penton Road, Cayton, Scarborough, North Yorkshire, YO11 3TQ.

Captain J. A. d'E. Miller, c/o Mrs M. Grant, 8 Penrose Way, Four Marks, Alton, Hants, GU34 5BG.

Mr W. T. Mundell, 4 Slate Cottages, High Lane, Sheering, Essex, CM22 7NT.

Mr S. R. Neath, 1 Cherry Street, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, CV37 6DF.

Squadron Leader B. R. Oliver DFC, Birch Cottage, Redpath, By Earlston, Berwickshire, TD4 6AD.

Mr W. Pareti, PO Box 196, Nabua, Suva, Fiji Islands.

Mr S. Reedman, Sea Breezes, 41 Scarborough Avenue, Skegness, PE25 2TD.

Mr N. W. Smart, 1 Barns Lane, Marchamley, Shrewsbury, Shropshire, SY4 5JU.

Mr B. Stansfield, 2 Bourbon Close, Bradford, West Yorkshire, BD6 1SN.

Captain T. D. Sugden, The Old Manor, The Street, Chelsworth, Suffolk, IP7 7HU.

Mr S. E. Webb, 25 Spire Road, Laindon, Basildon, Essex, SS15 5GF.

\* Mr J. L. Goodman, 7 Chichester Close, Exmouth, Devon, EX8 2JU.

\* Mr R. Kench, 19 Greenmount Road, Thornton, Bradford, BD13 3HH.

\* Mr D. Mace, 35 Lever Edge Lane, Great Lever, Bolton, Lancashire, BL3 3HU.

\* Mr S. J. Moore, 1 Featherbed Close, Greetland, Halifax, HX4 8EB.

\* Mr A. D. Philip, 72 Grafton Road, Ingrow, Keighley, West Yorkshire, BD21 1LG.

\* Mr D. Thompson, 17 Newlands Avenue, Sowerby, Sowerby Bridge, West Yorkshire, HX6 1HH.

\* Mr C. R. Ward, 13 Brow Top, Crossroads, Nr Haworth, Keighley.

\* Mr J. Wright, 42 Agra Street, Belfast, County Down, BT7 3AH.

### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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

NAME .....

PLEASE NOTE THAT FROM .....

MY NEW ADDRESS WILL BE .....

.....

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

*Please complete and send to: The Business Manager, 'Iron Duke' Magazine, RHQ DWR, Wellesley Park, Halifax. HX2 0BA.*

## Obituaries

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

### Mr W. Kenyon

Wilfred Kenyon, a former member of the 6th Battalion, died on 10 August 2000.

### Major W. A. Proom TD

Bill Proom died on 3 October 2000, at the age of 83.

He joined the Dukes, 1/6th Battalion, as a subaltern in June 1938 and, in 1940-42, served with the 1/6th in Iceland as Company 2IC and Company OC, after which he transferred and served for the remainder of WW2 with REME.

### Mr S. A. Metcalfe

Ex CQMS Stanley Carter Metcalfe died on 11 October 2000, at the age of 90.

Stanley enlisted into the 1/6th Battalion at Skipton Drill Hall in 1932 and served with the Battalion throughout WW2 and until discharge in 1946. He retained his links with the Regiment for many years after the war as a member of the 6th Battalion OCA. Captain John Turner, Secretary of the 6th OCA and a close friend, attended Stanley's funeral in Crosshills, near Keighley, on 19 October.

### Bill Brearley

Bill Brearley died following a long illness, in Huddersfield on 7 November 2000, at the age of 69.

Bill started his National Service in June 1952 and joined the 1st Battalion in Korea in February 1953. For reasons unknown, he stayed in Korea (A Company MT) for twelve months, until February 1954, and then moved directly from Korea to Malaya for a further three months, before returning home to be discharged in June 1954. In more recent years Bill has been a regular member of the Huddersfield Branch of the Regimental Association. Members of the branch attended his funeral on 14 November.

### Herbert Douglas Beckett

Herbert Beckett died suddenly in Chelmsford on 10 November 2000, at the age of 76.

Herbert first enlisted into the Essex Regiment in June 1943, before being transferred to the Dukes in January 1944. Serving in the 1st Battalion he was taken prisoner at the start of the Anzio battle in February 1944 and he remained a POW, held at Sagon (Staleg 8C), Poland, until liberation in April 1945. Little is known about the remainder of Herbert's service after his release, but it is believed that he was posted to Jamaica prior to his discharge, which was in July 1947. In civilian life, Herbert worked for many years on a farm and finally in an engineering factory. In recent years Herbert was a very regular and popular attender of London Branch meetings and functions, and in October this year he travelled north from Essex to Bradford to attend the Regimental Association Dinner, with his

close friend Ron Clarke from Doncaster (also Anzio veteran). In the year prior to his death, Herbert was elected President of his local branch of the Royal British Legion. His friends from the London Branch attended his funeral service in Chelmsford on Friday 17 November.

### Robert Davies

Bob Davies, who served in the 1st Battalion between 1958-67, died on 13 November.

### Captain C. B. Dawes

Captain Colin Dawes died in Leeds on 20 November 2000, at the age of 85.

Little is known of Colin's service in the Dukes, other than that he was a pre WW2 soldier in the Regiment. He transferred to the General Service Corps during the war, and was commissioned to DWR in 1946. His final appointment in the Army was Adjutant of MCTC, Colchester (still badged DWR) 1951/2. Colin's funeral was held in Leeds on 27 November.

### The following has also died recently:

**Major Lewis Kershaw DSO, TD** - an obituary will be published in our Spring edition.