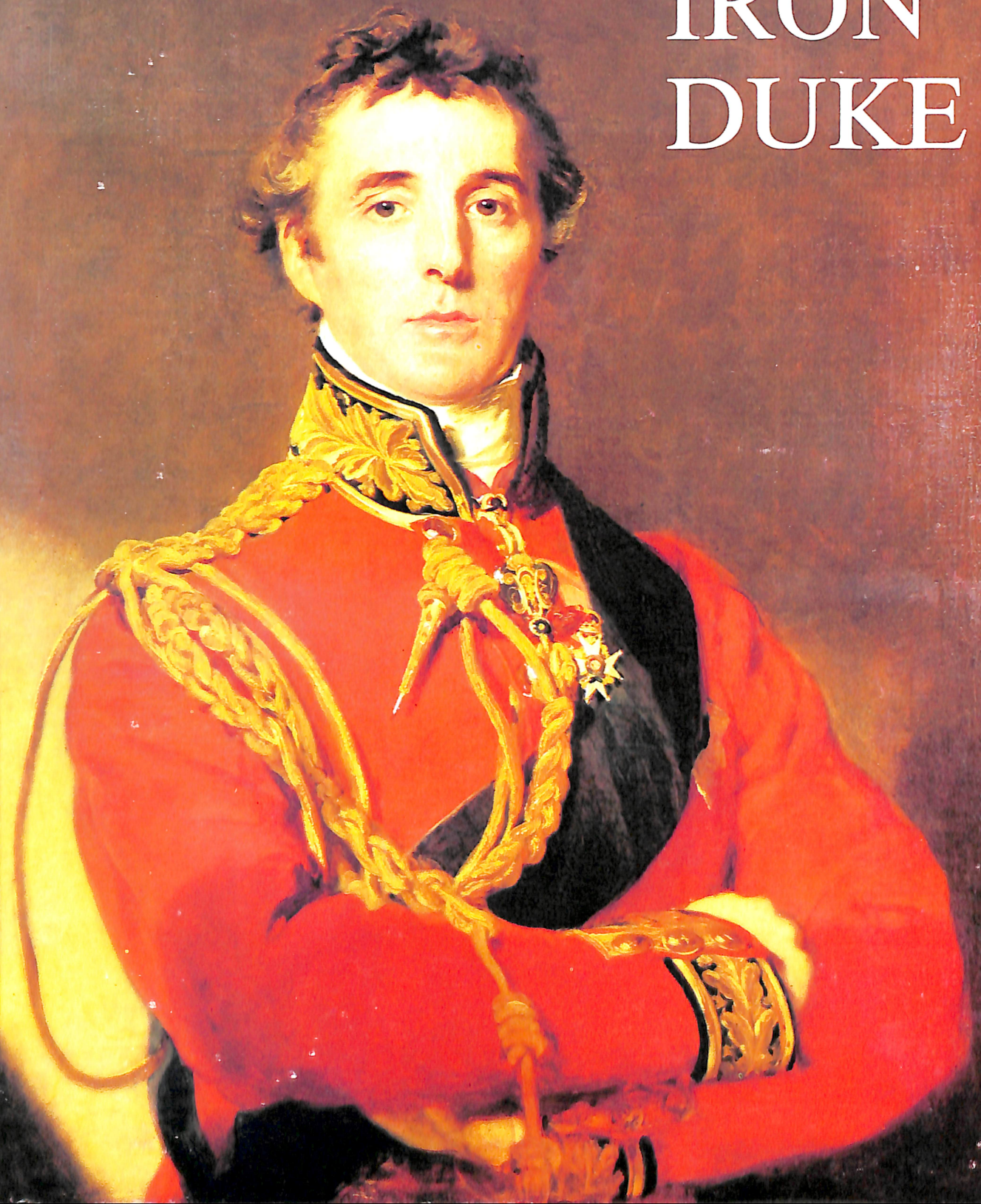


WINTER 2003
No. 253

THE IRON DUKE



THE IRON DUKE

The Regimental Journal of

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT

(WEST RIDING)

Dettingen
Mysore
Seringatam
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
Jebel 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 2003

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BUSINESS NOTES

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Editor:

Brigadier J. B. K. Greenway, CBE, Starbarrow,
35 Church Avenue, Farnborough, Hampshire, GU14 7AT.
Telephone: 01252 514786

Business Manager:

Major R. Heron, Wellesley Park, Halifax,
West Yorkshire, HX2 0BA. Telephone: 01422 361671

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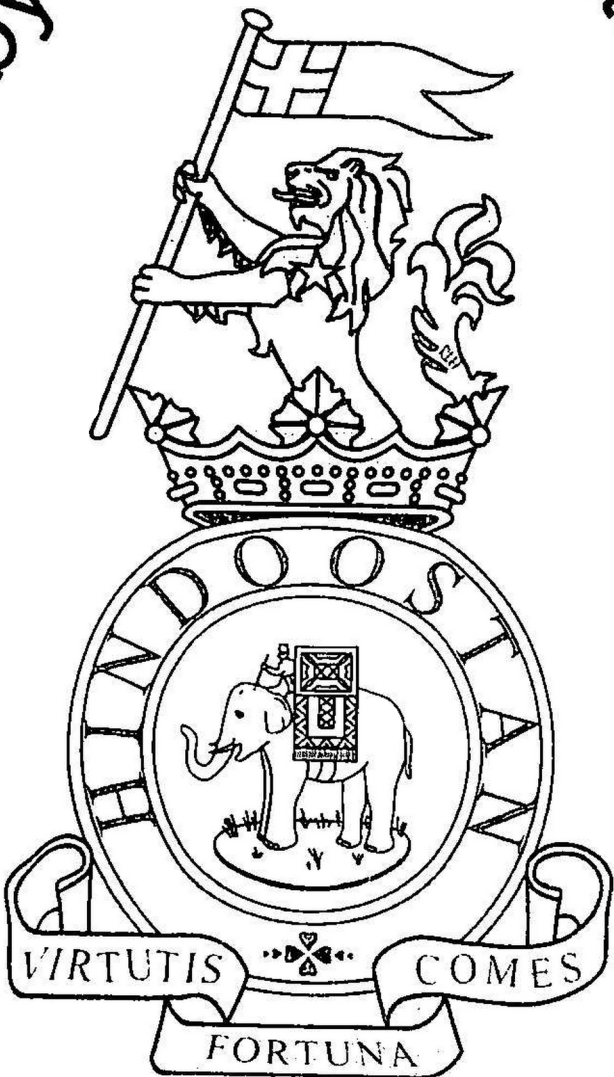
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THE REGIMENT

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. Taylor

East and West Riding Regiment

CO: Lieutenant Colonel M. A. Lodge

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 J. Greenlee

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: Squadron Leader P. C. R. Andrew

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. Carden, RN



**Commanding Officer of The East and West Riding Regiment
Lieutenant Colonel M. A. Lodge DWR(V)**

Regimental Headquarters

Regimental Notes

OPERATIONAL AWARDS

We send our warm congratulations to those named below, who have recently received Operational Awards following the 1st Battalion's deployment on Operation Telic in Iraq;

Queen's Commendation for Valuable Service (QCVS)

Captain A. S. Garner
Lieutenant J. L. Pearce
Corporal P. Hutty

Joint Commanders' Commendation

Major T. G. Vallings
Major B. J. Thomas

REGIMENTAL WEEKEND

Officers' Dinner

On 19 September, following a meeting of the Regimental Council in the morning, the annual Officers' Dinner was held at the Le Meridien Hotel, York. The Colonel of the Regiment presided and eighty officers sat down to dinner.

Regimental Service

The annual Regimental Service was held on 20 September in York Minster and was conducted by the Reverend Canon Roy Matthews. The lesson was read by the Colonel of the Regiment and the Reverend R. Hall MBE, CF, Assistant Chaplain General, Headquarters 2nd Division, spoke. The service, which was as well attended as ever, was accompanied by the King's Division Normandy Band. After the service, a number of people enjoyed a buffet lunch very kindly organised by St Peter's School.

COMMANDING OFFICER

THE EAST AND WEST RIDING REGIMENT

We congratulate Colonel Mark Lodge on his appointment to command The East and West Riding Regiment.

Lieutenant Colonel Lodge was born in York and educated at St Peter's School, Lancaster University and Trinity College, Oxford. He was commissioned into the Duke of Wellington's Regiment from RMAS. He joined the 1st Battalion in Gibraltar in 1984.

Service with 1 DWR took Lieutenant Colonel Lodge to Northern Ireland, Kenya, Canada, the Falkland Islands and the rugby pitch. During this time he was also seconded to Operation Raleigh in Zimbabwe. In 1991 he was posted to RMAS as an instructor followed by a return to 1 DWR as OC Corunna Company in Norway. He saw service in the Balkans with HQ CSSG (UK) and finished his service as Training Major, 4 KORBR in Lancaster.

In 1996 he retired from the Regular Army to become a teacher. Whilst completing a PGCE he joined the Territorial Army as OC Advanced Company, Oxford

University OTC. His first teaching post brought him back to Yorkshire where he joined 3 DWR, later the East and West Riding Regiment, as OC RRIT and then OC HQ Company. He attended the Joint Command and Staff Course (TA) in 1999. In 2001 he became SO2 G3 Training at HQ 15 (NE) Brigade followed by a year at Leeds University OTC as Second in Command. His final teaching post was as a history master at Ampleforth College where he was also an assistant housemaster, rugby coach and cadet officer. He has taken a sabbatical from teaching to take an MA in Military History at Leeds University and command the East and West Riding Regiment. He assumed command in July 2003.

Lieutenant Colonel Lodge is married to Jackie and they have one child, Edward. His interests include battlefield touring, military history, rugby coaching and shooting.

REGIMENTAL SERGEANT MAJOR

We congratulate WO1 Mick Taylor on his appointment as Regimental Sergeant Major of the 1st Battalion. Readers will recall the photograph of him taking over from WO1 (now Captain) Martin Ness in our last issue.

RSM Taylor joined the army in 1980 at the Infantry Junior Leaders' Battalion in Shorncliffe and was posted to the 1st Battalion in Catterick in 1981. He joined Corunna Company, in which he served to the rank of Corporal, until being posted as an instructor to the Junior Infantry Battalion at Ouston in 1991-92. Thereafter, he served mostly with Corunna Company before spending 18 months with the King's Division Recruiting Team in 1994-95. On return to the 1st Battalion, he spent a year as the Officers' Mess Manager and then became CQMS of Corunna Company. A spell as CSM Hook Company preceded his return to Corunna as CSM. Prior to taking over as Regimental Sergeant Major, he served a tour as CSM at the Infantry Training Centre, Catterick, as CSM.

He has served in Gibraltar, Belize, Northern Ireland, Kenya, Canada, Norway, Oman and Iraq. He has been married to Lynn for twenty years and they have two grown up children, Leigh and Richard (a potential Duke). He has earned the award of the Medal for Long Service and Good Conduct and feels that Lynn has earned two!

KOREAN WAR COMMEMORATION

Earlier this year, 2003, the Defence Section of the Korean Embassy asked the MOD to supply at random the names of ten people who were related to British servicemen killed in the Korean War in order that they may be invited to visit Korea in October 2003 for a Service of Commemoration. Regrettably, RHQ do not have any details of relatives of Dukes killed in Korea and were unable to submit any names.

However, the Korean Embassy has indicated that its government would like to institute a series of such visits every two or three years, although whether the same ten people are to be invited again, or another ten, is not clear at present. It would, however, be helpful if you do know of or are in contact with relatives of any Dukes killed in Korea to pass their details to RHQ.

EDITORIAL

As the 1st Battalion settles back into training mode and awaits the return to the fold of Waterloo Company from Kosovo, we are glad to offer a miscellany of articles in this Winter Issue.

We start the story of Mr F. Gill's enlistment as a Band Boy in the 1st Battalion, aged 14, in 1929; Private W. Norman reports on his role in Operation Butcher in Germany in 1945; Corporal A. Devanny reports on his visit to Korea, where he represented the Battalion in the events marking the 50th anniversary of the end of the Korean War; Sergeant M. A. Hill gives his account of a sniper competition in Finland; Lieutenant E. W. M. Smith provides an account of last season's Army v Royal Navy match at Twickenham; Captain K. M. Price describes his duties as ADC to an American General in Bosnia; Colonel Alastair Roberts reports on the first leg of his and Carolyn's round the world voyage; the Colonel of the Regiment describes his remarkable pilgrimage to Magdala; and we conclude the Colonel-in-Chief's account of an operation in which he led his Troop in the Household Cavalry Regiment (HCR) in an infantry-style operation in Iraq in 1941.

Territorials of Yesteryear

We are truly fortunate that circumstances have brought together the end of our series of accounts of Major Peter Knight's spell as Company Commander of A Company, 2/6 DWR, which we have published over the past three years, with a very interesting and carefully-researched account sent to us by John Reddington of the broad strategic situation within which Peter Knight and his men were operating.

Simultaneously, we have received from Mr Brian Norris, who served in the Royal Air Force, the story of Stanley Langley's War, which started in 2/7 DWR, whose early active service also falls within the strategic scene described by John Reddington. We shall be publishing this in serial form starting in this issue.

We are most grateful to Mr Norris for his permission so to do, as well as for his excellent work in compiling and editing the story for his neighbour, Stanley Langley. During our communication with Mr Norris we had sent him a copy of the Iron Duke for his own and Stanley Langley's interest. Very sadly, Stanley died shortly afterwards and his funeral took place on 16 October, but we understand that his family are pleased that we shall be publishing his story and we are glad to do so in his memory.

Meanwhile, we shall reserve some tales from Major Peter Knight's subsequent service as a staff officer for future publication.

J.B.K.G.

BATTLEFIELD TOUR TO ITALY 23-30 SEPTEMBER 2003

On the afternoon of Tuesday 30 September 2003 a couple of dozen Dukes, some accompanied by their wives or friends, stepped off an aircraft at Stansted Airport after experiencing a roller-coaster of emotions during their week's visit to Italy.

The Colonel of the Regiment and the Assistant Regimental Secretary, Major Bob Heron, had, between them, conceived and then conducted a fascinating Battlefield Tour. We started with the several battles for Monte Cassino, in which the 1st Battalion had not been involved, but which had had strategic significance for the Anzio Landings. The Battalion had been fully involved in the latter, as well as in the subsequent operations amongst the Wadis (deep ravines which contain water courses after rain), and the battle for Monte Cece, at which Private Richard Burton earned his award of the Victoria Cross.

We were all aware that several people who had served in these operations were not able to take part in the tour. But we were glad to hear on the coach the recorded comments of major T. F. Huskisson MC and Captain A. Burns DSO, who had both commanded companies and earned their respective awards for their gallantry and leadership at the time. We were fascinated too to listen to the comments of Richard Diacon, who had been Brigade LO, and John Young, who had been PRI Corporal, who were with us, and General Donald Isles, who joined us later, who had been a platoon commander during the operations on the Gothic Line during which he had been wounded. Bob Hanson, whose father had lost his life in the Wadis, was also a valuable member of the party, as he had not only studied the campaign in detail and visited the area many times, but also spoke a helpful amount of Italian.

The Colonel quoted periodically from the commentaries of the then Lieutenant Colonel Brian Webb-Carter DSO, his father, who had commanded the 1st Battalion for most of the Italian campaign, during which he earned his award of a Bar to his DSO. The commentaries, which are perceptive and particularly well-written, are also extensively quoted in our Regimental Histories.

The itinerary allowed ample time, not only for listening to the Colonel's absorbing account of each operation in turn, but also to walk upon some of the steep and unforgiving terrain which had been the well-defended objectives of the Allies in 1944. Ten or so of us also descended into a Wadi called the Boot and tried to imagine operating within it whilst being heavily shelled by day and night. Some climbed on foot to the summit of Monte Cece and were pleased to find there a Regimental wreath, which had been placed by the grandson of Private Richard Burton VC. We also found there the insignia of the German 375 Grenadier Regiment. As our programme unfolded we began to appreciate the severe demands that had been made on all combatants by the extremes of terrain and climate in that theatre of war. It had been no soft option in comparison with operations in Normandy.

After the visit to Monte Cece the whole group squeezed into the Council Chamber of a small town nearby, Casola Valsenio, while the Mayor expressed appreciation of the role played by the Allied Forces in liberating the area during the War.

We also spent peaceful and moving moments in the Cassino, Beachhead and Florence War Cemeteries. In the second two we held short Services of Remembrance during which Bob Hanson and John Young laid Regimental wreaths and David Peckover sounded Last Post and Reveille.

David later revealed additional talents when he very successfully entertained the group with songs in a rich baritone, as well as with music hall monologues. One suspects that he has further talents, yet to be revealed. (*The text of "The D Day Dodgers", one of his repertoire, is at page 160 - Ed.*)

Two separate hotels, one by the beach at Terracina, which enabled some to swim in the Mediterranean at dawn and dusk, and one at Montecatini Terme, where people could be seen "taking the waters", provided comfortable firm bases. The latter hotel provided a real challenge on the morning of the national electricity breakdown, which had led to a stoppage of the water supply too. There was much discussion of how best to make use of the sole bottle of water in each room's fridge; would it be best used for shaving ... tooth cleaning ... facials for ladies ... or what? Suffice to say, all on the coach seemed remarkably well-groomed when we set off for the day.

One could detect, here and there, some struggles with the Latin tongue. The Robins/Sargent duo seemed never to be consuming quite the beverage they thought they had ordered. Indeed, it is reported that at one stop John Sargent, who, it is said, had studied the phrasebook very

closely, had an exchange at a coffee bar on the lines of:

John Sargent : "Gobbledyspeakcaffy"

Landlord : "Que?"

John Sargent : "Gobbledylatinlatty"

Landlord : "Que?"

John Sargent : "Go on, make it three beers then"

Landlord : "OK - coming up"

John Stacpoule strove mightily to focus our collective attention on the culture that was all around us, especially during our free time in Rome and Florence and, of course, conducted our brief Services of Remembrance. Maximiliano, our heroic driver, manoeuvred his coach into and out of some astonishing places, in order to bring us closer to vantage points on the ground and gallantly handed the ladies down to earth each time we stopped. The ladies, we detect, were sad to hear that he was to be married very shortly.

Each member of the party, especially those who had been there in 1944, will have come away with their own memories at the end of the trip. But one suspects that everyone was imbued with admiration for those who had fought with such determination and gallantry all those years ago, through hideously hostile terrain which was defended by a well-equipped and equally determined foe ... and had prevailed. Sadly, many lost their lives in the process and it was entirely fitting that we made time for reflection and remembrance in the peaceful and still beautifully-maintained cemeteries.

The whole group owes a real debt of gratitude to the Colonel, Bob Heron and the RHQ team for such an instructive, moving and, at the same time enjoyable venture. All those who took part in the Battlefield Tour are shown below. More photographs are at pp 132/133. Names are on page 159.

J.B.K.G.



Battlefield Tour, Florence War Cemetery, Italy 2003.

1st Battalion

Commanding Officer's Introduction

With the impending return of Waterloo Company from the Balkans the Battalion will soon be back together for the first time since March. Waterloo Company has had an excellent tour in the Balkans, they have forged new ground in surveillance operations, working in a difficult multinational environment in the flagship role for Kosovo. I have received many calls and letters of praise and congratulate Major Phil Wilson and his Company on such a high quality performance and we look forward to seeing them in early November.

For the remainder of the Battalion this has been the most stable period since I took command. We have focussed on low-level training, sport and quality of life. Specifically, this has involved training our gunners and drivers to crew the armoured vehicles, running mortar, anti-tank and recce cadres and a testing and demanding potential NCO's cadre. Sport has featured heavily with the inter-company competition revived and being keenly competed, this culminates with the boxing in December. The Gladiators in the Battalion have dominated the Brigade sports competition, beating the Black Watch in the Army Football Cup and, most significantly, we can now claim to be Army Champions in one of the Rugby codes. I was privileged to watch a scintillating final at Aldershot where the Dukes played out of their skins to upset the odds and beat RSME. This was all the more remarkable given the lack of games and preparation the team had as a result of Op Telic. The

Union Cup starts in November and we will of course be giving it our best effort.

Militarily we are continuing to set the standards in the Brigade and I have just returned from the Brigade Skill at Arms Competition where Dukes' teams were 1st, 2nd and 3rd overall and also took the top three places in the March and Shoot. With over fifty teams from across the Brigade competing, including a strong challenge from 1 SG, this was an excellent result and showed us to be fitter and sharper than the competition.

The remainder of this year will be much the same, concentrating on low-level skills in preparation for the training year, which is now taking shape. In January we deploy to Bergen Hohne for three weeks of live firing and gunnery tests. February and March is filled with Company exercises, HQ training and Battle Group level simulation training. After leave in April the Battalion deploys as a 2:2 Battle Group to Canada for the whole of May to conduct the most testing and realistic training that the British Army has to offer. Summer will be spent in Osnabrück prior to commencing Peace Support Operation training in preparation for deployment back to Iraq next November. The pace is relentless but it is fun and the Battalion is in excellent heart. For the families the deployments come around a little too frequently, but for the soldiers come next November they will be ready to go away again - we enjoy the challenges and excitement of operational soldiering!



Private Pugh receiving his winning medal from Commander 4 Armoured Brigade, Brigadier P. M. Gibson DSO, MBE, as a member of the winning march and shoot team at the Brigade Skill at Arms meeting. The winning team consisted of Burma Company personnel and was captained by Lieutenant Ham Brown.

RETURN TO HIS ROOTS

Having received confirmation from the Commanding Officer of my appointment to Regimental Sergeant Major in January of 2003, I set about my mental preparation of how I was going to set out my stall for the future. Arrangements were made through the Adjutant and a date fixed between myself and the previous RSM (now Captain) Ness for a handover/take-over on 17 March 2003.

I was ready with bags partly-packed, ferry booked and speeches prepared, when out of the blue I received a phone call from RSM Ness informing me that the CO had just issued a Warning Order that the Battalion was deploying to Iraq immediately and of course RSM Ness was to deploy with them. Suddenly all my plans were shattered and I was left feeling very much as though I had missed the proverbial boat.

Once the Battalion had deployed to theatre it was impossible to communicate with them and, though I pestered him often, the 2IC designate, Major Chadwick (equally frustrated), was in no position to say when I would be able to fly out and join the Battalion. So I spent some long tedious days in Osnabrück following events like everyone else on Sky News. Finally on 3 April 2003 I received movement details to fly out to Kuwait and then join the Battalion in Az Zubayr.

On arrival in Kuwait the whole place was in chaos, with no direction being given by anyone. What a relief it was to see the dusty face of Captain Frear (MTO) emerging from the crowd along with his drivers and escorts. With no time for ceremony I was whisked through a tent, injected, inspected and sent on my way. I received a handful of 18 rounds from Private (Googie) Withers who said: "I think ya commanding a Bedford Sir" which was to be interesting with no map, GPS or idea where we were going.

A couple of hours later I arrived at Az Zubayr to be greeted by smiling faces bearing tired eyes, but spirits were high and, although feeling as though I had very much missed something, it was great to be back. After a

very quick two-and-a-half day hand-over programme Captain Ness was gone. All of the mental preparation done some weeks earlier had to be placed on ice for the time being, as I quickly realised that it had all been based on taking over in Osnabrück and not in an ex-Iraqi prison (Fort Chindit), riddled with UXO and not particularly well defended, with a threat assessment developing day by day. Suddenly dress regulations, mess silver, summer balls etc paled into insignificance, to be replaced by sanger building, wiring, helmets, claymores, respirators and real time issues like stopping the D&V epidemic (which I did not escape) and the biggest area clean in the history of the Dukes. This was so big that the term "bend your backs" was replaced by "get the fork lift".

There have been many accounts already of how the next three and-a-half months progressed, but the greatest thing about taking over on Op Telic was the opportunity to see companies and battle groups performing some real time battle procedure, with positive results to show for it and the QM and his staff producing white rabbits from top hats on the G4 side to make it possible and bearable. The men and women of the battle group went about their business with a no-nonsense mature attitude and that great sense of humour long associated with the Dukes.

Iraq now well behind us after our post op tour leave, I found myself starting my fifth month in post and my fifth week in the office and now putting into practice all the things I mentally prepared for some months ago. With Waterloo Company still in Kosovo, it will be some time yet before I get the whole Mess together and that will be short lived due to the training year.

If the next 18 months are as quick to pass as the last six I will barely have time to enjoy the post of RSM and, who knows, I may be handing over in similar circumstances to those in which I took over.

WO1 M. Taylor, RSM 1 DWR

ALMA COMPANY

Since my last contribution to the Iron Duke, life for Alma Company has involved a huge amount of post-Op Telic celebrating, a spell of much needed leave and, at the time of writing, we are back to the hectic life of an Armoured Infantry Company preparing for a busy training year in 2004.

Our return from Telic was extremely smooth. What was perhaps remarkable was the fact the RAF managed to move the whole Battalion back in one go with no delays! There was a huge sense of relief as the plane left the tarmac in Basrah - within five minutes of lifting off the deafening sound of 300 Dukes snoring heavily filled the cabin. Our arrival in Hannover was sunny and warm and it was with mounting excitement that we boarded the buses bound for Osnabrück - half the Company looking forward to seeing their wives, girlfriends and children, the other half eager to see the inside of a German pub! In the finest traditions of such a home-coming, the closer we got to Osnabrück the worse the

weather got. As we drove onto the square in Belfast Barracks the families were soaked to the skin - needless to say that didn't affect the warmth of our welcome and the general euphoria of getting home safely. The weeks of 'decompression' (a PC way of saying unwinding) before leave seemed to be an endless cycle of parties and short working days. The highlight of the period was a Battalion party organised by Major Tony Sutcliffe and the rear party. The party was a fantastic chance for the whole Battalion with wives, girlfriends and children in tow to get together and let their hair down. Alma Company did themselves proud by winning the inter-company tug of war. At the time I was baffled (but very proud) of the supreme performance of the Company team - it was only afterwards that I discovered that the CQMS, WO2 Neil Brennan, had promised the lads free beer all afternoon if they won! After a cracking Company 'smoker' we all headed off for a month's leave - most travelling around the UK catching up with

family and friends. Others, with the money they saved whilst being away burning holes in their pockets, wrestled with their consciences as they tried to decide whether to buy a car or blow the lot on a good holiday. Needless to say some good holidays were had!

The Company returned from leave well rested and on good form, although returning to in-barracks soldiering after spending most of the last year away has come as something of a shock. We are now up to our ears in Battalion cadres. Alma Company has sent fifteen men to the Milan and Mortar Platoons as part of the rebuilding of Somme Company ready for the training year. In addition to this we are busy training Warrior Commanders, gunners and drivers between now and Christmas, so that we have the right 'bums on seats' in our Warriors ready for the start of the training year in 2004. This is no mean task - Alma Company has not been on exercise with Warrior since early 2002 in Poland. As a result of this time away from the vehicles and the posting out of people suitably qualified, we are effectively starting from scratch. Thankfully there are just enough people still around to get us into shape quickly and there are a lot of Alma Company men (the OC amongst them) that are learning (or re-learning) that there are a lot of bits of the Warrior that will bite if not treated with the required respect!

Not content with the focus on Armoured Infantry warfare we are also returning to the basics as the Company trains three teams for the Brigade Skill at Arms meeting in late October. The oldest of soldiering skills; shooting and fitness are being honed as I write. We have also managed to get soldiers sailing off the coast of Denmark and adventure training in Bavaria

since our return from leave (full accounts of both else where in this edition). There are also Alma Company men currently at Sennelager on their field firing qualification course, at ITC Brecon on their Section Commander's Battle Course, at ITC Warminster on the FIBUA Instructor's course, the All Arms Battlefield Counter Surveillance Course and at Bovington on various Warrior courses. In addition there are still eight Alma Company men working hard on the Potential NCOs cadre. The Company (and Battalion) have made the most of the fact that a large slice of the army is now on operations and we have grabbed as many course opportunities as we could. Life in the Dukes is still as busy, varied and rewarding as ever.

Finally we have had quite a turn over of manpower within the Company. Congratulations to WO2 Neil Brennan who promoted at the end of June and is moving to ATR Pirbright as a Company Sergeant Major, Sergeant Paul Simms who moved at very short notice to become a Sergeant instructor at ITC Catterick, Sergeant Jason Barclay who is about to move to the Royal Irish in Belfast, and Lance Corporal Richard Matkowski who is about to move to ITC Catterick as a Corporal Instructor - we wish them all well and hope that they fly the Alma flag high! Last but by no means least we welcome Corporal Anderson back from ATR Pirbright. All we are waiting for now is the return of the Alma Company soldiers still out in Kosovo with Waterloo Company - hopefully their tour will finish as successfully as it has gone to date and look forward to getting them back into the Alma family.

Major P. R. Fox, OC Alma Company

BURMA COMPANY

Since returning from Iraq the Company has managed to find a sensible balance between some much needed rest and preparing itself for the Training Year. The latter task is actually a substantial training requirement due to the change over of personnel and influx of new soldiers since we last manned our Warriors in April 2002. Burma Company is also hosting and running the PNCO Cadre and the Drums Platoon (now a rifle platoon in Burma) has conducted the Commanding Officer's Bugle Competition. Furthermore, the Company is preparing for the Brigade Skill at Arms Meeting and taking the Inter-Company Sports Competition very seriously.

The Training Year is an excellent opportunity for the Company to conduct first class Armoured Infantry training and it culminates in a TESEX Battle in Canada next June. However, in order that the Company maximizes this opportunity, it must first ensure it has the necessary drivers, commanders and gunners so that the Company mans all its vehicles. HQ Infantry requires 1.5 drivers and gunners per vehicle in order that an internal reserve is held. Post Iraq the Company only had five Warrior drivers in the correct rank and six gunners. Yet twelve months ago the Company had its full requirement - such is rate of change in a Rifle Company. This training requirement has a huge impact on resources and personnel, particularly on the Companies' Armoured Infantry experts who are all

required to run the courses. The danger is that individual training becomes the main effort and the need to train ourselves tactically can take a back seat. The Company has been aware of this and has managed to gain an extra exercise in December in its Warriors as the Enemy to the Scots Guards' conversion exercise and has a week on the simulators in November. Furthermore it has had a number of individuals in BATUS over the summer and the Company Commander is deploying to BATUS for three weeks in October to observe another unit. The Company should therefore hit the training year in good shape and eager to maximize an excellent opportunity.

Whilst we are preparing for the Training Year the Company is also entering three teams in the Brigade Skill at Arms Meeting. They continue to train hard concentrating on their fitness and shooting. Ranges are hard to find due to 20 Brigade preparing for Iraq but the indoor trainer called the Small Arms Trainer is proving an excellent substitute. It will never re-create battle shooting but in terms of teaching young soldiers how to shoot it is a cost effective and excellent training aid. It is only when one can't get onto the ranges that its full potential is realized.

The Drums Platoon organized an excellent Commanding Officer's Bugle Competition and its transformation to a rifle platoon has been seamless.

Lieutenant Paul Tetlow and the Drum Major deserve full credit for their success in managing this organizational change. Lance Corporal Oxley held onto the Commanding Officer's Bugle, although Lance Corporal Gillott is snapping at his heels. There are also a number of promising young Drummers currently being nurtured. The Drums are in good order but the length of the basic Drums Course at six months does impact on their manning.

The PNCOs' Cadre will be covered in more detail in the next issue but Lieutenant Adam Brown and Sergeant Major Maroney are currently putting forty potential Lance Corporals through a well-planned and demanding cadre. The most impressive element is how these young soldiers have focused their minds and energies so quickly after returning from Iraq. They are all working extremely hard and showing great physical and moral courage, which bodes well for the future.

The Company is currently lying second in the Inter Company Sporting Competition having recently won the Hughes Memorial Rugby Cup. The boxers continue to train on a daily basis and we are hoping for a good result in the Cross Country. Six soldiers have been adventure training since Iraq, three have been

mountaineering in Bavaria and three sailing with the Company Commander on a Battalion Exercise in the Baltic. It is hoped that more soldiers will be able to take up the outstanding opportunities for Adventure Training in Germany between now and Christmas. The Company Party took place on 21 July at the Landhaus by the lake in Osnabrück. It was a great night and five of the soldiers flew their girlfriends out from Yorkshire. 6 Platoon came dressed in traditional Iraqi dress adding to the atmosphere and enjoyment. Sergeant Goddard ran a raffle with prizes on a par with 'Sale of the Century'.

Finally, Burma Company continues to progress and is taking a full and competitive part in all the Battalion and Brigade activities, whilst concentrating on preparing itself for the Training Year. The recent influx of new recruits has produced some excellent young soldiers and they are bonding well into the Burma ethos. One such individual (Private McVeigh) took us all by surprise when on his first day in the Regiment he won the Battalion run. He later admitted to being a sub seven and a half minute BFT runner! All is well in Burma and we strive to keep it that way.

Major T. G. Vallings
OC Burma Company

CORUNNA COMPANY

As with all Operational Tours, Corunna Company's homecoming from Iraq was an emotional and much anticipated event - for both the soldiers returning and the families welcoming. The Rear Party, Families Office and of course the families themselves braved the wet and windy Osnabrück weather to greet not only their husbands and fathers, but the single soldiers as well - a hug from a loved one, the Regimental March blaring and a first beer for four months - what more could a Duke want? Following a long weekend the Company then had a mandatory three-week package in camp in which to recover vehicles, repack stores and enjoy a beer and a chat with mates. The highlights of this period included a fantastic Family's Day, a company social (many thanks to Lance Corporal Burill for his hard work) and, I am sure the Company would agree, the early morning runs to sweat out the night before.

Corunna Company is rightly proud of its four months on Op Telic; the experience has undoubtedly shaped the attitude and approach of all involved and there remains a quiet, typically Dukes', confidence about the Company. That said we are extremely glad to welcome a number of new faces from ITC Catterick; Privates Powell, Egan, Evans, Jones, Macauley, Brown, Sellar, Hunter, Anderson and Koroj and of course 2 Lieutenant Chris Armitage from RMAS and PCD. We also look forward to the arrival of Captain Kevin Price as Company 2IC, Colour Sergeant Jenkins as CQMS and Sergeant Goddard as 8 Platoon Sergeant. As ever there are a number of post-tour transfers, most notably to Somme Company; Privates Walker, Muir, Nanovu, Naigunugunu, Higgins, King, Clifford, Rodgers, Mullings, Hill, Andrews and also Private Williams to the Medical Centre and Private Travis to the Regimental Pioneers. Good luck gentlemen in the next stage of your

careers and remember your roots. The Company would also like to congratulate the following on the recent additions to their families; Sergeant and Mrs Angela Conley and their daughter Morgan Leigh and Private and Mrs Victoria Skeldon and their son Bailey Jay. The Company would like to take this opportunity to wish Lance Corporal and Mrs Francis Wright a speedy recovery for their daughter Tegan.

The four-week Post Operational Tour Leave certainly re-charged batteries and allowed families to enjoy the fantastic summer weather together, be it in the UK, Germany or other exotic location. However, the return to Osnabrück in late August has heralded a Battalion cadre period which includes a PNCO Cadre (with ten nominations from Corunna), a number of driving cadres (both civilian and Warrior AFV), 30mm Gunnery and Warrior Commander's cadres and Mortar, Milan and Signals cadres. This Battalion sponsored cadre period is in recognition that in many ways the Battalion would need to re-convert to the Armoured Infantry Role following its Light Role Deployment to Iraq and the associated skill fade and manning wastage due to postings. Therefore the aim of these cadres is to provide the Battalion with sufficiently skilled personnel and experience for the Training Year and October 2004 deployment back to Iraq. As a result the daily parade state shows that 70% of the Company are involved as instructors or pupils on one of the cadres, including the OC who is currently mastering the art (or is it science) of Warrior AFV commanding. The Company and indeed the Battalion is already beginning to reap the benefits of these cadres with a large number of soldiers having passed their driving cadres - this Battalion focus clearly makes a Platoon Commander's job of satisfying the oft-quoted request for a driving cadre far easier. Perhaps that explains their popularity!

In addition to the work in green, the Battalion Sports Competition is now in full swing with inter company sports including football, rugby, swimming, cross country, shooting and boxing. As ever, the great part of these competitions is the opportunity for the non sporting gladiators or lapsed-sporting gladiators, to dust off their boots and skills, whilst a sensible 'starring system' ensures that regular first team players are barred from playing, thus ensuring that there are no mismatches and encouraging maximum participation across the Battalion. To date Corunna Company has won the football competition thanks to the artful managership of Sergeant Connely and a magnificent scorcher from the right foot of Lieutenant Ed Smith in the 'decider' against Burma and has come a very creditable second to a strong Burma Company XV in the rugby competition. It is rumoured that the combined age of the Corunna Company fly half (the OC) and inside centre (Colour Sergeant Jenkins - who finally hung his boots up after the games or would have done if his weary bones and muscles would have allowed him) equalled that of most of the other team's complete back line. It just goes to show that you can not teach old dogs new tricks - like when to give up! The Boxing Squad is

in training with Colour Sergeant Jenkins, and Lance Corporals Walker and Moore; the cross country team is forming under the 'eagle-eye' of CSM Stannard and Sergeant Connely; Lieutenant Smith, Sergeant Leddingham and 2 Lieutenant Armitage are coaching the three Company Shooting teams for the Brigade Skill at Arms Meeting and Corunna Company's own 'Thorpedo', Lieutenant Armitage, is coordinating the swim team. Healthy competition, inter-company rivalry and a sporting culmination in the Boxing Finals in December provides a welcome backdrop to the current cadre period. A busy social period in all three messes, a visit from the British Ambassador to Germany, which will include a Corunna Company Armoured Attack Demonstration on the Parade Square, a Corunna Company-sponsored Brigade TEWT and a further spot of leave in October will lead us up to Christmas and the start of the Training Year. We are enjoying our soldiering, our sport, our time back in Germany and time with our families. Corunna Company, as with the rest of the Battalion, is in fine fettle.

Major M. Norman
OC Corunna Company

WATERLOO COMPANY (INCLUDING SOME SOMME!)

Now that the dust (quite literally) has settled on Op Telic and the rest of the Battalion goes about the business of preparing for the forthcoming Training Year, it is worth remembering that a significant element of the Battalion remains on operations. Waterloo Company is committed to Op Oculus (Kosovo) although we are now looking forward to returning to Germany in November. Despite the trauma of being separated from the rest of the Battalion during Op Telic and the obvious issues that come from any six (in reality seven) months away, it has been a tremendously successful tour. Quietly and without too much fuss, the Company has been at the forefront of developing and proving a new concept in how to support peacekeeping operations that could have far reaching implications on future operational deployments. Throughout the training and deployment we have been the 'guinea pigs' and this has often been the cause of much angst along the way. However we are now heralded as having set the standards for others to follow. The Intelligence, Surveillance and Reconnaissance Task Force (ISR TF), of which the Company is 'numerically' the major part, has attracted a great deal of interest and comment. A significant aspect of the tour to date has been the number of visitors to the organisation. Seemingly we have received VIPs on a weekly basis, the most significant to date being Chief of the General Staff, Chief of Joint Operations and Chief of Defence Intelligence. The ISR TF is a streamlined, extremely potent and 'glamorous' force that combines both tactical and strategic UK assets, providing Commander KFOR with a genuine intelligence capability. It has been a fascinating and rewarding experience for all of us being at the hub of a fledgling organisation and putting into practice a new concept in a truly challenging multi-national environment.

When we return to Germany in November there will be a couple of weeks in camp prior to disappearing on combined post tour and Christmas leave. The intention is to disband Waterloo Company as quickly and efficiently as possible, whilst maintaining some dignity! Attached personnel will disperse back to their respective companies and Somme Company will rise 'phoenix like' from the ashes. It has been a strange and frustrating year for many loyal Somme Company folk who were farmed out to foster companies during Op Telic, so getting the company back together will be a huge relief to all and it will be good to get back to more traditional support company activities.

Somme Company then faces a huge task in preparing for the forthcoming training year. Having handed over the 'ISR TF' role to the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers we will then assume the role of providing the 'ISTAR' capability for the 1 DWR Battlegroup. Very few of us have had any chance to maintain our armoured infantry skills during the last 12 months, so getting back into the role is going to be a challenge. It will also be the first opportunity to give the Sniper Platoon a proper run out since it was created over a year ago. Specialist Platoon Cadres are programmed for later in the year, these, as ever, will be essential in order to ensure that Somme Company is properly manned for next year.

There have been some changes to key Somme Company appointments over the last few months. Captain Jim Kennedy has moved from the Recce Platoon to the Recce Division at Warminster, his successor is Captain Dan Pawson. Captain Jim Glossop has been taken away to train as an Adjutant (good luck!); Captain Ed Colver has replaced him as OC Milan. Finally, Captain Pete Lee has succeeded Captain 'Rabbit' Payne as OC Mortars.

For both Somme and Waterloo this has been a bizarre year. I am sure that it will be a huge relief to everyone when the Battalion is finally back together in November. Whilst the work in Kosovo has understandably been overshadowed by events elsewhere, I

hope that the impact and significance of the role will be remembered.

Major P. J. Wilson
OC Waterloo Company

OFFICERS' MESS

Since the last edition of the Iron Duke the Officers' Mess has been on a roller coaster ride. The initial weeks after returning from Iraq were a social whirlwind of Mess parties and 'impromptu gatherings'. The finest event by far was a combined ladies night and dining out. Not only did we get to thank our wives and girlfriends (and in the Doctor's case, husband) for putting up with our absence (and bad operational haircuts) we also got the chance to dine out Richard and Juliet Holroyd and Nigel and Ann Goodwin in what must be a first for the Dukes' Mess, every young officer had managed to convince a lady to accompany him - no doubt weeks of sand filled 'blueys' full of tales of hardship had the desired romantic effect! Our congratulations go to Captain Richard Payne who proposed to Morag that night (thankfully she accepted). If the state of everybody at the barbecue lunch the next day is any indicator, the whole of the Mess had a cracking night.

Coming in close second was the annual Silver Putter/Wooden Spoon competition. Last year's competition had left many scars - the weather was awful and those hardy (or foolish) enough to play 18 holes were later treated for exposure in the clubhouse. This year couldn't have been more different; the sun beat down and God was in his heaven. For those of you who have any interest in golf there is a full account of the action elsewhere in this edition. From a Mess point of view it was a cracking day for golfers and normal people alike - the clubhouse did us proud and by the end of the day (or night in some cases) most bar bills equalled the day's score cards! In fact, the Quartermaster and OC Hook Company were so impressed by the ancient game that they have even talked about buying a set of 'golf bats' each! It was with some relief that we went on leave - three and a half weeks of socialising and 're-adjusting' to life away from the desert was hard work and it seems that most Mess members were glad to relax with their families. This does not tell the whole story though. Whilst the more junior end of the Mess were relaxing with a 'cultural' tour of Thailand other Dukes were once again supping ale (and the odd glass of bubbly) at two Mess weddings. In July Captain Andy Garner married Angela and in August Captain Ed Colver married Lisa. Our congratulations go to both sets of newly-weds.

As I write these notes many of us are still recovering from the Officers' Dinner Club bash in York last weekend. The 1st Battalion turned out en masse (and would have had an even stronger presence had not several subalterns been required for courts martial duties in Germany) with an intrepid party travelling from Osnabrück by minibus and ferry to deliver the Colours. The fact that this group arrived at the Station Hotel in York at the same time as the Regimental Trustees were gathering for their annual meeting resulted in much banter. As PMC I can only apologise for the slightly jaded appearance of the escort to the Colours - it had been a rough ferry crossing! The night was fantastic and a good chance to catch up with Dukes' officers of all ranks and ages. This was followed by a well-attended Regimental service in York Minster - those that had decided to greet the dawn that morning were definitely not on their best singing form during the hymns!

As ever the Mess continues to ebb and flow and we said farewell to Lieutenant Mick Cataldo who goes to ATR Basingborne as an instructor, Lieutenant Doug Nelson who goes to ITC Catterick also as an instructor and Captain Rob Scothern and Lieutenant Lee Pearce who both move to the Royal Military College of Science at Shrivenham to embark upon in service degree courses. We welcome Second Lieutenant Chris Armitage fresh from training and welcome Captain Gareth Williams back from ITC Catterick.

On the property front the Mess is now the proud owner of some very smart leather furniture and a project to trace old photos of the Mess has started well following some helpful work by RHQ to copy old photos that they had. We would also like to thank Mrs Alex Firth for the very kind gift of two wonderful pictures donated in memory of Brigadier Tony - we are currently re-arranging the ante room so that we can give them the wall space they deserve. The autumn will see a more steady social diary (at least until the last couple of weeks before Christmas are upon us) when we will attempt to make the most of our first chance for over a year to wine and dine our fellow officers in Osnabrück Garrison. Details of how the sophisticated young socialites of the Dukes' Mess have won over the rest of 4th Armoured Brigade in the next edition! Happy Christmas to one and all.

Major P. R. Fox, PMC

WARRANT OFFICERS' AND SERGEANTS' MESS

Since the last Iron Duke publication the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess has undergone something of a transitional and settling period; transitional in the sense that all the Mess Committee have now had time to find their feet since the long absence from the most

neatly painted building on camp, and settling in the sense that in coming to the end of what has been a particularly busy year. The day-to-day business has resumed, both professionally and socially. Although now settled, we are still spread across a vast spectrum of

outposts, with many members still in Kosovo and even Sergeant Malone managing to skip the net by spending his autumn in Canada. We eagerly await their return, which should be complete by the end of November. It was pleasurable to see members currently on post return to the Mess to dine with Colonel Panton, the Colonel of the King's Division. When dining someone so knowledgeable in divisional circles it is useful to gain information you might not normally be privy to, so with all the subtlety of a sledge hammer our members fed him a gallon of gin and tonic. This 1970's spy film truth extraction method was wasted on the Colonel as information extracted amounted to what could already be found on the Battalion forecast of events. He saw us coming a mile off! He was however in good spirits and seemed reluctant to leave the Mess, all this even on a school night. The next visitor to the Mess comes in the form of the British Ambassador to Germany, Sir Peter Torry, to present the community relations award he brings with him the GOC, Brigade Commander and a plethora of German dignitaries. I think tea and toast may see new jam and marmalade for that day!

What with visits and courses it has been a busy time, although there has been time to hold the Summer Ball. A very successful event attended by most and enjoyed by all.

Fitness has been amongst the many priorities since our return from leave, of particular note were the results

of a recent Battalion run with eight of the fastest ten being from the Mess. All of which goes to prove the engine room does have another gear when required. The gear will shift into overdrive in November when we invite both Officers' and Corporals' Messes to partake in the Pace Stick-themed happy hour. Contrary to popular belief this is not a set up for Ruperts, but may well provide a titbit or two.

The ongoing refurbishment of the Mess is reaching its closing stages, with the toilets being recently redecorated, and the downstairs bar undergoing something of a makeover. It is hoped that all will be complete by the 11 October when we will hold the Ladies' Dinner Night in the Mess. This will be the last official function headed up by our Mess Manager, Sergeant Jones. Shane Jones has been an excellent Manager during his tenure, and has had much to put up with, he will be difficult to replace as he hits the right balance in what can only be described as an unglamorous job. Many thanks go to him and his long suffering lady friend for all their efforts and understanding. We wish him well in his new job as a Recruiting Sergeant in Sheffield. We welcome the new Mess Manager Sergeant Morgan before departing on leave in October.

WO2 N. Wilson
PMC

RUGBY NOTES

As I write these notes the Rugby League team has just departed Osnabrück for Aldershot to play in Rugby League UK Army Cup against RSME Bordon. It promises to be a great final and hopefully the Dukes will bring the League Cup back to Germany (*Editor's note: they did*). And so back to Union. Last season we achieved our aim - to win the Germany Cup. It was a first class cup final against our old adversaries the RRW and we deserved our hard-fought victory. Unfortunately, due to frozen pitches in Germany the game was played at short notice in Dover only three days before the UK semi-final. Many thanks to Brigadier David Santa Olalla for all he did to make our stay in Dover as advantageous as he could. Playing the semi-final just three days later gave the RGBW a significant advantage. For those readers who have played the RRW in the past it is always a battle, particularly up front, and players need more than three days to nurse the knocks and bruises to be at their best. However, the ARU showed us no compassion and demanded that the game went ahead as planned. We lost 13 -12 and had a difficult penalty to win the match in the last few minutes. The RGBW went on to beat the RWF convincingly in the final.

Perhaps we missed our chance, but what I would say is that no other side had to balance Op Fresco, pre-Kosovo training and frozen pitches like the Dukes. All the players gave up leave to play and train for rugby and the commitment was outstanding. Captain Finlay Bibby moulded the team magnificently with his experience, talent and natural flair as a coach. Fortunately he is back

from Kosovo in December to bring us on again. There is no point sitting back about last season and think about what could have happened - we achieved our aim, learnt huge amounts about ourselves and what we must do to give the Army Cup everything this year. There is little doubt that we have the best side we have had for at least a decade. Unfortunately we do not get everyone together until January. But the front five contains three Army players and our backs are seriously talented. More importantly there is real competition from one to fifteen and no one has a guaranteed place. The challenge will be to find the time between and within the Training Year commitments to train and play decent opposition in order to mount a serious challenge on the Cup.

The Dukes' Rugby Club has some forty-five players all capable of playing 1st XV rugby and our strength in depth comes mainly from the Fijians and the Officers' Mess. Unfortunately, we are getting very little talent through the door from Yorkshire via the depot and this is where our strength in depth came from in our glory days. This must be addressed and I would welcome advice on how to encourage young players from Yorkshire to join the Dukes.

The Union season so far has been hindered by the League and Sevens. Six Dukes in a British Army Germany side have just won the Munich Sevens and are off to Singapore in November for the Singapore Sevens - lucky chaps. Rugby League actually benefits our Union season: it hardens the body, develops ball handling, improves fitness and enhances defensive play.

The Dukes fully embrace the League code as it strengthens our Union side. Our immediate aim is to get as fit as we can and play as much rugby as possible until December. In January when we have the full squad back in Germany and Finlay Bibby in place we can build the makings of a potentially lethal side. It is a massively exciting time for Dukes Rugby and I am nervous of promising too much as we have in our recent

past - but watch out, we have the makings of a great side. Finally, the Dukes web site is soon to be up and running where we will endeavour to update our supporters with our progress and any UK fixtures. For example, on 14 February the Dukes will be at Sandhurst and will welcome your support.

Major T. G. Vallings
OC Rugby

SAILING

Two Dukes' crews took part in the 4 Brigade Sail Training Week based at the Adventure Sail Training Centre at Kiel during September. The yachts, Teal and Skua, skippered by Major Tom Vallings and Lieutenant Paul Tetlow, sailed in company with six other sailing vessels around the German and Danish coastlines. The boats sailed about 35 miles each day and stopped at a different port each night.

The weather for the early part of the week was excellent. The wind was sufficient and the sun shone constantly. It made the first two days an ideal opportunity to train the two novice crews, almost all of whom had never been on a yacht before.

After the gentle start, the Kiel organisers began introducing races. To start with, these were three or four hours long and eventually became day-long events. With the introduction of the racing came more testing weather conditions - a challenge to the crews and certainly adventure training at its best. The two boats experienced mixed fortunes in the races. Teal lined herself up in the early races as a favourite to take the race series while Skua adopted the steadier approach, so as not to peak too soon. Teal won and came second in

the first two races and was joint first overall going into the last race. Places were close and the race on the final morning was closely contested. Skua had a bad start but showed that they could put the week's training into practice. She came through the fleet and finished the last race in fourth place, ahead of Teal in fifth.

There are, of course, many tales with which to 'swing the lamp'. The crewman falling in the water whilst mooring and the soldier activating his auto-inflate life jacket whilst in his cabin. To name and shame would embarrass, so I won't, especially since it was the same man each time! The week offered an excellent opportunity to introduce soldiers to sailing and racing and test crews in unfamiliar circumstances. Despite the highly competitive nature of the week, all aboard learnt a lot more about sailing. Hopefully we will be able to enter this extremely worthwhile event next year. The crews were: Major Vallings, Corporal Rutherford, Privates Staniland, Gascoigne, Hawes and Lawton (Teal); Lieutenant Tetlow, Sergeant Rutter, Privates Helm, Naita, Nicholls and Hudson (Skua).

Lieutenant P. D. Tetlow, OC Drums Platoon



The crew of Teal sailing off the wind.



The crew of Skua. L to R: Private Naith, Sergeant Rutter, Privates Nichols, Helm and Hudson.

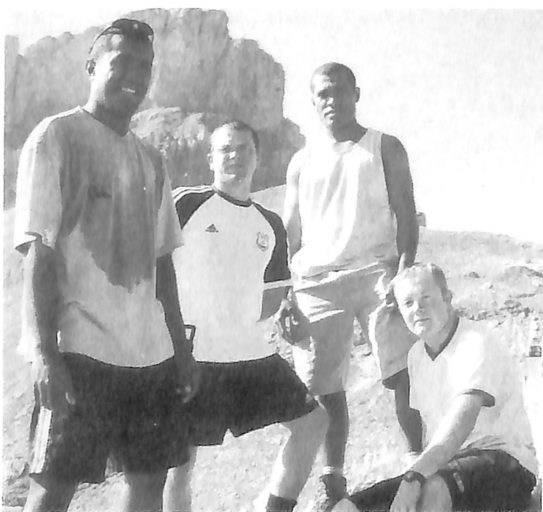
EXERCISE BAVARIAN DUKE DIAMOND - BAVARIA 15-25 SEPTEMBER 2003

Exercise Bavarian Duke Diamond was a Level 2 Adventurous Training exercise based in an Army Multi-Activity Lodge 'Hubertushaus' at Oberstdorf in Bavaria. The aim of the exercise was to get the 24 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 Craftsman Robbie, climbing, instructed by Staff Sergeant Corner, and walking, instructed by Captain Garner and Lieutenant Smith. There were two days during the exercise for R&R when groups had the chance to go swimming, mountain biking, white water rafting and go-karting.

The party left Osnabrück on Monday 15 September with a seven-hour journey ahead of them, with Private Haystead-Harvey taking full advantage of the burger van at every service station.

Once at the Lodge we were fully briefed on the Do's and plenty of Don'ts before all the kit was issued and preparation for the first day's training. The weather was absolutely glorious, reaching 76° and no clouds in the sky as suntans were topped up, except the last day which left everyone a little soggy.

The first day walk saw a few people on their hands and knees out of their comfort zone, as the group headed up a steep gully to reach the summit of the Greissalphorn with a climb of over 1,000 metres. The summit was bagged just after rescuing a German walker who had lost his way and somehow managed to get stuck on an exposed ledge. A little earlier he had been sending stones clattering down the gully in his clumsy attempt to reach the summit. The group heard cries of "Please, can you help me", which was all



L to R: Privates Ravatutia, Lawton, Daunivutia and Cunliffe enjoying the summit, with Ifen in the background.



Lance Corporals Burrell and Moore receive a warm welcome from a local inhabitant.

Captain Garner needed to spring into action displaying his competent mountain skills to bring about the rescue, it became one of the tales in the bar that evening.

The next day, a different group had a lunch stop by a high mountain lake, which (not surprisingly, being fed by melted snow and ice) was extremely cold. However, it did not stop the inter-Company rivalry kicking in and peer group pressure until everyone had been in. There was a German Army group watching in disbelief, muttering something about Englishmen and mad dogs!

Whilst climbing, the groups made some great efforts, especially with the challenge climb of an overhang set by Staff Corner, which saw at least six people complete it, with Private Cheeseman leading the way showing how easy it could look.

Craftsman Robbie of the Light Aid Detachment made excellent progress with the canoeists, with several learning to Eskimo roll during their two days on the Alpsee. Overall, the exercise was a great success, the weather was amazing and everyone had a good fun break, learnt new skills, tried new activities and brushed up on old skills, such as navigation. It saw people being stretched and put in situations they were not necessarily happy with at the time, but they all learnt how to cope with them and to work together. There was plenty of enthusiasm, with lots of potential for future training courses, which could see several individuals becoming instructors over the next few years.

Lieutenant P. G. Smith
Expedition Leader

EXERCISE KOREA 50 (THE FORGOTTEN WAR)

Early in May I was informed that I had been chosen to represent the Battalion at the 50th Anniversary of the Korean War cease-fire in South Korea. This was to take the form of a week in England to attend the Westminster Abbey Parade, uniform fittings etc. The following three weeks would be in South Korea doing battlefield tours, visiting war museums and taking part in the two main anniversary parades.

The British contingent met up on 7 July and it had a large cross section of members. It was headed by the RGBW under Captain Grist whose grandfather had fought during the war; they also provided their RSM and a Colour Sergeant for admin. The remainder were from 1 Kings, RA, PWRR, A and SH, 1 and 2 LI, RRW, RRF and RTR. During the first week, which involved "fun" fitness sessions with the RSM, we all bonded well in the usual soldier ways. Our new uniforms were also readied and our first press interviews were done. Two events followed quickly; first an excellent barbecue hosted by Brigadier Martin Vine and his wife at their home in Sandhurst, where he spelt out the enormity of our future tasks and what was expected of us as a whole. Second was the parade at Westminster Abbey, attended by the Queen and the Colonel of the Regiment amongst others. There was also a reading by John Stacpoole who was a former Assault Pioneer OC for the Dukes during the war. A party followed the church service where I had chance to meet veterans from the Battalion and hear accounts of their experiences during the war - related with the humour that only comes within the forces.

We left for Korea on 12 July, arriving twelve hours later and were met by the British Defence and Military Attaché, Brigadier John King. A quick one hour journey and we arrived at our new home, Yongsan camp. After

various 'short' briefings by our hosts we embarked on trips to local war museums to top up our history knowledge. We also visited the DMZ, on the way there we saw the high state of readiness that the country was in, with watch towers every 100m or so up the coast line out of Seoul. Along the way we also saw artillery positions fully manned and ready to go. When we arrived at Camp Bonifas we were given another brief, this time by Specialist Butts, who did this every day at least once and he'd been there nearly two years and it showed. He explained that we were not to smile or wave at the North Koreans as they would use it for propaganda in their own country. On leaving a building called Freedom House we saw our first North Korean soldiers, soon followed by more with cameras taking our photos whilst we were taking theirs. The place is covered with CCTV cameras logging everything that happens by both sides, reminiscent of checkpoint Charlie but on a larger scale. We managed to get our photographs taken over the border with some very stern North Koreans looking in to the building from the outside. Some members even managed to get a go on the world's most dangerous golf course which is still surrounded by live minefields.

Week two in Korea saw us on the drill square under WO2 Brian Anders (1 Kings) who had the unenviable task of getting this rag taggle mixed band of men to scratch on the arms drill. This was made even harder with some members not touching a weapon in this way since Depot. The LI guys founded it hardest switching from light to heavy drill, which provided entertainment for the rest of us. Thankfully, with not long since doing Public Duties, I soon got back into the swing of it. I was chosen to be part of the Colour party along with Lance



From the left: John Myers, Walter Scott Bainbridge, Corporal Tony Devanny, Cyril Withers, Reuben Holroyd.

Photo acknowledgement: R. Holroyd



27 July 1953

Major Edward 'Baron' Emmet MC, D Company Commander, reading the conditions of the cease-fire to some of his men.

Photo acknowledgement: L. Sherwin

Corporal Shah (PWRR) for our first parade at Gloster Hill. This though came at a huge price, an hour's extra drill with the RSM whilst the rest of the lads relaxed by the pool. The parade itself saw all the British veterans come to remember their fallen comrades. Unfortunately, due to the divide between the countries, a lot of the battle areas are not accessible to visit, like the Hook, as they are still contained within the DMZ. The parade itself went very well with a lot of emotions from the watching veterans. Afterwards I got to meet the two veterans from the Dukes, Mr Walter Bainbridge and Mr Walter Bye who came with his son. We had our pictures taken with the Colours and with General Sir Mike Jackson who was one of many high-profile guests. After the parade we attended a function at the British Ambassador's house where Lance Corporal "Murph" Murphy and I met General Sir Mike Jackson and he told us a story about himself when he was a young 2 Lieutenant in Malaya that will live with us both forever!

At the same time as Gloster Hill we practised with the other contingents for the main

Veterans' Parade on Lombardo Field. This was highly entertaining at first watching the different nations' drill. This consisted of late night practices for the parade which was due to last for 40 minutes US Army time, but with the "short" American guest speakers lasted two lovely relaxing hours on the field. This parade had all 2,000 of the veterans in attendance watching and was well organised by our hosts. The British Veterans were given the option of not attending, as they had had a very long day after another parade at the DMZ already that day. But attend they did and, after a very very long two hours of rah rah style US remembrance, all the other veterans left us on the field and got on the buses to go home. All except the Brits, who stayed to give all the contingents a standing ovation off the field. The whole parade was live on television in Korea and clips shown on all stations in the UK. So for a short time we all became TV stars (well at least my wife and son saw me).

The remainder of the exercise consisted of days by the pool when the rain stayed away, visits to Brigadier King's house, where his house was drunk dry



Corporal Devanny with Walter Bainbridge and Walter Bye.

within the first hour, and drinking with the Aussies and the fantastic Kiwis down Itaewon town, which is a modern version of Kenya's local haunts for those who have been. Everything not nailed down is for sale in one way or another and you can buy a "very good just for you original Rolex" for £30. Overall I will remember this experience for the friends I made within the Brits, Aussie and Kiwi contingents. As well as the two Walters who made me laugh all the time and became legends with the lads. The veterans' stories will also long

live with me, especially the atrocities some had to face whilst in captivity. I wish them all well for the future and hope that they enjoy many more anniversaries, as they deserve as much happiness as they can get. At least for the couple of weeks we were there with the veterans it stopped being "the Forgotten War" and old friends were revisited in the graveyards of Pusan, for what was, for some, the last time.

Corporal Tony Devanny
Signals Platoon

SNIPING IN IRAQ

As is now well known on 17 March 03 the Dukes were tasked to go to Iraq. The task was prisoner of war (POW) handling, which was not glamorous but still an important task. This was exciting news, but there was a catch, only 200 troops were needed. Officers, Senior NCOs and Privates could be seen frantically running around camp to make sure they got a place on a flight. Unfortunately for me I could not deploy due to an illness, which was very frustrating. The Battalion pulled together in good Dukes' fashion and deployed in good order, and this was achieved with very little warning.

The Battalion gone, the rear party started a very busy routine. This was my first time on rear party and I soon realized that it worked hard and was a very important foundation to the troops in Iraq. All the rear party had their normal jobs, but as time went on they soon had two or three additional jobs, all above their pay grade, and did it without complaining.

On 17 April I was summoned to Major Sutcliffe's (OC Rear Party) office and was informed that I may be deployed to Iraq with the Black Watch. I was going to be a battlefield replacement as a Warrior Commander, my gunner was to be Private Whash and my driver would meet us out in Iraq. The couple of days were spent packing, zeroing and brushing up on the weapons in the Warrior. After an emotional farewell I boarded the plane with some 1st Battalion reinforcements.

When I landed in Kuwait there were no Black Watch to meet us. Luckily the reinforcements transport was there so I hitched to Camp Chindit in Az Zubayr, 10 km south of Basra. Once I arrived at Camp Chindit I spent the next twelve hours trying to get in touch with the Black Watch. Once communications had been established they detached transport. On arrival in the Black Watch Battle Group command post everything became clear, the Black Watch had not requested combat battlefield replacements and all their vehicle crews were fully manned. However they did need a replacement sniper, as the Sniper Platoon had suffered a rocket propelled grenade round casualty a few days before. This was a great opportunity to test my sniping skills on operations.

The task for the sniper in Basra was to carry out surveillance on local militias, operating in Basra in small teams. This consisted of reactive and non-reactive observation posts. The Sniper is ideally suited to this task; also this could release infantry platoons to carry out other tasks. An example of this is a task I carried out on some ISO containers full of weapons and munitions.

In Basra the Royal Engineers were tasked to collect and secure all munitions and weapons which had been captured. However, due to their great volume there was no room to store them in the Engineers' location. So the plan was to put all the munitions and weapons in ISO containers and weld the doors shut. Bulldozers would then build earth bankings around the sides. The ISO were situated in a disused Iraqi naval base to the rear of the Engineers' location. The only local security was the engineer section itself, disposing of weapons through the day, but none through the night. Soon after the containers were placed in position the local militia started opening them to collect weapons and munitions. The method of entry was to peel back the top of the containers like a sardine tin and then climb in and pass the weapons out. The militia would only take support weapons such as mortars, rocket propelled grenade launchers plus ammunition and large calibre rounds.

The Engineers could not mount security patrols due to their heavy workloads. There were a number of options, but the Sniper Platoon was tasked to interdict the weapon movement and my team was deployed to the Engineers' location for a brief. It was suspected that weapons were being moved at night, due to the Engineers moving around the area during the day. So the plan was to infiltrate just after last light and move into an observation post during the twilight hours. Then to observe the area overnight and when the militia approached observe them emptying the containers and then task the reaction force. Then return to a lie up point through the day as the Engineers carried out work in the local area.

This was repeated for two nights with no militia activity, the only movement being a large pack of dogs, which hunted and ate anything that moved. After the two nights the Engineers informed me that another container had been opened and it was implied that I was not carrying out the task correctly. So the next night the plan was to observe the area for 24 hours, as I was convinced that the weapons were being taken through the day. The night was quiet except the usual pack of dogs. First light came and the Engineers delivered a new cache of weapons and once secured they left. Two hours later a three-man militia patrol with weapons moved to one of the containers. The reaction force moved to a pre-planned checkpoint. The militia then proceeded to remove an 81mm mortar and some rocket propelled grenade rounds. The reaction force started to move in, however a contact started between my team

and the militia; the result was one enemy dead and two wounded with no friendly casualties.

The tour was professionally rewarding, as I put years of training into practice. Also I had the opportunity to work with another regiment, which has its own rewards. The most important lesson I learnt on Op Telic was to be flexible, and to experience the demanding

psychological aspects of sniping which are not often discussed in sniper training. There is no doubt that snipers are now, just as they always have been, a battle-winning asset.

Sergeant S. J. Blake
Somme Company

1st BATTALION GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS

When asked by someone in Warminster how the preparations for The Gulf were going last autumn I embarrassingly replied "Great thanks, Ed's spoken to the Secretary and we're on. He's even sorted out bacon rolls when we turn up!". Little did I realise that we would be forced to delay the day of the competition due to Saddam Hussein. It may amuse some readers to hear however that an old Sand Wedge appeared during the War and was well used in the barren environment to practise the odd bunker shot between patrols and watch stags. Upon our return to Germany the members of the 1st Battalion Golf Society were determined to make the most of the lush greens on the local Osnabrück courses. In mid July the Officers held the annual Silver Putter and Wooden Spoon competitions at Artland Golf Club. The Mess has a number of very good golfers including Lieutenant Ed Smith (3), Captain Ed Colver (8) and Lieutenant Mark Crawford (10). There are several enthusiasts who have recently taken up the sport, a handful of old hackers and one or two with the co-ordination to hit any ball well. Collectively this motley crew competed for the Putter over 18 holes, whilst the remainder (mainly front-row forwards and pub-golfers) entered the Spoon.

The "Spooners" enjoyed an amusing 9 holes in the morning, some surprising themselves with their natural ability. Lieutenant Toby Smart (prop forward) has such an incredible slice that he has to stand at right angles to the hole to hit the fairway. Despite this he can strike the ball a surprisingly long way and once he had "zeroed" for accuracy came home to win the Wooden Spoon convincingly. In the Silver Putter, twelve of us battled away in a handicapped Stableford competition. This naturally didn't favour the low handicappers who had to be on top of their game to compete around the difficult woodland course. Several people played well, the Commanding Officer parred the difficult par 5 14th and the ensuing celebrations resembled a Ryder Cup victory. Captain Ed Colver played a fantastic back nine which, unfortunately, was not matched earlier in his round. He did however collect the prize for the longest drive, whilst Lieutenant Ed Smith played a talented round, which included the "closest to the hole" prize on the 18th. I was fortunate to play a steady round on my beginner's handicap of 28 and win the coveted Silver Putter. The impromptu Mess party that followed in the clubhouse probably paid the course repair bills for the season!

The Officers' competition was followed later in the week by the Battalion Open, which was organised along similar lines to the Silver Putter by Captain Colver, WO2 Wilson and Sergeant Middleton. It was another glorious day and nearly thirty Dukes limbered up, content at the prospect of an enjoyable day's work! The standard across the board was noticeably better than seen on the tees, greens (and rough!) of a couple of days previously. Major Tom Vallings gained a certain kudos by managing to smoke at least a cigarette a hole to "steady his putting". It was particularly close at the finish with Lieutenant Andy Shand and I coming in with the same score after 18 holes. The committee counted back the last three holes and thanks to a couple of wayward balls in the lake from Andy, I came out on top for the second time in the week resulting in some serious banter about the accuracy of my handicap. After the rigours of the first few months of the year, the transition from the Gulf to Golf was a welcome change for all who participated.

A good walk spoilt? ... perhaps, but we all had a bloody good time!

Captain Peter Lee
Mortar Officer



Silver Putter 2003
Captain Rob Scothern presents Lieutenant Mick Cataldo with the 'biggest bar bill' prize.



Silver Putter 2003, 19th Hole!

From the left: Captain John Killoran, Captain Richard Payne, Captain Andy Pigg, Captain Rob Scothern, Major Tony Sutcliffe, Major Paul Fox, Major Brian Thomas.

BATTALION FOOTBALL

Since our return from Iraq, the main focus has been upon getting together a sufficiently large pool of players for the forthcoming season. Last season was severely disrupted due to operational commitments and, with our Training Year in 2004, this season will prove to be just as challenging and has emphasised the need for a large squad. The Regimental Admin Officer, Captain Renihan has taken over as football officer and will be ably assisted by Colour Sergeant Burns on the administrative and organisational side of the club. Sergeant Morgan and Corporal Hind will coach the squad and the team medic will be Private Linfitt. It is hoped that with this support staff in place we can maintain continuity when the Training Year kicks in for earnest!

Lance Corporal Humphries has been named as the Club Captain for season 03/04 and the Vice Captain will be Lance Corporal Collington. As well as being mainstays of the Battalion 1st XI, they will be relied upon to provide the necessary leadership within the dressing room and to ensure post match socials are on the ball! Even this early on in proceedings we are confident the right choices have been made.

We have had a very successful start to the season thus far. The six-a-side squad won the Brigade and Garrison competition on 27 August 03 winning all their games bar one (a draw against 4 Regt RA when the group places had already been decided). A comfortable 2-0 win against 21 Engr Regt in the semi-finals saw us face 4 Regt RA in the final. There was no doubt about the result this time round, as the Dukes dominated the game and ran out 2-0 winners to secure the trophy. It was a determined and creditable performance in the

Competition, particularly bearing in mind the lads only returned from a month's leave the day before and they had to dig deep in some games as they were lacking in match fitness. Lance Corporal Pearson was top scorer in the tournament and others performances of note were put in by Lance Corporal Humphries and Private Bishop.

The Brigade and Garrison competition was, however, just a warm up for the main challenge of the season thus far, which was the Infantry Sixes held in the UK. The squad was missing two key players in Lance Corporal Smith and Private Cutts, but we were confident that the quality and spirit of those selected to represent the Battalion would give it a good go and improve upon the Runners Up spot in the Plate Competition from the previous year. The players did not disappoint. They gained top spot in their first group phase and thus avoided going into the Plate Competition for the second year running. In the second group phase a win against 2 R Irish and two O-O draws with 1 R Anglian and 1 KORBR saw the Dukes finish second in their group, missing top spot on goal difference. This meant a tough draw in the quarter finals against the pre-tournament favourites 1 PWO. The lads turned in a brilliant performance winning 2-1, a scoreline which flattered 1 PWO. In the semi-finals we were matched against 2 PWRR in a game which was very tight and could have gone either way. We went 1-0 down against the run of play and whilst chasing the game a second goal was conceded late on. It was disappointing to come so close, but a vast improvement on previous performances in this competition. The consolation is that 1 DWR will be

one of four seeded teams next year, which is no mean achievement. Lance Corporal Pearson once again collected a very respectable tally of goals and Privates Bishop and Gill identified themselves as potential Infantry Squad players in the future. There is no doubt all the players showed determination and team spirit to ensure that the Dukes continue to raise their profile in Infantry football.

The season has got off to a great start and it is hoped this can continue in the three main competitions we face; the BA(G) Premier League and Cup, the Infantry Cup and the Army Cup. As we go to print the draw for the Army Cup has pitted the Dukes against 1 BW with the winners facing 21 Engr Regt in the next round.

Captain D. Renihan AGC (SPS), RAO

RUGBY UNION : ARMY V NAVY GAME 2003

The annual game with the Royal Navy is the highlight in every Army Rugby Union fixtures booklet. This year was no different, and the event clearly identified as the squad's main effort.

After the success against the Royal Air Force it would have been easy for the squad to become complacent. This was not however the case, as the training focus and application was as motivated as ever. As the big day drew closer the training intensity was reduced and more attention concentrated on mental diligence and game plan.

It was to be my first time playing on the 'hallowed turf' at Twickenham. A daunting thought, performing in front of almost 40,000 people live on Sky television and your own battalion watching in 120° heat from a TV tent in the middle of a war zone!

My jangled nerves were extinguished slightly on the eve of the game. Team Army were kindly invited for dinner in the boardroom of the Imperial War Museum, London. The players and coaching staff were given the opportunity of an 'out of hours' tour of the exhibits. It was very humbling reading letters written by lieutenants, at the same stage of their career, on the eve of the Battle

of the Somme. If I was nervous about the game the following day, just imagine how young lieutenants felt then and, to a certain extent, the way some of 1 DWR were feeling doing their duty in Iraq. If not a little extreme, it put my next 24 hours into perspective and my butterflies to bed.

The coach left the Lensbury Club with plenty of time until kick off. This was to allow the squad to get used to the big occasion, take in the atmosphere and ease into the game. The coach took us through the centre of Twickenham on our way to the stadium. By the look of things the entire land and sea forces had turned out (less those at war!), and the pubs spilled out onto the roads on both sides of the street. The traffic slowed as the bus made its way through the gaggle of picnickers pointing and full of cheer in the west car park. It was then that the butterflies began to slowly wake up again!

Into the tunnel, past the England changing room, home to rugby legends past and present, and on to our own dressing room. The shirts stood proud, hung in position order on the wall underneath a wall plate bearing the player's name and Regiment. Time flew and the next thing I heard was "Sky are ready, into the



Lieutenant Ed Smith (12).

tunnel". After a few carefully selected words from the team hierarchy, it was time to leave the comforting smell of deep heat for my own battlefield.

I have rarely enjoyed eighty minutes so much in my whole life (well possibly once or twice, but it doesn't happen often!). The Army side played some wonderful rugby, and executed the game plan as if it had been a training session. The forwards were providing fast, clean ball for the back division to set targets and convert

possession into points. I have seldom played rugby at a faster pace and the increasingly lubricated crowd made communication at pitch level more and more difficult. It was, without doubt, one of the proudest and most enjoyable days in my life and I am forever grateful to the Battalion for allowing me the time to represent them in less than typical circumstances.

Lieutenant E. W. M. Smith

EXERCISE TROLL DRAGON

How the hand of the Company Commander was bitten off as it was published on Squadron detail that he was planning a three-week expedition to Jordan, which meant three blissful weeks away from the darling recruits at ATR Pirbright. Names were put forward at a rapid rate from 97 Squadron, which left WO2 Cole pulling out his hair, as manning wasn't at its best state at the time.

The plan of action was a relaxing three-week expedition for six lucky members of ATR Pirbright walking around the deserts and wadis of Jordan: sun and separation allowance, what more could we ask for? All was going too well in the planning stages, fitness preparation, honing map reading skills, and preparing the tents and bergens for the expedition. Then the bombshell came; how inconsiderate of Messrs Blair and Bush to implement Operation Telic at the same time as we were planning our expedition in the same area ... or thereabouts.

All exercises and non-necessary movement was cancelled for that area of the western world. So Exercise Sunny Climates was quickly relocated and renamed Exercise Troll Dragon, a three-week exercise in the Jotheim national park in Norway. Our main aim was to summit the three highest mountains in northern Norway.

After a long bumpy crossing on the overnight Newcastle to Kristiansand ferry, the wheels were rolling for Ex Troll Dragon. We drove for a whole day northwards to the national park, which was the site of our base camp for the first mountain. The first few days we spent time around the local area practising climbing, bouldering and basic technique. Then it was time to hit the hills; with bergens packed with tents, rations, ropes, harnesses and a multitude of other safety equipment we set off to the summit of Gladhoppigen. The walk was expected to be a case of get up there, smile, say cheese and get back down, which was not how it was at all. As we were walking at the end of the Norwegian winter, the going was tough under foot due to the depth and softness of the snow, which made life that bit harder for the first of our three climbs. The summit was hit in the first day after approximately 12 hours, from which we were greeted by some of the finest views available in the northern hemisphere. With darkness falling we pitched the tents in the snow half way down the mountain, which tested the skills of Major Hoff, the only person on the expedition who had a clue about any kind of living in a sub-zero environment. Once comfortable, we found the silence to be deafening and the peacefulness quite humbling and took advantage of

the scenery to use up three rolls of film that had been lugged around.

With the first of our tasks complete, we retired to base camp for some essential admin before we moved on. Six men trying to administer themselves from a packed 12 seater minibus was a difficult task, but we managed to live with it, with the odd tongue having to be bitten along the way. The time between climbs was spent preparing routes, minimising kit to carry and dealing with blisters and other niggling injuries that occurred along the way.

By far the hardest of the climbs was a route up to Glitterind, a mountain in the very north of the national park. It was a walk up through glaciers and heavy boulder fields, which really took its toll on the team. At the end of that we then had to endure a four pitch climb (one pitch is equivalent to 50 metres of rope). Remembering that we had only been taught the basics of climbing on a 15 metre indoor climbing wall three weeks before, this was a massive task, which was only made bearable due to other members of the team being more scared than myself. At the end of each pitch there was a series of small ledges barely wide enough to fit three men, let alone six, but we fitted and managed to get to the peak in good health.

With the three peaks bagged we packed up, accounted for the kit and headed for the town of Voss. Timing could not have been any better, we hit Voss just as the world extreme sports games was starting. This involved competitors from all over the world converging in this relatively small town and taking part in all sorts of extreme sports, such as base jumping, skydiving, downhill skiing, and many others. This was all very good to watch and somehow I don't think the PAX would have covered any form of participation on our part.

After the most expensive four days of our lives was over in Voss, it was time to head back to ATR Pirbright. A hard, tough, demanding exercise in an environment unfamiliar to over fifty percent of the team made it well worth the effort put in.

The expedition was organised by Major Hoff (RLC) and sponsored by ATR Pirbright. Not only was it an opportunity to be out of the recruit training environment for three weeks, but also it was a chance to work and live in some of the most scenic areas that Europe has to offer. If the opportunity arose again to partake in such an exercise, I would not think twice.

Corporal G. J. Anderson
1 Platoon Alma Company



Westdown Camp 2003
The East and West Riding Annual Camp

The East and West Riding Regiment

Commanding Officer's Introduction

It will not come as a surprise to many readers of the Iron Duke that the Dukes' Territorials have been doing their bit on operations.

E&WRR now have just under one hundred officers and soldiers committed to supporting the Regular Army. Fifty of these come from Fontenay and Ypres Company and, as you will read, the two companies have answered the call for volunteers in an exemplary manner. Currently 10-14% of the total effort on operations is provided by the TA and E&WRR has a platoon with 40 Regiment commanded by Lieutenant Jason Hunt DWR(V) and has just mobilised a second larger element of 2 + 41 to support 1LI. Lieutenant Simon Newiss DWR(V), Corporals Baldwin, Butterworth and Wass are amongst their number.

The deployments have certainly focused the mind of the Territorial soldier and I am pleased to report that the news returning from Iraq is very positive, both from the Regular host unit and the soldiers themselves. Lieutenant Hunt writes: "I have found the sections working well and fully integrated into their batteries. They are carrying out vehicle and foot patrols, EVCPs and guard duties alongside their 40 Regiment RA colleagues and have had a number of exciting tasks and operations to take part in

... the boys are keeping well and up-holding the good name of the Regiment". 40 Regiment RA relieved 1 DWR in the southern AO 30 km south of Basrah, an area approximately 100,000 km².

At home we are approaching the Full Operating Capability for the Civil Contingency Reaction Force. The Regiment is the focus for support to the civil community in the Yorkshire area for MAC(A) tasks. It means that RHQ and a company sized force will be on 12 hours NTM with the remaining 300 personnel on 24 hours NTM. The Regiment will test its call-out procedures and practise with the emergency services over the course of October and November this year.

I should also make note of the changeover of Training Majors. Major Nigel Rhodes has done a splendid job and I thank him and wish him well at Staff College. He is replaced by Major John Mayo. He will join Captain Philip England, RAO and WO1 Craddock, RSM, in RHQ.

Finally we look ahead to continuing support to the Regular Army as well as fitting in our training for warfighting. In particular I would hope to be able to support the 1st Battalion on its deployment in November 04.

YPRES (DWR) COMPANY

"THE EAST AND WEST RIDING REGIMENT CHAMPION COMPANY"

The Company commenced the last quarter's training on a tremendous high, as we received the East and West Riding Regiment Champion Company Trophy 2002-3 at the Regimental Skill at Arms meeting. The Champion Company Competition consisted of a number of events

including basic military skills, company effectiveness (FFR), sports, attendance and manning. The company worked exceedingly hard to achieve this success and the command team and I wish to congratulate them all on their efforts.



Major Mark Hunter, OC Ypres Company, shows off the Championship Shield.

However, time for reflecting was short and soon the Company was to rise to the challenge of Operation Telic 2, providing one officer and eleven soldiers as part of a composite platoon to support 40 Field Regiment RA in Az Zubayr, Iraq.

On arrival in Iraq the platoon was split between batteries, however, where possible, the soldiers have been kept together in sections. The soldiers have undertaken identical duties to their regular counterparts that have included patrolling, establishing observationposts, weapon searches, riot control and KP defence. The professionalism of our soldiers has been commended by 40 Regiment and their morale remains high as they look forward to returning to the UK shortly. Op Telic 3 is now imminent with a further composite platoon deploying with 1st Battalion the Light Infantry. Four of the members will be from our Company. We wish them well and hope they have a good tour.

In the meantime the remainder of the Company deployed to Annual Camp in Barry Budden and

Otterburn on exercises with the Tyne and Tees Regiment. Fortunately, for once the weather was kind and all the training went well.

The Company training on the run up to Christmas will concentrate on the Regiment's civil contingency reaction force role, with a Regimental confirmation exercise scheduled for late November. The Company will also continue to provide honour guards and troops for Remembrance services and parades in the Dukes' heartland of Huddersfield, Halifax, Keighley and Skipton. The Company bar will close for a short while before Christmas for refurbishment, so, with the Op Telic 2 personnel due back, the New Year's Eve party should be one to remember.

Ypres Company continues to maintain its strength and attendance and is in great shape to meet the challenges of the coming months wherever they may be!

Major Mark Hunter
OC Ypres Company

FONTENAY (DWR) COMPANY

Since our last submission life for the Company has continued to move on at what seems to be an ever-increasing pace.

Corporal Whitehead and Privates Birks, Blagovic, Brook, Brunton and Le Gros, have been mobilised and are already half way through their tour in the Gulf. Even as we prepare to welcome them back we are already churning through the paperwork for a further fourteen soldiers who will mobilise in early October.

Still, to save us from the monotony, we have also managed to get thirty eight soldiers away to an Annual Camp during a fine spell of weather at Otterburn and Barry Budden. Quite an achievement in a training year that has been geared to individual training and career courses. A good effort.

Amongst all these goings on it was clear that the weekend of 18-20 July was always going to be a real tester for the Company. This was the weekend of the regimental SAAM and, although we were a bit thin on the ground, we somehow had to patch together a team and hope that we could salvage a few points and keep ourselves in the running for Champion Company later in the year. Well with a bit of luck and a tail wind we did manage to scrape through and notched up the following results:

Whitehead Cup	<i>Winner</i>	CSergeant Johnson
	<i>Runner-up</i>	Private Brown
Graham Trophy	<i>Winner</i>	CSergeant Johnson
	<i>Runner-up</i>	Sergeant Burton
LMB Sharpshooter	<i>Winner</i>	Private Thompson
Champion Shot (A class soldier)		CSergeant Johnson
Champion Shot (B class soldier)		Private Brown
Overall Champion Shot		CSergeant Johnson



Corporal Baldwin coaches the Mayor of Barnsley Councillor Bill Newman.

In addition, Fontenay took the Para Cup, Falling Plates and also formed part of the team that won the section Match. What a result! We now lead the Champion Company Competition by a clear 200 points.

Keeping further shooting competitions in mind (and knowing that our strength will be further depleted by the demands of Op Telic) you will see by the photograph taken at a secret location within Fontenay lines that we have a few surprises up our sleeve for the future.

Apart from being trained up as Fontenay's secret weapon the Mayor had additional duties to perform during his recent visit.

In our second photo the Mayor is shown presenting the Queen's Golden Jubilee Medal to Corporals Schofield and Walledge and Sergeant Fitchett.

There had been a slight delay in getting their medals but we finally came up with the goods and gave them an occasion to remember.

Duties finished, we escorted the Mayor to the Company bar for refreshments and an informal chat with Company members. All in all a pleasant evening.

Captain H. Baxendale



Queen's Golden Jubilee Medal Presentation

Left to right: Mayor of Barnsley Councillor Bill Newman, Corporals Schofield and Walledge, Sergeant Fitchett.

**REFLECTIONS ON
"THE TERRITORIALS OF YESTERYEAR. THE WAR YEARS 1939-1945"**

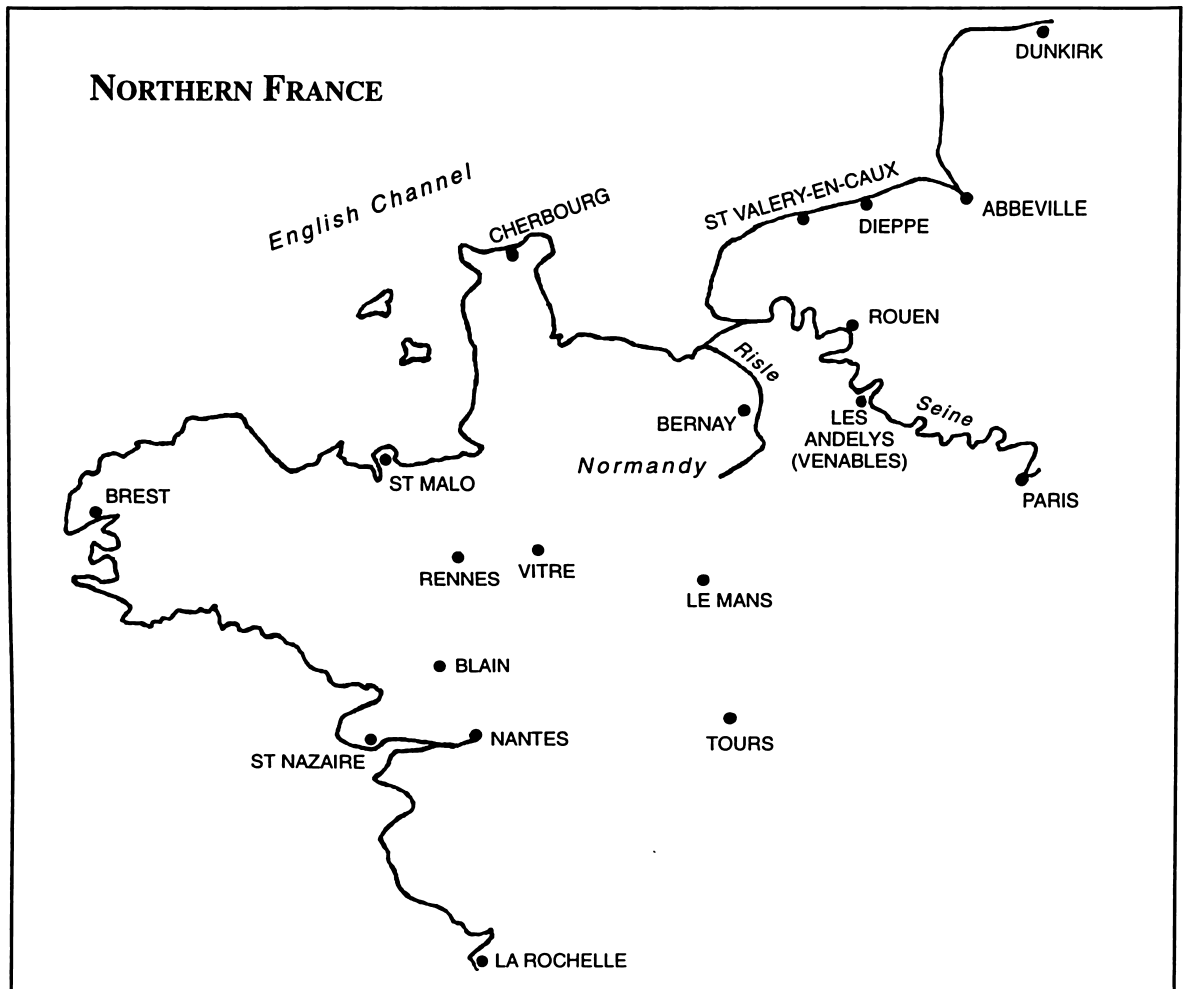
Major Knight's vivid eye witness account of 2/6 Battalion DWR's participation in the Battle of France, after Dunkirk, must be considered as a vital historical document. However it is important that it should also be seen to reflect the crises contributing to the wider military and international scene unfolding at the time. A tabulation of events bringing together both the local and international perspectives is chronicled here. In particular, it is felt that Major Knight's descriptions should be read in conjunction with Lord Alanbrooke's diaries of the same period. General Sir Alan Brooke (as he then was) was Major Knight's commander-in-chief after 2 June 1940, although Major Knight was apparently unaware of this. Of the diaries there are two main versions. Firstly those edited by Arthur Bryant (1957), and secondly those arranged by Danchev and Todman (2002). The former tends to emphasize Alanbrooke's personal and emotional feelings, while the latter presents a more factual account of events.

It is important to emphasize this brief period, first because it has been frequently omitted, and sometimes denied, by some historians, for example Gilbert Foël, the French author of "Les Miracles de 40" (1998), and second because it describes the final breakdown of relations between the allies Great Britain and France in 1940. If this could have been reversed and Reynaud and de Gaulle's plan to continue the fight in North Africa had materialized, the course of the war, particularly

in the Mediterranean, would have been changed dramatically. German military intervention in Libya could have been forestalled.

**A chronicle of the odyssey of 2/6 DWR
30 April - 18 June 1940
within the setting of international events**

- 30 April 2/6 DWR arrive at St Nazaire (Southern Brittany) and are employed as a pioneer battalion.
- 18 May 2/6 entrain for Abbéville (northern French port) with 2/7 DWR and 2/5 West Yorks and Brigade HQ (of 46th Division) on orders of Lord Gort to help bar the path of Guderian's advance to the Channel ports.
- 20 May (i) 2/6 West Yorks, 2/7 DWR and Brigade HQ stop "just south of Abbéville station ... in the early morning". In the leading train Brigade HQ and 2/5 West Yorks "disappear into the blue" in the direction of Abbéville.
- (ii) "By 1900 hours" Guderian's Panzer Corps had captured Abbéville (Guderian p.113).



- 21 May Germans reported in Abbéville by a combined patrol of 2/6 and 2/7 DWR; 2/6 ordered to "withdraw by companies" to Rouen. They are now cut off from British forces fighting within the Dunkirk perimeter.
- 30 May 2/6 transported from Rouen to SE of Bruz (near Rennes, capital of Brittany).
- 31 May General Alan Brooke leaves Dunkirk for Dover.
- 2 June General Brooke asked to create a "new BEF" in France by CIGS (General Dill). Besides forces still fighting in France - the remnants of the 1st Armoured Division, 51st Highland Division (General Fortune). 52 Division (General Drew) (one Brigade fighting with 10th French Army) and the Beauman Force (General Beauman) (formed from lines of communication troops and fighting with 10th French Army); he will receive the 1st Canadian Division (to embark at Brest), and the 3rd Division (under General Montgomery in France) is to be "refitted".
- 4 June Last day of the Dunkirk evacuation. Major Knight, near Bruz, hears the BBC announcement that there are "no British forces left in France"!
- 6 June 2/6, after being given training in their own weapons, is allocated to the Beauman Force.
- 7 June 2/6 ordered to a defensive position on the Seine, between Les Andelys (15 miles south east of Rouen) and St. Pierre de Vouvray. A Company (Major Knight) is ordered to defend Venables.
- 8 - Valiant defence of Venables by A Company.
- 10 June (The French troops under whose orders Major Knight was placed were probably from the 10th French Army. The troops opposing 2/6 were probably from Panzer Corps Hoth; either 5 Panzer Division, or Rommel's 7th Division which had arrived in Rouen on 8 June; Mellenthin, p.24.)
- 11 June 2/6 retires to Bernay, west of the river Risle (Normandy).

- 12 June (i) General Sir Alan Brooke, knighted on 11 June, arrives in Cherbourg.
- (ii) 51st Highland Division surrenders to Rommel's 7th Panzer Division, at St. Valery-en-Caux (Normandy coast) reducing General Brooke's divisions in France to three and a half.
- (iii) 2/6 ordered to rest for three days near Bernay by a "Senior Divisional Medical Officer".
- 13 June (i) Churchill meets Reynaud (French Premier), for the fifth and the last time at Tours, who asks to be relieved of his obligation (28 March 1940) whereby neither country would sign a separate peace treaty.
- (ii) Gen Brooke meets Gen de Fonblanque (I/C Lines of Communication troops) at Le Mans and discovers that "over 156,000 British troops still remain in France".
- 14 June (i) General Brooke, after driving for 340 miles through "refugee infested roads" meets General Weygand, French Supremo, under whom he is to serve. Brooke and Weygand reluctantly sign an agreement to defend Brittany along a line west of Rennes (the "Breton Redoubt") - as ordered by the Inter-Allied Council.
- (ii) Paris falls to the Germans.
- (iii) Leading formations of the Canadian Division ordered to re-embark through Brest.
- (iv) 52 Division, less one brigade, with 10th French Army, to "proceed as soon as possible to Cherbourg".
- 15 June RASC columns allotted to 52 Division, Beauman's Force and Armoured Division for withdrawal to Cherbourg, but British Forces with 10th French Army ordered to continue fighting as long as possible.
- 16 June (i) Lancastria (hospital ship) sunk by German bombers evacuating 6,000 British troops from St. Nazaire. Most were lost. This disaster was not made known to the British public until after VE Day 1945.
- (ii) Near Bernay, Major Knight, by chance, encounters an officer from "2nd Canadian Corps HQ" who has orders for a missing RASC column to drive to Cherbourg : 2/6 immediately start to march towards Cherbourg but are lifted by RASC to St. Malo.
- 17 June (i) General de Gaulle secretly flies out of Bordeaux in the early morning for London and is met by Churchill the same day. He will not return to France for four years.
- (ii) Pétain (created French Premier during the afternoon of 16 June) broadcasts news of the Armistice to be signed with the Germans on 18 June. Major Knight reports this broadcast by the "French Prime Minister" as being at "midday" on "the 16th", but all other official sources report the 17th. General Brooke hears this news second hand from London at 1.15 pm (17th). He feels "abandoned" by the French who had not had the "decency" to inform him of the cease-fire.
- (iii) 2/6 leaves St. Malo on a local Channel Island cargo boat, requisitioned as it was departing. It arrives in Southampton on the 18th.
- 18 June At 4.00 am General Brooke and his staff leave St. Nazaire for Plymouth on the armed trawler "Cambridgeshire" (which had helped rescue survivors of the Lancastria). He is accompanied by General de Fonblanque, who dies "worn out by his exertions" a few days later.

NOTE: All quotations above are from the articles by Major Peter Knight in the Iron Duke (1992 and 2001-2002) or from Arthur Bryant (1957), unless otherwise stated.

What was at stake during those last fifteen days in France after Dunkirk? First, of course, honour. Britain and France had jointly set up a declaration on 28 March 1940 stating that neither should sign a separate peace treaty. They had also established an Inter-Allied Council whose task was to synthesize the views of the two countries and help co-ordinate their joint military efforts. It was in this role that it ordered the establishment of the "Breton Redoubt" - a defensive line running north and south to the west of Rennes across Brittany. This idea, attributed to de Gaulle, was described as, "la connerie" (utter rubbish) by Reynaud's defeatist mistress, and as "romantic" by General Georges. General Brooke found the idea had "no hope of success" (Bryant, p.140) because the French were unwilling or unable to find the necessary divisions to add to his "at the most four divisions". This included the Canadian Division which had been placed west of Rennes for this very purpose. Brooke signed the Brittany document (14 June) in good faith, but asked to be "removed from Weygand's orders" on 16 June as he became involved in a race against time to evacuate the BEF.

But it was not only honour which played a part. Churchill's fervent aim was to keep France in the war even if this meant the removal of its fighting forces to the shores of North Africa. Churchill flew five times

to meet Reynaud, the French Premier, in May and June 1940. On 13 June Churchill arrived in Tours for the last time where he was asked by Reynaud to relieve France of its obligation under the declaration of 28 March 1940. Churchill reported back to his cabinet the same evening that he had been "*on somewhat shaky ground (sur un terrain plutôt glissant), for England had so few troops in the battle*" (Foël, p.226). If however Churchill had not continued to maintain the existing British forces in France, as he had promised de Gaulle, French Under-Secretary of State for War, in London, on 9 June and had not sent out the 1st Canadian Division, nor appointed General Brooke as Commander-in-Chief under Weygand, he would have lacked the moral authority to encourage Reynaud to continue the fight.

An excellent photograph of General Brooke, and his staff, together with French and Polish officers, returning home on the armed trawler "Cambridgeshire", is shown in the Danchev and Todman edition of Lord Alanbrooke's diaries. It also shows General de Fonblanque - the only one wearing a greatcoat. Due to die from his exertions a few days later, he must be credited with organizing the evacuation of nearly all the British troops from the French ports of Cherbourg, St. Malo, Brest, St. Nazaire and La Rochelle - but not the 2/6 DWR. Major Knight (Iron Duke, Issue 250) describes his escape from billets near Bernay (central Normandy) and from St. Malo as based on a "*series of coincidences which I later came to believe to have been providential*". Certainly chance played a part, but if the British government had not acted honourably towards

France, and despatched the Canadian Division to Brest as part of an organized plan to support the French Army, the officer of the "2 Canadian Corps HQ" would not have woken Major Knight in Bernay, initiating 2/6 DWR's march to Cherbourg and subsequent evacuation from St. Malo and 2/6 DWR would have been interned until 1945. It is to be hoped that the two weeks of the BEF's struggle in France after Dunkirk - two weeks which the world nearly forgot, will be commemorated not just by the villagers of Venables, but by all citizens of both countries.

John Reddington

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STANLEY LANGLEY'S WAR

Introduction

The Duke of Wellington's Regiment revived several units of the Territorial Army after the Munich Crisis of 1938. One of these, the 2/7th, centred in Huddersfield, was mobilized on the outbreak of war and became part of the 137th Infantry Brigade of the 46th Division.

For the first few months, in the period known as the "Phoney War", the young soldiers, drafted from Yorkshire and the fringe of Lancashire (Private Stanley Langley among them), were organised for training around the district. The severe winter of 1939-40 saw many of them put to shifting snow from the roads, digging out isolated villages and guarding railway property. In the spring of 1940, the 2/7th Battalion was ordered to France for an intended short period of training, helping with transportation and building work. With three months in mind, the troops crossed the Channel in good spirits. Their destination was Blain, in the Loire valley, near the Atlantic coast.

Hitler's western offensive began on 10 May, First Belgium and Holland, then France were invaded. The British and French forces were pinned down as the German Army swept around them. On 18 May, the 46th Division moved out from the west of France to help stem the German advance. Two days later, they moved towards Abbeville just as the Germans took the town. Further up the coast, in Artois and Flanders, hundreds of thousands of Allied troops were trapped.

The evacuation of over a third of a million men from Dunkirk was accomplished at the end of the month. Meanwhile, Stanley's 2/7th Battalion (now absorbed by the 51st Highland Division) were forced down the coast of Normandy to Dieppe, then Veules and St Valery-en-Caux. They had meagre rations and equipment, and were the target of tanks and dive-bombers. Sixty-five men had been killed before three-quarters of the battalion were rescued by the Royal Navy. On 12 June, General Victor Fortune surrendered to Rommel's Wehrmacht. About 8,000 British soldiers were taken into captivity, our narrator among them.

B. H. Norris

OFF TO BATTLE

I was born on 24 May 1919, in Micklehurst Road, Mossley, about 12 miles from Manchester. My father, a stern man, was a loom tuner. We hadn't much money, but I was quite happy. I attended a Church of England school and did quite well there. I wanted to go on to grammar school, but such were the financial straits of the time that I had to go and earn some money. At twelve I got a part-time job as an errand-boy at the Co-Op butchers for 2/6d a week. When I was fourteen, my boss helped me get the job of apprentice joiner there. I was the first person in our family to get paid for holidays and sick leave. The outlook for everybody then was clouded by thoughts of war. I had almost completed my 7 year apprenticeship when war came.

On 1 September 1939, I was out on a job when a local councillor passed by and called out: "It's started! Hitler's invaded Poland". How long will it last? "Three years, five, seven - it'll take a long time this, because the Germans are so strong." I knew then that I would have to go into the army. (Three months earlier I had joined the part-time Territorials.) I worked on until five o'clock, reported to the local drill hall and was in the army that night. The doctor examined me at two in the morning - he smelled heavens high of whisky - and I finished up at a school at Springhead. Then we were off to Diggle railway station and guarding Standedge tunnel against possible attack by the IRA. Because I was a joiner I was sent to the headquarters in Huddersfield to do jobs. My army pay was fourteen shillings a week. A trade test at Sheffield added an extra seven shillings; this I allocated to my mother and father, because if I was to be killed they would then receive a pension. Then I got a tool allowance, perhaps a shilling a day. For these first few months I did only basic drill, no proper military training; the army seemed happy to use the skills of my trade.

We went off to go abroad in late April, 1940, a week or so after Marjorie Howard and I became engaged. The previous year we had gone with friends on holiday to the Isle of Man, and had sailed back on the "Lady of Man". Someone had said, "Next year we are thinking of going abroad". Well, when we got to Southampton, there waiting for us was the "Lady of Man" and her sister-ship, "Mona's Queen", both now in battleship grey. We boarded the latter, and then down below an officer gave us a lecture on how to treat the French people, French girls, treat everyone with respect. There was a destroyer circling around us as we approached Cherbourg. The first thing that struck me was a French soldier on the quay, with a rifle, slouched against a wall, a cigarette between his lips. I thought, what a way to do guard duty, smoking his head off! With the order not to drink the local water, we set off by train.

We reached Caen, then Le Mans and Rennes - so I knew we weren't going towards Germany - and finished up in the Loire Valley at Blain. There must have been a lot of frogs there, we heard them croaking into the night. Then little boys came shouting, offering their sisters for ten francs. I saw an open urinal and a man there with a girl holding on to him. I mean, coming from Mossley to see this lot! Champagne was less than two shillings a bottle.

Hitler invaded on 10 May. About a week later, our platoon sergeant-major, Alloway, sat with me and said we would be moving out next day. His exact words were: "We are going to get massacred. We are a battalion of 'immatures'". Our train rattled along for a day or two, heading northeast towards the front. On the way we noticed thousands of French soldiers on trains - heading in the opposite direction. There were air raids, not too serious, until we approached Abbeville. The Germans had just taken the town.

There we had our first casualty; a patrol was sent out and Lieutenant K. Smith was killed. Then our train was attacked by aircraft - bombs, cannon, machine-gun fire. I saw for the first time civilian casualties. I cannot forget seeing a French girl seemingly fastened to the front of a train, upside down and dead.

It was traumatic getting back from there to Dieppe. We were now under the control of the 51st Highland Division, led by the popular General Victor Fortune. We seemed to be in the middle of thousands of refugees. The Germans had strafed a Red Cross train rotten, machine-gunned it from end to end. We managed to repair the mangled tracks and got that train out. Then we ourselves moved out.

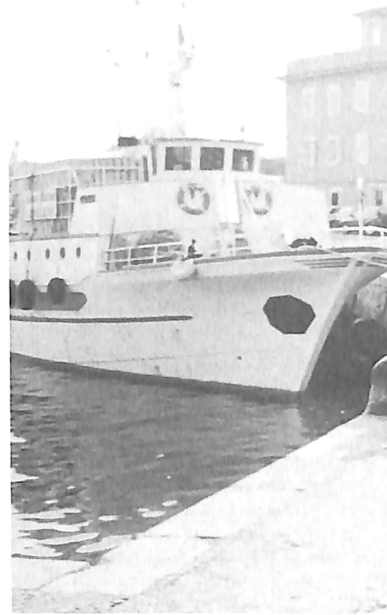
It seemed ironical in Dieppe that we should find shelter in a camp meant for German POWs. It was decided on 10 June that we would pull out for - Le Havre, I'm not sure. We set off in the middle of the night by a circuitous route; the enemy was all around us. At first light we reached a village, Veules, near to St Valery-en-Caux. We were in an orchard and suddenly a shot rang out. Sergeant-major Alloway said, "Who the ___ was that?" It certainly wasn't one of ours. We dashed for a field with a sunken road. The Germans were now everywhere; there were star shells, mortars, all kinds of things. But nobody knew where the enemy was. The sergeant said he wanted three volunteers to go out and try to locate them. I was nearest to him, so I went and soon found myself isolated from the others. There was constant tracer fire as I reached a ditch by the side of another road. A voice called out, "Otto?" I thought, he's not one of us, and I made off along the ditch with my rifle and bayonet. Further on, five French soldiers appeared with their hands up. Then they invited me to have a drink, which turned out to be Pernod. After a while, a wagon came along and stopped. English voices, men from our battalion! The French wanted to pull me back, but I got in with our boys and we headed for the cliffs at St Valery.

In the sea below us there were British ships, but we couldn't get down to them; sheer cliffs. In the morning, we found a way down to the beach and saw long queues of men waiting for the line of ships to take them. I never did like queuing. Then a little Dutch coaster appeared as bullets were whizzing around. We ran to the water, getting deeper and deeper (I couldn't swim) and managed to reach a rope ladder on the side of the boat. We staggered on board. Eddie, a pal of mine, stayed on deck (that was the last I saw of him) while I went below. We hadn't eaten for two days and here were biscuits and condensed milk.

Now the Germans had arrived on the cliffs and were firing mortar bombs at us. Smoke was pouring in; we thought we would sink. From a group of French soldiers, two were preventing a young woman from going up the ladder. Her head was bandaged, blood everywhere, and she was carrying a baby. Our sergeant-major took his revolver out and let them know that if either of them went up first, he would shoot. He and I were the last to leave. The tide had gone out and we were aground. Soldiers of Rommel's 7th Panzer Division were waiting for us on the beach. (I now reflect that I had never fired at a German, much less killed one. My rifle had been cocked, but until then I had not seen a single soldier's face.) What do we do now? The sergeant-major said, "There's nothing you can do, you're a POW now. Don't give them any excuse to shoot you". So that was it.

To be continued...

BATTLEFIELD TOUR TO



Anzio Harbour then and now.



Service of Remembrance, Beachhead Cemetery.



John Young (left) and Richard Diacon dip into their memories as they walk the stream bed in the Wadi - the Boot.



L to R: Geoffrey Popple, Cyril Ford and Bob Hanson at the summit of Monte Cece - which was bare of trees in 1944.



The hotel patio where David Peckover (right) was prone to break into song.



Service of Remembrance, Florence Cemetery.

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

We have had quite a busy year, so much so that notes for the last issue of Iron Duke were overlooked (remembered but past the deadline), so these notes cover quite a period.

April - Change of Command

After nearly ten years as Company Commander of D Company, Major Peter Cole has moved on to pastures new. He is now the Adult Training and Development Officer on County Headquarters strength at York. We thank Peter for all his work and guidance and wish him well in his new role. Major Jim Greenlee replaces him as Company Commander. Jim started Cadet service with what was then Huddersfield area and served at Odsal and Halifax detachments. He then moved over to E Company based in Wakefield as the Company Training Officer under Major Mike Wootton. He has now returned to the fold as Company Commander and we welcome him into the family.

We hope to dine Peter Cole out, and Jim Greenlee in, as soon as we can fit it into the training schedule.

May

The Brigade Skill at Arms Meeting was held in May and Cadets from D Company did well. We also had a Company weekend at CTC Strensall where 140 Cadets took part in all the APC Syllabus Training and had an enjoyable weekend.

At the end of May we had the "Royal Wedding". This was the wedding of CSM Brian Yardley to Corporal Elizabeth Weston. Liz is an ex-Adult Instructor with D Company and is now a Combat Medical Technician with 34 Field Hospital at Strensall. The whole Company was closed for that weekend and the wedding and reception went off without a hitch. We congratulate them both.

Operation Fresco

The operation finally came to an end and we started to get back our Detachments that had been used to house the soldiers on Fire Duties.

Halifax was left in a sorry state, so the first thing required was a repainting and repair session. This has now been completed and we are once again operating at full strength at Halifax.

Keighley and Huddersfield were less affected, but we are again increasing the Cadet numbers here and working well.

The Annual Inspection programme was then upon us and we have since had the reports back, which are all very good with the usual three or four above standard reports. Well done to all.

June

The last Company weekend prior to annual camp was held in June. This one was at Holcombe Moor and during exceptionally good weather we had a valuable training weekend in preparation for annual camp.

August

We made the long journey to Westdown Camp, Salisbury Plain, in August for our two week annual camp. The weather was exceptional and we had to keep a close eye on the fluid intake of the Cadets and also the sun block cream.

The whole of camp was run on the Cadre system again and this year D Company ran the 1 Star Cadre for the County.

Over the two week period we had 165 Cadets training for their 1 star. Out of this we achieved 502 individual subject passes and fourteen fully completed 1 star passes.

This whole system of streamed training works very well and achieves a great deal with the intensive concentration on the star level, rather than spreading the training out over all four star levels. Next year we should be running the 3 star cadre with the more senior Cadets and we look forward to this.

As usual, after annual camp we seem to have a short lull, then we gear up for Colts Canter, which involves three training weekends and then the Competition itself. At the time of writing we do not know the outcome from this.

September

In September we returned to Company weekend training and this time it was at Deverell Barracks, Ripon. The whole of the APC Syllabus was taught and we also had help from four soldiers from 5 Regiment Royal Artillery who came along and offered some different training for the Cadets. This was mainly Command Tasks and Fieldcraft training which all the Cadets enjoyed, so we send our thanks to the RA.

During this weekend, we achieved something of a 'first'. We ran two back-to-back First Aid Courses. This resulted in thirteen Cadets qualifying in the Young Lifesaver Plus certificate, so we now have 27 newly qualified First Aiders to call on!

We thank Captain Michelle Sumner, our County First Aid Training Officer, and staff from C and E Companies who came along to instruct on these courses.

On the horizon looms our annual Company Christmas weekend at CTC; more about this next time.

Captain S. A. Marren
Officer Admin

A BOY'S LIFE IN THE ARMY - 1929

April 1929. I was still at school and my best mate had just joined the Royal Artillery as an artificer. Hoping to follow him, I took the appropriate exam. I passed the exam, but unfortunately the number of vacancies had been cut, thus I found myself at the Recruiting Office on

Plymouth Ho! The Recruiting Officer asked if I would like to join The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Although I lived at Devonport, which was a large area of Plymouth, I had no knowledge of army units. Plymouth was one of the largest Naval bases in England

and all my relations who had served in the First World War and many still serving had been in the Royal Navy. So it was with some trepidation that I said I would serve in any regiment. Without going home to inform my parents, I signed the enlistment form and was told to report to Raglan Barracks, North. In the South Barracks was the Devonshire Regiment.

Arriving at the Guardroom, a corporal came to take me to the boys' accommodation. He was the NCO in charge of the Band/Drummer Boys, of whom there were eighteen. They were: Tucker, Burns, B. Stutely, Lawrence, Pointer, Snelgrove, Breedon, Wilson, Suggitt, Kennedy, Killeen, Coles, Jackets, Horner, Gaernart, McGovern, Kelly and H. Stutely.

I was two weeks short of my fifteenth birthday and my enlistment form said that I signed on as a boy on 2 May 1929. The terms of my engagement were nine years with the Regular Army, to commence when I was eighteen, and three years with the Reserve.

My main thought at the time was that I was about to see the world. Little did I know that for the next eighteen months I would still be in Devonport and that I was just commencing 27 years 203 days in the Army.

F. Gill

To be continued...

OPERATION BUTCHER - GERMANY, 1945

In 1945 I found myself at Recklinghausen in the Ruhr with No 4 Commando. There was a chronic shortage of food so a scheme was devised under the name of 'Operation Butcher' in which selected members of the Commando would live with foresters and shoot the deer and wild boar to help feed the Germans. Being selected, I was teamed up with Alf Prendergast - later a journalist with the Daily Express. We were billeted at a one house place called Blinderborn, south of Paderborn, with Forstmann Herr Gustav Döring, a very well-respected man in the area. We all got on very well, more so when we kept the 'Keller' stocked with good meat.



Private Bill Norman with Forsterman Herr Gustav Döring and his wife. Note the No 4 T (sniper) rifle and Denison smock.

We used our No 4 T (sniper) rifles with standard .303 ball ammunition with the tips of the bullet point cut down to make the bullet expand when it hit. To do this I cut mine with the local blacksmith's guillotine, cutting well down to remove the aluminium tip found in the British manufactured rounds. Missing game at close

range I concluded that the bullets' lead core was separating from the jacket when fired, so I got some of Canadian manufacture which I knew had a fibre-like substance and, with a file, very carefully doctored them. This resulted in no more misses.

Herr Döring had us shoot from a hide high in a tree, as used in the USA, but we did not think this very sporting and decided that we would go on foot and stalk as I had done in India when I was shooting there. The old man did not think much of this, it being 'nicht korrekt'. We soon showed that we could do this and he seemed quite surprised when we brought in our first roebuck, stalked. That was his 'keller' one, so he approved.

Our first bag was a fine red stag with 21 point antlers. This was shot from the hide. The Forstmeister, Herr Brandthoff, I think that was his name, came to inspect. He was based at Büren and was a very nice man whom we liked, too. He told us that he had no authority over us at all but he appealed to us to save the stags for future breeding, as the Americans had decimated the game when they passed through during the war. We had been told that the foresters had been dead against the operation, but we could see the logic in this case and the stags had no more trouble from us.

A secondary task of ours was to keep a wary eye open for bandits. These would come from the Displaced Persons camps, collect hidden arms, then burn, rob, murder and rape the local civilian population. They were very nasty people, many of whom had been put in Nazi Concentration Camps because they were professional bandits. They paid us a visit one night and we fired a few rifle shots at them, they replied with a sub-machine gun and I felt much easier when they cleared off. They kept away after that.

The deer were not to be found in great numbers and not easy to locate, either. But if they were difficult the wild boar were much harder, so Herr Brandthoff organised a boar hunt. Finding a suitable patch he placed us all in positions, giving each of the rifles a strict arc of fire. When in position he blew his horn and the beaters drove the game - if any - towards us. This went on all day with no luck until it was almost dark when a large boar came into my sector. I took a quick standing shot and managed to get off one round, hitting

him in the front leg. One of the foresters got him as he ran into his area. Some miles from the 'Forst Haus', I told Herr Döring that we would get it next day in daylight. The old forester protested, saying that the beaters would steal it in the night. "Oh no, they would not do a thing like that", I said in a loud voice and, looking at the beaters, I gave a wink. Herr Döring was somewhat smug when he told me next day that it had gone, a real 'I told you so' manner. But I was very popular in the village. Oh well, they, too, were hungry Germans and I always wondered what became of the game that I handed in.

Alf was rather a clumsy type of individual so I suggested that we split up in order to cover more ground, at least that was my excuse to get out on my own. Alone I really got to love creeping through the forest all day. I spotted more game and had less trouble getting within 100 - 150 yards to get a shot in. No long ranges for me. A first round hit or do not shoot.

In the several weeks at Blinderborn my score was: one stag, two hinds, several roebuck and the shared boar. Not really a lot you may think but, as I said, game was thin on the ground and I was top scorer. I heard later that the operation was not a great success but it was wonderful for me, wandering the forest and living with the foresters who became very good friends and I kept in touch until they died.

Alf and myself returned to the area in the 1960s for a visit. The new forester greeted us and knew all about our stay there. He gave us all the news and invited us to go into his forest any time we wished. I would have loved to stay a few days. Perhaps one day I will visit the place again, I certainly hope so.

Private Bill Norman
No 2 Commando

SNIPER COMPETITION

The Sniper

The art of sniping can be traced back over many years, but while the battlefield and the technology deployed on it are constantly changing, the basic art of sniping has not. Certainly, the sniper today has to consider and understand the capabilities of new technologies and how they will affect his deployment, but in essence sniping still consists of one man with his rifle who has the capability to cause mayhem in a much larger force.

Above all else, the sniper is a hunter. The word 'sniper' comes down to us from game-bird hunting, while ghillies of the Scottish Highlands, who trained soldiers in the art of stalking, gave their name to the sniper's elaborate camouflage suit.

To be proficient in the art of sniping you must practise and a good way of keeping your hand in is competing. I was invited to join one of Ireland's top shots Dave O'Hara and become his partner in a sniper pair's competition. The competition was held in the military training area of Lojhta, this was located on the Baltic coast in Finland. The competition was the fifth annual Lapua sniper competition. On arriving in Lojhta and taking over our accommodation, a log cabin just 200m from the Baltic sea, we settled down to plan our tactics for the forthcoming event. A full day was spent concentrating on observation techniques, range and wind estimations and added the finishing touches to our ghillie suits.

The competition was run over two days. The first day was .22 rimfire and the second day was firing a high-powered sniping rifle. The first day, Saturday, was a rimfire individual competition, stage one was firing at head shots at 125m. This wasn't too difficult but stage two was very tough. There were five targets to be located, range estimated and engaged with ranges between 75 and 275m. The targets were three inches high and two inches wide, with a 12mph full value wind allowing no room for error. The rifle I used was a Sako Finnfire range in .22lr cal with a Deben 8.5-34 mil dot sniper scope. I finished sixth out of 24 competitors.

That evening all sniper pairs were out on the 1000m range compiling our range cards for the following day. The time allotted was 25 minutes. Out on the range there were numerous sign posts of which we were given the dimensions, this was helpful in accurately estimating the range. The way that it works is you have the size of the target (sing post) in metres/yards, multiply by 1000 and then divide by the mils that you measured the target with your graticules/mil dot system. We decided to do individual range cards and then later back at the accommodation compile a squad average one. Dave used the mil dot scale in his scope to estimate the range and I used the graticules in my binoculars.

Sunday started very early, if you required to test zero your high powered sniping rifle then you had to be on the range for 0630hrs. We both fired and zeroed at 150m with a 10mph full value wind. The ammunition we were firing was 243 (6mm) Lapua reloads. The time and effort it takes to make up your own ammunition is well worth it, as the accuracy is far better than factory ammunition. The rifle we were firing was the rifle craft TMR chambered in 6mm calibre with a night force NXS 8-32 mil dot scope using home loads, the accuracy was excellent with .25 MOA (minute of angle) at 200 yards/180m.

The big competition was well represented from the Scandinavian sniper school, the German GSG9, Swiss and Swedish sniper schools. The shoot was in three stages.

Stage 1, we had to locate and engage eight torso sized targets at unknown distances up to 1000m. All targets were well camouflaged and once spotted you had to plot them onto your range card, estimate the correct distance and work out the wind strength before dialling in the correct findings into the scope, then engage that particular target. We were not allowed to use our laser range finder, just the mil dots or the mark one eyeball, and we were allowed to use the wind speed monitor. We fared pretty well on four of the targets up to 650m but

suffered at the longer ranges where we found the 6mm was outclassed by the .308 (7.62mm) and especially the .338 (8.7mm) magnums.

Stage 2 was at shorter ranges but just as difficult. There were two torso sized targets to be located and range estimated in two minutes. This was very difficult as all you could see was the base plates of the targets which popped up after two minutes. Both targets had to be engaged within five seconds. The range estimated was 400m which was not a problem. I estimated the range and wind speed and Dave shot both the targets down.

Stage 3 was between 75-300m locating and firing at five head sized targets which were hidden in shrubs and bushes. There were also no shoot targets where the gunman was holding a hostage. Any hits on the hostage resulted in heavy penalties of negative scores. All five targets had to be located and engaged within three minutes which seemed to pass by extremely quickly. Dave successfully engaged the two longer targets, 250 and 300m. One of them had a hostage which he engaged, hitting the gunman in the forehead, he then hit the second target just clipping his right shoulder. It was now my turn to shoot the two remaining targets, 175-200m. My furthest target was eliminated very quickly, hitting him on the chin and the second target I hit him right between the eyes. It seemed to take an age before I fired as I had to wait for the wind to calm down before releasing my shot. Good work from Dave who observed the wind speed monitor. The temperature was 35 degrees and we were fighting against a full value



gusting wind of between 12 and 15mph. We took second in this stage which left us lying in 5th place overall.

We were happy with our performance as a sniper team as this was the first time we had shot together. We gained maximum points for our range card, movement, both getting into and out of our firing positions. I was also pleased to have had the best ghillie suit in the competition. Overall it was a very good learning experience. I'm now planning ahead for future competitions.

Sergeant M. A. Hill
ITC Catterick

ADC TO COMSFOR IN SARAJEVO, BOSNIA

"In Bosnia stability means fragility" - Lieutenant General W. E. Ward (US Army)

Despite the end of significant military operations in Iraq it is clear that a short tour of the Gulf is appearing less likely. The sudden collapse of law and order and rapid rate in which instability has followed is no doubt making the political leaders in Washington and London ask themselves what to do next. The post cold war buzzwords, "nation building" and "country in transition" are on everyone's lips and no doubt Bosnia and Herzegovina is a place where the current Baghdad administration will be looking to for ideas.

There are distinct differences between Iraq and Bosnia. Bosnia was a civil war that resulted in severe damage to the country's infrastructure and conflict lasted three and a half years not five weeks. Despite the looting, Iraq is still salvageable, but the collapse in law and order and current civil disorder, in the opinion of Lord Ashdown, the current High Representative in Bosnia, could create the conditions for greater conflict that would mean a longer haul for the dedicated British soldier.

Lieutenant General William E. Ward is the current Commander of the Stabilisation Force (COMSFOR) and his mission as per the Dayton agreement is to deter hostilities, stabilise the peace and contribute to a secure environment by providing a continued military presence in the Area of Responsibility that will ultimately one

day see the withdrawal of NATO-led forces in Bosnia. It sounds quite similar to the kind of mission that the coalition might end up with in Iraq. When General Ward sits down and does his twice-yearly Periodic Mission Review (PMR) or what we call an Estimate, he has determined that the greatest threat to peace in Bosnia is organised crime and the inability for the country to move forward until every indicted war criminal (PIFWC) has ended up in the dock next to Slobodan Milosevic. The downsizing of SFOR to less than 12,000 soldiers, of which less than half are actually on the ground, means that Brigade Commanders have had to adjust and "box clever". Operations that are based on surveillance and intelligence are fast becoming the order of the day. The problem is that many troop contributing nations place "national caveats" on what types of activities their troops are allowed to do. Readers will not be surprised to know that the British Army's contribution and enthusiasm in its approach to operations in Bosnia is admired and to some extent envied. There is peace in Bosnia and that can be attributed to the continued presence of NATO. Insecurities amongst all sides still run deep and the slide back into anarchy is always a possibility if the people of Bosnia, together with the international community, fail to finish the task that they set out to achieve in Dayton.

I am currently Aide-de-Camp to Lieutenant General William E. Ward and am in a unique position to witness "nation building" at the highest level. The opportunity to work for a US General has allowed me to work with and see how Americans do business, and, on the whole, I have to concede their work ethic and professionalism has been impressive. Being an ADC to an American is very different than to a British General. The job of an ADC is pretty varied, but, in short, requires patience, flexibility and a sense of humour with the overall aim of supporting the General on whatever activity he is doing. Luckily all travel in Bosnia is by helicopter. General Ward's Chief of Security constantly reminds me that my real job is as a sandbag if the General gets attacked!

General Ward's support staff has over fifty personnel. These include a flight detachment with three blackhawk helicopters, a security team, signals detachment, eight military advisers, four enlisted aides (batmen), interpreters and two ADCs. My fellow ADC is a US Major and he deals mainly with national business, which has luckily kept me away from any of the personal matters and allows me to concentrate more on the diary scheduling and organising of visits, appointments and social engagements. I travel with the General on most in-theatre visits and have seen most of the SFOR nations conducting an operation of some sort. I have met many interesting people during my tour so far, including H.E. Javier Solana, General Mike Jackson, Deputy Secretary of Defence Paul Wolfowitz and many other folks that I have only read about in the papers or seen on television. I have even had an invitation to the British Ambassador's Garden Party to celebrate the Queen's birthday and, not surprisingly, it poured down with rain.

HQ SFOR is in Camp Butmir, which is on the edge of the runway at Sarajevo Airport. It is home to twenty-nine nationalities and has the nickname "Slipper City" due to its outstanding facilities. The gym is open

twenty-four hours a day and the free-time facilities more than make up for the long hours spent behind the wire. The whole multi-national environment experience takes a lot of getting used to and it seems as if every nation has at least two national days a year that means a party every weekend. As they say: "when in Rome".

Sarajevo is vibrant and has an abundance of energy that is comparable to most European cities. The reality is that mass unemployment has forced Bosnians to migrate into the cities in search of work. The city is slowly being repaired but there is still a lot of war damage in the residential areas that were the wartime frontlines. During the winter I had the opportunity to learn how to ski at the Jahorina slopes (near Pale), place of the women's downhill competition at the '84 Winter Olympics. Bosnians still relive that period with great pride. It was surprising to see many Serbs from Belgrade and Croatsians travel down for the weekend. Landmines and unexploded ordnance continue to menace the country. On Friday 20 July '03 a weapons storage site containing 3,800 RPG rounds site blew up killing two Republic of Srpska soldiers and flattening an acre of forest and damaging houses and cars over a kilometre away. One top tip that I learnt from the visit to the site is for anyone planning to build an ammo bunker: build it in a forest, because it absorbs the blast well. It was surprising that there weren't more casualties.

On the whole, my current tour has been an outstanding challenge and the opportunity to work for a General Officer has been a privilege. There is more to gain as an ADC than what is contributed and if the opportunity to be an ADC were offered to a fellow Duke, I would strongly recommend the experience. Hopefully we can bag a PIFWC before I end my tour in August.

Captain K. M. Price

ROBERTS AROUND THE WORLD

Leg 1 - UK to Gibraltar, July - September 2003

Whilst not exactly at the Ellen MacArthur level of pushing out the boundaries of sailing, the suggestion that I wrote something for the ID about our round the world sailing trip was met with an encouraging response from the Editor. Perhaps he was just being polite! Despite being "heavy infantry" the Dukes have quite a strong tradition of sailing in its various guises - the Bray family, Brigadier Tony Firth (there is a scrapbook compiled by him in the Officers' Mess devoted to the subject) and both Gibraltar postings. More recently the exploits of Tom Vallings and Sergeant Phil Draper have caught the imagination.

Carolyn and I started our own circumnavigation from Milford Haven on 20 July in our 38 foot Warrior. We had a tremendous send-off with a number of Dukes present - Charles and Jo Cumberlege, Keith and Liz Best (complete with fast rigid inflatable), Peter and Annie Andrews, Andrew and Sandie Meek, Nick and Margot Newell plus fifty other friends and family. On the day the weather was brisk and provided plenty of

entertainment for the assembled supporters, who knew they were going home to a nice warm bed whilst we were in for a wet and bumpy 24 hours' sailing to Cork. We had to go somewhere!

If all goes well we will be back in the UK in July 2005. We join up with the Blue Water Rally (BWR) in Gibraltar at the end of October - about twenty boats have signed up to enjoy the administrative support of two ex RAF officers (is this wise?!) who are now running this venture for the fourth time. They will be on hand in about sixteen stopovers to smooth the passage, for example through the Panama and Suez Canals, to help source spares, to organize a communications safety net and most importantly to set up arrival parties. We still have to do the sailing, just the two of us, a mere 32,000 miles, with the major legs being the Atlantic - 2,700 miles from Tenerife to Antigua - and the Eastern Pacific - 3,400 miles from the Galapagos to the Marquesas. For the overall itinerary, variously described as the "shorts and tee shirt" or "warm weather" route,

please see the web site: www.yachtrallies.co.uk. The intention is to report on anything with a Dukes association en route, for example we hope to make contact with any of our Fijians whilst there next year.

First we had to get to Gib after the lively start, which continued across Biscay, 570 miles and 99 hours of SW Force 4-7, harnesses and oilskins throughout, staggering on - three hours on, three hours off - and all this talk of shorts and tee shirts seemed very far off. However, eventually we arrived at La Coruna (or Corunna to most of us) in North Western Spain. As an ex OC Corunna, I was especially interested to see the appropriate sights of one of our battle honours, albeit not a completely glorious episode in the Army's history. Hopefully the Editor will include a picture of me paying my respects to Sir John Moore's grave, not far from the Marina. There are also two plaques of note, one of the famous poem - Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note ... etc, and a second containing a quote from Wellington as to the bravery of those involved in the action.

The next landmark relevant to the Dukes was Oporto, reached after a leisurely couple of weeks visiting the Spanish Rias and then crossing into Portugal. Oporto is Portugal's second city but was a strange contrast between the considerable investment in new buildings and transport infrastructure and then the pretty appalling and very visible slums. However, it is of course the home of Port and is on the banks of the Douro River, both of which mean it is a must to visit. We are now complete fans of white, ruby, tawny, vintage or any other variety, and a Sandeman's Splash now is an important addition to our drinks cabinet. We took a spectacular train trip up the Douro to Pinhao, the centre of the Port Vineyards but sadly did not bump into the Colonel-in-Chief or the Marquis!

All the while I was awaiting the heavy hand of Portuguese law to land on my shoulder whenever I showed my passport. Last time I visited was from Gib as OC Corunna Company for a month's exercise, when to our shame we managed to burn down much of the training area. I had to ring the CO, Charles Cumberlege, in Gib and explain myself and my company's actions, and then was marched in front of the local Portuguese Brigade Commander. As his bollocking was administered entirely in Portuguese and my plea in mitigation was in English, with neither side understanding a word, it was a little frustrating. Mind you it was pretty easy to get the drift of what he was saying, but I don't think he cared what I was on about.

Eventually we rounded Cape St Vincent, into the Algarve and then back into Spain. We had a few fascinating days in Seville motoring the fifty miles or so up the river and back, and then on to Cadiz. Just when we were nearly in sight of the Rock we met strong easterlies, the Levante wind, which kept us trapped west of Cape Trafalgar for the best part of the week, before we climbed back into oilskins and harnesses to run the gauntlet to Gibraltar. If the Editor allows, in the next issue I shall report on the month in Gib, since much has changed even since our 1983/84 tour, and cover the Canaries and Caribbean, where we should be for Christmas.

For those interested in such matters, for our communications we carry Single Sideband (SSB) HF and VHF radios, an Iridium satellite phone, through which we can send and receive e-mails, and an Emergency Position Indicating Radio Beacon. Power management is the key and our two batteries have to be



Alastair Roberts paying his respects at the grave of Sir John Moore in Corunna.

charged up either through the engine (noisy) via the alternator, or preferably through our towed water generator (roughly an amp for a knot and ours can be converted to a wind generator when at anchor) and our solar panels (4 amps in ideal conditions). My time as a DS in the Electronic and Guided Weapons Division at Shrivenham has finally come good, but I do wish I had payed more attention when we visited Weapons and Vehicles Division to look at diesel engines.

What have been the hardest parts so far? Well, giving up good employment, leaving daughters and parents, sorting out our personal admin beforehand (house-letting, dog and cat, finance etc) all immediately come to mind. The sailing itself has been comparatively straightforward, but we are both learning a great deal about yacht maintenance. We have had no problems adapting to the lifestyle!

A.D.R

PART 2 - THE RELIEF OF HABBANIYA - 1941

The Colonel-in-Chief completes the story:

Shortly afterwards, towards the end of May, a rumour (in Trooper's terminology "a Blue Light". I have never known why "blue"!) swept the Regiment that we were about to embark on the second phase of our mission to Iraq - the relief of the British Ambassador and his staff, as well as several hundred British subjects besieged in the Embassy in Baghdad. The next day the rumour was confirmed. Habforce was to be split in two. One element was to advance on Baghdad from the south west via Falluja. HCR (less C Squadron) and Glubb's Arab Legion were to strike north east from Habbaniya until it reached the road running north west from Baghdad along the line of the Tigris and then turn south east and advance on Baghdad. The route to Baghdad from this direction was dominated by the village of Khadimain, on the outskirts of the city and this village would have to be secured or neutralised before Baghdad could be entered.

RHQ and B Squadron left Habbaniya in late May and A Squadron, in which I was serving, followed the day after with the rear party. It was a slow and tortuous journey to join the rest of the Regiment and involved negotiating or circumventing floods, broken bridges and bunds, caused by Iraqi demolitions of the Euphrates irrigation system. However we eventually reached the rest of the Regiment that evening. We found them in position along a ridge, which straddled each side of the road to Baghdad. It was a good position, which gave excellent observation towards the city about five miles to the east. We could see the roofs of the city in the distance over the tops of many acres of date palms and irrigated land. We gathered that the Iraqi army was dug in strength in this area, which was also flooded in places. Any attack here without air or artillery support presented formidable difficulties. Further south a little to our right we could just see over a slight rise the village of Khadimain about 3-4 miles away with the golden dome of its mosque glinting in the sun. The mosque of Khadimain is one of the most sacred places in Islam, particularly to one of its sects, the Shias. To the east and left of our position, we could see a line of date palms and irrigated land, which marked the right bank of the Tigris. Much of the land in this part was flooded.

Occasional and inaccurate shelling on our general position from Iraqi 18 pounders was going on. Refugees - pathetic little groups of people with their household goods and livestock were coming in a steady stream down the road from Baghdad. As I stood watching them a voice at my elbow said "sad sight isn't it?" Beside me

stood a short man in khaki drill with medal ribbons and impressive badges of rank with which I was not familiar. He had a pronounced cleft in his chin and on his head he wore an Arab Khuffiah. I realised I was talking to the great Glubb Pasha, Commander of the Arab Legion. Behind him were a group of his "girls" (as the troops called them), several Bedouin warriors with long black ringleted hair and lean dark hawkish faces. They wore khaki drill robes and were festooned with belts of ammunition. Each had a rifle and a formidable dagger and pistol. On their heads they wore red and white check Khuffiahs. I carried on talking to Colonel Glubb for several minutes until he returned to his men and drove into the desert. I was not to see him again until 1944 when my wife, who was working as a GSO 3 at the military HQ and I were married in St George's Cathedral in Jerusalem and he came to our wedding. I reminded him that the last time we had met was under very different circumstances! We had good reason to be grateful to him and his men in the weeks ahead as indeed we had been in our approach march. The Legion operated as a mobile patrol on our flanks and kept the Bedouin tribes in the desert under control as well as Fawzi's irregulars.

On the day following our arrival, B Squadron was ordered to carry out what can best be described as a dismounted reconnaissance in force towards Khadimain. As the troops approached the village they came under very heavy machine gun fire and were pinned down. After suffering casualties the Squadron was forced to withdraw and unfortunately was obliged to leave behind one man, Trooper Shone, dead on the battlefield.

Soon after daybreak on the following morning, I was sent for by RHQ and told that Habforce HQ wanted to know the exact positions of the machine guns (MGs) which had held up B Squadron and I was ordered to take my troop along the route taken by the Squadron the previous day and reconnoitre the enemy positions as best I could and if possible pinpoint the MGs. This was my primary task, but I was also to try and recover Shone's body, but not at the risk of incurring further casualties. I was briefed about my route by G. Leigh who had commanded the leading troop the day before. The day that followed is permanently etched on my mind and I therefore recount it in some detail.

At 8.00 a.m. I marched my troop from the rear of the ridge up the road towards the cutting, which bisected our position. On reaching this I was about to veer off the

road to the right and give the orders to open out when a slight hesitation followed by an almighty bellow came from behind me "Where do you think you are, Windsor Great Park? Get opened out". It was Colonel Andrew Ferguson my Commanding Officer. He was of course quite right, but as there was at least two miles of open desert ahead of us and I was about to give the order anyway, I felt a little irritated.

Before me the ground sloped gradually down hill and out of sight of Khadimain which lay ahead of me and slightly to my right. I had been told that after about two miles we would come to a shallow valley with a wadi and a small stream in it running north and south. We were to cross this and then veer right handed up the valley. Ahead of me at a distance of about 800 yards we would see a low ridge at right angles to the wadi we had crossed. It was from this ridge that B Squadron had advanced towards Khadimain and found itself in trouble.

As we approached the wadi we came out of dead ground and could see Khadimain about 1200 yards to our right. By the time we had reached the wadi however, we were in the valley again and once more out of sight of the village. We crossed the little stream and before changing direction I paused to look at the ridge ahead of me. I could not help but think that if I was in the enemy's position and had been attacked from that ridge the previous day I would put someone on it and make quite certain that it wasn't used as a spring board again. We therefore moved up the valley with some caution and even more opened out than before with two sections ahead moving in arrow-head formation. However, on arrival in the lee of the ridge without incident, Maxted, my Troop Corporal of Horse, and I crawled forward to have a look at what lay ahead of us.

The ridge was quite a small shallow affair not much more than an elongated dune. Ahead of us the desert sloped gradually up towards a ridge about 600 yards away on which crouched the village of Khadimain, the edge of which was marked by a line of low squat houses the colour of which was indistinguishable from that of the desert. About 200 yards ahead of us and right out in the open lay the body of Trooper Shone, where no doubt he had fallen the previous day.

The ground was completely open all the way to the village with no possibility of a covered approach. On our right on the other side of the wadi up which we had advanced, was a small orange grove surrounded by a low wall and irrigated no doubt by water from the stream. But unfortunately the wadi veered away from the village and the orange grove followed its course petering out well short of the ridge on which the village stood. No chance of an approach by that route.

On my left the little ridge on which we lay degenerated after quite a short distance into a line of small dunes which curved slightly towards the village and then disappeared completely after about 100 yards, no chance there of getting much closer.

I lay for a long time looking at the village through my binoculars. I could see no sign of life whatsoever, but from time to time I could hear in the distance the bark of a dog or the cry of a child. The colour of the houses blended perfectly with the desert. The sun was getting

up and blurring the edges and the line between buildings and sand quivered and danced in the heat. If the MGs were there, they were either well dug in on the forward edge of the village or in the houses themselves.

There seemed no alternative to walking straight towards the village and seeing what happened. If those infernal guns were still there we would soon know: but if they did open up, I hoped that at least we could return some fire. I therefore sent Corporal Hunter and his section across the wadi on our right with orders to move through the orange grove and ensure there were no enemy in it. He was then to take up a position where he could observe the enemy should they engage us and give us covering fire if we got into trouble. Hunter was a senior Corporal with a good many years' service. Although he might never make senior rank he was a quiet, solid and utterly dependable man whom I knew I could rely on entirely.

To my left I sent Lance Corporal Grant with his section to move up through the dunes to a position where he could carry out the same orders as I gave to Hunter. Grant was however a very different sort of man - young, headstrong and full of enthusiasm and dash. He came from Devon and at the end of our little campaign he went off to get a commission in his County Regiment with which he won a Military Cross. I was not surprised when I heard this, a year or two later.

That left just Troop HQ and one section. This section I left on our little ridge from where I intended to move forward with my HQ consisting of Corporal of Horse Maxted, Trooper Pearson my soldier servant, two other troopers and myself. As soon as the two sections had moved out to my right and left and I judged them to be in position, I stood up and started to walk with the four others spread out to my right and left in arrow-head formation. As I walked I kept my eyes glued on the ridge ahead of us hoping I would get some warning if the enemy were still in position. It was very still and hot and the sun glinted strongly on the golden dome of the mosque, which rose above the roofs of the village ahead of us. I could now hear no sounds from the village and that I found a little disturbing. Twenty-five yards, fifty yards, seventy-five yards and we continued to walk steadily ahead. When we had gone nearly a hundred yards I was beginning to think we had got away with it and was wondering how we were going to get Shone's body back. Like most pre-war troopers he was a big man and we had come unencumbered with a stretcher. It therefore came almost as a surprise when a veritable storm of MG fire suddenly descended on us. We tried to wriggle our puny bodies into the hard unyielding sand and just waited for this terrible cacophony of sound to stop. After what seemed an age but was probably not much more than a minute the fire seemed to slacken and I raised my head slightly to see if I could see anything. There was a small cloud of dust at two points on the forward edge of the village and I reckoned from the rate of fire that we were up against two pairs of Vickers MGs, firing from enfilading positions dug in on the forward edge of the village. I knew a little about Vickers MGs as I had served with the MG platoon when I was attached to the Grenadiers and I knew also that the Iraqi Army was equipped with the Vickers MG supplied by

the British Army training teams. The Vickers was well adapted to firing on fixed lines and I reckoned we had walked into the "beaten zone" of two pairs of MGs well sited to defend the approaches to the village. The Vickers is not an easy gun to elevate or traverse quickly and luckily the Iraqis had opened fire a shade soon. Many of the bullets were striking the ground about fifty yards ahead of us and away to our left but there were enough close ones to make it extremely disagreeable. Fortunately, by this time Hunter and Grant had opened up on the enemy with sustained rifle fire and this was helping to reduce the enemy rate of fire. But there was nothing coming from the section on the ridge behind and I then realised that had they opened fire it would have been straight over our heads, which they were obviously reluctant to do.

Clearly there was little more we could do. We at least knew where the MGs were but it was impossible to recover Shone's body without almost certainly sustaining more casualties and my orders had been quite clear about that. I shouted to the others and thank God they were all unscathed. I said we were to fall back one by one and I told Maxted to go first and try and get more covering fire going to help us get out. I told the others to keep well down towards the wadi when going back so as to give Maxted a clear field of fire. The firing by now had become intermittent. Perhaps the Iraqis thought we were all dead! When there was a pause I gave Maxted the signal to move. I then witnessed something, which I shall always regard as one of the most courageous acts I have ever seen. Most men under the circumstances would have run back to the ridge doubled up and as fast as their legs would carry them. Laden with rifle, fifty rounds of ammunition and equipment they would have arrived puffing and panting and in no fit state to take command of a situation let alone aim a rifle in the right direction. Not Maxted - he stood up all six feet three inches, brushed himself off like a good soldier and marched erect and straight with his rifle at the short trail across that hundred yards of desert as if he was on the parade ground at Windsor. It was a magnificently defiant gesture. He was the old soldier amongst us all and he knew that behind him on the ground lay some very frightened men. Whatever his own feelings were, and he must have been as afraid as we were, he wasn't going to show it. The movement had triggered off more firing and I watched him go back to the ridge as the bullets flicked up the sand all round him with a full heart and a prayer on my lips. Once he was back I sent the others back one by one. They kept well over to the left as I looked back and soon Maxted had the rifles of the section on the ridge firing away at the enemy positions in the village. It was now my turn and I stood up feeling rather lonely and with an uncomfortable feeling in my back as I tried rather unsuccessfully to emulate my Corporal of Horse. However all went well and I arrived back to find Maxted as cool as a cucumber giving fire orders as if he was on the ranges at Pirbright.

Soon after I got back to the ridge, Corporal Hunter came in with his section and got into firing positions. As expected he had done exactly what was required of him and he confirmed my placings of the MG positions. We were now all back and all in one piece except for Grant

and his section. I could hear him still firing from a sand dune about a hundred yards to my left and slightly forward of our position. In those days we had no pack wirelasses for intercommunication within the troop and there was no way of getting him back except by sending a runner with an order or going myself to fetch him back. The latter course was obviously the right one and anyway I wanted to see what the enemy positions looked like from a different angle.

The little ridge soon disappeared and I had a twenty-yard gap before I could reach the next dune. I reckoned I had little to fear from the MGs. The Vickers is difficult to traverse quickly and can't engage opportunity targets at short notice. I had not reckoned however with enemy riflemen. Hitherto, apparently all the fire directed at us had been from MGs. As I crossed the first gap I became acutely aware that I was now the target of enemy rifles. In Wild West films as the hero dodges from rock to rock, with outlaws, Red Indians or whatever firing at him, the bullets make a rather satisfactory whine as they go off into space. The reality was very different, as I remembered from my days in the butts at Bisley and Pirbright. A bullet passing fairly close makes a most unpleasant crack as it breaks the sound barrier, particularly if its just over one's head! The same fusillade of shots followed me each time I dodged from dune to dune. I felt like Aunt Sally at a fairground shooting range but at the same time there was within me a little pang of exhilaration rather like jumping several big fences out hunting. In any case I reckoned that if a man could successfully engage a brief running target at 500 yards he was rather a better shot than I believed him to be.

I soon arrived with Grant. He was clearly enjoying himself and seemed quite sorry to be told we were going back. He also confirmed the positions of the MGs and we now also knew that the village was strongly held by enemy infantry. We then pulled out and returned to the main position accompanied by some fairly inaccurate rifle fire from the Iraqis.

We were now all back on our little ridge complete and in one piece. I felt quite elated. No one had been wounded, let alone killed. We knew the dispositions of the enemy and above all no one had made a fool of themselves under some very disagreeable circumstances. I was at the same time acutely aware that we were very vulnerable. If the enemy had shown some initiative and come forward in any strength or in armoured or even ordinary vehicles we would have been in "queer-street" without support and only thirty odd rifles (and one pistol!).

It was time to go, although I was sorry to have to leave Shone behind. I felt that the Almighty helped by lack of musketry practice on the part of the Iraqis had been on our side during the last hour or so, but I wasn't prepared to push our luck any further. I made a quick sketch of the enemy positions and we were on our way.

Leaving one section briefly on our ridge we leap-frogged back by sections to the wadi crossing where we re-grouped in dead ground and crossed into the more open desert in extended order. As we came into view of Khadimain once more the MGs opened some desultory fire at extreme range but at twelve hundred yards or so

we were hardly aware of them except for the odd spurt of dust as a bullet hit the ground. We were soon out of range and with a mile and a half to go, it was not long before we were approaching the cutting on the road through our positions.

Having sent the troop back in the vehicles, I reported to the IO at RHQ. I found him studying maps under a canvas shelter beside his truck. I reported that the Iraqis had at least four MGs on the forward northern edge of Khadimain and infantry dug in the same area and probably in the houses as well. I also gave him my sketch showing the enemy dispositions.

At the conclusion of my de-briefing as it would be called nowadays, I suddenly felt totally drained and very tired. It had been a long and trying day and although we had other things to think about, a very hot one. The temperature in Iraq at that time of year hovers round the hundred mark at least, in the shade. David said "You look all in - have a whisky". It was a simple gesture but an extraordinary generous one, which I have never forgotten. At that time officers had a ration of one

bottle of spirits a month. I didn't really like whisky at that time and used to take my ration in gin. David took his own in whisky and had given me some of his precious ration. I accepted it gratefully and not having eaten since first light it took effect quickly. I suddenly felt far better and quite light-headed. I have been a great believer in the medicinal qualities of whisky ever since! I thanked David and went on my way back to my troop exhilarated and slightly drunk.

I found them in happy mood having just made a splendid stew of bully beef and onions. I managed to get them a rum ration - enough to cover the bottom of the mug was the rule - but quite generous if the officer doling it out could be a bit heavy handed. I was the officer and it was! The talk became more expansive as the evening wore on. They had behaved very well in the first time under fire especially Maxted and I told them so. Maxted, for his example that day and on a number of other occasions, was later awarded the Military Medal. That night we slept soundly beside our trucks with the contentment of happy men.

A COLONEL'S PILGRIMAGE TO MAGDALA

"Camp Dildee - 27 March 1868 - The 33rd Band came out to meet their Regiment and played them in. The latter Regiment is in very bad odour at present having been wiggled by the Commander-in-Chief for insubordination and the CO is under arrest." This startling entry is in the diary of General Charles Staveley, who was Second-in-Command to General Sir Charles Napier, the vistor-to-be of the Abyssinian Expedition. The 33rd of the period was largely recruited from Ireland and the soldiers were not renowned for either their deference or patience and were "hard drinkers all". They complained quite openly about the hard work of not only marching but road repairing as well, to the extent that the C in C put the 33rd into reserve and the hapless CO, Major Arthur Cooper, into arrest. When I eventually had my first conversation with the CO in Iraq I asked if the modern 33rd were going to have the same problem. You can imagine the indignant response!

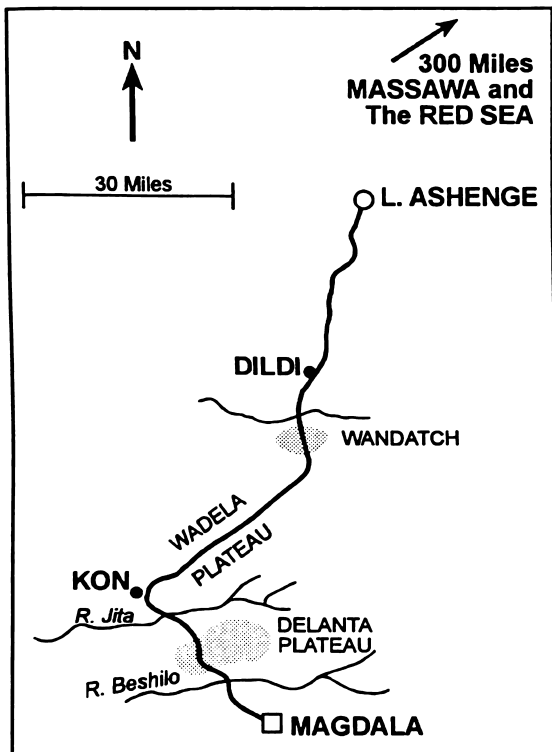
From time to time I conspire with friends to ride a campaign route. My last ride had been from Gilgit to Chitral and readers may recall my visit to the 10th Baloch Regiment whilst I was in Peshawar (*Iron Duke Issue No 245. Ed.*) Abyssinia and Magdala are such obvious choices for a similar ride that I am surprised it took me so long to conceive the idea. We have all been indoctrinated with the stories of Theodore's Drum, the capture of Magdala and the VCs of Drummer Magner and Private Bergin, so I need not enlarge too much on the historical story and instead concentrate on the adventures of our party which included my daughter, Rose, a couple of NCOs from the Coldstream Guards, a photographer and officer from the Life Guards and Peter Donnelly, the Curator of the King's Own (4th Foot) Museum in Lancaster.

In brief the story goes something like this A barbaric Chief (Emperor Theodore) seizes a large number of British and European artisans and entraps

and imprisons them in a far off and impregnable fortress (Magdala). Despite Imperial protestations nothing happens, so an infuriated Britain sends a military expedition from India to this far off land (Abyssinia) to rescue the captives. Some 16,000 troops, 8,000 auxiliaries, 2,500 horses, 16,000 mules, 5,700 camels and 44 elephants landed in the area of Massawa in modern day Eritrea and began the long march to Magdala some 400 miles away. The sheer logistic challenge of marching with such a force into a land with no friendly faces and no maps is breathtaking. In the end the army reaches Magdala, fights one battle, releases the hostages and returns whence it came. An astonishing story and all the more so when casualties from enemy action are virtually nil. However, if the cost in casualties was low, it was certainly made up by the cost to the Exchequer. Originally costed at £2m, it actually cost £8.6m and put two pennies on income tax.

I established quite early on that such was the distance and the terrain that 400 miles was going to be beyond the limitation of any three available weeks. In this modern day it is not easy to find fellow adventurers to afford more than a month, let alone a longer period. Obviously we wanted to finish at Magdala, because from what I had read and heard it was an impressive place and also it was the natural end of the story. That was about as far as my planning had gone when I met someone at a dinner party who was an Ethiopian enthusiast. She immediately told me that there was only one person who could possibly guide us to Magdala and the Napier route. What extraordinary luck! Because as soon as I got in touch with Solomon Berhe in Addis Ababa I knew I was onto a winner. He had already completed the route with a group including the granddaughter of Major General Staveley; the man who kept the diary. Names are comparatively simple in Ethiopia; there are a number of popular first names of which Solomon is a particular favourite; the second name is

the father's first, so it soon becomes possible to meet people with identical first and second names. I suspect it's just like being a character in "Under Milkwood". Solomon soon took charge via e-mail and we resolved to march for two weeks from Lake Ashenge to Magdala, a modest distance of 120 miles. Solomon would arrange the stores, tentage and mules. Horses were discussed but thank goodness I listened to Solomon because they would never have survived, the terrain was far too rough. As it was we had three baggage horses which survived a mere two days.



Our route

We assembled in Addis Ababa, Rose coming up from South Africa, on 29 December and the next day we flew to Aksum, an ancient site which was the centre of the Aksumite Empire for 600 years from the 4th Century BC to the 2nd Century AD. Not bad for an empire, I thought, and a lot longer than the Roman or British. After a day of culture we drove to Mekele via the battlefield of Adowa, where a modern Italian Army was soundly defeated by the native army of Emperor Menelik in 1896. This was to sow the seed of the subsequent Italian invasion and occupation in 1936. New Year's Eve was spent touring the native bars of Mekele; and a particularly edifying experience but interesting in that everywhere we went people were very friendly. Rose commented that you would not dream of doing such a thing anywhere in South Africa. On New Year's Day we reached by minibus the start point of our journey, Lake Ashenge. When General Staveley saw the lake he expected it to be fifteen miles

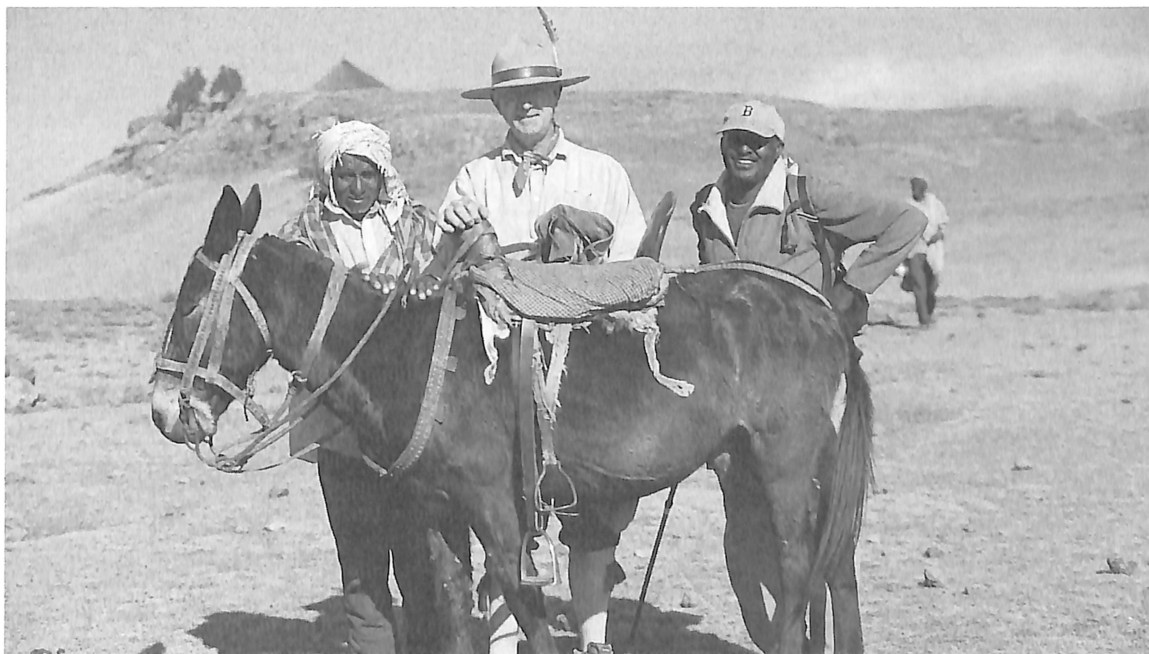
in diameter, in fact it was four to five miles and when we saw it, it was more likely three to four miles. He shot thirteen ducks in half an hour, I am sad to say that we were neither equipped nor permitted to do so. The bird life was nevertheless astounding and, as the good Solomon happens to be a brilliant ornithologist, we were never short of aircraft recognition practice.

I must at this stage introduce Lieutenant Herbert Borrett of the 4th Regiment of Foot. We were very lucky to have Peter Donnelly who came with the complete letters of Lieutenant Borrett to his wife, Annie. Every evening after our march Peter would read out the entries for the route we were to take the next day. This was a wonderful way to commune with history and learn what trials we might encounter the next day. The geese population had a hard time of it too as Lieutenant Borrett shot twelve of them, but in the process a dooley wallah drowned in the lake trying to retrieve one. As a result there was a lack of enthusiasm for bathing then and and we took the hint! Our route for the two weeks went nowhere near a road and so we were dependant entirely upon mule transport. So that evening we witnessed the most extraordinary business of Solomon, selecting and negotiating the price for mule, muleteers and porters. He sat legs crossed on the ground in a circle of about 24 muleteers and the arguments started. Solomon had reced the route and had made provisional deals with these rogues. But as soon as they saw eight or so Europeans the price magically rose. The noise was incredible and my great respect for Solomon was made that evening. He managed to keep order, and the price down whilst remaining his cheerful and entertaining self. Guides can either make or break a trip like this and I am eternally grateful to the dinner party acquaintance because Solomon was a real star throughout the trip. He was about 45, fit - very fit, tall with a receding hairline. He spoke excellent English and had a very good knowledge of the history of Abyssinia. He was from Tigre, a proud and distinguished-looking race and his manner resembled that of a Company Sergeant Major in the Regiment. We were indeed fortunate.

For the next four days we walked or rode over pretty rough terrain, mostly at 8-9,000 feet. The gradients were not too bad and certainly nothing compared with what was to follow. The mules were reasonable; mine, called Mullah, was about fourteen hands, docile and surprisingly obedient - but he was not fast. The method of propulsion was initiated by cries 'Much, much' whilst kicking as hard as you could. In extremes, the muleteer, mine was an old fellow of 80 called 'Haji', would lead me. On the fifth day we approached a large hill called Wandach which was a rough old climb of about 3,000 feet. It was at about this stage that the 33rd were sent to the rear and the 4th Foot took over. Borrett records his climb of the Wandach - "This was a frightful march - over a steep hill; we were caught in a terrific thunder storm with hail and rain. ...It was fearfully cold and I have never been so miserable or uncomfortable in body during my life. I shall never forget this day". We were luckier, although I was suffering from diarrhoea (Theodore's revenge), as all of us did for a day or so during the trip. At the top of the



Selection of the mules, Lake Ashenge.



Haji, the muleteer, the Colonel, Solomon and 'Mullah' the faithful mule.

Wandach we were treated to a spectacular view of where we had come from and the full harshness of the country was laid out for us to admire. It was at about this stage that we all began to respect the extraordinary skills of the logisticians of 1868. We spent the next day in camp on the Wadela Plateau near what was called 'Turkish Village' and which was occupied by a very poor people. The name reflected the 1868 campaign, as the locals would have associated British troops with Turks, the only palish people they would ever have seen. It was a very welcome break for us to relax, clean up, sort out and explore.

The Wadela Plateau is 11,000 feet high and during the night we were in cloud with the result that in the morning our tents were encrusted with ice. General Staveley recorded in his diary that there was ice in his washing basin on 30 March 1868. His rations were bread, meat and rum. For us there were very small eggs, about a dozen made a reasonable scrambled egg, chicken and goat. Solomon had organised our rations well. There was a combination of tinned items, rice and spaghetti, which was supplemented with what we could buy on the way. He had brought flour and so in some villages we could give the flour to a local who would

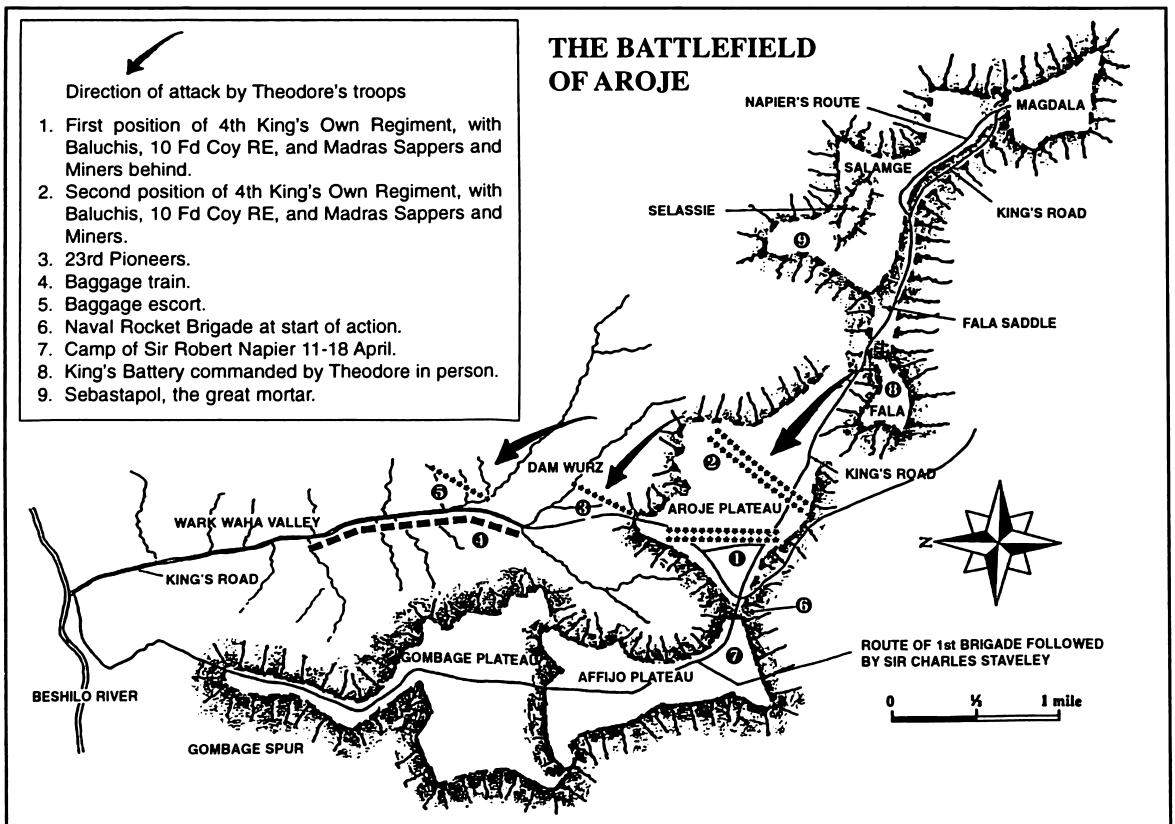
produce the most delicious fresh bread. By doing this and purchasing local produce we were bringing in much wanted trade and so, in a way, we were making a considerable difference to the local economy. The next two days were spent on the Wadela Plateau slowly approaching our goal.

On day ten, after another rest day at Kon, we dropped 3,000 feet to the Jita River and climbed 3,500 feet up the other side to the Delanta Plateau. The scenery in these parts is dramatic to say the very least. The plateaus, 10-11,000 feet high were conspicuously flat and some ten to fifteen miles long, but they were divided by impressive gorges and ravines, which made for so difficult and dangerous a ride that we had at times to abandon our mules and scramble up on hands and knees. The soldiers of 1868 found this pretty trying, particularly when they were carrying 55lbs. One wag noted "They tell us this is table land. If it is, they have turned the table upside down and we are scrambling up and down the legs". On our way down the Jita Ravine we met a steady trail of locals going with their produce of eggs, grain, chickens etc, in the opposite direction to the market in Kon. As the path was very narrow the business of traffic passing was not easy, especially as mules and donkeys going to market were twice if not thrice their width, so heavily laden were they with crops and other produce. Of course our mules were equally as laden, so our progress was slow and tortuous. But the expressions of surprise and curiosity on faces of those who were market bound was a show of its own. This

was a demanding day so we were glad to reach camp, but what so often happened during the campaign the baggage animals did not appear until two-and-a-half hours afterwards. We were concerned over erecting the camp in the dark, but luckily we had half an hour of light. It was cold that evening and we dined inside on goat soup, tomato and chilli spaghetti and tinned peaches; all delicious and as usual after an hour around the camp fire most of us were tucked up by 10pm.

By now we were getting close to Magdala, although actual sight of the natural fortress was still denied us. We descended from the Delanta Plateau into the Beshilo Gorge. This was a punishing descent probably not helped by my falling off my mule and breaking a rib! I was feeling rather partworn that evening as we camped in a river bed which was on the final part of the route to Magdala.

On the Beshilo River, Napier had divided his forces sending the baggage train with some troops up the easier route on which we were now camped. This was called the King's Road, since Theodore had made the road, or a track of sorts, for the movement of his heavy artillery. Rose, still a teenager, was delighted to be on the King's Road but surprised to see no clothes shops! The leading brigade, which now, of course, included the 4th Foot and the 23rd Punjab Pioneers, climbed the steep Gombage Spur overlooking the Beshilo River to gain access to the Affijo Plateau. This was a good move as it was not the route Theodore expected his enemy to take.

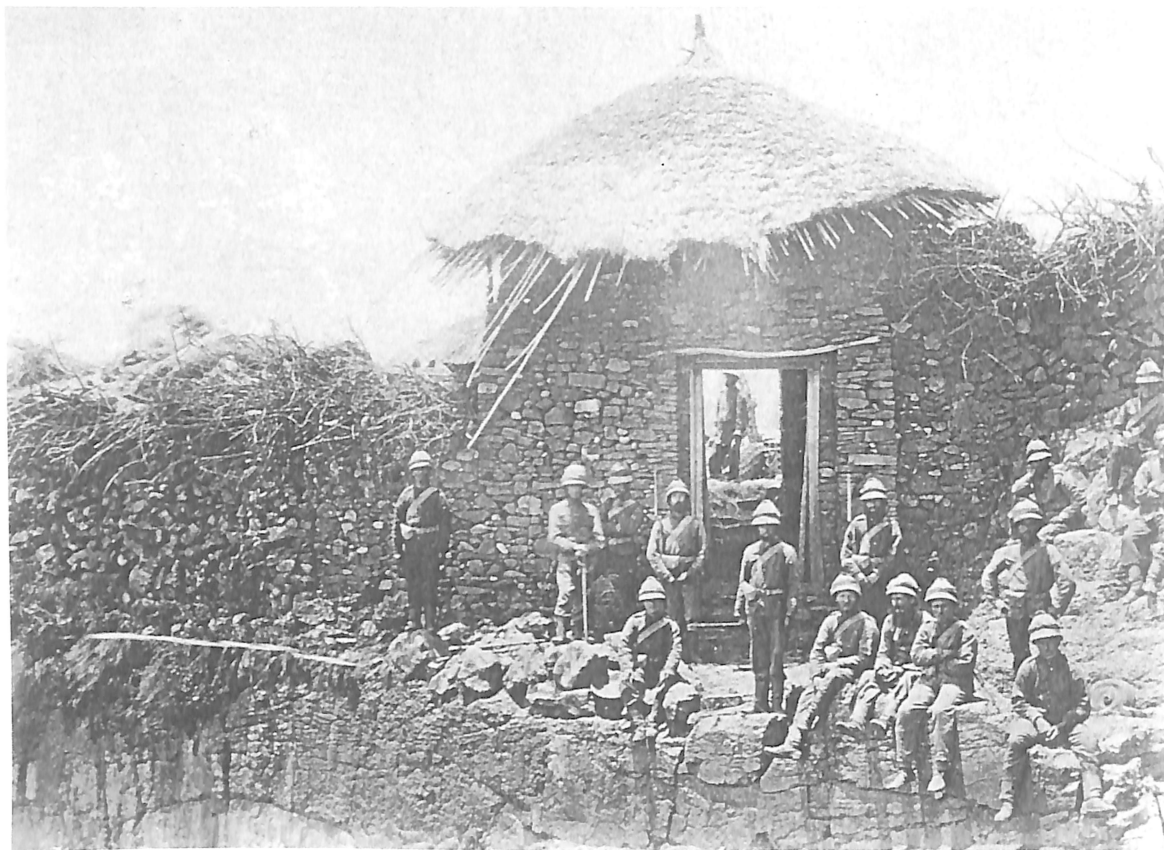




The natural fortress of Magdala. Photograph courtesy of John Broadbent.

The next day (day 13) we reached the battlefield of Aroje. On Saturday 11 April 1868 the expedition was approaching the dominant features in front of Magdala, Selassie on the left and Fala on the right. Theodore had placed his army with some of his heavy artillery on these natural fortresses and seeing as he did the baggage train coming up the King's Road he assumed that this was the British Force in toto and for some reason they had sent the baggage train ahead unprotected. What he did not see was the steady and slower approach of the 4th Foot and the Punjabi Pioneers from the Affijo Plateau which opens up onto the Aroje Plateau. Theodore's general, Fitauri Gabi, then fatally decided to attack the emerging baggage train still ignorant of the 4th Foot's progress. Napier instantly ordered the Punjabi Pioneers to drop their packs and race for the head of the pass up which the baggage was still lumbering. The 4th were likewise ordered to double to the centre of the Aroje Plateau. What occurred was a slaughter as both the 4th and the Punjab Pioneers got to their chosen positions just in time to receive an assault by some 6,000 tribesmen armed only with sword and spear. The 4th took the brunt of the attack but they were equipped with the newly-issued breach-loading Snider Enfield. The Battalion was formed into skirmishing order and with the help of 'A' Battery, Royal Artillery and the Naval rockets rendered terrible casualties on the Abyssinians; 700 were killed and 1,200 wounded. The British sustained twenty wounded of which two died later. This Victorian victory resembles in this respect the recent Iraq war. This encounter basically destroyed Theodore's Army, which now withdrew back to the bastion of Magdala.

For our part, we enjoyed a short day to Aroje so we were able to explore exactly where the various troop positions had been. It was clear that Theodore made a fatal mistake by attacking; if he had decided to hold the hills of Selassie and Fala it would have been a very different story. Although he had no Weapons of Mass Destruction the terrain was overwhelmingly in his favour. Peter and I scratched around where we thought the positions had been, hoping to find something for our respective museums, but no such luck. All salvageable items will long have been snatched up by a subsistence society. The next day we walked up to the saddle between Seassie and Fala and then and only then did we see Magdala itself, a mere mile and a half away. But what a sight for us and indeed for those of 1868. Magdala is a magnificent natural fortress as the photograph taken by John Broadbent in 2001 bears witness. Interestingly John, who lives in Golcar, has an important connection with the Regiment. His great grandfather was Colour Sergeant John McGrath of the 33rd during the campaign, so it came to pass that John and his wife, Jean, visited Magdala in 2001 and their guide was the same Solomon Berhe. No wonder Solomon knew the way! As you will see, the sides of the hill are sheer and there are only two routes, a frontal which you can see in the photograph and a smaller narrower route at the back. We got to Magdala by lunchtime and we passed through the site of the Kokit Bir, the defended gateway where Ensign Wynter, Private Bergin and Drummer Magner did their stuff. We were to spend the best part of two days on the famous mountain; time enough to wander leisurely to all the sites, Selassie where the great mortar, Sebastopol, built by the imprisoned



Kokit Bir gate, Magdala, Abyssinia, 1868.

European artisans still lies. Nearby is the plaque placed by John Broadbent in memory of his great grandfather.

After Aroje the 33rd moved to the forefront and by chance, or perhaps because they had “atoned for its grumbling at Dildee”, took the place of honour. Two days after Aroje the 33rd debouched on to the plain of Selamge, just in front of Magdala. The two guarding bastions of Selassie and Fala fell without a fight and mountain guns had taken position by 1pm. The twelve pounder Armstrong guns were deployed further back, so the scene was set for the assault onto Magdala. The 33rd advanced up to the Kokit Bir gate preceded by 10 Company of Royal Engineers, who, incidentally, have just returned to the British Army Order of Battle as a result of SDR. Their modern OC intends to take a party to Magdala in 2004. The Madras Sappers and Miners were also in support with ladders. Embarrassingly and unbelievably 10 Company, who were responsible for blowing the gate, had forgotten the explosives, so it fell to the 33rd to scale the fortress. Ensign Wynter, carrying the Regimental Colour - a portion of which hangs in Halifax Parish Church, took a party slightly off to the right and clambered up to the wall which joined onto the gate. Private Bergin, a tall stout-hearted Irishman, attempted to get up the wall which was surrounded by a thorn hedge, but finding it too high he asked the small drummer, but not so young (he was



Peter Donnelly (4th Foot) and the Colonel (33rd Foot) at the Kokit Bir Gate.

twenty seven and a half years old), behind to give him a leg up. In the event it was easier for Bergin to put the drummer on his shoulders and in this way Drummer Maguire was the first man into Theodore's lair and gained immortality in the Dukes by being one of our first VCs. Soon Ensign Wynter and the rest of his party were inside the poorly-defended fortress and victory was Napier's for the asking. Once inside it was found that Emperor Theodore had blown his brains out with a pistol presented to him by Queen Victoria. It is important to remember that this was the last time the 33rd carried their Colours into battle and of course at this time they were of the same size and weight as our Honorary Colours. The cost of the battle in casualties had been two officers and thirteen men wounded - not unlike the remarkable feat in Iraq!

So ended Theodore's story and ours too as we left the historic mountain at just before dawn. When Napier's men left, they paused at the Kokit Bir gate and gave three cheers for Queen Victoria and the British Army. I wonder what the locals thought as we repeated this

ceremony just before sun came up! It had been a wonderful adventure and a pilgrimage for a Colonel of the 33rd. Those young of the Regiment who are familiar with Theodore's Drum and read this article might be inspired to follow this route - you would not be disappointed.

Note: I am indebted to the Kings Own Museum for use of excerpts of Lieutenant Borrett's Diary, to Susan Belgrave for the excerpts of her grandfather's, General Sir Charles Staveley, Diary, and to John Broadbent and Henry Dallal for permitting the publication of their photographs. I am also grateful to the Scientific Exploration Society for use of the map of the Battle of Arogi. Lieutenant Borrett's Diary, "My Dear Annie", is available from the King's Own Royal Regiment Museum, Market Square, Lancaster, LA1 1HT @ £5.80 per copy including post and packing.

E.J.W-C.



The team.

Regular Officers' Location List

as at October 2003

Brigadiers

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

Colonels

N. G. Borwell, OBE, COS HQ Infantry
N. St J. Hall, MA, AKC, La, 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)
G. A. Kilburn, MBE, HQ NATO
G. D. Shuttleworth, DWR, SO1 P & R Fd Army
P. M. Lewis, DWR, BMATT Sierra Leone

Majors

J. C. Bailey, DWR, SO2 Co-ord AIS, Def Acad,
Shrivenham
P. R. S. Bailey, DWR, DII-CD UNICOM
J. R. Bryden, DWR, AFC Harrogate
R. N. Chadwick, 2IC 1 DWR
P. M. Ennis, QM(T) ITC Catterick
B. J. T. Faithfull, DWR, 1 Kings
P. R. Fox, 1 DWR
R. N. Goodwin, SO2 DG Strat & Log Dev Briefer HQ
DLO
C. F. Grieve, MBE, ACAR & LS (S)
R. A. Harford, 22 SAS
R. C. Holroyd, DWR, SO2 Kings Div APC Glasgow
C. S. T. Lehmann, DWR, SO2 CBM Dev, MOD
J. C. Mayo, DWR, Training Major E & WRR
D. P. Monteith, DWR, SO2 Reserves HQ LAND
M. D. Norman, 1 DWR
R. C. O'Connor, DWR, SO2(W) D DBE, MOD
R. M. Pierce, DWR, SO2 Mil DEO
J. H. Purcell, DWR, 1 GH
N. P. Rhodes, DWR, RMCS Course
S. Richardson, DWR, SO2 Small Arms DLO Andover
M. Robinson, DWR, SO3 G2 HQ 19 Brigade
M. M. D. Stear, DWR, Training Major Tyne Tees Regt
A. J. Sutcliffe, 1 DWR
B. J. Thomas, BEM, QM 1 DWR
T. G. Vallings, 1 DWR
P. J. Wilson, 1 DWR
N. M. B. Wood, HQ 101 Log Brigade

Captains

C. D. Adair, DWR, 2 Bn ITC Catterick
F. Bibby, 1 DWR
E. R. H. Colver, 1 DWR
P. M. J. Cowell, DWR, SO3 HQ 8 Infantry Brigade
S. J. Dick, 1 DWR
J. Frear, 1 DWR
A. S. Garner, 1 DWR
J. A. Glossop, 1 DWR
R. J. Hall, DWR, Adjutant AFC Harrogate
J. P. Hinchliffe, DWR, OC Sniper Div ITC Wales
C. Hosty, OC 124 AYT
S. L. Humphris, Inst Pl Comds Div ITC Warminster
J. A. Kennedy, Inst Pl Comds Div ITC Warminster
P. Lee, 1 DWR
L. R. McCormick, SO3 TRG HQ London District
D. A. W. Nelson, DWR, ITC Catterick
M. Ness, 1 DWR
D. J. Ogilvie, DWR, 1 GH
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, SO3 Armoured Inf HQ DRAC
A. G. Pigg, MBE, 1 DWR
K. M. Price, 1 DWR
R. R. G. Scothern, RMCS In Service Degree Course
K. D. Smith, DWR, SO3 HQNI
M. Smith, Recruiting & Liaison Officer, Grantham
R. M. Sutcliffe, SO3 Army Presentation Team,
Camberley
M. C. Tetley, DWR, Inst Mortar Div ITC Warminster
G. P. Williams, 1 DWR

Lieutenants

M. H. Cataldo, DWR, ATR Bassingbourne
J. L. Pearce, DWR, RMCS In Service Degree Course
A. J. Shand, 1 DWR
P. G. Smith, 1 DWR

2nd Lieutenants

C. D. Armitage, 1 DWR
A. J. Brown, 1 DWR
R. J. P. Carman, 1 DWR (PCBC)
M. B. Crawford, 1 DWR
D. P. Holloway, 1 DWR (PCBC)
C. J. P. Johnston, 1 DWR
T. E. J. Smart, 1 DWR
E. W. M. Smith, 1 DWR
P. D. Tetlow, 1 DWR

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: 17 Horsham Avenue
Peacehaven
East Sussex
BN10 8HX
5 October 2003

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

I am writing to let you know my wife and I thoroughly enjoyed the Battlefield Tour. The Colonel was excellent and Bob Heron did an excellent, thorough job of the administration.

We enjoyed the comradeship of all the Dukes. We must remember we are more than a Regiment; we are a family. My wife is non-military and was pleased how she was made to feel welcome by everyone.

Keith Jagger asked me to send any negatives of the trip as he was working on a project. Unfortunately, the one of the Mayor's presentation did not come out.

Please tell the Colonel we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Many thanks.

Yours sincerely,
Thelma and Joe Bailes

From: 2 Woodedge Avenue
Dalton, Huddersfield
West Yorkshire
HD5 9UU
13 October 2003

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

I wonder if the enclosed is worthy of consideration for publishing in the Iron Duke. I came into possession of it whilst serving in Cyprus as Lance Corporal Hill, 10 Platoon, D Company in the fifties. Where it originated I know not, but it made me smile at the time. So much so that I copied it out and have kept it all these years. I'll hazard a guess it was penned by a National Serviceman. *Thank you; see page 160 - Ed.*

I'm looking forward to the next issue of the Iron Duke, especially for its account of the Italian trip which I very much enjoyed.

Yours sincerely,
Geoff Hill

From: 94 Ashdene Crescent
Harwood
Bolton, BL2 3LE
16 October 2003

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

Mossley Return via Poland - Stanley Langley's War

With reference to our telephone conversation, I am pleased to send you a copy of this memoir. It may be used for any purpose - short of being put in a box on a dusty top shelf.

Incidentally, Mr Langley went on to found a highly-regarded family business here, making and fitting kitchen and bedroom furniture. He was a man of exemplary character, and at 84 was possessed of a sharp and accurate memory.

Marjorie Langley died a few months ago, just as the tapes were being edited. Some of the material was used by me in the funeral address. Stanley seemed cheerful, quite strong and capable; our conversation continued almost on a daily basis. Then the end came unexpectedly last week. He called for an ambulance in the night, and at the hospital they found a serious intestinal problem and then a tumour. A day after the operation he suffered a heart attack and died.

On his last day, I took Stanley the complimentary copy of the Iron Duke, sent from Halifax. He was impressed. I left him reading it.

Publication of Stanley's story will be a fitting memorial to a good man; it will be appreciated by his family, and, I trust, of interest to your readers.

Yours sincerely
Brian H. Norris

From: Maen Hir
Pencarnisiog, Ty Croes
Anglesey, UK
LL63 5UG
22 September 2003

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

Some months ago, a friend, knowing that I had access to the internet, suggested that I had a look at the web site www.britains-smallwars.com as the 1st Battalion's time in Korea was described very well, especially the Battle of the Hook, and I was able to correct one slight error in that narrative.

Having read about the Korea time, I browsed further into this web site and looked at "India" to see what was said about the 2nd Battalion's exploits at the time of the partition of the Indian subcontinent and, to my great dismay, I found that there was no mention whatsoever of the 2nd Battalion. I therefore penned a little piece to the web site which has been included. But my small contribution is nothing like the whole story and I am therefore appealing to readers of the Iron Duke with greater knowledge of that time in 1947-48 to elaborate on my piece.

Last night I checked to see if anyone had added anything and nothing has been added. I then went to the "Palestine" section and to my horror I find that there is no mention at all of the 1st Battalion's time in Palestine 1945-46. So please someone, who was there or has a good knowledge of that campaign, add something to the little bit that I am about to submit which is that the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding) was in Palestine 1945-46.

Yours faithfully
David Miller

From: 12 Hedley Crescent
Newton Hill
Wakefield, WF1 2JG
25 August 2003

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

I recently regained contact with an ex-member of the Regiment whom I served with over 40 years ago. He is Keith "Sarge" Radcliffe, from Doncaster.

I attended his 65th birthday party as a surprise guest and had a great time reminiscing. We both served on detachments as MT drivers at HMS Sea Eagle in Londonderry, doing border patrols with the RUC in 1958-59. Among the lads in the MT Section were Harry Whitely, Wally Bedford, Dick Wiles and Corporal Jock Waite.

If anyone remembers "Sarge", he is keeping well, despite a bad accident at work a few years ago. By the way, "Sarge" got his name through his dad being a CSM during the war.

Yours sincerely
Keith Brooks

From: 48 East Witton
Leyburn
North Yorks, DL8 4SL
3 September 2003

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

In the Sports section of today's Telegraph there is a headline under "Cricket" which reads: "Peter West, the great sporting all-rounder, dies".

I was commissioned into the Dukes with Peter West, Peter Carey and Bill Weyland in 1939. Peter lived in Croydon in 1940 and I close by when we decided to drive up to Halifax in his sports car. We both had only provisional driving licences and, whilst he may have been a competent driver, the same could not have been said of me. The short drive out of his garage was uphill and he rang to say that the snow and ice were so bad that he couldn't extract his car and we would have to go up by train. I put it down to Divine Providence.

I visited Peter when he was serving with the 10th Battalion at Wentworth Woodhouse, prior to sailing to join the 7th Battalion to Iceland, to which Peter Carey and Bill had been posted some weeks before. I met him once, some years after the war and, though he had a profound respect for the Regiment, I could not persuade him to attend reunions. He hardly knew anyone by that time, having been invalided out of the Army. It was a shame, as he was a nice man, a great cricketer and rugby player.

Of the other two, Bill Weyland left the 7th Battalion in Iceland to fly Spitfires and was killed in the Battle of Britain. He was a great character and a great loss. Peter Carey was the nephew of Major R. O'D Carey, who was at the depot when we joined. Peter left the 7th Battalion in Wales on posting to the Far East. Sadly he was lost at sea when his ship was sunk off the coast of Africa.

Yours sincerely
Hugh Le Messurier

Afternote to Hugh Le Messurier's letter: Your editor was once returning from London to Colchester in the early sixties, when a stranger on the train said: "Excuse me, but are you Peter West?" He (your editor) was greatly flattered, but had to deny it, which was a pity, because the stranger seemed a nice woman! JBKG

From: Bryn Pabo
Carreglefn, Amlwch
Gwynned, LL68 0PL
29 September 2003

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

I feel that I must add to your obituary for David Gilbert-Smith mention of his sporting record at St Edward's School, Oxford, where I overlapped with him for three years. He was Captain of Rugby, Cricket and Boxing, but an additional attribute was his insistence that he should know everyone who played those sports for school teams. As I boxed, I came into contact with him; not literally, as I was a different weight, but he always took a keen interest in the rest of the boxing team. He was a fearless rugby player in the back row and always stood up as a wicket keeper. Always enthusiastic, he led from the front and he could quite easily get carried away with his involvement in the game and in others' performances. Perhaps he was an old-fashioned person, being so involved in the success of others.

My records show that two other Dukes were educated at St Edward's School: you, Sir, our Editor, and B. C. T. Faithfull. (*Who will be remembered by those who served in the late fifties in Northern Ireland. Ed*)

Yours faithfully
Bryant Fell

From: 99 Crestline Court
Northampton
NN3 8XZ
29 September 2003

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

As a footnote to the article by ex-Corporal Jim Richards, *Memories of a National Serviceman*, I feel I should add my tuppen'orth, as I shared the latter part of his article, namely the clearing up after the cease-fire, the voyage to Gib and the Wild West fight.

As I recall, the voyage on the *Asturias* was a most pleasant trip. I was Company Orderly Sergeant/Corporal for most of the time and, though fatigues and training took up a lot of the day, the time off and nights were very jolly. I can't remember the outbreak of gypsy-tummy, I certainly didn't have to "drop 'em" and receive two jabs. I remember clearly the seven-in-one-go in Hong Kong prior to departure for Kure; three in the left arm and four in the right, followed by thirty minutes PT; to "work it round the body", we were told.

Now to the Gib incident. Me and my pal Terry Garside, a drummer, must have been on guard somewhere and it must have been an "extra" of some kind,

as we must have dismounted at 1800hrs, as we were in best kit in the bar at the time of the fight. I think we had rushed to the cinema straight off guard, thus not having had the time to change into civvies.

Anyway, there we were, having a bottle or three, when, as stated, the Yanks came in. Now, stood at the bar was a Corporal from my Company with a well-known reputation as a 'hard man'. He was resting his arm in an upright position on his elbow, due to a nasty gash in the palm of his hand, caused by the gravel on the naval soccer pitch where we had both played in a company match two days previously. Now, the Yanks were jostling round him and one of them 'pushed' a Brit matelot into said Corporal. I think the matelot - being a foot and a half shorter than the Corporal, apologised, explained what had happened and rounded on the Yank for his apology - obviously not forthcoming.

The Corporal, somewhat in pain from his hand hitting the bar, joined in the conversation between the little matelot and the Yank, the upshot being the Yank hit the little matelot and, before he and his four mates knew it, they were the recipients of the "Glasgow Kiss", delivered with such speed that, even now, after fifty years, I am in awe as I recall it happening.

Needless to say, this is how it all went off, as Jim Richards recounts - everyone in the vicinity of the bar got involved and it was strictly "Wild West": bottles, tables, chairs being thrown around and some of them coming our way.

I must have been at the next table to Jim, as I remember a chair hitting our table legs and someone jumping up on the bench seat near the window. Terry, meanwhile, had jumped up on the table. When I asked why, he said: "I'm not having my best boots bugged up by all this". So I joined him on top of the table, not only to save my boots from flying broken glass, but to get a better view of the fracas. This was when Jim went through the window, as a melee lurched our way, knocking me and Terry off our table into a heap on the bench seat, thus pushing poor Jim through and onto the pavement.

Although I didn't see him fall, I heard the crash and, on getting to my feet I saw a Naval Shore Patrol (SP) come through the door, only to turn straight round and walk back out. I remember thinking at the time: "They can't handle this". Thirty seconds to a minute later, in walked three Redcaps, all white blanco, gleaming boots and razor sharp creases, and got stuck into the crowd, not hitting anyone, just pulling them apart and saying a few words. I don't know whether it was their calmness, or their presence that did the trick, but in five minutes the place was silent and they were sending people out onto the street and on their way.

Meanwhile, a mixed group of MPs, SPs and Yank SPs had come into the bar and were trying to question people and get them out of there. A very officious Staff Sergeant RMP saw me and Terry in uniform and decided we were easy meat; he gave us a hard time for a while, but when we explained we had just come off duty and were only in for a quick one, he realised we had had nothing to do with it and let us go.

The only query I have with Jim is I remember it as taking place in the Cafe Suize (known in Tommy-speak

for some reason as the Café Squeeze Box), not the Trocadero ... Unless there were two similar incidents, or my memory is failing. I know we spent many nights in the old Squeeze Box, as they had the equivalent of the modern karaoke nights, with good singers up every night. Who in the Dukes, and S Company in particular, can ever forget the great voice of Albert Dawson singing *Begin the Beguine*? I don't know if it was the only song he knew, or that people only wanted to hear that song, even the local band and 'girls' from Spain were enthralled by his voice.

Well, that's my version of events that night in Gib. I hope it stirs up some pleasant memories for all who were there in the mid-fifties.

Yours sincerely
Len Rusby

From: 31 Heol Mair
Higher Litchard
Bridgend
Bridgend County Borough
CF31 1YL
26 September 2003

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

On a recent visit to Gibraltar I sought out my old barracks the "Casements". They still exist particularly the parts on the square which remain intact and exactly as I remember them but they are now fashionable boutiques. The area is a mass of cafeterias and other shops. The square has many memories for me of Marked Men's drill parade under Sergeant Cork where for the slightest military infringement, we became Marked Men and doubled around the square in full view of the laughing Gibraltarians. They were at that time held back by a rail fence, the base of which is still visible on the square. What I ever did to become a Marked Man has been obliterated by time, but during my short spell on the rock before demob I ran a switch board and in the main took bookings for the Naval Cinema nearby.

The purpose of my writing is to officially thank Jim Richards for saving my life (Iron Duke Autumn 2003) thus ensuring the future of the Pounder dynasty. The fog of war as they say has shrouded my recollection of what took place, but I recall "legging it" back to B Company HQ with Chinese soldiers scattering before me. I was aware that Major Tony Firth would be waiting and thumping on our 62 set to get some response from our radio. So there I was unarmed away from my company headquarters on the Hook immediately before a battle - a clear case that would certainly have attracted a period of Marked Man's drill parade. I recall the sound of bugles at the appointed time with the armistice and off we went like excited school boys over into the Chinese lines. I was clutching my Zeis camera and I was presented with a beautifully embroidered pendant by one of our former enemies which was then taken from me almost immediately by a young officer. I just wonder what became of this banner. Those who accompanied me across to the Chinese lines were all charged and up before the Commanding Officer but I

have no recollection of the offence or the punishment, but with the euphoria of the day it was probably a mild rebuke.

Finally it saddens me to read today of the isolated alleged cases of bullying and intimidation in today's modern army. As a teenage soldier I had nothing but support and kindness from those set over me particularly Company Sergeant Major Friar.

My very best wishes to all those National Servicemen and regular soldiers who served with me at the time.

Yours faithfully
Brian Pounder

N.B. I enclose a photograph of myself and Jim Richards on my left.



From: Media Operations
HQ 15 (NE) Brigade
Imphal Barracks
Fulford Road
York YO10 4AU

12 August 2003

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

Commander 15 (North East) Brigade is concerned that regular soldiers leaving the Army have a wealth of experience which is lost to the Reserves. One of the problems is that once an officer or soldier has left the Services and has changed address he is often lost to the system. Civilian career and commitments take over and, without a friendly prompt or two, the individual loses all contact with the Services. The Reserves of course lose access to the invaluable experience and knowledge that individual has acquired during his military career.

One way of overcoming this problem, and raising the profile and needs of the Reserve Forces, is through journals such as 'The Iron Duke'.

I have compiled a series of case studies based on interviews with ex-regular officers and soldiers who now hold a commission in one of the reserve forces in the north of England. The case studies have been distilled into an article that describes the benefits to the individual, the Reserves and society of continuing a military career by joining one of the reserve forces.

I would be grateful if you would consider publishing the article in a forthcoming edition of 'The Iron Duke'. I have presented a cross section of opinion and background but the general message is the same: "The Reserves want the experience and knowledge of ex-Regulars. Ex-Regulars can gain a lot from the Reserves." (*Delighted - see page 160 - Ed.*)

Yours sincerely
Major R. M. Flint



Afternote to Brian Pounder's letter: Mention of the Casements reminds us that Bryant Fell and John Goodman, between them, have sent us a photograph of a fine body of young men marching on parade in Gibraltar. We think John Goodman is the Lance Corporal on the left of the picture, can any readers identify others for us? Ed.

From: 23 Wenlock Crescent
Springwood
Brisbane
Qld 4127
15 September 2003

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

I enclose an article hoping that you will find it appropriate for the Iron Duke. I have tried to place the events described by Major Knight concerning 2/6 DWR (April to June 1940) in a broader historical context. The reason for this is the widespread ignorance of this extremely critical period, including the British Army's involvement in France after Dunkirk and the political endeavours of Churchill's government to encourage France to continue the war even from North Africa. Major Knight's articles, except for the mention of two incidents, naturally only deal with issues at the local level, without really touching on the other dramatic events unfolding in this short time period - both military and political. (*Delighted - see pp 127-130 - Ed.*)

I was motivated to write this after reading the book "Les Miracles de 40", by Gilbert Foël. Originally I attended a talk by him at the Alliance Française in 1996 in Brisbane, when he spoke of his coming publication. I was horrified that he had omitted nearly all of the British Army's part in the continuing fight against the Germans after Dunkirk. I then sent Foël the article (1992) by Major Knight and copies of the passages in Bryant (1957) of Alanbrooke's diaries relating to this period. Foël promised me he would insert an appendix including all this information. When he next spoke in Brisbane, in 1998, he gave a verbal account of the British Army's participation in the withdrawal through Normandy and of the sinking of the *Lancastria*. No appendix however was found in the book on this period (although there were three other appendices). When I purchased the book he wrote flattering comments on the fly leaf presumably to placate me in advance, knowing I would encounter passages containing anti-British sentiments.

Yours sincerely
John Reddington

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 25 January, 18 April, 13 June, 12 September (AGM).

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 G. B. Anderson, 72 Stanington Road, Malin Bridge, Sheffield, S6 5FL.

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.

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 EVENTS - 2004

The following dates are now confirmed:

Saturday 24 April - Regimental Service, Halifax Parish Church.

Saturday 2 October - Regimental Association Reunion Dinner and AGM, Hilton Hotel, Bradford.

SKIPTON BRANCH

Skipton Branch of the Regimental Association held its annual Waterloo Dinner on 21 June 2003 at Skipton Golf Club. It was attended by 62 people, with Halifax, Huddersfield and Keighley branch members also attending and 11 guests from the Coldstream Guards.



Left to right: Mr G. Bell, Mrs Polly English, Major General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter, Mrs M. Bell, Mr D. Higson, Mrs P. Higson, Mr Paul English.

The Chief Guest was the Colonel of the Regiment, Major General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter, who talked about what had happened over the last year and how the 1st Battalion was coping in Iraq.

The meal was excellent, for which we thanked Chef Andrew and his staff. A small gift was presented to the Colonel by the Branch Chairman, Mr G. Bell, who thanked him for coming so far. He also thanked the Mayor, Mr Paul English and his wife, Polly, for attending. After dinner there was dancing to Friktion until the small hours of the morning.

LONDON BRANCH

The branch continues to meet regularly at the Union Jack Club, with the Annual Dinner being held at the Victory Services Club, this year held on 18 October. Reinforcements from Huddersfield and Skipton were welcomed by branch members, and the guests were Major General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter and Lady Webb-Carter. Apart from arranging the whole thing, Branch Secretary Keith Jagger, ably aided by his wife, Evie, also organised a successful raffle, which raised a useful sum of money to help defray costs.



London Branch meeting on 15 June 2003. Left to right: Colin Aukett, Tom Harper, Fred Richardson, Jim Paine, Vera Aukett, Eveline Jagger and Irene Mallinson.

ULSTER ASH GROVE DEDICATION CEREMONY

The Ulster Ash Grove in the National Memorial Arboretum (NMA) in Staffordshire was a project initiated by the NMA's founder, David Childs, and the Daily Telegraph. It was to be a grove of trees, one named for each of the 719 servicemen and women killed by terrorist action in Northern Ireland since 1969 - the so-called 'ghost' Battalion. This idea was then expanded to include those killed from the RUC and the Northern Ireland Police Service.

The Ulster Ash Grove was formally dedicated in a service on 23 September 2003. The Primate of All Ireland, Doctor Robin Eames, led the service giving an exceptionally thoughtful and moving address. After the main service of dedication, the Regiment held its own small, simple service and wreath laying amongst those trees dedicated to members of the Regiment who lost their lives. Our service was led by the Regimental Padre, Canon Roy Matthews, and was attended by Susan Rimmer, widow of Private James Lee, their daughter, Donna, and granddaughter, Eleanor; Hilary Bellamy, widow of QMSI David Bellamy and their son Neil, now a Captain in the Light Infantry, as well as by the COs of the 1st Battalion for each of the tours of Northern Ireland, during which soldiers were lost, General Sir Charles Huxtable, Colonel Peter Mitchell and Brigadier Dick Mundell, as well as others from the Regiment. It was a poignant and moving day in which we remembered:

Private George Lee who died on 6 June 1972 in Belfast.

Private James Lee who died on 16 July 1972 in South Armagh.

Lance Corporal Terence Graham who died on 16 July 1972 in South Armagh.



Mrs Hilary Bellamy and Captain Neil Bellamy lay their wreaths at the tree dedicated to WO2 David Bellamy.

Corporal Michael Ryan who died on 17 March 1974 in Londonderry.

2nd Lieutenant Howard Fawley who died on 27 June 1974 in County Londonderry.

WO2 David Bellamy APTC who died on 28 October 1979 in Belfast.

Private Errol Pryce who died on 26 January 1980 in Belfast.

KEEPING IN TOUCH...

An Old Soldier's Visit to Buckingham Palace

As one of a small group of survivors of the First World War, George Rice, 106 years old, was one of the guests at a lunch held in their honour by the Queen at Buckingham Palace on 24 July 2003. George had a full day travelling to London to meet the Queen, sporting his Regimental badge and tie.



2028 Private Rice was a Territorial Force soldier in the Durham Light Infantry on being called up in 1914 but, as a 17 year old skilled sheet metal worker and coppersmith, he was drafted into the munitions industry for three years.

After the attrition of the Somme and Paschendaele battles of 1916 and 1917, George was transferred to The Dukes and sent on a refresher course to be, as he puts it, "reminded how to kill people". He was also trained as a Lewis gunner and arrived in the front line with the 5th Battalion in early 1918.

In March 1918, the Germans launched a number of massive offensives designed to shatter the Allies' defences and bring victory. A series of desperate battles followed as the British hung on grimly, with the 5th Battalion heavily engaged near Bapaume and Boucqoy.

A huge allied counter-offensive followed, George being in the thick of the fighting. On 12 September 1918, at the battle of Havrincourt, during the advance to break the Hindenburg Line, George and his Lewis gun team had moved forward, supporting a company attack on a small ridge. It was not long before the expected German counter-attack came. George remembers the attack where a young subaltern, 2 Lieutenant Rossington, was killed in the first fusillade on 12 September 1918. George and his crew quickly brought their Lewis gun into action and killed all eight of the enemy at close range.

Queen's Garden Party

Also at Buckingham Palace, on 22 July 2003, were Major John Tyler and his wife Brenda. John's invitation was in recognition of his 47 years' service with the youth of this country. John will be well remembered for his sixteen years with Yorkshire ACF, in particular as OC Wellesley Company when Generals Donald Isles and Charles Huxtable were Colonel. However, he had also served the previous fifteen years in a different (Staffordshire) cap badge and went on to serve a further sixteen years with North Yorkshire Youth Service, achieving every youth service qualification himself, as well as leading a 300-strong youth club in Skipton and helping youngsters to earn a total of 64 Silver and Bronze Duke of Edinburgh Awards in four years. He also founded a music club for disaffected youngsters, ultimately enabling them to cut a CD at a professional music studio in York. John gives Brenda much credit for her constant support and they both send their best wishes to their friends in the Regiment and in Yorkshire Army Cadet Force. For our part, we hope that John's remarkable record of service with young people may help to inspire others to follow a similar path.

Ernest Sykes VC (1885-1949)

With 1914 came the Call to Arms. Ernest Sykes, who was living with his wife and two sons on Bank Street in Mossley, joined 7th Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Whilst serving in Gallipoli, Sykes suffered severe injuries to a foot. Amputation seemed likely, but several operations saved the limb. He was sent back to England for home service, but was later passed as fit to serve with the 27th (Service Battalion) Northumberland Fusiliers. His service with them in France and Flanders led to the award of the Victoria Cross for conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty near Arras on 19 April 1917. We can be justly proud of this gallant ex-Duke.

Korea - 50 Years On

We are grateful to Bill Oliver for his report on the lunch held at the Institute of Directors, 116 Pall Mall, on 12 September 2003, for "former pupils" of Eaton Hall and Mons Officer Cadet Schools, to mark the passage of fifty years since the cessation of hostilities in Korea. The organiser was Keith Taylor RNF and the speaker was General Sir Anthony Farrar-Hockley, who had been Adjutant of the Glosters during the Korean battles. Bill, who served in A Company, and who was accompanied by Douglas Hollands MC, D Company, Tom Rothery, B Company, and Peter Chester, B Company and Brigade LO, tells us that they lunched quite well and partook of some reasonable wine and port.

Regimental Archive

The Regimental Archive contains much information from the Regiment's past and we plan to bring forward at least one item per future issue of the Iron Duke for information, for clarification, or for discussion.

First Question: The photograph of senior ranks of the 1st Battalion shown below was taken in Tel Aviv on 1 May 1944 and our Archivist would like to know the names of those depicted and, if possible, the place and the occasion. Trick Question: Were the accordion duo sisters?

Next Question: The Elephant. Should the elephant's trunk on our various Regimental insignia turn inwards, or outwards?

In Touch ... ?

John Morriss Hume has contacted us to see if any of our readers were friends of his 89-year-old father, John William Hume, who served in the Dukes from 1939-45 in India and in Burma? He was Welterweight boxing champion in India. Please make contact through: john.hume@ntlworld.com or at 41 Sunnysdale Road, Bakersfield, Nottingham, NG3 7GG.



The following message was received recently from 24443715 Lance Corporal Bradley, C Company and Hook 1977-91. "Dear Dukes. Just become computer literate and enjoyed reading about all my old mates from the dirty 33rd. This will be my thirteenth year out of the Regiment and, although it seems like yesterday, it has been a long time to cope with. (Read into that what you will.) After reading the article from Bill Stone to the wonderful Andy Pigg, I couldn't help but write. I've been quietly proud over many years of what I achieved as a Duke. Not a lot of people will remember me as shown above, but call me "Brad the Medic" and people will remember straight away. If anyone does, and has a moment to spare, please contact me at:

www.dukeofwellie@aol.com.uk

Whatever happened to Phil Brandon, Tony Williams, Don Hutchinson and Peter Lee?

Commemorative Medal

A new Commemorative Medal has been privately struck to recognize the active service of British and Commonwealth Forces from World War I to the present day. It is called "The Active Service Medal", is of standard size and is gold plated. Anyone who has done active service will qualify to purchase this medal. However, serving personnel should not wear it in uniform, but may do so upon becoming civilians. It should not be worn in line with issue medals, but be worn below them, or on the right breast. Money raised from the sale of this medal will go to SSAFA Forces' Help.

To obtain an application form please write to: Mr G. E. Harris, 124 Haven Park Crescent, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, SA61 1DS.
Telephone 01437 768668

Talking of Senior People ...



This photograph, taken on the happy occasion of the marriage of Miss Tamsin Walker at St Peter's Church, Navenby, on 13 September 2003, just goes to show that, even if the instruction says "Morning Dress", no two Dukes' officers will turn out dressed alike. For the record, those shown with Tamsin are, from left to right: Julian Vitoria, Peter Andrews, Michael Bray, Donald Palmer, Donald Isles, Dick Mundell, Charles Cumberlege and the proud parents, Sue and Johnny Walker.

Those Who Took Part in the Battlefield Tour

23-30 September 2003

The Colonel and Lady Webb-Carter, Major General Donald Isles, Joe and Thelma Bailes, Tony and Margaret Balding, Cliff Boothman, Richard and Elizabeth Diacon, Brian Eastwood, Cyril and Jean Ford, John and Judith Greenway, Harold and Nancy Greenwood, Janet Gul, Bob and Margaret Hanson, Geoff Hill, Bob and Linda Heron, Peter Hoppe, Keith and Eveline Jagger, Bill Norman, Rodney Owers, David and Jeanne Peckover, Geoffrey and Patricia Pople, Walter Robins, John Sargeant, Kath Shone, John Stacpoole, Michael Tiernan, Bob and Jean Wilson, John Young.

“The D-Day Dodgers”

*The Anthem of the British 8th Army
Serving in Italy during WWII
(sung to the tune of ‘Lilli Marlene’)*

We’re the D-Day Dodgers, out in Italy,
Always on the vino and always on the spree,
8th Army scroungers and their tanks,
We live in Rome amongst the Yanks,
We are the D-Day Dodgers in sunny Italy.

We landed at Salerno, a holiday with pay,
Jerry brought his bands out, to cheer us on our way,
Showed us the sights and made us tea,
We all sang songs and the beer was free,
To welcome D-Day Dodgers to sunny Italy.

Naples and Sorrento were taken in our stride,
We didn’t go to fight there, we just went for the ride,
Anzio and Cassino were just names,
we only went to look for dames,
The randy D-Day Dodgers in sunny Italy.

On the way to Florence we had a lovely time,
We ran a bus to Rimini, right through the Gothic Line,
Soon to Bologna we will go,
and after that we’ll cross the Po,
We’ll still be D-Day Dodgers in sunny Italy.

Once we heard a rumour we were going home,
Back to dear Old Blighty and never more to roam,
Then someone said: “In France you’ll fight”;
We said: “No fear, we’ll just sit tight”,
The windy D-Day Dodgers in sunny Italy.

Dear Lady Astor, you think you know a lot,
Standing on your soapbox and talking tommy-rot,
You’re England’s sweetheart and her pride,
But we think your mouth too bleedin’ wide,
That’s from the D-Day Dodgers, in sunny Italy.

Look around the mountains, in the mud and rain,
See those scattered crosses, some that have no name,
Heartbreak and sorrow have all gone,
The boys beneath them slumber on,
They are the D-Day Dodgers who stayed in Italy.

Discipline

THE SOLDIER’S TEN COMMANDMENTS

Thou shalt not take the name of thy Sergeant Major in vain, lest thy name be entered on an Army Form B252 and a list of endurance vile be prescribed for thee.

Thou shalt not scrounge, nor swing the lead, lest thou be called into the presence of the RSM and a yoke be set upon thy neck and thy body be broken with numerous fatigues.

Honour thy Paymaster and the Quartermaster, that thy credits may be as the sands of the desert and thy kit be ever abundant.

Thou shalt not take unto thyself thy comrade’s kit, nor let thy fingers become sticky whilst in the stores, lest thy sins be discovered and thy body be allowed to rot in a cesspit of the MCE.

Thou shalt not fritter away thy wordly goods, be it at either Banker Brag, or Pontoon, lest the voice of authority shall speak in thine ear, saying: “Render unto me thy numerals, rank and name and yet leave the proof of thy guilt upon the table”. For such as are caught shall verily feel the wrath of their masters.

Thou shalt not mingle with publicans and sinners, lest thou fillest thyself to excess with beer, for then thou shalt incur the displeasure of the Redcaps and who-soever is taken by them, his days are surely numbered.

Thou shalt not kill the cooks, though thy body is in pain with their ministerings, but thou shalt convey thy complaints through the proper channels whereby men expect little and receive less.

Six days shalt thou labour and do all that thou hast to do and on the seventh thou shalt blanco thy kit and bull thy boots.

Judge not, lest thou be judged also and receive CO’s for thy judging.

And it shall come to pass that one day thou will be arrayed in strange and wonderful garments and be called “Mr”. Thou shalt be amazed at any deliverance from the land of the ungodly and shall fall down and give thanks for the paradise which surrounds thee, and thou shalt be called “civilian” all the rest of thy days.

MCE - Military Corrective Establishment
CO’s - Commanding Officer’s Orders

“Once a Soldier, Always a Soldier - ex-Regulars and the Reserves”

*By Major Rod Flint RLC, SO3 TA Media and Marketing
HQ 15 (NE) Brigade*

“The Reserves would really benefit from the experience of ex-Regulars”, says Brigadier David Shaw. As Commander of 15 (North East) Brigade, Brigadier Shaw is responsible for 10,500 Regular and TA soldiers, 800 University Officer Cadets and 8,000 Cadets across the North of England.

Brigadier Shaw knows the benefit which ex-Regulars have brought to all of his units and he wants to encourage many more to share their soldiering skills with their civilian counterparts. “It doesn’t matter what a Regular soldier did, it is soldiering skills which count. Joining the Reserves enables you to enjoy part-time soldiering and to gain extra income.”

Soldiers have a wealth of experience which is generally lost once they leave the Regular Army. One reason for this is that many soldiers don’t realise just how valuable their experience is and how much it can help others. Another reason is that the Army tends to lose contact with their soldiers once they enter civilian life.

Quite often soldiers who have not achieved their full potential during a Regular career have gone on to enjoy a very rewarding secondary career in the Reserves. The Reserves are a very varied organisation. Whether it is the Army Cadet Force, the University Officer Training Corps or the TA, ex-Regulars can give a lot and get a lot in return. It is one family. The same ethos, the same love of soldiering and close comradeship bind them all.

The experience of ex-Regular Servicemen and women across the north who have found that civilian and Army life can be enjoyably combined is testament to this.

Captain Chris Clegg, 2IC of 217 Transport Squadron, was keen to say that "The TA offers the best bits of the Army without the hassle of barrack life because it concentrates on the soldiering aspects. The TA gives you a sense of service. I don't get inspired making money for others - I get inspired by the TA. There is a camaraderie which you simply don't get in civilian life." This was echoed by his Officer Commanding, Captain Richard Broadbent who quipped "I missed getting cold wet and miserable now and again!" Richard, who joined the TA after a six year break added "I was cavalry officer and wanted to do something completely different in the TA - I wanted to avoid comparisons. Basic skills and competencies are common. Background doesn't matter - you mustn't feel constrained. But it is important to get established in civvy life first. After that - join!"

Everyone's needs are different but the ability to develop yourself is a common thread. Captain Sherri Took left the Royal Signals as a local Lance Corporal. A day later she joined the TA as a potential officer in the Royal Corps of Transport (now Royal Logistic Corps), "I knew that I could succeed in the Army. The TA was the door. The great thing about the TA is that it allows you to develop natural skills and try different roles. I was RCT to begin with. A better opportunity came up with the gunners - I took it. You can in the TA. As a TA officer you are respected and can use your initiative. It has given me more self confidence and a belief that I can achieve what I want to do."

The ability to use those leadership skills which many civilian jobs constrain is another common benefit of TA and ACF service. It works both ways; employers also benefit from Army training. Major Lee Whitworth QGM is a teacher who now commands Fontenay Company of the East and West Riding Regiment after spending four years instructing Leeds UOTC: "The TA is very good value for money for employers. I can use those management skills, which the Army has imbued and developed in me, for the good of the education profession. It is also rewarding to see the improvement in my soldiers' self-confidence and self-articulation. They are able to develop as people more quickly in the TA than in most civilian jobs. This makes them a benefit to the civilian workplace."

The satisfaction of doing something positive for the community is shared by many. "The greatest reward is the cadets themselves. They give 100%. It is far more rewarding training them than regular soldiers and it makes a real difference to society. Working with cadets is infectious. Try it. You'll like it and never leave. It has given me a lot too", said 2nd Lieutenant Fred Owen who was already helping with his local cadets whilst serving as a Private in the Catering Corps. One of Fred's colleagues in Yorks and Humberside ACF is Captain Adrian Costello. Adrian, now a police sergeant, left the Royal Signals as a Sergeant after the first Gulf War. He went on to say "What you did in the Regulars doesn't matter. People from all walks of life succeed as cadet

instructors. You are teaching the nation's future, certainly the Army's future. But we are not recruiters. We give these kids an enjoyable way of life that many don't get elsewhere. Helping them achieve their potential and develop as good citizens - that is the reward."

Of course there is a selfish aspect too. Lieutenant Shane Ferris perhaps summed it up best when he said: "It allows me to be myself again. I enjoy the camaraderie. The TA gives the best of both worlds. I can do the job of a professional soldier in my own time and I can get my family involved as much or as little as they wish. That is a definite bonus."

When asked what he would say to anyone leaving the Regulars his reply, immediate and enthusiastic, was "Do it! The transition to civilian life can be really hard work - the forces do spoon-feed you. Finding a career is difficult and the Reserves provide something familiar for you to fall back on. It is a supportive network and the money can be a real life-line. The TA offers so much that civilian life doesn't!"

His boss at 49 Signal Squadron, Major Mark Finch, has a similar view "The TA provides a good refresher at the end of a stressful week. It is a good focus to help clear the mind, allowing you to go back on Monday a better person. The Army is not a job, it is a way of life. By joining the TA you can have the best of both worlds. You can still do those things which made you join the Regulars in the first place whilst avoiding those things which may have caused you to leave."

One thing that everyone will tell you is "Do remember that it is important to put your family and civilian career first - the Reserves are flexible. How much time you give them is up to you, but one thing they want you to give them is your commitment, your skill and your experience - you will get a lot back".

Do you want advice on the transition to civilian employment?

The following officers will be happy to talk to you on their areas of experience:

Major Mark Finch, 49 Signals Squadron (0113 2455105)
Teaching

Major Lee Whitworth, E & WRR (01226 200116)
Teaching

Captain Tania Noakes, Leeds UOTC (via 01904 668624) Mountaineering Instructor

Captain Adrian Costello, York & Humberside ACF (07816 302129) Police

Lieutenant Shane Ferris, 49 Signals Squadron (0113 2455105) Probation Service

2nd Lieutenant Fred Owen, Yorks and Humberside ACF (07801 343147) First Aid / HSAW

The Royal Hospital Chelsea - into its Fifth Century

Few of those who watch the Royal British Legion's Festival of Remembrance each November can fail to be touched by the entry of the Chelsea Pensioners. The measured tones of 'The Boys of the Old Brigade' start as a contingent of scarlet clad old men marches into the

arena. These men are a national symbol that has come to represent tradition and service to the Crown.

The Royal Hospital (meaning refuge or shelter) was founded in 1682 by Charles II for "the relief of veterans broken by age and war". Still located in the original buildings designed by Sir Christopher Wren it is the home to about 350 former soldiers, who served in the Second World War and now more recent campaigns.

Admission as a Chelsea Pensioner has always been highly prized. In the 18th century anyone impersonating a Chelsea Pensioner could be sentenced to death or sent to the Colonies.

Today, to be eligible for admission as an In-Pensioner a candidate must be male and:

- In receipt of a Service or Disability Pension awarded for Army Service
- Normally at least 65 years of age
- Free from the obligation to support a wife or children

Applications are welcome at any time from any former soldier who is qualified. Currently, because of the accommodation available, it is not possible to admit women.

The Royal Hospital has always been organised semi-military lines. Today the Governor is supported by the Lieutenant-Governor, the Secretary and nine heads of department. Senior staff are mainly former regular Army officers or civil servants.

Currently the In-Pensioners are organised into six companies under the care of a Captain of Invalids. Each Company has a Company Sergeant-Major and NCOs drawn from the In-Pensioners to assist in its running.

Around ninety of the In-Pensioners work voluntarily as guides, chapel attendants, clerical, shop staff and museum attendants and in many other ways. They make a considerable contribution to the running of the Royal Hospital.

On arrival each new In-Pensioner is given a berth in one of the eighteen Long Wards (which remain essentially as they were designed by Sir Christopher Wren) and is allocated to a Company. The In-Pensioner surrenders his Army pension(s) and in return receives board, lodging, clothing and full medical care. Depending on individual need, support for each In-Pensioner ranges from sheltered housing, through all levels of nursing care to providing a hospice.

In-Pensioners are encouraged to pursue a full and active life within the Royal Hospital. In addition to undertaking voluntary jobs, In-Pensioners can enjoy many recreational pursuits including the use of a club, amenity centre, television and snooker rooms, a library, an arts and craft centre, bowling and putting greens and allotment gardens.

Trips are arranged regularly both within the United Kingdom and overseas, including battlefield tours, to sporting events and visits to military establishments. In 2002 a party went to the White House in Washington and met the President.

Parades are now mainly limited to Annual Founder's Day, and the Governor's Parade which takes place on Sunday morning before chapel. The salute is taken by the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary or Adjutant with In-Pensioners from each Company on parade.

Holidays and leave of absence are freely granted for up to six weeks at a time, although an In-Pensioner must be in residence up to Founder's Day for rehearsals, which take place in early June.

Within the confines of the Royal Hospital all In-Pensioners are encouraged to wear the Royal Hospital's informal uniform. On all official occasions they wear the famous scarlet coats, completed at ceremonial events by tricorne hats. This dress is a modernised version of the uniform worn at the beginning of the 18th century.

The Royal Hospital's Founder's day is held on a day close to 29 May which is the birthday of King Charles II, as well as the date of his restoration as King in May 1660. The parade is normally reviewed by a member of the Royal Family. During the course of the celebratory day the statue of Charles II in Figure Court is shrouded in oak leaves, and all participants in the parade and spectators wear sprigs of oak leaves. This commemorates the King's escape from the parliamentary forces after the Battle of Worcester in 1651. The statue was re-gilded in 2002 to commemorate the Golden Jubilee of Queen Elizabeth II.

The Royal Hospital is now taking steps to ensure that it can continue to provide the most modern residential accommodation and care, yet maintain the fabric of the buildings and tradition of the past. This will require:

- A new infirmary building
- Improved accommodation in the Long Wards and better facilities for the In-Pensioners, also to allow women to be admitted, and
- Improvements to the grounds to maintain the quality of life and make it a pleasant place to live, work and visit.

Chelsea Pensioners are proud to continue a way of life and traditions established over five centuries. The Royal Hospital is committed to provide high quality residential care for old soldiers that have served their country loyally in both war and peace.

The Royal Hospital Chelsea is open to the public nearly every day of the year. Full details are published on the web site: www.chelsea-pensioners.org.uk
Telephone 020 7881 5204

CHANGE OF ADDRESS/*NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Mr D. R. Blood, 70 St Clements Court East, Broadway West, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex, SS9 2BS.

Colonel R. M. L. Colville TD, White House Farm, 22 Main Street, Barkby, Leicester, LE7 3QG.

Mr J. C. K. Cumberlege, 45 Howard Building, 368 Queenstown Road, London, SW8 4NN.

Mr J. N. Mitchell, 'Sailing By' Melton Road, Whissendine, Rutland, LE15 7EU.

Lieutenant Colonel J. E. Pell OBE, Melrose Villa, Old Church Lane, Fylingthorpe, Nr Whitby, YO22 4TR.

Mr M. J. Wightman, Waitwith Lane Farm House, Waitwith Rd, Catterick Garrison, N. Yorks, DL9 3PX.

Mr G. O. W. Williams, 13 Bray Road, Fulford, York, YO10 4JG.

* Mr D. I. Whitehead, 2 Marten Grove, Netherton, Huddersfield, HD4 7JU.

Obituaries

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

Major R. K. Briscoe RA

Dickie Briscoe died on 27 September 2003 at the age of 89. Sadly, because the Regiment was not informed in time, there was no regimental representation at his funeral. Dickie was well known to all in the 1st Battalion who served in Italy and Palestine between 1944-46. He was a member of 3 Infantry Brigade's supporting Gunner regiment, 2nd Field Regiment, RA and, in particular, of 35 Battery, which was invariably in support of the Battalion both at Anzio and through the Gothic Line when he served as a Troop Commander and OP Officer. In Palestine he was appointed Adjutant of 2nd Field before being demobilised in 1946.

35 Battery, along with the rest of the divisional artillery, had many problems, particularly in the Gothic Line battles when the difficulties of movement, the finding of gun positions, crest clearance, maintenance of communications, and the seeking of sensible means to alleviate and eke out the ever-dwindling scale of ammunition were always present. Dickie faced these problems squarely and despite the fact that gun areas were usually cramped, waterlogged and difficult to approach, the Battalion never lacked for its essential gunner support.

Dickie made many friends in the Dukes, perhaps especially, Fred Huskisson, Jim Sills and Peter Faulks, so much so that he was invited and joined the 1st Battalion Overseas Dinner Club founded by Brian Webb-Carter. He was a frequent attender and he was always most welcome. A tall man, he was always cheerful and very proud of his association with the Regiment. Those who fought alongside him will miss him greatly.

D.E.I.

Peter West

Peter West, who died on 2 September 2003, will be best remembered as a successful and much-respected sports correspondent and broadcaster. However, together with Hugh Le Messurier, Peter Carey and Bill Weyland, Peter West was one of the last cadets to be commissioned from the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, into the Dukes in 1939. He had been a star sportsman at his school, Cranbrook, and he had captained the Sandhurst XV.

From the Depot, Peter West was posted to the 10th Battalion at Wentworth Woodhouse, where the Battalion's role was, for the most part, the training of reinforcements for overseas battalions. Little additional information is available about the unit and the individuals who served in it. However, he suffered from severe back problems, which resulted in his being invalided out of the army before he could join an active service battalion and he then embarked on his long and successful alternative career.

He attended the 1943-45 Overseas Dining Club Dinner as a guest in 1953 (and, after dinner, went out to

Fleet Street and brought back the next day's papers which carried reports of the Hook Battle on their front pages). However, he subsequently declined to receive Regimental mail or attend Regimental reunions and never completed a record of service for Regimental Headquarters. On the other hand, he certainly attended some of the Regiment's rugby matches in the fifties and sixties and reported them in the Daily Telegraph. The players of the day viewed him very much as a friendly ally.

WOII (ORQMS) Thomas "Bill" William Akrigg

Bill passed away on 17 August 2003, suddenly, after three years of bad health, at the age of 85. His funeral was held at the Skipton Crematorium on 26 August 2003.

Born in Middlesbrough on 26 May 1918, he enlisted into the Dukes from his home town in 1934, at the age of sixteen. Within eight months he was on his way to India with the 2nd Battalion where he remained until August 1939. He stayed with the 2nd Battalion until 1947, when he transferred to the 1st Battalion just before amalgamation in 1948.

During his first two years in the Army Bill "got his head down" and concentrated on his education, obtaining six Army Certificates of Education, 1st Class. A very good advertisement for his determination and the Army's education system.

After returning from India, Bill stayed with the 1st Battalion until December 1951. He then went to East Africa to the King's African Rifles until December 1954; for this service in Africa he held the Africa GSM with Kenya clasp. The only Duke to do so. He also held the Defence Medal. 1939/45 War Medal, Long Service and Good Conduct Medal and GOC Northern Command's Certificate of Good Service.

On his return from Africa, Bill rejoined the 1st Battalion until his discharge in 1959 with total service of 25 years and 13 days.

After his discharge he took up the post of secretary of the Keighley Branch of the Regimental Association for several years. His eldest son Cedric now holds this post.

Mr J. W. Taylor

James Taylor died on 23 June 2003 at the age of 88.

James joined the Dukes at the Depot in Halifax in 1933 and, after a short time in Aldershot with the 1st Battalion, he was posted to India in December 1934 to join the 2nd Battalion where he served until 1941. Then, for a short period, he was attached to the Indian Army Corps of Clerks as a Sergeant in Iraq, before transferring to the Royal Corps of Signals in February 1942. He was discharged in May 1944.

His funeral service was held in Rothwell, Leeds, on Tuesday 1 July 2003.

Mr K. C. Hackney

Kevin Cyril Hackney died in Leeds on 2 June 2003, at the age of 46.

Kevin joined the army as a junior soldier at Strensall in August 1972 and joined the 1st Battalion in 1975. He served as a Private in Alma Company from June 1975 until discharge in March 1979. He served in Aldershot, Cyprus, Minden, Canada, and two operational tours in Northern Ireland.

Mr A. Armitage

Arnold Armitage, who served in the 9th Battalion (146 Regiment RAC) during WWII, died peacefully at home in Rastrick, Brighouse, on Sunday 13 July 2003, at the age of 88.

Arnold served with the 9th Battalion from 1940-46 in India and Burma. He has been a regular attendee at 9th Battalion reunions and other regimental events. His son Martin also served in the Dukes (1st Battalion).

His funeral service was held in Elland on 21 July 2003.

Mr T. Holgate

Terrance Holgate, who served with the 1st Battalion in Korea and was shipwrecked from HMS Windrush on his return, died on 22 June 2003. His funeral service was held at Armley, Leeds, on 30 June 2003.

Mr E. A. C. Denham

RHQ has been informed of the death of Eric Aspinall Charles Denham, of Lightcliffe, Halifax, on 13 August 2003.

RHQ has also been notified of the following deaths:

Donald Seed

Ex Bandmaster Donald Seed, who was responsible for the arrangements of many Duke's Regimental Marches, including 'The Wellesley', died on 8 November 2003, aged 90. A full obituary will follow in the next issue.

Ex WO2 (TQMS) D. E. Dickens BEM

Dave Dickens died on 28 November 2003 at the age of 60. A full obituary will follow in the next issue.