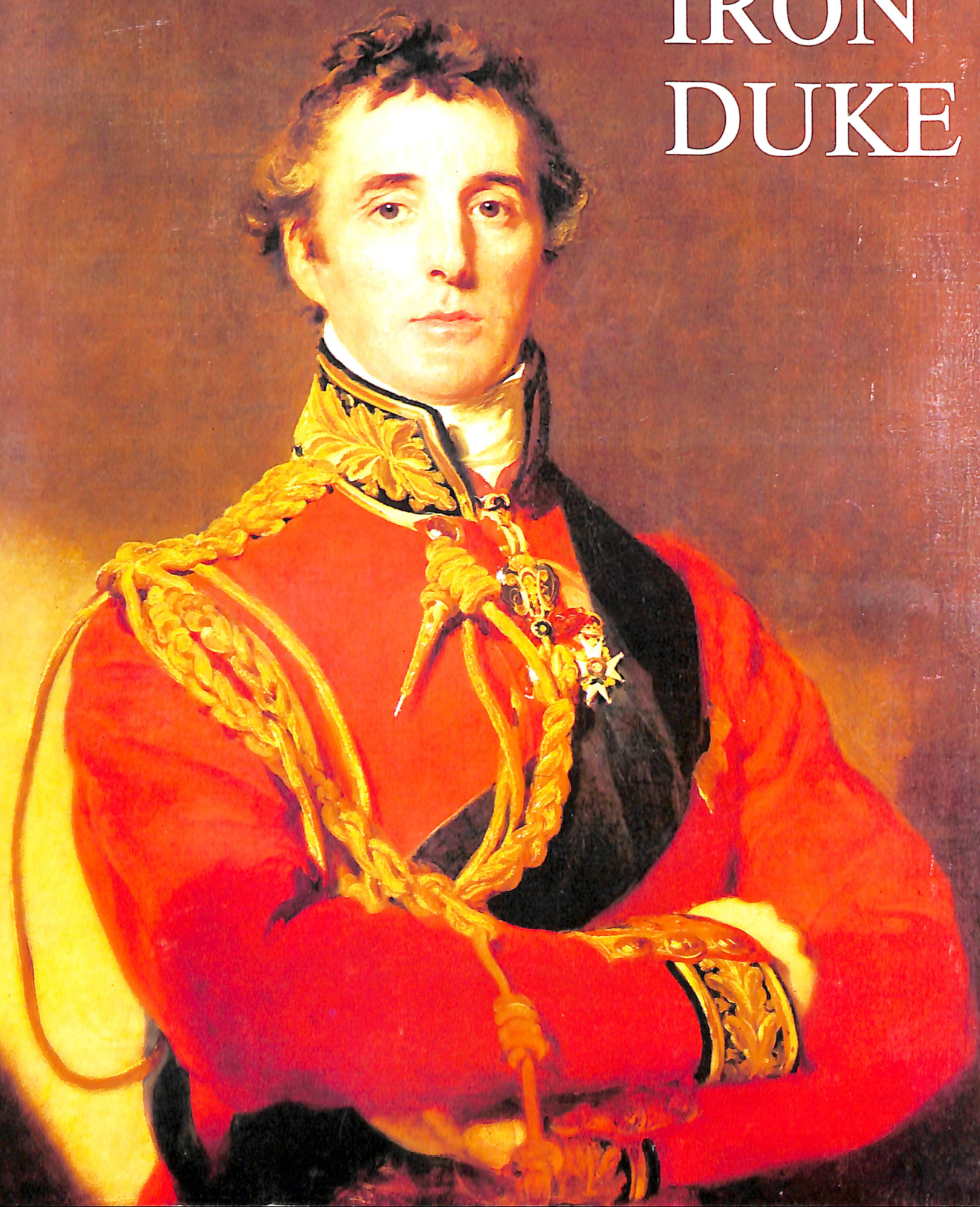


WINTER 2002  
No. 250

# THE IRON DUKE



# THE IRON DUKE

*The Regimental Journal of*

## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT

(WEST RIDING)

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



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

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Winter 2002

No. 250

### BUSINESS NOTES

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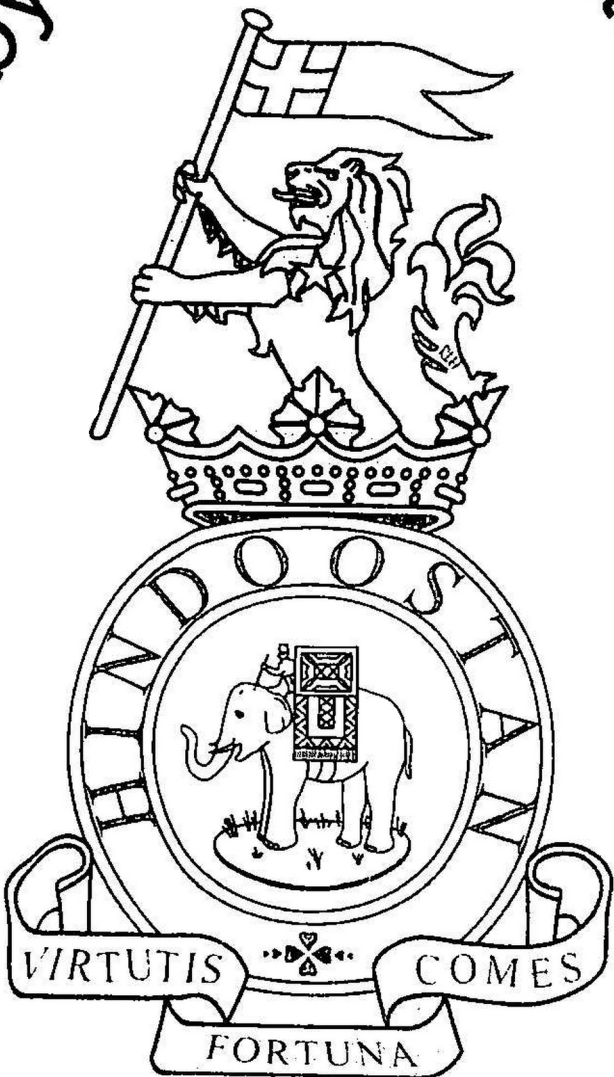
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# THE REGIMENT

## *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

#### **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 D. S. Bruce, MBE

Adjutant: Captain M. C. A. Palmer

Regimental Sergeant Major: WO1 M. Ness

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

CO: Lieutenant Colonel G. Whitmore, LI

DWR TA Companies:

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

Deputy Honorary Colonel: Charles Dent Esq, DL

Officer Commanding: Major M. K. Hunter

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

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

Officer Commanding: Major L. K. Whitworth, QGM

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

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

D Company Detachments

OC: Major P. Cole

Halifax

Huddersfield

Spenn Valley

Keighley

Mirfield

Skipton

Thongsbridge

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

C Company Detachments

OC: Major I. MacFarlane

D Company Detachments

OC: Major A. Hudson

Barnsley

Darfield

Birdwell

Wath on Dearne

Wombwell

Endcliffe

Thurcroft

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

#### **Giggleswick School CCF**

CO: Lieut. Col. N. J. Mussett, MBE

#### **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, CCSS, CD

Lieutenant Colonel Marc-André Bélanger, CD

Commanding Officer:

Lieutenant Colonel François Dion, 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 Muhammed Siddiq Akbar

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

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

*BFPO 309*

Commander P. D. Warwick, RN





Mayor of Rotherham, Councillor Aubrey Senior; Mayor of Kirklees, Councillor Margaret Bates; Lord Mayor of Bradford, Councillor Richard Wightman; Lord Mayor of Sheffield, Councillor Marjorie Barker; Mayor of Skipton, Councillor Andrew Rankine; Chairman of Craven District Council, Councillor Kenneth Hart; Mayor of Calderdale, Councillor Patrick Phillips; Mayor of Barnsley, Councillor Peter Doyle.



## THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF SERVICE TO THE CROWN 1702 - 2002



### THE THIRD HUNDRED YEARS 1902 - 2002

|      |                      |  |
|------|----------------------|--|
| 1900 | Boer War             | <b>Relief of Kimberley, Paardeberg, South Africa 1900-02</b>   |
| 1914 | 1st World War        | <b>Mons; Marne 1914, '18; Ypres 1914, '15, '17; Hill 60; Somme 1916, '18; Arras 1917, '18; Cambrai 1917, '18; Lys; Piave; Landing at Suvla</b>                               |
| 1919 | 3rd Afghan War       | <b>Afghanistan 1919</b>  |
| 1935 | NW Frontier of India |  |
| 1939 | 2nd World War        | <b>Dunkirk 1940; St Valery-en-Caux; Fontenay; Le Pesnil; NW Europe 1940, 1944-45; Djebel Bou; Aoukaz 1943; Anzio; Monte Ceco; Sittang 1942; Chindits 1944; Burma 1942-44</b> |
| 1950 | Korean War           | <b>The Hook 1953; Korea 1952-53</b>  |
| 1956 | Cyprus               |  |
| 1969 | Northern Ireland     |  |
| 1994 | Bosnia               |  |
| 2001 | Kosovo               |  |

### CELEBRATING THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF SERVICE

A great many Dukes, old and new, will have been involved in our Regiment's celebration of its Tercentenary in 2002. The imaginative and very successful Havercake March and its associated displays and Band Concerts right across the county from which so much of our manpower is drawn, which were reported in our last edition, provided a series of focal points for celebration in May and June.

The weekend with the 1st Battalion in Osnabrück in June, which is reported elsewhere in this edition, was a sparkling success.

Between 20 and 27 July, guards from the 1st Battalion escorted their new Colours through all the Regiment's Freedom cities and towns, bar Sheffield, of course, the Freedom of which had been celebrated in April with the old Colours. The parades, consisting of two guards of sixty soldiers each, the Corps of Drums, the King's Division, Normandy Band and the Colour Party, marched through Skipton and Bradford on 20 July, Barnsley on 24 July, Keighley on 26 July and Huddersfield and Halifax on 27 July. The Mayors took the salute in their respective towns; the weather ranged from "kind" to very hot and the atmosphere created by the large crowds signified "Welcome Home".

In 1991, the Regiment received the Honorary Citizenship of Skipton, the largest town in Craven District. On 20 July 2002, when the 1st Battalion marched through Skipton, the Chairman of Craven District Council, Councillor Ken Hart, in the presence of the Lord Lieutenant of North Yorkshire, presented to the Colonel the scroll conferring upon the Regiment the

Freedom of Craven District. This is an additional honour that is warmly welcomed by the Regiment.

A congregation of some 400 made up of Dukes and their families attended the annual Regimental Service which was held on Saturday 2 November in Halifax Parish Church. The Rev Canon Roy Matthews officiated (we think for the 42nd time) and the congregation was moved by the admirable sermon from the Vicar, the Reverend Wendy Wilby, in which she very appropriately drew our Tercentenary celebrations towards their conclusion. After the service, some moved for refreshment and reminiscence to the Calderdale Council Social Club, while about a hundred people enjoyed lunch in the Town Hall, where they were able to see and appreciate the handsome marble memorial, the work of a local craftsman, Andrew Barraclough, which was commissioned by Calderdale Metropolitan Council to commemorate the Regiment's Tercentenary and which had been unveiled on 26 July by the Mayor of Calderdale, Councillor Patrick Phillips. It complements admirably the memorial commemorating the original conferral of the Freedom of Halifax upon the Regiment in 1945 and is worth a visit when you are next in Halifax.

The strengthening of the links between the Regiment and its recruiting area in Yorkshire was exemplified by the presence of so many civic leaders in Osnabrück during the Tercentenary weekend. We are therefore very pleased to publish as our frontispiece the photograph which was kindly provided by the Mayor of Skipton, Councillor Andrew Rankine.



Readers who were unable to attend any of the events outlined above will have enjoyed receiving the Pictorial History of the Regiment, skilfully compiled by Brigadier Dick Mundell and his team, when it was sent out in August.

That the Tercentenary events were such a success speaks highly of the careful planning and diligent execution that made it all possible. The Colonel of the Regiment and the team at Regimental Headquarters, in particular, deserve our grateful thanks for their hard work in coordinating it all. The Director of Music, Captain G. E. Clegg, and the members of the King's Division, Normandy Band, made a major contribution

to most of the Tercentenary events and the Colonel of the Regiment presented them with a statuette before the Regimental Service as a mark of our appreciation. In company with the Band, Drum Major Johnson and the Corps of Drums added greatly to the ceremony on many occasions and they too deserve our warm thanks.

In addition to Andrew Rankine and the official photographers in Osnabrück, we are indebted to the local press in Keighley, Halifax and Huddersfield and to Mary Bell, Keith Jagger, Dennis Frisby and Michael Ralph for the photographs illustrating our Tercentenary celebrations.

# Regimental Headquarters

## Regimental Notes

### LOYAL GREETINGS TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

The following is the text of the message received from Buckingham Palace in response to the Regiment's message of loyal greetings to Her Majesty the Queen:

*"Please convey to all members of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding), assembled in the Regiment's Tercentenary year, for the presentation of new Colours to its 1st Battalion at Belfast Barracks, Osnabrück, my thanks for their message of loyal greetings and best wishes for a most memorable and enjoyable occasion."*

22 June 2002

Elizabeth R

### THE COLOURS

We are all aware that the Regiment has for many years carried four Colours on parade and we are rightly proud of both our Regulation and our Honorary Colours.

However, we should be equally aware of the important difference between the two. The Regulation Colours are granted to a Regiment by the Monarch. They are publicly consecrated before being presented with all due formality to the Regiment on behalf of the Monarch or, indeed, by the Monarch. The primacy of the Regulation Colours must be properly preserved.

The Honorary Colours may be taken into use by the Regiment, but they may not be presented in the name of the Monarch. They may be blessed, but cannot be consecrated. Their use and the handling of them must not in any way challenge the primacy of the Regulation Colours.

During the parade in Osnabrück, therefore, great care was taken to preserve the primacy of the Regulation Colours.

### APPOINTMENTS AND PROMOTIONS

The following appointments and promotions have recently been announced:

Lieutenant Colonel P. M. Lewis to be the next Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion, on a date to be confirmed.

Major M. A. Lodge DWR (V) to be promoted to Lieutenant Colonel on assuming command of the East and West Riding Regiment in July 2003.

We send them both our warm congratulations.

### AFFILIATIONS

We were sorry to learn (see pp 136 and 137) that HMS Sheffield was de-commissioned on 14 November 2002, as we have enjoyed our association with her Ship's Company. We wish them all well, wherever they are now serving.

## THE COLOUR PRESENTATION WEEKEND

22 June 2002 dawned overcast and sticky in Osnabrück, North Germany, with, so the pessimists said, a 30% chance of rain. The optimists, realising that a Regiment doesn't get to be 300 years old without a smidgeon of luck, quickly pointed out that this meant a 70% chance of something better - and they were right.

Sadly, we did have some ill-luck, as the Colonel-in-Chief was struck down by an ailment at the last moment, so he was not able to travel to Germany. This, which was a major disappointment for us all, will have been just as much of a blow for him and the Duchess. We are glad that he has made a complete recovery.

From the moment of arrival in Osnabrück it was clear to all visitors that enormous care had been taken to prepare for the celebrations and that every eventuality had been foreseen. The Colonel of the Regiment deputised for the Colonel-in-Chief and led the proceedings. The Commanding Officer headed an impressive parade (see pages 108-115) which was carried out with due ceremony and with meticulous precision. It was good to see officers from the chain of command in Germany, as well as allied officers, and civic leaders from the boroughs in our home county amongst the audience of enthusiastic Dukes and their families.

Lunch was provided for some 2,000 people in three enormous marquees (with bratty stalls and beer tents nearby for those with inflexible digestive systems) and a broad spread of grass between the tents allowed all ranks, all genders and all ages to mix and meet, and view the new Colours which, guarded at all times by two smart Drummers, were mounted in the centre for all to see. They were much admired and much in demand as a backdrop for group photographs.

The afternoon was free for rest, recuperation, sight-seeing, or simply continuing to chat to old friends, whilst countless backroom staff, who must have toiled mightily for weeks in preparation for the day, toiled again to prepare for the next series of events. In the evening we were back in our seats on the parade square, where we were treated to an imaginative and entertaining pageant (see pages 125-126). This depicted a potted history of the Regiment down the ages, cleverly mixing live action on the square with a complementary background of film on a large screen.

We then settled down to formal dinners in the marquees. These were accompanied by musical interludes provided by itinerant groups of Bandsmen and Drummers moving amongst us all. Later, while the video of the parade was shown on a large screen, the Drummers provided a stirring Victory Beating and, later still in the summer night, the disco competed with the fairground with more modern sounds. At some stage in the evening it bucketed with rain, but, given the capacious marquees, it could not have mattered less.

Sunday dawned wet, but it all cleared up in time for a large number of Dukes to assemble in the city centre in the sunshine before attending a very moving Regimental Service in the Marienkirche, which was opened by a warm greeting from the German Pastor and accompanied by the most beautiful music, chosen and

played by the Musical Director, Wiltrud Fuchs. At the end of the service she was somewhat surprised to find herself accorded an impromptu, but thoroughly well-deserved, round of applause!

Lunches, by now back in normal Messes, brought the formal programme to a close and people began to depart. All who attended have cause to be grateful to the Colonel, to RHQ, to the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Colonel Duncan Bruce (and, given planning lead times, very probably his predecessor, Colonel Nick Borwell too), and all ranks of the 1st Battalion for a thoroughly well-conceived and brilliantly-executed series of events over a truly memorable weekend.

Other random recollections include: very friendly and helpful greetings at the Visitors' Reporting Centre; clusters of cheerful Dukes outside various cafes and restaurants in the town; immaculate drill on parade; lumps in throats as the Old Colours moved off the square; very well-turned-out families at all stages during the weekend (including tidemarks of sunburn when evening dress proved to be more scanty than parade dress!); excellent food; the big grin on the face of the Commanding Officer as he led the Battalion off parade. He deserved to grin, the Battalion had done its stuff.

A measure of the success of the 1st Battalion's efforts was the euphoric commentary on the weekend amongst those gathered at subsequent events in the UK: namely at the London Branch Meeting on 14 July; at Brigadier Tony Firth's funeral in Norfolk the next day; at the Freedom Parades up and down Yorkshire... and at a bar under the Grand Stand during the Lords Test too!

This brief commentary only provides a snapshot of some parts of a notable Regimental celebration. Your Editor invites you, the reader, to submit your own commentary, so that all elements of the celebration may be suitably lauded and recorded.

J.B.K.G.



A small part of the large crowd gathered for the Colour presentation.



# PRESENTATION OF NEW REGULATION COLOURS

to the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment

by Brigadier His Grace The Duke of Wellington, KG, LVO, OBE, MC, BA, DL

and

# THE TAKING INTO SERVICE OF NEW HONORARY COLOURS

Osnabrück, 22 June 2002

## ON PARADE

*Commanding Officer* : LIEUTENANT COLONEL D. S. BRUCE, MBE

*Adjutant* : CAPTAIN M. ROBINSON

*Regimental Sergeant Major* : WARRANT OFFICER CLASS 1 M. NESS

*Field Officers for the New Colours* : MAJOR R. C. HOLROYD, MAJOR P. J. WILSON

### *Old Regulation Colour Party*

LIEUTENANT P. G. SMITH  
SECOND LIEUTENANT J. L. PIERCE  
WARRANT OFFICER CLASS 2 M. B. KENNEDY  
COLOUR SERGEANT R. A. MOSLEY  
COLOUR SERGEANT R. MILLER

### *Old Honorary Colour Party*

SECOND LIEUTENANT M. H. CATALDO  
LIEUTENANT D. A. W. NELSON  
REGIMENTAL QM SERGEANT K. N. CRADDOCK  
COLOUR SERGEANT R. D. HIND  
COLOUR SERGEANT M. STONES

### *New Regulation Colour Party*

LIEUTENANT S. J. DICK  
LIEUTENANT C. D. ADAIR  
REGIMENTAL QM SERGEANT M. P. BIRKETT  
COLOUR SERGEANT N. S. WILSON  
COLOUR SERGEANT J. HARRISON

### *New Honorary Colour Party*

LIEUTENANT A. J. BROWN  
LIEUTENANT E. J. H. COLVER  
REGIMENTAL QM SERGEANT K. N. CRADDOCK  
COLOUR SERGEANT R. D. HIND  
COLOUR SERGEANT M. STONES

### *Escort to the Colours*

MAJOR P. J. WILSON  
CAPTAIN F. BIBBY  
CAPTAIN J. A. GLOSSOP  
SERGEANT MAJOR P. A. BREWER

### *Number 2 Guard*

MAJOR D. P. MONTEITH  
CAPTAIN K. D. SMITH  
CAPTAIN J. A. KENNEDY  
SERGEANT MAJOR D. CHILDS

### *Number 3 Guard*

MAJOR N. M. B. WOOD  
CAPTAIN P. LEE  
LIEUTENANT G. P. WILLIAMS  
SERGEANT MAJOR J. S. CAPLE

### *Number 4 Guard*

MAJOR R. N. GOODWIN  
LIEUTENANT R. R. G. SCOTHERN  
LIEUTENANT D. J. PAWSON  
SERGEANT MAJOR J. W. L. BUCKINGHAM

*Custodian of the New Colours* : CAPTAIN (QUARTERMASTER) B. J. THOMAS, BEM

*King's Division, Normandy Band* : DIRECTOR OF MUSIC - CAPTAIN G. E. CLEGG

*Drum Major* : COLOUR SERGEANT I. D. JOHNSON

# *The Parade*



**The RSM checks the dressing.**



**The Colonel of the Regiment inspects the Parade.**





The old Colours are marched off ...

... the new Colours are prepared for Consecration ...

... the new Queen's Colour is presented







The new Honorary Colours are taken into service ...



... the Battalion marches past in slow time.





The Battalion marches past in slow time ...



... and in quick time.

## THE ORDER OF PARADE

1. The Battalion marches on Parade.
2. The Battalion Second-in-Command hands over to the Commanding Officer.
3. The General Officer Commanding 1st (United Kingdom) Armoured Division, Major General R. V. Brimms, CBE, arrives and is greeted by a General Salute.
4. The Colonel-in-Chief, Brigadier His Grace The Duke of Wellington, KG, LVO, OBE, MC, accompanied by the Colonel of the Regiment Major General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter, KCVO, OBE, arrives and is greeted by a General Salute.
5. The Colonel-in-Chief inspects the Line.
6. "Troop" is ordered by the Commanding Officer. The Band and Drums salute the Colours by crossing the parade ground in slow time and quick time.
7. The Escort for the Colours, now under command of its Lieutenant and accompanied by the Regimental Sergeant Major with sword drawn, moves into position to receive the Old Regulation Colours.
8. The Regimental Sergeant Major receives the Old Regulation Colours and hands them over to the Ensigns for the Colours.
9. The Old Regulation Colours are "Trooped through the Ranks".
10. The Troop completed, the Old Regulation Colours are marched off Parade in slow time to "Auld Lang Syne".
11. The Old Honorary Colours are marched off Parade to "Scotland the Brave" (a 76th March).
12. The drums are piled for the Consecration of the New Regulation Colours. The Battalion forms a hollow square and the Colours are brought on Parade.
13. The Consecration Service.
14. Address by the Colonel-in-Chief. The Commanding Officer replies.
15. The Battalion reforms into line. The New Regulation Colours are received with a General Salute. During the playing of the National Anthem, the Colour Party moves to join the Battalion.
16. The New Honorary Colours are marched on Parade from the rear. The original spearheads are fitted by the Colonel-in-Chief and the Colours blessed by the Regimental Chaplain. The New Honorary Colours having been received by a General Salute, move to the left of the line to "Logie O'Buchan" (76th Slow March).
17. The Guards are formed into Column and march past in slow and quick time.
18. The Battalion advances in Review Order and gives a General Salute followed by three cheers for the Colonel-in-Chief.
19. The Battalion and the Colours march off Parade. The Colonel-in-Chief takes the Salute.
20. The Colonel-in-Chief and the Colonel of the Regiment leave the parade ground. All guests remain seated.

## CONSECRATION OF THE COLOURS

*Conducted by*

The Deputy Chaplain-General, The Reverend D. E. Wilkes, OBE, QHC

*Attended by*

The Principal Roman Catholic Chaplain and Vicar-General (Army), The Reverend P. C. Rowland  
The Chaplain to the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding), The Reverend L. F. Gandiya, CF

*The Commanding Officer shall say:*

"Reverend Sir, on behalf of the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, we ask you to bid God's Blessing on these Colours."

*The Deputy Chaplain-General shall then say:*

"We are ready so to do.

Forasmuch as men in all ages have made for themselves signs and emblems of their allegiance to their rulers, and of their duty to uphold those laws and institutions which God's providence has called them to obey; we, following this ancient and honoured custom, stand before God this day to ask His blessing on these Colours, and to pray that they may be an abiding symbol of our duty towards our Sovereign and our Country, and a sign of our resolve to guard, preserve and sustain the great traditions of bravery and self sacrifice of which we are the proud inheritors."



*The Principal Roman Catholic Chaplain shall say:*

“Let us pray.

Almighty God, from whom all power and wisdom are derived; we humbly beseech Thee to bless Thy servant our gracious Sovereign Lady Queen Elizabeth. Let Thy grace enlighten her, Thy goodness confirm her, and Thy providence protect her; and grant that she, and all who are in authority under her, may advance Thy glory, and the welfare of her people; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O Lord our God, who from Thy throne beholdest all the Kingdoms of the earth, have regard unto our land, that it may continue a place and a people to serve Thee to the end of time. Guide the Governments of our Commonwealth, and grant that all who live beneath our flag may be so mindful of that threefold cross, that they may work for the good of others, according to the example of Him who died in the service of men, Thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen. Remember, O Lord, what Thou has wrought in us, and not what we deserve, and as Thou has called us to Thy service, make us worthy of our calling, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

*The Battalion will be called to attention. The Deputy Chaplain-General, laying his hand on the Colours, will say:*

“In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, we do consecrate and set apart these Colours, that they may be a sign of our duty towards our Queen and our Country in the sight of God. Amen.”

*The Battalion will stand at ease.*

“Let us pray:

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil; for thine is the Kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever and ever, Amen.”

*The Deputy Chaplain-General shall say:*

“O Lord, who rulest over all things, accept, we beseech Thee, our service this day. Bless what we have blessed in Thy Name. Let Thy gracious favour rest on those who shall follow the Colours now about to be committed to their trust. Give them courage, and may their courage ever rest on their sure confidence in Thee. May they show self-control in the hour of success, patience in time of adversity; and may their honour lie in seeking the honour and glory of Thy great Name. Guide the counsels of those who shall lead them, and sustain them by Thy help in the time of need. Grant that they may also faithfully serve Thee in this life, that they fail not finally to obtain an entrance into Thy Heavenly Kingdom, through the merits of Thy Blessed Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

*The 1st Battalion Chaplain shall say the Regimental Collect:*

“O Lord of hosts, who three times commanded the leader of thine ancient people to be strong and of a good courage, and promised him good success, grant that we of The Duke of Wellington’s Regiment may ever prosper in obedience to Thy law, and thus do valiantly, so that we may tread down the enemies of our souls, in the Name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.”

## **ADDRESS BY THE COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT**

**Major General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter, KCVO, OBE**

Commanding Officer and all ranks of the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington’s Regiment.

It is my unexpected duty and privilege to deputise for our Colonel-in-Chief, the Duke of Wellington who deeply regrets his absence owing to sudden illness. He sends his warmest regards on this, an auspicious day in the Regiment’s history and he looks forward to returning here to see the Colours for himself. He has always placed great emphasis on his family’s link with the Regiment, one that is proud to bear his name. It was he that presented the old Colours that have been marched off parade today at Catterick in 1981, and it is my proud task, in his stead, to present these new Colours on behalf of Her Majesty, The Queen.

In 1793 Captain the Honourable Arthur Wesley purchased his Lieutenant Colonelcy in the 33rd Regiment of Foot. Throughout the next 49 years the Great Duke maintained an unremitting paternal attention for the wellbeing, efficiency and equipment of those in the Regiment. His anxiety for the Regiment’s interests led to calls some years before his death to create a permanent association between the 33rd and its most illustrious colonel. It was not, however, until 18 June 1853, the first Waterloo Day after the Great Duke’s death, that the honourable distinction of The Duke of Wellington’s Regiment was conferred by Queen Victoria on the 33rd; the only Regiment in the British Army to be named after a person who was not a member of the Royal Family.

I hand the new Colours to you in the sure knowledge that they will be venerated, carefully guarded, and always respected. In the past they were a rallying point in battle. They bear the Battle Honours awarded to the Regiment won over a period of 263 years by Regular, Territorial and War Service Battalions in campaigns all over the world. They are consecrated emblems and symbols of our loyalty and service to our Queen and Country. That is the measure of the responsibility that I hand you.

You soldiers and officers are now the guardians of the great traditions and fine record handed down to you by your fathers and grandfathers. I know that the Yorkshire stock from which most of you come is noted for its energy, endurance, resilience and cheerfulness - key attributes for an infantry soldier. Commanders throughout the Regiment's history have spoken most highly of the qualities, and of the excellent professional standards that have been maintained. As General Harris remarked after the 4th Mysore War:

*"The Regiment of Colonel Wellesley is a model regiment - for equipment, for courage, for discipline, for good conduct. It is above all praise."*

I am heartened to see that 200 years after General Harris's statement the Great Duke's Regiment continues to uphold the highest standards.

I commend you for the very high standard of drill and turn out which has contributed to making this a memorable day in marking the Regiment's Tercentenary.

### **REPLY BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL D. S. BRUCE, MBE**

#### **Commanding 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment**

Colonel; My Officers, Warrant Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men are very conscious of the honour that you have bestowed upon us in presenting these Colours today on behalf of Her Majesty, The Queen.

We thank you for the trust that you have placed in us and for the gracious and stirring words with which you have addressed us.

We are fortunate to stand here amidst so much tradition and so many memories. The Battle Honours emblazoned on these Colours are a permanent reminder to us of our past and the great traditions of bravery and self sacrifice of which we are the inheritors. You may rest assured, Sir, that this Battalion, proud of its name, its traditions and its link to the West Riding, will always uphold these Colours. We will spare no effort now or in the future to be worthy of our past and our Regiment.

### **BLESSING OF THE HONORARY COLOURS**

*Conducted by*

The Regimental Chaplain, The Reverend Canon R. I. J. Matthews, TD

*The Commanding Officer shall say:*

"Reverend Sir, on behalf of the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, we ask you to bid God's Blessing on these Honorary Colours."

*The Regimental Chaplain will say:*

"We are ready so to do.

Almighty God, Merciful Lord of all ages past and hope for years to come; give us grace to hold firm to all that we value and have inherited in our Regiment. Especially on this day, we humbly beseech thee to preserve and renew our determination, founded on times past, to honour and respect the traditions of duty, integrity and self sacrifice that have been passed to us and which symbolised in these our Honorary Colours."

*The Battalion will be called to attention.*

*The Regimental Chaplain laying his hand on the Honorary Colours will say:*

"Bless these Colours O Lord, we pray they may be a memorial to past glories of the Regiment and a sign of our loyalty to our Queen, our Country and our Regiment in the sight of God. Amen."

# 1st Battalion

## Commanding Officer's Introduction

The hangover lasted a while and there was a sense of anti-climax when the marquees came down and the Barracks was returned to normal. Months of detailed planning had culminated in an unforgettable Regimental weekend and it was hard to believe it was all over. Even today the soldiers who were on parade and at the party are still talking about the Tercentenary, and to a man the comments are 'it was bloody brilliant, sir', which for a 'Duke' is praise indeed! We have been overwhelmed by the response from all who attended and the sack full of letters, some very moving, has been hugely appreciated. I am delighted that everyone had such a good time and that the outstanding work performed by the team here and at RHQ has been so justifiably rewarded. The remainder of the summer has flown by and the final leg of our celebrations in Yorkshire were also hugely fulfilling as we exercised our freedoms through the towns and cities of West and South Yorkshire. Halifax proved a fitting conclusion to the Tercentenary programme, when on a glorious day we marched through our home town with bayonets fixed, bands playing and colours flying in front of huge crowds - a very special feeling.

When we looked at the programme for this year I anticipated a period of consolidation over the autumn, with sub unit training interspersed with an inter company competition, culminating in a Battalion Boxing Night prior to Christmas leave. I should know by now to expect the unexpected and true to form all our plans are now in turmoil. The last month has been hectic, 300 soldiers have had to be trained as Green Goddess crews and the Battalion is in the final throes of preparation for an open-ended commitment as emergency fire fighters in the South Yorkshire area. As ever, we have embraced this task with enthusiasm, flexibility and humour. The soldiers are looking forward to spending some time in Yorkshire and are excited about an unusual and challenging role. Deployment has already begun and 550 members of the 1st Battalion are likely to be complete in the UK by 21 October and will be ready to begin fire fighting if and when the firemen strike. Hopefully we will be back in Germany by the time you read these notes but currently it is not clear how long we will be required to fight fires and we may still be committed over Christmas and into the New Year.



*Freedom Parade, Keighley, 26 July 2002*  
"Eyes Right" passing saluting dais - North Street.



*Freedom Parade, Halifax, 27 July 2002*  
**Marching past Mayor of Calderdale - George Square.**

Our deployment to Yorkshire will have some considerable additional benefits, especially the opportunity to enhance our profile at home and commit large numbers of soldiers to the recruiting offices. We have also confirmed several rugby fixtures against good civilian sides, which is a real bonus, because there is a dearth of competitive rugby in Germany. The rugby season is shaping up well, our League team will play the final of the Army Cup in the UK in January (date tbc) having beaten 1 RRW convincingly in the BA(G) final and nine of the side have represented the Army against NZ Combined Services. I am sure that some of our past Great Britain internationals would have been delighted to see League taking off so well in the Battalion and the benefit for the Union side has been impressive (only one officer played for the League team!). Three members of

the Union team were selected for the Army against Harlequins and we currently have our first Fijian in the Army 7s squad touring the Far East. The Army Cup is yet to start and is likely to be disrupted by fire fighting operations, but otherwise we are reasonably free of commitments through to the end of the season and have high hopes for a good run this year.

For next year our programme remains unchanged; from January we commence training for Kosovo, with deployment scheduled from May to November. On return we move straight into our first full training year with 4th Armoured Brigade, culminating in a major Battlegroup exercise in Canada. So life is busy, challenging, but very rewarding, the 1st Battalion is in excellent shape and most importantly we remain one of the best-manned Regiments in the British Infantry.

### ALMA COMPANY

The past three months have certainly been hectic, interesting but fun and the rumour that things would calm down for the Battalion post Tercentenary sure enough turned out to be a falsehood. As is always the case in Germany, things are non stop and after the Tercentenary celebrations Alma Company found itself straight back on the parade square in preparation for the forthcoming KAPE tour (Keeping the Army in the Public Eye). Despite the extra drill the boys were eagerly awaiting two weeks in Yorkshire.

Getting 120 soldiers and the new Colours to 'God's Country' was a marathon in itself; however, after twelve hours on a bus and sixteen on a ferry we eventually arrived at the Huddersfield TA centre which was to be our luxurious home for the next ten days. We have five marches where we practiced the Regiment's Freedom of Skipton, Bradford, Barnsley, Huddersfield and Halifax by marching through the towns with the band playing, bayonets fixed and Colours flying. Despite Sergeant Major Childs almost being killed by a hit and run granny,



the marches were a great success. We were received warmly in every town and a hardcore fan club made the effort to come to every parade. From the KAPE tour we then went into a well-earned three weeks' summer leave.

Post leave and the pace of German life is still the same. As well as the usual cadres (maintenance, driving and gunners) there has been a great emphasis on adventure training. Soldiers have been sailing in Drummer See and a multi-activity package to Bavaria, where several soldiers got to go walking, canoeing and climbing in an army lodge. There has also been a two-week walking expedition to the south of France, which was predominantly Alma Company. However life is not all adventurous training and the Company, with Corunna and Battalion Headquarters, has found itself trialling the Army's latest training facility in Sennelager. A £400 million battleground simulator called the

Combined Arms Tactical Trainer otherwise known as CATT. The system has yet to be accepted into service, but is impressive and has a great deal of potential. Vehicle crews from Warriors to Challengers can sit in realistic simulators and up to 94 vehicles can fight a generic enemy (or each other!) on a virtual battlefield.

At the time of writing the Company has started Green Goddess training in anticipation of a deployment to South Yorkshire should the Fire Service decide to strike. Although the decision to strike is still a couple of weeks away, Alma Company is already looking forward to flying the flag back at home!

On a final note, August saw the departure of Major Montieth for pastures new (HQ Land). Alma Company wish him and Zara the best of luck for the future.

2 Lieutenant M. Cataldo

### EXERCISE DUKE DIAMOND - PYRENEES EXPEDITION

Exercise Duke Diamond took eighteen people to the French Pyrenees for a trekking expedition from 20-31 August 2002 and was open to all Companies across the Battalion and attached arms. The aim was to take a group of twelve soldiers on an arduous trekking expedition at altitude to instil the importance of team and self-reliance. The secondary aim was to allow the soldiers to experience the Pyrenean scenery and culture. The trek was based mainly on the GR-10 which is a long-distance footpath that crosses the entire length of the Pyrenees from Banyuls-Sur-Mer at the Mediterranean to Hendaye on the Atlantic coast.

The expedition was planned and run by Lieutenants Phil Smith and Mic Cataldo who were the instructors; there was an admin party of four, headed up by Corporal Farrington and Lance-Corporal Scott; the walkers included Lance-Corporal Pears and thirteen privates.

The first trauma was the twenty-three hour drive down to Bagnères-de-Bigorre and was described in the expedition diary as 'the journey from hell'! Thankfully there was a shakeout day planned to stretch after being confined in our minibuses. The first campsite we stayed at in Vielle Aure was owned by a former shepherd who was interested in our route and only too keen to offer advice as to what we should walk instead! We changed the route for the first day due to weather and according to our new friend, "C'est pas interessant!" So we went on an interesting walk by some high mountain lakes which provided an opportunity of an ice-cold swim for Privates Bettison, Cusworth, Dick and Maw. Private Waqavakatoga wondered what all the fuss was about casually diving in, and after a little persuasion they were joined by the giant Lieutenant Cataldo.

The hardest day was when we walked from Germ to Granges Astau for a food re-supply from the Admin team, then a further three hours walk uphill to Lac d'Espringo, where we had a high level wild camp at 1970 metres. The last section was marked as being arduous and everyone felt it, as the hill just never seemed to end and the ultimate soldier rocket fuel was found - oranges! Just as we got to the lake, and true to form, it started to rain and with it a few people got soggy.

After a good night's sleep we had a longish day in broken cloud to our highest point so far Pic de Cecire at 2403 metres. Unfortunately it was covered in cloud and visibility was down to 15 metres, so the stunning views promised along with the ice-cream van were unfortunately missing; we were the only ones on the hill! From the summit it was downhill all the way to Bagnères de Luchon and the descent of 1200 metres never seemed to end. At the time it was the annual flower festival which lasted several days; there were also bands from all over the country playing continuous music and we could just make out some of the floats from the distance. When we got down we were twelve smelly walkers wandering through the carnival trying to find the campsite with flowers being thrown at us. To suggest to a Duke to go to a flower festival would normally result in at least funny looks, but as we had a rest day planned everyone went into the town to enjoy the festival atmosphere with bags of confetti, cans of silly string, flowers, bands, floats and fireworks. It is safe to say that no one had seen anything like this before and we made the most of it.

As Luchon is a Spa town we went to one of the largest natural saunas in the world, which was a cave and tunnel system in the rock. At a temperature of around 80°C and 75% humidity it made a change from cold rain. We followed a programme using the naturally hot sulphur pools where everyone had to wear shower caps and it brought much amusement. The following few days were equally as good with a couple more peaks, plenty more rain and a stay in a mountain hut. It made a nice change to have someone cook for us for a change and the chance to dry out by the wood burning stove.

The four-man admin team worked hard behind the scenes to ensure we had the correct amount and type of food, the campsite was ready for us, the list goes on and without them it would have been a different trip. Everyone on the expedition would agree it was a tough but fun trip with the chance to see and experience new things and cultures in a beautiful part of the world.

Lieutenant P. G. Smith, Expedition Leader



Left to right: Privates Lowe, Taylor, Maw, Cusworth, Lance Corporal Pears, Privates Clowery, Bettison, Waqavakatoga and Ayre.

### EXERCISE EAGLES NEST DIAMOND - BAVARIA, 9-19 SEPTEMBER 2002

Exercise Eagles Nest Diamond was a Level 2 Adventurous Training exercise based in an Army lodge 'Haus Am Wielbach' at Kranzegg in Bavaria. The aim of the exercise was to get the 22 soldiers to try every activity for two days in a 'round robin' in order to identify talent so people can in the future go away on courses to become instructors. The activities available were canoeing instructed by Colour Sergeant Harrison and Craftsman Robbie, climbing instructed by Staff Sergeant Corner, and walking instructed by Captain Garner, Lieutenant Smith and Regimental Sergeant Major Ness. There was also a two-day 'rest and recuperation' package where groups had the choice of swimming, mountain biking, white water rafting and go-karting.

The party left Osnabrück on Monday 9 September with an eight hour journey to endure, luckily Lieutenant Smith had a route planner; Staff Sergeant Corner, who had been there the previous two weeks with the Light Aid Detachment (LAD) of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers (REME), had slept all the way and did not know the route. After about an hour of following the route, Staff Sergeant Corner realised the planner took him to Kransberg and not Kranzegg!

When we arrived at the lodge we found that we were sharing with a Royal Signals Regiment, which was an experience; enough said!

As the rotation progressed some liked and disliked the various activities and overcame their fears of water, big fish, heights and walking. A notable achievement

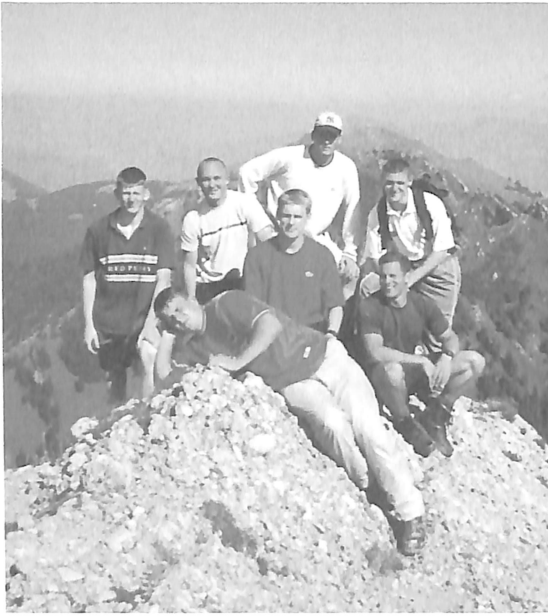
was by Private Roberts who on his first rock climb froze two metres off the ground and would not move. With a little encouragement from Staff Sergeant Corner he clambered up it, after that you could not get him off the climbs and he was the first to try any new one!

One evening Staff Sergeant Corner, Colour Harrison and Craftsman Robbie decided to go on a night canoe down one of the local rivers. Someone forgot to tell them it was Friday 13th as, after only two kilometres, Craftsman Robbie had lost his paddle in a rapid. With four kilometres still remaining Staff Sergeant Corner gave the unfortunate his paddle and he used his hands to magic his way down the remaining part of the river to the pick-up point.

While we were down in Bavaria it was the time of year for the 'Coming off the hill' festival for the cows as they were herded off before the bad weather started. They began at about 0700hrs and went on all day. The festival involved beer tents, sausage stands and bands, with plenty of thigh slapping, which occupied us for an evening.

On the whole the weather was very good and everyone learnt new skills, tried new activities, brushed up on old skills, such as navigation, and a good time was had by all. There was plenty of enthusiasm and lots of potential for future courses and hopefully a few people will get the chance to go away and become instructors over the next few years.

Lieutenant P. G. Smith, Expedition Leader



**Left to right: Privates Derwood, Lee-Wadsworth, Lowe, Lieutenant Smith, Lance Corporal Crimsley, Captain Garner and Private Robinson.**



**Left to right: Captain Garner, Privates Pugh, Swindells, Ormiston and Lance Corporal Fielding.**

### BURMA COMPANY

During my last post in the UK and over the Tercentenary weekend I was constantly warned from friends and others of the rapid pace of life of an armoured infantry company in Germany. It was not until I took command of Burma Company from Major Nick Wood on 23 August 2002 that I fully appreciated the commitment levels here in Germany. However, after two years of studying, first in Toronto on the Canadian Joint Staff Course and then a year at Shrivenham, it is an absolute pleasure to be back in the Battalion, dealing with real issues, real people and most of all Dukes, rather than academic hypotheses and management speak.

Life in Burma Company is fast, and since taking over we have been on two, one week, low level company exercises at Achmer and Halton. These exercises allowed the platoons to shake out after summer leave and gave me the chance to get to know the Company and its current capability. I was immediately impressed by the effort and character shown by the soldiers and the standard achieved in the basic battle drills. 4 Platoon deserves a special mention as it is now, not only a rifle platoon but also the Drums Platoon. The Drums moved from Somme Company, went straight on exercise and looked as though they had been in a rifle platoon all their lives. 4 Platoon is now fully integrated into the Company and despite initial apprehension it is a real asset to Burma. The leadership shown and the corporate knowledge held by the Drums NCOs who have lived through previous re-rolling for Northern Ireland and as a GPMG SF platoon for Bosnia has greatly facilitated their current transition.

The Company vehicle crews then deployed down to Sennelager for a week at the Combined Arms Tactical Trainer (CATT). CATT is a brand new, state of the art, simulation training centre costing around £500,000,000. It is very impressive - but I will not bore the reader with its specifics, except to say that it has the potential to provide first class training, particularly in drills and procedures from section up to brigade level if linked over the web to the Warminster CATT (see 2 Lieutenant Smart's article in this issue). CATT enabled the Company to develop and reinforce its armoured infantry drills and procedures across all phases of war in just one week. It will never replace the lessons learnt from BATUS or other real-time training, but it enables a company to deploy on the increasingly limited training areas without having to relearn the basics, without vehicles breaking down and able to concentrate on more complex operations. Finally on CATT, I had not had time to attend the Track Commanders' Course, or the Gunner Commanders' Cadre and therefore would have been unable to deploy in the field. At least, by the time I am qualified to command I will have already led the company through all phases of war - albeit simulated!

The Company has now switched focus to Operation Fresco (the firemen's strike) and we are busy coming back to reality having spent last week in cyber space to be now learning to operate British Army Green Goddesses (fire engines) built in the 1950s. Burma will deploy to Sheffield not before 19 October to cover the firemen's intended strike. The Company does not know for how long it will deploy but the enthusiasm and excitement for this potentially difficult task is not only

refreshing but also reinforces the pleasure in commanding Burma Company. The fact that we are deploying to South Yorkshire and not Hampshire has not only delighted the soldiers but also shown that someone in the MOD has read the 1977 post exercise report from the last national strike.

Whilst all this has been going on Burma has won the inter-company rugby competition without conceding a try, passed its annual fitness tests, handed over its fleet of Warriors to the Light Infantry and prepared a team of human warriors for the Brigade Patrol Competition. All of the above has happened in my first month of command and, with the current uncertainty in the Middle East and our tour to Kosovo next May, this pace

of life is due to continue in the short term. Finally, Sergeant Thackery left the company in September to throw his weight and influence behind recruiting in Yorkshire and his efforts in running our fleet of vehicles is greatly appreciated. Colour Sergeant Capell PWO has arrived as the Warrior Sergeant Major from Lulworth, where he was a gunnery instructor and we welcome him and his gunnery talent. Privates Devenport, Scarborough and Bua have joined the Company since July and have settled in well. The next set of Iron Duke notes will update readers on our escapades as Sheffield's firefighters.

Major T. G. Vallings  
OC Burma Company

### BURMA COMPANY at CATT

In September members of Burma Company were chosen to help conduct the trials for one of the army's grandest training facilities in recent years. The CATT is an indoor simulator complex based at the Sennelager training centre. This bold venture, based loosely around an existing system in the US army is designed to help train formations up to battle group size in armoured warfare in a computer-generated, virtual reality world. As a build up to BATUS units will hone their skills in all aspects of armoured warfare without using up "track miles" or even dirtying their boots in a facility costing over £400,000,000. Such a different way to train was hard to conceive; "like a big 'Playstation' for the Army" I was told. Our job was to iron out the creases of a facility still very much in its infancy.

Arriving bleary eyed after a 0530 start on a Monday morning, I was struck by the size and newness of the grey and blue hangar-like building that was to be our Tardis for the next three weeks. Everything about the complex was modern and clinical. Glass doors swished shut; there were lecture theatres for debriefing rooms, fitted kitchen and Sky TV in the rest area and an amusing 'big brother' style tannoy to call the crews to their simulators. The main hall, large enough to house two airliners nose to tail, was filled with rows and columns of large brown boxes topped with clusters of computer monitors. Thousands of wires and connections led to massive wardrobes of computer hardware all linked to a control centre that was the all-seeing eye of the virtual battlefield. Once inside you were transported into a working Warrior with almost every detail accurately replicated, the 'outside world' of 3D computer graphics to be seen through each periscope.

In the first week Burma had the run of the facility alone and was able to conduct some fast and exciting battles against the generated enemy. Competition to gain the most kills was fierce, with Sergeant Hollis showing fearless determination to take on the advancing

Red Army alone, although often with great success. The prospect of being caught out by an active enemy kept everyone on their toes. Gunners and drivers showed some excellent low level skills and commanders' navigation was tested to the full as everything has to be done as if 'battened down'.

In the second and third week Burma Company joined crews from Alma and Corunna and the other battle group arms from QRL, RA and RE. This was the most comprehensive technical test of the system so far. Subsequently there were a number of technical show stoppers that saw many extended breaks where the command decisions were made by the bravest man to decide which MTV channel would please all 200 or so waiting crewmen. The CQMS kept us well stocked in tea and coffee and the bratty stand did a roaring trade.

However it was plain for all to see that the 'teething' period for such a complex system was going to require endless afternoons of patience. When we did start an exercise it soon became evident that the emphasis was firmly on the forward elements of the battle group, leaving precious little for the infantry to do apart from follow on in the wake of their destruction. Strong opinions about the system were thenceforth inevitable, as gunners sat unemployed for days on end and drivers often only following the vehicle in front. However this called for some swapping of roles which saw people gain experience of other people's jobs (not to mention post dinner night platoon commanders acquainting themselves with the driver's position) which might not have been possible elsewhere.

By the end of the second week there is no doubt that we had helped a system with tremendous potential through a difficult but expected period of testing. Our efforts were greatly appreciated by the staff at CATT. Hopefully our pains will have helped CATT develop into what could be a first class training tool.

2 Lieutenant T. E. J. Smart

### CORUNNA COMPANY

As for everyone in the Battalion, this has been a very busy period for Corunna Company. Following an excellent training period in BATUS as OPFOR for MEDMAN 1, the Company recovered in time to join in

the build up for the Tercentenary. Although slightly behind in terms of uniform preparation we did do some drill in Canada, much to the amusement of the SDG Battlegroup and the 9/12 Lancers. Anyway, there were

boots to be bulled, uniforms to be tailored and quite a few hours of drill. Regarding the latter we were fortunate enough to have that well renowned drill guru WO2 Buckingham and his able assistant Colour Sergeant (now WO2) Wilson to whip us into shape before we became No 4 Guard.

Whilst the Tercentenary celebrations are covered elsewhere in this edition of the Iron Duke, suffice to say all the Corunna Company soldiers involved were immaculate and did the Company name and all their own guests proud.

Once the celebrations were over and the hangovers had cleared there was little respite to the pace of life. Soldiers were spread to the four winds on many varied tasks, commitments and courses. Some were attached to Alma for the Yorkshire Freedom Parades, many had time to attend educational courses at 35 AEC and several carried out adventure training. All the while, work was carried out on the Battalion's Warrior fleet and AI courses completed. When the opportunity arose, Platoon Commanders carried out training in preparation for the Battalion's exercises originally in Oberlouswitz and subsequently CAST and CATT.

Following a much-deserved and needed summer block leave. The Company returned for more training prior to the Battalion's September commitments. In addition the shadow of Operation Fresco began to loom large; more on that later. As it was, the Warrior crews brushed up their skills and drills prior to taking part on the CATT simulator trials in Sennelager. The remainder meanwhile returned to good old-fashioned foot soldiering via a series of exercises run by the Platoon Commander and then the CSM. The exercises run by the latter gave the newly promoted Lance Corporals

(Greenwood, Lightowlers and Whitfield) a first taste of being a JNCO in the field. Many congratulations to all of them and Lance Corporal Stott, Corporal Fisher and Sergeant Sheehan (now in the Training Wing) on their recent promotions.

The final period of training has included a week on CAST and two weeks on CATT. This is covered elsewhere. There has been a great deal of movement regarding personalities. Captain Frear has moved to MTO after joining us for Canada and we welcome back that old Corunna stalwart Captain Scothern. Colour Sergeant Hind has taken over as CQMS from Colour Sergeant (now WO2) Wilson after the latter's short but incisive spell as CQMS and Platoon Commander in Canada. The news of his promotion was especially popular throughout the Company and we wish him all the best as Operations WO and eventually CSM Burma. We also said goodbye to Warrior Sergeant Major Mullins, who has finally left the Army after 22 years, Corporal Badger Connell and Lance Corporal Dutch Holland. We wish all of them the very best in their future careers. In addition, that Corunna key personality, Lance Corporal Shaka Ogden has left the Company for the safety of the QM's. We do, however, welcome back Corporals Oldale, Roberts and Seviour from various training posts in the UK.

As we go to print Corunna Company has had a massively varied year and it is only September. We have conducted sub-unit AI training in Germany and Canada, where the temperature varied by 40°C in fourteen hours, a full blown Trooping the Colour, further collective and individual training and soon to conduct fireman training. Who said life in Germany should be predictable!

## SOMME COMPANY

The most significant news from Somme Company is a change to the Establishment. The possibility of raising a sniper platoon in the Battalion had been mooted for some time and linked to this issue was the future role of the Drums Platoon in the Company. On conversion to Armoured Infantry in 2000, the Drums Platoon remained in Somme and trained in the Assault Pioneer role. We also continued to run sniper cadres to maintain a spread of trained personnel across the rifle companies.

The catalyst to change was the review of infantry structures resulting from the publication of 'Infantry 2010 Capability, Structures and Equipment' published by Director Infantry in 1999 (Inf 2010). This far-reaching document heralded some significant changes for Somme Company, not least of which was the renaming of our role as 'Manoeuvre Support'. The initial draft of Inf 2010 reinforced the importance of Snipers and allowed for the establishment of five-man sections for each Rifle Company. Clearly the next logical step was to amalgamate the three sections into one platoon thus creating a focus for excellence in the discipline within the Battalion. A recurring theme throughout Inf 2010 is the need to develop a cohesive Intelligence Surveillance Target Acquisition and Reconnaissance (ISTAR) capability at battlegroup level. In addition to the Recce Platoon, a Sniper Platoon will significantly

enhance this capability. We have therefore created a sixteen man platoon that will not only routinely provide the sniper function, but will also continue to train and develop additional sniper capability for the Rifle Companies through the traditional cadres.

We are at a very early stage in the development of this platoon and there are many issues yet to be resolved, not least is which vehicle should be given to the sniper pairs. Clearly in the Armoured Role they will require a vehicle that will afford both protection and mobility, enabling them to keep up with the high tempo battle. The need to identify and possibly procure a suitable vehicle has already been identified and staffed largely as a result of IG's experience in the training year 2001, however for the time being the trusty Landrover will suffice. Currently the Platoon is headed by Sergeant Blake and the aim is to provide up to eight deployable sniper pairs. Training and the development of Sniper Platoon SOIs will continue and will pay dividends in 2004 when the Battalion faces the challenge of a full training year including a MEDMAN in BATUS.

In order to re-balance the Battalion after the creation of the Sniper Platoon it was decided to return the Drums Platoon to Burma Company. They will continue to train to meet ceremonial commitments and will also develop rifle platoon skills within the traditional framework of a Rifle Company.



As ever there has been a change of key personnel in the Company. Captain Bibby has joined the Company as 2IC and, to his delight, is double hatted as the Battalion Gunnery Officer. We have also said goodbye to WO2 Brewer, one of the stalwarts of Somme. He has been posted to be RQMS in Kenya for six months, after which he is due to return to the 1st Battalion. CSM Brewer will be replaced by WO2 Williams who has spent the summer in Canada working as a member of the Range Staff at BATUS. Captain Glossop has now completed his course and returned as OC Milan, and the Mortar Platoon has a new leader in the figure of Captain 'Rabbit' Payne. The Company and the Battalion have also said farewell to Drum Major Johnson who, after 22 years' dedicated service, has moved to work with the Giggleswick School CCF. He will be difficult to replace, his character and experience will be missed, and we wish him well.

1st Battalion life continues to be hectic and, as ever, Somme has been at the forefront. The Tercentenary will

be covered in detail elsewhere in this issue. However, it is worthy of note that the Company won the honour to be Escort to the Colours on the basis of the outstanding collective performance on the Drill Square, a feat for which the author can claim absolutely no credit! We completed Recce and Milan platoon cadres, both of which were extremely successful and have gone some way towards ensuring that we have the right manning and levels of training for the year ahead. After the demise of the FTX planned for September/October we deployed to the ever-popular Sennelager to take part in the CATT trial. Whilst there were teething problems, it was clear that the system has huge potential and will prove to be invaluable to the Somme Platoons in years to come. Having just returned from CATT, we are currently involved in planning for Operation Fresco and the forecast of events for 2003 is already full with training for the impending operational tour to the Balkans.

Major P. J. Wilson, OC Somme

### HOOK COMPANY

With T3 well and truly behind us we have settled down into some semblance of normality. However, with a possible firemen's strike looming and an operational tour next year to prepare for, life in Osnabrück will soon be very busy once again. Since the return from summer leave, activities have mainly been focussed on simulation training at CAST and CATT in Sennelager, with Hook Company providing support to Battlegroup Headquarters, and manning the A1 and A2 Echelons. With a new BGLO and new Echelon Commanders it has been a busy period for the QM, QMT and MTO, but we now have complete confidence in the battlegroup's logistic support for future exercises and operations.

In between training the Company has managed to make use of the Adventure Training Lodge in Bavaria, and the Quartermaster has been instrumental in organising single soldiers' sports afternoons, which provide good training sessions in preparation for Inter

Company Sports. I have to confess the Company is struggling to produce a boxing team, where are the Ena Ellwells and Para Drapers we used to have?

Quality of life in Germany continues to be good and the work hard, play hard mentality is keeping morale in the Company high. All departments are to be congratulated on producing first class support both in and out of Barracks, the Company Quartermaster Sergeant, Colour Sergeant Hallsworth recently broke his leg during an Officers v Sergeants football match, we wish him a speedy recovery, although his staff are managing quite capably without him. Good luck to Captain Lee Gandiya, Padre, who is posted to Cyprus, Captain Sarah Crowther RAO, who is leaving to have a baby, and welcome to the new EME, Captain Sarah Bradley-Walker, and also the new RMO, Captain Milly Milne.

Major A. L. Jackson

### OFFICERS' MESS

Without exception it is difficult to identify a busier period for the Officers' Mess. Starting with the dining in of the new CO there seems to have been little respite from the social calendar. The Tercentenary celebrations obviously dictated and as a result there was no summer ball. The key event then was the turn-over in personalities in August and the smattering of dinner nights, Mess parties and wives' club functions both before and during block leave.

The dinner nights have seen many guests being entertained by both the runners and Mess rugby, many ending up playing at some stage. Although the Brigade Commander, Brigadier Nick Smith, wisely refrained, his DCOS (from Elland) joined in with gusto. Parties, organised and run by the livers-in, chaired and directed admirably by Lee Pierce, have had some varied themes. The Viking night was followed up by a 999 party and a schooldays party follows shortly. Ever-popular, the

Mess has seen people turn up from throughout BFG for these parties which are slowly becoming legendary.

Regarding the Mess itself, this last period has seen some huge improvements and refurbishment. This was driven by the outgoing PMC, with Louise Bruce taking a leading part in transforming the garden. I would like to take this opportunity to thank Peter Monteith as the outgoing PMC for his outstanding work during the last year. Not only was he a key player in the Tercentenary but he has handed over a Mess in good financial shape and having had a serious face-lift to both the building and the property.

On to personalities; Peter and Zara Monteith and Nick and Lorna Wood departed for various staff posts in the UK and we welcomed back Tom and Lulu Vallings and Paul and Alison Fox via the Canadian and Indian Staff Colleges respectively and then RMCS. The Mess also welcomed back Rob and Claire Scothern and Sam

Humphris, following, by all accounts, a fabulous wedding in Halifax, brought Ellie over to live in Osnabrück. Wedding congratulations are also due to

Mark Tetley, currently in Warminster, and Pete Cowell, who cannot tell us where he is!

Major T. G. Vallings

## RUGBY

The first game of the '02-'03 season is tomorrow - I am therefore glad to report that so far, we are unbeaten! However, these notes do provide the opportunity to inform readers of the aims, policy and structure for this season. The aims are threefold:

To win the British Army Germany Cup

To foster and develop the Hindoostan XV through regular Wednesday and Saturday fixtures

To nurture rugby throughout the Battalion through inter-company union and league competitions

These aims have been carefully selected and are not only achievable but also realistic. Previous seasons have started with the unrealistic aim of winning the Army Cup and the season has died once the Dukes had come unstuck. The Germany Cup allows us to focus our efforts in the short term and if successful enables us to attack the Army Cup from a competitive position. Major Nick Wood has handed over a strong club and there are significant differences from previous seasons. First, the club is less officer-reliant than it has been for a long time due to the number of very talented soldiers now involved. Secondly, there is real competition for all places from one to fifteen, a factor not experienced in recent years. The squad list currently holds some forty-five names and all have or could play Dukes 1st XV Rugby. The point is nobody has a guaranteed place and internal competition will improve fitness and commitment levels.

Whilst the club may be in a good state, it is vital that we win some silver this year. Winning the Germany Cup will ensure that efforts on the park and training ground are rewarded. Furthermore, it will ensure that the club wins over the hearts and minds of the rest of the Battalion, encouraging more soldiers to play this robust team sport. However, in order to succeed we must be: fitter, tougher, wiser and more committed than we have in our recent past. Whilst these words brief well, the proof will be on the park. Over the Tercentenary weekend Pete Robinson commented that we also needed to be nastier and this is in hand! In order to develop these attributes and improve our mental robustness the club has adopted Sir Steven Redgrave's words: "If not me - then who? If not now - then when?" This powerful quote must underpin our mental approach to this season.

### DUKES WIN BRITISH ARMY (GERMANY) RUGBY LEAGUE CUP

In recent years Rugby League has been developing as a competitive sport in the Army, with units such as the Parachute Regiment and in particular the Queen's Lancashire Regiment. Since moving to Germany the 1st Battalion has embraced the league code, utilising the skills and ethos developed in our more traditional game. The new summer season for league means it

The Commanding Officer has given the Club his full support and if the Battalion is deployed to Yorkshire for the firemen's strike, the intention is to ring fence a squad of twenty-four. Decent fixtures have also been arranged to ensure that we are well placed for our Cup run. Any support for the following games would be most appreciated:

Halifax (away) - 30 October, 1900 hrs

Huddersfield (away) - 6 November, 1900 hrs

Newcastle University (away) - 13 November, 1400 hrs

South Yorkshire Police (away - Hindoostan) - 13 Nov, 1400 hrs

RMAS (away) - 16 November, 1400 hrs

Whilst the Union season is only just starting, the League side destroyed 1 RRW to win the British Army Germany League Competition and the Dukes formed the nucleus of the Army Germany side that beat the English students. Captain Rob Scothern captained the side having never played league until this year. He is due to take the Germany side with nine other Dukes to the UK in mid October to play the Royal Marines and the NZ Army. On the Union side congratulations to Captain Finlay Bibby, Private Guana, and Captain Scothern on being selected for the Army side that narrowly lost to the Harlequins last week. Captain Bibby captained the Army Fifteen and Private Guana has been selected for the Army Sevens Squad. Whilst Rugby Union is entrenched in our history, the club will continue to support both the league and union codes. Rugby League is complementary to Union as it toughens our defence, improves our handling and encourages runners from depth.

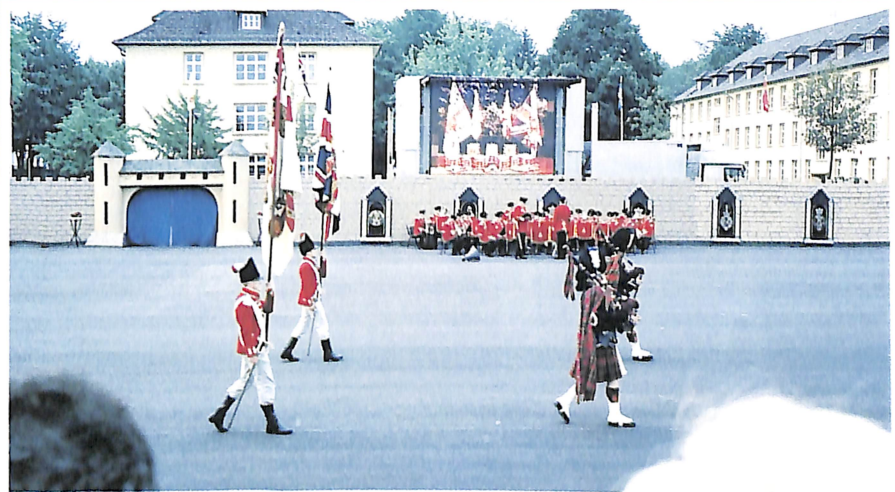
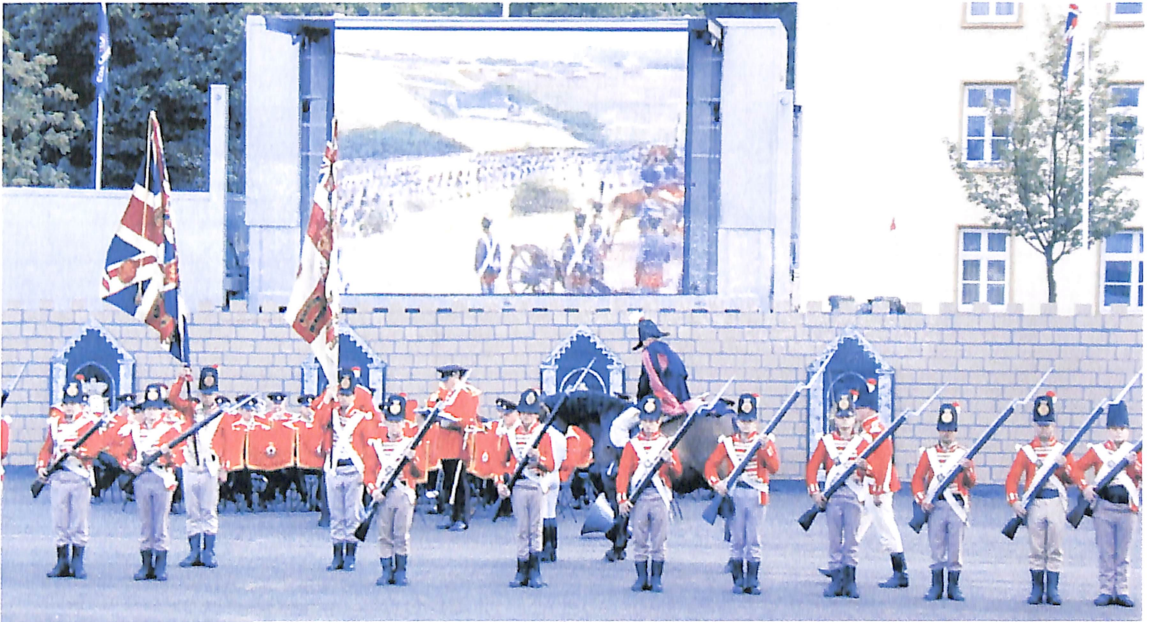
The opportunity facing the club this season is immense, the uncertainty in the Middle East and the firemen's strike create hurdles that must be conquered if our rugby potential is to be unleashed. The support from all the companies and departments is greatly appreciated to meet the Battalion's competing ends and still enable us to be competitive at the highest level of Regimental Rugby. The next set of notes will prove whether we are on track with our aims and update on our progress.

Major T. G. Vallings  
OC Rugby

compliments our union commitments and many players have made some headway in mastering both codes.

Units in British Army (Germany) (BA(G)) have been competing for the Rugby League Cup for three seasons, IRRW and RDG having lifted the trophy in previous years. Commitments in Kosovo prevented us from competing last year, but this summer the Battalion has

*continued on page 129*



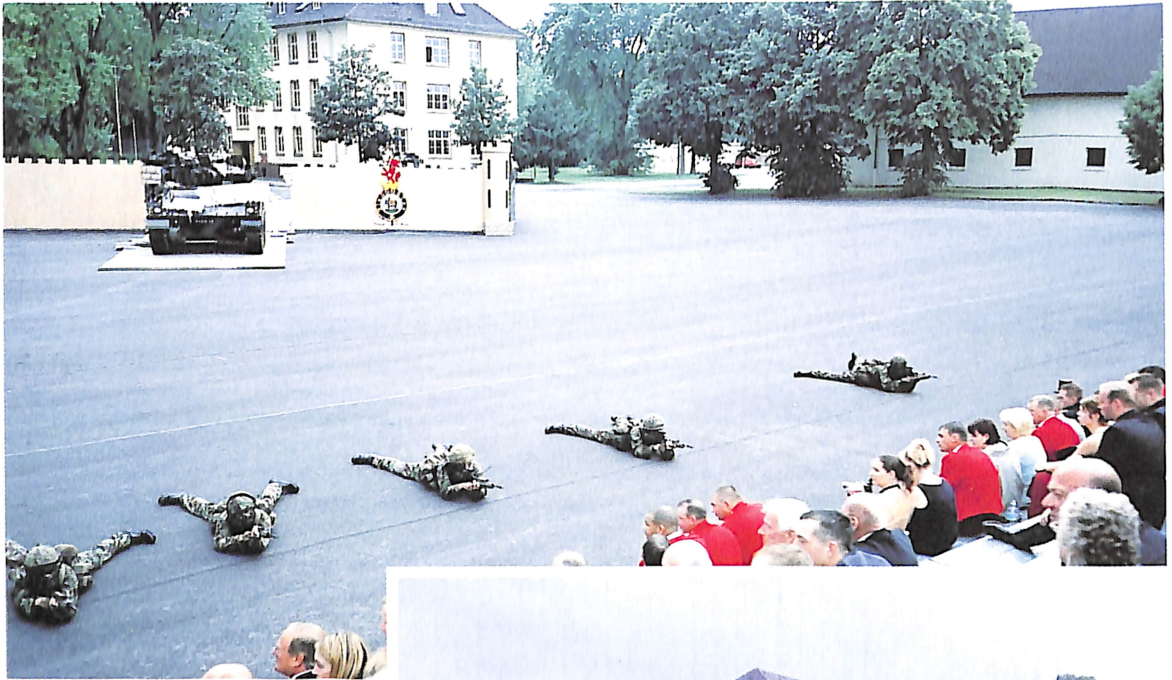
## The Pageant

*Top:*  
Re-enactment ... the 33rd

*Middle:*  
... the 76th ...

*Bottom:*  
Warrior erupts onto the scene

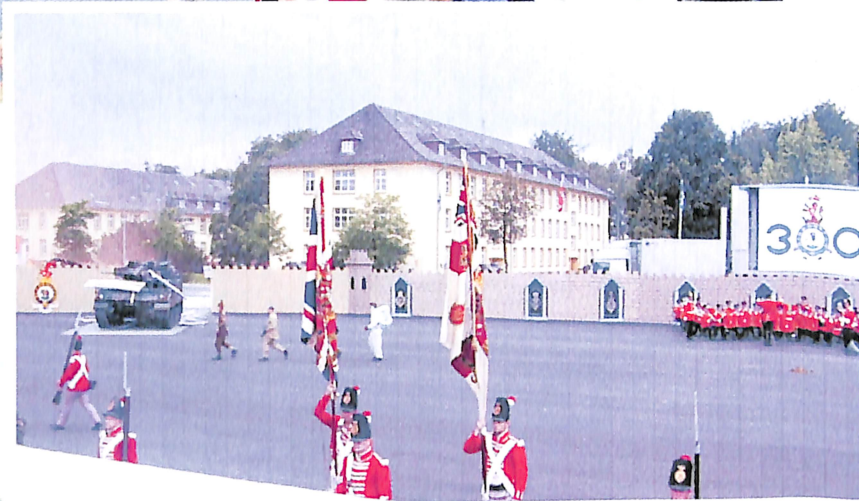




... today's soldiers ...

... "Permission" to fall out, Sir,  
please ...

... "Well done" and thank you ...





# The Tercentenary Party

All is ready ...

... certain of their seats



... Skipton Branch enjoy the ambience

... behind the scenes





lunch for how many ... ?



... ready for the Church Service



... the party catered for all ages



Liquid lunches

afforded the players time and resources to mount a serious challenge. WO2 Bottomley was responsible for managing the squad, steering them to an unbeaten season and recent BA(G) Cup success.

The Germany final was played on a fine early autumn day at Belfast Barracks with the now familiar rivals of the Dukes, the Royal Regiment of Wales our opponents. The Welsh won the Germany Rugby Union final earlier this year and the Dukes were victorious in the German sevens. It proved a typically bruising encounter with both sides trading scores early in the game. Throughout the season the Dukes have been feared for their hard tackling and epitomised the "offensive defence". Any opposition the Dukes had encountered en-route to the final had literally been tackled into submission, most losing interest after the first twenty minutes. The Welsh however proved to be of finer pedigree and displayed admirable grit, refusing to be intimidated by their ferocious opponents. By the second half though it was clear that the power, pace and skill of the Dukes' team was far superior to anything the Welsh had to offer. Several sterling performances by man of the match Captain Rob Scothern, Sergeant Garreth Peacock, Private Tucs Tukana and Private Lardy Guana ensured a convincing victory 50-23 to the Dukes.

Several members of the squad have represented BA(G) with success against Scotland and England students and nine of the cup final winning team have been selected to tour the UK next month with matches against the Royal Marines and the New Zealand Army.

Congratulations to Private Guana and Captains Rob Scothern and Finley Bibby on their selection to play for the Army Rugby Union against Harlequins, 25 September 2002.

Captain Peter Lee



**Private Richard Wibley holds the cup aloft after slaying the Welsh Dragon.**



**The Dukes RLFC.**

# The East and West Riding Regiment

## Commanding Officer's Introduction

The summer and early autumn has been a challenging period for the Regiment. No sooner had we finished supporting the DWR Tercentenary and competing at Bisley than we deployed to Annual Camp in Belgium at the beginning of July. This was a triumph of G3 and G4 planning, especially when we were informed that there would be no accommodation available with less than six weeks to go! The QM pulled out all the stops and the Regiment found itself in a combination of canvas, FIBUA skills houses and a hunting lodge! Nevertheless a terrific fortnight of training followed, punctuated by R&R in Luxembourg and a battlefield tour of Waterloo, where all three of the parent Regiments played a part. A largely uneventful recovery by coach and ferry to the UK was quickly followed by block leave for the permanent staff and on return a Regimental SAAM at Altcar.

At Annual Camp Ypres Company came under command of Major Baird as a DWR company group and performed to their expected high standards in all areas of training. The rest of the summer has been devoted to shooting with good scores recorded and the company team competing strongly at the SAAM and currently they are training a team for Cambrian Patrol. The Company still has several soldiers away in Cyprus and continues to provide more than its fair share of

volunteers for regular service whilst keeping overall numbers up - a great credit to the Company recruiting team. Major Mark Hunter has now assumed command of Ypres Company and has already started to make an impression - but not quite like the impression made by some railings on Corporal Graham recently - we all wish him a speedy recovery.

Major David Baird's swansong was to lead the DWR company group at camp in Belgium which he did with his customary style before handing over to Major Lee Whitworth. The Company has a record for good shooting and chased Impfal Company all the way in the Regimental SAAM with Corporal Walls well to the fore. The main effort now is preparing the SF Platoon for Match 9/83 against the Tyne Tees Regiment with a lot of new faces on the guns.

Operationally we are now geared up to support Op Fresco within our area and we welcome the 1st Battalion on its unexpected return to South Yorkshire! We are also working hard to produce an interim operating capability as a Civil Contingency Reaction Force ready to deploy for MACA tasks starting in the New Year. However, low level training is the current theme involving patrolling, a YO's combined arms weekend and a CAST in November followed by our customary Christmas weekend.

## FONTENAY (DWR) COMPANY

The first half of this training year has been another fast-paced, exciting and successful time for the troops based in Barnsley and Sheffield. In April the Company was chosen to take part in the Freedom Parade of Sheffield. This was a proud moment for the Guard of forty to march through the city. Shortly afterwards our OC, Major David Baird, finished his tour and was succeeded by Major Lee Whitworth, QGM.

After finishing a respectable sixth out of twenty teams on the Brigade Inter Platoon competition, the company then deployed along with the rest of the Regiment to annual camp in Arlon, South Belgium. For many "Old Boys" this was a welcome return to Camp Lagland after a previous visit in 1994.

Whilst on camp, the training consisted of a mix of fighting in built-up areas (FIBUA) and fighting in woods and forests (FIWAF), interspersed with plenty of time on the range where we had the chance to try out different weapons such as general purpose machine guns, light anti tank weapons, grenades and mortars. There was also the opportunity to go for a recce in a Gazelle helicopter and even get trundled over by a tank if you so wished.

The training package was designed to be arduous and so for the much needed 'Rest and Recuperation' the majority of the company took the short train journey across the border to Luxembourg. A fine city but some may say slightly lacking in the variety of pubs that a

Yorkshire lad is used to. However, some of the Company were fortunate enough to witness a live concert in the city by the "Scorpions" a popular German band by all accounts! In fact they proved so popular that a fair number of lads who stayed around for the finale missed the last train home and had to part with 200 Euros per taxi to get them back to camp! One anonymous soldier, who did manage to drag himself away, fell asleep on the train and paid a twilight visit to Brussels! A sobering thought, but the 200 Euros' sum pales into insignificance when compared to the sum of 1200 Euros paid out by one lad who decided to make music with two of the working ladies of Luxembourg rather than listen to it. He maintains it was money well spent but we have our doubts.

On return from Annual Camp, the Company moved straight on to a series of range weekends, centred mainly around Strensall Camp, to develop our shooting ability in time for the Regimental Skill at Arms Meeting. The competition went fairly well with the Company team finishing fourth out of seven teams and several members collecting individual prizes.

With the Regiment now embarking on a programme of field training exercises and the possibility of Op Veritas or a similar deployment to the Middle East in the air, these are exciting times for the men and women of Fontenay Company.

Lieutenant Rick Huddart  
OC 1 Platoon



## YPRES (DWR) COMPANY

### CALL-UP

One of the big surprises of my life, coming almost on the day of my 50th birthday, was a letter from Brigadier Dick Mundell inviting me to represent the Dukes as Deputy Honorary Colonel for Ypres Company in the new East and West Riding Regiment.

I obviously felt very honoured to be asked, but before accepting I thought that he ought to know I had virtually no previous military experience and was last in uniform as Sergeant in the Eton College CCF in 1967, training with Lee Enfield rifles and 1940's equipment. I was assured that this was entirely suitable training for the appointment and that my intervening career as a Land Agent and then Brewer were complementary. In particular, I was assured that Lieutenant Colonel George Kilburn, new Commanding Officer of the East and West Riding regiment was happy with the selection.

Of course, any surprise I had on the appointment was merely underlined by the reaction of old friends, colleagues and family, which can best be illustrated by repeating some of the comments:- "Are we about to go to war?" or "They must be short!" or, from a great friend and a serving officer (Scottish Regiment) "I can think of other Colonels with no previous military experience - Colonel Saunders of finger-licking fame". My son immediately started to call me "Mainwaring" or, in case I did anything active "you're just playing the part of Godfrey at Warmington-on-Sea".

The reality for me, as a new recruit, was a fantastic experience - the sort of welcome accorded to an old friend or a member of the family not seen for many years. It was universal and always generous across all areas of the wider family - Regimental Headquarters, First Battalion, Territorial Army, Cadets, etc.

The learning curve was steep, lots of new names (which I always find difficult) and then the uniform effect - everyone looks the same until you get to know them, like a pack of foxhounds.

Of course, it is very flattering to be called "sir" by so many people when you are not used to it, which certainly is a major change from civilian life. I suppose the challenge was getting to know the army structure and customs surrounding rank and dress, all of which are disguised in camouflage and acronyms. Eventually I discovered that the most important people in the structure have the prefix "Mr". This coincides with brewing, where we have "Mr" Head Brewer (or God) and Mr Tony - Head of Sales, without whom (according to himself) the Brewer doesn't have a job!

The other Honorary Colonels in the East and West Riding Regiment have all been extremely kind - such as breaking a Council discussion to ensure I got the full translation of the acronyms. Luckily, Colonel Julian Fox (Fontenay Company) sometimes referred to as my "military attaché" keeps me right on the essential details



*Honorary Colonels of East and West Riding Regiment*

Colonel Chris Wood (Quebec Company), Colonel Charles Dent (Ypres (DWR) Company), Colonel Brian Denny (Minden Company), Colonel Robin Smith (Imphal Company), Brigadier Bev Smalley (Honorary Colonel East and West Riding Regiment), Colonel Julian Fox (Fontenay (DWR) Company).



of dress code, military etiquette and other subtleties not obvious to the outsider (particularly the sort which could be described as minefields).

First attempts at getting into uniform were a mixture of pride and worry - proud to be wearing it but worried that some detail was wrong. When my son suggested my beret was more "onion seller" than soldier, I was able to get it doctored at the Brewery by Peter Vale (ex 2 Para). My next appearance in uniform at Keighley Drill Hall was greeted with instantaneous comments of approval. "That looks better, sir", I was told in a sigh of relief by Platoon Sergeant Mallas.

My acclimatization has been greatly helped by all ranks at Keighley and Huddersfield, and everyone at Regimental Headquarters. I have tried to spend a few Tuesday nights at Keighley Drill Hall after work, to understand how the training works and get through the weapons handling test, so that I can at least use the new rifle. Major Mark Hunter, the new Ypres Company Commander, following Major Jeremy Hughes, was running recruit training at Strensall last April, and suggested I spend a weekend on a recruit module.

Corporal Russell was assigned to ensure I was properly kitted-out at Huddersfield and, after a weapons handling test, it was out to the ranges to join my module for the shooting on Saturday. Then learning to carry the packs, camouflage in the field, moving and firing as a pair in a section all followed. After an exhausting afternoon, the evening temperature was dropping fast as dusk approached and there was a short break to brew-up supper.

As I was struggling to read the small print on the packets of our rations, a miracle happened - a Landrover arrived with two large hot containers - tea in one and stew and vegetables in the other. I merely had to offer mess tin and mug to get immediate, heart-warming sustenance.

Thank God for those thoughtful Sergeant Majors running the course!

I survived the weekend (just), understanding the high standards of fitness, dedication and professionalism required of the TA soldier.

So what have I been doing? The variety seems endless when you have to write it down, but broadly I have been invited to a wide range of regimental functions, including the TA Christmas weekend, camp weekends and others, Cadet Unit Inspections and Iron Duke presentations, Council meetings for East and West Riding Regiment and Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

The lasting impression is that in all branches of the family loyalty and friendship are two constant qualities. The other is the discovery that, after 250 years of soldiering in India, the army still does the best curry!

Last year a visit to TA camp at Sennybridge brought the chance to shoot a Chieftain Tank - a majestic experience for a keen shot, facilitated by the stalwarts of Ypres Company running the LAW range. When told that I had just sent £1,200 of taxpayers' money down the range it seemed like poetic justice for one who signs a monthly cheque for excise duty over 200 times that amount! It certainly felt good value to me - perhaps they'll let me have another go!

This year TA camp was at Arlon, Belgium, in a battle training area south of the Ardennes. Honorary Colonels joined their companies for a barbecue after their first week of very arduous training, ending in a march and shoot. I was amazed at the high spirits, no doubt spurred on by the prospect of a day off in Luxembourg. The officers, however, boarded a bus for a battlefield tour of Waterloo.

The Old Duke would have been proud of the level of organization. During the journey, Lieutenant Colonel Graham Whitmore (LI) gave us an eloquent summary of the battle, accompanied by a handout with all the details and on-board video. We arrived very well prepared to stand on the site of the allied lines and see how each phase of the battle had developed, including the part played by all the predecessors of the three cap badges in the East and West Riding Regiment.

It was simply outstanding and very moving. The spirits of our predecessors were no doubt walking beside us as we spoke with bravado about their deeds, but only they could know what it must have been like on the day under constant fire from Napoleon's Grand Battery.

The overriding theme for 2002 has been the Tercentenary, a season of celebrations, parades and marches. The early part was taken up with helping to get PR for the programme and producing 'Havercake Ale'. Some eighty pubs along the route of the Havercake March sold the beer, and many enjoyed the band concerts in Skipton, Halifax or Rotherham.

When the Havercake March visited the Brewery, it was led by Sergeant Major Scott (whose father was a tenant of the Volunteers and grandfather worked in the Brewery). A good moment to remember old family connections and sample 'Havercake Ale'.

The Havercake March reached Huddersfield on the Jubilee Bank Holiday Monday, and paraded at Greenhead Park, with a full turnout from Ypres Company led by Captain Simon Routh in front of the Mayor of Kirklees. They looked superb, and the Colonel of the Regiment presented ten long-service medals. Captain Barry Hey (with the help of Regimental Sergeant Major Cracknell) had master-minded the detail (as he had also done for two band concerts and a social at the Drill Hall that evening).

The Havercake March was expertly managed by Captain Andy Pigg, and encouraged all the Mayors to join the celebrations in Osnabrück. They, in turn, responded with gusto by welcoming the 1st Battalion to exercise their freedom in all the towns and cities of the West Riding. The police in Keighley and Bradford gave a convincing demonstration of the effects of "freedom" by simply closing down the centre of each town for about two hours. For us in the centre it was bliss; for those in the traffic outside, unimaginable disruption for no known reason.

Escorting the Colonel of the Regiment with ADC in full fig to try the ale in such memorable outlets as the Volunteers, Keighley, or Slubbers Arms, Huddersfield, did wonders for the Brewery Reps' currency! The Colonel plunged in, talking to all the locals and recruiting one former soldier to the Regimental Association, behaving as if he had been born and bred in the West Riding.

In spite of the difficulties of distance, the heart and soul of the Regiment still beats as strong as ever in the West Riding.

For me, the more I get to know the Regiment, the TA, the Cadets and all the associations, the better it gets. It is good to see traditional qualities of leadership, teamwork, loyalty, friendship and good positive spirit in

abundance, when the modern world around often seems to forget these principles. There may be less of these values about, but when you find them they are as good as ever - just like the best traditional beer!

C. J. Dent, DL, Ypres (DWR) Company  
Deputy Honorary Colonel

## THE TERRITORIALS OF YESTERYEAR THE WAR YEARS 1939-45

*Major Peter Knight continues his story as he commands A Company 2/6 DWR in France in the summer of 1940*

I have confined myself to my personal recollections. At the time of the events I have related I was to a very large extent unaware of what was taking place in the rest of the Battalion and so swift were the changes in our fortunes that I did not become aware of all the facts until I read the official account for myself. The story, however, is incomplete in one respect. It does not give any account of how we extricated ourselves from France. It was to supply this deficiency that in the autumn of 1992 there was published in "The Iron Duke" an account, written under my name, 'A Territorial Battalion in France 28 April - 18 June 1940' which contains much of what I have written here. In 1993 there was published a 'History of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment 1702-1992' in which my account is briefly summarised in the following short paragraph:

*The Battalion therefore started to march towards Cherbourg, some 100 miles distant. On its way it learnt that France had, on 16 June, sought an armistice from the Germans. Fortunately the Battalion met a RASC column which then transported it to St Malo. A ship was leaving the harbour, but returned to pick up the Battalion, which arrived at Southampton the following day (18 June).*

This brief passage conceals the providential nature of our return to Britain and the narrow margin by which the Battalion escaped internment. To return to the narrative, you will recall that when the Battalion retired to Bernay the Divisional Medical Officer decreed that we should not be required to fight again for at least three days. The rest billets to which we were sent were some distance west of Bernay and consisted of an extensive farm complex with farmhouse cottages and barns. The remnant of the Battalion was now under the command of Major Jimmy Ogden, a bank manager from Colne, Lieutenant Colonel Llewellyn, our former CO of whom I had seen little, having been relieved of his command presumably exhausted by his ordeal. Here we remained for several days - too long, for we had no information regarding the whereabouts of the enemy, though rumours were legion. The inescapable feeling was that we had been abandoned. Indeed we had been. And I think we might still be there had it not been for a series of co-incidences which I later came to believe to have been providential. It was to recount these extraordinary co-incidences that my article in the Regimental Magazine was intended and I therefore quote from what I wrote there:

*The weather continued fine, sunshine by day, moonlight by night. I was asleep in the upper room of a cottage but awoke suddenly at about 2.00am conscious that something was wrong. I looked cautiously out of my open window and saw directly below me an officer in British uniform astride a motorcycle reading a map by the light of his torch. I reached for my pistol and told him - rather dramatically - to put his hands up, as we had repeatedly been warned of the enemy ploy of dressing in our uniform to spread confusion. I made him climb through the window and identify himself. He was from 2 Canadian Corps HQ and had been sent out to locate a missing RASC column with a view to ordering it to drive to Cherbourg. He had no idea of our presence. I took him down the lane to the farmhouse in which the acting CO and the Adjutant were asleep in a four poster bed - they were in a deep sleep both snoring loudly. At last we had some definite orders. The plan was for the Battalion to march to Cherbourg along an agreed route and the RASC column would lift us forward, when found.*

*So started a further long trek. I cannot remember clearly details of the march, only that it seemed for ever. From time to time we dived for cover into the ditches at the road side - mercifully dry in that incomparable summer as enemy planes came over us. [I became quite practised after a while and often had the wind knocked out of me by other bodies, not as agile as myself, principally the company cook who seemed to delight in landing on top of me! Many years later in civvy street he took advantage of my patience once again by persuading me to take a dud cheque! This private recollection, in parenthesis, was omitted from my article] Everywhere there was evidence of refugees, of abandoned vehicles, damaged buildings and an unending tide of confusion and woe. That night we holed up in a wood where we were shortly joined by a troop of Gunners from Belle View, Bradford. Early the next day the missing RASC unit found us and we made considerable progress until midday when we pulled into a tree-lined lane leading to a farmhouse. Here we stretched our legs and relaxed. There was no sign of the war. I wandered off to the farmhouse for a glass of milk. The farmer and his wife sat either side of a radio-set intent upon the words of the French Prime Minister. In the scullery a girl washed some pots. My French was good*

*enough to learn that France had asked for an armistice. This was the 16 June. The severity of the situation was in all their faces. No one spoke. I was not noticed. I stole away and reported to the CO what I had overheard with its clear implication that we might be interned if we did not leave the country immediately. Promptly orders were given to move. Petrol, in short supply and with no chance of replenishment, was syphoned from some of the vehicles which were then rendered unserviceable and abandoned. Then we did not stop until we reached St Malo where we de-bussed and took cover under a groyne by the side of the road, a little distance from the docks. There was no activity towards getting us moving again so, growing restless, I walked with my batman Private Kenneth Ward to the docks in time to see a ship, already filled with troops, the only one in the basin, leaving the quayside about half a cable's distance. I yelled "Ahoy" and asked the Captain to put back for us. His shouted reply told me to get a move on as the tide was falling which would soon render the locks inoperable. I sent Ward with a message for the CO and soon we were aboard, at the last moment it seemed, but even so we were not the last. A squad of guardsmen marched up, faced front, dressed ranks and then moved up the gangplank in an orderly and impressive manner. I ordered my men to stay on deck. I thought we risked a possible attack from the air but it was evident that with the decks below already crowded we should stand little chance if the boat sank. The rumour was that a hospital ship had been sunk the night previously - a not unusual ploy by the Germans who disregarded the Geneva Convention whenever it suited them to do so - but all was well for, apart from a solitary high flying aircraft of unknown origin, nothing was seen until we reached the Needles off the Isle of Wight when we were fired on by the Royal Navy and told to go east-about to Southampton where we disembarked on 18 June 1940 fifty one days after we had left England on 28 April and two weeks after the evacuation of the British Expeditionary Force from France on 4 June.*

Fifty years later, whilst preparing my article for the Regimental magazine, I rehearsed these events with Maurice Hutchinson, a former Bradford solicitor, Adjutant of the Battalion at the time. I found his recollection was not as clear as my own. On the other hand he did recall some details which were not previously known to me. Namely that the ship which brought us safely home was a Channel Islands boat that plied its trade between Jersey and mainland France and had just delivered a load of potatoes to the port at St Malo. He also told me that the skipper was so drunk the Chief Engineer had to bring the ship home, but as the Captain was the only one who knew the waters through the islands he had been tied to the wheel to helm the vessel at a critical moment!

After so many years I still retain the clearest picture in my mind of that extraordinary episode of my life. It is only very recently that I have been able to talk about it with any ease. When I embarked on the ship at St Malo I can remember well the feeling of relief that I was safe and would see my wife and parents again. Looking back I remember a conversation I had with my Company Sergeant Major as we walked the streets of Venables during the fighting. He asked me to do him a favour. He said "if I am killed will you go and see my wife and tell her". We exchanged mutual promises to that effect. It would be pretentious to say exactly what was going through my mind at that time. I seem to recall that I was surprised at what Sandy England said to me, being unwilling, I suppose, to contemplate such an eventuality, frightened to admit the possibility. And whilst we are talking about such dire matters I must confess that I was very scared. The stress was extreme, manifesting itself in a severe headache for part of the time with no aspirin!

Whilst feelings of relief may have been uppermost in my mind as our ship ploughed its way across the channel I felt despondent. The Germans seemed invincible. The army had suffered a great defeat - Dunkirk may have been a miracle but it was not a victory. I was fearful for the future. And I was very angry too. Angry with politicians for their lack of preparedness; for their gutlessness; angry with the army for putting me in charge of men without proper training; without proper weapons to defend ourselves; without full equipment - the men's greatcoats had been withdrawn from them hours before embarkation - angry with myself for my unpreparedness for the realities of warfare. Looking back, in a calmer and less judgemental mood, I have been able to see these events in a different perspective, to come to better terms with myself and to regain the pride that I once had in my association with the Regiment. I still wonder at the providential nature of our release from France; the three extraordinary coincidences which led to our freedom; the chance arrival of the officer from 2 Corps on his motorbike looking for the lost RASC transport and my awakening at that moment to discover myself to him; the chance encounter in the farmhouse when I overheard the news of the armistice which prompted some lively action from the CO; and the sheer chance of catching the last ship out of St Malo when the rest of the Battalion was waiting for something to happen!

*to be continued ...*

## CADET FORCES

### **Detachment Visit to 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, 28 June - 5 July 2002**

A group of ten cadets and one officer from Wellington College CCF visited 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment in Osnabrück at the end of the summer term. We were hosted by Burma Company and the visit was organised and co-ordinated by Lieutenant Edward Colver. The cadets were given practical experience of an Armoured Infantry Battalion, including live firing of the SA-80 assault rifle and mounted section attacks from Warrior armoured personnel carriers. Early in the week weapon handling lessons and a session in the Small Arms Trainer ensured that the cadets improved their confidence with the SA-80 variant of their usual GP-rifle. This was followed with a day of live firing at the Vorden ranges. The instructor to cadet ratio on this day ensured that most had one-to-one tuition on the firing point and many improved their marksmanship as a result. The training package also improved the cadets' fieldcraft and infantry skills, which were tested in a 28-hour exercise on the Achmer training ground.

This exercise gave the cadets the opportunity to practise the drills they had learned earlier in the week. They were split into two sections under the command of Corporals Elham and Bartholomew and, following orders from Lieutenant Colver, had to recce and then engage an enemy position (under the control of Sergeant Hollis). The ensuing 'battle' involved several phases, including dismounted platoon and section attacks, a tactical withdrawal and mounted section attacks led by Sergeant Malone. It was a demanding and exhausting exercise, but the only injuries sustained by the cadets were a few (large!) mosquito bites.

There was also plenty of opportunity to develop leadership and teamwork within the other activities, including the basic fitness test run and a turn on the 'travellator'. On the final morning the cadets received a presentation on the Mess Silver, which emphasised the close links in the histories of the Regiment and the College.

The cadets of Wellington College CCF hugely enjoyed the visit, and I would like to thank all those involved for putting together such a great visit and making us feel so welcome.

Captain Chris Hutchinson CCF

### **Wellington College CCF Expedition to British Columbia, Exercise Vancouver Venturer 2002**

Summer was also the fulfilment of a project, which had been planned over the preceding fourteen months: the contingent's first expedition to Vancouver Island.

Following a recommendation by Major General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter in his Review of the contingent in 2000 for a greater emphasis and investment in adventurous training, an expedition to Vancouver Island was planned with ambition, adventure, team spirit and leadership in mind.

To that end the main aims of the expedition were to hike the West Coast Trail and then sea kayak in an area off Quadra Island. The three-week expedition, led by the OC, flew out from Gatwick and arrived in Port Renfrew three days later via Seattle and Victoria. After a day checking kit, the group made up of fifteen cadets (ages ranging from fourteen to eighteen) and three staff, started the trail by boat - a crossing of the Gordon River.

The West Coast Trail is a 74 km long trail, run by Canadian National Parks who limit the number of hikers on the trail each year for environmental protection reasons. The trail is described as the 'toughest multi-day hike in North America' and many of those who start do not finish because of the difficulty in terrain, weather conditions and lack of fitness. All hikers have to carry provisions and equipment for the time that they spend on the hike, which normally takes 7-9 days, there is no facility for re-supply. Each person in the group carried a minimum of 25 kg at the start of the hike with the heaviest pack weighing in at 40+ kg. All waste is to be carried off the trail as the 'take only photographs, leave only footprints' rule applies.

The week before our start the trail had seen seventeen inches of rain (it averages 120 inches a year on the West Coast) and many hikers had to be rescued by the Park's staff. The most difficult terrain was encountered in our first three days - waist-deep mud, slippery tree roots, 200 rung cliff ladders and acclimatisation to very sore shoulders and backs due to the heavy packs. What followed was a coast hike in fantastic weather with whales basking off the shore line, aggressive red squirrels not letting anybody pass on the trail, concern because of the prevalence of bear and cougar signs, but most of all views of the most outstanding natural beauty that many have ever seen. Having visited the sight of tallest tree in the world - the Carmannah Giant (97 metres) it came as a shock to many of the group that logging companies were attempting to obtain licences to fell in the park.

The group completed the hike without serious injury in seven days. Rollie Bourne (C) is credited with the discovery of a new plant on the West Coast when he contracted Poison Ivy poisoning. The Park's staff assured us that this plant does not exist on Vancouver Island but the doctors said otherwise!

What followed was a successful sea kayak off Quadra, a whale-watching trip to Telegraph Cove, a hike in Mount Washington National Park and an exceptional Rib-ride (jet-boat) from Campbell River. Two days in Vancouver returned the colour to cheeks and a fantastic day white-water rafting on the Elaho River rounded off the trip.

Much remains unsaid, but I am sure that Wellingtonians will be back again to sample the warmth and hospitality of the Canadian people and the breathtaking scenery of British Columbia. Following the success of this expedition we plan a return in 2003 to Strathcona National Park on Vancouver Island.

Major Eddy Heddon CCF  
Expedition Leader

## H.M.S. SHEFFIELD

### The Final Deployment

On 16 February at Aksaz Naval Base, Marmaris, Turkey, HMS Sheffield assumed the role of Flagship for Commander Standing Naval Forces Mediterranean (CSNFM), Commodore A. J. D. Somerville. Despite the short notice programme change, Sheffield still completed syllabus training for Warfare Officers, an extensive communications upgrade in preparation for her forthcoming role as CSNFM's Flagship, pre-deployment training, four weeks' leave and two Seawolf firings, prior to deploying for the final time.

In order to function as Flagship, the old sonar display room was converted into a Flag Planning room complete with a NATO communications suite. The Wardroom accommodation had to be carefully managed to fit in a further eight officers for six months. The Commanding Officer kindly gave up his cabin to CSNFM and prior to deploying, took possession of a refitted Navigator's cabin complete with en-suite shower room and christened it "The Captain's Caravan"!

Since the events that took place on 11 September 2001 the role of SNFM has markedly changed from a training role to an operational one. The NATO task group is employed as part of Operation Active Endeavour and the war against International Terrorism. The responsibilities for the operation are rotated between SNFM and Standing Naval Force Atlantic (SNFA) units on a three monthly basis, thus ensuring a continuous presence is maintained in the Eastern Mediterranean.

Sheffield spent many periods on patrol in the Eastern Mediterranean searching for suspect shipping. Whilst on patrol, the operational tempo was varied and dependent on the operating area and opportunities to conduct training serials. The patrols were conducted in one of three operating areas in the Eastern Mediterranean and lasted between seven and fourteen days at a time. At the end of each patrol, Sheffield conducted a short stand-off in either Aksaz, Turkey or Souda Bay, Crete, before moving to a new patrol area. During stand-offs the Ship's Company played sport, recharged their batteries and enjoyed the Mediterranean hospitality and culture.

During our deployment, Sheffield participated in several exercises, the first being Exercise Dogfish 02, a large anti-submarine exercise conducted east of Sicily in late February. Later on in May, she played a key role in Dynamic Mix, a large multi-national NATO exercise conducted in the Eastern Atlantic between Africa and Spain. This was rapidly followed by Exercise Co-operative Partner in the Black Sea where we operated with the Romanian, Georgian and Ukrainian Navies as part of the Partnership For Peace initiative. All exercises provided the ship with many training opportunities and the pleasure of working with other non-NATO countries.

After completing a highly successful and busy three-month patrol cycle, SNFM handed over the responsibilities for Op Active Endeavour to SNFA on 14 April in Naples. The Force then proceeded to

Cartagena, Spain for a well-deserved maintenance period where many of the Ship's Company took leave.

On completion of the period in Cartagena, the Force visited Algiers, Algeria. The first visit by SNFM to this Mediterranean dialogue country, which was extremely high profile with both the Algerian Military and the Government. The combined NATO football team played the Algerian national side in a stadium filled with over 5,000 military spectators! Despite a brave effort, we were beaten convincingly by the better side! Whilst in Algiers many members of the NATO Force visited the local Naval Academy and Military Museum, which was the highlight of our visit.

Sheffield returned to the Mediterranean in late July, after a period of three weeks in the Black Sea, to resume the duties of Op Active Endeavour. The final three weeks of patrols passed quickly and we handed over to HMS Chatham in Catania, Sicily before heading to Gibraltar for a fuelling stop.

Sheffield arrived back in Devonport on the morning of 20 August after being away for 197 days and we were greeted by some 500 family and friends. After securing alongside, the Ship's Company enjoyed a thoroughly deserved leave, meanwhile preparations for our final visit to Sheffield were being finalised.

We arrived in Hull on the morning of Friday 11 October for our final visit to the City of Sheffield. During the visit we hosted a cocktail party for the Flag Officer Scotland, Northern England and Northern Ireland, lunch parties, recruiting tours and opened the ship to visitors, which saw a total of 1,325 members of the public say a fond farewell to their favourite warship. Football, rugby and golf matches and a visit to the Kelham Island Brewery were also arranged. The highlight of our final visit was the Freedom of the City of Sheffield, which took place on Saturday 12 October.

Whilst deployed, the ship raised a considerable amount of money for the Sheffield Children's Hospital, the ship's charity. The Commanding Officer visited the hospital on the morning of Tuesday 15 October to deliver the cheque personally prior to sailing for trials off the Isle of Skye.

Sheffield entered Liverpool on Monday 21 October for her final port visit and run-ashore. We sailed out into the Mersey on Sunday 27 October and started the Round the World Clipper Race and then headed for Devonport with Her Ladyship the Lord Mayor of Sheffield and the Upper Warden of the Worshipful Company of Fletchers.

On 31 October we had our final Families' Day at sea off Plymouth, followed the next day by the Ship's Company dance, a strictly black tie affair for all, which was well-attended and greatly enjoyed.

After being in the Royal Naval Service from 25 March 1988, being commanded by ten captains, steaming 40,903.5 hrs underway, covering 468,360.75 nautical miles and visiting all five continents and stopping at over 150 destinations, HMS Sheffield was decommissioned at HMNB Devonport on 14 November 2002. She will be disposed of, or sold to a foreign navy.





### HMS Sheffield says farewell to the Lord Mayor and the City of Sheffield.

The affiliation with The Duke of Wellington's Regiment has been mutually beneficial to both our organisations over the past fourteen years. Many memories have been shared and pleasantries exchanged. As the sun goes down over the Yardarm, spare a thought for the 'Shiny Shef'. The Commanding Officer,

Officers and Ship's Company would like to take this opportunity to wish you the very best for the future and, as we say in the Senior Service, "Fair winds and following seas".

Lieutenant Colin May  
Royal Navy

## QUATRE BRAS MEMORIAL

The 33rd played a crucial part in the stopping action at Quatre Bras on 16 June 1815. Their position on the crossroads formed the centre of the defence, which, had it failed, would have undermined Wellington's plan for two days later at Waterloo. On 7 June this year the Colonel-in-Chief was present at the Dedication of a memorial to all Allied, British and Hanoverian troops who gave their lives on 16 June 1815. That memorial stands very near to where the 33rd stood their ground.

It is surprising to learn that there is no other memorial to British troops either at Quatre Bras or Waterloo. There are plenty to the Belgians and the French, indeed the magnificent Lion Mound commemorates the Belgian troops, such as there were. It was our Colonel-in-Chief who inspired the Waterloo Committee to erect such a splendid monument at Quatre Bras. Much was involved, the land, the construction of the site, the making of the monument and raising £90,000 to pay for it all. Fortunately the land was owned by the Colonel-in-Chief so that made an

enormous difference. The foot and mouth crisis delayed the eventual completion last year as the TA unit, which had volunteered to construct the plinth, and erect the monument was not permitted to travel to the continent. But eventually all was set for the dedication by Bishop Michael Mann, sometime Dean of Windsor and a keen military historian. Representatives from all the antecedent Regiments were invited to Quatre Bras on 7 June and clearly the 33rd were to take a leading role, with the Colonel-in-Chief and the Colonel of the Regiment involved. The latter has been Chairman of the Waterloo Committee for six months and this was one of his first duties. A small contingent from the 1st Battalion was present to assist in car parking and ushering. Captain Sam Humphris and Sergeant Mills travelled by mini bus from Osnabrück and with them came Corporal Roe and Private Harrison. Lieutenant Colonel George Kilburn loyally appeared from Brussels bringing Penny along with him.

The little dedication ceremony went well and those menacing and dark clouds held back their unwelcome cargo. Soon we were off to the Waterloo Museum for a vin d'honneur and a jolly lunch. It had been a good day for the 33rd in 1815 and so it was in 2002, another little ceremony in which the Regiment featured prominently.

The Waterloo Committee is proud of achieving proper recognition for many gallant soldiers of yesteryear.

When next visiting the Battlefield of Waterloo, before you start your tour just drive a little further south to visit this memorial.

E. J. W-C



Left to right: Private Harrison, Captain Humphris, the Colonel, the Colonel-in-Chief, Sergeant Mills, Lance Corporal Roe.

## DEDICATION OF MEMORIAL TO GUYZANCE TRAGEDY

*In January 1945, ten young soldiers, all 18-year olds, were in training on the River Coquet in Northumberland, they were practising River Crossing. The river was in spate at the time. Their boat, apparently of the wood and canvas type (folboat?) was swept over the weir and they were all drowned. There was a short report in The Times of the incident which stated that the young soldiers were all members of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, in fact two of them were Dukes and eight were Durham Light Infantry.*

Having heard of the ceremony at Guyzance, Keith Gunn and I decided to attend. We thought it wise to make an early start in view of the fact that the Tyne Tunnel is reportedly operating at 50% above design capacity, and so at 8.00 am on 11 September we set off from Middlesbrough. When we got to the tunnel we congratulated ourselves on our wisdom because it was already quite busy, but we had no worries about being late. We soon joined the A1 north and after a coffee drove steadily north, looking out for the minor road

turning off for Guyzance. We found it with no difficulty and were soon driving along a country lane in weather that showed Northumberland at its best.

We found the spot, a beautiful place near the weir, and soon met up with five 'Tyneside Dukes', Tom Robinson, Tom Gunn, Ron Gair, Bob Sage and Harry Fox. I next found the Padre, Rev Peter Etterley, to check that he had received a copy of the DWR Regimental Collect, all okay and then sought out the Piper (interfering lot, these Dukes!) because I had earlier been in touch with the organiser, the secretary of the Darlington branch of the DLI Regimental Association, to suggest that a Northumbrian Small Piper be organised to play "The Wild Hills of Wanny". He told me that the Northumbrian Small Pipes would be inaudible above the roar of the weir and he was quite right. Nevertheless I was keen to know the tune and he said "Dark Island" and I thought fair enough, not particularly appropriate perhaps, but a good enough tune. They know everything, these Dukes!



The service proceeded and the Deputy Lord Lieutenant of Northumberland performed the unveiling. I later found out that he is the son of the man who captured the Enigma code machine for the Allies during WW2. Unfortunately, there was no Last Post played in the ceremony, the Bugler's transport hadn't turned up and it is a remote spot. But the names of the victims were intoned and the whole thing was very nicely done. An estimated 150 people attended, the dignitaries included Alan Beith MP and also relatives of two of the

victims, a Lieutenant Colonel Robinson with three rows of medal ribbons and a US Special Forces patch on his sleeve (I was later told he was a Durham man who had volunteered to serve in Vietnam).

We then moved to the Northumbria Arms in Felton village where a nice buffet was served. I think everyone felt the dedication had been carried in a fitting manner, and so we had done our duty.

Pat O'Keefe  
Middlesbrough

## INTREPID HALIFAX CYCLISTS

*Our readers will recall the report on page 46 of Iron Duke Issue no. 243 of Autumn 2000, which outlined the feats of an intrepid party of Halifax-based cyclists, some of whom had bicycled from Spain, arriving at the battlefield of Waterloo on 15 June 2000. Roger Haley and Robin Eames were two of the party and they now report on their most recent venture.*

Robin Eames and Roger Haley - having been given guidance by RHQ - set off by bicycle from Halifax on Monday 17 June 2002 and arrived in Osnabrück late Friday afternoon 21 June.

The distance covered by cycle was some 380 km - being 23hrs in the saddle. Arriva Trains and Benelux Railways took the strain on the balance!

Our main terms of reference centred on the Ypres Salient - and we are able to report on visits made as follows:

We entered from the North via Langemarck in the area where Arnold Loosemore won his VC in 1917. Despite a thunderstorm we proceeded to the Bard Cottage Cemetery - where it was reported that the graves' register had been stolen. Our purpose in this cemetery was to find the headstone of Albert Bennett who was a friend of Arnold Loosemore. This achieved - the following citation was read:

"For most conspicuous bravery and initiative during the attack on a strongly held enemy position south of Langemarck, Flanders, on 11 August 1917. His Platoon

having been checked by heavy machine-gun fire, he crawled through partially cut wire, dragging his Lewis gun with him, and single handed dealt with a strong party of the enemy, killing about twenty of them, and thus covering the consolidation of the position taken by his platoon. Immediately afterwards his Lewis gun was blown-up by a bomb and three of the enemy rushed for him but he shot them all with his revolver. Later, he shot several enemy snipers, exposing himself to heavy fire each time. On returning to this original post he also brought back a wounded comrade under heavy fire at the risk of his life. He displayed throughout an utter disregard of danger."

Next, to Essex Farm Cemetery - where we saw the grave of Private T. Barratt, VC, of the South Staffordshire Regiment and Private Strudwick, who, at 15 years old, was one of the youngest casualties to be buried in the Salient. Nearby at Brielen Bridge we saw the site of the dressing station above which Colonel John McCrae in 1915 wrote his famous poem.

In Flanders' fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row  
That mark our place, and in the sky  
The larks still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead, short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe;  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep though poppies grow  
In Flanders' fields.

Prior to our overnight stay in Ypres we visited St George's Memorial Church and saw a brass plaque in memory of the second Duke of Wellington's Regiment - part of the Fifth Division - BEF. On to the Menin Gate at 2000 hrs for the Last Post ceremony performed by the Belgian Fire Brigade. Our estimate was that this event was attended by at least 200 people. We then had the opportunity to locate the plaque on the south side of the memorial, where we found the inscription to Luther Dobson - 78th Canadian Light Infantry - who was Robin's mother's uncle. Early the next morning Robin placed a cross of remembrance and a bunch of African violets on the memorial.

On Hill 60 near the rim of a large crater and bunker we read out the following extract from the 1915 fighting:

"The Duke of Wellington's Regiment relieved the West Kents and KOSB at 8.30 am to face heavy shelling and close fighting all day. The attacks by the Germans had won the right-hand sector by the railway cutting, but the tiny salient on the crest remained in British hands. At 6.00 pm the Duke of Wellington's, supported by the KOYLI, counter-attacked and won back the whole hill."

We visited the church in Messines and also the crypt where it is said that Corporal Adolf Hitler took refuge in 1917 and were very grateful for a tour given to us by

Albert Ghekiere, who gave us the fullest information on the composition Du Carillon De La Paix A Messines and the many contributions received from all over the world for the "Peace Bells". We made our own small contribution before departing.

We visited the largest of the 1917 mine craters, Spanbroekmolen, now "the Pool of Peace" the property of Toc H. In 1930, Lord Wakefield purchased this, the "Lone Tree Crater", at the suggestion of Tubby Clayton, who thought that one of the huge craters should be preserved. The pool has a rim some four metres deep; it is 27 metres in depth, with a diameter of 129 metres. The charge used was 91,000 lbs of ammonal which had been laid through a tunnel 513 metres long. On the northern side of the lip are the remains of one of the German pillboxes and from here one can get a good idea of its importance with a wide field of fire.

A puncture near Poperinghe enabled us to take coffee and also a photograph of the railway station, which was famous as a target for enemy artillery. It has been written that whenever a leave train was due to depart, the enemy artillery interfered, but this did not prevent the place being the most popular and the most loathed spot in the vicinity; always thronged with travellers waiting for the trains. Returning men, however, did not loiter with the same indifference. A rumour, which took a great deal of scotching, was that the stationmaster of Pop had been shot as a spy due to the suspicious regularity of the shelling.

On to the Brandhoek New British Cemetery where we visited the grave of Captain N. G. Chavasse, VC and Bar, MC, RAMC, who died from wounds on 4 August 1917 (plot III, grave B15). Medical Officer to the 1st Battalion Liverpool Scottish, he went to France with the battalion in November 1914. He was awarded the Military Cross in 1915 in recognition of his gallantry



**Left to right: Roger Haley, Jack Thorpe and Robin Eames at the memorial to Arthur Poulter VC in Erquinghem-Lys.**



at Hooge, and for his devotion to duty and his self-sacrifice and extraordinary energy and inspiration at Guillemont in August 1916, the Victoria Cross. For similar services in July and August 1917 he was awarded posthumously the Bar to his VC. He died two days after his action in Brandhoek Military Hospital. His headstone is unique, for it bears two small representations of the VC in place of the usual large one.

Our final visit in the area was to 6 Rue des Armees - Erquinghem-Lys - where we had the pleasure of meeting Mr and Mrs Jack Thorpe. They took us to the nearby level crossing, which marks the spot where Arthur Poulter won his VC in 1918. (*See also Iron Duke, issue 238, pp 108-109. Ed.*) We were able to take photos of the memorial, which Jack had done so much to bring into being and also read out the following citation:

## NATIONAL SERVICE

*A major feature of military life in recent memory was conscription. Jack Scroby (Issue no. 240) and Derek Davies (Issue no. 242) were kind enough to let us have their respective impressions of National Service and Michael Ralph (who has also written for us in issue no. 245) has now kindly done so too.*

There are two numbers a man never forgets. His Army number, and that of his Swiss bank account. So here goes, 23426999 Private Ralph M, - shaddup!

Well you wouldn't forget would you, repeated as it was, a thousand times at an age when the brain was still in working order. But there were occasions when even the most tolerant Sergeant questioned the distribution of sub-cranial cells. "That means your Army right you bleedin' idiot", as some miscreant turned left.

It was like that in National Service; a nation plundered of its young men, so that : It must Never Happen Again, or if it did: We Would be Prepared. Post-Munich surprises were not on the agenda.

So it was, last three - 999 found himself as yet unnumbered on the 10.37 from Leeds Central bound for Halifax. Leeds Central has long gone, and if Virgin sent out a train in that condition today, Wapping would have a field day.

But this is 1957 and the venerable steam train pulled out. Sliding back the third class door, there leaning in the corner was a short beanpole, topped with what appeared to be a human head. The eyes looked balefully away, the pole appeared to shrink. Eventually it spoke, "What yer on then eh?" - "National Service". "Wit Dukes?" - "Yes" - "Fugginell, me too".

It would be as well, at this point, to address the question of linguistics. Today's Army will no doubt be cursed, as indeed have been the rest of us, by an overdose of PC; a function of the middle class from which it may yet recover if ever society becomes more equal. Whatever our elected leaders may wish, PC has never affected the lads, and if it hasn't affected the lads in 2002, it didn't reach their consciousness in 1957.

"For most conspicuous bravery when acting as a stretcher-bearer at Erquinghem-Lys on 10 April 1918. On ten occasions Private Poulter carried badly wounded men on his back to a safer locality, through a particularly heavy artillery and machine gun barrage. Two of these were hit a second time whilst on his back. Again, after a withdrawal over the river had been ordered, Private Poulter returned in full view of the enemy, who were advancing, and carried back another man who had been left behind wounded. He bandaged up over forty men under fire, and his conduct throughout the whole day was a magnificent example to all ranks. This very gallant soldier was subsequently seriously wounded when attempting another rescue."

We were delighted that Jack and his wife were able to join us for dinner that evening - and we learned much more about the history of the area where we had been during the last two days. Many toasts and a feeling of good fellowship ended our visit to the Salient.

So when we talk linguistics, we are talking industrial language, or industrial effing language, to be more precise.

I say to our ladies and younger brethren, be not upset, allow your gentle sensibilities to subside. This is a verb, a noun, an adjective. It has no dictionary definition, it is an exhortation, a beligeration, a defence, an attack, even an enjoinder to romance and if it's the first time, uttered in terms of epiphanic gratitude. It is the ultimate expletive, the timeless epithet. It was the most voiced word in the Army. Once in a trench at dawn, I heard a Sergeant in a monologue to his Corporal, use it forty times in sixty seconds. Go on try it. You can't can you? That's what I call command of an epithet.

Back to the train. The beanpole's name was Jack, and for the next six weeks we were as Siamese twins. Same intake, same section and adjacent bed spaces. Today Jack would have 'Trouble' tattooed upon him.

I digress, but last week in Tenerife, as part of a fruitless expedition seeking the remains of Nelson's arm, I was confronted by a bare-torsoed Fat Boy Fat, with a face of such supreme ugliness that Les Dawson could not replicate it, accompanied by an equally voluminous partner, and two uncontrollable offspring of school age (it was, need I say, in term time), displaying tattooed upon both forearms, a crest, under which were the words 'Army Catering Corps'. How do you put a price on advertising of that quality?

Jack, however, was 'Trouble'.

The thing about basic training is that it starts from scratch, that's why it's called basic. You begin with the lowest common denominator. Number, rank, name and endless repetition, because only by this method can you be sure everyone, and That Means You, turns right and not left. It means, that when the pace is the pace of the slowest man, some maniac doesn't go rushing ahead. It means, not mindless obedience, but if we're all doing it right, we might just win the Tug-o-War.

So the drill, the endless bits of four-by-two, the "for inspection port arms", the "cock, mag off, mag on", the

“pay and pay book correct Sir”, and the continuous polish and bull, produces a section, a platoon, a company of which CO 1 DWR can say after a final inspection: “Carry on Sergeant Major”.

I believe the only reason Jack made it, was his self-fortifying exploration of the English language ennobled by D. H. Lawrence.

In retrospect, it was a mistake to be born in July, as it made conscription in November likely (a retake of O level Latin intervened) and if there was the prospect of WOSB, it would fall in February. Halifax in December 1957 was a delightful and sought-after billet, but when you arrived at the War Office Selection Board in February, it was a complete bastard, or in Mess voice, most extremely cold.

Cumberlege C, Turner and Ralph were dispatched having been elevated to lance Corporal for the duration, I'm not sure why. Cumberlege was tall and looked for all the world like a Cumberlege. Turner possessed the archetypal public school face, mildly superior, with raised eyebrows giving the appearance of one in a state of perpetual surprise.

At WOSB, I didn't understand the intelligence test at all. Thought I must be colour blind when that test was offered, and when it came to getting a section across the Grand Canyon with a short ladder, a length of rope, an oil drum and an inner tube with a slow puncture, I realised there was more to the Army than had at first come to mind.

After two days of test and counter-test, I felt unwell. The assault course was the final challenge, then, suffering frostbite after pushing an over-weighted ammunition box twenty yards through a drainage pipe thoughtfully filled with two inches of water, we were given the pleasure of receiving our results.

This consisted of a cadre, maybe eight of us standing in line, no slouching - whilst one of our assessors passed along, handing each a paper, face down, upon which was typed: 'Recommended for Officer Training, Not Recommended for Officer Training, Recommended to Return after Further Training' - two of which were deleted.

I do not recall if there was actually a command: 'Read', but, I can tell you, it was a moment that made the pulse race. My only recollection of the journey home was a pause in London, fuelled by the adrenalin of success, and marvelling at the wonders of pre-Wolfenden Piccadilly Circus, and the greeting once back at Halifax from Jack, “Owd it go?” - “Passed” - “Jammy bastard”.

OCTU was an educating experience undertaken at Eaton Hall, which before requisition was the country seat of the Duke of Westminster. Have you been there recently? Well if not, you wouldn't recognise the place, and the reason you wouldn't is that you can't get in. Security is tight as a drum. You can hardly blame the man, not short of a Krug or two, he'd hardly want nostalgic subalterns wandering the grounds.

However, if you did get in, you wouldn't like it, the Pile has gone, and it's all Très Moderne.

But that's not the point. The point is that in the '50s, this was where potential officers were given potential jobs, to demonstrate their potential superiority to their

potential subordinates. It was never conceived to be, nor was it actually to be, a pleasant experience.

There is an adjective Swank, not used much today, well not on this side of the street, but any RSM worth his sugar had it. RSM Blood had it by the castor. His first appearance in front of a company of Potentials was delivered in crystal-shattering decibels, at the end of a diatribe designed to deflate the biggest ego. “I call you Sir, because I have to. You call me Sir, because you mean it.”

Then we got at it. Drill wasn't drill, it was drill plus. The smallest blemish on a white blanched belt was “Filthy dirty”. The slightest shadow on a newly shaved jaw justified “You 'aven't shaved today 'ave you Sir?”

Then the parades. Well we all know what makes a good parade. It is ten, twenty, a hundred, a thousand men all in perfect time.

CSM Lynch is in charge, 'Right Marker'. They probably heard him in Oswestry. Jamie Blair, a man of immense length and of the Black Watch, made the unpardonable error of taking two steps too many. Lynch, who shared with Sammy Davis Junior the ability to touch a wall with forehead, nose and chin simultaneously, stood quivering with rage, “You're a bleedin' moron Sir. What are you?” - “Offended Sir.”

I've mentioned the weather, well it didn't get any better. It was a bad time to be digging in at Sennybridge in February. Remember at this time we were navvies with no training as to how to excavate a slit trench with enough space for four, or was it six, to be safe from casual Mortars. This was stony ground, where, forget the weeds, even the birds of the air were too cold to come up and choke us.

It is three in the morning, and its my turn on stag. Stupid with the sleep of late adolescent exhaustion - we had only marched fifteen miles. Boots filled with feet comforted by the cladding of icy wet socks. Suddenly all hell breaks loose, we're under attack. Juliet Echo Sierra Uniform Sierra. I'm still seeking an enemy I would wish it on, and it went on for three days - three days - three days. How long was the Somme?

But it wasn't the Somme, it wasn't Dunkirk, it wasn't Anzio, it wasn't the Hook. I didn't have a leg blown off. I still had two hands, and best of all, no-one tried to kill me. When it was over, the ration of black, coal black, rum, before the march back, was the purest nectar. What a lesson.

So you made it. The passing out parade was, for watching parents, a day of pride and joy, even down to the band playing music from My Fair Lady - its first outing since crossing the Atlantic. Ulster beckoned.

If there is one edict taken back into civilian life that has proved to be of incalculable value, it was this: 'Time spent in reconnaissance is never wasted'. Planning, like an Irish mile, goes a long, long way.

The Antrim Coast road, Giant's Causeway, the Carrick-a-Rede rope bridge, Crawfordsburn Inn. Any one of them worth a journey. But hold on, we're talking soldiering here. The Shankill and the Falls, Camp on Magilligan Strand, Limavady and Derry, the B Specials, and Palace Barracks, Hollywood. Home to 1 DWR. Officer Commanding: Colonel P. P. de la H. Moran. I tell you this was a class act. It reads like a role of honour.

Charles Huxtable, Adjutant; Mike Campbell-Lamerton, later to captain the British Lions; John Greenway, Micky Bray and Charles Cumberlege, all destined for high office and Dick Mundell, who joined the Mess even later than I, but as a proper soldier, and in betting terms, one to watch.

My first meeting with the Adjutant was significant for two reasons. It was my first duty as Orderly Officer, and as I marched Blued Up across the capacious but deserted Barrack Square on a perfect June evening, the air was rent by a tremendous shout from a barrack room upper window. "What yer on then eh?" It was Jack's welcome to Belfast.

The contrast could not have been more profound. There was something about the Adjutant that personified calm civility which I never saw disturbed. It was massively impressive, and I was massively impressed. In a working life one may be fortunate enough to meet many who have achieved much, but I have never in all that experience met a group of men gathered in so small an environment, by whom I have been more influenced.

Major Kavanagh, who, when Gilbert-Smith proposed a voyage by canoe across the Irish Sea, warned darkly of the danger posed by basking sharks. The expedition returned successful and intact. Peter Bjorn Lyall Hoppe; who, with such a name and an ever-smiling face, could be anything other than the Army's boxing champion?

Then the Commanding Officer, a man of authority even without the name. He had the wonderful capacity of looking friendly and haughty simultaneously by the simple expedient of drawing breath through, whilst looking down the nose. When I accompanied him as Orderly Officer to breakfast in the Privates' Mess, the following exchange took place. "What are you having men, Flakes?" "Yus Sir". "Everything alright?" "Yus Sir". "Well done, carry on". Satisfaction all round.

Otherwise you had to be at a Mess meeting to get the flavour. These were not frequent occasions. Rows of chairs were set out. Subalterns at the back. "Now we are going to receive what I call a visit, from the what I call ARU. Now this for us is a most important what I call occasion, at this point in our what I call history." "That's 260 years after we started" said some subaltern wag sotto voce. You've got the flavour.

We juniors had no grasp of what it took to command an infantry battalion, in times of a fragile peace, but we knew that P. P. de la H. was a gentleman and The Man.

Yet it is impossible not to revel in the *joie de vivre* engendered in the Battalion. From the quiet determination of a platoon to get their newly arrived commander so paralytically intoxicated that he would be unable to make the 7.00 am next day deadline, this on some spurious birthday celebration which would today be termed bonding, a plot which came within an ace of success; to the sight of Campbell-Lamerton the elder kneeling behind the chair of the Colonel of the Regiment at a Guest Night after dinner, carefully tying the latter's spurs together, before he rose to speak.

Then there was Collins, Platoon Sergeant, a close cut red head, in the best ramrod tradition. Collins knew everything about military procedures, which I had yet to learn. If it wasn't there, he knew how to procure it. If there was a question to which the answer was unknown, he would provide it.

We were on exercise in a soggy Ulster bog. Thunder flashes, mortars and brens spitting venom only added to a confusion exacerbated by the sullen, mist laden drizzle. We were under an offensive of some magnitude. "Where are they Sarnt. I can't see them?" "Don't know Sir, you're in charge."

The suddenly it was over and it was sudden. Sudden as the journey from Leeds to Halifax had been, one of interminable anxiety. Here today, gone tomorrow. Spirited away by Army Warrant, wondering how long if ever it would be before first class travel came back on to the agenda.

Spirited to the city of dreaming spires and drawn matches, to a world in Paxman speak - Ralph, Oxford, reading slowly.

In retrospect it was a relief not to be called upon by Jack to defend him at his Courts Martial. But if you see Jack, standing on the corner where Leeds Central used to be, buy a copy of Big Issue. On the other hand, he could have made a million, and have a second number he will never forget. That's National Service.

Michael Ralph

### **The Challenge of the Twenty First Century**

Because of the volume of material covering the Tercentenary, we have deferred the second part of David Gilbert-Smith's article until our Spring 2003 issue.

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## **Obituaries**

*continued from page 152*

### **Mr P. D. Tandy**

Peter Davey Tandy died in Sheffield on 29 November 2002 at the age of 79.

Peter served in the Regiment between 1942-46. He was with the 10th Battalion from September 1942 until May 1944, when he transferred to the 7th Battalion. He was with the 7th for the remainder of the war including Normandy and subsequent actions in Holland, where he held the rank of Sergeant.

### *Notification of recent deaths:*

**Mr Harry Smith**, who served in the Regiment in WW2, died on 22 July 2002. He lived in Dalton, Huddersfield at the time of his death.

**Mr Percy Thomas**, who served in the 1st Battalion in Korea (4 Platoon, B Company), died on 24 September 2002.



# Regular Officers' Location List

as at December 2002

## Brigadiers

A. D. Meek, Commander 143 (WM) Brigade  
M. J. Stone, DCIS(A)  
D. M. Santa-Olalla, DSO, MC, Commander 2 Brigade

## Colonels

N. G. Borwell, OBE, COS HQ Infantry  
N. St J. Hall, BA, COS, JS & UN BDS(W)

## Lieutenant Colonels

D. S. Bruce, MBE, CO 1 DWR  
S. C. Newton, MBE, HS Language Course  
A. H. S. Drake, MBE, HQ ATE (NW)  
D. I. Richardson, MBE, SO1 Ind Trg Pol (A) Upavon  
G. A. Kilburn, MBE, HQ NATO  
G. D. Shuttleworth, SO1 Gen Staff HQNI  
P. M. Lewis, SO1 Comms & Change Management, Andover

## Majors

J. C. Bailey, SO2 Battlespace Management  
P. R. S. Bailey, DII-CD UNICOM  
R. N. Chadwick, SO2 HQ KFOR  
P. R. Fox, 1 DWR  
R. N. Goodwin, 1 DWR  
C. F. Grieve, MBE, ACA R & LS (S)  
R. C. Holroyd, 2IC DWR  
C. S. T. Lehmann, SO2 (W) ITDU  
J. C. Mayo, AFC Harrogate  
D. P. Monteith, HQ LAND  
P. J. Morgan, Def Int Staff  
M. D. Norman, SO2 MOD Whitehall  
R. C. O'Connor, RMCS Shrivenham  
J. H. Purcell, OC HQ Coy Green Howards  
N. P. Rhodes, E & WRR  
S. Richardson, HQNI EC (Ops) Branch  
M. S. Sherlock, SO2 R & LS  
T. G. Vallings, 1 DWR  
P. J. Wilson, 1 DWR  
N. M. B. Wood, HQ 101 Log Brigade

## Captains

F. Bibby, 1 DWR  
J. R. Bryden, 8 Infantry Brigade HQ  
P. M. J. Cowell, Adjutant 21 SAS  
A. S. Garner, 1 DWR  
J. A. Glossop, 1 DWR  
R. J. Hall, AFC Harrogate  
R. A. Harford, Recce Division, Warminster  
J. P. Hinchliffe, ITC Wales  
S. L. Humphris, 1 DWR  
J. A. Kennedy, 1 DWR

## Captains

P. Lee, 1 DWR  
L. R. McCormick, BDLS Australia  
R. J. Palfrey, 1 DWR  
M. C. A. Palmer, Adjutant 1 DWR  
D. J. Pawson, 1 DWR  
R. B. Payne, 1 DWR  
W. J. W. Peters, 1 DWR  
K. M. Price, ATR Bassingbourne  
M. Robinson, SO3 G2 19 Mechanized Brigade  
K. D. Smith, SO3 G3 O&D HQNI  
M. M. D. Stear, SO3 G1 20 Armoured Brigade HQ  
R. M. Sutcliffe, 1 DWR  
M. C. Tetley, ITC Warminster  
G. P. Williams, ITC Catterick

## Lieutenants

C. D. Adair, 1 DWR  
E. R. H. Colver, 1 DWR  
S. J. Dick, 1 DWR  
D. A. W. Nelson, 1 DWR  
D. J. Ogilvie, 1 Green Howards  
R. R. G. Scothern, 1 DWR  
P. G. Smith, 1 DWR

## 2nd Lieutenants

A. J. Brown, 1 DWR  
M. H. Cataldo, 1 DWR  
M. B. Crawford, 1 DWR  
J. L. Pearce, 1 DWR  
A. J. Shand, 1 DWR  
T. E. J. Smart, 1 DWR  
E. W. M. Smith, 1 DWR  
P. D. Tetlow, 1 DWR

## Late Entry Officers

Major P. M. Ennis, TQM ITC Catterick  
Major R. M. Pierce, SO2 Mil DEO  
Captain M. Smith, RTMC  
Captain B. J. Thomas, BEM, QM 1 DWR  
Major A. L. Jackson, 1 DWR  
Captain A. J. Sutcliffe, QM (T) 1 DWR  
Captain J. Frear, 1 DWR  
Captain A. G. Pigg, MBE, OC 124 AYT

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: Horcott House  
Fairford  
Gloucestershire  
GL7 4BY  
9 September 2002

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

I was very moved to read the article written by Valerie Helliwell about her visit to Sittang to remember her father Basil Owen who as Commanding Officer of the 2nd Battalion was killed by dacoits. If it had not been for Basil Owen I would not be Colonel of the Dukes today.

I was always brought up by my father to believe that he joined the Dukes because his best friend at Sandhurst was destined for the Regiment. I often tell potential officers that this is one of the best reasons to join any regiment. That friend was Basil Owen and well do I recall the pain my father showed whenever he talked of him. "Poor boy, poor boy" he would say. From my father's photograph albums there are many shots of he and Basil arm in arm, in Tidworth in 1921, in Turkey in 1923 and playing polo together in India in the late 20s and 30s. In 1927 they were playing in Singapore and won the King's Own Regiment Cup and in our house I have a framed group photograph of the occasion, A. E. Hiddingsh and W. A. Woods were the other members of the team. My father was Basil's best man and Basil my father's at their respective weddings.

How wonderful that his daughter went on that pilgrimage, it must have been quite something after all that time. My father said that Basil was a great raconteur, a tremendous character and always great fun. He was also a very smart man resplendent with monocle. I can see why they got on so well as they had so much in common.

Yours sincerely,  
Evelyn Webb-Carter

From: Vikings Rest  
20 Whaddon Chase  
Guisborough  
Cleveland  
TS14 7NQ  
12 September 2002

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

I am writing regarding the article by Mrs Joanna Rothery: "Parson Woodforde's Lad" in which she is trying to trace a certain Timothy Tooley (Private) who enlisted into the 33rd Regiment of Foot.

I had my family tree traced a few years ago. It goes from the present day in Yorkshire back to Cork in Ireland, then to Norwich/Norfolk Broads, then back to Stavanger in Norway (I always thought I was a Viking).

My family tree shows that whilst in Norwich a member of the family served in the army in India. This would coincide with Mrs Rothery's story. It may be a coincidence, but stranger things have happened.

So it would seem that Private Timothy Tooley moved from Norwich to Cork in Ireland, where the name Tooley is well known. Maybe this information will be of some help to Mrs Rothery in her search for this elusive soldier.

Regards to all past and present members of the Regiment.

Ex-Sergeant D. Tooley

From: Bryn Pabo, Carreglefn  
Amlwch, Gwynedd  
LL68 0PL

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

I read the article "The Challenge of the Twenty First Century" with much interest. But the interest turned to irritation and then to anger.

I think my anger began with "...Turning the clock back nigh fifty years to the autumn of 1953", and then it turned to sadness with the paragraph that began: "...I was astounded ... three wasted years of "peacetime soldiering" in Gibraltar". When I think of all the NCOs and officers who, at the Depot, Imphal Barracks and Eaton Hall OCS laboured to instil in me some semblance of discipline and Dukes' esprit de corps, then, by this article, they failed.

You see the three years mentioned in the article covered the two I spent as a National Serviceman. I took over a rifle platoon with a superb Sergeant, Al Arundel, a Corporal with a MM and half the Platoon had been in Korea. We won the Barrack Room Competition and were, I think, a good platoon. Years later my CSM, the late Joe Jobling, told me that in action I "would have been alright".

I know that David Gilbert-Smith is not being personal. I never served with him, although I knew him from attending the same school. However, by talking about "...those wasted years" he is being personal not only to me, but also to hundreds who were good Dukes. Gilbert-Smith might be right; I don't know, but I take exception to being called a wastrel.

Yours faithfully  
Bryant Fell

From: Unit 14/40 Victoria Road  
Narre Warren  
Victoria 3805  
Australia

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

I have recently returned from a trip to the UK and an excellent visit to Osnabrück for our Tercentenary, also to Harewood House as a Dukes' Korean War Veteran and so have only just read Iron Duke.

Further to the 'Iron Dukes - Various' item, Spring 2002 edition, page 49, the following bit of history may be of interest.

The Duke of Wellington Hotel in Melbourne city centre is located on the corner of Flinders Street and Russell Street, a stone's throw from the main railway station. The hotel was built in 1850 and became licensed in 1853, and it is the oldest licensed premises in Melbourne.

Flinders Street is named in honour of Matthew Flinders, born at Donington in Lincolnshire on 16 March 1774. He was the first navigator to circumnavigate completely the island continent of Australia in 1801-1803. He called the island Australia and was the first to do so, as it was previously known as Terra Australia, which he thought was too long for most people.

He set off in a leaky ship to return to England in 1803, but ended up in Mauritius, where he was arrested by the French Governor and was held for seven years before being allowed to return to England. His health suffered terribly in his time there. He died in England on 19 July 1814.

The last British colonial troops left Australia in 1870.

Yours sincerely  
Geoff Fickling

*Editor's Note: This hotel also featured in our Autumn 2002 issue, on page 95. We reckon that Mike Ralph and Geoff Fickling between them have earned half-price drinks there on Waterloo Day, if not on other occasions.*



**Description of the Duke and history of his career, in bar lounge at The Duke of Wellington Hotel in Flinders Street, Melbourne, Victoria.**

## Regimental Association

Patron: Brigadier His Grace The Duke of Wellington, KG, LVO, OBE, MC, BA, DL

President: Major General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter, KCVO, OBE

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 C. W. Akrigg, 10 Eastfield Place, Sutton-in-Craven, Keighley, BD20 7EX.

**London:** 12 noon at the Union Jack Club on 26 January, 16 March, 15 June, 14 September (AGM), 18 October (Dinner).

*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.

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



### REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION DINNER 2003

The next Reunion Dinner is to be held on Saturday 7 June 2003, at the Hilton Hotel, Bradford. The selected date is the closest available date for the hotel, to the 50th Anniversary of the Battle of the Hook. A letter will be sent to all members in the spring with full details.

### OTHER REGIMENTAL EVENTS

Friday 19 September 2003 - Officers' Dinner Club, York. Saturday 20 September 2003 - Regimental Service, York Minster.

### SKIPTON BRANCH

It was excitement all the way on 20 June as a small band of people set off from Skipton station to invade the German town of Osnabrück. We met friends from all branches on Leeds station, even people we had not seen for quite a while, then on to the coaches to Hull. The party had already begun before the ship had left the quayside and went on until the early hours of the following morning. Breakfast was a quiet affair after the night before. The coaches waited and I honestly don't think the driver had any idea what he had let himself in for, with Huddersfield and Halifax branches and ourselves. We played bingo, had quizzes, even had Geoff Hunter telling jokes. Finally, after what could be called exhaustion most people fell asleep.

Osnabrück finally appeared on the autobahn, and excitement grew for all; we just couldn't wait to get to our hotel. We arrived finally at the Burgerbrau; culture shock for the owner. After rooms had been allocated, Friday afternoon was ours. Some headed for the

Beirgarten (never to be seen again until it was decided to have tea). Somehow, through the afternoon it was arranged that people from the Park Hotel would come down and have the evening meal with us. As the owner didn't expect us, it was knives out and head down. The evening was such a great success that it was decided on the Sunday night we would visit them at the Park.

Saturday morning was up early, washed, breakfast and ready for 9.45 am (after the night before it was difficult). We were welcomed at the gates of Belfast Barracks, and could not have been looked after any better. What can we say to what followed? It was a privilege to be at such a fantastic display of soldiers who had worked so very hard to put on the parade we had all travelled so far to see. I'm sure there must have been more than one person with a tear in their eye. Lunch followed before the afternoon entertainment. Our Mayor, who couldn't stop talking about what had gone on, joined us. Then it was back to the hotel, and once again we took to the Beirgarten for what little time we had before the night's festivities. Back to barracks for what can only be said was a very good night. To the Sergeants' Mess once more to be wined and dined. The weather gave in to rain late into the evening but nothing could spoil anything. Sunday morning was church parade, then back for the night do at the Park Hotel. This started with drinks in another Beirgarten followed by a very good night, finishing with the Halifax Hacker, and the Dukes' song. Nobody really wanted the weekend to finish; but it did, with another party on the ship home. We arrived back in Skipton armed with hundreds of photos, and a very good weekend behind us.

Mary Bell



Left to right, back row: David Higson, David and Margaret Normanshire, Pam Higson, Ted Schofield, George Baldwin, Mick Doyle, John Binns. Front row: Beryl Binns, Margaret Schofield, Rita Armitage, Mary Bell, Gladys Baldwin, Fred Armitage, Ernest Ramsbotham. Kneeling: Gordon and Alistair Bell.

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

Mr D. S. C. Andrews, 1 Les Callards, 33390 St Androny, France.

Mr D. L. J. Harrap, 16 South Parade, York, YO23 1BF.

Major T. F. Huskisson, MBE, MC, Flat 7, Inchbrook Court, Crystal Fountain Village, Inchbrook, Nailsworth, Gloucestershire, GL5 5HQ.

Lieutenant Colonel J. E. Pell, OBE, Lowther House, Newbridge, Pickering, North Yorkshire, YO18 8JL.

Mr G. I. I. Webster, 16 The Close, Carlton Road, Kipton, North Yorkshire, BD23 2BZ.

Mr M. Woodward, 4 Cherry Mount Park, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 4PS.

Mr J. Wright, 13 Walmer Street, Belfast, Co Down, BT7 3ED.

\* Mr E. R. Towler, 30 Pintail Close, Layland, Preston, Lancashire, PR26 7RY.

**KEEPING IN TOUCH...****e-mail Addresses**

DSC Andrews: andrewsfamily@yahoo.com

**Some Reminiscences of Tony Firth**

*MRNB writes:*

To the best of my memory, I first met Tony in Palace Barracks, Holywood, in Northern Ireland when I joined the Battalion on commissioning, and he was a company commander. I suppose that he took a fatherly interest in me because his father and my grandfather were both in the Dukes in WW1, and neither survived the experience. Furthermore, he had been a young officer during my father's time with the Regiment. However, I quickly discovered that Tony believed in encouraging all young officers to partake in the pursuits that he so enjoyed and it was this interest, together with his generosity and lovely sense of humour that so endeared him to us. He was a very modest man, inclined to suggest that you knew more than he did on a subject where his experience was vastly greater. He never appeared to harbour an unkind thought or do an unkind act. Furthermore, what he did was always done with great style but in a special Tony way, deprecating his own efforts and giving others the credit. I always thought of him as the kindest and nicest man of his generation in the Regiment, if not the Army.

Sailing brought us together. No sooner had we arrived in Holywood than Tony was getting us into the Royal North of Ireland Yacht Club, an excellent social, as well as sailing, scene and an important way of demonstrating that the Dukes could do things other than play rugger. On one occasion, Tony retrieved me from the wilds to helm a Dragon, which he had acquired for the Regiment, in the Duke of Edinburgh's Cup, the premier international championship for dragon class yachts. It was typical of him that he gave me this opportunity rather than take it himself; he, modestly, crewed.

In the same summer, Tony and I went to the Army sailing championships at Seaview on the Isle of Wight.

It was a long haul by ferry to Liverpool and then by train to Portsmouth, where we arrived after the last ferry had left. Undaunted, Tony got into a telephone box and called up a senior Naval captain, who he had known in Gibraltar ... "Teddy, Firth here, I need to get to the Isle of Wight. Have you got a spare destroyer?" He hadn't, but he put us up in style, serving tea in his silk dressing gown at 05.30 to a 2nd Lieutenant with the words, "if you must arrive after the staff have gone home and leave before they arrive, I have to do this myself!" He then got us to the first ferry. Clearly Teddy (later Admiral Gueritz) had a high regard for Tony.

Tony was always the inspiration of the Hindoostan Yacht Club, the Regiment's club. I still have hanging in my house the burgee, designed to his specification, a maroon elephant on a French grey background.

At that time, when the annual Regimental dinners were always held in London, Tony used to take some of us young ones to one of his clubs after the dinner. Our behaviour usually led to him being banned and I remember him saying rather wistfully on one occasion "I think I am now down to one club that does not bar me entrance". He was always more than generous and I remember wondering after one such outing why he had not appeared for breakfast on the ferry back to Ireland. I discovered later that he had spent all his money on us and could not afford breakfast.

After a spell away, I returned to the Battalion in Colchester where Tony was by then CO. Shortly after, he led me out of the Mess one lunchtime onto a rather defunct croquet lawn, with the words, "Michael, I am sure that a battalion that ignores its croquet has lost sight of its main priority in life; I'd like you to be Battalion Croquet Officer".

Actually it was an exciting time with two short notice deployments to Kenya, which was right up Tony's street. Briefing the Battalion before one of these trips, he said to 650 totally amazed Yorkshire lads, who had probably never been beyond Blackpool before. "If you are in the bush in a bivvy you must leave both ends open so that if a lion wanders in one end it can walk out the other without suffering from claustrophobia and doing you a damage".

Once in Kenya, Tony, frequently quoting some hero of his, one Meintzhagen, who I think was an explorer and hunter in the early days, was determined to see that his young officers made the most of life. He took us on safaris and shooting, and he introduced us to the right people. He made sure that everybody saw large areas of that wonderful country by laying on training that involved much driving and sightseeing with very marginal military content.

He did things in style, but on one occasion not quite 100% up to Alec's expectations! At the close of one of our tours, she flew out for a short holiday and to enjoy the trip home by ship from Mombasa. Tony told me to lay on a three day safari for her and a few of the other senior officers in Battalion HQ. Imagine the scene: Nairobi airport, three heavily laden Army landrovers with trailers, darkness upon us because the RAF flight on which Alec had hitched a lift was typically hours late, and down the steps from the aircraft comes the very elegant Alec clutching a book called Porcelain

Through the Ages! "Tony, you don't expect me to get into that thing" she declares, pointing at the front landrover. After one of those brief conversations between Alec and Tony, which she looked likely to win with a knockout in the first round but he somehow won on points, we set off on the long journey to the Masai Mara area.

Three majors, even if one of them is Donald Isles, is not the ideal workforce for putting up large Army tents in the dark, while our soldiers put up the cookhouse and dug a large hole over which to perch our Army thunderbox. The latter caused me to scratch my head; was there any way of rendering a rough wooden seat more suitable for a posterior of porcelain delicacy. No, I decided, but I did erect a small flagpole, up which Alec could hoist a flag to indicate that all men should keep a substantial distance from the very flimsy hessian that gave some protection to the occupant. All accomplished, we went late to bed; but not for long.

"Tony, Tony, I smell wet fur!" A scream had us all tumbling out of our bags, three gallant majors and Captain Bray mounting an attack to drive away a hyena that had been snuffling around the Firth tent. I can't recall whether they had left both ends open!

Not a great start, but things got better from then on. A cousin of mine, Alan North, who was a white hunter (probably now called a safari guide) had come with us and he was a great asset. We saw many animals and his extraordinary knowledge made the trip very enjoyable. Furthermore, he took us to visit a camp being run for a film company. It was palatial, a sort of Chelsea in the bush and just right for Alec. There she was able to enjoy gin and tonics, with ice, in an enormous mess tent, and hobnob with a viscountess who was driving a landrover for the film company. The visit may not have done much for our image but it worked wonders for Alec's morale, and therefore for Tony's!

We came home on the Nevasa, the last and smartest-ever Army troopship. Up to that time, the Army had always moved everyone around the world by ship and if it didn't sink there were plenty of opportunities for fun, high jinks, even romance, and we were up for it all. The young officers received more extra Orderly Officer duties as punishment in three weeks than had been scored in the previous ten years. We were not a little apprehensive on the last day of the voyage, steaming up the Channel on a grey day, when we were all told to parade on deck. There was the Adjutant, looking boot-faced and the CO looking unusually serious. Also in attendance were a drummer and a bugler, giving the impression that someone was about to be shot and buried at sea. There was a roll of drums and the bugler sounded the last post. We were all at attention, quaking. Tony walked up to David Pugh, an officer not known for his sartorial elegance, and said, "Mr Pugh, I can't stand that cap of yours another moment!" The CO took it off and threw it over the side. True, it was revolting, but replacing it was costly on a subaltern's pay. We were told to fall out and when David got back to his cabin, there was an envelope on his table containing a cheque from the CO for a new hat. What style!

Over the years, it was always a pleasure to meet Tony. He got me to Canada, when I had some spare months,

to survive training at the Canadian Arctic warfare centre and then looked after me in Ottawa and took me to Quebec to visit our affiliated regiment of the Canadian Army.

It was always my hope to be placed next to him at Regimental dinners. I was so placed, a couple of years ago, and greatly enjoyed his undiminished wit, his timing in repartee and his sense of style.

Some years ago I read the memoirs of a WW2 doctor who had served in an infantry battalion. He wrote with admiration of his CO who he said, in difficult times, had the "priceless gift of gaiety and made life fun". He could have been describing Tony.

23 July 2002

### The Senior Service

Much as we regret the demise of HMS Sheffield we are indebted to Fred Richardson of the London Branch for a cutting from The Navy News of June 2002, which tells us that HMS Iron Duke has returned to front line duty following a year-long refit. The article continues: "Descendants of two great military commanders associated with the name Iron Duke were invited to be guests of honour at the frigate's rededication at Portsmouth. The present Duke of Wellington, after whose ancestor the ship was named, and the Earl Jellicoe, descended from Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, were asked to witness the ceremony. Jellicoe flew his flag in the battleship HMS Iron Duke at the Battle of Jutland in 1916.

During her refit in Rosyth Iron Duke had a new 4.5in gun fitted, her hangar complex was reworked, a revolutionary new lighting system installed, her main propulsion system was overhauled and the galley was refurbished." We hope that her typewriter was also lightly oiled and that we shall hear from her before too long.

### 22 Years On

We are grateful to Brigadier Dick Mundell for this photograph of the 1980 1st Battalion Command Team.





The team assembled for a reunion lunch at the Special Forces Club on 10 October 2002. From left to right and top to bottom they are of course: Peter Gardner (OC Alma); John Thorn (OC Corunna); Bob Tighe (QM); Tim Nicholson (OC Burma); Peter Hoppe (OC Hook); Peter Robinson (RSM); Donald Palmer (OC Corunna); Charles Bunbury (2IC); David Harrap (OC Somme); Dick Mundell (CO); Dave Hughes (RSM); Simon Newton (Adjutant) who has slid to the carpet on hearing that, by tradition, the youngest attender always pays.

#### **Harewood House**

We are indebted to Cyril Curling for the photograph reproduced below of the sixty or so Dukes' Korean Veterans who assembled at Harewood House in the summer in order to parade before the Queen as part of Yorkshire's celebration of her Golden Jubilee. The word is that artistic direction, or some other influence, made it difficult to parade in the sense that we all understand, but people enjoyed getting together anyway.

#### **Commemoration of the 50th Anniversary of the Korean War cease-fire**

This event is now in the advanced planning stage and will take place at the Woolwich Barracks, London, on 26 July 2003. It will incorporate a parade, service and Regiment/unit/branch Standards Rededication and a conducted tour of the Royal Artillery Museum. Entertainment and refreshments will be provided throughout the day. Hosted by the 25/170 (Imjin) Battery, 47 Regiment, Royal Artillery, it is estimated attendance figures will be in excess of 1,000 (veterans plus guests).

Would any 'Dukes' Korean War Veterans wishing to take part in this end of hostilities celebration please contact the British Korean War Veterans Association, South East Area Representative, Bob Alldritt at: 87 High Street, Redbourne, Hertfordshire, AL3 7LW. Telephone 01582 794779.

#### **Private Tandy, VC, DCM, MM**

The astonishing exploits of Private Tandy whilst serving with our 5th Battalion in 1918, which made him the most decorated soldier of the Great War, are outlined in our Regimental histories. Issue No 230 of the Iron Duke of Spring 1996 tells us that, in 1960, he presented his medals to the Regimental Museum. But that, later in the year, he asked for the loan of them to wear on Armistice Day. However, he did not return them to the museum and, after his death in 1977, his widow put them up for auction, with the result that they were sold to a private purchaser for the then record sum of £27,000.

Tandy enlisted into the Green Howards in 1910 and served on the Western Front in various battalions of that Regiment. On 26 July 1918 he was transferred into 5 DWR and his deeds of gallantry were performed in August and September 1918. Because of his wounds he left 5 DWR and did not rejoin it, though he remained on its strength until the end of the war. In March 1919 he was discharged from the Green Howards and on the following day he re-enlisted into the Dukes. He thereafter served at the Regimental Depot in Halifax and from February 1921 with the 2nd Battalion until discharged in 1926.



**Dukes' Korean Veterans assembled at Harewood House.**

We now learn from DEI's scrutiny of the new History of the Green Howards that Sir Ernest Harrison, who had become the owner of Tandy's medals, presented them to the Green Howards in 1997 and that they are now displayed in their museum. We are glad that Tandy's medals are secure in military hands, but we are not at all sure that they are in the right place!

#### **Ex-Service Homes Referral Agency (ESHRA)**

ESHRA is a new agency that has been funded for a trial period by several ex-Service charities. Due to its success it is to continue as part of The Royal British Legion. The service is provided for older people who served in the armed forces and their dependants.

ESHRA has details of all care homes providing residential and nursing care and independent living

accommodation managed by ex-Service organisations. Also available are details of homes run by private and voluntary organisations as well as sheltered accommodation, if this is more appropriate for the needs of the individual.

The advisers can provide guidance regarding Social Services assessments/funding, welfare benefits, Service charities and other organisations that provide help for the elderly.

ESHRA has a web site: [www.eshra.com](http://www.eshra.com)

e.mail: [eshra@britishlegion.org.uk](mailto:eshra@britishlegion.org.uk)

and a telephone help line: 020 7839 4466

The help line is staffed from 9.30 am to 12.30 pm and 2.00 pm to 4.00 pm on working days.

## **Obituaries**

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

### **Major C. J. Maclaren**

*P. P. de la H. Moran writes:*

Charles James Maclaren, known as Jim, died in Renfrewshire on 23 October 2002, at the age of 91.

Jim was educated at Harrow where he represented his school at football, rugby, boxing and athletics. After leaving school he joined his family firm of cotton merchants, but after about a year, he decided that the army would be a better life. He chose the Dukes because in his words "The Dukes were the best Rugged Regiment".

Jim was commissioned into the Regiment in 1934, at the age of 22, and he joined the 1st Battalion at Aldershot, where his engaging personality and his sporting prowess soon made him popular and respected. However, within a year he found himself on his way to India to join the 2nd Battalion, stationed at Nowshera. At the time, the Battalion was part of a force comprised of British and Indian troops engaged in suppressing a large tribal uprising in the North West Frontier Province. Jim was appointed Staff Captain at Force HQ, but when peace was restored at the end of 1935, he rejoined the Battalion. In 1937 the Battalion moved to Multan, and when war broke out in 1939, the Dukes were moved to Delhi, it was in Delhi that Jim married Veronica (Ronnie), daughter of Major General B. W. Key, in April 1940. His best man was Pip Moran. Initially India was unaffected by the war, but by 1940, the demand for regular officers to reinforce units in the UK became increasingly pressing, and Jim, now a Captain, was selected for posting to the 10th Battalion DWR based on the Yorkshire coast. The following year he was given responsibility for organising the first RAF Regiment Training Course. In May 1942 he returned to India to attend a course at the Staff College, Quetta. On completion of the course he was posted as GS03 to the 20th Indian Division which was engaged in the war against the Japanese in Burma. It was during this period that Jim fell victim to a potentially fatal tropical disease known as 'Sprue' and in a critical condition, he was

evacuated to the UK for special treatment. By the time he regained his health, the war was over, and in 1946 he joined HQ 1 Corps in Germany with the rank of Major. Two other staff appointments followed but in 1952, after an absence of over ten years he rejoined the Dukes as a Company Commander in the 1st Battalion, based at Chisledon, Wiltshire. By now he was thinking of leaving the army and taking up a career as a stockbroker, for which he was well suited. Before resigning in 1956, he held two other appointments; one as Training Officer at the Yorkshire Brigade Depot, Strensall and finally, as DAAG at the War Office, Stanmore. Throughout his service in the army and the Regiment, Jim was seriously good at many sports; he played rugby and cricket for both the 1st and 2nd Battalions, he played rugby and tennis for Cheshire, and represented the Army at tennis.

After leaving the Army, Jim joined a firm of stockbrokers in Glasgow and within a few years he became a senior partner. He continued working in the firm for over thirty years, well beyond the normal retiring age. In the process, he made many friends, rich and poor alike. Jim had many fine qualities, he was loyal, generous, modest and imperturbable - in fact, a true 'gentleman'. He will be sadly missed, especially by Ronnie, his wife of 62 years, and his family.

### **Major A. P. Mitchell**

Tony Mitchell who served in the 1st Battalion in the early years of WW2 died on 12 August 2002.

Readers may recall that Tony wrote a series of articles in 1998-9 editions titled 'The Maginot Line 1939', followed by a further series 'Escape' in 2000-01 editions, which told the story of his capture in June 1942, his POW life in Italy and his subsequent escape to Switzerland in 1943. After the war Tony served for three years with the Sudan Defence Force before his retirement in 1950. He then went to work in Tanganyika for seven years as a Magistrate, followed by four more years as a District Officer. At the time of his death Tony was living in Morpeth, Northumberland.

### **Captain J. H. Turner**

Captain John Hilton Turner died on 3 July 2002 at the age of 84.

Born in Skipton in 1917, John left school at the age of 16 to join the family business of 'Harry Turner' as an apprentice joiner. By the age of 20 he was a first team second row forward for Skipton Rugby Club. He joined his local TA Regiment in 1937.

At the outbreak of WW2 John was a Private in the 1/6th Battalion, but quickly earned promotion to Corporal in 1939 and then Sergeant in 1940 when the Battalion embarked for Iceland. He remained with his Battalion in Iceland, promoted again to Colour Sergeant (CQMS A Company), until 1942 when the Battalion returned to the UK to be based in Chepstowe. He was promoted CSM B Company in 1943. Later that year John was commissioned into the Dukes and went with the 1/6th to Normandy in June 1944. By the time the Battalion returned to England in August 1944, John was appointed Adjutant until his release in 1946.

John rejoined the family business in 1946 and resumed his many social activities in his local area. He was a committee member of Skipton Rugby Football Club. He was President of the Gargrave branch of the Royal British Legion, Secretary of the 6th Battalion OCA for 22 years until 1997. He was associated with many other organisations including Skipton Master Builders - as President, Chairman of the Old Folks Rest Home, Skipton, Rotary Club, elected member of Gargrave Parish Council and member of Gargrave Cricket Club, to list but a few.

His funeral was held in Skipton on Monday 8 July.

### **Mr J. Williamson**

John Williamson, ex 1/6th Battalion, died on 17 August 2002, at the age of 83.

John served in the 6th Battalion throughout WW2 including Iceland 1940-42 and Normandy 1944. He was also President of the 6th Battalion OCA for a number of years until 1997.

### **Mr D. H. Tolson**

Dennis Tolson died on 1 May 2002 aged 83 years.

Dennis served in the 2/6th Dukes from 1939 to 1946. He fought with D Company of the 2/6th in the campaign in France in 1940. It was there in the rearguard action at Venables 9/10 June 1940 that he and colleagues were overwhelmed by superior numbers of seasoned enemy soldiers. Dennis, fighting until severely wounded, was captured and taken into captivity. After he had been reported killed in action his memorial service took place in a packed Dewsbury Parish Church. However, his grieving family learned three months later that he was still alive in enemy hands. After a time in Amiens Hospital and in Doullens prison he was transported to Germany and subsequently to Poland where he remained captive. His repatriation by the Americans in May 1945 in Carslsbad owed much to his strength of character and the grace of God, having survived serious illness during the forced winter march whilst fleeing the advancing Russians.

He, his family and other Dukes' colleagues, have from time to time attended the annual commemoration ceremonies diligently carried out by the local population

in memory of the small number of Dukes killed at Venables 9/10 June 1940. Dennis would have wanted to convey his thanks to the Mayor of Venables for these kind acts of remembrance which gave him much comfort.

### **Mr F. W. Fielding**

Francis William Fielding, 'Freddie' as he was known, died suddenly on 30 September 2002 at the age of 79.

Freddie served in the 1st Battalion between 1943-46. He was with the Battalion throughout all the hard fought battles in Italy, including Anzio where he was wounded by shrapnel during the 'breakout', and Mt Ceco. His service after Italy included Palestine and the Middle East. In May 1946 Freddie was Mentioned in Despatches for 'Distinguished Service'.

Following his service with the Regiment Freddie had a 30 year career as a member of West Midland Police, 26 of those years in the CID, and finally retiring as a Detective Inspector.

### **Michael Clutson**

Michael Clutson died peacefully on 21 November 2002 in Dewsbury, aged 84. He was born in Leeds in 1918. His father was in the 18th Hussars and he was one of four brothers all of whom followed their father into the Cavalry save Michael who chose a different route joining the Duke of Wellington's Regiment at the age of 15 as a boy soldier.

On reaching adult service he joined the 2nd Battalion serving in India and on the North West Frontier. Early in the war he was attached to the Indian Army Service Corps though still remained cap badge 'Dukes'. With them he drove overland from India to North Africa to join the 8th Army who were attacked by the Vichy French Air Force en-route in Trans Jordan. He was with the 8th Army at Tobruk where he was captured and made a POW. For the first three months of captivity he was put to work in the Tobruk docks before he and some 2,000 other POWs, were loaded onto two Italian merchant ships for transfer to Italian POW camps. The second ship was attacked by a British submarine and all hands, including the 800 POWs secured below, were lost. Michael was sent to a POW factory camp in Northern Italy making pins. After several failed attempts to escape he was finally successful in 1943 shortly after the capitulation of the Italians. He spent eleven months on the run for most of the time being looked after by an Italian family. The Germans meanwhile were very aware that there were a number of escaped prisoners in the area being housed by sympathetic Italians and mounted numerous searches to find them. At one stage he was hidden for two days in an almost empty wine vat. He was finally able to join up with the advancing forces of the Allies in 1944. He was medically discharged from the Army on return to England suffering from pneumonia and a recurrence of the malaria he had caught in India. He briefly re-enlisted in 1945 still as a 'Duke' but was finally demobbed in 1946.

After his service he went into the railways where he was a signaller with British Rail until being made redundant following the Beeching cuts. He then joined the ambulance service with whom he worked until retirement. He leaves a son M. J. (John) Clutson MBE.