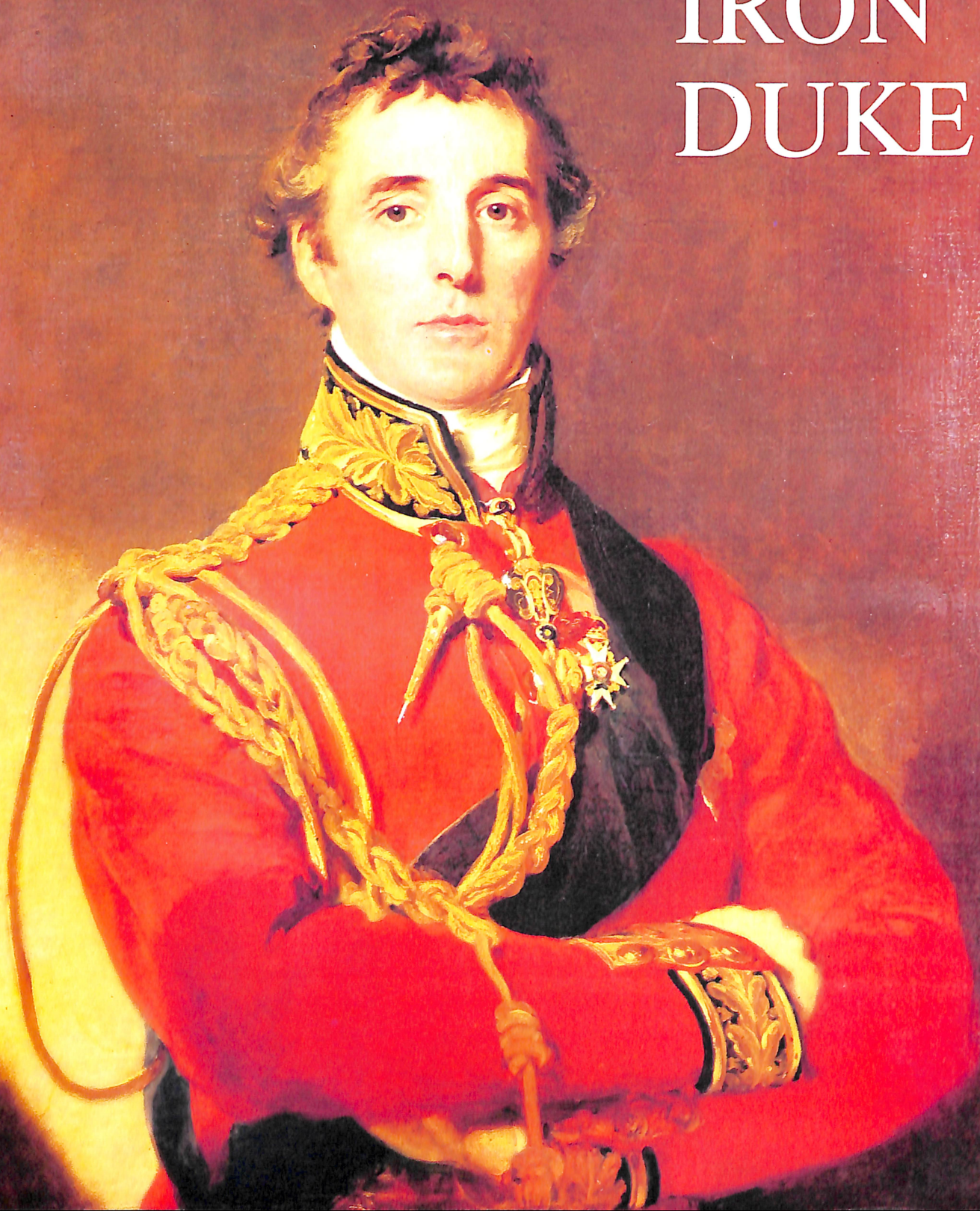


AUTUMN 2006
No. 261

THE IRON DUKE



THE IRON DUKE

*The Regimental Journal of
all ex-members of*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT

(WEST RIDING)

Dettingen
Mysore
Serilingapatam
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
Iraq 2003

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BUSINESS NOTES

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Member of the Association of Service Newspapers



The End of an Era - 7th May 2006.



The End of an Era

MESSAGE OF LOYAL GREETINGS TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

The Officers and Soldiers, past and present, of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding), gathered for a Drumhead Service under their Colonel-in-Chief Brigadier His Grace The Duke of Wellington, KG, LVO, OBE, MC, BA, DL, at Battlesbury Barracks, Warminster, on Sunday 7th May 2006, to mark the occasion of the Regiment's 304 years of loyal service, before being amalgamated into the Yorkshire Regiment in June 2006, do send their most loyal greetings to Her Majesty The Queen.

REPLY RECEIVED



BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Please convey to all past and present officers and soldiers of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding), assembled for a Drumhead Service at Battlesbury Barracks, Warminster, my thanks for their message of loyal greetings and best wishes for a most memorable occasion.

ELIZABETH R

THE DUKES' FAREWELLS

In our last edition we reflected upon the imminent changes in the Infantry of the Line which have now taken place and we bade farewell to both our Colonel-in-Chief and the Colonel of our Regiment. The actual farewell took place at the 1st Battalion's superbly-organized weekend in Warminster on 6/7 May 2006. Our frontispiece shows them both, as the Colours were marched off at the end of the Drumhead Service on Sunday 7 May.

YORKSHIRE WARRIORS

We send our warmest congratulations to Captains Mick Cataldo and Paul Tetlow and to Lance Corporals Andrew Unwin and Carl Powell on their truly remarkable feat in rowing across the Atlantic. They have provided an admirable link between the end of one active era and the beginning of another for the Dukes. We are grateful to Mick Cataldo for gathering his thoughts together in time for publication of their story on page 64.

A SPECIAL REGIMENTAL WEEKEND

Saturday 6 May 2006 dawned grey and cold in Warminster, but Lieutenant Colonel Phil Lewis and his team are to be commended for laying on a series of activities and supporting administration that enabled several hundred Dukes and ex-Dukes of several generations, and their families, to gather and re-enjoy each others' company over the next two days. It could have been a sad occasion, but the entirely positive attitude of all who attended made it memorable and fun. Perhaps this is a measure of the quality of the men recruited and trained by the Regiment down the years and the ladies they married. Included were not only regulars, who had spent many years with the Dukes, but also ex-National Servicemen. The latter only served two years, but clearly gained much from the experience; many have subsequently contributed greatly to Dukes' life and we are grateful to them all.

It was noticeable that, as in Osnabrück in 2002, Dukes' soldiers were relieved of gate duties so that they may enjoy the day, so we should thank the Sappers and Craftsmen and others who generously took on those duties over the weekend.

Fiercely-fought competitions in the arena alternated with displays by the Normandy Band and by our Fijian contingent. Had we oldies really played rugby with quite such speed and clatter as the company 7-a-side teams? Perhaps we did! Helmeted children tackled man-sized obstacles and death-slides, the less-active tackled food and drink of many varieties and the talking and laughter went on and on.

The evening began more formally with a musical display by the Normandy Band and the Corps of Drums.

At an appropriate stage, the Commanding Officer invited a Drummer to step forward and hand over his side drum to the Colonel of the Regiment as a parting gift from the 1st Battalion. In a particularly touching gesture, Mrs Sally Lewis then presented to Lady Webb-Carter the Regimental Brooch which had originally been presented to the Regiment by Brigadier Brian Webb-Carter to be worn by a succession of Commanding Officers' wives. So the brooch was, in effect, "going home".

General Sir Charles Huxtable, in a moving address, then thanked General Evelyn for his enormous contribution to the Regiment as its Colonel and presented him with an oak chair, made by Thompsons of Kilburn, complete with Regimental badge and signature mouse. The formal part of this memorable day ended with a splendid and delicious dinner for some 1,200 people, drawn from all ranks, with their ladies, in a magnificent marquee and the evening was rounded off by a spectacular display of fireworks.

Sunday dawned sunny, so it was possible to enjoy the moving Drumhead Service on the parade square conducted by the Reverend Pat Aldred, who had been the 1st Battalion Padre in 2003-2005. We are grateful to him for his permission to publish his memorable sermon to the Regiment.

After the service, the Duke was presented with a Thompson's chair, complete with badge and mouse, by the Colonel of the Regiment. All ranks then took lunch in their separate Messes before re-assembling to cheer the Duke of Wellington and General Evelyn out of the Barracks in a handsome carriage.

J.B.K.G.

Sermon to The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, 7 May 2006

Joshua 1:6-9

Be strong and of good courage. Be not afraid nor dismayed for I, the Lord your God am with you. Apt words as we meet today. Words that were first spoken to Joshua as he led his army of people into uncharted territory. We meet today with a mixture of emotions. Some of them are bound to be happy and others, tinged with sadness. It is true that there will not be another day quite like this one - ever again. The Duke of Wellington's Regiment is a fine regiment because it is made up of fine soldiers. You are testimony to the high regard in which this Regiment is held. And so, like Joshua of old, we meet today, to thank God for all that is past and to ask His blessing on all that is to come. ***Be strong and of good courage. Be not afraid nor dismayed for I, the Lord your God am with you.***

Today is not a funeral and, although there may be one or two sore heads after last night, it is not a wake either. It is a day to think of all that has gone before and to prepare ourselves for the future and face whatever duty may come our way. You have much to be proud of, much to build on and much to give to a new regiment.

If fortune does favour the brave then you have been very fortunate down the years. With battle honours from nearly every theatre of war and bravery rewarded with

the highest of awards. And so it is right that we pause and take stock and remember today.

From the very beginning, the Dukes have not been shy to meet a challenge. From the Crimea and Boer War to the Iraqi War, the Dukes have been at the forefront. We were reminded of it last night at the beating retreat. They've seen action in Mons, the Somme, Passchendaele and Cambrai. In all, during the course of World War I, the Regiment suffered many casualties and over 8,000 dead, having fought in nearly every theatre of that war. The Regiment's service was recognised by the award of 72 battle honours. They were involved in France, Africa, Italy and Dunkirk. Burma, Korea and the Hook. They've been sent to Cyprus, Kenya, Hong Kong and Gibraltar as well as operational tours in Northern Ireland, Bosnia, Kosovo and, of course, Iraq. Yours is a proud history and you take that history with you wherever you go.

But history is not what makes you warriors among men. It is you as soldiers, who make you the Regiment that you are and that can never be taken away. Just over 88 years ago, Private Arthur Poulter was acting as a stretcher-bearer in the Dukes. On ten occasions he carried badly wounded men on his back through particularly heavy artillery and machine-gun fire. Two

of the wounded were hit a second time whilst on his back. After a withdrawal had been ordered, Private Poulter returned in full view of the enemy and carried back another man who had been left behind wounded. He bandaged forty men under fire and was seriously wounded when attempting another rescue in the face of the enemy. He was awarded the Victoria Cross.

Seventy-six years later, almost to the day, Wayne Mills answered the same call to duty in Bosnia, winning the Conspicuous Gallantry Cross. These are the marks of a Duke: dedication, commitment, sacrifice and downright determination, no matter what.

The Dukes are no strangers to change. Through the years, amalgamations have taken place before. From the 33rd and 76th in 1881 to the amalgamations of battalions in 1948. Your role has changed too down the years, from traditional infantry to armoured. Each time, you have faced change and risen to the challenge. Whilst in Iraq, we faced change about twenty times a day, but now you meet your greatest challenge and you will need to discover what it is that you will bring to the party.

From my own experience of serving with the Dukes, it will be your commitment to see a job done well, it will be your willingness to accept a new challenge, it will be your enormous capacity for good fun that will see you win through. ***Be strong and of good courage. Be not afraid nor dismayed for I, the Lord your God am with you.*** When I joined the Dukes, I was told that it would be my best job ever and I can say, in all honesty, that it has been just that. I have never served with a finer body of people. These are qualities that are not easily lost.

Our readings today will speak about being sent out to do a new thing. God leading his people out from Egypt and Jesus sending his disciples out alone for the first time. These would be big changes and they were fearful of the future. Except that they were never really alone because God promised to go with them and I believe that God will continue to bless you as you face the future and all that it will bring. Be strong and of good courage. Be not afraid nor dismayed. Have no fear.

Arthur Wellesley, the Iron Duke, only spoke about fear twice. Once he said: "The only thing that frightens me is fear", and the other time when looking at your forbears, he said: "I don't know what effect these men will have upon the enemy, but, by God, they frighten me". I know that feeling as I stand in front of you this morning! Have no fear, the best is always yet to be!

From our reading of Joshua, to Judges and the New Testament, there is the picture of change everywhere. Change will always come, it is how we deal with change that is important. As any poker player will know, it is not the cards we get, but how we play them. The one thing that doesn't change is God. He alone is constant, he alone will always stand with us and, with Him, the future is always secure.

And so like those warriors of old, we press on together. Thanking God for all that has gone before and trusting Him for all that is to come. Have no fear, the Lord your God is with you. **Amen.**

P. Aldred
Chaplain to the Forces

An Open Letter of Thanks

The Regimental Weekend in May will, I expect, remain in many Dukes' minds for years to come. It was an occasion for nostalgia, comradeship and a large degree of sadness. But for Celia and I it was also a time to give thanks. I had been Colonel for nine on seven years and over that time both of us had been welcomed and included in a way which made us always feel at home in Dukes' circles. We had made a lot of friends and, although the weekend in May had an inevitable feeling of finality about it, we were not entirely prepared for the degree of generosity heaped on us on the Saturday evening.

The drum that I was given by the Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion stands beside the fireplace in our hall opposite an older drum of a different generation. Both are reminders to visitors that my allegiance since 1999 has been to a Regiment in which I did not serve but which, in a strange way, has a greater emotional pull. I suspect that many readers will have been the recipient of a 'round robin' appeal to contribute to a Regimental gift for us and it is clear to me that you were incredibly generous. I am not allowed to know the detail, so I am writing via the Iron Duke to thank all you lovely people who contributed to a magnificent chair.

"Good intelligence is essential to a sound plan". Many years ago Celia and I had bought a dining room table from the 'Mouseman' at Kilburn; it was to be a memento of our happy time whilst I was a Brigade

Commander at Catterick. We had never got round to buying chairs for it, so it was with considerable delight that my eyes alighted on the unmistakeable 'Mouseman' chair that Saturday evening. It is a magnificent gift with the Regimental badge being its epitaph and now, rightly, sits at the head of this related table. As I sit comfortably of a Sunday lunch time I muse, "how clever, how bloody marvellous", and then I bore my guests. I thank all those of you who contributed to a considerable gift and I want you to know that I and Celia are very touched by the generosity of spirit and kindness that made such a presentation more than possible. I also know that the Duke himself was equally touched.

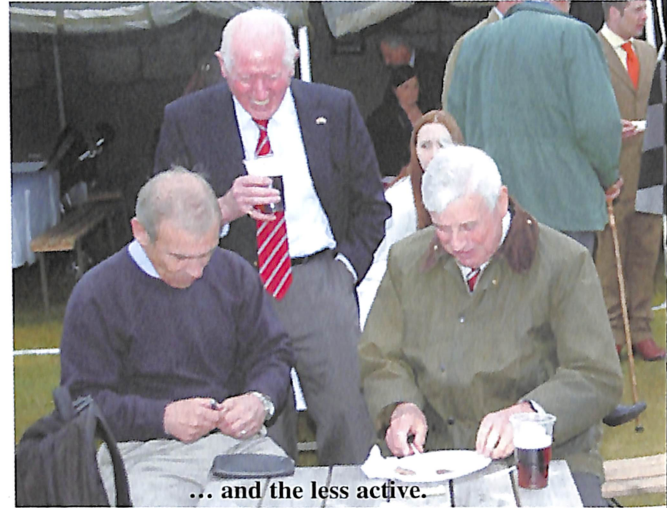
Although unaware of the intrigues surrounding the chair (and I have an idea of who the spy was!) I was consulted over the matter of the brooch. Unsure at first, but finally persuaded, I am so very, very pleased that Celia's loyalty to me and the Regiment was recognised in such a moving and appropriate manner. She wears it frequently, particularly if she is likely to meet CGS or a government minister, because it is a brooch which invariably attracts a question! The original bill (an unbelievable £75) found by my brother, David, in 1980 when my father died, has also surfaced and is of considerable interest to the makers, Carrington & Co, who are this very moment embarked on producing fifty jumbos.

continued on page 52

REGIMENTAL WEEKEND



Active Yorkshire Warriors ...



... and the less active.



Gun run

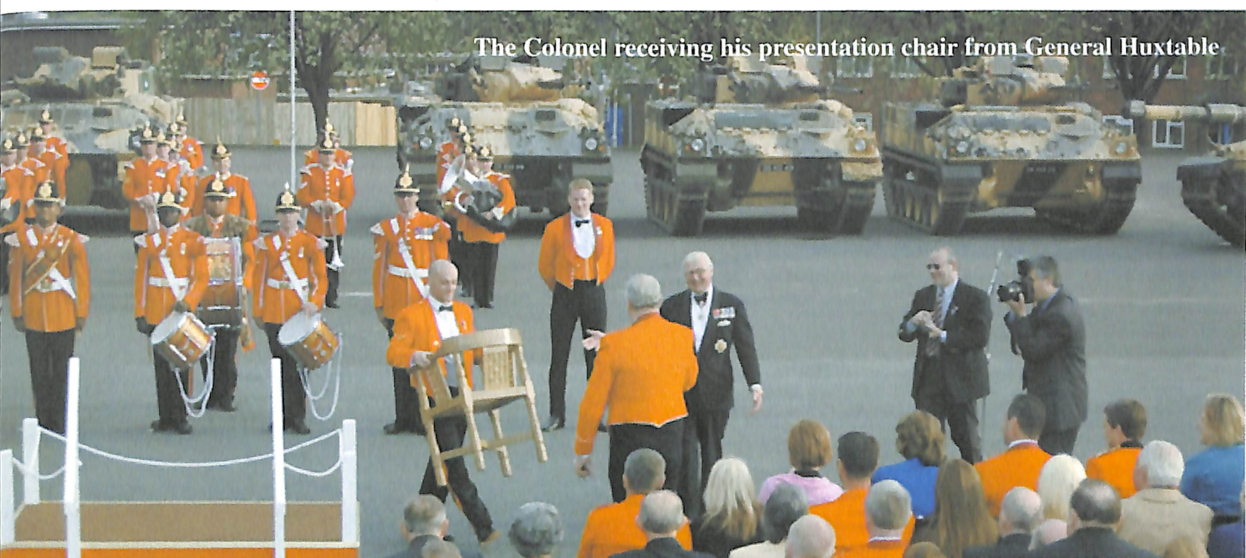


Fijian festivities

SATURDAY 6th MAY 2006



The Normandy Band



The Colonel receiving his presentation chair from General Huxtable



Inside the Dinner tent

In this letter I hope to thank the many Dukes and associates who not only played a part in the many gifts showered on Celia and me, but to all those who in some way made the last seven years something tangibly worthwhile and a phase of our lives which we have both loved. High on that list will always be David

Harrap, Bob Heron, Scott Flaving and Janet Gul, that redoubtable team at Regimental Headquarters to whom I owe so much. It is probably futile to wish it had not ended the way it did, but I do.

Evelyn Webb-Carter
July 2006

A Reflection on the Regimental Weekend

by Mary Huxtable

As always, the Dukes produced a splendid occasion to mark the passing of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment as we have known it.

Walking around the field on the Saturday afternoon in a chilly wind with spots of rain driving across, I was struck by the continuity of the Regiment in the nearly fifty years I have known it; this could have been Northern Ireland in 1958, Osnabrück in the 60's or 90's, Catterick or any other posting; even Hong Kong, though the climate was rather different. The children enjoying the various activities were the same as their predecessors. Tough little boys at full charge imitating their fathers over the assault course, or trying to lift large guns to 'shoot'. Pretty little girls in their best clothes clustering round babies in buggies. Mothers chatting in groups. Soldiers manning the 'stalls' with cheerful enthusiasm or exchanging banter as they take part in seven-a-sides or other games. Slightly self-conscious young officers in their off-duty 'uniform'. Old comrades greeting each other and reminiscing. They have all been there on every such occasion and they look remarkably similar, even though the children I first knew are now the parents and we are the old and bold.

There was one Corporal, somewhat tubby, not very smart, with his beret shrunk to the regulation cowpat shape favoured by old sweats. I could swear I knew him, for there has always been a similar sturdy figure

striding round all the barracks I have known. There was probably one in St. George's Barracks, Malta, in 1935, when I first 'joined' the Regiment as a baby.

The Drumhead Service was moving and struck the right note of looking forward, but with a backward glance. Here the Colour Party looked as smart and dedicated as the first one I saw in Palace Barracks in 1958 and many more since. The young men were interchangeable with their predecessors and many names came to mind.

Many of us there had family connections going back generations. I grew up with stories of regimental life which were as of an extended family and that is what the Regiment still is. It was of course a very sad and poignant occasion, but, looking round, I realised it is not an end for our generation, nor a new beginning, as it is for those serving today. Nothing has been taken away from us. We will still have all our old friends and no one can take away our memories. "The Dukes" still runs through us like in a stick of rock, and we will always retain our pride in having been associated with such a splendid Regiment.

I am sure the present generation will carry this pride into The Yorkshire Regiment. The little boys may become brave soldiers like their fathers and the Golden Thread of the Dukes will continue into parades and families' days that we would all recognise.



REGIMENTAL WEEKEND - SATURDAY 6th MAY 2006

Gatherings ... Informal



... and Formal





The Beginning of a New Era

The page opposite outlines the composition of The Yorkshire Regiment. Readers will be able to identify easily with the Vision and the Ethos which have been clearly expressed and will be pleased to note both the Motto "Fortune Favours the Brave", which is of course the English translation of our old "Virtutis Fortuna Comes" and the fact that the Honorary Colours will still have a place in the new Regiment.

The "Golden Thread" has been mentioned from time to time in recent months. This refers to the golden thread of history brought to the new Regiment by each of the old antecedent Regiments.

The 4th Battalion (Territorial Army) no longer contains companies named after the Dukes' battle honours - Fontenay and Ypres, so we do not single out any Territorial companies for special mention in this edition. However we shall continue to take an interest in the wellbeing of those Territorial soldiers who live and work in the "footprint" areas of West and South Yorkshire, where many 3rd Battalion Officers and NCOs will serve.

Future Governance

The interests of all ex-Dukes will now be overseen from Halifax by the DWR "Golden Thread" Committee. This will be headed by the President of the Regimental Association, who, for the next two years will be Major General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter. He will be supported by the Deputy Colonel for the West Riding, Colonel Simon Newton and by the West Riding Secretary, Major Bob Heron. They will:

- a. be the guardian of the Dukes' legacy and reputation;
- b. provide guidance to the Chairman of Trustees of the Regimental Museum, to the Editor of the Iron Duke and to the Editor of the Regimental website;
- c. oversee the activities of the Regimental Association and compose the annual bid to the Yorkshire Regiment for funds to manage its activities and for "footprint" activities in the West Riding and South Yorkshire;
- d. maintain links with West Riding and South Yorkshire boroughs, the media and other local institutions;
- e. oversee the Officers' Dinner Club.

"RHQ", now named West Riding Area Office, The Yorkshire Regiment, will, we understand, remain at Halifax. Which appointments will continue into the future is not yet entirely clear, although Scott Flaving, we do know, is now working in the new Regimental HQ in York and we wish him well. It is clear that the assistance of enthusiastic volunteers to help manage the archives and the website will continue to be very welcome. Readers may recall that we highlighted the volunteers and their good work in edition No. 254 of Spring 2004.

We have made some changes to the Iron Duke, including reducing to two issues per year, and we anticipate further change over time, as its relationship with the fairly-new Dukes' website and the brand-new Yorkshire Regiment journal gradually develop. At this stage, we believe we have now become the journal of all ex-Dukes, everywhere; no matter whether of National Service, Territorial or Regular background. It will be you whose contributions, whether by letters, articles, annual subscriptions, or all three, will keep it alive and relevant.

Your present Editor made it his aim, when he took up his pen in 1997, to publish what he called "Living History", that is to say mainly first-hand accounts by Dukes of events in the Regiment's Battalions, past and present. By and large, this has been achieved, thanks both to individuals who have written in from all round the world and to the work of the late Bill Norman and of Scott Flaving at RHQ, who both regularly provided snippets from the archives and to whom your Editor and our readers have cause to be very grateful.

Your "present" Editor has chosen his words carefully, because, after ten very enjoyable years at his desk, he will be handing over to a younger man in 2007, who will be well suited to the role. Lieutenant Colonel Tim Nicholson is tall and intelligent with GSOH and, what is more, he can operate modern communications. We shall very much enjoy what he has to contribute. For those who don't know him, he is the one with scary hair in the photograph on page 7 of edition No. 260 of Spring 2006.

J.B.K.G.



THE YORKSHIRE REGIMENT

(14th/15th, 19th and 33rd/76th Foot)

Colonel-in-Chief: His Royal Highness The Duke of York, KCVO, ADC

Deputy Colonel-in-Chief: Brigadier, His Grace The Duke of Wellington, KG, LVO, OBE, MC, BA, DL

Colonel: Lieutenant General J. N. R. Houghton, CBE

Deputy Colonels: Major General A. P. Farquhar, CBE

Brigadier G. J. Binns, CBE, DSO, MC

Brigadier G. J. Smalley, OBE, TD

Colonel S. C. Newton, MBE

Regimental Headquarters:

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Tel: Military 94777 8118, Civilian 01904 461018 & Fax: 461021

E.mail, Military: RHQ YORKS-C2 REGTL AFFAIRS, Civilian: regsec@pwoyorkshire.army.mod.uk

Regimental Website: www.yorkshireregiment.mod.uk

Regimental Secretary: Lieutenant Colonel (Retired) D. R. E. O'Kelly

Vision - The Yorkshire Regiment will be a new model Regiment from the historic county of Yorkshire, founded on over three hundred years of Yorkshire Warrior tradition and united by common values, history and home. It will represent all that is best in the Army, in professionalism, in role, on operations, for career, for sport, for family. It will be the best because its soldiers are the best.

Ethos - The ethos of the Yorkshire Regiment will reflect a sense of belonging to Yorkshire and common Yorkshire values of honesty, fairness, grit and pride. The Regiment will be a strong inclusive and meritocratic family that draws from the best military traditions of the forebear regiments.

VCs Awarded - 41

Battle Honours - 280

Namur 1695 - the first; Iraq 2003 - the most recent.

Regimental March - 'Ca Ira'

Motto - 'Fortune Favours the Brave'

Colours - In addition to each Battalion carrying its own regulation Colours, the Yorkshire Regiment will continue to carry a unique stand of Honorary Colours carried previously by The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

Allied Ships and Regiments - HMS Iron Duke, HMS York and HMS Richmond. The Rocky

Mountain Rangers, The Queen's York Rangers (1st American Regiment) RCAC, The Royal Montreal Regiment, 1st Battalion The Royal New Brunswick Regiment (Carlton and York), Les Voltigeurs de Quebec of the Canadian Army, 10th Battalion The Baloch Regiment of the Pakistan Army and the Falkland Defence Force.

The Battalions

1st Battalion (Prince of Wales's Own)

Role: Air Assault Infantry

Location: Somme Barracks, Catterick

Posting: Move to Germany as Light Role Battalion 2008

2nd Battalion (Green Howards)

Role: Light Role Infantry

Location: Beachley Barracks, Chepstow

Posting: Move to Weeton as Light Role Battalion 2008

3rd Battalion (Duke of Wellington's)

Location: Battlesbury Barracks, Warminster

Posting: No change; *bit see CO's note overleaf.*

4th Battalion (Territorial Army)

Role: Reserve in order to reinforce the Regular Army

Location: Yorkshire and the area south of the River Tees

Operational Tours: Ongoing deployments in support of operations worldwide

3rd Battalion The Yorkshire Regiment

(Duke of Wellington's)

Commanding Officer's Introduction

This is my final contribution to the Iron Duke as Commanding Officer of the Dukes and I am conscious that, by the time it is published, I will have handed over and moved on to my next appointment. The past ten months in Warminster have shot by. Summer is now behind us and, as I look out across the parade square, I can see that the leaves on the trees are beginning to change colour and autumn is upon us already. So much has happened this year, but when I look closely at what we are doing in the Battalion on a day-to-day basis, very little in reality has changed. We are still going about our business in the way we always have in the past. The Dukes' ethos endures and we have simply opened a new chapter in our proud history. Putting personal feelings aside, we have all recognised the need to get on and I have been delighted with the way all ranks within the Battalion have got on with the job in hand, as professionally and as diligently as ever in our past.

We are now well established as the Land Warfare Centre Battlegroup and collectively we have made a very good impression within both the Garrison and the local community. We now know exactly what is expected of us and we are working well as a Battlegroup and as a team. We have met all targets set by the Land Warfare Centre, we remain well trained, balanced and well placed to deploy on operations should we be required. The role remains high profile and we are all acutely conscious of the need to retain standards and not become complacent. Whilst I am confident that we will continue to deliver in this role, we also have one eye on

the future and our eventual return to an Operational Brigade in June 2008. We are well placed and have nothing to fear.

I will shortly be adding my photograph to those of previous Commanding Officers, which are displayed on a wall in Battalion Headquarters. I wonder how they felt at this stage of their tour? From a personal perspective, I have achieved all I ever set out to achieve in the Army and I have been honoured to have commanded at this time. I am also conscious that I am the last to have commanded the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. A previous Commanding Officer compared the Dukes as a machine to a Ferrari racing car, something you can thrash to death, if you so wished - but at your peril. I would like to think that I have left the Ferrari well-serviced and ready to win the next race.

We must all move on and I would like to take this opportunity to thank all those with whom I have had the privilege of serving with in the Battalion these past two plus years. A special thank you also goes to General Sir Evelyn and Lady Celia, who have been quite magnificent throughout my time in command and finally to David, Bob, Scott and Janet in Halifax, who have always been there for me. To my successor, Lieutenant Colonel Andy Pullan, I wish both him and his wife Mel all the very best for their tour. It's been great!

P. M. Lewis OBE
Lieutenant Colonel

THE THOUGHTS OF THE REGIMENTAL SERGEANT MAJOR

Sixth of June 2006

It has been a while since the Formation Day on the Sixth of June this year and perhaps, now the dust has settled somewhat, it may be time to talk about the episode without sucking our teeth.

You will forgive the slightly cynical opening sentence, but I suspect the majority of readers of this article will, like me, have their best section attacks behind them and are unlikely to pin new colours to their mast quite so quickly, but therein lies the crux of the changes. The vast majority of the current serving Battalion are under 25 years old and it is this audience that will see the real changes and will benefit from its undoubted improvements and not be too disadvantaged from its partial loss of connection from the now antecedent regiment we are very proud of. Our younger Soldiers will still be known as Dukes and will have more stability, more opportunity, and at the same time they may have much more variety in their career than was ever available in the past. I will cite an example as being the cross posting policy, which hinges on the best man for the job gaining promotion. This has already seen several of our Soldiers pick up promotion to fill a

vacancy that previously would have been unavailable to them, and in broader terms this in some way shows our strength in depth when pitted against contenders from other Battalions of our now large Regiment.

The Sixth of June saw the Battalion on parade to re-badge, it was intended that the parade would be an understated affair to ensure that we continue business as usual, and so it was. Our guest of honour, the new Colonel of the Regiment, Lieutenant General Houghton, CBE, who arrived by helicopter, delivered a very heartfelt and meaningful speech on the square. The speech majored on the importance of the Golden Thread and all that went before was not lost, but will ensure that all that belongs to the future will have a rich history upon which to move forward. He then moved on to say of the new Regiment: "The Regiment will reflect a sense of belonging to Yorkshire and the common Yorkshire values of honesty, fairness, toughness and pride. The formation of the Regiment on the Sixth of June 2006 is an historic day for Yorkshire and all Yorkshire people, who can justifiably take pride in generating the only county Regiment in Britain's Armed

Forces". Once complete, there was a Flag Changing ceremony and the Changing of Headdress before marching off the square to a social event on the sports fields. At this point the new Colonel got to meet many of our Soldiers and remarked upon how confident and balanced they all were. The Colonel seemed genuinely interested in the views of our Soldiers and was quick to put people at their ease; he did much to allay any unfounded fears of the people he conversed with and instead installed some real optimism for the future. You would have thought that this social occasion would turn out to be a somewhat sombre affair, but this was not the case, in fact many of our visitors enjoyed themselves and stayed well into the night. I fully believe that the Regimental weekend held in May paid the just respects to our fine Regiment at the right time and allowed us to move into this new chapter looking forward and not back.

What does this all mean? Well I believe that many were thinking there would be a massive difference on 7 June. Aside from the colour of building signs and Cap Badges there has been little change in the Battalion, we still conduct business in the same professional manner, we continue to uphold our traditional daily routine, and I, like a great many others, am thankful that the cataclysmic change we all feared turned out to be more Lamb than Wolf, we still answer the phone with position followed by 'Dukes' and I do not think this will anger anyone within the wider Regiment, as I suspect they will do the same. All of this may make you believe that we have not accepted the changes, but are happy to

go along clutching at what is left; but again this is not the case, in fact one of our newest Soldiers proudly sports a sizeable tattoo of the new Cap Badge on his upper arm and good for him. I will leave you with two excerpts from speeches delivered on parade at the Tercentenary in 2002, which I hope will explain why we will take all that is best into the new Regiment.

"You Soldiers and Officers are now the guardians of the great traditions and fine record handed down to you by your fathers and grandfathers. I know that the Yorkshire stock from which most of you come is noted for its energy, endurance, resilience and cheerfulness - key attributes for an Infantry Soldier. Commanders throughout the Regiment's history have spoken most highly of the qualities and of the excellent professional standards that have been maintained."

Major General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter, KCVO, OBE

In reply:

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

Lieutenant Colonel D. S. Bruce, OBE

WOI (RSM) N. S. Wilson

ALMA COMPANY

Following summer leave, Alma is continuing with its role as OPFOR Company. Since the last update a number of TESEX's (Tactical Engagement Simulation Exercises) have been completed, as well as playing both Iraqi policemen and civilians on exercise 'Desert Dragon.' This involved the whole Company deploying to Copehill Down Village for a week. It was astonishing and almost worrying how well the boys adopted the role; especially in the case of Privates Cox and Martin!

Several members of the Company have recently passed career courses, performing commendably. Lance Corporal Kisby, having passed the Machine Gun Commander's course, returned to Brecon to complete SCBC and earn himself a well deserved break. Subsequently Lance Corporal Ayre has passed the tactics phase of SCBC and is attending the Skill at Arms phase of the course. Lance Corporals Johnson and O'Hara have attended and completed 432 DMI and successfully passed on their new-found skills within the Company by running several 432 Drivers' courses.

It was pleasing to see the Company perform so well in the recent JNCO's cadre. Lance Corporal Baker came 3rd in the cadre, an outstanding effort and achievement from him. Lance Corporals Burenivalu, Clarke, Deo, Woodhead, Readman and Warren all promoted after the course. Privates Davy, Mercer and Vasu all passed, but will have to wait a while before promotion. A fantastic overall effort and, by all accounts, Alma's Sergeant

Risdale certainly put them through their paces and made sure they earned the right to pass the course.

The summer break has also seen several new changes to the Company. Privates Kelly and Mckinley have chosen to leave the army and we wish them well for the future. Our CQMS, CSM Hollis, has subsequently left to take over the realms of Hook. We thank him for all his hard work and will miss his repertoire of witticisms and uncomplicated humour. CSM Carter will shortly be leaving for pastures new and he will be sorely missed. We must thank him for the continuous effort and hard work he has put into the development and nurturing of the Company. We will soon be welcoming RSWO Smith as his replacement.

Major Mark Robinson, MBE, has left the Company and will be moving to Pakistan in order to complete Staff College there. Major Robinson took over the Company prior to Operation Telic V and his work ethic and leadership during the past two years has been outstanding. We wish him all the best for the future and welcome Major Phil Nathan from the KORBR who has now taken command of Alma Company.

Finally, congratulations to Private Tyas of 1 Platoon, who became a father for the first time during leave. His son, Ryan, weighed just short of 7lbs and we wish the family all the best for the future.

Lieutenant B. G. T. Redshaw, 2IC

BURMA COMPANY

Officer in Charge	- Major James Bryden
2nd In Command	- Captain Chris Johnston
Company Sergeant Major	- WO2 (CSM) D. Owens
WSM	- Colour Sergeant L. Roberts
CQMS	- Colour Sergeant D. Hinchcliffe
OC Drums Platoon	- Lieutenant Mike Wade-Smith
Platoon Sergeant	- Drum Major Sykes
OC 5 Platoon	- 2 Lieutenant Henry Stow (due September '06)
Platoon Sergeant	- Sergeant Anderson
OC 6 Platoon	- 2 Lieutenant Rob Douglas
Platoon Sergeant	- Sergeant Parsons LANCS

By the time this edition of the Iron Duke is published Burma Company will be nearing the end of the first year of its time as one of the two Land Warfare Centre Battle Groups armoured infantry companies. Readers may begin to discern a pattern as the Company reports often start with the phrase 'another busy period'! The nature of this role is extremely fragmented with many individuals and small groups consistently being deployed in support of various Land Warfare School exercises, miscellaneous trials and demonstrations. Then every few months the Company, and often the Battle Group as a whole, forms up to take part in major combined arms operations. A highlight of Burma's commitments over this period was their selection, no doubt from a cast of thousands, to be filmed on the plain for the Army's recruitment film.

Sport still plays an important part in the Company programme when time allows. The Company provides some of the Battalion's key rugby players and Sergeant Barker did a marvellous job in coaching our excellent boxers (Lieutenant Wade-Smith, Lance Corporal Robinson, Privates Radley, Riley and Waqanavalu) in an extremely limited time.

Since the move to Warminster, great effort has been put into rebuilding the musical ability of 4 (Drums) Platoon. It's a slow process and there is much more to be done. This particular phase of their regeneration cumulated in participating in the Yorkshire Marches,

where the Platoon led numerous small parades in the towns and cities across the region. At each, a request was made to transfer the Freedoms of that Borough from the antecedent regiment to The Yorkshire Regiment. The Platoon looks forward to the next opportunity when they hope to be joined by marching troops with bayonets fixed and Colours flying!

Congratulations are due to Sergeant Hinchcliffe on his promotion to Colour Sergeant; Drum Major Sykes and Corporal Anderson on their promotion to Sergeant; and to Privates Tuibuca, Radley and Luvuluvawaqa on their promotions to Lance Corporal. Congratulations are also due to Private Slater, who was recently awarded Lead Tipper for the ITC(C) Drums School pass off parade, with Private Mottram getting best flautist. Lastly, we have been delighted to note the arrival of three new fathers in the Company: well done Sergeant Anderson, and Privates Hardy and Grain!

The Company has been sad to bid farewell to Major Lees, Captain Crawford, Sergeant Barker, Corporal Thursby and Corporal Edley, all of whom are posted. We were also sad to say goodbye to Corporal Dooley who is leaving the Army. At the same time we welcome many new faces: 2nd Lieutenants Henry Stowe and Andrew Bond, Sergeants Parsons and MacGregor, and a healthy number of new Private soldiers from training.

Major J. R. Bryden, OC

CORUNNA COMPANY

On 26 June 2006 Corunna Company commemorated the anniversary of Private Shaun Taylor's death. Shaun was shot and killed by a Serb gunman on the outskirts of Gorazde, Bosnia, in 1994 whilst serving with Corunna Company as part of the United Nations Protection Force. Despite the fact that since that day the Dukes have completed a two year tour of Northern Ireland, a tour of Kosovo and two tours of Iraq, Shaun Taylor remains the last Duke to be killed in action. In his memory Corunna Company awards the Taylor Shield to the best private soldier in the Company. At a small ceremony the shield was presented to this year's winner, Private Barrett.

At work this has been another busy period for Corunna with several major deployments on the Plain, in particular support to Exercise Lion's Strike, the

Company Commanders' Course final exercise. Although primarily a vehicle for other people's training, Exercise Lion's Strike gave Corunna the opportunity to deploy as a complete company, to practise mounted and dismounted operations at company level, and to work with other elements of the Battle Group, most notably mortars, Javelin and Challenger 2.

Corunna Company has also been heavily involved in two high-profile visits. For the Royal College of Defence Studies we demonstrated the Tactical Engagement System in a repeat of the demonstration run for the Higher Command and Staff Course visit earlier in the year. Corunna was also asked to host a visit from the Vietnamese Ministry of Defence and laid on a display of Battle Group equipment for the Vietnamese equivalent of the Chief of Defence



Exercise Lion's Strike.

Procurement. Lieutenant General Pham Tuan was a highly experienced air force officer who was a veteran of the Vietnam War, during which time he shot down a B-52 over Hanoi. He later joined the joint Russo-Vietnamese space programme, travelling into space in 1980.

In preparation for the forthcoming Combined Arms Firepower Demonstration, Corunna Company deployed to Castlemartin in Wales in order to conduct live firing with Warrior. Under the guidance of Colour Sergeant Colquitt, Colour Sergeant Brighthouse and Sergeant Rudd, the Company was able to pass its annual crew tests with flying colours.

I am delighted to be able to report that Corunna Company has retained the Inter-Company Boxing shield. Congratulations must go to all the boxers who trained extremely hard and fought with great passion and determination. Special mention must go

to Corporal Gill who was awarded the prize of best boxer on the night, and to Private Shane Morton whose expert coaching was instrumental in Corunna's success.

Corunna Company has also been extremely successful on the military front. Private Barrett finished as the top student on the Potential Non Commissioned Officer Cadre and was awarded the Fitter Trophy and promoted to Lance Corporal. Privates Briggs, Singhateh and Frere were also promoted following the cadre. Corporal Roper received the Taylor-Miles award for the best Corporal in the Battalion, and Sergeant Clark (now Colour Sergeant) was awarded the Muji-Kas as the best Sergeant in the Battalion.

Major R. C. O'Connor, OC



Lieutenant Dennien and Corporal Barnes cleaning a RARDEN cannon at Castlemartin.

SOMME COMPANY

The Company has settled into Battlesbury Barracks and assumed its role as part of the Land Warfare Centre Demonstration Battle Group. This is a very grand title and as you can imagine it encompasses a very wide and varied job specification. When not deployed on Salisbury Plain on Battle Group level exercises, the Support Platoons generally work to their respective divisions in the Land Warfare Centre as either demonstration troops, or as enemy on low level exercises, adding realism to the Anti-tank, Mortars and Recce courses. Further to this we can be tasked for the occasional one-off specials, providing Support Company static display stands for various visiting officials and dignitaries.

I hope I have painted a picture of a high-tempo, varied and demanding role that on the whole is interesting and rewarding. Of course in such an environment, working with several differing organisations, it is inevitable that some confusion and

frustration will arise. Such friction is dealt with by typical Dukes' Diplomacy and as a consequence mistakes are rarely repeated.

On the sporting front Somme gave a good account of themselves at the Inter-Company Boxing, with mortar man Private Frank 'the Tank' Windle winning over the crowd in a valliant bout against a goliath of a Royal Engineer, where he narrowly lost on points (although the Tank did beat him in the earlier rounds). Recce and Anti-tanks went one better with wins for Privates Swindells and Atkinson respectively. Hats off to Corunna Company whose impressive display won them the title of Inter-Company Boxing Champions. There was better success for Somme in the Inter Company Rugby 7s tournament where OC Mortars (Captain Chris Adair) led the team to victory.

Major Scott Richardson
OC Somme Company

RECCE PLATOON

Having just returned from a well-deserved summer leave, the Recce Platoon has got straight back into the role. Over the past few months the Platoon has been getting to grips with all the exercises, from Lion's Strike, Wessex Warrior and, last but not least, Desert Dragon, each one very different but helps to support the Land Warfare Centre, most of the exercises are light role giving the lads the chance to get back into their drills and skills.

In September the Platoon will be running a gunners' cadre to retrain and refresh some of the commanders and gunners ready for the ranges in mid November. This will be the final part of the cadre firing the 30mm rarden and the 7.62mm 137 machine gun at Castle Martin ranges.

With new members posted in and a few of the lads on courses the Platoon is ticking over quite well. Captain Adam Brown is away on UKSF selection (we hope he doesn't come back - in the nicest possible way!) and Sergeant Lee Garbutt deployed on BATUS in Canada until October (he returns just in time for a Wessex Warrior).

Congratulations to Corporal Steven Lynch on passing PSBC and Lance Corporal Mathew Nicoll on passing SCBC, both coming back from Brecon with good passes. A special welcome back to Corporal Gavin Hamer who has just returned from a two-year posting at ITC Cattrick.

With most of the men now settled in Warminster and living for their weekends off, they seem to be enjoying the role, due to the fact it's a set programme and they know when and what they're doing from week to week. With the Platoon nearly up to full strength and people coming and going on courses throughout the year, it's been demanding but enjoyable so far. With exercises over the next few months and the gunner camp at Castle Martin, we look forward to all being qualified and able to crew the eight CVRTs ready for any future exercise or deployments.

Colour Sergeant C. J. Goddard
2IC Recce Platoon

ANTI-TANK PLATOON

The Anti-Tank Platoon, like the rest of the Battle Group, has experienced an extremely busy period. After the move from Germany and the initial bedding-in period the commitments have been non-stop and the Platoon has found itself spending the majority of its time preparing vehicles for deployment and on Exercise on Salisbury Plain.

Now the Battalion has been here for some time, the Platoon has experienced the majority of the exercises, having done them at least once. The Platoon enjoys the 'Civpop' tasks the most. An opportunity for them to get dressed up in civilian clothing (usually with an Arabian theme) and provide a 'normal pattern of life' in the villages on the plain. This will always culminate in a riot at the end of the exercise, where the exercising troops come under a barrage of abuse, usually including flour and eggs. The Platoon is looking forward to the Summer Block Leave, a chance to recharge the batteries before the whole process starts up again with a Mission Rehearsal Exercise for 19 Brigade and an Exercise Lion's Strike, where newly promoted Company Commanders have the opportunity to brush up their field skills before taking over their sub units.

Since the last edition, the Platoon has had its first Platoon Commander in 18 months, in the form of Captain Crawford. Also returning to the Platoon is Sergeant Spivey after a lengthy period away from the Battalion across the plain with the Battle Group Training Unit at Westdown Camp. Corporal Mellows returns also from two years in Yorkshire with the Recruitment teams and, finally, Corporal Higgins returns to the Platoon from Infantry Training Centre Catterick. All four have recently completed the new Javelin Course across the road at the Land Warfare Centre and Corporal Higgins was selected to attend the Platoon Sergeants' Battle Course at Brecon.

Congratulations to Corporals Lane and Tuikoro who have been promoted after completing the Javelin Detachment Commanders' Course. Congratulations also to Lance Corporal Roberts who successfully completed the Section Commanders' Battle Course just twelve months after completing his PNCO Cadre.

Privates Bua, Burenivalu, Ravoka, Rogers, and Tagiudugu all successfully completed the PNCO Cadre. Privates Bua, Burenivalu and Ravoka have all been promoted.

Captain M. Crawford, OC

MORTAR PLATOON

Unsurprisingly, it has been a busy time for the Mortar Platoon since the last edition of Iron Duke and the Battalion's move to Warminster. As with the remainder of the Battle Group, activities on the plain keep coming thick and fast, not least the joys of Exercises Lion's Strike and Desert Dragon.

It has, however, also been a time of change within the Mortar Empire and whilst the Platoon was very sorry to have to say goodbye to Corporal Steve Hay, we were all very pleased to hear that he has now been promoted to

Sergeant. It has also been a rewarding period for Lance Corporals 'The Whinger' Carty, 'Lofty' Baker and 'The Bully' Naulu who have been promoted to Corporal.

No copy of Mortar Platoon notes at this time would be complete without a mention of 'T1'. Certain esteemed members of the Platoon recently returned from a three week 'cultural' trip to the tourist hot-spots of Thailand. On the basis of the stories brought back from Sergeant 'Roli' Rowlands and Corporal 'The Gimp' Hunnam, more Platoon members will be visiting

in the near future. Unfortunately no further stories of that trip are repeatable on these illustrious pages.

(We note that there has since been a military coup in Thailand! Ed.)

Three younger members of the Platoon; Privates 'The Sailor' Ratelevu, 'Length' Shaw and 'Roko' Rokovulosolo all passed this summer's NCO Cadre and we hope to see them all promoted soon and get themselves over to the Mortar Division as soon as possible. The Platoon has had a good number of people completing both the Standard and Advanced Mortaring Courses this year and maintaining this is the key to a healthy Platoon in the future.

POTENTIAL JUNIOR NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS' CADRE

The 3rd Battalion ran its annual PNCO Cadre in three phases from 26 June - 4 August 2006. Phase 1 was an in-camp leadership Cadre, Phase 2 was a four week battle camp ran from Knook Camp, and phase 3 was Exercise Iron Duke in the Brecon Beacons.

This has been my fifth Cadre as second-in-command. Normally the mention of a JNCO Cadre brings memories flooding back for those who have attended one of: beatings, thrashings, sleep deprivation, shouting and a multitude of other nasty emotions. Everyone says that their Cadre was defiantly the hardest one ever! Which I know cannot be true, unless you were on mine in 1989!

The new systems of Cadres are now all controlled by Headquarters Infantry who issue a standardized six-week programme, six months in advance. The Cadre OC, Captain Ed (God I'm good looking) Smith, then submits his proposed programme, to be given the thumbs up (umbrella warfare) six weeks before the Cadre starts. The days are gone where some Cadres were written around what ever the strong points of the instructors were, e.g. fitness, fitness, fitness, followed by some running.

Prior to the start, all potential students were issued a warning order with a suggested training programme. The Commanding Officer had directed that all candidates must pass a Basic Fitness Test and a Combat Fitness Test. Ninety-three hopefuls put their names forward of which only 72 attended the beat-up tests. After the three days of assessment there were 65 students ready to start the Cadre.

Phase 1 saw the potentials concentrating on leadership and team building. With the mandatory death-by-cinema-power-point-presentation, the students at the end of the week had lost some of the feeling of shock of capture.

Phase 2 and the students are then moved to Battle Camp away from the bosom of the Battalion to Knook Camp, which looks like something from the TV programme 'Bad Lads' Army', (due to it being built before the Second World War). Luckily Sergeants Risdale and Seviuor were there to bed the lads in with cups of tea and fluffy slippers (honest). The Camp, training and ethos was modelled on the Infantry Training Centre in Wales. All students were introduced to skill-at-arms and for the first time teaching themselves.

This set of notes would be incomplete without mentioning Colour Sergeant Jase Barclay's departure to become the new Battalion Health and Safety Officer. After too many years to mention in the Mortar Platoon he is enjoying kicking back and relaxing in Headquarters Company. He will be missed, but as he hasn't gone too far he will always be welcome back for Platoon 'functions'. His loss, has, however, been cushioned by the return of WO2 'Burt' Burton from the Land Warfare Centre. Employed in Mortar Division for the past two years, his experience will be most welcome.

Hearsay, Mortar Platoon

Weeks 2 and 3 then concentrated on the orders process and section attacks dry, with numerous day and night navigations. The Cadre was joined by the Pre-Brecon JNCO candidates who then proceeded to go on a two day quick attack exercise called Hard Pounding.

Week 4 and we moved on to a mentally and physically demanding live firing package. They progressed from static ranges, through fire-team assessments, individuals, pairs fire and movement which culminated in section attacks with grenades, mini-mi and the General Purpose Machine Gun. All of which were commanded by private soldiers and Sergeant Seviuor keeping the boys busy with a bit of bayonet fighting (bless him). At the end of the week we called a couple of taxis (in the form of Chinook helicopters) which picked up the students and dropped them back in Battlesbury Barracks - without the kebabs!

Phase 3: it's Sunday morning and we are on the transport to sunny Brecon (well at least till we got there) and in true Brecon form it started to rain persistently for the whole week. Both platoons carried out a tactical advance into battle, followed by occupying and building a patrol harbour. From which they conducted offensive operations throughout the week. Most nights were spent on deliberate attacks and fighting patrols. The very last day of the final exercise was spent on the infamous Fan-Dance which for those lucky souls that have not attempted this fancy foot-work, is a speed march over the Pen-y-Fan mountain, carrying 35lb plus weapon and webbing. This test is normally only completed by Junior/Senior Brecon and SAS selection candidates. Needless to say there were a few sore feet and tired students and, dare I say it, Directing Staff.

In summary, ninety-three people put their names forward for the Cadre, of which seventy-two attempted the beat-up assessments with sixty-five starting. Forty students finished the course, with twenty-two gaining a well-deserved promotion prior to the Battalion falling out for summer leave. Eight candidates were given recommendations to promote in twelve months and sadly, eight failed the Cadre.

I would like to say thank you to all the staff for their diligence and hard work shown throughout the build up training and the actual Cadre.

WO2 R. D. Hind

A SOLDIER'S PERSPECTIVE OF THE JNCOs CADRE

The Potential JNCOs' Cadre 2006 commenced with a week of CLM lectures in camp. Although it was a fairly routine week we could see out of the corner of our eyes Sergeants Risdale and Seviour chomping at the bit to get hold of us for the next five weeks. By the end of the first week everyone was tired of the lecture room and was looking forward to the second week beginning and getting stuck into the meat of the course.

Week two saw us arrive in Battle Camp and we were all in for an extremely large shock. Over the next month we became all too familiar with the surrounding training area, especially the hills. We were in particular dreading the bayonet fighting and the very early start of five in the morning. We seemed to be crawling around for hours and the lesson felt like it was never going to end. The weather did not help us either and the baking summer heat felt, at times, like we were operating in

Iraq again. As a result we had to carry a camel-back at all times and this definitely made things harder for us.

After completing five weeks of the Cadre and having lost half of the course who originally started, we deployed to Brecon for our final exercise. Quite literally as soon as we stepped off the coach it started raining and we all knew it was not going to be a fun week in the slightest. However, despite the weather and lack of sleep we remained in high spirits and realised we did not have long to go before reaching the finishing line. Overall, the Cadre was extremely well organised, the level of instruction was excellent and I would like to thank on behalf of my peers everyone involved in making this happen. It was an very demanding and difficult course but extremely rewarding to finish.

Lance Corporal Warren

RWANDA 2006 - 3 YORKS TRAINING TEAM

Friday 21 May 2006, Officers' Mess, Battlesbury Barracks, Warminster: "I hope your vaccinations are up to date Chris, you're going to Rwanda".

So an adventure began. The Battalion had received the opportunity to send a Training Team of one Captain and two Colour-Sergeants to help train 1400 Rwandan soldiers in Peace Support Operation(PSO) prior to their deployment with the African Union (AU) to the Darfur, Sudan.

Like many others, Colour Sergeants Guy Harris and Pete O'Donnell, and I, knew there had been a horrific genocide in and around Rwanda in 1994, but little else of the small African country about the size of Wales. A quick trip to 'Amazon' soon solved this problem and the Dallaire book 'Shake Hands with the Devil' is strongly recommended, should anyone wish to know more about what happened there in the mid 1990s.

(Very Brief Background: Rebel Army (Rwandan Patriotic Front, RPF) based in Uganda, comprising mostly Tutsis and moderate Hutus liberated the country from an extremist Hutu government/faction. During the course of the war approximately 1,000,000 people, including the elderly and new born, were executed in just 100 days. Those executed included mainly Tutsis and some moderate Hutus who went to their aid. Most were killed by the machete of the Interahamwe (a Hutu-based militia with unofficial support from the Government and Army). The West at this time was largely distracted by what was happening in Bosnia-Herzegovina (Gorazde '94) and the World Cup which was happening at that time in the USA.)

The country has made massive progress since those dark days to the extent that it is one of the leading troop contributors to the AU (the African equivalent of the United Nations). Indeed, perhaps as its Armed Forces were created and shaped through conflict their troops are regarded as some of the best in that

region. (The present Rwandan Defence Forces consist of elements from both sets of previous adversaries).

The task of training these soldiers in PSO fell to the British Peace Support Team (Eastern Africa) or rather more simply the BPST. This little-known organisation, based in Nairobi, represents British Military Interests in an area larger than Europe, stretching from Ethiopia through the Sudan to Tanzania. Much of its work is centred on minefield clearance training but it also exports peace support training to worthy 'customers'.

As for our part; we were to be the hired help to assist in running the three-week training programme which took place at Gako Rwandan Military Academy, two hours south of the capital Kigali and close to the border with neighbouring Burundi. It was to be based on the well-practised OPTAG (Operational Training and Advisory Group) model which relies on a 'train the trainer' approach to instruction. This was just as well, as our limited attempts to converse in Kinyarwanda were largely reported as, 'could do better!' Luckily for us the instructors provided spoke either English or French so we were able to get our message across.



Colour Sergeant O'Donnell, Captain Adair and Colour Sergeant Harris in the Vininga Volcanoes upon completion of training.

The training began with a two day Commanders' Cadre for the Officers and Senior Non-Commissioned Officers of the two battalions. These lessons were conducted by British Officers and whilst a number of the students could speak little or no English they would not be convinced to return to the rest of their respective battalions. The reason for this was quite simple; both battalions, including officers, were accommodated in the bush for the entire twenty day period! The durability of all the men during the training was to prove striking. Despite living on the ground (no roll mats), under the stars (no ponchos, just plastic sheets), no water supply (2km walk) and with centrally issued rations mostly of rice, goat and vegetables the soldiers remained enthusiastic and keen to learn. What is more, they were smartly turned out (albeit some in green Wellington boots) right through until the end of training.

The Commanders' Cadre covered issues such as Rules of Engagement, Code of Conduct, a Theatre Brief, Patrolling Skills and Security Issues. Conducted in the Camp Church, these lessons set the tone for the training the Battalions were due to receive. The Dukes (then 3 Yorks!) Training Team were not required to deliver any lessons at this stage. Rather, we attended with the troops to acquaint ourselves a little better with the current situation in Darfur. Colonel Killpatrick and Major Alers-Hanky (both BPST) led these classes and it was a real eye-opener as to what is going on in an area seldom reported on in the British or international media. As with many of the world's trouble spots, there are a number of different parties all pursuing different agendas through a mixture of political and violent means. These include the Government of Sudan, the Janjaaweed (heavily-armed Arab militia) and the Sudanese Liberation Army (itself consisting of several rival factions).

With this background and the benefit of first-hand, bang up-to-date information on AMIS (African Mission in Sudan) in Darfur we were then in a better position to prepare and give lessons to designated Rwandan Instructors. The up-to-date information from Darfur was provided by Cliff, a retired US Special Forces Major who is now one of the American Representatives in the area. He had been approached on one of the recesses and was with us throughout the training period. His contribution was significant, as he told us how troops in the area are currently working and in what areas they need to improve/adapt current practices.

We also conducted syndicate room discussions around this stage. This was a great opportunity to build a rapport with our Rwandan counterparts and provided the basis for our future working relationship. One striking factor that became apparent at this juncture was just how experienced the Rwandan subalterns were. The vast majority had joined the RPF in the early 1990s (some aged only 13) and had then assisted in the invasion of their own country in 1993/4. Similar levels of experience were to be found in both the Senior and Junior NCOs.

The next few days were spent assisting the Rwandan Instructors, converting their presentations into a format and style that they felt comfortable with. Surprisingly,

most opted to maintain the presentations in English rather than convert it into Kinyarwanda before delivering them to the troops preparing for deployment. This included ensuring they could comfortably operate all the IT equipment and ensuring the demonstrations ran smoothly. This was not without its challenges, as on occasions some instructors and/or vehicles failed to materialise as they 'needed a break'! Despite these hiccups they remained keen and all lessons had been thoroughly prepared and rehearsed prior to the first company beginning its four-day training cycle.

After the 'Train The Trainer' period was complete, the British Training Staff had the opportunity to visit Kigali, including the National Genocide Museum. Over 250,000 people are buried at this site alone. We also visited a massacre site, Ntarama Genocide Memorial Church, where many thousands of women and children met their deaths. The altar cloth is still stained red from the blood that swathed the floor and the damage from grenades and bullets can still be clearly seen. Many of the victims are buried in mass graves within the church grounds, with shelf upon shelf of human remains on display to the public. The Genocide Museum reminded us that after the Holocaust the world said 'Never Again', yet Rwanda saw killing at an even more frightening speed than was experienced under Nazi Germany less than one generation later. With plenty to think about, the team returned to Gako, perhaps understanding a little better why Rwandans are so keen to help prevent another genocide happening in Africa.

The training of the seven rifle companies and headquarters elements from both 1 and 14 Battalions started in earnest the next morning. This would involve one All Ranks Briefing Day, two Skills Days (incorporating lessons and demonstrations) and a 24hr confirmatory exercise. First up was A Company of 1 Battalion. It was vital they did not suffer as the first troops through the programme so, whilst they were deep in their Day 1 lessons the, Days 2 and 3 instructors were conducting a practice run through of their own lessons and demonstrations. This was to prove time well spent, as the training ran smoothly from the off.

The Rwandan Instruction Phase started well, with the right troops in the right place at the right time. We even managed to negotiate our way through a power cut mid-morning. Power might seem a side issue when accommodated in tents with an exercise in the field, but when most classroom lessons are power point based, it is critical! Only on one occasion did the Rwandans timekeeping or manner disappoint; normality was, however, soon restored when the Commander suggested that the Kenyans would do better!

This was now what the training was all about: Rwandans instructing Rwandans. The British Staff were still kept busy managing vehicle constraints, ensuring the orders process operated, fault finding on the IT equipment and other small but crucial problems. The confirmatory exercise that concluded each training package was an entirely new concept to many of the Rwandans. This meant British assistance was required to act as Observer Controllers (a job familiar to many 3 Yorks' troops) and generally run the exercise.



Rwandan soldiers demonstrate their new crowd control techniques using British Fig 11 Targets in lieu of shields!

This was, however, time and effort well spent. Company and Battalion Headquarter elements turned up with few ideas or procedures on how an Operations Room should run. By the time they left, however, reporting procedures were generally slick and prompt, logbooks were being kept up to date, maps were clearly marked and the Operations Room was running smoothly. Maintaining an operational Battalion Headquarters was invaluable at this time. Not only did it exercise Battalion Staff Officers (including Intelligence and Operations Officers), but it provided the exercising Company a base to which to report and from which information and missions could be disseminated. The Rwandans were also introduced to the After Action Review procedure at this time. Each patrol was debriefed by a Rwandan Instructor and the Company Commander was taken through every incident in detail by the Chief of Staff when he had finished his Company Exercise. The respective Battalion Commanders sat in on many of these debriefs to ensure lessons learnt were shared across the spectrum.

Whilst in some respects the Rwandans' kit and equipment may be poor when set against ours; their helicopters were impressive. Two Mi-17s provided support throughout the training and gave a real edge to the Confirmatory Exercise in particular. These versatile airframes from Ukraine can carry up to 35 soldiers or be used as a weapons platform. One of these aircraft was primarily used as a background activity and many Rwandan soldiers experienced their first taste of flight during these lessons. More importantly than that, however, they had the chance to practise embarkation and disembarkation drills that will be well tested in Darfur.

The three weeks in Rwanda were not all hard work though. We managed a dinner-night around a bonfire (in suits) on the Queen's Official Birthday and were entertained in the Officers' Mess on a number of occasions. On one such evening we were privy to a visit of a Rwandan cultural group who entertained us with their special African form of dance and song. It was fantastic. Equally important was that the Mess was not as mosquito infested as our camp and that the Rwandans were watching all the World Cup matches that mattered!

The seven companies duly completed their training and, as lessons were passed from one commander to another and also through Battalion HQ, we definitely witnessed a marked improvement in performance. C Company, 14 Battalion were the last through the Confirmatory Exercise and as such were visited by the Rwandan Chief of Staff (senior soldier) and the British Ambassador, Jeremy Macadie. This visit proved a fitting finale to the training and the Rwandans put on quite a spread. We were all kindly presented with a selection of Rwandan tea and coffee and a plaque which now hangs proudly in 3 Yorks Battalion HQ.

Whilst the training was a fantastic experience, what followed was even more memorable. We travelled deep into the

Vininga Volcano Region on the border with the Democratic Republic of Congo to see the Mountain Gorillas. As seen in the film *Gorillas in the Mist* these magnificent creatures live solely in Central Africa and left us all in awe. There are few animals on earth as strong as a mountain gorilla, or as fragile. We bore witness to baby gorillas swinging on vines, were 'charged' by a young female and saw the mighty silverback from frighteningly close proximity. It is a credit to the Rwandans how well the Gorilla Conservation Programme is run. We left the area after our time there feeling truly privileged to have seen something not many people in the UK will ever experience.



This brought a fantastic three weeks to a memorable conclusion. None of us will ever forget the time we spent in the Great Lakes area of Africa. Whilst individually we experienced sights and sounds we might otherwise never sample, this trip was not taken for selfish reasons; rather it was to assist the Rwandans. This aim was achieved and the Rwandan Army, a battle hardened force, received good, demanding Peace Support Training in a similar manner to that our own troops experience prior to deployments. I am confident they have benefited from the training and are now in a good position to be a stabilising influence in a very unpredictable area of the world. What is more, they are now equipped and have the instructors to conduct their own pre-deployment training in the future. We wish them luck on what will be a demanding six months in Sudan and will certainly follow their progress, and that of the AU, closely in the news and the international press.

Captain Christopher Adair, OC Mortars

YORKSHIRE WARRIOR - 76 DAYS AT SEA : FORTUNE FAVOURS THE BRAVE

In February 2005 I wrote to the Battalion whilst they were in Iraq trying to drum up support for a little idea that I had brewing. Yorkshire Warrior, as it came to be known, would be a Dukes' team to participate in the first Trans-Atlantic Rowing Race from New York to Falmouth and covering some 3,000 nautical miles completely unsupported. Considering the longest I had ever spent at sea was the overnight ferry between Holland and Hull during the fire strikes, why I ever decided to embark on this endeavour is a mystery.

With potential for disaster considerable, why the hierarchy decided to back the idea of four soldiers with no rowing experience between them is also unknown. The timing of the event was however critical. We would not only be raising money for the Army Benevolent Fund but the departure date was 10 June 2006, four days after the formation of our new Regiment. What a great way to promote the Yorkshire Regiment and make a mark for the 3rd Battalion!

I won't bore you with all the boat statistics and financial breakdown. Suffice to say, four Dukes, after a lot of hard work, training and manic preparation, found themselves in New York where the enormity of the event quickly began to sink in. Unfortunately there were only three other teams who made it to the start line. Team Hanson: all American college rowers with an average height of 6'5", who had been living and training together for the past eighteen months. Team Hesco: Engineer Commandos who had a budget of about £120,000. Team Sevenoaks: a civilian team with a similar budget. Then there were the four Dukes: Captains Mick Cataldo and Paul Tetlow, along with Lance Corporals Andrew Unwin and Carl Powell - with their boat the Yorkshire Warrior.

We were somewhat the rogue team in New York. We had been the last to register in the race and had a measly budget in comparison to our rivals. Our boat had been prepared with whatever equipment we could manage to beg, borrow or steal from the system and it was laden with Army rations and Snickers chocolate bars. There had been little point going to a nutritionist beforehand as we would never have been able to afford what he would have suggested anyway. While other teams were living it up in posh hotels or apartments, 'us' Dukes

were in the Soldiers, Sailors, Marines and Airmen's (SSMA) Club at \$25 per night. This was like a halfway house for Vietnam veterans and vagabonds, but they made us feel at home.

Ten days had been spent preparing and packing the boat, as well as attending safety and navigational briefs, before we found ourselves on the start line. Four boats were bobbing on the Hudson River between New York City and the Statue of Liberty waiting for the horn to blow and mark the start of the race. With all the helicopters, spectators and media crews about, it was only at this point that I realized what sort of pressure we were under and prayed we would be more successful than the recent Army Everest attempt.

Then at 1100hrs local we were off, and like a bat out of hell we flew down the Hudson and out towards the sea. At this pace, observers probably thought we were only racing to the other side of the river but we were keen to stamp our prowess on the other teams. The Armada of boats, television crews and helicopters slowly dispersed as the river widened and quickly became the Atlantic. Second place already! We felt strong, nothing was going to stop us and then ... we were starting to take on water! Six hours into a 3,000 mile race and the boat was starting to flood! We stopped in the choppy seas and started to bail as Hesco and Sevenoaks smugly overtook us. We addressed the problem as best we could, but it quickly became apparent that the hatches we had fitted on the deck of the boat were not as 'waterproof' as they claimed to be. We did the right thing, as we later discovered that Sevenoaks were having the same problem but decided to ignore it. That night they became completely flooded, got caught side-on to the ever-increasing waves and snapped their dagger board. They had to get rescued having spent less than 24 hours at sea. We wouldn't dare return to the Battalion if that had been us.

By early morning the weather had settled and we adapted to our new life aboard our tiny boat. We rowed two hours on and two hours off, rotating rowing partners and sleeping hatches every 48 hours. The old saying "a change is as good as a rest" is a barefaced lie, but at least we could have inane chat with someone else every two days. With these rotations, days quickly blur into one and other and I found that time and dates meant very little, while events were what dictated the days and weeks.

One event worth mentioning is Hurricane Alberto. The days preceding our baptism were eerily calm and progress was good. Then on day six we got a text from Paul's father informing us of the inbound tropical storm that was shooting up the east coast. We continued to row, almost choosing to ignore what was coming, not that any of us really knew what to expect or how our little red boat would cope. By the afternoon we could feel the warm wind increasing and by dusk we could no longer row, as the wind and waves were making progress impossible.



In New York, before the start.

We deployed the parachute anchor (a large silk parachute that fixes the boat in the water) and tied everything down before getting into the two hatches. Things got pretty scary and that's saying something coming from the hardest man I know (me). With no sailing experience this felt like the most unnatural place to be and I felt sick to my stomach as we were being thrown around in the hatches. At times the boat seemed to leave the water and then come slamming down with an almighty thud. What made it worse was the torrential rain and pitch darkness that was so disorientating and hid any giant wave that was inbound. Paul would occasionally venture on deck to bail some of the hatches, but this was a futile task and we all eventually returned to the hatch to sit out the storm.

At around 0500, when the light was starting to return, we were alerted by an almighty and repetitive smashing sound. The parachute anchor had become wrapped around a lobster pot that was identified by a ten foot pole with a steel radar reflector on top. This metallic club was now smashing the front cabin in time with the forty foot waves. The navigation light had been snapped and it was clear that the front solar panel would not last a battering like that. Paul and I left the hatches and for the next two hours battled to free the boat from our possessed assailant. We tried a variety of ideas, but eventually all that was left was to deflate the life jacket, enter the water and cut the line of the buoy. We were left to drift once again on our parachute anchor and quickly set about trying to repair what damage had been done.

Luckily tropical storms, though intense and aggressive, don't last long. The storm soon died and though I hated every minute of it, we gained a great amount of experience and faith in our boat. Unfortunately three British yachtsmen died in Hurricane Alberto and, though we would never underestimate the sea, we felt we could now deal with whatever might be thrown at us.

There are countless stories to recall over the next ten weeks but it would probably make for a long and dull article. Like an operational tour, it's 90% boredom and 10% exciting, but it's that 10% that you generally remember. The wildlife was amazing and we soon got blasé at seeing dolphins and whales, which would happily come to within feet of the boat and were generally as inquisitive as us. We had a very narrow miss with an industrial arctic liner, were harassed by the Canadian Coast Guard, were offered supplies by the Irish Navy (which we declined) and managed to reach a top speed of 17.6 knots whilst surfing down waves as big as houses. But on a day-to-day basis our existence was monotonous. The view never changes and we could go days at a time without seeing anything.

The biggest frustration was by far and away the weather, which dictated our lives. Imagine not being able to go anywhere because there is a 5 knot breeze against you. It seemed that the gods were conspiring against us and all those warm south-westerly winds that were supposed to blow us towards the UK, and are expected in the summer months, were replaced with miserable northerlies that pushed us south and delayed our progress constantly. At times rowing was futile and so all there was to do was to deploy the parachute anchor and wait for the wind to change. You may think this was

an opportunity to rest, but after sixty days at sea we just desperately wanted to get home. Lying in our coffin-like hatches was torture and we started to develop irrational and ridiculous ideas, like rowing with the winds to Spain.

The last third of the row was by far the most frustrating, as some days we could cover fifty nautical miles and the next we were static. Our satellite phone had died on day 49, which was a blow to morale and meant our only contact with the outside world was by relaying messages via passing ships - quite frustrating trying to tell loved ones how much you miss them whilst talking through a Ukrainian fisherman. Almost a third of our rations had been contaminated with salt water and so had to be dumped. This meant our daily ration allowance was constantly being reduced as we got more and more delayed due to the weather. As a keen eater, this was torture and we were all in a constant state of hunger. I kept reminding myself that British POWs in South East Asia had managed to work harder on less, but this did little to relieve the stomach cramps and food fantasies. To make matters worse our water maker then broke, four days from the end. We then had to ration our water and live off emergency boil-in-the-bag food and soggy chocolate bars.

Eventually on the morning of 24 August 2006 we crossed the finish line and what an anti-climax! There were no flags, lines or distinguishing features, not even a boat to cheer us in. We just watched the GPS as we crossed an imaginary line, parallel with the Isles of Scilly, that marks the end of the Ocean and the most westerly point of the British Isles. I turned to Paul and asked what now? "That's it!" he said, quite indifferently. "Well I'm damned if I'm rowing any more!" and I threw the oars down in utter relief. It had taken us 75 days, 17 hours and 22 minutes, but we had rowed the North Atlantic.

We opted to get towed the remaining seventy miles to Falmouth, seeing as we had achieved what we had set out to do and were running drastically low on food and water. We waited on the parachute anchor and were eventually met by a boat that would tow us in. They handed over some provisions that we had requested and we sat back and gorged ourselves on smoothies and muffins as we got towed towards land.

After twelve hours we reached the harbour entrance at 0400 and decided to sit offshore until daybreak. This gave us the chance to sort the boat out and allowed family and friends to be at the docks when we arrived. After our last few hours' sleep on the boat we started to row the last couple of miles to Falmouth. Unfortunately we were rowing head on into the wind and calculated that the last mile would take almost two hours. We did the sensible thing and accepted a tow from a rib. Every passing boat cheered us and it was quite moving as we came into sight of the marina where all our supporters had gathered, were unclipped and rowed the final stages to dry land. We were greeted by family and friends, as well as a good turn out from the Battalion, but must have been comical to watch as four emaciated Robinson Crusoe look-alikes staggered onto land. No doubt to the RSM's irritation, we had grown impressive beards and were incapable of walking, having spent eleven weeks at sea.



Arrival in Falmouth.

Back in the Battalion things quickly returned to normal and the blurred event already seems very distant. We have set about enjoying all the things we desperately missed, and I for one haven't spent much time thinking about it. There was nothing special about the final team and, though hard at times, I would like to think that any 'Duke' would have risen to the challenge and come out a stronger soldier at the other side. Without being clichéd, one learns a great deal about oneself in such an environment and a lot of these experiences can be applied to soldiering. Though I am glad I have done it, I can firmly say that it was a ONCE in a lifetime experience! This is one 'fish' that belongs firmly on land.

I would also like to take the opportunity to thank all involved. Not only to the hierarchy that believed and supported such a ludicrous proposal in the beginning, but to every 'Duke' that covered a guard duty, booked our transport, moved the boat, donated money, or just encouraged us, thank you! Without your help and support Yorkshire Warrior would not have been possible.

Captain M. Cataldo

THE STORY OF THE CADET FORCE IN HUDDERSFIELD

by John Howarth

For a great many years, I have been an avid reader of the Iron Duke, but regrettably, have never seen a definitive history of the Army Cadet Force. At long last I have compiled a story which will probably fill a void, and at the same time, spell out just how important the ACF has been, and still is, a very valuable arm of our Regular and Reserve forces.

The Cadet unit in Huddersfield can justly take pride in being the second oldest open unit in the whole of England.

It is popularly believed that a lady by the name of Octavia Hill, who to this day is still recognised as a famous reformer, along with a few other brave hearts, was responsible for encouraging the youth of the day to leave the streets and form into groups whose training followed a military bias. That first organisation being of course The Boys' Brigade.

Within a few years of the formation of The Boys' Brigade, a splinter group, who recognised the need for a more formal and disciplined set up, split away and formed a junior section of the London Rifle Brigade, this in turn gave rise to a few public schools forming Cadet Units. In 1862, Colour Sergeant Thomas Marshall Tolson, of the Huddersfield Rifle Volunteers, raised a unit of thirty boys in what was then known as the Gymnasium which was, and still is, situated in Ramsden Street, Huddersfield, next door to the Armoury. From that day there has been a continuous history of Army Cadets in Huddersfield.

In 1859, as a result of much lobbying and a new threat from France, the Secretary of State had written to all Lord Lieutenants to ask them to form a Volunteer

Corps and, as has always been the case, when the men of the nation have donned uniform, younger men and boys have had the desire to follow suit, so it can safely be claimed that this event was the start of everything which came afterwards for the ACF.

In August 1862, the Cadets, accompanied by Colour Sergeant Tolson, attended a vast Military Review in Doncaster, when there were some 3,500 Volunteers on parade. In September of the same year a local parade was held in Springwood Park, Huddersfield. On that occasion the troops on parade numbered 1,337, and by then there were 65 Cadets on parade. Also in 1862 the Volunteers and Cadets moved into the new Drill Hall and Armoury in Ramsden Street, Huddersfield, which was on the site of the present day market.

Doncaster in those days must have been a very important administrative centre because in 1864 the Cadets once more paraded along with their parent unit, and on that occasion there were 7,800 troops present. The local Cadet unit consisted of one officer, one sergeant, twenty-five band and sixty cadets.

Also in 1864, a military band concert was held in the town to provide uniforms and equipment for a Fife and Drum Band of Cadets. In those days uniform was not issued free but had to be purchased by the Cadets' parents and consisted of red jackets, grey trousers, black boots and a black pillbox hat. They were also issued arms to a strength of 25% with a mixture of Long Enfields and Martini Enfields; the latter were originally Martini Henry .45 which had been converted to .303. In the same year Colour Sergeant Tolson retired and the Cadets were taken over by a gentleman called Mr F. K. Crook, of whom little is known.

Ample reference to Cadets can be found in Volunteer Regulations dated 1862 onwards when Article 279 stated that the Cadet should be at least 13 and no more than 17 years of age. The same regulation stated that they were to wear the uniform of their parent Regiment.

To point out the continuity twixt those early days and today, the badge which was awarded to indicate a boy's proficiency was a four-pointed star worn above the chevrons, just as they are today. Similarly, the musketry badge was a single horizontal rifle with stars above to denote the grade attained by the Cadet, just as they are today. In 1899, the Cadet Force Officers were awarded a commission, but a ceiling of captain was the limit.

In was not until about 1910 that the Cadet Force in Huddersfield became affiliated to a regular unit of our standing army, and it was our good fortune that they proudly wore the badge of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. From that day forward there have been Dukes' Cadets in Huddersfield without a single break, it can therefore be rightly claimed that the Cadet Force are the true ambassadors of the Regiment in the town. Naturally, wherever the Regiment have recruited so have the Cadets; hence our association with towns like Mirfield, Heckmondwike, Keighley, Skipton, Halifax, and the Colne and Holme Valley of Huddersfield. Nor forgetting, of course, our past association with Mossley which is now in Greater Manchester.

In its early days, the Cadet Corps was chiefly intended to produce recruits for the Volunteer Battalions, but in the 1880s it was decided to use the Corps also as a youth movement, whereby boys would be rescued from the evils associated with poor social and working conditions. Consequently, a number of independent Cadet Battalions were formed throughout the country which were self-administered, and combined social rescue work with military training. In 1910 the Cadets in Huddersfield moved from the Armoury into the new Drill Hall at St. Paul's Street, where it remains to this day.

The conversion of the Volunteer Force into the Territorial Force in 1908 by Lord Haldane affected the Cadet Corps. By 1910 universities and public schools were asked to furnish an Officers' Training Corps (OTC), whilst the remainder of the Cadet units were to comprise 'closed' units for secondary schools and 'open' units for working lads. At this stage the term 'Cadet Force' came into the general terminology and the force was administered by the new Territorial Forces' Association.

The movement grew at a steady rate until, in 1923, the War Office ceased to administer the Cadet Force and numbers declined. However, a greater blow was struck in 1930, when official recognition of the force and all finances were withdrawn. Into the breach stepped a voluntary body which went by the title of the British National Cadet Association and was raised specifically to run the Cadet Force. In spite of these setbacks, a few devoted people kept the force in being and the West Riding of Yorkshire was one of the survivors. Better news arrived in 1932 when recognition was restored, and in 1936 all services and grants were again given by the War Office.

The outbreak of the Second World War in 1939 brought about a resurgence of the Cadets and a general expansion began. By this time the regulating body was known as the British National Cadet Association, later to be renamed the Army Cadet Association. It was also at this time that the War Office took up the reins, equipment and grants were once again restored, and the free issue of uniform was introduced.

In spite of wartime conditions, our county held both annual and weekend camps, with lots of interesting attractions. From time to time the Cadets were asked to assist the Home Guard and their parent unit. In the years since the end of the war, the ACF has been fully accepted as an integral part of the youth service of this country, and rejoices in the fact that HRH the Duke of Edinburgh is its Colonel-in-Chief. There is also a much closer association between the parent TA unit and its regular regiment of which, at the time of writing, they wear the titles and insignia.

My own involvement with the ACF started in 1942, when, at the age of 14, I was permitted to join and receive my uniform, these were my first long trousers. My eagerness was more acute because it meant that I would be joining my elder brother and friends who were older than me. It also meant that at long last I would get my hands on a weapon that fired more than pellets, in fact we had a few Mossberg .22 rifles to actually shoot with. Note: the drill rifles with which we were issued where the self-same Martini Enfield weapons issued many years before; curiously, they all bore the indented stamp on the butt declaring 'For God and Ulster'.

Our first Detachment Commander was Captain Albert Roberts, he was our Headmaster and a World War One veteran to boot. Suffice to say, when he gave an order it was obeyed with alacrity, and woe betide anyone who dared to disobey his word. I must point out that he was a gentleman in title and manner.

We were very lucky in that shooting was actively encouraged, and to facilitate the activity we were blessed with two full bore and one miniature range set up on the tennis court of a local country house.

Of course we were just a very small detachment, some 45 strong, in what was a very large Battalion, based at the Drill Hall in Huddersfield. A Battalion that reached from Mossley in the west to Mirfield in the east, with a total of eight detachments. The Battalion was commanded by Major Joseph 'dress me for battle' Walker, he was quite a firebrand but at the same time a gentleman, and also a World War One veteran. He in turn was succeeded by Major F. W. Fielding, Major W. H. Briggs, Captain R. R. Robinson, Captain J. Howarth.

My very first annual camp, in 1942, was an horrific experience, probably the worst camp that was ever organised. Some 900 young boys slept and ate under canvas and the messing arrangements were archaic to say the least, suffice to say that almost half of those who attended, both cadet and adult, ended the week with food poisoning, and the second week planned for the other half of the county never took place.

In contrast, annual camp the following year, at Stanley Park in Blackpool, was probably the biggest and best ever organised.



Huddersfield Cadet Shooting Team with Major 'dress me for battle' Walker. Circa 1942.

The event was put together by regular and reserve troops of all three services and the camp was open to cadets who could afford the fee charged for catering. Everything had been done for our comfort, training and recreation. There was a particularly excellent exhibition of boxing given by a father and son team of heavy-weight boxers; they were Jack London and his son Brian, this was most enjoyable.

The majority of the remainder of the week was devoted to perfecting the major event planned for the final Saturday. It was to be a very large youth parade starting at Blackpool's South Shore and parading the length of the promenade all the way back to Stanley Park. A Drill Sergeant from the Coldstream Guards, accompanied by a smattering of tough-looking Corporals, duly took us in hand and commenced to "put a rod in our back and some swank in our step", a task which must have been a major challenge even for this professional bunch of NCOs.

At this point I ask the reader to bear in mind that these heroic Guardsmen not only had the task of whipping the Cadets into shape, but they were also given the task of making our Officers and adult instructors look like something related to a military organisation. Add to this the fact that there were some fifteen Cadet Bands to be taught to play and march in a military fashion, and to march in step as well.

However, the Saturday of the great parade dawned bright and clear. We were bussed to the South Shore area and duly formed up as required by military precedence; there were also Naval and Air Cadets in camp bringing the parade total to some 1,500 persons. Just imagine for a moment the sight of all those Cadets marching, some in step, along the length of Blackpool Promenade to the sound of pounding feet, old fashioned ammunition boots being the order of the day; you know the ones, with the thirteen studs and the steel heel plates. To top it all, we have all those bands equally spaced

along the parade blasting the air of Lancashire's largest seaside resort. The loud music from the sideshows did not even stand a chance.

By the time I was discharged from the ACF I had achieved my Sergeants' chevrons, assuring a smooth transition from Cadet to National Service Soldier, of which I have written in a previous issue of the Iron Duke (*Issue 260 of Spring 2006. Ed.*)

Following my National Service I took a short break from the khaki uniform, but within a couple of years I was back with a vengeance running two Cadet Force detachments, one in my own village and the other just over the hill in the Holme Valley, at Thongsbridge, Holmfirth. From there I was to transfer to Cadet HQ at St. Paul's Street Drill Hall, Huddersfield, as their Training Officer. This led in time to my being appointed Detachment Commander and, much later, promoted to Major. This latest promotion meant I was involved in the smooth-running of nine detachments, stretching from Mosley to Skipton. A rather large, mainly rural geographical area, but of course it did include Huddersfield and Halifax.

My last appointment with the ACF, which had been such a large and time-consuming part of my adult life, was at County Headquarters, Strensall, York, where I had reached the very lofty rank of Lieutenant Colonel. I was responsible for the County Training of Citizenship; Duke of Edinburgh's Award Training and Adventure Training. This was a particularly pleasant time since I was directly involved with two other ex-Dukes' Officers who were employed by the Cadet Force at Strensall, they were Majors Roger Sugden and Derek Roberts.

Unfortunately, due to ill health, I was obliged to resign my commission in January 1982.

As the reader will readily realise, during my long span of time with the ACF, thousands of young boys and, for that matter, lots of adults, both instructor and Officer have passed through my command on their way

to becoming one of three things: Adult Senior Rank, Officer or Civilian. To this day I have great pride in hearing of their successes and, only occasionally, of hard times. Without exception, each of these individuals insist that, for them, the Cadet Force made a lasting impression which taught them self-discipline and pride.

Perhaps, of all the young men with whom I had contact, I can single out one person in particular. Long ago he was one of my very young Cadets who, besides being an eager learner, was also a key member of my Drum and Bugle Band. At the age of eighteen he took the wise decision to become an Adult Instructor and, in time, a Junior Officer in the ACF. He has followed, almost step by step, my own progress in the Army Cadet Force; he also has recently been appointed to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel and transferred to County Headquarters. I am particularly proud of this young man for having given back to the Cadet Force much more than the Cadet Force gave to him, his name is Lieutenant Colonel Peter Cole.

So to close, I say to everyone, both Cadet and adult, whom I met during my forty years of association with the Cadet Force, thank you for your company and thank you for some wonderful memories and lasting friends.



We congratulate Major Barry Johnson on his award of The Lord Lieutenant's Certificate for exceptional service to the ACF from Lord Gatherer, HM Lord Lieutenant for North Yorkshire.

H.M.S. IRON DUKE DEPLOYS WEST

19 June 2006 was an emotional day for both Ship's Company and the many friends and family who adorned the Round Tower at Portsmouth to watch the ship set sail. For many, this can be the hardest and often most emotional time either they or their family are likely to experience during a ship's deployment. The sudden reality of a long separation is unexpected for those on

their first trip but even a seasoned sailor can be caught unawares, suddenly feeling a tear in the eye, as he catches sight of a loved one, or their small child, waving from the tower. It takes a few days for a crew to adjust and settle into the task at hand, but whatever the next six months brings to the crew onboard Iron Duke, those at home can be sure that all will do them proud.



Families wave from the Round Tower, Old Portsmouth, as the Ship deploys.

HMS Iron Duke visits Bermuda

Ten days from departing home waters HMS Iron Duke arrived for a four-day informal visit in Hamilton, the capital of Bermuda. Situated towards the western side of the Atlantic, some 5,500 miles from Portsmouth and 570 miles from the coast of America, the island of Bermuda forms part of a curving archipelago of some 150 islands surrounded by a natural reef, which provided an ideal opportunity for several of the Ship's Company to experience some extraordinary diving. Bermuda is one of the oldest self-governing British Colonies and it came as no surprise to the Ship's Company that almost 15% of the 57,000 population on the island are British ex-patriots.

As with the majority of stops during a deployment, Iron Duke hosted a number of dignitaries and other guests at a reception, held on the Ship's flight deck, allowing Iron Duke to 'show herself off' whilst at the same time representing Britain in her Diplomatic role, often hosting high-ranking officials and even Royalty. The reception is also an ideal opportunity for the crew to find out more about the people, the culture and the place the ship is visiting. As part of the reception, Iron Duke's guard, made up of volunteers from the Ship's Company, are called upon to perform Ceremonial Sunset to conclude the evening's proceedings. Normally the ship is berthed in such a way that the ceremony is performed outside the eye of the general public, but in Bermuda, with the ship berthed alongside Hamilton's main high street, Iron Duke's guard gave a faultless performance in front of her guests, dignitaries and the small group gathered outside the main gate.

Disaster Relief Exercise - Bermudan style

During the informal visit to Bermuda the ship was invited to participate in Bermuda's hurricane relief exercises, working closely with the Bermudan Defence Force (BDF). Due to the island's remote location, some 600 miles from the American coast, the people of Bermuda must be prepared to cope with any type of disaster. This extensive annual exercise involves all areas of the island's emergency services, who, working closely together with the BDF, ensure that the island is able to respond quickly to any adversity.

Iron Duke's contribution was to assist the BDF Boat Regiment, searching for a missing vessel with a young family aboard. Having quickly located the boat it became apparent that a member of the crew had fallen overboard, allowing Iron Duke's team to show the BDF the capability of the Xeres navigation equipment fitted to their boat. Establishing a search pattern, it wasn't long before the missing crew member was located by Iron Duke's team and safely retrieved. With vessel and family safely returned to shore, attention was turned to the provision of firefighting equipment to a blaze that had occurred on a remote part of the island. Many areas are not accessible by road; therefore a close liaison between the BDF Regiment and all the island's emergency services is essential to get equipment and men to the incident. The exercise and 'unity' of the island services was impressive to witness and a great insight into the problems Iron Duke may face if disaster relief duties are required during this deployment.

HMS Iron Duke in Key West

HMS Iron Duke's visit to Key West, southern Florida, marked the ship's commencement of current operations in this part of the world, working in conjunction with other nations, the Joint Interagency Task Force and US Coastguard, conducting counter drug operations in the region. In addition, the ship will be on hand to assist with humanitarian or disaster relief to the British overseas territories within the region, as requested, during this year's hurricane season. With the sea temperatures currently warmer than previous years, it could be a busy season for tropical storms and for Iron Duke and her crew.

The briefings, being held daily over the five day stop, gave key members of the Ship's Company the opportunity to meet with their opposite number and discuss the latest operations, whilst becoming fully conversant with the latest intelligence information that would enable them to plan for the months ahead. The ship's official reception, held onboard on the first evening, served as a prelude to the forthcoming briefings and also allowed Iron Duke's Commanding Officer, Commander Andy Jordan the opportunity to meet and exchange ship's crests with the Director of Operations, Admiral Jeffery Hathaway of the US Coastguard. For those not involved in briefings, Key West and its laid-back way of life was a welcome and relaxing break, allowing opportunities for diving and snorkeling in the crystal clear tropical waters.

HMS Iron Duke has a Ministerial Seal in Curacao

The Prime Minister of the Netherlands Antilles, Mrs Emily Saïdy de Jongh-Elhage, was the guest of honour at Iron Duke's official reception held on 22 July, commencing the start of a three day visit to the Dutch Antilles island of Curacao. It is believed that Iron Duke was the first British warship to be visited by a serving Curacao Premier for a number of years, and was a great honour for the ship and Ship's Company.

Taking the salute at the Ship's Ceremonial Sunset alongside Mrs de Jongh-Elhage and Commander Jordan, was Flag Officer Netherlands Forces to the Caribbean and Director of the Coastguard for the Netherlands Antilles and Aruba, Commodore Frank Sijtsma, of the Royal Netherlands Navy.

All change as 'Chris' and 'Ernesto' head for land

The end of July saw the programme dynamically change for Iron Duke and RFA Wave Ruler, as they were put on alert to assist the British Territory, the Turks and Caicos Island as tropical storm 'Chris' and hurricane 'Ernesto' headed for land. Both ships changed course and headed north to follow the storm, keeping just enough distance so as not to be affected by the 75mph winds. Even from 100 miles, the effects of the storm could be seen from the bridge of Iron Duke as a sensational electrical storm lit up the night sky. Within two days it was clear that the storm would pass directly over the islands and Iron Duke's crew prepared to offer assistance. Recovery and medical supplies were made ready, along with stores and supplies for the heavy and light rescue teams.



Replenishment at Sea (RAS). RFA Wave Ruler with HMS Iron Duke.

However, within 24 hours, the destructive effect of the storm had dissipated and ferocity greatly reduced, showing how unpredictable these types of storms can be and allowing both ships to stand down from Disaster Relief and return to normal patrol duties.

Likewise, during August, as the ship was conducting maintenance in Barbados, a tropical depression passed over which, once in the Caribbean basin, developed into a category one hurricane and threatened Jamaica and the Cayman Islands. Thankfully the course of the hurricane veered and reverted to a tropical storm, but the UK Task Group were ready to offer assistance once again. Several more are forecast for the season.

With the extra miles clocked up chasing the storm, and a planned visit delayed, fuel levels within Iron Duke were running low and the ship took the opportunity to make the most of her close proximity to RFA Wave Ruler and carry out Replenishment at Sea.

And finally ...

The crew of Iron Duke are used to seeing the occasional uninvited guest on the decks, but the arrival of a pelican fledgling is possibly a first. Often birds will stop and rest as they cross open waters, but usually their visit is restricted to a couple of hours before they take flight and go on their way. This youngster, first sighted perched on the flight deck nets, was seen over a period of a couple of days by numerous members of the crew and in all sorts of places dotted around the upper deck, at one point being spotted sleeping in a cozy little corner, right at the front of the ship. When first spotted, the ship was over a hundred miles away from land. Whether it was blown off course by tropical storm 'Chris', had lost its way or was simply taking a well-deserved rest whilst transiting this large stretch of water, is uncertain. It was, however, the talk of the Ship's Company for some days and made an interesting change to the view of open seas.

THE TERRITORIALS OF YESTERYEAR

THE WARTIME MEMORIES OF JACK ROBINSON (who was originally a member of 5 DWR)

We conclude Jack Robinson's tale, which we left on page 26 of Issue No 260 of Spring 2006

After about a month the Colonel came to tell me that there was a chance of promotion, the Warrant Officer of the 6th Assault Regiment had been wounded and I could have his job, so I went and joined the LAD attached to that regiment, 79th Division. I was sorry to leave the workshop because it meant leaving chaps that I had become very friendly with, most of all Bob and Barney, I had worked with them for so long. Being with the LAD meant that I was with fighting tanks and I had some very exciting times. Our unit helped with the freeing of the Channel ports - Le Havre, Boulogne and the guns near Calais which were used to shell Dover and Folkstone. These guns were in deep concrete bunkers

underground, the RAF had tried to put them out of action but all they had done was bomb above and around the bunker making the area impossible for tanks. One of our armoured bulldozers was sent to try and make a road so the tanks could go and attack the guns. It did not get far before it was damaged with a mine. I went with the recovery team and it took us a day and a half to get it out of the minefield. Eventually, they were able to get a Churchill flame-thrower tank up near to the bunker but it lost its trailer due to the rough terrain, and the tank itself went over a drop of about eight feet and landed up against the bunker door, the Germans soon surrendered.

Our next post was Ostend where we were supposed to rest, but a lot of the chaps spent the time lifting German mines from the seashore. Not a pleasant task because most were rusty and unsafe. From Ostend we went to a place a few miles from Breskens to prepare for the invasion of Walcheren, it was here that one of our squadrons had a terrible disaster. The tanks were being loaded with explosives, when four or five trucks (they did not know how many because they disappeared in the explosion) loaded with liquid explosive, either hit a mine or were hit by a shell and exploded, causing the explosives in the tanks to detonate and blow them up. I got there just after it had happened, it was very difficult to distinguish which had been men and which had been pigs from the farm, it was the worst sight of the war. I was pleased when I got a call to go to Blankenberge and get away from that place.

At Blankenberge they were getting ready for the attack on Walcheren and all the tanks and vehicles were having to be waterproofed. The crane had been broken trying to lift the armour off a bulldozer without removing all the bolts, so we repaired the crane and helped with the waterproofing of the tanks. When we had finished we were told we had to go with them to Walcheren. We got our orders and we were moving off at five o'clock the next morning. I had just got to sleep when I was awakened by another WO who said he was taking my place so would I give him my instructions, which I was glad to do because I knew it was going to be a rough sea crossing in a tank landing craft. I was right, he told me later how sick he had been.

I rejoined my unit and eventually arrived in Weert where I met the Kraus family, we were there for a rest and refitting the tanks. We were billeted in houses and one day a young chap stopped me and asked if I would live in their house because his father and mother were Germans and had come to Weert after the First World War. They had started a brewery but when the Germans came into Holland in 1940 none of the Dutch people would have anything to do with them. The boy's name was Franz (after the war he became a manager for Skol brewery), he thought that if an English soldier stayed at their house the people of Weert would be friends with them again. I accepted, so Mala, his sister, moved out of her bedroom to live with Harry's family and I moved in. I was there for about a week and then we moved up to Maasbrec.

I was with a recovery tank and when the fighting was over I moved the tank to the side of a large house for the night. The owner came out and asked me to move it as he thought it would attract German guns. I said it was okay as it was out of sight, so he asked us in for a drink. He said they had no food but he had some gin. We had plenty of food so we soon had a party going. The family were Mr and Mrs Peeters, Truis, Tini, Jan, Gerrard and two more sons, so with the three of us as well we were soon emptying the gin bottles, but every time a bottle was empty Mr Peeters went into the garden and dug another one up.

We were in Maasbrec for about three days and one day when we were away recovering damaged tanks the Germans put a shell through the roof of the house, luckily we had some spare tarpaulin which we gave

them. Before we left Mr Peeters told me that the Germans had made everyone hand in their gold and silver coins and it was a very serious crime to have any, but he had kept a gold coin in defiance and when we were leaving he gave it to me. After the war I had it mounted and Lillian, my wife, has it on a gold chain. Just before we left, Truis asked me if I could get a letter to her boyfriend, Harry, in Eindhoven. As one of our hospitals was there I managed to get the letter to him, he was so pleased to receive it that he had me drinking some very old gin. After a few drinks I lent him my hat and coat and took him in the jeep to Maasbrec to see Truis.

We made our way to Xanten via Nijmegen, Kleve and Goch to prepare to cross the Rhein. Our unit moved to Tac HQ to a large farmhouse near Kevelaen and whilst I was on my way with the recovery truck the HQ got shelled. As we were heading towards the farm we saw one of our officers, he was shell-shocked, all he could say was "they have all been killed". We went into the farm, the shelling had stopped, but what a mess. A few had been killed and many had been wounded. Those who had not been hurt were busy throwing stuff out of the trucks and loading them with the wounded to take them to the field hospital. A WO and I had a 15cwt truck that we had made into a kind of caravan. We kept our bits and pieces in it and one thing I had was a beautiful doll which I had carried about for months hoping I would be able to get it home to Pat, my daughter. Someone had thrown out the doll and it had been broken, so I was very upset for the lads and disappointed about the doll.

An amusing thing happened at a place called Goch, there was some very heavy fighting going on and we were in a cellar. There was a factory on fire, a chap came into the cellar and said that bed mattresses were made there, so we left the cellar and rescued a single mattress each, mine came in very handy for the caravan.

From Xanten we crossed the Rhein and eventually reached Hamburg, then we went to Laurenburg about 25 miles away and that was the last action I was in, it was 29 April 1945. We then moved to Luneburg and were there when the war ended.

When I was at Maasbrec, the Peeters family told me that their son Gerrard was studying to be a vet, but the Germans had taken his typewriter and destroyed his books. In Luneburg we were billeted in Veterinary Teaching College so I was able to get a good typewriter and a full set of books which later I was able to take to Maasbrec. (Gerrard did become a veterinary surgeon.)

We were in Luneburg when we heard the armistice was to be signed the following day, so some of the chaps went into town and bought up all the beer and a good time was had by all. When the war finished there was chaos in the town, thousands of prisoners of war, thousands of displaced persons and a few hundred troops trying to control and feed them. I went out of the way to Kiel where we had a small unit billeted in a lovely old house which had not been damaged, there were beautiful gardens and a boat on the canal. I was there for about two weeks and it was like being on holiday, we were able to take the boat down the canal into the sea.

... continued on page 77

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT (WE



Colonels of the Regiment

Brigadier W. R. Mundell, OBE, 1990-99. Major General D. E. Isles, CB, OBE, DL, 1975-82.
Colonel-in-Chief Brigadier His Grace The Duke of Wellington, KG, LVO, OBE, MC, DL, 1974-2006.
Major General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter, KCVO, OBE, 1999-2006.
General Sir Charles Huxtable, KCB, CBE, 1982-90.



Commanding Officers of the 1st Battalion, the Colonel and Colonel-in-Chief

D. S. Bruce (2002-04), J. B. K. Greenway (1975-77), W. R. Mundell (1979-82), N. St. J. Hall (1994-97), M. R. N. Bray (1977-79), D. E. Isles (1965-67),
Colonel of the Regiment Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter (1999-2006), A. D. Roberts (1987-89), Sir Charles Huxtable (1970-72), C. R. Cumberlege (1982-84),
S. C. Newton (1997-99), A. D. Meek (1989-92), E. J. W. Walker (1984-87), P. M. Lewis (2004-06),
Colonel-in-Chief His Grace The Duke of Wellington (1974-2006).

Someone once said that behind every good man there is a good woman ...



... and, to prove it, we're here!

While I was at Kiel our HQ had moved to a small village called Jesteburg, so I went there and that was our last move. We had units in different parts of Germany and it was my job to keep in touch with them. I, along with Roy, who was the Warrant Officer, went in a jeep with plenty of food visiting these units, where we stayed for a couple of days before moving on to the next one.

When we were in Jesteburg our billet was a very large modern house with a very large hall and staircase, the hall had a parquet floor and a big fireplace and became the Sergeants' Mess of the Royal Engineers, to which I was attached. The man and wife who owned the house also lived there. The Sergeant Major was a heavy drinker and decided to have his carpenter make a large bar. As he was fixing it to the floor with big nails the owner of the house came in and went mad, but the Sergeant Major was there and threw him out. The owner caused such a row that the Sergeant Major had him, his wife and bed moved into the railway station waiting room. The station was not in use at the time and no trains were running. The owner used to come and check the contents of the house; his pile of wood logs were being used at a considerable rate as there was always a big fire burning in the hall. We had a physical training instructor who had two teeth missing at the front, he found a German dentist who said he could make him some teeth if he had enough silver with which to make the bridge. The instructor took silver knives and forks from the house, he then had a lovely set of teeth. The village had two mounted police but they were not allowed to work as the military were in charge, so two of us were able to use their horses. We had some marvellous days riding through the woods. One day I was talking to a young German who told me that his father, who had been killed during a bombing raid, owned the shooting in the forest near the village and, as he was not allowed to have a gun, could I go with him and shoot a deer for his family as they were very short of food. I went with him, shot a deer and put it in the back of the jeep and took it to their house. After that I went regularly and shot deer for the locals. One of the Majors found a new yacht on the river so he commandeered it as it was fitted with a small engine, he asked me if I would go with them when they took it out. Roy and I had some lovely sailing weekends with the Major and his pals. During the last five months in Germany I was able to spend my spare time riding, shooting and sailing.

Just after the war had finished I was offered a position as an Officer in the Control Commission. It was a very well paid job but it meant staying in Germany. I refused it as I had been away too long and wanted to go home. Everybody was counting the days to when they were being demobilised. At the beginning of November I was told to get ready as my demob papers had come. We had read in the newspapers about welcome home parties the chaps were getting when they finally arrived; we certainly had a good farewell party in the mess.

We travelled by train to Ostend, which took two days. When we arrived we had to go to a transit camp, but the camp was so full because the boats had stopped sailing due to rough seas. Eventually they asked for volunteers, and I was one of them. We arrived in Dover very early

in the morning, had breakfast and were then on a train bound for York by about 6.00am. At the York depot we were given a very good meal, a suit, shoes, hat and overcoat and a railway ticket to Huddersfield. I arrived home in the evening to the soldiers' welcome: "On leave again? How long this time? When do you go back?"

When I left the Army I had plenty of practical experience but no certificates in vehicle repairs. I decided to go to Tech and study for a City and Guilds. It was a three-year course but I did it in one, achieving a first-class pass, then I did an examination for a Motor Industry certificate, I passed and was able to put MIMI after my name which would help when I applied for a job. I was asked to teach Motor Engineering at the Tech in the evenings, which I did for over ten years. I was asked to teach full-time and start a daytime motor engineering course and take charge of that section. I was working at C. H. Mitchells at the time and lived in the house belonging to the garage, so I refused the position because of having to find a new home at such short notice, but I still carried on teaching at night.

In 1947 I joined the REME TA unit at Kirkburton as a WO1. After about three months the Captain in charge left and I was in charge. We moved into the barracks in Leeds Road, where I was in 1939; it was a big recovery unit with heavy equipment. We did not have an Officer until about 1957 when TA units had to amalgamate and a unit from Halifax joined us. We were made into a mobile workshop (146), now we had plenty of Officers. At the TA we taught vehicle repairs and driving and I was authorised to sign a pink slip so that learner drivers could get a full licence without having to take another test. I left the TA in 1967.

* * * * *

The casual reader, unconnected with military matters or real combat, may have found this account bland or insipid. The remarkable thing about human memory is that it is capable of pigeon-holing in a special way. Unpleasant happenings are, it seems, automatically relegated to the back of the mind, pleasant experiences are more readily accessible.

The "War Time" soldiers' training process was, in my case, at least interesting, and it provided me with lasting skills.

I have glossed over the most disagreeable aspects of the fighting in Normandy. Every combat soldier has a built-in aversion to hearing the order "Advance". He carries, in his nostrils, the acid smell of cordite and, even more, the stench of dead bodies of animals and men. His eyes will ever recall the ghastly sights of split open tanks, of the steel interiors burnt out, of the removal of charred bodies, of the remains of flesh sticking to a half-opened hatchway, of maggots crawling in a seething mass in the remains of a comrade. These are things soldiers try to forget and not talk about.

What happens when soldiers have to go into action? They joke about it, although fear is lurking nearby, but they counter this fear with light-hearted banter and also by the high state of morale, their fighting spirit and, above all, by the comradeship developed during all the hours, days, weeks and years of training and learning together.

MEMOIRS OF 1456 PRIVATE N. LEES

1/4th BATTALION THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S (WEST RIDING) REGIMENT

*Continued from page 27 of Issue No 260, Spring 2006***1915**

We got a new Lieutenant. They called him Harold Macintosh and he had a Douglas motorcycle. He was one of the toffee Macintoshes of Halifax.

We got a Mess in a small cottage down by the church. One morning a wedding party came to be married in the church. They had come up in cars from Hull just as a bloke, called Harry Spencer (who came from Greetland), and I were coming out of the Mess a bloke from this wedding party dashed up and asked me and Spencer if we would ring the bell and gave us half a crown each. Spencer and I went into the church and under the tower where there was a single pull rope. We secured it and started pulling the bell like mad. We hadn't been at it for half a minute when there was such a row. Of course we made a dash out of the way when we realised the bell had come adrift and was bouncing down the tower. It was a red tiled floor and smooth and slippery and Spencer slipped and went down. It was a lucky thing for him the bell did not come through. It broke through the ceiling boards and stuck half way through, all half a ton of it. The parson was an old man, turned eighty I should think. As we stood there waiting for what he had to say, we sure expected to be reported. We apologised and explained what had happened. He just said he was glad we were not hurt. He also told us that had he seen us, he would have warned us. He said it hadn't been rung for years and hinted he was glad it was down. Said he hadn't used the font because it was not safe under the tower, didn't we see the rope fencing it off? Well, we did see the rope, which was of old, red silk, but never tumbled to its purpose.

Hull, Doncaster, York

After about four months we moved from here. We handed our rifles in and marched to Hull, where we entrained for Doncaster. We camped on the racecourse. I trailed my bike home from here. We only stayed a few days and then entrained for York where we were quartered at Fulford Barracks. We were then made up to battalion strength. Came out of Fulford Barracks and were quartered in private billets in York. Then we moved to Louth in Lincolnshire, where we were billeted in Malt Kilns. We marched from here to Theddlethorpe on the coast. Of course we had to do duties and fatigues.

I was sent with one section to a small village on the outskirts of Louth one night. It was high summer. We were posted at various points and had to watch over a large, yellow car and had to stop it and arrest the occupants if it came along. In the middle of the night there was the grandfather of all thunder storms. The lightning came so close you could smell the sulphur. I propped my rifle against the hedge; a soldier was killed by lightning some distance away. When it came daylight we saw a small church with the doors open, we could have sheltered in there. No good now, we were

wet through to the skin. The soldier who was killed came from Barnoldswick. While we were in the church a bloke, who was called Dick Marsland, took the large candles from the altar. He was afterwards killed in France.

27th Provisional Infantry Battalion

In the early morning light we marched back to Louth. We had been at Louth about two months when we had orders to move. We were now up to Battalion strength and got a new title, 27th Provisional Infantry Battalion. We fell in one morning, set off for Theddlethorpe, 22 miles away. We arrived about 6.00pm tired and hungry. However, the rations came up, dry bread and tinned salmon. That night we slept in a marquee on the sand dunes. I woke up early and decided to have a dip in the sea. I just put my trousers on and ran down to the sea. I could feel a bit of tickling and when I dropped my pants off I was surprised to find a swarm of earwigs on the sand. I turned my trousers inside out and shook a cloud of earwigs on to the sand. I thought you lot can have a route march back to the sand dunes. I had my dip and put my pants back on, now earwig free. As I walked back to the marquee I couldn't help laughing at what a furore there would be when the platoon got up. However that was the first night, and last, under canvas there. We were moved the next day into two empty coastguard houses. That week we were issued with Japanese rifles and coast patrols were started. The invasion scare was pretty strong at that time. We had a good time here. We used to go down to a pub called 'The King's Head' and got very friendly with the people, who were called Wilson. They had a son who had TB and lived in a caravan in the yard. Curiously he had been in the 2/4th Duke of Wellington's, having worked in a solicitor's office in Halifax. He died one night when we were down there. Had a haemorrhage. One of my mates, Harry Holland, got engaged to Jessie, daughter of the Wilsons and sister of the poor chap who died. Harry Holland was, afterwards, killed in France.

3/4th Battalion DWR, Clipstone & Cannock Chase

However, all good things come to an end and, eventually, I was posted to the 3/4th Battalion, West Riding Regiment, at Clipstone Camp, Notts, near Mansfield. This was the draft battalion for the 1/4th Battalion, in France. We had to go through the intensive training with the Derby men, who went about nine weeks and were then drafted to France. We had to fire the musketry course and I, again, got the marksman number of points. So I was sent with a party to take the snipers' course at Cannock Chase in Staffordshire, at the School of Sniping. Here we were to learn shooting such as we had never dreamed of. We fired with rifles with telescopic sights and the results were amazing. I passed out and returned to my unit. We got 48 hours leave and was placed on a draft for France. Things were not going too well for the Allies at that time and the French had taken a hammering at Verdun.

The draft entrained at Edwinstowe and eventually arrived at Southampton. We went aboard the ship 'King Edward', a small, Clyde turbine steamer. We had to wait several days before we could cross the Channel. There was also a large ship with several thousand Canadians on board. When the Navy thought it was suitable, a moonless night, we crossed. The U boats didn't get us and we docked safely at Le Havre.

We marched to the British Expeditionary Force Base Camp at Le Flers. This was when you really woke up. The place swarmed with NCOs who all wore yellow arm bands. Did they put you through it! Everything had to be done at the double. We went through a year's training in a fortnight. Every morning we marched to the top of a hill where you had to go through everything. Musketry, anti-gas, PT, the lot. March back to camp for dinner. A little drop of soup on a plate and an army biscuit. You came out hungrier than when you went in.

I cottoned on with an Elland chap I knew, Ed James, who was a famous rugby football player. One day when we came out of the canteen I said to Ed, what about joining the other queue and having another dinner. So we did that and that felt a bit better. In the afternoon, on

parade again with the canaries, as they were called, I think the whole idea was to make you so fed up you were glad to get up the line to get away from it.

Senlis

We joined the Battalion who were in a camp in a wood near Senlis, with its usual spit and polish and infantry training. Then we moved to Black Horse Road, near the line. Then it was working parties at night, repairing the barbed wire in no-man's land, digging trenches under the cover of darkness. The German listening posts used to hear us and send up Very lights, then everyone would stiffen till the light went out and sometimes a machine gun would start up, then you would flatten behind any cover you could find. Sometimes you would get down beside a rotting corpse or some such unspeakable horror, but at least they weren't dangerous and would provide some cover from fire. Everybody knew the 'big push' was coming. Even the Germans must have known, the preparations were so obvious. Their planes would be taking photographs of the great masses of guns, they were almost wheel to wheel.

...to be continued

ACCOUNT OF 2/4th BATTALION DWR

by **Bramwell Mitchell**

Continued from page 29 of Issue No 260, Spring 2006

When we arrived at Brigade Headquarters, the Colonel went in to see the Brigadier General and I was left in a place occupied by the Staff. After a while an orderly brought me some dinner and said he had been ordered to give me it. He said, as he handed over the plate, "They were talking about you". But that was as far as it went. It would be against the rules for him to repeat a conversation he had overheard during dinner.

It was now the end of April and there were signs that an offensive was imminent and, on 3 May 1917, we were marching up towards the line. When on the march the Colonel and Adjutant were in front, followed by Headquarter Company, with runners in front, next signallers, stretcher bearers and Orderly Room staff. The rest of the Battalion, A, B, C and D Companies, followed. On the way we passed an Indian cavalry regiment. If the offensive was successful they could follow up in open country. We passed the artillery, line after line of guns, some almost wheel to wheel. As darkness came on we had arrived close to the front. Now the battalion split up, Headquarters Company went in by themselves and in single file. Our Headquarters was situated at a railway embankment and the rest of the Battalion was out in front of this. At the time I was the Colonel's runner and went everywhere with him in the line.

It would be after midnight when I went along with Colonel Nash to visit the men out in front. He walked along, speaking with some of the officers who were standing waiting for the dawn. The men were resting, sitting or lying down. It was a warm night and they would be sitting in shell holes where it was dry and

more comfortable. It was a dark night, very little breeze, so quiet and still we could hear the men talking in subdued voices, although we could not see them.

What would they be talking about? What would be their thoughts as they waited there? The last officer we met was Captain Smith who was our Sports Officer. It was said that he had been Headmaster at Rishworth Grammar School. His servant was with him and I stood talking to him while the Colonel and Captain Smith were engaged in conversation. His servant, whom I knew quite well, was a physical training enthusiast and, before the war, had been a member of the gymnasium team at Sowerby Bridge. These were the last we spoke with before returning. When we arrived back the Colonel had some refreshment and afterwards went up to the top of the embankment, which had a good view of the countryside all around. He told me to remain near at hand, so I stood a little distance away, waiting and watching, looking in the direction where our guns would, in a short time, begin to blast the German defences. I saw the first streaks of light in the sky as dawn came and then, straight in front of me, in the distance, I saw one flash of light which spread rapidly on each side until the whole horizon was lit up. Then, after a short pause, the deafening crash reached my ears as all those guns sent thousands of shells tearing through the air into the German lines. It was an exciting and thrilling moment and I had witnessed it at the best vantage point, from the embankment.

The offensive was under way. The Colonel was watching through his binoculars. The sun came up and flooded the scene with light. There was not a cloud in the sky, it was a glorious day and very warm.

The Colonel saw me standing there and told me to go and get some rest. I just moved down the side of the embankment, about half way, and settled down there. In a few minutes I was sound asleep, as the sun rose in the sky and poured down its warmth, I slept on, undisturbed by the sound of the screaming shells and the guns, which kept on all through the day. In the afternoon I was up again and wondering if I could find out how the attack had progressed when I saw a soldier who belonged to D Company. He could tell me. He was also an old chum, we used to go to the Halifax Technical College together and I was pleased to see he was alright. When I asked how they had got on he said the attack had failed completely, they could not get past the barbed wire. One officer had found a gap in the wire and was waving his men on when he was shot down in the attempt. This was the officer I had met once before when I was out on a ration party, Captain Sykes. I also got some more bad news, the two men we had spoken to, Captain Smith and his servant, had not been seen after the attack started. They had probably been killed together and, if it had been a shell which killed them, they would not be found again.

In the evening I was on duty again and I stood on top of the embankment near to the Colonel. The sun was now setting and the Germans were shelling our position in front. After a while the Colonel beckoned to me, he was looking through his binoculars and he pointed out to me a man who was carrying a wounded soldier on his back coming towards us. He told me to go out and help them and to get the name of the man, but he directed me to go along to where the embankment ended as that would be the best way. I hurried along the embankment and was making my way across the open country when I saw a wounded soldier staggering about in a dazed condition and then slump to the ground. I went over to see what I could do. He was a sergeant of the 2/6th Battalion and I managed to get him on his feet again and told him to put his arm round my neck and in this way I could give him support. We went slowly back along the embankment to where there was a first aid post. I thought it best to bring him in as darkness was coming on and I would have been unable to find him again in the dark. I was just starting off to meet the other two men when I noticed the Colonel waving for me to go up to him, he had seen me at the dressing station. When I climbed up to him he asked what the man's name was. I said that I had found another wounded man and had helped him back. He was not very pleased and said "I don't want to know what *you* have done! Go and get his name". So off I went again. I had not carried out his orders but had acted on my own. What would he say if I couldn't find the soldier? Fortunately, I looked in at the dressing station and the man I was looking for had arrived there. He was a Private in the 2/5th Battalion and I got the required information.

The same evening another regiment came up to relieve us, but the Colonel had made arrangements for us to remain there for the present. Many of our men who were wounded had taken shelter in a sunken road as

they were unable to make their way back unaided. There were many of these sunken roads in this part of the country. They were several yards below the surface of the surrounding country so troops and transport could move along without being seen. It also provided a certain amount of safety from machine guns and flying shrapnel. We remained there to endeavour to get our wounded and take them back to the dressing station. Each night, as darkness came, a number of men who had volunteered formed a chain from the embankment out to the sunken road, each man only a short distance from the next. Stretchers were handed along and, at the road, a party would search for wounded men. Having found one he would be placed on a stretcher and the stretcher then handed back. It was seven days before we found them all and the wounded men, after lying in the road all that time, were still alive and conscious. The first thing they asked for when brought out was a cigarette, and they would lie on the stretcher contentedly puffing away. The Adjutant was the one who was out every night, who organised it, asked for volunteers and encouraged men to do their utmost. This was surprising as the Adjutant was a nervous type. He would go through the trenches doubled up, keeping as low as possible even though there was absolutely no danger. This was very noticeable but there was some excuse for him as he was not a fighting man. His work was confined to the Orderly Room and in this capacity he was very capable and efficient, which was all that was required of him.

It was surprising to see him out every night, a completely changed man. When it meant life or death to the men out in front, he didn't hesitate to give every assistance in his power, regardless of his own safety.

Although we had failed to break down the German defence, it was to our credit that we had rescued our wounded, which showed courage and ability. The offensive had failed but, at one spot, the Australians had gained some ground. At this place there was a bulge in the line, we used to call it 'the Apex', and it was just in front of Bullecourt. I never knew where this village was, it was in the sector, somewhere.

...to be continued

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

by Jane Wellesley

We are very grateful to Lady Jane Wellesley for her permission to publish this, her own account of the career of her famous forebear. Ed.

By the time the first Duke of Wellington died in 1852 at the age of eighty-three, he was the most famous man in Britain. One-and-a-half million people thronged the streets of London to watch his funeral cortege pass, and Queen Victoria, standing on the balcony of Buckingham Palace, wept unrestrainedly at the loss of the 'greatest man this country ever produced'. How did one who had been, in his own words, 'a dreamy, idle and shy lad', withdrawn from Eton because he was not bright enough to justify the expense, become the most celebrated of all British Generals - his position on that pedestal still unassailed today?

Arthur Wesley [the family name reverted to Wellesley in 1798], was the fourth surviving child of Anglo-Irish nobility. Born in 1769, he spent his early years in Ireland where his father was Professor of Music at Trinity College, Dublin. His family moved to England when he was twelve; his father died shortly after. There followed several inglorious attempts to educate Arthur, whose only talent appeared to be an aptitude for playing the violin. His formidable mother despaired of him: 'I vow to God I don't know what I shall do with my awkward son Arthur'. Finally, he was sent to a military academy in Angers. Within months of his return to England in 1786 he was gazetted an ensign. The seal was set.

Arthur's first posting was in 1788 as ADC to the Viceroy in Ireland, where another duty awaited him: Trim was the family parliamentary seat and he was expected to take his turn after his two older brothers. Soon after arriving, Arthur had a goal of his own: Kitty Pakenham, a bookish beauty who was a favourite at the viceregal court. He wooed her assiduously, but when he asked for her hand, her brother, Lord Longford, summarily dismissed the proposal, considering him to be neither rich nor important enough. This rejection was probably the final spur; failure of any kind was now anathema to him. He promised Kitty that his 'mind would remain the same' but soon after he burnt his violin and with it the last vestiges of a dilettante. These tumultuous personal events were happening against the backdrop of the French Revolution and the shock waves that followed it; they combined to form in him a strong distrust of change, an obsession with order.

In 1793 France declared war on Britain and a young Corsican called Napoleon Bonaparte was given his first command. The year after, in Flanders, Arthur Wesley, by now a Colonel, got his first real experience of battle, against the French. Six months later he was back in Ireland, having learnt 'what one ought not to do'. He had observed inadequate supply lines, ill-equipped soldiers and out-of-touch officers more concerned about the quality of their meals than the conditions of their men. Later in his life, when asked about his success in campaigns, he replied, 'I was always on the spot - I saw

everything and did everything for myself'. This hands-on approach was to prove one of his greatest strengths on the battlefield.

He was not home for long. In 1796 he sailed for India, where he was to spend nine formative years. Before leaving he resolved to educate himself and he took with him a substantial library which included Voltaire, Rousseau, Locke, Swift and Frederick the Great. Soon after his arrival in India his eldest brother was appointed Governor-General; whatever advantages this seemed to promise, it created jealousies which saw Arthur superseded in a command. He minded this bitterly and it reinforced his lack of trust in others, including even his brothers. He never forgot his public duty, but hereafter it went with a private determination to 'walk alone'.

But India also gave him, amongst a string of other victories, Assaye (1803), which he always cited as the 'best' battle he ever fought. And victory gave him confidence in his judgement. He realised that discipline on the battlefield was paramount and courage was valueless without it; as he remarked, 'there is nothing so stupid as a gallant officer'. The sub-continent may have been considered a military backwater, but it gave him skills that reached beyond the armoury of warfare; he learnt to respect the religion and traditions of the native peoples and to deal with the intricacies of diplomacy.

When Sir Arthur Wellesley (as he now was) returned from India in 1805, he was a national hero, and when he offered his hand to Kitty, this time it was accepted. He had honoured his promise but his bride was no longer the young girl he had left behind; indeed he ungallantly remarked to one of his brothers, 'By Jove she has grown ugly!' At any rate, she would never compete with his great love, the army. She had given him two sons by 1808, when he went to fulfil his destiny in the Peninsular War: 'My die is cast, they [the French] may overwhelm me but I don't think they will out-manoeuvre me ... because I am not afraid of them as everyone else seems to be'. Over the next six years all that he had learnt, briefly in Flanders and then in India, would be put to the test.

The War was not an unbroken trail of glory. There were setbacks and moments of despair: Wellesley was lambasted for signing the Convention of Cintra (1808), and morale was severely affected by the failure of the siege of Burgos (1812). But victory was the pattern: Salamanca (1812) showed him to be the master of manoeuvre and Vitoria (1813) remains one of the greatest strategic triumphs in British history. By 1814, the French had been driven from the Iberian Peninsula and Napoleon banished to Elba.

At the start of the war Sir Arthur had been the youngest Lieutenant General in the British Army; by the end he was the Duke of Wellington and a Field Marshal, showered with titles, gifts and military honours. His reputation extended far beyond the boundaries of battle; for his troops his mere presence on

the field was electrifying: 'we would rather see his long nose in a fight than a reinforcement of ten thousand men any day'.

'It is for you to save the world again'. With these words Tsar Alexander of Russia set the stage for the greatest and last battle Wellington would fight. In the spring of 1815, Napoleon had escaped and stolen a march on the enemy but on the eve of Waterloo, the Duke displayed his customary coolness by being guest of honour at the Duchess of Richmond's ball in Brussels: his psychological warfare required 'pleasure as usual'.

At the Battle of Waterloo the 'finger of providence' was on Wellington. But he had other things on his side; he was a consummate defensive tactician and had perfected the timing of his offensive action. His supply lines were in place, he had reconnoitred the ground (and would use his 'reverse slope' tactic to brilliant effect) and he inspired total confidence in his men. Like their Commander, every man on the battlefield was ready to sacrifice himself. Typically, the chateau of Hougoumont suffered wave after wave of attack from the French, but was held for the entire day by guardsmen, one of whom would later be described by the Duke as, 'the bravest man at Waterloo'. When late on Sunday, 18 June 1815, Wellington left the battlefield he was utterly exhausted. He wept as he was told of the terrible losses: fifty thousand lay dead or dying, 'I hope to God I have fought my last battle'. His wish was to be granted.

Wellington had finally faced and defeated the Emperor, who could claim superiority as a military commander, but had misguidedly underestimated the courage and energy of the 'Sepoy General' and the

constancy of the Prussians; 'this affair is nothing more serious than eating one's breakfast'. Napoleon would live to choke on these words as he spent his last six years a prisoner on St Helena.

Wellington returned to politics, evolving as one of the grandest of Tory grandees; he became Prime Minister in 1828 and held the office for nearly three years. He had many critics but his greatest political achievement was to steer Catholic emancipation through Parliament, his Irish roots giving him unique insights. If this was his high point, the low was the Reform Bill, to which his opposition was implacable. He paid the price when his London home, Apsley House, was stoned and he was pursued by a mob who tried to drag him from his horse. His composure unruffled, he enlisted the protection of, amongst others, two Chelsea Pensioners who were passing.

The Duke continued to the end to play an active role in public life. His bittersweet relationship with his wife Kitty ended with her death in 1831, but he was consoled by the company of many clever and beautiful women, who effectively replaced his battlefield entourage of dashing young men. He was devoted to both his daughters-in-law and derived immense pleasure from his grandchildren, with whom he was playing the day before he died.

As a direct descendant, it is impossible not to feel a certain pride of association. From an unpromising beginning, Wellington's roll-call of achievements was extraordinary. By the time his coffin was lowered into the crypt at St Paul's on a bleak day in November 1852 to lie alongside that other great Napoleonic hero, Nelson, he had truly earned the epithet, the 'Great Duke'.

THE DONOVANS OF BALLYMORE

by Evelyn Webb-Carter

I went to Ireland to hunt and whilst there I met Margaret Donovan at her house Ballymore in Wexford. I was staying with Roddy Bailey (ex MFH, Morpeth and Green Howard), and he had spotted some 33rd memorabilia in the little museum at the house. I went to investigate feeling somewhat stiff after two good days' hunting.

There were two Donovans in the 33rd, Edward and Henry, both younger brothers of Richard or Dicky, the heir to the estate. Edward was born in 1821 and by 1854 was a captain in the 33rd, who were stationed in Dublin. Henry, a few years younger, was probably an officer in the Wexford Militia and had got himself attached to the 33rd as a volunteer, well before the Regiment embarked for the Crimea. Edward had a successful career serving in the Crimea, Mauritius and during the Indian Mutiny. He rose to Lieutenant Colonel in the 33rd in 1857 receiving the CB. Interestingly he was what was known as the 'Second Lieutenant Colonel'. He exchanged into the 100th Foot in 1861 or 1864, records conflict, but he did so with Alexander Dunn VC who, having rather disgraced himself despite the VC with the 11th Hussars, had emigrated to Canada. Readers of this journal will

recall a previous article in which I wrote about Dunn in Abyssinia. The 100th Foot were being raised as The Royal Canadian Regiment but they later became The Leinster Regiment in 1881. He eventually made it to Major General and was Governor of the Straits Settlements. He was Colonel of the 15th Foot (East Yorkshire)². He retired to London where he died in 1897. Poor Henry had a rather different life, he embarked with the 33rd and fought as a volunteer at the Alma where he was mentioned in Lord Raglan's despatch, and, as a result of his good work and no doubt gallantry, was commissioned as an ensign into the 33rd the day after the battle. He was later present at Balaclava and Inkerman but, during one of the various assaults on Sevastopol in September 1855, was instantly killed by a musketball.

In the museum at Ballymore was the sword belt and an exquisite sword belt plate of Edward Donovan and beside it was a pair of Grenadier Company Officers' Wings, which I believe to be quite rare. Edward Donovan had led the Grenadier Company (hence the Wings) at Kolapore during the Indian Mutiny. But what was particularly interesting were the multitude of



The sword belt plate of Edward Donovan.

original letters written by both Henry and Edward to their sister Phoebe, and elder brother, Richard. They are fascinating archive that I hope to transpose one day. To give you a flavour here is a letter written by Henry on the very day he was killed.

*Camp before Sevastopol
8 September 1855*

My Dear Phoebe,

Two letters from you and one from Fanny last night - I am so glad Edward has got over the attack of Erysipelas³ - it is very common out here with anyone who is wounded - I was at the trenches the night before last - a very dark night - and one of the Russian men of war was burnt to the water's edge, another did the same last night - it was a beautiful sight and lit up the whole line of trenches. We have orders to assault the Redan today. We parade at 8.30 and move off to the trenches at 9am and as soon as the French attack the Malakoff we do ditto - I hope all will be better planned than last time. But I think we go at the place with too few men - they are now bombarding furiously. I trust we may finish the war this time for no man could live another year in those trenches. In six days more we will have been here one year in the Crimea sleeping on the ground, often three in one tent.

You must excuse a hurried scrawl. There is so much to do - every minute someone is running in to the tent - I should have preferred that Dick took to wife a woman with blacker hair and more money than Agnes Wynne but suppose these things are according to each man's taste. There is not much fear of my marrying for there is rather a lack of female society here. Remember me most kindly to Uncle Henry and all his - and with love to all who love me and best blessing and wishes to all of you.

*Your loving Brother,
Henry*

A few hours later he lay dead.

I did not have enough time to more than glance at the letters but I am quite sure they will tell us more about life in the 33rd in the Crimean War. I will continue the story another day.

¹ The Iron Duke of 1995 states "It was not until the early years of the 20th century that formations, such as brigades and divisions, existed during peacetime. Prior to that they were only formed in war time and then only after the regiments had arrived in the theatre of war. Because of this it was almost invariably necessary to take away a regiment's three senior officers (the colonel, the lieutenant colonel and the major) to fill senior command and staff appointments. In order to overcome the problems thus created it was ordered, in 1793, that each regiment would have a second lieutenant colonel and second major when on active service".

² Thus with a Green Howard introducing me he is a case of interest to the new Yorkshire Regiment!

³ Erysipelas. An infection, usually of the face, caused by streptococcal bacteria that enters the skin via a wound. It is now treated by Penicillin only discovered in 1928.

Afternotes:

- a. Issue 253 of Winter 2003, pp143-149. Readers may like to look up General Evelyn's story of his own expedition to Magdala, and/or:
- b. Issue 246 of Autumn 2001, p91, for a little more on Colonel A. R. Dunn VC. Ed.

CHINA GILL'S 27 YEARS IN THE DUKES

We continue China's story from page 29 of Issue No 260

Readers will find from our Correspondence section on page 88 that China Gill wrote in May 2006 requesting that his tale be renamed as shown above and we were glad to comply with his request; after all, it's his story. Sadly, our Obituaries section on page 102.

shows that China died on 16 July 2006. There can be few Dukes who have left such a full legacy as this story, which we shall continue to publish as a tribute to him. We shall then preserve the full 233 handwritten pages of his story in the Regimental archives, as we promised.

Some time in 1933/34 a new Bandmaster arrived to take over from Bandmaster Ovington; his name was Ashton-Jones and he had previously served in Malta with the Highland Light Infantry. He was to be very popular. He immediately made his presence felt. On taking over, he arranged for the replacement of the old cumbersome packing cases for transporting instruments and music, some of which took four men to lift. So Band Sergeant Collick, using the Band Practice Room, set about creating new, smaller boxes for our move to Malta. New envelopes were made for our musical score sheets, which were themselves repaired.

Bandmaster Ashton-Jones was noted as a proficient oboe player. While at Kneller Hall School of Music he had won a Best March prize for his composition of "Assaye", named after one of the Highland Light Infantry's Battle Honours.

Around this period we had a few more Boys who were waiting for the drafting season to start in October to join the 2nd Battalion. One of these lads was Bill Norman, whose uncle (the ORQMS) took my details when I joined in Devonport. Bill's father, who was the current Drum Major of the 2nd Battalion, was on leave from India and paid us a visit. I don't know if he and Bill travelled out on the same troopship, but Bill went on to serve with the 2nd Battalion in India and in Burma. Until he died in 2005, he was still shooting regularly at Bisley. (*We published Bill Norman's Obituary in Issue No 257. Ed.*)

Our last few months in England were a quiet period. We had two trips to Portsmouth to support the rugby team. The first caused my initial taste of CB (Confinement to Barracks). After the match Topper Brown took about four of us to his home in Gosport; we had tea there then went on a pub crawl in the High Street. Later on I met an old Duke and, having a drink with him, I became separated from my mates. The result was I missed the coach. I stayed the night at Ma Evans' Café, just outside the Barracks and well-known in the Dukes' Gosport days. Next morning I went to Portsmouth railway station to travel back to Aldershot and who should I meet there but Bandsmen Alton and Geirnaert. Alton lived in Portsmouth and had taken Geirnaert with him, but had then missed the last train.

The result was being charged and awarded five days' CB; nowadays it would have been a fine. CB was commonly known as "defaulters", or, in slang "jankers". The routine was:

report to the Guardroom 25 minutes before reveille for 30 minutes' fatigues;

report to the Guardroom at 1230 for roll call;

report again at 1700 to work on allocated jobs till 1900;

report again at 2000 and 2100.

This was repeated daily. If the days awarded covered weekends, there was extra work on Saturday afternoons and extra reporting on Sundays.

It was decided that, as Malta would provide very little in the way of rugby, as many as possible of the rugby team would go to the Depot at Halifax and would enter the Army Cup. Drum Major Goodwin asked me if I would like to go with them. I had been playing a lot as

scrum half, but I was not up to the standard of the first team. The two scrum halves who went were Sergeant Reid and Lance Corporal Round; I did not have their experience and was not fast enough, so I declined. Some of the officers were seconded to various appointments, schools, staff jobs etc and would be available for the Army Cup rounds. However the team did not get into any finals.

Some time in 1934 a few cycles appeared and a number of Drummers used them for recreation. One ride sticks in my memory. It was a Sunday ride to Gosport: myself, Tug Wilson and Chucker Rumbould (rugby, soccer and athletics for the 1st Battalion) made good time and, on reaching the outskirts of Gosport, Tug left us for his home on Hayling Island, Chucker and myself carrying on to Gosport, myself to visit Topper Brown's home and Chucker to meet an old friend of his Gosport days.

We met late evening, as arranged, and expected a steady ride back. But, after half an hour, Rumbould's front tyre went flat. We had no repair outfits, but we overcame the problem by plucking handfuls of long grass, twisting it and stuffing it into the tyre. We arrived back in barracks without further misadventure.

We were due to be in Malta for three years, but it would count as Home Service. If someone were to be posted on to the 2nd Battalion in India, time served in Malta would then count as Foreign Service and count towards the six years' Foreign Service required before being considered for a posting home during the next trooping season between October and March. Our annual four weeks' leave was taken during December and January before our move to Malta.

11 January 1935 found us marching to the sidings at Aldershot Station and boarding the train, watched by a fair-sized crowd. Everyone was in a jovial mood, looking forward to our journey. We arrived at Southampton and immediately embarked on HMT Nevassa. It did not take long to get everyone to their allotted troop deck. We were lucky to be on the first deck below the main deck; there were a few more decks below ours. All our heavy kit must have been taken aboard previously, as all we had to do was to stack our sea kit bags in the racks around the Mess. We were allotted a place each side of the Mess tables and kept the same place for the whole journey.

If my memory is correct, it was a Friday. Someone said we would not sail till the following day, because seamen thought it was unlucky to leave port on a Friday. We left the following day and a local lady sang on the quayside. Apparently it was her custom to do this for troopships. So we sailed out into the Solent, passing Gosport on our left, then Portsmouth, into the Channel. A few duties were allocated, such as who went to the galley at meal times to collect the food for their table. There were about twenty men per table that reached from the side of the ship to the centre; the opposite side of the Mess deck being similar.

We settled into a daily routine. Before reveille, the ship's crew of lascars swilled all the main deck with hoses and squeegees. Reveille at 0630 had everyone awake, rolling hammocks for storage, washing, shaving etc, in salt water. Breakfast was followed by cleaning

the Mess decks thoroughly, every nook and cranny, before inspection by the Captain, or his rep. Troops then wandered up to the main deck, lining the rails, sitting on benches or hatch covers, some finding odd places they managed to occupy for the whole journey. A crew member brought round buckets of tea and sold it at tuppence per cup. Midday meal was about 1230. In the afternoon space allowed only a few people to play deck games, the remainder read, talked or had a nap (weather permitting). Tea was about 1700 and in the evening the band would sometimes give a concert. Hammocks were drawn and set up. It was a monotonous existence, but a change was approaching.

Word spread around that the Captain had changed course towards the Atlantic, in order to avoid sailing directly across the Bay of Biscay and the centre of a storm. He may have accomplished this, but to us land-lubbers he had hit the centre. Besides rolling, the ship was pitching and tossing and the swell became giant waves. Troops soon lined the ship's rails and for a couple of days the ship's routine was completely forgotten and meals attended by only the few who could keep them down. Luckily I was one of these and I attended every meal and managed a fair night's sleep.

Things got so bad that half of those who dashed for the ship's side never made it. Troops in the lower decks had no chance and, as a result, the decks were thick with vomit. After two days the storm cleared and the first job

was obviously cleaning down the decks. It looked an impossible job, but after the third day it was achieved and routine was resumed. During the storm we caught up with a tramp steamer, which was about 100 yards to starboard and it was worrying to see it at one moment on the crest of a wave about 100 feet above us and then a similar distance beneath us. The crew said it was the worst storm they had ever seen.

One important event I have omitted is boat drill. Every three or four days the alarm sounded and everyone assembled on the open decks at their specified boat station. Church services were held on Sundays and a daily tote was run for about a bob (5p) to guess the number of miles sailed between noon and noon.

Another regiment on board, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, was destined for duty in Gibraltar. One of their buglers had been at school with me and lived about fifty yards from my home in Devonport. Ron Edgcombe and I would next meet in 1946. In Gibraltar the DCLI disembarked in the morning and the Dukes were taken on a route march in the afternoon to stretch our legs and in the evening we were allowed ashore to visit the bars in Main Street. One, well known, contained Ivy Benson's Lady Band.

Another four or five days' sailing, with the North African coast in view, brought us in sight of the islands of Gozo, Comino and Malta.

... to be continued

EARLY DAYS OF THE 9th BATTALION (146 REGIMENT RAC)

by Captain M. A. Girling

We conclude the story which we left on p33 of Issue No 260, Spring 2006

Perrett says in his book (p 207): "After this action (in Taungup) there was little for the squadron (A Squadron) to do. The enemy abandoned Taungup and retired into the hills to the east... It was extremely appropriate that the tanks of 146 Regiment (RAC) which had been the first into the Arakan two years earlier, should be the last to return to India... In the final Arakan offensive, tanks had only been used in very small numbers to attain limited objectives, but their contribution should be seen in relation to their moral rather than their physical effect on the enemy."

He goes on to say that the Arakan campaign meant that the Japanese had to keep two divisions in the Arakan when they might have been used elsewhere. And the Arakan was where A Squadron, 146 RAC (DWR) operated. In the final analysis, the squadron group received four Military Crosses - Alan Bucknall, Tony Richards, Gordon Buckley and John Cull (RE); and one Mentioned in Dispatches - Anders Westman.

In Ahmednagar the regiment was now reforming under Colonel Hetherington. The majority of the original officers and men were on the point of repatriation and we had little to do except hand over all matters concerned with A Squadron from the Arakan and prepare ourselves for our final departure. This took place in July, but I cannot remember exactly who was involved when we went from Ahmednagar to the staging camp at Deolali, but Gordon Buckley was

certainly one. We sailed from Bombay on the SS Canton on Friday 13 July 1945 (they said we would never sail on such a date!), and were one of the first boats to go unescorted to the UK, via the Suez Canal. We arrived in Southampton on August Bank Holiday, it was hot - hotter, I felt, in battledress than I had ever felt in India! We had to go to Catterick Camp for debriefing and then home on four weeks' leave. It was more than three-and-a-half years since we had sailed from Liverpool. Personally, I was eventually posted to a holding squadron in Catterick Camp. The work was mostly receiving troops due for repatriation leave, taking their details and sending them home. We often stopped work at 3.00pm! I lived in luxury in the Commandant's Mess at 1/6d a day. There were dances and plenty of games (I got the job of i/c garrison rugby!) and, bit by bit, we returned to normal. Until eventually we were de-mobbed, my final night (May 1946) being spent sleeping on a billiard table in a church army hostel in London.

You will see from what I have written there is very little about actual fighting. There are various reasons for this. One of the best books I read on the Burma campaign, as a general description, did not have all that much to say about the fighting, but what it did emphasise were the conditions. The Arakan was probably worse than most as a theatre of war. One was perpetually fighting the climate and disease.

We, the British, were thousands of miles away from home. Living, let alone fighting, in the jungle was bad enough. As regards engagements with the enemy, one never knew exactly where they were. There was no 'front'. One felt completely hemmed in by the jungle with no clear view of anything. One well-sited enemy bunker could often hold up two or more companies of ground troops for days. In order to maintain a position the infantry often had to exist on jungle-covered hills and, as I have said, with little or no water supply other than water bottles. The possibilities of relief for the wounded or sick was often difficult, and with such troops as the Chindits, almost impossible. Everyone was thousands of miles away from home and the Japanese had a reputation for cruelty if one was captured. The nights were probably the worst; one made one's own little defensive area - and did not move, either in or outside the immediate perimeter. The nights themselves were full of strange noises, from animals and birds and other nocturnal creatures. One would be

awoken by gunfire but exactly where it came from or whether friend or foe was usually uncertain. The 14th Army was styled 'The Forgotten Army' and we felt that in Arakan 15th Corps (independent of 14th Army) was the forgotten part of the forgotten army! Certainly much of the equipment we were issued with was 'left-overs' from the European theatre of war.

I hope what I have written may be considered, in some way, a tribute to all the British and Commonwealth troops who took part in the Arakan campaign.

*Transcribed by Scott Flaving
RHQ DWR, March 2005*

Afternote: After the war, Mike Girling became a school master; we understand that he may have been instrumental in a young Andrew Meek later joining the Dukes; he tells us that he passed on his service dress buttons: "very little worn owing to service overseas" and adds: "I find I still have my lanyard from my commissioning in 1940 - now very faded!". Ed.

ACCOUNTS OF THE 8th BATTALION

by CSM E. Miles

We are grateful to Scott Flaving for transcribing CSM Miles's story for us. Ed.

1. Extract from Iron Duke - 1930, page 200

The History of the 8th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment

The Battalion was formed in August 1914, under the command of Colonel Parsons, at Halifax. A, B, C and D were the 'names' of the four companies. Lieutenant Kidd was the Adjutant. We left Halifax on 3 September for Grantham and built a camp just outside Belton Park. We were under canvas until November, when we went into partly-finished huts situated in Belton Park, about three miles from Grantham. Here we remained until Easter Monday, 1915, when we marched to Rugby (62 miles) via Leicester where we had a great reception.

At Rugby we entrained for Witley, a little village in Surrey, three miles from Godalming. Here we were in huts and, during our stay, which lasted until June, we were inspected by the King on Thursley Common. We did our training around Hindhead.

On 23 June we entrained for Liverpool, where we embarked on the 'Aquitania' for the Dardanelles. We landed at Suvla Bay on 6 August and stopped at Gallipoli until 20 December, 1915.

We took part in the Landing, the Battle of Anafarta Ridge, the battle on 21 August for Anafarta Village and the Evacuation. From Gallipoli we went to Alexandria and, from there, to Suez. We stayed in Egypt until June, 1916 (four months). From Egypt we embarked, via Alexandria, on the 'Ionian' for France. Landed at Marseilles on 1 July. In 1916 we took part in the Battle of the Somme and the Battle of the Ancre.

In 1917 we were the 'Flying Column' and took part in the following battles: Vimy Ridge, Messines, Passchendaele and Cambrai.

On 2 February, 1918, the Battalion was disbanded at Beuvry.

2. 8th Service Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment - Gallipoli

The 8th Battalion was one of many units formed from Earl Kitchener's First 100,000. The cadre was assembled at the Depot, Halifax, being billeted in public buildings taken over for the purpose. We were eventually entrained for Grantham on 2 September, 1914, and a motley body we must have looked as we marched through the streets of Grantham to join other units of the 11th Division. Here we encamped at Harrowby Camp where the first arrangements were of rather a primitive order, but we developed and trained with zeal in those early days.

After a dismal experience of mud and rain we moved camp to a cleaner spot for some weeks, later we transferred to hutments in Belton Park, the residence of Lord Brownlow. This was a decided improvement and, in spite of shortage of equipment, those old Regular NCOs succeeded in licking us into shape and, in spite of our ill-fitting Kitchener's blue uniform, we showed promise of mastering the art of soldiering, although our NCOs did not think much of us.

Good Friday, 1915, saw us on the move again, this time by march route to Rugby, billeting en-route. At Rugby we entrained for Witley Camp, near Godalming, where training was intensified by our having been joined by our Divisional artillery. After rumours had travelled the usual routes we were finally issued with Indian drill suites and topees, this meant further afield than Flanders, and we finally entrained, on 1 July, at Witley for Liverpool, to board RMS Aquitania for an unknown destination, except we were told our future address was BMEF. After a voyage of several alarms, we were landed at Mudros, where a great assembly of Allied vessels and troops were gathered.

Here we were inspected by General Sir Ian Hamilton prior to a move to Imbros. After a short stay we were finally embarked on HM Destroyers and Lighters which were lashed to each vessel. In a darkening night and calm sea of 6 August, we set sail to land at Lala Baba on the ill-fated shores of Suvla Bay, with tautened nerves and suppressed excitement we advanced into unknown country. Daylight saw us fairly well advanced in scrubby country but our ranks were a little mixed, we had lost a good many of our comrades but still went forward all this day. Here we experienced the tortures of thirst in tropical heat and heavy equipment. That night we were withdrawn to the beach for a reorganisation of our thinned ranks and to take up a new position on line. This proved the calm before the storm and, on Monday 9 August, we advanced to meet the heavily reinforced Turks who proceeded to take a toll of our officers. The

CO and all company officers being casualties, besides other ranks. After trying in vain to make progress we were finally withdrawn to take up a well entrenched position on Chocolate Hill, Here we had a quiet period, all too short, as we were withdrawn for the attack of 21 August, where we lost all our officers except one, Lieutenant R. E. Edwards, who was also our youngest officer. He was privileged to command the Battalion at the early age of 18 and, later, to rise to Major R. E. Edwards MC.

After withdrawal it was found the 32nd Brigade was the only one strong enough to do duty as a battalion, so heavy had been our casualties, especially in officers.

We propose to continue the story in future editions by means of extracts from the Diary of CSM E. Miles. Ed.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: 9 Alnwick Grove
Woodham
Newton Aycliffe
County Durham
DL5 4SW
Tel: 01325 320895
Mob: 07723 314536
john@bailey9244.fsnet.co.uk
18 May 2006

Editor, The Iron Duke
Dear Sir,

*Thank you to the Dukes
from former Corporal John (Beattie) Bailey*

I joined the army as a young Junior Soldier at Norton Manor Camp, Taunton, Somerset, in 1982. From the day I received my beret and Cap Badge - and for the next 21 years 212 days, I was proud to be a serving member of the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

I joined up with the Battalion in Gibraltar; from there I had the privilege to serve with the Dukes, both at home and abroad, with a couple of postings away thrown in. The Dukes are a family and once you join you are members for life. My service was cut short in 2002 by an accident that crushed my spine.

After being medically discharged I had to take stock, a new wife and a house that needed adapting for me. The gratuity I received soon went and after two-and-a-half years we had to do it all over again in a new house. At this point, with cap in hand, I approached SSAFA. I needed an electric multi-function orthopaedic bed; with no job and a near empty bank account I could not afford the bed myself.

SSAFA approached the Battalion, this is the point where you find out that the Dukes look after family. I received word from SSAFA saying the Dukes had made an outstanding contribution towards the cost of the bed. It has now been ordered and should arrive on 23 May. After three-and-a-half years I am looking forward to a decent night's sleep.

Unfortunately I could not attend the Battalion Weekend, but I did visit on the Friday. As you would expect the CO and RSM were extremely busy that day so I did not get a chance to thank them personally. I saw a few old faces though, and that made it well worthwhile.

So I would like to say 'thank you' to the Dukes, no matter what the future holds with the re-naming, the professionalism and pride that the members of the Dukes have will always shine through. Whatever they may call us, once a Duke always a Duke.

Yours truly,
J. E. R. Bailey

From: 9 St Mathews Way
Monk Bretton, Barnsley
South Yorkshire, S71 2HD
Tel: 01226 247459
neil@ncairns.co.uk
18 May 2006

Editor, The Iron Duke
Dear Sir,

I am enclosing two CDs with all the photographs that I took of a wonderful weekend, 5-7 May, with the Battalion. It was great to talk to people I had not seen for 49 years, although it took a while to put names to faces.

The whole weekend was superbly organised and ran like a Swiss watch, with one exception, the heating in the large Marquee was not working. I don't think the men noticed too much, but the women must have.

Feel free to use any of the images for publication in the Iron Duke, and I hope to see you in October.

Best Wishes,
Neil Cairns

We are most grateful for the very wide selection of photographs which you so kindly provided. We have used them extensively, including the frontispiece. Many thanks. Ed.

From: 297 Gosport Road
Fareham
Hampshire
PO16 0QF
1 May 2006

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me. Having read the Winter issue of the Iron Duke I must say it was full of interest. I do not know many of the contributors, but I must say today's Dukes live up to their reputation.

The main reason for this letter is that my contribution is still published as "A Boy's Life in the Dukes". This seems to be inappropriate, as only the first articles refer to my Boy's service. As the tale goes through my Army career of 27 years, I think it should be re-named to something like "China Gill's 27 Years in the Dukes", or similar. However, I leave it to you.

I am keeping well, had a bout of stomach trouble for some weeks, but now getting back to normal.

So we may now have to make do with two Iron Dukes per year. Whatever happens, I will still look forward to them. I hope the contents will retain their standard information, stories, letters etc.

Sorry to print this letter, but I have slight arthritis of hand.

My best wishes to you and to all Dukes. Also to the 3rd Battalion The Yorkshire Regiment (The Duke of Wellington's).

Yours sincerely,
F. Gill (China)

From: 68 Regency Court
Beeston
Nottingham
NG9 2DS
21 May 2006

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

I am aware that the Iron Duke will not be published for some time yet, but I do feel that, at this time, with the anniversary of D Day approaching, some other events should not be forgotten in the process. Specially an army that was fighting for its life at the same time.

The Japanese had long had their sights on the conquest of the Indian Continent. The Top Brass had seen reports and had taken steps to counteract them and had appointed Lord Louis Mountbatten as the Chief of South East Asia Command.

It had already been seen what could be done with General Wingate operating well behind enemy lines, albeit with an airstrip to fly out wounded. However, when similar tactics were needed to stop supplies reaching the Japanese forces around Kohima, there was no such thing as an airstrip. The very steep hills precluded any such thing; it was Shanks's Pony only in that area.

The Japanese columns attempted the invasion of India at a similar time to the Normandy Landings and General Slim was profound in his remarks on the part played by the 23rd Infantry Brigade, of which the Dukes

were part. I point out some of the privations endured on these operations were indescribable. Many of my colleagues succumbed and we were unable to do much for them. Ex-POWs have been awarded £10,000 - no such payments for our men, who died on active service. (Food for thought.)

From readers of the Iron Duke I would wish for remembrance for these colleagues.

Yours sincerely,
George Wragg
Ex-Chindit 4615271

George, on Remembrance Sunday, those of us from the London Branch who gather each year at the Regimental Plot at Westminster Abbey, still say, in memory of your colleagues:

***"When you go home, tell them of us and say:
For your tomorrow we gave our today"***

Afternote: Sadly, since writing the above letter, George has suffered a stroke. However, he can still communicate and has sent us a copy of a handwritten letter sent to him in May 2000 by the late Brigadier Tony Firth which includes the following:

"... I hope you will continue writing to the Iron Duke. Your actions in probing that road block to clear the way forward for Battalion HQ and Major Simmonds' Company to get round the back of Kohima was a most important contribution to the operation. Also, your courage and determination in rescuing the "ferry" at Pegu was equally important and saved lives, as well as keeping the defence situation at Pegu intact". On which George has commented: "It was all in a day's work". Ed.

From: M. S. Flaving
RHQ DWR
Wellesley Park
Halifax
HX2 0BA
22 May 2006

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

In response to the letter from Colonel Howarth (issue 260, page 37), I would like to point out that RHQ's reply to Colonel Howarth's enquiry was that no unit of the Regiment had served in Malaya during the emergency and that we did not hold individual records of 'Dukes' serving there during that time.

The Iron Duke lists a number of members of the Regiment who served with the 1st Battalion Green Howards in the 1950s (issue 1951, page 70) and Major Skelsey's award of a Mention in Dispatches, 1955 (issue 1956, page 18), as well as an article on the Emergency (issue 1952, page 24).

Colonel Howarth's article on page 33 of issue 260 adds to the information store, which is the Regimental Archives, and we would commend the submission of articles from any Dukes, past or present, to let us know how far flung the Regimental family can become.

Yours sincerely,
Scott Flaving

From: North Halifax Grammar School
 Illingworth, Halifax
 West Yorkshire, HX2 9SU
 28 May 2006

Editor, The Iron Duke
 Dear Sir,

Last week, a group of us from year 10 went on a history battlefields tour to Ypres and the Somme. While we were there, we were part of the Menin Gate Last Post ceremony on Monday 12 June. We laid a wreath, which had been given to us by the Duke of Wellington's. I did the exhortation for the ceremony. I thoroughly enjoyed my experiences, and have written an article about the sights we saw, and the ceremony itself. I am enclosing a copy of my article, which I would be delighted to have published, and I am also enclosing a CD, which has the file on it, as I know that you will edit and present it in your own way. If the article is published, I would be very grateful if you could send me a copy of the magazine, or instruct me as to where I may get a copy of it.

I look forward to hearing from you in the near future.

Yours sincerely,
 Miss Nuthana Prathivadi Bhayankaram

Nuthana, thank you for your letter. We are glad to publish your article in a slightly edited form in the 'Keeping in Touch' section on page 99. Thank you for the trouble you have taken over your project. Ed.

From: Lapta Post Office
 Lapta, Girne
 Mersin 10, Turkey
 12 June 2006

Editor, The Iron Duke
 Dear Sir,

Having been tipped off by several people from the 1st Battalion that the Dukes were coming over to Cyprus to play 4 Regiment RA at rugby, I organised a minibus of rugby fans from here in the north where I have recently retired to, including Adele, to go and watch the game in the UN camp right in the middle of the buffer zone in Nicosia, e.g. inside the green line.

Imagine Scotty's (the rugby captain) broad smile when the minibus drove up just in time to catch the team coming out of the changing rooms onto the pitch and getting a loud cheer from us lot! Priceless. Then there followed a very entertaining and hard-fought match which, had it not been for 4 Regiment's non-experienced prop, would have been a tighter final scoreline than 25-10 to the Dukes (well something like that anyway). Set against a waning sunset and a lovely cool breeze which, although unusual in Nicosia where it had been 42° that day, was just the ticket for the travelling team with 4 Regiment already fully acclimatised, having been here since April.

The Dukes' team were very up for the game and took it seriously, having been beaten by 4 Regiment earlier in the season in Osnabrück. I did not realise the significance of the game - the last one the team will ever play in Dukes' colours - until Major Richardson pointed it out and I was proud to be given a team shirt

when the presentations were made later that evening, thank you Scotty. There then followed a few drinks in the "International Cafe", courtesy of the UN. A great time was had by all and it was a good opportunity to catch up on all the regimental gossip.

On the bus on the way home one of the locals played a piano accordion and I taught them the Dukes' rugby song, a fitting end to a really enjoyable and entertaining evening. I even managed to show the locals the old Nicosia International Airport in the buffer zone where we held our UN medal parade in 1975 (where Doyle and Barraclough were dragged off unceremoniously by their toecaps when they fainted on parade). There still remains an old Cyprus Airways plane at the side of the terminal.

Regards to one and all,
 Major (ret'd) Brian J. Thomas BEM

Your Editor, then CO of the rump of 1 DWR stationed in Dhekelia, attended the rehearsal for the UN Medal Parade of 1975 with the Dukes' Band, which had come out from Aldershot for a few days. At the rehearsal the evening before the Parade the floodlights were not yet working properly and the Bandsmen could not read their music. Colonel Peter Chiswell, the then British UN Commander, called out: "Bandmaster, if you moved over there, could you play by the light of the street-lamp?" An anonymous voice from the Band said: "Sir, we can play anything - you just hum it and we'll pick it up!" Ed.

From: 4 Heather Road
 Meltham
 West Yorkshire
 HD9 4EY
 13 June 2006

Editor, The Iron Duke
 Dear Sir,

First of all, let me thank you very much for including my item on the 'Lost Dukes' in the latest edition of the Iron Duke, it will probably answer a few awkward questions I am asked from time to time such as, what is a Duke doing with the Malaya Clasp on a General Service Medal.

I have now, at long last, completed a history of the ACF in Huddersfield and District, parts of which I have gained from the large tome, The History of the Volunteer Infantry in Yorkshire, and the remainder from historical newspaper items. I do believe that this item would fill a few gaps in the very being of the Army Cadet Force since I am aware of ex-cadets holding responsible positions in the 1st Battalion and, of course, in other regiments and other services of the Crown.

Thank you so very much in anticipation, and thank you very much for your great editing and publishing of what can only be termed, a supreme journal of a Regimental History.

Yours most sincerely,
 John Howarth. Lieutenant Colonel (ret'd) ACF

Thank you for your kind comments, but I fear you may wish to temper them a bit when you read your article on page 67 which I have edited to some extent! Ed.

From: P.O. Box 958
Victoria
Seychelles
25 June 2006

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

For the record and for Lieutenant Colonel Howarth's information, I too served in Malaya immediately after the end of WW2. Arriving on SS Orduna at the end of December 1945, I recall sleeping under the grandstand of the old Singapore racecourse for a couple of nights, before going to Kuala Lumpur by train to take up the appointment as GSO 3 at HQ Malaya Command on Ampang Road.

The following story may amuse your readers: It was part of our job to be Duty Officer during the night in the HQ Ops Room. It was always a little stressful to know what action to take on incoming signals from HQ Allied Land Forces South East Asia in Singapore. Previously I had received a sound bollocking for arousing the Major General i/c Administration at 4.00am and told to use my own initiative more! So, on the night that a signal arrived requesting advice as to whether or not to give Pandit Nehru permission to come to Kuala Lumpur and visit interned members of the Indian National Army, I made a snap decision! "Permission granted", I cabled back.

At the tender age of 22 I had not realised the immense political significance of Nehru's visit. Yes, he came and I was rapidly transferred to Hong Kong as Staff Captain A.

Yours sincerely,
Dr Bob Duncan

From: 61 Bushey Hall Road
Watford
Herts
WD23 2EN
11 July 2006

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

It was good to see that both you and your wife were well enough to attend the OCA London Branch meeting last month.

As discussed at the meeting, the following may be of interest. Abbeyfield UK is an organisation that runs residential homes of various levels and it is this year celebrating fifty years of existence. As well as individual homes organising events, a celebratory service was also held in St Albans Abbey on 23 June.

I have been a 13-year resident of Abbeyfield UK and I was one of sixteen people connected with the organisation, at all levels, to be presented to our Royal Patron, HRH the Prince of Wales, who was attending the service.

Having been given the impression it would be a formal presentation, it was surprising how informal it turned out to be. HRH asked me where I was from (Bushey, Herts), he noted from my lapel badges that I am an ex-serviceman and commented that the hymns selected had suited the occasion.



Fred Richardson with Prince Charles.

The presentation was held in the abbey after the service and then all six hundred people attending were invited to have refreshments in a marquee and at outside tables.

Yours sincerely,
Fred Richardson

Fred is a long-standing member and an ex-Chairman of the London Branch and he thought older readers may like to know a little more about Abbeyfield UK. Ed.

It was started by Richard Carr-Gomme in 1956 for older people in London's East End. Originally, individual societies were formed in towns and villages by volunteers - mainly ladies, but, about two years ago, it became a national organisation, hence the inclusion of "UK" in the title, with a structure of salaried positions and it is now run as a business. FR

From: Maen Hir
Pencarnisiog
Ty Croes
Anglesey, UK
LL63 5UG
18 July 2006

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

During a recent trip to Australia, I had the pleasure of spending a weekend with one-time RSM Ted Pennington and his wife, Kath, who live in Perth, Western Australia.

They have lived in Australia since first moving there when Ted left the Army at the end of 1966, mainly in Western Australia but for a time in Tasmania as well. He worked in the insurance business until his retirement. Ted has never returned to this country and has no intention of doing so.



The Training Major and the Regimental Sergeant Major, The West Riding Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding), Territorial Army of 1956 - fifty years on!

We discussed until late in the night 'The Regiment', personalities and events and, in particular, all that has gone on recently.

Ted and Kath send their best wishes to all who may remember them especially those of the one time 'West Riding Battalion'.

Yours faithfully,
David Miller

From: 6 Camellia Close
North Baddesley
Southampton
SO52 9LA
21 July 2006

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

I am enjoying my retirement as a keen Rambler. I have recently been to Egypt, New Zealand and South Africa, as well as the Continent. Last month we walked the coastal path of Guernsey and I spotted something that may be of interest to RHQ. [see photo opposite]

We were walking through Clarence Battery, just past St Peter Port harbour, when I noticed a board with all the Regiments which had served there from 1678-1939. On looking down the list I saw: "1818: 33rd Foot, 1st Yorkshire, West Riding Regiment". This must have been before we were "The Dukes".

I hope you are keeping well. Give my regards to anyone of my vintage.

Yours sincerely,
Tug Wilson

Before it was appropriated by your Editor, this letter was originally addressed to Lieutenant Colonel Walter Robins in Halifax, who adds: "The Regimental Histories and records have little to say about the 33rd's time in Guernsey, other than to say that they received a Commendation from the GOC following his Inspection in October 1819. However, they no doubt found Guernsey a welcome break after the Waterloo Campaign and a spell in Hull". Ed.

From: Ampleforth Abbey
25 September 2006

Editor, The Iron Duke

Dear Sir,

Our sadly "departed" Colonel-in-Chief, I hope, still owns all things in Apsley House (No 1 London, at Hyde Park), or does English Heritage control some? When Napoleon was driven out of Spain by Arthur Wellesley, he left in Vitoria (in the north) some looted rolled-up canvases taken from the royal collection; and these our General took to London for safe-keeping. Duly he offered to return the haul to Ferdinand VII - proclaimed King of Spain in 1815 - who, to recognise by then Wellington's role in freeing Spain from the French army, donated them all to him.

Four of them are to be in the 18 October to 21 January National Gallery Velazquez "blockbuster show" (Gallery Director's phrase), which for our generation will be the only chance to see about half of the artist's great works.

Yours sincerely,
John Stacpoole



REGIMENTAL WEEKEN



The Duke receives his chair



Lady Jane Wellesley approves

SUNDAY 7th MAY 2006



The Duke thanks the Regiment



You don't get to become a Duke and a Brigadier without knowing the importance of recruiting!



We don't know what the Duke said to them ... but it worked!

Regimental Association

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 21 January, 22 April, 24 June, 22 September 2007.

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

Sheffield: 8.00pm second Tuesday of each month at WOs' & Sgts' Mess, 38 Signals Regiment, Manor Top, 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, 101 Bradley Road, Bradley, Huddersfield, HD2 1QU.

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

* * * * *

REGIMENTAL SERVICE 2006

A good number of Dukes attended our annual Regimental Service, the last to be held before the Regiment's amalgamation with the other Yorkshire Infantry Regiments, in Halifax Parish Church on Saturday 1 April 2006. The Service was conducted by the Reverend Wendy Wilby, the Colonel of the Regiment read the Lesson and the Reverend Canon

Roy Matthews, Regimental Chaplain, gave a moving address.

REGIMENTAL SERVICE 2007

Our next Service will be held on Saturday 31 March 2007, again in Halifax Parish Church. Readers may like to note that at this Service the Colours which were marched off Parade in Osnabrück in 2002 during our Tercentenary celebrations will be formally laid up.



Inside Halifax Town Hall after the Regimental Service on 1 April 2006. From left: Tommy Ferguson, John Unthank, Bob Harrison, Brian Park, Mally Prince; all survivors of the 1953 Korean Battle of the Hook. Mally Prince was invalided out due to wounds received during the battle. All now live in the Middlesbrough area.

ANNUAL REUNION DINNER

This year's reunion dinner was held in the Hilton Hotel, Bradford, on Saturday 7 October, and was attended by a total of 250 Dukes and partners. The toast to the Regiment was proposed by WO1 (RSM) Nick Wilson, of the now 3rd Battalion, The Yorkshire Regiment (Duke of Wellington's). Major General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter, President of the Regimental Association, responded. During his response, General Webb-Carter made a presentation, on behalf of Lieutenant Colonel Hugh Le Messurier, who was not able to attend, of a sword originally owned by his great uncle, Colonel Jack Gibbs, who commanded the 2nd Battalion from 1912-1914, including the beginning of World War 1. The sword was accepted by Lieutenant Colonel Philip Lewis, Commanding Officer of the 'Dukes' Battalion to be passed on for the use of future 'Dukes' Commanding Officers.

ANNUAL DRAW

This year's draw was again an outstanding success. Thanks to the generosity of the Regimental family the draw, held at RHQ on Thursday 5 October 2006, raised in the region of £3,000. The prize winners were:

Ticket No.	Prize	Winner
04944	£250	Mr D. L. Dey
13582	Weekend at Hilton Hotel	Leeds Grammar School CCF
00156	£100	Mr W. Matthews
12779	£100	Mr W. (Bill) Price
17817	£75	Private J. A. Foley, A Company, 3 Yorks
05331	£75	Mr J. H. T. Eddershaw
07846	£75	Colonel R. J. Elliott
17886	£50	Private A. R. Lumb, A Company, 3 Yorks
14585	£50	Colonel S. C. Newton
14003	£50	Ms B. Ahonen
18551	£50	Sergeant M. T. Roper, C Company, 3 Yorks
10286	£25	Mrs K. Walker
15227	£25	Brigadier W. R. Mundell
08488	£25	Mr M. Ralph
13360	£25	Mr D. Frisby
17615	£25	Private P. Ravutia, S Company, 3 Yorks
£1,000		

Readers will be aware that after the deduction of costs and prizes, the remaining proceeds of the draw goes towards the reunion dinner to make it affordable for all members of the Regiment. Because of this the cost of this year's dinner tickets was less than half the actual cost per head.

SKIPTON BRANCH

On the evening of Saturday 17 June 2006 Skipton Branch held its annual dinner. A party of eighty sat down to a splendid meal; the chief guests were General Huxtable and Lady Mary. Guests from London, Keighley and Huddersfield branches also attended, as

did eight ex Mayors of Skipton. After dinner General Huxtable gave a short speech about the Regiment, and the amalgamation to the Yorkshire Regiment. Entertainment was in the form of a live band, and a raffle that seemed to last all night. The fun carried on until 1.30am. Gordon thanked both Pam and Mary for all their hard work, making the night such a success.

On Sunday 18 June 2006, 191 years after the Battle of Waterloo, Skipton Branch held its own Waterloo Day. A bronze plaque of the Cap Badge was presented to the town as a gift from the Branch, so that the link between The Dukes and Skipton would carry on after the amalgamation. Just like Waterloo Day, the heavens opened and Mary held an umbrella over Gordon and the foundry man while they fixed the plaque to the Cenotaph by permission of the council. We then met at the Three Links Club for drinks with the dignitaries. At 1.45pm we made our way back to the Cenotaph for the unveiling of the plaque by Colonel Rodney Harms. Gordon Bell then asked the Mayor if he would accept it on behalf of the town. The band of the Royal British Legion provided the music throughout the event, this in itself was an honour, as it was their first ceremony. It was then back to the Three Links Club where the ladies of the Branch had prepared a buffet. This ended what had been a hectic but very enjoyable weekend.

LONDON BRANCH

At the London Branch's AGM at The Union Jack Club on 23 September it was agreed that the Branch should invite members of both the PWO and Green Howards' Regimental Associations to attend a Branch Meeting in 2007, the PWO Association having taken the initiative in this respect in 2006.

We are grateful to Jim Paine of London Branch for sending us the following piece of verse:

Love

Loves makes us patient, understanding and kind.
So we judge with our hearts and not with our minds.

For as soon as love enters the heart's open door,
The faults that we saw aren't there any more.

And the things that seemed wrong begin to look right,
When viewed in the softness of love's gentle light.

For love works in ways that are wondrous and strange
And there's nothing in life that love cannot change.

And all that God promised will someday come true,
When you love one another the way He loves you.

CHARITY COMMISSION

The Charity Commission proposes to make a scheme to amend the trusts of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment Association Fund (ref 569701) and The Duke of Wellington's Regiment Officers' Fund (ref 569807).

A copy of the draft scheme can be seen at The Duke of Wellington's Regiment Association, Wellesley Park, Halifax, HX2 0BA; or can be obtained by sending a stamped addressed envelope to: Charity Commission Direct, PO Box 1227, Liverpool, L69 3UG, quoting the reference numbers, or by visiting our website at www.charitycommission.gov.uk

Comments or representations can be made within one month from today.



General Sir Charles Huxtable speaking at the Skipton Branch Dinner.



Colonel Harms at Skipton for the unveiling of the Regimental Plaque.





Mac Dowdy (right) and Keith Jagger, of the London Branch, at the PWO Association meeting with a Green Howard fellow guest.

OVERVIEW OF REGIMENTAL FUNDS

as at 31 March 2006

Regimental Association Fund		2006		2004/5	2003/4
TOTAL ASSETS		£817,357		£714,808	£618,814
<i>Main Income:</i>			<i>Main Expenditure:</i>		
Investments /Interest	17,570		Benevolence	25,793	
Donations	38,490		ORs Recruiting/Retention	7,545	
			Other Trustee Grants	11,863	
			Regimental Events	4,186	
			Yorkshire Regiment	50,000	
Friends of DWR Fund					
TOTAL ASSETS		£283,149		£239,590	£200,183
<i>Main Income:</i>			<i>Main Expenditure:</i>		
Donations	14,483		Grants	14,600	
Investments /Interest	5,865		Admin /Miscellaneous	4,816	
			Freedom Erquinghem Lys	4,265	
Officers' Fund					
TOTAL ASSETS		£324,764		£263,508	£236,897
<i>Only Income:</i>			<i>Main Expenditure:</i>		
Investments /Interest	6,705		Officer Recruiting /Retention	1,431	
			Grant to 1DWR Officers' Mess	4,000	
Iron Duke Fund					
TOTAL ASSETS		£511		£742	£1,761
Honorary Colours Fund					
TOTAL ASSETS		£21,713		£21,031	£16,895
<i>Only Income:</i>					
CDF Interest	682				

SUMMARY	as at 31/3/06	2005	2004
Total assets of all funds	£1,447,494	£1,239,679	£1,074,550

Total Investments (as at 31/3/06) £1,363,282

Total Investments (as at 29/9/06) £1,281,978

KEEPING IN TOUCH ...

Monument to Mark the Allied Liberation of Rome in 1944. We are grateful to General Donald Isles for prevailing upon the Italy Star Association to procure for us a photograph of the bronze bas-relief sculpture by the Italian sculptor Alessio Paternesi, which has been erected in the Piazza Venezia in Rome to mark its liberation in 1944. The memorial depicts an Italian woman embracing an allied soldier. The Piazza Venezia also contains the Victor Emmanuel monument, which contains the Italian Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.



Readers may like to be reminded that it was a Dukes' contingent commanded by Major Faulks which led the Allied March Past in Rome to mark its liberation in 1944. The Commanding Officer, a certain Lieutenant Colonel Brian Webb-Carter, wrote to the then Editor of the Iron Duke on 4 June 1944:

"... I am really writing to tell you that the Battalion has been chosen to represent the Division in the ceremonial march, when that occurs. Never in its history has this Battalion had such a pasting as it has had at Anzio. We have had over 100% casualties; 40 officers and 900 other ranks - mostly wounded I'm glad to say, and a number are now back with us. Also, we have had three immediate awards in the field: John Streatfield, my Intelligence Officer, has the MC. They have given me a Bar to my DSO, which is a nice gesture to the Battalion, which I appreciate. ... I am sorry to have contributed so little to the Iron Duke in June. Really I haven't had a chance. Here are four photographs which I think are suitable for the Iron Duke ..."

But the Commanding Officer had found time to write to the Editor of the Iron Duke in 1944 on 21 February, 24 May, 4 June, 7 June, 20 June, and 14 July, extracts from each letter are published in Issue No 59. Clearly e-mails have killed the art of correspondence! Ed.

The Dukes. We compliment Richard Harvey on taking to task Defence Media Ops for a report on their website in which the newly-formed Duke of Lancaster's Regiment was erroneously referred as "the Dukes". He informed Media Ops that the new Regiment's nickname is "The Lancasters" and added, for good measure: "The Dukes is attributed to the 3rd Battalion The Yorkshire Regiment (Duke of Wellington's). Prior to that it was attributed to the Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding) and always has been". We are pleased to add that this whiff of grapeshot drew a very ready apology from a squadron leader, no less, at Defence Media Ops.

BOOK REVIEWS

Dunkirk: Fight to the Last Man by Hugh Sebag-Montefiore

Published by Viking/ Penguin, available from most bookshops price £25.

This recently published book contains a new angle on how the 1940 British Expeditionary Force came to be evacuated from Dunkirk: it was not just because of the courage of the men on the beaches as they were rescued by the Navy and those celebrated little ships. According to author Hugh Sebag-Montefiore, the evacuation would never have taken place had it not been for the bravery of the British soldiers who were left behind to hold back the Germans while the evacuation went ahead.

While units such as the 1st Duke of Wellington's Regiment were withdrawing from the Franco-Belgian border to the Dunkirk perimeter, a series of rearguard actions were being fought around 20 miles to the south of Dunkirk that would determine the fate of the British Army. Battle was joined there because the British Commander-in-Chief Lord Gort had decided there was only one way to save the majority of the British troops in France: the infantry had to shield the corridor up which the British Army was withdrawing to Dunkirk by holding a string of strongpoints. They were to stand and fight, whatever the cost, even if they had to fight to the last man. This they proceeded to do. However, their rearguard actions fought at towns and villages such as Cassel, Ledringhem, Wormhout and Le Paradis have been forgotten by previous histories of the 1940 campaign. It is unlikely they will be omitted from future accounts. Anyone who reads this book will know the true story of how the British Army in France was really evacuated.

Part of that story includes a description of the role played by the 1st Duke of Wellington's Regiment behind the lines of canals that encircled the Dunkirk perimeter. The battalion was ordered to hold on in the perimeter front line for five days, which they did, in spite of the fact that German snipers were able to fire at them from behind the row of vehicles abandoned on the other side of the canal. One company was overrun by Germans, and both their headquarters and regimental aid post were hit by shells. Nevertheless, notwithstanding the time they spent defending themselves, the author failed to find enough vivid accounts of this action, or of the exploits of the 2nd/7th Duke of Wellington's Regiment in their subsequent bid south of the River Somme to keep the Germans out of St Valery.

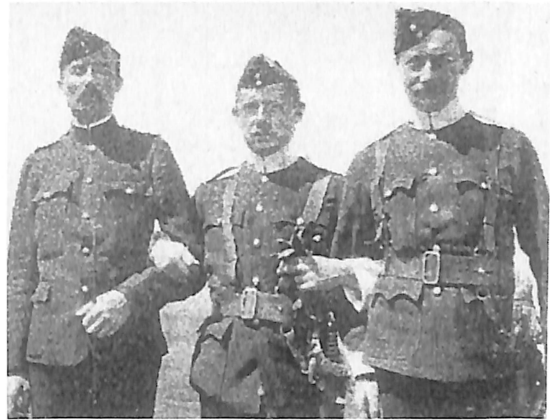
That explains why he has asked whether he could be sent (ideally before his paperback edition is published) any such accounts which might help fill in the gaps. His address is: 37 Tanza Road, London NW3 2UA. Tel: 020-7-435-1035 E.mail: sebags@dircon.co.uk

**Dying for Glory -
The Adventurous Lives of Five Cotswold Brothers**
by Michael Boyes

This is a fascinating insight into the social, military and fiscal aspects of the Victorian era of Empire, drawing on family correspondence, diaries, photographs, sketches and the family journal, skilfully weaving extracts from these sources into an interesting narrative telling the stories of the five sons of the village Rector of Little Rissington in the Cotswolds.

Against a backdrop of grand strategy and policing the Empire, we follow the fortunes of four soldiers and a sailor around the world, becoming embroiled in conflicts in Afghanistan, North West Frontier, South Africa, Sudan and the opening weeks of the First World War, in large part through the letters of the 'Communications Centre' operated by their sisters back in Little Rissington to help keep them all in touch with one another.

Of particular interest to readers of the Iron Duke is the chapter featuring Basil Le Marchant, who was commissioned into the 76th Foot before transferring to the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, including detail of his active service in South Africa, where he was wounded and Mentioned in Despatches. Other members of the Regiment are drawn into the story through their informal 'Officers' Dinner Club' in Little Rissington following Basil's retirement.



A photograph from the book.

**Left to right: Captain Owen Harris, Major Basil Le Marchant, Lieutenant K. A. Macleod.
Salisbury Plain, 1899.**

This is a gem of a book, encompassing a worldwide view of the British Empire through the eyes of those commissioned to uphold and extend British influence in the name of the Crown.

The book can be obtained from all good bookshops, or:
Phillimore & Co Ltd, Shopwyke Manor Barn,
Chichester, West Sussex, PO20 2BG
at a cost of £23.50 including postage
Order online at
www.phillimore.co.uk
for a 10% discount

A ONCE IN A LIFETIME EXPERIENCE

by Nuthana Prathivadi Bhayankaram

Last week, we went on a trip to France and Belgium, visiting the battlefields of World War I. Amongst seeing the Ypres Salient and the Somme, we were also privileged to be part of the Last Post Ceremony at the Menin Gate. It was a very educational and enjoyable trip that we all loved!

On the first day, we had a lot to do. We first visited the death cells at Poperinge, where we learnt about what would happen to traitors and cowards - they would be killed. That was enough to put anyone off betraying the army. We then went to the picturesque town of Ypres, where we visited the Flanders' Field Museum. Here we followed the life of a character through the war. My character was a girl named Elvira Desnouck, who was very poor, but got evacuated to live with a rich family, and enjoyed learning to sing and dance during the war! We also visited the Ypres Salient, Zonnebeck Museum, where we went into a reconstruction of a dug out, and we also visited Sanctuary Wood Museum - a preserved trench! There was a tunnel 100ft long, which was pitch black inside. The rocks were all over the place, and I ended up falling over! I found it very scary at the time. The trench was really fun and interesting to walk around in; the same experience could not be achieved by

reading books and looking at pictures in a classroom! We also saw Tyne Cot Cemetery, Gas Memorial at Vancouver Corner and Caterpillar Crater.

On the second day we visited the Somme. I had expected the fields to be full of craters, and covered in shells. On the contrary, I saw a very normal farm landscape. We visited Serre, Newfoundland Memorial Park, Ulster Tower, Lochnagar Crater, the Devonshire Trench, and we had a guided tour on the Somme. We saw three reconstructed trenches in the woods, which had taken three years to build at a whopping cost of £25,000!

The most memorable and emotional part of the trip was experiencing the Last Post Ceremony. We laid a wreath given to us by The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. There were four of us in the wreath-laying party, and I had been asked to read the exhortation. I was told that there were more than a thousand people gathered to see the ceremony, which began at 8.00pm, with a tune played by three trumpet players. Then, it was my turn. I was prompted and had to walk into the middle of the road, and face the trumpet players, who were volunteers from the fire brigade. I was standing there with the card in my hand. I felt nervous.

I was used to performing, but not in front of more than a thousand people. Taking a deep breath, I read out the verse with the loudest, clearest voice I could:

"They shall grow not old,
As we that are left grow old.
Age shall not weary them,
Nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun,
And in the morning,
We will remember them."

I could feel my heart beating. I remembered all those soldiers who had fought bravely to protect our freedom. I thought that they really deserved being remembered, and put my best into my exhortation.

After I had finished reading I stood in silence for a minute. Time seemed to have stopped and the minute felt very long. After this remembrance I walked back to the side, joining everyone else. Then, three members from my school walked across the road and up the stairs, and laid the wreath of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

I am very glad that I did the exhortation, as it really was a once in a lifetime experience. It has also helped



The four from the wreath-laying party.
The wreath from The Duke of Wellington's Regiment is in the centre. Nuthana is second from left

me to be more confident, and it really helped me to feel that I have thanked and remembered those who fought, and still do fight, for civilians like me to live peacefully.

Our trip was a very emotional experience, and I enjoyed every minute of it!

ENTERPRISING DUKES

breathingspace. On behalf of Alex Liddle and Richard Best we are pleased to inform you that **breathingspace** is still teamed with surfersworld, providing a variety of exciting activities to break up the tedium of your humdrum existence. Try ringing 01271 890037 or e.mail: info@breathingspace.uk.com

London Group. Simon Morgan continues to convene congenial meetings of ex-Dukes who are prepared to advise other ex-Dukes on the intricacies of adjusting to life outside the military. A successful meeting was held on 14 June 2006, courtesy of Donald Palmer. Another took place on 11 October. If you are interested in joining in, you should seek the Convenor on: morgan33.76@btopenworld

Regimental Flags. There has been an emanation of e-mails recently on the subject of procurement and ownership of Regimental Flags and we are indebted to Richard Ward for providing us with the following exchange:

From: BB. Monchique, Portugal: "Gents. I mentioned to JW that I had approached the local Camara (council) here in the Algarve for permission to erect a flagpole. I was merely following protocol, but appear to have opened a can of worms! Herewith some of the questions (roughly translated by my wife) from their latest correspondence:

- Does this flag represent any illegal organisation?
- Are you intending to carry out any military operations using the flag?
- Will the display of this flag enhance the touristic nature of the Algarve?
- What is the Duke of Wellington?

From: RW: "Trust you set the lions amongst the mullets! I suggest you refer them to the Duke's agent at his Douro Estate who would, I am sure, give them a suitable answer in Portuguese. The Iron Duke was created Baron Douro in the peerage of the UK in 1809 and was subsequently elevated to Marquess Douro in 1814. The Portuguese created him Conde de Vimiero in 1811 after he won the battle of Vimiero. In 1812 they elevated him to Duque de Vitoria and Marques de Torres Vedras. These were victory titles for his distinguished services in the Peninsula War. See where this gets you ..."

Lady's Regimental Brooch. Would anyone interested in buying a Jumbo Brooch (platinum/white gold set with rubies) please get in touch with John Greenway on 01252 514786, or jbkgandjpg@aol.com

The Yorkshire Regiment Journal will be published twice annually, at the end of October and April. It will be a high quality, full colour magazine, containing the news of all four battalions, plus articles from the greater regimental family. It will enable readers to catch up with old acquaintances from those wonderful years when we had a depot at Strensall and we mixed with our brother regiments from Yorkshire. It will also enable readers to experience the true stories of our troops on operations in Iraq, Bosnia and Afghanistan rather than the spin of the mass media. It is anticipated that the new journal will cost approximately £5 per issue. To subscribe to the new journal and receive a standing order/direct debit form please contact: The Editor, The Yorkshire Regiment Journal, RHQ Yorkshire Regiment, 3 Tower Street, York, YO1 9SB. Tel: 01904 461018 E.mail: rhqyorks@btconnect.com

The Yorkshire Regiment Association are initially establishing a central branch, based in York, until there are sufficient numbers in your town or area to merit a separate branch. All those leaving the battalions for 'civvy street' will be asked if they would like to join, and of course many will join their 'old' regiment's association. However there is no reason why an individual cannot join as many 'clubs' as he wishes. It is hoped that many old, and not-so-old, comrades will also seek to join the new association without detriment to their old allegiances. It is anticipated that a joining subscription will initially be £6 to cover postage, correspondence, the pin badge and membership card. To join and receive the new Yorkshire Regiment Association lapel pin badge and membership card, please contact: The Association Secretary, RHQ Yorkshire Regiment, 3 Tower Street, York, YO1 9SB. Tel: 01904 461018 E.mail: rhqyorks@btconnect.com

The Yorkshire Regiment Website. To keep up to date with your 'old' battalion and news about the new Regiment, take a look at:

www.yorkshireregiment.mod.uk

CHANGE OF ADDRESS / *NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Mr J. E. R. Bailey, 9 Alnwick Grove, Woodham, Newton Aycliffe, County Durham, DL5 4SW.

Mr M. S. Coatesworth, 9 Milewater Court, New Mossley, Newtown Abbey, County Antrim, BT36 5PQ.

Mr G. J. Dawson, 71 Bramham Road, York, YO26 5AR.

Mr D. E. G. Emery DCM, BEM, 9 Ray Walk, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex, S69 2NP.

Major C. F. Grieve MBE, Colt Cottage, Longstock, Stockbridge, Hants, SO20 6DP.

Mr B. Hall, PO Box 25, Catalkoy, Mersin 10, Turkey.

Mr J. Harrison, 3 Milner Ing, Wyke, Bradford, West Yorkshire, BD12 8DR.

Mr D. Hopewell, 6 Stonewood Court, Sandygate Park, Sheffield, S10 5SR.

Mr J. M. Humphrey, 17 Alansgreen, Cramlington, Northumberland, NE23 6SF.

Mr P. G. Laws, 55 Dobrudden Park, Baildon Moor, Shipley, Bradford, West Yorkshire, BD17 5EE.

Sir Gordon Macwhinnie CBE, FCA, FHKSA, 16 Beech Sourt, Willicombe Park, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, TN2 3UX.

Mr J. T. Payne, 101 Bradley Road, Bradley, Huddersfield, West Yorkshire, HD2 1QU.

Mr M. T. I. Priest, Flat 2, 214 Hammersmith Grove, London W6 7HG.

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

* Mr E. Duckney, 35 York Road, Birkdale, Southport, Lancashire, PR8 2AD.

*We are grateful to our man in the North East,
Bill Craddock MBE
for sending us the following piece of verse:*

FAMILIES

Some families are big,
Some families are small,
But no matter what size
It's the same for them all.

Families are fathers,
that frown and say
"We didn't do things
like that in my day!
That shirt's rather bright
That skirt's far too tight
Now tell me again where
you're going tonight".

Families are mothers,
who flap and fuss
"Hurry up now or you'll
miss the school bus!
Straighten your tie,
tidy your hair
Are you sure those
big ear-rings are what
you can wear?"

Families are brothers,
that joke and tease
And when you're not looking
they give you a squeeze.
They think they're much
bigger and better than you,
And far more important
in all that they do.

Families are sisters
who share all your things,
Your bedroom, your records,
your bracelets and rings.
They use all your perfume
and ladder your tights
Then keep you awake
playing music all night.

But God's family's a unit
where we all belong
He supports us in trouble
when things have gone wrong.
He shares in our gladness,
our sadness and fears.
He loves us and cares for us
through all of the years.

© Sarah Diplock
Aged 13 years

Obituaries

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

Lieutenant-Colonel S. J. E. Huxley TD, JP

John Huxley, one of the few remaining stalwarts of our old wartime 5th Battalion died in March 2006, in his 89th year. John was both a most successful businessman in the West Riding and also a much respected Territorial officer. He first came to Dewsbury, aged 17, driving up from Bromsgrove School in a three-wheeled Morgan to work for Joshua Ellis & Co Ltd - woollen manufacturers since 1797. Later, after the war, he became Chairman in 1968 and retired in 1984 after fifty years with the firm. During that period he guided the mill through many difficult times, and the company survives today largely due to his ability to keep a step ahead of all the fluctuations within the textile industry and his great skills in manufacturing. He was a most competent engineer, put to good use in the mill, but also in his spare time. He was often found to be repairing or, more importantly, restoring a succession of vintage and classic cars and motor bikes. Significantly, perhaps one of his more important achievements was the designing of the famous check for Burberry, which subsequently became their main and distinctive signature. He was a well-known JP and Chairman of the Dewsbury Bench, besides serving the local community in many ways.

In 1938 he joined the 5th Battalion, then operating searchlights under the title of 43rd S/L Battalion RE (5 DWR) then to become 43rd S/L Regiment RA (5 DWR) when the Gunners took over responsibility for searchlights. During this time John was first Troop Leader, Adjutant and then Battery Commander when the Regiment, after another change of title, became 600 Regiment RA (5DWR). At this time the regiment was acting in the infantry role in France and Germany, following the landings in Normandy, and on 15 April 1945 fought a fierce action with many casualties in the reduction of the Dunkirk pocket. No sooner demobilised in 1947 than he immediately joined 578 (5 DWR) Regiment RA as a BC. In May 1954, from being 2IC, he took over command, handing over and retiring when the Regiment became the 5th/7th Battalion of the Dukes. He had a particularly happy and successful time in command and he and his wife Dorothy were renowned for their kindness and much hospitality dispensed from the imposing family home of Royd's House in Hopton, Mirfield.

After leaving the TA John continued as a Trustee of St Paul's Street Drill Hall, later serving as its chairman. Over the same period, and after the death of Dennis Hurst, he became Chairman of the 5th Battalion Officers' Dinner Club and presided for many years, finally overseeing its membership widened to include those Yorkshire Volunteers who had seen service at the Drill Hall. Its continuing success owes much to his wise chairmanship and his quiet diplomatic skills. However, perhaps his greatest service to the Regiment was to ensure the successful harmonisation of the 5th Battalion back into the regimental family and fold.

His funeral took place at the Parish Church in Upper Hopton on 9 March. General Donald Isles represented the Colonel and Brigadier Dick Mundell. Major and Mrs Keith McDonald, Major Brian Webster and Captain Ian Fillan attended, along with old 5th Dukes, business and family friends. As John himself would have said it was a "very good do". For sure the Dukes have lost one of their most distinguished and valued members and a true friend to many.

D.E.I.

Frederick Gill

Frederick Gill, better known to the Dukes as 'China', died in Fareham on 16 July 2006, aged 92. He joined the Dukes as a Boy Soldier on 2 May 1929 in Devonport, when still only 14. He served with the 1st Battalion in the UK and Malta before war broke out. Serving initially in the Corps of Drums and with the Band and, later, on the Quartermaster's staff, he saw active service with the 1st Battalion at Dunkirk, in Tunisia (as a rifle Platoon Sergeant), as well as at Anzio and throughout the Italian Campaign. He later served an operational tour with the Green Howards in Malaya, before taking up administrative duties at, first, Eaton Hall and then Mons Officer Cadet Schools.

He attributed his nickname to a Londoner who joined as a Boy in 1930/31 who introduced the Cockney rhyming slang 'China plate' for 'mate' and the name stuck.

A keen sportsman, he represented the Battalion at rugby, hockey and shooting. Very soon after leaving the Regular Army in 1956 he joined the TA, making his way rapidly from Gunner to Staff Sergeant (Artillery Clerk) and, when his unit, 457 (HAA) Regiment RA (TA), disbanded in 1967, he took up a post near home in Fareham with the DHSS.

In 1971 he suffered cancer of the throat and underwent surgery for the removal of his larynx. However, he was soon on his feet and was back at work within seven weeks. His wife, Elsie, the sister of a fellow Duke, 'Topper' Brown (1), predeceased him and their elder son, John, who also served in the Dukes between 1951 and 1963, sadly died of a heart attack in 1983, aged only 47 (2).

An intelligent, active and efficient man, with an astonishing memory, he wrote fluently and he has left a 233-page handwritten account of his military service for the Regimental archives. Our readers much appreciate his permission to publish this in serial form in the Regimental journal, the Iron Duke.

He leaves two sons and their families, who organised a dignified and positive funeral service on 24 July, as the Chaplain put it: "to celebrate a man's life, well lived". Brigadier John Greenway was glad to be able to attend and represent the Regiment.

Notes:

(1) His obituary was published in ID 220, Winter 1992.

(2) His obituary was published in ID 193, Winter 1983.

Major General Robin Brockbank CBE, MC

Robin Brockbank died this year aged 84. He will be remembered by those in the 1st Battalion who served in Osnabrück in the early 1960s, when the first AFV 432s entered service. He commanded 9/12 Lancers, the cavalry regiment in 12 Infantry Brigade when 'C' Squadron was affiliated to the Dukes. A vastly experienced and wise soldier who won the MC in the Tunisian desert, he subsequently became CRAC 1 (BR) Corps, and Vice Adjutant General, before leaving the army in 1976. He was Colonel of the 9/12 Lancers from 1982 to 1985. He was a good friend of the Dukes.

D.E.I.

Albert Copley

Albert Copley died on 21 September 2006, aged in his 88th year. He joined the 1/7th Dukes in 1940, served in Iceland and took part in the Normandy landings on Gold Beach. He served at HQ 49 Division during 1943, before returning to the 7th Battalion in September 1943 and being discharged to the Reserve in December 1945. He attended branch reunions in Bradford. Paul Taylor, Secretary Halifax Branch, represented the Regiment at his funeral at Scholemoor Cemetery on 28 September.

Reginald Charles Long MM

Reginald Long, who served in the 1st Battalion during the Second World War, died in May 2006. He was awarded the Military Medal in recognition of his gallant and distinguished service in Italy in 1944. The citation to his award reads as follows:

"For conspicuous gallantry and outstanding devotion to duty in the Anzio Beachhead. Private Long is the driver of a jeep which is used for the evacuation of the wounded in the forward area. He has carried out evacuation under heavy fire and sometimes in circumstances of extreme danger to himself since early February. This devotion reached a climax on the night of 22-23 May when, after the attack on the Pantoni feature, Private Long repeatedly drove his vehicle up a machine-gun swept track to evacuate wounded. His



Reg Long with his jeep.

photo reproduced by kind permission of the Editor, Yorkshire Evening Post.

complete coolness and his care of patients has been an inspiration to the wounded, and the certainty that evacuation will be carried out regardless of risk involved to himself has been a considerable source of confidence to the fighting troops. The officers of the field ambulance find themselves unable to speak highly enough of the valuable and devoted service of Private Long."

His funeral was held in Leeds on 19 May 2006.

WO2 Eric Wakefield

We are glad to be able to publish this photograph of Eric Wakefield as a young NCO in the Band. His death, at the age of 74, was announced in our last edition, without also recording that he served with the 1st Battalion from 1947-1969 and with the TA from 1971-1977.



RHQ has also been informed of the following recent deaths:

Mrs Alec Firth, wife of the late Brigadier Tony Firth, died on 21 June 2006. Her funeral was held at St Mary's Church, Stamford, on 30 June. Major General Donald Isles represented the Colonel of the Regiment and gave the first reading. General Sir Charles and Lady Huxtable, Mrs Jan Berry, Mr Tom Rothery and Brigadiers John Greenway and Johnny Walker also attended.

Major Cyril Moseley, who served with the 5th Battalion towards the end of WW2, and as OC A Company, was wounded whilst on a patrol near Dunkirk in March 1945, died on 11 April 2006, aged 91.

Mr David Atha, who served with the 1st Battalion, died in April 2006.

Mr R. Lockwood, who served between 1954-56, died on 26 September 2005.

Major E. J. H. Dasent (Eddie), who served operational tours with the 1st Battalion in Korea and Cyprus in the fifties, died on 1 March 2006. Although he has not kept in touch with the Regiment, he will be remembered as an alert and active officer. He was a talented games player and represented the Battalion at several sports.

Mr Frederik Chappell Green, who served in the 7th Battalion in Iceland and France between 1940-44, died on 4 May 2006.

Captain Herbert Harris-Taylor (formerly Harris) who was commissioned into the King's Regiment, but attached to the 2nd Battalion of the Dukes 1940-44 in India and Burma, died on 22 May 2006, aged 89.

Captain Brian Lockwood, ex 5th Battalion, died in April 2006.

Mr Roy Mitchell, ex National Service Corporal who served 1954-56, died on 23 June 2006.

Lieutenant A. Edward Dye (RAPC), who served as paymaster in the Dukes' Depot, Halifax, between 1955 and 1957, and later in the 5th/7th Battalion, died in June 2006, aged 73. Edward regularly attended the 5th Battalion Officers' Dining Club until his death.

Mr W. T. Buckley (Bill), who served with the 1st Battalion (C Company MT) in Korea, and was for many years the Chairman of the Mossley Branch of the Regimental Association, died on 27 July 2006, at the age of 73.

We are grateful to the following for their permission to use their photographs in this edition:

Geoffrey Bullock, Neil Cairns, Mac Dowdy, Cyril Ford, Richard Harvey.

For anyone wishing to provide photographs in future, please would you follow the guidance below.

Thank you. Ed.

CONTRIBUTORS PLEASE NOTE

In order to produce good quality, clear photographs it is important that the originals are also of a good quality. Photocopies or computer print-outs of photographs will not reproduce very well [see pages 59, 62, 64, 65, 67, 90, 99, 100, 103]. Traditional prints produce good quality pictures, as do digital images provided they are saved in JPEG format at a resolution of 300dpi. These images should be saved to disc and passed on to the Editor.

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