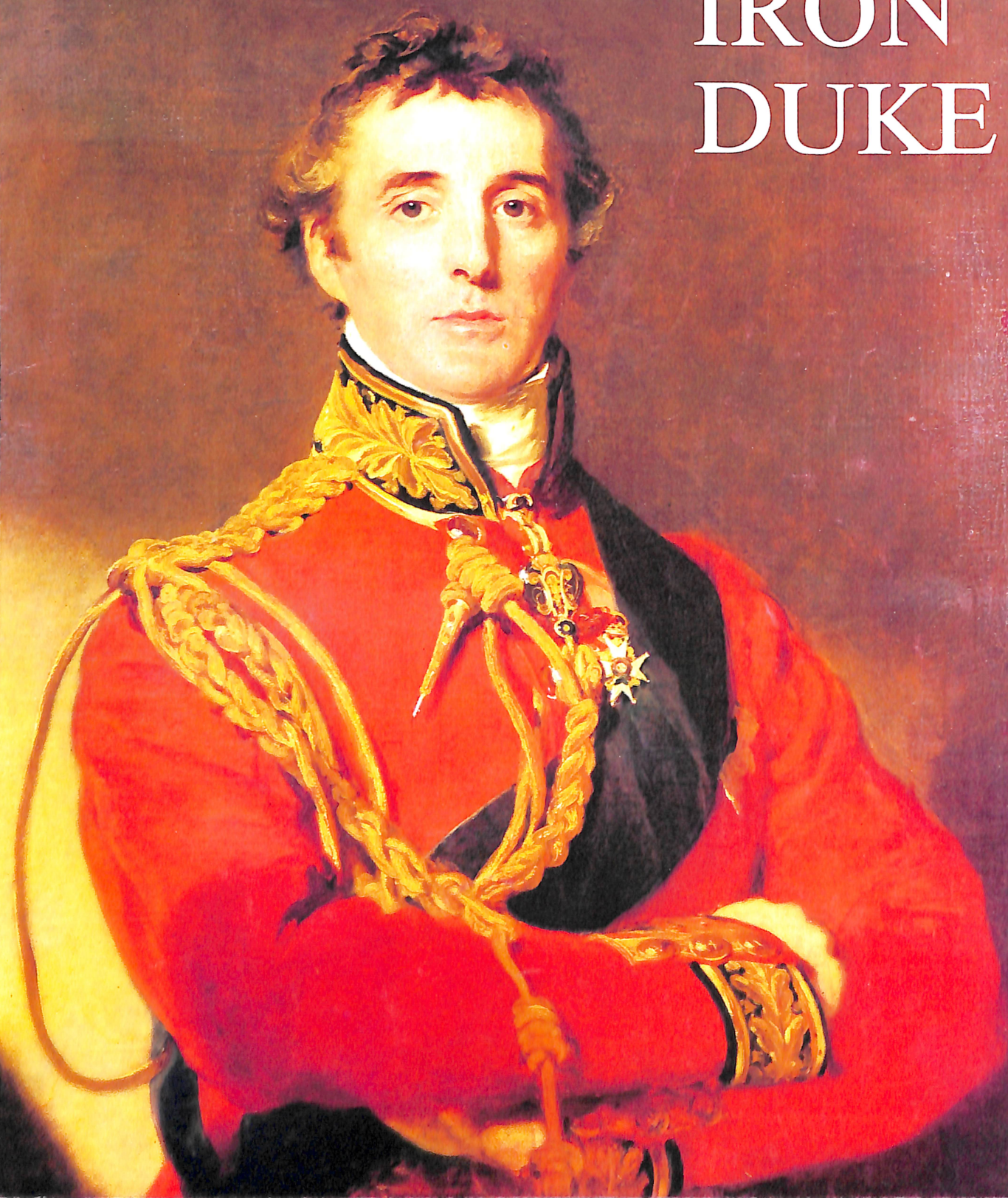


WINTER 2004
No. 256

THE IRON DUKE



THE IRON DUKE

The Regimental Journal of

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT

(WEST RIDING)

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



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

Vol. LXXIX

Winter 2004

No. 256

BUSINESS NOTES

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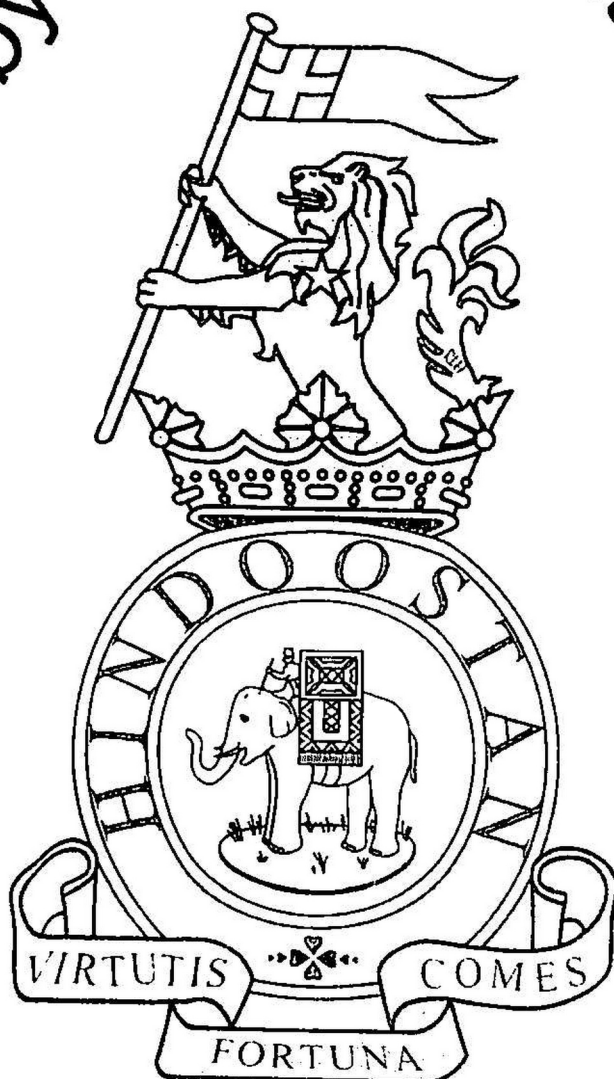
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THE REGIMENT

The Colonel-in-Chief

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

Colonel of the Regiment

Major General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter, KCVO, OBE

Regimental Headquarters

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

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

Assistant Regimental Secretary: Major R. Heron

1st Battalion

*Belfast Barracks,
BFPO 36.*

Commanding Officer: Lieutenant Colonel P. M. Lewis

Adjutant: Captain J. A. Glossop

Regimental Sergeant Major: WO1 S. Caine

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 M. R. Watson

ARMY CADET FORCE - DWR

Yorkshire (North & West)

D Company Detachments

OC: Major J. Greenlee

Halifax

Huddersfield

Spennithorne

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



Mary Lister, left, flanked by Brigadier W. R. Mundell, presenting her Petition to the Secretary of State for Defence Geoff Hoon, who stands next to Christine McCafferty, MP for Calder Valley and Alice Mahon, MP for Halifax.
(People holding placards in the background are not connected with Mary's Petition.)

A MESSAGE FROM THE COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT

From: Major General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter KCVO OBE
Colonel, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding)



Regimental Headquarters,
The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding)
Wellesley Park, Halifax,
West Yorkshire, HX2 0BA.

Tel: (01422) 361671
Military (94771) 8770
Fax: (01422) 341136

DWR/BB1-28

Members of the Regimental Association

4th November 2004

Ladies and Gentlemen,

THE FUTURE OF OUR REGIMENT AND RALLY IN HALIFAX - SATURDAY 13th NOVEMBER

I write to you today to ask for your support in my effort to save the future of our Regiment. How you can assist, I have outlined further down in my letter, but first, should you be unaware, let me explain our current situation.

In July of this year, the Secretary of State for Defence (Geoff Hoon) announced that the Infantry was to be reduced from 40 battalions to 36, and that the Infantry was to be re-organised to form regiments of a number of battalions. This was to achieve flexibility in an Army with much reduced arms plotting. It was agreed that one battalion should come from each of the Scottish, King's and Prince of Wales Divisions - where the single battalion regiments currently exist. He said that Divisional boundaries could, if necessary, also be changed. The identity of the fourth battalion to be cut was to be subject to further study, but he excluded further cuts to Scotland (political decision not supported by recruiting criteria); and that sustainability was to be the key factor. These cuts and re-organisations to be implemented between 2006-2008.

The three battalion cuts in England and Wales would appear to be restricted to the King's (Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cumbria) and Prince of Wales (West Midlands, South West, Wales) Divisions, even though the battalions in these Divisions will be stronger than others now and certainly after losing a battalion each. We in the 'Dukes', together with the other Yorkshire and Lancashire Regiments, decided that the decisions announced in Parliament were unlikely to be reversed, and reluctantly agreed the loss of one battalion, which for very sound recruiting reasons, would come from west of the Pennines and we proposed the formation of a three battalion Yorkshire Regiment and a two battalion Lancashire Regiment. In the case of Yorkshire, this would allow all three Regiments ('Dukes', Green Howards, PWO) to carry forward our traditional recruiting areas and retain our names, albeit within the title of the Yorkshire Regiment. The Prince of Wales Division of course made their own proposals to reduce by one battalion. So where does the third English cut come from? Initially, I felt that Yorkshire would be safe, because it was assumed that cuts would be made on the ability of regiments to recruit and sustain themselves. Over the last ten years, the 'Dukes' have been the best recruited battalion in the Army and grouped together with the other Yorkshire Regiments, we would still be close to the top. However, I am now very fearful that the identity of the final regiment to be cut, for whatever political reason, is being focused on Yorkshire and if this were to happen we will be forced into some sort of North of England Regiment (Yorkshire and Lancashire) which would totally destroy our hopes of carrying forward the best of the 'Dukes' into a new Yorkshire Regiment.

I believe that 'Yorkshire Regiments are being stuffed' for political reasons and the North of England Regiments are bearing too much of the pain of these cuts to spare the Scottish and Southern Regiments who recruit far less well than we do.

The support I ask from you now, is that you protest as loudly as possible to the press, media and, **particularly, to your MP**; and get your friends and families to follow your example. The other two Yorkshire Regiments (Green Howards and Prince of Wales's Own) are doing the same, so we should make our voices heard right across the county. If you live outside Yorkshire, can I ask you to either write direct to the Secretary of State (Geoff Hoon) or, if you still have Yorkshire connections and you would prefer to protest in Yorkshire, write to either Christine McCafferty or Alice Mahon, the two Calderdale MPs who have been championing our campaign so far. I have enclosed a list of Yorkshire MPs and the contact details: Please write or e-mail your protest now.

The key points you should raise (in your own words) are:

1. To reduce ANY Battalions at a time when every Infantry Battalion is run off its feet operationally is lunacy and beggars belief! Internationally we are facing an uncertain future and, more than ever, we need a strong Army and infantry.
2. At this very moment 650 soldiers of the Dukes are serving on operations in Iraq whilst the Generals and Civil Servants decide their future. With such a heavy burden of risks and commitments, should they even be considering such a question now?
3. The King's Division accepts the loss of one battalion on recruiting grounds in Lancashire, but does not accept the loss of another (in Yorkshire). It does not accept that the King's Division should be the smallest in the Army, with only four battalions, all the others will have five or six. The 'Yorkshire' brand is special and recruiting history and potential indicates three strong battalions for the future, unlike several other divisions and regiments. Retaining three Yorkshire battalions would allow us to retain and carry forward the best of the 'Dukes'.
4. The identity of the fourth infantry battalion to be cut should be made on its relative ability to recruit, and this should be Infantry wide, not affected by politics, or because some Regiments have been amalgamated before. This review should be 'hard nosed' and, if cuts have to be made, it should be the weak that go! It would appear unjust and stupid to make a cut in Yorkshire, when the potential of a strong Yorkshire Regiment would be an example to all and retain the important and inspiring elements of our heritage. Yorkshire has always recruited the best of British soldiery.
5. If we lose a battalion in Yorkshire as well as Lancashire this will lead to a massive imbalance between North and South. We will be obliged to reduce to a single North of England Regiment while three southern based regiments continue to recruit heavily from the North (RRF, LI and RGJ). A part of our Yorkshire and Northern fabric will be damaged for no equitable reason with a resultant loss of visibility and loss of jobs.
6. The Dukes have been the best-recruited regiment in the infantry over the last ten years. Why punish success?

Halifax Rally. We are holding a rally to underline our message on Saturday 13th November, you have to come and support us. Please bring along your families and friends. We are to assemble at the Halifax Town Hall at 1115hrs and at 1130hrs we will march to the Piece Hall where Alice Mahon, Chris McCafferty and I will address the company. It is vital that we get a good crowd so the local and regional press who have been so supportive can report our message loud and clear - **"Don't Stuff the Dukes"**.

We have a chance of winning this if you all support us in some way or other. Write a letter, or more, and come to the rally. If you don't act don't blame me if we lose out. It's up to us all. Thank you for your support.

VIRTUTIS FORTUNA COMES

Yours sincerely



Evelyn Webb-Carter, Colonel

STOP PRESS - OUR NAME LIVES ON

On 16 December 2004, the Secretary of State for Defence announced in the House of Commons that, amongst other major changes to the Infantry, the Yorkshire Regiment is to be formed, to consist of: "1st Battalion The Yorkshire Regiment (Prince of Wales's Own), 2nd Battalion The Yorkshire Regiment (Green Howards) and 3rd Battalion The Yorkshire Regiment (Duke of Wellington's)." We will report further in our next edition. John Greenway, Editor.

Regimental Headquarters

Regimental Notes

OPERATION TELIC

On 16 October 2004 the Colonel of the Regiment sent the following message to the Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion in Iraq:

"Please can you convey the following to the Battalion: As Colonel I am very proud of what the Battalion has achieved this last few years. Now you are about to take up a new operational deployment, the fifth since I have been Colonel. This one will be particularly testing, but I know with enormous confidence that you will do the job magnificently. I wish you all a successful and professionally satisfying tour. We will all watch with great interest and admiration your adventures over the next six months. I also have a thought for those you leave behind. They will need to be patient and robust. Good luck and safe home. VIRTUTIS FORTUNA COMES."

Kedyn Webb-Carter

PRESENTATION

Our photograph shows Scott Flaving receiving, on behalf of Regimental Headquarters, a framed tapestry from the Skipton Women's Institute.

The tapestry was designed by Enid Dunsby, worked by Marian Chapman, Mo Cuthbert and Janet Cryer and framed by a former Duke, Rex Geldard.

It comes with the message: "Presented to Regimental Headquarters of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment to commemorate the granting of the Freedom of Craven to the Regiment (on 20 July 2002) and in recognition of the difficult, dangerous and vital work that the Regiment has done in the past and continues to do to this day. They literally put their lives on the line for our freedom. We are proud to be associated with them."

Thank you ladies, you, in your turn, have done us proud.



Scott Flaving receiving the Skipton Women's Institute tapestry from Janet Cryer in the presence of the current Mayor, Marcia Turner, and the previous Mayor, Andrew Rankine.

AWARDS

We are very pleased to record the awards shown below and send our warm congratulations to the recipients:

MBE to Lieutenant Colonel Terry Scrivens, who is the County Training Officer and Deputy Commandant, Humberside and South Yorkshire ACF and has been an adult instructor since the late 1960s.

MBE to Mr Bill Craddock, who has just stepped down as Labour City Councillor for Washington West. We view him as "Our Man in the North East" as he regularly sends us snippets of news from the region.

PETITION TO THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR DEFENCE

At the House of Commons on 24 October, Mrs Mary Lister and her brother, Michael Thompson, accompanied by her friend Christine Dobson, delivered a "Save The Duke of Wellington's Regiment" petition from Keighley containing over 2,500 signatures. She was supported by Christine McCafferty, MP for Calder Valley, Alice Mahon, MP for Halifax, Brigadier W. R. Mundell, Brigadier J. B. K. Greenway, Major J. Wood and seven members of the London Branch: Mr C. Aukett, Mr and Mrs K. Jagger, Mr and Mrs Mallinson, Mr Paine and Mr Richardson. The Secretary of State for Defence received the petition in person and said that it would be taken into account; no decision had yet been made, as the discussion process was still taking place in the Ministry of Defence.

ANZIO REVISITED - SEPTEMBER 2004

On 7 September 2004, in addition to being advised to desist from standing until our aircraft had come to a complete stop at Ciampino Airport, it was a very pleasing surprise to hear our Italian air hostess add that it gave her particular pleasure to welcome a party of veterans from a regiment which had been involved in the liberation of her country in 1944.

The veterans were Richard Diacon, John Hackford, John Wilson and John Young, who were soon to join General Donald Isles and Ernie Hawkins, who had travelled separately to Anzio.

The coach party of 54 people had arrived with several aims; first, we were there to attend the unveiling and dedication of the plaque in Anzio Harbour presented by the Regiment in memory of those who gave their lives in the Anzio landings in 1944; second we were to attend the burial of the remains of two unknown British servicemen, which had been found recently; third, we were to be given a tour, conducted by the Colonel of the Regiment, of some of the sites of the battles fought by the 1st Battalion under command of his father; finally, after the ceremony and emotion of the above events, the party was to have a short holiday beside the, nowadays, peaceful Mediterranean.

The 1st Battalion, despite being deeply involved in preparation for operations in Iraq, very kindly provided a Colour Party and Drummers who performed admirably in the cemetery and on the harbour side. We are most grateful to Colonel Phil Lewis for sparing them and to those who took part; they performed exactly as we hoped they would and created quite a stir of admiration.

We are also grateful to Lieutenant Dave Wilson for his account of events, which we publish on page 122.

On 8 September the Colonel led our visits to some of the battlefields and we were able to understand the pressures under which our veterans and our forebears had had to fight against the elements and a redoubtable enemy in 1944. We also visited Anzio War Cemetery and with due ceremony conducted by Father John Stacpoole, a reading by Richard Diacon, a wreath laid by John Hackford and Last Post sounded by David Peckover, were able to reflect on the sacrifices which had been made.

On 9 September, all who attended, including the British Ambassador, an Italian Minister from Rome and other diplomatic, service and civic representatives and uniformed members of the local public services, some 100 in all, were much moved by the burial of the unknown soldiers in Anzio Beachhead Cemetery, which was conducted by Father Alberic Stacpoole and the Reverend Sara McVane, a Chaplain at the British Embassy in Rome. The Colonel gave a reading, he and others laid wreaths, the Colour Party provided a traditional backcloth in that peaceful place, two Drummers lowered the small caskets of remains into their final resting place and the sounding of the Last Post brought a lump to the throat.

Shortly afterwards, the same dignitaries attended the ceremony of dedication of our plaque at Anzio Harbour where an Italian Ladies' Band, uniformed members of the Italian Customs Service and members of the general public swelled the numbers considerably. Here, a short Service of Dedication led by John Stacpoole included the Exhortations spoken by General Donald, and was followed by speeches by the Colonel and local dignitaries, with interpretation by Colonel Tom Huggan.

There was a poignant moment for both Italians and ourselves when the Colonel pointed out the word *Anzio* emblazoned as a Battle Honour on the Queen's Colour. There was then an equally poignant spell as the Colour Party marched off, with the Colours released to fly in the Mediterranean breeze, with the knowledge at the backs of our minds that the Yorkshire Regiment planned for the future might not remain linked as closely as we would wish to the three centuries of history reflected in the Battle Honours displayed before us.

For 24 hours some familiar faces had moved amongst us. They turned out to be none other than the Halifax Cyclists, now renowned for appearing at Regimental occasions and then cycling off into the distance. Not, we hasten to add, in order to get away, but in order to earn sponsorship money promised by their backers. After the Colour Party had marched off at the harbour, the cyclists: Roger Hayley, Ray Crabtree, Robin Eames, Paul Turner, John Lister and David Harrap, lined up on the sea front to be waved off by the British Ambassador on their journey to Monte Ceko (see Major Sheil's article on page 151). Over the next few days we received daily updates on their determined progress past Rome and into the mountains of the old "Gothic Line". What's more they got home safely and we congratulate them on their efforts in raising about £3,500.



The Regimental Plaque destined for Anzio is shown here with Scott Flaving, Andy Barraclough, the Master Mason who created it, and Richard Harvey, Photo Archivist at RHQ.

In a nice gesture the Mayor of Anzio presented a memorial medallion to each of our Veterans. There was even one for James Kelly, who had hoped to be present, but who had been too unwell to travel. Alas, he has since died and we publish his obituary on page 168. There was also one for Bill Norman, who was one of our party as a Duke, but who had fought in Italy with the Commandos.

Poignancy was later part of the proceedings again when Pat Harley and Irene Mallinson laid flowers in memory of those killed on "9/11" at the large Nettuno US Battle Monument. John Stacpoole assisted and David Peckover sounded Taps on his bugle.

Some then had to return home and it took a while for those who stayed to switch from remembrance and reflection to holiday mode. People then made their own way around the local area, or visited Rome and other places of interest under their own arrangements. We ensured that Regimental Plaques were left in Anzio and Nettuno Military Museums and returned to our respective homes on or around 14 September.

As was the Anzio visit in 2003, this trip had been a resounding success, partly because it had been prepared and conducted with such careful attention by the Colonel and Bob Heron in particular, to whom we owe a real debt of gratitude, and partly because our collection of Dukes and the wives, sons, daughters, parents and friends of Dukes got on so well together. So, three cheers for us too!

J.B.K.G.

Those who took part in the trip were:

Joining coach at Leeds

Major Bob and Linda Heron, Major Peter Hoppe
Dom Alberic Stacpoole
Mr Gordon and Mary Bell, Mr Alistair Bell
Mr Brian Eastwood, Mr Ken Fetch
Mr John and Ms Christine Hackford
Mrs Pat Harley, Mrs Irene Mallinson
Mr Douglas and Pat Hopewell
Mr John Sargeant, Ms Janet Gul
Mr Geoffrey and Patricia Popple

Joining tour at Stansted Airport

Major General Donald Isles
Brigadier John and Judith Greenway
Lieutenant Colonel Robbie Robins
Captain Geoffrey Bullock, Captain John and Pat Wilson
Captain Richard and Elizabeth Diacon
Mr Mac and Bridget Dowdy
Mr Eric Ellison, Mr Keith and Eveline Jagger
Mr Telford and Irene Mallinson
Ms Hayley Mallinson, Mr Bill Norman
Mr Philip Royle, Mr Derek Morgan, Mr John Young
Mr Tony and Margaret Balding

Joining tour in Italy

Major General Sir Evelyn and Lady Celia Webb-Carter
Captain Bob and Jean Wilson
Mr David and Jeanne Peckover
Mr Bob and Margaret Hanson

ANZIO - SEPTEMBER 2004

It began on 22 January 1944 when a joint British-American force landed at the port of Anzio to establish a beachhead in order to aid the allied plan to capture Rome. Commanded by Colonel Webb-Carter, the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment was to be part of the British 1st Division tasked to spearhead the Anzio operation. The next four months were to see some of the hardest fighting the Dukes encountered in the Second World War.

Sixty years on, the 1st Battalion was to be represented at Anzio to complete a different task. It had been decided that a plaque be unveiled to commemorate all those Dukes who bravely fell during the battle, as well as to afford a proper burial to the remains of two unknown British soldiers found recently in the Wadi commonly referred to as "the Boot". Representing the 1st Battalion would be the Colour Party consisting of Lieutenant "Zim" Wilson, Lieutenant "Stavros" Johnson, Second Lieutenant "No Holiday" Holloway, and, finally, Second Lieutenant "Oliver Reed" Hayton-Williams. Commonly referred to as the 'dream team' we were accompanied by the Drum Major, Corporal Oxley, Drummers Corporal "Syco" Sykes, Lance Corporal "Del" Delaidritri, Private "Will" Naita and Private "Mac" MacFarland. The trip would not be complete without the babysitter, Sergeant Major "Dad" Lumber and our antipodean brother Captain Tim Rutherford - self proclaimed team photographer and o/c beach entertainments.

The group departed Sennelager on Monday 6 September, destination Anzio, Italy. After a long, exhausting drive overnight, we eventually arrived in Anzio mid-morning on the 7th. The group stayed in the Hotel Dei Cesari, which was a fifteen minute walk from the centre of town. You can imagine the disappointment of some of the group who were allocated rooms with a view of the Mediterranean and their own private beach!

It was imperative that clearance patrols were sent to recce the beach and pool areas! Once that was complete, in true Dukes form, we entertained the local ladies to a riveting game of beach rugby, biding our time till the main party arrived in the evening.

That evening we were hosted by the Colonel of the Regiment, Major General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter and his wife. A pleasant dinner was enjoyed by all, and it gave the members of the Colour Party and Drums a chance to meet the veterans of Anzio, old Dukes and all the associated members of our extended family.

Wednesday morning was taken up with visiting the graveyard and plaque site with Major Bob Heron to rehearse for the following day's ceremonies, whilst the veteran touring party were led on a battlefield tour by the Colonel. The visit to the graveyard was a particularly poignant and sobering experience for the group and put into perspective the intensity of warfare our forefathers experienced. Over nine hundred Dukes lost their lives at Anzio during those four months - an unacceptable loss by any terms in today's modern army.

That afternoon the Colonel of the Regiment very kindly took our group on a quick battlefield tour, detailing the 1st Battalion's advance from the beachhead to heavy fighting at the Campoleone railway station. It

was at this stage the Germans began to exploit the Brigade's flanks, threatening to isolate what remained of the Battalion at the apex. A withdrawal was called under which the Battalion continued to suffer casualties.

We were then taken up to the Railway Bed, an isolated position the Dukes managed to hold against overwhelming odds for the best part of two days. We finally ended up in the Wadis, which are a series of dry gullies and deep sided dry river beds, where the Dukes fought some of the heaviest close-combat fighting since the landings; in some of the most appalling weather conditions, likened only to trench warfare on the Western front during World War One. The group led by pathfinder Sergeant Major Lumber, navigated its way into a part of the Wadi known ironically as "the Boot" where the Dukes were concentrated during their remaining time at Anzio. One cannot begin to imagine the conditions those men fought in down in the Wadis. Once out of the Wadi there was a definite feeling of respect and solemnity for what those soldiers had to go through.

Thursday ten o'clock saw the beginning of the Burial Ceremony at the Beachhead Cemetery. The weather was fantastic for lying on a beach in the Maldives, but more than a little too hot to be wearing full service dress! The occasion went well without any hitches; the Colour Party presented the Colours on the Last Post while Corporal Oxley sounded a fine Last Post without missing a note. It truly was a deserved and fitting ceremony for the unnamed soldiers. Various dignitaries attended including the British Ambassador and Defence Attaché, American Ambassador to the Vatican and the Mayor of Anzio.

After a short recess and water break, it was down to the harbour for the unveiling of the plaque. The Colour procession drew favourable comment from the locals who applauded and even brought water out to us before we set off. Although some improvised drill was required by myself, along with Lieutenant Johnstone, trying to knock all the shop signs off with the pike on the march down to the site, the Dukes managed to awe the crowd in true military fashion. It was a fabulous ceremony with poignant speeches being given by both the British and Italian counterparts. The unveiling of the plaque was done, quite rightly, by two veterans and consists of a grey marble epitaph with the Dukes' badge and citation. Wreaths were then laid by the Colonel of the Regiment and other dignitaries before the Last Post and presenting of the Colours. On the conclusion of the blessing, prayers and a speech of gratitude by the Mayor of Anzio, our Drummers, who thankfully hadn't passed out with heat stroke, stunned the crowd with a brilliant rendition of the 'Victory Beating'. The Colour Party then marched off to much applause, hoping the female Italian band members would be in hot pursuit! The event finished off wonderfully with a buffet lunch at a nearby restaurant where we met the veteran Dukes and relatives' party to reminisce and reflect. For the whole group it was an enlightening experience and put many things into perspective.

'LEST WE FORGET'

Lieutenant Dave Wilson
OC 3 Platoon



The Colonel of the Regiment pays his respects.



The dedication and unveiling ceremony at Anzio Harbour.

We are grateful to Mac Dowdy and to Keith Jagger for these photographs and those on pp 140-141.

1st Battalion

Commanding Officer's Introduction

This is my first contribution to the Iron Duke as Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion and I should like to start by congratulating my predecessor, Duncan Bruce, for doing an outstanding job and also to thank him for handing over a first class Battalion. It is always difficult to take over from someone who has done so well and I am acutely aware that he is a hard act to follow - I will do my best!

By the time that these notes are published we will be back in Iraq, however, as I write in late September just prior to deploying, I sense amongst the men (and women) a feeling of great relief that the waiting is at last over, that they are ready for anything and that it is time to get on with it. Preparations and training for the tour have been thorough and are now all but complete and I am confident that we will be able to deal with anything that is thrown our way. The situation in Iraq changes on a week-by-week basis, flexibility remains the key and we are prepared to make changes to the orbit as necessary. It will come as no surprise to hear that the Dukes are very much on the Brigade Commander's Main Effort. Burma Company will deploy to Maysan Province with their Warriors under command of the Welsh Guards Battlegroup. Corunna Company will form the Brigade Surge Company ready to deploy either in their Warriors or by helicopter to deal with any problems throughout the Brigade Area of Operations. In the meantime, Dukes Battlegroup Headquarters, along with Alma and Somme Companies, will take under

command two companies of Welsh Guards, a company of 40 Commando RM and a battery of Gunners from 4th Regiment Royal Artillery in Basra City. Remaining in Osnabrück is a strong rear party headed by Major Andy Pigg and I have total confidence in his ability to look after our interests at home whilst we are away.

The pace of life at regimental duty remains relentless and we continue to ask a great deal from our soldiers and families. Statistics show that between 31 March and 30 September this year our men will have been deployed out of barracks 98 days out of a possible 133 that they could have been in barracks (the remaining 50 were granted as leave) and have worked 11 out of 26 weekends. This all comes immediately prior to our six month deployment to Iraq. I sense that the strain is beginning to show after five years in Germany and, whilst our recruiting effort remains strong, the retention battle is only just about to begin and is the key to our future success.

There continues to be a lot going on in our lives and, quite frankly, we could have done without news concerning the uncertain future of our proud family regiment. It is for others to decide our fate, but to a man the proposals have been met with anger and resentment. As ever though, we will get on with the matter immediately at hand - in this case Iraq - with little fuss and the quiet professional manner of which we Dukes are so proud.

ALMA COMPANY

It has been a busy summer for Alma Company and the preparatory programme for our tour to Iraq has been fulsome to say the least. The Canada tour was an unrivalled success for the Battalion, but, as is the nature of the Service, this success has now been consigned to history. Iraq pre-deployment training has firmly taken centre stage and managed to fill every waking hour for the last six weeks. The tried and tested pre-deployment package remains relatively unchanged from the Northern Ireland and Kosovo packages, but with the emphasis on educating and assessing the soldier, rather than the unnecessary testing of the old NITAT packages.

Exercise Progressive Rat was the culmination of collective training and saw the Company employed on a variety of scenarios in both the urban and rural environments. The climax of Progressive Rat for the Alma was public order training in Tin City, Sennelager. This may have been the final serial for Alma, but they rose to the occasion with gusto. Public order has always provided the perfect stress relief tonic and this was no exception, allowing Alma the opportunity to relive scenes from 'Enter the Dragon' under the watchful eye of the Sennelager cameras. The warm up act to our moment of baton wielding glory saw the Company swap combats for 'civvies' and play a riotous civilian population (Civpop) for Somme Company and 329

Battery Royal Artillery. As you can imagine, the Company took to the 'unfamiliar' role like a duck to water and 329 Battery became the not so grateful recipients of Alma largess. All manner of objects from wooden blocks to yoghurt pots and kitchen sinks went hurtling in their general direction. Whoever said: "It's not training if it's not raining" never accounted for a shower of debris from gleeful Yorkshiremen. Oh how we laughed...

Unfortunately there is always a catch with public order and what goes around comes around. Alma's band of merry rioters were soon having to cope with the dismal prospect of role reversal. No longer the unruly rabble, we were set to disperse a motley and wholly uncivilised Civpop consisting of elements from the Royal Regiment of Wales, Somme and a plethora of waifs and strays. The boot was well and truly on the other foot, but Alma stood firm, as I knew they would. Not even at the foot of 'Helm's Deep' was a battle so keenly fought. Pity poor Civpop, as the unsuspecting souls provided the Alma whirling dervishes with an ample target on which to practise their new-found skills and drills. Never has 'clubbing' been so much fun.

For his actions in the face of the enemy an award must go to Lance Corporal 'Jonah' Jones who never relented from his task as Civpop troublemaker-in-chief.



**“Look in for the perfect demonstration”
Corunna Company’s Private Bishop showing Alma what was to come.**

Before we leave training, an honourable mention must go to Corporal ‘The Shot’ Wyeth, who astounded everyone with his incredible marksmanship. This man is to shooting what Beckham is to free kicks.

That the training has gone so well is due largely to the continued excellence of our Junior and Senior Non-Commissioned Officers. The Company has recently benefited from an influx of both newly-qualified and returning Non-Commissioned Officers. Back in the Alma fold, having survived a brush with Burma and time lounging in Brecon are Colour Sergeant Hollis and his wife Julie, no worse for their time away from the glorious Company. Colour Hollis has now replaced bullets for beans and tactics for mess tins, adopting the role of Company Quarter Master Sergeant. It is good to have such a talented Non-Commissioned Officer back in the Company, although he does need to improve his patter if he hopes to sell more Haribo and bolster Company funds. Also recently returned are three who have just completed tours at the Infantry Training Centre (ITC) Catterick. Corporals Needham, Raistrick and Hirst return at an opportune time for the Company and their undoubted skills and experience will be invaluable. Other movers include those selected to attend Junior and Senior Tactics courses at Brecon. Lance Corporal Green, top of his Potential Non-Commissioned Officers Cadre in 2003, continued his impressive and somewhat meteoric rise by securing a place on the Section Commander’s Battle Course alongside Lance Corporal Daniel and Lance Corporal Senior. At the same time Corporal ‘Ghandi’

Anderson will be savouring the thought of Brecon’s welcoming forestry blocks and the warming glow of the Welsh winter sun as he embarks on the Platoon Sergeants’ Battle Course. I wish them all the very best and look forward to sending them three feathers as they relax in Brecon whilst the remainder toil in Iraq. Lest I forget, also returning from Catterick is the new Second in Command, Captain Chris Adair. Doubtless glad to have left the relative calm of the ITC for the plethora of returns he must now complete prior to deployment.

A few farewells are also due to those that have departed for pastures new. Major Paul Fox, former OC Alma and all round bon oeuf, handed over the reins in July. He and Alison have moved to Abbeywood and I thank him for the work he has put in to make Alma the fine company it is today. Captain Gareth Williams has well and truly ‘left the building’ moving to the Australian Army. He goes with the best wishes of all and sundry and his dry wit will be sorely missed. Colour Sergeant ‘Chopper’ O’Neill is also departing. He has managed the dark art of Company Quarter Master Sergeant for the last twelve months and done so with aplomb. Colour O’Neill is set to become a Permanent Staff Instructor with our Territorial brethren in Barnsley and I wish both him and wife Julie all the best in the new post. Finally, Sergeant Rudd left the Company in July for the British Military Training Team in the Czech Republic. I have it on good authority that he performed admirably in BATUS and it is unfortunate that I am not able to benefit from his obvious talents in Iraq.

Promotions to Sergeant have recently been published and I must congratulate Sergeant Kelly from the Prince of Wales's Own Regiment who is promoted to substantive Sergeant at the end of September. He has now served as an integral part of the Armoured Infantry Manning Increment in Battalion for some four years, becoming an honorary Duke along the way. He was pivotal to the success of the Company in BATUS where his armoured experience was invaluable and his promotion is well merited.

And so our time draws near, goodbye Sennelager and hello Basrah. Alma has been handed the role as the

Battle Group Operations Company based out of the Shatt Al Arab Hotel, a salubrious location if ever there was one. The variety of the role presents a number of challenges but, with true Yorkshire grit and steely determination, the soldiers will undoubtedly rise to the task. As has been demonstrated throughout our history, the unremitting qualities of the soldiers from the West Riding (with a fine supporting cast from over the Pennines) will save the day.

Major Mark Robinson
OC Alma Company

BURMA COMPANY

Canada and the Prairie now seem like a distant memory. Since the return to Germany we have been flat out preparing for our deployment to Iraq. The training has included the all too familiar round of ranges, lessons, compulsory tests and exercises. As always, we have spent more time in Sennelager than Osnabrück over the last few months and there has already been a large amount of separation from families and loved ones before the deployment. Save a few shoots, injections and fitness tests we are now nearly complete and will shortly be moving the Warriors to the port to put them on the ship for Iraq prior to taking a short, yet eagerly awaited, week of pre-deployment leave.

The training culminated with a test exercise called Progressive Rat. The Company deployed to Sennelager for 7 days and completed three 48 hour packages of

Urban, Rural and Public Order. The rioting was 'lively' and for many of the younger soldiers it was the first time that they had stood in a baseline absorbing the fury of Civpop. Many of the drills have changed as a result of experience in Iraq and it was the first time that we had tested the use of Warrior in the baseline. The rest of the exercise involved little sleep and endless serials for the Company Operations Room to deal with. The Company performed very well throughout and given the major changes since Canada, it was a fantastic opportunity to test ourselves prior to deployment.

Battalion cadres have continued and as a result Lance Corporal Thursby is currently on Junior Brecon and Corporal Sykes is on Seniors. There have been many additions to the Company over recent weeks as augmentees for the coming tour. There are too many to



Private Hunter and Lance Corporal Whitfield.

list them all here, however Lieutenant Chris Carter joined us from the KORBR and has taken over 5 Platoon, and Colour Sergeant Donnelly, also KORBR, has joined the Company as the Warrior Sergeant Major.

Burma Company, under current planning, will be Battlegrouped with The Welsh Guards for the duration of the tour and will be working in Al Amarah; a small yet turbulent town to the North of Basrah. It will be a shame to be away from the rest of the Battalion, however it should be an interesting role and I'm sure that we'll have plenty to keep us occupied when we get there. The Welsh Guards are a light role Battalion so we will have a critical job to do reinforcing them with the Warriors as they go about peacekeeping on the streets of Al Amarah and throughout Maysan Province.

On top of all the training, regimental life still goes on and the Drums Platoon received a reward for all their hard work and dedication with a trip to Italy to support the unveiling of the Anzio Plaque. As always they received praise for their efforts and the trip was a welcome respite from frantic Battalion life.

We had a stark reminder recently of how dangerous the Warriors can be when young Private Summersgill sustained serious abdominal injuries by getting trapped between two vehicles in the Company garages. Thankfully he is making an excellent recovery and, despite the initial concerns, the injuries are not as bad as first feared. In good Dukes' spirit his last words as he was taken away in the Ambulance were '...well at least I won't be going to Iraq!' He is now out of hospital and will have a lengthy convalescence but it will be excellent to see him back at work in the not too distant future.

Major Phil Wilson
OC Burma Company

Public Order Training

Early morning, a company-worth of men dressed in public order kit are waiting behind the Jam Factory in Tin City, Sennelager. They can hear the Civpop starting to become more and more riotous, chanting "we want jobs, we want jobs". Amongst the men there is a mixed reaction, from excitement to nervousness. Some are thinking back to the training they have received.

It all started a few weeks earlier, learning how to wear the shin and arm guards, how to hold the shield and baton correctly and how to fit the visor and nape protector. Then we moved on to basic formations and how to move as a body of men whilst still in formation covering the whole road, ending up working with vehicles, primarily snatch but also Warrior. Endless "square bashing" to perfect these formations was

reminiscent of being back on public duties, but more enjoyable. We were then ready to take on a live enemy. The first encounter was in Belfast Barracks against other Dukes led by Lieutenant Tetlow. This Civpop was kept fairly under control not being allowed to out flank us, plus they only had potatoes to throw. This crowd was dispersed without too much trouble, one thing we all took from it was that the training batons didn't hurt the rioters as much as a good length of hickory would.

The last bit of training was this morning, more practice on reactions to incidents and petrol bomb inoculation. So now we had a company of men fully trained, raring to go. All fired up for the Welsh rioters. The OC gave the command and we all ran out from the Jam Factory to take up our positions. Immediately the rioters were upon us. Throwing spent baton rounds and lumps of wood, charging the shields time and again. The good old training baton was doing little to stop them. 4 Platoon were left, 5 Platoon were centre and right, with 6 Platoon in reserve. The rioters didn't take long to find that we were stretched in the middle with just a five man team. They outnumbered us ten to one; even when bolstered by the CSM's group all we could do was fall back. When one man went down under about five rioters, having his helmet ripped off, everyone ran forward to his aid, protecting him until he could sort himself out. Slowly but surely the rioters were eventually pushed back out of the bottom part of the village. Then there was a new challenge, not only petrol bombs, hand grenades and shooters, but streets and junctions! Some of which had been barricaded. Fatigue was now starting to set in, but the rioters were relentless. Every metre of ground we took was hard fought for. Teams were used to bolster other teams then split up to help elsewhere. Some teams were completely split up and joined on with the nearest platoon, but all the way through the village the formation stuck as training was remembered.

Eventually it was all over. We de-kitted next to the Dukes that had been rioting. Jovial witticisms were passed between companies whilst much-needed fluids were replaced. The lessons learnt from the riot were the same as always, communication and control to name just two, all made twice as hard due to sheer exhaustion.

By the end every man had a new story to bore the family with back home, whether it be set on fire, hit by rock or "hit him so hard his eyes bulged". The public order was by far the most strenuous package we went through, but also the most enjoyable.

Corporal Ellam
Burma Company

CORUNNA COMPANY

Corunna Company re-formed in early June, having supplied a platoon to both Alma and Burma Companies for the BATUS deployment. Although the training in Canada was challenging and rewarding there was tangible relief all round to be back in the Corunna fold - especially from the OC and CSM who now had their train set back to play with! Within the month the BATUS success was shelved and the process of Op

Telic 5 pre-deployment training began. It is amazing how we are so capable of "saluting, turning to the right" and getting on with the next task with so little fuss and bother - that's undoubtedly one of the reasons for the Dukes' success.

The usual round of mandatory training briefs and Train the Trainer Packages led to Ex Prime Rat, the initial unit training package at Sennelager - which was

the out of barracks, in barracks training, if that makes sense. This proved to be some of the best pre-deployment training that I believe the Company has done - clearly the Northern Ireland and Kosovo experience of the JNCOs and SNCOs and the residual knowledge of Iraq from Op Telic 1, allowed realistic and yet progressive training to be conducted. Subjects included vehicle and foot patrol skills, contact drills, use of interpreters, cultural awareness, judgmental training, search awareness, riot control, weapon handling and first aid training. The Company, of which 2/3rds did not deploy in 2003, were therefore well prepared for Ex Progressive Rat the Operational Training and Advisory Group confirmatory exercise which assessed the ability of the Company to conduct Urban, Rural and Public Order operations. The exercise has improved enormously from the excesses of NITAT and NIRT and provided realistic and yet demanding serials to allow the multiples to run out, practise and improve their basic drills and skills and importantly hone their actions and procedures. The highlights undoubtedly were the two public order incidents in which the Company were tasked with dispersing a "baying" crowd of Royal Regiment of Wales personnel and Gunners who were acting as Civpop - a liberal sprinkling of Warrior and Corunna focused aggression seemed to do the trick nicely. As the Company noted - I hope any rioters in Iraq are as well DSd!



Second Lieutenant Chris Johnson "dishing out the slipper".

The final package was a well-run and imaginative range package, which, focused by the OC's Iraq recee and the breaking news of daily contacts in Iraq, encouraged an outstanding level of shooting. The Company has been driven hard by the congested programme, but there is no doubt that following the

BATUS experience and the OPTAG package we are extremely well prepared for the potential rigours of our Iraq deployment.

Corunna Company has been tasked with deploying as the Brigade Surge Company, operating from Shaiba Logistical Support Base and are warned for deployment throughout the Brigade Area of Operations on a wide and yet unspecified number of tasks. This could prove to be a busy and challenging tour, which I am sure will be well documented in the next Iron Duke.



Who needs firemen when you've got Private Yeardley?

The Company have had to say farewell to a number of Corunna stalwarts; not least Private Chapman (12 years Corunna Company Storeman) who moves to become the CO's Warrior Driver, Colour Sergeant Jenkins who is posted from Corunna CQMS to the AYT and was replaced by Sergeant Taff Harris. In addition, WO2 (CSM) Mark Stannard has handed over to WO2 Scott Moroney as Company Sergeant Major, prior to his posting to ITC Wales as RQMS (T). There is little doubt that "Stan" was disappointed to hand over "his" Company just prior to Op Telic deployment, but there is no doubt that he should be enormously proud of being able to hand over Corunna in such good order, having led their training and development from the front throughout. I would like to pass on my thanks for his loyalty, advice and sheer hard work over the last year and in addition pass on my thanks to his wife Teresa, who has been a central figure in the Battalion Wives' Club and especially active with the Corunna Company families - thank you and good luck to you both. On the flip side we welcome Lieutenant Chris Johnston (OC 9 PI) on cross posting from Alma, 2nd Lieutenant Doug Hayton-Williams (OC 8 PI) from RMAS, and Captain Doug Nelson (Coy 2ic) on his return from ITC

Catterick. In addition we have just received Corporal Kitridge, Privates Briggs, Hodgson, Bedeau and Fleming from ITC Catterick, Corporal Roper from the rigours of Dover Castle who will slot into the Intelligence Cell and Corporal Farrington who will be working with the CQMS.

With two weeks to go before deployment to Iraq the pace of life is calming to a gentle storm, the Company is confident and well prepared and looking forward

to starting what will undoubtedly prove to be a challenging six-month tour. In closing I would like to express our thanks for the continued support of the wider Regimental Family for both our immediate deployment and the future of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

Major Malcolm Norman
OC Corunna Company

SOMME COMPANY

Since July, Somme Company has been heavily focused towards preparations for deployment to Iraq. This has involved a reconfiguration of the Company, along with numerous postings in and out. The most significant change in the Company ORBAT has involved the merging of Sniper Platoon into Reconnaissance Platoon. Despite the ever-changing ORBATs we have still had to maintain our warfighting skills in our support weapons roles. As it currently stands, the Company is configured to deploy three platoons of two multiples with a headquarters element. The ability of the soldier, from Private to Captain, to adapt to such frequent changes and ever increasing workloads, under immense time pressures has been commendable. In a very short space of time, Somme Company has transformed from three very individual platoons, all with their own unique identities, into a company team.

July saw Somme Company heading down to Sennelager for some useful Battalion led pre-tour training. After a bit of well-earned summer leave in August, the Company threw themselves into the OPTAG and range training packages. Mortar Platoon managed to squeeze in some live firing with the 81mm mortars alongside the 1st Battalions of the Welsh Guards and the Scots Guards before the rest of the Company deployed back down to Sennelager for the OPTAG package.

The OPTAG training began with the public order phase for Somme Company with the first day consisting of a round robin of skills stands in preparation for the following day's riots. It was during this first day, whilst carrying out the petrol bomb inoculation, that Lance Corporal Doran showed his total commitment and loyalty to Captain Dan "the Eagle" Pawson by throwing himself at his revered leader's feet in order to put out the flames. He then further demonstrated his willingness to put himself in the line of fire the following day by throwing himself under the wheels of a reversing Snatch vehicle during the riot for fear his Platoon Commander might succumb to injury. The second element of the package saw a return to RDTA for the rural training. The final element was the urban skills phase culminating in an eighteen hour exercise in Tin City. The performance of the multiples was excellent and the men demonstrated the level of progression they had achieved through their hard work and determination. Overall, the package was extremely useful and a lot of important lessons were drawn out at all levels.

After a short rest, Somme Company returned to Sennelager to take part in the range package along with the rest of the Battalion. Every individual available completed a series of progressive shoots culminating in pairs and fire team fire and movement. The standard of individual shooting was particularly good and we found ourselves completing all of the shoots in half of the time allocated. In addition to firing the rifle, there was opportunity for those trained on the Light Machine Gun (MINIMI) and the sniper rifle to get some practice with these weapons. During the package, Sergeant Egbury had the opportunity to discover his childhood ambition as a truck driver. It was an irksome farewell to see "Eggy" part with his beloved wagon at the end of the week in order to return to his day to day role administering Milan Platoon.

Within the rare gaps in the programme and often concurrent to the various training packages, individuals from within Somme Company have been completing gunnery cadres, vehicle cadres, language training, intelligence courses, prisoner handling courses, team medic cadres and pre-Brecon cadres. In addition they have had to carry out up-armouring and maintenance of a long neglected vehicle fleet in order to ensure readiness for deployment. The museum that is the Mortar Platoon vehicle garage has been a hive of activity throughout the last few weeks. Under the supervision of Sergeant Paddy Malone and with help from the LAD we have managed to bring all of our fleet up to a roadworthy state. The workload has been intense and every individual within the Company has risen to the challenge.

In August 2004, Major Phil Wilson left as Officer Commanding Somme Company to assume command of Burma Company and was replaced by myself, Major Steve Lees from The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire. I joined the Battalion after leaving my previous post as SO2 G3 NBC/Land Digitisation at Headquarters 1st (United Kingdom) Armoured Division in Herford. The Company also welcomed back WOII (CSM) Andy Knight who took over as the Company Sergeant Major prior to summer leave and we are glad to be joined by Captain Simon Nicholson from 4 Regiment Royal Artillery as the Company Second in Command for Op Telic 5. Sadly, Corporal Simon "the Gimp" Hunnam ruled himself out of deployment with the rest of the Company in October following a road traffic accident. His morale enhancing abilities and antics will be sorely missed by the whole Company in Iraq. Hopefully, he will be mended soon and be able to join us later in the tour.

At this very busy moment in time, it is very difficult to look forward much further than Op Telic 5. However, we are very conscious of the fact that we must continue to plan the future careers of the soldiers within the Company in order to ensure the survival of the support weapons capabilities within the Battalion. We must also look towards the induction of fresh blood

into the platoons and Numbers cadres will need to be programmed shortly after our return. In the meantime however, our main focus is firmly upon the immediate task ahead in Iraq.

Major S. F. Lees
OC Somme Company

HOOK COMPANY

	OC	-	Major Pigg MBE		
	CSM	-	WO2 Lumber		
	CQMS	-	Colour Sergeant Rutter		
QM	-	Captain Sutcliffe	QM(T)	-	Captain Frear
RQMS	-	WO2 Buckingham	RQMS(T)	-	WO2 Brewer
MTO	-	Captain Ness	RSO	-	Captain Smith
MTWO	-	Colour Sergeant Bates	RSWO	-	Colour Sergeant Burns
IO	-	Captain Price	UWO	-	Captain Taylor
AIO	-	Sergeant Walsh	AUWO	-	WO2 Childs
Ops Officer	-	Captain Ogilvie	RCMO	-	WO2 Wilson
Ops WO	-	WO2 Smith	Provost Sergeant	-	Sergeant Nettleton
Officers' Mess	-	Colour Sergeant Goodall	Sergeants' Mess	-	Sergeant Morgan
OC LAD	-	Captain White	RAO	-	Captain Renihan
ASM	-	WO1 Fox	RAOWO	-	WO2 Heron
RCWO	-	WO2 Asquith	RMO	-	Captain Cross
Master Chef	-	Staff Sergeant Carpenter	Med Sergeant	-	Sergeant Simpson
Padre	-	Captain Aldred	Gym	-	Staff Sergeant Davies

Company Headquarters

There is no doubt that 2004 has been the busiest period of my 27 years' service. The soldiers in Hook have worked tirelessly to provide the level of support that is expected and most without the usual grumble. As the Battalion go through the final phase of training for the deployment to Op Telic 5 there is a continued need to provide manpower for the Equipment Care Inspection, packing of equipment, up-armouring of vehicles, ranges, inoculations, fitness, clothing and equipment issues, clearing out accommodation blocks for refurbishment, mandatory briefings, health and safety checks, and on it goes. In the back of everyone's mind is the uncertainty of the Future Infantry Structure.

The change to Arms Plotting is seen by most as a step in the right direction. It will allow more Infantry battalions to be deployed at any given time and therefore relieve some of the pressures of continued deployments on the few armoured Infantry battalions. Cutting four battalions from the order of battle makes little sense to those of us who are constantly away from home.

The Colonel of the Regiment has just spent a few days canvassing members of the Company for their views on the subject. The Dukes and our West Riding links are a key to the future and should be retained, where possible, in our new title. Whatever the outcome you can rest assured that those currently serving

will embrace it with the professional attitude and commitment that you would expect from Yorkshiremen.

Major A G Pigg, OC

Quartermaster's Department

The Quartermaster's Department has been busy again during this period, giving G4 support to the Battalion. It took a lot of time and meticulous planning to mix up the Battle Group's laundry in Canada, thus ensuring no one got the same socks back! On return we oversaw the Battalion Board of Officers, (as someone said, most officers these days aren't that boring!). With some creative accounting we were able to ensure all departments were fully equipped and effective.

Major "Uncle Bri" Thomas and Sergeant "Micky" Wroe also jumped ship at this stage. The standard that the department has aspired to was set by Major Thomas's exacting professionalism and we would like to thank him for his diligence and leadership. He is now "Swanning" in 20 Armoured Brigade Headquarters in Paderborn. Sergeant Wroe has moved to spend his last eighteen months at the Regimental Recruiting Team and we're sure he will find the pace of life more agreeable with Captain Hosty.

The new Quartermaster, Captain "The Don" Sutcliffe, has taken over and is frantically manoeuvring to prepare for Op Telic 5 (The Dukes Return). He is

looking forward to heading up the team through the next six months and beyond, whilst he assures us that his dog is harmless.

Corporal "Jacko" Jackling joins the Department from the Army Youth Team and has settled in to his roll as the Ammunition NCO, his mentor Corporal "Fossy" Foster shuffles across to the Accommodation store with his twin, Corporal "Mouse" Dangerfield. Corporal "Dave" Hayes is now helping Sergeant "Jack" Wyatt run the clothing store and they have completed the mammoth task of clothing us in "Versace" new custard combats for Iraq, including Camelbacks of course. Private Travis refuses to have one as he was born with one permanently attached to his spine ... straighten up man!

The Pioneers' department has now been taken over by Private "Ralph" Wortley and "Rocky" Kerrigan. The location of the Pioneers beside the scrap yard is, I'm sure, only an unfortunate coincidence!

We are now ready to deploy and we are looking forward to getting on with it, not before we have a much-desired week of leave.

WO2 J. Buckingham
RQMS (M)

Quartermaster (Technical) Department

These notes are written at the end of a week that has seen complete up-arming of our Warrior Fleet, an Equipment Care Inspection, a complete maintenance of all our radio harnesses, the repairing of most of our vehicles, packing them for shipping and a turnover of thousands of pounds worth of spare vehicle parts. Easy, apart from the fact that most of the manpower has been away on training, as have a number of the very vehicles we needed to prepare. Just to really keep us on our toes, we have only now at the end of the week been informed of the equipment we need for Telic and where it is going.

OPERATION TELIC 5, CULTURE AND LANGUAGE TRAINING PACKAGE

One of the great frustrations of our last operational tour to Iraq was the extreme difficulty we had in communicating, but for once the blame for such problems could not be laid at the door of an antiquated Clansman system! In trying to address this capability gap, 4th Armoured Brigade enlisted the help of the Babylon School of Arabic to run a series of cultural and language briefs and scenarios to be incorporated into our pre-operational tour training package.

The Babylon School of Arabic personnel, made up of some 15 men and women brought up in the Gulf region, had quite a task on their hands. As their leader Mr Salih diplomatically observed: "...the typical Duke's soldier appears to be efficient, aggressive and upfront but may lack a few of the cultural sensitivities."! Despite the slightly tongue-in-cheek nature of the observation, the central message that to ignore cultural norms in another man's country would be greatly detrimental to what we sought to achieve, was clear. As such, the School brought an added dimension to our training and proved invaluable.

Nevertheless, these challenges have been met by the Department and preparation for our operational tour is almost complete. The quality and quickly-found experience of the staff and Fleet Managers has proven to be invaluable yet again. The Department says farewell to one of its stalwarts, Sergeant Tony Walsh, who leaves on completion of his 22 years' service and will now be found around the golf courses of North Antrim. Also congratulations to Corporal Delroy Foster on his selection for promotion to Sergeant this month.

Captain J. Frear, QM(T)

Signals Platoon

The Signals Platoon has seen several personality changes over the last few months, Captain Stu Dick has gone to Brecon and has been replaced by Captain Phil Smith, WO2 Lumber has taken over as Company Sergeant Major with Colour Sergeant Burns stepping up as RSWO. Corporal McGregor has moved to the Unit Welfare Office and Private Blake has returned to civilian life to await the birth of his first child. Corporal Young is, as I'm typing, preparing to move to the Bowman Trial Team. Within the Platoon, Corporal Hind, the Taylor Miles winner, has taken over the reins of Signals CQMS and the following are welcome additions from the Rifle Companies:

Privates Marriot, Cater, Mott, Skidmore, Levitt, Swanick, Jones, Taylor and attached for Operation Telic 5, Lance Corporal Pope (RTR) and Lance Corporal Whitbread (RRW).

After a good report and some worthwhile training in BATUS the Platoon moves from strength to strength. We are now clearly focused on Op Telic 5. Preparations are almost complete and everyone is looking forward to a week of well-deserved leave before deployment.

Corporal Sargent
Platoon Correspondent

The content of the package was changed as much as is possible from the traditional Northern Ireland type environment to reflect the reality of what we are likely to face. It is hard however to make 'Tin City' in Sennelager Training Camp look anything like downtown Basrah! For this reason the presence of native Arabs acting as both interpreters and enemy for the more complicated Public Order scenarios added some greatly needed realism for the men on the ground. Having to be aware of what is expected when dealing with Muslim women for example, and planning for it accordingly, gave good practice to all from the Company Commander downwards.

As tempers became fraught, as they tend to when trying to deal with an angry crowd that are hell-bent on rioting, commanders had to try to keep their cool and decide how best to employ their interpreters in an attempt to calm the situation.

Admittedly we will not deploy to Iraq as the most gifted of Arabic speakers, however a greater appreciation of the Muslim culture in general and that

which is more specific to Southern Iraq in particular, allied to a command of basic pleasantries and situation specific vocabulary will help us enormously in breaking down the barriers to communication. In addition, as mentoring and working with the Iraqi Police Service is now a key part of our remit in Iraq, such training will

give a greater chance of creating a stronger working relationship. All of this bodes well in preparing us for what is sure to be a very interesting and demanding operational tour.

Lieutenant Andy Shand
OC 2 Platoon, Alma Company



2nd Lieutenant Doug Hayton-Williams attempts to make room for manoeuvre as the mob closes in.



PLATOON SERGEANTS' BATTLE COURSE

It was that time again; three years ago I completed the Section Commanders' Battle Course, now it was time to attend the Platoon Sergeants' Battle Course, in my opinion the most important course to attend as an infanteer. Would I pass or fail? The next three months would tell! The course had the first parade on the afternoon of Sunday 2 May 2004. I looked around and saw a number of familiar faces from previous tours and courses, which helped to ease the nerves somewhat. I got my keys for my room, this time in the Sergeants' Mess. You know you're going up in the world when you get a room in the Sergeants' Mess, however, any illusions I may have had of en-suite bathrooms and fine furnishings were soon dispelled as the accommodation was exactly the same as the Junior ranks'! I was also sharing a room with a twenty two year old Fusilier and two Gurkhas, both of whom I already knew.

It was Sunday evening and we paraded to carry out the initial assessments, this was military knowledge and map reading written. Both were relatively difficult and certainly got the brain into the correct frame of mind from the outset. There is nothing like easing your way into a course, but that is not the PSBC way and that evening we received small Brecon forest's worth of cards all to be waterproofed for the morning.

Monday morning bright and early and I met the rest of my Section for the first time. We started with thirteen (definitely unlucky for some) but only finished with eight. I also got to meet my instructor for the first time, Colour Sergeant Colin Nufer of The Royal Green Jackets. I was in 3 Section of 3 Platoon. The first major hurdle for us all came on the Wednesday of week one, the much vaunted BCFT. As is the norm, there were a few failures due to injury and a number were unable to live with the relatively lively pace. We also completed the BPFA, which further helped to reduce the numbers. The remainder of week one was spent in camp, concentrating on the basics, as well introducing a number of new issues. As you can imagine, by the end of week one the brain was registering overload having been flooded with swathes of information.

We had Saturday to rest and sample the delights of downtown Brecon before returning to start battle preparation for week two, it was time for someone to issue the orders that we had prepared over the weekend. Monday morning we deployed to the training area to do our estimates, building up to platoon hasty and deliberate attacks. I got my first major appointment at the end of the week: I was Platoon Commander on the Advance/Deliberate Attack. I had thought about fully assuming the role by growing huge sideburns, stripping down my webbing to have it hanging somewhere around my knee caps like a western gunslinger and putting an alpine cowbell next to my mess tin to add authenticity, but decided that time was against me. Despite the lack of officer 'panache' I passed the appointment with a decent grade. The week couldn't pass without a spot of fitness so the five mile assessment was thrown in for good measure, again inducing a number of failures. For my part, I had forgotten how difficult it was to run with an anti-tank

weapon swinging around your neck and it is not something I wish to practise on a daily basis!

Week three came and it was another week of platoon attacks. In true Brecon style most of the attacks involve the use of a deep and unusually cold river! Appointments or disappointments would change frequently and people would achieve a varying degree of success. The biggest challenge came at the end of the week with Exercise Green Dragon. This is an eighteen kilometre advance followed by a platoon deliberate attack. After two weeks of wet and the early stages of trench foot we set forth at 0400 hours on Friday morning. The early bird is supposed to catch the worm, not frost bite. As is the norm, we were carrying forty five pounds in weight and the usual assorted platoon weapons. At farm four we were issued with our companion for the remainder of the way, two eighty one millimetre mortar rounds, bumping the weight up to a lovely seventy pounds.

Eighteen kilometres later and nursing very sore feet we arrived at D range for the platoon attack. For once the obligatory dip into a freezing river was a welcome departure, helping to cool the burning feet. The fitness was now to a high standard however we were all burned out and were looking forward to week four in camp.

Week four held an important assessment on the preparation of the estimate and also the delivery of a set of platoon attack orders. Another big fitness assessment was just around the corner in the form of Exercise Fan Dance, a twenty three kilometre physical fitness assessment that really does sort out the men from the boys. The first eighteen kilometres take you over the highest points in the Brecon Beacons, but it was the last five kilometres with the stretcher that was the most difficult. The stretcher is collected at the bottom of Fan Lila and is painfully taken to the finish line. I can honestly say the cramps I experienced were the most painful I have ever had in my life and I can see the need for the stretcher once the end is reached.

Week five and it was time to go back to the field and defence, as usual the rain accompanied the digging. As usual, defence was very hard and the obligatory zero sleep helped to boost morale; the sound of people falling asleep whilst digging and knocking into the wriggly tin was a common occurrence come day two. During defence it was almost good to get on the sentry position for a while, at least the back got a rest for an hour. Five days later and defence ended with a demanding withdrawal with casualties. Why is it always the biggest who get shot first! A few hours' rest and a lot of admin later and we were into the Fibua phase. We attacked the village in the early hours of the morning and then went into fortifying it, in my opinion this is equally as tiring as defence. Once the village is fortified it is then time for the routine of patrolling, observation posts, standing patrols and eating occasionally. As suspected, the sleep part of routine had gone the way of the Dodo!

Everyone's biggest hate soon arrived, NBC, and so did the sun just to make life that little more uncomfortable. The inevitable attack was upon us and we withdrew in NBC Four Romeo, it was also the

hottest day of the year just for good measure (bless the Brecon weather). At the end of the withdrawal we went straight into our first consolidated company attack, there were a few things that still needed tweaking prior to the final exercise.

Three days to go, the final exercise is the culmination of seven weeks' training. The company day attack was a little bit of an anti climax, however, the night attack was up there with the best training that I have ever taken part in. With the tactics phase complete it was time to slow the pace a little and move onto the Live Firing Tactical Training phase. This format for the course changes and the emphasis switches to the teaching the

exacting requirements of running ranges. The attitude is far more relaxed, however, there is a lot of learning to be done, Range Danger Areas, trace work and template construction are all on the agenda and something that I had not got any prior knowledge of. This phase seemed like a breeze compared to the previous phase but there were still failures. At the end of it all I felt a sweeping sense of relief. The course has its lighter moments and I learnt a great deal but it is not a course to enjoy, it is one to be endured. Is the Platoon Sergeants' battle course hard...? Definitely yes!

Corporal Risdale
1 Platoon, Alma Company

OFFICERS' MESS

On return from Canada, life in the Officers' Mess picked up pace and in a short period of time we had dinners to say goodbye to Brian and Adele Thomas, and Louise and Colonel Duncan. In fact the farewells to Brian seemed to go on forever and it was a miracle that he actually managed to report for duty in his new job on time.

Colonel Duncan was towed out in the now traditional manner; on top of a Warrior pulled by the Officers and Sergeants. After the success at BATUS and the frantic build up it was an emotional farewell. Colonel Duncan also made a very well received presentation to the Mess of a leather armchair to enhance the recently purchased furniture. The chair has pride of place in the ante-room and has imaginatively been christened 'the CO's Chair'. Louise left her own legacy through the now splendid gardens. She could often be found outside the Mess pulling up weeds and encouraging the Gardens Member to show greater interest in his extra curricular job. Compared to two years ago, the gardens are now a fantastic setting for Mess events and this is almost entirely due to Louise's endeavours.

With the return to work after the summer holidays, the Mess geared up for a fresh round of social events. We hosted a Regimental Guest Night at which the Colonel of the Regiment was present along with Commander 4th Armoured Brigade. This was also Colonel Phil's first night at the head of the table. The Dinner Night was followed by a Summer/Pre-Deployment party that was a huge success and has already gone down in the 'legendary party' category. The theme was Empires and everyone made a huge effort on their costumes. We have also just had a Ladies' Dinner Night, this was to replace the traditional Christmas function and as ever was a great evening. We also said farewell to Sarah and Richard Chadwick who will shortly be moving to Glasgow. Colonel Phil managed to dig out some suitably embarrassing photos for his speech and Richard made a presentation of a new leather-bound meal signing in book. This gift replaces the traditional Red A4 clip file and is a significant enhancement to the Mess property. In addition to the round of farewells and parties the Mess has found time to hold a meeting to decide where monies will be spent to mark our time in Osnabrück. A sum of money has

been slowly accruing from the time we first arrived in Germany and it was clear from previous meetings that a permanent addition to the mess was called for. As a result of the meeting it has been decided that the Mess will purchase a number of silver goblets marked with the names of all those who have served in Osnabrück. The goblets will be a lasting testimony to the Dukes' time here.

With the deployment to Iraq spanning Christmas we intend to hold Ruperts before we depart. This year Captain Peter Lee has been given the onerous task of OC Ruperts and we await the product with eager anticipation. Mess life in Iraq will be somewhat disjointed and, with two companies battlegrouped elsewhere, it will be a while before we have another chance to get together. Additionally, with the current review of the Infantry casting doubt over the future of the Regiment, this will be a poignant Ruperts and one to remember.

After their marriage during leave, the Mess formerly welcomed Mrs Monica Lee (Dr Dandekar in her professional capacity) at the Ladies' Dinner Night. During the period we also welcomed Major Steve Lees (PWO) and his wife Simone. Steve has joined the Battalion as OC Somme Company. Major Peter Monteith and Zara have recently returned, Peter is taking over as Battalion Second in Command. We said farewell to Garrath and Claire Williams who have moved to Australia, Garrath having taken up a new appointment in the Australian Army. We wish them well. Paul and Alison Fox left before leave for pastures new, making way for Major Mark Robinson MBE to return as OC Alma. We also welcomed back Captains Phil Smith, Kevin Price, Chris Adair and Doug Nelson. Meanwhile Captains Stew Dick, Adam Brown, Paul Tetlow, Toby Smart and Finlay Bibby were cast out into the wider Army on postings.

Life in the Battalion has continued at a frantic pace, yet the Mess is as strong as ever. We have hosted a steady stream of Potential Officers and Lieutenant Doug Hayton-Williams is the latest arrival from Sandhurst. We are facing a period of considerable uncertainty, however the spirit of the Dukes' Officers' Mess is sure to survive well in to the future.

WARRANT OFFICERS' AND SERGEANTS' MESS

As Operation Telic 5 looms on the horizon, it is very rare (due to the pace of Battalion life) that I reflect on the previous quarter of the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess life. However, after being hand picked from a cast of one, I am happily producing notes for the Iron Duke.

Here is a snippet from behind the scenes in the Battalions' 'engine room'. Due to this going to print BEFORE the "Rupert" and "Andy" cap awards, I must inform you all that it will be censored, checked for bugging devices, placed in front of a panel of adjudicators and then I will be questioned by a team of SNCOs who have recently just completed the POW tactical questioning course. The pools panel have also sat and gave 2-0 win at the football.

As I write this, life in the Mess is fast and furious but fun. With six weeks running around the fields of Canada, a few Mess members had a cunning plan to have a welcome home Mess party. Whilst sat around watching hexie TV, people gave their enthusiastic ideas on how the forthcoming event should happen. However one slight problem; back on home ground the "said Mess members" decided to deny all knowledge of the conversation!

With the Mess warned off and the babysitters in the assembly area, I could not cancel my first Mess do! This is when the LIRA stepped into the breach. LIRA, for those of you un-familiar with this abbreviation, stands for Living Inners' Republican Army. A small band of determined personnel who fight for freedom from the pads. LIRA also being Latin for "Oldous pissstaneous". The living-inners then turned the Mess into two theme bars. However, I had to put a stop to Colour Sergeant M&S Rick Mosley's dungeon bar, fully furnished with whips and chains. The dubious night club also came complete with two bouncers, Sergeant Tony (scare um) Walsh and Colour Sergeant (Basher) Bates. Both, scarily, seemed to enjoy their new-found careers.

We then proceeded to Dine Out two distinguished regimental figure-heads, Lieutenant Colonel Bruce and the Quarter Master, Major Thomas, both of whom have endured probably the busiest two years the Battalion has ever witnessed. We wish them both well in the future. Both the Officers' and the Seniors' Mess traditionally pulled the CO out of camp, but we are armoured, so why not use a Warrior? It was harder for the Commanding Officer to maintain his dignity than for us to pull him out; very emotional.

There were awards given out to a couple of Mess members, Regimental Quarter Master Sergeant Brewer received a commendation for his fantastic effort in Kosovo. Coincidence or not, but before he became the Regimental Career Management Officer, he had no chance of getting a LS&GC medal. The pen is mightier ... you know the rest. Hey presto, now WO2 "Nick Wilson" is the proud owner of the LS&GC, congratulations to you both.

Since the last notes the news of change has hit the Mess. Brigadier Mundell and Major General Evelyn Webb-Carter visited the Mess and explained the forthcoming changes to the Regiment including the almost inevitable, the loss of the Regiment's name. Only time will tell. In language that can only be described as colourful, he now has a balanced view on our feelings about the subject.

When this goes to print we will probably be in Iraq on OP Telic 5 and whilst we look forward to telling more tales of this next piece of Regimental history, it is with heavy heart that the Mess closes for six months. Preparations start now in order that the return function is a massive success, after six months of no alcohol this will not be too difficult to achieve. Good luck to all and see you in six months' time.

WO2 R. D. Hind, PMC

TUG OF WAR COMPETITION - BRIGADE SPORTS DAY

At the very inappropriate time of 0600 the loud and distinct sound "Chock Chock pull, Chock Chock Pull, Chock Chock Haaaaooooold" could be heard floating over the rugby pitches. This was not the mating call of the indigenous wagga wagga bird, but was in fact the dulcet tone of Captain Rutherford, our Australian Long Look exchange officer. Due, in large part, to his bragging over lunch about Australian sporting prowess and their ability to win everything, he had become a late addition to the Tug of War team, by order of the Colonel.

Recently the Tug of War team had become a bit of a poisoned chalice within the Dukes, due to a run of poor form in which we had ended up being rather embarrassed. However, as OIC of the Tug of War team I had been warned by Major Chadwick that the rot had to stop. As an added incentive he left out the carrot and beat me with the stick of the threat of Extras. Not being the kind of donkey to dig in my heels, I set off at a

gallop which quickly slowed to a trot and then a stunned standstill as I realised the enormity of the problem at hand.

So began a frantic couple of weeks prior to summer leave trying to locate some of the stalwarts of the tug of war team, such as Corporal Padgett and Corporal Hunnam of Somme Company. However, due to the Battalion being spread between Canada and OPTAG Packages this proved to be easier said than done. As a result some semblance of a team did not become clear until the last few days before the summer leave. It was then explained to me the various techniques involved and possible training regimes that could be undertaken. I then riposted with the information that the competition date was the first weekend after leave. There was a stunned silence, followed by further silence. This was obviously not a good sign and I had underestimated the time it would take to gel the team together into a pulling machine.

I was fortunate in that I had four weeks over the summer leave to ponder the situation. And ponder I did over a couple of Ouzos. On my return began the frantic struggle of juggling everyone's commitments while organising a training programme. However, the inspired introduction of Captain Rutherford was a breath of fresh air as he introduced us to the timing calls of our colonial brethren. After a number of training sessions the day arrived with Major Chadwick's encouraging words still ringing in my head.

With injuries and work commitments the Dukes' tug of war squad was not finalised until the morning of the competition. The final team was Captain Rutherford, Lieutenant Johnston, Lieutenant Wilson, Sergeant Coulson, Corporal Hunnam, Corporal Padgett, Corporal Fielding Lance Corporal Nakanacagi and Privates Cox, Draper and Rothery. With the combined weight of the team to be no more than 860kg we looked around the competition and saw that we were an average sized team and saw our chances of success increase. Then our eyes passed across the Queen Dragoon Guards team and our jaws dropped. There were a number of gargantuans within the team and their anchor man looked like the missing link, with his knuckles dragging along the grass. I'm not sure what exactly their mothers are feeding these man mountains in the valleys, but it cannot be legal and it can't weigh a lot. The weigh-in proceeded and for the first time since I was 15 years of age I weighed in at less than 14 stone. Something was definitely rotten in Deutschland. We were assured that the scales were right and as a result the QDG team were all 'legal'.

The format of the Tug of War was two leagues of four teams followed by a pull off between the similar placed team in the other league. Fortunately the behemoth team of the QDG would be in the other league. Our first pull off was against 4 RA. The referee's hands fell and the Dukes snapped and pulled and suddenly the call "CHOCK, CHOCK, PUUULLLLL" came and 4 Regiment Royal Artillery were pulled clean out of the ground. We were stunned and full of adrenaline as we changed ends. We then repeated the feat and we had won our first pull off. No matter what happened now, we had beaten our last outing at the Brigade sports day by at least winning one pull.

However, fortunes rapidly changed as we lined up against the Brigade Headquarters team. Within minutes we were left on the floor dejected as we were comprehensively beaten by a very well-drilled and practised unit.

We then faced 23 Royal Engineers (as opposed to twenty three Royal Engineers which would have caused us a slight concern) who looked like they knew what they were doing and had all the kit. Nevertheless, sometimes pure grit, determination and willpower will inspire you to beat a more practised team. We won the first pull easily but we awoke a sleeping dragon in them

and they caught us sleeping in the second pull and dragged the Dukes off the park. It came down to a final pull off. We lined up and took the strain, the referee's hands dropped and the Dukes pulled with all their hearts. We were edging them inch by inch towards defeat in super slow motion. Then the tide shifted and we started moving in the wrong direction. Wide-eyed, lungs bursting, forearms bulging the Dukes tried to stem this sudden shift in fortunes. Suddenly boots caught ruts and we were able to hold. Then Captain Rutherford called "AND DIP AND PULL". Eight pairs of eyes looked at him in pure hatred and whispered silent curses. But the Yorkshire grit was still there and so the dip came, and so did the pull, and suddenly 23 RE defence collapsed and they were left sprawling on the floor; it had been a titanic battle. Breathless and with arms feeling like dead weights we were into the third and fourth place pull off.

This pull off would be against 12 Close Support Regiment and we were now feeling confident about our prospects. We had a thirty minute break which was desperately needed in order to recuperate. Some of the team were nursing sore heads from the night before and so refreshments were definitely the order of the day. The time came for the Pull Off. We lined up end eye-balled the opposition. The referee's hands dropped and a surge of raw power burst from the Dukes. 12 CS could not cope and were pulled out of the ground. We changed ends and knew that one more monumental effort and we would have third place. The rope was picked up and the strain taken. The referee's hands dropped and we pulled with all we had. However, we made no impact whatsoever and 12 CS started getting a bit of momentum up. It felt like we were holding on to the dragging chains of a launching ocean liner, no matter how hard we tried it was impossible to stop and we were pulled over. It was obvious that some of the titanic pull offs we had earlier were beginning to have their effect. In the final pull to decide the position we were determined to finish the job. However 12 CS had other plans. They caught us with an early snap and we struggled to hold on. It was now that we lost grip on the rope and it started running through our hands. No matter what we tried, the pull off was lost.

The Brigade Sports Day was the first time many of the team had participated in a Tug of War Competition. It turned out to be a very fun day. Unfortunately many of us would be nursing sore muscles for the next week. The Tug of War is without doubt a sport that suits the mentality and nature of the Dukes. When we finally get a bit of time to actually practise we will be aiming to win the Tug of War Competition.

P.S. The QDG unsurprisingly won the Competition.

Anonymous
(Presumably to protect the Guilty. Ed.)

OFFICERS' CANOEING TRIP - ZIMBABWE

Much has been made of the tensions in Zimbabwe in recent years, so it was with some trepidation that three Dukes' Officers, Lieutenants Andrew Shand, Dave

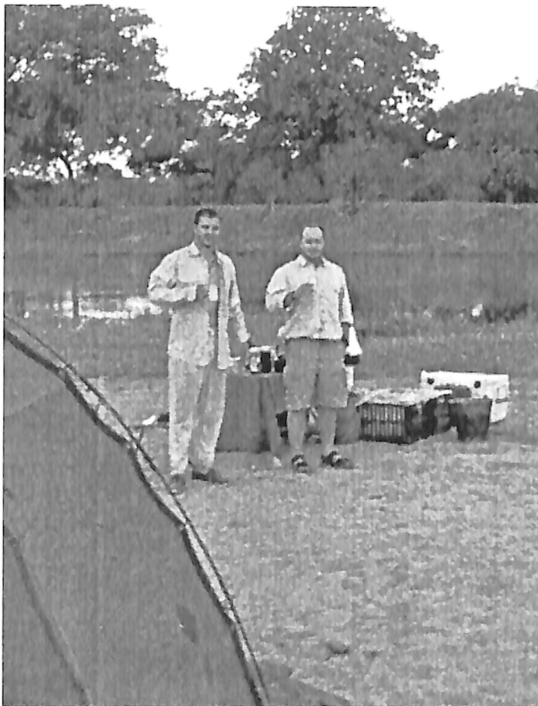
Wilson and Captain Dan Pawson, visited there this summer. Zimbabwe is the home country of Dave Wilson, although four turbulent years had passed since

his last visit and from the moment we stepped into the arrivals lounge of the swanky new Harare International Airport it was apparent that things had changed.

I do not intend to dwell upon the fallow farms, rotting infrastructure and general malaise that affects large areas of this once-beautiful country. Our aim was simple: to enjoy the social scene in Harare before travelling north to the mighty Zambezi River, Kariba Lake and the Manu Pools National Park for a bespoke safari.

Harare is a strange place these days. It heaves with dispossessed white farmers, many of whom are still able to run part of their former estates from a distance, but all live with constant uncertainty and, frankly, a degree of boredom. That said, the British Army still has a fantastic reputation in 'white' society and the stops were pulled out as we entered a whirlpool of dinner parties, rugby matches and social calls. We had stepped back to an England of fifty years ago; a microcosm of colonial life that will not survive unchanged for much longer.

The big city was fun but we had come in search of more rural pursuits. After a harrowing seven-hour car journey north we paused at Lake Kariba, once the world's largest man-made lake until the construction of the Aswan Dam in Egypt, to prepare for a Zambezi canoe safari. A family of hippos virtually in the swimming pool helped build the anticipation. One of the delights of travelling in Zimbabwe today is that one can make best use of the fantastic tourist infrastructure set up during the balmy days of the 1990s, but almost exclusively, as very few people now visit the country.



Lieutenant Andy 'look at me' Shand (left) and Lieutenant Dave 'Zim' Wilson on safari..

Raging hyperinflation suffered by the Zimbabwean dollar also makes the whole package pretty cheap. As a result, we spent four days on the Zambezi River, paddling through the Manu Pools World Heritage Site and never saw another tourist party. Hippos we did see ... a lot! They are the most dangerous animals on the river if roused and our guide earned his pay attempting to prevent us from blundering into their impractically large jaws. Suffice to say, we escaped with nothing more than a couple of mock charges (not always immediately obvious as 'mock' from ten feet!) and the odd u-turn. Bird life proliferated in a multitude of forms along with buffalo, crocodile, fish, elephant, big cats, antelope and monkeys. Each evening we camped on islands in the river, cooking simple food and drinking even more simple wine as the stars came out above us. Entertainment was provided by increasingly, and disturbingly, curious hippos and, on one memorable occasion, a female elephant and her calf who were intent on joining us for dinner. Unforgettably, the final morning's breakfast was against the backdrop of a pride of lions coming down to the riverbank by us to drink and laze in the rising sun.

After all this 'hard work' we obviously needed a rest. The luxury Sanyati Lodge on Lake Kariba provided the perfect setting, although an early misunderstanding saw us standing rather uncertainly in the honeymoon suite. The comments in the guest book were enough to make even hardened soldiers blush. In between gourmet meals served on a beautiful open air veranda we managed to find the energy to partake in walking and vehicle safaris, lake cruises and waterborne game drives, as well as a spot of fishing. On one occasion our guide strayed a little too close to an adult male elephant and was forced to fire a warning shot through its ear as its charge brought it to within ten metres of where we stood, rooted to the spot. Such is the stuff of true African adventures! But every adventure has to end.

As we flew back towards Johannesburg it was difficult to sum-up our Zim experience. In one way we had been privileged to witness a society in flux; the affluent and affable blacks speaking English as their first language in the Harare Sports Club are plainly the future of a new Zimbabwe. However, the contrast between the verdant productivity of those few farms still running and the scorched earth of the remainder that had been 'settled' by the so-called war veterans displays that this is not going to be a painless process. The country remains a tourists' heaven, but political instability and corruption cannot help but sour the experience for anyone without local knowledge and contacts. Whilst many of the attitudes which drove Rhodes to claim Zimbabwe and Zambia for the Empire are outdated, the infrastructure bequeathed by the colonial system is Zimbabwe's best hope for the future. It, and the country's wonderful natural resources need protecting and bolstering for the good of the whole population. I desperately hope to return in more settled times.

Captain Dan Pawson
OC Recce

CHIEF EXECUTIVES ON RETREAT

In the back of the armoured personnel carrier the company checked their kit, mustered their courage and reviewed their mission. There would be no time for hesitation; they knew that. They had to be alert at all times, ready for anything, united as an invading force. Not sure what lay ahead, but united by a common cause, they pressed on. This was a vital mission, they must succeed, any other outcome would be unthinkable.

The half-ton door slowly opened, they took the command, advanced out of the vehicle, located their target and ...

... No, these were not Her Majesty's brave soldiers, but the valiant CEO members of TEC 9 (*see note (i) below*) on their 2004 Retreat.

Under the command of Chairman Richard Ward, who is a retired 'Duke', the group were guests of the 1st Battalion, at *their* base in Osnabrück, Germany.

Over a period of two strenuous days (and even more arduous nights - more of that later), the group experienced small arms training, parade ground drill, public order control demonstrations, armoured vehicle familiarisation and weapon firing. In the capable hands of Dukes' officers, the group was drilled in the Regiment's history, Regimental silver and given an overview of operations in Iraq.

On a more current note, the group also over-viewed the Regiment's approach to recruitment, command and leadership of troops, including the very intensive programme of skills development for new recruits. Many young men join the army lacking even basic literacy skills, so these have to be taught, as well as all the skills needed to be combat soldiers in the armoured division. On leaving the army, the men have a wide range of validated skills to transfer to civilian life.

The officers of the Dukes are a band of brave men indeed, for it was they who accompanied the CEOs for a little R&R in nearby Osnabrück to assist with the group's "rapid recall" of the day's learning points. After an introduction to the in-house brewery and distillery of the Rampendahl, the group moved to a salubrious establishment to embark on "significant events", which

took most of the remainder of the evening and the early hours of the morning.

On the third and last evening of the trip, the Dukes held a Regimental Dinner, attended by Major General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter, Colonel of the Dukes and the Brigade Commander. In the presence of the Regimental Colours, the Regimental silver and with all officers in mess kit and medals, the TEC members were watched over from the walls by dignified portraits of the many Colonels of the Regiment who had led the Regiment over the last three centuries. In these most sanctified surroundings the CEOs witnessed a rare spectacle for civilians - the pride and tradition upheld by the Dukes, exemplified in their many heroic campaigns, over the centuries, on the battlefield as well as the rugby pitch!

So what were the learning points of this extraordinary Retreat? The CEOs have seen and heard at first hand how a collective history and shared purpose will unify a disparate group of people. Preconceptions about army training were dispelled as they learned how much the army invests in equipping its men not just for duty, but for life outside the Regiment.

The Retreat gave members an opportunity to bond and get to know each other in a new environment. All TEC members know the value of the monthly meetings, but at these, the pressure to complete the agenda means that there is little time for relaxation. For this reason the annual Retreat is invaluable and all the better for an insight into the daily work of the armed forces rarely afforded to civilians. This Retreat will be hard to beat.

Sally Pritchard
Chief Executive
Choices Housing
September 2004

(i) *The Executive Committee (TEC) is a global company which holds monthly meetings dedicated to increasing the effectiveness and enhancing the lives of Chief Executives. See Richard Ward's letter on page 160.*

124 ARMY YOUTH TEAM

1st BATTALION THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT

Captain C. Hosty
Colour Sergeant J. Harrison
Sergeant A. Duffy
Sergeant M. Wroe

Sergeant G. Jessop
Sergeant P. Weller (RLC)
Corporal D. Hyde
Corporal B. Adamson

Corporal M. Jackling
Lance Corporal S. Lynch
Lance Corporal R. Mellor
Lance Corporal R. Rowley

With life in the army and indeed the 1st Battalion moving so fast, it is somewhat easy to forget about the spin-off mini series that are the by-products of all things great.

I'm referring of course to a small band of men working away from the 1st Battalion and based in the centre of the Regimental Recruiting Universe, Huddersfield. 124 Army Youth Team (AYT) has to be the ultimate spin-off, with all the excitement of English day time TV, so I'm told! Just like "The A Team" though

we do have a mission to achieve, and it doesn't involve exploding Jeeps.

Recruiting throughout the North East is a complex beast, with a myriad of offices and display teams representing all Corps and Regiments. There are five Army Youth Teams working across the district and 124 AYT is responsible for providing activities throughout West and South Yorkshire. Unlike display teams, the AYT spends much more time with a selected audience, in most cases a week at a time. This gives us the

opportunity to promote the army but, more importantly, our distinguished Regiment, to the full.

Work on the team is split into two seasons, during the winter season we provide schools and colleges from across the recruiting area with Personal Development Activities (PDA), which are for one day, and Look At Life Courses (LAL) which are a week long and by far the more demanding. Having completed a very busy winter season in late March the team were ready for a spot of Easter Leave with the promise of a summer season of Adventure Training. Behind the scenes and in preparation for the summer work, Sergeant Andy Duffy had been building a small empire of equipment, which would be required in order to move the whole team into the Lake District and support us for the fifteen weeks of our stay. This in itself was to be a mammoth task and one he did extremely well, I'm surprised Bicester had anything left on their shelves. By 14 April we were ready to go, this was to be the largest AYT deployment ever and required several trips from numerous stores in order to get everything there. It took four long hard working days, thankfully with good weather, to get the camp erected. "And what a camp", with an instructors' accommodation area set to a flank, comprising nine new large two-man tents, courtesy of Captain Hosty's deep pockets. These provided an excellent degree of comfort and privacy, not to mention a spot of jealousy from other AYT's based in the Lakes. The kitchen and two dining tents were well furnished with two chefs supplied by REME TA. With a store and a large TV/Cinema tent, the camp had the lot, as the boss says: "Anyone can ruff it". The instructors themselves had also been preparing, gaining experience and qualifications so they were ready to offer a variety of activities, kayaking/canoeing, climbing/abseiling, mountain biking and hill walking.

Coniston Hall Camp Site was the area we selected from a short-list of three sites. Anyone that has ever

been there will know why, it's a beautiful location, on the shoreline of Coniston Water and in the shadow of the Old Man Of Coniston. It's only a stone's throw from the village centre and close to some great climbing sites but more importantly it's close to Grizedale Forest, some of the best mountain biking to be had in the Lakes.

With a great location and a very impressive base-camp, we welcomed our first group on 18 April and from that point the real work started. Week after week schools and colleges came and went but our aim remained the same, to run a challenging, interesting, educational, action-packed but friendly week, in order to introduce young adults to soldiers and participate in military structured Adventure Training.

Looking back on what has been a very memorable season, I am sure that there are many young adults with aspirations to enjoy what the army has to offer, after all they have had a unique insight into military work other than soldiering. Most, if not all, the students had no problems adapting to the structured lifestyle we set and actually seemed to enjoy it, getting stuck in to all we had to offer.

As with all postings the staff change from year to year. Towards the latter half of this season we said goodbye to Corporals Michael Jakling and Brian Adamson and Lance Corporal Steven Lynch, who all returned to the 1st Battalion in Germany, to continue with their careers; also to Sergeant Andrew Duffy who is to retire shortly. I would like to pass on a heart-felt thank you, from all the Team for their outstanding contribution and comradeship, also to wish them all the very best for the future.

Life on the Team is showing no signs of slowing down and we are already busy into a new winter season, thinking of the glorious summer of Adventure Training ahead. Stay tuned.

Sergeant Glen Jessop
124 Army Youth Team



Lance Corporal Lynch, Private El-Zebedi, Corporal Jackling, Colour Sergeant Harrison, Corporal Adamson, Sergeant Weller (RLC).



David Peckover sounds the Reveille after John Hackford had laid the Regimental wreath in Anzio War Cemetery.

Left to right: Richard Diacon, Dom Alberic Stacpoole, Bill Norman, David Peckover.



Old 1st Battalion hands in Anzio Beachhead Cemetery.

Left to right: Geoffrey Bullock, John Wilson, General Donald Isles, John Young, John Hackford, Richard Diacon, Ernie Hawkins.

The Mayor of Anzio prese



The Burial Service in Anzio Beachead Cemetery.



Left to right: Mac Dowdy (in Background), Paul Turner, Robin Eames, Roger Hayley, David Harrap.

The East and West Riding Regiment

Commanding Officer's Introduction

Whilst it is understandable that the focus of attention should be on the deployment of the 1st Battalion, readers should not forget that forty-two Territorials from Fontenay and Ypres companies will also deploy on Op Telic 5 as part of 120 strong Normandy Company, provided by the East and West Riding Regiment. These soldiers have been compulsory mobilised and as a result have put their civilian lives on hold for nine months to support the Regular Army, quite a considerable undertaking. The mobilised total since Op Telic 1 now stands at 206 from this Regiment, a figure which accounts for over two-thirds of the total trained manpower.

Normandy Company, under the command of Major Dusty Miller PWO(V) and supported by Simon Newiss DWR(V) and WO2 (CSM) Padley DWR(V), will deploy

as a formed unit to Basra and while there will provide the 'escort' company for HQ MND(SE). The principal task will be to provide vehicle escorts across the whole of MND(SE) area. This will be a demanding and potentially dangerous job, but one the Territorials are fully trained for and eager to undertake. The Company has had an excellent five-week training package (including annual camp), run almost entirely in-house. As I write, Normandy Company is at CPTA working up to the final FTX prior to deployment in mid November.

Meanwhile the Regiment continues to be committed to its operational role as lead element in the Civil Contingency Reaction Force (South). It also continues to support the local Cadet organisations and as Main Effort is recruiting in all areas of Yorkshire.



The Officers of the East and West Riding Regiment at Camp, Cinque Ports Training Area, Stanford, October/November 2004.

YPRES (DWR) COMPANY

The last few months have been intense, challenging times for the Company. During this period all members have worked exceptionally hard to ensure the Op Telic 5 soldiers have been briefed and prepared to the highest of standards for deployment to Iraq. All this has been done whilst continuing to meet the ever increasing commitments of the Company.

On Saturday 25 September, after several weeks of training, we bade farewell to our twenty Op Telic 5 soldiers. Under the capable command of Sergeant Nev Graham they have now successfully completed the RMTc Chilwell mobilisation package and are currently undertaking the pre-deployment training at Longmoor and will complete their training at Lydd & Hythe. The soldiers left in high spirits, looking forward to the opportunity and adventure of soldiering in Iraq. However, for many this will be their second tour, having previously deployed on Op Telic 2 and 3 in

support of 40 Regiment RA and 1 LI. With this combination of experience and enthusiasm in the team I am confident they will take every challenge they face comfortably in their stride. We look forward to seeing the boys shortly when we re-group for our Annual Camp at Thetford.

Meanwhile, back in Huddersfield, the remainder of the Company prepared to host the Mayor of Kirklees - Councillor Mary Harkin, our own Deputy Honorary Colonel Charles Dent, Fontenay Company's Deputy Honorary Colonel Julian Fox, and a number of local dignitaries and businessmen at our Company's Medal Ceremony. After a drinks reception, Captain Barry Hey treated recipients, families and guests to a tour of the 5th and 7th Dukes scrapbooks. These books date back to the early 1900s and contain original war maps, photographs and letters from WW1 and WW2. Then after an introduction to the roles and equipment of the

modern TA Infantry Company, by the way of a series of stands, seats were taken in the main hall. The Lady Mayor presented the medals to the following soldiers: WO2 (SPSI) Jeremy Foster the Accumulative Campaign Medal for over 1,000 days' operational service in Northern Ireland. The Clasp to the Territorial Efficiency Medal (18 years' service) to WO2 (CSM) Gav Roberts, WO2 Russ Moore, WO2 Simon Stowe, Sergeant Richard Skibinski and Corporal George Morgan. The Volunteer Reserve Service Medal (10 years' service) to WO2 Lynden Robinson and Lance Corporal James Sykes - it is worth noting that WO2 Lynden Robinson also holds the Territorial Efficiency Medal making a total of 22 years' service. The Clasp to the Volunteer Reserve Service Medal (15 years' service) to Sergeant Mark Ibberson and Corporal Jamie Johnson. The Pan Balkans Medal for a 6 months' attachment in Bosnia to Privates Matthew Ashness, Alan Haque and Richard O'Gara. A successful evening finished with a curry supper.

The following Sunday, remaining elements of the Company deployed to the scenic village of Haworth to run the Manorlands Challenge sponsored walk in aid of the Sue Ryder Hospice. The event was organised in conjunction with Timothy Taylor's Brewery, local firms of solicitors, accountants, surveyors and businesses and received much press coverage in the local media. The Company organised three circular walks of three, ten and fifteen miles wherein a total of 93 civilian walkers of all ages took part raising several thousand pounds. The day was a great success and enjoyed by all participants. Working closely with local enterprises did much to assist in securing the high number of entrants and we now plan to make this an annual event.

We now look forward to peace support operational training at Annual Camp and then a relative stability up to the year-end. This opportunity will be seized to drive forward our recruiting efforts and boost Company strength.

Major M. K. Hunter TD
Officer Commanding Ypres (DWR) Company



Elements of Ypres (DWR) Company supporting the Sue Ryder Manorlands Challenge sponsored walk. Left to right: Lance Corporal Karl Flowitt, Corporal George Morgan, WO2 Simon Stowe, Sergeant Mark Ibberson (back), WO2 Russ Moore, Major Mark Hunter (Officer Commanding), WO2 Lynden Robinson, Lance Corporal James Sykes, Captain Simon Routh (Company 2i/c), Private James Ellis.

FONTENAY COMPANY

When I last wrote about Fontenay Company I mentioned that I was looking forward to meeting a number of our personnel and welcoming them back on their return from Op Telic. I concluded the article by saying that I hoped the Company could look forward to a period of stability during which most of our personnel are available for training. I write now having just completed Annual Camp 2004, the focus of which was

preparing members of Normandy Company for their deployment to Iraq on Telic 5. It will come as no surprise to hear that Fontenay Company is well represented in Normandy Company and therefore the period of stability will not materialize for some time yet, with twenty two of the Company about to deploy. These include CSM WO2 Padley, 2i/c Lieutenant Simon Newiss (who has only recently returned from Telic 3), and ten NCOs.

Whilst on the subject of personnel there are once again a number of changes to record. First, Captain David Morris is now firmly in place as the PSAO following the retirement of Harry Baxendale and we shall shortly be saying farewell to WO2 Roberts who will complete his tour as SPSI at the end of the year and indeed will complete his service with the army. This is, therefore, the appropriate point in time to record our thanks for the excellent work he has undertaken whilst at the Company and to wish him and his family all the very best for the future. Whilst his time with the Regular Army is drawing to a close, hopefully we will still see him around the East and West Riding Regiment. On the promotions front we should congratulate Sergeant Wass on his recent promotion.

Since last writing, training and life generally within the Company has been very much focussed on the preparation for Telic 5. Worthy of particular mention though was the adventure training weekend which saw the Company undertaking the aerial extreme treetop confidence course near Boroughbridge in August. The Company paraded on the Friday night for a social evening in the bar at Barnsley TA Centre and then spent the Saturday swinging from the trees. Following successfully completing the course we then moved to a campsite on the coast and rounded the weekend off with

more socializing. All in all it seemed to be a very successful weekend and the challenge for next year is to find something that is equally unique and challenging rather than the usual hill walking and mountain biking.

Looking forward, we are going to have to adjust our training to accommodate the fact that so many personnel are away at present but this gives us an excellent opportunity, with the relatively small numbers that remain, to concentrate on shooting and therefore we will be spending a substantial amount of time on ranges in the early part of next year.

To conclude, I would simply say that once again we find ourselves working around the challenges that are posed by a substantial deployment from the Company, but we must also acknowledge the excellent opportunity Telic 5 represents for the members of the Company that are deploying and we will hopefully welcome them back with a wealth of knowledge and experience that will be of great benefit to the whole Company in years to come. We are proud to be able to contribute so significantly to Normandy Company and wish them all well for a successful tour and a safe return.

Captain M. Watson
Officer Commanding

THE TERRITORIALS OF YESTERYEAR

STANLEY LANGLEY'S WAR

... continued from Issue No. 255 page 88.

The Final March

By New Year, 1945, the Red Army had reached Warsaw. Along the whole Eastern Front, some three million German soldiers faced twice as many Russians, who had vast numbers in reserve. In tanks, the Germans were outnumbered by over three to one; in aircraft, eight to one. On all fronts the Allies were moving forward upon the Reich.

One night in mid-January, we were wakened and told that we were moving out. I had to put all the clothing I possessed - long underpants, pyjamas, pullover, battle-dress, balaclava, mittens - and out we went. A loaf and a half of bread and margarine were handed out to last us five days, they said. Four or five hundred POWs marched out with the guards, heading for Teschin, fifty miles away, a pass through the mountains leading to Czechoslovakia. It was a cold winter, bitter, and there was snow about. Not for another two weeks did the Germans give us bread, and then only a slice. We would be always hungry, never thirsty.

We were marching through that part called the Sudetenland, where the people were more or less German. They were hostile and would stay in their houses as we passed through. When we got to Bohemia, where they were proper Czechs, the people were wonderful. In one village a girl came out to the side of the road to offer a piece of bread. One of our guards, the fanatical Brueckner, went up and clubbed her with his rifle. We were covering perhaps fifteen to twenty miles a day. Each night the guards had to find somewhere for us to stay, usually barns. At one place, staying in a

farmyard, local Czechs came in with some boilers and made us soup; the sight of that was wonderful. (Since then I have had a great admiration for the Czechs, it grieved me that after the war they and the Poles were under Communist rule.) Those people helped to save our lives.

One of the POWs was a man named McKechnie who was connected with the firm of Cross & Blackwell. (Incidentally, he stammered a lot, but when he had been in camp plays he never stammered at all.) Well, he had a valuable watch and one day he gave it to a local, to get extra bread. When the bread arrived a crowd of men dived on it and tore it to pieces, McKechnie didn't get any. The men were ravenous.

The Germans came into the barn one night and said they wanted volunteers to fight the Russians. A British unit - the Freikorps - or something like that, was being set up. Any POWs who joined it would be taken off the march, paid, cleansed, given new clothes and plenty of food. That was the bait they were dangling but everybody said "Up you!"

A place that stuck in my memory was Bausch, near Brno. I think it was the worst day of the whole march, yet I don't know why. Nature tends to make you forget the horrible things. Now the details are hard to recover; you think more of the people, the comradeship, the better parts. There were horrors, like people dying at the side of the road, not ours, mostly Russians. Well, Bausch seemed like the depths. The barn was freezing as I put my boots together, soles facing out and covered with straw, to make a pillow.

We formed a long straggly column, perhaps a mile long, many hundreds of men. Russian prisoners were now on the march and some Canadians too. One day, one of the Canadians was lost, so the guards agreed that the others could go back and look for their comrade. He was found and restored to the column.

My best friend was George Pick, I had been with him for most of the war. He had once scrounged some tea leaves, not enough for a drink but just enough to make a thin cigarette, it was awful. He got a leg infection on the march and had to be taken off. The Germans had a horse and cart for carrying their packs and rations, so George was put in the cart and that was the last I saw of him until I got home. He had a hole straight through his leg and finished up in Walton hospital.

As we moved through Czechoslovakia, into March, I seemed to get a spark of hope as the spring came. We were heading for Bavaria and felt we might get through this. We knew the Allies were winning the war. Our spirits perked up. It was amazing the people we met on the march. We met a band of Partisans, for example, ferocious like cavalymen. Our few guards couldn't do a thing about it, they kept out of the way of them. We met people hiding by the roadside, various nationalities, running away from somewhere or other.

I remember a place the Germans called Troppau. We seemed to be marching for days around that place, never seeming to get rid of it. We could have been lost, going round in circles. Then we marched through Hradec Kralove, a big town. We saw trains and wondered if we might get on one, but we never did. On some days the guards seemed edgy. We stopped one evening at a farmyard where I went to look over a gate and was clubbed in the ribs with a rifle butt just for getting too close. At another farm, three of the POWs had had enough and stayed behind in the barn. Brueckner was sent to look for them, found them, and shot them.

Throughout this long march I was carrying a kitbag full of all kinds of stuff. You couldn't carry anything unless it was absolutely vital. Eventually, in a barn one night, I emptied it out and at the bottom were hundreds of letters that Marjorie had sent me, and I left them in the straw. There were other personal things too but the weight had become such a burden; in our condition we didn't want to carry anything. If only I could remember the name of that place where I left the precious letters. Letters had been our lifeline since that time in Warthelager, late 1940, when I acquired a POW number - 7357. Marjorie wrote all the time. She would save up her chocolate ration and send it to me. Then small Red Cross parcels would arrive bringing a little food and cigarettes. I was lucky, most of my parcels got through. Some of the other men got nothing at all, even when they knew their families had sent them.

Our route wound on, skirting Prague on the north side. We went around Carlsbad, and we came towards Marienbad, a lovely sight from the top of a hill. I thought about all the people, like Edward VII, who had been there in the past, the cream of Europe. And there were we, trudging past it all. On the grapevine, we heard that the Red Cross had sent out parcels to the marching columns, until at the end of March we came to a village and saw a line of wagons with the familiar

crosses. They brought tears to our eyes; it was like a mirage. That evening we had marmalade and biscuits. The following morning each man was given a Canadian Red Cross parcel.

Now we were near the frontier with Bavaria, southern Germany. On 1 April we crossed over and trudged on to Weiden, where we not only saw a train, we got on it; the march was over. Step by weary step, by circuitous routes and secondary roads, seemingly wandering all over the place, I estimate (the maps lay before me) a journey of getting on for five hundred miles.

Moosburg and Landshut

Off we went. Then roaring out of the blue came American aircraft, swooping down to machine-gun and bomb the train. Saxelby, a friend from Derby, scrambled out of the cattle truck and I followed him, pausing only to pick up our Red Cross parcels. We rolled into a ditch unhurt. The only casualty was the engine driver, who was killed. The American pilots would not have known it was a POW train. Now they had gone up into the sky - but only to wheel round and head for the train again. This time they seemed to recognize us; they wagged their wings and flew off.

Somehow the Germans got the train going again. It was chugging south in the direction of Munich and soon we were crossing the Danube at Regensburg. Everybody crowded round the sides of the trucks to see the famous blue - it was anything but. At Moosburg we got off to enter a huge POW camp, Stalag 7A. Looking south, I thought what a beautiful sight in the distance: the snow-clad Alps. A British doctor, who examined me, declared that I had septic feet. They were like beef-steaks, my socks were caked with blood, and my one pair of boots had worn straight through. Still, at Moosburg I received another parcel. From having nothing, we were almost awash with goodies and cigarettes.

Within a couple of days, I managed to join a group being moved on to Landshut, a fair-sized ancient town about twenty miles away. Landshut was an important railway goods centre that had been heavily bombed. We were billeted in the Gymnasium, the grammar school, reputedly once attended by the monstrous Heinrich Himmler. I started to clean myself up. My blue pullover was crawling with lice around the neck so I cut it off. A Hungarian prisoner gave me some crystals for washing clothes. I mixed them with water, put the pullover in - and the whole thing dissolved. Somebody gave me a haircut. I now felt a bit more civilized.

Landshut was bombed every day I was there, until the end. Railway engines, carriages, tracks, everything was smashed up. We were supposed to be working on the railway, trying to get it sorted out. We went out every morning with the guards; they didn't want to stay in that dangerous area, so they would leave us, saying they would return at four-thirty. As soon as they were gone we would down tools and head for the countryside.

I was out in a field with Saxelby, crouching in a ditch as a clutch of bombs came down - bang, bang, bang - all around us. Later, I was beside a hedge with an elderly German, the place was on fire, flames everywhere. He said, "This is what Hitler has brought us to". He was

very disillusioned. Another day, during an air raid, we went into a house and found the cellar. A family was down there and they greeted us with open arms. They thought that if we were with them they wouldn't get killed. When we came out they begged us not to leave. The Bavarians were very nice people, whether it was because the war was nearly finished, I don't know.

Out again wandering abroad, instead of repairing the railway, we were confronted by two Wehrmacht officers. "Where have you come from? What are you doing here?" We explained that we were from the camp at Landshut. That was alright then, so off we went. The Germans knew that the war was almost over. The Allies were dropping leaflets all the time, they promised safe passage to German troops if they took a leaflet to the advancing Americans. Civilians would come up to

us with these papers, because by then we were in the ascendancy, had become almost the conquerors. They wanted us to help them, to put in a good word for them. One leaflet made it quite clear that if they didn't give up, the place would be annihilated. They should hang a white flag on the tallest building. Some civilians told us that the mayor had complied with this, but local, fanatical Nazis took the white flag down - and shot the mayor. By this time the railway complex was a tangled ruin, save for one line. A train came in, bearing some high German officials, as the sirens sounded. Then US planes swarmed over and bombed the place until there was nothing left. Meanwhile, we had painted in large letters "POW" on the roof of the school, and emerged unscathed.

... to be continued

THE HAINES DIARY

We pick up Albert Haines' Diary from page 93 of Edition 255.

Albert Haines' Diary

1918, October

1st - 6th

6th Left Feuchy and was taken by buses to a place about 1 km from Inchy.

6th - 7th

7th

7th

Marched 12 km to the right of Cambria. Stopped in the night in some bivvis captured from Germans that day.

1/4th Battalion War Diary

Feuchy Area

The Battalion was billeted near Feuchy (Battalion HQ:- H.20.d.8.6.) the Div being in the First Army Reserve. Accommodation was not good but much work was done to improve it. Training was carried out daily and consisted mainly of tactical schemes. Two Brigade field days were held each scheme involving an attack across the river Scarpe.

Church Parade in the morning. The Battalion band was lent to the 2nd Battalion D of W (W.R.) Regiment to "play" them back from the line. Late in the afternoon "B" Echelon, under command of Major W. C. Fenton, MC, left for the Reception Camp near Mont St. Eloy.

Buissy Area

The Battalion moved by bus to Buissy area. Busses left starting point about 18.30 & moved via main Arras-Cambrai Road & then through Bullecourt & Queant to debussing point. Owing to the amount of transport on the road the journey was very tedious. The column got split in two & half of it did not arrive until the early hours of the morning of the 7th. Further details as per Operation Order, No.210 attached.

The Battalion was billeted near Buissy (Battalion HQ:- V.21.d.8.1.) Except for a few old German dugouts & shelters in the Sunken Road near Battalion HQ there was no real accommodation; all Coys were in the open fields with nothing but bivouac sheets. A little training & some reconnaissance of forward areas were carried out.

Haynecourt Area

The Battalion moved by march route to Haynecourt area. Orders to move were received at 13.45 & the Battalion left the starting point (V.28.b.40.95) at 14.45:- Order of Coys:- A,B,C,D,HQ; Route:- Buissy - W.19.b.9.1. - Sains-Lez-Marquion - W.28.c.1.5. - X.25.d.2.3. - X.27.a.0.9. - A.28.a.0.1. - X.22. Area.

1918, October

Transport moved to W.27.b. but L.G. limbers & cookers moved with Battalion. The Battalion did not arrive until after dark & there was difficulty in finding accommodation. Eventually the Battalion was accommodated as under:-

C & D Coys: Old shelters in Sunken Road in X.16.d. & X.22.b.

A & B Coys: Sunken Road in X.22.a. & c.

Battalion HQ: X.16.d.5.0.

10th

Got ready at 2pm to go up the line at once. Marched 17 km to a village called Nieves on the left of Cambria. Got to the line and dug ourselves in.

Escaudoevres Area

The Battalion with 1st Line Transport, moved to a position E. of Escaudoevres by the railway embankment about T.26.b.4.9. arriving just before dark. Orders to move were received at 13.15 packs etc. were dumped ready for removal to vicinity of Tilloy by M.T. & Battalion paraded ready to move off. Order of Coys: A,B,C,D, HQ. Battalion moved off about 14.30 & proceeded by following route:- Sancourt - S.15.b.3.0. Pont D'Aire - Escaudoevres - T.26.b.4.9. Some shelling en route but no casualties. On arrival tea & a meal were served & the Battalion lay down to rest.

10th

North of Rein

About 20.00 the CO was summoned to a special conference at Brigade HQ. On his return all Officers were summoned & by the light of 3 candles in the open, the CO explained the details of an attack for the following morning & issued his orders verbally. Details of attacks as per 147 Infantry Brigade OO. No.200 attached. An advanced party to reconnoitre the crossings of the Erclin River & the assembly positions started off at 23.30.

11th

Soon after midnight, October 10/11th the Battalion moved off in fighting order: order of Coys: D,A,C,B, HQ. Route: Naves - T.18.d.5.2. (approx), here guides from the advanced party met them & guided them to assembly positions. Some difficulty was found in reaching these positions owing to the darkness of the night & the number of troops of other Battalions who were moving in the same area. The vicinity of T.13.b. was subjected to heavy burst of shell fire, mainly 7.7cm with instantaneous fuse, which caused some casualties. By 0400 the whole Battalion was assembled as under:-

Front: Sunken Road from about U.13.a. cen to Sugar Factory (U.7.c.1.3.) Right A Coy, Left D Coy.

Support: In ploughed field about 200 yards behind Sunken Road:- Right B Coy, Left D Coy.

Battalion HQ & HQ Details:- Dry river bed about T.18.d.40.55.

All ranks dug in before dawn. The morning was fine but rather cool. Ground was dry & afforded good going. The assembly position was along the line reached by the 2nd Canadian Div the previous day.

About 08.20 word was received from Brigade that the first hours of the attack would be covered by an artillery barrage (details as per Appendix 3 attached) Coys were at once notified.

08.20

09.00

Got ready to go over the top at 9am to make 10 km advance. Went over at 9am and advanced 6 km, but Jerry counter attacked with tanks and drove us back. On retiring I got hit in the right thigh by a bullet fired from a tank. We walked about 10 km to a dressing station. Was then put on a lorry and sent to another dressing station then sent to the 9th Canadian Field Ambulance.

1918, October

09.30

10.00

10.30

11.00

Approx 13.00

At zero hour (09.00) the Battalion went over the top with the 1/7 Battalion D of W Regiment on its right, the 146 Infantry Brigade on its left, & the 1/6 Battalion D of W Regiment (Bde Res) following in rear. Almost at once the enemy put down a much heavier barrage than was expected on two distinct lines one about 100yds east of the road & one about 100yds west of the road. The Battalion advanced magnificently as if on a field day in perfect order & formation. The opening of the attack went so well that the barrage was too slow & in order to make good the high ground in U.8. our advanced troops passed through their own barrage.

By 09.30 front line Coys had disappeared beyond the crest, prisoners were coming in & a message was sent to Bde (V. Appendix 4) Battalion HQ now moved forward to the Sunken Road about U.7.c.5.0. & the CO went forward to the top of the ridge in U.8.b. to make a personal reconnaissance. By 10.00 the whole Battalion & also the 1/6 Battalion Duke of Wellington's Regiment had moved beyond the top of the ridge. Up to this point casualties had been comparatively light. Now the enemy resistance began to stiffen, particularly towards Villers - En - Cauchies & hard fighting was necessary to get the Battalion forward. By about 10.30 the Battalion had reached approx line Q.33.cen.-U.4.c. At this point the attack was going well, when the enemy suddenly counter-attacked heavily on both flanks with Tanks & Infantry. The Tanks, which were German not captured British & about 8 in number, had been lying out of sight in the low ground about Q.28.d. In the face of this counter-attack troops both on right & left of the Battalion, particularly on the left, withdrew. This left the Battalion with its flanks "in the air". Lt.(A/Capt) W. Grantham (A/OC B Coy) & Lt.(A/Capt) R. B. Broster (OC C Coy) were both killed & the Battalion suffered heavily. The whole line, slowly & in good order, withdrew almost to its assembly position of the morning. The enemy, following up with Res Tanks again occupied the high ground in U.1.2 & 8 & considerable artillery & MG fire was opened on the Battalion. The reorganisation of the Battalion was at once taken in hand personally by the CO & the men returned to the attack. Considerable casualties were suffered in this second advance mostly by MG fire, but the men pushed steadily forward & by about 13.00 the whole of the high ground in U.2 & 8 had been regained. The enemy were driven back & touch with them was lost. For the rest of the day there was no infantry action but the enemy maintained an intermittent but heavy artillery fire on our outpost line. The approx line taken up was:- U.8.d.6.7. - U.8.b.5.4. - U.2.d.1.1. - U.2.c.2.2. with support line about 200 yds in rear. All Coys were needed to man this line & no Battalion reserve was left with the exception of HQ details. The Battalion was well in touch with the 1/7th Battalion Duke of Wellington's Regiment on the right but was rather anxious about its left as the troops there were a good deal behind the alignment; this however was rectified during the night. About 17.00 Battalion HQ moved forward to the road about U.7.c.9.0. The weather, which had been fine in the morning was now rather damp & a cold night was spent in slits dug in the ground.

1918, October

- 12th Was sent to No 1 CCS.
- 13th Sent from No 1 CCS to No 20 General Hospital at Carmiers, arriving there at 11 pm.
- 14th *Marked for Blighty.*
- 15th Was called at 2am and told to get ready as was going to Blighty. Was taken at 2.30am and put in Red Cross motors which took us to Etaples. Put on hospital train No 9 and taken to Calais at 2pm. Landed at Dover about 4pm, then put on hospital train and taken to No 1 Military Hospital at Canterbury, arriving there about 7pm.

ROBERTS AROUND THE WORLD

Leg 4 - Panama Canal to Australia, March - August 2004

It is now August 2004 and we are in Cairns, Queensland on the East coast of Australia. Psychologically Australia seems about halfway but in fact geographically we crossed 180° longitude and the international dateline in July and we left UK in July 2003, so we have been on our way home for a month! The log says we have covered 16,000 miles and sailed on about 225 days out of the 400 we have been away. 150 nights have been spent at sea.

Our route since the Panama Canal and South of the Equator has been one exotic South Pacific island group after another - Las Perlas, Galapagos, Marquesas, Tuamotus, Tahiti, Cooks, Tonga, Fiji, Vanuatu. How is your geography?! We have sped through the area in four months or so when really we should have allowed about four years, which is what most of the yachts we meet are doing. There is just so much to see and do. The geology of each group has been different - from steep tree covered (Marquesas) visible from forty miles to very low lying coral atolls (Tuamotus) visible from only four miles in bright sunshine. The Galapagos of course are world famous for their unique wildlife and we were not disappointed, being able to swim with sea lions and turtles and walk amongst courting blue boobies and sea and land iguanas. Almost without exception all the island peoples were very welcoming and we spent four amazing days in a small bay on Toau in the Tuamotus with a fishing family who expected us to help them spear the fish on the reef and eat with them in the evening (three courses, all fish!). And then there was the Magic Festival on Ambrym in Vanuatu where the gents wore nothing except a penis sheath and the ladies grass skirts!

The navigation has been challenging even in this modern era since the charts and GPS do not agree, with some reefs being up to two miles from their charted position. The Mark 1 eyeball still plays a significant role. Also many of the atolls have fearsome passes which one has to run to give access to the lagoon within. First you have to identify the pass amidst the surf pounding on the reef and then, depending on the weather and state of the tide (the outflow through the pass can be up to 6 knots and thus a formidable standing wave forms on the ocean side,) you cross your

fingers and go for it. Any mistake would be a certain end to the boat and despite endless information on the subject not even the locals can predict the best time to enter. However once in the lagoon there is immediate peace and calm waters.

The scuba diving has been spectacular in this part of the world - we have swum with grey, reef, lemon and hammerhead sharks, sting and manta rays, moray eels, turtles, dolphins and millions of fish. In Espiritu Santo, Vanuatu we dived on the SS Coolidge, an American troopship which blew up on friendly force mines in 1942, and we could see rifles, artillery rounds, helmets, gas masks, mess tins, torches, etc, all still lying there intact.

Clearly one of the highlights of the trip was the chance to meet up with Tom Waqabaca, Sam Basu and Bill Parrott in Fiji. Tom lives on Vanua Levu and I tried the ex British Army bush telegraph to find him without success. Eventually we had a completely chance meeting in the main street of Savu Savu where he was shopping with his wife. We retired quickly to the Yacht Club bar where before too long we were singing "the Dukes are coming up the hill" and "red, white and navy blue - the Fijian Battalion fighting by your side". He was in great form and clearly very content with his rural lifestyle farming fruit and angona (produces kava, a South Pacific non alcoholic drink but which induces a feeling of well being and then sleep!) and fishing on the reef. He has five daughters, three in Huddersfield and two in Farnham, and a step family in Fiji. He would love to hear from people and would warmly welcome anyone visiting Fiji. His address is PO Box 347, Savu Savu, Fiji Islands. He talked most fondly of the Regiment and his contemporaries.

Sam and Bill live on Viti Levu in the capital Suva and again we had a great time reminiscing over several ales. They are both extremely well - Sam is very involved in educating youngsters in Fijian politics as well as coaching and preparing those applying to the British Army. Bill is responsible for keeping Fiji golfing in tune with St Andrews guidelines and his wife is very influential in Fiji hotel tourism. Again, both would love to see and hear from people.

Their email addresses are:

Bill: parrott@connect.com.fj

Sam: ccf@connect.com.fj

They enjoyed meeting Dick and Jilly Mundell who were in Fiji recently, which I expect will be reported elsewhere. (*Nope! - Ed.*)

Where next? After a fairly lengthy stop in Cairns we ease North inside the Great Barrier Reef and over the top and West to Darwin. Then it is Indonesia, Singapore and on to Thailand for Christmas. In between our girls will be joining us for a fortnight in Bali. UK and the real world seem a long way away!



Sam Basu and Bill Parrott.



Tom Waqabaca and Alastair Roberts.

OUR TRIP TO ITALY, 2nd - 6th SEPTEMBER 2004

by William St Maur Sheil, Major (Retd)

Earlier this year, I was very honoured to be asked by the Duke of Wellington's Regiment to attend the unveiling ceremony of a new memorial to be erected on the top of Monte Ceco, in memory of those who fought and died on the mountain, when it was captured by the 1st Battalion in October 1944. This memorial had been arranged by the Mayor of Casola Valsenio and the local branch of the Association of Italian Partisans.

The ceremony was due to be held on Saturday 4 September at 5.00 pm. The unveiling of the Dukes' memorial at Anzio had already been arranged for the following week, and no-one from the Regiment was available or able to change their plans. Thanks to a series of very happy coincidences, I went to visit General Donald Isles in June and when told about the ceremony, I immediately agreed to change my plans as my original intention was to go out in October.

Casola Valsenio is a small town in the valley of the river Senio, just north of Mercatale where the Battalion started its final ascent of the mountain in 1944. As a result of the successful clearance of Monte Cece by 1 DWR, and also the capture of a very prominent feature, Monte Battaglia, on the other side of the valley, this town and the surrounding area was freed from German occupation. A similar ceremony was to be held on Monte Battaglia on the Sunday morning, so there was a very full programme for the whole weekend.

So, on Thursday 2 September, my wife and I flew to Bologna. After collecting our hire car we drove to the hotel, the All' Antica Corona at Casola Valsenio. We would strongly recommend this hotel, both for its convenience and the food, which was superb. We had no idea that the owner is a very enthusiastic gourmet and he took so much trouble to ensure that we tried as many local specialities of food, wine and grappa, that I am surprised we even reached the RV for the trip up the mountain, let alone the top. He and his daughter both speak good English, as did the waitress, but very few others spoke any, so a smattering of Italian and lots of sign language is helpful.

On the Friday, we took the opportunity to drive down to Florence, to visit the cemetery where my father and some of the Dukes are buried, on the bank of the Arno. It was just as we remembered it - as beautifully kept as ever. The road through the mountains is unbelievably twisty and steep. How the infantry fought through those hills with all the weight they had to carry, up steep mountain sides in atrocious weather is difficult to imagine, even when you have served yourself. Now it is peaceful and beautiful, until another Alpha Romeo comes around the next hair-pin bend towards us on the wrong side!

On arrival back at the hotel we found the local historian, Signor Romano Rossi, and his interpreter friend Danny Fort, waiting to meet us and to discuss Saturday's ceremony. Signor Rossi is writing a book all about the battles of Monte Ceco and Monte Battaglia. The Mayor and his assistant also called in and I quickly realised how glad I would be of Danny's help

with translation. The Mayor was going up to Monte Cece early on Saturday to make a final check of the arrangements, so I arranged an extra trip up with him, to have my own look round. I was very interested to find an old wreath still hanging in a tree, which I believed to be the one my cousin laid for the family about three years ago. It was a marvellous coincidence for me that the party from the Dukes found this in 2003, and had then contacted me through Peter Hoppe. Otherwise, I doubt that I would have known about this ceremony.

At 2.30 pm on Saturday, we all gathered outside the town library. The party included the Mayor and his group, Alpini, Carabinieri, partisans, press and others, altogether about fifty people, with lots of banners and flags of the various Italian organisations. Among them was an 80 year old Grenadier Guardsman with his daughter and son-in-law, and an old German soldier and his wife. They had both fought on Monte Battaglia on the other side of the valley.

After the ceremony we all returned to the town for a grand reception in the garden of our hotel and then a magnificent feast in the dining room, down in the cellars. All very friendly and jolly with course after course, limitless wine and finally a massive cake of "Peace" to finish, with speeches, photos and great kissings and handshakings before we all staggered off. Before we could escape to our room, the Mayor whisked us off to a nearby castle and garden dedicated to the poet and scholar Alfredo Oriano where I was expected to listen to interminable speeches in Italian for over two hours about a new book to be written about this part of the war. The faithful interpreter managed to escape first!

I am very grateful that I have had this chance to attend the unveiling ceremony and represent the Dukes. Until one goes up that mountain and see how precipitous it is, and see the photographs in the History of the First Division and the very fine collection in the town museum, only then can one really appreciate the awful conditions under which the 1st Battalion, and the other Battalions - 2nd Foresters, 1st KSLI, 1st Loyals and 11th LF - fought. Against a very determined and competent enemy under Marshal Kesselring, one of Germany's best leaders, with a supply line that was a narrow, boggy country lane over rivers, referred to on their maps as Torrente rather than Fiume, and then up the mountain through knee-deep mud, with only man and mule power. All the time under constant shellfire.

As one approaches the top of either mountain the views are fantastic and one realises how completely the Germans could dominate any movement of troops trying to advance northwards along the road in the valley, named at the time Arrow Route. This boggy track was one of the main axes of advance for the Allies, trying to break through into the Po Valley before the bitter winter set in. The importance of capturing these two mountains becomes very obvious, and the first was Monte Ceco.

The top of the mountain is very different now, as it is covered by thick woods, which limit visibility and make it very difficult to move around, to find the Dukes' positions and really see where they sheltered from the German fire, and where the soldiers scrambled up to the top. I had particularly hoped to find the overhang where my father and Captain Robbie Burns went to look at the German positions, and where they discussed the best way to make the final assault that was so successful. It is still possible to see the trenches on the very top where the Dukes dug in. May I suggest that anyone wanting to visit the mountain top does not rely on good, well made British leather shoes, as I did that morning ("get anywhere in them!"), but wears a pair of trainers. I had to buy some quickly before the afternoon ceremony. Leather soles slip and slide all over the pine needles on the steep hillside and are hopeless even in dry weather!

The easiest way to the top is from the north (the German side), and on both occasions when we went up the mountain, we were driven as far as the final car park, about 300 yards below the crest on the northern side. The last half mile or so was by four-wheel drive vehicles, as that last bit is very rough. From there, the final ascent can only be done on foot, but some rough steps have been cut and hand-rails made.

I should try to explain how to find the start of the track from Casola Valsenio. Drive southwards out of

the town and cross the first bridge over the river Senio. About 250 yards after the bridge, turn left onto a track running uphill between two fields, towards some woods. At the far side of the fields the track turns sharp right towards a farm, leaving the woods above and to the left. Before reaching the farm the track bends sharply to the left and goes up into the woods. From then on follow the signs for Monte Ceco, which have been erected at intervals, heading roughly south-east. Where the very rough track starts there is a small farm and a sign to the right. The signs are quite small. At the last car park (best reached by four-wheel drive) a large notice board has been erected with a laminated description of the battle in English and Italian. I think they needed a little help with the description but so much trouble had been taken that I was reluctant to criticise any errors and did not do so!

FOOTNOTE

William St. Maur Sheil, Major (Retd) is the son of Lieutenant Colonel F. P. St. Maur Sheil DSO, Commanding Officer of 1 DWR, killed during the final attack.

We are most grateful to Major Sheil for representing the Regiment at the Monte Cece and Monte Battaglia ceremonies and for this account of events - Ed.

GALLANTRY AWARDS

Awards for gallantry in the face of the enemy can be very controversial. For every award granted there are many, possibly more, deserving cases passed by. If the powers-that-be will not show their appreciation, for one reason or another, I think the Regiment should.

The best way I can think of doing this is to record various individual actions in our Regimental Journal, which is also a history of the Regiment. I have selected some incidents from the 1942 withdrawal from Burma

where, without much support, our troops faced a ferocious and dangerous enemy and for which they never received much recognition.

In other campaigns, where we were not on the difficult, losing, side higher numbers of decorations were awarded for, possibly, lesser actions though, nevertheless, well-deserved in every case.

Some extracts from the 2nd Battalion War Diary illustrate this:

Appendix VIII to 2 DWR War Diary for month ending 31 March 1942

List of Honours and Awards recommended for individual actions at Paungde and Shwedaung, 29/30 March '42



CAPTAIN DONALD CONINGHAM, 2 DWR

From 0700 hrs to 1630 hrs on 30 March, 1942, whilst the numbers and the pressure of the enemy steadily increased, Captain Coningham, despite the protest of his men who pointed out that every platoon was under constant fire from ranges not exceeding 100 yards, persisted in frequently visiting his three platoon localities, encouraging his men, arranging for the replenishment of ammunition, water and food and the evacuation of the wounded. His visits were invariably carried out under close range fire with complete disregard for his personal safety. When the time came, the Company's withdrawal was carried out in excellent order. Once again, Captain Coningham, without a thought for his own life, covered the withdrawal of the last platoon, aided by two men with a Bren gun. Captain Coningham was killed by a burst of close-range LMG fire whilst carrying out his last action. The fine performance put up by Captain Coningham's Company was almost entirely due to that officer's outstanding leadership, devotion to duty and utter disregard for his own life throughout the nine hours of battle. For this Captain Coningham has been recommended for the posthumous award of the Distinguished Service Order.

No. 4614458 LANCE CORPORAL HARRY RICHARDS, 2 DWR

On seeing Japanese troops debussing, Lance Corporal Richards, a Bren gunner, promptly left his position in the wood and advanced to a small bund in the open, one hundred yards away. Some Japanese advanced, 300 or 400 strong, and halted about 150 yards away. Richards stood up and fired six or seven full magazines, causing heavy casualties. Richards then withdrew to the wood. On arrival there he was shown an enemy mortar team on one flank getting into action. Richards promptly engaged his target and the mortar never came into action. For the next eight hours Richards' platoon was continuously in action against ever-increasing pressure. Throughout this period Richards refused to give his Bren gun to anyone; he was constantly in action, moving from position to position and engaging targets whenever they appeared. Nearly every such move being subject to close range fire. Finally, when the withdrawal of the Company took place, Lance Corporal Richards remained with the Company Commander to cover the rear platoon's move. Whilst doing so both Richards and the Company Commander were killed. For this outstanding display of devotion to duty and courage in the face of close range fire over a period of eight hours, Lance Corporal Richards was recommended for the posthumous award of the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

(Lance Corporal Richards killed at least thirty Japanese and put two mortar teams out of action - Barclay p125.)

**No. 4612446 CORPORAL ALBERT REDFERN, 2 DWR**

For his actions at Paungde from 1400 hrs to 1700 hrs on 30 March, 1942. Corporal Redfern's section was ordered to patrol an area of the town. During this period Corporal Redfern showed great ability and coolness in dealing with various enemy parties and snipers. Finally, the section was caught in an exposed position with an LMG concealed in a house some 50 - 75 yards away. The section, having failed to silence the post with small arms fire, Corporal Redfern volunteered to cross the intervening open space and silence the post with hand grenades. He advanced under covering fire and was severely wounded whilst carrying out his task, but the post was silenced. Corporal Redfern's calmness and ability throughout the action showed a high standard of leadership. His advance in the open to silence the LMG was an act of great gallantry. For all these actions Corporal Redfern has been recommended for the award of the Military Medal.

('Tiny' Redfern volunteered for the commandos with the author in 1943, despite his severe wounds, but was not selected. He had great fighting spirit and was regarded as a hero by all in the 2nd Battalion.)

No. 117261 LIEUTENANT JOHN ALEXANDER WILLIAMS, 2 DWR

At Paungde on 30 March, 1942, Lieutenant Williams led his platoon into the town. Despite the platoon on his right being held up, Lieutenant Williams continued to lead his platoon's advance. When held up by a concealed LMG, Lieutenant Williams, with complete disregard for his own life, rushed across an open space to deal with it. A section then followed him, the LMG was silenced and the advance continued. When ordered to withdraw, Lieutenant Williams ensured that all casualties were evacuated; but, on getting clear of the town, he discovered that one section, over a mile away, had not received the order to withdraw. He at once demanded two vehicles and, again showing no regard for his own safety, drove back into the town, now occupied by the enemy, found his section and brought them back to safety. For these instances of devotion to duty and personal courage, coupled with his fine leadership in action over a period of four hours, Lieutenant Williams was recommended for the immediate award of the Military Cross.

(Lieutenant John Alexander Williams was later awarded a Mention in Dispatches with the Chindits.)

No. 814153 CORPORAL FREDERICK LIGHTFOOT, 2 DWR

This NCO's platoon was advancing towards a village close to Shwedaung when it unexpectedly came into contact with the Japanese at short range. Corporal Lightfoot kept his section advancing at the same time picking off individual Japanese soldiers with his Tommy gun. On several occasions Corporal Lightfoot changed magazines while standing up in the open under fire, encouraging his section with derisive remarks about the poor Japanese marksmanship. That not merely the section, but the platoon as well, continued to advance under increasing enemy fire was largely due to Corporal Lightfoot's leadership and courage under fire. For these actions Corporal Lightfoot was recommended for the Military Medal.

Although the aforementioned official citations were forwarded by the 2nd Battalion to Brigade Headquarters, no awards were ever made for these actions. An even greater omission was an award for the following action which I witnessed but, as there were no Dukes' officers present, no official citation was ever put forward.



No. 4613314 SERGEANT WILLIAM TOWNEND, 2 DWR

At Shwedaung we were trapped at a road block, which we had much difficulty breaking through. Six bombers of the Japanese Air Force arrived, flying down the road in single file, dropping their very effective anti-personnel bombs with devastating results. Most of the transport was ablaze and casualties were very high. Amid this turmoil Sergeant Townend positioned himself in the middle of the road and, with utter disregard for the bombs dropping all around him, he engaged the planes with a Bren gun, one by one. His shooting one down in flames drew a great cheer from us all and our sagging morale was soon raised. He knocked bits off another plane and subsequently the Japanese reported that two of their planes failed to return. The Commanding Officer of the Royal Inniskillen Fusiliers ran up to him shouting "Well done Sergeant!, that is the bravest thing I have ever seen. What's your name? Let me shake your hand."

Bill Norman, 2004

MEMORIES

by Arthur Johnson

We continue Arthur Johnson's story, which we left on page 98 of Issue No 255.

Italy

So the day came when we drove down to Bone and loaded the tanks on to transport ships. We were taken across to Italy on the S.S. Christian Huygen, a Dutch ship, and landed at Naples on 3 May 1944. We walked along the pier made from sunken ships in the harbour.

The next move was south, to Taranto, to collect the tanks. The journey was a very slow one. I remember seeing Pompeii from high up, and seeing railway and street signs almost within reach. At Taranto we were put into a partly built housing estate, just like home except the drainage had been forgotten. The tanks arrived. We then made our way to Lucera near to Foggia and Casserta. Not much training was done here, the park land being too valuable to be churned up. My troop, 8, now had three Sherman tanks. The rest of B Squadron still had Churchills. We did more training than the others as these Shermans had rubber track blocks. We preferred the change very much.

After about two weeks we moved north to Presanzano, just south of Cassino. This was a real hold up for a long time. We were pleased to meet up with the RASC transporter lads who were from Leeds and, by the army method of repetition, we had the same two whom we had travelled miles with in England. When on the move it was self-catering, so Ted Peake and his mate were waited on and fed, better than their own cooks would have done. We always had a good stock of beans, corned beef and tins of fruit. The officer did not always eat with us. We always had petrol for a dirt fire, as well as the cooker.

Serious training now as we were about six miles from Cassino. B Squadron were linked with the Canadian Infantry, Princess Pat's. We were sure we would be moving up to the fighting section.

There were a few half days off in Naples but we came back to the sound of gunfire. Then the news of the break through came. Part of the 25th Brigade, 'The North Irish Horse', and Lieutenant Colonel Strickland had been in the thick of the fighting and had gone through the enemy line in the 'Liri Valley'. This was great news and the 'Churchills' named as the NIH officers. The Germans had held out for months with all advantages in their favour. We saw gun emplacements in concrete bunkers covering the line of advance, with their crews living underground; they even had hen huts. I think the bombing of the monastery had a great deal to do with the breaking of the 'Gustav line'.

The advance went on but Rome did not come under fire. We were again waiting. Not for long. Towards the end of July we were told to prepare for a move north. So the transporters came and 'Dobbin' with its rubber tracks did not take much loading. Just like old times, B Peake and Bill were to take us. Within two miles we were almost in trouble at the first river crossing. Over each river there were three bridges, the old stone one for light traffic and two Baileys; one for forty tons and one higher, for up to seventy tons. We were riding on the transporter and kept our fingers crossed as the crossing proceeded. The bridge stood up to the forty-eight tons that day, very good, and after a new air brake connection was fitted we rejoined the convoy in our correct place.

Along we went through Rome; quite a crowd cheered us on. Onto the hill to Terni and Narni which had not long been liberated. We were now passing through good farming country, similar to Yorkshire, along to Perugia and Assisi. Real historical places and churches.

One morning General Leese gave us his blessing and told us that the end of Jerry was near. The Air Force was very busy, doing great damage to the enemy's rear.

So we turned north to Sienna and Florence, it was becoming more hilly every mile. Into Sienna we went and parked up in the market place and waited one night. Sienna is where, each year, horse races are held around the cobbled streets. Then the order came - 'About turn'. It had been decided that Florence was not to be destroyed. The advance to the north had been planned to bring the enemy forces across to meet the threat. So the return went on back to Perugia and across to the Adriatic coast. We were now in the Appenines. All the bridges had been blown but had been replaced with light forty-ton 'Baileys'. This meant that each transporter went across after the tank, so it proved very time consuming.

Time limits had been kept and, by late August, all was ready for the attack on the 'Gothic Line'. The rains were due in October, when the streams became rivers for five months each year. We were now a few miles from the coast above Pessaro and Fano and near to the Metaro River. In line we moved on at dawn. The object was to take the high ground across the river. The leading tanks did not meet much opposition until later in the morning. Many hold-ups were caused by break-downs, due to the dust. The early morning approach was made 'closed down', that is driving through periscope only. I was a victim of track trouble and my officer commander left, so I had Sergeant Ralph for a time. After the fitter tank had pulled us level and replaced the track, off we went across the Metaro and made good progress this time. We just followed the tracks along the country road, just hoping we were catching up to B Squadron. Sergeant Ralph kept in touch on the radio which kept me going for two or three miles, then we saw the 'Churchills' on the hillside in front and were told to join them.

My officer rejoined me and told me that the other two 'Shermans' had had trouble. There was no enemy action now and all B Squadron tanks were casualties because of the stony, steep hillside and having to drive closed down. Lieutenant Brooks told me to get up to the front so I picked my way up the hillside, getting a cheer from the lads and came up to a farm in a dip in the hillside. The final rise to the ridge was deep ploughed land and looked impossible so I thought 'good, ok'. The officer turned me right towards a track running along the hill, but he was closed down so he did not realise that the hill was so steep. Well, the engine was overpowered by the conditions and I was able to turn sideways and so prevented us from running back about sixty yards. We were being fired at by a sniper from our left so my gunner fired back. When we reviewed all these happenings, we should have stayed under cover at the bottom.

So we had to wait again for the breakdown tank, it took over a day this time because of all the others wanting attention. The advance went on over on the left, C Squadron followed by A Squadron, so we were making progress. My officer, Lieutenant Brooks, went sick with malaria and I again had Sergeant Ralph as my commander. The Canadians passed through, each with a chicken they were hoping to cook. That evening we slept in a cave, which was very welcome.

'Dobbin' had to be dragged down onto level ground before the track could be replaced. Soon we were off

again to catch the others, after petrol was collected at A Squadron's depot; we caught sight of them but were held up at a crossing point. We kept moving as it was moonlight and finally caught up. After about two hours rest, off we went again as another attack moved ahead. We met up again with the Canadians; this time to give them a lift forward for a few miles. Over the next hill an enemy gun or tank was waiting and a leading 'Churchill' got a direct hit right through the hull. Two men were killed.

We could now see the sea; it turned out we were overlooking Cattolica and by about four in the afternoon were harboured up in a sports field just outside town. Our advance had been very fast but Jerry was not there. In fact, we were straffed by our own aircraft and suffered casualties. My co-driver, G. Hurcombe, received head injuries and left for hospital. I always slept inside the tank and not outside, as the others did. Our fast move to the coast had caused the enemy to think we were going to strike straight up the coast road but we were there for about six days; the fighting inland was still going on among the hill tops. A Squadron came under heavy fire and had a great deal of damage done. We were able to listen to the battle on the headphones. Not very nice to listen to, and so near too!

B Squadron had nine tanks instead of fourteen to start with, but we had good air support. A Squadron drew back and it would be our turn come dawn. During that evening a 25 pounder gun mounted on a Sherman, named 'Priest', was brought up. This was because the range of our guns was too short to reach the target area. Near the top of the hill were some high trees and within an hour an enemy HE shell had burst in the trees, showering the open gun platform, killing the two RA men who had charge of it. We never knew if it was an unlucky shot or not. The 25 pounder was burnt out and its driver - A. West of HQ troop, was lucky to escape. When we went down for petrol he was glad to ride down with us.

We gave covering fire from the 75mm, about twenty rounds, and at about 8.00pm moved down for petrol and ammo. We must have been observed because we were caught in the open with air-bursts and Lieutenant Staunton was hit in the leg. I then had another commander, Sergeant Shilton, whom I knew very well. So back we went to our old spot on the ridge to wait for dawn. My co-driver was now T. Maile. My other co-driver had gone sick with jaundice. My breakfast that morning was cold baked beans, American biscuits and peaches with Carnation cream. No tea, just water. I don't remember what the others had. The plan was for 9 Troop, with its two Churchills, to go over the top, just as A Squadron had done the day before, then we were to follow. The remaining five tanks were going around the back of the farmhouse, out of sight of the enemy gun. This gun soon made short work of 9 Troop and we were following but not quickly. I can tell you. Over the radio Sergeant Shilton was told to reverse and follow round the farmhouse, which we were all glad to do.

The other five tanks had gone along the road towards the river bed. Guns opened up from Corriano Village

way and scored direct hits on all of them. They must have been sitting targets. Other Shermans arrived just as this had happened, we were lucky. All the time, shots were coming from the other side, so we were pinned down near a small farm building and the situation became serious. We knew the Canadians were somewhere nearby.

Things calmed down and the red-cross were busy. A stranger came along the orchard and we took him prisoner. He turned out to be one of the workers the enemy used. After a good deal of trouble with the language, the officer, Lieutenant Brooks, with the aid of a map, found out the map reference point of the gun on the airfield. When it was sent up to our Air Force boys it was never heard of again. I heard the message go out and heard it okayed on 'Dobbin's' radio. We put the prisoner into a little shed and I never knew how he went on after that.

During all the trouble in the morning, a Browning machine-gun had been taken from my tank to be used, if needed, on a blind side of the farmhouse. Around tea time the officer had the tanks moved for the night. When I was fitting the Browning back into the tank mounting, I accidentally fired one bullet, which spun around the turret and finally went clean through the thick muscle of my right leg. The bone was not damaged; I was lucky again. I fastened my first aid dressing around as tight as I could and it was reported that I needed to move out. I lay in an out-house and waited for the first aid truck. No one knew how the gun had a bullet in the breech as it had not been fired. Just one of those things. Around midnight I went back with the first aid boys and the Medical Officer, Captain Webb, had a look at me and said I would go back to hospital.

... to be continued

A BOY'S LIFE IN THE ARMY

Mr F. "China" Gill continues his tale from p99 of Edition 255.

Before leaving Devonport the rugby team were drawn to play the South Wales Borderers in the Cup at Portsmouth. A trip by rail was organised, the cost was about £1, but a number of Boys went. The result was 0-0, but as no extra time was played, we had to have the replay in Portsmouth. No Boys went on the next trip due to the expense, but the Dukes won 30-0. The result was phoned through to Devonport and the Drum Major ordered the Guard Bugler to go on the square and sound the Regimental call followed by thirty "G"s, then the SWB call followed by silence. A lot of the Devon Regiment came out of their barrack rooms wondering what was going on.

One of my uncles had married the daughter of the licensee of the Lord Beresford pub, which was a short distance from the barracks. When I called on them I was told the Drum Major had been in for a drink. On telling him I was one of his Boys, he said I was a good lad and was a future Drum Major. I expect he earned a free drink!

There was very little time given to education, except when exams were held to pass for 3rd and 2nd Class education. It was essential to have a 3rd Class Certificate, as soldiers over 18 had threepence a day withheld from their pay until they had passed the exam. I was lucky as a 3rd Class exam was held about a fortnight after I enlisted. Having just left school, I had no trouble in passing. Then I passed the 2nd Class exam in November, this included map reading, of which I had a fair knowledge from school when attending summer camps at one of the old forts surrounding Plymouth. Our teacher was an ex-World War I army officer. He was a Director of Plymouth Albion Rugby Club and we played a fair number of games.

I was surprised when I enlisted that the Boys were given no tuition on rugby, especially when I discovered the Regiment had three Internationals and a trialist and a few more had Army Caps. I put this down to the fact that every weekend they were playing for outside clubs, army games and unit cup ties etc. Also, in those days

there was no such thing as initiative, or army training for boys, except for squad drill and Band and Drum practise.

So, we started a new life at Aldershot. Boys were still only permitted to leave barracks on Wednesday evenings and Saturdays from 1.00pm to 9.00pm. But now, full advantage was taken visiting the sports fields and the canal at any time, without having to report to the Guardroom, or having to get dressed up with belts and canes. It was appreciated that we were able to go almost anywhere between Aldershot and Farnborough; there was a sense of freedom. Between North and South Camps was the Basingstoke Canal. In the evenings we could walk east or west along the canal banks; there was even a place where we could hire boats and row a few miles to Fleet, or Ash Vale in the other direction. Mandora Barracks was almost on its own, only the RASC (Buller Barracks) was close, being between Mandora and the Basingstoke Canal. The rest of the barracks in South Camp being quite a distance.

Just above the top of Mandora was the Cambridge Hospital. The units of North Camp were a good mile and a half away. On the road to North Camp was a large wooden hut, used as a cinema. It held a couple of hundred and was popular with troops who did not go into town. Next was the PT School, then the Army Arena, where all cup finals and athletic meetings were held. The opposite side of the road was solely sports fields for soccer, rugby, hockey and even a polo ground. All the barracks had been in use for years and have now been replaced by new-style barracks. An exception was Mons Barracks, fairly new then, with huts that were fitted with boilers for hot water and baths. The Dukes were stationed in Mons Barracks in 1981 (1974? *Ed.*), when they won the Army Cup, and myself with WO2 Wilson travelled from Gosport to see their victory. Also Mons Barracks was where I ended my military career in 1956, as we will see later.

During November 1930 everyone concentrated on settling into the new accommodation and finding their

way around. We had received a number of new Boys during our last few months at Devonport, but the majority of them were destined for the 2nd Battalion on the next draft to India in 1931.

It was common throughout the army that leave entitlement was four weeks per year and would be taken over the Christmas period. One free travel warrant per year was allowed.

Now we come to mid-January 1932. As far as Boys were concerned, we still experienced a spartan life until we became accustomed to the extra freedom of the open spaces. Life was more pleasant and the commencement of winter sports was a bonus, especially as we won the Army Rugby Cup, having scored 202 points in the six games and conceded nil. The soccer team gradually improved and we frequently played in the Command Boys' League, not too successfully at first, as I have mentioned, but our best games were to come the following season.

Still on one shilling per day, there was little incentive to go into Aldershot. Having to buy blanco (green and white), metal polish, soap, toothpaste, boot polish and even a small tin of brown polish for our chin straps, also postage stamps for letters, we were the paupers of the army.

Sunday was a great day in Aldershot for Church Parade. There were three churches and we attended a large one near the canal. Units also using it were two guards battalions, the infantry unit in their brigade, RASC, REs - each unit (except REs) having their own Band and Drums. The Garrison Church in the south east of the area had two infantry units, RA, RAOC, and the cavalry unit. In North Camp another church accommodated the units in that area. With all the bands playing it was great to hear the popular marches. The Boys still had to attend evening service, but I cannot recall other units having to attend.

... to be continued

THE WARTIME MEMORIES OF JACK ROBINSON

We are grateful to Lieutenant Colonel S. J. E. Huxley, an old 5th Battalion hand, for introducing us to Jack Robinson and, needless to say, we are grateful to Jack Robinson for his leave to publish his story, which we shall do in serial form.

When I left school at 14 years of age in 1926, I started work at David Browns Limited, Crosland Moor, as an apprentice in the Auto Gear department. I left there when I was 16 to work as a vehicle mechanic apprentice at a large haulage firm. After the age of 21 I worked for several companies gaining experience in repairing different types of vehicles. The last position I held prior to the war was at C. H. Mitchels - the largest garage in Huddersfield. I worked permanent nights in charge of the garage. As I had plenty of practical experience but lacked in theory, I decided to start a correspondence course which lasted about two years. It was similar to doing a lot of exams. I found this of great help to me when I was in the army.

At David Browns I learned to use hand tools. In the garages I learned to repair all types of vehicles. Completing the correspondence course taught me to do exams.

In 1939, while I was working at C. H. Mitchels, young officers from the Duke of Wellington's TA on drill nights would leave their cars with me for small repairs. They tried to encourage me to join the TA, saying they were short of vehicle mechanics.

At that time, my brother Norman was living with my wife and I, so I suggested he went to the TA one evening to see what it was like. He went and they persuaded him to join as a dispatch rider, as they paid 10/- per day when you used your own bike.

I joined the TA in May as a dispatch rider but as the training took place in the evenings, when I worked, I was unable to do any. They did have a weekend camp, I was asked if I could use a phone in the Drill Hall at Kirkburton to take messages from Church Fenton. This I did alone, the only people I saw were dispatch riders. I later received a letter to say that the unit was going to camp in June. I had to report at Leeds Road Drill Hall with my motorbike. I had no uniform or equipment.

I reported on the Saturday night at about 10.00pm, the parade ground was full of vehicles and men but no-one appeared to know what was happening. I was talking with Norman, my brother, and the other dispatch riders - they were wearing army dispatch riders uniforms but I only had my own riding clothes on. After an hour or two an officer came to me and asked who I was, I told him and he said "When you speak to an officer you stand to attention and say sir". He then said they had enough riders without me so I had to put my machine in the garage and travel with the vehicle. When he had gone I said to Norman, "He can keep his TA, I'm going home". I was just about to leave when another officer came and asked me who I was. I told him my name and he asked if I knew what to do as a dispatch rider in a convoy. I said I didn't, so he told me that all I had to do was stop the traffic in Leeds Road to let the convoy out, stay at the back of the convoy and if a vehicle broke down, to let the officer in front know.

The convoy left at about 5.00am for Fullford Barracks, York, for searchlights and generators to use for the two weeks' camp. The convoy travelled at a very slow pace until we came to Birstall Hill, then it stopped. Eventually I went to the front to find the cause. The officer in charge, Captain Walker (the one who had told me to leave my bike and ride in the truck), had a very old Morris Cowley car and it was there with the bonnet up. Lots of chaps were standing around and one tried to start it with the handle. I was used to working on Morris cars so I soon had the car running. Captain Walker told his batman to ride in the back while I had to put my bike in the truck and ride with him. We arrived at York without any more trouble, loaded all the equipment and the different sections went to their sites around Doncaster. Captain Walker took HQ section to Hatfield Woodhouse, on the way he told me that my job would be to make a repairs section and look after the officers'

cars (they all had cars and received £1 per day for them). I told him that I had joined the TA as a dispatch rider so I could get 10/- a day extra. He said that if I would look after the cars he would see that I still received pay for my bike - so I was happy enough.

Just outside the field where HQ was sited, there was a coal merchants and he let me have one of his outbuildings for the repair shop. It was ideal, I was out of sight, the only parades I did were to the cook house. We were in tents and one of the chaps was the bugler, he was called Benny Rushworth. Benny had been in the TA for a long time and knew all the ropes. As I knew nothing about the army he helped me a great deal. I was always losing my kit, such as knife and fork, mug, cleaning brushes etc, so he would always get me some more. Reveille was at 6.00am, Benny would stand by the tent flap in his shirt, blow reveille then get back into bed while I was rushing around to have a wash, shave, clean my boots etc, and be ready for the cook house by 7.30am. Benny could get up at 7.00am and still be ready!

The first Saturday we were there, two chaps had to take a truck and go to Leeds Road Drill Hall for some equipment. On the way back they called at a pub in Wakefield and stayed until closing time - they were quite merry. About five miles out of Doncaster the road was up for repair, and in those days there had to be a watchman with a hut and a fire to keep him warm and a row of red oil lamps. The driver of the truck must not have been looking where he was going because he knocked over the fire and a few red oil lamps, went down the part of the road that was being repaired and

carried on for a while then hit a tree. The first I knew of this was when someone awoke me and said I had to go and collect the truck - it was not too badly damaged, so I was able to drive it back.

The next day, which was Sunday, everyone was on parade to see the driver of the truck have his Corporal's stripes pulled off and thrown out of the TA. We heard later that he had gone straight to the Milnsbridge Drill Hall and signed on with the TA there!

While we were at camp, there was a lot of talk of war and we were mobilised, most of us were without complete uniforms and we were given money for using our own boots, overcoat, shoe brush, shaving brush and toothbrush. We received about 1/- (5p) for the lot. When we got back to Huddersfield from camp we were demobbed.

I was still working nights and was asked if I would work on the TA vehicles in the afternoons, to help get them in a roadworthy condition.

On the afternoon of 23 August, while working at the TA, an officer came and told me that I was now in the army and gave me a list of addresses of key men, where I had to go and tell them to report for duty.

So then I was a soldier!, in the 5th Duke of Wellington's Regiment Royal Engineers 43rd West Riding Searchlight Battery, stationed at Leeds Road, Huddersfield as a dispatch rider. There was so much work in the transport section that I was put in the repair party (as it was called) but I still received pay for my bike.

... to be continued

THE INFANTRY AND THE ARMY FOUNDATION COLLEGE

“Through military training and vocational education to develop the qualities of leadership, character and team spirit required to achieve a full career in the Army”

The Army Foundation College Harrogate opened in September 1998 on the rebuilt site of the Army Apprentices' College. Since the move of HQ 2 Division to Edinburgh, the AFC has become one of the few 'home' postings for DWR Officers and NCOs. Since opening, eighteen Dukes have served there including three OCs, an Adjutant, two Platoon Commanders, two Warrant Officers, four SNCOs and six JNCOs.

The current DWR OC is also the Infantry's representative at the College, this article was written by one of his Platoon Commanders and is to be published in The Infantryman.

The aim of this article is to provide an overview and update of the Army Foundation College Harrogate with a special emphasis on the role and interests of the Infantry. The AFC opened in September 1998 as the result of an initiative by the Adjutant General to improve the recruitment and retention of soldiers in the Army, in particular the Royal Armoured Corps, the Royal Artillery and the Infantry. This is due to change in September 2004 when the College will become a truly pan-Army initial training unit formally broadening its intake of Junior Soldiers (JS) from the technical

arms. The AFC takes young people from all over the United Kingdom who wish to leave school at sixteen, most have GCSE qualifications and all have to score highly on the ATRA tests for aptitude and motivation. There are two intakes a year, a main one in September of approximately 900 JS and another in January of around 500 JS. These intakes are split among five companies each of five or six platoons of up to fifty JS and six PS. The span of command compared to regular rifle companies is therefore considerable. PS are predominantly Infantry, RAC and RA though this is being gradually amended to more evenly match the future breakdown of JS.

The course is made up of 42 training weeks spread over a year. This length has a fundamental effect on the approach and style of the training and the regime under which the JS live. The Platoon PS really command these young people through their first year in the Army as opposed to simply instructing them during a shorter, sharper course. Given the separation of the intakes, back-termining is rare so the junior commanders have to be able to 'carry' the slower JS whilst enthusing and pushing the brighter, quicker JS. The course itself is a mix of traditional military training integrated with

Vocational Education (VE) and Leadership and Initiative Training (L&IT). Although the AFC does provide CMS (R) training, it also seeks to educate and develop the junior soldiers that attend the College in ways that no ATR could hope to. A major focus at the College is to teach these young JS, supposedly the NCOs of the future, *what it means to be a soldier* as well as just the skills required to operate as a soldier. The introduction of guides to the core values and standards of the Army that overarch every aspect of training have recently developed this aspect of the course.

The military aspect of the training is an enhanced phase one package, what we call CMS(R)+. The '+' consists of a real emphasis on map reading, an introduction to the orders process and some training objects that aim to introduce, but *not* teach, JS to some aspects of Infantry phase 2 skills such as patrolling, OPs and ambushes. These are strictly controlled and validated just to provide a vehicle for the eight exercises throughout the year to develop beyond stands-based teaching and practise. On the ranges all JS, irrespective of capbadge pass an APWT(CI) and cover LFTT as far as fire team attack and sect in defence, something many JS will never repeat. In close support of the mainstream military training is the L&IT aspects of the course. This is made up of five separate weeks spent adventure training which is used as a vehicle for more formal leadership training.

Educationally all the JS work towards a civilian taught Foundation Modern Apprenticeship (FMA) covering key skills such as maths, communications, problem solving and an NVQ Level 2 in IT. To complement this, every JS has an individually tailored 'learning account' and all have access to a personalised learning support package to match any part of the VE syllabus. Within the remit of VE the JS also receive a healthy dose of Military Studies, taught by the ETS. This covers many aspects of the Army's organisation, history, current operations, current affairs and culminates in an invaluable five day battlefield tour to Normandy. In their free time the JS all take part in a comprehensive Sports and Skills package which, along with a community service project leads to the Duke of Edinburgh's Scheme bronze award as a minimum.

All of this achieved in a PFI environment where JARVIS own and manage the barracks, buildings, quarters and training resources, Nord Anglia supply the civilian aspects of the education and Eurest provide all catering both in camp, in the messes and, where required, in the field.

The length of the course, diversity of the training and age of the JS all demand a particular type of NCO to succeed at the AFC. Junior commanders, whatever their age, must have the breadth of vision and matching capacity to balance these aspects of the course and understand, or at least empathise with, the pressures that 16 year old aspirant soldiers experience during their first year away from home. Many JS are still working through the adolescent power struggles that their parents would normally deal with, as opposed to poor old Corporal Smith!

Good infanteers have an awful lot to offer the AFC. Although the military syllabus is largely all arms and the low-level skills are as important to a mechanic as to an infantry soldier - we undoubtedly have that little bit extra to offer. In addition I believe that the Infantry's diverse experience compliments the diverse nature of training at the AFC and of course our junior commanders' main focus has always been people, whatever their age and experience, rather than equipment. Again it should be stressed that the Infantry PS, many of them quite junior, are achieving this cheek by jowl with any number of differently skilled employees of profit-orientated organisations. This provides invaluable experience in the art of management and diplomacy as well as our NCOs' more traditional approach to human resource problem solving!

The College aims to provide a lot in return for the demands it places on its PS, such as long hours, working weekends, poor married quarters and the inevitable but understandable focus on the JS issues before those of the PS. For example, every effort is made to utilise the contracted educational services to prepare NCOs for CLM, or just improve Key Skills; each L&IT package includes a 'train the trainer' period for similar development; many PS are able to undertake licenses, courses and qualifications and even some of the shorter career courses; and all are offered the opportunity to translate their skills into NVQs and NVQ assessor qualifications.

Many readers will be in a position to comment on the AFC's product from experience in their own units. Any form of validation must take into account the raw material provided on day one and the fact that AFC trained infanteers are still much younger than their ITCC contemporaries and so take a while to develop once they arrive in their battalions. Formal validation of field army unit commanders is generally very positive and the Initial Training Groups' (ITG) own tracking statistics, although still immature, do show a favourable pattern of promotion in comparison to ATR and ITCC recruits. Anecdotal evidence is also encouraging with notable cases of astounding actions on Op Telic and plenty of reports of young AFC fliers coming top of their Battalion's JNCO cadres.

Retention is as ever an issue close to the hearts of all regiments. In early 2002 the capbadging system at AFC changed dramatically and much to the benefit of the Infantry, each division experienced an average 10% increase in retention. JS now arrive allocated to a division and confirm their regimental choice after a series of briefs in week three. They then badge in week six on a 'passing in parade' and after this point their regiment is allowed full access for nurturing activities - but therefore so are all the other regiments and corps. Sadly the Infantry still experiences a net loss between input and output but it is much better than it has been previously, the signs are that it will further improve with recent welcome developments to the fieldcraft, live firing and exercise syllabus. On a positive note, many JS leaving the Infantry are doing so because they and their PS realise they will not make good infanteers, whereas those that wish to reallocate into the Infantry

are all of a suitable quality, otherwise the Infantry or individual regimental representative will not accept them.

What of intra-infantry reallocations? The very act of posting a high quality, charismatic NCO to AFC may attract JS to that capbadge. We encourage JNCOs to be role models; their JS should aspire to be like them. What is unacceptable, and thankfully fairly rare, is the deliberate and malicious spin against a certain regiment or role in order to attract JS to your own capbadge. Success breeds success and JS will naturally gravitate towards a group of happy, loyal and well looked after JS who are all being effectively nurtured and motivated by their aspirant regiment. It is not surprising that the regiments with the healthiest retention are those that invest in plenty of the right quality of PS, have a well-resourced and correctly manned RRT, that 'shepherds' the JS from the recruiting office, into AFC, onto ITCC and finally to their Battalion. It is not AFC, but Army policy that a soldier under training can reallocate to any arm or corps for which he is qualified, and in which there is a vacancy.

A particular challenge to the Infantry's retention at AFC is the syllabus. As with RMAS, much of the CMS(R) syllabus is also used to assess leadership and to stick rigidly to CMS(R) would lead to dreadfully repetitive exercises. Sadly many JS therefore begin to

feel that life and training at the AFC is similar to life and training in the Infantry. An erroneous perception, not always helped by misguided non-infantry PS and corps with recruiting literature along the lines of 'soldier first, tradesman second'. As mentioned earlier, the AFC becomes truly all arms in September 04 when competition for PS posts as well as JS will increase markedly. Our info ops will become even more critical against the perception that the future Infantry NCOs require less intellectual capacity and are offered fewer qualifications than their counterparts in the non-fighting corps and even the other teeth arms.

Anyone who remembers the Junior Leader's Battalions does so positively, and points to the percentage of ex-junior leaders that dominated the Infantry's WOs' and Sergeants' Messes and much of the LE community for years. The AFC is a success, it's not a Junior Leader Battalion, but it's the nearest thing we have to it. What is important for the Infantry is that the AFC receives the correct support in terms of PS and nurturing to preserve the expensive, young and therefore slightly fickle but high quality product that is such a good investment for the future.

Captain I. J. Kerrigan, RRF
24 Platoon Commander
Alamein Company, AFC H

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: c/o Postwatch Midlands
Friars Mill
Friars Terrace
Stafford
ST17 4DX
13 October 2004

From: 99 Crestline Court
Northampton
NN3 8XZ
28 September '04

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

I recently took a group of chief executives on a Retreat to the Battalion in my role as Group Chairman of TEC International (UK) Ltd. I asked one of them, Sally Pritchard, CEO of Choices Housing Association, to write a short piece on the visit. I attach it for your consideration for the next edition of The Iron Duke. It gives a different perspective! (*Gratefully received; see page 138 Ed.*)

TEC is The Executive Committee, a global company with its HQ in San Diego, California and operating in fourteen countries. The company runs groups throughout the UK and Ireland holding monthly meetings dedicated to increasing the effectiveness and enhancing the lives of chief executives/managing directors/owner managers and their direct reports.

As you can see from the article, a great time was had by all, including myself, and the Dukes were in great form. The CEOs were most impressed.

Yours sincerely,
Richard Ward
Group Chairman
TEC International (UK) Ltd

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

Reading the "Batting Order" for the 250th Anniversary Parade, page 101 of Iron Duke issue 255, brought back many memories of that day, as I took part in that parade. Let me describe the build up to the day's events during the preceding six weeks.

Between mid-April and the end of May 1952 my Intake did its basic six-weeks training at Halifax Depot. Not only did we learn everything in those six weeks, which later on was extended to ten weeks for the same subjects, but we also had to learn extra drills for the upcoming 250th parade.

We did many extra sessions on the square, learning how to "Change arms on the march", a drill movement that was usually taught, either in continuation training, or when one joined the Battalion. We also did a lot of extra marching round the square, to build us up for the march from the depot down to the Odeon Cinema car park where we were to start from.

Came the big day and everyone was "bulled up", boots you could see your face in, and brasses too. Blanched items done so well they would have put master plasterers to shame. Well-pressed battledress, with knife-edge creases put the final touch to our appearances.

We formed up on the square with our Platoon Commander, Lieutenant Borwell, at the head, just behind Captain Tedd and the OC Depot, Major ? "Quick March" was given, the Band struck up and off we marched, out through the gates and down the hill to Halifax town. On the way we "changed arms" a few times and were glad of it, as carrying a 9lb rifle at the slope took its toll on biceps and elbow joints.

We had a fairly big crowd cheering us on, all the way down Highroad Well and Gibbet Street and we eventually arrived at the Odeon car park. We were fallen out for a "baccy break", awaiting the arrival of the Top Brass, no doubt; then it was fall in again and we were off through the middle of the town, through roaring crowds that were jammed together on the pavements, leaning out of upstairs windows and even on the rooftops. Also on the rooftops were radio and film crews; TV I'm not sure about - this was early 1952, don't forget. We were told that some of the crews were from Portugal, who would be broadcasting radio live to audiences back home, because the Portuguese were our oldest allies and had much admiration for their "saviour", the Iron Duke, even bestowing honours on him.

We arrived at Manor Heath Park after what seemed a short march and did a bit more parading and listened to a few speeches prior to falling out for a period, before being herded onto trucks and taken back to the depot for a well-deserved meal and rest before attending the all-ranks dance in the evening.

All in all a great day and, looking back over 52 years, what an experience for us young soldiers, to participate

in such an event on our first big parade and only realise the honour and enormity of it years later.

Yours sincerely,
Len Rusby

From: 25 Deep Dene Close
Brixham
Devon, TQ5 0DZ
25 August 2004

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

Please find enclosed a photograph of the forty-seven officers of the Regiment in late 1945, and hope it is of use to you. I'm coming up to 80 years of age and often wonder if there are any of them around today.

Also enclosed are the names of those I remembered and a '?' where I didn't!

My memory is not quite as it should be but regret I don't recall Captain Tom Moore as Adjutant.

I would love to visit RHQ one day. Unfortunately, due to continuing my sports and games activities, I contracted osteo-arthritis in my 30s and am now in a wheelchair (or scooter). However, let us not get mundane. My wife is an excellent carer and drives us around with our two teenage children. I make no grumbles for I've had a wonderful life and continue to do so.

Kind regards,
Fred Forbes (formerly F. Bramfitt)



Officers of 9 DWR (146 Regiment RAC), Ahmednagar, August 1945.

Front row: Padre, Capt (QM) Layton, ?, Maj Richards MC, Maj Cruikshank, Lieut Col Hetherington (CO), Capt Russell (Adjutant), Maj Robson, Maj Dow, Capt (Dr) Moir, Capt Law. Second row: ?, ?, ?, ?, ?, ?, ?, ?, ?, Capt Green, Capt Williams. Third row: ?, Lieut Walker, ?, ?, ?, ?, 2nd Lieut Green, 2nd Lieut McCracken, ?, ?, ?, ?. Back row: ?, Lieut Somervell, Lieut McMorland, 2nd Lieut Cordery, Lieut Wilson, 2nd Lieut Bramfitt, ?, ?, Lieut Jones, Lieut Heary.

From: 297 Gosport Road
Fareham
Hampshire
PO16 0JQ
5 October 2004

From: 9 The Braid
Chesham
Buckinghamshire
HP5 3LU
12 August 2004

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

I have been looking through my TV magazine, issued with the Sun newspaper. I saw an article that is of great interest about a docudrama, named "Fooling Hitler". It concerns Lieutenant Colonel David Strangeways. He served in the 1st Battalion from 1931 until leaving us after Dunkirk in 1940, when he was our Adjutant.

I have copied the article verbatim.

Quote: "Hunky Jason Durr plays an unsung World War 2 hero. Jason stars as Lieutenant Colonel Strangeways in "Fooling Hitler", which will be shown on ITV later this month. The one-off film tells how a team of actors, set-builders and soldiers led by Strangeways helped make fools of the Nazis. They created a fake army of inflatable tanks, canvas aircraft and wooden troops in the south east of England.

Strangeways and his men wanted to make the Germans believe the D-Day attacks would take place near Calais, rather than in Normandy. "They are doubly unsung heroes" says Jason, "They fought two battles; one convincing the Top Brass it could work, as well as pulling the wool over the Germans' eyes."

Lieutenant Colonel Strangeways was a great officer, strict, but very fair. I had a lot of dealings with him. When I was a Drummer he was Officer i/c Drums and he was responsible for my first promotion. I played hockey with him, rowed as stroke in the rowing team and we were in the shooting team together. He received the DSO for his services in the deception unit.

Yours sincerely,
China Gill



Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

I am enclosing two photographs which may be of interest and jog the memories of your readers.

The first is of the HQ team of D Company of the 1st Battalion at a camp outside Haifa town in October 1945. They are, left to right: Lieutenant Wilson, Lance Corporal G. Summers (Company Clerk), CQMS C. Rawley, Major B. Ellam, Lieutenant Walker, WO2 (CSM) Blondie Williams, Lieutenant Bullock.

It was only when we were on pipeline patrols that I realised Bernard Ellam was a competent watercolourist, when he had time in the Company HQ tent between Haifa and the eastern border of Palestine.

The second is of the Intelligence Section of the 1st Battalion, taken in February 1946, when we were in Moascar, Egypt. It was taken because Demobilisation had started and we were to lose at least one of the Section when Group 26 departed. Those shown are, left to right: standing - Lance Corporal Davies, Privates Frost and Lewis, Corporal Cowling; seated - Lieutenant Bullock and Sergeant Hopkins.

The Section was a great team to work with and I thoroughly enjoyed my time with them. Sergeant Hopkins was departing and returning to his job as a salesman "travelling in ladies underwear" - the old music hall joke of a job! One of the Section, I think it was Lance Corporal Davies, was a very good cartoonist - many may remember those in the Mess Hall at Khartoum North Barracks over Christmas 1946.

Yours sincerely,
Geoffrey Bullock



Above - the Intelligence Section, Moascar, February 1946.

Left - HQ team of D Company, Haifa town, October 1945.

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 23 January, 26 June and 19 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 P. Elwell, c/o Caretaker, Endcliffe Hall, Endcliffe Vale Road, Sheffield, S10 3AU.

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.

* * * * *

ANNUAL REUNION DINNER

This year's reunion Dinner was held in the Hilton Hotel, Bradford, on Saturday 2 October, and was preceded by a drinks reception for members of the Regiment who served during Northern Ireland tours between 1971-74. A total of 383 Dukes and partners sat down to dinner, certainly a record number in recent history. The Toast to the Regiment was proposed by Colonel Peter Mitchell, OBE, who commanded the 1st Battalion in Ballykelly, Northern Ireland in 1973-74. In his response, the Colonel of the Regiment explained the current situation regarding the future Army structure and its possible effects on the future of the Regiment.

General Sir Charles Huxtable, who commanded the 1st Battalion during its two operational tours in 1971 and 1972, welcomed all those present. Their names are:

1st Battalion - A Company

Jim Allott, 1 Pl	Peter Austin, 1 Pl
Mel Smith, 1 Pl	Raymond Butterworth, 2 Pl
Paul Grey, 2 Pl	Baz Hey, 2 Pl
Michael Wain, 2 Pl	Tom Woodward, 2 Pl
Peter Robinson, 3 Pl	Stuart Johnston, A Coy
Shimmy Shim, A Coy	Robin Stevens, A Coy
John Greenway, A Coy HQ	

1st Battalion - B Company

Frank Teall, 4 Pl	Ken Greenwood, 5 Pl
David Harrap, 5 Pl	Bob Heron, 5 Pl

Mike Sherlock, 5 Pl
Eddie Craven, 6 Pl
Steve Pickersgill, 6 Pl
Richard Harvey, B Coy HQ

1st Battalion - C Company

Terry Butterworth, 7 Pl
George Gill, 7 Pl
Roy Pierce, 7 Pl
John Ruding, 8 Pl
Scott Flaving, 9 Pl
Graham Walker, 9 Pl
Willie Williams, 9 Pl
Dick Mundell, C Coy
Brian Nash, C Coy HQ

1st Battalion - S Company

Les Birks, Anti Tank Pl
Derek Dugdale, A/Tk Pl
George Templeman, A/Tk
Bob Kerry, Asslt Pnr Pl
Barry Walker, Asslt Pnr Pl
Paul Davison, Mor Pl
Barry Sherratt, Mor Pl
Gordon Bell, Recce Pl
Peter Coates, Recce Pl
Pat Kelly, Vigilant Pl
Peter Knapton, Vigilant Pl

Peter Laws, 5+6 Pl
Heppy MM Hepworth, 6 Pl
Bill Staniland, B Coy

Chris Frean, 7 Pl
Peter Lord, 7 Pl
Paddy Ennis, 8 Pl
Ena Elwell, 9 Pl
Tosh Goddard, 9 Pl
Pete Warenycia, 9 Pl
Michael Bray, C Coy
Geoff Russell, C Coy

Ian Abel, Anti Tank Pl
Brian Sykes, Anti Tank Pl
Mike Coatesworth, A.P. Pl
Tom Martin, Asslt Pnr Pl
Dek Allen, Mor Pl
Doug Maillard, Mor Pl
Tony Sweeney, Mor Pl
Baz Blood, Recce Pl
John Sharpe, Recce Pl
David Kendall, Vigilant Pl

1st Battalion - HQ Company

Pete Foxton, Band	Richard Jobling, Band
Jimmy Keenan, Band	Dave Rimmer, Band
Peter Andrews, Bn HQ	Charles Huxtable, CO
Peter Mitchell, CO	Mick Reddy, Coy HQ
Steve Haworth, Dog Sect	Keith Jagger, Int Sec
Fred Lawrence, MT Pl	Terry Palmer, MT Pl
Derek Parkinson, MT Pl	Dave Woolley, MT Pl
Russ Rusby, Offrs Mess	Tim Nicholson, Ops Offr
David Craze, QMs Dept	Mick Gilbert, QMs Dept
Mick Hodgson, QMs Dept	Andy Phillip, QMs Dept
Walter Robins, QMs Dept	Dave Skipworth, QMs D.
Cliff Frear, Regtl Police	Mike Clarkson, Sigs Pl
Bob Kench, Sigs Pl	Dave Ruding, Sigs Pl
Martin Thomson, Sigs Pl	Ian Verrall, Sigs Pl
Martin Woodward, Sigs Pl	Wally Naiken, Tech QM
David Miller, UFO	

HQNI

Johnny Walker, HQNI

ANNUAL DRAW

This year's draw was again an outstanding success and raised £3,969 - another record. Readers will be aware that after deductions of costs and prize money the rest goes towards making the Dinner affordable for all members of the Regiment. Readers will also be aware that the more successful we are at getting more members to attend the Dinner, as we were this year, means we have to subsidise more people, so a big thank you for all your generous contributions.

The Draw was held at RHQ on Friday, 1st October, 2004, and the prize winners were:

Miss E. Fairclough	£250	ticket 5362
Mr E. Tilley	Weekend at Hilton Hotel	ticket 3067
Maj Gen D. E. Isles	£100	ticket 1139
Mr R. G. Southerst	£100	ticket 4809

Lt Col W. Robins	£75	ticket 3868
Mr N. Smith	£75	ticket 3029
Mr A. Kay	£50	ticket 4091
Mr J. A. Tattersall	£50	ticket 5115
Mr W. Caswell	£50	ticket 4544
L Cpl A. R. Walsh	£50	ticket 17874
Lt Col S. J. E. Huxley	£25	ticket 1119
Mr G. Bell	£25	ticket 13422
Mr J. P. Gazzard	£25	ticket 10790
Mr M. Ainley	£25	ticket 7857
Pte D. Bedford	£25	ticket 17567
Pte S. Ormiston	£25	ticket 15399
L Cpl D. J. Harrison	£25	ticket 17863

KEEPING IN TOUCH...**Paul Fargie**

We understand that Robert Lampe, ex-US Navy and now in Dakota, would like to make contact with Paul, having met in Hong Kong. Robert's E-mail address is: danceswithwolves49@hotmail.com

National Service 1

In July, RHQ was visited by over forty ex-National Servicemen, some having travelled from as far away as Canada and Australia. John Tolley, who lives in Victoria, Canada, but comes back to Sowerby Bridge every summer, helped organise the event. Ed Scothern came from Clifton Springs, on the south coast of Australia. The group looked with some nostalgia at the old Dukes' Depot barracks behind RHQ which is in the process of being converted into a school.

National Service 2

We are pleased to have heard from Michael Rawson, who was commissioned into the Dukes in 1955 and served in Gibraltar and Chiseldon. He is still in touch with Dick Birch of that vintage. (*See next item - Ed.*)



National Servicemen Reunion at Wellesley Park, 1 July 2004.



A significant birthday. Back row, left to right: W.R.M., C.R.H., Graham Allen, Ted Duckney, David Sugden, Gerry Fawcett, John Golding. The ladies are being granted anonymity in order to protect their reputations.

National Service 3

Some ex-National Service and ex-Regular Officers got together recently to celebrate a significant birthday of Jim Shenton, who was neither, having seemed to serve an indeterminate period, depending on whether we were still in the Army Cup. We got to the Final. Dick Birch who would have played in that Final, at Bad Lippspringe in Germany, sadly failed to bring his boots to the stadium. Happily, Ted Duckney did bring his boots and played instead. We still won.

Burma

Those with an active interest in the Burma Campaign may like to be aware of a book by Brigadier John Randle called 'Battle Tales from Burma', published by Pen and Sword Books Ltd. ISBN 1-84415-112-3. The author, who was present at the Sittang Bridge debacle, assures us that the Dukes get an honourable mention.

Photo Caption Competition

Sadly, we have not had sufficient response (!) to our attempt to introduce a Caption Competition, so it will be discontinued. However, we congratulate Richard Harvey for having had the courage to stick his head above the parapet.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS/*NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Mr D. Conner, 144 Wheathead Lane, Keighley, West Yorkshire, BD22 6LU.

Mr J. Dorward, 33 Grasmere House, Grasmere Avenue, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, NE6 2QU.

Mr J. M. Humphrey, 23 Drybeck Court, Eastfield Vale, Cramlington, Northumberland, NE23 2GB.

Mr P. Karkoszka, 201 Wheathead Lane, Keighley, West Yorkshire, BD22 6NB.

Mr D. Knowles, 21 Low Bank, Embsay, Skipton, West Yorkshire, BD23 6SQ.

Mr M. A. Lofthouse, 7 Sowood Grange, Ossett, West Yorkshire, WF5 0TL.

Mr K. D. Pickup, 9 Withington Grove, Dorridge, Solihull, West Midlands, B93 8PQ.

Mr R. M. Pierce, 21 Castle View, Hatton, Derbyshire, DE65 5QL.

Mr M. J. Wolff, Hogarth Davies Lloyd, PO Box 31303, Level 42 Emirates Towers, Sheikh Zayed Road, Dubai, UAE.

* Mr K. J. Charlesworth, 47 Saxon Close, Cricklade, Nr Swindon, Wiltshire, SN6 6LZ.

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

* Mr E. P. Pennington, 75 Ridgewood Bvd, Ridgewood 6030, Western Australia.

* Mr G. L. Stoddart, 20 Ripplewood, Marchwood, Southampton, Hampshire, SO40 4SH.

* Mr J. R. Wales, N.B. "Tranquil", Faries Hill Marina, Express Way, Whitwood, Castleford, West Yorkshire, WF10 5QJ.

Names for Photographs

Sadly, we have had a nil response to our requests for people in photographs to be identified. However, we are not going to give up on this, as we need to know the names for the maintenance of accuracy in the archives.

Therefore, RHQ would be grateful if someone would kindly identify the very smart Somme Company Senior NCOs lined up for inspection in the photograph below, in Hounslow in 1998.



Obituaries

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

Lieutenant Colonel C. J. W. Gilbert

Lieutenant Colonel Chris Gilbert died of cancer on 8 May 2004. Chris joined the Regiment from Sandhurst in December 1966 at the age of 19 and soon earned the nickname 'Scruff' by which he was affectionately known throughout the Regiment. Though he may have looked good in rugby strip, or cut a dash in the flowery shirts of his youth, somehow he and formal military attire were never a good match. It suited his vigorous, witty and extrovert personality. After completing the normal routine journey to Captain he served first as

Operations Officer in Ballykelly and then with the Army Youth Team in Yorkshire, where he was in his element encouraging young people through the 'outward bound' type activities he introduced them to. Following this he joined the staff of the British Headquarters of the UN Force in Cyprus. He attended the Army Staff College, Camberley in 1981, before returning to the 1st Battalion as a Company Commander in Germany, a staff job with ACE Mobile Force in Heidelberg and then a job he thrived on - Chief Instructor at the Senior NCO's Tactics Wing at Brecon.

From there his remaining service was to be overseas, first of all commanding the British Army Training Team in Gambia and finally a staff appointment with the Headquarters of the Army of Oman, with whom he earned his Gulf War General Service Medals serving in Saudi Arabia and Kuwait before retiring from the Army in 1994.

But it was as a rugby player and all round sportsman that Chris will surely be best remembered. Chris captained his school 1st XV, Middlesex Under 18s, RMA Sandhurst, the Dukes, the Army and the Combined Services as well as making many appearances for a number of top clubs. His courage and leadership on the rugby field were exceptional. There was no harder tackler and he was 'studproof'. During a Regimental match against a hardened Harrogate side - when Harrogate were a side to be reckoned with, 'Scruff's' dubious activities at the bottom of a loose maul did not go un-noticed by Harrogate's then well-known but rather dirty England tight head prop, who decided to administer summary retribution by stamping none too lightly on the floored Chris. Undaunted, Scruff looked up at his assailant and said "You could do with some new studs, pal". An incident which summed up all the diverse elements of his robust character.

After leaving the Army Chris was Secretary at the Rye Golf Club for several years before moving back to his ancestral roots in Scotland to set up home at Allt Grianach with his new partner Ali. Here he became Scottish Regional Manager for Purchase Direct - an electricity supply company, and was able to enjoy many visits from his sons Damian and Marcus.

Scruff will be remembered as a witty, flamboyant, extrovert and courageous officer and a fantastic sportsman, who, during his service in the Regiment was a focal point in sustaining rugby in the Dukes.

Lieutenant Robert Stark

Bob Stark died of cancer in June 2004 at the age of 48. Bob came from a Sheffield family and was educated first at Westbourne Prep School where he was Head Boy, winning a scholarship to Strathallen where in due course he again became Head Boy. He was academically exceptionally talented and secured a place at Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he read Archaeology and Anthropology - but that was not all he did. At Cambridge you row. Despite being on the small side, he rowed throughout his three years earning a place in the Pembroke first Lent boat in which he rowed at number two. All who visited his home will have seen the oar bearing its testimony to his success in the team. After coming down from Cambridge he decided to do a short service commission and went to Sandhurst where he was awarded the Commandant's Medal, given to the top cadet on the then graduates' course. He was commissioned into the Regiment in 1977 and joined the 1st Battalion then on an emergency tour in Londonderry and the Bogside.

In his short career in the Regiment he made an indelible impression on those who served with him. His professional qualities as an infantry officer were never in doubt, he had a wonderful sense of humour backed up with a sharp intellect, which earned him respect and

affection both with his soldiers and fellow officers and, though not a natural rugby player, he even once, and unforgettably, managed to make his mark beyond the company team. Despite a massive hangover following a dinner night in the Mess, he was summoned from the touchline to fill a last minute vacancy with the 1st XV at a BAOR Easter Tournament. With little help from Robert, nursing his head on the wing, the team found itself in the final. During the dying moments of the game he was, to his great surprise, inadvertently passed the ball and proceeded to stun his team-mates, and the opposition, by miraculously making a crashing run from 20 yards out to score the winning try.

Bob left the Regular Army in 1981 to become a solicitor joining first a firm in Sheffield before moving to Bury St. Edmonds in Suffolk. Here he became a specialist in corporate law and was acknowledged as one of the leading corporate lawyers in the region. Meanwhile he continued to serve until 1988 as a TA Officer with the Sherwood Rangers where he made many good friends. By then he had married Jo, introduced to him via a carefully-managed match-making plot, involving tickets to Wimbledon, strawberries and champagne, all hatched by his senior partner's mother. He shared with Jo a love of quality, style and impeccable taste and his innate sense of decency and intelligence was reflected in all he did, not least in his family life. Everywhere he went, both as a soldier and a civilian, he developed a respect and a following. Testimony to this, and how many his life had touched, was a church filled to overflowing at his funeral.

WO2 (BSM) Bernard Cooper

Bernard Cooper died at his home in Spain on 13 July 2004 at the age of 72. Not much is known of Bernard's earlier service, except that he joined as a junior soldier around 1950, in 1963 with the 1st Battalion, he was the Band Sergeant and stayed with the Band throughout tours in Osnabrück 1964-68 and Hong Kong 1968-70. It was in Hong Kong that he was a member of the Band's rock group, the 'Blue Tones'. He will also be remembered as a fine solo clarinet player. Bernard finally became Band Sergeant Major and he was discharged after 22 years in 1974.

Captain Le Cornu, MC

John Le Cornu, MC, died on 6 August 2004 in St. Peter's Port, Guernsey. Sergeant Le Cornu, as he was then, joined the 1/7th Battalion in Auchinleck in 1943 and was posted to C Company. At this time the Battalion was engaged in combined operations training. He landed in Normandy with the Company as Platoon Sergeant. Clearly he had made a good impression as he was commissioned in the field together with Sergeant Walter Horne just after the capture of Le Havre in September 1944. Company records show that he was engaged in a number of successful patrols, so it was no surprise when he was awarded the Military Cross. On 4 December at Haalderen 1/7 DWR was holding the right of the bridgehead guarding the Nijmegen Bridge, vital to the defence of the 'Island' and further operations. With the area flooded, defensive positions were based on

houses. At 0300 hours a determined attack at company strength broke through C Company. John Le Cornu was commanding the reserve platoon, which was protecting the centre of the Battalion position. The first attack was repulsed at close range killing eighteen for the loss of three. The enemy then used spandaus and bazookas in an attempt to dislodge the garrison. Over two hours later, when finally relieved, 2nd Lieutenant Cornu and his post caused further great casualties. The action of 2nd Lieutenant Cornu and 13 Platoon was an outstanding factor in smashing a strong German attempt to reach the Nijmegen Bridge.

Major Tony Podmore, MBE, TD

Major Tony Podmore who was born on 3 December 1946, died prematurely after a short illness on 28 August 2004. Tony devoted much of his life to the Territorial Army, and particularly the Yorkshire Volunteers, of which he was a member for many years. His final appointment was as 2ic of the 3rd/4th Battalion Yorkshire Volunteers in Sheffield before they became 3 DWR in 1993. In the best traditions of the TA, he was fiercely loyal, not only to the TA, but also beyond this to the Yorkshire regiments in the Regular Army. As a TA officer he was renowned for his hard work and commitment to his soldiers. He was always impeccably turned out, "looked the part", and was thoroughly professional in his approach and in his scrupulous attention to detail. But he also embodied a dry sense of humour that was sometimes so subtle that it could be hard to tell whether he was joking or serious. Only close observation would reveal that warming sparkle in his eye, and a slight twitch as his mouth was permitted a wry smile, heavily camouflaged by his moustache.

In his life beyond the TA Tony was a bursar, teacher and manifold helper at Mount St. Mary's RC Comprehensive School in Leeds. Not surprisingly as a true Yorkshireman and school bursar he paid the close attention to finances that such a status entails. Yet Tony was also extraordinarily generous, not able to see a need unmet if he could possibly meet it. Many soldiers benefited, directly or indirectly from his generosity, although most would never have realised it - such was his self-effacing nature.

But for those in the wider Regiment Tony will be best remembered by many for his encyclopaedic knowledge of military history, especially the history of the Yorkshire regiments, both regular and volunteer, about which he wrote prolifically and with great scholarship on those aspects that captured his interest. It was here he made two lasting contributions to the Regiment, first as the author of what remains the definitive guide to our Colours in his book "Regimental Colours and Battle Honours of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding)" followed up some years later with his history of "The Volunteer and Territorial Battalions of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment 1859 - 1999" which he co-authored with Major General Donald Isles. Both will remain invaluable records of two integral elements of our Regiment's life.

WO2 Roy Kelly

Roy Kelly died in his residential home in York on 30 September 2004, at the age of 69.

Roy joined the Army in February 1953 and joined the 1st Battalion in Gibraltar in December that year. He completed 22 years' service, of which the first 20 were with the 1st Battalion. After Gibraltar he served in Malta, Cyprus (three times), Kenya (twice), British Honduras, BAOR (twice), Hong Kong and Northern Ireland (twice), plus a number of UK postings with the Battalion. His final appointments in the Battalion after returning from Hong Kong to Catterick in 1970 included Training Wing Warrant Officer and CSM Waterloo Company. In August 1973 he was posted as a PSI to the Yorkshire Volunteers with whom he served until his final discharge in August 1975.

James Kelly

Ex-Sergeant James Kelly died at his home in Northfield, Birmingham on 30 September 2004, at the age of 92.

James joined the Regiment in 1932, carrying out his basic training at the depot in Halifax, before joining the 2nd Battalion in India where he served in Kamtee, Nowshera and Mooltan, before returning to England on the Reserve in 1939.

Later in 1939, after the start of the war, James was called up again, and once more returned to Halifax, where, for a period, he worked in the Officers' Mess. In March 1943 he was with the 1st Battalion when it landed in North Africa and in December that year, Italy. In the spring of 1944 James was badly wounded at Anzio, but recovered sufficiently to continue serving in Italy until the end of the war (in Naples). He was eventually discharged in 1946.

James was booked to go on the recent tour to Anzio for the unveiling of the Regimental Memorial Plaque on 9 September, but due to ill health he had to withdraw the week before the tour started. He did, however, before his death, receive a commemorative medallion from the Mayor of Anzio in recognition of his service to the town in 1944.

Mr James Frederick Bean

Fred died on 2 November 2004, aged 85 years. After training at Halifax Depot in 1939/40, he joined the 7th Battalion and saw service in Ireland and later with the Battalion in the invasion of Europe. He was for many years a member of the York Branch of the Duke of Wellington's Regimental Association. The funeral service was held in York on Thursday 11 November. Members of York Branch of the Regimental Association attended.

RHQ has also been informed of the following recent deaths:

Major J. E. Pollard, ex 1st Battalion, died in August 2003.

Robert Eaves, ex 5th battalion, died in 2004 (date not known).